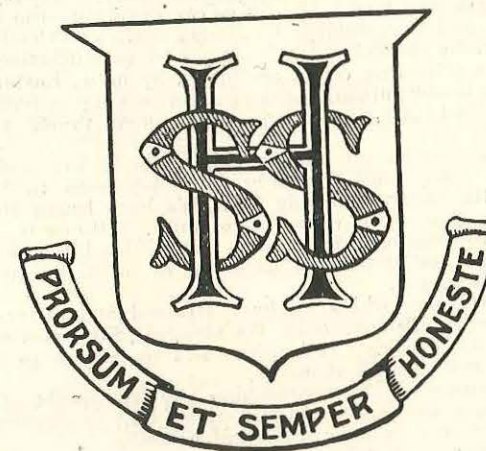


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EDITORIAL.

Most of us have been through the various stages, growths, what you will, of belief or unbelief that assail youth in its teens, and in some cases for a longer period. On leaving school we belong to one or other of the various sects. We are agnostics, atheists, free thinkers, or something of the kind. One thing we have not—the simple faith of our fathers, and our childish beliefs we have ruthlessly cast aside. Also our artistic tastes have at this period revolutionised themselves. Crude masses of jarring colors are hailed by us as Eastern effects, and books, which to our purblind seniors seem lacking in feeling and crude in language and plot, we receive with loud praise and pronounce realistic.

Yet as time goes on our various creeds are found strangely unsatisfying. We have brought our intellects to bear on many things, and the result is merely this: We have learnt that everything is open to question; we have learnt to doubt. All else is gone from us.

At last we come back to this one thing—this life at least is certain. That we have; and it behoves each one of us to live it as fully and as truly as we may.

The future, over which we have strained and striven, may safely be left in wiser hands than ours. We struggle, for years maybe, in our blind search for Truth. It is often left to Nature to teach us that Truth and Beauty are all about us.

The tenderness of the far-reaching sky, the might of the sleeping sea, bring again to us the childish faith that tenderness and power greater than we can fathom are round us still.

We realise, too, that beauty, the beauty of common things, is ours for the choosing. The greatest Artist of all has fashioned innumerable canvasses for our daily delectation. Autumn sunsets, bare winter branches against a fading sky, the sweet innocence of a child, the tender mother-look on a careworn face—we see them daily. But “only those with eyes to see put off their shoes.”

Holy ground in so many places, and too often we tread it carelessly. Perhaps the greatest things are made simplest to satisfy the universal need. Simple Faith and Love of Beauty—not very weighty additions to the traveller's pack, but whatever else is cast aside on the journey, cling fast to these two, for they, above all other things, will serve as a staff to your hand on life's hard road, and a comfort at the journey's end.

TALK TO PARENTS.

During the last few months there has been noticed a somewhat widespread tendency to undervalue and attack popular education. Owing to the financial stringency in which Tasmania finds itself this attack is parading under the guise of economy. Many employers who, deprived of the exploitation of colored labor by the “White Australia” policy, are anxious to draw the labor for their industrial concerns from an uneducated class, devoid of all ambition.

There are even parents, who, looking only at the present needs, desire their children to earn something now, even though by the loss of education they lose the chance of earning more in the future. Other people exist who state that the three R's are sufficient education for anyone.

Education, however, is not a static thing limited by the three R's, but a living organism, which requires growth.

It cannot be measured by a foot rule, nor can its value to the community be determined by the ordinary method of valuation by

means of £ s. d. Your pupils are being educated here at no direct expense to yourselves. This is sometimes stated in a sneering manner on which no further enlargement is necessary. However, the reply to any argument of that type is this: No man ever yet paid for the education of his own children, either in a private secondary school or in a university.

In Tasmania the amount received from fees is about £2500, while the Government grant is about £11,000.

The teachers look to parents to assist them in defending our State service. Parents must be vigilant if they do not want to have any of their educational privileges filched away from them.

MY LADY OF THE NIGHT.

She walks in the moonbeam's light,
Sleep haunts her mountain way—
My Lady of the Night,
Alone, in garb of grey.

To nest the small birds flee,
Far off the hoot-owl mocks,
A shepherdess is she,
The stars her grazing flocks.

With feet of sandals bare,
Dream elves attend her flight,
With poppies wreath her hair—
My Lady of the Night.

Where cool south winds blow,
She roams on the lonely heights,
Her starlit eyes aglow—
My Lady of the Night.

Obituary.

It is with very great feelings of regret that we have to announce the death of Will Holyman from encephalitis. Will had been in attendance at the school since February, 1922, and had proved himself a keen student and a fine sportsman. In cricket particularly he was showing great promise. He also took a keen interest in all the school activities, and his place in D. Class will be hard to fill. To his sorrowing mother and brother the school extends its heartfelt sympathy.

Our sympathies are also extended to Reg. Broomby and the family of Mr J. J. Broomby in the sad loss of Mrs Broomby, who had always been a keen supporter of the school.

EASTERN SCENES.

I. A vision of fluttering fans, twinkling feet, and bright kimono—the land of the Japanese—Tui Fun's land.

Once there lived beneath the blue skies of Japan a demure Japanese. She was just like other Japanese girls; like the others, she wore wide-sleeved blue kimono, lavishly decorated with long-legged, wise looking storks, and, like the rest, long jade earrings dangled from Tui Fun's shell-pink ears, and her dusky hair was primed up with golden and coral pins.

But there was one thing which made Tui Fun different from her chattering friends. It is not given to every Japanese maid to love, yet, from the depths of her timid young soul, Tui Fun loved.

In front of her dainty bamboo house was a garden, tiny, as all Eastern gardens are, in which teeny-tiny palm and peach trees stood upright in their white earthenware bowls; flaming paeonies flaunted their ruby hearts to the caressing sunbeams, and all around the tiled path mottled tiger lilies bloomed riotously among orchids, burning with rich purple, violet and black. A fountain, very tiny, but still a fountain, stood in the centre of the garden; around it tall blue irises nodded their graceful heads in the limpid depths below.

It was in this dream-garden that Tui Fun first met her lover. He went striding by in a flashing coat of gold, wearing on his sleek black head a crimson cap with a long gold tassel. Looking in the garden he saw Tui Fun, and smiled. She hid her blushing face behind her fan, and he passed on, taking Tui Fun's heart. That was why she loved the garden so—it was for her a place of delicious musings and happy dreams.

And then one morning Tui Fun's lover did not pass, nor the next day, nor the next, and poor Tui Fun's heart grew sadder and sadder. She stood among the irises—she looked into their blue depths filled with dewy tears at her sadness, and in them she found comfort.

Still she waits every day until the soft amber dusk folds the nodding flowers in its embrace, and trembles on the still waters of the fountain. The dying rays of the sun whisper tenderly to the still figure among the irises, silently nursing an aching heart.

V.M.W.

II. Amid the languorous swing of Chinese days the little brown god ruled supreme—day after day, day after day, the dawn of many dynasties, and still he mused dreamfully away in his shadowy shrine.

There he sat looking sedately down over folded brown hands to little brown feet. Ever and anon a daring shimmer of molten gold cleared away the thick incense mists from around him. Then they closed round him again, so he remained forever elusive as a will o' the wisp—one minute clearly seen, the next misted with incense.

Once he looked at me with open eyes like jade-green pools, and then his unheeding gaze returned to his attendants. Chinese maids they, like the Snow-white of fairy tales, with raven hair and vermilioned curve of lips against the dead white of their faces. With twinkling dusty feet in dainty, tapping shoes, in their gorgeous silken robes, they flit about like so many butterflies.

The day passed on. In the burnished glow of noon the mandarin ambled leisurely down to make obeisance before his god, who vaguely wondered at the dull roar of the waterfall; the Chinese peasant came when the lengthening saffron light wavered uncertainly over the face of the earth; he bowed his head prayerfully before the little brown feet of his god.

But now—the glad lights fade—the world looks suddenly old and grim—the grave sunbeams no longer caress the little brown face of the god—he shivers, now comes the interminable night, and now his wise little smile is reflected in the evil eyes of swarming fairy goblins, who leer at him from all sides. The roar of the waterfall sounds like a dirge, and again he shivers—for night brings in its wake—twilight—shadows—sleep—death.

Gone is his subtly mocking air; he sinks to rest like a frightened child, and the soft night mists close around him, mingled with the faint smell of incense. The little silver stars peep out timidly round the sombre skirts of night, but the little brown god is asleep.
M.R.

SHAKESPEARE A LA A CLASS.

A touching little scene, which portrays the hard lot of the modern schoolboy.

Scene: Any blasted place. Thunder and lightning (mostly thunder).

Enter three schoolboys.

First schoolboy—

When, again, shall we three meet,
At school, at home, or in the street?

Second schoolboy—

When I've got my Latin done;
I've got impots by the ton.

Third schoolboy—

That wont be ere set of sun.

First schoolboy—

Where's the place?

Second schoolboy—

Outside "A" room.

Third schoolboy—

There to meet our awful doom.

First schoolboy—

I come, my impots.

Second schoolboy—

Latin calls.

Third schoolboy—

Same here.

All—

Work is work, and school is school;
We tremble 'neath our tyrant teacher's rule.
Exeunt, with a wailing and gnashing of teeth.
MOI.

A FRAGMENT.

'Tis sweet to lie before the fire and dream,
To gaze upon its pulsing heart of flame,
To rest within its fickle flickering beam,
To wander on and build up scheme on scheme,
Which will lead on to Honor and to Fame.
The steady warmth soothes every nerve to rest,
And daring thoughts, by tranquil peace caressed,
Search out the secrets of the heart and give to them a name.

CLASS NOTES.

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

Scere: House of Commons.

Meeting of Board of Economy.

Chairman: We have reduced the salaries of our teachers about 12 per cent., but still we have not reduced the cost of education enough. Are there any more suggestions?

Mr Busybody: I propose that the A Class be cut out of the Launceston High School. This would reduce the cost of upkeep of the school, and rid it of a serious annoyance. I have made minute inquiries, and find that they are the most untidy class in the school; they are the worst class for their home work (especially essays), and to crown all, they have been the cause of the annoyance in the library during the last couple of weeks. Is there anyone to oppose this movement?

Mr Fairplay: I anticipated this, on the part of Mr Busybody, so brought all the talent of A Class along to give arguments against his speech. Will those members please come forward in turn?

Fair Girl: (A Greek dancer of note.) Half the hockey team is in A Class. The girls could not do without them.

Big Girl: (Often seen on tennis court.) We have two members of the tennis team in A Class.

Small Girl, with glasses and a romance: There are some hard workers in our class; for example, take our two seniors, my cousin Shylock and myself. You will not find four harder workers in the corner of any other schoolroom.

Fair Boy, one of the "workers": It's no good you talking about doing away with A Class, the better half of the "footy" team dwell in the sacred precincts of that room.

Another Fair Boy, with a limp (often conspicuous by his absence): I want to back up our Pirate Jake, as half the cricket team and some of the best runners are in A Class

Big Boy, with a tight collar: If you take away A Class you won't be able to pick a crew from the school good enough to beat out inter-State eight.

Fair Boy, with a smile (showing nice new false teeth): "And now that Aramis is al freed." (Here he was interrupted by the groans of his class mates, who feared he would attempt to "do" some more puns.)

Mr Fairplay: Before we take the votes I will ask another student to summarise the evidence.

Mrs McBeth:

A hopeful, a happy, a cheerful "A" Class;
A class full of students as ever you'll pass;
A humble abode of athletes of note,
As well as of puns like those J. Orchard wrote.
A watchful, a ready, a noteworthy clan,
A many agoing to do what they can,
Abiding a time to abstract an ability;
Able to aid and abet some mobility;
Accepting, admiring "gospel" truths of the teacher,
Advancement in Algebra affirms this feature;
Alert and ambitious in reading antiquity,
Avoid we like angels, agents of iniquity;
Apparently anxious, at least in appearance,
To assimilate maths. with some sort of coherence.
Avowing an awful attempt to deceive you,
At any available hours we'll receive you.

Thereupon the house divided, and the proposal was defeated by nine to two.

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

The following is a conversation held between an old S.H.S. boy and a present pupil, whilst waiting for a tram at 5 p.m. one evening in May:

P.: Good-day, Jack, how doth the merry wage-earner's life suit you?

O.B.: Not too good, old man. Restraint comes very hard after the good time I had in the B Class last year. Gee! How I enjoyed myself then.

P.: You're hard to please. No swotting, no Latin or science, and yet you growl.

O.B.: Yes, but there's no cricket or football or rowing for me now. By-the-way, how has the old class done in sport this year?

P.: Well, considering the size of the class, I don't think we did too badly. At the annual sports we won four novelties, and were fairly close in four others. We ran up a lane in the teams' race, though.

O.B.: That's not bad. How about cricket?

P.: Class cricket hasn't started yet, but we've got Rocher and Begent in the first eleven.

O.B.: Is Col. Ingles still in the crew?

P.: Yes, he rowed bow this year.

O.B.: I see Hobart beat you in the tennis competition?

P.: Yes, it was bad luck. Madge and Joyce were in the team, too. Say, did you hear about the concerts held to collect money for the wireless set?

O.B.: Wireless? By Jove! We had nothing like that in my time.
What's the set like?

P.: We haven't got it yet, but B. Class broke the ice towards getting it. We collected £3 7s 3d. That shows that our talent is really recognised. A few more concerts and we'll soon have the set.

O.B.: It strikes me science waited till I left before it got interesting. I wish science would try and stop this rain.

P.: Beastly! isn't it? A funny thing happened the other day. You remember that big storm on Thursday morning? Well, Ruth was coming to school along Margaret-street, and she decided to cross over. The water didn't look deep, but she slipped in the gutter, and if it hadn't been for Madge, who promptly swam to her rescue, she wouldn't be here to tell the tale. We are all anxiously awaiting the effects of her bath, for unless she's used to them the consequences may be serious.

O.B.: Ha, Ha. Here's my tram, so I'm off.

P.: Hold on. Fatty Weston won the blindfold potato race at the sports, and now he's training hard for the five-mile event to be held next month. I have decided to pull out now.

O.B.: Best thing you can do, too.
So long, old bean.

(Makes blind rush for tram.)

C CLASS.—Supervising Teacher: Miss Tevelein.

Gone too soon the holidays,
Term comes round once more;
Dingy school walls meet our gaze,
What a bore!

Weeks of labour be before us,
Latin mixed with lines,
May no harder fate hang o'er us,
Such as fines!

When, at length, the end is near,
We, a timid band,
In the hall so large and drear,
Make our stand.

Let us make our calendar;
Blot the days we hate;
Daily square by square to mar,
Date by date.

Till one day the last is drowned
In an inky sea,
Then, where will happier girls be found
Than in C?

CLASS C2.—Supervising Teacher: Miss B. Wilcox, B.A.

A is our Alien, who stays out all night,
B is for "Brucher," the boy who comes late,
C is for Campbell, who wanted to "fight,"
D is for Duster we find in the grate.
E is for Eric, who gets down to bizz,
F is for French, the best (?) subject we've got;
G is for Geometry and the Game that it is,
H is for Hall, our chemistry swot.
I is for "Inky" (who'll say he's well named),
J is for Johnson, who records when we've missed,
K is for knowledge, for what we're not famed,
L is for Lionel, who of maths, keeps a list.
M are our Monitors, fine fellows are they,
N are the nights when our work does not stop;
O for the odours we suffer all day,
P is for Payne, from the drapery shop.
Q are the questions we're asked all the day,
R is for Ray, who the girl enjoys,
S is our Steve, to whom wireless is play,
T is for Taffy, who with pens makes fine toys.
U our kind reader, don't criticise this,
V is the victory so far off for some,
W is Wadley, to whom sport is great bliss,
X is for Xmas, that some day will come.
Y are you thinking that Z will us trip,
Z is for zenith, attained by our swot,
Who is taking eight subjects, and barring a slip,
Will do jolly well, and outskin the lot.

CLASS D1.—Supervising Teacher: Miss E. Mann, B.A.

By this time we have settled ourselves in our new quarters, but we have not yet grown accustomed to the breezy atmosphere. It has been remarked that our windows are often closed, but we have to admit the breezes, little by little, as they sometimes prove too strong for us. Besides, we often have shower baths when an unexpected storm breaks upon us. However, we are thankful that we no longer hear the continual scrape, scrape of chairs above our heads when the whistle goes.

Jean still holds her position as Dux of the Class, and she evidently realises the truth of "sans mens in sans corpore," for she takes a keen interest in sport. We should like to congratulate her on securing a place in the first hockey team.

Our duster is given to taking periodical walks into other rooms. It has been suggested that this is due to the fact that it is stuffed with the feet of stockings.

Drill is developing many graceful forms among our members, but still there are some who resemble "pokers," etc., when taking exercises.

It has been said that girls generally do not like chemistry, but we have developed such a liking for it that we often stay after school to learn equations. We were told last year that it was a most interesting subject, and at last we are realising the truth. One of our members has quite decided to give up all thoughts of taking up teaching as a profession, and instead become a chemist. We hope the time is not "far away" when she will be a "curer of ills."

CLASS D2.—Supervising Teacher: Mr R. E. Atkinson.

Theorem 500 (in Latin D), Corollary 2.

Classes renowned for oral (?) humor are not always able to transfer it to writing.

Required to prove the poorness of the following disconnected attempts at humor:—

Proof:—

A rainy day tends to "whet" (wet) one's appetite (ask Frizzer!) Second-hand milk for sale—Apply R. Beasy. Ferdinand "Frog" has given up the use of test tubes for lead melting purposes—too much "copper" required!

"McToodal," having recovered from a severe bout of brain fever (in the ankle), has returned to us with a pathetic limp (when he thinks of it)

The future as seen by "Froggy": Flinders will sail round Australia in 1978!

"Fossil" does not think himself a fool, but "Paddy" is quite prepared to prove it.

One budding geni-ass tested the flying power of beetles, before the class—much to the teacher's amusement (?)

"Fatty" has been "Dodge(d)," so he is taking on a 'flowery' one, and Frank" is quite "Jake."

Reg. has been informed that he is "rather big and fussy." We are indeed sorry to hear it, and think that the author of those words might with a spark of "manliness" have substituted "catty."

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

The heavens had taken pity on our parched old town and had shed copious tears, which even crept through the walls of our beloved school. We—the girls of D3—were gathered before the fire in our class room endeavoring to dry our clothes and warm our shivering limbs, when one of our sceptical members, having the morning's English lesson still in her mind, commenced a scathing discussion on ghosts and spirits. Some of the more superstitious among us were trying to tell her of our experience with the spiritual world, when there were three loud knocks at the door, and immediately after an unearthly visitor appeared before us. It was a strange and yet familiar figure, for it seemed to embody characteristics of ourselves and our associations. We just had time to notice that it was like a girl of 13 dressed in our regulation uniform, with a girdle of closely written sheets of paper which we afterwards found to be impositions, and with a peculiar hat very much resembling a waste paper basket we used to borrow in our first year, and around its shoulders hung a dilapidated green shawl, when it began to speak in low sepulchral tones, "I am the spirit world sent to reform D3. I shall show you what you may become if you do not mend your ways. Come with me, and I shall show you scenes of your first and second years."

As we gazed in bewilderment our present class room faded away, and we were again in E3. The four o'clock whistle had sounded, but we still sat on puzzling over Geometrical problems. Outside the sun was shining, and we could hear the contented giggles of our luckier schoolmates; but our tutor frowned. Just when we were feeling sorry for our former selves the scene changed, and we were

near the Tennis Courts, where representatives from all classes, except D3, were enjoying the reward of work well done. One of our members had scarcely begun to express our feelings of sorrow at our past sins, when we noticed that our escort looked slightly older, and much neater and tidier. We were conscious of a voice telling us we were about to view a scene of our second year, and we found ourselves in a familiar place—the cookery school. On the table were piled the charred remains of a tray of biscuits, cakes which had forgotten to increase in size when placed in the oven, sickly-looking pasties minus the baking powder, while our former selves stood sorrowfully surveying the failures. The scene was changed. We were still in the Cookery School, but it was D1's cooking day. Everything was in order; trays of biscuits, a beautiful golden brown, cakes nearly six inches high, and apple dumplings almost bursting with their own importance were arranged in tempting piles upon the tables.

The ghost grew slightly older, and the scene changed. We were among a crowd of excited school boys and girls, who were straining their necks to read a list of names from a notice headed "Intermediate Results." We turned away, for our names were missing, and begged the Ghost to tell us if that was what might happen or must happen. The Ghost replied, "Fortunately, it is only what might happen, but take heed. Concentrate on your lessons rather than on the 'twenty to two tram.' Make sure your brains are in the upper portion of the body. Avoid rides in aeroplanes, and, above all, keep smiling." The Ghost disappeared, and we were aroused by a deep voice demanding that we prepare for a test.

CLASS E1.—Supervising Teacher: Miss M. Begent.

Here are our efforts, though meagre at rime,
And in them E1 may you find in good time.

- A stands for "Aussey," our prefect, and we
Are quite proud to know she belongs to our E.
- B stands for "Bunny," along in E2,
He lights our fire sometimes, and cleans our board, too.
- C stands for cleaners, who give us a pain,
Because of the papers, they always complain.
- D is for Duster, a thing that will roam,
And once it has gone, it will never come home.
- E stands for Erma, our Algebra star (?)
She actually knows what equations are.
- F stands for faults which in sewing we make,
Miss Sample does stare if a wrong stitch we take.
- G stands for Gladys—in Liffey's her home,
And bright is her face when her thoughts there do roam.
- H stands for history, and now for the test,
A thing which Miss Begent will never let rest.
- I stands for ink, it must surely taste nice,
For its almost the very same color as spice.
- J is for jokes, which our "wits" often pass,
Sometimes they're clever and sometimes a farce.

- K is for Kathy, who fell in a pool,
And then she was two or three hours late for school.
- L is for Latin, we never can tell,
We get it all wrong when we think we've done well.
- M is for money, that's hard to be found,
And here in E1 we depend on the pound.
- N stands for nothing as far as we know,
So we think we had now better pass on to O.
- O open the window, our sub's driven mad,
Ventilation in E1 is always so bad.
- P is for pence, and also for pound,
Look out! Leonie is going her round.
- Q stands for "Quick," when Miss Tev. is about,
How quick we all get our homework out.
- R stands for Ruby, who came rather late,
And now she is working, our class to o'ertake.
- S stands for "Stops," and when "He" is about,
An observer will notice they're never left out.
- T stands for theorems, and well we all know,
For when we get "impots" we've dozens to show.
- U is for upwards, whence comes that great noise,
Which is caused by the clumsiness of the A boys.
- V is for Verna, who gets the ear-ache,
When the window is open, but, is it a fake?
- W's for wind and the window it broke,
We started to laugh, but were told, "It's no joke."
- X the unknown—how our hopes do decline,
When we see it involved with a negative sign.
- Y stands for youth—Y told us the sage
To put on the airs and the graces of age.
- Z it is now, but it is not the end,
For many more years in the High School we'll spend.

CLASS E2.—Supervising Teacher: Mr J. C. Parish, B.Sc.

E2 is a remarkable class! It possesses apostles, generals, captains, both naval and sporting, inventors, dukes, and leading men of all kinds. It possesses a "Parish" and a "Dean," and therefore does not have to bother to go to Church like the other less fortunate classes.

We do not believe in selling our "fat" yet, for we hear we will need it when we get to A Class, who are worn to skin and bone by their lessons; but we are getting quite rich by selling "bones" and some of "Stephen's" inventions. "Billy Hughes," the late Prime Minister, has joined us, so we expect to do well in civics, and even the great King of Scotland, 'Bruce,' has joined our ranks. The spider must have told him of our knowledge, which we are quite ready to impart to the rest of the school. E2 is quite willing to compete against any class in the school in any subject. Any classes wishing to engage in battle may hand their names into "Wellington," our famous general, and the time and place for battle will be duly announced. (It might be better to let "sleeping dogs lie.")

CLASS E3.—Supervising Teacher: Mr. K. S. Isles.

The first fearful examination is over, and E3 gives a gasp of relief. Most of the class came through the ordeal with flying colors, even if they did fly low.

Our path of learning was made fairly smooth during the first quarter, but all the same we anticipated rocks ahead, and we found some. We had heard friends and relations groaning over class notes, but we never expected that we would ever have to do any. The order to write contributions to the magazine was the biggest rock we have ever had to lift, and it took us a long time to collect our thoughts. Nobody seemed to know how to move it, or, if they did, they kept their own counsel. But in the end we took up the rock, and began to write class notes!

We are a neat and orderly community, and never make a noise like the people upstairs, who seem to be for ever competing with one another to see who can make the most noise. We have a class fund to which everyone subscribes, and a pound, which is merely a device for taking care of our pocket money. We do not need an inducement to tidiness in our room. (May the upstairs people take our example!)

We have improved the appearance of our class-room by the introduction of a silver (?) vase, a small green jardiniere, and two glass bottles, which always look very picturesque (?) and, of course, the room without the class would be very bare and ugly.

Altogether we are a well-behaved class, and never (?) have to do theorems for misconduct. Some day we hope to take up our abode in the celestial regions, but we do not wish to inherit any of their noisy propensities.

DUCES OF SCHOOL.

- A Class—Dorothy Fleming.
B Class—Max Biggins.
C1 Class—Muriel Rowe.
C2 Class—Mervyn Taylor.
D1 Class—Jean Wright.
D2 Class—Jim Dodge.
D3 Class—Mona Mancey.
E1 Class—Gladys Austin.
E2 Class—Stanley Wellington.
E3 Class—Joyce Brewer.

A PICTURE.

Sleeping in the dark retreat,
The brown owl lies.
The bright sun and the drowsy heat
Have closed its eyes.
Poking from their tiny holes
The sleek mice neep,
To see if any foe is near,
Ere out they creep.
This is the picture that I saw
One summer day,
But the old owl, when it saw me,
Fluttered away.

H.M.S.

FACT—NOT FICTION.

One day, not very long ago,
Or should I say one night?
We could not get away from school,
Although we tried with might.

For in the distance we could see,
With books so dread and thick,
Our teacher stern, who looked as if
He'd like to use a stick.

His object now you may have guessed,
And guessed our fear as well.
For we had Latin lines to sav,
Too many here to tell.

That night we first began to feel
The pangs of hunger keen;
That we should go without our tea
Was something unforeseen.

But Mr Meston did not fail
His long grim watch to keep,
But after our Eurythmics gay
We all desired to sleep.

And now must I my sad tale close,
And give advice to "C,"
If pangs of hunger they would miss,
Do Latin thoroughly!

J.T.

CHINESE SONG, ABOUT 2000 B.C.

I believe in the deep blue sky and the smiling water,
I can see through the clouds of the sky,
And I am not afraid of the waves of the sea.
I believe in the living friendship given by the flowers of the trees;
Outwardly they die.
But in the heart they live forever,
Little paths through green woods I love—
And the sounds of leaves on the ground,
Or of a nut falling,
Or even of a broken twig.
I believe that the days to come already feel the wonder
Of the days that have passed,
And will permit that wonder to endure and increase.
I believe in and love my belief in and my love for
All of these things, and most of all
I believe in and love the Source
Of my belief and my love.

BOYS' SPORTS.

FIRST'S FOOTBALL NOTES.

The football season opened after the Easter holidays, and at a meeting held on the Cricket Ground on April 25 the following offices were filled: Captain, J. Blake; vice-captain, W. Leckie; secretary, T. Doe. It was decided to hold practices on Monday afternoons and on sport days.

On Saturday, May 12, our team met the Grammar School team on the Show Ground. We were weakened by the absence of R. Broomby, and after an uphill fight throughout the match we were easily defeated.

The scores were: Grammar School, 12 goals 15 behinds; State High School, 6 goals 12 behinds.

Our best players were Blake, Eccleston, Leckie, and Dilger.

On Saturday, May 26, we again played Grammar School on the Cornwall Ground. Our poor kicking was to a great extent the cause of our losing the match. Plenty of times the ball was in front, but little or no use was made of it, the ball being kicked out of bounds or going through the behind posts. Again we were without the services of Reg. Broomby, who was absent through bereavement. To him in his time of sorrow we extend our heart-felt sympathy.

From the bounce the game was very evenly contested, and at half-time the scores were equal. After a very fast fourth quarter, however, the Grammar School proved superior. The scores were:—

Grammar School, 11 goals 9 behinds.

State High School, 8 goals 16 behinds.

Our best players were Leckie, Eccleston, Blake, Dynan, and Rocher.

CHARACTER SKETCHES.

J. Blake—Plenty of dash, needs to get his ten yards in before bouncing.

W. Leckie—Plenty of dash, good kick, needs to pick a man sooner.

R. Broomby—Needs to get rid of the ball sooner; plenty of dash.

G. Eccleston—Good kick, but inaccurate; a good ruck man.

W. Dynan—Speedy, but runs too much with the ball; good pass.

T. Barclay—Good kick and mark; needs more dash.

T. Rocher—A hard grafter; good mark, a trifle slow.

A. Wadley—Good mark and kick; wants more dash and judgment.

T. Doe—Wants a lot more dash; needs to get in more.

L. Carter—Poor kick; fair amount of dash; needs to pick out a man.

J. Orchard—Good kick; stands out too much; needs more staying powers.

R. Sutton—Good kick and mark, but lacks judgment.

H. Dilger—Sure kick; too slow off the mark; needs to look for a man.

J. Begent—Fast, but overruns the ball; fair kick; not sure enough in picking up the ball.

E. Fleming—Nippy forward; needs to improve his kicking; inclined to stand out.

- N. Chick—Plenty of dash; gets in well.
 R. Crocker—Needs much more dash; stands out too much.
 C. Adams—Erratic kick; gets in well, but plays the man too much.
 C. Ingles—Far too slow; good kick.
 G. Briggs—Very poor kick; good mark; plenty of dash.
 E. Crawford—Hangs to the ball too much; fair kick; needs to pick a man.

GENERAL NOTES.

The team needs to become more machine like. The tendency is for one man to try to play the opposing side. The backs need to get in front of their men. Remember that the man in front always has the advantage. More skill is needed in picking up and passing the ball. In any match the ball is taken off the ground more frequently than it is taken in the air. The great need is to look for a man and pass to him. The team lacks condition. A match can be won in a minute, and the last minute; then it is a team without staying power loses.

SECONDS FOOTBALL.

As a result of the election of officers, Folder was made captain, Lee vice, and Cartledge secretary. Others who have played or practised with Seconds are McMahon, Cowie, Fleming, Hogg, P. Phillips, E. Crawford, Chandler, Dilger Chick, Crocker, H. Crawford, Begent, Finlay, Judd, Hughes, Gill, Conroy, Forward, Murray Newman, Watson, Beasy, and Bruce.

Two matches only have been played so far. The first, against Grammar School, resulted in defeat by the wide margin of 6—5 to 1—6. Our opponents in the second match were the Scottsdale State High and Primary Schools' team. Although the ground was in a very bad state we had a hard and even contest, leaving our Seconds victors by the narrow margin of two points, the scores being 4—11 to 5—3.

Those who have played well during the two matches are McMahon, Dilger, Flemming, E. Crawford, Folder, Phillips, Begent, and Beasy. The performances of P. Phillips and Beasy are specially worthy of praise because of their recent promotion to the team.

THE GRADES.

After one match this season the grades were reorganised to include the Thirds so that now in football there are only Firsts, Seconds, and Grades. Teams are picked roughly equal in weight, and a roster has been commenced. The following are the results to date:—

April 2, 1923.—A. v. B. Won by B. Scores, 8—11 to 2—5. Best for B.: J. Smith, Lidgerwood, Tyson, Wyatt, Wellington. For A.: R. Hall, H. Nicholls, B. Paton R. Finlay A. Gill.

C. v. D.—Won by D. Scores: 6—9 to 5—8. Best for D.: F. Norman, Jacques, Murfet, M. Taylor. For C.: Griggs, Lithgow, Clephane.

April 16, A. v. C.: Won by C. Scores, 13—9 to 3—4. Best for C.: Lithgow, Clephane, Griggs, Ripper. For A.: R. Hall, Gill, Fedley, Peters.

B. v. D.: Won by D. Scores, 4—9 to 5 points. Best for D.: Page, Norman, G. Stephenson, Jacques. For B.: Dixon, Craske, J. Smith.

FIRST'S CRICKET NOTES.

At the opening of the cricket season of the Michaelmas holidays a meeting of the First cricket team was held to elect a captain, vice, and secretary for the season. The following attended the meeting:—F. Ford, R. Broomby, W. Leckie, L. Carter, G. Ecclestone, W. Dynan, T. Rocher, T. Doe, B. Lewis, G. Wilson, T. Barclay, J. Hart, E. Crawford, M. Adamthwaite, S. Murray, A. Folder, and the chairman, Mr Grace. Ford was elected captain, Broomby vice-captain, and Doe secretary. The first match was played against Scotch College, and resulted in a draw.

S.H.S.

F. Ford, run out.	14
R. Broomby, b Brown	17
Leckie, c and b Brown	0
Carter, c Bowling	8
Ecclestone, b Driffield	8
Dynan, b Driffield	6
Rocher, c and b Brown	4
Doe, c Driffield	1
Lewis, b Driffield	13
Wilson, not out	16
Barclay, c Bowling	1
Byes.	25

Total 113

Bowling.—Dynan, two for 21; Leckie, one for 14.

During the rest of the year we played a drawn match with the Church Grammar School, beat the Commercial Travellers' Association by 38 runs, and were defeated by Evandale by 13 runs.

At the end of the year we lost our captain, F. Ford, and at another election Broomby was appointed captain. The new year brought in some new players, the best of whom were Dilger, Bruce, and Begent.

During the first quarter we played the Grammar School, gaining a victory by 147 runs to 140 runs.

LAUNCESTON CHURCH GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

Taylor, b Leckie	11
Rock, c Dilger, b Bruce	49
Barnard, c Dilger, b Leckie	3
Ferral, c Doe, b Dilger	22
Wood, b Dilger	6
Youl, b Bruce	1
Archer, run out	11
Tyson, lbw, Leckie	14
Dyer, c and b Leckie	16
Marriott, not out	3
Millen, b Dilger	1
Sundries	9

Total 140

LAUNCESTON STATE HIGH SCHOOL.

Broomby, c and b Barnard	2
Eccleston, lbw, Barnard	1
Dynan, lbw, Millen	5
Carter, c Barnard, b Wood	47
Leckie, b Rock	34
Rocher, b Archer	2
Doe, b Barnard	11
Conroy, b Millen	11
Dilger, b Rock	26
Crawford, c Barnard, b Wood	1
Bruce, not out	0
Sundries	11

Total 147

Bowling.—Bruce, two for 41; Leckie, four for 27; Dilger, three for 26; Eccleston, nil for 8.

On March 10th we met the Hobart High School in the premier-ship match, which was won very easily by the Southerners.

HOBART HIGH SCHOOL.—First Innings.

Wells, b Bruce	12
Trebilcock, b Leckie	1
Chipman, c Leckie, b Dilger	17
Townley, c Leckie, b Bruce	44
Hughes, not out	103
Harvey, b Leckie	5
Pearsall, lbw, Leckie	0
Hartam, not out	35
Sundries	22

Declared six wickets for 239

LAUNCESTON STATE HIGH SCHOOL.—First Innings.

Begent, b Townley	0
Bruce, c Trebilcock, b Townley	0
Broomby, c Wells, b Pearsall	37
Eccleston, c Rothwell, b Townley	7
Carter, c Burridge, b Pearsall	14
Leckie, b Burridge	3
Dynan, b Harvey	8
Rocher, b Pearsall	0
Dilger, b Pearsall	4
Doe, b Harvey	15
Wilson, not out	12
Sundries	9

Total 109

LAUNCESTON STATE HIGH SCHOOL.—Second Innings.

Broomby, c Harrison, b Rothwell	47
Wilson, b Pearsall	2
Doe, b Burridge	0
Eccleston, run out	4
Carter, not out	38
Leckie, b Pearsall	4
Dynan, b Pearsall	16
Sundries	9

Total 114

Bowling.—Leckie, three for 39; Bruce, two for 64; Dilger, one for 50.

This match concluded the cricket for the season.

SECONDS' CRICKET.

As a result of the election, the offices of captain, vice, and secretary were filled respectively by A. Folder, M. Adamthwaite, and J. Orchard.

Five matches were played, but the team was not very successful, as they lost three times, to Grammar II. (twice) and Hobart Technical School. The other two matches were against the Thirds and Launceston Technical School.

The batsmen who ran into double figures were Hart, Judd, Murray, Conroy, Folder, Orchard, and Cartledge.

The best bowling was done by Conroy, Adamthwaite, and Crawford.

CRICKET.—FEBRUARY AND MARCH, 1923.

THIRDS TO SIXTHS.

Captains.—J. Smith (Thirds), F. Norman (Fourth), B. Paton (Fifths).

Vice-captains.—H. Dixon (Thirds), A. Cowie (Fourth), A. Graham (Fifths).

The records of the matches played by these teams are very incomplete. The Fifths and Sixths played no matches against outside teams.

The Thirds played two matches against other schools. In a match against Wellington Square State School the Thirds won by 84 runs to 58. Chief scorers: J. Finlay 26, D. Phillips 16. The Thirds secured an easy victory over a mixture of Firsts and Seconds from St. Patrick's College. Our boys won by 175 (for six wickets) to 11 and 21 for four wickets. The names of our chief scorers, however, are suspicious: G. Wilson 44, Fleming 29, Murray 25, Dilger 17, J. Finlay 16. F. Norman took seven wickets very cheaply. The Thirds were defeated by Grammar Thirds.

The Fourth had one very even match with Grammar Fourth, being defeated by 41 to 37. Norman and Hughes took five wickets each. Cowie was highest scorer with 11. Halving the time, the Fourth did better in the remaining forty minutes than Grammar did.

Some interesting matches were played between the Thirds and Fourth and Fifth, etc. The Thirds proved their superiority to the Fourth in two matches, chiefly through the batting of McMahon (53 and 38) and the bowling of H. Nicholls.

Smith, Dixon, and McMahon. In the first of these matches Fred Norman made 30, and Davis and Hughes took nine wickets. The Fourths beat the Fifths twice, Alec Lithgow making 28 in fine style, and Reg Hall 20. For the Fifths Byron Paton and A. Graham bowled well, while Widdowson was best with the bat.

ROWING NOTES.

At the commencement of the 1922-23 season the rowers held a meeting at which the following officials were appointed: A. Ingles (captain), R. Broomby (vice-captain), C. Ingles (secretary), G. Eccleston and C. Adams (committee). A. Ingles, however, left at the Xmas vacation, so another meeting resulted in C. Adams being made captain, G. Eccleston vice-captain, C. Ingles secretary.

The annual regatta was held in December, and proved to be very interesting and successful. The following were the results:—
Championship Sculls.—A. Ingles.

Handicap Sculls.—C. Ingles.

Championship Fours.—R. Broomby (stroke), Weston (3), Reeves (2), Clephane (bow).

Beginners' Pairs.—C. Ingles (stroke), A. Wadley (bow), N. Chick (cox).

After the Xmas vacation the rowers began training for the Bourke Cup, which was held on March 24. Much difficulty was experienced by the coach (Mr Pattison) in selecting the crews, but the final selection was soon made, and both crews went into solid training. The following were the crews:—

First Crew.—A. Wadley (bow), G. Eccleston (2), T. Barclay (3), C. Adams (stroke), N. Chick (cox).

Second Crew.—C. Ingles (bow), C. Reeves (2), G. Briggs (3), R. Broomby (stroke), James (cox).

The day of the race was ideal as far as rowing was concerned. The water was smooth, and a fair breeze was blowing in favor of the rowers. Record entries for this race were obtained, there being two crews each from Launceston, Hobart, and Devonport High Schools, and also one from the Launceston Technical School, making a total of seven crews.

THE RACE.

Although the crews were eager to get off the mark they did not give the starter much trouble in getting them off. Launceston No. 1 crew were the first to break the line, followed by Technical School, and after going about two hundred yards the former held a slight advantage. At this stage, however, Devonport No. 1 and Hobart No. 1 came together, and the umpire stopped the race. On the next occasion Launceston No. 1 again went to the front, followed by Devonport No. 1, Launceston No. 2, Hobart No. 2, Hobart No. 1, Technical School, and Devonport No. 2. At about half a mile from home the order was: Launceston No. 1, about half a length in front of Technical School, who were about a length in front of Devonport No. 1, who were just in front of Launceston No. 2, followed by Hobart No. 1, Hobart No. 2, and Devonport No. 2. At the yacht anchorage Technical School were level with Launceston No. 1, and the other crews' positions unaltered. A little further on Technical School held a lead of half a canvas, and looked certain to win, but Launceston No. 1 with a fine sprint won a most exciting race by half a length.

Devonport No. 1 were three lengths further back third, just ahead of Launceston No. 2. The two Hobart fours were together next, well in front of Devonport No. 2.

At the final assembly of the quarter the School presented Mr. Pattison (coach) with a suit case, in order to show its appreciation for his valuable services.

Mr. Pattison has now coached the crews seven times, with the fine record of six wins and one second.

PAPER CHASE.

The annual Empire Day paper chase proved an interesting event. The hares (W. Dynan and A. Wadley) left by the 2.30 tram for Newstead. The junior pack (J. Wyett, leader) left about seven minutes later, followed after another 8 minutes by a senior pack of six (A. Folder, leader). About 5 minutes later still Mr. Isles and Mr. Parish also left. This sporting action is much appreciated. By cleverly forked trails and good running the hares escaped capture, and arrived eight minutes before the first hounds. The hares were in motion for an hour and three-quarters. A moderate estimate of the distance was nine or ten miles, "Doctor" thought it was fourteen. The hounds came in in groups and in ones and twos, in the following order: A. Folder, Mr. Isles, 1; A. Lithgow, I. Cartledge, 3; Fleming, M. Bruce, A. Chandler, P. Phillips, M. Taylor, 5; J. Wyett, 10; H. Nicholls, D. Hughes, 11; K. Lee, 13; W. Jacques 14; T. Rocher, 15; N. Chick, 16. Torn boots and muddy trousers indicated a good hard run, and the sixteen who finished are to be congratulated.

GIRLS' SPORTS.

FIRST HOCKEY.

We began practice on the first Wednesday after the holidays. The team is practically the same as last year, except that we have lost Hilda Harnett (Mick) and Ethel Partridge. The two new members are Jean Wright and Jean Finlay. The latter has caused Nora to rejoice by playing goal. The team decided upon keeping the captain and vice-captain of last year, so that Pauline Denholm retains the captaincy and Edna Rushfirth the vice-captaincy. The team now stands as follows: Nellie Wing, Alice Beven, Edna Rushfirth (vice-captain), Pauline Denholm (captain), Ruth Lade, Marjorie McEwin, Nora Beven, Muriel Lewis, Inez Armstrong, Jean Wright, Jean Finlay, and Annie Dwyer.

Owing to illness Marjorie McEwin will be unable to play until next quarter, but we are glad to know that she is now rapidly recovering. We are all very sorry to lose our coach, Miss Greaves, under whom we came next to Churinga in the premierships matches last year. By special request, Miss Layh now takes up the position. We have played two Association matches, which we won. The first, against Broadland House, was a good game. At half-time there were no goals on either side, but in the second half Nellie shot three for us and Ruth one. The following Saturday we played Pandora, whom we beat by six goals to nil. The score would have been greater, but for the absence of our centre, Nellie Wing. Edna Rushfirth shot four and Inez Armstrong two of the goals. Mr Miller has bought a book on hockey, by S. H. Shoveller, an Englishman, and we are all going to take to heart the hints which it gives, and hope to keep up our record.

SECOND HOCKEY.

We have played three matches so far, the first of the season being against Churinga. This was a very unequal game, resulting in a win for Churinga, 14 goals to none. Our next match, against the Clan, was very even all through. We managed to get one goal, struck by V. Watson. Our last match was against College Seniors, and again we contested against "overwhelming odds." The backs, E. Smith and B. Rocher, defended splendidly, and the right wing forward, J. Headley, struck a very clean goal.

PLAYERS.

Marjorie Stewart (goal)—Needs to stand further out from goal. Improved.

Ena Smith (left back)—Weak stop; passes well.

Alice Walker (right half-back)—Needs to cover her man more. Improved.

Peggy Grubb (centre half)—Fast, and sure hit; passes too far in front.

Muriel Sayer (left half-back)—Attacks well; needs to cover man more.

Josie Headley (right wing)—Fast, works hard; should pass more.

Linnet Graham (right inner)—Not fast enough. Must try to do something with ball.

Veda Watson (centre)—Fast, sure hit; needs to pass forward more.

Beryl Standrin (left inner)—Plays with ball; does not keep in her place. Improving.

Mollie Macnamara (left wing)—Plays out on wing too much; should pass more.

TENNIS NOTES.

At the beginning of the year a meeting was called to select a captain for the team. The position was given to Nellie Wing. The team was composed of the following: N. Wing, M. Duff, J. Tripptree, T. Wills, R. Lade, M. Hamilton, (H. Tripptree, M. Rule, emergencies). The team practised very hard at the commencement of the season, but was unable to hold its own against Hobart. Our only successful sets were those of N. Wing and M. Duff (doubles), and N. Wing (singles). Many of the younger members of the school show promise, and with practice should put up a good fight against Hobart next year. Several entered for the Summer Tournament and Pardey Shield, but were not successful. Of these, Nellie Wing deserves a word of recognition for her very fine play. On both occasions she got well up in the contest, and was beaten by a very small margin. Much interest was lost in tennis this year, as the usual tournament was not held. However, arrangements are in hand for a handicap tournament on Empire Day, and we hope to play off the championships later in the year.

SOME "B" CLASS CELEBRITIES.

An old man entered the village store. Behind the counter was neither boy "Nor-man," but a fat old lady, Miss "Standrin." "Please send me a bottle of 'Pickles,' some 'Taffy,' and also a little 'Mau-rice,'" said Mr. "Stevenson." "That will be 7s 6d," said the lady, as she "Lade" the goods on the counter. "I 'Will Forward' them 'All Wright,'" said Mr. S. "But you are very 'Ruth-less' in your prices." "Pray 'Begent-le,'" intervened Miss Standrin. "I'll pay you before I leave for the 'West-on' Tuesday," called out Mr. S., as he stamped out of the shop.

You are asking us to swallow some "Biggins," aren't you Max?—
(Ed.)

THE RAG BAG.

"SOME" HOWLERS.

The reason why the days are longer in summer than in winter is that in summer the sun is hotter, and the heat expands them.

The saddest thing King John did was to lose his crown in the laundry.

Triangles are of three kinds, the equilateral, or three-sided; the quadrilateral, or four-sided; and the multi-lateral, or polyglot.

If the air contains more than 100 per cent. of carbolic acid, it is very injurious to health.

Algebraical symbols are used when you don't know what you are talking about.

The mechanical advantage of a long pump handle is that you can have someone to help you pump.

"Perventum erat."—There was a strong wind blowing.

"Clara illa Romana civitas."—Clara, the Roman citizeness.

The brown bear lives on nuts, wild honey, etc., but the grizzly bear lives on the slopes of the Rocky Mountains.

St. Andrew is the patent saint of Scotland; the patent saint of England is Union Jack.

—From "The Fortian."

This is the kind of thing that "A." Class has to put up with in Applied Maths.:

A very small elephant, "whose weight may be neglected," balances himself on a spherical ball, whose diameter is 10 inches, which he moves with a uniform velocity "V" up an inclined plane of inclination "A." At the same time he raises his trunk from a vertical to a horizontal position.

Find the locus of the centre of gravity of a fly, which moves a complete revolution of the trunk in the same period.

A GEOMETRICAL PROBLEM.

To prove that a sheet of writing paper is a lazy dog.

A sheet of writing paper is an ink-lined plane.

An inclined plane is a slope up.

A slow pup is a lazy dog.

Q.E.D.

THE C. CLASS SOCIAL.

Well, the C. Class social is a thing of the past, and the erst-while committee can now rest from their labour and look up with admiration at their very competent Master of Ceremonies, who blushes modestly.

To return to the social. The decorations were very effective in autumn tints—bronze and red. The lights, draped in orange and red, were a source of difficulty to Percy and Co. at first, but with the able help of Miss Wilcox and Miss Tevelein, they were at last arranged to everyone's liking.

Hazel Ferguson, of D, was our pianiste, and to her are due many thanks. She played all the time, and helped greatly the success of the evening. We feel we cannot thank her too much.

Of course games and competitions were the order of the evening, and amongst the latter the choir contest was a great success. The teachers were very noticeable in this, Mr Grace conducting "Swanee"

with its most "graceful" entrance and exit, despite the fact that one couple's feet got rather badly mixed up. Mr Parish's brilliant and painstaking adjudication—"efforts at adjudication!" growls one of the disappointed, "John Brown's body" band—were much appreciated.

Among other items, Miss Grubb kindly rendered a song, and Muriel Sayer gave a musical monologue.

Then came the great feature—ask the boys! At any rate the speed with which cherry cakes, cream puffs, and other delectables disappeared was a "caution," as Max said—he got hardly any, poor boy.

And so "Auld Lang Syne" and good-night.

NECESSARY CRIME.

Of law and order I am ever heedful;

And violence I strongly deprecate,

But I must confess it's sometimes needful

To do the kind of thing I really hate.

Last night I had to shoot a taxi driver—

We'd just passed York Park corner at the time—

For half a mile he dared to ask a fiver,

Now wasn't that a necessary crime?

The porter at the station met his Maker,

I simply had to do the thing he did.

He swore he hadn't seen a box with "Baker"

Printed, in big letters, on the lid.

Though gifted with a patience more than human,

Deceivers I can never, never stand.

I took him by the throat and strangled him,

The work of my infallible right hand.

The waiter at my club has got his packet

(To use a vulgar but expressive phrase),

He spilt some turtle soup upon my jacket—

The last he'll ever spill in all his days.

I simply rose and brained him with a cruet,

Which happened to be lying near at hand;

Necessity decreed that I should do it,

For turtle is a soup I cannot stand.

M.E.A.

EVEN TILL NIGHT.

The liquid beams shoot through the quivering East,

My heart with longing faints within my breast.

You do not come.

The languid flowers droop in the burning heat,

Half in despair, my fevered veins now beat.

And still you do not come.

The heaven is bright with countless silver stars,

In agony my spirit leaps its bars.

"JUST PLODDING."

Of course we have all read the old stories of Sir Lancelot, Sir Galahad, and the other Knights of the Round Table. Perhaps—and why not, indeed?—we still delight in these romantic tales. But I wonder if we know Sir Lancelot, and Sir Galahad, and Sir Tristram for what they really were. Any child who has read the stories will tell you this much of them, that they were big, brave knights, who wore heavy, shining armor, and fought with big axes and swords; that they killed wicked knights and robbers, and liberated countless ladies fair.

We may note in passing the regularity with which the knight and the lady of each story looked and loved—to prove the rule—Sir Lancelot and Guinevere.

But, back to the serious vein, is that how you think of the Knights of the Table Round? If so, England, or Normandy, or wherever else the stories are laid, was indeed a wonderful land.

Is it quite fair to Sir Lancelot to say his occupation was fighting in tournaments, killing outlaw knights, and rescuing ladies? I think not, for that does not include the fact that he travelled up and down through the length and breadth of the land, suffering untold discomfort from cold and exposure, hunger, thirst, and fatigue; nor that he would forego pleasure and comfort and favor at court, and undertake a journey including all these, at the first call for help.

Which was the greater heroism, the journeying or the fighting?

Sir Galahad?—Oh! yes, the Knight who saw the Holy Grail.

Unfair, again; for he was more than that. He was the Knight who for years never flagged in his search, but sought diligently throughout the land, until he was rewarded by the sight of the Grail.

Even that is not his full meed of honor. He persisted in a yet more arduous task, which fitted him for the high honor. By constant care and unwavering adherence to the right as he knew it, he kept his heart pure.

What is it, then, that makes these men our heroes? Their great deeds? To some extent, but surely we realise that their pinnacle of fame would never have been reached had they shirked the long, weary plodding.

"X."

"OUR ENGLISH LESSON."

Scene: A class room—in disorder (as usual).

Time: Fourth period, Friday morning.

Enter the Pedagogue with a roll of papers and an awful frown. (Peace reigns supreme.)

"Any poetry last night? Write it down. Stand up those who had more than one mistake. Oh, well, you had better come and say it to me after drill. We'll be finished by 5.30 p.m."

(Groans and sighs on the part of those who are to pay the penalty.)

I have here your essays for last week. (We did them three weeks ago.) Now there has to be a decided improvement in the English of this class. These essays are appalling—simply appalling. Listen to this Atrocious L—e, there's such a thing as a "full stop," which can be used with a decided improvement to composition, and H—g, a comma put in here and there improves the style of writing. O—d, don't be facetious. You can be as witty as you like, but leave out facetiousness.

Now look here, I find nothing but "historic presents" in your essays. You must not use the historic present. I've told you time and time again. For the future, any one who uses it will write his work out a hundred times. I will not have work like this. Any thing that's worth doing at all is worth doing well. (Peace still reigns supreme.)

Listen to this . . . marvellous piece of work!—and, this . . . hideous——and, just listen to this JARGON.

A.B.N.

A WORLD OF ICE.

What a sense of mystery pervaded my whole being as I gazed upon that great white world. The sky was of a pale and perfect blue, the air still, of miraculous clearness, and radiant with the pure light of the North, unshaded, unsoftened by the smallest mist or cloud.

The silence was unbroken, except for the intermittent thunder of the falling bergs, with the accompanying splash of water. Here, on the beach, was a world of enchantment, second in beauty to the glaciers only. Towering in the distance they stood in a thousand different forms, drawing all the light of the sunbeams into their glittering recesses, turning them there into violet, purple, and crimson hues, mauve, saffron, and emerald, and then throwing them out in a million lance-like rays of color, dazzling and blinding the vision. Like the most wonderful rainbows turned into solid masses, they stood there.

I walked up to them, and went beneath an ice-arch that glowed rose without and deepest purple within as the sun touched it. Then on into a cave beyond, which was all of coldest white, but the outer rim seemed hung with fire, while the middle wall glowed deepest emerald: sunrise and sunset, and all the hues of earth were blended together in these glorious bergs.

Sacred, inaccessible, guarded above and below, the great gleaming wall stood there through the centuries, defying the puny curiosity, the feeble efforts of man, even to gaze upon it and marvel. I would have given all I had to advance to the very edge and, kneeling there, look down over those majestic pallasades of white, flushed through with emerald, and throwing back to the sun, their conqueror and destroyer, a thousand flashing rays, as if in defiance of the slow death being dealt out to them.

Here there was no track or trace of bird, no sweet companionship of little furred, four-footed animals, no blade of grass, or smallest plant or flower, no sound but the roar of riven ice, the groans of the dying glacier.

J.T. "B."

EDITOR'S SCRAP BOOK.

The matter for this "Churinga" has been contributed more willingly than usual, and the Committee thank those who have given, without the usual round of personal appeals. The "C." Class especially have shown an interest in this issue. To an appeal for a contribution we often get this reply: "I'd be only too glad to write something if I could, but what can I write about?" Some of you can draw on your imagination, and paint a vivid word picture, but to the majority the answer is: "Write about something you know well, something beautiful or amusing, but also interesting to those who have not seen the original." With this as your guide, you cannot go far wrong; but when you hand it to the Committee, please write legibly. At least ninety per cent. of this "Churinga" had to be copied out before it was fit to send to a printer to decipher. This, of course, entails much extra work and sacrifice of time on the part of the Committee, and could easily be remedied by the contributors.

AN APPRECIATION.

From the inception, and particularly during its years of infancy, Mr W. L. Grace was an ardent supporter of the Association in all its activities. The members took the opportunity of thanking Mr Grace for his work, and at the annual meeting they unanimously elected him a life member.

OLD SCHOLARS' COLUMN.

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

Vice-Patrons: Mrs R. O. M. Miller, Misses B. Jensen, D. Blewitt, Wilkins, Grubb, Greaves, Messrs. A. L. Meston, M.A., R. I. Douglas, T. Lee, and H. Illingworth

President: Mr T. G. Johnston c/o Royal Exchange Assurance Co.

Secretary: Mr P. A. Frith, Commonwealth Bank.

Assitant Secretaries: Miss F. Walker and Mr M. Lawson.

Treasurer: Mr W. A. Stephens, c/o Kelsall and Kemp.

Editor Old Scholars' Column: Mr L. A. Brain, c/o "Daily Telegraph."

Committee: Misses E. M. Mann, I. Walker, J. Peter, Messrs. H. McElwee, W. L. Grace, B.A., H. Illingworth

Prior to the last annual meeting held on the 28th February, members, with the exception of a hard-working few, apparently lost all interest in the Association. Those who had any interest at all in the Association of the School were keenly disappointed at the lack of support, but the committee did not lose heart. They did not for one minute entertain the idea of allowing the organisation to fade into oblivion, and a direct appeal to the old scholars resulted in one of the best attended and most enthusiastic meetings held. The outcome was that new life was infused into the Association, and the year promises to be a most successful one. All old scholars are urged to join and enjoy, among other things, the pleasure of keeping in touch with friends made at the "Best School of All."

THE ANNUAL MEETING.—The eighth annual meeting of the Association was held in the school on the 28th February at 8 p.m. There was a record attendance of about eighty old scholars, presided over by the Patron, Mr Miller. After the reading of the minutes of the previous annual meeting, the secretary, Mr McElwee, read the report and balance-sheet, which are appended.

REPORT.—It is with pleasure in one sense and with a feeling of regret in another that your committee present to you their eighth Annual Report. It is apparent that the Association is on the downward grade, with a rapidly diminishing membership and an increasing lack of support by old scholars. The burden of the work is left to the willing few, whereas if it were proportionately distributed much more would be done with less effort.

DANCING CLASS.—Owing to the lack of support by old scholars, this section discontinued at the order of the General Committee, but not before it had greatly depleted our bank balance.

This class was wound up with a debit of £17 4s 11d, which consists of £3 advance at the beginning of the year, and £18 rent of the King's Hall. However, a refund of £4 15s 1d on tax tickets reduced a debit of £22 to £17 4s 11d.

NATIONAL HALL ROOM.—Here again we have a debt of £20, being rent accrued due from the year 1920, for which no provision had been made in the past. This item has now been cut out, and we are holding all meetings at the school.

HOCKEY SECTION.—The Association has to congratulate the "Churinga" hockey team on again winning the premiership, and note with pleasure that we still have representatives in the inter-State team.

TENNIS SECTION.—This section, under the able conductorship of Miss J. Biggs, has carried on during the year. The membership is not great, but we have hopes of this club becoming one of the liveliest in Launceston. We have the material if the old scholars would only support their club.

GENERAL.—The main items in connection with the general account have been postages and magazines. The expenditure was cut down to a minimum, but the receipts also have diminished. Free magazines were distributed to all old scholars for the June period, in the hope of awakening interest in the Association, but, as it did not have the desired effect, this practice was discontinued.

FAREWELL.—During the year we lost one of our most enthusiastic and active members, Mr R. I. Douglas, who has been transferred to Melbourne. We take this opportunity of wishing him the best of luck and success in his new sphere.

FINANCES.—The bank balance at the end of the financial year is £49 18s 11d in the general account, and a credit of £37 9s in the reserve fund. These balances may be considered satisfactory under the trying circumstances.

SCHOOL, Etc.—Your Committee wishes to congratulate the principal staff and scholars of the school upon the work done during the year. The Association also congratulates those old scholars who are pursuing their studies with success at the University. A particular word of praise should go out to Neil Campbell, who has the distinction of being the first old scholar to be admitted to the bar.

Harold Freeburgh ("Freezer") has been transferred from Burnie to the gayer life of the capital.

We congratulate Misses Radford, Kidd, and Howe on their selection to represent Tasmania in the Inter-State Ladies' Race, and although they did not win, we are very pleased to see that they did so well.

During the year degrees were conferred on Miss E. M. B. Mann (B.A.), Lionel Briggs (B.A.), and Basil Telford (LL.B.). Sam Cruickshank obtained his B.Sc at the Melbourne University.

Arthur Wyatt met many old scholars in Launceston at Easter. Noel McLeod is resident at Mangana.

Aubrey Kilby, who is at the Singer Sewing Machine Company in Melbourne, visited the school.

"Bunny" Pinel, of the Union Bank, Mindenup, Victoria, called in at the school while in Launceston.

We congratulate Miss E. M. B. Mann on her engagement to Aubrey Luck, who is also an old scholar.

We have also to congratulate Pat Ford and Alan Ingles on being first and second respectively in the University Sports Championships.

PERSONAL NOTES.

Fred Partridge (alias Lizzie), 1913-16, is stationed in a bank at Ulverstone. He has taken unto himself a wife.

Alan and Paul Palamountain are re-visiting Launceston after having spent some time in China. The former has been employed in the Imperial Customs Department for the past three years.

Mrs C. Watts (nee Eileen Kildae) visited Launceston recently. Charlie Cunningham, who roved efficiently for the school during 1915-16, is now playing with the City Club in Launceston.

Mr Morris Burke has left Tasmania for Sydney.

General regret will be expressed at the continued illness of Eric Wyllie.

Len Stubbs is in charge of the Boys' Industrial School at Deloraine.

R. Buring and Alan Ingles are pursuing their studies in electrical engineering at the Tasmanian University.

Rumour has it that Sam Cruickshank has a position as analyst to the Railton Cement Works.

Edwin Wing is now stationed near Launceston, and will probably be seen playing football with one of the senior clubs.

Ransom Gaunt is still in Sydney at Mort's Dock.

Ben Wall is at Melbourne University studying dentistry.

THE THIRD ANNUAL DINNER.

The third annual dinner of the Launceston State High School Old Scholars' Association was held at the "Wattles," Brisbane-street, on the 27th March at 6.45 p.m.

Sixty old scholars were present, and a very enjoyable evening was spent. The tables were arranged in the form of a quadrangle, and prettily decorated with flowers. Mr Johnston presided, and the following guests, in addition to the Old Scholars, were present: Mr and Mrs Daymond, Mr and Mrs Miller, and the staff of the school.

After the loyal toast had been proposed by the Patron, Mr Miller, Mr Grace proposed the "Association." He spoke of the objects of the association and the work it had done in the past. He urged all old scholars to take an interest in the affairs of the association.

Mr T. G. Johnston, the President, responded on behalf of the Association.

Mr Miller proposed the toast "The Guests." He spoke of the interest taken in the affairs of the school by Mr and Mrs Daymond and other parents, and welcomed them to the dinner.

Mr Daymond replied on behalf of the guests.

The toast "The Ladies" was proposed by Mr H. McElwee, who eulogised the efforts and work of the ladies in all the association's activities.

Miss Flora Walker replied on behalf of the ladies.

The toast "The School" was proposed by Mr P. Frith, who spoke of the influence that the school had upon the lives of the scholars.

Mr Miller replied on behalf of the school.

Mr H. Crow congratulated Misses Radford, Kidd, and Howe upon being selected to represent Tasmania in the Inter-State Ladies' Fours at Perth.

Miss Radford, as stroke of the crew, replied.

The Churinga Hockey Club was congratulated upon its success in the premiership matches.

Miss Jensen, as captain, suitably responded.

During the evening songs were contributed by Misses I. Walker, C. Malcolm, A. D. Chick, whilst Miss K. Earl favored us with a violin solo. Our thanks are due to Miss L. Andrews, who so ably acted as accompanist.

The singing of the school song and "God Save the King" concluded an enjoyable evening.

THE ANNUAL FAIR.

At a meeting held on the 10th May it was decided that the Annual Fair be held in the school on the 21st July, 1923. All old scholars who have any suggestion to make or who are willing to help on the stalls are asked to communicate with the secretary. We ask everyone to advertise the Fair as much as possible. Let our efforts this year be crowned with greater success than in the past.

HOCKEY.

CHURINGA CLUB.

Hockey has commenced once more, and we are pleased to say that it was hailed by the Churinga Club with their usual enthusiasm.

We were unfortunate in losing five of our last year's members. However, we have been able to secure good players to fill the vacancies, though some of them have not played for a considerable time, and consequently have not yet shown their old form, but we think that with a little practice we will be able to field an eleven quite up to that of former years.

Our Annual Meeting was held at the State High School on March the 8th, when the following officers were elected: Miss E. Mann, president; Miss B. Jensen, captain; Miss I. Walker, vice-captain; and Miss L. Sidebottom, secretary.

Our first match was against S.H.S. XI., when the team was as follows:—Goal, Miss L. McGregor; backs, Misses W. Hodgetts and E. Balstrup; halves, Misses F. Walker, M. Yost, and E. Solomon; forwards, Misses I. Walker, M. Tevelein, B. Jensen, L. Sidebottom, and D. Emms. This was a very uneven match, and resulted in a win for Churinga by 14 goals to nil.

Our second game was against College, and our team was the same as in the former match. In this we were very unfortunate, as several of the girls had bad colds and were not feeling up to form, also Miss Yost, our brilliant centre half, had just recovered from influenza, and had to retire to the goal shortly after half-time. This of course upset our team very much, and the game ended in a win for College by five goals to one, which was shot by Miss Jensen, who played her usual fast and clever game; good work was also done by Miss F. Walker.

Miss Olive Kidd has been away in West Australia with the Tasmanian lady rowers, and her absence from the back line considerably weakened the team, but we are pleased to say she has now returned, and will once again take her place on the field next Saturday in our match against Clan.

LAUNCESTON STATE HIGH SCHOOL OLD SCHOLARS' ASSOCIATION.

Receipts and Expenditure for the year ending February 28, 1923.

RECEIPTS.

	£	s.	d.
Balance brought forward from 1921	96	2	9
General—			
Subscriptions	8	5	6
Badges	0	18	0
Interest	1	15	6
	£10	19	0
Tennis—			
Subscriptions	9	5	0
Refund, Picture Evening	0	8	0
	£9	13	0
Social—			
Refund, Tax Tickets	4	15	1
	£121	9	10

EXPENDITURE.

	£	s.	d.
Social—Advance, Dancing Class	£3;		
Rent, King's Hall,	£19;		
Hire of Crockery, Cleavers,	5s;		
Hire School Hall, 5s;			
Hire Piano (Findlays),	7s 6d	22	17 6
Tennis—Entertainment, Hobart Tennis Team,	£1 14s;		
Tennis Balls, £3 9s;			
Rent of Tennis Court, £1	5s;		
Tennis Balls, £3 10s 6d;			
Telegram, Hobart,	1s	9	19 6
Hockey—Supper for Dance,	£2 2s;		
Loan, Inter-State			
Trip, £3 10s;			
Oranges, 1s		5	13 0
General—100 Magazines, £3 15s;			
35 Magazines, £1 6s			
3d; Rent, National Hall, three years,	£20;		
postages, £3 4s 5d;			
Advertising Annual Meeting for 1922, 13s;			
Printing and Stationery, £2 12s			
3d; Amount Overpaid by T. G. Johnston in			
handing over Books, 4s;			
Cartage, 2s; Presenta-			
tion, £1 4s		33	0 11
Balance as per Pass Book		49	18 11
	£121	9	10

BALANCE-SHEET.

CASH IN BANK.

Accumulated funds	£87 7 11	General Account	£49 18 11
		Reserve Account	37 9 0
	£87 7 11		£87 7 11

PERSONAL COLUMN.

The congratulations and best wishes of all old scholars are extended to the following:—

Mr L. Briggs on his engagement to Miss E. Williams.

Miss F. Freshney on her engagement to Mr K. Lovett.

Miss Lucy Stevens on her engagement to Mr C. McVilley.

Mr Viv Gell on his engagement to Miss D. Sheargold.

Mr John Gough on his having obtained a scholarship at the Conservatorium, Melbourne University.

Mr Neil Campbell on being admitted to the Bar.

Mr Basil Telford on having passed his law subjects and gained his LL.B.

Hector McDonald is at Longerenong Agricultural College, Victoria, and doing well. We congratulate him on being dux for his first year, and wish him every success.

A. Scott, writing from Devonport, wishes the association and old scholars the best of luck.

Irvine Douglas wishes to be remembered to all old scholars. He is in the Melbourne branch of the Commonwealth Bank.

Jack Walker and Alec McKinlay, of Burnie, are still going strong, and wish to be remembered to all.

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. E. Atkinson, Mr. J. Parish, B.Sc.; Mr. F. Close, Mr. K. S. Isles; Miss A. L. Grubb, B.A.; Miss B. Wilcox, B.A.; Miss C. Wilkins, Miss B. Layh, B.A.; Miss E. M. B. Mann, B.A.; Miss M. Begent, Miss M. Tevelein.

Senior Prefects—Dorothy Fleming, Jack Blake.

Sports Prefects—Nellie Wing, Reg. Broomby.

Prefects—Alice Beven, Cliff. Reeves, Charlie Adams, Madge Duff, Colin Ingles, Tom Rocher, Ena Smith, Muriel Sayer, Muriel Rowe, Charlie Stevens, Ray Page, Gladys Baldwin, Joyce Eyre, Frank Watson, Elsie Peters, Ken. Wyatt.

Sub-Prefects—Gladys Austin, Daisy Palamountain, Ivy Harris, Max Bruce, Jack Branagan.

Dux of School—Dorothy Fleming.

School Champion—Reg. Broomby.

Captain of Football—Jack Blake.

Captain of Cricket—Reg. Broomby.

Captain of Hockey—Pauline Denholme.

Captain of Tennis—Nellie Wing.

Stroke of Crew—Charlie Adams.

Librarian—Miss E. M. B. Mann.

Cadets—Company Commander: Capt. A. L. Meston. Platoon Commanders: 2nd-Lieut. C. E. Adams, 2nd-Lieut. R. A. Broomby. N.C.O.'s: Sergeant Doe, Corporal Eccleston.

Magazine Committee—Dorothy Fleming (editor), Tom Doe, Marjorie Hamilton, Alfreda Nicholls, Marjorie McEwin, Alan Gill, Ruth Lade, Muriel Rowe, Joyce Eyre, Reg. Hall.