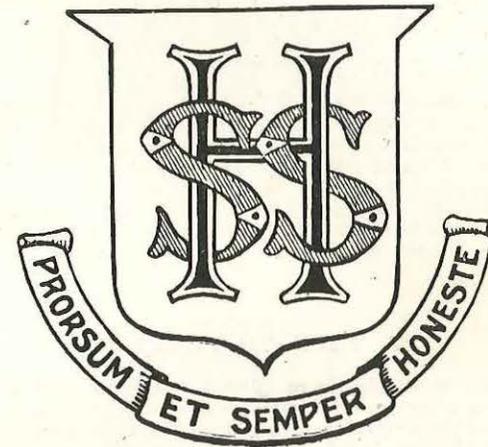


# The Northern Churinga



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## EDITORIAL.

There is an old saying, "Know thyself." It would be well, in these days of bustle and hurry, if we spared a little time to the observance of this advice. So much of our day is taken up with the pouring into the mind the thoughts and reflections of others, that no time can be given to the acquisition of self-knowledge. In this the older civilisations are wiser than we. The Brahmins of India hold a part of each day sacred to meditation—a holy time, undisturbed by any of the sordid affairs of life. To them the unfolding and revelation of the vast continent of feeling and thought, lying dormant in each soul, is a sacred duty. In contemplation they discover themselves. Among the Westerns the springs of the soul are muddied and clouded by the frenzied, fevered pursuit of wealth and fame; higher and nobler aims are despised. If we are to unfold our inner being, to explore the sublime heights of this life, to enter into our inheritance, we must be unto ourselves the high priest, daily worshipping in the inner shrine of the temple of silence.

## A TALK TO PARENTS.

One of the many duties one has to perform in a High School is that of writing references for pupils who are leaving school to take up positions. This is a matter which concerns each parent who has the welfare of his child at heart.

So far, except in very exceptional circumstances, I have refrained from writing any reference for any pupil who has not been in attendance at school for at least two years. This time is all too brief, not only for a teacher to know a pupil, but also for the school to have made any imprint on his character.

References if they are to have any permanent value, must be absolutely sincere and candidly truthful.

A business fouse may be taken down once by a highly colored reference, but no more than once. If the school is to be sought after by employers for candidates the employer must be given an accurate characterisation of the prospective employee.

The fact that so many employers of labor return to the school for candidates for employment is a sufficient guarantee that my attitude is the correct one.

Business houses, banks, commercial institutions, etc., can be pointed to which contain three, four and five ex-High School pupils.

From the many interviews I have had with employers of labour in Launceston the desiderata in employees can be learned.

The first question they ask is invariably this:—"Is the pupil honest?"

On being questioned on their definition of honesty I find they give a much wider interpretation to the abstraction than is commonly given.

To them honesty embraces more than mere care in dealing with finance, or in refraining from petty thieving. It involves honesty in the use of time, honesty in the preparation of work, honesty in the fulfilment of allotted tasks, in the use of material, in the non-shirking of distasteful duties.

All these things count in their idea of honesty. Having heard their all-embracing definition one has to be very careful in stating that such a pupil is absolutely honest. The school endeavors to put a high ideal of honesty before the pupils. Will you assist the school in extending this higher idea of honesty in the home?

## A VISIT TO "H.M.S. RENOWN."

On Tuesday, 20th of July, at 9.30 a.m., Mr. Tenniswood, with a party of four from the L.S.H.S., left the naval pier, Hobart, together with several hundred Southern school children, to visit H.M.S. Renown.

Arrived there we commenced to scramble about, in and out of corners, up and down slippery, crowded gangways, and round about the guns, taking photos wherever possible.

We found that we were not allowed below the lower deck, nor up the masts or bridge. Two of us, however, managed to reach the mid-point of the aftermast, and were about to commence the second stage when an officer, en route to the top, advised us to get down before further trouble. We thought it wise to obey, but not before we had taken some snaps for our pains.

At length, after about an hour and a half on this 37,000-ton Leviathan, the river boats returned to take the visitors off, thus ending an enjoyable though restricted visit.

T. C. B.

## AUSTRALIA—THE NATION.

The landing at Gallipoli is still fresh in our memories, the leaves have scarce withered since we listened to the tales of the taking of Bullecourt.

True, these are but battles, and with what effects? To the retreat from Mons we listened with but half-formed fear for the Empire. To the landing at Gallipoli we listened with a national enthusiasm for the doings of the soldiers of the Southern Cross.

What would we rather than that the cloud-flecked sky that mirrors the Southern Cross should "coop in" a united Australia? What would we rather than that the kookaburra should sing in Tasmania and Cape York from the national blue-gum.

Not many years ago we were Victorians, or Western Australians owing a fealty to lands as foreign as the sea-gull and the wattle-bird. To-day a wattle blossom means to an Australian, the land of the Southern Cross, from Cape Leeuwin to Arnhem's Land, and from Darwin to Cape Raoul.

The world-famous flight of two Australians has aroused national enthusiasb, the victories of Australian athletes arouse national interest.

To the graves of Gallipoli we owe this national feeling. Our men were Australian soldiers—a national army. They have bought a united Australia at the price of their lives.

"WILLIE."

## DUCES OF SCHOOL.

Dux of the School—J. C. Beardwood.  
 A2 Class—Geoff. Agar.  
 B1 Class—Rudolph Buring.  
 B2 Class—Winnie Barker.  
 C1 Class—Gollan Lewis.  
 C2 Class—Harold Freeman.  
 C3 Class—Jean Kidd.  
 C4 Class—Tom Burns.  
 D1 Class—Robert Sutton.  
 D2 Class—Ken Rule.  
 D3 Class—Muriel Eastoe.  
 D4 Class—Ray Hall.

## CLASS NOTES.

CLASS A1.—Supervising Teacher: Mr. A. L. Meston, B.A.

From the depths of despair we present for your perusal the 15th record of our already famous class. Matty, the mightiest of all in spite of his heavy responsibilities, still retains his usual good health. It is rumored, that one morning, neglecting to call for his twin, he lost his way, and arrived at school twenty minutes late.

Our room this term has been the scene of many fierce, but as yet bloodless encounters. The chief participants are Dorothy and Puggy, the rest of us stand dumbfounded listening to the hot debate. Often Edwin, as football captain, has to assert his authority.

By earnest request we publish this advertisement:—LOST, STOLEN or STRAYED—One front tooth (best ivory). Finder will be handsomely rewarded from Class funds on returning this to L. A. R., c/o A1 Classroom.

Our tennis expert, known to the few as Priscilla, of Puritan descent, has abandoned lately her task of eliciting the bashfulness of "Our Silent Worker." Whether through lack of an appreciative audience, or through higher scruples—well, we leave it to you.

Our prodigal, the Rose, has returned once more, and we rejoice with this and the return of May.

The study of Permutations and Combinations lately, has had an unsteady affect on various of our members—with resultant fluctuations of seats. It is feared in many circles that the exam. will have a like effect.

CLASS A2.—Supervising Teacher: Mr. W. L. Grace, B.A.

"We are no prodigies as A1 are,  
But as you know us all, are plain blunt men  
That love our books."

(Ahem!)

This astonishing statement has been inserted at the instigation of Albert, our economic expert, who takes lessons from the leading politicians.

A2 is in much the same state as medieval Europe, that is, the policy of the "Balance of Power" is in full control. We are perfectly well balanced until an invasion of the barbarians of A1 and other similar regions breaks our numerical equality. Our last invasion (Christian though it was) resulted in our immediate evacuation, these so-called Christians gave us only a few minutes to leave. To what heights the arrogance of the "great ones" may rise, we have no conception.

The Senior exams. seem very close, and we are making frantic efforts to keep pace with the record-breakers of a year or so ago, still Geoffrey's gentle genius will pull us through no doubt, or at least we can depend upon the mathematical accuracy of Andrew S.

So having some fifty odd algebraical exercises to work out, we must end these wanderings of a worn-out mind and turn to less difficult pursuits.

CLASS B1.—Supervising Teacher: Miss A. V. Humphreys.

Just before we succumb to the combined attacks of exams. and class-notes, we would wish to inform our friends throughout the school that we have not done so yet.

The host that has striven to overwhelm us has failed in its object, but who knows? The after effects are often as bad, and have been known to be worse than the actual onslaught.

Thus, we find ourselves standing on the very brink of disaster!

But let us pluck our hearts out of the sink of fear, for it behoves us, the heroes of untold combats with Ovid and many other terrible foes, to show that we can continue in triumph.

Having succeeded in this, we will turn our thoughts to welcoming our new supervisor, Miss Humphreys, and, just as cordially, our friend Shakespeare.

Also we would wish to congratulate Fred, Pete, Acky and Archie on their fine performances against South, and must not forget the services of Jessie and Gladys.

Unfortunately, even their gallant efforts failed to win the hockey premiership.

But enough of this, for we see looming large on the horizon the B2 notes, before which we discreetly retire.

CLASS B2.—Supervising Teacher: Miss Grubb.

Dread classroom! awful toilsome place,  
Where woe and sorrow haunt each student's face,  
Where dread exams. their early visits paid,  
And everyone sits long with looks dismayed.  
Most hateful scene of hardest toil and work,  
Seats of my youth, when all but sport we shirk,  
How often have I paused as still I sat,  
At squeaking door and e'en the gnawing rat,  
The never-failing talk, the ready lark,  
The lovely school that tops the Royal Park,  
The falling rains that ever meet our looks,  
As we sit ever-poring o'er our books,  
When play remitting lent its turn to toil,  
As we all uninspired gaze on the wall,  
And all the neighboring swots, their labours through,  
Lead up their sports beneath our room B2.  
There, where a few torn books the place disclose,  
Our Charlie's beaming smile most oft arose.  
And here sat Jack, with smooth and shining hair.  
While here in front sits Gladys sweet and fair.  
The long-limbed youth who is our only Phil.  
With looks of joy, blows many whistles shrill  
The wondrous James with everything to say  
Sits in his seat and talks the day away.  
At school with meek and unaffected grace.  
Our Middleton adorns the noisy place,  
Words from his lips prevail with double glow,  
The stricken class would fain his words to know.  
Beside yon broken pane, with look serene,  
Our Joyce in English history reigns supreme.  
And Economics fondly stoops to trace  
A line of worry on our Hilda's face.  
In time of doubt to Joan we owe our skill,  
For e'en though vanquished Joan can argue still.  
'Tis wondrous wise and still our wonder grows  
That Fred's small head can carry all he knows.  
Hoards e'en beyond the miser's wish abound  
In Winnie's head the brains are most profound.  
And Glad is known for judgment good and sound.  
And Crawy gives us hymns in tunes profound.  
While our sweet Lorna, our poetic maid,  
O'er Dorothea's hair-bow sheds a shade.

CLASS C1.—Supervising Teacher: Miss E. C. Greaves.

Have you ever been in our classroom after lessons are finished for the day, the books have been put away, the blinds have been drawn (by the girls), and the noisy boys have gone? When dusk has fallen the class furnishings regain the use of their tongues. Perhaps if you creep quietly in you may hear their busy tongues discussing all the events of the day. One evening you may hear it for yourselves, but this is what was heard one night last week:

The Inkwell: Well, what a relief to be able to speak at last! This room has been as silent as a grave all this week."

The Best Room Picture: "Yes, I am proud to hang here. I can assure you that it is quite a novelty for me to remain in the same room for nine consecutive weeks. It makes the other classes look quite green."

The Coal Scuttle: "Wait a minute, and you will hear Marjory say 'Why, that's blue!'"

Daffodil: "Have you heard the latest teacher's puns? No? Well, you have 'godaveri' bad memory, I must say."

The Window Stick: "Well, how about the astonishing news that sheep and goats are mined in India?"

The B. R. Pict.: "Yes, I saw Mr. Buring looking quite blue."

Coal Scuttle: "Wait a minute, and you will hear Marjory say 'Why, that's green!'"

The Inkwell: "There are the duster and the W.P.B. rowing again. What's the matter now?"

W.P.B.: "Do you think it right that this chalky old Duster should always be making a bed of me?"

The Duster: "Can I help it? Is it my fault? Do I throw myself into you? Why, I should not be seen near you if I could help it."

The Best R. Pict.: "Hush! Hush! Is this room a House of Assembly? For the credit of the room keep quiet. Oh! What is that? Fly to your places! I hear footsteps!"

At that moment footsteps were heard in the hall below; the piano starts, and unearthly cat-a-wails ascend the stairs. It is the Warblers. No wonder the poor coal scuttle thinks the world is ending! But, say, hasn't the Best Room Picture got a good opinion of us? I think he is quite correct, don't you?

CLASS C2.—Supervising Teacher: Miss D. P. Brown.

"Yow! Ow! Ow!!" The clown of the renowned C2 class felt his hair rising, and he kept his eyes glued on the white, shrouded figure which was coming towards him. He turned to flee, but his feet seemed as if they were glued to the floor. Suddenly, in a sepulchral voice, the figure spoke: "C2-ite, unless you mend your ways, thy doom is sealed," it said. "W-What have we done?" stuttered the clown of his class. "Rather, what have you not done," said the spectre. "You hardly ever do your home work carefully." "B-B-But we work well sometimes in class to make up for it. Why, only to-day Mr. Meston said we were clever people because we got the number of clauses right." In a cold, toneless voice that made the representative of C2 feel shivery in the region of his spine, the ghost spoke again: "I verily believe you think more of sport than lessons." "W-W-Well, where would the firsts have been without Pab and Shac in the football matches against Hobart and Devonport? They would have been licked without them. Besides C2 contains some good scholars; for instance—Freezer, Catsie, Tom and Alick." "What other defence have you to make? Let me ask you a few questions on Postgate." The ghost then produced pen and paper, and with a sinking heart the C2-ite

submitted to this test of his Latin knowledge. The spectre finished questioning him, and he passed up his paper, then tried to sneak away, but in a voice that made him jump about three feet into the air, his inquisitor bade him stay. "Good gracious!" gasped the spook, "ad domum. Oh! this is too much. What gross ignorance! Gadzooks! Gramercy! How ever do you expect to get on in the exam.?" "I d-don't know. But we are a good class on the whole, for all that," replied C2's star. "We keep our classroom fairly tidy, and excepting for the folk who will get brain-fag, or get the measles, or miss the train, our attendance is not so bad." "Well, well, I think I will suspend my judgment till after the Junior. I will see how you shape then. Farewell—Goodbye-ee." Then the spook vanished, and our hero, bewildered, but relieved, awoke.

CLASS C3.—Supervising Teacher: Miss E. Harvey.

"Not on the vulgar mass called work" does our fame rest. But we have fame. You may learn of it from "Alpha Beta." He understands our peculiar dispositions.

"Waddle" has left us, but our menagerie is still the favorite abode of "Woolly" and our pet "Kidd." Their favorite foods are "Roger de Coverley." "Snuff, a pinch of snuff," and on very special days they enjoy Logarithms.

Fortitude and endurance to all those who enlist in the Public army. Bringing up the rear will be,

Yours sincerely,  
C 3.

CLASS C4.—Supervising Teacher: Miss A. V. Bush.

On dit.

That C4 have not all awakened to the fact that the J.P. is very, very close.

That we expect great things from Pat on the football field next year.

That Jack and Trev. smile widely at other boys' mistakes. Perhaps it is because they never make any. Perhaps!

That the aforementioned Jack is one of our ego-worshippers.

That we have the Best boy in our class.

That Mick and Frank are some footballers; but the former is not some swot.

That Tom renders valuable assistance in the library.

That Reggie plays tennis, and rises at dawn on the day of the geometry exam.

That Jumbo is a man now—to outward appearances.

That Arnold is quite happy if he is in view of the balcony, even if it is after 4 o'clock.

That Scotchly looks pleased if he escapes detentions.

That Lindsay is often sought after.

That all the other C4-ites are too busy to be specially mentioned. There are ways and ways of achieving fame.

CLASS D1.—Supervising Teacher: Mr. A. G. Buring.

Mr. Editor. Dear Sir,—Here we are again, writing to you about the progress of the quarter. We have had a change of teachers, and we all welcome Miss Humphries, and we are sorry to say that we have lost Miss Layh for our supervisor. Mr. Buring has taken her place. Owing to the visit of the Prince our quarter has been cut down to about six weeks. We were all pleased to see him, and we are quite sure he enjoyed his visit to the sunny Isle of Tasmania. Exams. are

well on their way now, and I am quite sure Q.E.D. (those who do Geometry will know what that stands for) stands for Quarterly Exams. Defested. We all wish those who are sitting for the Junior and Senior Public exams. the best of luck and every success.

CLASS D2.—Supervising Teacher: Mr. W. V. Tenniswood.

Our doings this term can be summed up in a very short space. D2 has acquired two more members of the sterner sex; Tilly Slowboy is a great favourite with everybody; Lindsay is an expert at Latin verbs; D Class played a hockey match this term; and so on, but we will spare details. Nothing exciting has happened except a raid on the girls' hats, and the presentation of a photo of the Prince to each pupil.

Grace, Judd, and Kinnane have formed a Triple Alliance at football, and get a large number of kicks, though it is doubtful if they are all of the variety usually preferred.

Fred, our lightning artist, is also a poet, to which the following from his pen will bear witness. It is an epitaph for the late Mr. Judd. (He is usually two or three minutes late).

Poor Judd is lying low,  
And he can drink no more;  
For what he thought was H<sub>2</sub>O,  
Was H<sub>2</sub>S O<sub>4</sub>!

This is followed by a procession of mourners from D2, bearing wreaths, handkerchiefs, smellingsalts, detentions, etc.

CLASS D3.—Supervising Teacher: Miss M. L. Stanfield.

Exams. again! Yes, you may not believe it, but before we have recovered from the ordeal of last quarter we start again. Violent collisions have occurred between various inmates of the great and glorious D3. On such occasions a flushed face wearing a pre-occupied look appears over the top of a ponderous volume, and a hasty apology, which sounds very much like a rule for writing stroke "s," is muttered before the face recedes from view.

We hope the mathematical tests are still to be forgotten, for—we have the highest percentage pot-plant. The tests stopped this term, and possession is nine points of the law.

Just as we were becoming used to carrying graph boards and heavy easels about the school, our hearts (not to mention our arms) were lightened by the advent of two boys, who were rapidly set to work, just to make them feel at home.

I expect the next item will be the scrubbing of desks, the washing of ink-wells, etc. It is hard to polish everything until it shines like gold, and then, just as one begins to feel proud of one's desk, to find one's self in a dirty desk, simply because of being shy of taking all the honor from the other members of the class, especially if one's own desk is occupied by the very person to whom it was once proudly displayed. Oh, well! Such is—there, I nearly made a joke that time, but, like John Peerybingle, I am afraid I might spoil it, so I'll leave it as it is.

CLASS D4.—Supervising Teacher: Mr. W. P. Listner.

"Troubles never come singly!" 'Tis an old saying, but true. Here are we, members of the celebrated D4 class, deserted by our teacher, and helped towards our ultimate end, New Norfolk, by the rapidly approaching exams., informed by an unfeeling mortal from "the celestial regions" that we must do our Class Notes alone.

We would like to express our regret that Mr. Listner has been forced to remain away for some time, and our hope that he will soon be quite recovered.

Our attempt at Class Notes, if it achieve but a poor result, must be excused by the fact that we have spent our time "swotting" in order to achieve the marvellous results that will be announced at Assembly.

Having so short a time at our disposal, we shall put the following important facts as briefly as possible:

- (1) We polished our desks to improve their appearance, not to enable us to improve our own.
- (2) "Snowy" has yet to learn that it takes a wise man to act the fool.
- (3) Sixpences are very scarce round this way.
- (4) The white-washed floor of our class-room was not appreciated.
- (5) Our class-room wears its most inviting air on a cold day when there is a fire burning. Why did we throw the chalk?
- (6) That no duster in the school equals ours—in dilapidation.

### LAMBS FROM THE SLAUGHTER.

(Inspired by the recent "A" Class Exams.).  
He cometh first—a boy called Dave;  
His jaw is set, his face is grave:  
"You've failed, my boy," I gently said,  
"Go home and bathe that fevered head."

And then there come a "Hope" ful maid,  
But from her face the smile did fade,  
For Physics marks at length appear  
The smile of joy—a glance of fear.

And next came forth one B.V.G.—  
Quoth she, "I've been most sadly fool'd,  
Farewell! Farewell! most useless pen,  
Pass out for ever from my ken."

And now along trips Hildermay,  
Unruffled from that awful fray;  
She'd answered every one, you see,  
From care and sorrow she was free.

The Loris passes slowly by,  
We hear her moan and groan and sigh,  
"I've failed, and now I'm off to try  
To drink those Lethe waters dry."

And thus the sad procession ran;  
But last of all there came a man,  
His gown was black, his smile was gay,  
And we did plainly hear him say,  
"Those English marks, now let me see,  
I'll cut them down to thirty-three."

D. M. E.

### "THE WARBLERS."

"Music can noble hints impart,  
Engender fury, kindle love,  
With unsuspecting eloquence can move  
And manage all the man with secret art." —(Addison).

During the last term, although very short, the "Warblers" have spent many enjoyable Friday evenings. This term all we have to report is progress; and what more could be wanted, even though it may be "progress with prudence." On August 13th a lantern slide display was held in the Lecture Hall. We must thank Messrs. Lee, Grace, and the contributors of items for making the evening such a success. On September 10th a debate was held in connection with the Club, the subject being "Town and Country Life." The Townites, under the leadership of Miss D. Emms, administered the "coup de grace" to the Country-ites, under the leadership of Miss L. Russell. The Junior and Senior exams. being so near, it has been decided to discontinue our Friday evening entertainments. The quarterly social is to be held on Thursday, September 30th, and members are reminded that subs. are now due, payable to the secretaries. During the quarter our Librarian (Miss Dorothy Fletcher) owing to unforeseen circumstances, tendered her resignation, which was accepted with regret, and we desire to thank her for the trouble and time she took in attending to her duties. Miss Barnard was elected to her position.

### THE REASON WHY.

Having been asked so many times why I wear a perpetual grin upon my countenance during examinations, I shall try to explain just a few of the reasons for it. I arrive at school just before 9 a.m., thinking I have plenty of time to begin work, and I find to my horror that everybody else came at a quarter to nine, and is already deeply engaged in study. My arrival seems to amuse the class somewhat, and causes me to become almost hysterical.

However, I seat myself at my desk and inspect the blackboard. Thereon I count nine questions in geometry, which I must do in less than two hours. I read through each question, and discover that each contains three parts, which make in all twenty-seven questions. Being ever an optimist, I look for a bright spot somewhere, and the only thing I can see to be thankful for is that there are not twenty-eight questions. Then I open my desk in search of pen, paper, and geometrical instruments. My compass has evidently been translated, for I can see no traces of it, although I turn out everything in my desk on to the floor. I murmur blessings upon the head of the person who took it, and console myself with the fact that most likely his need was greater than mine. My nib is crossed, and I have seven sheets of paper on which to do twenty-seven questions. The outlook seems black, hopeless; but, with characteristic cheerfulness, I decide to do only seven questions, and leave the other twenty for the people who have time to worry their brains over them.

At last I set to work to really do something. Upon looking at the clock I see that another fifteen minutes have flown, and are gone; never to be recovered. After working steadily for an hour or so, I review my paper. Each sheet is decorated with an elegant imitation of circles and straight lines. Thick wiggly lines wander at random over the page, and the circles are worse even than those which from time to time appear on the blackboard. One diagram bears a resemblance to a certain drawing of a bicycle that appeared thereon not so long ago.

I hear the inexorable supervisor call for papers, and, after a frantic search round the room for a pin to keep my seven precious pages together, I shut my eyes, hand them in, and trust to luck.

M.H.

## BOYS' SPORTS.

### FOOTBALL.

Football for this year is nearly over, and the first team have every reason to feel satisfied with the quarter's achievements. Under the able leadership of Edwin Wing, they have gone to victory on several occasions. Two matches have been played against Scotch College, and in both encounters they succeeded in scoring an easy win. Also three matches have been played against Grammar School, and here the team found they had encountered a nut that they were not capable of cracking. The three matches all resulted in wins for the Grammar boys, the first by four goals, the second by 2 goals, and the third by 2 points only after a fast and very even game.

On June 29th a match was played against a team representing the Devonport High School. Here Launceston was again victorious, the home team winning by 13 points after a fast and exciting game. The final scores were: Launceston S.H.S., 5 goals 8 points; Devonport S.H.S., 3 goals 7 points.

The best performers for Launceston were Wing, Lawson, Healey, Spencer, Abel, Holmes, Townsend, Eccleston; for the losers, O'Grady, Chisholm brothers, and Harman put in good work.

On Saturday, August 28th, Launceston S.H.S. met Hobart S.H.S. to decide the premiership of the High Schools. The game began at 10.45 at the Cricket Ground. The visitors went off with a rush, and played all over North in the first quarter, which ended: Hobart, 4 goals; Launceston, 2 points. However, in the second quarter North took the offensive, and by half-time had reduced the visitors' lead to 7 points. In the third and fourth quarters South began to tire, and North, by cool, fast play, forged ahead, and ran out winners by 15 points. Final scores: North, 5 goals 15 points; South, 4 goals 6 points.

The goal-kickers for North were Townsend (2), Abel (3). For the winners Wing was easily the star performer. Right through the match he played a fine cool game, his marking and kicking being superb. Lawson, Townsend, Holmes, Abel, Blake, and Spencer also did good work.

For South, Rule, Gellie, Linnel, Thiesson, Townley, and Moore worked hard to avoid defeat.

A special trophy was kindly presented by an old scholar for the best player from the two teams. This was won by North's popular captain, Edwin Wing.

### HOUSE MATCHES.

The second round of these matches has been played this term, with the following results:

#### FIRSTS.

August 11.—A House (4-5) beat C House (3-4). B (8-5) beat D (3-2).

August 18.—B (4-3) beat A (3-2). C (5-8) beat D (3-1).

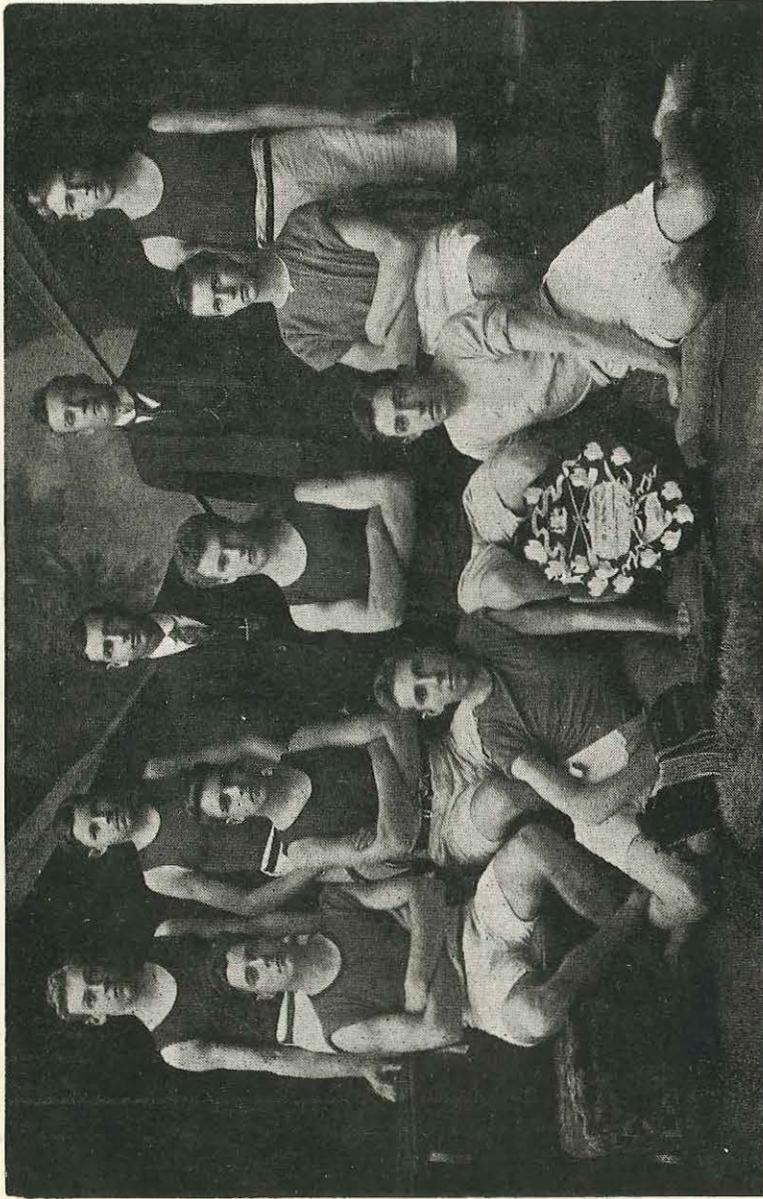
August 25.—D (5-7) beat A (1 point). C (5-6) beat B (1-4).

#### SECONDS.

August 11.—A (2-7) beat C (6 points). B (3-5) beat D (2-6).

August 18.—A and B—a draw. D (2-10) beat C (1-3).

August 25.—B (4-8) beat C (2 points). D (6-4) beat A (3-8).



## SECONDS.

Owing to the formation of the House Teams, there has been no organised second team in the school this season, but in order to play Grammar Seconds a few weeks ago, a team was formed as our "Seconds." The match was played on the Cornwall Ground one Wednesday afternoon, our team being under the supervision of Mr. Buring, and captained by Wallace Ingles.

The result of the game was a win for S.H.S., the scores being: S.H.S., 5 goals 12 behinds; L.C.G.S., 1 goal 5 behinds. Our best players were Ingles, James, McCormack, McDonald, Lewis, Russell, Scarborough, and Moody.

The following Wednesday afternoon a team, composed of twenty "Seconds" played a team of sixteen of the School Firsts on the Top Cricket Ground. The game resulted in a win for Firsts.

## TENNIS.

During the term our boy exponents of this sport were aroused by the fact that a team of six must be arranged at two days' notice to meet a team from the Hobart S.H.S. The following team was selected by Mr. Grace: Jim Spencer, R. Maddox, J. Beardwood, C. O'Reilly, N. Elliston, and P. Frith.

The excitement came to naught, as the only day available was too wet, but an interest has been aroused among our boy tennis players, which ought to be sufficiently developed to meet all Southern demands by next year.

## A FRAGMENT.

(We have the following from our special correspondent in the country.)

"Physic to agriculture they'll apply,  
And write prescriptions for a sickly crop;  
With fever mixtures, when the land's too dry,  
Inflammatory action they will stop.

On every farm, so modern savants say,  
A chemist will be always needed near;  
For, if the corn unhealthiness display,  
He'll dose it for diseases of the ear."

## GIRLS' SPORTS.

## HOCKEY.

The Association matches have been somewhat interrupted this term, owing to the Inter-State matches and practices. Two of our players, Dorrie Emms and Flora Walker, were chosen as emergencies for the Inter-State teams. We did not gain first place in the Association, nor even second, but remind ourselves that we were up against experienced players.

On June 29 the Devonport people called in on their way from Hobart. We played them on the Show Ground, with the result that we came off victors, with 4 goals to 1. The goals were struck by Dorrie Emms (3) and N. Wing (1).

On the 29th of last month we played Hobart on our own ground for the Daymond Cup. After a severe tussle we came off victors with two goals to nil. These were struck by Nellie Wing and Dorrie Emms, to whom we offer our heartiest congratulations.

Our best players were: Dorrie Emms, Flora Walker, Loris Russell, and Rita Healey.

## SECONDS.

Most of our matches this term have been against the First team, as its members needed all possible practice for their North versus South match. Naturally, we were beaten every time. Our only "outside" match was against Churinga, and we were defeated by 8 goals to 2.

Our best players were Ethel Le Fevre, Ada Wilson, Pauline Denham, and Gladys Brown.

## CLASS HOCKEY.

On September 8th the match was for the premiership, between "D." Class, and "B." Class played "C."

The results of these matches were:

"A." defeated "D." by 14 goals to nil.

"C." defeated "B." by 4 goals to nil.

On September 8th the match was for the premiership, between "A." and "C." Classes, when "A." won by 6 goals to 1. The goals were struck by Dorrie Emms (3), Flora Walker, and Terry Fielding.

In the meantime "B." played "D." Class, and the game resulted in a draw, both sides scoring two goals.

## HOUSE MATCHES.

The following matches between the first and second teams of the various houses have been played this term, with these results:

## FIRSTS.

August 11.—A (5 goals) beat C (1 goal). B (4 goals) beat D (2 goals).

August 18.—A (3 goals) beat B (nil). C. v. D., draw (2 goals each).

August 25.—C (5 goals) beat B (1 goal). A (1 goal) beat D (nil).

## SECONDS.

August 11.—A (6 goals) beat D (4 goals). C (4 goals) beat B (3 goals).

August 18.—B (7 goals) beat A (3 goals). D (3 goals) beat C (1 goal).

August 25.—B (7 goals) beat D (nil). A (6 goals) beat C (1 goal).

## TENNIS.

We have not been having House matches this term, as some of the Royal Park players have been playing hockey. Miss Humphreys has been taking us, in place of Miss Bell. We hope soon to be able to use the school courts, and we will be able to play more during the week. If the girls at present on the Invermay courts practise more we may be able to win the Pardey Shield next year. The girls from other schools are stronger players than us, and if our playing does not improve we will not have a chance of getting it.

## "SUNSET."

I lay upon a hill and saw  
The sun sink down in red and gold.  
I watched it, not without some awe,  
The self-same that, in days of old,  
In days when Cæsars ruled o'er Rome,  
Sent down its glorious parting ray,  
Alike on hamlet and on dome,  
As ever, at the close of day.

X.Y.Z.

## THE RISING TIDE.

Late in the afternoon of a golden summer's day, the sun shone gently upon the warm brown sands that stretched across the wide expanse between the shore and the ocean. The bright beams gilded the blue waves, and they sparkled in the sunlight as they fell caressingly upon the beach.

The tide was rolling slowly in, creeping relentlessly onwards in silent advance, covering slowly but surely, yard by yard, the shining stretches between it and the rocky boundaries of the breakwaters, beyond which it could not pass.

No stone or sandy barrier could stop it in its course over that wide beach, the waters swirled higher and higher, engulfing each obstruction, and steadily pursuing its destined way, fixed by the laws of nature and the universe, which ordered the moving waters forward.

The tide crept up until the brown fishing boats lay gently rocking on the lazy swell of the waves, and the trim, smart, long-lined yachts were lifted from their sandy beds and raised upon the broad bosom of the blue ocean, lying upon the waters with graceful swayings, as "full-breasted swans, that ruffle their pure, cold plumes, and take the flood—"

But still the tide creeps on, resting not, until, roused by the wind, and by its own increased power, it dashes angrily against the rocky breakwaters that guard the sinuous coast-line.

And now, its work is done, it must retire beaten from the shore, retreat, to come again, and yet again retreat and come, for ever, ever— But day, too, is retreating, vanishing with the retreating tide, covering with darkness the failure of Neptune to increase his kingdom, and (calm), the evening calm, settles upon land and sea.

"The wind goes down behind the hill,

The sunset's gilding half the bay,"

and day declines, fades, darkens, when, from the depths of the heavens, twilight lets her curtains down, and pins them with a star, and day is dead.

D. McE.

## A FAIRY COPSE.

A little rustic gate leads to the sylvan fairyland. The silvery birch stands sentinel, and underneath the shady, outspread branches of the stately beech, the fairy revels take place.

Everything is prepared; the floor carpeted with the softest of green moss, patterned by the fragrant sheets of the pale primrose and the deep violet, that hide their modest heads amongst a bed of leaves, contrasting with the bright blue-bell and dainty celandine.

Only the elfin race may tread here without disturbing the scented blossoms, whose subtle perfume fills the air.

See the butterflies, those noiseless aeroplanes, hastening to bring the guests. The cuckoo's mellow note strikes the signal. Instantly Nature's orchestra pours forth its flood of melody, which surpasses that of any human instrument.

Down from the clouds come the skylark's notes in ecstatic bliss. The blackbird and thrush also carol forth a welcome.

All is ready: Mortal eye may not behold these fairy revels! The vision passes.

M. L.

## A FABLE.

A boy, one day, five theorems got,  
 And, satisfied quite with his lot,  
 Stayed in till five to do them  
 The teacher came, growled, "very bad.  
 You are a lazy, indolent lad,  
 And now you will re-write them."  
 A moral from this tale please draw  
 When theorems school-life shadow o'er,  
 Just pack up very sharp at four,  
 And very quietly leave them.

A. G.

## IN THE GLOAMING.

In the gloaming—is there not magic in the word?—the tender, mystic, purple gloaming, dying away to the lucid pearls of the horizon—bringing back memories of childhood, memories of adolescence, memories of all the wonderful things felt or experienced in the past. Does it not bring back thoughts of swaying grasses, nodding flowers, subtly fragrant breezes, sighing reeds, and rippling waters, and over all a great, impenetrable silence, which overawes and fills one with a deep reverence for the vast and glorious works of nature. The dainty tracing of the delicately green leaves is faintly silhouetted by the silver evening star, as they are gently swayed by the scented breeze. The murmuring water subtly accentuates the spirit of the gloaming—tender, mystical, awe-inspiring, yet gentle, permeated by an air of romance and flickering passion. The sage old willows bow their heads in half repose, nodding to themselves as they think of evenings like this in the half forgotten past. Around their gnarled feet still cluster the narcissus, fringing the margin of the limpid water, and, like that first narcissus, gazing upon the elfin beauty of its own face. Further back among the mosses the pure snowdrops shrink from the polluting touch of the intruders. For many years they have rested here, secure in their modest humility and purity. How unlike are they to the vain narcissus, sighing its heart away over its own golden image. Far in the distance the pearly clouds are silvering to the glory of a peerless night, my lady moon glides slowly above the horizon, heralding the approach of thousands of golden stars, which twinkle elusively against the ever darkening sky; but, the spell is broken, the whispering night creeps on, and gloaming, that enchanted fairy hour, fades imperceptibly through the curtained portals of oblivion, and all that is left to prove its reality are the moaning swaying of the sea and the nodding, sage old willows.

D.E.F.

## BUTTERFLIES.

"Lo! the bright train their radiant wings unfold,  
 With silver fringed, and freckled o'er with gold;  
 On the gay bosom of some fragrant flower,  
 They, idly fluttering, live their little hour;  
 Their life all pleasure, and their task all play,  
 All spring their age, and sunshine all their day."

## THE WORLD FAMOUS BEETWO CIRCUS

The Circus Crier (a dark-haired maiden, with spectacles): "Ladies and Gentlemen,—We have this afternoon a wonderful collection of human mysteries, which I am about to introduce to you. First we have the 'miss'-ing' boy, who comes forward with "Yes, miss." "This boy, ladies and gentlemen, is always missing somebody; he has absolutely lost the power to remember names—a most dreadful condition. Next we have the ever-smiling youth. Step forward, please." A tall, slim, waxed haired youth comes forward, smiling profusely at the audience. He withdraws a comb from his pocket, and carefully parts his hair again, for he has felt that one troublesome black hair has thoughtlessly strayed on to the wrong side. All the time he wears a smile—that most charming of all gifts. He slowly backs off the stage, all bows and smiles, knocking over chairs and tables and stray ink wells as he departs.

Next, please!" calls the crier, whereat a tall, fair, curly-headed lad approaches, and we find him apologising for being late, and we hear it whispered that he has had the most arduous task of having to blow the whistle. To blow the whistle! Just fancy!

"Next we have a most wonderful being," we hear the crier remark, and, straining our necks, we see advancing towards us, for we surely don't hear, a person whom we know at once is that world-famous historian and algebrarion. We hear it rumored that he got—how many did you say?—in an exam. In an awed silence he departs.

A surely wonderful someone now steps forward, does he not? Tells us why smoke does not fall to the ground, and why the sky is blue. This learned creature studies for positively 15 minutes every night, and actually stays at home on Saturday.

We listen as the crier announces: "The most joyous known," joyous with a knowledge of history and economics, and most certainly geography. Again the crier calls, and we see coming forward a fair, curly headed maiden. She dances on to the stage—we think perhaps the dance was meant for the "Dying Duck," but we are not quite sure.

Now the whole circus comes out. We count fourteen in all—all of them studious looking and hard working. The crier tells us that they are there because of the extraordinary brain-fag they have been subjected to during the last week. One of them, a warlike maiden, who answers to the name of Joanne d'Arc, looks more pale and thin than the rest, and it is murmured that she is actually a "swot."

A "refrain" is sung, and the curtain falls.

## KNICKERBOCKERS.

He was only a little boy, and it was not to be wondered at. He faced the horrible, blank darkness which was infested with all kinds of demons. There was one in the corner with terrible, fiery eyes and snaky hair. It was coming nearer, nearer; oh! it was touching him!

If only he had not climbed the peach tree—but what was the use of having knickerbockers if one had to stay round the house like a baby! He could feel its hot breath on his face. The snakes were writhing round his neck, and he could distinctly feel one more venturesome than the rest down his neck. Then with a sudden access of all the manhood that knickerbockers call forth, he shut his eyes, clenched his teeth, and with bated breath, thrust a limp, clammy hand down his neck, and it was only the bootlace that he had been wearing to remind him that one day he would be a Boy Scout!

L.A.R.

## SONNET

Oh! what has gone from us, that now we hear  
 No longer sounds that once by men were heard?  
 The call of Pan, that once was blown so clear,  
 Comes now as faintly as an echo stirred  
 By an unprized memory—scarce a perfect word  
 Is wafted to us from the weedy chine  
 Where once a legend, like a song-sweet bird  
 Troubled the listening stillness. Not a sign  
 Of pard-drawn Bacchus, with his foaming wine,  
 Breaks youthfully upon the quiet lea;  
 And on their dimly-remembered cliffs the Nine  
 Choir mutely to an unrelenting sea.

Perchance the years their wings have bid them fold—  
 Like fairy-tales, that fade as we grow old!

## PREFECT'S NOTES

Two meetings have been held this term, and both were very successful. Many matters relating to the welfare of the school were discussed, and remedies put into effect. Class-rooms, this quarter, have much improved in tidiness, and things generally have been very satisfactory. The suggestion of planting a hedge, put forth last quarter, has materialised, and we are now the possessors of a fine young edge, encircling the boys' wall, and our entire thanks are due to Mr. McGowan. Out of school there is a certain amount of larrikinism carried on, and, I am sorry to say, in two or three cases, when caught, the culprits were wearing school colors. They are the deeds of these kind of persons which drag in the dust the name of a school.

Not very much help is accorded the prefects by the other scholars, and I think that it is safe to say that they may expect less in the future. But if the prefects continue to do their duty, individually and collectively, then we have nothing to fear.

## CADET NOTES.

(By "Cato Major.")

This year we have been transferred from Area 40 B.A. Barracks to Area 40 B.B., Invermay, and instead of being Nos. 5 and 6, B. Co., we are Nos. 11 and 12, C. Co. The platoons have been slightly re-organised since the Handing-Over Parade, and the supply of N.C.O.'s is now very meagre—consisting only of Corporals Kelly, Thorne (acting), and Best. It is to be hoped that the class shortly to be held will be well attended.

Captain A. L. Meston is still our Company Commander, but this quarter our parades have been held under Lieutenant White, our new Area Officer, and the Staff Sergeants-Major of his area. They have been for the most part at school, where we have had physical instruction, although we have been to the Brickfields. At physical instruction the new "quickeners" have proved popular and amusing.

For the whole day parade this quarter we marched to the Invermay Barracks preceded by a squad of cyclists. Here we detrained, and, after a short rest, were divided into squads for physical instruction, semaphore signalling, and extended order drill. We dismissed at the Invermay Barracks.

## OLD SCHOLARS' COLUMN.

Objects of the Old Scholars' Association (Clause 3 of the Constitution):

(a) The promotion of unity and friendship among the old scholars of the Launceston State High School.

(b) The continued interest among old scholars in the welfare of the Launceston State High School.

## OFFICERS OF THE ASSOCIATION.

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

General Secretary: Mr. Tom. G. Johnston, National Chambers, Patterson-street.

Assistant Secretaries: Miss T. Jacobson and Mr. H. Illingworth

Editor Old Scholars' Column: Mr. Irvine Douglas, National Chambers, Patterson-street.

## OFFICE.

The office of the Association is at the National Chambers, Patterson Street, where all communications should be addressed.

## GENERAL.

In a previous issue the Editor asked members for news of Old Scholars' whereabouts, and it is gratifying to learn that several energetic persons have been good enough to write, and they have our sincerest thanks. At the same time, they ade but a small proportion of those who COULD do so, and so again we appeal for news to make this column really interesting.

It is intended to publish in the December issue a complete list of the names and addresses of all financial members. We shall be glad to learn of any changes of address.

The tennis courts, which were built as a direct result of the Old Scholars' Fair last year, are almost complete, and we hope to see them shortly in use. There will be an official opening at a date to be fixed.

We trust that all will heed the appeal for help towards the Fair, which will take place on October 9. This matter is worthy of your most earnest consideration, and to those who gauge their help and feelings towards the school as worth more than the cost of the annual subscriptions (a paltry five shillings), the appeal will not be in vain.

## PERSONAL NOTES.

Aidan Scott writes from the University, promising help for the Fair from the Southern members.

Eric Scott, a Hobart correspondent informs us, has had a nervous breakdown, and has been home for a month, presumably to write sonnets and plays without interruption. He was the author of a play staged by the Students' Christian Union, which proved a great success.

Ray Pullen's photograph was prominent among the football teams in the "Mail" and "Courier" recently. He is taking Education I. at the College in his spare time.

The College is quite a busy place these times. Hector Craw, "Nig" Fahey, Max Saltmarsh, Eric Briggs, and others take an active interest in the social functions and tennis.

If anyone wishes to know what a certain mathematical professor looks like, we are told to advise him to call on Jack Skemp. There is a remarkable external likeness between them.

The following letter has been received by the General Secretary, and serves to show that some of our members, though far away from Tassy, do not forget the old School:

Hamilton, North Island, N.Z.,  
April 25th, 1920.

Dear Tom,—I was very pleased to see your name shining again as General Secretary, and hope you've quite recovered from your recent illness. You must have had rather a rough time, judging from what I heard. I was in Launceston for a few days just before last Christmas, and meant to look you up, but as it was but a flying visit I was out of town before I really had time to look around. During that time I saw several of the Old Scholars, including Reg. Turner and Reg. Barling, who was down with a ricked knee at the time.

Last week I received two invitations by the Old Scholars' Association: (1) To the sixth annual general meeting and first annual dinner, on March 13; and (2) to the opening social for the year on April 7, both of which I would have gladly attended, had I been in Launceston, but now, distance being too great (my people left Tasmania in January, to see what New Zealand is like, and so far are liking it very much, and will be probably settling over here), at any rate, for a few years, I'll be unable to attend any Old Scholars' meetings, but I would still like my membership of the Old Scholars' Association to continue, so am enclosing, under separate cover, a money order for £1, to cover for some time ahead subscriptions, etc., and I would be glad if you could change my address (May 22) to P.O. Box 153, Hamilton, North Island, N.Z., where I think I'll be for some considerable time, as we've started business here, and things seem to be very satisfactory, Hamilton being a very progressive town, about one-third the size of Launceston; it is also noted as being one of the most go-ahead towns in N.Z., so we are anticipating brisk business. How are all the Old Scholars and other Launcestonians? While looking through a "Courier" a few minutes ago I noticed a photo, of Reg. Barling among a group of onlookers at sports held in Launceston a few weeks ago. With best wishes to all Old Scholars, including yourself.—Yours sincerely,

DOUG. PIKE.

Pat. O'Reilly, from H.M.S. Australia, sends good wishes to football and hockey teams. He was in Launceston lately, decked in midshipman's rig—quite a surprise to some old friends.

Boxes of flowers have been received from Winsome Salter and Effie Wilson.

Congratulations on the result of the football and hockey matches have been received from Winnie Hodgetts, Effie Wilson, L. B. Daymond, "Fag," Ethel Mann, Lucy Stevens, W. Higgs, T. G. Johnstone, W. Stephens, "Freezer," J. R. Walker, and others orally.

Redvers McVilly's donation of a trophy to the best player in the North and South match was a fine tribute to the school. Many thanks, Mac!

Pat. O'Reilly wires for details of the football match.

Jack Cameron, Marjorie Smith, Jessie McKenzie, Winsome Salter, and Fanny Freshney were amongst those in town to see Prince Charming.

Lindsay Cobbett, one of the school's crack cricketers, has been transferred from Flowerdale to Swan Bay, and is still an H.T.

Stuart Maslin is still a pedagogue at South Springfield, and we recently received some interesting news of old scholars from him, which will be found in this column. That's the spirit! We need news badly.

Phil. Smith lately wrote to us. His address is: "Railway Construction Office, Koo-Wee-Rup, Gippsland,"

### THE ANNUAL FAIR.

Last year the Old Scholars' Association decided to make the Fair an annual fixture, and in accordance with this fixed the date for September 18, 1920.

At a recent committee meeting, however, this was altered to October 9th, owing to the State premiership football match being played on the original date.

This date should prove very convenient for all, as it will give the stall holders more time to make and prepare their goods, and also for the fact that it is the first week after the school's holidays.

Here I would appeal to the present scholars, especially those whose homes are in the country, to bring along anything they do not want, or can do without. I am sure the committee will find some use for it. Eggs, butter, produce, meat, etc., are all required, and you will not only be helping your School, but will ultimately benefit by it yourselves.

Last year a Fair was held with the aim of obtaining tennis courts for the school, and we are glad to say that, with the aid of the Education Department, the school now owns two very fine ones.

This year the Association wishes to aid the school still further, and one of the proposals set down is that we establish a scholarship. This scholarship will be given to any scholar who is deserving and shows ability, and who otherwise would not be able to continue his or her studies. This is a good proposal of the Association, and Old Scholars, parents, and friends should do all in their power to make it possible, and so establish something for the present scholars to aim at. However, this is only one of our desires, and when we sum up everything, we want to be able to say: "Something attempted, something done."

The usual stalls will be in evidence, such as: Cake, flower, sweets, cordials and jellies, produce, plain and fancy, jumble, fish pond, bran pie, post office, besides the following side shows, which promise to add great interest to the proceedings: Aunt Sally, shooting gallery, fortune telling, talking dolls, and a concert.

Afternoon tea will be laid out on tables upstairs, which will be arranged around the balcony.

There will be an orchestra, composed of about twelve to fifteen artists, who are at present doing good work, under the baton of Mr. W. L. Grace. This should prove a great acquisition to the fair, and something worth hearing. Any old scholar who wishes to join this all important band will be warmly welcomed by its members.

Another feature of the Fair will be the competition for the best decorated stall, which is already causing great excitement, and, judging by last year's display, this should prove one of the prettiest fairs yet seen in Launceston. The Mayor and Mayoress will be the judges for the competition, and no doubt their task will not be an easy one.

Now let me make a final appeal to the Old Scholars and all concerned. This is our second big effort, so help it to be as successful as the first. Last year we raised £156, this year we want at least £200, and we cannot get this amount without the support of every old scholar. No matter how small the coin, or how small the contribution by way of goods, it will be received with many thanks from the committee and stall holders. If you cannot give in kind, give in service, and help the committee to erect stalls, decorate, etc.

To all Old Scholars in the country I add a special appeal for dairy produce, vegetables, flowers, meat (beef, mutton, pork, or poultry). Donations, etc., may be sent to the Secretary, Mr. Thos. Johnstone, care of National Chambers, or the School, not later than Friday October 8th.

Wake up, Old Scholars! We have a reputation, let us keep it.

H. McELWEE,  
Advertising Manager.

#### 1919 "A" CLASS REUNION.

Advantage was taken of the numbers coming to town during Prince's week to hold a social reunion of the old 1919 A. Class, in the old School. Owing to the extra week's holiday being granted to the School, several were prevented from being present, but those who took advantage of the opportunity spent a pleasant evening in talking over the experience of their first six months on the sea of life. Among those present were: Mr and Mrs Miller, Clara Lette, Bessie Barrett, Kathleen O'Meara, Clara Moorhouse, Jessie Briggs, Corrie Mason, Mr Truskett (of Moina), George Newland, W. Lack, Harry Finlayson, Reg. Long, Arvon Williams, Louis Barnes, and Stuart Maslin.

#### CHURINGA DANCING CLASS.

The end of the dancing season is in sight, and the thought of closing up is not pleasant to some. The attendance this season has been much below last year, and, despite every effort, an increase in attendance was but slight. We are forced to come to the conclusion that our old members are spending their evenings elsewhere. We ask, is this fair? What is the answer? It is "No." Fellow members, on your own vote this class was instigated, and is it not up to you to keep it going? See it through; don't let it be said that the class had to close up. For the remainder of the season roll up, and help us to close the dancing year in fine style.

Owing to the nearness of the Fair, we have set aside each Monday evening in aid of the various stalls and up till the present successful evenings have been held, and we express the wish that all O.S. will come along to the remainder, and bring their friends. Surely it is no hardship to come along and assist the fair, and getting in return an enjoyable evening.

#### SOCIALS.

The last monthly social for this season has been held, and for a time the Assembly Hall will not be filled—I say filled, if not in numbers, but with the sound of joyful voices, for a short time. Some enjoyable evenings have been spent, although the attendance has not been equal to last year, the pleasure has been none the less. Various members must be again reminded that sliding along the floor in a semi-horizontal position is reminiscent of infancy, besides having a demoralising effect on clothes, etc., but some persist in this ungainly pastime. Why? We may wonder why.

The next evening to be looked forward to is the Annual Social, which is but a few weeks off, and we express the wish that all old scholars will turn up and help us extend a hearty welcome to the visitors.

The Committee extend a hearty vote of thanks to those members who are ever willing to assist in the numerous odd jobs essential to the well-being of our evenings.

#### CHURINGA HOCKEY CLUB.

Hockey is now over, and many of our members, I am afraid, are not sorry. The early morning practices in connection with "Inter-State Week" were too much for them. In spite of the extra hard work, however, they did not lose enthusiasm, and on Saturday, September 4th, defeated College Seniors, after a very strenuous game. This match decided the premiership of the Launceston Clubs. We wish to thank those from whom we received congratulations.

Our Association would be pleased to learn the names of those leaving school this year who are desirous of joining the ranks of hockey players.

IDA E. WALKER,  
Hon. Secretary.

#### EDITOR'S SCRAP BOOK.

"Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more. . . ."

You have before you the third number of the "Churinga" for 1920, and, with it, the assurance of the Committee that copy of every description is becoming much harder, instead of easier, to obtain. The "D." Classes contribute practically nothing, though some among them will perforce have to manage the publication a few years hence.

Very little interest seems to have been taken in the majority of the class notes. They were probably dashed off in a few minutes unwillingly borrowed from the devouring of a shorthand or Algebra book.

Many of the C, B, and A Classes have passed in contributions, and the Committee thank them for their material help—the majority of the school seeming to think that moral support will suffice.

With this outburst we tender an earnest supplication for more help next term, as the brunt of the work will have to be borne by the members of the Committee in the "B." Classes, those in the "A." and "C." Classes being sufficiently engrossed in the Junior and Senior Public exams. Remember! Pass anything you have in during the term, and it will be looked after all right.

Our illustration this term, the only one of school crews or teams to hand, is that of the eight that won the Clarke Shield on the Derwent last March. The names read: Back row (left to right): D. McCormack, A. Ingles, C. A. Pattison (coach), Mr. R. O. Miller, E. Wing. Centre row: J. Spencer, W. Ingles, M. Leicester (stroke), J. Bryan. In front: J. Daymond (cox.), P. V. O'Reilly.

Be it known, however, that we do not hold ourselves responsible for the rhyme in any of the class notes, nor for the jokes thus thrust upon an innocent world.

## WHO'S WHO.

Principal—Mr. R. O. Miller, B.A.

Staff—Mr. A. L. Meston, B.A.; Mr. W. L. Grace, B.A.; Mr. A. G. Buring; Mr. W. P. Listner, M.A. (Senior Masters); Miss A. V. Humphries, Miss A. T. McDonough, Miss D. P. Brown, Miss E. C. Greaves, Miss A. Grubb, Miss Harvey, Miss V. Bush, Miss B. Layh, Miss M. L. Stanfield, Miss P. M. Harnett; Mr. T. Lee, Mr. W. V. Tenniswood, Mr. K. M. Dallas.

Prefects—Bertha Goold, Melbourne Lawson (Senior Prefects), Loris Russell (Sports Prefect), Eileen Targett, Edwin Wing, Jim Spencer, S. Johnson, Lala Austin, Barbara Drake, Fred. Townsend, Thelma McIvor, Mattie McKinnell, Gladys Brown, Dorothy Cox, Phil. Frith, Mary Leicester, Muriel Hall, Jack Blake, Harold Freeman, Arch. Mayhead, Connie Salmon, Jean Kidd, Arnold Cartwright, Frank Owen

Dux of School—J. C. Beardwood

School Champion—Jim. Spencer.

Captain of Cricket—Edwin Wing.

Captain of Football—Edwin Wing.

Captain of Hockey—Loris Russell

Stroke of Crew—Morton Leicester.

Rowing Club Captain—Jim Spencer.

Captain of Tennis—Doris Emms

Librarian—Miss V. Bush

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

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