

THE NORTHERN CHURINGA

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EDITORIAL.

As the month of December draws near, the mind of Youth—extreme Youth—turns inevitably to thoughts of its Christmas dinner—the mind of Maturity to the preparation thereof. Sometimes, I think, in place of the remembrance we should have at this season, nothing is left us but rush, haste, and bustle—a futile recollection of things badly done or not done at all, and for our reward headache and indigestion. This state of affairs is typical of many of us. In a feverish attempt to crowd so much into our hours, all stability and serenity is lost. Our conception of the World's Greatest Sacrifice is cheapened and tarnished—lost under a growth of materialism. So I think the best wish I can have for you as the year draws to its end is that something may be recaptured of the old leisure, that you and I in our nearing vacation may make our own the joys of each day as it comes, and that each one of us, this coming Christmas, may glimpse something of the sweetness and serenity of the Star.

TALK TO PARENTS.

SOME PROBLEMS.

The school loafer is an ever-present fact in practically every school. He is proof against the threats, pleas, and cajolings of the teacher, the despair of his parents and a shining example of failure. The only lesson he really learns—and he takes great pains at times in doing so—is to avoid all work. Hence the teachers sometimes advise him to leave.

Undoubtedly this is the wisest course if the school cannot fasten his interests and enlist his efforts. The school accepts, because it must, its share of the blame, but it cannot accept all the blame. The arrangement of the school curriculum is wide enough to appeal to boys of all minds, and it is quite an abnormal boy who is not interested in some of the subjects. What the school has to do is to awaken the ultimate interests involved in the boy's life work. Unfortunately, too many parents do not discuss with their children the problem of their ultimate vocation. Too often the pupil's ideas are made fun of. However, in Australia there is happily no position that is not open to the boy who desires it, even if his parents are poor, provided he has the grit and determination to succeed.

Some encouragement from home, a discussion with the teachers, and a really keen desire on the part of the pupil are all that are necessary. So many boys, aye, and their parents for them, have no definite purpose. Ambition is lacking. Their lives and the lives of those around them, is one long response to a thousand appeals for novelty and amusement.

The first two years of High School life should aim at providing the boy with a liberal education. At the end of that time the teachers know in what direction his abilities tend to move, and it is then that the teachers should be consulted as to his vocation. That determined, all parties—home, school, and environment—should work for the highest success possible.

BROWN.

All eyes were turned towards the intruder. There could not have been a greater contrast than that between this creature and the highly distinguished company who were now regarding him in wonder. He had the roundest, shiniest head imaginable. His eyes were round and shiny, his teeth were perfectly round, and they shone; even his smile was shiny. His short, rotund figure was clad in a rusty brown riding habit, his legs in violent multi-coloured stockings, his feet in polished brown brogues, and in his hand a round black bowler, which would assuredly slip off his shiny, bald pate. "My name," bowed this impossible person, "is Brown."

—J.E.E.

GUESS!

(Slow Music.)

Enter our super, walking, as usual, as if he's stalking a bear. Looking neither to right nor left, he ascends the platform with majestic and measured tread, and lays down Baker and Bourne.

His stern eye sweeps the all-attentive class; then in a deep, awe-inspiring voice: "What were we doing last lesson? Ah! yes—Permutations and Combinations. Have we finished that exercise, Jacques? Well, start where you left off and work forward doing odd numbers, then backwards doing evens."

Silence, save for scratching pens.

"Where are you working, Dorothy? Ah! that's a very simple one. Now you take the number of permutations. When the letters are not all different, then find the number of groups taking vowels and consonants alternately. From this determine total number of ways of doing the operation. Then proceed as in that example about seating people in an omnibus. See? Right, go ahead."

Once more silence.

Then a query from the top row, followed by profound meditation on the platform. "Yes, I've got it! No, that's wrong! Thought I'd solved it. Ah! yes. Now this example is based on that very important paragraph a few pages back. Refer to it."

"Did I see a note passed over the aisle? I believe it's under the inkwell cover of the back desk now. See me at four!"

Many soft sighs. A shrill whistle sounds across the balcony and everyone works with increased zest. Presently: "That will do." Exit Super. (Loud alarum from our local orchestra.)

DUCES.

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| A. Max Biggins. | D1. Gladys Austin. |
| B. M. C. Taylor. | D2. R. Finlay. |
| C1. Jean Wright. | E1. Chrissie Webster. |
| C2. Jack Wyett. | E2. J. Bennell. |

THE GARDEN THAT I LOVE.

I have a little garden
Down where the waters flow,
Where I love to lie, while the sun rides high,
And watch my flowers grow.

There's a high wall all around it—
A wall of crumbling stone,
Where pink-eye winks through its many chinks,
And the scent of the Rambler's blown.

The paths twist in and out:
You'd be lost if you didn't know
That each one led to the pansy-bed
Where the blue-black pansies blow.

My flowers are most old-fashioned,
Tho' I love some new ones too;
Yet I wouldn't part with the bleeding heart
Or the mignonette or rue.

I've fringed the beds with violets,
My sunflowers are in bloom—
There's such a flare of their sun-gold hair,
They leave no space for gloom.

One garden's full of roses—
Blood-red as Cupid's lips;
The hyacinths play with the poppy gay,
And the red of her petals sips.

There are irises-a-plenty,
Scent o' freesias fills the noon,
Pink daisies play in the sun's flushed ray,
But hide their eyes from the moon.

I have a little garden
Down where the water sings,
Where I love to lie, while the moon-rills by,
And dream of far-away things.

—V.M.W.

CLASS NOTES.

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

FURIOUS DOMINIE: What is this noise?

SPIRIT: It is the tune of this school, played by the picture of A Class.

DOMINIE: If they be a class, why should they not behave as such?
If they be devils, lak't as thou list.

SPIRIT: O, forgive them their sins.

DOMINIE: I defy thee—mercy upon me.

SPIRIT: Art thou afear'd?

DOMINIE: I know not, — I —

SPIRIT: Be not afeared; this class is full of noises.

Boys and sweet girls who give delight, but swot not,
Sometimes a thousand donkey-like detentions
Will hang about their names, and sometimes voices,
That if they then had fall'n into long sleep
Will make them wake again, though then in dreaming.
The doors they think do ope' and show "the Leaving."
Ready to drop on them, that when they wake
They hope to dream no more.

CLASS B.—Supervising Teacher: Mr. F. O. Close.

BEING AN ADVENTURE OF SAFED THE SAGE.

It came to pass that Safed the Sage was wandering deep in thought, and, hearing sweet sounds, bethought himself to see what was the occasion of this merriment. So he searched diligently and finally came to B Class, wherein he found some who played most entrancingly upon the mouthorgan and the comb. They all had a preoccupied air, and Safed, looking on them, loved them.

Seeing him, those who were not musical made the air noisy with their shouts, and with great joy hailed him. Then Safed learned that we were a studious class, wherein moved some men of genius; that we had social ambitions (to wit, we were at home on Tuesdays); that we were the most deserving and exclusive of mortals and have a well-developed class spirit (witness our Shields and Bow Ties). Then, as Safed nodded pleasantly at this good report, a musician who was out of breath lifted up his voice and told wonderingly of an orchestra.

Then was Safed greatly moved by these sayings, and thus he prophesied: "Behold, there shall after thee many men, but they shall not confound thee. Great is your skill, O players of many instruments, and very sweet the echoes of your voices. Moreover, you have done right to establish yourselves as a social institution, and I would that I might join you on your day of meeting, but, alas! it cannot be. . . . Be patient, be watchful, be constant. Farewell!"

So Safed the Sage set out on his travels again with a lightened heart.

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

D CLASS BLACKBOARD: Tell me about the class you were in before you came here as a disembodied spirit a fortnight ago.

C CLASS DUSTER: Well, although they treated me shamefully, sometimes burying me in the wastepaper basket, and even stuffing me with apple cores, to the inconvenience of one teacher, I must say that they are a splendid class. Once, you know, I was dressed in flannel with a blue stripe, and I used to hang on a hook. Later, though, I was frequently pitched into the fireplace, and there I observed all that happened. I had a particular affection for one girl; she had hair of an extremely warm tint, and one would class her as cholern. One day I was surprised to see this girl, her hair alive with electricity, and waving aloft in her rhetorical fervour an arum lily. The only words distinguishable were: "O, sir, I've done them three times, and now I lost them again!" She —

D.C. BLACKBOARD: Don't tell me any more about her. What is the class like as a whole?

DUSTER: Oh, well, it contains many "studious" girls; you see, they are going for an examination. I gathered this from a tall man who often took them, and who seemed to be a facial contortionist with such stock phrases as "tomato sauce" and "Is it hard, now?" They are all very cheerful, and none of them have that haggard, scared look about them as the girls in here. I am —

BLACKBOARD (frigidly): While you, a thing of no beauty, are suffered to remain in this room, I must ask you not to make uncomplimentary remarks about its inmates.
(The Duster squashed. An injured silence prevails.)

CLASS D2.—Supervising Teacher: Mr J. C. Parish, B.Sc.

THE D2 DUSTBIN.

"Good old Dilger, you're the boy to bowl 'em out! Pity Herby had boils or we would go premiers."

"You have too much yap for a kid, Billy."

"Want to know how to make a cheap wireless, Wellington?"—"Take two pieces of wire and throw one away, and you'll have a wire-less."

"Have you seen Finlay's latest? The non-stop, quick-talking machine."

"The Deficiency Exam. is on Monday, Norman."—"My word, I'll have to start work soon, then."

"I raised my fist—the Pilot shrieked,
And tore around the room.

Dopey Bowie, he raised his eyes,
And roared like a loud bassoon."

"And what is the answer, Davies?"—"Sixty sousand."

"Is there no chalk at all in the school?"
 "Did you try the credit part of the paper?"—"Yes, I don't think."
 "Please, sir, there's a cap in my desk."
 "Honour bright, his hair's as hot as his bowling."
 "Yes, on Monday, December 1. We have lost Hope."
 (Wearily) "Please borrow a duster from some other class."
 "Hullo, Jack, how'd the trip go?"
 "I hear the Dean's sick. Lucky beggar!"
 "I am an old sea captain—once the world's greatest pirate."
 "Never mind, Aub, wait till you're in long-'uns."
 "Well, there's one thing—Solomon's sure of eight credits."
 "All right, Mr. Editor, we'll hurry. Asking the hardest-worked class in the school for Class Notes—a jolly cheek, I call it!"

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

We have almost arrived at the end of the year, and examinations are looming in the near future. We have, of course, far more than the usual complement of brains in our class for are we not going to take the Intermediate in two years, while other people have taken three? We have several in our midst who aspire to the mazy paths of literature, and one budding artist. We have one great grievance, and it is the fact that the inmates of E2, who, although we are always supplying them with dusters, are continually rushing along with this query, "May we have your duster for a minute?" The longed-for improvement has come at last. We are no longer associated with those dreadful boys in Mathematics, for which blessing we art truly thankful. It appears that a certain "debater" judges others by her own criminal code. We do not like to hear that our members are becoming sarcastic. With regard to detentions certain members of our class have been trying to invent a new language, but were promptly "squashed" by a French essay on tennis. Another cause for detentions are the stray bright-colored ribbons which occasionally find their way into our room.

The flowers that grace our vases are always fresh, our windows open, our blinds neat and our floor always most tidy and clean; indeed, the teachers find it a joy to walk into our room, so neat is it. There are some people who say, however, that we possess a flock of geese. They must be invisible, for no one has seen them as yet.

However, this first year of High School life will be a memory of joys long past when we have parted from our school friends and gone our separate ways.

Come now, girls, and raise a cheer;
 For holidays will soon be here;
 And North, South, East, and West
 Our own E1 is sure the best.

"SUNSET THOUGHTS."

Soft-tinted clouds, scattered in feathery masses in the blue and pale gold of the evening sky, formed a frail background for the majestic grandeur of the old mountain, which stood, arrayed in vestments of royal purple, guarding the little town nestling in the hollows at its foot. Over one edge of the mountain the fiery summer sun had thrown a golden reflection, while the sky there resembled molten gold. The sun was setting slowly on this beautiful evening; it seemed as if it could not leave this fair spot. At last it sank behind the hills, and gradually the lovely tints faded away, and "My Lady Twilight" came and gently folded her grey mantle around the earth and whispered, "Sleep until the Dawn."

I stood under the hedge looking at the calm, peaceful scene before me. Little lambs called piteously for their mothers, who answered lovingly. It was one of those times—when "sweet thoughts bring sad thoughts to the mind." Thoughts of dear friends, of bygone joys; thoughts of acts that had better been left undone, thoughts of acts one should have done. At these times one makes good resolutions, only too often to be broken carelessly. Still these thoughts are so peaceful, the surroundings so calm that it is hard to tear oneself away and remember that after all they are but dreams, pleasant dreams, perhaps; but dreams for all that.

A SCENE IN A CLASS.

Time: Wednesday morning.

Enter a sedate gentleman.

Girl near Fireplace: Please, sir, why can't we take Arithmetic for the Leaving? I love Mathematics.

S.G.: The University has decided to abolish it as being bad for the health.

Another Voice: I don't quite see that, sir —

S.G.: Very well, let us make it quite clear by a practical example.

All take your pens and write down an amount less than £12.

Reverse this amount and subtract. I won't work it on the board because I find it encourages idleness.

Boy with Long Legs: But, sir, I get a negative quantity.

S.G.: It does not require much thought to understand that I meant you to subtract the smaller from the large amount. Now reverse again, add, and reduce to pence. What do you get?

Class: 3701.

S.G.: Let me think! (Pauses, views the ceiling, and does some hard thinking.) That is correct. Now multiply this amount by 1000 and then add 27,244,158.

Smart Boy: Please, sir, we would get the same answer if we added the number and then multiplied by 1000.

S.G.: Not necessarily! However, I have no time to waste on such ridiculous statements. What is the result?

Class: 58,314,158.

S.G.: I think that that is correct. Yes, it is. Now substitute the corresponding letter of the alphabet for each number.

Girl (with brain soaked in English): I don't understand what you mean, sir.

S.G. (rather impatiently): I simply mean that wherever you see 1 you put A, B for 2, and so on.

Whisper (from back): To an even number of pies, of course.

Class: We get EHCADAEH.

S.G.: Let me give you a hint. Reverse the word and tell me what you get.

Class: HEADACHE.

S.G.: This, therefore, explains the abolition of Arithmetic, since constant headaches have a serious effect on the nervous system.

Fuzzy-haired Girl: Which is so —

S.G.: Obviously. Q.E.D.

(Sobs from the disappointed mathematical one near the fireplace.)

THE TAJ MAHAL: "A DREAM IN MARBLE."

Long years ago, there lived a Princess lovelier than the sun. Her eyes were like two mountain pools, her hands a dream of sculpture, and masses of brown hair framed her delicate, expressive face. Even the gods, when she came to their twilight temples, were for once aroused from their stolid indifference, and smiled to see such exquisite grace and beauty. The gleaming lights in their jewelled eyes shone for no one else, not even the beautiful temple maidens, and one and all worshipped their girl-queen.

Her husband, Shah Jehan, the most polished of Princes, was also delicate and graceful, and he dearly loved his young wife. But the pale beauty that lit the dull gleams in the Temple-gods' eyes was soon to be taken away from him. When the time came that she should die, she begged two things of Shah Jehan: The first was that he might not marry again, and the second that he should build a beautiful tomb to her memory, wherein she might lie alone till he joined her. "And despair not," came the rich, beautiful voice, "for I shall always be near you, and in the sunset sky you may see the scarlet of my lips."

So Shah Jehan set about building a tomb for his wife, in accordance with her worth, and where, at the will of the gods, he might join her. So he designed the mausoleum and engaged workmen. After twenty-two years, the work was completed, and "a dream in marble," inlaid with jewels and priceless mosaic work, arose.

It fully justifies the old saying that "the Moguls designed like Titans and finished like jewellers." Surrounded by a grove of dark trees, the mausoleum, on a raised platform, is surmounted by a beautiful dome, with smaller domes at each corner, and four graceful minarets. A lake in front reflects the beautiful tribute to womanhood, and, by the magic of the moon, it becomes a shimmering palace built by fairy hands, the home of the fairy queen transported for the enjoyment of earth-mortals.

RUSSIAN EDUCATION

The following is an extract from a letter written by a Russian girl to Dorothy Fleming, the "Churinga" editor of last year. It is very interesting to compare differing educational measures in all countries. Doctor Adams gave us a brief glimpse of the English system; now this girl from Russia would have us know of educational facilities there.

"Foreigners have often an unjust opinion of this country. Many of them think Russia to be as wild and uncivilised as China or Persia. 'A country of white bears and Bolsheviks,' they call Russia. It is not right at all. I agree that Russia has some black spots in her last years' history. The separate peace with Germany was a treachery to our Allies, but Russia was compelled to do so: the country was exhausted by four years of dreadful war, the army was demoralised by the propaganda of German spies. Such foreigners accuse the Russian revolution of being bloody. But every revolution is bloody. The heads of Charles II. and Louis XVI. speak of that. And Russian revolution had many reasons to be rough. Revolution protected itself from the whole world. Then our people are very religious. Russia has 130 millions of population, and scarcely half a million of Communists. You like to know our system of education. To be sincere, I must say that education in Russia is far from perfection. The country is too impoverished to establish new schools (remember, only a year ago we had a famine), and to pay the teachers of the existing ones. By and by, let us hope, it will be managed. So I begin the description of our primary schools. The education in this type of school continues for seven years. Every child that enters such a school begins to learn reading, writing, and counting. Then during the seven years he studies the following subjects: History of the World, Geography of the Whole World; Grammaire, French or German language, Ukrainian language; Russian Literature, partly Algebra and Geometry, Arithmetic, Political Economy. In such towns as Moscow or Petrograd these Labour (as they are called) schools are managed perfectly, but in little towns such as Lubni, and especially in the villages, their organisation is very poor indeed. There are many villages where the whole Labour school has but one teacher, who, receiving no salary, pays very little attention to school teaching.

"The Secondary type of school is the so-called Professional school. There are many professional schools of different branches—the Industrial, Technical, Pedagogical, Commercial, and so on. Here our youth must learn for two years and spend the third. Everybody can freely enter these types of school. But it is dreadful with our Universities. Entrance to the Russian Universities is allowed only to the Communists and workers."

DAWN.

Dawn, and above a faint grey, misty sky—
Below, the sea, wrapt in a soft repose,
The stillness only broken by a sigh,
As lapping waters rose.

—K.B.

GOBLIN REVELS.

Up rose the moon,
Peeping through the trees,
Outstept the goblins,
Playing with the breeze,
Sprites from hollow tree-boles
Out-crawling on their knees.

Rose the moon high,
Goblin joys grew—
Dancing on the green,
Pearly with the dew.
Then in magic circle
Tired goblins drew.

Feasting followed revels,
Juicy fruit down dropt—
Cooled by the dew,
Garlanded and topt
With leaves of creeping vine.
And blooms just cropt.

Feasting soon is o'er,
Moon's cloud hidden,
Tired little goblins
By whispers lidden.
In woodlands deep,
To dwelling-places driven.

—K.B.

THE COMING OF SUMMER.

A tiny crimson rosebud, dreaming on its virgin stem,
Would nod and sway through all the sunlit hours;
And, while the airy laughter of its fellows floated by,
Heard the pixies ringing bells in far-off flowers.
O! Summer's coming over fields of poppy bloom,
Down where the laughing sun-kissed harvests sway,
Where the parroquets fly low and the gnarled old gum-trees grow,
And her step is like the dream of fairy play.
Her lips are red and full, like those the laughing sun has kissed,
Deep in her eyes the sleeping shadows lie;
The brightness of the sun is in her tinsel-tangled hair,
And in her cheek rich colours glow and die.
Her dress is all of grass-green silk with bright dew-spangles sewn,
And lightly flutters in the elfin breeze;
And O! a happy song she sings like dimpling waves that play
And laugh amid the thunder of the seas!
Then ring, ye bells! a carol gay for this our Queen of Queens,
Who cometh laughing over hill and brae,
And let the lingering echoes of your haunting little song
Bid all the frolic-fairies now to play.
The little rosebud smiled to hear the pixies speak so fair,
And, smiling, showed its tender crimson heart;
Then, welcoming her coming, opened all its fragrant leaves,
And Summer kissed them with a sunshine-dart.

—M.R.

BOYS' SPORTS.

FOOTBALL.

FIRSTS.

The football season ended early this year as a result of our defeat at Hobart. The match took place at the beginning of the third term. After a hard match Hobart won by 12 goals 18 behinds to 9 goals 13 behinds. The whole team played well, but the Hobart boys played a little better, and thoroughly deserved their win. Five weeks later, Hobart won the premiership by defeating Devonport by 10 goals 11 behinds to 9 goals 8 behinds.

Besides this match, we played several matches against the Grammar School and St. Patrick's College. In those against Grammar we were defeated, while against St. Patrick's College we were successful.

THE GRADES.

Importance.—These three junior teams are an invaluable training ground for the higher teams. Playing two matches every three weeks gives ample practice, and develops pluck, resourcefulness, and well-directed energy in those who have anything of the makings of footballers. Of the best of the players commended below, some will be in the Firsts next year, some the year after.

Top Place.—The teams, after two or three players from B Grade had been promoted, proved very evenly matched, and the roster provided a very interesting finish. At the end of the two point matches, the points were: A, 4; B, 8; C, 6. At the end of the next round the points were: A, 12; B, 8; C, 10. After two more matches they were: A, 14; B, 10; C, 14. The final match was won by A, making the points: A, 18; B, 10, C, 14.

Details of Matches.—A won 5 matches, drew 1, lost 4. B won 3, drew 3, lost 4. C won 4, drew 2, lost 4.

Individual Players.—W. Christian and T. Mellor, who started in the Grades, played in Hobart in the North and South match. We congratulate these two E Class boys. Gordon Arthur became too good for the Grades, and was almost good enough for the Firsts. Byron Paton should have been driven out too, as there was nobody in the Grades who could stop him. He has developed greatly since last season, and it was mainly by his strenuous battling, dash, and long kicking that A Grade was pulled from last to first place. Gerald Stephenson, captain of C Grade, played some very fine games and proved a good captain. Cooper, from Longford, who has since left, was a most useful man, and kicked perhaps the most goals. Joe Pedley developed into a very good mark. Dudley Bennett, Alan Cooke, Harry Room, R. Cartledge, and on several occasions G. Margetts proved most useful ruck men. There is quite a group of promising forwards and rovers—S. Russell, F. Phillips, N. Forsyth, H. Galna, and C. Viney may be mentioned particularly. On the back or centre line B. Scott, A. Parker, M. von Bertouch, and S. Wellington were most prominent. The following also rose above the average in one or more matches: M. Fotheringham, A. Titmus, W. Balmforth, A. Newson, A. Leeson, R. Hope, T. Hughes, J. Fraser, R. Cook, W. Day, and J. Leslie.

Other Matches.—The Combined Grades outplayed the Seconds in a match on the Cricket Ground on July 25, the scores being 3—2 to 1—3. The last match of the season, between Town and Country Grades, was won by Country. Scores: 5—5 to 4—7.

FIVE MILE NOTES.

When the football finished early for us all attention was paid to training for the Five Mile. A meeting was held at which T. Rocher was elected captain. The whole team trained hard, and about a fortnight before we went to Hobart a Three Mile Championship was run at Mowbray. The result was: C. Judd, 1; A. Wadley, 2; T. Rocher, 3. Time, 18min.

On September 13 we went to Hobart, and the race was run on the Friday. The race resulted as follows: W. Barwick (Hobart), 1; C. Judd (Launceston), 2; H. Rockliffe (Devonport), 3. The teams race resulted in a win for Devonport with 23 points, with Launceston a good second with 28 points. The first four for the school were C. Judd, A. Wadley, H. Dixon, and H. Dilger, all of whom ran well on the heavy course. Although we did not win, we retrieved our position, as we have failed badly in the last two years.

CRICKET.

There has been very little opportunity of playing matches this quarter. The Firsts have had only one match this quarter. In that we defeated St. Patrick's College by 207 runs to 62. Our best bowling was done by Dilger (five for 16) and Broomby (five for 22). The chief scorers were Crawford 43, Broomby 31, Wilson 26, and Dilger 20.

A start was made in the class matches this season. In the first match A Class defeated B Class rather easily, while D Class defeated E. D then played C Class, and after a hard tussle D Class were victorious. It now remains for A and D to play off for the premiership.

ROWING.

The rowers held their initial meeting of the season in B2 on October 14, when the various offices were filled as follows: Captain, A. Wadley; vice-captain, J. Berkery; secretary, F. Watson. For the committee the above, including E. Coulson, were selected. Together with five new members selected to fill the vacancies made by those who leave at Christmas, we have begun practice, and with a little luck we hope to retrieve our somewhat shattered fortunes of last season.

GIRLS' SPORTS.

FIRST HOCKEY.

As you all know, the Firsts went to Hobart last term. We had a fine trip and enjoyed ourselves, although we were disappointed. The Hobart girls defeated us by 4 goals to 1, but I think they were more knocked out at the close than we were.

We finished the second round of the roster with little more success than the first round. By drawing with Broadland House we saved ourselves from being last in the A Grade. Clan, the premiers of B Grade, challenged us, but they were beaten by 5 goals to 1, our goals being shot by Inez (3), Neda (1), Irene (1).

HINTS FOR THE TEAM.

Ruth Lade—Very quick on the wing, and does good work, but at times work lacks precision.

Inez Armstrong—Good co-operation with the right wing, but needs to keep away from the centre forward.

Neda Watson—Must use the long pass to both sides of the field; is not quick enough to seize every opportunity of advantage.

Irene Shepherd—Shows great improvement, and we expect great doings from her next year.

Ruby Tucker—Very quick, but must learn to stop the passes. We are sorry to lose her.

Jean Wright—Works hard; has saved many a goal, but she would save herself much more if she kept in her place.

Muriel Lewis—A tower of strength in the centre; she ought to learn to dodge.

Muriel Kerrison—Rather too slow; fights hard and long; a good stop.

Ena Smith—A fast and good back; watch your goal more, and be quicker in clearing the ball by a hard hit.

Hazel Ferguson—Greatly improved; needs a stronger and firmer hit.

Jean Finlay—Very great improvement; towards the close of the season and in Hobart she did some fine work. If she keeps it up we will win against the world.

The Class matches were played this term, but owing to the ground being required for the Show, we were hurried, and the matches were not quite finished. B Class gained the Shield, and C and D Classes tied. A Class was unable to send a team on the field, although the boys kindly offered their services.

SECOND HOCKEY.

Though many of our players are very young, we were able to make up in speed for lack of weight. The team has improved very considerably during a most enjoyable season, and some of the girls show great promise. Enthusiasm was the most prominent characteristic of the team this year.

The season closed with a most exciting contest for the premiership of B Grade between Clan and ourselves, but after a very even match Clan obtained the victory, with a total of 14 points. We came a good second with 13.

Marjorie Stewart (captain, goal)—Splendid captain; reliable back.

Beryl Standrin (vice-captain, inner forward)—Works very hard, but would be more effective if she could keep calmer.

Gladys Bye (back)—Good stop; too many "sticks."

Hilda Woodworth (back)—Fast, but must not stop ball with foot. Both backs should play more forward.

- Kath. Russell (left h.b.)—Good worker and sticks to opponent, but should avoid "sticks"; passes well to wing.
- Marie Cobbett (right h.b.)—Enthusiastic and passes well to wing, but must try to avoid faults, to be quicker, and to be more thoughtful.
- Jean Jacobson (left wing)—Quick in goal circle, but plays with ball on wing and does not keep her place.
- Mary Millwood (right wing)—Fast runner and quick in goal circle; should pass to centre sooner. Mary has made the most improvement during season.
- Marjorie Ralph (right inner)—Too slow at receiving ball, but does not spoil centre as much as she used to.
- Thirza Coward (centre h.b.)—Reliable; assists centre well, but must hit harder.
- Meg Guy (centre)—Hits too far ahead and is inclined to be lazy.

All forwards too anxious to pass to another player instead of endeavoring to take the ball up on their own till attacked. Forwards must learn to dodge.

It is hoped that those girls who are leaving school will join up at once with one of the Old Scholars' Hockey Clubs, "Clan" or "Churinga," who welcome all members even when they cannot promise a permanent place in the team.

TENNIS NOTES.

Competition is once more keen among the tennis girls for a place in next year's team. Great improvements have been noted in the play of some of the girls; especially is it pleasing to those who now are only "spectators" to see such an improvement in the style and steadiness of May Rule. Challenge matches have been played, and as far as can be judged at present the team for next year will be taken from B. Hogarth, May Rule, Jean Gee, Phil. Hamilton, D. Bock, M. Rowe, G. Cox, M. Wilson. This team has not yet been decided on, and the girls whose names have not been mentioned still have an opportunity to challenge those who are last on the list. Hobart, by all reports, are putting in a strong team next year, so let each girl, for the honour of the school, put forward her very best in practice and play.

FROM PERTH (W.A.) TO MELBOURNE BY TRAIN.

I boarded the Saturday night's train from Perth at Northam at 12.45 p.m. midnight. This train connected with the Trans-Continental one at Kalgoorlie, the once famous gold town. The next morning, on awakening, I found that we had reached Southern Cross, where I had my first meal on the train. By dinner-time, 1 p.m. on Sunday, we reached Kalgoorlie. After having dinner at the station refreshment rooms, I went to look for my carriage on the new train, the "Trans." (I say "look for" because the carriages are marked in alphabetical order, and in whichever carriage a passenger is to travel

is stated on the ticket.) Now, when I mention tickets, do not think of small pieces of cardboard, or you will be wrong. These tickets are long slips of paper, about nine inches in length, which, on reaching certain stages of the journey, portions are taken off, working from the bottom upwards.

At 2.30 p.m., for this was the time we departed from Kalgoorlie, I found myself in a large, fast, broad, comfortable train—very different from the one I had just left. Each carriage was supplied with a lounge, and all travelling conveniences, including a corridor along each carriage. Anyone, if he wishes, can walk along the corridors from one end of the train to the other.

There are two classes only—first and second. In the second class compartments there are four bunks, as in a steamer. The two top ones can be reached by scaling a ladder attached to each compartment. The bunks are made regularly each day while the travellers are having tea. In the day-time the upper ones fold down, making a soft, padded back to the seat. All the cooking for the whole train is done in one carriage, which is part of the one containing the dining saloon.

But in the first class carriages the arrangements are very much different. There are only two bunks, one above the other, on one side of the compartment. On the other side is a wash basin and dressing table, fixed into the partition. In this section there is a whole carriage given to the lounge, furnished with easy cane chairs, two writing desks, equipped with paper and envelopes, pens and ink, and a "Wertheim" piano. I was fortunate enough to see the carriage in which the Prince of Wales travelled. A whole carriage, made of oak, was turned into one large room, and was finished off with a suite of oak furniture and elaborate carpets. This had been made into ordinary compartments for first class passengers.

All this time the train had been travelling rapidly, and, on awakening the next morning, I found that we were in South Australia. The border is marked by a small stone monument on either side of the line, but as I passed this in the wee hours of the morning I did not see them. There are stations on the way, but they are many miles apart. The inhabitants of these are white people, and depend for the greater part of their food on supplies from the trains. You may think it would be lonely, but six trains a week pass them. On reaching the stations where the train stops, all passengers go off the train for the few minutes to stretch their legs, usually to walk up and down the length of the train, or to see the people of the interior.

One thing which struck me as very different from what I had seen on the previous morning, on looking out of the window, was the disappearance of the occasional hill and the large gum trees. I now saw in their places flat land that stretched to the horizon, covered with a small scrub, salt-bush, and a few camels. As this was in the summer time, it was very hot and dusty, a fact which caused the porters to sweep out the lounges and corridors many times a day. In one particular place on the line the train speeds up, for the railway line goes for three hundred miles in a straight direction.

On the next morning memorable to me, for on this day I entered my "teens," I arrived at Port Augusta, at that time hidden in mists and hills before the rising sun. There we stayed until 8 a.m.,

During the year two sporting bodies affiliated with the Association have been running very successfully, namely, the Hockey Clubs and the Tennis Club.

The social and financial side has been less pleasing, for the functions arranged by the committee have received poor support. The annual dinner held in the school was indeed a success, but the three social evenings held since, though well advertised, have secured small patronage, and consequently have been failures financially.

The Committee worked hard to make these functions a success, and it is disappointing that more did not avail themselves of the pleasant times provided. However, we are not despondent, and next year we hope to secure much more support.

Old Scholars, this Association belongs to you, with its two objects—interest in your old school and reunion among yourselves. The Annual Meeting will be held during the fourth week in January, when we want every Old Scholar in Launceston and others who can get in to attend and decide what functions and what activities your Association shall provide. If you are a sport, if you are a literary enthusiast, if you are a dancer—whatever you are and whatever your interest, come along to the annual meeting and let us know what you want, and then you can form your own circle.

TENNIS NOTES.

The Churinga Club commenced this year with a much larger membership than that of last year, and has since worked up much enthusiasm among its members, matches having been arranged both with country and local clubs.

The Annual Meeting was held in September last, when there was a larger attendance than at any of the meetings yet held by the Tennis Club or the Old Scholars. Mr T. Johnstone attended this meeting and gave advice as to management under the Northern Tasmanian Tennis Association. The following were elected to the Committee of Management: Messrs. T. Johnstone, C. Barnes, C. Penman, W. Orchard, Miss Campbell, Miss Linstead, Miss Sullivan and Mr. H. G. Sturges joint secretaries. The first committee meeting was held in October, when a constitution and rules were compiled and put up on the notice-board on the courts.

Since the beginning of the year the courts have been improved by the addition of an umpire's seat and a large notice-board. Any donations from those interested in the game and the expansion of the club will be very welcome, as this young club is having a great struggle financially.

Coming back to membership, the club would like more old scholars and boys leaving school to join, as at present our men players number about nine.

From the above report it will be seen that the Tennis Club is very enthusiastic and alive, and has every prospect of a most eventful season.

H. G. Sturges, Hon. Sec.

PERSONAL COLUMN.

Congratulations to Muriel Chick upon her marriage to Mr. Sandburg. We believe Mr. Phil. Frith was a tower of strength to the bridegroom.

The school is to be congratulated upon having both a past and a present member in the Northern premier football team. Mac and Scotch were always in evidence.

We hear that Bessie Barrett nearly lost her life on the East Coast.

Arvon Williams is seen in Launceston during week-ends.

Ken. Dallas, when not instructing youths, rides a motor bike.

Wanted—Someone to defeat Messrs. C. Barnes and W. Orchard in men's doubles.

Hedley Palmer is back from the B.E. Exhibition, where he has been scouting.

It's rumoured that Aub. Davern is farming in Canada.

Wilfred Stephens visits Trevallyn occasionally.

WHO'S WHO.

Principal—Mr. R. O. M. Miller, B.A.

Staff—Mr. A. L. Meston, M.A.; Mr. R. E. Atkinson; Mr. 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 Begent; Miss M. Tevelein.

Senior Prefects—Madge Duff, Reg. Broomby.

Sports Prefects—Muriel Lewis, T. Rocher.

Prefects—Beryl Standrin, T. Rocher, Ena Smith, Muriel Rowe, C. Stevens, R. Page, Joyce Eyre, Mona Mancey, F. Watson, J. Wyett, Winnie Ratcliff, Gladys Austin, H. Dilger, K. Lee.

Sub-Prefects—M. Morton, I. Shepherd, H. Swift.

School Champion—R. Broomby.

Captain of Football—T. Rocher.

Captain of Cricket—R. Broomby.

Captain of Hockey—Ruth Lade.

Captain of Tennis—Madge Duff.

Stroke of Crew—A. Wadley.

Librarian—Mr. R. E. Atkinson.

Cadets—Company Commander; Captain A. L. Meston. Platoon Commanders: Lieut. R. A. Broomby, Corporals T. Rocher and A. Wadley.

Magazine Committee—Max Biggins (editor), Ruth Lade, Beryl Standrin, H. Nicholls, Muriel Rowe, R. Hall, Joyce Eyre, A. Tevelein, H. Fraser, Stella Latten, Gladys Bye.