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TALK TO PARENTS.

FINDING A JOB.

At the close of the year, when so many pupils leave the school, there comes the problem—not easily solved—of finding a job.

At the bottom of the quarterly reports sent out by the school there is a notice to the effect that the principal is willing to consult and advise parents as to the welfare of their children. To my mind, the number of parents who avail themselves of this consultation is far too few.

The problem is very complex. It is not merely the problem of finding a job so much as finding a job ideally suitable—that is a position which provides for continual growth, not merely financially, but also in interest.

In solving the problem many things must be taken into consideration—the school career, the home surroundings, the boy's inclination, the physique and even the stature.

The school has a kind of employment bureau in which a list of firms and employers requiring boys is kept. To those parents who are also employers of labor we would appeal for assistance in this direction.

A pleasing feature noticeable during the eight years that the school has been opened is the increasing number of ex-scholars scattered about the town and suburbs who give the school information as to the likelihood of the various firms requiring employees.

To them the parents of the school owe a debt of gratitude. I have been able to place several boys in suitable careers because of the interest shown in the school by these old scholars.

In London and America there have been organised special advisory committees for juvenile employment.

These committees consist of representatives of employers and employees, other persons possessing experience or knowledge of young people, and teachers. These committees function in various ways. They prevent the undue exploitation of youthful energy by grasping parents. They report continuously to the teachers of the success or failure of ex-pupils. They prevent pupils from entering "blind alley" occupations; and so on. They endeavor to look after the child in his leisure hours, and try to instil into his mind the ideals of social service.

Whether Launceston is too small for an organisation similar to these is open to discussion. The school and staff will do its share in assisting in the formation of any organisation such as here outlined, and I will be pleased to hear from anyone willing to assist in this direction.

WARBLERS.

Since last midwinter the Warblers have reverted to the original of the Club. We have deeply regretted the loss of the opportunity for watching and displaying artistic merits (if any) as actors and actresses. Undoubtedly the Club as it was last term was of great educational value in the broad sense of that word. It requires, as a few loyal supporters know, a pretty good share of "nerve" to face a crowd when one is not accustomed to it, and the only way to get the "nerve" is (pardon the Irishism) to get accustomed to it, and this is what few get a chance to do without the Warblers' Club.

Unfortunately, a performance worth giving makes a big call on the time of those giving it, and as the number of those ready to help was very restricted, the load became too great, and a very good thing "went West."

However, the new regime is not without its interest, though at present in abeyance on account of the Public Examinations. We see

prospects of good fun, in the shape of concerts, "when the clouds have rolled away;" we do not forget, either, that a social is forthcoming, and we trust we shall remember what that means when the time comes, although at present we have only ideas greatly softened by time to associate with that word.

AN ONLOOKER'S THOUGHTS.

"What's that? A cricket match at the Oval? All right, I'll come," so I went with my friend to my first cricket match. He told me, on the way, that in their town they had formed the habit of nick-naming the various players after members of the Australian Eleven. I expressed surprise, and then a thought struck me.

"Who were the Australian Eleven?" I asked.

"Why, usually Armstrong, Collins, Bardsley —" he replied, repeating a list of names I had never heard connected before.

"Yes," I said, "but who were they? What did they do?" His amazement was comical and complete, and it was some time before he told me that these were the men who had gone to England and defeated almost all comers.

I was quite interested to discover this, but our arrival at the Oval ended the discussion. The match was about to commence; the home side, as my friend found out somehow, had won the toss, and, as he put it, "elected to bat." Ten fellows, all in white, got out into the paddock and looked interested. Two sets of stumps (my friend's expression) were stuck in the ground at either end of the "pitch," and one of the men in white stood near one set; he had a leather ball in his hand. Just behind the other "stumps" stood a fellow, for whom I was really sorry. He must have had a bad accident; both his legs were securely bandaged in special things containing splints; his hands, too, were bandaged, and he wore heavy gloves. Then I noticed two other chaps coming towards the "stumps," and saw that they also had their legs bandaged up (the things I mentioned were "pads," my friend said); I thought at first they were carrying walking sticks, but I recognised these, wonderful to relate, as bats.

One of them stood near the badly injured fellow and proceeded "to take centre;" then he banged a hole in the ground. I asked my friend why, but he seemed irritated (the heat, no doubt), and answered shortly, but, of course, truly, "O, to keep the worms off the pitch."

I didn't look at the chaps with the bats again until I heard "Good old Macartney! That's the stuff, Jimmy," and I found that Macartney had banged the ball clean out of the paddock. I found out that he wasn't Macartney, but was called that because he was "such a brilliant batsman and indulged in some beautiful wrist strokes." I couldn't see much brilliancy about him except that he was red-headed. All he did was to knock the ball all over the place and run from one end of the pitch to the other. But he did do a lot of wrist strokes, and had to retire at last because the ball had hit his wrists so often they were nearly broken.

The other batsman at the beginning was nick-named Armstrong; they said he had a splendid leg break, but it didn't quite come off that day. The first ball he hit got one of the fellows in the shin. and I thought that was a "leg break," but it was only a bad bruise. After that he didn't hit one very hard until Macartney retired. Soon after the next man came in. Armstrong hit one straight at him, and it hit him one of his bandaged legs; the pain must have been terrible since the limb was in splints; anyhow the poor fellow retired. They told me he was called Gregory because he was an "express." I remem-

bered how he dashed into the field, and I know he expressly desired to get off it again after that injury, so I suppose his name was justly given.

Armstrong's next feat was foolish: tired of breaking other chap's legs, he hit one of his own with the bat, and the paper said that he "retired hurt."

The batsmen were now Mailey (another "break") and Carter ("named after the great wicketkeeper," my pal told me, and also explained that he was "keeping his wicket up while Mailey scored," hence, I suppose, a "wicketkeeper").

Well, the first thing Mailey broke was his duck. I didn't see that incident, but I suppose the ball must have lobbed on it when it fell over the fence. Then he broke his friend's wicket by hitting the ball into it (Carter wasn't expected to stop that). Then he broke the window of the pavilion, and then a spectator's hat (a straw one). Then the bowler did a bit of breaking in the region of Mailey's "off-stump," and Mailey was out, having made a break of sixty-three.

At this stage I was beginning to get interested, but the sun was nearly down, and the players were, I suppose, frightened they would get hit with the ball if they played in the dark, so they went home, not, however, before I had decided not to miss a match during the season.

BE TRUE.

For the sake of the winding future,
And the wonderful days to be;
For the sake of the fleeting present
And undying memory;
For those who will follow after,
For those who have gone before,
Be true to the school's great honour,
Be true—you can do no more.

There are times in the life of a nation,
When every action may tell;
There are times when a call in the school days
Stands for more than the sounding bell.
When the words you say go ringing
Across the bridge of years,
When the echoes filter duly
With smiles or pitying tears.

Be true—let it be your watchword,
To follow you all through life;
Be true, whether playing at football,
Or facing the after-strife.
There is nothing on earth so perfect
As "love" for the dear old school;
There is nothing on earth so helpful
As "Be true" to your Golden Rule.

THOSE WHO CONTRIBUTE.

Are requested to note that if a contribution is taken from another magazine or paper of any description that fact must be acknowledged. Courtesy demands that something like the following should be appended to such contribution:—

"From the Boys' Own Annual."

CADET NOTES.

(By "Cato Major.")

Various changes have occurred recently, resulting in the return of an old friend, Sergeant-Major Garlic, as Area Officer. When he was here as Sergeant-Major he took great interest in the N.C.O. Class, which he formed. Many of the original members of this left at Christmas, and some since then, but the remainder, along with some new members, were examined on Friday, November 11. The uniform success which attended the efforts of these candidates is largely due to the untiring efforts of their instructor, to whom they tender very sincere thanks.

Some of the class intend to continue and sit for the sergeant's exam. at a future date. We may hope, without undue optimism, that soon we will have our own cadet officers, as we had some few years ago.

EDITOR'S SCRAP BOOK.

We present the second copy of the "Churinga," which has been reduced, without reflecting one atom of credit on the school and the spirit pervading the scholars, from a quarterly to a half-yearly journal.

Even now, in producing it, we are confronted with a very serious question: IS IT WORTH WHILE?

If a school of the size, nature, and position of our own cannot produce a magazine of the modern size of the "Churinga," at the very least twice a year, a serious reflection is justly cast on its scholars. If the school spirit were at the height it should attain, there would be little, if any, difficulty in this direction. At present to attempt to obtain original matter, and even some of the reports is almost as futile as to attempt the proverbial extraction of blood from a stone.

We realise that at present approximately half the school is putting in the sprint for the Senior and Junior Exams. (may those be successfully encountered by all), and that in consequence there is to spare but little time for literary efforts, but everyone knows that, at any time, the members of the Committee will gladly receive contributions. These will be even more welcome early in the term than late, as they can be attended to more easily.

It is most unpleasant to be for ever complaining of the lack of interest displayed, but you will find that every school with a name to be proud of has its magazine. Our school has a name to be very proud of, has it not? It is up to us to see that it has a Magazine whose pages are full of good reading of all kinds.

Once more I would appeal to you, as fellow pupils of "The Best School of All," to do your bit!

"A DESERT."

Sand, sand, sand, and sand with ever-increasing heat. The midnight stars seemed hardly to have blossomed before dawn turned the desert world to a delicate transparent yellow, deepening at the zenith to blue and on the desert floor to orange. As the sun rose the yellow changed gradually to scarlet, and for a few moments earth and sky quivered in lambent red fire. When the sun had shot clear of the mountains,

details of landscape and contrasts of color were accented. Clear black peaks, crimson of canyons, purple of rifts in the ranges, bright moss green of cactus dots on the yellow desert floor, and always to the west that far-melting loveliness of blue and gold and black of the mighty mountains; and always the quivering, parching air that burns against the body like a furnace blast; and always sand, sand, sand, loneliness and—desert.

A.N.

CLASS NOTES.

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

THE LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT OF A1.

We, the celebrated A1 Class of 1921, hereby being in our right mind and in full possession of our senses (?), do solemnly give, devise, and bequeath all our real and personal estate of which we may depart possessed to those who may follow after.

First, our most venerated and highly respected teachers, in the hope that they will at last receive the deference due to their exalted position; secondly, the class-room in which scholarly atmosphere we have for the past year lived, moved, and had our being and all that appertains thereto, namely:—

Numerous dusters, providing that such an one as bears the monogram of the illustrious A1, shall, according to our wish, be framed and hung up as a memento of the class departed; also sixteen (16) window wedges, the kind gift of one William White, of this school.

One volume of Cicero, slightly damaged—useful for the transmission of notes—to be used in that capacity by our heirs, who shall guard it to its last fragment against all attempts at confiscation, and shall regard with due solemnity its learned pages which we have so steadfastly revered.

One ivory handled pen of antique design, of which Hazel is at present "taking care," do we bequeath in this our solemn declaration, for the purpose of presentation to the tidiest person in the class, provided that no fewer than twelve ink spots adorn the desk at which he sits, and that the said owner's name be duly inscribed thereon.

One desk, producing a remarkable apathy towards work and an irresistible inclination to peregrinate, at present occupied by "Alys," together with a Golden Treasury, containing references to realms of—platinum and to Bonnivard's prison, made "holey" by his ceaseless pacing to and fro, also such other minor possessions concerning which we shall leave special instructions.

Sealed with our seals on this, the day of our doom, kalendis Decembribus Laetitia et Frederico consulibus.

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

"O friends! we know not which way we must look

For comfort, being—that now our lives are only drest,

For Geometry revisions and questions on Henry V."

To grind, ceaselessly grind, and to swot, ceaselessly swot, is our duty! May be the soul of the man who proposed Senior Public Examinations wander along the wrong side of the Styx for ever and ever.

Ah, well! we are a noble, little band, we of A2, and perhaps we shall go through the ordeal without any decreases in our number from death, due to shock, overwork, or mortal terror, or any other causes.

Some may emerge from it, tottering on the brink of lunacy; others with their youth and vigor gone forever. Verily we echo the words:

"I wish I were where Helen lies,
On fair Kirkconnell lee."

We all keenly feel the loss of our dear departed Jamy, that "plain, blunt man" whom we found, on returning to toil this term, to have launched forth into other pastures. We envy him (oh, how much!) while we wish him well.

The "Senior Scare" is affecting members of our class very strangely. A variety of manias have taken possession of many of them. "Homer," for instance, has conceived a passion for pen hoarding, while all the rulers of the community (also many outsiders) find a haven in Douce's desk. Dave seems habitually afflicted with a kind of stupor, and often, of our own accord, we

"Rise for the day is passing,
And Dave lies dreaming on."

However, we must not linger here, for
"Art is long and time is fleeting."

And all that. We would like to say more, but Time, who seems to be "speeding" up, lately is fleeting, and as this is our last contribution to the good old "Northern Churinga" (long may it continue), we make our bow for it and pass out.

Finis.

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

Dear Mary,—

"Those about to die salute you!" From the midst of the whirls and troubles of exams, we snatch a moment to remind you that you still owe B1 a letter, and to tell you of our doings. We are giving our bold (perpetual epithet) prefect a paragraph all to himself. He seems to have been having all the thrills lately. We hear that he has had to disguise himself in a thick coating of powder and a stronger fragrance of violets to escape detectives and ubiquitous porters. Little glass bottles (for ink, I suppose) seem very common round our way lately. We held a working bee here on Saturday last quarter, ostensibly to sweep, polish, dust, and scrub, but the idea seemed to be to show the masculine portion of the class what busy housewives there are in B1. The plan failed, for the two boys who turned up went out to clean the football by gentle friction. Although crits. are held in abhorrence by most of us, demonstration lessons seem popular. Our last one was on "The Correct Method of Falling from a Tram." That Singing Class Social is still coming off, but the date seems rather vague. Of course, you know how B Class tried to capture the hockey shield. We still comfort ourselves by saying "True success is to labor, and to travel hopefully is better than to arrive," for if ever labor accomplished anything the team ought to have won that shield. There is some consolation, however, in knowing that so many of our old C1 were in the winning team.

We hope your ring is still standing that famous "acid test." Someone cracked a new joke the other day, but they are so rare I forgot what it was.

A1 have five dusters: we have none. In a few days B1 will be blessed with a few nice black velvet dusters.

Well, the whistle calls us back to exams. again, so we must leave you now, still waiting to hear from you.

B1.

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

THE FAMOUS B2 DIRECTORY.

1. Jean Sussex.—A smart child at lessons, especially applied Maths. She is boss of class, and has taken a fancy for cleaning out another little girl's untidy desks twice a week. Jean is the linguist of the class.
2. Bonnie Lees.—A smart child also, especially for keeping her desk tidy (?) and for doing her homework every night (?). First-class singer. Dealer in "I-ers."
3. Chas. Adam.—The famous prefect and rower—up-to-date electrician—only one who works. Sometimes called "Catsy."
4. Geoff. Turner.—Better known as "Tipsy"—up-to-date (in fact could never be better) dealer in "ahs" and "ums." He is an excellent up-turner of vases.
5. Geoff. Solomon.—Commonly called "Wisdom"—first-class mumbler, especially in a certain teacher's lessons. Is a good hand at writing down Latin—fairly large (e.g. "Regardez ses livres").
6. Trevor Ruston.—"Rusty" does a lot of homework every night—he is a first-class fighter—practices duels with "Wisdom" on Tuesday afternoon, much to the young ladies' annoyance who try to do Latin.
7. Hector McDonald.—The B2 cricket boy—excellent duster-thrower and blocker-up of inkwells. His recent illness didn't make him any better.
8. No. 8 need not be put in the directory.

CLASS C1.—Supervising Teacher: Miss Grubb.

On the first day of the week, which, according to the custom of our forefathers, was kept for trials and tribulations, after having prepared myself and offered up many vain and feeble excuses, I descended to the depths of despair, and started to pass the day with detentions and hard toil. But, as I was sinking fast, I was lifted by the sight of many other poor martyrs in my own plight, and, looking from one poor sufferer to another, "Surely," said I, "work is but a thing to weigh down one's life." "Not so," said a voice behind me, and, turning, I beheld one in a trailing gown, with note-book in its hand. This vision made me tremble exceedingly, and on listening I heard it say, "Do your work, pay attention, use your brains, and you will become such a one as I, that is provided you do not play with your compass the while, and provided that you do ask many and infinite questions." At this I was transported with delight.

On recovering I looked around me. I saw many plodders. One was putting his hand up, saying that it was train time, while on his desk were thousands of unworked algebra sums. Another was trying to keep awake, but tried in vain, for see he falls, but, before he reaches the bottom of the pit, is awakened by a kind, but not a gentle, reminder from his pal. Another was twanging the strings of an imaginary violin, whilst a tall fair-haired boy seemed unable to keep his feet from kicking everything within reach. Then comes a deep sigh. "Alas," says the prefect, "woe is me that I have such things to keep in order, first the late book, then class funds to gather and monitors to be shaken up."

But I wished to see more. The genius beside me, being moved with compassion towards me, bade me quit so uncomfortable a scene and turn mine eyes to a window which seemed as a veil, before me I saw a valley with an immense stream of boys and girls flowing thro' it, no longer wearing a down-trodden look, but breaking cricket bats, tearing down nets, and trying to kick a ball. Gladness grew in me, and

I wished for the wings of an eagle that I might fly to those happy scenes, but the genius told me that there was no passage thereto but through a maze of detentions collected.

I sighed, and turned me once more to that discouraging scene.

CLASS C2 (Secondary).—Supervising Teacher: Mr. W. D. Teniswood.

Owing to the amount of work we have to do we shall be obliged to be brief in this record of our activities. We have been entertained to many afternoon teas lately. Visit us on Monday, Tuesday, or Thursday between 4 p.m. and 6 p.m., and we shall be glad to receive you. History a speciality, Chemistry also a speciality, English—in fact everything—a speciality. Our financial position has undergone severe strain lately—sports money, exam. fees, and twopence for a broken seat which nobody broke. Nobody always does everything that should not be done, and we have to pay.

We have no time for sport or any amusement now. We spent the Show half-holidays swotting. Even our dreams are all of work. Euclid rises from his grave during the night, watches and runs rings round us, while we find the locus of his position, Caesar's ghost having fortified a camp, enters into negotiations with Disraeli over the maintenance of the integrity of the Ottoman Empire. Mazeppa traces out the graph of curve which moves so that the climax may be reached in the octave, and Napoleon, having submitted to the banded nations, proceeds to find the relative density of St. Helena by means of electrolysis, the volume of a cylinder being obtained by adding "e" to masculine to form the feminine. But it will soon be over, and we hope to see the names of everyone in alphabetical order trailing a long string of credits in the results next January.

CLASS C3.—Supervising Teacher: Miss Harvey.

"Christmas comes but once a year,

But Class Notes and Exams. are always here."

C3 has scarcely recovered from the shock of seeing its name in print, when it is again called upon to repeat its brilliant performance in the realms of literature. Of course the above lamentation does not imply that C3 cannot write Class Notes—modesty is a virtue very much practised in C3, especially when questions are asked concerning artistic efforts with the chalk.

After having to forego ice creams for a week in order to prevent their companions becoming mere oil spots, someone had a brain wave, the result of which was a general fitting to the east and unlimited ice creams.

Thinking to raise our drooping spirits, the "humorous one" announced that "It's four weeks from to-day." There was no need to ask for what "it" stood. The universal gasp of dismay and frantic scuffle for note books testified that C3 at any rate had realised that it was time to settle down for the last lap. Before again withdrawing to the realms of ordinary events C3 wishes all candidates the best of luck in the forthcoming Exams, and a merry vacation afterwards.

CLASS C4.—Supervising Teacher: Miss B. Wilcox.

Just as the clock struck midnight on a dark stormy night there was a stir among the desk of C4, and the books which the diligent students had so carefully placed inside the desks took unto themselves legs and jumped out on the floor. They were preparing to hold a meeting, so "Messrs. Warner and Marten," head and shoulders above the rest, waved for silence, and very obligingly voted themselves to the chair. The remainder settled comfortably on the desks.

In opening the meeting, Messrs. Warner and Marten informed the company that the question at issue was whether to continue work or not. Speakers were called for. "Mrs. Elizabeth Lee" objected to being used on Sundays by the J.P. Swots, on the grounds that her Sunday dress was practically ruined.

"Messrs. Hall and Stevens" also complained of their personal appearance being spoilt by over use.

"Monsieur Sommerville" wailed in pidgeon-English of the hopeless misinterpretations of his lessons and of the impossibility of getting credits in the Junior.

Mr. Pitman complained of "Rheumatis o' the joints," due to lack of work.

"Mr. Ernest Scott" grumbled about having to work overtime on Tuesdays without pay.

"Messrs. Angus and Robertson" said that their pages were being traced and cut about by pencils, and were subject to many other indignities.

"Messrs. Baker and Bourne" rose to expostulate on having to work overtime because of the pupils being lazy and sleepy in their lessons.

"Messrs. Warner and Marten," noted for their generosity (of words!) in summing up the case, pointed out that the room was kept very tidily, and was not very objectionable to live in; moreover, the boys were very well behaved fellows, and did not work their books so hard as they were worked in other classes.

The votes were then taken in, and by a majority of six to two the pupils were proved to be popular in the realms of books.

Each book then seized an inkwell—so conscientiously re-filled by the monitors—and honored the toast: "Success in the Public Exams. to all competitors."

As daybreak appeared the books scuttled back to their desks, and at the arrival of the eager looking boys they appeared as innocent as ever; but two of their number (names omitted) still remembered their grievances.

CLASS D1.—Supervising Teacher:

With the change of season comes a corresponding change in sport, cricket and tennis replacing hockey and football. Many of us even find the cooling waters of the baths refreshing on Wednesday afternoon. Our class is well represented among "the heads." Muriel's heavy stroke on the hockey ball, and Jack's boot behind the football score many a goal for the Firsts. Our overgrown pet, Athol, besides being a general nuisance and rouseabout, managed to almost (?) win the Five Mile; to quite win the Junior High Jump (someone said because of his connection with the kangaroo family), and to contract that "fowl" disease, chicken pox, and develop a boil on his jaw. Yes, all that by one person.

Last quarter we debated with D2 on matters of civic importance. Of our many budding politicians, Ena and Gwen were brilliant enough to secure prizes. Lately we have felt even more strongly in favor of abolishing examinations. Clement's Tonic, a remedy suggested by an honorable member of D2, is quite ineffective to cope with our present pains.

Charlie, our walking broomstick, in spite of our protests in last magazine, now threatens to endanger the ceiling. He spends all the time he can spare from the engrossing occupation of growing to preserving or restoring peace between our budding poet (of "My Dog" fame) and Willy Jones, our windmill bowler.

Geographical matters are becoming very personal, to say the least. You should see Doris, as the moon, attracting Willy, as the earth. But it was quite a slip. Muriel also aided our geographical concepts by bringing a fine collection of mosses from Preston.

Owing to our sub-prefect's continual exhortation and example, the Best Room picture delighted our tired eyes for a short period, but has since departed to the celestial regions once more.

Our future mythical picture, the new notices, swelled jaws, and happy D4 infants leaving the cradle for a few moments to indulge in cricket (?) with sticks, stones and clubs, are all subjects of comment this way and that. Well, Cherrio! Good luck to the Junior and Seniorites, and a Happy Xmas to all.

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

"He throwith on his helme of huge weight,
And girt him with his sword and in his hond
His mighty spere, as he was wont to feight,
He shekith so, that it almost to wonde" . . .

That is Chaucer's terse, admiring description of Max preparing for the great quarterly fray, the writing of class notes. And we just had to have a quotation from Dan Geoffrey to start off with. For reasons . . . as Walt Whitman and the grape-nuts manufacturers say. Just what those reasons are, Max, or any other person among the dozen or so whose class notes bear evidence of their author's acquaintance with English literature of the fourteenth century, will be glad to tell you.

Bill has "committed" a pun on the matter; but Editor McHugh sentenced it to—not the chair, but the w.p.b. right nearby. The Disarmament Conference is trying to abolish Hoods, Bill. . . .

Owing to the arrival of Ian, the famous Kelvin Equation has been modified this term, and, as now formulated, reads $x + 9 = 10 + 7$. Verb sap!

It is stated, on the high authority of the great physicist himself, that this modification is in no way connected with the theories of a gentleman (well known in the school) named Einstein. . . .

There are all sorts of things to tell you, but there is available space for only one or two of them, inasmuch as we have yet to present to you the most remarkable intellectual labor of the school during its whole existence. We refer to the amazingly important, the revolutionary, new theorem enunciated during the present week. It is given below, in toto (without any apologies to Stephen Leacock).

First, however, we want the rest of the school to know that Laurie can now dive as well as Annette Kellerman; that Horace is contemplating publishing a new volume of his Odes during the summer; that Jean has given up her conversation classes; that Ray occupies the same position in our class as Colin in D1 (ask the girls); that Bill worked once; and (to stop at the half-dozen) that our smiling Cam, has, we're sorry to say, been on the sick list this quarter.

And now for our theorem!

THEOREM D2.

ENUNCIATION:—

The studying of a Little Green Book has been the sole, single, total occupation of the class during the term.

FIGURE:—

We cannot draw one; but it resembles an eclipse with two wings and two legs, and with a circle at the anterior end. Color, golden.

DATA:—

Let the studying of the L.G.B. be the point of discussion.

REQUIRED TO PROVE:—

That the studying of the said L.G.B. has been the sole, single, total occupation of the scholars.

PROOF:—

FIRST PROOF:—

Proof by Exhaustion.

Q.E.D.

SECOND PROOF:—

- (i.) Scholars have been seen to leave the class-room at dinner-time with the L.G.B. in their hands.
- (ii.) When the teacher arrives at school after luncheon, the first sight that meets his eyes is a row of boys on the seat violently studying the L.G.B.
- (iii.) Therefore, the scholars study the L.G.B.
- (iv.) Again, the L.G.B. is perused between periods and at recess time
- (v.) Some even go so far as to take it out from their desks during a lesson. (Hoamwerk's Axiom.)
- (vi.) When the French period is in the morning, the aforementioned studying between periods and during other lessons is carried on; but when it is in the afternoon, there is more studying in the luncheon interval.
- (vii.) Hence, the intensive study of the L.G.B. has been a perpetual boredom, as stated.

Q.E.D.

COROLLARY I.

This L.G.B. is a French book

COROLLARY II.

When French occurs during the P.M. section of the day there are less detentions during the morning. Happy days!

CLASS D3.—Supervising Teacher: Miss C. Underwood.

Our trials for the year are now over, and while anxiously awaiting results we intend to enjoy the remaining school days.

Since the last magazine was issued we have lost three of our members. Edna, our prefect, is sadly missed, and we all hope her health will be sufficiently improved to enable her to come back next year. Elvie admits that she would rather have her cooking ticket of "Sea Pie and Pots" than await the hour of 6 p.m., while Ivy is still at home.

Brighta and her friends find swimming most enjoyable; and, in spite of bruised hands and sore ankles, the cricket girls are very enthusiastic.

No visitors are entertained in D3 during the dinner hour; but, when we have all departed, strange creatures creep out and hold high festival in the cupboard and table drawer. Muriel has generously provided refreshments for them, and we all hope they will take full advantage of the repast.

The waste paper basket continues to disappear when most needed, but one of our five monitors usually manages to rescue it again. Flowers abound in our room, thanks to Bessie, Muriel, and Jean, and we still take great pride in our cupboard.

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

The year is far spent, and Xmas is at hand. Exams are over, and gradually the results are being posted. These tell their tale in the variety of expressions to be seen on the countenances of those who leave the notice board after having scanned the figures.

Our twelve months in the "kindergarten" are drawing to a close, and most of us are contemplating with interest the good things or otherwise that are in store for us in the regions above.

The change of seasons is accompanied by a change of sport—girls from hockey to cricket, and boys from football to cricket. Our boys certainly make most proficient back-yard cricketers, and it is even rumored that Laurie has aspirations to Australian Eleven fame.

The war is over, the peace treaty is signed. We are even told that there will be no strike during the coming Xmas, but, alas! the "pheasants have now started to revolt." When will all strife end, San? Before closing we must wish our friends of the A. and C. Classes the best of luck in the forthcoming Senior and Junior exams., and to one and all we wish a hearty Xmas and joyous New Year.

A TEASER—AND ANOTHER.

Two gentlemen had been testing each other's wit with riddles for some time with varying results. At last one of them presented a rather unique one. He wrote out the following:—

A — sat in his — gray,
Watching the moonbeams — play,
And the wind through the rushes — away,
And thus unto himself did say:—
Thou — the weak, thou — the strong,
To the — of battles belong,
John Barleycorn, my king.

He then asked for a word of six letters which will fill each space by transposing the six letters; each word formed by this transposition has a different meaning. Can you find the word?

The other gentleman could not, and gave up after some time, but he responded with a similar one, which follows. In this case the word contains only four letters:

A — old woman on — bent,
Put on her — and away she went,
"—," she said as she went away,
"How, my son, shall we — to-day?"

CROSS-COUNTRY CHAMPIONSHIP.

About twenty boys began training at the beginning of the third term for the five-mile race, which was fixed for the same time as the match against Devonport. More than usual interest was attached to the event this year, as it was the first race held for three years, and it was also the first time that the Bowtell Shield had been competed for by the High Schools. The course was at Mowbray Racecourse and the adjacent country. The day was showery, and the track consequently heavy, so no records were established. From the start Hill (Hobart) and Dineen got the front, and kept there for the rest of the race. Hill led when the racecourse was left, and also when it was re-entered, Dineen being close behind, the remainder following at some distance. At the final sprint we gained several places, our team thus winning the race. The first place was won by Hill (Hobart), who ran a fine race, Dineen being second, Ponsonby third, Dynan fourth, Lawrence (Hobart) fifth, Dunham sixth. The time was 31min 30 sec. Wadley, Holmes, Broomby, Daymond also put up a good performance. The Bowtell now adorns the walls of the Assembly Hall, and we trust that it will remain there for many years.

MY DREAMS.

They take me to Mars in an aeroplane,
And back on a meteor.
Then round the world on a cloud snow white;
And back again like a flash of light,
Far down to the ocean floor.

And up again to the wind-swept plain,
Where the cold air nips and the cold winds blanch,
And up, and up to the frozen heights,
Where the chamois leaps in his reckless flights,
'Midst the war of the avalanche.

Then over the sea to a coral isle,
The merest speck of the greenest land,
Where the palm trees nod to a silken breeze,
That scarcely ruffles the sun-lit seas
That curl on the golden sand.

W.A.

REST.

How the little creek sang on its way to the blue sparkling river.
Its rippling laughter called to the birds and flowers until they, too,
joined in the happy chorus. Perhaps even the fairies sailing upon
its clear dancing waters added a delicate note or two of elfin music.

Overhead the trees whispered their secrets, the sunshine kissed
the ripples into gold, the blossoming wattle dipped its bright
branches into the stream, and to them all came the joyous song of
spring.

With a little run and a soft gurgle of delight, the creek flowed
from the forest into a very tiny dell, checked its merry song in sheer
amazement, and flowed on, once more murmuring a fairy lullaby.
There on a mossy carpet of elfin green the baby face, almost hidden
by delicate swaying grasses, the wee hand half closed like sleepy rose
petals, lay a little, rosy baby thing, fast asleep.

CHALK!

There are marvellous strange happenings that haunt the room of A,
And of all and sundry every chance we talk;
But, late or early, dark or bright, on such and every day,
We discuss the weird meanderings of a harmless stick of chalk.

For often, on the damp moist earth, beneath the waving fern,
And lying as if placed with thoughtful care,
A teacher sees the still white thing, and then he wants to learn,
He wants to learn, indeed, who put it there.

We have tried to solve the myst'ry so he begs us day by day,
We've concluded its a mischief-making elf,
Or there's some bewitching element within our room of A,
For he really wouldn't put it there himself.

DIANA.

The Queen of Heaven, in her full and lustrous splendor, is high in
the sky; a few clouds, pure and white float near by. The sky in which
they are set seems infinitely deep and mysterious, yet wonderfully sym-
pathetic. To watch that deep blue arch, crossed by the fleeting clouds,
is to feel a deep awe for its majesty and infinite tenderness. 'Tis a
night to rejoice the heart of the great god Pan. Under its influence
the grosser nature sinks into oblivion, and only the truest and holiest
feelings remain.

Beneath this embodiment of the Creator's majesty and love flows
the quiet stream, over whose water trees, chiefly willows, droop their
interlacing branches. Gently they whisper to each other and to the
stream.

Through their slender green branches the light of the great Queen
filters gently, tracing patterns on the dull, swift-gliding surface—
grotesque, fantastic patterns, changing and dancing ever as the wind
sways the branches above and breaks the smooth surface into a myriad
of rippling wavelets.

Now the fringe of a cloud partly hides the bright face of the Queen
The patterns fade and almost merge into the blackness of the stream;
now the cloud has quite obscured the Royal Dame; the patterns are
quite gone, and only the black, black waters remain. But see! once
more she appears, and her handiwork is once more visible. She has re-
gained her supremacy.

Except for the whispering of the trees and the stream, the silence,
of which these, indeed, seem a part, is broken, or, more accurately
speaking, accentuated, by the occasional croak of a frog, the splash of
a fish at play, or the drowsy "cheep!" of an uneasy bird.

E.D.

THE SEA.

The sea—the sea—the sea!
Cannot you see it, bound
By blackened walls around,
Relieved in places by silvery sand,
Backed by the silent peaceful land?
The breakers, they mournfully toll, toll
Someone's knell, as they roll, roll
Slowly up the shingly shore,
Wave after wave with a mighty roar.
Foaming white in cadence grand
On the glittering silent silvery sand,
The billowy rolling waves asleep,
Slowly onwards they creep—creep,
And break phosphorescent on the strand,
Casting the foam along the sand.

Above all, hear the music of the sea
Breaking forth in a wondrous melody.

"INDIANA."

BOYS' SPORTS.

CRICKETERS' CONCERT.

During the last week of the second term the Firsts and voluntaries rendered a first rate concert for the purpose of raising money to pay for the First's caps, purchased earlier in the season. A very large audience greeted the performers, and were well pleased with the first attempt of the boys. The Firsts are greatly indebted to the following for their help:—Messrs. Grace, Temiswood, and Lee, Misses Underwood and Elliott. Those who entered the 'Hall of Fame' were Messrs. Holmes, Daymond, Townsend, Dawson, James, Scarborough, Johnston, Lewis, Broomby, Reeves, Brickhill, Frith, Doe, McHugh, Dineen. The concert was a great financial success, and it is reasonable to expect a similar event next year. All supporters are thanked for their help and presence.

CRICKET NOTES.

The time has again come round when we can wield the willow and recover our lost averages. Only one of the team which represented us against Hobart has left us, and having no important fixtures we intend to devote our time to matches. Several of our number have taken up Senior cricket, and others may take up League cricket. We wish them all success. Mr. Brockett's bat for the best average is yet to be won, and it is hoped that it will be a close contest for the honor. The team have been practising assiduously at the net, and should soon be in top form again.

This term the Firsts have played two matches, both against Scotch College at Ravenscraig. The first was played on Saturday morning, 5th November. Each team batted for half the time, and at the drawing of stumps S.H.S. led by 39 runs. The scores were:—

Scotch College.

F. Ford, b Dynan	44
D. Darling, c Dynan, b Wearne	20
G. Acheson, c Eccleston, b Wearne	0
O. Gibson, run out	1
F. Bushman, c Daymond, b Lewis	18
V. Darling, not out	8
S. Boyes, c Daymond, b Wearne	0
T. Room, not out	1
Sundries	10

Total for six wickets ... 102

Bowling.—Wearne, three for 37; Dynan, one for 22; Townsend, 0 for 20; Lewis, one for 11; Holmes, 0 for 2.

State High then batted as follows:—

C. Wearne, b G. Acheson	12
R. Broomby, b G. Acheson	66
P. Holmes, lbw, D. Darling	12
F. Townsend, c Bushman, b D. Darling	7
H. McDonald, b D. Darling	2
W. Leckie, run out	6
J. Ride, b K. Ford	20
J. Daymond, not out	6
G. Eccleston, not out	4
Sundries	9

Total for seven wickets ... 141

Bowling.—Bushman, 0 for 23; Acheson, two for 34; Davenport, 0 for 27; D. Darling, three for 29; F. Ford, 0 for 10; K. Ford, one for 16.

The next match was started on Wednesday afternoon, 9th, and continued on the 16th and Friday, 18th of November.

S.H.S., batting first, compiled 110 runs. Scores:—

S.H.S.—First Innings.

C. Wearne, b Acheson	5
R. Broomby, c Brown, b D. Darling	13
P. Holmes, c Gibson, b Bushman	20
F. Townsend, c Room, b G. Acheson	10
H. McDonald, b G. Acheson	4
W. Leckie, b D. Darling	3
J. Ride, b K. Ford	14
J. Daymond, c Acheson, b K. Ford	19
G. Eccleston, lbw, D. Darling	2
G. Lewis, c Acheson, b K. Ford	5
W. Dynan, not out	4
Sundries	11

110

Bowling.—G. Acheson, three for 28; D. Darling, three for 29; T. Bushman, one for 19; K. Ford, three for 24.

Scotch College.—First Innings.

F. Ford, c Daymond, b Townsend	13
D. Darling, lbw, Wearne	25
B. Darling, c Holmes, b Wearne	0
G. Acheson, c and b Holmes	38
S. Gibson, c Reid, b Wearne	0
T. Bowling, c Broomby, b Wearne	6
T. Brown, c Daymond, b Wearne	2
T. Room, b Holmes	5
F. Bushman, c Holmes, b Dynan	4
J. May, b Dynan	6
K. Ford, not out	4
Sundries	19

Total ... 122

Bowling.—C. Wearne, five for 37; F. Townsend, one for 37; P. Holmes, two for 25; W. Dynan, two for 4.

With a deficit of 12 runs on the first innings, S.H.S. returned to the wickets and scored 135, as follows:—

C. Wearne, b F. Ford	48
R. Broomby, c Room, b Bushman	4
P. Holmes, b K. Ford	0
G. Eccleston, c May, b Bushman	25
W. Dynan, lbw, F. Ford	4
G. Lewis, c Darling, b F. Ford	6
J. Daymond, c May, b Acheson	21
J. Ride, c Bowling, b Bushman	9
W. Leckie, b Acheson	19
Townsend, not out	0
Sundries	4

Declared for nine wickets ... 135

Scotch College.—Second Innings.

F. Ford, c sub., b Townsend...	9
T. Bowling, retired	12
T. Bushman, b Holmes	5
G. Acheson, c Ride, b Townsend	5
J. May, c Dynan, b Wearne	5
D. Darling, not out	21
V. Darling, b Holmes	3
S. Gibson, b Dynan	12
T. Room, not out	2
Sundries	10

Total for seven wickets 84

Bowling.—Wearne, one for 27; Holmes, two for 14; Townsend, two for 13. Dynan, one for 21.

Scotch thus won on the first innings by 12 runs.

SECONDS.

Owing to our previous captain "getting his game" a new election was held early this term. This resulted in Archer being elected skipper, McHugh vice, and Frith secretary. We have been practising fairly solidly at the nets, and are looking forward to some good matches. If we don't beat all the other Seconds, and maybe some of the Firsts, in town it will not be for want of trying.

We played and won a match against Grammar Seconds on Saturday, November 5, at Glen Dhu. Grammar, batting first, compiled 72. The second pair made a stand, Fawcner 28 and Ferrall 29, and these were the chief scorers.

The bowling was done by Goodall (three for 3), McHugh (three for 30), Marshall (one for 0), Edmunds (one for 3), Barker (0 for 21), Wadley (0 for 12).

Our own second pair, Archer (57) and Marshall (23) passed the Grammar score.

Some of the fielding was first-rate, both ground work and higher stuff. Some fine catches were taken, but some must improve before next match.

We are looking forward with interest to our match with the girls. We need some under-arm and left-hand practice or we will not make very high scores. Of course we won't need them, but they're nice things to have lying about.

We have difficulty at present in trying out the various players, as we have at least eighteen who practice with the Seconds. This means that some who are really worth a game must stand down each time, which is distinctly hard luck.

The Wednesday following this match some more of the eighteen were tried out against the Thirds, who fancied their chances. They, batting first, compiled the apparently low score, 39. Goodall, six for 4; McHugh, three for 18, worked the oracle, while Rocher (16) wrought mightily for the Thirds.

The Seconds went down with a run for 38 to the bowling of Dixon, four for 7; Knowles, two for 18; Johnston, three for 3. Archer (14) batted best for the Seconds. The match was resumed the following Wednesday, the Thirds falling for 18. Goodall, four for 4; McHugh, three for 6; and Edmunds, two for 4, were responsible. With 19 wanting to win, the Seconds went in, and Frith (11), Archer (8) did most towards the score of 41, which left the Seconds winners by 22 runs.

THIRDS.

This quarter the Thirds have played four matches, and won only one. Their first was a victory over Wellington Square. Scores:—Wellington Square, 43; S.H.S., 134. McCormack 38 (not out), Rocher 32, Edmunds 32. Edmunds also did yeoman service for the Thirds at bowling; he secured eight wickets.

The next match was against Technical School Firsts, who won by 30 runs. Technical School made 42 in the first innings, and S.H.S. Thirds replied with 32. Tech, second effort resulted in 91, leaving the Thirds a margin of 101 to wipe off in three-quarters of an hour. Of this 71 was obtained with the loss of eight wickets.

On Wednesday, the 9th of November, a match was commenced against the Seconds. We batted first, and compiled 39. (Rocher 16). The Seconds put together 38 (Archer 14). The bowlers were:—Seconds: Goodall, six for 4; and McHugh, three for 18. Thirds: Dixon, four for 7; Knowles, two for 18; N. Johnston, three for 3.

In the second innings, played on the following Wednesday, the Thirds made only 18, and the Seconds 41 (Frith 11), thus winning by 22 runs. For the Seconds Goodall secured four for 4; McHugh, three for 6; and Edmunds, two for 4. For the Thirds, Orchard got three for 17, and P. Johnston, three for 14.

Meanwhile a match had been played against Charles-street Past and Present scholars, who compiled 106 against Orchard, six for 25; Dixon, three for 10; and P. Johnston, one for 6. The Thirds made 66. (Dixon 19 not out, Knowles 15).

The Thirds have some promising players in their ranks, and the writer predicts that some of them will be promoted to the Firsts in the near future.

S. JOHNSTON, Secretary.

FOOTBALL NOTES.

Another season has closed successfully, and on performances we may justly claim the schools' premiership of the State. At the end of the second term we journeyed to Hobart to try conclusions with the Southern school, and after a very even and exciting game we emerged winners by four points. This match gained us the right to play Devonport for the S.H.S. State premiership, which was played on the Top Cricket Ground in wet weather. After a game more even than the scores indicate we ran out winners by about ten goals. After this match we played Grammar, but being without several of our prominent players, notably Blake, they defeated us by six points, and subsequently won the Secondary Schools' premiership. Having defeated Grammar in the two previous games with full teams, we may justly say we were equal to winning the position of premier school in football in Tassie. Throughout the season everyone in the team played consistently, and everyone earned his place in the team. Perhaps the best performers throughout were Blake, Townsend, Holmes, Eccleston, Daymond, and Dawson, but it is hard to distinguish between the various members.

GIRLS' SPORTS.

HOCKEY NOTES.

FIRSTS.

Owing to the Inter-State matches the second roster could not be completed. One match, however, was played between State High Firsts and Churinga. Considering the strength of the latter, our girls did well to score their two goals. Churinga won by four goals to two.

At the end of the second term the Firsts visited Hobart to play the Southern team. The Southerners proved too strong, and won.

Several alterations have been necessary in the personnel of the team owing to some of the members leaving school; this has somewhat upset the team, but everyone is a trier, and the team works well together.

CLASS MATCHES.

On August 24th the first class hockey match of the season was played between "B." and "D.". A very even game resulted in neither side scoring.

On August 31 "A." played "B." and won by one goal to nothing; at the same time "C." won from "D." by eight goals to nil.

"A." and "D." drew the next match with one goal each, and "C." defeated "B." by three goals to none.

The final match between "A." and "C." was played on September 14th. An exciting game resulted in a win for "C." by two goals to nothing.

"C." Class are thus class premiers for the year. The points gained are:—

- C. Class, 12 points.
- A. Class, 6 points.
- D. Class, 4 points.
- B. Class, 2 points.

CRICKET.

The girls have taken up cricket with more interest and vigor this season, and altogether we have five teams.

Girls' cricket has been regarded more or less with amusement, and has been played in a rather disinterested way. The cricket season has been tolerated because of the joys of the hockey season which is to follow.

But cricket is a good sport, and with the material we now possess (not the cast-offs from the boys' stock, but absolutely new), and the keen interest of the girls, we hope to have several good, strong teams before long.

Many players are, of course, just being initiated, but are showing good promise, and very few remain who are afraid of "catchers." Madge Wyllie fields well, and seldom drops a catch. The first team are:—Madge Wyllie, Edna Rushforth, Olive Challis, Elsie le Fevre, Annie Smith, Muriel Lewis, Jean Walker, Marjorie McEwen, Nora Bevan, Pauline Denholm, Doris Robinson (captain). Emergencies: Essie Fielding and Doris Harper.

IT'S A FACT

That dropped things are hard to pick up. "Did I" hear that?
 That you "Sey-mour" (see more) from Hobler's Bridge b- moonlight.
 That a long chase is a stern chase.
 That one resulted in A Class overtaking the Armada.
 That an adjective is often used as a noun, e.g., gentle.
 That a certain sound reminds us of those associated with "pig factories."
 That Alice would be glad of a rattle or a doll.
 That we would be far more grateful if we happened to receive any original matter.
 That a mild sensation was caused by a Robert Peelite at the school gate.
 That some wily youths were too wise to be caught.
 That Al have not one duster, nor yet no duster, but five dusters. Things is lookin' hup!
 That Jamie has another change of atmosphere. Religious mania, some say.
 That Reg B. is becoming rather brown(e)

THE RISING TIDE.

Now it is evening. The sun sets in ruby and gold, and each small wave catches the glow on its edges and glistens brightly. The sun shines gently on the wide stretch of silvery sands below the rugged cliffs, and its rays penetrate into the crevices of the embedded rocks. The pebble-strewn beach is now half-covered with seaweed, over which the blue foam-capped waves play, rolling over one another in innocent mirth. The tide rolls relentlessly on, covering up the pebbles and carrying the refreshed seaweed out to sea again. The roar of the waves dashing against the rocks at the breakwater is distinctly audible. Onward . . . still onward comes the tide over the now treacherous sands, covering slowly but surely the whole of the beach. The waves swirl higher and higher, washing out to sea any obstruction. The tiny fishing boats draw nearer with the rising tide, rocking from side to side. The lengthening shadows fade, the screeching gulls fly overhead, the pale moon rises higher and higher, throwing her silver beams over the waters, while the stars twinkle one by one. The moon hides behind a cloud, and all is black—black—deathlike stillness reigns—save the lap-lap of the water—the stars twinkle—a gull screeches—the moon shines again—it is night.

"INDIANA."

THE TEASERS SOLVED.

A "sutler" sat in his "ulster" gray
 Watching the moonbeams "lustre" play,
 And the wind through the rushes "rustle" away,
 And thus unto himself did say,
 Thou "rulest" the weak; thou "lurest" the strong,
 To thee the "result" of battle belong,
 John Barleycorn, my king.

A "vile" old woman on "evil" bent,
 Put on her "veil" and away she went;
 "Levi," she said as she went away,
 "How," my son, shall we "live" to-day?"

"THE SUNSET."

The glowing sun sinks slowly in the west,
 The twilight shadows softly gather o'er,
 The birds, and flowers, and bees are hush'd to rest,
 And silence reigns as queen of night once more.
 The fleecy clouds have caught the dying rays,
 Across the water is a path of fire,
 The world seems wrapp'd in pink and golden haze,
 A paradise—the height of man's desire.
 The dew begins to fall upon the flowers,
 The distant hills are dim with purple mist,
 No thunder cloud across these heavens lowers,
 The sky with all the rainbow tints is kissed.
 The colors change to soft pure pearly grey,
 The shadows deep, and yet still deeper fall,
 The breezes sigh a requiem o'er the day,
 And darkness drops her curtain over all.

B.L. 1921

FIRST GLIMPSE OF THE AENEID.

The ebbing waves of time around me boom,
The light of knowledge pale has o'er me gleamed;
Sometimes I sat with closed eyes, and it seemed
As if maths made the room a living tomb.

In C. Class I had passed on to my doom,
Enough for Junior, Caesar then was deemed,
But never had Aeneas on me beamed,
Until in A. he lightened up the gloom.

Now wade I through vast streams of vocab. wide,
And wish Aeneas had been drowned that day,
Or that he had been stranded by the tide.

Instead of which he took a joyous ride
Upon the wild seahorses of the bay,
And so was washed ashore his men beside.

A.W.

REALISATION.

"Thy soul was like a star and dwelt apart;
Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea,
Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free."

That is Wordsworth's tribute to the great Puritan poet. I had long been familiar with the words before I realised how high the tribute was, but at last the wonder that Wordsworth saw in the clear sky was revealed, "as might unworthiness define," to me.

After an evening's reading, which included the sonnet in which these lines occur, I went out of doors for a walk. I was strangely impressed by the reading I had done, and my thoughts were in a higher plane than my feet. I had noted, of course, on coming out, that the night was clear and fresh, almost frosty, but the high buildings screened the moon from my sight. I hastened past them, eager to be free from their depressing presence.

At last I cleared them. Before me was a stretch of road that almost seemed like country. At once the cramped, oppressive feeling vanished; the fresh free air filled my lungs and sent a vital current through my veins. As, under this influence, my head lifted, I was gripped by the wonderful beauty of the moon in its deep blue, star-decked background.

The moon, the centre of the picture, was tenderly beautiful in herself. Small wonder that untutored savages worshipped her. Around her was an infinitely tender glow, almost a part of the moon, but gradually growing fainter and fainter, until it merged into the great, full sea of deep, ineffably tender blue.

So infinitely deep and rich was this background that the stars passed almost unnoticed, and the moon ceased to be the centre of the picture. The big thing was not the radiant splendor of the silver orb, although neither tongue nor brush nor pen could lin' at that splendor; the vital part was the majesty of the infinite dimensions of the sky, and tenderness was the fourth dimension.

There was no trace of cloud, no glare of beacon or city lights to mar the beauty of it. It was absolutely beyond expression in its

infinite tenderness and purity. I felt that my whole being was heart and that to every minutest portion of that heart was attached a cord drawing it out into that great sea of vastness. Then I realised how highly Wordsworth's esteemed (alas! that words are so coldly formal and express so very little) the high-minded pure-souled humble Puritan.

"WHERE MIGHTY MINDS MEET."

Act I. (and only).

Scene: Al Room at the midnight hour.

Enter: The minds of its members.

Freddy:

Heigh-ho, my friends! 'tis fate, black fate, I say,
We work, and ever work, then work again.
At once on quittance of my natural home,
I hastened hither, flying on the wind.
Me seems, my friends, that you have done the same.

The Rest

(those not too tired to answer):
We have S.P. in duty bound, we have!

Martha:

Ah, me, a weary, weary life we lead;
Almost I break beneath the awful strain.
But still I do more work, more work!
The Latin now was monstrous hard, I thought;
Two solid hours I spent, no less, and that
Resulted in five lines all incorrect.

Various Others:

So say we all; 'twas really awful stuff.

Joy:

Tut, tut! You stupid things, I did the lot,
And then revised four chapters, and all that
Took me but twenty minutes by the clock.

All:

(Are silent.)

Winnie:

You talk of Latin; you should hear my task.
Three maps, four charts, two long accounts, a graph
(Geography, of course); in history,—

Isabel:

Arithmetic, of course, comes first with me.
Eighteen examples each five minutes' work.—

Ron:

And Chemistry; my book must not be late!

Didi:

The raven covering to my home, I fear,
Was rumpled and disgracefully disturbed;
The French as usual was beyond my scope.
Que done! 'twere death to leave it, as you know.

Rest of French Swots:

Most truly said; 'twere nothing less than death.

Jonno:

The maths. are my long suit

Nescio quis:

Yours must be long.

- Jonno: Grrr! Latin passes me.
- All: Oh! what you miss
- Jonno: What could be worse than French I'd like to know.
- The Majority: Were Latin on his list, the banes of French
Would soon, methinks, as trivial, disappear.
- Thelma: Now I a dunce, no skill in Latin have,
Yet even I know what construction
To use when nouns in apposition stand.
- Douce: But, hark! a fairy footstep faintly falls,
Another mind than ours roams through the school.
The Boss! Preserve us; and that Chemistry!
Three chapters for a test! my friends, Adieu!
Exit Douce.
- Rudolph: Improvident youth! he should have brought his books
With him to swot. No moment do I lose.
At every lamp upon the way some fact
I memorise, recall, or ponder o'er.
- Weellie: Hush, friends! Our owners call us; they must rise,
Yes, they must rise and swot. The hour, says Dave
Is half-past four. My friends, we must be off!
(Exeunt all.)

BOXING.

The noble art of self-defence is being revived at the State High School as art is in Italy. Strangely enough, this was brought about through wrath. Slogger Weston and Knock-em-out Rule of C2 fame had a slight disagreement, which they settled in the ring. Since then boxing has become very popular.

Slogger Weston, the defeated man, when asked if "Pulverising Puller" was alliteration, replied, "No Irony," which showed that his wit was improving. The weapons of offence and defence being decidedly dilapidated, a collection was taken up to buy a new set. This sum, added to that which some dandies contributed towards a mirror, ought to be enough to purchase the necessary requisite.

In the meanwhile "bouts are arranged daily." Professor Chung Gon, ex-lightweight champion of China, is entering a number of promising lads. Rule, after his first bout, had a number of offers, some for large purses. C4 proved its superiority over D4, when one Feutrill entered against Wadley, Feutrill winning on points. defeated D4, when Lappy (sen.) defeated Oliver, hitting him when and where he liked. Again C2 hurt D4 in the Brown v. Percy bout. Inference: D4 is poor in boxing.

A WORD FROM A FRIEND.

Wherever has the school spirit gone to? I talk to the Editor of the Old Scholars' Column, the Secretary of the Old Scholars' Association, the secretaries of the various sub-sections of the Association, and the school editor, and in almost every department I hear the same sad tale, "Nobody cares." The Editor of the Old Scholars' Column and the General Secretary tell me they are utterly disgusted with the lack of interest displayed by the great majority of old scholars. I believe that even the annual social, which everyone should attend, if only to meet again his old comrades and recall the past by an evening's pleasure among them, even this, I am told, was poorly attended.

Almost all the sub-sections have the same doleful tale. I myself have a duty in connection with the school and its activities. I pledge you my word I do my utmost to fulfil that duty. I wish most fervently I could say the same for all my colleagues. Fortunately I can for some of them.

Even the Editor tells me that even from the school it is almost useless and quite heart-breaking to attempt to fill the pages of his magazine. To use his own words, he might as well try to get blood from a stone as contributions from most of his school fellows. Some, he says, are keen, even very keen. Some are, to make the best of it, mildly interested; for the rest he reiterates the statement of so many others, "Nobody cares."

As a well-wisher of the school and a worker in its interests, I am appalled by the lack of interest, the indifference, the apathy which is met on every hand. Surely the presence of three members of our hockey team in the inter-State team, the success of the school footer team, tennis team, five milers, crew and tennis team, should fire with enthusiasm the hearts of all who have been or now are members of the Best School of All.

Surely the red, green, and black band, guernsey, or cap you treasure up and look at fondly from time to time, or if you are still in the school wear each day or long for the winter to return that you may don them again and battle against all comers for the sake of the school, or your green cap with the red ears or the green striped one you got when you "got your game," or the ribbons you got to show you were one of us when the Southerners or Devonport boys were here. Surely these or some of them can give you a sense of the duty you owe to the school and the Association.

You enjoy the privileges of belonging to these grand institutions, one or may be both, and I entreat you for the sake of the memories you cherish, and the pride you feel in the former, to buck up and henceforth make the school and all connected with it the best it should be and the best you can help to make it.

REMINISCENCES.

On the first day, a long, long time ago, we began to train for our stripes. In those days our numbers were great. "Not all are gone, the old familiar faces," but many of them, including that of the "fat knight of the great belly doublet." On that first day we suffered our "baptism of fire" from the pages of our "T.M.R.E.'s," and learnt of the internal baptism of the rifle with three pints of boiling water.

Then, at half-time, we withdrew to the girls' yard and bawled at each other, urged to greater efforts by our indefatigable Staff-Sergeant-Major.

For many subsequent days we went through a similar performance under careful but silent unobtrusive scrutiny from many eyes from the upstairs windows. Ever and anon came some order from wearied or inexperienced throats, followed by a very comforting "Hush!" from S.M., and the inevitable repetition.

Full well we learnt that we were not up the Gorge (unless at flood times), or in the shady corner of a theatre; even our efforts at "Warblers" were to be put to shame. Ffff was the order of the day, a sort of "super-Bull of Bashan" effect.

And then, after many days, our Sergeant-Major bade us farewell; the Junior and Senior came and went; the holidays did likewise, taking with them many of the "old familiar faces," and still no exam., no stripes, no hope. Our throats had parched in vain; we had swotted "T.M.R.E." to no advantage.

Meanwhile the new uniforms came, and the new regime. We no longer juggled toy guns. "T.M.R.E." went west.

But, then, one day an "old familiar face" came back. The class was reassembled; many new members joined. Once more, under the interested, proud, most welcome, but never amused scrutiny of the eyes of our fair friends, we did our utmost to change our gentle dulcét tones to the approved parade-ground below, and our engaging conversational manner to an aloof and bullying bearing.

On Fridays we practised our noble art on the poor specimens who wouldn't tackle the job. So excellent did we appear to them that some became our converts, joined our scrutinised ranks, and roared with and against the best of us.

And then, one fateful Friday, two ogres came to divide our happy number into two, whereof one-half betook themselves away to the shelter of front portal to the school, whence they were called round one by one to roar and order before the eyes of one of our visitors, and all for the sake of two stripes.

The other half assayed the squad drill exam, under the eye of the other ogre and of the S.M.

Presently we changed, and each half attempted the task formerly assigned to the other. Then came a shorter test of our knowledge, this time of our old friend "T.M.R.E." How we blest that old standby, and wished our swotting had not so long lost its effect. All the time we were exchanging views on our own and other's chances, mistakes and ignorance.

Then, after long suspense, a kindly one rewarded our patience and told us—but then we are modest, and can remember no more really. In closing we express our regret at no longer having an opportunity to display our military possibilities to our one time scrutineers, which was really the only part we enjoyed (your cough sounds bad). We promise to report developments to those charmed (that's the past participle) admirers.

THE PARTING TOUCH.

It was too late to be called sunset. The sun had set half an hour before, but the clouds, low in the horizon both east and west, glowed a glorious pink. Between them, looming cold grey and forbidden, was a cloud mass of which but the slightest fringe was colored.

Soon, however, the light passed from the clouds in the east; they faded until they were, not cold and forbidding like the other clouds, but a gentle grey, like the eyes of Pallas Athene.

Meanwhile the passing rays swept upwards, and, as it were, the fiery glance of departing Apollo fell on the cold, cheerless mass. As the water at Cana blushed to see its Lord, so this mass now became, first at the eastern edge, but rapidly spreading westward, the richest imaginable shade of pink.

And, when the glance passed on and left even the most western fringe of clouds, the whole mass assumed the same soft grey as the eastern part. The magic of the parting glance left no part of the mass untouched; the infinite tenderness pervaded the whole sky, and the pulsing glory could not but leave its mark.

A BOY'S ESSAY ON GIRLS.

Girls are a queer creashun in skirts. They 'as heyes an' 'air, such 'air too—some's long and twisty and some's cropped hoff like a front garden 'edge. They wears ribbons on it too, and hif yer don't look with all yore eyes, yer'd think it was one of them windmills stepped out 'o' yore jography book a' sailing past yer.

Gee! and ain't they proud; they minces past yer in shoes three sizes too small for them, and when they looks at yer, so superior like, they make yer feel all 'ands and feet, then yer drops yore books a' trying to find yore 'at.

Mercy! and ain't they catty; when they gets hannoyed their heyes snap fire, and their tongue.

Aw! yer just want to put fingers in yer ears and run. If yer takes and hide their things, jest for a bit of fun, they blubbers like bloomin' babies. Their faces wot yer can see of them ain't theirs, it 'pears they visit the flour bin every morning to sort o' save soap and water. Aw they're an hawful stoopid lot, everyone of them, 'cept some little girls we know, who are quite sensible like boys.

Q.E.D.

OLD SCHOLARS' COLUMN.

The Association, which three years ago started with great aspirations, having taken a new lease of life, seems to be rapidly becoming moribund, and unless medical aid is applied at once will soon expire. Lack of interest, lack of effort, and an utter indifference to the welfare of the Association, characterise the attitude of its few members and many non-members. A change must be effected one way or another. It is disappointing in the extreme for those few who have worked so hard. The tennis courts, built at a great expense by the Association, are now scarcely ever used by our members, and the other branches are languishing sadly. It is indeed a sorry outlook.

LAST YEAR'S FAIR.

With the proceeds of last year's Fair the Association is furnishing for the School a new practice four, to be built locally; a reference library and shelter sheds for the tennis courts.

SECRETARY'S NOTES.

The general activities of the Association have been quiet this half-year, mostly routine work being accomplished. The bulk of the social and sporting arrangements have been left to the sections appointed for their special sphere, and their reports appear elsewhere.

The response to all but one of our stunts has been very poor, and at times very disheartening to those who worked so hard to make a success of them. Old scholars, we have something more in life to accomplish than the mere seeking of pleasure. This Association was not established as a pleasure club; it has always been the aim of some members to make our Association a big factor in the life of this small community of Launceston, and they cannot see how they can possibly obtain those aims if the only activities attended are the "pleasure" ones. We certainly realise that to some extent we must have recreation. But hard times are here and ahead of us, and the only way to make Tasmania and Australia better countries to live in is to keep up the old standard of manhood and womanhood of our pioneering forefathers. Take your pleasure, by all means, but take it in moderation, and then you will be more fit to turn to the serious things of life.

I appeal to old scholars. Next year, please take some interest in all the activities of the Association and help make it a big factor in this town of Launceston if not in our "tight little island" of Tassie.

ANNUAL SOCIAL.

The Annual Social was held in the School Assembly Hall on Thursday, October 6, 1921, and was very poorly attended. As this was the only social in the year, the committee had hoped it would be well attended, and had prepared a good programme and supper, and in many other ways had gone to a great deal of trouble to make it a success. The attendance and lack of interest were very disheartening, the committee getting but a very little encouragement.

Those who worked for the social were Misses Walker, Peters, Jacobson, and Cox (2), Messrs. McElwee, Stephens.

PERSONAL NOTES.

Pat O'Reilly is on board "H.M.A.S. Melbourne," which is cruising in the South Seas.

Charlie Cunningham has been appointed headmaster of Gladstone State School.

We have to congratulate Dick Howroyd and Miss Sutherland on their engagement.

CHURINGA HOCKEY CLUB.

For the second time in our history we of the Churinga Hockey Club have the proud distinction of being the premiers of Northern Tasmania. The merit of three of our players—Misses B. Jensen, M. Yost, and L. Wright—was recognised and rewarded by their being chosen to play for their State in the inter-State matches at Adelaide. Since they came from the "best school of all," there is no need to mention that they played to the last ounce of their strength to retain for our State the premiership which justly rewarded their efforts.

Unfortunately for the club, but not for a certain lucky one, we are losing the enthusiastic and valuable services of Miss Marjory Ellis. The best wishes of all the "Churinga" go with her to the altar and beyond. If these wishes are fulfilled, Marjory will indeed enjoy her new sphere of life.

In closing we commend the utiring efforts of the whole team during the season, and the kindness of the many friends whose assistance was of great value to our representatives who went to Adelaide. It is good to feel that we may rely on the scholars, Past and Present, of the good old school for their loyal support.

IDA WALKER, Hon. Sec.

CHURINGA LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY.

With the usual high hope and aspirations, this society began the season. An address by Mr. Miller was fairly well attended and thoroughly appreciated by those present. A most interesting paper by Mr. Neil Campbell on "Slander from the legal point of view" was heard by a small number of enthusiasts, who benefited greatly thereby. Then nothing more happened. At the next meeting two members were present; at another, the secretary. It seems typical of the present spirit of the Old Scholars' Association.

The office-bearers were:—

Chairman.—Mr. Irvine Douglas.

Secretary.—Mr. Frank Carey.

Committee.—Miss D. Emms, Mr. E. Scott.

CHURINGA DANCING CLASS.

"Smile and the world smiles with you"—there is no need to continue. To get the habit of smiling is the means of creating pleasant atmospheres—result, happiness. The Churinga Dancing Class, they say smile—they are a merry lot. The season has been rather successful, and we might say rather busy. The idea of holding a ball was promptly seized upon, and with the committee of adult ladies, who so willingly and energetically put their efforts into the enterprise, the ball was a good start off for future affairs of this nature. From comments one hears about town our next season's ball should be the success that one would hope for. Our guests of the evening included the Mayor and Mayoress (Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Monds), Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Brockett, Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Grace, and Mr. and Mrs. T. Lee. Unfortunately Mr. Miller could not be with us owing to illness. With the support of the numerous old scholars the function must in future be a success.

Our series of "open nights" have proved very successful, and have been a great means of furthering the interests of our Association among the people outside the Association.

The night set apart for the benefit of the hockey girls proved more than the success that it was anticipated, and we were able to hand the secretary of their club a donation of £5.

Now the weather is getting warmer, the time is getting close when we will have to disband until next year. Our break-up was held on October 24th, when we had a late night, with supper, at "The Wattles," this being the climax of an excellent evening.

DUCES OF SCHOOL.

(Third Term.)

A1 Class—R. Buring.
 A2 Class—W. Carter.
 B1 Class—D. Fleming.
 B2 Class—C. Adams.
 C1 Class—R. Sutton.
 C2 Class—T. Doe.
 C3 Class—M. Eastoe.
 C4 Class—R. Hall.
 D1 Class—M. Taylor.
 D2 Class—M. Rowe.
 D3 Class—B. Hogarth.
 D4 Class—W. Jacques.

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 E. Harvey, Miss B. Wilcox, Miss M. Stanfield, Miss C. Underwood, Miss M. Tevelein, Mr. T. Lee, Mr. W. V. Teniswood, Mr. E. Scott.

Senior Prefects.—Joy Austin, Fred. Townsend.

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

Prefects.—Thelma McIver, Mattie McKinnel, Winnie Carter, Phil Frith, Jean Kidd, 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 Steven, Lucy Holbrook, Neil Campbell, Newman, Edna Dunn, Louisa McKenzie, Des Chandler.

Dux of School.—R. Buring.

School Champion.—W. Dynan.

Captain of Cricket.—P. Holmes.

Captain of Football.—J. Blake.

Captain of Hockey.—D. 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. Johnstone.

Magazine Committee.—R. McHugh (Editor), R. Buring (Sub-Editor), T. McIver, D. Fleming, M. Eastoe, M. Rowe, G. Lewis, C. Wearne.

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