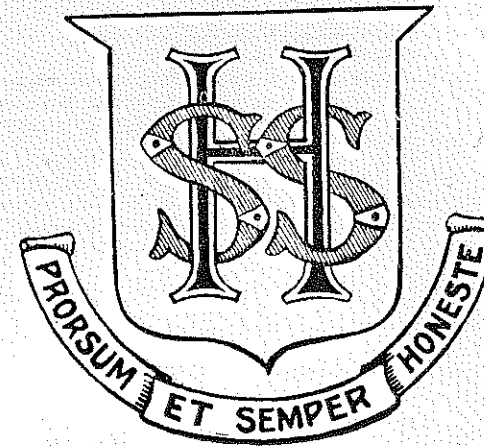


The Northern Churinga



VOL. V. LAUNCESTON, DECEMBER, 1918. No. 4.

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EDITORIAL.

Almost I feel at the year's end that it would be well to dispense with an editorial. So many hilarious happenings are rushing in together. Exams. seem so far away, holidays so near, that I fear the ramblings of the editorial pen go unnoted, and well-meant words of advice fall unheeded on young ears. Yet, because of the love that the most hardened teacher bears to his flock, I cannot let you go without sending the old Christmas wish along with you.

And there is one thing more I would like to say at parting about the great day of Christmas itself. Once listening to a discussion on the origin and meaning of Christmas, I overheard this speech:—"Well, what is it, after all, but a little boy's birthday?" That is how I want you to think of Christmas—a little boy's birthday. Maybe at this your thoughts will go back a few years to birthdays of your own. You will see again the lighted room, eager childish faces, and the cake surrounded with lighted candles. Perhaps, if you are lucky, you may even recapture a thrill of the childish ecstasy that filled your heart then. And then you will remember that, after all, the day we celebrate this year, the day we have celebrated every year for countless ages is just a Little Boy's Birthday—the birthday of the Christ Child; and the gifts we bring Him are those of loving service to each other, of kindness and goodwill to all men.

DUCES OF SCHOOL.

Dux of School—Alan Atkinson.

"B1" Class—Trevor James.

"B2" Class—John Beardwood.

"C1" Class—Dorothy Burke.

"C2" Class—Harold Thorne.

"C3" Class—Mabel Russell.

"C4" Class—Ray Russell.

"D1" Class—Fred. Townshend.

"D2" Class—Eric Sheldrick.

"D3" Class—Wilfred Parish.

"D4" Class—Winnie Barker.

"D6" Class—Rudolph Buring.

SONNET.

Divinely impotent in His great height,

Lost in the lonely ultimate vast spaces,

God hungered for the knowledge of leafy places,

Confined and private; for small sounds; and light

Broken by shadows; for a partial night,

With stars unrecognised, imperfect faces,

Dimmed by kind distance; for the cool embraces

Of pleasant, finite streams, slumbrous and white

Then in His mind a cosmic plan unfurled,

Where He fashioned with blind, infinite power

A delicately adjusted instrument,

Responsible to color, sound, and subtle scent:

And so He placed within the too-fine world

Man, His interpreter, to see a flower!

G.D.

CADET NOTES.

(By "Cato Major.")

Since the last detailing of our exploits and the completion of the N.C.O.'s exam. we have had the new Non-Coms. allotted, and are now in full working order, and only waiting to be gazetted and get our stripes, as well as new uniforms and numerals, and then we'll be satisfied. The new formation, with regard to N.C.O.'s, is as follows:—

No. 1 Platoon: Platoon-Sergeant, A. Williams. No. 1 Section: Sergeant Saltmarsh. No. 2 Section: Sergeant Chamley. No. 3 Section: Corporal Cutts. No. 4 Section:

No. 2 Platoon: Platoon-Sergeant, J. Truskett. No. 1 Section: Sergeant Telford. No. 2 Section: Corporal Kerrison. No. 3 Section: Corporal Walker. No. 4 Section: Corporal Cullen.

No. 3 Platoon: Platoon-Sergeant, P. Hughes. No. 1 Section: Corporal Bryan. No. 2 Section: Corporal Morrison. No. 3 Section: Corporal Crooks. No. 4 Section: Corporal Baker.

No. 4 Platoon: Platoon-Sergeant, K. Dallas. No. 1 Section: Corporal Clark.

C.S.M.: J. Beardwood. C.Q.M.S.: S. Cruikshank.

In the recent State Schools' Peace Celebrations a platoon from among us formed the escort for the S.H.S. tableau, viz., "Britannia," and it quite upheld our reputation. Also, on Saturday, the 16th of November, a voluntary parade was called for a Military and Naval Demonstration at the Cricket Ground, and we were able to contribute a very good turn-out.

Last, but not least, we have to congratulate Lionel Briggs, erstwhile C.S.M., on his obtaining a commission, and we wish him every success in the future as a 2nd Lieutenant.

SCHOOL CAMERA CLUB.

Towards the end of last term a movement for the formation of a School Camera Club was set afoot. Owing to the assistance given by Mr W. L. Grace, and the enthusiasm of a few "photo fiends," the club is not merely thought of, but really exists. At a meeting held on September 19, and presided over by Mr. Grace, the Club was formed, and many favorable suggestions were brought forward. C. Hawkins was elected secretary, with the whole Club to act as a committee.

It was decided to hold a competition for the best photo. of a "Water Scene," the photo. to be the bona fide work of the exhibitor. Entries close on 18th of October. The judge (Mr Andrew, of the Vandyck Studio, to whom we are very much indebted for his kindness) commented favorably on the whole collection of photos. C. Hawkins secured first and second. The judge criticised the photos, but his criticisms were just, and we feel that we shall benefit by them.

At a second meeting, held on 24th of October, it was decided to hold a competition for the best photo. of a "Park Scene." Entries close on the 29th of November, so we cannot publish the results in this issue.

The secretary would like to see more interest taken in the Club and more entries in the competitions. Some members have remarked, "What is the good of me entering when I know that I cannot win?" This spirit must not exist if the Club is to be a success. As the Club is under no expense, it has been decided to have no subscription. All present scholars who possess a camera of any description are requested to enrol as members. Our thanks are due both to Mr. Andrews and Mr. Grace for the valuable assistance they have given us this term.

CLASS NOTES.

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

All our blessings crowd on us at once—peace is here, Christmas is coming, soldiers are coming, and last, but not least, the Senior is over, and now our only duty is to hang on to life, which promises to be very pleasant hereafter.

Our labours ought to be rewarded, as, on the half-holiday, much to everyone's surprise, we came to school and worked, or commenced to, and it was not our fault that our intellectual efforts degenerated into a spring clean. That was the fault of the picture, which very desirable trophy once in the past adorned and will in the future adorn our walls.

Evidently the great mental strain we have been under lately has forced some people to retire themselves. May, we were sorry to hear, spent several days in bed, from whence she sent for her books; but nobody believed her, of course. And poor Dan and Cliff were so overcome with last week that they deemed it advisable to return to the paternal bosom at once. Somebody said that Winsome wept; but, of course, that was merely rumour.

For this week all sorts of festivities and activities have been planned, and Rumour (that fickle jade) hath it that one notable Latin scholar, such is her joy of Christmas, even brought her pudding cloth to school.

As these are the last Class Notes which we will be privileged to send in, we take the opportunity to register all our thanks and love to the old school, and if we are brief those who reach or have reached the "A" Class stage will excuse, because they will know that words are only "words, idle words," which express little of our real feeling in saying:

Adieu, adieu, old school, adieu,
And if I never more see you,
And though the time has come for us to part,
You've still a corner in my heart.

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

Here we are again, at the close of our third year. Who will believe it? Ere the next magazine appears we will have entered the dignity of the "A" Class. During the term our ranks have been broken by the leaving of two of our class members, namely, Jack Gough and Herbert Wright. The reappearance of Reg. Long again in our midst was in general well received. We of the "B1" are the proud possessors of the "young and beautiful Britannia," who looked so well in the recent procession. Perhaps the most important event of the term was the "B" picnic held recently at the Gorge. The notable feature of the function was the presence of two important and well known persons, namely, Mr. McCoy and Mr. Miller, who honored us by their presence at tea, thus adding to the much enjoyable picnic. We extend our best wishes for success in the exams. to all the candidates of both Senior and Junior, and hope the Launceston High School will achieve better results even than last year. In conclusion, we wish all the Merriest Christmas that there could possibly be, and a bright and prosperous New Year.

CLASS "B2" (Industrial and Commercial).—Supervising Teacher: Miss F. Bell, B.A.

The leaden-footed, aged Tide of Time
Has surged us o'er, and swept us down and on
To rise again, we hope, in greater "A"
The term, our fourth and last of third year's grace,
Has been most memorable to us all,
And yet, of greater import to our much
Suspended hopes: the great mid-term exam.
And through the chaos we at last looked up
To see the world in verdant readiness
For cricket and its two contemp'ry sports;
And thus once more we have assum'd the roles
Of centenarians or oarsmen bold.
But yet, in other spheres we hold our own;
For, with the aid of several "B2" boys,
Our members of the fairer sex uphold,
The mighty glory of a well-known room,
With flow'rs and dusters, and with Brunswick Black,
To mention nought of pot plants and green ink.
In fact, as so 't would seem, the term has been
A term of terms, and only lessen'd by
The further dwindlings of our shortened roll,
For while we hope to see Zelma return,
Hector and Froggy have left us here for good,
And Pat has shaken loose the school-time ties.
And now, to end our tale of joy and woe,
We wish success to all competitors
Who turn unto the Albert Hall this year
To seek their fame; and also do we wish
The Staff and members of the School of Schools
The best of Luck, and holidays to cheer
A pleasant breaking of the coming year.

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

"I want you," said the teacher, "to write for this week's essay your class notes. "C1," having been rudely awakened from dreams of plum puddings and picnics, lifted their sleepy heads from the desks, and groaned inwardly. (Kathie was the chief offender).

The teachers have been making such a fuss lately over the little exams. ahead of us that we expected to be spared (don't forget the dative) writing class notes.

But to begin. We do not intend to allude to the picture, as probably everybody will be tired of the subject by the time they have read the notes of "A" and "C3" Classes. It is an understood thing that the picture is given for encouragement. We, of course, need no incentive.

Wasn't that peace week glorious? Especially good were the buns with real currants in them, and the ginger beer; but we must put aside thoughts, for

"Day by day the Junior Public,
Louder yells and nearer creeps."

And we are now resigned to the inevitable. Just here we must thank the "A" Class for their kindly assurance that it is really easy. Naturally we would not question any statement of that noble body.

We could write for hours on gramophones, peace celebrations, and how they affected us; Latin, afternoon tea, knowledge of history, and the like, but wait till "after the Junior."

In conclusion, we wish all Senior and Junior Students good luck, and the staff and scholars the best of holidays.

In great tribulation and haste.

CLASS MATES ALL.

CLASS "C2."—Supervising Teacher: Miss Lawson.

(With Apologies to Henry Newbolt).

Leicester, Tracker, Suter, and Biggs,
 Here's to the knuts of the class!
 Harold, Gordon, Harry, and Jack,
 The boys who want more than a pass!
 Classmates all for "C2's" sake,
 Honor be yours, and fame;
 And honor as long as "Churingas" take
 A part in "Tassie's" name.

Leicester was talking of rowing one day,
 When the teacher's back was turned;
 Her patience at last must lose its sway,
 And ten dread theorems were learned.
 Never was schoolboy wilder than he
 Since detentions first began;
 He cast an envious eye at the shed,
 And tried to be a man.

Harold nor Latin nor Chemistry feared
 Their worries he took with a smile;
 He answered every question asked,
 And swatted all the while.
 He was studying away for all his worth,
 When the hated Junior came;
 But he said, "Of that I'm not afraid,"
 And went to his study again.

Ten long questions the paper asked,
 Tracker, he answered nine;
 But he knew that every one was right,
 And dropped his pen for a time.
 I've read through the paper again and again,
 I can't find a single mistake;
 But I cannot answer No. 10,
 Were the words our Tracker spake.

Questions surrounded him everywhere
 When Harry took his seat.
 But he smiled at a friend, took up his pen,
 And completed a wonderful feat.
 The awful questions bade him cease,
 But he doggedly wagged his head,
 And gripped his pen the tighter still,
 "And I'm d—d if I'll stop," he said.

Classmates all, they'll go their way
 To their haven in Hobart Town;
 Classmates all, they'll say their say,
 Be he clever one or clown;
 But they'll leave us a record no one can break,
 The fame of the old "C2,"
 To be looked upon by all the school,
 And revered by me and you.

Classmates all, for "C2's" sake,
 Honor be yours and fame,
 And honor as long as "Churingas" take
 A part in "Tassie's" name.

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

"To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
 Creeps in his pretty face from day to day."

We'd like to alter the word creeps, but the rest gives the appropriate air of gloom which surrounds us. Is it "dusty death" to which our hopes are being "lighted?" In other words, shall we pass or fail? Will our credits be few or many? The Fates are silent. "A" Class says we worry over trifles; that if we had the Senior, etc., etc. But we have our own opinion.

Well, what have we been doing this term? Edna and Thelma have brought their stamp albums along, and we have pored over them at every opportunity. Nearly all have been bitten with the stamp microbe; in fact, it threatens to become as prevalent as influenza. What we don't know about color, water marks, etc., isn't really worth knowing. So far no one has lighted on a 2d blue Mauritius.

Edna and Winnie and Jean and Katie, and many others—the whole class, in fact, are changing to the domestic course. There has been a picture given for the best kept room, and the first week—but we are a modest lot. At any rate, Len hung it straight.

Again we wish all the examinees good luck, and trust that allowances will be made for the peace rejoicings.

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

We have now come to the end of our second year at the "Best School of All," and sincerely hope that not only ourselves, but all the other classes, have had a very prosperous year, and will go home for their Christmas holidays with the satisfaction of having done their best. The Junior Public, which at the end of last quarter was upon the horizon, is now upon us; but "C4" are not afraid; they are going to face the examinations undaunted.

These last few weeks, with their great events, have not been without their effect on "C4" Class, judging by the hoarse voices and the late book, not to mention yawns.

Lately the room has looked very clean and tidy, Sturgess having put the blinds level by geometry (Theorem II, we think). McVilly has been kind enough to make us a new duster, since "D6" think that they have a better right to our other one than we have.

A very serious disease has broken out in "C4," namely, Sturgitis, by which many poor victims met their doom by becoming infatuated by some eyes whose gaze cannot be met.

We wish our friends in "A" Class luck in the forthcoming Senior Public, a "Happy Christmas" and a "Bright New Year" to all the teachers and the other classes.

CLASS "D1."—Supervising Teacher: Miss E. Harvey.

"Our first school year is nearly o'er,
 Our tasks and lessons ended;
 The memories of the bygone year,
 With joy and sorrow blended."

How quickly the year has spun round! Just faucy, we are now nearly at the end of the fourth quarter, and there is (we hope) "Something accomplished, something done."

This quarter we don't happen to have any professors who have been trying to find out new ideas in physics, but we have a learned Professor of Latin, who, however, is never here at Latin lessons.

We have learnt this term to do the difference of two squares by the method of poppies and waratah, and, under careful search, we have discovered the "Chromolitholeomargarine Fake."

The summer sports are again in full swing, and it is rumored that some of the girls found the water just a trifle cold, so they took an "Ice Cream Course" to warm them. The rowers, also, have caught every crab in the Tamar, and are still catching them.

We have a fine "Treatise on How to Become Humourous" for sale, and we hope thereby to raise quite a considerable sum for our class funds.

We are sorry to say that the "Best Room Picture" has not adorned our room yet, but are sure that it will in the near future.

After thus chronicling our various merits we must now end with the best wishes for success to the Public Exams. candidates, and the best of holidays afterwards.

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

The Exams. are over—the Exams. in which we searched our brains for the knowledge we had gained during the year, and searched, alas! so often in vain. Congratulations to Eric Sheldrick on again securing the highest place in class.

During the quarter a picture has been offered weekly for the tidiest class-room, but so far we have not managed to win it. Joe says it is because there are no girls in our class. We have been advised to clean the blackboard and stain it, but as we are all going up into "C." Class next year, we have decided to postpone operations till then.

Rumor has it that Mrs. Edwards' house was being haunted a few weeks ago, and that the ghost bore a strong resemblance to Joe. No definite evidence in proof of this is forthcoming, but there are one or two suspicious circumstances in connection with the affair that we think it our duty to relate. First, there is the fact that Joe kept such a watchful eye on the floor to locate stray papers, and was to be found wandering towards the fireplace at all hours of the day; again, we have it on the evidence of several reliable witnesses that Joe was seen on two or three occasions in the direction of Mrs. Edwards' house at about 10 p.m. (the time at which the ghost made its appearance), and, lastly, that the ghost's visits suddenly ceased when Joe left school last week.

It appears that quite unknowingly we have been harboring an artist in our midst—Teddy Chung Gon, whose lightning sketches will soon rival those of Harry Julius. Favorite subjects of the artist are the Kaiser, Fred, and his smile, etc. When not engaged in sketching, the artist spends his spare moments in perfecting his model of a wonderful boat, the secret of which is not to be bought with money.

We are all feeling very sorry for our blackboard duster, which looks as if it had been on active service for years, and had been a casualty many times. Cleaning the board has now developed into one of the fine arts.

Since the Exams. we are all feeling so awfu' WHYs that we consider home work quite unnecessary, but unfortunately everyone is not of the same opinion.

CLASS "D3."—Supervising Teacher: Miss M. K. Matthews.

What! class notes again? Impossible! Why, it only seems yesterday that we were sending in our contribution to Mr. Editor. Nevertheless we are all pleasurably aware of the fact that Xmas, with its attendant joys and holidays, looms near. And what a Xmas it will be! After four years of strife and bloodshed, how merrily the bells of Peace will ring.

But everything must be carried on as usual, hence this. We can truly drink nectar at present with our annual Exams. behind us, and a jolly time before. With what feelings of compassion and concern do we behold our less favored friends who are even now enshrouded with in the precincts of the Exam. room! Good luck to them all! is our hearty

wish. Our fate has not yet been made known to us, and some of us are still under a certain amount of doubt as to whether we are to remain downstairs with the "babies" or be included with those who are to be admitted into the abode of the "C." classes.

Although our room has not succeeded in securing the "best room picture" so far, there has been a decided improvement in it, the vases especially being always well filled with flowers, which, we must admit, sometimes find their way in from another room not far away.

We shall conclude our last contribution for the year by wishing all Exam. candidates the best of luck, and the staff and the whole school a jolly Xmas and pleasant holidays.

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

Class notes without a moral are like a machine gunner without a maxim. The moral of these is:—Be happy. While wishing the "A." and "C." classes the best of luck in their coming exams., we would beg respectfully to bring under their consideration (note the evidences of our commercial training!) the above moral. Of course we know exams. are "wiles of the devil," as Stevenson says, but still they must remember that they are not nearly so depressing as our quarterly visitations. They do not get their papers back. . . .

In case you should by any strange whim of circumstance, though such an occurrence seems to us well nigh incredible, be unacquainted with our Famous Five (or is it Terrible Five?), we hasten to introduce them. They are:—Iris, who said "Eh?"; Nellie, whose claim to fame is that she sits next to Iris; Mary, who presented us with the delightful water-color of Corra Linn, with the warm brown motif (but the bridge is a little, just a little, spidery, Mary); Kathleen, who is noted for the fact that she leaves early, for her ladylike manner and for her success in her music exams.; and Millie, who spills the ink. Some people believe they formed a guard of honor the day General Pau left Launceston, and that in consequence they missed a pen-losing lesson. It is very sad that we should be compelled to record that this sisterhood are always peppered with questions, which—and this makes it sadder still—they sometimes cannot answer.

During the term the room once more received a Saturday cleaning, for which act of mercy four or five girls are responsible. Two of them have been immortalised by being photographed while cleaning the windows. It makes such a nice picture. The ladder in the foreground gives a subtle, Longfellowish metaphorical hint of endeavor. These souvenirs, whose value must inevitably increase with the passing years, are on sale somewhere. Dorothy will tell you exactly where. However, the room looks much brighter and neater (did anybody whisper "Picture?"), especially the fireplace. Annie tells us that her hands are nearly normal in color now!

There are plenty of things we would like to tell you about, but Mr. Beardwood is looking at us and saying significantly, "Paper shortage. And I've got a lot of poetry this time!" However, he says we may just mention our new W.P.B., with its poition indicated by an arrow; Lorna's disinclination to repeat jokes; our blackboard notices anent holidays; Hilaire's enthusiasm for French since the signing of the armistice; Jean's bathing cap; Millie's (vocal) music; our Universal Providers who supply red ink, rulers, rubbers, etc.—(See price list. Free on application); and last, but by no means least, our jealously-guarded chalk supply.

Once more, Good Luck, "A." and "C." classes. Happy holidays, teachers and scholars! Remember our moral. Oh, yes—we nearly forgot—don't eat too much Christmas pudding or you may get—influenza!

CLASS "D6."—Supervising Teacher: Miss E. Mann.

Once more we have passed through that dread ordeal—exams., and we regret to say that next year when we "go up"—not in smoke—we will leave some of our merry brethren behind. This exam., being our yearly test, was looked forward to with quaking hearts, and as we all know that Q.E.D. stands for "Quarterly Exams. Detested," we would suggest (in all due modesty) that Y.E.D. has the "concentrative force of per."

Our friend who is composing his dictionary is progressing favorably, if slowly. His noble efforts, worthy of the immortal Pickwick himself, will surely be recognised, and may even be rewarded by his contemporaries.

We have at least one noted being in our midst—Hector, the renowned juggler, who is able to twirl a pencil for five minutes with the greatest ease. We suppose he is trying to imitate his renowned namesake.

It is rumored that Cecil is about to join the ranks of the Blue-coats, with the rank of sergeant. Henceforth Colonel Kirk will not be able to make "a bolt from the Blue" (not the fairy flax).

We will now say "Vale," wishing all the best of luck in the Junior and Senior, and also a Merry Christmas and a pleasant holiday.

"IT'S A FACT."

"That 'Curly' wrote a parody
On the 'Tipperary' song,
But as it was too personal,
It didn't last too long."

That the name "Best" does not fit Morely.

That mirrors are the rage in C4.

That "Horace" sits in a "chilly" atmosphere.

That a noted descendant of Rob Roy was rolling a barrel round the streets during the recent rejoicings.

That an "Admiral" went down West Tamar on a recent holiday possessed of a copy of "The Red Eric."

That A.B. lives on Latin.

That Ali Shah becomes "Russell, Russell!" when he has a button-hole.

That there is a mixed effusion of hair oil and big words in D1.

That a certain D1 girl is fond of "ice creams."

That we hope "Moggy" will not build any "more houses" on St. George's Square; it spoils the grass.

That D1 advertises, "3d brains lost between the coming and going of the inspector. Please return to Room 5."

That someone went exploring for rivers.

That football caps should not be worn on boating excursions.

That C1 is well represented in early morning explorations.

That a certain member of C1 wants to know how to make an insoluble oxide soluble.

That Jean has a great dread of dogs.

That Katie has a nice front.

That someone is called "Gentle Annie," but we don't see the "gentle" part.

That it's an unfair game to write notes in bed.

That the trio of Trevallyn do not always answer to the bugle call.

THE MOON.

Once upon a time there was a little girl named Ruby—and by this time you have guessed that this is a fairy story; but you're very wrong, indeed. It's all as true as true. Living in a comfortable cottage, walking in a pretty front garden, yet she was not satisfied. Between happiness and content there is an ocean of difference. The one is plain happiness; the other is happiness, with satisfaction. Ruby had only the first. Many were the homes she had seen more beautiful than hers; many were the gardens more skilled than hers in wheedling from the rainbow its thousand blended colors; many were the names she had heard sweeter by far than Ruby.

But one night there came a great surprise. Opening the front door, she was about to set off down the path as usual, when she stopped still in amazement. The dried-up grass plot was become a silver sea, on which brown barges, weighed with grey sails, rode at anchor. At the edge the straggling hedge grew to a shining wall of steel, rising to the equal brightness of the stars, whose massy multitude of winding worlds almost drowned the purple vault. A voice, as of a silver bell, rang sweet, with never a whisper of the hated name, but with soft burrs and h's murmured softly: "Barbara, thou art a princess in thy silver castle, silver, and grey, silver and white, with the black of shadows. See where thy slaves, garbed in the livery of night, bow themselves down; sweet-scented flowers of the sun are made the incense-bearing servants of the moon, to swing pale censurs in rhyme before thee. Wander in thy paths, dear lady. See the fragile fronds of day turned to the gushing waterspout of silvery night, and white waves of the moon play, the stars gleam; and thou art shut in the Palace of Selene for ever. Yet be not dismayed, for her beauty is not seen in a moment, nor neither in a lifetime, nor many lifetimes of perfect vision; so that the years shall find thee a willing bondswoman, still seeking and seeing new silver paths in the silver palace." M.T.

THE BALLAD OF THE MONITOR

Oh, there's that bless'd board again,

Covered with plaguey proofs!"

And truly so remarked, d'ye ken,

In tones that'd raise all roofs.

It was our mild Prefect who spoke,

And, wond'rous to behold!

Upon his classic brow awoke,

A frown both calm and cold.

And then all smothered wrath arose,

And on the notice board,

He scanned the names with a look that froze

The guilty—standing awed.

"Here, Smith (or Brown)," he yelled at last,

"Clean off that beastly scrawl."

But Brown, he smiled, and said he'd passed

His week of "the blackboard call."

But then he found he'd only thought

His agony was done,

For back to earth he soon was brought,

To find he'd just begun.

And so throughout a tedious week,

English and History,

And Algebra and P'arithmetique,

He cleared off dazedly.

RESIGNED "B2."

BOYS' SPORTS.

CRICKET.

FIRSTS.

Once again we substitute "flannels" for our short "brecks," and are determined to finish the year with more success than we started.

Owing to the many holidays taking place and the pitches not being ready, we have had very little practice on the turf. In our match against Scotch College we came off victors by 43 runs. The result was as follows:—

Scotch College.—First innings, 53; second innings, 48. Bowling: F. Johnstone, eight for 30; L. Cobbett, seven for 44; R. Chamley, four for 3.

State High School.—Firsts: First innings, 77. Second innings: A. Atkinson, b Hardman, 8; H. McElwee, b Foubister, 1; L. Cobbett, b Hardman, 0; R. Chamley, c Beveridge, b Hardman, 8; F. Johnstone, b Foubister, 2; R. McVilly, b Foubister, 4; W. Stephens, b Hardman, 2; S. Maslin, b Hardman, 11; J. Walker, b Foubister, 0; W. Boscoe, not out, 1; H. Williams, hit wicket, 7; sundries, 13; total, 57. Bowling: E. Hardman, five for 22; W. Foubister, four for 20; Beattie, nil for 2. In this match the one distinct feature was the fine fielding of J. Walker, A. Atkinson, H. Williams.

On Saturday, the 8th, we again journeyed to Ravensraig, but owing to the exams, we were unable to play our strongest team. We batted first, and put up the weak score of 32, Boscoe, with 16 (including a six), and Johnstone, with 8, being the chief scorers. Scotch replied with 62, and we, in our second innings, made 73 (Chamley 26, Kerrison 11, and Maslin 10), thus leaving Scotch with 43 runs to score to win. At 5.30 they had six wickets down for 11, our bowling being done by F. Johnstone, 8 for 27, and H. McElwee, 7 for 35. Scotch thus ran out victors on the first innings by 30 runs.

On Saturday a match was played by our non-exam. boys against Grammar non-exam. boys. Grammar batted first, and scored 127, our bowling being done by Maslin, 6 for 42, and Parish, 3 for 47. We then batted, and scored only 50, S. Cobbett 7, and A. Wearne 14, being our most prominent batsmen. Thus Grammar scored a win by 77 runs.

FIRST TEAM SKETCHES.

H. McElwee: The team's wicket keeper, a good field, a little unreliable in batting, but captains well.

L. Cobbett: Good vice-captain, excellent field, fairly consistent bat, and a good bowler.

F. Johnstone: An excellent field and bowler, needs to play a little straighter bat; pulls too much, and needs to watch the ball all the way.

S. Maslin: Good field, improving rapidly, and very keen secretary.

A. Atkinson: A very consistent and safe bat, an excellent field, and fair bowler.

R. Long: A fair bat, weak in the field; put your feet together, Reg.

H. Williams: An excellent field, the team "slogger," but a little stiff in your action; lacks that confidence born of solid practice.

R. McVilly: A weak field, fair bat, but needs to be more brisk at the wicket. The resistance of air is very small, Mac.

R. Chamley: A good left hand bowler, a fair bat, but could improve in the field.

E. Wing: A forceful bat, good field and bowler.

J. Walker: A steady bat, but inclined to poke, an excellent field.

W. Boscoe: A good bowler, fair field, and promising bat.

C. Kerrison: Needs to play a straight bat, and use his feet more in the field.

W. Stephens: A good field, but needs to practice weak strokes more.

ROWING.

Lift! Lift! Steady, forward! Sit up, four, and get those hands away! Here we are again on the Tamar. Once more the coaches and coxswains are making the old Gorge ring, and the enthusiastic crews are sending the water swirling to the rear. Each Wednesday we are to be seen leaving the sheds for our row, whether in the sliding seat boats or in the worthy "Loongana." All are eager to learn and get passed for the French and Kitchener, so that they may row in the regatta.

Mr. R. A. Scott, our rowing master, aided by the captain, Eric Arthur Wyllie, and the secretary, Harry Bryan, draws up the programme for each Wednesday. The committee (E. Wyllie, H. Bryan, A. Luck, C. Barnes, H. Finlayson, and J. Broomby) are now busily arranging the programme for the coming regatta. It is proposed to include eights, fours, pairs, sculls, swimming and diving contests, and also an Old Scholars' event.

We regret the loss of our philosopher, poet, rower, etc.—the one of the "banana stroke"—and we miss his genial "Salve Amice! Quo Vadis."

GIRLS' SPORTS.

CRICKET.

In order to arouse more interest in cricket this season, the girls have been divided into teams, and will start their rounds of matches next Sports Day. The best players among the older ones are M. Yost, W. Hodgetts, and E. Peachey, and from the "D." Classes E. Simmonds, A. Chung Gon, D. Fletcher, A. Geddes, and M. Saunders.

TENNIS.

Owing to wet weather and to holidays, of which there have been several this quarter, we have had only three sports days; also on account of the coming exams, very little use has been made of the courts on Saturdays. Much improvement has been shown by Lucy Stevens of late. We shall be very sorry to lose many of our best players at Xmas., and we hope many of the remaining players will show vast improvement before the teams come up from Hobart for the annual tennis match; also we hope that some players from the High School will compete for the Pardey Shield.

THE HAND OF FATE.

Down at the foot of a gently sloping brush-covered hill, at the bottom of which a black, sluggish, log-strewn stream winds between its verdant banks, overhung with man fern, just where the sombre tea tree gives place to the mighty blue gum, lives old Lipta Lucas. He is an old age pensioner, and spends his last few days in sitting in front of his old hut smoking, or, perhaps, astride a log in the middle of the creek, busy with his hook and line. His name was a mystery for many days, until he informed us that it was because he lived among the eucalyptus.

One day I was fishing a couple of bends of the creek away from the old man's hut, when along he came, his bag and rod over his shoulder, and his pipe in his mouth. He sat down beside me, puffing and blowing, and quite unable to speak for the minute. When he had

sufficiently regained his breath to speak, he said, "See that clump o' wattles over there? Well, that's where poor old Lovey Truscombe lies at rest, this forty year an' more; but 'e 'ad bad luck, poor chap; but 'is troubles are over now. I reckon that 'e's jolly lucky to 'ave such a nice an' roomy grave; it's more than I'll ever get unless I digs it meself. Y'can see 'is grave over there, cross an' all, just as I left it forty year ago."

I walked over to the clump of wattles that the old man indicated through mere curiosity. The grave was hidden by a hedge of blooming wattle, overhung with white clematis and the purple climbing berry. At the head of the grave was a simple cross of hewn blackwood, and on it words to the effect that he who lay there was Llewellyn Truscombe, who departed this life on the 26th of February, 1876. When I got back to the old man he was fixing a struggling worm to his hook. "What did he die of?" I asked.

"Ah!" said Lipta, "that there cross is good, ain't it? I did it meself. What did 'e die of? Want o' breath, mostly."

"Consumption?" I asked, pityingly.

"Oh, no," said Lipta; "worse'n that; 'e shot 'isself."

"Accident?" I queried.

"No," said Lipta; "'E did it a purpose to escape the 'and of Fate; y'see, 'e was fellin' a tree an' it fell on the Chinky cook, an' killed 'im. It was pure accident, but 'e was one o' this 'ere superstitious crowd—Welsh, I think—so 'e shot 'isself to avoid the bad luck. I told 'im it was no use, an' I was right. The only decent pipe 'e 'ad fell off the table 'an busted the next day. I say Fate's Fate, an' y' can't avoid it. There's too many lobsters here. I'm off down stream," and away he ambled through the growing twilight, midst the mighty gums and the damp undergrowth.

I pulled up my line, re-baited it, and waited for the moon to rise. Far away I could hear the distant cattle bell, and up stream a platypus splashed about, casting tiny moon-reflecting ripples out to the overhanging tea tree.

A TRAGEDY.

He cast a last despairing glance at the grim, set faces of those around him. Was it inevitable? Was there no chance at all? No glimmer of hope? Surely there must be some alternative! But no, there was none. Of scorn and contempt there was plenty; but of hope not a shred. His time had come! There, on the table before him, was the cold, glittering, deadly weapon. The glances of those around him showed him unmistakably the use to which he was to put it.

With a shudder he resigned himself to the inevitable, and took up the weapon with a hand that shook. Trembling, he examined it. Ah! A sigh of relief escaped from him. It was unloaded! Here was a glimmer of hope. But, no; he was not to be spared thus. His hopes were quickly shattered. One of his persecutors pushed towards him a box of ammunition. Horrors! He was himself to charge the weapon which he must use! Resignedly, and with a trembling hand, he loaded the weapon. Then, with a supreme effort, he steadied himself, took careful aim, and fired!!!

We should explain that it was only the local Volunteer Corps at miniature rifle practice, and Smith, the worst shot of the company, had, after a tremendous effort, merely scored his usual miss.

A.P.

OUR SPLENDID MEN.

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

OLD SCHOLARS' COLUMN.

President: Mr. W. L. Grace, B.A., State High School.
 General Secretary: Mr. Tom G. Johnston, 163 Charles-street, Launceston.
 Assistant Secretaries: Miss B. Jensen and Mr. Frank A. Andrews.
 Editor Old Scholars' Column: Mr. I. Douglas, Commonwealth Bank, Launceston.

NOTES BY THE WAY.

(The Editor will be pleased to receive Notes for this column from Old Scholars.)

Every old scholar will of course be overjoyed at the peace news, more especially as it means that so many of "our ain folk"—our old schoolmates—will be safely out of danger. As for the celebrations—ask Freezer, who ate so many ice creams that he is more of a Freezer than ever. Ask Ivan P.—whose nerves are still recovering from the shocks of too close "jack-jumpers" and other forms of high explosive. In fact, ask every Churinga who was in town on the fateful nights.

We are sorry to hear of the illness of Marguerite Lamb, who was at school 1914-17. We all join in wishing Marguerite a very speedy recovery.

Cecil Nash, too, not to be outdone of a holiday of some description, contracted mumps. We are glad to see her face has resumed its normal dimensions.

A visitor to the city during the term was May Salter, from St. Mary's.

Os. Wyllie's ever-pleasant face is again with us. He spent some time in Claremont Camp, but now that peace is declared he is back again, teaching at East Launceston. Aubrey Davern, likewise, is back at his old vocation at Invermay S.S., and R. J. Perry is at the Union Bank again. All look sun-tanned and well.

We congratulate Ivan Phillips upon his success in the recent exam. for 2nd lieut. in the Senior Cadets. He topped the list in this exam. We congratulate Lionell Briggs, who also passed the examination.

To the school we offer our best wishes for its success in the Junior and Senior Public examinations, which will be in "full swing" ere this is in print. We trust that the old high standard will be maintained.

Tom Johnston, our energetic secretary, is, we regret to say, again in hospital. We trust that soon he will be about again, cheering us all with his ever-pleasant wit, and helping the association with his ever-ready energy and enthusiasm.

George Dicker, who was in town during the Michaelmas holidays, has asked the editor to deny publicly that he (George) has joined the Mormons.

Basil Kildea, who is now well after his accident, has been transferred to the Zeehan branch of the Commercial Bank of Tasmania.

Jack Skemp, who is up on his University vacation, is looking well after his first year exams.

Dave Whitechurch sends along a line from France, in which he mentions having seen Roland Rule.

Sybil Clarke forwards a nice bunch of roses for the Assembly Room.

Dorothy Mullene—now head teacher of Hayes School, sends best wishes for Senior and Junior exams.

Many old scholars, including Ray Atkinson, Percy Fordham, Doris Richardson, Bertha Layh, Jack Fahey, Beulah Bailey, Beatie Ponsonby, Cecil Nash, and others, send best wishes to the Senior and Junior Candidates.

CONTRASTS.

John Brown and Tom Smith were the antithesis of each other. Both Old Scholars of the Launceston S.H.S., they nevertheless displayed distinctly different attitudes towards the old school.

In the first place, John Brown was an enthusiast. Whatever he did, he did with his whole heart. And it would not be wrong to say that to any cause to which he was attached he was intensely loyal. Never brilliant at school, never to the forefront in sport or in study, he nevertheless impressed everyone on all occasions with his enthusiasm and loyalty. It was in those days when the school was at Charles-street, and the new building was being erected on the site of the old gaol.

"Of course, when we start there, the chaps at — College will call us 'gaol-birds,' as sure as pie," someone remarked.

"The first one I hear say that," answered Brown, "I will knock down!"

That was his attitude to all things: Loyalty; whole-heartedness.

He has left school some considerable time now. But did his interest, his loyalty, end there? No. He was still as ready to "knock down," metaphorically, at any rate, anyone whose expressed sentiments that offended his idea of the Old School. Always in touch with it, always joyful over its victories and successes; always cheerful over its defeats. Of the Old Scholars' Association he was a keen member, and his staunch support of the Old School was evident everywhere.

Smith was different. He troubled about nothing, he received whatever was given him, and there his thanks ended. In his own occupations he took much interest. In anyone else's he took none. He worked hard at school, and passed fairly well in the public examinations. He read his "Northern Churinga," but he grudged the price of it. "Not enough interesting stuff about the chaps," he would say. But he never once contributed an item to it. In his turn he left the school and stepped into the world.

There is a battalion of Australians marching from France into Germany. And in that battalion is Sergeant John Brown, M.M. Sometimes you will hear that the school has received a letter from him. From Broadmeadows Camp, before he left Australia, he wrote, congratulating the school upon the winning of the Bourke Cup. And when he returns one imagines one of his first questions: "How is the Old School?"

After Smith left school he was seen for a few weeks about town, though no one knew exactly what he was doing. Then one day he came to the school for a letter of reference from the Principal. This secured him a position in some firm. Since then no one has heard of him, or can tell you what he is doing. At least, none of the Old Scholars seem to know anything of him.

CHURINGA CLUB.

Every Saturday during September and October the club members held their dance evenings. The enthusiastic manner in which the club is run may be attributed, among many other things, to the supper evening, held once a month. We must not forget to mention also the good work done by Misses Spotswood and Staggard as teachers. It is very encouraging to know that quite a number have learned to dance, and that even the best dancers are able to fall over a piece of wax. The hall has been in good condition, and as many as twenty couples have taken part in the sets and round dances. The break-up of the club took place on November 2nd, when a programme was arranged and supper was handed round to the very select party.

The success of the club is due to the active interest which each member displayed, and the number that have aided us by playing the music for the sets and round dances is too great to print. But the club appreciates very much their anonymous contributions. The club has postponed its activities until next April, when it will go on with increased membership and added enthusiasm.

SUNSET.

The glowing orb of fire that gleams like gold,
Sinks low and lower to the fond caress
Of the ruddy Western hills that from us hold
Those last, long rays that would our kingdom bless.
And with this waning to the wilderness,
The off-shot beams hasten to skyward climb;
To shade the valleys first, then darken less
The mountain slopes, till all doth seem to rhyme
At Nature's calm behest. And for all Time.
And with this drooping curtain of the night,
All things astir look towards a welcome fold.
From grassy plains and from the wooded height,
The sheep, the kine, and some of human mould,
Turn once again from where they erstwhile loll'd
To trudge with weary feet into the vale,
And soon, as if for death a bell had knoll'd,
In farm and home, on hill, and in the dale,
All rests as still as though 't were clad in cumb'rous mail.

ILLUMINATED ADDRESS

On entering the British Museum and turning to the right, we come to a room called the Grenville Library, given up to stands and cases containing illuminated manuscripts. Let us look at some. An artist would see much more than we see, and would know more about it, but that will not take away any of our pleasure.

The cases contain manuscripts that show the development of the art of illuminating from the tenth to the sixteenth century. All Western M.S.S. of fine quality is executed on vellum. The earliest examples show interlaced patterns and scrolls. Foliage and flowers were then introduced, both in the initial letters of chapters and paragraphs and also in borders. Later still came portraits and little bits of architecture, and finally landscapes. All these were, of necessity, very small, and very finely drawn. Those interested in the history of words will like to hear about "miniature." The words "miniare" and "miniatura," from "minium," a red pigment, were used quite early to signify the decorating of M.S.S. A history of costume could be compiled from a study of the miniature portraits in manuscripts for as the monk or laywriter worked he incorporated in his designs part of the life going on around him. The decoration is done mostly in beautiful and brilliant blues, reds, and gold—silver is used only rarely—and such a gold! The old illuminators could obtain such a rich lustre on their gold work that it looked like solid gold highly polished, and looks so still in spite of the centuries that have passed. The secret died with these mediæval workers, for such gold has not been seen save on their pages. William Morris—that great artist craftsman—came nearest to the mediæval work. "In all illumination and work of that kind," Rossetti writes in 1856, "he is quite unrivalled by anything modern that I know." (From Mackell's life of William Morris.)

One of the most famous illuminated works is the M.S. of the Gospels in Latin, written in the monastery at Lindisfarne about 700 A.D., where the monks had kept up the art of illuminating in the style that developed in Ireland in the sixth century. And as we gaze we think of the earnest monks on their lonely isle, with the grey North Sea beating round them, and of how they so patiently and lovingly put in each line and blended those wonderful colors. And other pictures come of monasteries scattered not only over England, but over Europe, each with its own scriptorium where the monks were daily adding to the store of beauty in the world.

Alas, for the numbers of manuscripts destroyed at the Reformation! We want to tear our hair and wail, Eastern fashion, but it is of no avail to bring them back, and instead, gratitude steals into our hearts that so many still remain with us. Would that more of the spirit that prompted these works were in our life today! No working for mere greed here—no hiding of bad work—but the heart of the decorator was filled with joy as the design grew under his hand. The same spirit built our beautiful cathedrals.

REMEMBRANCE.

New times will come; but ne'er forget the old;
For oft in future years, when we review
Those happy, youthful days of toil and joy,
Which fade and reappear like mists in spring,
With careworn eyes, now lighten'd up with youth,
Our hearts again will live in bygone days,
And heavy cares will slowly fall away.
New friends will come; but ne'er forget the old:
For oft when on life's unknown way we go,
A kindly, cheerful face, a friendly hand
Perchance will fill with light the lonely gloom
That darkens all our ways.

E.M.

WHO'S WHO.

Principal—Mr. R. O. Miller, B.H.

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

Prefects—Marjorie Rudge, Harold McElwee (Senior Prefects), Lionel Briggs, Vera Bryant (Sports Prefects), Elmie London, Frank Johnstone, Noel McLeod, Aubrey Luck, Eric Wyllie, Stewart Maslin, Jessie McKenzie, Laurie Hodges, Eileen Targett, Reg. Chamley, Cecil Lucas, Phil. 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—E. Wyllie.

Rowing Club Captain—E. Wyllie.

Captain of Five Mile Team—W. Sturzaker.

Captain of Tennis—Marjorie Rudge.

Librarian—Miss B. V. Wilcox.

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

No. 1 Platoon: 2nd Lieutenant A. Scott. No. 2 Platoon: C.S.M. Briggs, L. F. Sergeants: J. C. Beardwood (C.S.M.), S. Cruikshank (C.Q.M.S.), M. Saltmarsh, K. Dallas, J. Truskett, A. Williams, B. Telford, R. Chamley, P. Hughes.

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

"Northern Churinga"—Editor: Mr. Meston; Sub-Editor: J. C. Beardwood. Editor Old Scholars' Column: Mr. I. Douglas.

PRINTED
AT THE
DAILY TELEGRAPH OFFICES.
Launceston