

THE NORTHERN CHURINGA

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EDITORIAL.

Prorsum et semper honeste. We see it every day, and maybe it is apt to grow so much "out of use and stal'd," that I fear too seldom we think of its true significance. Of the motto as a whole I do not intend to speak; the force of the latter part is self evident, but we do not always realise the world of meaning enshrined in that one little word—prorsum. It is a command to us to go onwards, facing the future with bold hearts and keen weapons, battling with the unknown, wresting from the world around the secrets which are yielded up only to the intrepid and the adventurous. From the time that Prometheus gave to man the fire he stole from heaven, this onward desire, this seeking of fresh worlds has been the master spirit that has urged on our race, that has made man the roof and crown of things.

Our modern civilisation owes an immense debt to the Greeks of the ancient world; in fact, it is built on the foundations they laid. Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, Zeno, did not live in vain. The realms which they bequeathed to us we have beautified and perfected; for they left to us the weapon they wielded, the mighty, all conquering sword, prorsum. Ever ready were the ancient Greeks to destroy the old and outworn, to receive with eager hearts the new. This is the secret of their greatness: this, too, is the secret of nature; for

The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
And God fulfils himself in many ways,
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.

When man forgot this, he slipped back into gloom and darkness. His intellect was clouded, enterprise ceased, all his actions and thoughts were regulated by custom. He was in the Dark Ages. Then came a re-discovery of the old wells, man once more drank of the fount of sparkling water. A miracle was wrought, his eyes were opened and a realm of unthought vastness gleamed before him; the Angel of the Lord had troubled the pool.

This is the mandate laid upon all who tarry a little while with us before entering the lists of the great world: this is the marshal's baton which each one carries in his knapsack; Prorsum—et semper honeste.

TALK TO PARENTS.

At this time of the year when so many of the pupils are thinking of leaving, it is well to consider the advantage of a little longer schooling.

The school has been in existence now for eleven years—long enough to be able to generalise with some degree of accuracy.

I have found, on looking up the records and making enquiries from those concerned, the following facts:

All those pupils—excepting those few of unstable characters—who stayed at the school for the full term are doing well in their positions.

(2) It is much easier to obtain positions for pupils who possess either the leaving or the intermediate certificate. In fact, many employers will not employ a pupil unless he can produce one.

Now, whilst the school is not primarily a job-getting machine, the teachers realise that the parents, who in most cases make considerable sacrifice in keeping pupils at school, look to school to give the training necessary to secure a position. That the curriculum recognises this point of view is shown by the vocational bias of each of the courses.

An extra year at school, viewed even from the commercial aspect, is a good investment. It often means a higher commencing salary and a better position.

A higher commencing salary of 10s a week is the interest on £400 for a year. No parent spends £400 on giving his child an extra year, hence the investment is very much better.

The taking of a pupil away from school before he has finished the intermediate course, is distinctly unfair to the pupil, as well as to the school.

It should be done only in cases of sheer financial stress or to secure a special position in particular institutions or commercial houses. To those parents whose pupils will have finished their intermediate course at the close of 1923 I would commend careful consideration of allowing their children to remain at school till the leaving exam. I am sure it would confer lasting benefit on the pupil, with corresponding advantages to those parents who made the sacrifice.

In all cases the experience and advice of the teachers is at the service of those parents who choose to consult them.

AN OLD MAN.

Gentle he is, like his own smiles that come
From heart to cheek, as if from home to home:
And the serene, strong silver of his hair,
Shows a proud badge that tells he has slain all fear.
And when he speaks, you catch in each slow word,
Echoes of many memories faintly stirred—
Unobvious memorials of a youth
That died, and brought him love; and love's death, truth.
You think, as there he sits, remembering,
He must have done full many a lovely thing
To win those kindly wrinkles round the eyes.
Soon we shall say, "His death was scarce a surprise."

—RICHARD MEREDITH.

CORRESPONDENCE.

In this column "Ada Friend" will solve all problems sent to her by readers. If you are in doubt do not hesitate to consult her, as every confidence is kept strictly secret except, of course, from all members of the school.

Speed.—I am sorry to hear that you are having trouble with your car. I am afraid that the fault is in the driving, but it may be that the tins were not well washed before melting down. One cannot af-ford' to be careless.

Garthacious.—Hard luck, boy. I advise you to take a couple of friends to the beach with you next time. Sir Amorous Foldher might oblige you. In your case one after the social was better than three on the sand.

Nich.—I am sorry to hear that Noyes is not appreciated in A Class.

Ted.—Mais oui, Monsieur Ted. The answer, she is to be found at Hopwood's.

Fatty.—I'm afraid your trouble is caused by swollen glands—in the head.

Insulae.—Really, I think 35 hours a week too much for a little boy. Of course, I will keep it Close.

W.J.T.—Yes, we've heard that one about "Tut, tut, Brutus!" It's particularly well known amongst C.

Bored Stiff.—What about a little of "Mickey Rooney's Ragtime Band?" It is said to be very stimulating.

X. of C.—You say Sunday is the day you like best for various reasons. But Friday night is alright, too, isn't it?

Nothing.—Alas! dear boy, do not weep. Consider the greater trials of A Class. Twenty-five shillings seems an awful waste, though, doesn't it?

In E Class.—You say, "On Wednesday afternoons we have a tram and the teachers sit on the outside, where there is a bar!" Heavens! They must be a thirsty lot. But I wouldn't proclaim it from the housetops too much. They are very touchy, you know, and very vengeful.

Lovelorn.—Too bad, but have you tried anything else?

Trissie.—I think it is quite usual to like some teachers from the start, as you say. Still, isn't it rather unwise to make any sweeping accusations against those you don't like, or merely tolerate? They have many methods of revenge. Their phrases (e.g., "Grinning like a Cheshire cat") should not be criticised if you value your — tea.

Gilly.—Very glad to hear you are going to start. I advise the use of a safety for beginners. Colgate's soap is good, and their cream is about the best.

Cupid.—(a) I would not advise you to feather your arrows with poetry (especially if it is of your own composition). You should cultivate a smile, wear false teeth, and bring a buttonhole. (b) Advertisements cannot be printed in this column, but I will mention to my friends your qualifications as a successful match-maker.

Duffoty.—Barkis is willin'. Dear Duff, I prithee, contradict thyself, and say it is not so.

Ma.—I hope the orchard was looking as handsome as usual down the river.

CLASS NOTES.

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

As I entered the Albert Hall, I fervently prayed that this paper might be easy; but I nearly shouted for joy when I saw this sole question staring up at me:

"What, where, why, how and when were the A Class. Carefully discuss this question, giving reasons for your answer."

I snatched up my pen, and after half an hour had elapsed handed up my effort:

(i) WHAT?

It was a class of twenty-nine serious minded young men and women, come to Launceston from such remote fastnesses as Muddy Creek, Deloraine, Longford, Swansea, Staverton, Dunorlan, and Queenstown, for the purpose of learning many things that they might as quickly forget many things.

(ii) WHERE?

During five days these students occupied a room on the north-west corner of the upper floor of the Launceston State High School. (and the balcony during period intervals, or when Mr. Meston, their supervisor, had football meetings in their room.) At other times, the several members might be discovered on the hockey or football fields, or in the Public Library; on Sundays up the Gorge or over Trevallyn; at the cinematograph, or even at prayer meetings, and in various other places, especially on Friday nights.

(iii) WHY?

Was a question, often debated among their teachers; some of whom thought the class members would be better employed playing professional tennis, or even breaking stones!

(iv) HOW?

It often puzzles some of the members to discover how they reached A Class. Reg. used to think he was allowed to enter there, that he might oil the bats and blow up the footballs in his spare periods; Maurice knew full well he was accepted because the girls wanted a mascot; Charlie was quite sure he was permitted to return so that his straps and brass buttons might add glory to the A Class ranks; Alfrieda was indispensable in a case of screwing anyone's neck; without Emmie, "the salt of life would lose its savour," for how would the A Class have known what every one else had ever done, said, thought, or looked. Six other young ladies were bribed to enter A Class so that Class Hockey Shield might adorn the walls; in fact everyone was obliged to enter A Class, so that all might form a completely balanced and all-round good fellowship.

(v) WHEN?

During the year 1923 was this society in existence. In the ensuing years, they were, alas, scattered to the ends of the earth, never to be completely re-united, for the month of December 1923 wrote FINIS to this chapter in the lives of twenty-nine mortals.

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

Scene: The Palace of B—

Enter King Thomas, Sir Maxwell Swotalot, Sir John the Black, Sir Alan the Trigless, Sir Colin, Horace the Jester, Sir Ernest Endeavor, Queen, Attendants.

King: The times are bad; and thick on either side, my faithful subjects are even now stricken down with that dreadful malady, the quarterly Exam. Ho! look and see! With downcast eyes and ponderous gait they show to what extent they have of late pursued their studies. I know them to be good, and loyal and true; yet do they work with e'er increasing might, to overtop and supersede in place, in class, their rightful Lord and King.

Sir Colin: And does my Lord remember not his powers in the realms of sport that he must grow so querulous against the swots?

Sir Max: Your Majesty! My Lord! Pray listen to my prayer, in which I will endeavor to set out our case, our right, our privileges to swot.

Sir John: My Lord and Sire! I beg of you to think again. Before you thus unworthily condemn your subjects. Let me remind you of the way in which last Friday afternoon you hurl'd your pond'rous weight into the serried ranks—

Horace: A most finished courtier i' faith!

King: Gadzooks! A vulgar rogue.

Sir John—of charging enemies; and how your sturdy nether limbs by the next morn had borne you far for many a weary mile.

King: I' faith I did not run away as you would have my Queen suppose.

Sir Alan: My Lord may I here interpose some small excuse on the behalf of my dear friend whom you all know is far more skilled in warlike deeds than courtesy.

Horace: I know not! He seems well at home in the company of ladies.

King: In sooth, I am reminded. Sir John, how came ye by that silver shield which decked your coat one morn?

Sir John: My Lord it was a kind of—

Horace: Oh! an excuse.

Sir John: 'Tis no excuse. I saw this mighty king once hanging from a window of a train that he might catch the sparkling eye of a young maid at the far end, and comrades did he not seek with winning smile and quivering eyelid, to win the lady's kind regard.

Others: Ay! That he did.

Queen: Ah! Woe is me, that cannot let my Lord stray from the vision of my eyes, but he must needs forget my charms and smile upon another.

Sir Ernest: But Madame, but when he saw that she wore boots—

Attendant: Hush!

King: Ah well! my gallant comrades of the fray I will forgive your powers of observation just this once. Come Sir John, Sir Ernest and Lord Colin, you who with me withstood, alas, though ineffectively, the charges of our unrelenting foes, and my good Sir Alan, who with steady gait and never failing breath once overran five miles of weary and heart-breaking muddy road. At last you passed the goal and thus upheld our never-failing honor. Forward my lords, come with me to the feast. Be ye assured of its excellence for I have given full power to good Sir Maurice to see and otherwise direct its cooking and purveyance. You will remember lords, that day of which I spoke, Sir Maurice must need take need of us a full three-quarter hour before the rest, in order that he might sufficiently sustain and fortify his body against the pending trip. Come, my fair Queen, let old tales be forgotten before the groaning board.

Exeunt.

CLASS C1.—Supervising Teacher: Miss M. J. Tevelein.

We are a class of notables, we of C1. Such a dutiful, conscientious flock. Not only in class do we shine, but in sport as well; there are Muriel, Inez, Annie, and Jean in the firsts Hockey team, and Veda, Molly, Ena, Jo. and Peggy, in the seconds; while Heatha strives manfully for us in tennis. So, with numbers like that, don't you think that C. Class should be premiers and the shield continue to adorn our walls?

But like most other good people, we have a skeleton. He's a very old nodding one who day by day more mockingly points to a gloomy portal labelled, "To the Intermediate." Hateful thought! but as we are by nature very sunny-hearted we do not think of it very often. It's such a fearfully depressing subject. Though when we think of our sad farewell to twenty-five innocent little shillings we cannot restrain ourselves from loud outbursts of sorrow.

All the excitement from the fair has not subsided yet, and we still talk in breathless whispers of "How we got the supper" there. Of course there was Lil. who rolled up her sleeves and dived into the washing up, and Josie who directed cake cutting and so forth. Not to mention all C's other fair members and their narrow escape from sudden death when the water tipped over. But it was our first attempt all "on our own," and was certainly splendid practice.

There are many others in our class whose sayings and doings are well known. First there is a certain person who at frequent intervals makes caustic remarks concerning our "disembowelled duster" (loud sniggers). Then we have Peggy, our devourer of plays; Josie who graces our room with her camellias; Laurie, our Latin star (it must be the illiteration that does it), Marj., who cleans the board cheerfully and well, though somewhat encumbered by the duster; Mollie, who is all for "ould Ireland"; and Inez., who has a mysterious habit of disappearing after singing class.—Reason a profound secret.

So farewell, schoolmates, we live for the Christmas holidays, when our skeleton, we hope, will crumble up, and we will be our gay, light-hearted selves again. At present we are somewhat moody from a desire to prophesy the exam. papers, and do the greatest honor we can to the best school of all. So wish us luck in this our maiden venture!

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

We few (18 in all), we happy few, we band of "swots" have endured the rigours of the winter and cold midnight, swotting very well. But there have been a few casualties, Percy, for example, has broken his leg; Win. Campbell has retired; and several more have been preyed upon by the "flu." But some have escaped "scot free," such as Mervyn, who has broken C2 record for swotting. Charlie continues to grow both in wisdom and length. Lately we have been demonstrating our abilities as house-maids. The windows, particularly, have suffered, and we are now able to see through them. Good luck to Intermediates; they need it all.

There are among us one or two,

Who early go to swot;

And there are some (I can't say who),

Who say they'd rather not.

In this C2 you now must know,

Variety is the rage;

Of tradesmen, we have every kind:

Smith, Taylor, Carter, Page.

Besides this lot you must have heard

Of Hall and Stephens twain;

And do you "Ken" this very word

Does gie us aye a Payne.

We are the jolly C2 boys,

Who never worry or care.

We bring our teachers all the joys,

Or leave them in despair.

CLASS D1.—Supervising Teacher: Miss Mann.

"Well," said the Lady of Shallot, to the young damsel of the harps, "how do you like our new residence?"

"Very much indeed," replied the other, "there is no noise, no dust and no disagreements in D1 room, and now we can enjoy life in peace and quietness."

"But why are there so many vacant desks in this room? There are at least four girls absent."

Oh, haven't you heard? Lately this room has been invaded by certain epidemics, mumps, measles, and influenza, and that is why some of the other girls look so pale?"

"Do you think that is the only reason for their paleness? I heard one girl remark that owing to the wee sma' marks she obtained in some of her maths. she felt positively ill."

"Poor girl, I never could understand maths. myself. But I hear that D1 are improving considerably both in work and the care of their room. Why, they have two new vases, their blinds nicely mended, and their desks spotless."

"Yes, and I hear that they are having a good try for the "Best Room" picture, and I hope they get it too. But why are they all so excited to-day?"

"Haven't you heard? They are having their longed-for social next week, and are looking forward to a pleasant time."

"Oh, well, they deserve it after their hard work. There goes the whistle, so I'll say good-bye."

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

There are manys ways of looking at D2. The best way is not to put your head in the door, as it may be hit by a flying duster, chalk-box or book.

Look at it as a menagerie. Every class has its asses and geni-asses, goats, donkeys, young monkeys, cackling fowls, and fat oxen. We have these, of course; but our range is as wide as Wirth's circus, there are Jumbo and Tiger, Coon and Froggy, not forgetting the harmless Bunny and the Beasy bee, and one unmentionable form of life. There are other queer beasts that the Editor finds it hard to classify. Fossil for example is rather vague, and seems more suitable for a museum than a menagerie. Besides, our Fossil is very much alive; if a shrill but tuneful whistle is heard within a hundred yards some one will surely say: "I bet it's that cranky Fossil." Then there is Shanks; surely that must be some long-legged water-bird—a snipe or a heron. 'Licky' suggests a postage stamp or a thrashing, so must be rejected. McTootle puzzles the Editor; it is some strange bird of the parrot family, or is it a wind instrument? What is Frizzer? Is it a hair-specialist or a refrigerator?

Naughty D2! You should not trouble a poor girl's brains with such problems. Yet this much must be granted, it is better to puzzle their brains than break their hearts; and there are so many in D2 who are handsome, amiable, accomplished, amorous and—thoughtless, that the second catastrophe is only too probable.

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

A is for arith—a hard subject we take, and for which we are often kept in very late.

- B is for the bucket which two girls did carry around to the Chinks nor on the way tarry.
 C is for class room in which we excel, we have some choice flowers and B.R.P. as well.
 D is for door which gives us a shock, when somebody's hand is placed on the lock.
 E is for Elsie a glass pen does she own, and chews at the end when her theorem's not known.
 F is for folly which we should ignore, for it interferes so with our quarter's high score.
 G is for grown-ups of whom we have four, but soon we'll be having a great many more.
 H is for the homework we all do with glee (?), and hold up for all our good teachers to see.
 I is for idle which someone is not, for he gives large detentions unless you're a swot.
 J is for Jean to us known so well, for at cooking she reads at her own Flora Pell.
 K is for Kathleen who sings like a bird, but sits at her desk and says never a word (?).
 L is for luck which we all wish we had, when Algebra we work on our pad.
 M is for maths. in which we despair, for to us they bring only wrinkles of care.
 N is for naughty which we never are, except when our teachers are standing afar.
 O is for ourselves—a class of all girls, exceedingly fond of caramel whirls.
 P is for proverbs they're much to our taste, for someone is thinking of "marry in haste."
 Q is for quick which we all have to be, when someone comes sailing towards D3.
 R is for Richards, for Roher, for Rule, 'tis hard to find much better sports in the school.
 S is for shorthand the speed we attain, would even make Pitman himself quite vain.
 T is for tangent from which we all swerve, when told it's a right line just touching a curve.
 U is for united which we are you know, we all work together and make a good show.
 V is for vases of which we have nine, when filled with spring flowers they look very fine.
 W is for windows out which we do look, and read other minds as you might read a book.
 X is for Xmas. which soon will be here, but exams, coming first even fill us with fear.
 Y used with "x" you will always agree, does nothing but "stagger" the girls of D3.
 Z is a symbol in maths., as we know. We have told our short story so now we will go.

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

I went to bed last night, as usual, but could not sleep. I tossed and turned, but eventually dozed off. Then I remembered that I arose and arranged myself in my gala clothes, and went out. Taking a tram, I went for a ride along Elphin Road. Suddenly I preceived a lady of about thirty on the footpath. Bellowing to the conductor to stop, I leaped from the tram like one possessed. The lady turned

in surprise, and I saw that I had not been mistaken, it was Ercil Lawson. "What do you do now?" I inquired, when our first glad greetings were over. "Oh!" replied Ercil, "I'm head mistress of the Ladies' College." Even as she spoke a cloud seemed to come between us, and when looking again, she was gone. I turned and saw coming towards me a Salvation Army Lassie. I gasped, for it was Nita Fletcher, "I didn't like teaching," confided Nita, "so I thought this work would be better than nothing. Helen is a nurse now, you know—at the Struan Hospital, too. She looked a perfect angel with her cap and apron."

"This is an eventful day," I thought, but there was more in store for me. I turned down Brisbane-street and saw a big placard in a window, "Madame Tucker—Costumiere." Rushing inside I clasped Ruby in my arms. "No teaching for me," she said. "Miss Sample and I live together now. Kath is at the Tourist Bureau, you know—she can get plenty of people to listen to her there." I smiled, dear old Kath!

I just glanced outside, and, lo! and behold, there was passing by a young and handsome lady with two children, "Muriel Kerrison," and married, too," I shouted. Then my tears were loosened, and my heart overflowed, for Muriel was my particular chum. We embraced heartily, and she told me that she was now Mrs Bruce. "Gladys Austin had a wonderful career through college," Muriel said, "but she's married now, and has six children. Her husband is fat, fair, and forty. Don't breathe a word though. Good-bye!"

Suddenly I sat up and blinked. Bright sunlight was streaming into my room, my dress was hanging where I put it when I went to bed. My bedding, as usual, was on the floor. Everything was as it had been before I went to sleep. "I must have been dreaming," I thought wonderingly. "Still I won't breathe a word to the girls. I don't want a black eye." Then I chuckled, "Poor dear children!"

CLASS E2.—Supervising Teacher: Mr J. C. Parish.

- A is for Alf, a nice little name.
 B is for Bob of Latina fame.
 C is for Charlie who never does swot (?).
 D is for Dilger who for goals has a shot.
 E is for Eric, who sits at the back.
 F is for Frankcombe who does the brush back (?).
 G is for Gerald who works hard in class.
 H is for Honors which on him come fast.
 I is for Ink which is scattered around.
 J is for Jack, the keeper of pound.
 K is for Ken who came late in the year.
 L is for Lee who looks quite a dear.
 M is for Moggie, the boy of impots.
 N is for Norman who stays home and swots.
 O is for 'Ome-work, which we have to have done, And if we don't do it, they go off like a gun.
 P is for Parish, our teacher is he.
 Q is for quietness (?) along in E3.
 R is for Roderick our wise man in E.
 S is for sunshine we don't often see.
 T is for Titmus, of height very small.
 U is for us, we're 31 in all.
 V is for victories Grades do not gain.
 W is for Wednesday's when it's sure to rain.
 X is for Xmas which we have just had.
 Y's an unknown and Z's just as bad.

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

When a person, compiling class notes for a magazine, has to make an "interesting something," out of an "uninteresting nothing," the result is "pretty hopeless." That's the state of the E3 correspondent, who is racking her brains to find out what has ever happened in E3. Suddenly a light breaks upon me, and I remember that in the dim, dead, distant days beyond recall, Marie said that parallel straight lines were lines made the same distance away from each other, all the way, and I remembered that theorems, scattered broadcast, always keep down the high spirit of the class (if they ever had any!) Then, again, comes the remembrance of having, once upon a time, cleaned out a dusty room that had never seen a duster since "umpteens" B.C. Nothing went right that day. Everything was trying to look spick and span, but was quite the opposite; the black lead merely looked silver-gray, the windows looked smoky; and ink was everywhere. The table was the only shining piece of furniture in the whole room, but now, no other room is half so clean! But although this is so, everyone has come to the conclusion that the room is haunted—such queer noises come from above, and such ethereal on the south-west corner of the school where the lab. is situated. Some moonlight evening a guard is going to stand on duty, and look for the spirits that pervade the atmosphere. Perhaps it will not be necessary, for it will not be long before we attain the "celestial regions," and become something more than mere "babies."

A LAGOON.

Away in the hazy, tropical seas lies one tiny lagoon, a fragile ring on the finger of Mother Sea. An all-penetrating dusk tumbles on its peaceful waters, and black shadows loom dimly on the outspread wings of night, the shadows of palms that, clustered forlornly together, crackle noisily in the purpling night. Laved by waves that tenderly frolic over it, it muses dreamily.

Then far in the cloudless height rises a moon, slender and shining, and by its wan crescent is outlined the restful sea sleeping on the earth's broad arm, never heeding the fitful dreams of a slumbering wave that, restlessly moving, scatters fine white spray. Softly, silently, creep the tender rays of the wandering moon till they splash the lagoon with silvery light and the palms become as shadowy dreams of palms on ghostly, moonlit seas. So they play all night, white moonbeams and whiter coral, till dawn shows grey and the moon in sudden terror pales and fades.

Now the palms are real in the pallid reality of dawn, and as they peer blackly to the East, do not heed a rose-flushed ray that trembles an instant on their gloomy heads and then is gone. The sea, too, wakes and laughs as the sun climbs into the heavens, for now is bright hilarious day begun. The waves tumble over one another in their eagerness to ruffle the fair face of the lagoon, but the sunbeams are quicker: hurriedly they kiss the red coral that glows in dancing flames of Desire, and then the pale white coral that flushes an exquisite pink in all the ecstasy of first love. Last it touches the palms, which tumble fitfully in eagerness to catch the joyous sunbeams which, elusive, hide in the coral and there flicker and die, these laughing children of the shining sun.

BOYS' SPORTS.

ROWING NOTES, 1923.

At the commencement of the season a meeting was held with the object of selecting a committee. Mr Miller presided, and the following officials were appointed: C. Ingles, captain; P. Phillips, vice-captain; A. Wadley, secretary; M. Biggins and F. Watson, committee.

A total of sixteen boys were present, of whom only twelve are allowed to join the sheds, so a selection will be made by Mr Patterson, who has coached so successfully in former years. It seems a shame that four enthusiastic lads should be turned away.

The boys are very enthusiastic, and although only a few are old rowers, we expect a successful season.

Usually a School Regatta is held near the end of half season, and we look to one this year.

FOOTBALL.

FIRSTS.

When the football season opened after Easter the team was good individually, but as a team we did not show to much advantage. The first two matches played against the Grammar School resulted in two defeats, but under the coaching of Mr Meston and the captainship of J. Blake, the team improved and of the following five matches which were played against the Grammar School we won three, drew one and lost one. During the season we have played many matches with the junior teams. The first one was against Waverley, and resulted in a win for the High School—8 goals 8 behinds to 4 goals 11 behinds.

The following teams were met by the State High during the remainder of the season:

Central:—

State High, 2 goals 3 behinds to Central, 5 goals 3 behinds.

Y.M.C.A.:—

State High, 13 goals 14 behinds to Y.M.C.A., 3 goals 4 behinds.

Scotch College:—

State High, 16 goals 17 behinds to Scotch College, 6 behinds.

Waverley:—

State High, 10 goals 21 behinds to Waverley, 5 goals 4 behinds.

Y.M.C.A.:—

State High, 5 goals 4 behinds to Y.M.C.A., 3 goals 5 behinds.

When the Southern senior team came to Launceston a team from the University was met by a combined team from the State High and the Grammar School. This match was very evenly contested and resulted in a win for the University. The scores were: University, 6 goals 7 behinds; Combined State High and Grammar, 5 goals 7 behinds. On September 21, the Launceston State High School met the Devonport State High School on the oval at Devonport. The weather was very rough and a strong wind was blowing across the ground. Systematic play was impossible, but some very good individual play was shown in both teams. Launceston was in the lead until five minutes before the end of the last quarter when Devonport made a last effort and scored an easy goal. The final scores were: Devonport, 2 goals 9 behinds; Launceston, 2 goals 4 behinds. The best players for our team were: Blake, Broomby, Eccleston, Carter, Rocher, Leckie, Fleming and Doe.

SECONDS.

This quarter the Seconds played four matches against Grammar and were defeated three times. They also suffered defeat at the hands of the St. Patrick's College Firsts. Their only other match was against the combined grades which resulted in a sixteen point victory, the scores being 4 goals 6 behinds, to 2 goals 3 behinds. Among those who have rendered good service to their team during the quarter are Finlay, Folder, Phillips, Chick, Lee, Cartledge, Wilson (who is the most improved man in the team), and Billy Hughes, the little full forward.

A team comprising both Firsts and Seconds made a day return trip to Scottsdale to play a return match with the Scottsdale State High School. They were given a right royal reception and could not sufficiently express their gratitude for the generous hospitality shown them. The pleasure of the trip was added to by our gaining our second victory over this team, the scores being 10 goals 3 behinds to 6 goals 9 behinds. Our most useful men were: Ingles, Begent, Dilger, Orchard and Fleming.

GRADE JOTTINGS.

Grade premiership won by D. Points—D, 26; C, 18; B, 8; A, 8; Lionel Jacques captained the winning team. His football was not wonderful, but his cheery and cheeky attitude as captain helped his team very much.

Each team played twelve matches. Out of D Grade the following are mentioned as among the four best players for the match: Fred Norman, 10 times; Murfet, Jacques, 6 times; Alan Stevenson, Mervyn Taylor, and Page, 4 times; Davis Hughes, 3; Scott, Graham, Hope, Pinkard, Tevelein, 2; Gerald Stephenson, 1. That leaves five members of the team who never reached the best four.

Ray Page and Alan Stevenson were promoted to the Seconds during the matches, but this did not stop D Grade's victorious career. They were beaten only twice, once by B, by 2 points; once by C by 1 point, Perth's contribution. Murfet and Pinkard, were largely responsible for many victories, by their marking and kicking and good ruck work. Davis Hughes came down from the Seconds half-way through, and did well in the Grades. Fred Norman was the best player, Alan Televein probably the most improved.

C. Grade News—Mentioned in despatches: Alec Lithgow, 9 times; Clephane, 7; Frankcombe, 6; Payne, 5; Titmus, Griggs and Campbell, 4; Ripper, 3; James, 2; Leeson, Colhoun and Creswell, 1.

Apart from its defeat by D, C. was beaten only once. A. Lithgow was C's best man; he marked and kicked well, and generally managed to elude his man. Clephane was a cool-headed forward; Frankcombe was probably the most improved player. C's strength was in a very smart little group of forwards, D's. in a strong ruck.

B. Grade.—Mentioned in assemblies: Dixon, 10 times; Craske, 9; Smith, 7; Wyett, 6; Tyson, 5; Wellington, 4; Weston, 3; Fotheringham, 2; McNicol and Lidgerwood, 1. B. Grade had some of the neatest and fastest players in the grades, but with nobody to back them up, the fight was too severe. Craske was promoted during the matches to a place in the Seconds. Harry Dixon played a good fast game as wing, centre or rover. Wyett played as plucky a game as anybody in the Grades. Fotheringham was a nobody at the start, but began to count towards the end. Tyson was probably the most improved player in this grade.

A. Grade.—Tom Armstrong was among the best four 7 times; Gill, 6; Phillips, 5; R. Hall, R. Finlay, J. Pedley, and Byron Paton, 4; Nicholls, G. Arthur and Rosevear, 3; C. Stephens, 2; and Peters and Adamthwaite 1; This team was unfortunate in securing no outstanding player at the start. Armstrong was not mentioned the first few matches, but improved greatly. D. Phillips came down from the Seconds and did good work. Charlie Stephens woke up one match, and became quite formidable.

Most of the matches were very even. There were two draws, A. v. B. and A. v. C.; a win in each of these would have put A. well up. The lowest scores occurred in a match played on June 14, when A. beat B. by 1—2 (8 points) to nothing, the lowest scores I remember seeing. On the following Wednesday A. beat C. by 8 points to 1 point. The only score over ten goals was made by C., 13 goals 9 behinds against B's. score of 3 goals 4 behinds. One match was won by C. from D. by one point only; another by B. from D. by two points.

To round off the season, a combined team from the Grades played the Seconds. The Grades were without three of their picked men, and were beaten by 4 goals 6 behinds to 2 goals 4 behinds. The Seconds got their lead in the second quarter, and in the second half scored less than the Grades, who finished strongly. Griggs, Craske, Dixon, Lithgow, Murfet and Colhoun, in the order given, served the Grades best.

Many of the above names will not appear in the Grade notes of next magazine. Fifteen or so of the best players will probably be required to fill the ranks of the Seconds next season, and some will even push their way to the firsts.

FIVE MILE

The efforts of our five-milers this year were rewarded with even less success than last year. They went to Devonport under the charge of Mr Isles, who was their careful coach and trainer. It was unfortunate that the five mile was run so soon after the football, as three of our promising men, Rocher, Wadley and Dynan, were spoiled by the match. Wadley started in the race but had to drop out after three and a half miles, while Dynan was not able to start at all. Our starters this year were Rocher, Forward, Judd, Wadley, Stevenson and Folder. Those who finished were: Folder (sixth), Rocher (19), and Stevenson (22). Our failure this year may be put down to lack of training and experience. This race is here looked upon as a thing of very minor importance, while at Hobart and Devonport it ranks with football. It would be a good suggestion to hold a school's race during the second quarter and treat it like the other school championships. The few best from our school could then have a couple of runs with the Harriers for experience. Five miles is a very hard race and competitors need experience, training and encouragement. Our first man this year wishes to thank T. E. Doe, for his careful training.

GIRLS' SPORTS.

TENNIS NOTES.

A meeting of the tennis girls was called at the beginning of May to select a committee. The work of this committee was to arrange handicap singles and doubles for a tournament on the 24th

of May. The number of entries was very satisfactory, many coming from the E Classes. As a result of the tournament Nellie Wing defeated B. Hogarth, who put up a keen fight in the singles. The doubles are not yet completed owing to a number of the tennis girls playing hockey in the winter.

This year the E Classes are taking a keen interest in tennis, and next year we hope to see some of them try for a place in the team.

As a result of the recent Fair, we were able to buy a new tennis net. We hope to get another before the end of the year for the other court.

HOCKEY.

FIRST.

Since mid-winter we have played several matches. The second round of the Premiership has been played, in which we lost those matches against College (8—1) and Broadland House (4—3), but gained that against Clan (4—1). When we played Churinga our luck changed. Blyn Jensen was playing goal for Churinga instead of in her usual place as centre forward. This gave us a chance, and we won, 2—1. When we went to Hobart, most of the team were ill, and one or two who were well when we left home were not so when we arrived. We lost by 8—f, but hope for better luck next year.

SECONDS.

We have played two matches with the Association teams this term. The first was against Pandora, resulting in a win for us, the scores being four goals (struck by Josie and Veda) to Pandora's two goals. The next match, against Clan, was very evenly contested, eventually ending in a victory for us. Our goals were struck by Mollie (1), Josie (1), and Veda (1).

Early in the term we visited Perth, and after a very close, exciting game turned out losers by one goal. The Perth team later played us again, and this time we had rather an easy victory, the scores being four goals (shot by Inez and Veda) to Perth's one goal.

A few weeks ago we journeyed to Scottsdale, and played against the High School Firsts, but several of the team were sick, and unfit to play, and Scottsdale ran out winners by five goals to nil.

CLASS HOCKEY NOTES.

This year only four teams competed for the Shield since B Class were unable to raise one.

The first matches were between E and A, C and D. The E Class played well, and the match was evenly contested, but eventually A Class won by three goals to one. C Class beat D Class by five to one.

In the second round A Class played D, winning by 3—0, and C defeated E, 6—0.

D Class then played E and defeated them by 3—1, and C and A played for the Premiership. The match was very strenuous and evenly contested, and resulted in a draw, neither side scoring.

On Wednesday, October 24, A and C again played. The match was exciting and fairly even, although A seemed to hold the advantage, and finally won by two goals to nil. A Class therefore hold the Shield with the fine record of three wins and a draw.

This year it has been decided to continue hockey until Christmas. Since Association hockey is finished for the season, the Firsts and Seconds have been broken up and all the hockey players of the school divided into five teams, which have been made as even as possible. The teams are as follow:

Name.	Colour.	Captain.
Royalists	Royal blue	Edna Rushforth
Forget-us nots	Pale blue	Dorothy Fleming
Scarlet Runners	Scarlet	Marjorie McEwin
Emeralds	Green	Muriel Lewis
Bush Runners	Purple	Alice Reven

FACTS.

IT IS A FACT THAT.—

Bob's ancestors used to pile shot, starting from the top.

M. H. and two friends had an interesting doubles tournament.

That Spring has come. The orchard is in blossom. Ask Marjorie.

Cliff is now Cliffliff and grows more and more like Wieniskillinus.

In French (and elsewhere) a boy is an indefinite expression.

That if birds of a feather flock mit themselves, why not two debaters—(Why not half a dozen?)

Garth was not 'Ruthless' after the lectures.

Madge ought to know that all men are human. But you'd think she'd 'Bar -Clay'!

Cupid has come to live in A. Class.

It is no use crying over spilt milk—What about spilt ink?—Ask Deans how he felt after wiping it up with his Algebra Home Work?

D2 boys possess some very fine shorthand watches, which are extensively used during shorthand period by C. Commercialists.

Some members of the same class are so interested in motor cars. There is no necessity to make themselves late for school by inspecting them, since there is always a "Dodge" or "Chandler" on view in the classroom.

The Physician has healed himself—in short Cupid has shot a few arrows on his own account. His luck is a 'Paulin'.

Fatty Ruston is the best all-rounder in the school.

Fatty (not Ruston) is in despair. She made a terrible mess of her arithmetic paper, and only got 99.

Kiss curls are again the fashion.

Fix'em is in action. It is a Duff-erent one too.

Osher 'Ada Gou(1)d time at Devonport.

THE OLD FAMILIAR FACES.

No. 1.

....“and the young doe shall bound o’er the mountains,”
 Unmindful of the sports’ notes,
 Unmindful of the noise,
 A student tired gives antidotes
 For love to all the boys.
 He knows their hopes and joys.

In accents sweet and tender
 He stirs up flames that have set
 His sex’s most loyal defender
 He loves the fair ones yet.
 He loves the females yet.

No. 2.

But hark! the cry is—
 And lo! the ranks divide
 And the great lord of A Class
 Comes with his stately stride.
 Upon his ample shoulders
 Loud clangs the cricket shields,
 And in his hand he wields the bat
 Which none but he can wield.

He smiled on those bold E Class,
 A smile serene and high,
 He eyed the flinching A Class,
 And scorn was in his eye.
 Quoth he, “A level hundred
 ‘Spite of Bruce and Dilger I’ll make,
 Then will you dare to follow
 When — the lead does take?”

No. 3.

There is a young student of York-street,
 Of figure so slender and neat,
 But so fast he has grown
 He is out on his own—
 Of course, I mean fast on his feet.

No. 4.

A is the class where I have my demesne
 L is for Latin, which gives them such pain.
 M is for Marjorie—I have of them four.
 E is for English, which in A Class is poor.
 S is for “stay in”—my best friend, that phrase.
 T is for Thursday, most delightful of days.
 On which my class stay and watch me have tea.
 Now who wouldn’t have a teacher like me?

No. 5.

How beautiful upon the mountains, ducks,
 I’d find it, Charlotte, if before you go
 You’d mention me and my dear cousin, Shylock
 Called A—because he’s amorous you know,
 Some say he’s domineering, but I never
 Hav’ found him anything but resolute,
 He always solves my problems, and is clever
 Enough to probe my troubles to the root,
 How amiable it is to hear him tell me
 What he would do if he were in my place—
 O, wait a bit—yes—I will come back quickly,
 I’ll have to run along to Mr Grace.

No. 6.

I was talking to a friend in “A” Class room when I heard a hurried step stamping up to the door, then the door knob rattled as if someone was trying to wrench it off—the door opened with a sudden jerk and shut with a more sudden one, and with a crash which awoke rumbling, shrieking echoes all over the school. A girl (of course, a boy could not be so noisy), tore in like a whirlwind, threw a double pile of books, at least eighteen inches high, on a chair, opened a desk, banged the lid on it, and whirled round to the poor unfortunate wretch beside her: “G—, you p-i-g. Did you have my Macbeth note book. I’ll screw your neck if you have taken it.” While she was thus engaged, the boys, who seemed to find her performance nothing out of the usual, were quietly abstracting the blooms from a bunch of roses which she had brought—“T— B—, you beast, I’ll kill you! Th—you little wretch, give that back at once. Catsy, I’ll screw your neck this minute—Oh! Doff, darling, (making a dart at a quiet, studious looking girl, who was engaged in some deep mathematical problem), I brought this dear little rose for you, but these horrid boys have spoilt it.” I turned to my friend, who did not seem to share my astonishment. “What ever is it?” I asked, “Does it always perform like this?” “Oh no, not at all. She is rather quiet this morning because there is a stranger in the room. Anyhow, if she heard you call her a ‘what’ you had better clear out or she’ll get worse and come over to screw your neck.” I cleared.

MY EYE! WHAT A LARK!

You know, if a girl’s got brothers, she’s got to live up to ‘em. Brothers, y’know, always expect their sisters—

Don’t I know, I’ve got a brother.

So one day, when he asked me to go fishin’ with him, I hid my inward feelings and said “My eye! What a lark!” in the reckless sort of way brothers expect. Y’know, he goes fishin’ down on the beach. He picks out a sufficiently slippery stone on a rocky point, with the waves breakin’ round it, and then does his best to fall in. Now, y’know, I’ve got to do the same, and I’m not extremely fond of it. Besides, we’ve got to walk four miles through some scratchy bush to reach the sea, and I know for a cert there’s cows there.

Anyhow, I put some cold cream on me nose, when he wasn't looking, and went along. He was mad 'cause I kept him waiting at the gate while I changed me red hat. He said it was as good as any other. I knew better. Well, we got there safe, and when he sees the breakers comin' in good and high, he yells for joy, but when I say, "My eye! What a lark!" it doesn't sound enthusiastic. I suggest in a careless off-hand sort of way, it's a bit rough for fishin', but no, he gets out his line and says "C'mon." But I discover to my surprise I've lost me line and say I'll have to go and look for it. Cows are better'n the hungry billow! But no, he hawkes out another; so I take as long as I can to put on me bathing suit and blazer, and seein' there is no hope for it, I picks the safest spot I can see, (which isn't very) and plants meself down firmly.

I feel real sea sick when those waves start breakin' round me knees, the rock I'm standin' on feels sort of slippery, but all the same when he yells out, "Ain't this grand," I says with reckless gaiety "Yes, my eye! What a lark!" Well, there I stay till I'm frozen to me marrow, soaked to the waist, me toes are stubbed, me shins are barked and and me hook sticks in me hand, and I've caught nothing. Yet when we're going home, when he says to me, "We're had a rippin' time, haven't we?" I says heroically, "Yes, me eye! Such a lark!"

DUCES OF SCHOOL.

Third Term.

A. Dorothy Fleming.	B. M. Biggins.
C. Muriel Rowe.	C2. M. Taylor.
D1. Jean Wright.	D2. A. Tevelein.
D3. Phyllis Hamilton.	E1. Gladys Austin.
E2. S. Wellington.	E3. Winnie Ratcliffe.

STATE HIGH SCHOOL FAIR.

On Saturday, August 11, a grand Fair was held in the School Assembly Hall for the purpose of augmenting the funds of the school. The fair was opened by His Worship the Mayor (Alderman Geo. Shields) in the presence of a large gathering of scholars, parents and friends. The stalls, arranged on the floor of the hall, presented a pretty spectacle, reflecting great credit on those responsible for their erection. In a few chosen words the Mayor complimented the old scholars, teachers, and students on their display and wished them every success. The judging of stalls created much interest, and resulted in the prize being awarded to the fancy stall.

During the afternoon and evening an orchestra, under the baton of Mr Grace dispersed a musical programme. To them our thanks are due. The tastes of the juveniles were provided for by an Aunt Sally, and other side shows and concerts.

As a result of the combined efforts of the past and present scholars and teachers the fair was a great success, resulting in the net proceeds being about £90. The organising committee desire to thank the teachers, old scholars, and friends, who so generously helped on the stalls or gave in money or kind.

RECEIPTS AND EXPENDITURE ACCOUNT.

STATE HIGH SCHOOL FAIR.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 11, 1923.

RECEIPTS.		EXPENDITURE.	
	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
Door	8 7 7	Printing (W. McGuire)	0 10 0
Fancy Stall, £20 1s 5d;		Timber, etc. Batten &	
less material, 16s		Illingworth	0 18 10
9d	19 4 8	Poster (French Bros.)	1 5 0
Sweet Stall, £12 6s 1d;		Advertising (Exa-	
less expenses, 12s .	11 14 1	miner)	1 2 0
Produce Stall, £11 1s		"Daily Telegraph" . . .	1 2 0
1d; less expenses,		Sundries	1 11 10
9s 9d	10 11 4	Postage	2 13 4
Flower Stall, £9 2s		Net Proceeds	88 15 10
3d; less expenses,		School Half Share	
£2 16s 10d	6 5 5	£44 7s 11d	
Jelly Stall	3 17 7	Old Scholars Half	
Cake Stall	8 1 3	Share. £44 7s 11d . . .	
Aunt Sally	2 7 4		
Afternoon Tea	3 10 9		
Supper	4 19 0		
Fortune Telling	1 10 0		
Concert Partv	5 2 11		
Post Office	1 6 5		
Donations	8 3 0		
Fish Pond	2 17 6		
	£97 18 10		£97 18 10

AN APPEAL.

As we draw towards the close of another year we are reminded that it is ten years ago since the system of High Schools came into existence. Since that time hundreds have passed through the School and taken their places in the industries of the world until the number who have been scholars of the "best School of all" is approximately two thousand. But how many of them belong to our Old Scholars Association? To you who are taking the stream of life at the close of this term, think of this fact, for out of this great army of Old Scholars we have but a straggling membership of about fifty. Before you leave join up as an Old Scholar or else forward the secretary your address so that we can keep in touch with you wherever you may be. Do not let this appeal be in vain, for the Association has done much to improve the conditions of the scholars, and can, and will, with your help, do more to aid those who come after.

To those Old Scholars who read this, do not let the Association die out, but join up and give us your help, so that the forthcoming year may be one of great activity.

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 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 Rowe, Charlie Stevens, Ray Page, Gladys Baldwin, Joyce Eyre, Frank Watson, Jack Wyatt.

Sub-Prefects—Gladys Austin, Winnie Ratcliffe, Max Bruce, Jack Branagan.

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, Alfrieda Nichols, Marjorie McEwin, Alan Gill, Ruth Lade, Muriel Rowe, Joyce Eyre, Reg. Hall, Alan Folder, Gladys Bye.

FADING FLAME.

Last night I climbed the hill above the town
And watched the sun sink sadly out of sight;
The blood red rain that porphyry'd his throne,
Formed a triumphal path for conquering night.

The city lay in silence, sad and still,
The winding river wreathed its wraithlike mist,
Above its sheeted silver, sombre pines
In ecst'sy stirred by the evening breezes kiss'st.

My soul was dark and drear than that dread night;
A poignant sadness through my heart strings swept,
Swiftly the heedless hours had lightly flown,
As Love's Day vanished, Grief's night onward crept.