

The Northern Churinga



Vol. IX. LAUNCESTON, DECEMBER, 1922. No. 2.

CONTENTS.

	Page.
Editorial; Parents' Column	2
A Railway Terminus	3
"If"	4
Links from a Magic Chain; Ebb and Flow	5
Duces of School; Class Notes	6
A Lady Tells Her Friend	12
A Walk in the Woods in Springtime	12
Boys' Sports	14
Girls' Sports	16
Youth and Age	18
"Apollo Venit;" Amateur Theatricals	19
Dialogue	20
Valedictory; Sunset and Evening Star	21
The Limits; A Ruin	22
"Jingles"	23
His Favorite Topic; Liena	24
A Character Sketch: Night; Adam and Eve	25
A Forecast; Eurythmics; The River of Beauty	26
In B Class	27
Old Scholars' Column	28
Editor's Scrap Book	29
"Dreams;" Congratulations	30
Who's Who?	31

EDITORIAL.

There was once a king's son whose father put into his hand a golden sword, and he set out to seek his fortune, but the gallant brightness became dim in his hand, and its glory faded, for he shrank from danger and was afraid, and such a sword may only glisten where great deeds are. Then the second son took the sword, and he also acted as a poltroon, till the sword seemed to shrink and become smaller for want of brave deeds and kind words, but the youngest son, who, like all youngest sons, was beloved of the gods, and the hero of this story set forth with the magic weapon, and so pure was his heart and so high his courage that he returned one evening with the sword thrice its wonted size, and so bright that it shone in the darkness like a flame.

Now you, too, are setting forth on the high adventure, and we who have taught you have striven to put into your hands a golden sword. Maybe we have not managed very well, or maybe at this minute you are thinking that what we have given you is a worthless thing, and that you will throw it away at the first opportunity, but what we are hoping is that the weapon we have given you will stay with you always.

Knowledge is one part of it and ability another. Some of you more than others have used these in the forging of your weapons, but of high courage and simplicity the world is in as dire need as ever, and there is never a dragon on the road can stand against the two of them. So at the day's end if you have but burnished your weapons a little brighter, ay, and contrived to be happy in the doings of it, for happiness is a very great thing, we who have taught you shall be glad indeed.

PARENTS' COLUMN.

The close of 1922 sees the completion of the first decade of the school's existence. It is fitting and interesting then to give a brief and necessarily incomplete survey of our doings and successes and failures. When the school opened in 1913 there were entered on the register 120 pupils. All of these have left and are scattered all over the world—some also are buried in alien soil.

The next year, 1914, increased the numerical state by over 100, and so severely taxed was our temporary accommodation that Milton Hall had to be hired.

The increase in admission for the next eight years is shown by the following:—

1915—95.	1916—156.	1917—210.	1918—204.
1919—204.	1920—143.	1921—125.	1922—101.

The drop in numbers in 1920 was mainly due to (1) the opening of the Technical School, which took away our industrial class. (2) The economic pressure of the post war conditions. (3) The making of Devonport High School into a full-time school.

In 1914 the great war began, and although we were but a scholastic infant, our boys soon began to feel the call of duty.

The fine honor roll—given by the Old Scholars' Association and erected in a prominent place in the Assembly Hall—contains a list of 53 ex-masters and pupils who enlisted for active service—a fine record for a school of two years old on the outbreak of war.

Of the original 120 pupils who entered in 1913, 52 received Intermediate Certificates at the end of 1914, and 16 Leaving Certificates at the end of 1916; 12 of this 16 did one or more years at the University.

The total number of intermediate and leaving certificates distributed is respectively 610 and 150.

Several of our ex-students are now filling important positions in the professional and commercial world.

Our numbers of graduate students is steadily increasing, and each course, viz., medicine, law, science, and arts, contributes its quota. A few of our successes have been:—

- (1) Winning the Tasmanian Education Department Scholarship every year since its inception in 1916.
- (2) Having the top place in the University exhibition list four times in eight years.
- (3) Having the following numbers of students qualify for the University Scholarships:—Literary, 4; Science, 5; General, 13; Giblin, 4.
- (4) Obtaining 18 University prizes.

A school, however, is not to be judged solely by its examination record, but by the character forming which is going on daily within its walls. In this connection it is interesting to repeat the remarks of the ex-Director, Mr W. T. McCoy, at the last speech night he attended. These are his words (vide "Examiner" of March 6, 1917):—"One of the most satisfactory aspects of the school work was the magnificent character building that was going on in connection with the school's activities." These are encouraging words for the staff, who are daily endeavoring to mould the characters of the plastic youth.

We feel, however, that our greatest difficulty is in the length of time the pupils are under our charge. The greatest number of failures has been amongst those who attended for less than two years. Correspondingly the pupils who do best are those who attend four or more years. Under present conditions three years is the minimum time which a pupil should spend in a secondary institution if he is to be taught not merely how to get a living, but what is more important—how to live.

A RAILWAY TERMINUS.

A railway up Vesuvius! It is a little thing of its kind, covering only the last four thousand feet of the mountain summit. But the boldness of its design and the originality of its construction are greatly heightened in their effect upon our minds by the associations

surrounding the work. Vesuvius, which, after a long slumber, terrified the whole world in its awakening—Vesuvius, whose mysterious fires have seemed to superstition the outlet from a world of demoniac rage and horror—now carries on its bosom a little chain by which a car, drawn up and down, brings pigmy lords of creation to gaze unabashed and fearless at the glare of the mountain's volcanic wrath.

Space, water, fire, storm and disease, if truth were known, are not foes at all, but emissaries of the Divine Teacher sent forth to impose on humanity the labors by which the maturity of its powers shall at length be called forth. To our minds the mode of climbing to the crater appears at least not less poetic than the old system of elevation in a chair drawn by four stumbling and swearing lazzaroni. And, if triumph of mind over matter, swiftness of aspiring movement, facility for quiet contemplation, simple solution of difficulties, have any intellectual and emotional interest which constitutes poetry, then is this Puck-like contrivance, this merry toy, coursing up the bosom of the giant mountain, more poetic far than any rude method of ascent now superseded.

Such were the thoughts of a solitary onlooker as he gazed down from beneath the lip of the immense crater—the railway terminus upon the silent ruins buried nearly two thousand years ago, and on the shining town of Naples brimming over with modern life. The blue waters of the Mediterranean stretching away to the horizon, were bounded by classic peaks and romantic islands, where every rock was eloquent of the past. And here, in clear air, hanging between heaven and earth, men celebrated the consecration of industry's honest magic to the union of the past, with the present, to the conquest of nature's mysteries, and to the endowment of the million with opportunities and pleasures denied of old to all but a privileged few. The work has a beauty which we trust that even stern Vesuvius in its fieriest moods may be willing to respect.

A.B.M.

IF.

(With apologies to Mr R. Kipling.)

If you can sit without a word of talking,
And work all day without your neighbor's aid,
If you can well restrain yourself from laughing,
When funny figures on the board are made,
If you can work two hours a night at lessons,
And still keen on with cricket in demand,
If you can always make your bad confessions,
When the teacher asks the speaker to stand,
If you can play the game of all the ages,
And yet remember theorems in galore,
You'll be, my friend, a model for the sages,
A boy whom all the staff will bow before.

I.W., E4.

LINKS FROM A MAGIC CHAIN.

From an extract of a letter received by D. Harper from Dorothy Wakefield, Fresno High School, California.

"Fresno is in the exact centre of California. It is in what is called the San Joaquin (pronounced Wa-keen) Valley. The valley is between the Sierra Nevada and coast range mountains. To the north of San Joaquin Valley is the Sacramento Valley, while to the south is the Imperial Valley. I do not know much about the Sacramento Valley, but I shall tell you of the other two. In the San Joaquin grapes, peaches, apricots, plums, and numerous other fruits are grown. In Imperial Valley melons are grown better than anything else. Water melons, cantaloupes, and such are shipped all over the country. As I do not know much about any other California cities I will try to tell you something of Fresno. There are over 60,000 people in Fresno. We have many large buildings here, some having fourteen or fifteen stories. Architects are at work now planning new buildings. I have no pictures at present of the city, but I shall try to get some and send to you by the time I get an answer to this letter. There are two very large parks in Fresno. These afford much amusement in the hot summer. There are three large lakes in less than 200 miles from Fresno. I spent my vacation at one of them this summer. I was in swimming every day, and I usually rowed across the lake every day in my swimming suit. It certainly is wonderful exercise. I had two of my girl friends with me, and we went to a dance every night, and we either tried to hike, swim, or row each day. Some days we'd do all three. One day we started at 8 o'clock in the morning and walked all round the lake, which is seventeen miles. We all wore khaki outing breeches and slip-on sweaters. Our lunches were tied in bandana handkerchiefs, and were fastened on our belts with the camera. We were home from the hike at 3 o'clock, and as soon as we could we were in the lake swimming; then that night we went to a dance, and didn't get home until very late, but that did not hinder us from hiking the next day.

EBB AND FLOW.

Desolate wind-swept sands covered o'er,
With barren rocks and sea-shells side by side,
The dried-up sea-weed: a sea-gull's wail—
And my love goes sailing out
On the ebbing tide!

Dawn breaks o'er the dreary sands with a golden glow,
And sun-kissed waves slowly onward glide,
And sun in the sky; the sea-gulls joy—
And my love comes sailing in
On the flowing tide!

"DRYAD."

DUCES OF SCHOOL.

Third Term.

A Class—Gollan Lewis.
 B Class—Alan Gill.
 C Class—Tom Rocher.
 D1 Class—Mervyn Taylor.
 D2 Class—Lionel Jacques.
 E1 Class—Jean Wright.
 E2 Class—James Dodge.
 E3 Class—Barbara Rocher.
 E4 Class—A. Chandler.

CLASS NOTES.

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

Enter the Aladdin Bros.

D. Aladdin: I say, old bean, Arch says we gotter do the class notes.

M. Aladdin: O, hang it all. How'll we do 'em?

D. Aladdin: By my troth I know not. All the old dodges have been so worn to death.

M. Aladdin: Rub up your lamp, and let the genii bear in our inspirations.

Enter genii, humbly bearing the "Excavation Stunt."

D. Aladdin: Hum! High School discovered in ruins in year 2000—best room A Class, of course—what d'yer think?

M. Aladdin: Too stale by half. Off with his head. Rub up your ring this time.

Enter genii, dragging behind them the ghosts of the best room picture, the waste paper basket, and the blackboard duster.

D. Aladdin: These are killed dead enough by overwork—no need to bother the executioner. Rub up some more.

Enter genii, bearing a monstrous, bookish looking parcel. This is found to contain dialogues concerning the class by the text books.

M. Aladdin (with one disgusted look): Get out! The genii bear away their struggling burden, from whom comes a confused murmur, "Houses of Corruption," "Right hand side of the page," "Alfrieda—flowers," "Poppies."

D. Aladdin: Whatever will we do?

M. Aladdin (hopefully): We can still fall back "on dit" and diaries or alphabetical arrangements or directories or letters to departed classmates, or imitation of the classics or

D. Aladdin (despairingly): Idiot! We must have something with snap in it—something that looks as if it wasn't set for an essay.

M. Aladdin: Well—I don't know.

D. Aladdin: Nor I either.

M. Aladdin: What to do?

D. Aladdin: Nor I either—and the motto of that is

Chorus: Well we won't do class notes. That'll be a change.
Grateful sighs from genii. Aladdins disappear.

CLASS B1.—Supervising Teacher: Mr. W. L. Grace, B.A.

Did you know this?

The ignorance of B1—Colossal.

G.E.—Horse.

The amount of work done in B Class varies jointly as the mood of the class and the persons present.

There are now revised versions of Milton, Wordsworth, and Shelley, copies of which may be obtained from B1.

That Byron's "Storm" is a favorite of those who have not time to do their essay in the week-end.

Our Hookwaiian French translation is the pride of the class as well as the delight.

B1 has in its possession a duster which usually does the rounds of the balcony once a week.

The button-holes of certain members vary jointly as the kind of flowers in the vase, and the watchfulness of the fair sex to prevent robberies.

Soon we will be sounding abroad the praises of our bashful poet.

Henry wondered why the test tube with the bottom broken would rot fill.

CLASS C.—Supervising Teacher! Miss A. L. Grubb, B.A.

THE C CLASS ALPHABET.

A is for Allan, who washes his hands

In sulphuric acid at Miller's demands.

B is for Barney, who will stay away

On Wednesdays as if 'twere a whole holiday.

C is for Charlie, who mumbles his words.

D is for Dimple, who cannot do surds.

E stands for Emmie, who wore a red hat

To match her complexion, and only for that.

F is for French, and also for Fatty,

Who in the aforementioned lessons becomes very chatty.

G's for Miss Grubb, for Greaves, and for Grace,

They expect us to work at a terrible pace.

H is for Hope and for "Hockey team," too,

"They're too boisterous rough," was our saying 'tis true.

I stands for near "Intermediate," our aim,
 To pass would be nice, but to fail such a shame.
 J is for Judd, and K is for Kitty,
 Who cannot be heard, and this is a pity.
 L is for Latin, which our Lyndsay likes,
 And M is for Maurice, who's too fat to ride bikes.
 N is for Nancy, whom we've heard of before,
 And O's for the oranges she eats by the score.
 P is for Phillis, R is for Ruth,
 And S is for Spoiler, who tells you this truth.
 T is for Tom, who might get in the door
 If he lessened his height by two inches or more.

We have no more members from U up to Z,
 But the rest I'll remember until I am dead.

The Committee does not hold itself responsible for any severe shocks consequent on hearing these "jingling sounds of like endings," but refers all sufferers to C Class.

CLASS D1.—Supervising Teacher: Miss M. J. Tevelein.

We, the "very interesting" D1, have been most upset—and just as the hot weather begins, too—by having several of our pet notions in English completely reversed: Richard I., poor fellow, has fallen from his high position as "prime cause" to that of merely a third or even fourth rate character. Veda doesn't agree with Mr Fletcher! Henry V., however, retains his (or is it her?) position as "the centre of all interest—the figure round which everything turns." "Everything" is the masculine portion of the class on dramatising days, and most other days, too. Pym, we are sorry to hear, has not yet learnt the art—that art, acquired like every other, by incessant practice—of bidding farewell to our bright-haired hostess.

Hear a little rhyme about Max by our brilliant physics pupil. (Ask T.R.L.):

There's a chap in D1 called Max Hughes,
 Who shivers and shakes in his shoes,
 When one mentions a snake,
 To his heels he will shake,
 For snakes he's a horror profuse.

Laurie's discourse on the moon was far above our heads. Reggie should go there instead of coming late as he now does to avoid having his coiffure spoilt by Allan. Is it jealousy, think you?

To conclude, here are some "dry" facts about us:—

Heatha does admire dark hair. She would like to have hers quite an "inky" hue.

May has departed from amongst us. The greatest critic of modern times is one A.W. amongst us, while Ena's special duties of Thursday morning, Peggy's dainty tip-toeing, and Percy's solemn, presidential air put on once a week keep us all agfog. Was that Mary who laughed?

CLASS D2.—Supervising Teacher: Mr. S. F. Limbrick.

We can quite hold our own
 In brains and in sport,
 When we get our just dues,
 In Mr Fletcher's report.
 That genial inspector,
 The last time he called,
 Said the pictures we show
 Were too highly walled.
 But this, you will note,
 Is in line with our claim.
 That D2 looks up
 With a very high aim.

Once more we put in our appearance. Since last term there have been more substractions than additions to our members. We miss greatly our footballer of fame, Tommy. We are also in fear of "Nigger" getting married, as it was rumored he was looking for a house.

Oh, how the books disappear off the top of the desks, and are arranged tidily within. Even Bills will not give "Inky" the satisfaction of pounding any of his books, for he (Inky) is our proud master.

One boy, who has a great habit of mumbling to himself when he gets an "impot," often has his work doubled, and sometimes trebled, for this same habit.

Theorems and problems we imagined would soon pass out of our minds, as we had finished our Hall and Stevens, but to our dismay we found that the next three parts must be got at once—4/6 in the bookroom.

Well, we can't grumble, so we "pack up our troubles in our old school bags, and swot, swot, swot." To "Intermediates" and "Leavingites" we wish the best of luck and a Happy Christmas to all.

CLASS E1.—Supervising Teacher: Miss B. Wilcox, B.A.

We, of E1, are no longer those tired little mortals who gaze with awesome wonder at the huge dimensions of Le Lyee. An observer, stepping quietly into the room, which is farthest away from the office on the ground floor, sees thirty-two "good" little girls, with faces all aglow with interest in their work. Eyes "glued" to the teacher or heads bent earnestly over their books.

Nevertheless, these little maidens are not nearly so timid as when they first arrived on the scene. We are beginning to find the air in the lower regions a trifle stuffy for our intellectual minds, which are forever soaring upwards, and hoping to ascend to the cooler rooms of those D's.

We are kept well amused by Edna and our baby Jean, who have entered into a competition to attain the most impositions during one day. So far Jean is leading, recording five for one day. Mary still persists in wearing the "Fairies Green" at intervals, though she was warned by the fate of "Alice Brand." Of course Jean still maintains her position as top of the class. But we have many Jeans, one particularly of whom:—

"As soon as a question is asked by the teacher,
A ready response is her outstanding feature;
She works at her lessons with all her might,
And she's never wrong, as she's always Wright.

We still abide by the "Golden Rule" of not entering our class room before the first whistle has blown. What a pity certain others don't follow our example.

The duster has been replaced at last, and no longer are our ears blocked when the monitor endeavors to clean the board with the interior of a duster, which is ornamented with buttons.

In this part of the world we have exceedingly great trouble with blinds and vases. The former will constantly tear or look all awry. Our superior comes in, glances at the blinds, and in the ensuing silence remarks, "Joyce, do persuade one of the boys to fix them." Then that subsides, till next English lesson. As to the blinds, they are continually developing legs and "taking themselves off" to some other haven of refuge. If they do not run away they unfortunately break. Could any kind person inform our prefect where she might obtain good hole-proof blinds and unbreakable "stay at home" vases, please?

CLASS E2.—Supervising Teacher: Mr. R. Atkinson.

This has been a very busy season, but although we have been swotting we have had time to laugh at Paddy's and Maggety's witticisms (?) We are all very sorry that Mr Atkinson has been ill, and we will be glad to have him back again. A pound has been started, with Franky as pound-keeper; yet strength goes a long way in the purloining of your books. Our physics master has a great difficulty for onion pickles and tomato sauce served to the accompaniment of Mickey Rooney's ragtime band. We are all hoping that next year we will rise into purer regions, where carbon dioxide does not exist. Weeliam prospers in chemistry, and Royal has a habit of experimenting with sodium in a kerosene tin. The penalty of speaking in arithmetics does not exceed 19 theorems, which we must now fly to do, however alluring writing class notes may seem to us.

CLASS E3.—Supervising Teacher: Miss Wilkins.

"Time driveth onward fast." It seems only a few months since we entered the precincts of the High School with fear and trembling, and we were told our place of abode was to be in the lower regions. We dared gaze up at the Celestial beings dwelling above, only to hear, "Do look at the E Class chickens," at which we straightened our backs and strutted imperiously into our class room, taking with us our hats, coats, portmanteaux, etc.

We are not quite as insignificant as some would make it appear.

Three of us are practising very hard to get into the tennis team next year.

One of us has brains in her side, and we have several budding poets in our midst.

On dit: A certain girl in our class knows the meaning of Q.E.D.

Val is fond of looking at her reflection in the mirror.

Nell has taken a liking to what? (Watt).

Eyelet holes worry Pop.

A hair ribbon contest has taken place among four girls.

We are fond of fairy stories about geometry.

Puss can talk for half an hour without stopping. (She's a she, of course.)

Chewing penholders is likely to give one appendicitis.

Kath can "slog 'em."

Our representative from Hobart knows all about theorems.

Our dusters love to wander on Friday nights.

One of our girls knows what it is like to have her ears pulled.

We would like to wish all of those taking exams, the best of success.

CLASS E4.—Supervising Teacher: Miss Begent.

It is daybreak. The air is blowing freshly on my face as I awaken. The silvery notes of the church bell, ringing in the distance, come slowly in at my bedroom window. Gradually, over the distant hills, the sun rises with vivid yellow brightness. Then the solemnity of the Sabbath morn is broken as I remember that there are class notes to be written. I tumble into my dressing gown and slowly recall—

That Fatty still keeps his good condition—probably on account of the good lodging.

That "Inky" has been the recipient of a lovely red rose, accompanied by a strictly secret note.

That E4 Class fund would increase in inverse proportion as Mrs Tuck's ice cream decreased.

That Miss Begent requests the pleasure of the company of E4 on the occasion of a history lesson at 4.5 p.m. in their class-room, R.S.V.P.

That our Parliamentary election was a great success, Bean being elected at our one and only member.

That E4 would be delighted if the rule forbidding their entrance before the whistle goes was repealed.

That the advent of exams. makes even the stoutest heart afraid.

However, in spite of all our woes, the year has been a happy one, and our knowledge has been greatly increased.

A LADY TELLS HER FRIEND.

"Oh, Mrs Jones, you ought to have been at the show. There were some simply gorgeous dresses there. Mrs Brown was wearing her new dress. It's nigger brown, with pleats at the sides, and a high collar and buttons down the front. She looked as if she had come out of the ark. . . . I? Oh, I wore my saxe blue dress. Everyone remarked how well it became me. . . . Of course we went into the grand stand. I can't bear to walk about in the crowd, pushing here and there, and having one's toes trodden on, besides that's where all THE people go."

GLADYS BALDWIN.

A WALK IN THE WOODS IN SPRINGTIME.

"Come, gentle spring, ethereal mildness come,
And from the bosom of yon dropping cloud,
While music wakes around, veiled in a shower
Of shadowy roses, on our plains descend."

One bright morning at 6 o'clock I found myself on the border of a majestic wood, and feeling I would like to walk I decided to enter, and I was well rewarded, for the splendour of that wood was beautiful to look upon.

The green wood, dotted with flowers, formed a picturesque carpet, and the tops of the green branches of the tall trees, stirred by the silvery breeze, swayed to and fro and made an arch for my head. Bushes decked with blossoms, which were gleaming like huge pearls in the sunlight, made the picture more exquisite. Birds were singing as if they would burst their tiny throats in the attempt to give forth their thrilling songs even more vibrantly than before. Here and there a rabbit popped up to show its silken grey ears to the sun.

I stood still. I had always been a lover of Nature, but this scene was enchanting me. When aroused from my reverie by the loud twittering of an unknown bird I passed on to a still more perfect scene—one of the most quiet and peaceful spots I have ever yet been privileged to see, if indeed it is possible for the eye to gaze on anything more beautiful, for this was a place that looked as if, in it, life was always tranquil—that the sun always shone and that no riot whatever could disturb the peace of this heavenly spot. Poppies, daisies, and blue-bells smilingly nodded their heads to the faint tremor of wind which was stealing around, whilst three snow-white lambs frolicked about the green in the ecstasy of their youth. Here also the birds seemed more numerous and their singing sweeter. If I had been a dreamer I would have called that place a "Paradise for perfect things." I determined to see what charm Nature bestowed on this spot at eventide, and when, full of expectation, I reached the wood the scene that met my gaze was even more irresistible than the morning picture.

It was not a scene of life like the previous one, but one of utter calmness and contentment. I knew of a small rise in the centre of the wood, so I climbed to it, only to be filled with wonder and pleasure at what I saw below. Looking down I saw a little plateau, like any other part of the wood, yet strangely different in a manner that I cannot describe. The birds sang less, and their songs were less vibrant. The sun was one red ball of fire, which slowly widened and grew less red, then suddenly it spread its glorious colors out o'er the fading blue of the sky.

'Twas a magnificent picture, but it was not only the sunset that attracted my attention, but the wonderful stillness that the world seemed wrapped in. There was not a sound, and standing there alone on the hillside the beautiful lines of Gray's poem forced themselves into my mind:—

"Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save when the beetle wheels its droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds."

Slowly the flaming colors in the sky grew paler, and began to sink. A faint wind crept o'er the hillside and softly lulled the nodding flowers to sleep. A sheep's mournful bleat floated up from the valley, and in the distance could be heard the faint barking of a dog. The last ray of the sun disappeared. The air grew cooler. The sky grew pale, yet everywhere there reigned a solemn, majestic stillness.

The twinkling stars peeped through the gradually darkening sky, and to crown the glory of the picture, the silvery moon glided gracefully to her throne amidst the stars, and the hand of God stretched o'er the slumbering world, and His gentle voice called "Night!"

M.F.

BOYS' SPORTS.

GRADE FOOTBALL.

The boys of the school who did not belong to the first three football teams were divided into three grades. These three teams played an interesting series of matches on the Show Ground. After winning their first three matches, A Grade lost J. Stephens and K. Cenroy, who were promoted to the thirds. The following are the details of matches. Names in brackets are those of the best players:

10th May: A, 4.4 (J. Stephens, R. Hall, Crawford, Griggs); B, two points (J. Wyett, J. Dodge).

31st May: B, 3.5 (Dodge, Wyett, Creswell, Williams); C, 2.7 (Cartledge, Cowie, Colhoun).

14th June: A, 6.5 (Cenroy, Stephens, Burns); C, 2.7 (Finlay, Wilson, Cowie).

21st June: A, 4.8 (Griggs, Newman, Orpwood); B, 2.4 (Dodge).

19th July: C, 2.10 (Page, F. Watson, Cartledge, Colhoun); B, 1.6 (Dodge, Cooper, Williams).

26th July: C, 3.4 (Cartledge, Finlay, Cowie Page); A, 3.3 (Judd, Burns, Lithgow).

2nd August: B, 3.12 (Beasy, Dodge, Phillips, Bonney); A, 3.7 (Griggs, Hall, Judd).

16th August: C, 6.7 (Page, Colhoun, F. Watson, Burke); B, 1.4 (Stephenson, Cooper, Dodge).

23rd August: C, 5.10 (Page, Wilson, Cartledge, Watson); A, 1.11 (Lithgow, Newman, Judd, Payne).

30th August: B, 5.12 (Dodge, Williams, D. Phillips, Bonney); A, 5.9 (Scott, Crawford, Newman, Griggs).

6th September: C, 6.6 (Cartledge, Finlay, G. Wilson); B, 4.6 (Dodge, D. Phillips, Beasy, Bonney).

Points on completion: C, 16; B, 10; A, 6.

The following are the members of the winning team: (C) I. Cartledge (captain), G. Wilson, J. Finlay, F. Watson, R. Page, A. Cowie, W. Burke, A. Leeson, A. Colhoun, C. Coombe, H. Dixon, M. Fotheringham, G. Margetts, M. Weston, G. Loftus-Hills, R. Cook, M. Hughes.

CRICKET NOTES.

During the term the Firsts have played three matches, of which one was won on the first innings and the others were drawn. Our first match was against Scotch College. We batted first, and compiled 113. The scores for us were: Broomby, 17; Wilson, 16 (not out); and F. Ford, 14. When we had three of Scotch out for 34 runs rain stopped what would have been an interesting match.

Next we encountered the Grammar School on the Cornwall Ground, and batting first again we got 202, mainly through F. Ford, who scored 134. Others to get into double figures were G. Lewis (20) and G. Eccleston (16).

Grammar scored 89 for the loss of eight wickets.

Our bowlers to secure wickets were: R. Broomby, three for 36; E. Crawford; two for 9; G. Hart, one for 4.

Then we met C.T.A., whom we dismissed for 52 runs, a result which was due to W. Leckie, whose average was eight for 16, including the hat trick. L. Carter, one for 15; G. Lewis, one for 9.

We then batted, scoring 90, our batsmen being R. Bromoby, 26; G. Wilson, 20; W. Dynan, 15; G. Lewis, 13.

AVERAGES FOR SEASON 1922.

BATTING.

F. Ford (seven innings), average 62; G. Lewis (seven innings), average 17.2; R. Broomby (eight innings), average 14.2; G. Wilson (three innings), average 18; Eccleston (six innings), average 7.

BOWLING.

Leckie, 21 wickets for 117 runs, average 5.6; Dynan, 3 wickets for 41 runs, average 13.6; Lewis, 8 wickets for 115 runs, average 14.4; Broomby, 7 wickets for 121 runs, average 17.2.

THE TEAM.

- F. Ford—Good skipper, very solid bat, bowling erratic, smart in field.
- R. Broomby—Vice-captain, has many good shots, but puts his leg in front too much; turns well, but should watch length.
- G. Lewis—Much improved in batting; has a good ball, but erratic; very good field.
- W. Leckie—Batting lacks confidence; our best bowler; good field.
- G. Eccleston—Good defence, but lacks freedom, should keep his legs out of the wicket; moderate field.
- W. Dynan—Should "go for" the bowling more; fair field; very erratic bowler.
- T. Rocher—Shaping well; slow in the field; improving as wicket-keeper.
- T. Doe—Cramps his batting; keen field, but needs judgment.
- G. Wilson—Forceful bat, good defence; not alert enough in the field.
- G. Hart—Shows promise; many strokes yet to learn; fair field.
- E. Crawford—Bows a very fair ball, but should watch length; no defence in batting.
- M. Adamthwaite—Has a few good shots, but should cultivate a defence; very slow in the field.
- L. Carter—Shows promise; strokes need cultivation, turns well, and has a moderate ball, but length not good.

FOOTBALL.

At the end of the second term the School Firsts met the Devonport High School on the Association ground to play off the first round of the premiership. The School proved too strong for Devonport. In the third quarter Devonport took the lead, and as they were playing against the wind, things looked black for Launceston. However, at the commencement of the last quarter the Firsts made a dash for goals, and within five minutes were level with their opponents. They continued to add goals and finally won by a fair margin. The best players for the School were Blake, Eccleston, Lewis, Dynan, Broomby, and Ford.

During the third term the team met Grammar School Firsts. Mr Findley, the Grammar School coach, kindly consented to coach the School team also. There followed several matches, played in accordance with a system. The matches proved interesting in that both teams used practically the same system. Our team, excepting on one occasion, managed to defeat Grammar School by a fair margin. The first match of the term resulted in a victory for Grammar, 12 goals 9 points to the School's 6 goals 6 points. The second match resulted in a win for the School by two points. The scores were: School, 2 goals 7 behinds; Grammar, 2 goals 5 behinds. The third match proved a decisive victory for the School, the scores being: School, 8 goals 8 behinds; Grammar, 5 behinds.

Continual practice was kept up in anticipation of the North v. South which was to decide the premiership. The day chosen for the match drew near, and everything appeared in readiness for the fray. One of our team had the misfortune to break his collarbone two days before the contest. However, another man was put in his place, and the School fielded a strong eighteen. Our school was the first to score. The match was evenly contested until half-time, when both teams were level—3 goals 6 behinds each. After the break the school forwards were given plenty of work, and a fine lead was established during the third quarter. During the last quarter South made many attempts to diminish our lead. The match then took on a see-saw aspect, each side scoring goal for goal. Thus South could not make up the deficiency, and the School won the match and the premiership by a large margin. Scores: School, 10 goals 11 behinds; South, 5 goals 7 behinds.

The best players for the School were: Blake, Ford, Ingles, Lewis, Broomby and Chandler (who scored 5 goals). Thus ended a very successful football season.

GIRLS' SPORTS.

TENNIS NOTES.

Towards the end of the year some dozen tennis enthusiasts met together for the purpose of forming a tennis ladder and a school four. The names were placed by ballot, and everyone was given the privilege of challenging any of the first four on the ladder for a place in the team, all challenges to be played off before November 30. At that date the first four on the ladder were: R. Broomby, F. Ford, A. Ingles and C. Ingles, and these were declared to be the School four.

For the last week they have been practising steadily in preparation for the coming match with the Grammar School, whom we hope to play on the Thursday after they return from Hobart. Next year we hope that the boys' tennis will be a little more organised, as there is no reason why there should not be a boys' four to play Grammar and Scotch, the same as we do at cricket and football.

THE FIRST HOCKEY TEAM.

The Firsts have done much better this year than they have done for the last two or three years. We were second in the Association matches, Churinga being premiers. We played off with them early one morning, but were beaten, three goals to one. We had a most enjoyable trip to Scottsdale, where we beat the Scottsdale Firsts, two goals to one. Some of the team will be leaving us at the end of the year, and we will be very sorry to lose them. The season's team was as follows:

Hilda Harnett—Ring wing forward—Very fast runner—Sure—Passes well.
Inez Armstrong—Right inner forward—Was weak, but has greatly improved—Passes better.
Nellie Wing—Sure, hard hit—Not quick enough in taking ball.
Edna Rushfirth (Vice-captain)—Left inner forward—Quick—Skilful with ball.
Ruth Lade—Left wing forward—Good runner—Does not pass quickly enough.
Alice Beven—Right wing half-back—A reliable and consistent player.
Pauline Denholm (Captain)—Centre half-back—Energetic and reliable.
Marjorie McEwin—Good stop—Passes well to her wing.
Muriel Lewis—Needs to practice stopping and watch her stick—Strong hit.
Ethel Partridge—Weak stop—But a hard hit.
Nora Beven—Good goal—Would be better with more practice.

THE SCOTTSDALE CARNIVAL.

The memory of the trip made to Scottsdale by the First and Second hockey teams is still quite fresh, since we had such a good time. We were invited to help the Scottsdale Hockey Association in their carnival, and when we found we could get excursion fares most of us decided to go. Miss Peggy Waugh kindly consented to act as wing in R. Lade's absence, and with Miss Fox, Miss Greaves, and Miss Tevelein to act as chaperons we started at the early hour of 8 a.m. Everybody assiduously "swotted" on the way up, with an occasional break to admire the scenery.

On reaching Scottsdale we were met by Mr C. Morris and shown to the Recreation Ground, where the carnival was to be held. The day

was cloudy, with occasional drizzly rain, and we were glad to see the huge fire which awaited us, and we immediately put to use the hot water, soap, and towels laid out for us.

After putting on our playing rigs, we went to the tea-rooms, where the Scottsdale hockey girls served us with a splendid dinner, so splendid that Miss Fox did harbor doubts concerning the intentions of the Scottsdale folk, considering that we had to play shortly after dinner.

After watching the Seconds, reinforced by Miss Greaves and Miss Tevelein, win a very hard and closely contested match against Scottsdale State High 1st team (scores, 2-1), the Firsts took the field against the Senior Scottsdale team. The game was very hard and fast, both sides fighting hard for victory. The First team eventually won. The goals for the First were struck by Nellie Wing; one was struck by Edna Rushfirth, but was "offside," and for the Seconds by Veda Watson.

After the match we adjourned to a most sumptuous, most bounteous, most—most—er (words absolutely fail me to describe its splendor), after which Miss Fox, in a neat speech, complimented the Scottsdale girls on their play, especially in the match against the 1st, which, she said, was the most skilful game she had seen that season in Tasmania. Our expressions of gratitude were cut short by the whistle of the train, and giving three cheers, we hastily collected our sticks, etc., and made for the station. The Scottsdale people gave us all bunches of flowers, and a certain member of the 1sts actually was given a suspicious looking bag!

Our journey home was enlivened by part songs and choruses, which sounded sweetly over the din of the train. We were all so happy that our coaches and Miss Fox sang too. A special vote of thanks was given to Miss Fox, who had umpired strenuous games. We arrived in town thoroughly tired as we were happy, and judging from the glowing account in the Scottsdale paper, they enjoyed the trip as well as did the 1sts and 2nds.

YOUTH AND AGE.

Unthinking, idle, wild and young,
I laughed and talked and danced and sung;
And proud of health, of freedom vain,
Dreamed not of sorrow, care or pain,
Concluding, in these hours of glee,
That the world was really made for me.

But when the day of trial came,
When sickness shook my trembling frame,
When folly's gay pursuits were o'er,
And I could dance and sing no more,
It then occurred how sad 'twould be
If the world were only made for me.

BESSIE, E.

"APOLLO VENIT."

A still darkness hung over the face of the ocean. The stars showed with a pallid light, as though a thin veil of purple had been drawn across the canopy of the sky. Yet even the darkness was luminous and wonderful to behold, and the faint breeze which barely parted the curtains of night was an actual caress, balmy and invigorating. All about was a strange, expectant hush holding the world of sea and sky in silent bondage.

The moon had set long since, a slight break in the western sky showing where its silver path had terminated. The sea stretched out indigo, flecked with grey, not even a curl of foam breaking its smoothness. Towards the east, where the sky was growing faintly luminous, there was a thin line of crimson along the clean-cut horizon, and from it stretched out vague rose-tinted streaks which heralded the coming dawn.

The east continued to glow with subtle color; it was like a vast pearlshell, many colored, shading from rose to saffron, from saffron to gold, from gold to ultramarine. Another ridge of cloud gathered a whirl of color, and stood clearly out against the azure background. Red, and yet deeper red glowed the horizon itself, while the kaleidoscope of color in the east whirled and changed bewilderingly. Glittering shafts of golden light swung up to herald the coming sun, and lost themselves in the blueness of heaven's vault. Then with a bound the sun uprose, stately, enormous, and gathering glory as it left its prison of night, climbing up and up, flinging out waves of heat as it came.

J.T.

AMATEUR THEATRICALS.

Just before the Midwinter vacation some of the members of the A, B, and C Classes delighted a very large audience with scenes from plays studied during the year.

The stage was arranged as nearly as possible on Shakespearian lines, and before the performance commenced a trumpet was blown, and Mr Meston, as the Prologue, addressed the audience.

The first scene was from Henry V.—the night before Agincourt. Ellaline Wright won great praise for her representation of the King, and the rest of the cast supported her excellently.

B Class gave some scenes from "As You Like It," and Doris Harper's Rosalind, Tom Doe's Amiens, and Tom Barclay's Jacques were very good.

A Class had the major part of the work to do in scenes from "Twelfth Night." Ron McHugh made an excellent Malvolio. Bonnie Lees acted and sang the part of Feste very well; Marjorie McEwin as Maria; Mr T. Lee as Sir Toby; and Alan Ingles as Sir Andrew.

were equally good, while Dorothy Brown as Viola was very charming. Mention must be made of Malvolio's bodyguard—T. Burns, C. Adams, and B. Lewis—who maintained their composure well under trying circumstances.

During the intervals Mr Buring conducted a girls' choir in "Come away, Death," and "In the Spring Time," and Mr H. Tremayne delighted the audience with "Blow, blow, thou winter wind."

The A Class are at present very assiduously practising for a presentation of the whole play before the end of the year.

These notes could hardly be closed without grateful mention of the work of Miss Underwood, who fashioned most of the costumes, and of the work of Mr Meston, who has been untiring in his efforts to make the play a success, and of the accompanying of Marjorie Andrew, who always fills this comparatively thankless position most capably.

DIALOGUE.

Scene E2.—When the midnight bells are silent.

Dramatis Personae.—Molding and Resident Dust.

Molding.—"Thou friend that sittest so lightly and yet with ever-increasing weight upon my back, didst thou hear our visitor's eloquent (and elongated) discussion concerning the immortal works of our beloved poet Cowper?"

Dust.—"I knew the knave was speaking, but listened to no more after that, from his elevated position he discerned my presence, and thereon scathingly remarked that I did mar the fair appearance of the worthy class room."

Molding.—"Twas most unkindly said the knave would part us, that we could not bear."

Dust.—"Nay, in good faith; 'twould break my heart, to part from thee would be to part in sunder."

Molding.—And yet methinks 'twill be our fate. Hark, do I not hear !

Dust (simultaneously).—"Ah, what is that?"

Enter Billy Banjo with retainers and scaling ladder.

Billy Banjo.—"Thou saittiff! Thy soom is dealed! Come thou hence."

Dust.—Fare thee

Molding (weeping copiously).—"Farewell, dear heart, since thou must needs be gone. The mop doth show thy days are almost done. But thou wilt never die Thou here no more canst lie."

Exit Dust.

CURTAIN.

VALEDICTORY.

It is with extreme regret that we have to say farewell to Miss McDonough, who is leaving the school at the expiration of the year.

Miss McDonough joined the staff in 1913, since when she has been of much value in educating the students in commercial training. The work that Miss McDonough has carried on in the school has been characterised by thoroughness and care, and many of the students that passed through her hands are now occupying responsible positions in the offices and banks of the city.

The school as a whole will be very sorry to lose Miss McDonough, with whom she is very popular. The staff, of which she was a popular and respected member, join with the pupils in expressing their regrets.

Miss McDonough has been most generous in her assistance to school life, awarding many prizes and also monetary help to both sporting and academic life, also to the whole corporate life of the school.

In saying farewell to Miss McDonough we hope it will be more in the nature of "au revoir," for we hope to see her again at our school functions, where she will be most welcome.

At the end of the last term we said farewell to Miss Underwood, who had made a stay of but short duration with us. Nevertheless we learned to appreciate her work in the time, especially in the social side of school life.

"SUNSET AND EVENING STAR."

Away in the hazy west the last mellow rays of the setting sun fling themselves over the grim cliffs and lip them with a soft light. Above the sea liquid clouds wrap the fading blue in a mantle of purple and gold.

Now the cliffs rise gaunt and grim against the sky-filmy pink clouds lingering above the dim horizon—proclaim the last farewells of dying Phoebus.

Quite suddenly, through the blurred grey, the Evening Star sends forth its first warm twinkles of welcome to the advancing night, and across the startled air there comes the plaintive call of the mopoke as it pursues its noiseless way through the dusky atmosphere.

V. WATSON.

Over the rolling billows,
Crested with bubbling foam.
A stately ship with sails full set
Wended her way towards home.

G. REYNOLDS.

"THE LIMITS."

During this term "The Limits," a musical society, as their name implies, gave a very enjoyable evening. The entertainment was opened by a recitation entitled "Oh, me! Oh, my! How I like I," by Mr Gollan Lewis, who gave a masterly interpretation. The next item was a solo by Miss Winnie Carter, "The Wearin' o' the Green," which was rendered more effective by the costume adopted. A chorus by the A and C Classes, "Just before the battle, mother," was highly appreciated. The next item was designed to add instruction of enjoyment, and a highly edifying speech on "The Art of Orchardring," by Miss P. Denholm, was the result. A baritone solo, "Put me down among the girls," was very feelingly rendered by Mr T. Doe, and was followed by a humorous sketch, "A little more won't do us any harm," by Mr S. Limbrick. The bulging of the last-named gentleman's pockets leads us to suppose that he was intending to bear out the spirit of the song. Instead of encore, he returned with Mr W. Dynan and Mr A. Folder in the beautiful part song, "We won't go home till morning." Their fresh young voices rise in sweet harmony until the audience were lulled to unconsciousness with rapture. The next item was a recitation, "Wha hae Scots," by Miss D. Harper. The effect was added to by a surprised call of "I'm here," from the back of the hall. Miss M. McEwin and Miss McAndrew, better known as the two Honeypots, next obliged with "Cuddle Closer," but as the reporter is a denizen of A class, this performance was not new. Mr J. Orchard gave an artistic interpretation of "I'm smiling from morning till night," which was followed by a musical monologue by Miss A. Nicholls, beginning "Oh, Dear, I feel so 'harissed' I don't know what to do." The enjoyable evening was brought to a close by that tender and convincing lyric, "I'll be with you, now and ever, Dolly, dear," the effort of Mr A. Ingles.

A RUIN.

While travelling one midsummer around some of those small out-of-the-way villages in Surrey I had suddenly come upon one of those old monastic ruins of the Tudor times. It stood on the summit of a hilltop, sloping down into a broad valley, which was well watered by a small tributary of the Thames.

The old ruin lay in the background of a neglected garden, surrounded by a ragged and broken hawthorn hedge and a long stone wall. Here not a single weed had been withdrawn, nor anything planted afresh for generations. Old boughs rotted away from the trunks with age, and the brown stumps emerged sere-tipped and naked, merging into the grey walls in the background.

The ruin itself, with its walls fast crumbling away, and the velvety mosses tracing out green lines in the crevices between the stones, harmonised softly with its grounds of rank vegetation. Huge

cracks, ugly and rain stained, could be seen on all sides of the ruin, and when a sudden gust of wind swept round its four corners, loose bricks could be heard scraping and falling and ancient staircases to creak.

On one side of this mass of decaying stone, part of the wall had fallen away, and through the aperture I saw a small flight of stairs, rotten and slippery, which probably led down to an underground vault. Rank weeds and overgrown briars covered the opening, and it would be seen that here the caterpillar and the spider had been busy and had made their homes.

Over these crumbling walls reigned a heavy silence. Even the fiercest rays of sunlight did not penetrate into the deep recesses of the old building, not a leaf stirred at the calling of the softest zephyr, not a bird twittered to its young on the branches of the gnarled old oak, that stretched protectingly towards the falling walls.

As I stood there and gazed upon its crumbling walls guarding its roofless aisles and numerous broken pillars, I wondered why such a glorious old building should have been allowed to fall into decay for the sake of a crafty self-seeking monarch. To some of the monastic ruins I have seen a much happier fate has befallen, and they have been converted into parishes carefully preserved to remind us of days long gone by.

J. JACOBSON, E1.

"JINGLES."

"Good morning, Friend," the sparrow said,

"I'm feeling very ill."

"Can I help?" said the early worm.

"Yes, you'll just fill the bill."

"Can you prevent the Irish blight

In spuds?" Old Pat asked Ted.

"Oh, yes, quite well," said Teddy Bright,

"Grow cabbages instead."

"Why did the little hungry wasp

Alight on Catsy's nose?

It was no flower, I'm sure of that,

And yet I'm sure it rose."

HIS FAVORITE TOPIC.

Old Jakes, the Gardener:

"What were you a-saying, then, missie," asked Old Jakes, pausing in his work and leaning on his gardening hoe. "Do I like shows? What, an old fellow like me? Well, missie, I can't say much about such things now-a-days, for I be getting old, missie, but I dare say these things amuse the young folk like yourself."

"I remember, missie, when I was a young lad, about your age, how I went to a show we had in our own little township of Boichill. Though it is many years since then, yet I can see it all as plainly as I see these pansies here"—and Old Jakes tapped on the lattice-work behind him with his hoe, thinking it was a bed of pansies that had been dug up two years ago—"a fine collection of animals we had," he continued, "the finest in the district," and Old Jakes wandered on to the uninteresting topics of Shetlands, cross-breds, Jerseys.

Knowing that Old Jakes was now on his favorite topic, and would probably wander on for hours, I promptly made myself "scarce," leaving Old Jakes to waste his musings on his imaginary pansy beds.

J.J., El.

LIENA.

It was mail day. The so-called Post Office had quite a busy appearance. People gathered about the doorway, lounging, chatting, and incidentally watching the road in the direction of Mole Creek.

... They were waiting for the mail-cart, the arrival of which was always an event in their lives. If it brought them no letters from distant relatives, it at least brought them news of the outside world, and to these people this was a big factor in their existence. It was a link that kept them in touch with the civilisation they had renounced. It was a lifeline that held them safe from the drifting currents sweeping them towards the darkness and savagery beyond.

Once a week this gathering collected; once a week the longing eyes watched the same road in the same place; once a week the spirit of pleasant anticipation stirred hearts that generally were depressed by the monotonous struggle of bush life. Once a week memories of distant homes, of parents and relatives, freed the imagination (so confined) and conjured happy visions. It was a pleasant interlude which the Liena folk would not have forgone, although the majority were perfectly aware that it was a mere sentimentality that prompted them—a pleasant shade in which to rest from the labor of their arduous life.

M. R. COOKE.

A CHARACTER SKETCH.

THE MILKMAN.

He is a short, stout man with an unusually red face, which often turns to something approaching purple. He has a habit of standing with his feet apart, the milk can resting on his leg. In this attitude he will talk as long as he has an audience. One almost has to shut the door on his face to send him away.

The subjects he is especially fond of are dogs and the violin. His brother has a number of coursing hounds, hence his interest in dogs. His brother plays the violin, consequently there is no better instrument. "You ought to learn the violin instead of the piano, then you could earn five pounds a week at the pictures," quoth the milkman.

If one wishes to know the latest news he has only to ask the milkman. His latest subject is, of course, "Argus." He hasn't quite decided yet whether it is a "fake" or "genuine."

Because our path is long and steep, he does not like to have to walk right up, so he whistles "Pretty Cocky" as he walks, in the hope that someone will bring the jug down to him. He calls the milk bills "Sweet Williams," and sometimes pretends they're cheques.

JEAN WILSON.

"NIGHT."

The sun had just set. Little puffs of wind blew uncertainly, and then settled down to slumber. The last of the homing birds planed lazily across the sky, while the night birds crept out softly.

Between the lattice-work of gum leaves the moon shone like a burnished copper disc. The sedge-grass on the flats stirred faintly, and the river glinted as cold as steel.

Through the almost oppressive stillness echoed the long-drawn cry of the mopoke, and Night, in fold upon fold of gossamer, descended like a benediction on the weary world.

J.W.

ADAM AND EVE.

How many apples did Adam and Eve eat? The old version says:—

Eve 8 and Adam 2 (Eve ate and Adam too); total, 10.

But Max says: Eve 8 and Adam 8; total, 16.

Bills say: I don't see this. Eve 8 and Adam 82; total, 90.

Ian says: Our contemporary is entirely wrong. Eve 81 and Adam 812; total, 893.

Hilda says: I reason like this: Eve 814 herself and Adam 8124 Eve; total, 8938.

Ivy says: Eve 8142 know how it tasted, and Adam 28142 see what it might be like; total, 36,284.

B.G.J.

A FORECAST.

(Apologies to Shakespeare.)

Alarums: Enter R—r, C—d, J—d, H—e.

R—r: O diable!

C—d: O Seigneur! The Intermediate is lost!

J—d: All have failed, all! Reproach and everlasting shame sits mocking at our school. Do not go back.

R—r: Why, we failed in every subject. Be these the ones we expected credits in?

J—d: Oh! perdurable shame! Let's go to work.

C—d: Is this the intermediate we sat for, passing scornfully?

H—e: Failures, eternal failures, nothing but failures. Let us try again. Once more to school. He that will not come back now let him go to work.

R—r: Failure, that hath disheartened us. Help us now. Let us go to Mr Miller on heaps.

H—e: We have enough of students yet untried to do our school some credit in the next year, if any swotting might be thought upon.

Exeunt.

A.S.

EURYTHMICS.

A close observer of the girls of the upper classes will have noticed a slow but sure change in our general carriage. Under the magical influence of Greek dances, drooping shoulders have been converted to perfectly upright ones; a once halting gait is now the brisk but graceful walk of the true Greek; our very profiles have assumed a classical outline. For twenty minutes, three days of the week, we indulge in exhilarating exercises, and as we disperse each day to our class rooms the boys greet us with a very unclassical stare; they are dumbfounded by our ethereal looks. It is a soul-inspiring sight to see the girls now bending forward, now backward, in graceful swan-like movements as they sway to the music of the Spanish waltz. As for fencing, we are prepared to challenge any person of any country to outdo us, we get such difficult attitudes with no effort at all; it is innate genius.

"THE RIVER OF BEAUTY."

When the tide has retreated from the long beach of glistening creamy sand, when the cruel scars of rocky reefs stand jagged and defiant, when the sea is an opal of green and blue and purple with wind stirred tremors.

When a mist veiled Juno silvers a track on the waters, when the flash of the lighthouse comes weirdly from the distance, when

the brimming river throws its ripples on the shore, when the still murmurs of the water in the reeds mingle with the far-off crying of the flocking sea birds, when all is peace and shadow and silence.

When the river is a sheet of silver depths, when the sombre clustered pines throw their darker image on the water, when the snow-capped mountains bend to see their austere faces and green-clad foothills in the placid river—when the island lies reflected on a lake of purple and silver-grey mysteries.

When the colors of the vivid western sunsets paint the sky, when the river bed holds but a silver thread of water, when its emptied banks hold a thousand changing gleaming iridescent flakes of color, when the hills and trees stand sharply black against the glowing sky.

Then the Tamar is a river of beauty.

Editorial Note.—We are very pleased to hear that someone appreciates this much maligned river. Perhaps your words may prevail where ours fail to show that the Tamar has "some soul of beauty."

IN B CLASS.

Time, 8.45—8.55 a.m.

General hubbub in B room.

Voices: "Give's a Vigil, someone." "You'd better hurry or you won't get it done." "Here comes Broomer." "Good-day, Sergeant Broomby," regardez les stripes. "I say, Garthacius, done your Cicero?" "Elpelp. I don't know my Paradise Lost." "Gosh, you'll get it." "I say, you, did we have a theorem to learn?" "Oui, oui, monsieur. Ne le connaissez vous pas?" "Ere you're monitor this week. Get and clean that blackboard." "Did that 'gatepost' hurt, Apples?" "Yep, I guess I left a few splinters in it." "Who's done their 'Snomics'?" "Look at Cliff, he's developed long 'uns." "Hast pounded my Chem Book, Alice?" "Yes. Hand over the funds." "I'm stony till pay day."

Whistle—rush to places.

8.55—9 a.m.

Hushed voices: "Get and dust that table before ——— comes quickly." "You haven't cleaned the blackboard, Touchstone." "Where's the duster?" "Bet you're not game to go and sit with your fellow Free Trader this lesson, Bill." "Bet I am." "You'll get sent a la front again avec un detention." "Who brought the flowers?" "Don't look bad, do they?" "Get an eyeful of our new pot plant." "We're coming on." "Who made the duster?" "Better hang it on that nail over the blackboard. It's not half bad." "Someone's got a fit of industryitis." "Quick, give's that compass." "Don't look like that, Jacques, or I'll 'splode."

Enter Teacher.

Dead silence reigns.

OLD SCHOLARS' COLUMN.

ANNUAL MEETING.

Take heed! All old scholars, our Annual General Meeting takes place on the 31st January, 1923, and the outgoing committee wishes that every old scholar, whether he or she is a member of the Association or not, will bear this date in mind, and keep the night free. Let us make this a record gathering. Surely we can give one night in the year, at least, to the reunion of old friendships and the bringing back of old school memories. Are we so lost in our new spheres that we cannot devote 1-365th of our time to the school or its activities? Fellow old scholars, let this night represent a "Back to School" night, and so back to the Old Scholars' Association.

SCHOOL FAIR.

The committee of the Association at their last meeting decided that we would hold a big fair on the first Saturday after Easter. Now is your chance! All you country members who are not able to attend in person let us hear from you, and let us see what this glorious little Isle of the Southern Seas can produce.

We solicit your help, and shall be glad to receive any suggestions which you may put forward. Please address all correspondence to the General Secretary, c/o The School.

ASSOCIATION ROOM, NATIONAL HALL CHAMBERS.

Will old scholars please note that we have now cancelled the use of this room, and that in future all correspondence must be addressed to the General Secretary, c/o The State High School, Launceston.

PERSONAL NOTES.

The Secretary has received letters from Irvine Douglas and Harold Freeburgh during the last quarter, and old scholars will be glad to know that the yare both doing well.

Ethel Mann has just passed her examinations for her B.A. Degree. This Association sends forth its compliments, and hopes that she will soar to the "loftiest."

GOOD WISHES.

This Association wishes the school and all those pupils taking part the best of luck in the Public Examinations just recently completed. We feel sure that the high traditions of the school will be maintained, and that she will again emerge from the "battle" with flying colors.

LACK OF INTEREST.

Fellow old scholars just meditate a little over this title—Are you doing your bit? If not, why not? We are slowly but surely becoming "non est"—perhaps I could say very quickly. The Association cannot exist if you do not do your bit, at least it cannot exist in the way that it should. The General Secretary and the Committee are not the Association. It appears to the author that some, if not most, of the old scholars consider that this is the case. Why ask another man to carry your burden? Did not the school do as much for you as for him? Wake up, Churingas, we need your co-operation, for without this we must surely die.

AN APPEAL TO SCHOLARS ABOUT TO LEAVE SCHOOL.

To all those scholars who are about to leave school I now make a fundamental appeal for help. We are a body with a purpose, and unless we get new recruits from year to year we cannot carry on as we would wish, and so carry out that purpose. You are about to launch out into your new sphere of life, and our Association is here to help you; it is up to you to make use of the opportunity by joining up, the subscription for which is 5s per annum. This entitles you to all the benefits of the Association and to the school magazine.

Early in the new year we are holding our annual meeting, and I trust that all those who can possibly do so will endeavor to attend.

Yours faithfully,

H. A. McELWEE,

General Secretary.

EDITOR'S SCRAP BOOK.

Your Committee are very pleased to note a more ready response on your part towards the material for the magazine, but it is to the shame of the upper classes that in quantity the E Class have led the way. For some time our magazine has not been paying its way. Last issue shows a deficit of £3 11s. If we sell 250 copies in the school our balance would be on the credit side, so wake up, scholars, and help us! Just buy one copy each and as many more for your friends as you can, but first of all let everyone buy a copy. The Committee has done its best to make the magazine acceptable to you, but its work is only to collect and correct. The bulk of the writing must necessarily fall on you—"yours the praise, yours the blame." We are very sorry to have lost our late editor, Ron McHugh, who for 18 months successfully handled our paper and worked energetically and untiring on your behalf. To him is due your thanks, and we know that your thanks can best be expressed in making a success of the "Churinga."

"DREAMS."

Away from the work a day world went I,
And in leaping bounds arose to the sky;
I knocked at the door of the fairy of dreams,
And wondered if ever I'd know what she means.

Her dress is of grey, edged with scarlet and gold,
And as she hands dreams to adventurers bold,
A lily-white hand rears itself as a flower,
And of parcels of dreams there falls quite a shower.

There are grey ones for sorrow, and blue ones for mirth,
And red speaks for comfort, and white tells the birth
Of some good feeling toward our fellow man,
And green spells the peacefulness of our little God Pan.

I am handed a blue one, 'tis pack full of fun;
I take it, feel it, and pull it undone;
A humorous Pixie comes gambolling out;
He takes me to fairyland wav'ring o'er doubt.

A miniature opera is held there within,
I hear all the music plus the trombone's great din,
And just as I get a salute through an acorn,
I wake with a start to remember 'tis morn.

CONGRATULATIONS.

The school have to congratulate Miss Mann and Miss Wilcox on obtaining their degree; Misses M. Hope and D. Emms on obtaining High Distinctions in English I.; Mr Limbrick on his successes in Accountancy I. and Economics I., and Mr R. Atkinson on obtaining High Distinction in Latin III.

WHO'S WHO.

Principal.—Mr R. O. M. Miller, B.A.

Staff.—Mr A. L. Meston, M.A., Mr W. L. Grace, B.A., Mr T. R. Lee, B. Sc, Mr R. Atkinson, Mr S. F. Limbrick, Miss E. C. Greaves, Miss B. Layh, B.A., Miss A. Grubb, B.A., Miss McDonough, Miss B. Wilcox, B.A., Miss M. Tevelein, Miss C. Wilkins, Miss E. Mann, B.A., Miss M. Begent.

Senior Prefects.—Annie Smith and Jack Blake.

Sports Prefects.—Nellie Wing and R. Broomby.

Prefects.—Winnie Carter, Charlie Adams, Alice Beven, Cliff Reeves, Myra Kidd, Colin Ingles, Muriel Sayer, Ena Smith, Muriel Rowe, Charlie Stevens.

Sub-Prefects.—Joyce Eyre, Gladys Baldwin, Elsie Peters, Eric Charrett, D. Phillips.

School Champion.—F. Ford.

Captain of Cricket.—F. Ford.

Captain of Football.—J. Blake.

Captain of Hockey.—P. Denholm.

Captain of Tennis.—D. Browne.

Tennis Champion.—Doubles: Nellie Wing and Winnie Carter.

Stroke of Crew.—F. Ford.

Librarian.—Miss E. Mann.

Magazine Committee.—Dorothy Fleming and Marjorie McEwin (editresses), Essie Fielding, M. Rowe, F. Ford, Tom Doe.

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. Illingworth and Miss J. Peter.

Editor of Old Scholars' Column.—Mr. H. McElwee.

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