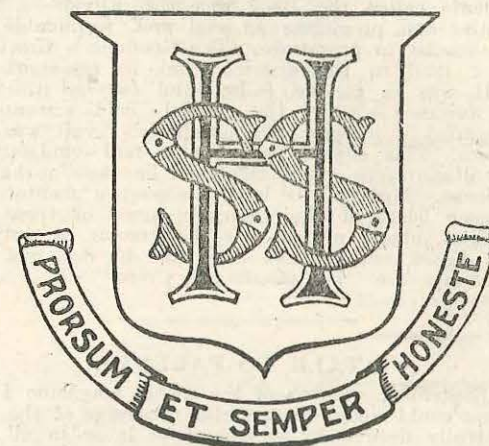


The Northern Churinga



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EDITORIAL.

About three hundred years ago, in Scotland, it was a practice to keep a certain field, out of those constituting a farm, consecrated to "the Goodman," by whom was designated the potentate of the lower region. This field was called the Goodman's Croft—in the same way as the ancients called the Back Sea the Euxine—a term evidently used to soothe and propitiate an evil and formidable power which men felt it difficult to propitiate. The Goodman's Croft might be the best piece of land in the district, but it remained untilled and unrequited. It was in eternal fallow and covered thick with weeds, a blot and nuisance among the useful fields around. Clergymen thundered against it in vain, the Goodman's Croft was maintained in spite of them. This superstition has a real vindication in human nature, and illustrations of its existence lie close at hand and are of daily experience. Most of us have assigned a mental croft to the Goodman, some boast of their temper, some of their plain-speaking on all occasions, others neglect one department of duty by attention to another. Again, another will brag that he does not pretend to be a saint—in every case "The Goodman's Croft."

TALK TO PARENTS.

In the September number of the school magazine I endeavored to show how you could widen the popular meanings of the various qualifications rightfully desired by employers of labor in all candidates for positions. A business man's first requisite in an employee is honesty, with which I dealt last quarter. The second qualification is industry. An honest man is no good unless he is energetic. The employer's interpretation of industry is, however, very wide. Industry means not to perform one's allotted task, but to do it "while it is yet day"—and to do it efficiently. More than that, industry should embrace initiative, i.e., that ability to discover tasks that have not been allocated, and to do them without supervision. Many useful employees exist who will cheerfully perform whatever they are told to do. The employer, however, fills in his promotion list from those who do not wait to be asked, but who look for and perform jobs in or about the office or workshop without being specially instructed. We find that the successful students in the school are those who do more than the set home work. If they continue doing this in their various after-school vocations they will maintain their lead over those pupils who do not give a "heaped up" measure of work. In writing a reference about your own child, if I can conscientiously state that this pupil is industrious in this all embracing way, you will obviously see what advantages will accrue to him.

WARBLER'S NOTES

Owing to the proximity of the Public Examinations, the Warblers' Club was held only once a month. On those nights the usual performance took place. Now the dreaded exams. are over, it is hoped that they will continue, though the time is short. The Warblers' Social will be held sometime before the 22nd, and an invitation is issued to all members, past and present. The Warblers' Club will continue next year, and those who are musically inclined will get much enjoyment if they join. There are other forms of amusement, viz., debating, lantern lectures, not to mention the quarterly social. We all unite in wishing the rest of the school a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year.

MODERN EDUCATION

We teach the children Spanish,
Trigonometry and Danish;
Fill their heads with old time notions,
And the secrets of the oceans,
And the cuneiform inscriptions
From the land of the Egyptians;
Learn the date of every battle;
Know the habits of the cattle;
Know the date of every crowning,
Read the poetry of Browning;
Make them show a preference
For each musty branch of science:
Tell the acreage of Sweden,
And the serpent's wiles in Eden;
And the other things we teach 'em
Make mountains so immense
That we have no moment left,
To teach them common sense.
—From "Australian Magazine."

"A BRAVE MAN'S REPORT": A SONNET

["Syennesis, the brave Cilician chief,
Who singly wrought more trouble to the foe
Than thousands, died with a brave man's report."]

—ÆSCHYLUS: "The Persians." (Translated by Professor John Stuart Blackie, 1809-1895, "Scotland's greatest Greek scholar" of his own generation.)

At dawn, Xerxes Thrace had won in thought,
His dream had proved mirage ere set the Sun:
Hellas with fiery heart had freedom won
From Susa's hordes, and a World-lesson taught;
Yet Syennesis died of brave report—
Mighty Cilician, Persia's noble son,
And, though a hundred ages since have run
Their long-pent course, we praise the fight he fought.
Thus must it ever be from age to age—
Earth ever will revere her bravest men;
Time asks not of her warriors victory,
But only how they fought: and gladly then
Indelibly writes brave names on her page—
Boon sedatives in hours of revelry.

W. PARKER LISTNER.

10th December, 1920.

LIBRARY NOTES.

The Library, under the supervision of Miss Bush, is a thriving and appreciated institution, whose reading room, well supplied with magazines and papers, is much frequented during recess and dinner hour.

EXCHANGES

The Editor acknowledges the receipt of recent issues of "Ours," "Hobart High School Magazine," "Adelaide High School Magazine," and "Melbourne High School Magazine."

CLASS NOTES.

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

Of course you all think that now the Senior's over we do nothing but joke and rest our tortured brain. Nothing of the sort! Certainly we have some very interesting lessons, but we also suffer under an irate god who looks with disgust and anger on the poor mortals who wish for a slight relaxation from the tremendous mental strain under which they have now been laboring for about three months. We might remind some people of an extract from our worthy Pollard, which speaks of the reaction under the Danby Ministry in Charles II.'s reign. Well, the time for relaxation has now arrived, but what is our dismay when we are even threatened with analysis and parsing. "United we stand, divided we fall." We fall under the cruel rod of a rigid disciplinarian. The subject under discussion in class now is whether to buy a brand new medicine chest or turn the cupboard into one to hold the restoratives imperative to our shattered nerves.

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

IMPERIALISM IN A2.

Enter: Berthius Caesar, Lalpurnia, Fleavius, Caius Kellius, Geoffero, Jonno and Alecmadorus, a soothsayer.

- Caesar: Go tell the boys to clean their dirty desks,
And so procure the prize for neatest room.
- Fleavius: When Caesar says "Do this," it is performed.
- Alecmadorus: Come not near Algebra; have an eye to French;
Beware of all your maths; look well to English;
Take heed of Antonius and mark Mestellius well.
- Geoffero: Dost hear the warning Caesar?
- Caesar: I heed it not,
For always I am Caesar and omnipotent.
- Jonno: Whoever knew the teachers menace so?
- Lalpurnia: Take heed, take heed, dear Caesar, for I fear it.
- Caesar: Your wisdom is consumed in foolishness;
You gather birds to cage in upturned turrets.
Yon Jonno has a long and lengthy look;
He swots too much, such men are dangerous;
He loves not languages, but only maths,
And his great form bestride the narrow room,
Like a Colossus.
- Caius Kellius: Fear him not, Caesar, he is a lengthy rascal,
But quite harmless.
- Fleavius: Methinks that Biggs would hate this ceremony,
For when he cleaned his desk, he spoke and smiled,
And then he smiled again and combed his hair.
- Kellius: What did the noble Biggs say, Fleavius?
- Fleavius: Alas, I know not, for he spoke in music.
- Caesar: Where is the traitor? Make him clean the board.

- Geoffero: He stayed at home to swot this afternoon,
Or else he ziz-zags by the swirling gorge.
- Alecmadorus: Beware the Senior Public!
- All: I do fear it.
- Geoffero: Come History, and Mathematics come!
Revenge yourselves alone on Geoffero,
For I know I can pass with perfect ease.
- Berthius Caesar: Then blow the whistle, Ben, and let's away,
To face the terrors of this fearful day.

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

What, class notes again! In the name of Latin or Trig., what is there to relate? "Sic, an on-eventfu' class we are, that there be nary-a-thing happening." We sleep (very little); play (very little), and work (?). At least one unusual feat was accomplished in our class-room the other day; someone seated herself upon the top of the pyramid in our paper basket. It may be a comfortable resting place, but because of the fragile basket beneath, "Trespassers will be Prosecuted!" Some of the class are becoming exceedingly sleepy during lesson hours; one girl, however, never will sleep at her post, or rather desk, for she very truly says she cannot sleep sitting up unless she is lying down. Are we Scotsmen, or is it only the influence of Scott?

Our room is generally crowded with the most profound politicians. In the midst of a small audience, Dave stands, giving wise advice to all who will listen. By the opposite window sits Mac, an angelic smile upon her face, while she holds forth upon the beauties of Keats, or strives to do to-day what should have been done yesterday. Away at the back, Jack has his stand, arguing about nothing in particular, and everything in general. "Mick" sits solemnly in the front seat, endeavoring to eat her pencil. Slowly, her lips turn purple, she gasps, shivers, and splutters, for, alas! it was an ink "thingamy" she was devouring.

To a person of imagination, the scenes are "varied with the varying hour." Sometimes the distant rumble of thunder is heard, and then, indeed, a stormy scene follows. At other times, the peaceful gurgle of waters is heard from the rear. Then smiles appear on all the relieved faces, happy glances are cast back, ripples follow; then all settle down again with a sigh. The most familiar scene is that of four blank walls, an empty vase or two, "wisely kept for show," a few figures on a black board, and blank, luckless faces. But "the hour of deliverance is at hand," the whistle blows and "Dismiss" is the order obeyed by all (who have no detentions).

CLASS B2.—Supervising Teacher: Miss Grubb.
The B2. Directory.

- BARKER, WINNIFRED: Proficient in bookkeeping and typing. Shyness guaranteed.
- BARNARD, JOYCE: K.G.C. (Knight of Geography Chart), teacher of ballet dancing and singing; elevated footwear a speciality.
- COX, DOROTHY: (A.A.1) Poetess, teacher of tennis, professional bookkeeper. Wisdom given away free if required, especially in arithmetic.
- CRAW, CHARLIE: Expert blackboard cleaner, chief assistant for economic chart. Three page detentions supplied frequently.
- ELLINGS, MIDDLETON: K.D. (Knight of the Door), teacher of swotting; homework lent on commission.

FRITH, PHIL.: Professor of economics (charts speedily prepared), owner of Ford, expert mechanic and driver (no punctures).
 JAMES, ERIC: Professor of astronomy, greatest home work evader on record; noted in geometry, for neatness.
 ROBINSON, DORIS: Of warlike habits, exponent of pen throwing, budding politician and map drawing expert.
 SCARBOROUGH, JACK: Clerk-like appearance, dealer in up-to-date footwear and "hot" socks. Home work lent on application (heavy fees).
 WILCOX, GLADYS: Shy, retiring manners; known for original essay.
 WILSON, LORNA: Taker of advice on hair tonic; also wholesale dealer in oranges.

PITHY SAYINGS OF AFOREMENTIONED GREAT

We all say: More work less class (economics, didn't you know? How ignorant!)
 John says: "While there's life there's hair oil." and "A soft answer bringeth down wrath."
 Joan has been heard to observe: "Blessed is a sweet voice in a woman."
 Jammy hints that: "Of the making of theorems there is no end, and many detentions are a weariness of the flesh."
 Dorothy says: "Speak before you think."
 Phil knows "Cleanliness is next to Godliness," but does that explain the soap?
 "Little girls should be heard, and not seen," says Lorna.
 Gladys affirms: "Wretched are the bashful, for they shall be sat on."
 Miss Grubb sighs: "There is some soul of work in this class" (if I could only find it).

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

We hope that this will not be looked upon as a specimen of the home work of members of C1, but this is how it is occasionally done.

What time was that? Oh, quick! What did you say that verb is? Yes, I see. At this rate, I won't be done by to-morrow morning. I wonder is it possible for any of us to scrape through the junior? I reckon "Willie" ought to, anyway. Where's that English book? Oh, here it is. "Note that your good cricketer is mostly the most industrious man in the parish." That will make sure of him. He seems to have dropped "Sour-faced" lately. Maybe "Grinny-box" has something to do with that. Then Emmie ought to look to her knowledge on Castor and Pollux, Girl Guides, pale blue hens, glory boxes, politics, and lots of things. Caesar's favorite saying that "She would argue the leg off an iron pot" might apply to her, too. If she isn't careful, that hen might come off its roost. Oh! that's all right; I work better talking. Marjory seems quite eloquent—in the daily papers; and Alfreda, our perfectly tame poet, looks forward to a Poet Laureate-ship some day. What was that Nellie did? She must inherit the family genius with the willow. She actually knocked a moving bicycle over with one of her slashing boundaries.

I wonder if our numbers mean anything? I hope so. Annie is determined her's won't divide by 13, and, as it adds up to that number, she has added the one and the three. Brains will tell! She ought to pass on that. Then, there's Gollan, of course. We expect great things from him. I hear he has been looking round so "bon-nily," too. Is that a fact, now? Yes, yes, I'm working. Wasn't it a shame we lost the picture at last. Oh, well! we must encourage the others sometimes. All the same, our boys don't seem to be emulating those industrious little mortals who clean fireplaces and polish windows. Good, industrious little children, aren't they? Have you found out why that window pane causes such optical illusions yet?

Perhaps if those finely divided particles of earthy matter were removed it would be better. Would you say, "Why the people sing they do," or "Do the people sing they why?" What do you want to cackle about; it's perfectly right; you're not a Frenchman. How do you know? How do I know? Oh, well, I know, it isn't a theorem; you don't have to say why and when, and what for, and how you arrived at that conclusion. Did you say it was bed time? I'll have to get up and do this in the morning. I don't know how you work so fast. Rubbish! You talk as much as I do.

At this stage bed claims the possessor of the errant tongue, and I suppose it ought to claim me also, so

Here's to those who do swot,
 And here's to those who don't swot,
 And here's to those who used to swot,
 And here's to those who will swot,
 And here's to us who can't swot.

We hope that all these varieties will have good luck in the junior, and that those of the first kind will shine in the senior. To those of the A. classes and all others leaving we tender our very best wishes for their future, and hope that when they are bank managers and M.P.'s, etc., they will sometimes think of the noble class of C1. in 1920.

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

One night, about half-past ten, all the books from the C2. classroom assembled in the "hall" for the purpose of holding a conference before the junior, and a general discussion about the room (C2.). The first business was to elect a chairman, and Mr Postgate was voted unanimously to the chair.

Mr. Postgate: Fellow books, what is your opinion of the amount of knowledge instilled in the fertile brains of the famous C2. class during the last two years, and do any of you think that there will be among them any failures in the junior?

Hall and Stephens: They are all going to get credits in geometry, because Mr. Tenniswood makes me work half an hour overtime with them every Tuesday. Oh! how they adore it; their faces are wreathed in smiles all the time.

Cæsar: It is just the same with me. I have had a very hard time in Gaul this last week or so, and I am sure my brothers, the chairman, and Messrs. North and Hillard, must be waiting anxiously for Christmas, and a spell.

Warner and Martin (just arrived): Ah! it seems that I am late. I had on the way to attend to a quarrel between Richard II. and Henry IV. over an estate, which both claimed, though it belonged to neither. However, it's all settled now.

Mr. Postgate: We have just finished talking about a most important subject, the junior, of course, but still you are better late than never. We will now have a little chat about the class.

Bauser (Chemistry): "Miss Lee," allow me to thank you on behalf of C2. for the fine contributions of flowers which during the last few weeks you have brought along, and I also notice that since the room has been tidied up every morning the "best room picture" has got a lot closer, and it is in C1. now, that is only next door.

Gregory and Hadley (Physics): What I can't understand is where you have obtained all the vases from. Why, only about a month ago we only had one; now, I think, we have five.

"Oh, dear, why I declare I have been asleep," said Nes(t)field, yawning. "I have been so used to lying asleep in locker 83 that I do so now from force of habit. To tell you the truth I have not seen the inside of C2 for about two months."

" $X + Y - Z = O + X - Y$." "What is that noise? Well, I never; it's Baker and Bourne, both sound asleep, and talking away for all their worth, in algebraical language. Would you mind waking them up, please, Mr. Scott, as they are disturbing the peace."

The Chairman: "I have received an apology from Mr. Somerville. He states that owing to an extra amount of home work he is unable to be with us. And now, as everyone seems tired, and it is nearly four o'clock, I think we shall close the meeting; go back to your respective desks, and prepare yourselves for the strenuous three weeks that are to come. I hope the C2-ites and the other C-ites are successful. I declare the meeting over."

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

People's Cash Column in "C3 Herald."

N.B.—For further particulars regarding notices as under, apply to Head Office, second floor, State High School, Launceston.

A lbert Hall, December 6th. Junior Public Examination. Intending competitors assemble at 8.50 a.m. sharp.

B ook-keeping. "Terms," strictly enforced if not known, at one hundred times the original.

C 3. For Algebraical results. Guaranteed first-class.

D 3 are hereby informed that the present occupants of C3 will be changing their abode early in 1921, and that they are given the first offer of sale of premises.

F OR SALE. Sailor's cap, in good order and condition.

G reat bargain. Two jardinières offered, free of charge, to persons giving accurate description of same on application.

L OST. Shilling composition or owner. Finder please return at once. Reward.

Merry Christmas and Happy New Year.

N OTICE. Don't forget December 6th.

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

The junior! How that word makes even the very "strongest" of us tremble and turn pale. Wherever we look, wherever we go, wherever we turn, there is the same heavy burden on our minds. Nearer and nearer comes the dreaded day, quicker and quicker knell the hours.

Consternation is rife amongst the lesser fry, and it is thought "best" to swot. To be "frank" with you, our studious habits have led to a change in the title of our Late Book, for it is now used by one person only.

Our great commercial men of the future who intend honoring the "best school of all" with their presence next year, will, it is suggested, be brow-beaten by the better half of a future B. class.

"Sarke," "Pincher," "Robber," "The Chicken," and all of us wish the senior and junior students the best of luck, and the happiest of holidays to the staff and scholars when work ceases for the year.

Class D1.—Supervising Teacher: Mr. Buring.

"Follow me!" he said. It was the same room, yet not the same. The pictures were different. I noticed the best room picture among them. The windows overlooked the tennis courts; the fireplace was on the platform. Ah! Cl. The finger of our guide pointed out. We look below—below! for we are on the balcony of the State High School. Who are these passing to and fro? Strange faces mostly; a few we know well, but all look at us with awe. What can it mean? We look again. What's this? Postgate, that's a new one. Oh! and look! There's Roy "sleeping" verb, transitive, nominative case. At any rate, there's something familiar. Oh! and Charlie's smile;

and there are the vases—well filled, as always—and the jardinière, and everything. What can it mean? We turn to the silent figure before us. "Who are you?" we ask. "I am the spirit of D. future," it answers, and with a flapping of leaves departs.

And we—we wake to find ourselves grasping the pen that must write us down as inhabitants of the world above, or condemn us to another year of nursery.

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

Like Scrooge, we are being haunted by three ghosts—the Ghost of Exams. Past, the Ghost of Exams. Present, and the Ghost of Exams. To Be. After hours of swotting, when we vainly seek rest, these three come to haunt us in our dreams. Now, does anybody wonder why we wear such worried looks? It makes Ken hysterical, and this affliction has earned him the name of "Puller," which is derived from the French "poule"—a fowl, or cackler. Fred has transferred his affections from the Lady of the Lake to the Plump Sister, the reason for this being that she knew how to play forfeits well.

We have enlarged our art gallery by the addition of two pictures, and our population by the addition of two new boys. The highly polished desks have served the girls as mirrors during the past few weeks. If anyone wishes to contribute to the class fund without appearing over generous, he has only to leave a book on the floor, and the pound-keeper does the rest, except the paying.

Barclay has been the victim of a bicycle accident, and has barked his face in an attempt to test the hardness of road metal. Otherwise the common round and daily task go on uninterrupted, with occasional rays of hope when somebody comes in for a messenger to go to the bank. We all sit up then, but each subsides sadly with sighs when he is not chosen. Colin gives vent to his indignation by kicking his neighbor. Poor neighbor! Alas, poor Colin!

Exams. appear to be one of the necessary evils of our existence, so we go through, and hope for better things to turn up. Good luck to the senior and junior classes this year!

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

On Dit.

- (1) That the annual examination takes place next week.
- (2) That one of our party believes in saving pennies when going through turnstiles.
- (3) That "the maiden paused"—and so did Rosie.
- (4) That we have lost the best room picture.
- (5) That Scott did not write "Pickwick Papers."
- (6) That Naomi is now a minus quantity.
- (7) That our gentlemen save us a great amount of work.
- (8) That swimming is a pleasant time, especially near the edge of the baths.
- (9) That Leila and Violet are champion "dusters."
- (10) That we wish our room was "far from the maddening crowd"—and echoing footsteps.
- (11) That Edna is an authority on parsing, especially relative pronouns.
- (12) That Elvie likes doors closed.
- (13) That "per pro" means—. What does it mean?
- (14) That we all hope to dwell in the celestial regions next year.

Supervising Teacher: Mr. W. Parker Listner, M.A.

CLASS D4.—Supervising Teacher: Mr. W. Parker Listner, M.A.
Next year we hope, although we are mere males, to exercise a privilege usually the prerogative of ladies only, namely, that of chang-

ing our name. Rumor has it that those tormenting spirits called Annual Examinations, which recently came seeking to devour us, have exercised an evil influence, which will deprive some of us participating in this privilege. Nevertheless, we live in hope.

We would advise next year's occupants of our present class-room to engage someone near akin to Sherlock Holmes at an early date to investigate the mysterious disappearing duster problem.

On the whole this year has proved a very enjoyable one for all of us, and we wish teachers and members of all other classes a Merry Christmas and a Very Happy New Year.

"SUNSET—MOONLIGHT—NIGHT"

Soft, fleecy clouds hung in the heavens; golden shafts of glorious sunlight tinged each downy, billowy mass of vapor, whilst one cloudling, shaped anew each moment, lay cradled 'neath the setting sun—a gleam of crimson tinting its braided snow; soft breezes fluttered gently, breathed on my lip, and fanned my cheek—wafting innumerable perfumes to my senses; bright-plumed birds poured forth their sweetest strains to charm the dying day, whilst I, from my seat on the lake, waited—and wondered. Lower and lower the dying monarch sank—ray by ray in purpling gold, until he touched the level of the lake. Then my delighted eyes saw thousands upon thousands of dancing, golden ripples—until there was no end of dancing gold; and my eyes wandered on and on . . . Ah! he was gone! The monarch of the heavens sank—his daily life ended.

The coloring of the sunset faded rapidly; the light went out of the golden waves, and the crimson of the heavens grew fainter and fainter, leaving weary, drab grey . . . and everything waited as for some expected thing.

Then the Queen of the Night came up from her resting place, shedding her eerie radiance over darkening land and blackening water.

Darkness vanished. The pale moon mounted high, shedding an icy whiteness over the silvery stillness of the level lake, while all received a wintry smile from the royal queen.

Her reign was short. She hid her face behind some darkening cloud. Darkness once more prevailed. Deathlike stillness . . . nought but the lap, lap of the water . . . night spread fear-some blackness over land and water . . . stillness . . . darkness.

D. F.

"THE SOUL OF THE NAVY"

Thine island loves thee well, thou famous man,
The greatest sailor since the world began.

These two lines so simply written, so gloriously full in expression, appeal in their more significant meaning to men who wrestle with Nature on her great highway—the sea. Though times have changed, and many years have come and gone and have been forgotten as but a dream that fades with the first breath of dawn, yet the whole embodiment, the very soul of England's navy of to-day is centred round the living memory of her greatest sailor, Lord Nelson. In his day, when the steamship was yet to be invented, men who sailed the seven seas were sailors in the true sense of the word. By indomitable will and sheer strength to endure hardships they conquered the sea in its wildest and in its most placid moods. In daily evidence in the navy of to-day are reminders of Trafalgar, the Nile, and Copenhagen, and of Nelson's death upon the "quarter-deck" of his flagship the "Victory."

As his ship wends her way through the calm and beautiful expanse of shimmering blue, the typical "old salt" will sit on deck under the clear skies of pale blue, with the genial rays of the sun smiling down on him. His eternal pipe between his lips, a supply of "baccy" in his pocket, and he is at peace with the world. As he calmly surveys the peaceful surroundings, his thoughts will conjure a picture of home and of those who are near to him, and a pleasant smile broadens o'er the lines of his weather-tanned features. But, beneath this placid exterior he is ready, ever ready for rougher sea, for grim circumstance. Should his country call, the land that gave him birth sound the clarion call to arms, he will banish hesitation, his natural fear, and he will respond whole-heartedly. On board his ship, as she steams full speed to fulfil the duties entrusted to her, the veteran smiles grimly. In his mind's eye there is a signal flying from his ship's fore yard-arm. What is it? Ah! he remembers Nelson, and back through years past there comes to him a vision of that immortal signal proudly flying in the breeze: "England expects this day that every man will do his duty."

Through past years of peace and of war this glorious vision has lived with the past navy, it lives with that of the present, and it will be passed on to that of the future, a living tribute, an incentive to stronger effort and greater deed.

W. L. H.

"AFTER THE STORM"

The long stretch of wet sand is strewn with seaweed and broken fragments of wood.

The tide flows playfully in, and the small waves leap over one another in innocent mirth.

Alone, in that hour of dreadful solitude, stands a widow. But last night she had stood there watching the wreck of her husband's ship.

Ay, "Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll!"

In all thy subtlety thou wouldst deceive her now. Yesternight, like an offended god, thy waves leaped and roared. In fury they dashed against the sides of that ship, and sank it, with all its crew, into thine unfathomable depths, without a grave, unknelt, unconfined yet not unknown.

Oh, the pangs thou causest that poor sailor's widow! Now the sudden anguish and the convulsive agony have passed from her; grief is softened into pensive meditation. Would she accept the consolation that must be brought by forgetfulness? No, "the love which survives the tomb is one of the noblest attributes of the soul."

Now the overwhelming burst of grief has passed to the tear of recollection, and she may, thank God, keep those undying memories for ever.

No earthly power may separate them. Death, and only death, can take them from her heart, but then she will be nearer him whom she has lost.

What changes hath time wrought! Nations have risen and fallen. Great men have won glorious renown, but have passed away.

But always, and forever, does the great ocean roll on in all its majesty, for "time writes no change upon his azure brow," and well might all say with that sorrowing widow, "Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll!"

M. L.

BOYS' SPORTS.

CRICKET.

FIRSTS.

So far, our cricket season for 1920-21 has been a great success. We have played a good many matches, and though the results have been varied we have enjoyed fairly good games throughout.

In the match versus L.C.G.S., our captain, Edwin Wing, secured Mr. Brockett's coveted bat. He played a very fine innings for 78, and well earned his bat, which has since been presented.

We hope to again "get to business" after the public exams., and secure a few more wins.

The details of matches are as follows:

On Saturday, the 23rd of October, a half-day match was played at "Ravenscraig" between the Scotch College and State High School elevens. Scotch won the toss, and elected to field. The scores were as follows:

State High School.	
First Innings.	
P. Holmes, c Jensen, b E. Hardman	0
M. Lawson, b Jensen	3
E. Wing, v Hardman	9
A. Kelly, b Jensen	0
F. Townsend, not out	7
J. Spencer, b Jensen	1
J. Beardwood, c E. Hardman, b S. Hardman	3
H. Thorne, c E. Hardman, b S. Hardman	2
N. Elliston, b S. Hardman	0
G. Eccleston, c Fulton, b S. Hardman	0
C. Wearne, c Ford, b Bushman	0
Total	25
Second Innings.	
C. Wearne, c Bowling, b Fawcner	53
N. Elliston, b E. Hardman	0
F. Townsend, not out	17
H. Thorne, not out	8
Sundries	2
Total for 2 wickets.	80
Bowling Analysis.—E. Hard-	

man, three wickets for 12 runs; S. Hardman, four for 24; Jensen, three for 26; Bushman, one for 5; Acheson, nil for 20; Fawcner, one for 9; Bowling nil for 2; Riggall, nil for 5.

Scotch College.	
First Innings.	
S. Hardman, c Wearne, b Lawson	3
C. Ford, b Lawson	6
Bushman, b Wing	5
E. Hardman, c Holmes, b Wing	9
G. Acheson, c Wing, b Lawson	2
S. Bowling, not out	8
Fulton, b Lawson	9
Jensen, hit wicket	0
Fawcner, b Thorne	2
Riggall, b Thorne	0
Brown, c Holmes, b Thorne	0
Sundries	4
Total	48
Bowling Analysis.—E. Wing,	
two wickets for 15 runs; M. Lawson, four for 25; P. Holmes, nil for 3; H. Thorne, three for nil.	

FIRSTS v. PERTH.

On Monday, November 1st, the Firsts journeyed to Perth per train and bike, to play the local club. We batted first, Mr. Grace making the fine score of 110 (retired). Perth then went in, but as they could not muster more than 44 runs they followed on, and secured another 69. The following were the scores:

S.H.S.

First Innings.

J. Beardwood, b Newton	5
H. Thorne, b F. Dennis	4
W. L. Grace, retired	110
P. Holmes, c Powell, b Newton	7
M. Lawson, b F. Dennis	5
A. Kelly, b C. Dennis	8
J. Spencer, b Jordan	0
C. Wearne, c and b C. Dennis	4
C. Moody, b C. Dennis	3
H. McDonald, not out	4
C. O'Reilly, b Jordan	0
Sundries	8
Total	158

Perth.

First Innings.

R. Holman, lbw Thorne	2
C. Newton, b Thorne	0
R. Powell, b Holmes	1
J. Jordan, c Thorne, b Lawson	21
C. Dennis, c Grace, b Thorne	1
F. Dennis, b Thorne	13
C. Russell, b Thorne	0

We thus ran out winners by an innings and 45 runs.

S.H.S. v. SCOTCH COLLEGE.

The second of our matches with Scotch College was another half-day match at "Ravenscraig" on Saturday, November 6. Scotch batted first, and scored 119, Ford batting very well for 50. We then went in, and at drawing of stumps had three wickets down for 59—a very promising start indeed. Scores were as follows:

Scotch College.	
Ford, c Elliston, b Thorne	58
Acheson, c Townsend, b Lawson	1
E. Hardman, c Beardwood, b Wing	8
S. Hardman, c Holmes, b Wing	2
Bushman, st Beardwood, b Lawson	2
Bowling, c Wing, b Lawson	0
Fawcner, not out	14
Fulton, c Wing, b Holmes	23
Hearne, c Beardwood, b Thorne	3
Driffeld, st Beardwood, b Thorne	0
Davenport, b Thorne	4

Sundries 4

Total 119
Bowling Analysis.—Lawson, three wickets for 40 runs; Wing, two for 33; Holmes, one for 16; Thorne, four for 26; Wearne, nil for 2.

S.H.S.

J. Beardwood, c Fulton, b S. Hardman	8
C. Wearne, b S. Hardman	11
P. Holmes, b E. Hardman	1
M. Lawson, not out	19
E. Wing, not out	9
Sundries	11

Total for 3 wickets. 59

Stumps were drawn at 12 o'clock, and the game thus ends in a draw.

S.H.S. v. ST. LEONARDS.

This match was played on Saturday afternoon, November 6th. We were without the services of our captain, Thorne, and McDonald, and were very decisively beaten. Scores were:

St. Leonards.		J. Spencer, b Grace	
N. Grace, b Spencer	5	A. Kelly, b Knight	4
H. Slater, b Spencer	7	M. Lawson, b Knight	0
E. Lay, c Spencer, b Lawson	19	F. Townsend, b Pritchard ...	3
E. Coombe, c Holmes, b		G. Eccleston, b Grace	2
Wearne	27	C. Moody, b Grace	0
J. Pritchard, lbw Wearne ...	9	R. Elliston, not out	14
H. Reisz, lbw Wearne	0	J. Truskett, b Pritchard ...	1
P. Knight, c Lawson, b		Sundries	12
Wearne	3		
C. Summers, not out	9	Total	46
F. Nicholls, b Wearne	1		
J. Brown, b Spencer	0		
J. Bird, b Moody	1		
Sundries	22		

Total 103

Bowling Analysis.—M. Lawson, one wicket for 34 runs; J. Spencer, three for 36; Wearne, five for 9; Moody, one for nil.

S.H.S.

First Innings.

J. Beardwood, b Grace	0	J. Truskett, not out	0
C. Wearne, b Grace	4	Sundries	13
P. Holmes, c Pritchard, b			
Grace	4	Total	56

The victory went to St. Leonards by an innings and one run.

S.H.S. v. L.C.G.S.

This match was resumed on Wednesday, the 17th November, having been commenced on the previous Wednesday. S.H.S. batted out, and then Grammar batted till call of time. The scores were:

S.H.S.		Field nil for 32; Jones, nil for 9; Armitage, one for 4.	
M. Lawson, c and b Wigan...	7		
P. Holmes, c Henry, b			
Wigan	15		
E. Wing, c Henry, b Davis...	78		
F. Townsend, lbw b Wigan...	7		
J. Spencer, c Davis, b Armitage	20		
J. Beardwood, c Walker, b			
Wigan	3		
A. Kelly, c Walker, b Davis	8		
H. Thorne, c Youl, b Davis	3		
N. Elliston, st Armitage, b			
Davis	1		
C. Wearne, b Wigan	4		
H. McDonald, not out	2		
Sundries	8		

Total 156

Bowling.—Davis, four wickets for 37 runs; Wigan, five for 66;

As Grammar were not able to finish the match, the game results in a draw.

SECONDS.

The seconds this term have played three matches, one against Scotch College Seconds, at "Ravenscraig," and two on Glen Dhu against Grammar School.

The first match, at "Ravenscraig," on October 31st, resulted in a win for State High by four runs and seven wickets.

The bowling for State High was done by Moody, Broomby, and Scarborough, with fine results. The batting was nicely contributed to by Dynan and Moody.

State High: 64 runs. Second innings: 28 runs for three wickets.

Scotch College: 40 runs. Second innings: 34 runs.

In the first match against Grammar School, our boys were handled severely. Top scorers were: Dynan, O'Reilly, and Moody. Bowling: Moody and Broomby.

In the second match, Saturday, November 29, the weather conditions were anything but ideal, and many uncomplimentary remarks were made by bowlers on both sides.

Despite good all round fielding, and some smart work behind the sticks by O'Reilly, Grammar gained another victory by two wickets and four runs.

The bowlers for us were Moody, Broomby, and O'Reilly, and the chief scorers were Moody, Broomby, O'Reilly, and Dynan.

Our chaps are looking forward to further and (we hope) more successful activities after the examinations and during next term.

THIRDS.

The Thirds have had a fairly busy season, having played Grammar twice and Technical School once. In the first match against Grammar Thirds, our boys were opposed to much heavier metal than our own, and lost by a large margin, but on the next Saturday, November 6, this margin was reduced to 6 runs.

On the 13th of the same month a team from Technical School suffered defeat at our hands on the Cornwall. The match consisted of two innings, the Thirds winning the first by nine runs, and the second with a big lead at time. In this match our chief scorers were Lewis, James, Crow, and Knowles, and the bowling was done by Lewis, McHugh, Healey, and Marshall. Moody, O'Reilly, and Owen distinguished themselves in the previous match.

FOURTHS.

This team has played several matches against the State schools without any very brilliant results. Their willow-wielders are Abel, Healey, and Marshall, who are also the chief bowlers for the team. More practice and steadier play are the essentials by which alone they can hope for good results.

HOUSE CRICKET.

The Houses have devoted their time up to the present in practising on the nets and at Cornwall, where scratch matches have been arranged with beneficial results to those participating.

CONGRATULATIONS

That the school appreciated, too, the skill of Edwin Wing, who won Mr. Brockett's bat for the first "seventy-five," was undeniably proved when the presentation was made by Mr. Brockett at assembly. To you, Edwin, we tender our congratulation on your fine performance. May it be but a beginning!

ROWING.

On writing these notes for the fourth term we have to report on the opening season.

At the beginning of the season a meeting of the members was held, at which the following officials were elected: M. Leicester (captain), W. Ingles (vice-captain), D. McCormach (secretary), A. Ingles, and W. White (committee).

Owing to our members being restricted to twelve rowers, it will be a rather hard task to deal with the picking of the crews for our annual boat races. It also means that those who go in for rowing should go in for it with a will; they must be twelve enthusiasts. The rowers have had a splendid record, and it is now up to them to see that it is kept up.

A crew is now being coached by Mr. C. Pattison for a race which is to be rowed at Devonport shortly against the Devonport S.H.S.

TENNIS

Taking advantage of the increased facilities for playing, due to our long delayed but joyful possession of two fine courts of our own, many of our boys have commenced or renewed their activities in this valuable branch of sport, which is an "extra."

These youths take full advantage of the use of the courts in the mornings and dinner times of Monday, Wednesday, and Thursday, and on Tuesday afternoon, and some excellent form is resulting. We believe that, for the first time, a number of our scholars will compete for the Pardey Shield, and will meet our Southern friends on an equal footing. We are looking forward to proof positive of their merit, and wish them luck in all competitions.

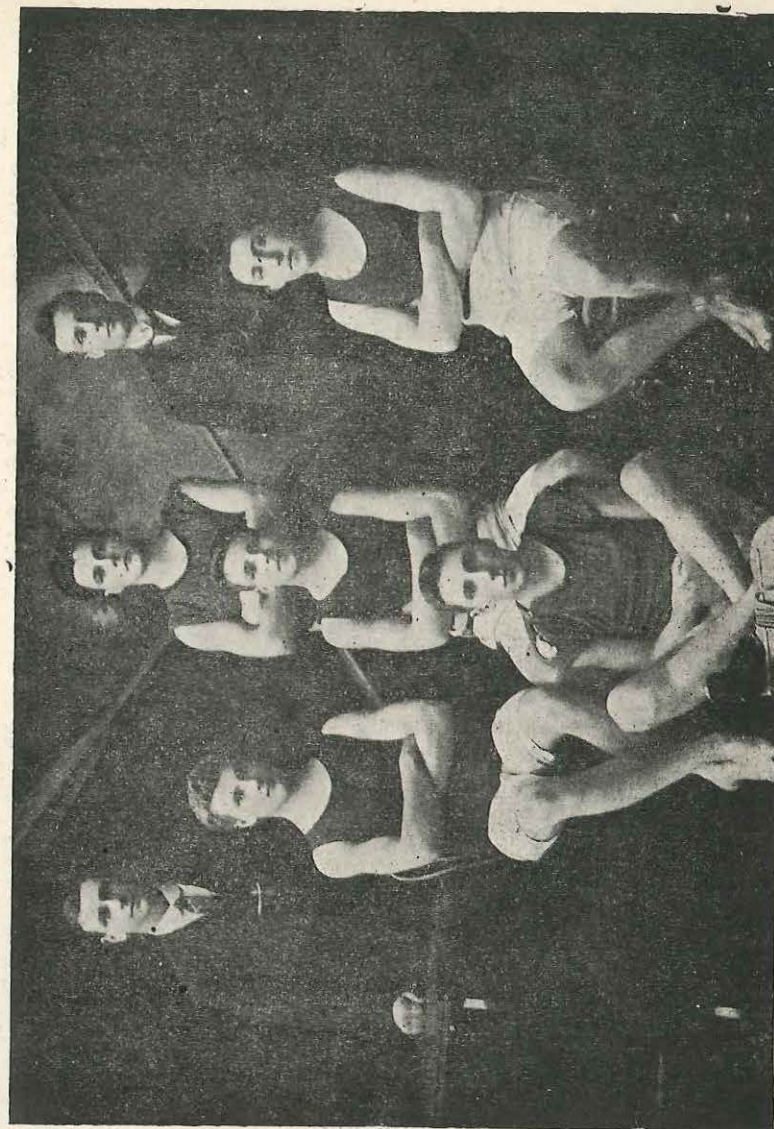
AMELIORATION

"There is some soul of good in things evil," says the worthy prelate, and the number of times that the truth of this statement has been proved probably passes comprehension. I shall not, then, attempt to give an estimate regarding that number, but shall content myself with the following unique example

For many generations an aboriginal tribe had made a most deadly missile of the arrow by poisoning it with a fruit of the almond species. The Persians were anxious to secure a poison suitable for that purpose, and accordingly introduced the fruit to their own land.

Here the tree apparently flourished, but it was soon found that instead of a powerful poison, a harmless and, moreover, delicious fruit had resulted. The transplantation and the cultivation had changed the deadly member of the almond family into what we now know and delight in as the peach!

H.



THE FOUR—1920.

C. Pattison (Coach), T. Spencer, R. O. M. Miller (Principal),
M. Leicester, W. Ingles, P. O'Reilly,
J. Daymond,

GIRLS' SPORTS.

CRICKET.

Owing to elongated holidays and the unwelcome reality that exams. will soon be upon us, cricket has not been up to the usual standard this term.

As there have only been five sports days, there have been no matches between various houses or classes, but the few days have been occupied by "scratch" matches between each individual house. We hope, however, to have time, after the exams., to play at least "class" matches, and if so, we all congratulate the team who shall win the shield (hoping, of course, it will be our own).

SWIMMING

Swimming was begun this quarter under the supervision of Miss Humphreys. A good percentage of girls attend, and the baths are quite lively on Wednesday afternoons.

The season started with an accident that might have become serious but for the promptitude of the lady in charge, who came to the rescue with a boat hook.

Beginners are making gallant efforts to learn, but as yet the deep end is not very frequented, though some of the girls are enthusiastic enough to stay in the shallow end for quite a long time. The sport afternoons are thoroughly enjoyed by all.

" REST "

Just a little curve in the stern cliffs that border the coast line, a break in their rugged outline, in which nestles a little bay, with wide brown sands and screaming gulls circling overhead.

Just now and then a blue, foam-topped wave curling lazily in, laving caressingly the pebble-strewn strand

Just a rough steep rise that backs the cove, threaded by a rocky pathway, hedged with scented gorse, laden with golden bloom, a winding pathway leading to the water's edge.

Just a little brown boat that rocks at anchor in the bay, completing the peaceful scene.

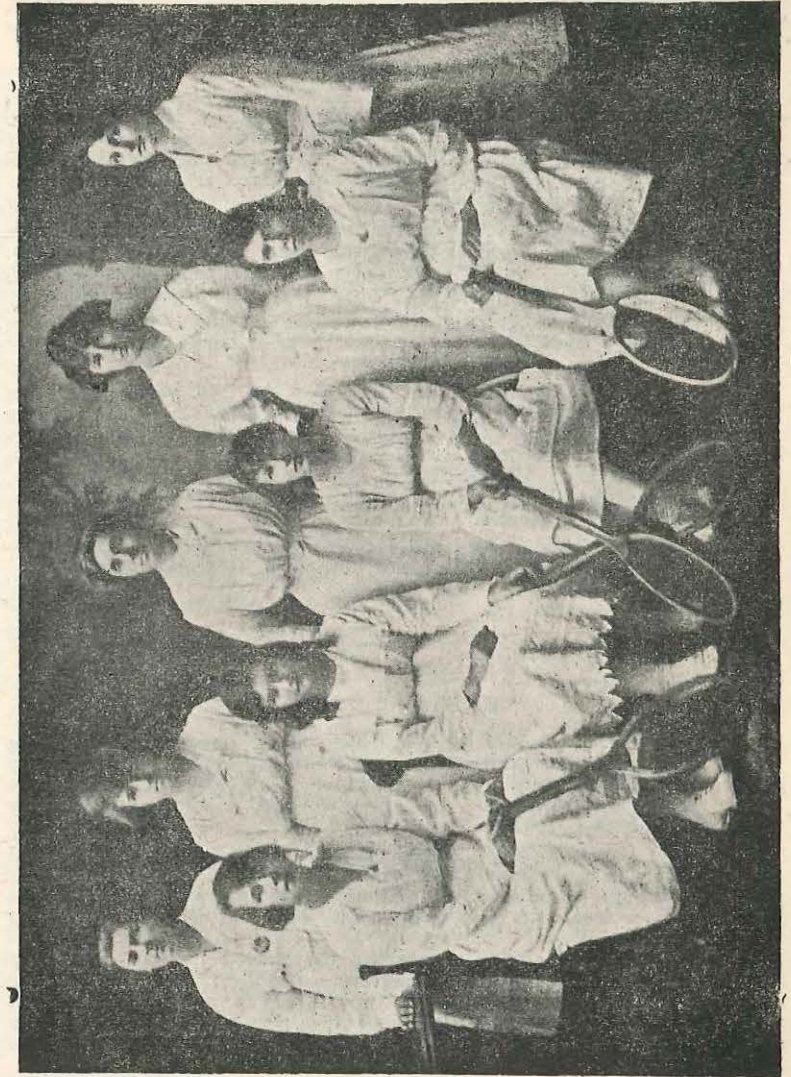
Just a little of happiness and health, just a little while in which to forget all cares, all worries, in which to lie upon the sand in the little bay, and dream.

M.D.Me.

SUMMER SCENE

Starlike honeysuckle trailing
O'er the trunks in wreaths capricious:
Summer breezes gently sailing
Idly by with breath delicious.

. T.M.



TENNIS TEAM—1920.

M. Hope, J. West, Miss Bell, D. Cox, B. Gould.
M. Anderson, W. Carter, D. Emms, D. Burke.

CADET NOTES.

(By "Cato Major.")

Our numbers have recently been augmented by the 1906 Quota. We have assumed more than ordinary proportions. Since our change from the "Barracks" to the "Invermay" Area our activities have been confined chiefly to the school grounds, whose area is now reduced by the welcome presence of two fine tennis courts.

We are expecting a visit, on the seventeenth of this month, from Colonel White, State Commandant, who will inspect the platoons. According to report, our new uniforms will be even less popular, though eminently more suitable for "physical jerks," than the old ones.

Owing to a Class of Instruction, held last month, we had three weeks of lighter work than usual, but we have since paid dearly for the rest.

A new system, in which the class was the first step, has been adopted, and has made changes in the nature of the drill and in the standard for the "N.C.O.'s" class, conducted on Tuesday afternoons by S.S.M. Garlic, and attended by a number of aspirants, whose names are as follow: Adams, Burns, Bennet, Clark, Cooper, Dunham, Freeman, Horne, McDonald, McHugh, McGilp, Rule, White, Doe, Gray, Grace, Brown, Ingles.

The need for such a class will be readily seen, when we remember that at present our only N.C.O.'s are Corporals Kelly and Best.

"PRIMA LUCE"

I lay in my tent under the whispering trees, beside the whispering sea; everything was whispering. My tent was facing the pale grey eastern sky, and through the open flap I could see the hazy mist which shrouded the dark sea and grey horizon, as yet untouched by the fairy fingers of dawn.

But as I lay, this fairy touched the east, and the pale grey turned to a luminous filmy color, which gradually diffused over all the sky within my range of vision. I waited, expectant, and with bated breath. I, who am no poet nor artist, felt and thrilled at feeling the majesty, the power, the glory of the scene I was to behold. And then the first bright, living, upleaping ray darted forth. Low over the sea the sky was a blaze of glorious, trembling light, higher, the color was fainter and gentler; above this again the dark clouds, which threw the rest into strong relief, floated in the still air. The clear air, for the mist was vanquished, was dancing over the waves, now no longer dull, but tipped with red and golden glory.

The ancients said that the sunrise was Apollo commencing his trans-celestial journey, and I, a prozy denizen of twentieth century society, felt that even as the great patriarch, I had been placed in the cleft of a rock while the inestimable glory of God passed by—for now it had passed this "prima luce" and the great golden sun was clear of the horizon, and was evoking the songs of birds and the less melodious tokens of men's activity, and one more fresh, clean day had begun.

"Orta."

"SUNSET, OR NATURE'S PALETTE"

The wind fell off as the sun sank behind the snowy mountains, playing all sorts of fantastic tricks of coloring among the snowy cliffs, peaks, and glaciers.

Even after the sun had set entirely, the sky was wondrous in its beauty. It seemed as if the artist Nature were mixing her colors to commence some great, new work, and that the sky was her palette.

But that palette itself was a picture—oh, how grand and solemn! First, there was a sea, darkling now under the shadows of the giant hill, yet borrowing tints from the clouds. Then, the wild wooded cliffs and pointed rocks looking almost black against the background of snow and ice rising up, and up, and up its sharpest lines, softened till it ended in the rugged, serrated horizon.

High up in the heavens, where in the rifts the sky could be seen it was of a light cerulean blue, pure ethereal, the grey clouds in bars and piles, still the same shaped bars of clouds lower down, but here the rifts of sky were of an effably lovely tint of pale sea green, and the clouds were purple, while all along the horizon the naked sky was of the deepest orange, almost approaching to crimson, all aglow with light.

Even as one gazed a change came over the spirit of the scene, for the green rifts changed to milky white, with a hazy blush of crimson floating over it, borrowed from the splendor beneath and beyond.

Still another change: the rifts away to the north and south had all turned sea green, and right in the east where the clouds that erst were grey and dull are now a burning bronze and crimson.

Then the clouds kept borrowing each others colors at second hand. But at length crimson and yellow changed to lurid bronze and purple, then to grey, and to darker grey, and soon out from the only green rift left shone a pale star.

The air is chill and cold. Birds—strange, wild, low flying creatures, whose names are unknown—hurry past to their eeries in some distant rock, and the silence remains unbroken.

It is night.

A.B.N.

VIOLETS

Through fragile green and velvet moss
The modest flowerettes peep;
Their glistening palaces are wet
With early dews of spring.

The dainty faerie heads are swayed
Like elfin lanterns in the breeze;
Their fragrant petals all achime
To the sound of wood-land melodies.

T.M.

SOCIALS.

The annual Social is now nothing more than a memory to us, but still a pleasant memory. Once again the assembly hall resounded with our merry-making. An enjoyable evening was spent, but our cup of joy was not complete owing to the fact that our constant visitor, Daisy Viney, was not with us. We wonder why?

The talented ones amongst us rendered items, for which we take this opportunity to offer them our thanks.

During the evening we held a Grand Choral Competition, in which a number of choirs competed. The adjudicator (I really cannot remember his name, but it reminds me of a Russian with a bad cold), in summing up, stated that he had never had the pleasure of hearing so much discord in one evening in his life before. The verdict was given in favor of the "Grand Siamese Choir," under the baton of Z. I. Frizzletop. The above choir was introduced by their manager, Senor Tomasso Johnsonio, in a perfect flowing speech unparalleled in the history of the association.

Telegrams containing good wishes for exams. have been received from: Vida Johnstone, Marjorie, Rudge, Aub. Luck, Marjorie Tevelein, Harry Finlayson, Effie Wilson, Len. Stubs, Bessie Barrett, Pat O'Reilly, Hedley Palmer. Letters from: Don Wright, W. L. Higgs, Miss Bell, Winsome Salter, I. Pinkard, Mr. Parish, Elsie Barker, Clara Lewis, Clara Lette, Thelma Littler, K. O'Meara. Telephone messages from: Ida Walker, W. Stephens, J. S. Kemp, and Sam Cruikshank.

WHO'S WHO.

Principal—Mr. R. O. M. 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—Geoff. Agar.

School Champion—Jim. Spencer.

Captain of Cricket—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.

"Northern Churinga."—Committee: J. C. Beardwood (Editor), R. Buring (Sub-Editor), Loris Russell, Mary Leicester, Morton Leicester, Alex. McKinlay, Ronald McHugh. Editor Old Scholars' Column: Mr. R. I. Douglas.

Senior Cadets—Area 40 BB. Company Commander: Captain A. L. Meston; N.C.O.'s: Corporals Kelly, Thorne, and Best.