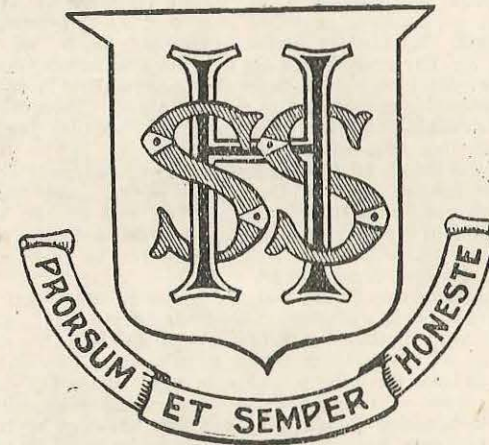


The Northern Churinga



VOL. V.

LAUNCESTON, JUNE, 1918.

No 2.

CONTENTS.

	Page.
Editorial	2
A Talk to Parents	2
Duces of the School	3
Prefects' Notes	3
The Romance of History	3
Sonnet	5
School Sports	6
The Lady of the Lute	7
Class Notes	8
Cadet Notes	12
Extract from "Northern Churinga," June, 1918	12
Boys' Sports	14
Girls' Sports	17
The Deer Hunt	18
Debating Notes	18
My School	19
Duality	20
Sonnet	20
Our Splendid Men	21
Old Scholars' Column	21
Exchanges	22
The Old School	23
Social Life	24
Obituary	24
Who's Who	24

EDITORIAL.

While reading again J. H. Newman's "Idea of a University" I came upon his definition of a gentleman, and putting the book down I began to think upon the term, gentleman. We are accustomed to speak this word lightly without thinking of its meaning, and in fact some of us have come to regard it as a synonym for a man of wealth; and this idea is further increased when we read in the nominations for Parliament, Mr So and So, gentleman, meaning thereby, one who has sufficient wealth to enable him to live in idleness. Nothing could be farther from the origin of the term. The modern interpretation is a degradation of a fine old name, simple, yet grand, whose meaning was, one who never inflicts pain.

Let us get away from the modern idea, and give the word its old significance. Let us not use the term loosely, but give it the full weight of its old beautiful meaning. The test of the true gentleman is, that he should be courteous to all: courteous to his equals, to those above him, to those beneath him: courteous in society, and equally courteous in his own home circle.

Now this courtesy must not be imposed upon one from without, but must grow from within. Whatever is artificial, whatever is not part of the very nature, will break and fail at the point of strain. That is what we mean by nature's gentleman. He does not think of himself: he thinks for others. He is not miserably comparing his station with those of the people he meets. He meets them as a gentleman meets ladies and gentlemen, and his business is to give and receive what pleasure he can. Bobbie Burns has enshrined this truth in his immortal lines:

"The honest man, though e'er sae poor,
Is king o' men for a' that."

Not that a gentleman need be without passion and rightful anger; but his anger, his passion, will not be the first passion that comes, but disciplined passion. His feelings will be constant and just, the result of thought and contemplation.

If we could but apply this idea to the nation as a whole, how much we would benefit. Gone would be all oppression of the poor, gone the rabid lust for money-making regardless of who suffers, gone the wail of the suffering poor, gone the class hatred and the class strife if men treated each other as though to-morrow they would be the closest of friends, that is if they tried to become worthy of the old name, gentleman.

A TALK TO PARENTS.

Judging from some of the letters I received about our compulsory sport on Wednesday afternoons, many parents fail to realise the benefit to be derived from properly supervised organised games. They take up the attitude that it is of no consequence if their child misses his cricket, football, etc. Particularly is this noticeable in the case of those parents whose child is not adept at games.

This is the pupil who should be most regular in his game practice, and most assiduous in developing his muscles. The physical side of our State education consists of two parts. One is the physical drill which is taken for a quarter of an hour each day, and the other, properly supervised games. The physical drill, selected as it has been by experts—medical and otherwise—does much to develop those muscles which ordinary games fail to deal with. Its weakness, as has been revealed in the German character, lies in the fact that there is no character training in it.

Quite as much moral development of a child's character is done on the playing fields as in the home or school. He there learns self-reliance, to take a licking, to be modest in victory, to be cheerful and generous in defeat. Taking a hard bump in football without losing one's temper is a distinct moral victory not to be achieved by purely physical exercises.

"To honour while you strike him down,
The foe that comes with fearless eyes."

is a result of the chivalry that is characteristic of the British nation and which has been learnt on the playing fields.

True sportsmanship always tends to improve the moral muscles as well as the physical muscles. Hence it is obvious that the purely physical exercises done in the drill ground must be supplemented by games in the open field.

There, a proper recognition of man's place as a unit in a team enables him to realise his position as a unit in the social team of his State, his Country, and his Empire.

Let us have no complaining of the time "wasted!" in the sport if your child needs the strongest muscles if he is to attain to all that is best in his personality.

DUCES OF SCHOOL.

Class "A"—A. Atkinson.
Class "B1"—Phyllis Harnett.
Class "B2"—J. Beardwood.
Class "C1"—Doris Emms.
Class "C2"—H. Thorne.
Class "C3"—Mabel Russel.
Class "C4"—R. Russel.
Class "D1"—Joy Austin.
Class "D2"—E. Sheldrick.
Class "D3"—H. G. Phair.
Class "D4"—Hilary St. Leger.
Class "D5"—W. Shiner.
Class "D6"—R. Buring.

PREFECT'S NOTES.

The prefects, now a large body, still lend a guiding hand to faltering wayfarers. This race of life oft leaves a fallen, aye, and sometimes a broken runner in the roadway. Here lies the duty of the Prefects; to help and not to suppress; to show how to act and not only tell. Would that all would be willing to grasp the hand of a friend. Remember that we are your friends.

The Prefects have held several general meetings during the term. Many matters have been considered with the help of the Sub-Prefects who have been elected to the terminal post in the "D" classes. The Prefects, in wishing all a pleasant holiday, wish to thank the school for the manner in which they have helped in maintaining the very high tone of "the best school of all."

Tenderest sympathy is extended to Mr. and Mrs. R. Kidd and family in the sad loss of their noble son, Private M. Kidd.

THE ROMANCE OF HISTORY.

I.

A bell clanged, the great, black, spike-topped gates swung slowly back, flood-gates that now let loose upon those shivering, branded forms the pent-up fury of an icy wind, long baffled by the white creviceless

walls. A rough command, and the mournful procession of convicts moved out, heads bowed on their breasts, some in rebellion as wild as the wind, some in resignation as calm and strong as the white-washed walls. One has heard so often the tale of trivial misdeed heavily punished; of the ignoble sinner set with finer minds, making the sourness of the daily round bitter also. The tramp in the biting southerly ended in the slush of a clay pit. The convicts, startled from their dejected numbness by a raucous voice, and the sharp snapping of a whip in the thin air, fell to work, to digging rain-soaked clay, to moulding sticking bricks, or, most congenial task on this winter's day, with half-frozen water up to one's knees, to roasting these bricks, which, even to to-day, bear the tale of the past Tasmania has yet to live down.

Tasmania is a burly convict, dressed in his best for the nation's inspection, yet the broad arrow stamped big on its back, and the bricks are "little-bird" scandal-mongers, whispering the story round in the world's drawing-room.

Over the edge of the pit rose the shapeless pile, which, growing day by day by the toil of unwilling hands, would soon be the church, where praise, unwilling, too, for the most part, would be offered up. Adversity kills the faith of many. They go void down into the darkness, thus committing themselves—unwillingly—to the mercy denied them in this life.

Some months later, one Sunday morning, with spring in the air so lately dead and frozen, the same doleful procession, scarcely less doleful than before, except in the contemplation of the now unused clay-pit, the same procession climbed heavily the winding stairs to the gallery of St. John's, the fruit of their toil. Sinking down to their seats, they prepared to enjoy at least one hour of peace.

II.

The clay-pit gone! A rude square is marked out with diagonal tracks in Launceston's best mathematical precision. And in the centre, where once the very furnace burned and spluttered, rises a stately fountain. Shining bronze in the summer sun, with its naughty cherubs mocking at the wondering faces of the passers-by, its seasons calmly brooding o'er the sparkling mirror at their feet. The wild water leaps down and down; on the basin's edge, the carved golden fish vie with the living golden fish beneath in foolish sports and summer gambols.

But men saw none of these things. The crowning glory, the soul of the sculptor, lived in the vision of the eternal beauty of womanhood, rising above the upper basin.

This fountain of bronze was the original one which won the competition of Paris in 18—. A German city bought the fountain. The Launceston Council also bought one, but it was vastly inferior. By a happy mischance, the expensive fountain was sent in mistake to Launceston, and to reclaim it would cost more than the work. Thus, by the agency of some mysterious and most beneficent fate, the priceless statue came to grace our own city. It was set up in its present position, and, as it was then, and is to-day, except that we have grown up to seeing it, it is one of the few real pieces in art in the Commonwealth.

But in the neighboring church tower, now losing its fresh white newness, the clock strikes the hour. We must hurry on.

III.

Another page of history, heavy and stiff with awful portent, is slowly turned. Another summer, yet the sun, cheated of the dry cracked earth, does but reflect on the smooth turf and upturned leaves of ageing trees. The tracks across the square have widened into broad straight walks of asphalt; and as we look, admiring the change, through the iron gate advances the Mayor of the town.

Short and portly, with florid face, in the middle of which there flourishes a veritable beetroot of a nose, stepping solemnly and slow he comes. Little Jack Horner is not in it! What a good boy am I! How very important, how gracious, good and bountiful am I. Thus thinks the Pumblechook in benevolent strain. He returns from a meeting where he ruled as any Eastern despot. "Yes, yes, yes, certainly, certainly," he panted, "when you please." Or, "No, my dear friend, impossible, my heart"—and gave all the symptoms of apoplexy; till for fear of becoming an unwilling murderer, the objector desists. And now, having had his way, he rules the world. "What can I do, for these good people put in my charge?" He beams—his shifty eyes roves here and there and falls—on the lady of the fountain. Ah! Now that is hardly modest, it is not right. The sculptor surely could not have finished the work; the younger generation to grow up and see the disgrace—it was preposterous—it should come down, and with a glance round, a glare at the fountain, a glare at a frightened small boy, he passed on. Yet slowly over him there passes a softer mood; he glows again; self-satisfaction carries him on; he sees the grateful citizens thanking on bended knee, their benefactor; he sees his own gracious smile and nod of love; he murmurs as he reaches the gate, "A very good fellow, a very good fellow." Whom does he mean?

To-day the water gushes from a hideous bunch of reeds. The fountain, robbed of its rose, does but show the thorn the more. None of us know the beauty that is gone. Perhaps, if on some quiet night, with the big blue disc showing itself in still waters, we were to creep and creep and listen to the babble of the very oldest fish as he tells the youngsters of his fountain tales of long ago, we might hear again the doleful story. A mystic hand might, even as we watch, draw the veil, and our dream, rising in the frosty air, would be once more revealed to us.

A day may dawn when, from the hiding place dark, damp, and dismal, there will arise the fair form of the sleeping beauty to be set on high amid the rejoicings of the crowd. But then that day may be far distant, as distant as that on which the new church, rising on the ruins of the old, is completed. Perhaps two things of beauty will become two joys forever on the same day. Who knows?

SONNET.

Stretched on the fragrant grass beneath the pines,
Whose gentle shadows chide the eager heat
Around a wall of needles, bitter-sweet,
—Knowing it safe behind those trusty lines!—
I lie and quaff the ether's scented wines,
Watching the thistle seeds, a fairy fleet,
Hastening in their silver ships to greet
Their happy-eyed Titania who reclines,
White-armed and delicately slumber-flushed,
Day-dreaming on a rosy clover-head.
While round her lawny pillow, tender, hushed
The low-voiced breezes with dreams are wed
Without such fancies were my spirit crushed:
Without their dear conceits, my soul were dead!

SCHOOL SPORTS.

May 4.

The Second Annual Sports Day was all that could be desired in the way of weather and organisation. The Cricket Ground was in perfect condition, and excellent arrangements were made for the afternoon. The programme was large, and it was due to the various officials, among whom Messrs. Marshall, Daymond, Horne, Smith, Broomby, Ellis, and the Masters deserve special thanks for their whole hearted support that the events were run off so well to time. The Afternoon Tea provided by the senior girls and Miss Brown, Miss Grubb, and Miss Willcox was a great success, and the Anzac Hostel will benefit considerably by the proceeds. The following were the officials: President, R. O. Miller, Esq. Referee, A. R. Horne, Esq. Judges: W. H. Daymond, Esq.; A. Marshall, Esq., M.H.A.; J. J. Broomby, Esq.; R. Ellis, Esq. Timekeeper, H. R. Smith, Esq. Hon. Treasurer, W. L. Grace, Esq. Hon. Secretary, R. A. Scott, Esq. Hon. Assistant Secretary, H. McElwee. Starter, A. L. Meston, Esq. Committee: The Masters, and Messrs. H. McElwee, M. Saltmarsh, W. Stephens, F. Johnstone, J. Gourlay, and L. Briggs. Stewards: The Staff, and Messrs R. I. Douglas, and O. McCall. Handicappers: Messrs A. L. Meston, W. L. Grace, and W. E. L. Callaway.

The results were as follow: The Champion of the School (Open)—H. McElwee, with 12½ points. The Champion of the School (under 15)—L. Cunningham, with 14 points. Championship, 100yds (under 15)—K. Waterhouse. Championship 220yds. (under 15)—L. Cunningham. Championship 440yds (under 15)—L. Cunningham. Championship Hurdle (under 15)—L. Cunningham. Championship High Jump (under 15)—L. Cunningham. Championship 100yds. (open)—F. Johnstone. Championship 220yds (open)—H. McElwee. Championship Hurdle (open)—E. Wyllie. Championship 440yds. (open)—F. G. Johnstone. Championship High Jump (open)—E. Wyllie. Championship half-mile (open)—H. McElwee. Championship Mile (open)—H. McElwee. Handicap, 100yds. (under 15)—P. Gilbert. Handicap, 440yds. (under 15)—J. Dawson. Handicap, 220yds (open)—W. Viney. Handicap, 100 yds. (over 15)—T. Scott. Handicap, 440yds. (over 15)—C. Kerrison. Handicap Hurdle (open)—A. Luck. Handicap Half-Mile (open)—M. Von Bibra. Three-legged Race (open)—R. Russell and C. Hawkins. Egg and Spoon Race (open)—A. Ingles. Obstacle Race (over 14)—D. Traill. Kicking the Football (open)—J. Gourlay. Blindfold Barrel Race (open)—W. Stephens. Throwing the Cricket Ball (open)—H. Williams. Old Boys' Handicap, 100yds.—R. A. Scott. Old Boys' Handicap, half-mile—H. Padman. Old Boys' Handicap, 220yds.—R. A. Scott. Old Boys' Bicycle Race (half-mile)—H. Fletcher. Old Boys' Handicap Bicycle Race, one mile—H. Fletcher. Obstacle Race (under 14)—H. Donnelly. Class Teams Race—A Class. Sack Race—V. Crocker.

GIRLS' EVENTS (TENNIS).

Singles Handicap—M. Rudge. Singles Championship—M. Rudge. Doubles Handicap—E. Moorhouse and V. Bryant. Doubles Championship—M. Rudge and M. Tevelein.

DISTRIBUTION OF PRIZES.

On Friday, 31st May, the sports prizes were distributed. A small function was held, items being rendered by Misses M. Chick, E. Tyson,

F. Williams, and by Jack Truskett, J. Gough, B. Taylor, H. McElwee, and H. Finlayson. Mr Miller, in opening the programme, thanked Mr Marshall for his kindness in coming to distribute the championship prizes, and welcomed Mr. Broomby as a friend upon whom the School could rely. He was sure that both gentlemen took a very lively interest in the School. The Chairman apologised for the absence of the Director, Mr. Horne, Mr. Crawford, and Mr T. Johnstone. Mr Broomby in presenting the Handicap and Novelty Prizes thanked the School for the invitation to be present, both at the Sports and at the Distribution of Prizes. Mr. Marshall, in giving out the Championship Prizes, spoke a few words of consolation to the boys and girls who tried but did not win. He congratulated Marjorie Rudge for winning the Championship Singles, and H. McElwee for winning the School Championship for the second time.

A vote of thanks to the officials, committee, judges, donors to the prize fund, lady teachers and helpers at the afternoon tea, and the performers that night, terminated a very pleasant and successful evening.

The Committee wishes to thank the following for donations and assistance at the Sports:—Mr H. R. Smith, Mr A. R. Horne, Mr W. H. Daymond, Mr W. Stewart, Mr A. T. Marshall, M.H.A., Mr R. Ellis, Mr A. T. Cruikshank, Mr J. A. Andrew, Mr J. A. Birchall, Mr J. Boag, Mr J. Ingles, Mr L. Crozier, Mr O. McCall, Mr J. J. Broomby, Mr R. I. Douglas, Mr A. Tabart, Miss A. McDonough, Mr Cleaver, Mr McClymont, Mr J. L. Craw, and the Staff.

THE LADY OF THE LUTE.

So Quentin hid himself among the folds
Of a soft curtain of the richest hue,
And, peering from his window barr'd with iron,
He took full notice of another sill
Likewise cross-barred with iron: and even as
He watched, a white and rounded arm stole soft
And graceful towards a lute, which hung against
The wall: and ever Quentin strained his ears
In hope of hearing some melodious strain,
And whilst thus occupied, there rose unto
The sunny eaves a voice so mellow,—sweet,
That all the swallows singing on the ivy green
Did cease their songs of dawning hope, and list
To this more beautiful strain. The knotted elms
Which grew about the court, their rustling leaves
Did quiet, for fear that they should hinder song
More wonderful than theirs. The breezes ceas'd
Their merry humming in the cheerful eaves.

But lo! the golden sun slips down behind
The autumn tints, and in his place the light
Of mother moon descends to mantle yet
The hill and dale with snowflakes of rich light,
Filter'd thro' the quiv'ring leaves: and still the lute
Makes richest harmony with Isabel's
Clear voice—divine:—and still does Quentin listen—
Spellbound; until the stars peep out from 'neath
The clouds and shed their rich light with the moon.

—J.G.

CLASS NOTES.

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

INTRODUCING 'A' CLASS.

A is for Atkinson, a very clever lad,
B is for Basil, who is always being "had,"
C is for Chrissie, who never goes red,
D is for Dan, who has a swelled head,
E is for Elmie, who works with a will,
F is for Frank, who walks o'er W'mill Hill,
G is for Gourlay, whose hair grows straight back,
H is for Harold, who at sport has a knack,
I is for Imp, who makes us play up,
J is for Jessie, who likes a fish sup,
K's for Kasambo, in French books is seen,
L is for Lillie, who's not at all green,
M is for May, and for Maxwell besides,
N is for Noël, at all Christmastides,
O's for the orange which perfumed "B" Classes,
P is for Pahner, who used to wear glasses,
Q is for Quintus, whom we'll never forget,
R is for Rudge, who's a senior prefect,
S is for Sam, who looks long in the glass,
T is for Tevelein, the boss of the class,
U is for Una, with nice wavy hair,
V is for Vera, who rides a brown mare,
W's for Williams, a good sport at the wickets,
Z is for Zetta, who does well in mathematics.

"FOUR EYES."

CLASS "B1"—Supervising Teacher: Mr W. L. Grace, B.A.

June exams. over! What a sigh of relief many of our strugglers give. How quickly the time flies, way it will be hardly any time now till the majority of us will be full blown teachers, drumming lessons into Cissie McGuffie's sister's little boy. We certainly have a very richly furnished class room, what with the fine pedestal, a gift of our prefect Stuart John, and the elegant notice board, also the result of our worthy prefect's work; the fine palm and pot plant, the outcome of our class fund, which often weighs heavily on the pockets of some—but we have Mr. Miller's excuse, "Teachers are always poor," and he ought to know. Last, but by no means least of importance, is the Class Cricket Shield, so gallantly won by the boys for the dignity of "B" Class.

In the recent chemistry exam. we have a fellow pupil confounding English and Chemistry, for Corrie put that something was an acidic base—almost as good as the "Magpie boots," "B2!"

Mr Miller is anxious that girls adopt the old fashioned idea of wearing pockets. I think that it is the most fashionable thing at present, so we do not have to carry our fashion back very far. The boys seem to think that because they are allowed to light the fire that they can monopolise it as they do; so thick are they around it during periods that the weaker members of the class do not get a look in. Our term has been so far practically uneventful that before the term closes we hope to enable the school to behold the dignity of the "B1" class.

CLASS "B2"—Supervising Teacher: Miss F. Bell, B.A.

"And how can man die better
 Than facing fearful odds,
 For the ashes of his fathers
 And the temples of his gods."

After a rather eventful term we are now immersed once more in the ghastly meshes of the quarterly examination net, and are fully realising the force of the above lines of Macaulay. It was rumored at the beginning of this year that the "B" class year was the lazy period, a saying which may sound nice, but it doesn't fit the case.

Since our last report we have been moved from the present "B" room to the former "C" room, where we get all the morning sun, as well as that in the afternoon, which, although very exhilarating on a cold day, becomes rather warm in the hot weather. Nevertheless, we save a good deal of the school wood, and also the coal scuttles, by using our waste paper basket as a receptacle for all coal used.

Our winter sport, football, has now commenced, and we have our usual representatives in the first and second teams. Aubrey Luck is captain of the Firsts, and also of the Cadet football team. This term we have had special trams, which come to the school for those pupils, of both sexes, who are going to the Cricket or Show Grounds.

We have greatly missed Connie Nicholas, one of our prefects, who has been on the sick list for about three weeks, and we hope to have her back with us before we break-up.

We now close with the wish that everybody will do well in the Quarterly Exams., and will have a very pleasant holiday at the end of the term.

CLASS "C1"—Supervising Teacher: Miss D. P. Brown.

This quarter, even though longer than usual, passed all too quickly. Again we are suffering from the terminal complaint, "examinations," and although we are hoping that in the near future, as a result of certain pronounced views on "the ideal school," that this bogey will be abolished, yet we are quite reconciled to the fact that the Junior will be held in December.

Fortunately for them some of our members are away with mumps, nervous breakdown, etc. We rather envy them, for anything is better than Latin and Algebra papers. However, since these things are, we will make the best of it, and what with ghosts, mock trials, and sports, we, even poor, battered "C," will hold that

"Life is worth living still."

Before proceeding we must apologise for our lack of response, but we hope that parties and arguments on context and such things will improve our talkative faculty.

Owing to lack of time and space we cannot detail our individual achievements, but refer readers to the debating and sporting columns. In conclusion, we wish the Staff and Scholars a very pleasant holiday.

CLASS "C2"—Supervising Teacher: Miss Lawson.

Roll on, thou ball, roll on!
 Through realms of pathless space,
 Roll on!

What though I'm in a sorry case?
 What though with work my cheek hath paled?
 Though at exams, my heart hath quailed,
 Though my results may all be "Failed?"

Roll on!

"Dear, oh dear, oh dear," here are those dreadful exams, again. When shall we be free from the clutches of History, English, and

Geography? Why do our teachers keep us in such suspense? Ah! but here are our English marks. See our faces fall as we admire the fine result of nearly 90. But, never mind, our holidays will soon be here, when

"We will cast exams. to wind and sea.
And out in the country run."

We are a good sporting class, several of our members being in the First Football Team, whilst not a few gained successes at the School Sports.

Several weird noises have been heard lately in our room, and we have come to the conclusion that they must have come from "Brownie's Dog."

With regard to our War Savings, our class has kept up its reputation, and has to its credit about £400 for the year. We have worked very hard this quarter, but we have a "thorn" in our side which we cannot extract. Rumors are about that it is a "Secondary" thorn which keeps pricking us. Special mention should be made of our new duster, which is the envy of all the other classes. But jealousy should not prevail, and we are told that the duster will some day wear out. We wish everyone good luck in the examinations.

CLASS "C3."—Supervising Teacher: Miss Grubb.

Our class notes this term are written from old "B1" room. Though we feel sure our brains merits the promotion, the powers that be have ordained that we shall still remain "C3." So here we are settled down again in the new room. One little diversion we get which we didn't before, and that is the blasting which we can both see and hear. 'Tis a very cold room, but Len makes our fire go roaring up the chimney. It should be mentioned that he sits in front of it, but we scorn to cast any slur on his careful attendance of it.

Our Debating Society is flourishing. Our first debate on "The Abolition of Competitive Examinations," resulted in the decision that they should be abolished. We notice we're still having quarterly exams. though. But we suppose there has not yet been time for our decision to take effect. The powers that be are very slow and unobliging, but we trust something will be done before the Junior. If not we shall have a "Pheasants' Revolt" against them.

Flowers are very scarce. We do not derive our information from any gardener, but are merely drawing conclusions from the appearance of the table. If it weren't for the pot plant we should be very doleful.

On Empire Day the school sent flowers to decorate the monument. Our class made a design, and sent it down with the others.

Our term is finished. We trust that the Midwinter holidays will not freeze what brain we do possess.

CLASS "C4"—Supervising Teacher: Miss E. C. Greaves.

This has been a very long term, but we are nearly at the end of it, and are in the thick of examinations, the results of which we hope will show that we have not wasted our time.

The tediousness of this term has been somewhat relieved by the two brief holidays we had, and also by "Mac," who enquires who the "Black Death" was. Doubtless he has become confused between "Black Death" and "Black Hand."

A class fund has been formed for the improvement of the interior of the class room, the first fruits of which were inkwell covers, which have proved very satisfactory. Our pot plant disappeared at the end of last quarter, and has just returned after, seemingly, having had a good holiday. The flowers have been supplied by Wesley Jacobson, who seems to have an infinite supply.

CLASS "D2"—Supervising Teacher: Miss J. W. Tribolet.

We are now nearing the end of our second term at the High School, and are once again looking forward to Quarterly Exams.

We have progressed in various directions during the quarter. For instance, we are now the proud possessors of two notice-boards and a waste paper basket! It is a curious fact, yet true, that when there is a waste paper basket, and the fire monitor expects to find some paper in it, there is none, yet when there was no basket there was so much paper that a "Destroyer" had to be commissioned to get rid of it. Our blackboard duster is sadly in need of a dusting; half-an-hour with a vacuum cleaner would hardly do the trick.

Quite a number of people in "D2" are becoming particular about their ties, and still more so about their hair. Following the advice of our Inspector we are all asking "Why?"

Just before the last whistle goes (and sometimes after) the door opens, and in they march in procession, Athol, Phil, and Pat, while we sit speechless with admiration, and long to be like them! The fever is spreading, however, as a marked improvement is noticeable in Waxy's style of dressing the hair, and even Fred is beginning to keep his unruly locks in order. We are pleased to note also that Fred takes a great interest in football, and is fast becoming a champion long-distance kick.

"D2" was well represented at the Sports and the Junior Championship of the School fell to one of our prefects, Lyall Cunningham. We congratulate him and also Bob Luck, who has secured his place in the First Football Team.

There are many other celebrities in our class, e.g., Jack Dawson, the poet, who specialises in Nursery Rhymes; R. Hodgetts, the chemist, who has proved that Iron-ore is a compound made up of Iron + Ore; H. Young, who is always surprising us with the extent of his knowledge; Joe Emms, who is thinking seriously of attaching himself to the Library as an Encyclopaedia of General Information; Eric S., who tries to do his duty as a Scout should; and R. Carey, who is qualifying for the position of Letter-Carrier to the School. Kitto, the champion talker of last quarter, no longer occupies that position, and indeed is quite a reformed character. We even forget he is in the room (sometimes).

CLASS "D4"—Supervising Teachers: Mr A. Scott and Mr E. Scott.

Our Motto: "Toujours Tranquilles."

Every class is a miniature kingdom, with its rulers and ruled. We have our rulers. Nice polished ones. And our ruled. Lines of them. All are penned within the narrow compass of our little community.

But why worry about these trite speculations when we are in such a position as we are at present? The dark night (sprinkled here and there with faintly shining stars, vague and mocking hopes of "over fifty") of examinations lowers over us. But the darkest hour is ever before the dawn, they say; and already the earliest heralds of the morning (glowing promises of the pleasures of holidays) are flickering on the term's horizon. Hail! Holidays. Thrice Hail!

We are very sorry not to have had Miss Herron back with us this quarter. We have missed her greatly, and I am sure all join in wishing her a speedy and complete recovery.

Although our motto is what you see above (you may make your own translation: and—let me whisper it!—everybody refuses to stand responsible for the French!), nevertheless we do not lack occasional flashes of amusement. Despite the paper shortage (why doesn't the Government step in and prohibit exams. for the duration of the war: they waste simply hundreds of sheets?) we still manage, and we would

bear the hardship patiently, stoically, to supply Dorothy K. with enough to evolve her exquisite design in millinery. We regret that we have a late bird, but her strange grimaces when she appears at the door amply compensate us for her other shortcomings. However, to tell of all our domestic jokes and rumors would take more than half of the Mag. You see, there are fifty odd of us. And all girls!

So, wishing the Staff and Scholars all together, and one after another, a happy vocation, we will clip our exuberant verbosity and make room for "D6," who, we know, are simply dying to get in their jokes about Cherry and his merry brethren. Good-bye, friends all!

CLASS "D6"—Supervising Teacher: Miss Mann.

Our second term at the "Best School of All" now draws near its close, and soon shall "fold its tents like the Arabs, and as silently steal away." We have had some additions to our class, having had the pleasure of welcoming four new members.

We take this opportunity of congratulating Gladys and Albert on being appointed to the positions of Sub-Prefects.

It is rumored that our Cicero took a trip to Mars when he should have been enjoying his beauty sleep, and also that the inhabitants of Mars are Cyclops, but are also verra Scotch.

CADET NOTES.

(By "Cato Major.")

Our two platoons are still working hard. The interest taken in the training is great, and attendance always approaches 100 per cent. The platoons are of full strength, and with the influx of the 1904 Quota recruits, no other platoon will probably be added.

On Friday, 7th June, Lieutenant Ryan, Inspector-General of Cadets, inspected our platoons. He watched the afternoon drill, and on leaving, said that he had not seen in the whole State a better equipped company. The drill was excellent and unsurpassed.

The competition for the annual cup will take place at an early date. Our platoons look forward to it with an insuppressable longing and excitement. It will be remembered that we already have the "Pilkington Cup" at our school.

Thanks are due to S.S.M. Richardson, who takes a great interest in his work.

The officers comprise Lieutenant A. L. Meston, B Co. Commander; 2nd Lieutenant R. A. Scott, No. 6 Platoon Commander; Company Sergeant-Major L. F. Briggs; Platoon Sergeants H. L. McElwee and M. Beardwood; Section Commanders: 1. Sergeant E. A. Wyllie; 2. Corporal A. Luck; 3. Corporal Long; 4. Sergeant H. Hawkins; 5. Corporal A. Williams; 6. Corporal B. Telford; 7. Corporal S. Denny; 8. Corporal E. Tabart.

Extract from the "Northern Churinga," June, 1930.

A very interesting ceremony was performed recently in connection with the official opening of the Tennis Courts and Cricket Pitch at the Launceston State High School, preparations for the construction of which were made in 1918.

Conspicuous amongst those present were ex-Inspectors Briggs, Johnstone, and Bell, the ex-Premier, the Hon. H. L. McElwee, the Minister for Education, the Hon. M. R. Saltmarsh, the Chief Justice, Sir Alan Atkinson, K.C.M.G., the ex-Principal of the Training College, Mr. J. Gourlay, Mr. N. C. McLeod, Professor of Economics at the University of Tasmania, the ex-Director of Education, Mr. H. Palmer, and the In-

spector of Mines, Mr. Francis Carey, all representatives of that illustrious group of "A" Class students in 1918, whom all Tasmanians revere.

The Chief Justice (Sir Alan Atkinson) was briefly introduced by the Principal, Mr. A. T. Williams, M.A. His Honor said it was with very great pleasure that he accepted the Principal's invitation to be present on such an occasion. He was very pleased to see that such a large number of his fellow-students of 1918 were able to attend. He always remembered the year 1918 as one of exams, and rumors of exams.—the very year in which he and many of his colleagues were first introduced to Algebraic-Geometry. He paid a tribute to the memory of the late Admiral Stephens, who made the supreme sacrifice while defending Gravelly Beach Harbor against the furious attacks of the hostile navies of Pig and Tamar Islands, and to Mr. S. Germain Cruikshank, the late Attorney-General. He also apologised for the absence of his esteemed friends, the First Lord of the Australian Admiralty, Sir Clifford Attrill, and the Secretary of State, Mr. Ryan.

The Hon. Mr. McElwee, on being introduced, thanked the Principal for the honor that had been bestowed upon him by asking him to be present at this function. He was thankful to have lived to the present auspicious occasion, and from his youth up, had looked forward to the time when the school grounds should be laid out for athletic purposes, and he complimented the present pupils on having such fine courts and pitch. Waxing reminiscent, he said, that as Senior Prefect in 1918, he trusted he had tried to uphold the honor of "the best school of all," and impressed upon the pupils the necessity of their doing all in their power, towards the same end. Notwithstanding his great age, he was able to serve and bowl the first balls, and thus formally declare the courts and pitch open. (Prolonged applause).

Mr. Williams (the Principal) then introduced the ex-Director of Education, Mr. Palmer, who, on rising, said that when he was a student at this same old school, he and his fellow-students very much disliked long speeches, and supposed that during the intervening 60 years boys had not changed in that respect, and therefore he would not inflict a long, uninteresting speech on them now. After speaking for exactly 67.327 minutes, he concluded by apologising for the unavoidable absence of his esteemed friends, Mr. H. McK. Freeburgh, Professor of Commerce at the University of Tasmania, of Dr. S. B. Cutts, the eminent Australian Surgeon, and of Mr. B. Telford, the highly-respected Director of Agriculture and Dairy Farming, who was holding a Cream Testing Exhibition at Tongataboo.

Mr. L. F. Briggs, the ex-Senior Inspector, said that the first three speakers had said all there was to say, but he heartily corroborated the sentiments expressed by them. He recalled incidents which occurred in that notable year, 1918, and spoke of his illustrious fellow-students of the same group. As previous speakers had omitted to mention the lady students of the same year, he felt it his duty to say a few words regarding them. Many of them had risen to high positions, but "Mother Nature will have her way," and if he mentioned any of them by their new names, they would probably not be recognised by those present.

Mr. Williams thanked the speakers, and called for a vote of thanks, which was heartily carried by acclamation.

Between the speeches of the afternoon, musical items were rendered by "The Warblers," the School Choir, which was formed more than half a century ago by the late Mr. Grace. The proceedings ended with the singing of the School Song, during which many of the 1918 group were visibly affected.

—By "Touchstone" and "Trinculo."

BOYS' SPORTS. ROWING.

THE BOURKE CUP RACE.

The race held over Home Reach course, on March 16, in ideal weather, was very interesting, since five crews took part and all were very evenly matched. Soon after the start Devonport dropped back, and Hobart No. 2 and Launceston No. 1 took the lead. At the final sprint Launceston No. 1, urged on by their coach, made a magnificent sprint and obtained the verdict by half a length. Hobart No. 1 finished third just in front of Launceston No. 2, who, although light, rowed very well against a head wind. The success in this race was mainly due to the long steady stroke of the Launceston crew and their final sprint, which was beyond the power of the Hobart crew.

CLARKE SHIELD.

A week later this race was held in Hobart, with the same five crews competing. The weather was fine with a favourable wind. At the start Launceston No. 1 crew obtained the lead, Hobart No. 2 second. Owing to a mistake the Launceston crew dropped back a length about half way through the race, but strove to catch up near the finish. Gradually coming up, Launceston and Hobart crews provided a very close finish, in which Hobart No. 2 obtained the decision by a very narrow margin. Launceston No. 2, who rowed a magnificent race, defeated the Hobart No. 1 by several lengths. The dash of the Hobart crew enabled them to keep the lead right up to the finish, and this crew is to be congratulated for their fine race on both occasions.

The Launceston Crews were as follows:—Launceston No. 1.: J. Gough (bow), A. Luck (2), H. Bryant (3), E. A. Wyllie (str.), J. Truskett (cox.). Launceston No. 2: A. Palamountain (bow), M. Leicester (2), H. Finlayson (3), H. Wright (str.), D. Drake (cox.).

The Club has gained many new members this season, and although the water was too cold and rough for some of the so-called enthusiasts, yet on Wednesday afternoons crews, eights, fours, pairs and sculls were afloat, and under able coaching many improved wonderfully. The first and second crews, although light, put in many hours' solid practice before the two races.

The Regatta will be held in the last term, and good entries are expected. The thanks of the rowers go to Mr. Pattison, who has again given much time, untold labor and endless talk in coaching the crew for these races, and the credit of the win is entirely due to his efforts.

CLASS CRICKET.

The following officers were selected for the Class Cricket this year:—A Class: H. McElwee (capt.), F. G. Johnstone (v. capt.), W. Stephens (sec.). B Class: L. Cobbett (capt.), S. Maslin (v. capt.), E. Wyllie (sec.). C Class: R. McVilly (capt.), E. Tabart (v. capt.), J. Cartledge (sec.). D Class: H. Thompson (capt.), L. Cunningham (v. capt.), R. Walker (sec.). General secretary, Mr R. A. Scott. Supervising Teachers: A Class, Mr A. L. Meston; B Class, Mr W. Grace; C Class, Mr W. Callaway; D Class, Mr R. A. Scott. The Class Cricket, owing to wet weather and the shortness of the term, was prolonged into this term. The matches were very keenly contested, but high scores were, as usual, not very prominent. The bowling, however, was more commendable. The results were as follow:

A Class v. D Class. Cornwall Ground.

D. Class.—First Innings: 16 (Broomby 5). Bowling: Johnstone, five for 6; Stephens, five for 8. Second Innings: 43 (Franks 16). Bowling: Johnstone, seven for 13. A Class.—First Innings: 83 (Atkinson

29, Johnstone 27). Bowling: Boscoe, six for 24. Second Innings: 67 (Stephens 15). Bowling: Thompson, six for 23. Result: Three point win for A Class.

B Class v. C Class. Glen Dhu Ground.

B Class.—First Innings: 125 (Long 41, Cobbett 37). Bowling: Tabart, four for 30. Second Innings: 58 for six wickets (Jackson 24, Cobbett 23). Bowling: Tabart, four for 24. C Class.—First Innings: 77 (Cartledge 26). Bowling: Maslin, six for 35; Long, four for 9. Second Innings: 90 (Williams 36). Bowling: Maslin, two for 17. Result: Three point win for B Class.

B Class v. D Class. Cornwall Ground.

D. Class.—First Innings: 61 (Boscoe 19). Bowling: Cobbett, five for 21. Second Innings: 9 (Broomby 3). Bowling: Cobbett, six for 5. B Class: First Innings: 54 (Cunningham 21). Bowling: Thompson, five for 22. Second Innings: 76 (Jackson 20). Bowling: Thompson, five for 29. Result: Three point win for B Class.

A Class v. C Class. York Park.

C Class.—First Innings: 110 (Tabart 32, Chamley 20, McVilly 11 not out). Bowling: Johnstone, four for 46; Stephens, three for 3. Second Innings: 55 (Chamley 10). A Class.—First Innings: 72 (McElwee 9). Bowling: Tabart, five for 25; J. Cartledge, five for 47. Second Innings: 32 (Cutts 14). Result: Three point win for C Class.

A Class v. B Class. Cornwall Ground.

A Class.—First Innings: 43 (McElwee 14). Bowling: Cobbett, six for 10. Second Innings: 95 (Atkinson 44, McElwee 30). Bowling: Maslin, six for 25. B Class.—First Innings: 82 (Cobbett 34). Bowling: Johnstone, six for 27. Second Innings: 121 (Cobbett 54). Bowling: Stephens, four for 11.

C Class v. D Class. York Park.

D Class.—First Innings: 55 (Cunningham 14, Broomby 13). Bowling: Tabart, seven for 23; Chamley, one for 4. Second Innings: 22 (Parish 6, Harris 6, Bell 5 not out). Bowling: Cartledge, four for 9. C Class.—First Innings: 107 (Tabart 36, McVilly 29). Bowling: Towell one for 2. Result: Three point win for C Class.

The final results, giving the Shield to B Class, were:

B Class	9 points.
C Class	6 points.
A Class	3 points.
D Class	0 points.

FOOTBALL.

FIRSTS.

Unfortunately, we have been unable to get a match this term, but as most of the Firsts comprise the Cadet Team, we get a considerable amount of practice together. The position of Captain has been won by Aubrey Luck, Vice-Captain by Eric Wyllie, and Secretary by Lionel Briggs.

A. Luck—Very good ruck—a solid half-back—uses his weight well.

H. McElwee—Fast and tricky—cool—very good mark.

E. Wyllie—An improved player—only medium kick—as a ruck man needs to cultivate more judgment in knocking out.

F. Johnstone—Handles the ball much better than last year—speedy—good kick—a much improved player.

Boscoe—Tricky, but does not get rid of the ball soon enough—needs to pick out his man.

Franks—Uses judgment on forward line—makes a fair rover.
 Barnes—A clever forward, but he holds the ball too much.
 Dooley—Always in position—a clever forward.
 Saltmarsh—Fast, with plenty of dash—does not always pass to a man—inclined to wander.
 Briggs—Plenty of dash—marking weak.
 Hughes—Fast, but liable to overrun the ball—inclined to leave his place.
 R. Luck—Improving—still a poor kick—ground work needs improvement.
 Tabart—Does not get rid of the ball soon enough—good kick.
 Cartledge—Does not keep position—frightened of a bump—a good kick—should make a good centre if he did not expect a bump so often.
 Thompson—An excellent kick—not enough dash.
 H. Williams—Not enough dash—does not make enough use of his weight—improving.
 Jackson—Plenty of dash—handles the man too much.
 Freeburgh—Plenty of dash—an improved player.
 A. Atkinson—Overruns the ball occasionally—poor kick—plenty of dash.

SECONDS.

The Seconds, under the able coaching of Mr. Miller, have progressed considerably in the short time they have had together.

The season has been fairly quiet, and we have played several scratch matches against our Military Cadet team, resulting, mostly, in defeat for us.

We have played two important matches, viz.: (1) Seconds v. S.H.S. Thirds, on Empire Day, on the Cornwall Ground, resulting in a win for us, the scores being:—Seconds, 5 goals 5 behinds, to Thirds 2 goals 7 behinds. (2) Seconds v. Scotch College Firsts, on their ground, on the 8th June, resulting in a win for Scotch College, the scores being:—Scotch College, 5 goals 4 behinds, to S.H.S. 4 goals 5 behinds. Although defeated this time, we hope to defeat them on the return match.

At the meeting to appoint secretary and captain, H. Finlayson was appointed secretary, and H. Freeburgh captain.

The best players for our team are:—W. McGuire, R. McVilly, R. Cullen, Long, and H. Freeburgh.

We are all sorry to lose Jackson, who has gone up to the Firsts.

CADETS.

The Cadet Football Association has now admitted the members of B. Company into their association, and we have entered a team. Up to the present we have played two matches, one resulting in a win, one a draw, or rather a tie.

Our first match was played on the Show Ground against the Naval Cadets, and resulted in a win for us by 4 goals, the scores being 9 goals 12 behinds to 5 goals 12 behinds. Our best players were McElwee, A. Luck, Johnstone, Franks, and Jackson.

Our next match was against C. Company. Owing to the light rain which fell just before the match the ball became very slippery and heavy, and in consequence hampered the play. The match proved very close and interesting, and was in doubt right up to the last. Finally when the bell rang both teams had scored 4 goals 12 behinds. Johnstone and A. Luck did the bulk of the work for us, but they were ably backed up by Wyllie, Dooley, and Franks.

GRADE FOOTBALL.

This season an association of those not in the Firsts, Seconds, or Thirds has been formed. Six teams were picked, and known as A, B, C, D, E, and F teams.

The Captain, Vice-Captain, and Secretary of the teams are respectively:—"A": C. Cunningham, E. Best, H. Reid. "B": L. Herbert, J. Walker, C. Moody. "C": W. Jacobson, A. Scott, J. Beardwood. "D": J. Towell, P. Tronerud, H. Sturges. "E": R. Walker, J. Browne, J. Scarborough. "F": C. Lucas, G. Keygan, L. Luck. The matches are played on different grounds, and have proved very exciting.

"A" team are as yet unbeaten, and have six points for their three wins. Then follow "D" with four points, and "B," "C," "E" and "F" with two each. The following are those who have played most consistently: "A": H. Reid, E. Best, Boatwright, and V. Richardson. "B": R. Hodgetts, L. Herbert, and J. Walker. "C": A. Scott, F. Townsend, and W. Jacobson. "D": E. James, H. Sturges, and S. Denny. "E": A. Kelly, R. Hays, and J. Browne. "F": C. Lucas, R. Franks, and L. Luck.

GIRLS' SPORTS.

TENNIS.

A very keen interest was taken in the Tennis Section of the Annual Sports this year. Compared with last year the entries in the four events were numerous. Many of the girls who had been playing only a short time showed a fine spirit by entering for the championship events as well as the handicaps.

We have to thank Miss Bell and Miss Grubb for giving up so much of their valuable time after school hours, and thus enabling us to play most of the round before the 4th of May.

The winners of the different events were:—Handicap Singles: M. Rudge. V. Bryant, runner-up. Handicap Doubles: V. Bryant and E. Moorhouse. M. Tevelein and M. Rudge, runners-up. Championship Singles: M. Rudge. Championship Doubles: M. Tevelein and M. Rudge.

HOCKEY.

FIRSTS.

Although a large number of our best players left at the close of last year, we are still able to keep up our end on the hockey field, and our prowess was tested in our first match when Churinga team suffered an overwhelming defeat at our hands, the scores being ten goals to one.

The following are the team:—Forwards: M. Ellis (vice-captain), B. Mullene, V. Bryant, L. Hodges, F. Walker. Half-backs: M. Yost, E. Solomon, M. Rudge (captain). Backs: W. Hodgetts, L. Wright. Goal: Z. Ryan.

Those who were chosen to fill the places which were vacated acquitted themselves nobly in the first match. We can only hope that we will be as successful in the remaining matches of the season as we were in the first.

SECONDS.

As the result of numerous changes we have emerged from obscurity a team which, up to the present, has not been beaten, although our greatness has only been challenged once. Our first match was to have been played against College Seniors, but rain intervened, and much to the relief of all concerned the match was postponed until a later date. However, after a little more practice, we met the Old Scholars' team on the following Saturday, and after a most exciting struggle succeeded in scoring four goals to their four. Being our first Association match, there were a good many faults, but on the whole the team played well. Dorothy Kilby does good work as centre forward, and is well supported by

Dorrie Emms and Lorna Sidebottom, who are promising wing players. The half-backs, Marjorie Teyelein, Loris Russell and Winsome Salter also do good work. Our next match is against the Firsts, and although we cannot hope to score very successfully against these mighty odds, we are hoping to play a game which will not altogether bring down our present position of renown.

THE DEER HUNT.

Empire Day, 1918, was enjoyed in a variety of ways, but to the more adventurous spirits it was given over to a Grand Deer Hunt (called by some people a Paper Chase).

The Deers, J. Beardwood and W. Boscoe, left the High Street tram terminus at half-past two, and they were followed by the hounds after a few minutes' interval. After a very fast course through the Punch Bowl, Golf Links, Carr Villa Cemetery, and the surrounding country, the Deers doubled back to the Golf Links again. At the second round of the Links Beardwood was caught by Hawkins while laying a false trail, but Boscoe, by a very ingenious stratagem, eluded the pursuing members of the Genus Canis.

The trophy donated by Mr Miller was eventually won by Sturzaker and Hawkins, who were the first of the main pack home. One weary member gave up the long chase before it was finished. Some of the Hansards, it is said, still frequent the Carr Villa Cemetery.

DEBATING NOTES

"C" AND "C4" DEBATING SOCIETY.

A meeting of the "C" and "C4" classes was held early in the term. Doris Emms and Redvers McVilly were chosen as secretaries for the Debating Society. A debate was quickly arranged, the subject being, "Which is the Better, Town Life or Country Life?"

The Town party were: H. Bryan (leader), R. McVilly, C. Lucas, and A. Kelly, and the Country party: D. Emms (leader), K. Hogarth, I. Wright, and F. Murray. Several of the speakers were novices, but without an exception spoke well. The best speaker was perhaps McVilly. At the conclusion the Chairman (Mr. Callaway) announced that the result was a draw, both sides scoring 70 points.

The second debate took the form of a mock Police Court. Blue paper was in great demand, and the police officials hard to find. The Bench consisted of R. McVilly, P. Hughes, and Miss Wilcox, "J's.P.",.

The other officials were: Lawyers: D. Traill, H. Bryan. Clerk of Court: D. McCormack. Police: R. Chamley and E. Greeney (Senior Constable).

The "Ne'er-do-wells" were: L. Baker, who was cautioned and discharged for stone-throwing; G. Keygan, who was fined 10s, with 2s 6d costs, for cattle straying; C. Barnes, accused of fishing in the close season. In this instance the Bench dismissed the case, upon which the defendant's lawyer (H. Bryan), who carried many imposing documents, made an earnest appeal for expenses (2d tramfare). However, the Bench remained firm; and R. Cowley, who was cautioned and discharged.

"C3" DEBATING CLASS.

Here we are, a class of girls, but for all that "some" speakers. The officers of our society were elected early in the term, and they are: Miss Grubb (chairwoman), M. Ellis (secretary), E. Radford, K. Cooke, and E. Judd, committee. So far we have had only two debates. The first was on the subject: "Should Competitive Examinations be Abolished?" The speakers for the affirmative were E. Radford, O. Stanley, and M. Balfe, and for the negative C. Taylor, W. Carter, and L. Burke. After a very arduous struggle the words of the Chairwoman announced that the affirmative had it.

Last meeting took the form of a reading competition. Sides were formed, of which the leaders were Katie Cooke and M. Ellis. The class decided the winners by vote, and they were found to be the side captained by K. Cooke. Both the winners and losers were presented with most expensive prizes.

We hope to have another meeting this term. This will be a debate, but the committee have many other plans for the society in their heads.

MY SCHOOL.

(A. McK.)

It was my first day at the school I like best in the world. I entered the school by a long hall, overhung by gum and twined about with great, long, flowery streamers of clematis and crimson sarsaparilla.

I had scarcely gone half the length of the hall when I was met by the headmaster, a rather gay old fellow who was clothed in the gorgeous suit of a rosella. The headmaster was accompanied by a soberly clothed young undermaster, but in spite of his sober suit, which was that of a black cockatoo, I soon found he was rather talkative.

After a short talk on family matters, the headmaster said, "Well, I hope you are prepared to work, that is the secret of success." Here the talkative young undermaster, who rather reminded me of an undertaker, said, "Ah, yes, just so, practice makes perfect. I have often said, 'But the headmaster stopped him with a frown, and said, 'Take this young man and show him his seat. The first lesson is—ah! let me see, ah, yes, it is singing.' At this I smiled as I prefer singing to algebra or ploughing. This seemed to please the headmaster, for he smiled most kindly upon me, and again directed the undermaster to take me to the schoolroom, for, as he, said, school would soon begin.

The black, young undermaster led me through a spacious hall, the floor of which was Mother Earth, and was carpeted with the softest of bright green carpets, nothing less than the first soft velvety coat of spring. The walls were hung with the choicest of green draperies, one maze of gum and wattle interlaced with clematis, and supported by sturdy man-ferns, the tender fronds of which were just springing up towards the blue, spring sky. Overhead was a roof of gum leaves, crossed and recrossed by my future school-fellows, parakeets and parrots, larks and thrushes, and many another gaily clothed young fellow. Through the pattern of gum leaves and buds showed up the bright blue dome of heaven.

At last through this very palace of the gods we came to the school-room, a large and spacious chamber, and hung like the rest of the school with green, as green protects the eyes. The undermaster showed me my seat, a large hollow log, and he told me to wait as the other pupils would not be very long.

At last in came the pupils, followed by the headmaster, very dignified and solemn. The pupils appeared very well drilled, and arranged themselves round the room. Just then in came the undermaster, literally flying, as he was already a little late, with his long black coat-tails flying out behind him.

Soon all were seated, the choir, which chiefly consisted of the Lark family, together with the Warblers, practically kept the school going, seated themselves on the roof. "Silence," said the headmaster. "Now, the School Song," and then burst forth from the voices of these minstrels of the gum and wattle the most glorious song that I have ever heard, the undermaster keeping time with a ti-tree stick, the wonderful song burst from each eager pupil, like the wild, joyful song of the thrush, full of the bright perfume of the trees, full of the brightest of the music of God's earth, and full of the eager joy and patriotism of the pupils themselves, all God's messengers of light and joy, all merry, joyful, happy birds.

Then in came the stick, not used in some schools, but in this one, unfortunately used too often. The stick was a large black-brown hawk, fierce of eye and terrible of beak and talon, and the pupils dismissed for recess.

DUALITY.

I.

Webbed night and ravelled dawn
Spin through the whirling voids of space,
Quiver and glide with changeless pace,
Flickering.

As oft across the lawn
Frayed lights and tangled shadows chase,
(Mirrored thoughts on a dreaming face!),
Still striving in an envious race,
Bickering. . . .

II.

Bleak hate and smiling love
Sweep through the sky with blended heat,
On wings of sunshine and wings of sleet,
Drearily.

Then die: and from above
Stray gleams that ever part and meet,
(Petals of passion, bitter and sweet!),
Flutter and fall around God's feet,
Wearily. . . .

SONNET.

Oh, Sleep! in what remote shell-guarded cave,
A prisoner beneath a moon-lent spell
(Did I in fancy hear a sea-nymph's bell,
Chiming along the ocean's empty nave?)
Do you lie hidden? Does a green-eyed wave
Enwrap and hold you in its jealous swell,
Dreading the stealthy night? A far-off knell
Trembles; and all grows quiet as the grave. . . .

The wan stars flicker low like notes of mirth
That mock the close of wine-splashed feasts and fawn,
Whimpering, before the drunkard's tarnished worth;
The tired trees rustle to a breath deep-drawn;
The lanterns languish; and across the earth,
Steals the meek splendour of a pearl-grey dawn!

—E.

..S

OUR SPLENDID MEN.

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

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 Dorothy Bluett, 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.

OLD SCHOLARS.

Max Munro, in a letter to Mr. Miller from Bristol, speaks of meeting Nuts Rowell at a boxing tournament. He sends best wishes to all old scholars.

Jack Skemp writes from University congratulating the crew on winning Bourke Cup.

Tally Taylor sends a line from Woodbridge, sending congratulations re the Bourke Cup.

Clyde Rowell writes from Toronto, giving an interesting account of his trip to date. 1/2/18.

In a letter to Mr Miller, dated 24/2/18, Hedley Rosevear states that he is now in possession of a stripe, and Edgar Briggs is the owner of two.

We regret to learn that Corporal H. T. Glover, one of our ex-masters, is wounded.

Willie Mason has, according to a cable received by his father, been gassed.

Gordon Cunningham is ill in a French hospital with pleurisy.

Letters written on an unknown transport, in an unknown sea, on an unknown date, have been received from Jack Fahey and Perce Fordham.

We congratulate Hedley Rosevear on winning the Military Medal.

The training College holidays gave several old scholars an opportunity to visit the school—Pearl Berlowitz, Bertha Layh, and Doris Richardson availed themselves of it.

The Editor has received a letter from Eric McIvor, who is in France. He wishes to be remembered to his old friends.

We have noticed some of our teachers in Launceston lately on holiday from the capital.

Hector Craw has entered camp. We all join in wishing him every success and good luck in his future.

We were very sorry to hear of the death of Mac Kidd, who was a member of the school crew in the first year, and we wish to convey to his parents our greatest sympathy in their sorrow.

Harry Padman was in the limelight at the School Sports; nearly scooped the pool. We hear he has enlisted.

Basil Kildea is at the bank at Longford.

Reg. Barling journeyed to Hobart some weeks back. He is now unable to strip for football for a while.

Four pages are allotted to the Old Scholars' Column, and the Editor would be pleased to receive more matter for publication. Correspondence can be left with any of the secretaries, and published every quarter. Now, Old Scholars, send along your literature and see it in print, the finest School Magazine in the Commonwealth.

Girls, join the Tennis and Hockey Clubs.

We are pleased to note that a large number of our "Old Scholars" are figuring in the latest Launceston production, "The Geisha." We wish them every success and crowded houses.

Billiards are the rage since the Y.M.C.A. opened. Hundreds of old scholars and present scholars are professional billiard players.

Fancy dress is the order of the next social. Who'll bring the camera?

That "Scotchies" got "billiarditis." We feel very sorry for him, and wish him a speedy recovery.

That certain well-known scholars visited our last social.

EXCHANGES.

The Editor begs to acknowledge receipt of recent issues of Hobart High School Magazine, "Ours," and the Adelaide High School Magazine.

THE OLD SCHOOL

I.

Tradition—sentiment—custom—is a wonderful thing, and it is the more wonderful because it has a practical issue. It is that which keeps the savage loyal to his tribe, the soldier loyal to his regiment and his country, the mother to her child. Loyalty is woven everywhere throughout life, throughout nature, twining itself among the myriads cracks and crevices and crannies that go to make the very universe itself. Eventually our life must bind itself in loyalty to the one law that will be just and righteous because of its universality.

II.

It is grand to read of the doings of the Old School. It is glorious to think over the struggles, the conflicts, the victories, the defeats, that we have lived through ourselves. How beautiful it is for us, who have for ever passed beyond the class-room door, to live once again the memorable hours of those past times; to oust the present scholars from their places, and once again join in the hearty mirth or in the tedious study with those old mates of ours who are now scattered all over the world, and are daily going further, and further, and further beyond the Old School. With what joy do we seize upon our favourite oar, slip it into the 'rigger, brace ourselves up, and then—Away with long, hard strokes that drives the old four through the Tamar waters like a bullet through the air; on, against a cruel tide, till muscles become stiff, and hands blistered, and then—"Easy All!" from the coach.

"Easy, All!" . . . and with the welcome cry we start up, but nothing is in front of us but the glowing winter fire roaring up the chimney, whilst our once blistered hands—now, alas soft and white with indoor work—grasp tightly an old edition of the "Churinga."

* * * * *

The Old School is always there—unchanging and glorious as of old. And it is well for us who have "lost the old delight of her" still to keep her fresh in our memories, still to be ever thinking of her, ever helping her, ever upholding her against those petty bands of ignorant ones that will not see beyond the letters of her name, and who ever try to poison her with spite and calumny." Here, indeed, is work for every Old Scholar; here are grounds for the planting of those seeds of school loyalty that will grow and flourish, and make the name of the Old School one of universal respect throughout the land, yea, the very world, wherever it comes to the ears of men.

Our School—for is it not still ours?—is as yet young, and for us Old Scholars, just as for the present scholars, there are boundless opportunities for welding together into an insoluble whole the units of thought and loyalty and pride that come out from the Old School every year.

Let each one realise what he owes to the school—what his character, his mind, his body and his spirit owe to the school; then, when each has awakened to a full realization of what has been done for him, let him remember he is no longer in the school, and that it is his bounden duty to assist the Old School in every way possible, both practically and morally.

III.

So for all Old Scholars there is something beyond socials and enjoyment. By all means have these, but also let there be that undying spirit of loyalty and enthusiasm for the school that is the true foundation of any association which has for its aims the holding together of ex-students.

Though we be as far apart as glorious France and peaceful Tasmania, though we be severed by oceans and distances that make reunion impossible, yet let there be that true loyalty everywhere.

Then, indeed, we may be of some real use to the Old School. And then, when the football team braces itself up in the last quarter to score the goal that will win the championship, when the coxswain expends his last gasp of breath exhorting his crew to give the last sprint that means the winning of the race; and when the rowers and footballers and cricketers and hockey players all lay aside their "implements of war," and file into the examination room—still helping the Old School—then may we old scholars once more look to the Old School with feelings of pride.

For were not we ourselves once there? . . .

SOCIAL LIFE.

During the quarter several socials were held at the school, at which a fair amount of enjoyment was obtained, but in some cases the attendance left much to be desired.

The socials lately have shown a sameness about them that the committee are desirous of obliterating, and with this purpose in view, the committee have decided on the next being fancy dress, and they have formed a special committee to arrange a programme, when it is hoped that a vast improvement will be shown.

We are indebted to several old scholars for assistance at the various socials with musical items. Amongst them are: Misses Grubb, Jacobson, Barrett, Jones, Chick, Malcolm, Messrs. Mills, Walsh, Wise, and Smith.

OBITUARY.

It is with extreme regret that we have to announce the death of Mac Kidd—killed in action in France. Pupils of 1913 and 1914 will remember both his genial disposition as well as his fine kicking-off from the goal line. He also had the honor, along with his comrade, Preston Ryan (also deceased), of representing his school in the first crew that was established. Our hearts go out in sympathy to his parents and relatives. He was always symbolic of "*prorsum et semper honeste*."

WHO'S WHO.

Principal—Mr. R. O. Miller, B.A.

Staff—Mr. A. L. Meston, B.A., Mr. W. L. Grace, B.A. (Senior Masters), Miss Bell, B.A., Miss A. McDougough, Miss Brown, Miss Greaves, Miss J. Tribolet, Miss Grubb, Miss Wilcox, Miss Lawson, Miss M. K. Matthews, Miss O. Heron, Miss E. Harvey, Miss E. Mann; Mr. W. E. L. Callaway, Mr. W. Hope, Mr. A. Scott, Mr. E. O. G. Scott.

Prefects—Marjorie Rudge, Harold McElwee (Senior Prefects), Lionel F. Briggs, Vera Bryant (Sports Prefects), Elmie London, Frank Johnstone, Noel McLeod, Eric Wyllie, Stewart Maslin, Jessie McKenzie, Laurie Hodges, Eileen Targett, Reg. Chamley, Cecil Lucas, Eric Tabart, Philip Hughes, Jean Peter, Katie Cook, Esme Judd, Trevor Scott, Henry Williams.

Dux of School—Alan Atkinson.

School Champion—H. McElwee.

Captain of Cricket—H. McElwee.

Captain of Football—A. Luck.

Stroke of Crew—Eric Wyllie.

Rowing Club Captain—Eric Wyllie.

Captain of Tennis—Marjorie Rudge.

Librarian—Miss Wilcox.

Senior Cadets—Company Commander: Lieutenant A. L. Meston.

No. 1 Platoon: 2nd Lieutenant R. I. Douglas. No. 2 Platoon: 2nd Lieutenant A. Scott. Sergeants: L. F. Briggs (C.S.M.), H. McElwee, E. A. Wyllie, C. B. Hawkins, J. Beardwood.

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

"Northern Churinga"—Editor: Mr Meston. Editor Old Scholars' Column: Mr. P. Fordham.