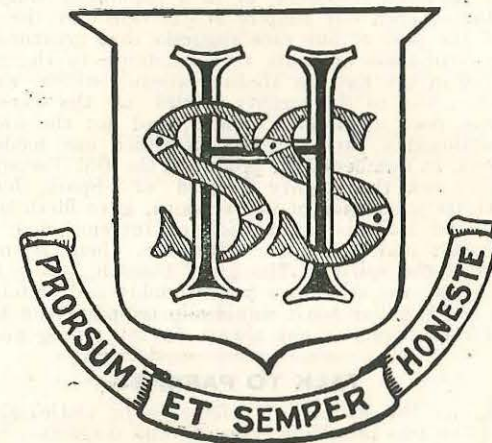


The Northern Churinga



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EDITORIAL.

We are becoming so accustomed nowadays to the boast that the British Empire is the greatest Empire that the world has ever seen, that we are in danger of accepting this as a truism. If greatness lies in wealth, in material resources, or in a population numbered by hundreds of millions, then our Empire is unrivalled in the history of the world. But the past of our race suggests that greatness is otherwise. Our modern civilisation owes its very existence to the group of small states, situated in the Eastern Mediterranean, which we speak of as Ancient Greece, not to the mighty hordes of the Persians; the city State of Rome, poor in material wealth, and not the wealthy State of Carthage, fashioned a jurisprudence on which our modern system is built; the Jews, in numbers few, produced the Old Testament and gave us the Christ; not the mighty Empire of Spain, but Elizabethan England, with its population of two millions, gave birth to Shakespeare; and tiny Holland laid the foundation of International Law and produced Rembrandt and Teniere. Greatness, then, is not in bulk or thews, but is of the spirit. The giant Goliath, whose height was six cubits and a span, was slain by a youth, ruddy and of fair countenance.

So when the familiar boast would slip trippingly off the tongue, let us ponder; for the prize is not always to the strong nor the race to the swift.

TALK TO PARENTS.

Following up the matter of references or testimonials which was dealt with at the two preceding issues of the magazine, it now remains to consider the third requisite, insisted on by an employer in a candidate for employment.

I have shown that the first essential was honesty, the second industry, and the third ability or efficiency.

Just as the two qualities of honesty and industry have interpretations considerably wider than passes current among the crowd, so also does ability.

The school measures the ability of the pupil, not so much by the results of the Junior and Senior examinations as by the daily and quarterly tests set by the school. These are carried out under normal conditions, and are fairer than the Junior and Senior for the nervous child. The latter, however, are useful, as they indicate to an employer that the candidate has reached a certain standard. Most financial institutions, all Government departments, and many other employers, are now demanding the Intermediate or Leaving Certificate from candidates seeking employment. Now, ability of the exceptional variety is rare, but mediocrity is common enough. In the school we find that, with the possible exception of the first three in the class, the others are all about the same standard of ability.

What differentiates or separates them into their various class positions in their industry and determination. Success is more dependent on those two factors, which are more variable in our human make-up than the fairly constant ability.

With sympathy and supervision at home, with steady, persevering attention to the work set the child of mediocrity will outpace the more gifted pupil who relies for success on ability alone. Ability also varies in quality. One pupil may be able in a mechanical direction, another in a mathematical direction, a third in a business sense.

Parents, by consultation with the primary teachers, can often determine in what particular mental quality their child excels, and by the selection of the proper vocational course at the High School can do much to prevent the "misfit" in life. At all times the teachers are willing to give the benefit of their knowledge of the child's aptitude to parents, and the school welcomes the discussion on these and other matters affecting the pupils' interests.

WARBLERS.

This year the Warblers have divided their evenings among three committees, to wit, the Literary, Debating, and Musical, each of which has had two opportunities to display its abilities on the stage.

The Literary Committee attracted the most Warblers, and the Musical had a very successful evening (very!) at the end of the round. The attendance, unfortunately, does not count in the next round.

All the Committees express a desire for much more enthusiastic support from the club members, and promise great "stunts" in the coming season.

Non-members are informed that membership is obtainable by the payment of one shilling, and gives the right to attend the entertainments provided every Saturday night, as well as the quarterly social.

VALEDICTORY.

In order to give those probationary students who matriculated an uninterrupted year at the University, the Department is sending all such to College for the remaining six months of this year. Among these is Miss Emms, whose services to the school have been of great value for a considerable time, particularly of late, in the Seconds Hockey, who are particularly sorry to lose her. With them the staff and scholars join in bidding her farewell and wishing her every success in her new spheres.

"THE SEA."

The sea! How many stout hearts thrill and manly bosoms swell at the sound of that little word, or at the thought of all it conveys! How many there are who love thy power and beauty, thy freedom and majesty, O mighty sea! Wherein consists the potent charm that draws mankind towards thee with such irresistible affection? Is it in the calm tranquility of thy waters, when thou liest like a sheet of crystal, with a bright, refulgent sky reflected in thy soft bosom, and the white ships resting there as if in empty space, and the glad sea-mews rippling thy surface for a brief moment, and then sailing from the blue below to the deeper blue above, and the soft song of thy wavelets as they slide upon the shingly shore or lap among the caves and hollows of the rocks? Or is it in the loud roar of thy billows as they dash and fume and lash on the coast that dares to curb thy might? Or does the charm lie in the yet fiercer strife of the tempest and the hurricane, when the elements, let loose, sweep round the shrinking world in fury—or in the ever-changing aspect of thy countenance, now bright, now fair, now ruffled with the rising breeze, or darkened with the thunder cloud that bodes the coming storm?

Ah, yes! me thinks, not one, but all of these combined do constitute the charm which draws mankind to the bright ocean and fills his soul with sympathy and love. For in the changeful aspects of thy visage there are talismans which touch the varied chords that vibrate in the hearts of men. Perchance, in the bold whistle of thy winds, and the mad rolling of thy waves, an emblem of freedom is recognised by crushed and chafing spirits longing to be free. None can wall thee round. None can map thee into acres and hedge thee in, and leave us nought but narrow roads between. No ploughs cleave thee save but the passing keel; no prince or monarch owns thy haughty waves. In thy hidden caverns are treasures surpassing those of earth; and those who dwell on thee in ships behold the wonders of thy mighty deep. We bow in adoration to thy great Creator; and we bow to thee in love, in reverence, and in sympathy—O sea!

A.B.N.

A TRAGEDY OF THE AFRICAN SWAMPS

Night fell dark and murky upon the dank mango swamp. The black oily water lapped sombrely around the gnarled and twisted roots of the slimy mango stems that hid the deviating waterway threading the vast maze of mud. A black, lowering sky showed in the brief spaces above the intervening trees, and a dank, evil-odored fog hung over the steaming swamp.

Through the heavy stillness of the night came the sharp rhythmic beat of a paddle, and a canoe dashed into an open space among the muddy roots. The evident haste of the occupant and the furtive glances he threw around showed that he feared pursuit. He ceased paddling and anxiously scanned the surrounding swamp. Every dark shadow might conceal a lurking native with a deadly blow-pipe at his lips, ready to shoot the poisonous arrow, to hurl the barbed hunting spear, or the keen knife! Is that a dark shape creeping nearer; is that a gleam of deadly steel? Hark! a sharp buzzing is coming closer to the traveller's head! He raises his hand, with a baleful light in his eye, his whole form breathes vengeance, he lunges forward, he strikes—!

He quietly resumed his paddling, but his hand is stained for ever with the blood of his innocent victim—a large mosquito!

M. McE.

SPEECH NIGHT.

Our Seventh Annual Speech Night was held in the Albert Hall on March 9. As usual the function was very successful, and an enjoyable evening was passed by all. During the evening the girls' choir, conducted by Mr Buring, rendered several very fine items. Misses Malcolm and M. Chick assisted in the musical programme.

The Principal (Mr R. O. M. Miller, B.A.), in his report, gave a short resume of the successes of 1920, in sport as well as in the scholastic world. We have specially to congratulate Geoffrey Agar, dux of the school, who obtained University prizes in Economics, Geography, and Book-keeping, and qualified for the Giblin Scholarship; and Dave Mellor, who received a University prize for English Language and Literature; and Marjorie Hope, the dux of the girls. Harold Thorne also did very well, obtaining an Education Department Medical Scholarship and a General Scholarship.

The dux of the Junior Public was Gollan Lewis, who headed the list with eight credits and one pass, and the dux of the girls was Dorothy Fleming, with a qualification for a University Exhibition.

Mr G. V. Brooks, the Director of Education, gave an address. He spoke about the various improvements which, during the course of the year, had been made in the Department. He spoke of the new Examinations which in the next year are to take the places of the Junior and Senior Public.

The numerous prizes won by some of the scholars were presented by Sir Walter Lee, M.H.A., the Minister for Education. For the Senior Public of 1920 there were 23 passes and 30 Leaving Certificates received. In the Junior 87 passed, and 93 obtained Intermediate Certificates.

The ceremony closed with the National Anthem and the school song.

LIBRARY NOTES.

Scholars are urged to become members of the Library, which is now under the care of Mr E. Scott. Members' subscription, which entitles one to the use of the extensive range of books which the Library contains, is sixpence a half-year.

AUTUMN.

The autumn skies are flushed with fading gold. Beyond the purple western ranges, enshrouded with filmy mists of gold and gray, a ruined continent of tinted cloud hangs glorious, and in the sunset breezes the brown, crimson, and yellow leaves flutter airily to the sodden ground, where they mingle quaintly and brighten the dull brown earth. The saturnine disc of sea tosses its crest restlessly, murmuring softly; and in the grieving twilight shadows flit and darken. The trees are dark and sombre, the golden tints die slowly from the clustering clouds, and amidst the gloom the glad chrysanthemum is seen, blending with the darkness bright colors of red, gold, and sparkling white.

T.M.

"A BUSH WALK IN AUTUMN."

(By "Amans Naturae.")

Banish all thoughts of cities and their accompanying bustle, and let your mind wander to more pleasant thoughts, to thoughts of our beautiful Tasmanian bush. In your imagination come for a ramble amongst the beautiful handiwork of Dame Nature.

Let us strike away from roads and railways and direct our steps towards the natural art galleries. Twenty minutes' walk brings us to the summit of a small hill, where we pause to look around us.

What first strikes the eye is the beautiful verdant grass, which a fortnight ago was a dull, drab color; then our eyes wander to the gorgeous golden hue of the tall poplars which surround the old home—stead that is only just visible through a gap in the trees, to the majesty of the huge stringy bark close at hand, to the gaudy plumage of the rosellas, and to countless other beauties. Our ears tell us that there is a stream in the vicinity, that we are in the haunts of magpies, and that an axeman is somewhere playing havoc with the beautiful trees. The kettledrum-like rattle of the bark of the white gum reminds us that there is a slight breeze, and the dark color of the starlings tells us that autumn is here. Now let us push on to yonder crag that we may better view our beautiful surroundings. After rather a stiff climb we reach our goal, and here a magnificent sight meets our eyes.

The tiny stream, which we had heard and crossed on our ascent, is now seen to trace out a beautiful silver line through the gorgeous panorama which stretches below us, a tiny rivulet where we had first seen it, but widening into a considerable stream ere it disappears through a gap in yonder hills. We now see the source of the axeman's battle cry, that is the regular strokes of his axe; but this sound suddenly ceases, and we see a majestic forest giant totter and fall with a crash like a peal of thunder. Alas! this continual war which the woodsman is waging plays sad havoc with the beautiful scenery. In the background there rises above everything the deep blue slopes of the Tiers, which fade away into the snow-covered tops of this backbone of the island. The sun, with its rays almost level, lends a most entrancing effect to the scene, and also reminds us that we must be off. It is with great reluctance that we leave this gorgeous picture and return to the dismal hubbub of cities.

CLASS NOTES.

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

THEOREM III.

If a class is noted for exceptional brilliancy (?) it will not introduce into its ordinary habitation electric light—or any other light.

Data.—Let A1 be the class under discussion.

Required to Prove.—Why A1 has no light—and various other things.

Proof.—We have in our class H.E., a famous tennis champion, whose superb net play wins every game—for her opponent.

Therefore.—We bask in the reflected glory.

Again the glowing fire calls up a “fitting blush” on the cheek of a certain person in the front desk. “Mick” says the warmth is unwelcome; we, however, appreciate the glow.

Also when a combat ensues between two persons whose only weapon is the waste paper basket and the Senior Prefect’s awful frown lowers on his brow and theorems are flung broadcast, it is necessary to precipitate such happenings into oblivion.

If we had a light this would be impossible.

Finally, on various days of the week we frequently attend afternoon tea. We have heard of awful happenings in A2 (who, have a light).

We rejoice that we are conservative and despise innovations.

Q.E.D.: Quite enough done (so we think).

Corollary:

With the same data it will be seen that A1 hides its light under a bushel; to find the light, visit Cissy McGuffy’s wheat paddock.

Axiom:

The light in A1—namely, firelight—was almost extinguished by the sudden pressure of a heavy body.

EXERCISE.

All who are interested are politely requested to prove the following:—

If firelight and daylight lighten the room, and moonlight will lighten the head, what will (en)lighten brains (if any)?

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

Scene: Mt. Olympus.

Palace of the Gods.

Enter various beings:—

Speaks one, Jonnozeus: Draw nigh to me all, whilst we tell of the days when we were mortals on earth, inhabiting that pale class-room of A2.

Winerva: Surely, dost not remember how that, owing to my vast brain, I was made immortal as the goddess of wisdom.

Cupidus Crow: Care I not for that. Canst recollect how thou didst use to obscure from us the light of the morning fire?

Ediana: Ah, yes, and I know how we were likened to polehedrons, which are figures having plain faces, and how then we knew not the meaning of it.

Philino Apollo: Think not of such painful things; why the fire did crackle in the chimney, the sun shone bright through the windows.

Joy Ceres: On the teachers’ spectacles, whereof the teachers did murmur and impose on us numberless mountains of home work. I

do mind the time when it was evident that the neighboring room, B2, did contain members infected with a serious malady called bumptiousness. Dost remember, sister Joano?

Joano: Ay, they pilfered from us a goodly vase, and then continued to gaze through the window, for the which I was sore tempted to punish them with my own hands. Ofttimes in my dreams I am chased by some persons demanding a key of me, and sometimes this key dost change into a number of hockey sticks.

Jacchus: Never do I see a book but it recalls to me my arduous studies of that language, of which I forget the name, but which says something of corkscrews and cabbages.

Mer(i)cury: Oh, you mean Physics.

Nay, but I had the saddest time. My life passed by in wandering spent and care, and much time was I separated from my beloved classmates. Yet here our woes are vanished, lets be merry. Pass me the cup, Jacchus.

CLASS B1.—Supervising Teacher: E. C. Greaves.

Oh, friend I know not which way I must look

For dusters, being, as I am, so sad.

To think that this, our class, has never had

A full supply. But none at all I cannot brook.

And so to all my kind friends I must look

To mend ours up or I shall die,

So sad and full of grief am I.

No other remedy in script or book.

But that another takes our Lorna’s place,

And stitches hard now hence with might and main,

Then Folder, Lewis, up and Burn the tackings,

To-night we have a duster here again.

And stuff it well with brown Kidd packing.

And not before each teacher hide our face.

With this appeal, B1, representing the old C1, C3, and C4, feel that your hot tears will begin to flow and your needles to fly. We are feeling rather blue this quarter for many reasons. First of all, I must mention our dear departed late lamented ones, “Piggy” and Mary, both of whom we will miss very much. Although we have only known the former for a short time, his cheeky smile has already become part of our landscape; and as for Mary, you all know that she has been our guide “even from the beginning of these studies.” We have in our class a new representative of the “Long ‘Uns” Brigade in the person of “Snorky,” who sits sympathetically pressing the hand of his beloved “Joey,” who has been so badly burnt by the rays from Pauline’s eyes on his neck. “The Roast Potato Eaters” have been performing their weird ceremonies over the fire with raw potatoes, I believe, but I advise the others not to touch, taste, or handle the results of their labors. Alfreida has elected herself as maid of all work. At any hour of the day she may be seen on the floor picking up books. Marjory’s peregrinations to the front seat have also become part of our daily routine. We held our social this quarter. Everyone seems to have enjoyed themselves, especially the boys next morning. Two empty plates in our cupboard tell a tale. We have to congratulate Blake, Bill, and Annie on their success at sport, and also all the other members of our class in the first and seconds. You have only to see our flaunting green to know that B1 hockey rests in good hands.

In closing we would like to wish the teams the best of luck in Hobart, and everyone else success in exams. and a very happy holiday.

CLASS B2.—Supervising Teacher: Miss B. Layh, B.A.

"What of B2?" do you ask,
When you give to us this task.
We say that class notes are a bore,
But still you plague us, more and more;
Although our heads are numb with thinking,
And our spirits sinking—sinking,
Till our hearts have lost all hope
That ever with this task we'll cope.
Our number is so very small,
I'll state the case, fourteen in all,
That, since you're rather pressed for room,
To take up more we'll not presume.

CLASS C1.—Supervising Teacher: Miss Grubb.

Selections from English Literature (Ed. C1 Class).

Oh! what can ail thee, child at work,
Before thy pale-green Latin Caesar,
Thy face is wet, thine eyes are big,
Art none the wiser?

He looked up, that wearied child,
And he did slow but sadly answer:
Although 'tis long past midnight gone,
Must end this work, sir.

Our George the football kicks on high,
And finds he through the clouds can spy
The same ball going very high,
Up to the vault of heaven.

While at the end of every week,
Leckie a football e'en doth seek,
But Puggy yells out with a squeak,
C1 this week's lost seven.

Something new has come in force,
"Emancipate" means "to divorce,"
How many taking teacher's course
Have seen a book with that in?

Roy has a sleep just now and again
Quite freed from suffering and pain,
And waketh up just to explain,
The subjunctive mood in Latin.

Maurice and Bob sit side by side,
And talk about poor George's ride,
Shackcloth will ask with words so plain,
"O! may I go to catch the train?"

When sounds the whistle loud and clear,
Dorrie and Alice are somewhere near;
While poor Tom sits with mind not gay,
And says to himself "Essay! Essay!"

CLASS C2.—Supervising Teacher: Mr W. V. Teniswood.

We have left the dense, foggy regions of the underworld and now occupy seats high upon the side of Olympus. At first the novelty of our position led us to lean so far over the balcony rail that many of us nearly lost our equilibrium and discovered a short cut to the hall. The advent of winter and the lure of the fire attracted us inside now, and we enviously watch our privileged teachers and prefects pompously promenading the platform while we, the poor plebians, look on from the pit.

Some of us work hard all the time, while others of us work hard some of the time, and are goaded on to great efforts by various means at the disposal of our teachers. Nevertheless we find time for sport, and the class is represented in all teams from the firsts to the umpteenths. Most of us have earned names for ourselves in some way, either by hard work, at sport, or by little habits which have grown upon us. Of the latter we might mention Juddy, who covers with ink everybody and everything within range, not omitting himself; Kapper, our would-be artist and poet, whose efforts are not appreciated; Hopeless, who spends all his time thinking what question he can ask next; Puller, who would like to be thought funny, but who dares not risk it; Dugie, one of our numerous braw Scots laddies, who speaks wi' an unco' long drawl, and many others, including one individual, who says he loves but one. We had our doubts concerning the veracity of this statement, but came to the conclusion that he meant one at a time. But even that is not quite satisfactory.

There are many more of us. Come along and have a look at us one afternoon after 4 p.m. We shall all be there, in Room 13 (what a lucky number for a class-room!)

CLASS C3.—Supervisor: Miss Harvey.

The atmosphere among the books and pencils seems very heavy and dull. Great sorrow abounds in the house of knowledge. Why hush! The sons of wisdom hold a meeting, let us hear what it is about.

Algebra, the chairman.—"My dear brothers, I have a very important, though heart-breaking, piece of news to impart to you concerning the welfare of our dearly beloved brother, Arithmetic, who, as you realise, has been ill for the greater part of this year. Doctor Physics, next door, told me that he could not exactly tell how much longer he should remain in this realm; but, certainly, it would not be long. I think you all realise the seriousness of the situation, and will assist in any way possible."

"Oh, j apporterai some belles flowers pour freshen sa bedroom," said Monsieur Francais in language as near to English as he could; "and I could read or even recite to him said English." "I shall give him some pennies," chuckled class funds, jumping up and down, for he felt very rich. "I shall write him a letter of sympathy with all haste," ejaculated Shorthand, with a flourish of his pen. "I shall see that his will is made out in proper form," piped Bookkeeping, "and I shall assist Bookkeeping with his task, for I know lots of things Bookkeeping doesn't," gabbled Business Practice. "I will give him a change by taking him to the mountain air," said Geography. Then a surly voice, easily recognised as that of History, came rumbling from the corner, muttering that he would rather help Latimer or Cranmer because they died in great pain, while Arithmetic lay in a comfortable bed.

"Surely," said Algebra, disregarding History's statement, "with all this help there will be some hope for Arithmetic."

CLASS C4.—Supervising Teacher: Miss Wilcox.

Here we are again knocking at the Editor's door asking to be mentioned in his valuable quarterly journal.

Our number has been reduced by the loss of Ken Lohrey (well known as "Annie"), who has gone farming; and of Doug. Tyson, who has passed into his business career. We now consist of:

"The Game Chicken," who will argue with anybody, anywhere and any time.

"Ridey," the hon. sec., and very businesslike, too.

"Tubby," who very often gets coal (cold).

"Gussy," who keeps the "Home Fires Burning."

"Carty," the "kid" you read about, but seldom see.

"Dusty," who brings flowers, and is the coming footballer of C4.

"Foggie," who often gets fogged in lessons.

"Halley," our poundkeeper, who pounds everything and everybody.

"Cherry," our debater, and "last hope" in English.

"Pussy," the friend of the "Game Chicken," who has a meek, gentle voice.

"Brownny"—Alas! the boy who loves detentions.

"Squirrel," the sleeping beauty of C4.

"The Early Riser," who leaves his "Coop"(er) at Young Town as the roosters crow.

The rest consist of "Hooker," who hails from Scottsdale; "Greecy," who very often leaves his books on Perth station; "Catsy," the snow-flaked lad of C4; "Ken," who has a smile for everybody; "Briggsy," our last hope in French; "Jerry," of Tasmanian Devil fame; and last, but not least, "Snowy," who is a "God-win" in football.

CLASS D1.—Supervisor: Miss M. Tevelein.

Alas! that D1 must make its debut among the frosts and snows of winter; but the boys, effectually aroused by our energetic prefects (too energetic on Mondays); keep us passably warmed with fires.

Lately our board has been adorned with a notice by our careless one (and not the only one) concerning a lost book. No response, however, as the advertiser was careful to state "No Reward."

During the last two weeks our chief energies in the way of English have been given to getting Alice and Cora in and out of difficulties. One of the boys was even exhorted to "keep his eye on the girls!" But we don't think such encouragement is very necessary. The study of the lays has also led to innocent Thomas Babington being accused by one of our stars of using "strong language." We feel that such slurs should not be made in public.

Our Jim is much sought after, especially by D3 girls, who consider him a gay young spark these cold mornings, and if Charlie will persist in growing, we'll have to have a new doorway put in to avert further accident.

As far as sport is concerned, our usual brilliancy was rather dimmed by the girls losing the match against Miss Harvey's team; but we are determined to do better next term. Some of our boys, notably Athol and Jack (who never misses), are bright and particular stars.

Doris and Molly Gee and Charlie Croft have failed to shed their accustomed radiance on us during the past few weeks, owing to severe illnesses, but we hope to see them back again next term as well and lively as usual. We conclude with best wishes to all for a happy holiday, to which the boarders at any rate are looking forward with great excitement.

CLASS D2.—Supervising Teacher: Mr E. Scott.

Let X = number of pupils in our class. Then $X + 3 = 28 - 2$. The first person to solve this problem and forward the solution to the Editor will receive as reward a free dip in Phyllis' bottle of red ink. As second prize (awarded to the person coming second) we are offering a stylish nickel-brass pen, about an inch long, very slightly bent, suitable for fastening exam. papers in the top left-hand corner. Any person laying claim to either of these prizes must first prove he or she was previously unaware of the answer by hearsay.

The reason we tell you our numbers is not, however, connected in any way with a desire, laudable though such may well be, to find an excuse for holding a magazine competition, but is simply to show you how many chances there are of our fire being lighted every morning. It is strange how often not a single one of these chances comes to anything. Muriel suggests that the absolutely criminal laziness of the boys ought to be exposed, ruthlessly, in a scathing indictment in black and white. Bill has been heard quietly to remark that he is thinking of arriving at school later.

Of our twenty-three members (there, now! we've gone and let the cat out of the bag; the offer made above is hereby formally withdrawn) less than a third are boys. Once a week we are divided into two sections. The girls wander professionally away, some to become initiated into the fragrant mysteries of cooking, some to unravel the tangled secrets of sewing. The boys remain to spill mercury over the Lab. benches, and cover themselves with carbon bisulphide, which latter substance Campbell has found, by careful experiment, to be inflammable. The sewing girls provide the physicists with a supply of cotton and other things about once a week; and they always send across such dainty vieux rose, cerise or champagne colored silk.

Every achievement ought to end with a promise of some further thing; and so we close our class notes with the happy assurance that next term we will regale you all with some class gossip, such as telling you what Horace does with the duster, and who the person is that has the invaluable wrist watch.

CLASS D3.—Supervising Teacher: Miss Underwood.

Strangers to each other and to this wonderful school, it was with mixed feelings of pride and wonder that we made our way into the Assembly Hall in February.

Originally we numbered 36—all girls—but during the first term 12 were transferred to D4. When it is cold we cluster round the fire, and are like a happy family.

Never is the existence of the pound forgotten by any member of the class. The prefect collects quite a large sum from those who take pleasure in leaving their books about, and we use the proceeds to make our room look attractive. Certainly we succeed, because the other D. classes frequently borrow our dusters, waste paper basket, and sometimes our vases. Unfortunately they have poor memories, and our monitors have to form a rescue party after school.

During the dinner hour we have numerous visitors, but, judging from the crumbs they leave, one would imagine we were birds.

Brighta has undertaken to give instruction on "How to light a fire." This seems to be the only "home" lesson we never learn, but perhaps we shall soon be able to dispense with the services of the boys next door.

Wednesday is the most enjoyable day of the week. Hockey is very popular, and our team have achieved two victories this quarter.

D4 CLASS.—Supervising Teacher: Mr A. G. Buring.

For the first time we are compiling our class notes. The hitherto quarterly resume of the class's doings have developed into a half-yearly performance.

We are nearing the term's end, with its "dreaded exams." (same old gag), and speculation is rife as to who will occupy the coveted position of dux for the quarter.

As is not generally the case, most of our so-called "swats"—all honor to them—are also good sports in every sense of the word, but the word "loyalty" will best sum up the spirit of the students in our class. Loyalty to King, loyalty to school, loyalty to teachers, and loyalty to our class. Let anyone try to smudge either of these institutions, and you will find out what we mean.

"Keep the school fires burning." Look in at D4, commanded by Tom and Louie, and you will know what that means.

Many of our youngsters make themselves obnoxious and conspicuous by their puns. Please, don't—.

When we commenced the year there were only boys in our class, so the atmosphere was sweetened and moistened by the addition of "Honey" Rainbird and others of the gentler sex.

However, the whistle has blown; Algebra exam. Cheery—oh!

THE FAIRIES.

The dusk falls softly o'er the woods,
Sweet quietude breathes "Peace" to all;
Then clearly chime the fairy bells,
Re-echoing through the shadowy dells.

All fairy-land awakes from sleep,
And from their silken couches soft
The spirits arise to dance and sing,
The smile to childhood's dreams to bring.

Thus, busily through all the night,
They weave the fabric of our dreams
From fragile traceries of flow'rs,
Gathered from bright, dewy bow'rs,

T.M.

KING BLUECAP.

A flutter of wings, a glimpse of velvet blue, and the slender stem of a sleepy carnation sways lightly to and fro. King Bluecap has claimed his throne, and the world waits in silence for his song. Even the wind breathes only to whisper, "Hush!"

A quick glance here and there from the bright roguish eyes, a graceful movement or two, then, silver sweet, full of pathos and delight, the first trembling notes rise and fall. It is his song of the world's loveliness; his lullaby to the nodding flowers and the scented summer musk.

M.M.M.

CHRYSANTHEMUMS.

Yellow and golden brown,
Dreaming, they sway;
O'er them the trembling winds
Fitfully play.

Summer's last, rarest gift,
Gay with her gold,
All her sweet mysteries
Curl'd petals hold.

Fairy enchantment seems
Lingering near,
Folding the flowers to sleep,
Ending the year.

M.M.M.

BOYS' SPORTS.

CRICKET.

FIRSTS.

During the first term the Firsts played five matches, besides practising keenly at the nets and the Cricket Ground. The first of the series was played on the "top ground" against Grammar Firsts. Grammar batted first, and compiled 138 runs, of which Field made 29. The wickets were lost to Townsend (three for 54), Holmes (four for 46), and Wearne (three for nil).

State High followed with 130, to which Holmes contributed 34, Broomby 27, and Wearne 26.

Grammar resumed, and played out time and won the match by 8 runs on the first innings.

The next match was played against Scotch College on Scotch ground. Scotch put together 117 (Bowling 37) in their first innings. Wearne (seven for 60) and Holmes (three for 25) divided the bowling honors. State High School compiled only 70 (Holmes 14). Scotch second innings resulted in 95 (Darling 24), and State High replied with 88 (Broomby 21). In the second innings, Broomby, four for 37; Holmes, four for 29; and McDonald, one for 11, took the wickets. Scotch College thus led by 54 runs.

An afternoon match against St. Leonards was the next on the list, and resulted in a win for St. Leonards by the narrow margin of 12 runs. State High compiled 135, including 34 by Broomby, 33 by Holmes, and 22 by Townsend.

St. Leonards replied with 147. Holmes, three for 39, and Townsend, five for 43, bowled best for us.

Our first victory was that gained over Devonport on Devonport ground. State High, batting first, put together 262, of which 87 came from the skipper, 56 from Wearne, 53 from Broomby, and 30 from McDonald. Devonport replied with 65, due to the bowling of Holmes, four for 25; Townsend, four for 15; and Wearne, two for 18. In the follow on Devonport gained 65 at the cost of five wickets. Daymond, two for 16; Holmes, one for 13; Wearne, one for 11, taking the wickets. This left us 197 ahead on the first innings.

The event of the season was the match against Hobart State High for the premiership.

Launceston went to the wickets, scoring 101 (Townsend 25, Holmes 24, Leckie 13).

Hobart brought their score up to 97 in the first innings. The wickets fell to Townsend, six for 45; and Wearne, four for 24.

With a lead of four on the first innings and the afternoon before them, Launceston again took the crease. Holmes 52 (not out), Wearne 37, O'Reilly 13, and Broomby 11 did most towards the score of 135.

Hobart's second innings was watched with intense interest by the whole school, as well as the visitors from Hobart, and excitement was at fever pitch during the last portion of the game. An eighth wicket partnership brought the Southern score to 141 and to "time." This left South winners by two wickets.

THE SECONDS.

The Seconds practised assiduously this term, and competition was keen for a place in the Firsts. Only one match was played during the term.

State High Seconds met Grammar Seconds at Glen Dhu, and were defeated by a large margin. For Grammar, Archer, 45 (not out), made the best score, and Von Bibra and Franks bowled best. For State High McHugh (17), Adamthwaite (11), and Dynan (10) reached double figures. The bowling honors went to G. Lewis, three for 27; McHugh, one for 9; Dynan, four for 54. The result was: Grammar, 97; S.H.S., 59.

CLASS CRICKET.

The class matches commenced with two matches, one between the A. and B. Classes and the other between the C. and D. The A. and C. Classes won their matches, and thus met for the premiership. This match took place on Glen Dhu ground, the team being captained by P. Holmes (A. Class) and C. Wearne (C. class). The contest was a close one, the match being played on portions of three separate days. A fine innings by Wearne, the C. Class skipper, brought his team's total very close to that of A. Class, when he was bowled and caught by Townsend.

A. Class thus won the premiership for the year by the narrow margin of 18 runs.

ROWING.

At the commencement of this season the rowers held a meeting in order to select a committee. The result was as follows: W. Ingles (captain), D. McCormack (vice), A. Ingles (sec.), R. Dixon, and W. White.

There were to be two races rowed in the season, namely, the Bourke Cup Race and the race for the Clarke Shield. The Clarke Shield race could not, however, be rowed on account of the lateness of the Bourke Race. The race was rowed on a flowing tide under ideal weather conditions. This year there were five crews entered for the race—two from Launceston, two from Hobart, and one from Devonport. The following were the Launceston crews:

No. 1 Crew—W. Ingles (stroke), A. Ingles (3), D. McCormack (2), R. Dixon (bow), C. Ingles (cox.). C. A. Pattison, coach.

No. 2 Crew—E. James (stroke), P. Holmes (3), A. Knowles (2), W. White (bow), C. Chandler (cox.). M. Leicester, coach.

Launceston No. 1 crew obtained a lead early in the race, and was followed by Launceston No. 2 and Hobart No. 1. When King's

Wharf was reached the positions were slightly altered, Launceston No. 1 leading, with Hobart No. 1 and Launceston No. 2, following second and third respectively. At the junction of the North and South Esks Hobart No. 1 challenged Launceston No. 1, but were beaten off. Devonport, however, had gained third position. At the finish Launceston No. 1 was three lengths ahead of Hobart No. 1, with Devonport following third two lengths behind Hobart. Launceston No. 2 managed to defeat Hobart No. 2 by a considerable margin. The Launceston No. 2 crew was unfortunate in being unable to procure a clinker four, with the result that they had to race in a practice four.

Much thanks is due to the untiring efforts of Mr Pattison, who coached the winning crew. Out of the five occasions on which Mr Pattison has coached the State High School crews he has only lost one race, and that only by the small margin of two feet. The rowers and the president, Mr Miller, subscribed, with the result that a handsome rug was presented to Mr Pattison at the last break-up at school.

Now that there are only twelve rowing members allowed to assemble at the T.R.C. sheds, the committee would like to see a greater interest taken in rowing. There are a few members who only go down to the sheds in order to have a swim, but they ought to remember that they are taking the place of another person who would take a greater interest in the rowing. The committee trust that such a thing may not occur again.

FOOTBALL.

THE FIRSTS.

An election held at the beginning of this term resulted as follows: J. Blake (captain), F. Townsend (vice-captain), and J. Daymond (secretary).

The following matches were played with a view to gaining practice for the North and South match, which is to be played in Hobart:

S.H.S. v. Grammar.—Grammar, 9—11; S.H.S., 3—7.

S.H.S. v. Scotch College.—S.H.S., 16—17; Scotch, 4—3.

S.H.S. v. Grammar.—Grammar, 4—6; S.H.S., 1—5.

S.H.S. v. Technical School.—S.H.S., 10—10; T.S., two points.

S.H.S. v. Technical School.—S.H.S., 8—6; T.S., two points.

S.H.S. v. Technical School.—S.H.S., 7—6; T.S., nil.

S.H.S. v. Grammar School.—S.H.S., 9—9; Grammar, 8—13.

The last match is notable for being the first time we have beaten Grammar School at football.

Our most consistent players are Blake, Townsend, Daymond, Holmes, Knowles, and Dixon. The team to play Hobart this term will be picked from: Blake (captain), Townsend (vice), Daymond, Holmes, Eccleston, Knowles, Dawson, O'Reilly, James, McCormack, Broomby, Dixon, Ride, Ingles, Spottswood, McDonald, Edmunds, Wearne, Archer, and Frith.

THE THIRDS.

This term the Thirds have met Grammar Seconds, Grammar Thirds, St. Patrick's Seconds and St. Patrick's Firsts.

The following were the results:—

May 7, 1921.—Grammar Seconds, 7—15; S.S.S. Thirds, 1—3.

May 21, 1921.—Grammar Thirds, 4—10; S.H.S. Thirds, 2—13.

May 28, 1921.—S.H.S. Thirds, 4—18; St. Patrick's Seconds, one point.

The most consistent players have been Ponsonby, Feutrell, Garrard, Orchard, Hart.

THE FOURTHS.

This team met Technical School on the 21st of May, and lost by 10—20 to two points.

The Sixths lost to Grammar Sixths in the first match by 8—7 to 2—6, but a week later won from the same team by 14—38 to nil.

A team from the Junior Cadets met a similar team from Grammar School, and gained a victory by 6—10 to 2—1.

IT'S A FACT

That Jamy likes a change of air.

That the "fool in corner" says he loves but one.

That e' detests being teased about it.

That Billy and Billy junior declined the captaincy and vice-captaincy of the First because some blighter in the grades got there first.

That we've been le(a)d to believe that plums are used in the carpentry trade.

That we shouldn't be jaw-i(ng) about such trifles.

That the "Dear Harp of Ireland" is a favorite song. By James! 'Yes.

That all the weird sounds do not come from within the walls of "The Square" on Friday nights.

That ghosts haunt the old school between four and six most afternoons, and even awake the echoes during recess.

That the Cricketers' Concert will live long in the memory of the school.

That the impossible has been achieved, and a girl found who is "camera-shy" (sometimes).

That Eric is experimenting with nCr n-infinity, one of the "n" is always present, but not a constant, and $r = 2$.

That our Senior Prefects contravene the old motto and devote their attention to the "pounds."

That gas jars have been known to emulate aeroplanes (for a time).

"STOP, THIEF."

Alone in the house on a dull, windy night I divided my time between reading a book and watching the characters play their parts in the glowing embers. The dull moaning of the wind under the eaves formed a weird accompaniment to my thoughts, and soon, on the glowing stage appeared many figures from other books, from my own life, past and present, and from my imagination.

From the brownest depth of my brown study I was aroused by a creaking and rattling of the gate, and then the sound of its slamming shut. No further sound reaching my ears, I decided that the gate needed oiling, and that someone should have shut it as he went out.

Satisfied that the wind had caused the noise, I was once more falling into reverie, when a clatter of falling wood startled me.

I listened, and then murmured, "The wind has risen a lot, surely—still one piece falling sets a lot going—a lot of noise and nothing happens—just the wind again—of course." But, hark! the wind doesn't bump into the shed and shake it like that, and—yes, that is the sound of labored breathing. Someone is in the yard! The slamming gate, the falling wood, the rattling of the shed, all are explained. Some drunken sot, no doubt, mistaking our yard for his own. Well, such as he are easily dealt with.

I strode to the door, switched on the yard light, and, with an impressive cough, stepped outside. I looked in amazement at the shed, the wood heap, and the gate. No one was there!

Thoroughly disgusted with the trick my imagination and the wind had played me, I was turning back towards the door, when, on my left and not five paces away, I beheld the intruder.

No drunken sot was he, but a thief and a burglar, as familiar with back fences and house tops as I with trams and footpaths. I regained the door at a bound, dashed across the room, seized the poker from the hearth, and then stole back to the door.

The intruder was still standing where I had left him; but, on my return, a sinister smile crossed his foxy face, and, with the peculiar gliding motion of his species, he advanced on me. Gripping my poker firmly, I, too, advanced; seeing this he paused, preparing, no doubt, to spring, but fully realising that the affair was "a la mort," I leapt at him, struck with all my force, and caught him full in his evil face.

With a choking gasp he crashed into the wall and slid forward, falling full length at my feet, where he lay quite still. A short examination showed me that no second blow was needed, which was well for me, since half the poker was somewhere across the yard. A brown stain almost right through the poker told its own tale.

I fell to contemplating the long, lean form of my fallen foe. His grey, close fitting clothes concealed none of his corded muscles. He looked like a trained athlete in perfect condition; his face, however, revealed his character. A small, pointed head and face he had, and in the lower portion of it had been a double row of sharp, white teeth. These were, however, somewhat disarranged now, and one of his bright little eyes had disappeared.

All these things noticed, as well as his white-tipped tail, and then I thought of the number of tender plants I had saved from destruction, for full well I knew how destructive opossums were to plants.

E.D.

GIRLS' SPORTS.

TENNIS NOTES.

This year we have had a number of tournaments, and were successful in the High School ones. Last quarter we went to Devonport and won eight sets out of nine, and later Hobart came up, and we won again, but only by five sets to four. The team was: W. Carter, D. Browne, A. Wearne, H. Elliott, I. Lewis, M. McKinnell, J. Blythe, and H. Harnett. A tournament was held at the sports, D. Browne winning the championship and handicap singles; D. Browne and W. Carter the championship doubles; I. Lewis and A. Wearne the handicap doubles. Several entered for the Pardey Shield and Schoolgirls' tournament, but no one got past the third round.

We would get on much better if some would play for love of the sport instead of because they must take some sport.

A ladder is to be started next quarter for next year's team, so anyone hoping to gain a place must play up.

HOCKEY NOTES.

This term the First and Second hockey teams played the first round of the roster. The Seconds completed their round on June 4, but the Firsts have played three out of four matches so far.

On May 10 an association match was played between the Firsts and Seconds. This was a good game, both sides playing well, and the match resulted in a draw, no goals being scored on either side.

On May 21 the next association match was played between the Firsts and Churinga. This team is very strong, but our girls played very well. The match was won by Churinga with five goals to nil.

The third match was played on May 28 between the Firsts and College. This team is also very strong, but they had a hard fight to wrest from our team the three goals by which they won.

The last match of the first round is to be played on June 11, when the Firsts play Broadland House.

SECONDS.

The Seconds, with the help of Miss Emms, have fought well against their opponents. In their first match they were defeated by six goals by Churinga. The next match, against the Firsts, was a drawn game, neither side scoring. The next was a victory by two goals over the Dunorlan team. Broadland House defeated us by four goals to two.

We are ably captained by Annie Smith, with E. Fielding as vice-captain.

MISS HARVEY'S TEAM.

Miss Harvey's first team—the "Blues"—have met and defeated Miss Tevelein's and Miss Wilcox's teams, due perhaps to the fact that the first and second emergencies practice with this team.

MISS WILCOX'S TEAM.

This team, led by B. Kilby, met and defeated Miss Stanfield's team by four goals to two. Miss Harvey's team, however, defeated them by two goals.

D1 TEAM

The hockey teams of D1 are called "Blues" and "Whites." A match was played between the two teams, and the winning team was to play Miss Harvey's team. The "Whites" won, and so played against Miss Harvey's team.

The game, which continued to be even till the last few minutes, was umpired by Miss Tevelein.

Miss Harvey's team hit six goals, D1 team four goals. The goals for D1 team were hit by Phyllis Wills and Ena Smith; those for Miss Harvey's team by Illa Scott.

The D4 girls played a match against D3 out at the Show Grounds, and the game was very exciting. The result was that the D3 girls won by two goals. The scores were: D3, 4 goals; D4, 2 goals. One of our goals was hit by a girl on the other side, and one of theirs was hit by one of our girls.

D4 plays D2 every Wednesday, and so far we have always been the winners.

PREFECTS.

Owing to football practices, practices for concerts, and the like, not much work has been done this term by the Prefects. Prefects have been appointed to look after the locker-rooms, Assembly Hall, tennis courts, and gardens. A working bee has been held to clean the school buildings; matters relating to the welfare of the school have been discussed, and remedies put into effect.

This year, as in other years, Prefects have felt that the remainder of the scholars do not always support them in the way that they should. Very few pupils, other than Prefects, will pick up paper from the yards or floors, or stop another boy or girl from breaking school rules. They do not come to the Prefects with suggestions, although the Prefects would be glad to hear of them.

The Prefects desire that the scholars should take more interest in their school, for it is their school as much as it is the Prefect's, and trust that in the next term the scholars will support the Prefects more than they have done in the past.

PAPAR CHASE.

The usual Empire Day paper chase was run again this year, and attracted more entries than usual. Two divisions were made, one for A Class and the first and second football teams, the second for the remainder of the school. Daymond and Dineen laid the trail for the firsts, and returned home without being caught, A. Ingles being first of the pack. The trail for the second division was laid by Corrigan and Hope, who were not caught. Ponsonby, Wearne, Wadley, and Johnstone were the first of the pack to return. The distance was between eight and nine miles, and the time was 80 minutes.

MY FIRST CHEMICAL EXPERIMENT.

(By Professor Odorum.)

Having studied chemistry for the long period of three months, I conceived the idea of getting up a laboratory of my own. I accordingly purchased a little apparatus, which I set up on the back verandah. Then I decided that I should like to prepare some sulphuretted hydrogen.

Not having any copper sulphide, I purloined the spout of an old copper kettle. Placing it in a jam tin, I covered it with sulphur, and placed the whole on a gas ring. When the sulphur melted I discovered that it had eaten through the tin, causing it, naturally, to leak on the gas ring. Turning the gas full on, I caused such a smell of burning sulphur that I was glad when this part of the operation was over. I put the product of the jam tin experiment into a pickle jar, and covered it with some hydrochloric acid which my father used for soldering, and which I was forbidden to touch. I then fitted the jar with a cork through which I had put a piece of glass tubing, altogether too small for the job; and on this I fixed a piece of rubber tube, which I dipped into a bottle.

While I was waiting for the bottle to fill I noticed a peculiar odor, which appeared to proceed from the cork rather than from the end of the rubber tube. However, I did not think that this would matter, as I went to put away the forbidden acid. On my return I saw and felt an accident. My glass tube had proved altogether too small for its work, and a little of my essence de jam tin had stopped it up. The gas, unable to escape, had forced out the cork, which rose skywards and punctured the window. The collecting bottle ceased to be whole, while the generating jar turned a double somersault and sent the acid flying over me. When I finished washing the acid from my person, my father, attracted by the delicate perfume of the sulphuretted hydrogen, appeared upon the scene. I will not describe what followed, but the outcome of it was, quoth the raven, "Nevermore!"

THREE POEMS IN THE GEORGIAN MANNER.

BEAUTY.

Beauty dwells within the mind,
And there each lovely thing does find
A quiet keeping, at the last,
When death, and all death's loss, is past.

TO A GOLD-FISH IN HEAVEN.

Yesterday you shone and shone,
Like a page the sun would con
With his glance of gold.

Now you're cold—
And those radiant lustres fled,
Leave a pallor round your head.

And our green-eyed cat
Waits on the mat . . .

TO-DAY.

Do not think to judge the great
And of old deeds make estimate,
In terms forgotten, and gone by,
Lost sight of, hidden from time's eye.
But rather find in your own heart
Dreams, of those dead dreams counterpart;
And in Charlie Chaplin see
Falstaff of modernity.
Or in that man the world would gain
A mighty-voiced new Tamberlaine.

EDITOR'S SCRAP BOOK.

You have before you the first number of the Churinga for this year. The reduced number of issues of this magazine is largely due to the fact that tremendous difficulty is experienced in obtaining original matter and to the apparent reluctance of many scholars to buy the magazine.

From the copy before us—for which we thank the contributors—we are convinced that there is plenty of ability in the school, but unfortunately it is very latent. Undoubtedly many of you can "deliver the goods" in literary efforts, so why not do so?

Members of the committee will be glad to receive material for publication at any time during the year, the earlier the better. Why not give them a chance to do so? It's their job.

A MOONLIGHT REVERIE.

To a lover of Nature in all its grandeur and yet incomparable simplicity, what could appeal more than the scene before us. A lofty silence prevails in everything, a silence accentuated by the soft murmur of the sea as it settles to rest around the feet of the sturdy headlands. The beach, a little to the right, curves far below between two giant capes, whose scarred faces stare unseemingly over the great expanse of water. Feature the bold headland, the massive immovable cliffs, the great imperturbable headlands. Giant waves, ferocious tempests had flung their impotent fury against the bulky battlements; yet nothing had conquered their colossal strength. Behind the cliffs a long, low plain covered with stunted trees, between which a little silvery road crept up toward distant, heavily timbered ranges.

The sun had long since sunk below the horizon, and had been replaced by the huge wings of night. Under these dark pinions broods a quiet silence. The sky is interspersed with little friendly gleams of light which somehow remind one of that little rhyme,

"Twinkle, twinkle, little star."

Suddenly the young moon rises over the sea which is now unrippled, and lies like a surface of aquamarine tinted calm. The whole world seems a veritable paradise, robed in a shimmering haze of silvery light.

NOTHING AND NOBODY.

VIOLETS.

Violets, tiny fragrant wells of purple happiness, brightening the sodden dullness of ferny glades, demurely peeping from the sheltering green, with the evening dews sparkling softly on them, like stars set in the purple dome. Their elfin heads a-twinkle with fairy lanterns, lighting up their tiny palaces beneath enshrining green, fragrant petals all achime to the music of the soft breeze and rippling waters.

T.M.

MRS. MCSWEENEY'S SOLILOQUY OF LOVE.

"Faith! Mrs Maloney," said Mrs McSweeney, "it's glad I am to see ye, for it's troubled I am. Ye sure know that my gel Marge come 'ome from scule yisterday, and she says to me, 'Mum, what's love?' I reckoned she was mad, but she says 'it's a ticklin' round her 'art that ye can't scratch.' Sich nonsense young gurls git into their heads nowadays. But it set me athinkin', Mrs Maloney, so I 'unts out a deficiency—you knows what I means, one of them things what tells yer everything, and it ses 'a feelin' of passionate affection for one of the opposite sex,' an' it 'ad a pratty verse o' poetry about love being blind. And I says to meself that's a good job, too. What do you think about hit, Mrs Maloney. 'Tell Marge not to think about sich stuff, but to stick to 'er lessings loike tar to a tom cat.' 'Sure and that's what I think, too, Mrs Maloney. Must ye really go, Mrs Maloney? Good-bye, thin—don't forget yer parcel.'"

"THE SPIRIT OF SPRING."

I had climbed the mountain of Fancy until I could climb no further; then exhausted by my strenuous efforts, I lay down on the ledge and closed my eyes. For a time they remained so, but at last, utterly weary as they were, they could rest no longer; an irresistible force was dragging at them. I could not keep them shut. I was forced to let them gaze into the blue vault above me, which was strangely fresh and clear and keen. It hurt.

Then I found I could no longer lie on my ledge; despite myself, I had to rise, and then my eyes flew to the distant northern horizon, which just enclosed the great north-jutting Cape of my land.

On its extreme tip a flock of green and gold appeared, it swelled, it spread south and spread west, bearing all before it. With it came the songs of millions of birds.

Sometimes the green predominated, sometimes the yellow almost disappeared, but always everywhere I could see the stream of mingled yellow and gold, and never did the soul-stirring, heart-swelling love-songs of birds cease. The flood of love and brightness was irresistible and universal. Even the arid deserts were affected; and southward and westward sped the torrent of new life and all powerful love and newness.

The sea itself was but a small barrier to that mighty force. The little southern islet fell before the attack and became a mass of glory.

And I saw the lyre birds, the wild pigeons, the doves, the starlings, the goldfinches, the rabbits, and every creature under the Southern Cross smitten with the sublime immortal disease which spring never fails to bring—the old, old disease which is ever and always new—the great disease called Love.

C1 AND C2 SOCIAL.

This term a very enjoyable evening was spent by the members of C1 and C2, when they met in the Assembly Hall for their social. Our thanks are due to Miss Grubb and other teachers and the members of the Programme and Supper Committees. Numerous interesting innovations were introduced in the programme, which included a song by Miss Grubb and a violin solo by Cliff Reeves, as well as a whistling competition by the girls.

WHAT IS HOW MUCH WHAT THAN WHAT?

I was in the class-room, but no one saw or heard me. How this came about I shan't attempt to tell you, for you won't believe or understand me unless you've done the same sort of thing yourself, and, of course, if you have, you know, as well as I do, how it's done, and don't need to be told. The fact remains, I was there.

So, too, was a gentleman of middle height and of considerable middle size; his presence had caused two other presences. The one manifested itself on the board in all sorts of queer devices, straight lines caught bending in various degrees, some straight ones completely bent, and groups of so many of them that I got tired of trying to understand them, though I at least formed this conclusion, that it was a sermon of some sort, because I could read the words "Vadius, Rector," and in some places was the word "sin." The other presence sat heavily on the faces of those around me. Judging by the effect it produced on them, it might easily have been contrition for the sin they were discussing.

Presently a prolonged whistle sounded, and the sound of many footsteps reached my ears; faces peered in at the window, and their owners seemed anxious to enter, but still the discussion continued, and a second whistle was sounded. Then the gentleman who had been talking about Mr Vadius, the Rector, took up a book off the desk in front of him and left the room.

This exit was followed by the entrance of the owners of the faces at the window, and by a remarkable change in the faces around me. These were brightened with smiles and interest in the conversation which now prevailed, but a hurried step on the landing and the entrance of another gentleman, with a thin grey book, banished these once more, and a settled gloom, deeper even than that which had so recently been dispelled, came over almost every countenance.

The owners of these countenances each produced a book similar to that which the new-comer carried. I stole a glance at one which lay open on a desk near me. Surely that was poetry? Why, then, this gloom? Were these people so dead to the charms of poetry that they looked miserable at the very mention of it?

Ah! what is that? The gentleman speaks. I hear, but understand not. Yet surely the words have a familiar ring. Ah! at last the truth dawns upon me, and a well of pity springs up within me for these poor creatures who are studying, as I once studied, LATIN!

OVERHEARD.

"My scansion to my sorrow,
I have somewhere just mislaid,
What will happen me in Latin
I'm a little bit afraid.

"Have you learned that awful vocali?
Were there very many words?
Do you know I've hunted Postgate,
And I cannot find those verbs!

"Just lend me your translation,
(Oh, yes! I'll give it back),
I'll have to get down something—
You needn't look so black.

What! you haven't done it either?
Well I think you're mighty cool,
There's the whistle, and its Latin—
It's a case of 'after school.'"

CADET NOTES.

A competition in athletic events and drill was held between the various companies of cadets in the town. A team of twenty-five from the State High won by points from Invermay and Barracks. This team then journeyed to Devonport to compete with teams from Hobart, Burnie, and Devonport. There our boys were less successful, losing to Devonport by points. The team nevertheless thoroughly enjoyed the trip, despite the unfavorable weather conditions.

A SINGING STUDENT'S SATURDAY NIGHT'S
FEVERISH NIGHTMARE.

p In after years when time is past,
f When still our stately High School stands,
When evening's twilight gathers fast,
And we do rest our weary hands.
In these words my care-worn heart
pp Would to thee its grief impart.
Then, ah, then! I think of her!!
f It grieves me that I am not there!!!
Chorus—Ta-tai, ta-fa-te-fe, ta-tai (three times).
cres When old age come upon us,
dim With furrowed brow and silvery hair,
cres Wobbly, toothless, aching old age,
dim That will brains and strength impair.
Spectacles adorn the forehead,
Draughty breezes bring the gout,
Noisy children dodge around him,
retard What he's told goes in and out.
Chorus—Ta-tai, ta-fa-te-fe, ta-tai (three times).
cres Play to me only on the flute,
And I will beat the drum,
f Or sing aloud a lively tune,
p And I will only hum,
The sol-fa that we learn is good,
But cannot match a fife;
f But might I play in City's band,
p I would enjoy my life.
Chorus—Ta-tai, ta-fa-te-fe, ta-tai (three times).

M.I.L.

DUCES OF SCHOOL.

(First Term, 1921.)

- A1 Class—Joy Austin.
- A2 Class—Doris Robinson.
- B1 Class—Dorothy Fleming.
- B2 Class—Gwen Jessop.
- C1 Class—J. Triptree.
- C2 Class—T. Doe.
- C3 Class—R. Hyndes, M. Douglas.
- C4 Class—Ray Hall.
- D1 Class—Jean Finlay.
- D2 Class—Lucy Holbrook.
- D3 Class—Betty Hogarth.
- D4 Class—L. Jacques.

OLD SCHOLARS' COLUMN.

Patron: Mr R. O. M. Miller, B.A.
Vice-Patrons: Messrs. R. H. Crawford A. Brockett, W. Fletcher,
and W. H. Daymond.
President: Mr W. L. Grace, B.A.
General Secretary: Mr Tom G. Johnston.
Assistant Secretaries: Mr H. Freeburgh, Miss I. Walker.
Editor Old Scholars' Column: Mr I. Douglas.
Committee: Messrs. Illingworth, McElwee, and Lawson; Misses
Jacobson, Peters, and Cox.

ANNUAL MEETING.

The annual meeting was held on Wednesday, 22nd of March, 1921, the Principal (Mr Miller), assisted by the President (Mr W. L. Grace), occupying the chair. The attendance was fair, but considerable enthusiasm was manifested.

The General Secretary (Mr T. G. Johnston) read the following report and presented the balance-sheet.

SEVENTH ANNUAL REPORT.

Ladies and Gentlemen,—

In presenting the Seventh Annual Report your Committee congratulate the members on the successful year which has passed. Indeed it may be cited as the most successful year.

The General Committee decided early in the year to bring the separate and subsidiary clubs under the direct head of the Association, in order to extend its activities, and at the same time bring the whole of the finances under one head.

They formed Sport, Civic, Literary and Debating, Social and Music Sections, these sections being again divided into sub-sections.

Sports.—The Sports Section is a very live one, with Mr Illingworth as convener.

The Tennis Section, under the secretaryship of Miss Edna Cox, is progressing most favorably, and a very fine club is in the making.

One of the most delightful events during the year was the opening of the long-looked-for Tennis Courts. A Gala Day was made on this momentous occasion, and Dr. Pardey (the donator of the handsome Pardey Shields for school-girl and boy competition), in an inspiring speech, performed this function.

It is very largely due to this fact that the Tennis Club is so successful. We trust, with these added facilities, the school will make a very good showing in the Pardey Shields contests this year.

We owe congratulations to the Hockey Team, who, under the leadership of Miss Jensen, secured the premiership honors for the 1920 season. Much of their success was due to the energetic services rendered by Miss Ida Walker, the secretary.

In the Inter-State matches the Tasmanian team included five members of this club.

The Social Section, under the leadership of Mr Harold Freeburg, did excellent work.

The monthly Socials, despite hard work on the part of the convener and his committee, were not so well patronised as the committee had reason to expect; the lack of support, especially from the younger members, was at times very discouraging.

The accounts of the Association show: General: A credit balance of £9 10s 3d, or £7 1s 6d more than the previous year; and the Sections, £135 15s 7d. Total, £145 6s 10d.

The amount standing to the Reserve Fund last year was £130, but the Tennis Courts were completed, and in fulfilment of our agreement with the school and the Education Department, we paid to the Department £100, reducing the amount to £30, but the interest accrued has left us with £35 4s to credit of Reserve Fund. The Association therefore has a credit balance at the Bank for Savings, Launceston, of £180 10s 10d.

Regret is felt at the death of Miss Mona Howroyd. The Association also extends its deepest sympathy to Roy Pullen, whose mother and father died during the year.

Your Committee wish to congratulate the Principal, Staff, and Scholars of the school upon the successes which attended them during the past year, and it congratulates them particularly upon the excellent results obtained in the recent Public Examinations.

The Association also congratulates Miss Bertha Layh, B.A., upon the distinction of being the first old scholar to obtain the Arts Degree. It is with regret that the committee had to say good-bye to Miss Brown and Mr W. P. Listner, M.A.

The Association desires to take this opportunity of congratulating Miss Amy Walker on relinquishing school teaching for matrimony: they heartily congratulate her, and she has the very best wishes of the Association for a bright and happy future.

Your Committee's thanks are given to those supporters who so loyally helped the Association during the year, and it looks forward to a year of increased prosperity.

STATEMENT OF RECEIPTS AND EXPENDITURE.

RECEIPTS

	£	s.	d.
Balance from last year at Credit in Launceston Bank for			
Savings	2	9	9
Badges	3	13	9
Donations	1	1	0
Subscriptions	33	12	6
Less Magazines	13	11	11
	20	0	7
Bank Interest	0	18	11
Sections—			
Fair	101	12	11
Sports	0	18	8
Social	33	16	4
Civic Literary and Debating	0	12	4
	135	15	7
	£163	19	7

EXPENDITURE

	£	s.	d.
Advertising	0	7	6
Rent	3	7	6
Petty Cash and Postage	7	1	3
Printing and Stationery	3	1	5
Annual Dinner and Social	4	15	1
Bank Balance	145	6	10
	£163	19	7

BALANCE-SHEET.

	£	s.	d.
Subscriptions Paid in Advance	1	3	0
Rent Due	3	2	0
Social Section	23	0	0
Accumulated Funds at at 31st December, 1919 ...	132	9	9
Add Surplus for Year	27	16	1
	160	5	10
	£187	10	10
	£	s.	d.
Badges	7	0	0
Cash in Bank	145	6	10
Reserve Fund	35	4	0
	£187	10	10

The Association is well on another year of progress, and it is to be hoped that the usual standard will be maintained. The committee has done its best to encourage the spirit of camaraderie amongst old scholars by the organisation of the various sections, and it remains for each individual member to do his best to advance the section of his choice. There is ample scope. The dancing class has its staunch supporters, but we would like to put in an appeal for support to the Club's Literary and Debating Section and the Musical Section. These sections should appeal to the thinkers amongst us. It is one thing to be entertained by a social committee. To dance to an arranged programme. But these sections require individual work, and the world is sadly in need of original thinkers and workers. . . . Attend, ye Paderewskis of the future, ye Gladstones and Ciceros to be!

As a result of the fair which was held last year, it is hoped shortly to purchase a new boat for the school, to form the nucleus of an up-to-date reference library, and to make improvements to the tennis courts. The sum of £100 is available for this purpose. It is pleasing to note that we are at last beginning to be able to realise some of our most important aims. The first ideal of the Association should be the welfare of the school. Everything else is secondary.

It is impossible to travel far in any part of Tasmania without meeting old scholars. How many of them, though, wear the badge of the Association? . . . How many of them, one wonders, have given the matter any thought at all?

FAREWELL TO MESSRS. FREEBURGH AND WALKER.

On the evening of the 13th of June the Old Scholars met in the King's Hall to bid farewell to Messrs. Harold Freeburgh and Jack Walker, who are shortly to be transferred to the new Burnie branch of the Commonwealth Bank. Mr W. L. Grace, President of the Association, in a speech eulogising the good qualities of the guests, referred to the splendid work both had done both in the school and later in the work of the Old Scholars' Association, where Mr Freeburgh had occupied the position of assistant secretary of the Association and secretary of the Churinga Dancing Class. He had been mainly responsible for the great success of the latter section of the Association. (Applause.) Mr Tom Johnston, general secretary, and Mr I. Douglas both spoke in similar strains. Mr Grace thereupon presented to Mr Freeburgh a handsome set of pipes, and to Mr Walker a fountain pen. "For they are jolly good fellows" was then sung, and cheers given for the recipients. Both suitably responded, and thanked those present for the gifts.

The rest of the evening was spent in games, dancing, and songs. Items were rendered by Misses Adams and M. and D. Chick. The singing of "Auld Lang Syne" and the National Anthem brought a very pleasant evening to a close.

RESIGNATION.

Mr H. Freeburgh, having been transferred to Burnie, will be leaving Launceston shortly, and in consequence has tendered his resignation as assistant secretary. In the next issue of this magazine a further announcement will be made.

Mr Wilfrid Stephens has been elected assistant secretary.

CHURINGA TENNIS CLUB.

The last two quarters have gone by and nothing much has been done in connection with our club.

Members are slowly joining up, and at present the financial members number 30, some of whom show great enthusiasm, and even brave the frost of these cold mornings by rising in the dark and playing in the fog. Of course we don't blame them, but only wish that more showed the same spirit. We also note that the boys keep well in the background in this respect, most likely in their beds, dreaming of the day when they shall be a Tilden or a Patterson. We hope that these dreams will some day prove true.

We want to remind those players who are only beginning the game that all have to make a start some time, and they should make use of the court as well as the older players.

During the first quarter interest was shown in the playing of ladder matches, and some very close games resulted, and players generally improved in form.

Two of our enthusiastic members, I. Briggs and T. James, left us during the first term, and to these we extend an invitation when in our town to come along and have a game.

There is still the "laissez faire" spirit, but perhaps when the summer months come again things will move with a better swing.

CHURINGA HOCKEY CLUB.

The hockey season for the Churinga Club opened with a match against State High II., which resulted in a victory for our team. We were also fortunate in winning the two following matches against State High I. and Broadland House.

Several of the members of our club were represented in the Carnival at Devonport, and did very good work.

Great interest is being taken in the "Inter-State Week," to be held in Adelaide in August next, and in order to assist in raising funds to send the team, the club organised a very successful concert.

On Saturday, June 18, a Hockey Carnival will be held at the Cricket Ground, when our team will play College. This match is looked forward to with great enthusiasm, as it will practically decide the premiership for the season.

IDA E. WALKER, Hon. Secretary.

CHURINGA DANCING CLASS.

The sub-section of the Association still continues to attract many members. Every Monday evening at the King's Hall a number of members assemble to indulge in the fascinating art of dancing and to spend an enjoyable evening, in which they are not disappointed. There is a good number of beginners this year who are progressing in the art very quickly under the able guidance of Mrs Pike, our instructress, to whom our success is mainly due. Our "open invitation" nights have met with great success, an average number of 110 dancers being present. The idea of the "open invitation" night is to enable the old scholar members to spend an evening with their friends, and, judging from the attendance on the two several occasions we have held them, it augurs well for success in that direction. The class is open to all old scholars, and we extend to them all a cordial invitation to come along and join our happy throng, and to all those who wish to learn dancing, my advice is to come along straight away and not to hesitate. They will be surprised how quickly they can pick up the steps.

W. A. STEPHENS, Hon. Sec.

CIVICS LITERARY AND DEBATING SECTION.

An Old Scholars' Civics, Literary and Debating Society has again been formed for this season. A committee, consisting of Messrs. Douglas (chairman), Carey (honorary secretary), Scott, and Miss Emms, has assumed charge of affairs, and the first meeting took place at the school on June 9, when Mr R.O.M. Miller delivered an interesting and instructive address on "Pleasure and Pain." The subject, which was handled from physiological, biological, and psychological view points, coupled with illustrations from everyday personally known experience, generated wonderful interest, and a remarkably wide and appealing field was covered in the discussion that followed. A vote of thanks to the lecturer concluded the meeting.

In opening the meeting an urgent appeal for support from old scholars was made by the chairman. Last year this section nearly dwindled into nothingness, and 'twas but a fluke that we have it at all this time. Why do old scholars not patronise the society? Is it that they are shy? Surely they need not be. There is not a more happy, democratic, unconventional crowd in the world than our little section. Every newcomer will be welcomed and rejoiced over—so now here's a chance—you come along and help us and see what we have to offer to you. You must like meeting old pals and making new ones; you must just love talking over and listening to items of vital personal interest; you must feel absorbed when thinking over and discussing what might evolve some new theory or make some old one useful to you in your own little world of joy and sorrow. So without attempting to apply pressure, but in a hopeful way to banish shyness, we again ask you for your co-operation. Don't leave the business for the other chap—you won't gain anything by that; don't postpone it, but get a programme or see a committee member and find out when the next "race" is, and come along. The programmes (which will be joyfully supplied by the secretary) show fortnightly meets, but it is hoped to get unofficial functions in between, and so maintain a constant stream of interest without becoming too dogmatically officialised. Again, as a finale, we want YOUR help.

F. M. CAREY, Secretary.

PERSONAL NOTES.

During the Easter 'Varsity vacation the following old scholars paid visits to the school:—Fanny Freshney, Jack Truskett, Jack Parish, Sam Cruikshank (from Melbourne University), Arvon Williams, "Finny" Finlayson, Stuart Maslin, and Jack Beardwood, while Mr Miller has received letters from "Nigger" Fahey, Ben Wall, and one from Cecil Nash, at far away Honolulu.

Quite a number of old scholars are becoming engaged. Fred. Partridge has found the girl of his choice in the far nor'-western town of Smithton, while Gordon ("Dabber") Redman is also contemplating joining the ranks of the married buffers. We congratulate both. Our best wishes also go to Miss Kath McKay, who has been engaged, and to Miss Amy Walker (now Mrs Higginbotham), who has deserted Tasmania for the mainland.

Our President recently stated that one of the aims of the O.S.A. is to link up old scholars, and this seems to have been acted upon by two members. We have very much pleasure in congratulating Mr Harold ("Moses") McElwee and Miss Jean Peter upon their engagement. Both are energetic workers for the Association.

This list grows long, but it is not yet complete. We congratulate both Lou Thompson and Jack Morrison upon their respective engagements.

It all makes one feel how old one is becoming, alas.

Hugh Clark is doing good work as wireless operator in New South Wales.

Aidan Scott and Jack Fahey are learning to be farmers at the Hawkesbury Agricultural College. On the completion of their course there they will go to the new High School at the Huon.

"DUSK."

I was nearing the end of a perfect day which I had passed amid the glorious forests of the North-West Coast. All day the sun had shed the warm light of mid-spring over the tall trees, in whose foliage all colors could be seen. The chief of these was green—dark, glossy green in the lower leaves, shading, as they neared the top, into a softer green, and at last into the fresh tender green which seems in the sun-light almost a gentle gold, yet unmistakably and beautifully green.

But now the delicate distinctions of color were disappearing, objects became white, black or invisible. The early dusk which seemed not like a farewell to something beautiful, but a promise of further beauty on the morrow. And now, barely visible in the failing light, the timid rabbits came forth to nibble the tender blades on which the dew was just settling. I had caught many glimpses of these shy denizens of the forest during the day, but they had been glimpses of a flash of grey or black gone almost before they were seen; but now, emboldened by the dusk, they came hopping, frolicking among the tall grass which would have hidden them but for their white tails.

They ran, they jumped, they stopped short, they coquetted, they leaped, they squealed; nothing seemed too mad for them to do in their long postponed fun. They knew I was watching them, but what cared they. I had no gun, and they knew it, none better, and that was why I was granted this close view of their mad frolic.

But, gradually, the darkness settled; slowly, the racing figures became blurred; I could see them no more, though they still frolicked, as their squeals and the scuttling of their feet proved to me. But their sight was keener than mine. For me it was black, solemn night.

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, Miss E. C. Greaves, Miss B. Layh, B.A., Miss A. Grubb, B.A., Miss McDonough, Miss Harvey, Miss Wilcox, Miss Stanfield, Miss Underwood, Miss Tevelein, Miss Emms, Mr T. Lee, Mr W. V. Tennis-wood, Mr E. O. G. Scott.

PREFECTS

Senior Prefects—Joy Austin, Fred. Townsend.

Sports Prefects—Doris Robinson, Stuart Johnson, Jack Daymond.

Prefects—Thelma McIver, Mattie McKinnel, Winnie Carter, Phil. Frith, Jean Kidd, Mary Leicester, Jack Blake, Charlie Adams, Alice Bevan, Cliff Reeves, Myra Kidd, Ben Howe, Colin Ingles, Una Barrett, Olive Challis, Arnold Cartwright, Jack Ride.

Sub-Prefects—Jean Linstead, Ena Smith, Charlie Stevens, Lucy Holbrook, Campbell, Newman, Edna Dunn, Louisa McKenzie, Des Chandler.

Dux of School—J. Austin.

School Champion—W. Dynan.

Captain of Cricket—P. Holmes.

Captain of Football—J. Blake.

Captain of Hockey—Doris Robinson.

Captain of Tennis—W. Carter.

Tennis Champion—D. Browne.

Stroke of Crew—W. Ingles.

Librarian—Mr E. Scott.

Old Scholars' Association—President: Mr W. L. Grace. Secretary: Mr S. Johnston.

Magazine Committee—R. McHugh (Editor), R. Buring (Sub-Editor), T. McIvor, M. Leicester, M. Eastoe, G. Lewis, C. Wearne.

Editor Old Scholars' Column—R. I. Douglas.