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The Northern Churinga



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SPEECH NIGHT.

On Tuesday, March 7th, the Eighth Annual Speech Night of this school was held. The Girls' Choir, under the baton of Mr. Buring, delighted a large and keenly interested audience with renderings of a number of songs. The Principal presented the Annual Report, which showed that we had again succeeded in "keeping our end up" to a noticeable degree in all branches of our activities.

Excellent addresses were delivered by Senator Millen and the Director of Education (Mr G. V. Brooks). The former imparted sound advice to both friends and pupils of the school, and the praise which Mr. Brooks extended to the staff was warmly and sincerely applauded by the pupils.

In the presentation of the prizes the excellent results of R. Buring were, as in the report, highly commended. The other prizes went to Joy Austin (6 credits, 3 passes), dux of girls; R. Sutton (6 credits, 3 passes), dux of juniors; D. Fleming, dux of "B" classes; B. Hogarth, dux of "D" classes; K. Rule, chemistry prize at junior.

Mr. Brooks presented the Intermediate and Leaving Certificates. Of the former eighty-one, and of the latter 28, were gained.

The school is again greatly indebted to Miss C. Sutherland, who came from Scottsdale to play for us, and to Miss C. Malcolm and Miss M. Chick, who kindly consented to render songs.

The proceedings closed with an enthusiastic rendering of the National Anthem and of the school song.

CADET NOTES.

(By "Cato-Major.")

The worst of luck has dogged our steps this year. We entered the competition for inter-State honors, and as the other Launceston teams "jibbed" when they saw us, as they thought, training hard, we were to represent Launceston at Devonport, and when we had won there we should have represented the State. However, the Government decided to curtail expenses, and vetoed the competition. So ended our first hopes.

Then we entered a platoon to contest in drill on Anzac Day. We trained hard, but half the platoon did not turn up, and we lost by a very narrow margin.

Four of our number took exams. for their commissions. Broomby, Doe, and Adams were successful, but Doe is too young to receive his commission. He is to be congratulated on his performance in passing while so young.

Cadets are reminded that an "N.C.O." class will commence soon, when any desirous of rising above the ranks will have an opportunity of doing so. In connection with the last class Mr. Garlic, area officer, presented the certificates to the successful candidates before the Easter holidays.

EXPERIMENT "C."

To prepare a certain substance known as "Juddium."
Apparatus: 20 litres of ink, one kilogram of clothes, one boy, kilogram of curly black hair, pair black boots and socks.

Experiment: Place the clothes on the boy, glue the hair on to the head. Then splash hands, face, and legs with ink. Examine carefully.

Observation: There stands before us a well-known specimen, "Juddium."

Inference: With the above apparatus the metal "Juddium" may easily be formed.

Equation: 2 Boy + Clothes + 10 Ink = Boy Clothes, Ink 10.

(Juddium).

IT'S A FACT.

That "C" class has got many retiring members.

That Juddie likes sweet-tarts.

That Allan has been done browne.

That to Seymour is a-paulin!

That there was no Insectabane at the sports.

That therefore the Ford was going strong.

That "B1" speaks Sanskrit.

That there are too many who gossip about other peoples' affairs.

That our Charlie objects to gossip.

That "B1" is home of shields.

That "B1" has the best room picture twice per-haps.

That Mr. Buring likes curried chops.

That even Alfrieda has her "Phil."

That some one brought a bike to the "A" class social—to wheel it home.

That Allan is learning the Morse code.

That someone in "C" class is all Wright in a side car.

That Dorothy keeps a stern eye on Marjorie's Knight of the Pen.

That Time and Tom wait for no man.

That Solomon's text book, "French Made Easy," has yet to appear.

That Col. has taken a great fancy to plum Duff.

That tenders are invited for the erection of a screen in a far corner in "A" class.

That a certain maiden loves to seat herself in the neighborhood of masculinity on Friday Nights.

That our Professor with the specs is thinking of writing a sonnet "On Sitting Next to a Fair Lady on Friday Nights."

That the History lesson brings out some budding Bourke's in "B" class.

That the curly-headed boy in the corner has great attractive powers. Ask W.

That Trevor is not an admirer of flowers.

That the moon is "no more seen" from Hobbler's.

That he can "see more" in affairs of former days.

That Gollan won the —. Oh! tell us something fresh. We know he always "wins."

That Sir Andrew is cutting Orsino out.

That magnetised tripods interfere with the accuracy of compass needles.

"The Dear Harp of Ireland" has become Scotch.
The "Dear Harp of Ireland" is very fond of biscuits. What brand did you say? They are not Scotch.

Dransy's fit of bicycle jumpitis was disastrous to the mangle.
That young Nick has thrice laid low—his gauntlet. We missed the upshot.

That Dransy believes in sprints (in a test tube).

That young Nick's offer to favor the company with a song was welcomed by cries of "Privilege," Why?

That commercial C. are "speeding up" in shorthand.

That we are "Layh(d)" up after French lessons.

That the "C" commercial boys are not so "Hardy" as they used to be, and their "Hearts" are giving way after book-keeping.

That one of our boys uses hair oil to "Grease-y" his hair.

That the "Day" and the "Knight" have "Faith" that maps "Will-so(o)n" die out of history.

That Tennis shoes perfume the decks.

GRIEVANCES.

(To the Editor.)

Dear Sir,—

You may have noticed that considerable annoyance is caused by the habit certain of our ladies have formed of dropping pens, books, and other convenient rubbish on the floor. Their object is apparently to avoid the simple questions concerning radio-active rays and Julius Caesar III. by scratching for the fallen rubbish. Could you, sir, suggest any effective remedy?

Signed "A1."

[Nothing can be done, old fellow. If you try to stop them you'll make them worse. You know the sex.—Ed.]

(To the Editor.)

Dear Sir,—

We, of "E1," have noticed almost every day since fires have been used in the school many strange things coming through our ceiling, and reaching down sometimes as far as the floor near our hearth, sometimes not quite so far, and sometimes passing right through the floor, which they do not break. Can you tell us what they are? By doing so you will quieten the superstitious fears of

Yours gratefully (in advance),

"E1."

[Great is my pleasure in dealing with your trouble. "E1." Two solutions presented themselves. The first, suggested by one of my colleagues, that they were my feet, I dismiss for the following reasons: (1) You say "many strange things;" now, like most of my species, I have only two feet. (2) You mention no disastrous effect to floor or ceiling. (3) As my feet are continually in the way on our own hearth it requires a stretch of imagination (and of foot) to imagine them on yours at any time. The second suggestion seems to me to be far more feasible; it is that your visitors are the philosophic and religious ruminations of our ("A" class) baby; they go very deep you know.—Ed.]

BOYS' SPORTS.

CRICKET.

This season our prospects were very bright since eight of last year's eleven had returned, and were reinforced by Ford, who was well known to some of us as no respecter of averages. Percy Holmes was re-elected captain, with "Pat" Ford as vice, and R. Broomby secretary. Coached by Mr. Grace, we practised assiduously in the various departments of cricket, and played several matches, of which the details are told below. The season was not as successful as we hoped, but we are very glad to have won, though but by such a small margin, the match that mattered most. We hope to prove our mettle against other opponents before the end of the year. We deeply regret the loss of our skipper, whose worth was a thing established. We shall miss him as a chap, as a cricketer, and as a footballer. This is also true of our wicket-keeper, who also shone as a footballer and general athlete.

NORTH v. SOUTH MATCH.

The Launceston team and supporters travelled to Hobart on Thursday, 6th of April, together with the tennis team. The cricket match was played on the North Hobart ground on Friday. The southern skipper (Townley) won the toss, and elected to bat, Johnstone accompanying Hill to a good wicket in bright sunlight. The northern attack was entrusted to Beresford and Holmes, and in the sixth over of the day Holmes effected a separation, Johnstone being caught at point by Beresford. The telegraph read 1—7—23. Lewis then relieved Holmes, and Broomby took Beresford's end, bowling Chipman, the new arrival, for 8. 2—8—48.

Townley and Hill put on 45 for the third wicket, which fell when "Bogey" was brilliantly caught by Chandler at deep slip off Holmes, who had relieved Broomby. 3—47—93. Another useful partnership between Townley and Wills ended, when Townley fell to Holmes. 4—58—126. Holmes was hit for 4 by Hughes, but sweet vengeance was his next ball, off which Hughes was caught in slips. 5—4—130. At this stage Holmes had secured four wickets for 23 runs.

Leckie was given the leather, and promptly dismissed Pearsall. 6—9—151. Eleven runs later Lewis held one from Morley off the same bowler. 7—9—162. Burridge scored a single, and also fell to Leckie, 8—163. Wills, scoring slowly, lost Price, whom Leckie bowled for 2. 9—2—168. Harvey, batting brightly, the score mounted to 193, when the last wicket fell. 10—19—193. Leckie's average at this stage was four for 25. The innings was marked by the batting of Hill and Townley, and the mediocre fielding of the Northerners, who dropped many chances.

With about an hour to bat before lunch, North sent Ford and Broomby to the wickets. The first ball bowled by Price brought disaster to the northern team, Ford's off stump being taken. 1—0—0. Five runs later Price obtained an lbw. decision against Broomby 2—2—5. The score unaltered Leckie fell to Price. 3—0—5. Ride was the next victim, being caught by Chipman off Wells. 4—3—8. Holmes, after adding 3, was bowled by Price. 5—3—11. Another single resulted in Beresford being run out. 6—0—12. Price then bowled Eccleston, who had been stonewalling, for 2.

Lewis and McDonald made a stand, the latter showing fine form, but being unfortunately run out when his score stood at 14. 8—14—35. The lunch adjournment came at this juncture, after which Chandler

fell to Wells. 9-0-36. Lewis and Dynan carried the score to 60, when Dynan (14) fell to Pearsall. Lewis remained undefeated with 16 (top score) to his credit.

This innings is memorable for the collapse of the team, and the fine bowling of Price, who secured five wickets for 14 runs. North, being 133 behind the southern total, followed on. Ford and Broomby again opened for North to the bowling of Price and Pearsall. The half-century was on the board when Broomby was bowled by Pearsall. 1-27-50. Sixteen runs later Ford was dismissed. 2-32-66. Lewis followed without any alteration to the score. 3-4-66. A stand by Beresford and Holmes terminated, when the former succumbed to Wells. 4-12-96. Eccleston and Holmes then carried the score to 126, when Eccleston was bowled by Hughes, who had relieved Price. 5-16-126. Holmes compiled 50, and left the total at 158. Three runs later Ride was bowled. 7-0-158. Dynan and McDonald carried the total to 174, when Dynan fell to an lbw. appeal by Price, who had returned. 8-14-174. McDonald, partnered by Leckie and Chandler, carried the total to 187, and remained 17 not out. Having still an hour to play, and requiring 55 runs to win on the two innings, South sent Townley and Hill to the wickets. Hill began well, and 17 were scored off the over; 35 went up when Lewis took a hot catch off Leckie by Wills. Townley went at 41, and a procession began. Holmes and Leckie brought disaster to the rest of the eleven.

Excitement was intense when five wickets had to add but one run each for a clear win. Those five fell for three runs, leaving North winners by one run. The skipper, who bowled the last man with the last ball of the day, and secured four for 8, and Leckie, who took six for 14 (a total of ten for 39) were the heroes of the day. Their bowling, together with the greatly improved fielding, accounted for the collapse of the southern side. The light was decidedly poor towards the end of the day, but this alone could not account for the defeat of the Southerners, and it cannot be denied that every man was "flat out" in the second innings. The scores read:

NORTH.

First innings	60
Second innings	184
Total	247

SOUTH.

First inning	193
Second innings	53
Total	246

CLASS MATCHES.

On February 15th the first of the Class matches was commenced between the D. and E. Classes. E., batting first, compiled 77 runs, of which Murray got 25, Bonney 19 (not out), and Wilson 13.

The bowling for D. was done by Carter, five for 14; Wadley, one for 15; and Chandler, four for 17.

The D. Class innings, which was finished on Friday, 17th February, closed with D. Class at 74; Carter 18, Wadley 19.

E. thus won by a narrow but creditable margin. The bowling was done by Murray, six for 22; Gunton, one for 10; Bonney, one for 20.

The second match of the series, A. v. B., was played on Cornwall Square on Saturday, the 18th. A. batted first, and compiled 95 runs, of which G. Lewis contributed 28 (not out), Ford 24, and McHugh 12. B. batted and compiled 117, and played out time. Broomby 32 (not out), Leckie 20 (not out), McDonald 19, Marshall 18, and Dynan 12 being the chief scorers. Dynan, seven for 30, and Marshall, one for 9, secured the wickets for B., and Ford, one for 17; Lewis, one for 40; and Holmes, one for 27, accounted for the B. Class wickets.

The final match between B. and C. was played on the Cornwall ground on the 23rd February. C., batting first, scored 103, Ride 72 (not out) and Berresford 12 being top scorers. B. bowling was done by Dynan four for 47, and Marshall, three for 10. B. obtained 124 for six wickets, Broomby 45 and Eccleston 16 being the highest figures. The best averages for C. were Hart, two for 10; Ride, two for 3; Berresford, one for 37; and Crawford, one for 26. B. thus obtained the premiership for the season 1922.

ROWING.

At the commencement of the season 1921-22 the rowers held a meeting, at which the following officers were appointed: A. Ingles (captain), J. Blake (vice-captain), C. Ingles (secretary), G. Eccleston, and W. White (committee). W. White, however, left at the Xmas vacation.

The rowers turned up satisfactorily at the sheds, and spent many an afternoon there. The regatta which was approaching seemed to inspire them to extra training. The regatta was held in December, and proved very successful. The following were the positions secured: Championship Sculls, A. Ingles; Championship Fours, A. Ingles (stroke), J. Ball (3), C. Adams (2), W. White (bow). C. Chandler (cox.); Beginners' Pairs, C. Adams (stroke), K. Dunham (bow), C. Chandler (cox.). The Champion Eights were not rowed, as the boats were out of order.

The next event was the Clarke Shield Race. Mr. Pattison, again offering his services as coach, selected two crews from the school. The crew was strengthened by the arrival of F. Ford, who had previously stroked the Scotch College four. The crews were as follows: First crew: F. Ford (stroke), A. Ingles (3), G. Eccleston (2), C. Adams (bow), C. Ingles (cox.). Second crew: P. Holmes (stroke), R. Broomby (3), M. Weston (2), G. Solomon (bow), C. Chandler (cox.). Both crews commenced training with a will. Though only in training for three weeks, the prospects were favorable. But an unforeseen circumstance presented itself. The Devonport stroke broke his wrist. This left the race between Launceston and Hobart. Again both crews were completing their final practice, when they received a message telling them not to visit Hobart. The matter was at first treated as a joke, but afterwards turned out to be true. The following day cleared up all doubt, as it was ascertained that one of the Hobart crew had a blood-poisoned hand, and others were disabled. Hobart forfeited, and the Shield was to be rowed for by our first and second crews. The crew made a trip to Hobart, however, and came back ready to row the race. It was then discovered that the Bourke Cup Race had to be decided. Devonport and Hobart did not wish to take part in this race, so the outcome was to be decided between the two home crews. Accordingly, it was arranged that there should only be the one race for the two trophies. The date fixed upon was Monday, May 15. Both crews went to the mark ready to row a good race. They had not been training, but this sent them out both on equal terms.

THE RACE.

The day fixed upon was not altogether favorable for the event. A breeze was blowing up the Reach, and this made the water very choppy. However, the crew left the mark about a quarter to five, and strove hard to secure the final honours. The first crew obtained a lead of half a length at the start, but the second crew were not so easily defeated. For about half a mile the crews kept at it with very little to choose between them. It seemed as though the finish would be a close one. But the pace began to tell on the lighter crew. Approaching the southern end of the King's Wharf the second crew began to roll. Seeing their opportunity, the first crew sped out to the front, and gained a lead of three lengths. This lead was sufficient to give the first crew the final verdict, for try as they might, the second crew could not recover their lost ground.

The first crew congratulated the second crew on their race, and both crews are indebted to the services of Mr. C. A. Pattison for his untiring efforts. Again he has managed to coach the winning crew.

BOYS' TENNIS.

Although not officially a boys' sport, tennis is very popular among the boys. A new ladder has been drawn up, and includes about twenty-five or thirty players. Of these the first three—R. Broomby, A. Ingles, and C. Ingles—entered for the Pardey Shield. Broomby stayed longest, being defeated by in the third round.

On the formation of the ladder, considerable interest was aroused, and several matches were played, resulting in a good deal of readjustment. The first three, however, remain in the same positions.

FOOTBALL.

FIRSTS.

At the commencement of the season the Firsts held a meeting, at which the following positions were allotted: Captain: J. Blake. Vice-captain: F. Ford. Secretary: A. Ingles.

The first match of the season was played against the East Launceston Old Scholars on their own ground on Saturday, June 10. The match was evenly contested, but the school ultimately won the game by three goals. The scores were: Firsts, 7 goals 8 behinds; East Launceston, 4 goals 8 behinds. The best players for the Firsts were J. Blake, R. Broomby, G. Lewis, A. Ingles, T. Barclay, A. Wadley.

The next encounter was against the Launceston Church Grammar School on the Cornwall Ground on Friday, 16th June. Area Officer Garlic kindly consented to umpire the match. The game was evenly fought throughout the four quarters. The Firsts, however, proved too strong for their opponents, and ran out winners by five points. The scores were as follow: Firsts, 4 goals 7 behinds; Grammar, 3 goals 8 behinds. The best players for the Firsts were J. Blake, R. Broomby, G. Eccleston, G. Lewis, A. Ingles, D. Chandler. The goal-kickers for the school were D. Chandler (2), A. Ingles (1), and C. Ingles (1). The best players for Grammar were Fulton, Ingram, Henry, and Pilbeam.

On Monday, 19th June, the Firsts again met Grammar. The match was more even than that of the previous Friday. The Firsts this time did not prove themselves victors until five minutes before time. Their victory was this time only obtained by the narrow mar-

gin of two points. The best players for the school were Blake, Ford, Broomby, Eccleston, Lewis, Ingles. The best players for Grammar were Henry, Ingram, and Oldham.

The scores were: Firsts, 3 goals 7 behinds; Grammar, 3 goals 5 behinds.

The goal-kickers were A. Ingles, D. Chandler, E. Crawford. For Grammar D. Oldham was the only contributor.

Owing to the proximity of the Devonport match the Firsts are training earnestly. The following team has been chosen to represent the school on Friday, June 23, against Devonport High School: J. Blake (captain), F. Ford (vice), R. Broomby, Eccleston, A. Ingles, G. Lewis, W. Dynan, A. Wadley, H. McDonald, W. Leckie, T. Barclay, T. Doe, T. Rocher, C. Ingles, L. Carter, D. Chandler, J. Hookway, R. Ponsonby.

J. Blake: Good ruck and half back—plenty of dash.

F. Ford: Good mark and kick, good ruck—needs to get his kick sooner.

R. Broomby: Tricky, but inclined to wander.

G. Eccleston: Good mark and kick—hangs to ball too frequently—not enough dash.

A. Ingles: Good kick—plenty of dash.

G. Lewis: Plenty of dash—inclined to play the man.

W. Dynan: Speedy—runs too much with ball.

A. Wadley: Lacks speed—needs to get first ten yards in at top speed—good mark and kick.

H. McDonald: Lacks dash—good kick.

W. Leckie: Plenty of dash—inclined to wander.

T. Barclay: Sure mark and kick; somewhat lacking in dash.

T. Doe: Plenty of dash—inclined to overrun the ball—needs to pick out his man better—punts too often.

T. Rocher: Full back—needs to pick his man better—good kick.

C. Ingles: Lacks dash—needs to go through more with the ball—needs more alertness.

L. Carter: Cool and tricky—needs to use stab kick more.

D. Chandler: Good forward—alert and nippy.

R. Ponsonby: Lacks dash—needs to keep up with his man.

J. Hookway: Needs more dash and vim—should use his weight more.

E. Crawford (emergency): Needs to get rid of the ball more quickly; bounces the ball too much.

GIRLS' SPORTS.

TENNIS.

It is a pleasing fact that the younger players have taken such a keen interest in tennis this year, the greater part of them entering for the handicap events in the sport, one reaching the semi-finals. Their performances do them great credit.

Competition for the places in the North v. South team was keen, and a strong team was picked. D. Browne, N. Wing, and M. Duff won their singles, and N. Wing and M. Duff and D. Brown and W. Carter won their doubles. This gave a total of five sets to four. The team and supporters greatly appreciate the generous hospitality of their Southern friends.

Seven of our girls entered for the Pardey Shield, and of these D. Browne went furthest, and N. Wing next. The value of the match practice thus obtained is considerable, and it is hoped that the school will be well represented again next year.

Good form was shown in the matches in connection with the sports. The doubles, both Handicap and Championship, were won by Nellie Wing and Winnie Carter. Dorothy Browne carried off the Handicap Singles, and the Championship Singles, which have not yet been played off, and should provide a most interesting contest.

THE SECOND HOCKEY TEAM.

This season we have played three matches, and, unhappily, been defeated each time. First, Churinga, playing one short, scored five goals to our none. Second, Broadland House Seniors beat us by five goals, for again we failed to score. In both these matches the girls did their best, and the defence was particularly commendable, notably on the part of the goal, Jean Finlay; the backs, Myra Kidd and Ena Smith; and the centre half, Peggy Grubb. Last Saturday we played College Seniors, and were defeated by three goals to none, although this time some offside goals were short. In this match the girls excelled themselves, in spite of the fact that they were playing two short. The best players in this match were again Jean, Myra, and Ena.

The failure of our girls to score is due entirely, not to lack of effort or enthusiasm, but to the absence of combination on the part of the forwards; also the wing halves should support their forwards more.

On the 20th June we play the Firsts, and on Saturday, 23rd June, the Clan, when there is a chance of our luck turning.

CRICKET.

Miss Greaves worked up quite an enthusiasm among the girls towards cricket this season, and the standard of the game was greatly improved through their attitude.

The only matches played by the Firsts were against overwhelming odds, but they kept their end up quite creditably. (Silence! Stop those wretched ducks quacking!)

After many dinner-hour practices, Messrs. Grace and Buring kindly bowling (much to the edification of the throngs in B1 and D3 windows) the Firsts met a team composed of what seemed to be all the most brilliant players in the school from among the boys.

Dead silence must be kept concerning that occasion, except to mention Teddy's acrobatic, scientific, awe-inspiring bowling and Lawrie's score of 50, at which he voluntarily retired.

Muriel Lewis and M. McEwin put up our best scores, and E. Rushfirth, P. Denholm, and A. E. Smith fielded very well.

Our second match was against the lady teachers, who dismissed our team with a total of 84 runs. Chief scorer was E. Smith.

Then the opposing team went in, or rather three of them did. Miss Greaves's score was in double figures when caught at slips by M. McEwin; then Miss Wilkins and Miss Underwood went in, and stayed in. These three players alone overtopped the girls' score, and the match was not ended.

The season was much enjoyed, but hockey was joyously welcomed. The First team were: P. Denholm, E. Rushfirth, E. Le Fevre, A. E. Smith, E. Smith, M. McEwin, N. Beven, E. Fielding, M. Sayer, M. Lewis, P. Grubb.

BASKET BALL.

This winter basket ball has been introduced as a girls' sport. It is a very good game, in some opinions excelling hockey. There are two teams, supervised by Miss Underwood—the Blacks, whose captain is Bessie Wylie, and the Reds, with Helen Scott as captain. This season five games have been played, four of which were won by the Reds.

Miss Underwood was prevented from umpiring the third match, her place being taken by Miss Macdonald, who, although she had not played for some time, filled the position well. The Reds lost this game.

The girls are now learning the duties of an umpire, so they will be able to meet similar difficulties in the future.

Some of us still think we are playing football, forgetting if we kick the ball our opponent wins a free throw for the offence.

SWIMMING.

The swimming season was not so enjoyable as it might have been had the weather been warmer. However, under the supervision of Miss Wilcox, many of those who were not already swimmers learnt to take a few strokes at least. There were not many who were afraid of the water this season. Our best swimmers were Ila Scott, who was as much at home in the water as on the land, and Bessie Cox.

HOCKEY.

This year the First hockey team has much improved its last year's record. The team elected as skipper and vice Pauline Denholm and Edna Rushfirth.

Our round of association matches nearly made us premiers, for we won three matches out of four.

The first was against College. The game was fairly close, but we scored two goals, one struck by Edna and one by Nellie, College not scoring.

The second match was with Broadland House. This was the closest game of the season. Broadland House gained one goal in the first few minutes, but this was evened by R. Lade before the game had gone much farther.

During the second half Edna scored another goal for the firsts, thus making us winners.

The next match, played against the Clan, seemed to have for the principal feature chewing gum. However, the Firsts won, striking five goals.

The Firsts were very fortunate in getting a trip to Burnie to help the Burnie Hockey Carnival. They won one match out of two, received a royal welcome, and had a splendid time.

The last match played was against Churinga, who won by two goals, which they struck in the first half.

The forthcoming matches are against Pandora, our Reds, and Devonport.

So far we have had a most successful season, and hope to figure well when the results of the round are published.

The First team are: P. Denholm, E. Rushfirth, N. Wing, M. McEwin, A. Beven, N. Beven, H. Harnett, R. Lade, T. Armstrong, M. Lewis, E. Partridge.

A GARDEN FOR GENTLEMEN.

(By "Gussy.")

TO CORRESPONDENTS

"Footballer."—The socks you describe are of rather an unusual variety, but as they are worn by a gentleman of A. Class, whose coloring is slightly more pronounced than yours, I think you may safely try them with your type. The pattern is the same as that for ordinary socks, with the stripes of about $1\frac{1}{2}$ inch width.

"Basso Profundo."—You say that your voice is unappreciated. Your best plan would be to see a doctor and get a prescription for a soothing syrup, or, better still, to get a certificate allowing you to stay away on Friday nights.

"Metempsychosis."—Owing to the length of your words, I have not had time to find the meaning of your note, but will endeavor to do so in time for the next edition, which will appear in December.

NOTES FROM PARIS.

The wealth of colors displayed in the ties, socks, and handkerchiefs gives an idea of the prodigal hand which Dame Fashion is showing this year. The latest combination of colors is a delicate mauve, slashed with red and green, and is very effective in knitted silk, taffeta or crepe de chene for evening wear. Gentleman are beginning to realise the value of the color scheme in emphasising the tones of their skin and hair.

For blondes, sky blue, greys, browns, and mauves are effective, while darked complexions are admirably suited by autumn tints, cerise, maize, or the warmer shades of brown. It is surprising how a brightly colored tie will brighten up even the dullest complexion. The sock of the moment is in tone with the tie, and on the ankle is worked in satin stitch a posy of flowers or even a tiny landscape.

PUBLICATIONS.

All the newest summer fashions from Paris are given in the June number of "Weldons' Journal." There is a large transfer design enclosed for a bead trimming on the waistcoat or even for the overcoat, and special features include full directions for knitting a silk football jumper with crochet trimmings and monogram; also there are the latest bathing dresses, a blazer and flannel trousers; smart hats in the making; a new idea for a wedding cake, and some new styles of hairdressing.

A CHARMING COIFFURE.

Brush the hair well and divide in half. Take the left side round and fasten at the back with a hairpin. Lift the remaining half on the comb; fling it gracefully across the top of the head; loosen the tendrils at the side, and a charming air of artistic abandon is acquired.

Readers are cordially invited to send their tested methods of creasing trousers, tying the shoe laces, and scenting the hair for publication.

THE DREAM.

Far from the slanting sunbeams and swaying shadows down the erratic contortions of the River of Dreams a terrible conglomeration of tangled thicket, wriggling streams, deep lagoons and treacherous rush-covered bogs, floated my dream. Away, away down it sailed, until in the black, smudgy twilight, it was as a tiny ray of hope to a dim, sullen sky.

Then a sudden glimmer on the trees skirting the river's sleek bank—a moon had risen above the black eastern hills. Along this metallic radiance came my dream, leaving behind the snake-like silvered river, ominously black where the tree-covered banks threw their inky shadows into the water.

Gone was the menacing dusk, the tortuous windings of the river, the bold, imperious hills as the dark shadow of the wings of oblivion folded about them.

We floated on, on a day of happy expectation, in a Phantom Ship of Dreams, the ghostly mariners watching, with dim, speculative eyes, Nemesis pursuing us. Far around us on every side lay hills billowed in sweet witchery, the mists kissing the grey crumble of sky as they twisted and curled like dream smoke round the quiet hills. To-day were dreams no longer "begot of nothing but vain fantasy," but actual, living realities. In them we lived and died and suffered. So down the River of Earthly Desire we floated, in the Barque of Fate, along the silvery path of destiny, which forever creeps caressingly to the Hills of Achievement. On, on we floated, and in the pearly grey water lay imaged our hopes and lives forever at the mercy of gods who taunt the unhappy victim with the sweetness of forbidden fruits which turn to dust and ashes at the touch.

Still on we floated, lost to all sense of time. It may have been decades—it may have been minutes—still on, on at the relentless decree of pitiless gods.

Once more my dream changed. The waters of life were dark and turbulent, and we, as we battled against the swollen current of Divine displeasure, were triumphant. On, on again we floated to the accompaniment of the cool splash of oars as we passed along the River of God's Fulfilment, with the Water of Life once more sweet and cool in the mouth of parched desire.

NOTHING AND NOBODY.

SHOPPING.

Up the hill! Up the hill!
Parcels to left of him,
Boxes to right of him,
Parcels all over him.
Came—No! not the Six Hundred, but just plain Mr Brown.

It was a steep hill, and a railway station crowned the top. Hence Mr Brown's charge. It was the afternoon before Christmas, and Mr Brown had been shopping. Hence the afore-mentioned parcels. Well, it was a steep hill, and a long one, too, so that Mr Brown was tired.

About every hundred yards of so Mr Brown took out his large pocket handkerchief, mopped his forehead, and counted his parcels. Er! Let me see, weren't there twenty-four last time? Yes, bust me if there weren't. Then another mighty charge, down hill this time, to render first aid to the lost parcel.

In by-gone years Mr Brown had been interested in racehorses—even so much as to think about buying one—and he knew that those interesting and very intelligent animals increased their speed in what was commonly called “the last lap.”

Mr Brown determined to sprint for the last lap. He did so with a vengeance. At last the top of the hill. What is that, the train? Yes! sure enough there was his old train leisurely crawling around the bend.

Allow me to say that Mr Brown was a Christian man, but even a Christian man has a limit.

Mr Brown was literally at the end of his tether. He dropped into a near-by seat and—well, I think I’d better stop. The porter wasn’t a very pious gentleman, but he soon betook himself to a safer spot.

Strange to say, when Mr Brown arrived home, four hours late, he was quite irritable. He also declared that he would never go shopping again. No, not even for wife, or sister Jane, or young Billie, or even Baby Joe.

DUCES OF SCHOOL.

First Quarter, 1922.

Class A—Joy Austin.
Class B—Robert Sutton.
Class C—Lindsay Hope.
Class D1—Peggy Grubb.
Class D2—Muriel Rowe.
Class D3—Mollie Macnamara.
Class E1—Jean Wright.
Class E2—Jack Finlay.
Class E3—Joan Ingles.
Class E4—Arthiur Colhoun.

CLASS NOTES.

CLASS A1—Supervisor: Mr A. L. Meston.

Scene A1.

Time: When the street lights have begun to glimmer.

Dramatis Personae: Dr. Johnstone.

Napoleon Bonaparte.

Dr. J.—Ahem! Where has my worthy friend Napoleon gone? Ha! Do I perceive him above the cupboard? Can it be that once more he has been banished?

Nap.—Alas, yes, my reign is over. My 200 days have ended, and in that Best Room Picture I have met my second Waterloo.

Dr. J.—Nevertheless, my friend, you have enjoyed a lengthy period of prosperity. Doubtless you have considerably enriched your stock of experiences in the duration of your supervision of the vicissitudes of the present mighty A.

Nap.—Experiences—why! in this short space of time I have seen more green silk than Maria Louise showed all her life.

Dr. J.—And I have seen more amorous passages than e’er befell ‘twixt sweet Nell Gwynne and Charles. Does not “that foolish knight” sit throned beneath my very eye?

Nap.—A great piece of strategy have I seen—worthy of Ney or Prince Eugene. The black haired maiden has at last succeeded in adding the red to her colors and completing the tri-color.

Dr. J.—“De gustibus non est disputandum”—for my part I prefer the tone of our editor’s hair. Didst hear the joke concerning his new way of spelling?

Nap.—A fine literature is this. Ruston’s discovery that Hazlitt’s outstanding feature was putting “the” before every phrase is worthy of note.

Dr. J.—Well! Well! They may not be blessed with an excess of wit, but it is an excellent class for all that—I am sure that even last year’s A. class cannot beat it.

Nap.—They have wits enough. You should see the essays that they have written about me.

Dr. J.—There has been small chance for anyone to see them since they have been locked away in that drawer ever since they were collected by the learned pedagogue who exercises over them the right of supreme command.

Nap.—Well, my friend, my power has fled, and vain would be my efforts to free them. Oh, hush—I hear her come—the sweep that betrayed me and has given my place for ever to that Best Room Picture.

CLASS B.—Supervising Teacher: Mr. W. L. Grace.

“I simply can’t work to-night. To think that Hector has left us. Why we shall have no one to open the door now. Then there’s Charlie, who wrote original essays. I did enjoy them. Geoff, Jim, Gwen, Winsome, and Ada have also departed to a new sphere. Well, I wish them luck. Our English teacher said all the ‘good’ ones had left, but I do not agree. Just think of Tom’s (not the one who doesn’t know what soapy water looks like) ‘Flooded City’ and Garth’s lecture. His maps are excellent.”

“Oh, your Latin will not be finished to-night.” “Why, it’s only eleven yet. But we are some class, don’t you think? We have the Cricket, Hockey, and Flag Race shields. Four first hockey girls, and Pauline the captain, and Edna, vice, reside in B1. We supply seven of the first football team. Then George and Reg are renowned for rowing, and Nellie for tennis, and of course you know that Nellie and Reg are sports prefects.”

“Oh, yes, you are good at sport, but what about your work?” “Well, we are no longer ‘swots,’ but B Class ‘students.’ Emmie is really excellent. She is going to seek suffrage later on. But the way did you know that one of the solids to go through filter paper was a brick. We never go hungry in our room, because we own an ‘Orchard.’ This causes the needs for a long dinner hour at times. We had the best room picture for a fortnight.” “There’s twelve o’clock, and you haven’t finished your Latin yet.” “Nearly finished. I’ll rise early in the morning. Good-night!”

CLASS C.—Supervising Teacher: Miss Grubb.

Therefore doth heaven divide,
 The C. Class in divers lessons,
 Setting endeavour in continual motion,
 To which is fixed, as an aim or butt,
 The Intermediate: for so work the swots,
 Creatures that by a rule in nature teach
 The act of swotting to a drowsy classroom.
 Prefects they have, and monitors (of sorts);
 Where some, like actors, study Shakespeare's plays
 Others, like soldiers, armed with their books,
 Make fruitless boot upon vague knowledge store;
 While that the teacher with a surly frown,
 Awaits home-work-less pupils crowding in
 Their heavy "impots" at his narrow gate.
 Thus far, with rough and all unable pen,
 Our would-be author hath pursued this story
 Of little room confining mighty men.
 Therefore, my readers good, for their sweet sake,
 In your fair minds let this acceptance take.

CLASS D1.—Supervising Teacher: Miss Tevelein.

That the height of eloquence is required of us now that we've ascended to the celestial regions is apparent to all, and the result about to be shown. Here follows a heterogeneous collection of information.

First we have had the misfortune to lose two of our best quality vases, and have a well-grounded suspicion that they now adorn B. Class table. We would be extremely obliged if same were returned to their rightful owners. As the poet says: "There is no fireside, howsoe'er defended, but has one vacant chair."

This reminds us of the many who left our fold early in the year, among whom were the redoubtable Spotty, of football fame, and our sub-prefect, Jean. Ena and Charlie have been promoted to full-blown prefects by this time.

We were pleased to hear that Charlie daily fans the E3 flame (motive strictly secret). The little ones below are not to be trusted with matches, of course.

There is a rumor around that D2, the barbarians, are to join us next term. We are preparing to "welcome" them.

D Class should do well in the class matches, as nearly all the girls are in the second hockey team, besides Inez and Muriel in the firsts. And then there's our Athol in the first football!

Lately "our baby" and "domesticated girl" have been budding forth with such interesting essays that we fear the worst for them. The good always die young, you know.

Our waste paper basket still takes its constitutional into other class rooms; our dusters happily are not so enthusiastic about exercise. Our social was a huge success. We hope May will soon rejoin us. Good luck to Miss Underwood and Mr Buring (oh! what will we do without those puns?); and last, but not least, who said "Chick?"

CLASS D2—Secondary—Supervising Teacher: Miss Greaves.

The sad news that we must take up our abode in D. next term has aroused much exciting controversy. Rumor has it that D. is likewise diffident. However, it is so decreed.

At first we were astounded at the idea of losing our identity, but have now recovered enough to form a few good resolutions. One concerns the much stressed point of portmanteaux in the room. But this is only one of our many hopeless attempts to better ourselves, if only for the benefit of our health.

However, we seem to be losing ourselves in our grievances, and since this is the last time our name will appear in print, we wish to thank our various teachers, and our class teacher, Miss Greaves, for the patient way they have borne with us in our infirmities.

THE GIANT KILLER.

Until to-day, this gum tree has been the proudest in this stretch of bush. Ever since the lightning struck that patriarch half a mile away no tree anywhere near has been so tall as he; none have thrown such defiance into the wind; to none have so many birds come to sing and to watch for foes; but this morning two tiny fellows not more than six feet high climbed the slight eminence on which he stood, and, for all his size and strength and pride, he could not repress the instinctive shudder at the sight of the bright axes they carried. He had not seen them before, but somehow he knew.

A few measurements and hasty calculations, a keen scrutiny of the massive trunk, and then the first blow fell, then another, and another still. Deep into the soft brown bark and the tough wood beneath sank the sharp axes, loud rang the protests of the sufferer, but soon two deep narrow gashes sank, one in each side, to the depth of six or nine inches. These were not the "cut" which would fell the tree, but two "shoe-holes;" the two narrow spars thrust into them and jammed there were the "shoes," and on them climbed the agile axemen.

Then the fell work began in earnest. Balanced perfectly on their narrow foot hold, the two plied their flashing axes to the task. By using the "shoe," they had made their cut about six feet above the ground, and had thus avoided cutting the gnarled butt; the wood they were cutting was straight grained and comparatively soft, and, while the air filled with the loud clanger of axe on wood, the double cut sank deeper and deeper through the tree. Great chips, broad, thick, and long, littered the ground; birds, startled by the noise, hovered overhead, voicing their fear, surprise, and resentment; the rabbits and the 'possums had fled from the neighborhood long ago; great as their curiosity might be, their fear, or prudence overcame it.

Now one great cut has passed the white outer wood, and the light brown part next to the heart and bitten deep into the dark brown of the heart. The other cut is finished; it has reached the outside of the heart, but has gone no further; but the first continues. The great gum groans loud; a gust of wind makes it sway ominously and groan louder still; a crack like a rifle shot sends the birds helter skelter, but still the flashing blade, dulled somewhat with blue sap, bites deeper.

Another long, loud cracking sound, a tremor from topmost twig to the cut, and the perspiring axeman drops from his perch to the ground, steps back to where his mate is standing. It is not safe now to cut any deeper; a very slight puff of wind on that mighty top will snap the remaining inches and send the giant crashing to earth.

Even without the wind, it is swaying wildly; the branches seem to writhe in agony; one last crack like a shriek of mortal pain, and then the air is filled with a rushing sound, which can be described only as intense. The smaller trees throw themselves backwards, and with a fearful crash which seemed to break an intense silence, the great gum fell. Another silence, seemingly of great length, but really not more than a second or two, followed. Then the earth rebounded. The trees, such as were not torn down, straightened and tossed their branches as if wild with grief. But the biggest gum in the bush was now a fallen giant.

"DAME NATURE, ARTIST."

Away in the west the sky, as if purged by the glorious fire of sunset, was still a deep pure blue; but almost overhead began a great mass of fleecy, white clouds. At the edge they were dense, and it almost seemed as if they had come to the fringe of that velvety expanse and had recoiled, unwilling to pollute it.

Then, just outside the borders of this bank, the moon still but half full, smiled coldly down through a mass of soft, white clouds of the same kind as the others, but much less closely piled. On those nearest a golden halo was cast, the rest were pure white, with glimpses of blue between.

And thus, right across to the eastern horizon—and, perhaps, beyond; who knows?—an infinite mass of white, delicate clouds, whiter still in the cold silver gleam of the moon. But, as a counter foil, there stretched from almost the middle-west away out to the south, a bank, in shape not unlike a heavily fashioned sword blade of dark, forbidding aspect. Amid all the purity and infinite delicacy of the rest of the cloud mass was this one dark, clear-cut bank quite out of harmony, apparently, with the rest, and yet, being so, more truly in harmony than the work of any other artist.

A NOCTURNAL DISTURBANCE.

As I lay in bed, attended by a headache, I tried vainly to peer through the darkening shadows. At length, tired of this futile occupation, I turned over drowsily.

Suddenly an echoing noise startled me back to wakefulness. I lay still, not daring to lift the bedclothes off my head. My breath came in gasps and my head felt as if it was being beaten by a dull, leaden hammer. Fear clutched at my heart with icy fingers.

Perhaps it was—. But no, I heard the sound again, and uncovered my head in sheer relief. It was only the echo of timber on the wharf as the men who unloaded a ketch let it fall heavily.

—J. W.

CHARACTER SKETCHES.

Ah! wad some poo'er the giftie gie us
Tae see oorsel's as ithers see us!

—Burns.

No. 1.

"Oh, by the way, there's a new chap at school."

"No! Go on, what's he like?"

"Well, he just manages to scrape in under the door."

"No! Not really!"

"Yes, and my word, he's got a back like a barn-door."

"By Jove! Er—is he—um—good-looking?"

"The girls think so; they ought to know."

"I suppose they're right, eh?"

"Yes. Look here, I must get on with this H.W. But, I say, he's got such an innocent phiz, you wouldn't think to look at him he'd say a naughty word, or even smoke a fag for anything."

"Oh! Does he?"

"Oh, well—that's a question. Look here, he blushes like a girl. The other day, in French—"

"Yes, what?"

"I'll tell you after. I'll have to get on with this old H.W. I say, though—"

"Yes."

"It must take a lot of grub to keep him going—he's always chewing."

"No, go on, really. What's he like at sport?"

"Oh, tres bon. Well, I must do this H.W. Now don't bother me any more."

No. 2.

He's a very meek and mild young man, judging by appearances. His chief attributes are:

- (i.) A sweet smile, not to be obliterated; cheerful, but deprecatory.
- (ii.) An amazing good temper, even when the whole class are angered at a temporary lapse from duty.

We are fortunate to possess him in A. class, for we always know when the whistle is about to be blown!

No. 3.

Just a few words about a girl,

Who's hab-it-u-ally late;

The second whistle sometimes blows

As she sprints in through the gate.

I'd lay a bet at "ten to one"

(Her favorite phrase, 'tis true),

She's punctual at our singing class,

When the lesson's half-way through.

She bustles into Wellington Square
 When all good students have begun,
 And Von pulls out his watch and says,
 "I think we start at half-past one."

Look here, when we are dead and gone,
 Transferred into celestial state,
 When Angel Gabriel calls the roll,
 That hapless girl will be too late.

No. 4.

There is a boy in Class of A,
 His name I leave to you;
 You can always tell he's coming
 Since his hair's a brilliant hue.

His gestures are theatrical,
 First practised in the glass,
 And then they're trotted proudly out
 To an admiring class.

He growls away in deep, low bass,
 Times phrases to a nicety;
 He sits and gazes round the class,
 And "grows" a personality.

His manly stride, his heavy tread,
 To impress us are designed,
 That boy will **always** act his part,
 He's of superior mind.

There is a boy in Class of A,
 His name I leave to you,
 Though you surely must have guessed it,
 It's plainly R. Mc—.

No. 5.

With a sudden start I realise that question must be meant for me. Bewildered, I flounder wildly from my entrancing thoughts and venture:

"I—er—I'm not quite sure—er—I think—um—"

At this stage the worthy pedagogue snorts indignantly, and petrifies me with a glare.

But, hark! A stealthy rattle! A loud clinking!! A subdued click!!! A subsiding rattle!!!!

I heave a sigh of relief, as, only a minute late, Tom creeps from the room to blow the whistle. I am saved!

No. 6.

Unfortunate wretch, we all deeply sympathise with him. Alas, for him is the onerous burden of answering all unanswerable questions, since he sits directly under the teacher's awful eye.

But there's always a feather even in a horsehair cushion, and so down-trodden and brow-beaten as he is, his hour always comes. When, grasp ing the chalk, the lecturer turns to the board, this hapless one slowly elevates his hands, and with a majestic air clears from the table all and sundry pot plants and vases—obstructions to his placid gaze blackboard-wards.

Noble creature, thus he earns our gratitude seven times daily!

No. 7.

Who's who with a savage mien and a Pendlebury's arithmetic?
 Who finds it extremely difficult to initiate "D1" hopefuls into the mysteries of Latin tenses and constructions?

Whose celestial charm entices perky starlings to classroom windows at a critical moment, so that while class and teacher are absorbed in nature study—is given an excellent opportunity to whisk around and demand from—the answer to the history question asked?

What guardian angel warns us in sepulchral tones of the destructive properties of nitric acid?

This stanza scansion scarce will bear,

Nor will in rime excel,

But M.J.T. will be aware

We've learnt her lessons well.

No. 8.

"DAD."

Oft' through the silent, knowledge reeking atmosphere of a certain "D" classroom, a sonorous voice rolls, saying in patient accents, "Now, if you don't understand, ask me; don't be afraid. I'm nothing to be afraid of" (which fact remains to be proved by Theorem Ump-teen).

The mysterious owner of the afore-mentioned voice is especially attached to theorems 29, 30, 31, and many a poor, ill-fated wretch hath perused these in dire agony.

It is a source of interest among certain individuals as to how "Dad" continues to part his hair always in that self-same place (10deg. N.E. to be accurate).

Ah, well! methinks there are storms a-brewing if we don't obtain top per cent. of the "D" classes in arithmetic.

Three cheers for "Dad!"

BIBLICAL REFERENCES.

To Cricket:

When Peter stood up before the eleven and was bold.

To Boxing:

Be not afraid; 'it 'is I (eye).

To Theatres:

When Joseph left the family circle and went down into the pit.

To Jumping:

When the High Priest cleared the Temple.

To Cards:

The famous occasion on which Nebuchadnezzar.

To the Australian Eleven:

"Thou hast a mighty Arm, strong . . ."

To Female Proprietorship:

The Athenians met on Mars Hill.

FAMOUS BOOKS BY FAMOUS AUTHORS.

"Should Ladies Smoke?" by Y. Knott.
 "In the Air," by Mike Robe.
 "Statues in the Park," by F. E. Gee. —
 "Asylum Life," by M. T. Nutt.
 "The Flea Pest," by Huntingham Knightly.
 "The Crockery Shop," by T. Potts.
 "Fireworks," by Katherine Wheel.
 "Sea Breezes," by Gus. T. Day.
 "The Eavesdropper," by Watty Herd.
 "He Shall Depart," by Y. Schoodie.
 "Duck," by Bob Down.
 "How to Get Rich," by Ern. Doe.
 "The Post Office," by Celia Letters.
 "The Old Curiosity Shop," by Anne Tique.
 "God Save the King," by Stan. Dupp.
 "The Canyon," by Bridget Over.
 "The Tangled Skein," by Oliver Twist.
 "Under the Sea," by C. Weede.
 "Lovesick Swains," by Maude Lynne.
 "The Frozen Morsel," by Hale Stone.
 "Where the Money Goes," by M. Bozzler.
 "The Irritable Baronet," by Sir Lee Fellowes.
 "The Flood," by D. Looze.
 "The Lost Love," by Ivan Heutardt.
 "Protestations," by Ila View.
 "Homeward Bound," by May Highcombe.

SAG LILIES.

Despite their delicacy, they grow just the other side of the table-drain beside the dusty road, and though the fine, brown dust hides the bright sheen of the sickle-edged rushes, out of whose midst they rise, it does not mar the purity of the large, white flowers, whose centre is deeply veined with purple; but if you would see the wild lily at its best cross the table-drain, get over the fence, and go into the bush.

There, over acres of land, which is in winter rather wet, but not boggy, preferably where only light scrub of recent growth stands, spread, in a white quivering sheet, the big, pure flowers of the wild rush lily.

From a large green tuft of rushes consisting of broad flat blades sharp as a razor and needle pointed, rises a slender stem, pale green in color. It is easy to break this, so that the flower hangs low over the tuft, but the skin on the stem is tough, and is not easily broken right across. The flower is gathered by pulling straight up; the stem is in two or three sections, each a foot or more in length, and these separate readily.

The stem terminates in a pointed sheath of darker green, shaped like a spear-head, and from the centre of this spread the three white petals of the lily. These are of purity unmatchable, a fact which is emphasised by the dark violet veins of the two tiny petals which shelter the pollen.

One specimen of the flower is worthy of the highest efforts of poet or artist, but could you see, as I have seen, acres and acres of them mingling with the tender green of saplings in spring, and swaying to and fro before the soft winds or bowed beneath the weight of the late shower you would love them as I love them.

"JUST DAY DREAMS."

Dusk had fallen; it was the time when day dreams approach nearest to real dreams, and yet are mellowed by the tenderness of the deep-shaded sky. Here and there a star twinkled in the gathering darkness, twinkled shyly at its reflection in the still, full flood which washed the grey butts and green tips of the willows and sighed very gently among the tall rushes.

But now we drift in silence round the bend, and a long stretch of unbroken water spreads before us, and beyond that is a bright light. Is it a star? It hangs too low and is brighter than any star would be, so early. Perhaps it is just a lamp. Well, let it be so; but we'll dream it is a star, and leads us on, and that the bright path it casts on the water is the way it points out to us. And when at last it disappears, let us say the star has set.

A bright haze before us shows we are near the city, where our day dreams are dispelled; but even the city cannot remove the impression made by the still deep waters, the tender green willows, the soft whispers of the rushes, the friendly gleam of our star, the calm depth and severity of the evening sky.

HE DID.

Inspector (to bright child): "What is your name?"

The Child: "Iona, sir."

Inspector (encouragingly): "Very nice name; what is the rest of it?"

Child (beating beetroot): "Don't like to say, sir."

Inspector (beaming more still): "Oh, come; you're not afraid to tell me your name."

Child: "No, sir; but you'll laugh."

Inspector: "No; I promise."

Child: "Ford, sir."

"The evidence shows," said the magistrate, "that you aimed a brick at the referee."

"It shows more than that, your Worship," replied the offender, with a glance at the referee's discolored optic. "It shows that I hit him."

The two teams were trooping on to the field when one of the supporters noticed his favorite forward was absent.

"What's up with Pete, Bill?" he said.

"Had his leg cut off," said Bill.

"What, foot an' all?" asked the other.

A Soccer match was being played on a well-known common in the suburbs of London.

The centre forward had never been known to misskick, but alas! just as he intended driving the ball well out of the goalie's reach his boot struck the ground, sending a large piece of turf flying in the air, whereupon a spectator was heard to remark:

"That's a bit out of the common, Bill."

"HANDS ACROSS THE SEA."

[The following is an extract from a letter from an ex-pupil, Ila Scott, who is in New Zealand, to Mr Miller:]

From Karioi, the great mountain Ruapehu, is visible, and, at the present time, there is an enormous glacier in view. This is the only glacier in the North Island, and it can only be seen during certain states of the weather. In shape it is a big wedge, and it fills up the valley between the two peaks. The name of the glacier is "Mangahawhaw." It gives rise to a river of the same name, and a second stream, called the Waitiki, which supplies this district with water.

We had rather a rough trip across the Tasman Sea; but it was rougher as we coasted the North Island of New Zealand.

The day we arrived in Auckland was the wedding day of Princess Mary, and all the ships in the harbor were decorated with flags. We were not allowed to land in Auckland for fully two hours, owing to the doctor's inspection. Our stay in Auckland amounted to three days, and from there we came on to Karioi. After a three weeks' rest here we are going up to Rotorua to see the hot springs and the geysers.

Two days ago an old Maori chief, whose name was Tukino Pauro, died at Karioi, and all the Maoris of the district are holding a great "Tangi." This will last as long as they have enough food to eat. We went to see the ceremony on Saturday, and noticed that each Maori, as he arrived, saluted the dead. Most of the Maoris brought their bedding with them, and also some live sheep and pigs, to help keep the feast going. This morning we heard that the finest porker had escaped, and the Maoris were scouring the district to find him.

About half a mile from our place is a Maori school, where the children are taught English, and are not allowed speak their own language. The Maori children are good horse riders, and I often have races with them. The names of the Maoris I have actually met are: Terai Rewi, Keriria Mate Roa, Huin Hiriwiti, Jackie Tramungai, and Janie Blackburn.

"LAID IN ANCIENT ROME."

"Who is Bill Stickers, Uncle?"

"Don't know, my lad. Why?"

"Because there's a notice on the wall down the road saying he's going to be prosecuted."

Bill: "Rose, the postman has got the sack."

Bob: "What for?"

Bill: "To keep his letters in, of course."

A teacher was giving the class some hints about essays on morals, and she gave them this proverb as an example: "Don't play with matches; remember the Great Fire."

"Now," she said, "can anyone give me a similar example?"

"Yes," said a small boy. "Don't spit; remember the Flood."

"VIOLETS."

Down by the creek where a few decaying logs were scattered about, where the grass grew in tufts, where the waters trickled laughingly over the rocks, where blue and white flags waved to the music of the wind, the earth was purple with violets, some nodding upon their stems and some peeping demurely beneath their green leaves. The slender overhanging trails of a willow shaded the spot, while moss damp with dew grew around its feet. It was amongst this moss that the violets grew glistening in the sun with the morning's dew. Here and there frail stems of maidenhair fern had forced their way through the moss and spread their flimsy sprays over the violets, making them seem more beautiful. In some places only tiny buds could be seen; but where they were fully opened, the rich yellow of their centres formed a striking contrast with their purple petals. Surrounding these delicate flowers were different varieties of small ferns, through which a thin stream of water trickled plaintively. A cooler and shadier spot I never saw.

By shadowy pathways green and cool,
Alluring and enticing to all;
By rippling waters and dappled pool,
Where the voice of the small frog falls;
By red-bordered marshes and meadow bright,
By the sparkling babbling stream,
Where the insects sing their songs by night,
The purple violets dream.

"ALOIV."

"ECHOES FROM THE BUSH."

Boot and saddle! see the slanting rays begin to fall,
Flinging lights and colors flaunting through the shadows tall.

—Adam Lindsay Gordon.

I reined in Gypsy Boy in when I reached the hilltop and looked around. To the north, to the south, to the east, to the west, stretched the wide bush land, holding me, thrilling me with its sweet, wild fascination. The last lingering sunrays glinted through the tree trunks and lay in shimmering golden patches on the ground, and, far away, stretched along the tops of the distant ranges, enveloping them in a soft faint glow. In the west the billowy cloud masses changed color, deepening, paling, now gold, flaming scarlet, then merging to a deep, dark purple. On the northern horizon, sea-line and sky-line met in a gleaming streak of silver, like the boundary twist earth and heaven. I drew a breath of sheer delight at the very beauty of it, as I watched the brilliant colors fade and die away. The soft, purple dusk came stealing up the gullies; I could see it from my stand on the hilltop, threading its way slowly, a beautiful wraith-like thing, whispering softly, to the music of the tapping gum leaves, the last vespers of the great primitive bush, great in its silence, its brooding quiet.

Somewhere in the cool, dark recesses of the gully below a night bird called to his mate, a weird lonely cry that thrilled me with its intensity. I looked and listened, every sense alert, drinking in the

beauty of the scene while the great wild fastnesses held me in their spell. Never before had I realised how I loved every part of it; the solemn stillness, the great, clear spaces, the stringy bark gums, rugged, tall, unbound by any law of form, proud unbending guardians of their wild, glorious homes. Here, among these grand old trees, I felt again the nearness of something that I had missed in the town, a strong irresistible power that stirred in the dusk around me, throbbed in the stillness like the beating of a mighty heart. Oh! how I loved those great primeval forests, how I love them still. Roaming, undisturbed, alone save for Gypsy Boy and the wild creatures around me, yet never lonely, I have listened and learned something of the secrets of Nature's great heart.

An old man kangaroo went hopping slowly and noisily along the hillside some distance below me, and the stillness, split to the sharp barks of Brady, the sheep dog, as he yarded the last of the stragglers, it being near the end of the shearing season. Gypsy Boy snorted impatiently, and with a last look round I let the reins fall loose on his neck as he picked his way down the stony hillside. The air was heavy with the scent of tea-tree and gum, a wee star twinkled occasionally in the deep blue sky above me.

The rails were down at the far end of the home paddock I passed through; before me stretched the long level clearing, and just discernable through the dusk, I could see the clustering trees where the homestead stood.

I drew the reins tighter and called to Gypsy Boy; with a long, lithe bound that sent the blood pulsing through my veins, he broke into a swift gallop and raced homewards across the dusky clearing.

A.H.W.

FROM TREVALLYN BRIDGE.

Beneath the bridge that spans the foaming stream,
A living, moving mass of marble lay
Whereon some child of Art, in idle play,
Had drawn the shapes fantastic of a dream.

For there, on waters which, though black, yet gleam,
The foam, in forms that never constant stay,
But, moving ever, quickly drift away,
In passing, makes the gliding surface seem.

Of magic marble; "So," outspoke my soul,
"The stream of life doth ever onward roll,
"And e'en the things we think will never move.

"Are changed, and swiftly pass beyond our ken;
"But we may rest; the Hand unseen of men,
The Hand of God, shapes Destiny through Love."

E.D.

"DARK IS HIS PATH."

All day it had been hot; the clouds were thick and black overhead, and, though hurried hither and thither by the squalls, they had banked up until they covered the sky in many layers. The furthest strata was solid, black and immutable; the nearest thin, misty, swift moving, and low. From the mouth of the cave in which we were camping I saw that the top of our mountain was hidden completely in a thick greyish mist.

The billy had boiled, the tea was made, the fire was burning itself out, and I was waiting for the rest to return, when the first scanty drops of rain fell. The fire hissed angrily, and blazed up in defiance, fanned by a slight, fresh breeze. The rain seemed to smile coldly, and it fell a little faster and thicker. Louder and louder hissed the fire, and, gradually, a cloud of steam collected near it, until at last the rain won and the fire was extinguished.

Panting with exertion and dripping with the misty rain, the rest of the party climbed the ascent to the cave, and in its welcome shelter changed into dry clothes before settling down to our early evening meal. During the meal we noticed that the rain was gradually increasing, and that the threatened downpour was coming at last. Owing to the fortunate position of our cave, the wind did not affect us. It was therefore with some surprise that after the meal we noticed from the cave mouth that it, too, had increased to a strong breeze.

With a strange thrill in our hearts, we all four sat close together on the left side of the cave mouth and gazed, in the fading light, at the valley below and the slope opposite us. And as we watched we saw the great gums sway and toss, glittering with damp, in the gusty grip of the wind. Now the wind, ever increasing and adding to the downfall, bends all before it and attains such a power that the tallest and strongest tops are bent almost flat, and remains so while the sound of the wind, at first, but a rustling and restive murmur increased in volume and power till it became, not the shriek, indeed, of the sea wind among the wave smitten crags, but an intense roar, like the sound of a mighty waterfall or that sound which comes to one's ears and penetrates to one's brain, and on and on until when it fills the body with a feeling of immenseness, coupled with intensity, one wakes, gasping and looking for some presence which is not and yet is.

But as we still watched, the storm took a new turn. The rain fell in great sheets, lashing the trees and the bare fields and the black river below; and the wind, losing its intense force and constancy, became infuriated and tore and lashed at the trees, now bending them flat, now letting them straighten, now dashing them back again and round, as it veered to another side, until it seemed that wood and bark could withstand it no more. Indeed, as we sat, there came to our ears a crash, almost lost in the mad ravings of the wind, telling of the fall of some forest veteran, who, with strength and elasticity, sapped or hold on the brown soil shaken by a hundred such struggles, succumbs before the fury of this mighty onslaught.

Now the twilight, hastened by the thick blanket of clouds, deepens into night—black, cold, storm ridden night. We can no longer see the tossing tops of the trees below, and only a faint ribbon of light from the bottom of a gulf of infinite blackness shows us that the foaming river is there. Yet, silent and motionless, gazing out into the night, we sit there while an hour or more slips from present to past; and when, at last, as if by a common plan we move and turn in it is in silence far more eloquent than any speech.

"INCESSIT."

A thick black mass of clouds hung low in the east, and supported a column which rose well above the horizon.

The sun had set and the last golden gleam had departed from the clouds, the hill tops, and even the windows. But in the east the sky glowed with a mellow light; almost it seemed to be excited, so much did it quiver with that expectant light, which, though it brightened every moment, was not a glare.

At last the black scraggy tips of the upper edge of the cloud bank caught the glow. They seemed to burn with a strange fire; they became the black centres of a rich golden red flame, which despite its wealth of color, did not, nor ever would become a glare. More and more of those scraggy tips caught fire, and as the circle widened the color became more intense, more vibrant, but still mellow.

Then an inner circle appeared; the outer circle merged into it, producing the colors a rainbow might be if a golden light played over it. Within this band again was another which was really no color at all, but just light. More rapidly now this was forced outwards, and at last the centre of the halo, Diana herself, came out majestically from behind the clouds and began once more her nightly journey across the world.

PREFECT NOTES.

The number of prefects in the school this year is considerably less than in former years, and the average age is much less. The cause of the former may be found in the fact that fewer pupils are attending the school, and there are consequently fewer classes. Nevertheless we have banded ourselves together to assist the school in every possible way. Discussions prompted by the good of the school, have taken place at the meetings up to date.

Unfortunately three of our number have left or are leaving the school. Their places will be hard to fill, but we wish them the best of success in their new spheres of activity.

Again we appeal to the pupils for their help and co-operation which they have so willingly given in the past; for without their assistance our work would become more difficult and our efforts futile.

PREFECTS.—Joy Austin, Winnie Carter, Charlie Adams, Alice Beven, Cliff Reeves, Myra Kidd, C. Ingles, (Jack Ride), Ena Smith, Muriel Rowe, R. Page, Muriel Sayer, Ken Wyett.

OLD SCHOLARS.

Miss Alice King, from Devonport, looked in at the school in March.

Mr Irvine Douglas presented the school with two fine bats.

It was pleasing to have several old scholars acting as ushers during speech night, notably Wilfred Stephens and M. Lawson.

Aubrey Luck and Eric Wyllie looked in at the school during regatta week. Eric is quite recovered from his illness.

We have to congratulate Miss Marjorie Ellis and Miss Jean West on their marriages, also Dave Whitchurch.

Will T. Smith, who is on the literary staff of "The Argus," sends over a print of his "latest" photo.

Our sympathy is extended to Noel McLeod in the loss of his father.

We have to congratulate Cedric Duncombe on securing his degree in medicine.

Miss Thelma Littler sends along a fine box of wild flowers from Gray.

From St. Mary's we received a box of native berries through the kindness of Miss May Salter.

During vacation Sam Cruikshank and Trevor James, who are studying for science and medical degrees, looked in at the school.

Rosie Hine is still at Gormanston, engaged in growing bigger.

OLD SCHOLARS' COLUMN.

Patron: Mr R. O. M. Miller, B.A.

Vice-Patrons: Messrs. Crawford, Brockett, Fletcher, Daymond, and W. L. Grace, B.A.

President: Mr Tom G. Johnston.

General Secretary: Mr H. McElwee.

Assistant Secretaries: Mr H. Ilingworth and Miss J. Peter.

Editor Old Scholars' Column: C/o General Secretary.

Committee: Misses Walker, Yost, Mann; Messrs. Lawson, Stephens, and Frith.

ANNUAL MEETING.

The annual meeting was held on the 12th of April, the President (Mr W. L. Grace, B.A.) occupying the chair. The attendance was fair, but considerable enthusiasm was manifested.

The General Secretary (Mr T. G. Johnston) read the report and presented the balance-sheet. Above is the result of the election of office bearers.

FAREWELL TO MR DOUGLAS.

During this quarter we have lost one of our most active members in the person of Mr I. R. Douglas, who has been transferred to Melbourne. We take this opportunity of congratulating him on his appointment, but we regret very much that he has had to leave us. The continual transferring of our members has left a serious gap in our ranks, and in most cases the committee find it very hard to fill the vacancies left by the retiring members.

A farewell evening was given at the "Wattles" Tea Rooms on the eve of Mr Douglas's departure; when about thirty Old Scholars gathered to wish him "bon voyage." Mr Miller, with a few well chosen remarks, presented Mr Douglas with two Barling pipes as a token of esteem. Mr Johnston supported those remarks, and touched upon the good work done by Mr Douglas. In responding, the recipient stated his regret at leaving and that he would always be at the Association's disposal while in Melbourne. The singing of "Auld Lang Syne" terminated a very pleasant evening.

THE CHURINGA DANCING ASSEMBLY.

The annual meeting of the above was held in the Association room on March 27, 1922. There were very few present, although the meeting was well advertised. The report and balance-sheet for 1921 was read by the Secretary (Mr W. A. Stephens), and showed that the past season was a very successful one. Then followed the election of officers for 1922:

Secretary: Mr A. Crooks.

Assistant Secretary: Mr K. Kirkup.

Committee: Misses Yost, Cooke and McGregor; and Messrs. Nichols and Boatwright, S. and A.

It was decided that the Assembly carry on again this year, and commence on April 24 with a Grand Opening Night. Invitations were issued and the night was a great success. The King's Hall was prettily decorated with red, green and yellow streamers, and supper was provided at the "Wattles."

Assemblies were then carried on every Monday night, and another successful late night was held on May 29th. The Committee would urge all who can to come along each Monday evening. The next late night will be held on Monday, June 26, and a "benefit" to the Churinga Hockey Club on July 10. Thereafter, assemblies will be held as usual on Monday evenings and late nights on the last Monday in each month during the season.

A. CROOKS, Hon. Sec.

TO THE MEMBERS OF THE ASSOCIATION.

I want, through the medium of your column, to thank you all for the honor of electing me as your President. Needless to say, I greatly appreciate the act, and I sincerely hope that I shall carry out the duties of that office to the entire satisfaction of all. I not only feel it an honor to be President of your Association, but I am proud to be President of the Old Scholras' Association, of that splendid school ("The Best School of All"), whose students we were not so long ago. I am proud of every one of her achievements, and of every scholar she has turned out.

The school has grown out of all recognition since I was a student; she has grown great, and in quite a short space of time she has built up traditions and has made herself a factor in this Island, and no mean factor either. Therefore, the boy or girl who passes through her should have imbibed, at least, some of those lofty ideals and that clearness of purpose which she endeavors to press upon all.

And, having passed through the school and begun his or her next and most serious phase of life, can they honestly tell me that the school never did them any or very little good? No! This fine school could not help but do some good even to the most uncompromising; it has sown seeds in your mind that will be of the greatest benefit throughout the rest of your life.

Then let us admit that we have all derived some benefits from our sojourn at the school. Don't you then think that we are in the School's debt, to what extent we are not in a position to tell. But we assuredly are, and we should discharge that debt to the best of our ability. But, I am sorry to say, "the best of our ability" in this direction is very poor, judging by results.

If, and I know some people have the idea that, on completion of their studies, they have finished with the School, and all pertaining to it. I would like most emphatically to remind those people that they are never finished with her. Morally, they owe her every consideration, especially in their behavior.

Now, old scholars, once let us freely and frankly admit (it shouldn't be necessary) that we owe something to the School, and we will immediately want to repay, in some measure, that which we owe.

But it is always more difficult to do those things on one's own; it is far better to do them collectively. "Union is strength," and this fact was recognised in 1915, and the Old Boys' Association was formed to enable all old scholars to join together in one united band to do all they could to help the School and one another, and up till about 18 months ago this Association was, no doubt successful in all its aims, but gradually the latter part of our objects, helping one another, began to receive most of our attention, and now that has practically got to helping one's self. By that I mean that if the old scholar cannot see where he or she personally may receive a direct benefit in all but a few cases they will have nothing to do with that particular object. Now I am fully aware of the fact that after we leave school so many other factors come into our lives and very often we are apt to forget some other essentials. But let us ever remember our school and what we owe her, and give at least some small portion of our energies to the welfare and aims of the Association that was formed for that purpose.

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 have written the above because I don't think some of you quite realised the position. We have begun to drift, rather quickly, from the Association, being quite content to imagine "the other fellow" will carry on, without troubling to make sure the other fellow is.

Up to the present you have been blessed with a splendid President in the person of Mr Grace, a man who never went to the High School, but a man who always tried to help up in our aims, and to help us build up a big Association. He set a fine example to all, and was in every way a President.

Old scholars, you have honored me by electing me in his stead, and I quite realise what my task is. I therefore make a very earnest appeal to you all to give your very best support to the Association and to myself during the year, so that at the end of the year may we be able to say we have done our best to follow on and grow larger.

Let me again thank you, and ask that your hearty co-operation and support be given to the Association.

TOM G. JOHNSTON, President.

CHURINGA TENNIS CLUB.

A very enjoyable afternoon was spent on Saturday, 17th June, when a number of old Hobartians met us in a match on our courts.

The games throughout the afternoon were very even, but all the sets except one resulted in a win for our team.

After play was finished the visitors were entertained at afternoon tea, daintily served by a number of girls in the School Assembly Hall,

and during which Mr Richards, in a very happy speech, thanked us, on behalf of his team, for the afternoon's sport, and said that they would look forward to turning the tables on us when we visit Hobart. Mr T. Johnston responded on our behalf. In the evening we went to the Majestic Theatre.

The results were:

Ladies' Doubles.—Misses Cox and Berlowitz beat Misses McLennan and Moore (H.), 9-6; Misses Blewett and Biggs beat Misses Rumbolt and Anonsky (H.), 6-2.

Men's Doubles.—Rowe and Lawson (L.) beat Rudge and Richards (H.), 9-8; Johnston and Sturges (L.) beat Moore and Stump (H.), 9-6.

Mixed Doubles.—Rowe and Miss Blewett (L.) beat Rudge and Miss McLennan (H.), 9-7; Johnston and Miss Cox (L.) lost to Richards and Miss Moore (H.), 9-3; Sturges and Miss Biggs (L.) beat Moore and Miss Rumbolt (H.), 9-7; Lawson and Miss Blewett (L.) beat Stump and Miss Anonsky (H.), 9-5.