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The Northern Wharfedale



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THE NORTHERN CHURINGA

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EDITORIAL.

When Banks and Solander went ashore at Botany Bay in 1770 they were filled with admiration at the botanical wealth which was unfolded before their eyes; plants unknown to Europe were there in thousands, not merely new species but new genera. To-day, unhappily, such wealth is neglected by most Australians. We are ever ready to see the beautiful in the alien from the northern hemisphere; our parks are filled with oaks, elms, and pines, but we look in vain for the glorious trees of our own country, the magnificent blue gum, the ornamental blackwood and the quaint casuarina. The first settlers brought with them recollections of their homeland, and in consequence their homeland trees had a charm which those of the new country could never have. With us it is different. The native flora should be as the oaks and elms were to our fathers. There is yet another aspect. Shut off from the rest of the world, in our island continent, animal and plant life which ceased to exist elsewhere millions of years ago, flourished and developed, and we have a flora and fauna that are unique. Unfortunately we do not value them and they are fast disappearing; in fact, many species have become extinct, and many others are rapidly becoming so. At the advent of the white man, the emu, a distinct species from that of the mainland, was plentiful in Tasmania, but it has long since vanished, killed out by indiscriminate slaughter; the whale came into our bays in vast numbers to breed, and was a familiar sight on our coasts, but commercialism with its selfish disregard of anything but profits drove it, by ceaseless slaughter, to the Antarctic continent; and to-day, in the same way, commercialism threatens our marsupials. Turning to our forests we see the same thing happening. Year after year the forest is being encroached upon and the glories of our own bushland are disappearing. Wonderful gullies clothed and carpeted with our unique flora are totally destroyed, either wilfully or from a careless disregard of their beauty; myrtle forests, with all their riot of colour, their wealth of ferns, including the stately dicksonias and their infinite variety of cryptogamous plants, places wherein it is paradise to listen to "the cool lapse of hours pass" are being utterly despoiled with an almost national indifference. Such an indifference is criminal. We have come into a noble heritage, and it is our duty to see that after generations shall come into possession of theirs. Many of our trees are slow in growth, hundreds of King Billy pines on the central plateau dating back to the time of King Solomon, so that once destroyed they are irreplaceable. Let us see to it, then, that we, one and all, do what we can to prevent such destruction, and let us look upon our native flora and fauna as a sacred trust to be handed on to posterity.

TALK TO PARENTS.

At the close of the year the problem of securing employment for the boy looms large in the parents' mind. It is a serious question, and one which cannot be glossed over. For the boy who is going out into life as a clerk there are, of course, several openings.

The boy should not accept the first offer that comes until he has weighed all the chances of the future. The good boy who can leave his school without a moral stain, whose school life has been characterised

by earnestness even more than brilliancy can find a position. Any employer will take a boy whom the teacher says is excellent, even if he has to make a place for him.

The average boy whose work is always reliable and who possesses some stability of character will also have little difficulty in securing employment.

The boy, however, who is unreliable, whose work is done one day and shirked the next, who is spasmodic in his effort, is the boy who is going to find the problem of finding a job possibly easier than keeping it. If parents at the adolescent age would always keep the ideal of reliability in front of their children there would be less unemployment.

For it is a well known fact that in times of depression the unreliable person is the first to be sacked. Parents should always take the opportunity of consulting with the teacher before accepting positions. The teacher probably knows better than anyone whether the pupil is suitable for the position.

Above all, the policy of letting a boy become an errand boy "until he gets a better position" is to be deprecated. It is far better for a boy to remain at school until a position turns up than to accept blind-alley occupations. Statistics collected in large towns show that from errand boys, street sellers, etc., is recruited the petty thief.

A year or two of errand running, street selling, and the like is ruinous to the moral character.

The school is always anxious to place its pupils so that they are in positions for which they are best fitted.

Discussions with parents on the problem would be welcomed by the staff.

ONE WINTRY NIGHT.

Scrrr! Scrr-a!

Jones listened with terror. "A burglar," he whispered, and shivered with something other than cold. He crawled out of bed, and going cautiously to get his revolver from a drawer he stubbed his toe against the sharp woodwork of his bed. In silent agony he leapt and danced on the cold linoleum, forgetting for the moment his fear, his whole mind being concentrated on the excruciating pain, and inwardly cursing the impudence of such a distant member of the body as the toe, in bringing itself into painful prominence at such an inconvenient time.

At last, grasping his revolver, he carefully opened his bedroom door, trod the icy landing, and peered fearfully down the long stairs gleaming with pools of moonlight. Any natural courage he had seemed to be somewhere in the region of his angry toe; but the sight of the shiny black revolver spurred him slowly down the slippery stairs. How they creaked and rumbled! His every step seemed to echo and re-echo in the gloomy stillness. It was a wonder the burglar wasn't frightened away, he thought, a little hopefully; but the burglar must have been deaf for all the notice he was taking, and, by the time Jones had reached the bottom step and was on a line with the front door, he was shaking with fright; the little frozen beads of perspiration on his moonlit brow like the spangles on a frosted Xmas tree.

Then suddenly he lurched towards the door, flung it open to the icy blast, and, pointing his revolver blindly, he yelled, "Putcher hands up!"

"Meeow," returned the burglar, meekly; and crept across the threshold.

—J.E.

CLASS NOTES.

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

"The years, like great black oxen, tread the world, and God the Herdsman goads them from behind."

Yeats has a sturdy metaphor that seizes us with the sudden realisation of all that we are not: we have, at times, done those things which we ought not to have done; and sometimes, even if only occasionally, we have known the glow of satisfaction in deeds well done.

In all our five years of school life we have plodded a little further with each black ox to the Land of Heart's Desire; and who knows but that we too have left footprints on the way? Surely some of us have been fair in the sight of Lady Fortune when the lowering shade of the years has not blocked us from her sight. We all tread the way of sorrows—only some tread it light-heartedly and some in silence and shadow and loneliness. And surely, ye gods, Mervyn, our Brain, and Billy, our Oracle, must excel.

But it's a mighty undertaking to run beyond the shadow of the ox that fortune may perchance glimpse us ere the dark, relentless mass once more overwhelm us. We are marching beside the unfaltering figure of Time: our race is almost a challenge—

"And yet the menace of the years
Finds and shall find us unafraid."

Now at the eleventh hour, we are living laborious days. We have gone to the ant and we have considered her ways; but only the departing shadow of 1925 will reveal how wise we have been.

Meanwhile, frater, ave atque vale.

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

In a secluded corner in busy B Class, blinked a drowsy bunny, quite unconscious of the unusual (?) din around him. Suddenly the bunny pricks up his ears, now fully awake, for a clear voice ringing out above the uproar was saying: "Ha, Bunny Scott's books again! We'll make a fortune out of that boy yet." Blinking resignedly, he watched his precious books being stowed away by the energetic commercial element, then his attention is directed towards the door, where enters a stalwart female sighing pathetically, and murmuring in a husky voice, "I hope Joyce'll remember to bring that medicine for me; I don't want to go croaky this afternoon. Hallo, Dorothy, got the mumps again?"

"No, I'm going to let my hair grow; what's that in the paper basket?"

The obliging bunny offers information: "Only a parcel of orange peels that Jake wrapped up; she's painfully tidy nowadays. But what's Billy reading?"

Billy (piously): "Over the spotlessness of the Lily of Purity crept the Bug of Neglectfulness. Ah! that's lovely; my essays are certainly improving in quality."

Here two small maidens appear (one with a discoloured optic) shrieking triumphantly: "How do you think the Physiology Class diddled—?"

A lanky shadow appeared on the wall, so Goldilocks, demurely: "Won't you have a lolly, Bunny?"

"Thank you—ugh, soap! gr-r—"

Goldilocks, at a safe distance, taunts entrancingly: "And there were weird animals walking on strange legs which bent to right and left as they walked—"

Frank: "And there were souls feeding on the grass."

Bunny (excitedly): "Let's go round the back, Frank; it's longer there."

Frank (cooly): "Er—er, I'm going to Ludbrooks in a minute."

Chorus: "Oh, Frankie, to buy a 'vitta'?"

Company here startled by a dread-sounding fog-horn. All eyes turn towards far corner, where the bunny sits trying to look unconcerned. He fails, then hides his confusion in a sneeze—Kerr—Chum!

The innocent-looking youth thus addressed asks: "I say, what about inviting A Class?"

Bunny, with interest: "Where to?"

Youth: "Oh, to this picnic of ours. You see, I'm tired of tennis—it gets into the 'Dry Street' after a while. Ha, ha, look here!"

General laughter directed towards two tall boys vainly striving to look dignified beneath two absurdly small school caps. Alice saves the situation from becoming further embarrassing. "I say, girls, I've got another splendid joke; just listen: 'The bunny dozed; jokes oft repeated pall at times. When he awakes a quietness reigns broken only by a chiding voice.'"

"Well, Marjorie, I don't admire your taste. You see, in my opinion, few bobs are beautiful; but some look worse than others!"

Joyce: "Please, sir, may I borrow some ink? Bunny, please fill my pen. Oh, thanks!"

Faint undersong brushing past Doss' ear—

"O wert I, O wert I now in Derby fair."

(Bob having paused to take a much-needed breath.)

"You do chatter so, Ernie—or don't your teeth fit well?"

Gladys, fingering her auburn curls: "Yes, 'shingles' are going round. I've been hovering on the brink myself since even Miss Gru—has fallen for them."

Shrill sound, "Thank goodness, there's four o'clock!"

Enter stern and gloomy Pedagogue, whose disciplinary methods are as unalterable as the laws of the Medes and Persians. "Oh, yes, I know there is no light in this room; but at 5.30 we will adjourn to a room where there is."

Stony silence, eminently suited to a mathematical atmosphere.

The bunny, wearied after numerous searchings for a corner in a circle, at length drops down exhausted into a more obvious corner of a triangle and is wafted into dreamland.

CLASS C1.—Supervising Teacher: Miss B. Layh, B.A.

I was seated in my office, when suddenly, ting-ling went the telephone. "Bother!" I muttered. "Hullo! Hullo!"

"It is Kath," I heard. "I am just ringing you to tell you of Irene's success; have you heard?"

"No," I said.

"Well, you know she is playing in the Inter-State Hockey Team, and Verna, too. She hit three goals and Verna one."

"Good-o!" I cried.

"And," she went on, "we heard by the same wireless that Stella's latest book is published."

"I'm frightfully busy," I said, "but I must find time to write a letter of congratulation to each of them. Good-bye."

I had scarcely resumed when bang! bang! I heard the postman at the door.

"Oh, a letter from Rhoda," I murmured, and was beginning to read it when it rushed Marjorie.

"Hullo!" she said. "A letter from Rhoda, I see. Any news?"

I read a line or two, then jumped for joy. Listen to this," I almost screamed.

"Good old Lizzie is tennis champion of Australia, and is going to Wimbledon to play Mlle. Lenglen."

"Hurray! Many of the old C are distinguishing themselves; but I came to tell you that Edna and Una have got their B.A. with High Distinction in Latin! Remember when we were in C1—weren't we frivolous young things in those days? Just to think of Kath. Matron of St. Margaret's Hospital!"

"Yes, and all the girls seem to be doing great things. It's just about our turn to be doing something."

"But," she answered, "you've got your first book published, and I hope to get my degree this year. I must away to swot. Good-bye! Good-bye!" I echoed.

CLASS C2.—Supervising Teacher: Miss C. Wilkins.

The black cloud of doom grows more threatening day by day; we grow even more depressed when we fill in large, official documents abounding in perplexing whereases and wherefores. But let us think of brighter things.

Recently one member of our class realised the menace of the Spectre. He tried to gas himself in the lab., and when that failed would have ended his life by dragging the cupboard upon himself. Then he tried to charm the evil spirit with a mouth organ; the poor boy is now a hardened pessimist. The gods no longer love the young.

For the most part we are a class of enthusiasts. One of our friends who had ambitions as an orator was almost deprived of hope by a teacher who voted him "a babbling brook"; another revives his spirits by administering "Johnny Walker's whisky"; a third "keeps the home fires burning"; and a fourth adventurous spirit even carried on a mild flirtation with a teacher, until her gay colors and many buttons dazzled his eyesight.

And we suffer in the interests of humanity. To further enhance the joy of life, we are planning an acrobatic troupe and menagerie which shall some day rival Wirth's. Our animals include a wild monkey, a black tiger (in its present stage of evolution, a cat), and a cow who indulge in amiable (?) conversation with a zebra. For ring events we have a cowpuncher (more skilled at roping in detentions than cows), a fat clown, a long man better known as Springer, a human whisky bottle, and a human mop. All these evidences of innate worth must surely convince the world of our intelligence and ambition.

CLASS D.—Supervising Teacher: Miss Grubb, B.A.

THE D1 QUESTIONNAIRE.

The class are sternly requested to examine themselves by means of the following intelligence test. No prizes offered.

1. Does Lord B.'s head sound like the desk when hit?
2. Do the flies still annoy Ken when he is trying to write?
3. Is there need for the installation of a dressing-table in the top block?
4. Has C. H. worked his passage yet or is he still hanging?
5. Does A.W. still fall from skyscrapers?
6. Does D.A. keep a packet of pins in her desk?

7. Is Marjorie's tongue still going?
8. Did D Class defeat C at cricket?
9. Does A.W. know all the Theorems in the Geometry Book?
10. Did a certain member once belong to the Ku Klux Klan and contract the habit of wearing a mask when speaking?
11. Do Queensland fruits help to develop a mathematical brain?
12. Are L. W. and R. R. Mc. accustomed to shower baths yet?
13. Does L.W. like crabs?
14. Are the barber's scissors worn out yet?
15. Is R.G. going to captain the tennis team?
16. Are ministers' sons always good?
17. Has our scientist found out how to stop H_2SO_4 from burning?
18. Does J.E. still like the gloves?
19. Can Robin Hood shoot a question followed by Oh?
20. Will the lion eat me?
21. Does R.H. get a brain wave when she rubs her pencil on her neck?
22. Is Iris going to be a boxer?
23. Does I.W. do nothing but work in school?
24. Has V.C. been introduced to Herod yet?
25. Has K.D. found a way to bowl out Miss B?
26. Who gets the runs at cricket?
27. Did they call the ambulance to carry off one of our members from the hockey field?
28. Has N.H. recovered her geometrical instruments yet?
29. Is G.W. still suffering from nerves?
30. Which is the finest class in the school?

CLASS D2.—Supervising Teacher: Miss M. Begent.

From our annals we would make known the famous deeds we have performed since last you heard from us.

Dusters are our chief trial. If you need one, just visit C2. as they have a fondness for ours. Physically we are an excellent advertisement, as what from heat and window-poles, we are speedily losing our panes. Alas for our teachers, we are now more "shingles" short than brains; but we are of all communities the most quiet and peaceful. Last term we had a spring-cleaning day from which the windows have not yet lost their lustre, and Dame Rumour hath it that we have improved in the academic side.

From us the school is supplied with singers and musicians of all descriptions; and from our gift of oratory one would say that we have among us potential politicians.

We wish the examination classes all success in December.

CLASS D3.—Supervising Teacher: Mr. K. Dallas.

Holidays have once more mysteriously disappeared, leaving us to face the usual routine of class work. Our efforts to improve the appearance of our room have, we think, met with a small measure of success, and we hope and trust that our reputation is slowly improving.

We all are firmly convinced that miracles do happen these days, since there is present in our room a duster which we can truthfully say is a permanent one. Our enemies say that its presence is due to the fact that we could endure no longer the torture of hearing someone cleaning the blackboard with a piece of paper.

Our vases are very ornamental—especially when they are assisted by the presence of some nice flowers.

In sporting circles our reputation has been ably upheld by Eyles, Whitelaw and Brownrigg in the Firsts, and Warren, Johnstone, Hall, and Lee Fook in the Seconds.

Bert Newson, who was top last quarter, has left school, and we are wondering who will fill the vacant place. We are sorry that Bert has left us, and wish him every success.

Edwin Boutcher has left also, and we are wondering who will be Captain of the Firsts next year.

In Chemistry Class we have been making some startling discoveries, for which we have been amply rewarded. Usually when doing experiments we succeed in producing gases of an obnoxious smell, and spend more time coughing than experimenting.

To those sitting for the Intermediate and Leaving Exams we wish every success, and, for ourselves, we hope to rise to C Class at the end of the year.

CLASS E1.—Supervising Teacher: M. Hope.

Life run smoothly in E1, but at times there is excitement. Since a class committee has been elected we are very spick and span. It was rumoured that we wanted new dusters, but Stella brought a new velvet one with a gold ring on it. No papers are now left on the floor, as we have such a good prefect. Gertie, who, being a poetess, suffers from forgetfulness, has to spend all her pocket money in retrieving books from the pound, and, as the ice-cream season has just commenced, this is a serious matter.

Our zeal for sport and exercise has led us to perform some curious feats. The other day Isobel said, "Now, girls, put your hands on your heads and touch toes." There was a sharp crack, and twenty-three backbones were broken. It was most difficult for us to sit up straight in school, and the thought of homework was almost more than we could bear. We called a committee meeting immediately and decided to have rivets put in our spinal cords, although a sharp discussion arose as to whether we should have silver or gold ones. At last Merle decided that iron ones would be strongest and cheapest. Our class fund being sixpence, we decided on iron. We are now rather stiff, but can do homework for hours without thinking of giving it up. The following poem, penned by Thelma, testifies to the order of our room:—

Our room is always very clean.

No papers lie around,

And no book on the E1 floor

Has ever yet been found.

We always shut the cupboard door,

The board is always clean,

The duster's never on the floor,

As teachers must have seen.

With flowers the table is adorned;

And all things are in place;

So when Miss Hope comes in the room

A smile is on her face.

CLASS E2.—Supervising Teacher: Mr. R. Atkinson, B.A.

If there is one thing hard to do when not in the mood it is to write Class Notes. All kinds of delicious things happen through the term, but to recall them on the spur of the moment is difficult. Our English teacher comes in and says, "Twenty minutes to write some

Class Notes for the Magazine," or perhaps it is set for homework along with seven or eight other subjects. Certainly it is more interesting than parsing. Animated scenes of the past come back to the mind. We see Marie and the powder, or Marie in a hundred other mischievous tricks. We think of weird excuses and hastily made-up tales. Our memories of the past terms are not gloomy, but full of sunshine and laughter. But how are we to bring all these out for the inspection of coldly critical outsiders?

We have come to the decision that we like everything about the school except thinking hard, working steadily, and doing impositions. We do not dread these last very much, or else we should not do so many things to bring them down on our heads. These are some of the things we like: (1) Hockey. We see it go with regret, but are taking up cricket with our usual enthusiasm for everything but work. (2) The three-minute intervals. It is pleasant to dash madly about in spite of the risk, or watch interesting scenes in the park. (3) Flowers. We like them so much in our gardens that we do not often bring them. Still some of us are beginning to follow the good examples of Tessie and Dagmar. (4) Dinner-time at school. Winnie can give you a list of many original ways of making it pass pleasantly. (5), (6), etc., to (144) These hundred and forty other things we like could not be mentioned for lack of space.

Class E3.—Supervising Teacher: Miss M. Stanfield.

Since last term we were unfortunate enough to send in our notes too late for the publication of the Magazine, allow us to introduce ourselves. We are the E3 Class, and include among our number:—

Beaumont—of mathematical fame.

Comrie—our Caledonian cousin.

Cecil—who flies down from Bangor every Monday.

Gill—our youthful quack.

Smith—our long-suffering prefect.

Broomby—the giant.

And many others.

We defy our readers to find in the school men brainier than Brain, stronger than Sampson, or more high-flying than Bird.

May we ask our learned and venerable friends of the senior school if the following theorem has ever come under their notice?

Enunciation: If A Class cricket team plays E Class, E Class will win the match.

Figure: Imagine a cricket pitch.

Data: Let the imagined cricket pitch be the scene of the contest.

Construction: From A Class kidnap Laurie Carter, break Athol Wadley's leg, detain Jacques, and lock up Berkery, Cowie, and Judd. Proof:

Because Carter is kidnapped, Wadley is incapacitated, Jacques is detained, Berkery, Cowie, and Judd are imprisoned,

∴ 6 of the best A Class men are out.

∴ A Class has not a full team.

∴ E Class have to play only 5 men; 5 men are not equal to 11 men.

∴ E Class will win.—Q.E.D.

MY GARDEN.

My garden is only a small one, and is not well cared for, but it is my own; a little place where I can lie in the sun and dream. That is why the grass grows so luxuriantly in this little corner, where curious eyes may not peer. There where, my friends tell me, flowers would grow so well, long waving grass invites me to rest. Often when the sun is shining on the garden I lie here listening to the rustle of the leaves overhead and think of the beauty of my garden and of all created things.

Its prevailing colour is gold, and it looks best when the sun shines brightest. The gold is of many tints; the shining marigolds in the corner have given me glimpses of summer all through the dull winter months, and the dainty polyanthi in the borders are fading now, their brief visit to my garden ended. Then there are the wallflowers; masses of soft, velvety bloom just now; lovely tints that will not fade too soon. The dark-coloured ones lie nearest my heart, for to me the yellow seem a little too harsh. They are massed in one bed with what to strangers is rather an unkempt appearance, yet the bed is an old love, and I would not have it changed.

The other bed in my garden has passed through many vicissitudes, since it is ruled partly by the opinion of the family. Now it is a mass of delicate Iceland poppies whose glowing colours and well-kept appearance quite put my old bed in the shade; but my flowers know that the poppies will remain no more than a summer. They have seen too many innovations to fear that family bed now.

—S.L.

THE ROAD OF DREAMS.

"I met at eve the Prince of Sleep,
His was a still and lovely face:
He wandered through a valley deep,
Lovely in a lonely place."

Somewhere beyond the limits of the body, man has a vagrant relation with the Infinite; but not until his body is forgotten can his spirit wander along the road that is fashioned of dreams.

"It's a strange road leads to the House of Dreams"—an airy, beautiful highway for the unfettered spirit of man. Somewhere a spider has thrown across it a bridge of silver threads; somewhere the grasses tremble at the lilt of a passing wind; and somewhere, at the end of a thousand paths, the House of Dreams is silhouetted against the misty lavender of a dying sky.

It is the winding road beloved of Hazlitt, a road that hides at every bend the magic, unexpected gifts of sleep; its forms are conjured up as easily as Aladdin summoned the Genii of the Lamp; changeful and beautiful as the colors of a rainbow, it has a thousand turnings:

"A white road o'er a purple haze,
A green track through a primrose wood,
A sunlit path across the sea."

When the valley lies white beneath the slanting moonbeams, the little folk who walk on the floor of the House of Dreams come out and revel, for they cherish the moonlit beauty of a harebell above the pain of men's souls, these "hop-o-my-thumb" people, who live among the flowers, and ride on the backs of butterflies and walk on rainbows."

While the moon shines softly on the sleeping world, her cool, clear beams caress the shadowy outline of this road of dreams; but when the infinite journey of man's soul is done and the fever of the body is born again, there remains only the memory of some gracious dream, an elusive vision of the realms of faery.

BOYS' SPORTS.

FOOTBALL.

FIRSTS.

At the beginning of the term we played a series of matches against St. Patrick's College, in all of which we were successful. We also played three matches against the Grammar School on their own ground, but the smallness of the ground hampered our system, and on each occasion we were defeated.

The two most important matches of the season were those played against Devonport and Hobart High School.

In the first match against Devonport we were successful by 4—17 to 5—6. Devonport had a slightly heavier team, but our system was superior, although the faulty kicking on the forward line almost cost us the match. Our best players were Dilger (best man on the ground), Wadley, Berkery, Carter, and Lee.

The premiership match against Hobart was played on York Park on the 14th of August. Both teams fielded their full strength, and Hobart were very confident. However, our superior system again won the day, and we ran out the winners of an exciting match and the State High School premiership by 26 points. Final scores: Launceston State High School, 12—11; Hobart State High School, 7—9. Our best players were: Dilger, Carter, Lee, Berkery, Wadley, Jacques, and Fleming.

Besides these matches we played the Mersey Juniors as a curtain-raiser to the North v. North-West on York Park. In this match we were superior in every department, and ultimately won by eight goals 13 behinds to three goals four behinds. Our best players were: Dilger, Berkery, Jacques, and Carter.

At the close of the season we played a challenge match against St. Patrick's College on York Park. The whole team was rather stale by this time, and for the first two quarters St. Patrick's swept us off our feet. In the last two quarters, however, we got into our stride, and ultimately ran out victors by 12 goals eight behinds (80) to six goals seven behinds (43). Our best players were: Lee, Carter, Berkery, Wadley, and Fleming.

The thanks of the team are due to Mr. Finlay, who gave three valuable lectures to the team during the course of the season.

SECONDS.

The Seconds opened their football season with a match against St. Patrick's College Seconds. This was lost by two points. Later they went to Scottsdale and were defeated by the Scottsdale Firsts. Two matches were played against Scotch College Firsts, in each of which we were victorious by about four goals. Matches were also played against Wellington Square and the Combined Launceston Primary Schools. In each of these the opposing teams were defeated, the latter by only one point. In a match against Savigny's House at Grammar we were utterly defeated, but this was balanced by a victory over the Combined Grades.

THE GRADES.

At the Midwinter holidays the points were: B and C, 6 each; A, 3; D, 1. The following four matches completed the second round: 15th July.—A v. C: Won by A. Scores: 5—2 to 3—7. Best for A: C. Viney, R. Finlay, C. Walker, H. Galna; for C: M. von Bertouch, C. Jones, R. Ward, J. Smith, G. Barnes.

B v. D: Won by D. Scores: 10—11 to 3—6. Best for D: Folder, A. Titmus (4 goals), E. Duncan, H. Room, E. Whitchurch; for B: R. Haas, J. Lovett, J. Sampson.

22nd July.—A v. D: Won by A. Scores: 4—2 to 3—7. Best for A: C. Viney, L. Waldron, R. Finlay, J. Cox, J. Moloney; for D: H. Room, E. Duncan, D. Folder, N. Forsyth, J. Cooper.

B v. C: Won by B. Scores: 11—11 to 3—6. Best for B: Haas, Lovett, Lowe, Sampson; for C: M. von Bertouch, Jones, Harrison, Barnes.

The points then stood: B, 8; A, 7; C, 6; D, 3; an interesting position. Four points were awarded for each match that followed. Space does not permit mentioning the names of the players who stood out in each match. A summary of these will be found at the end of these notes.

On 29th July the Combined Grades met the Seconds, but were clearly outclassed, though R. Haas, R. Scott, N. Forsyth, E. Duncan, and M. von Bertouch showed out well. The scores were: 8—12 to 1—5.

5th August.—A v. B: Won by B. Scores: 4—8 to 1—9.

C v. D: Won by D. Scores: 6—9 to 3—6.

12th August.—A v. C: Won by C. Scores: 6—4 to 3—7.

V v. D: Won by D. Scores: 5—10 to 2—4.

19th August.—A v. D: Won by A. Scores: 4—5 to 3—19.

B v. C: Won by B. Scores: 2—4 to 2—3.

At the end of this round the points were: B, 16; A, 11; D, 11; C, 10.

26th August.—A v. B: Won by B. Scores: 4—4 to 1—2.

C v. D: Won by C. Scores: 5—8 to 6—0. (Note the shooting!)

9th September.—A v. C: Won by C. Scores: 5—9 to 4—10.

B v. D: Won by B. Scores: 2—3 to 7 points. (Compare D's shooting with previous match.)

This round was unfinished, but B (R. Haas, captain) was in an unassailable position. Points: B, 24; C, 18; A, 11; D, 11. B's win was mainly due to the untiring energy of their captain, and it would not be too much to expect to see him one of the school's representatives in the next North v. South match.

In the last five matches R. Haas, S. McCormack, H. Room, M. von Bertouch, and C. Jones were prominent in all; C. Viney, L. Watson, E. Duncan, E. Munting, N. Forsyth, J. Lovett, in four matches; R. Collins, R. Scott, F. Harrison, L. Viney, H. Galna, A. Titmus in three; M. Lowe, K. Robinson, R. Finlay, D. Folder, G. Barnes, D. Cameron, C. Walker, J. Sampson, in two; J. Cox, J. Smith, D. McDonald, D. Brown, M. Sutton, R. Ward, A. Watts, R. Chatters in one. It is to be noted that this list does not exactly express order of merit. A boy may have been absent or injured; and sometimes a good player's name was omitted because his play was below his usual standard. Still, all those mentioned deserve more or less praise, and there are a few others whose football is not yet remarkable, but whose pluck and determination is praiseworthy.

CRICKET.

CLASS MATCHES.

The beginning of the cricket season has been devoted mainly to class matches. In the first matches A defeated C, and D defeated E. Both had easy wins. Chief scorers for A were Judd, 42 (retired), and Carter, 38 (retired). The bowling was shared by Cowie (3 for 1), Judd, and Carter. For D class Whitelaw did best both with bat and ball.

On the two Wednesdays following A played B, and after a very close game A won by one run. The chief scorers for A were Carter, 53; Judd, 46; while for B Wilson, 56, and Fleming, 25, batted well. Bowling for A was done by Cowie (3 for 45) and Carter (7 for 23), while Hughes and Fleming bowled best for B.

In the final match between A and D, A were victorious by 50 runs. Scorers for A were Jacques, 23 (not out) and Crawford, 19. Brownrigg (12) was the only D class batsman to reach double figures. This left A the successful team for the season.

FIRSTS.

On the 7th of November the Firsts had a very enjoyable trip to Evandale, where they were defeated by one run. This defeat was due mainly to the weakened team which made the trip. For S.H.S. the chief scores were: Dixon, 16; Bentley, 13; Jacques, 12; Carter, 10. Bowling: Carter, 5 for 23; Cowie, 3 for 27; Hughes, 2 for 0.

FIVE MILE.

The annual Five-Mile inter-School Cross-Country Race was held this year in Launceston. The course consisted of several laps round the Mowbray racecourse, a run on the road, and a finish on the course. The placed men were: W. Barwick (Hobart), 1st, 29min. 37sec.; C. Judd (Launceston), 2nd, 30min. 22sec.; H. Dixon (Launceston), 3rd, 30min. 47sec.

The Shield, depending on the team of four, was won by Devonport with 22 points, Launceston being second with 25 points. The Launceston team of four were: C. Judd, H. Dixon, A. Wadley, H. Room.

GIRLS' SPORTS.

HOCKEY.

FIRSTS.

We played Longford at the beginning of the term; the match resulted in a draw, each team scoring two goals.

The next match was against Churinga which, after a hard struggle, we won. I. Armstrong struck our two goals.

The following Saturday we met College, and this match proved to be the best of the season. The backs defended splendidly, and the forwards showed good combined play. The game ended in a draw, neither team scoring.

Our last roster match was against Broadland House, we were defeated by one goal after a close game.

The scores were as follows:—

Longford—2 goals; School, 2 goals. Goals struck by M. Millwood and I. Shepherd.

Churinga—1 goal; School, 2 goals. Goals struck by I. Armstrong.

College—No. scores. A draw.

Broadland House—2 goals; School, 1 goal. Goal struck by I. Shepherd.

These results place us second in the Premiership of the Hockey Association.

On 7th September the Firsts and Seconds went to Scottsdale, staying over night and returning on the 8th September. We played the High School Firsts, and the very even play resulted in a draw, each team scoring 3 goals. The trip was most enjoyable.

The next week-end Scottsdale returned the visit, and in this match we won rather easily, scoring 4 goals to Scottsdale's 2.

Our last match was against a combined Ross and Perth team. We scored 2 goals, but the visitors failed to score.

The scores were as follows:

Scottsdale—3 goals; School, 3 goals. Goals by I. Shepherd, V. Harris and I. Armstrong.

Scottsdale—2 goals; School, 4 goals. Goals by V. Watson (2), I. Shepherd (2).

Ross-Perth—nil; School, 2 goals. Goal strikers, I. Shepherd and V. Watson.

SECONDS.

This quarter the final games in the Association matches were played. The Seconds, though not premiers, were runners-up to College II. in the B Grade.

The games were:—

Army Guides—Guides, 1 goal; School, 7 goals. The play was fairly even in the first half, but the Guides, who are only new players, were outclassed.

College II.—College, 2 goals; School, 1 goal. In this game we put up a strong defence, but in the second half College struck two goals.

Pandora—Pandora, 1 goal; School, 10 goals. Pandora were short of three players, so the game resulted in an easy win for us.

The team for this year stands:

Marjorie Stewart (Captain and Goal). Lily Taylor (Left Back). Alice Miller (Right Back). Evylyn Tevelein (Centre Half). Jean Murphy (Left Wing Half). Connie Witte (Right Wing Half). Jean Begent (Centre Forward). Kath Davis (Left Inner). Marjorie Ralph (Right Inner). Rita Saltmarsh (Right Wing Forward). Edna Walker (Left Wing Forward).

CLASS HOCKEY.

This year all classes were, by the addition of tennis girls, able to compete for the Hockey Shield, and great enthusiasm was displayed by each team.

The matches commenced on August 12, and were as follow:—

August 12—C and D: C, 12 goals; D, 1 goal. A and E: A, 11 goals; E, 1 goal.

August 19—C and E: C, 6 goals; E, 1 goal. B and D: B, 6 goals; E, 1 goal.

August 26—B and C: B, 1 goal; C, 2 goals. D and A: A, 6 goals; D, 2 goals.

September 2—B. and E: B, 6 goals; E, 0 goals. A and C: A, 5 goals; C, 1 goal.

September 9—A and B: A, 1 goal; B, 2 goals; D and E: D, 2 goals; E, 2 goals.

These scores leave A, B, and C level, each having been beaten once.

TENNIS.

At the beginning of last term all the girls playing on the school courts were divided into two teams—the Magpies and the Kookaburras—under the captaincy of B. Hogarth and M. Rule. Several matches were played, and the results showed the Magpies well in the lead, but unfortunately the matches were interrupted by the class hockey match, in which some of the tennis girls had to take part.

This quarter arrangements have been made for the team to have the far court for practice on Wednesday afternoons.

The probable team for next year has been selected, and at present the positions are as follows: May Rule, Jean Gee, Gwen Cox, P. Hamilton, M. Wilson, Mary Barclay, Ercil Lawson, and Joyce Eyre. Challenge matches may be played for positions in the team, and anyone may challenge the last one on the ladder, so there will probably be a number of changes in position before next year. Some of the younger players are showing a great improvement, and with practice have a good chance of getting a place in the team.

During the past fortnight school tennis tournaments have been held. Handicap singles and doubles were played, the singles being divided into "A" and "B" grade. There was a splendid number of entries, almost everyone entering for both events; in the doubles there were 24 entries and in the singles 35. The arrangements were in the hands of the following: B. Hogarth (secretary), D. Bock (treasurer), M. Rule, J. Gee, P. Pedley, and K. Sara (handicapping committee). In the "A" grade singles the matches were 50 points up, and in the "B" grade and doubles 40. Most of the matches were very closely contested, quite a number of them going to 39 all. In the finals of the "A" grade singles B. Hogarth defeated D. Bock by 50 points to 47, while the "B" grade was won by Irene Heathorn, with D. Maloney as runner-up. In the doubles I. Shepherd and H. Deane reached the finals, but were defeated by B. Hogarth and D. Bock. The money received from the entry fees will go towards buying trophies for the winners.

INVERMAY COURTS.

The standard of play this year is slightly above that of last year, an improvement due mainly to the teaching of Miss Hope. At the end of last term, however, Miss Hope left us; Miss Tevelein is our new coach.

Miss Hope left us a peaceful club, but we are now divided into two rival teams—the Trefoil, with Bessie Davis as captain, and the Blue Dragons, captained by Peggie Pedley. We intend to play a tournament in the near future. The Blue Dragons are fortunate in possessing such a "dashing" net player as Kath Sara, while Eira Judd is the shining star of the Trefoil band.

Our only grievance is the way balls disappear. Where we do not know—blame the hedge! But we play tennis and crosswords with equal enthusiasm, and on Wednesday have a high ideal. We all dutifully try to catch the first tram and to get to the courts $7\frac{1}{2}$ minutes before anyone else.

THE MAIDENS' MOAN.

(With apologies to Heraclitus.)

They told me, Mathematics, they told me you were dead;
They brought me joyful news to hear, and happy tears I shed.
I groaned, as I remembered, how often you and I
Had tried the teacher's patience and caused him many a sigh.
And now that thou art lying, my most unwelcome guest,
Quite undisturbed by me, for evermore at rest,
No more thy haunting dirges will keep my mind awake:
For death, he taketh all away, and them he's sure to take.

WE OF A.

THE DRAMATIC CLUB.

On Monday the 21st September, the members of the Dramatic Club presented three small plays to a large and attentive audience. The Assembly Hall served as a theatre—willing hands had arranged the necessary stage requisites to a nicety.

The first play staged was "Sylvia's Aunts." We must remember that the essential point in dramatisation is acting the part. It is therefore harder for a school girl to impersonate an exacting old Aunt, than play the part of a school girl. Special praise must then be given to Peggy Pedley, who played the part of "Aunt Martha." Rosalie Heathorn upheld Peggy in the character of the other Aunt. As Lois, a schoolgirl, Gwen Cox showed promise in her actions and in her enunciation.

"Susan's Finish" came next. The character of Susan, the central figure, was undertaken by Gladys Bye. Throughout the play Gladys showed quite a talent for acting. Her speech was clear, and on the whole she portrayed the character of Susan with refreshing naturalness. The "Clarke Sisters" were impersonated by Joyce Eyre and Rhoda Law, while Leonie Begent appeared as "Rose Clarke," the country cousin.

"The Merry Widow's Hat" concluded the entertainment. Kath Sara spoke well, while Berna Adams, a junior member, showed signs of future success. The enunciation of Gwen Westell was good, with a larger part she would appear to better advantage.

The chief fault in the whole performance was the inaudibility of several players. One reason for this being due, perhaps, to the rehearsing in a small room, where it was unnecessary to speak very loudly, so that when appearing in a large hall, the players did not regulate their voices to carry sufficiently. Another reason was the deficient acoustics of the building.

Within a few months the Dramatic Club, under the capable management of Miss Wilkins and Miss Hope, may reproduce some scenes from Shakespeare. It is with this treat in view that we look forward to the next appearance of the Club.

THE SONG OF THE DYNAMO.

O, praise to the fall that is held in thrall,
To the might of the harnessed rains;
While the headlong force of a thousand horse
Leaps fire within my veins;
To the steady power by the watt and hour,
And the throb of the whirling wheel,
While the blue sparks crack as the belt slips back
To the song of the flying steel.

And praise to the fire and throbbing wire
That carries my life blood on;
To the tramping feet in the busy street
Where my pulsing strength has gone;
For the white light's shine, and the glaring sign
Are the strength of which I sing,
While far and wide my envoys ride
As the hands of power they swing.

—C.J.

MAKING BEDS.

There! I have just finished making ten beds, and as I go from room to room viewing my complete work, a feeling of satisfaction creeps over me. Yet, what have I done? It is only the usual morning work which has to be done, just as the dishes have to be washed after every meal. Nevertheless, I find a great deal more enjoyment in making beds than in washing up; for it greatly annoys me, just when I have filled the dresser with well-polished, swinging cups, to see someone come in and get down half-a-dozen for morning tea. I sometimes feel like making them mark their cups and then washing them only once a day.

But with beds it is different. Why, one gets nearly as much pleasure tucking a sleepy little sister into a nicely-made bed as making it. The little body creases such a cosy nest in the well-beaten mattress, and such a pretty dimple in the snowy pillow.

Nevertheless, making the bed is the most delightful process, and the joy increases with the number. When you have finished one, you just begin to like it, and when you have done the second you are nearly always singing. It really is best to sing; the exercise of the body seems to ask for some music, just as one needs music to enjoy the thrills of a dance. However, the music must not govern the movement. One wants to throw off the clothes into an airy space, shake up the pillow, beat the mattress, but in a careless fashion. Then, in caressing tones, smooth them all out to a snowy picture. Life would be such a joy if all our household duties were such a delight.

—U.C.

THE SIGHINGS OF MALAPROP MINOR.

De bello Gallico—Concerning the Frenchman's stomach.

All geometry begins with a general denunciation.

Home lessons are hastening my young life towards the tomb.

Things which are equal to the same thing are equal to anything else.

Pluto and Hell!—Pluto was god of the underworld, and was also called Hell.

Delicta maiorum immeritus lues—The delights of our ancestors were unmitigated filth.

Sugar requires a climate so hot that no white man can grow it.

Convert tons to feet.

The thrush sings rapturously in spring, because then they are hatching.

The Boxer rebellion was when all the men started to wear felt hats.

(Of the Shakespeare-Bacon theory.)

For very obvious reasons, Bacon could never have been the world's greatest dramatist. Recent research, however, has further complicated this controversy: Did Bernard Shaw write Shakespeare?

Mac.	B.	eth.
Oth	E	llo.
Comedy of Er	R	ors.
Merchant of Ve	N	ice.
Coriol	A	nus.
Midsummer Night's D	R	eam.
Merry Wives of Win	D	sor.
Measure for Mea	S	ure.
Much Ado About Not	H	ing.
Antony and Cleop	A	tra.
All's Well that Ends	W	ell.

THE CONSOLATIONS OF AN UNTRAVELLED MAN.

"Thank goodness he's gone,"—I remarked, sinking back into my chair. I thought over his visit. "I shall never go to Italy with him; I can't think what he sees in globe-trotting. One thing I have decided. I shall never travel!"

To begin with, I should have to go by sea. I should be sea-sick, and I am sure that would be most unpleasant. Then, think of crossing the Equator. How abominably hot it must be. "People have been known to die of heat," I reflected. "And shipwrecks do occur, in spite of my friend's disbelief in such things." Nothing could persuade me to travel by sea.

Then, even if I did arrive in England safely, think of what I should have to go through with the Customs before I would be at liberty. Fancy some obnoxious official looking through my trunks and trying on my best suits. The idea! Yet it all has to be borne by travellers!

On the continent it is even harder to travel in comfort. True, one is rid of undesirable cabin companions; but how infinitely more undesirable is the train companion with the loud voice, and "sure-you-all-agree-with-me" air. But even before I should be allowed the "privilege" of travelling in France I should have to secure one of those elusive but completely necessary articles, a passport. For the present I imagined a passport secured with ease (an impossibility), the channel crossed without mishap (another impossibility), and that I had arrived in France. I could fancy to myself the chattering and gesticulating of the Frenchmen.

If I wanted to go South—most people do, I believe—just imagine the train! At this juncture I read to myself Foster Fraser's description of a train journey. "The gale sounded round the train with eerie moan. It picked up the dust and engulfed us in a brown, gritty cloud. Everything in the carriage became thick with dust." "Pleasant, I am sure," I reflected. Maybe, while travelling by train, I should have to go without food all day, or partake of a scalding cup of tea at a wayside buffet.

In another book I read the experiences of a certain Mr. B., and the great difficulty he had in making French waiters understand German, and German waiters understand Scandinavian! The same Mr. B. relates how once, having had a bath at an outlandish hotel he could find nothing to dry upon, but—horrors—a newspaper.

I could have thought of many other things to tell my friend against travelling, but it was tea time, so I contented myself by sending him a very pathetic little story entitled, "How Friends Easily Drift Apart."

—P.P.

THOUGHTS.

I wandered down the long, white road,
That leads toward the sea;
The gorse a golden carpet rolled
Across the sunlit lea.

The sun sent down its cheering ray,
To give sweet thoughts to me;
And fleetlier than the white-winged gull
A boat sped out to sea.

—E.F.

A LATIN LESSON.

Our room is endowed with neither the first nor the last rays of the sun, and certainly not the rest. It is, therefore, a very suitable place to study the Aeneas' trip to the underworld. The voices of the translators certainly are stuttering and their faces puzzled.

Opening his book, the leader speaks his thoughts aloud:

"Virgil—Book VI? Begin, Mary."

This modern Rhadamanthus hurries the reader on with a few words start, and of a talker inquires:

"Is that necessary?"

(Eyes cast on book)

"Well, why inflict your voice on us?"

(Still silence)

"Go on, Mary."

The translator, glad of a minute to look up a word, now begins:

"Er — ah — Aeneas"

"Gained" (impatiently).

Aeneas gained the um gateway."

"Entrance!"

"And the body"

"Look for your verb?"

"And sprinkles his body with recent—I mean fresh—water."

"Yes. (ramumque adverso in limine figit)."

"And fixes the branch on the threshold opposite." (sigh of relief).

"Now what's hard about that? Go on, Bob. His demum exactus —"

Bob proceeds to translate with alacrity.

"Do that bit again, Adams."

Just as Adams struggles through the first words the whistle blows, but he must finish it.

Then: "We'll stop there. Homework: Where did you get the words to? Well, get them out to 'amnis' — line 659. Make a translation to 'eburno'—line 647. That will do."

The stuttering voices break forth into clear shouts, and the puzzled faces relax into smiles.

—M.L.R.

THE SHEPHERD'S HOUR.

(Translated from the French of Paul Verlaine.)

The great moon is red on the hazy horizon;

The mist dances, grey, o'er the fields quiet and smoking;

The reeds shudder soft as a light zephyr sighs on

The stream where the frogs leap while plashing and croaking.

The water-flow'rs close their bright petals for sleeping,

And straight, close-set poplars, away over yonder,

Show shadowy shapes in the twilight up-creeping;

While fireflies, all shining, from bush to bush wander.

The brown owls are waking and noiselessly beating

The dark summer air in their soft, heavy flight;

The stars, with faint light, from the heavens are greeting,

And silvery Venus announces the night.

—C.W.

"THE EXCITING WEDDING AT LEWISVILLE."

A carter entered the Parson's Hall and found the worthy man reading "Horace." "I want to Marion Tuesday," said he, "and have come to arrange for the ceremony." "Ena minute, my good man, I will attend to you," replied the parson, still absorbed in "Horace." (Silence for a few minutes.) The Carter went on: "You see, our native place is at Crawford, and we shall have to come on a Laurie. I want to know the time definitely, as I hate being late." "Well," said the parson, "be at the Parish Church at 10 a.m."

On Tuesday morning the village tradesmen, including the Taylor and the Smiths, came to await the Laurie, which pulled up outside the church door. The bride walked up the aisle, leaning on the Strongarm of her father. When the ceremony was over the bridal pair proceeded to the vestry, and the congregation smiled happily on them as they passed each Rowe. Before leaving, the excited and nervous bridegroom turned to the parson and said, "Wha-at's the Bill?" "£5 thank you." "Bet-he is a rook," whispered the bride, as they climbed on Stephen's Laurie and departed for their new home. "Wat's-on?" shouted a fat old farmer, rushing up and pushing breathlessly through the crowd. "What, that Carter a-Marion a girl! Gosh! I thought by the crowd that the poor little Taylor must have been torn by a-Lion-elbeit his cloth is so thick and strong, and his clothes so well sewn together."

D.M.

"MISS-LAYHED IDENTITIES."

In a little village on the east coast of England there lived a Taylor, a Miller, And-er-son of the Deane, who were very friendly. These three came into possession of a chart, which showed them where to find a very valuable treasure. They thought that they were the only ones who knew of it, but were mistaken, for a Shephard was waiting and watching their every movement.

One day the three friends saddled up their horses, and digging in their Rowells Rhoda way. "Gee up!" they chorused, as they set off. When they arrived they studied the chart to find where two branches of a stream Flo round an island. In the centre a hut was marked, and the treasure under some Lily of the Valley, five paces east of a tree of Dahpne. They managed to find the hut, but there was no sign of a garden; apparently it had been destroyed by wild goats and Kidds. They sat down by a tree, and tried to solve the problem. Suddenly they saw three men approaching; the Shephard and two officers of Law. Before they had time to escape they were captured and taken back to the town to await their trial. The judge, a great Latin scholar, was at the bench, and a rather Harris-ed Shephard was in the plaintiff's box. The prisoners were found guilty and sentenced to three years.

"Your Honor," began the son of the Deane, "Treasure, according to Webster," is a—"

But the judge cut him short and ordered them off. The judge then came and spoke to the Shephard. "That was good work," he said; "They have been Boden no good for some time, and are a disgrace to the town."

Soon the prisoners have no more thrilling occupation than to gaze longingly from their cell at the Stella splendour of the sky, where Mars Burns redly through the bars.

—E.M.A.

OUR EMOTIONS.

"The elfin men of glade and glen
Were dancing round the toadstool's stem;
The tallest elf reached a thumbnail's span,
Yet they wove the spell of ill-luck for men."

The Irish have a legend that all we do in moments of emotional stress is inspired by the faerie men and women, the airy "symbols of all our untraceable moods." Everywhere the good and evil forces of nature prevail upon man through his sense of beauty; it is the little men who plan our sorrows and our glories, for they can do what they will.

They it is who fill us with the spirit of wonder and awe—they mould our souls finely, for good or ill; and their spell is always upon us. They are made of the substance of Pan, the god of the shaggy world, who brings beauty to man out of infinite sorrow and pain, and their ways are inscrutable.

Sometimes in sleep we hear the flutter of silken wings and their haunting voices in our ears, and we wake to the realisation that we have seen visions; and sometimes, when we see the way of sorrows that we must tread, it is the little men who show us the glory at the end of the road. They have the gift of tears and laughter, of love and life.

Many men have resigned themselves wholly to the will of the little men. Keats knew them and wrote of a mystical lady who sang sweetly of love and thrall, yet was not human—La Belle Dame Sans Merci; someone else has sung of the little people who guide our destinies:

"Sorrow is a singer, and her words go north and south,
But grieving is a dumb thing that hath not any mouth;
Glory is a dancer and she points a toe at death,
But loving smiles in secret and hath other use for breath."

When death comes to us, the fairy spell is lifted from our hearts and we, too, tread the invisible pathways. But even then our emotions live in the hearts of others, for the little men are immortal, and their will unalterable.

"Down the rainbows of the noon shall slide,
Lark music and the little sunbeam people,
And nomad wings shall fill the river side,
And ground winds rocking in the lily's steeple."

THE CALL.

I heard the call a league inland,
And it set my blood afire,
Till I left the dusty roads behind
In the strength of my old desire;
For the stain of the earth was on my hands,
And its taint upon my lips,
So I must back to the seas again,
To the tossing seas and the ships.
And I went back to the seas again,
To the empty seas at dawn,
Where the Southern Cross is swinging low
In the light of the early morn;
So I take the strain of the kicking wheel
While the creaking timbers start,
For the surge of the seas is in my blood
And its song is in my heart.

—C.J.

OLD SCHOLARS' ASSOCIATION.

President: Mr. H. Craw, c/o Wilfred Hutchins, Cameron Street.

Hon. Secretary: Mr. J. S. Maslin, c/o S.S., East Launceston.

Hon. Treasurer: Mr. P. Frith, c/o Commonwealth Bank.

This year, as agreed at the annual meeting, no social activities of any kind have been undertaken, but several business meetings have been held by the committee.

An appeal for funds to erect a new tennis court and pavilion met with a very poor response.

Four new seats have been purchased for the tennis court by the Association. The Tennis Club is looking forward to a bright season, and is very hopeful of securing a pavilion during the season.

Next year, at the annual meeting of the Association, which will be held in March, the future policy of the Association will naturally be revised, and it is hoped that a full and enthusiastic meeting will be held.

We take this opportunity of wishing all present and past scholars success at the examinations to be held in the near future.

CHURINGA TENNIS CLUB.

The annual meeting of the Club was held on September 28. There was a moderate attendance. It was decided to raise the annual subscription to 25s for men and £1 for ladies, the increased subscription being justified by the heavy expenditure to be incurred in the ensuing year by the erection of a pavilion.

The following officers were elected:—Patron, the Director of Education; co-patron, the Secretary for Education; president, Mr. F. Johnston; vice-presidents, Messrs. R. O. M. Miller, A. Meston, H. Craw, Daymond, Weston, S. D. Hopwood, Birchall; members of committee: Messrs. Claude Penman (chairman), Orchard, and Sturges, and Mesdames Sullivan, Campbell, and Linstead; joint hon. secretaries, Miss Sullivan and Mr. H. G. Sturges.

The committee of the Churinga Tennis Club make an appeal to all the present scholars and to all old scholars to help the club by small donations. The smallest donation will be gladly received, for the club proposes to build a pavilion on the courts, and this will be expensive. The erection of a pavilion will not only be an asset to the club, but will improve the appearance of the school and courts.

A programme for the season has been determined, matches have been arranged both in the city and the country, and new members will be cordially welcomed. Please come along yourself and let others know of the opportunities offered by the club.

SOCIAL NOTES.

Katie Smedley and Roy Lewis were married recently. We wish them every happiness.

We were pleased to see Pat. O'Reilly in town during the year. Rowett was also on leave from his ship.

Will. Forward has started farming in the South.

Gwen Bishop, Winnie Howe, and Vida Burns were in Launceston for their Michaelmas holidays.

Edna Norman is doing great work at the Teachers' College.

Irvine Douglas is making himself famous on the mainland.

His aforetime inseparable, Scotty, is still seen in Launceston when not on duty at Scotch College.

Aub. Davern is still in Canada, but is expected home next year.

We congratulate Claude Penman and wish Jessie Briggs and him the best of luck.

We all think that Mick. S. deserves great praise for his work in connection with the Tennis Club.

Jeff. Kiddle is quite a social star in Launceston. We believe he swears by the B.S.A.—or at it.

We congratulate Max Munro, Moses McElwee, Jim McQueen, Percy Holmes, and Reg. Broomby on their football success this year in the North.

Kitty Burcham is teaching at East Launceston.

LIBRARY NOTES.

The number of subscribers last term was larger than any term in the last five years at least; perhaps the largest in the school's history. Books by men who have left their mark on the nation are being widely read, but mainly by classes to whom these works have been prescribed by English teachers. Still, the lure of a great book may overpower even the reluctant.

Over forty new books have been added this year, and more are on order. We do not believe a single dull book has been added, and most of the new books, even when not on recommended lists, spend little time on the shelves. A few of the latest additions mentioned at random are: "The Last of the Chiefs," "Dr. Nikola," "The Moonstone," "The Wolf Patrol," "Kim," "Stalky and Co.," "The Four Feathers," "Pierre and His People," "The Island School," "A Maid of the Isles," "Penrod," and books by Rider Haggard, Jack London, P. G. Wodehouse, Mark Twain, "Q," Morice Gerard, Ralph Connor, and a number of writers for girls.

Many enquiries come for additional works of J. M. Barrie, Angela Brazil, Dumas, George Eliot, Baroness Orczy, Gene Stratton-Porter, and Ethel Turner. These enquiries are not overlooked, and we hope soon to see increases in our collection of the works of these authors. Some of the books that have been in our library for years, and are still in demand, need replacing. This is not as interesting as adding new titles, but is very necessary.

The magazine section is well used in some respects, but the reading is too much confined to two or three papers. "Pals" has easily the most readers; then the "B.O.P.," "Popular Science," "The National Geographic," "My Magazine," and "The Great War," have the pictures well looked at, but few readers. Very few know what fine short stories and adventure articles are found in "Life." The "G.O.P." is sadly neglected; many a girl would get a pleasant surprise if she sat down and read several pages of this paper. I would put in a special plea for the "Children's Newspaper," a wonderful paper with its records of brave deeds, noble thoughts, and instructive news items from all over the world.

THE LIGHT SHIP.

Swimming alone where the seagulls ride,
On the side of the lifting swell,
Where the readings change 'twixt the tide and tide,
Hear the peal of my warning bell.
Where the ebbing tide leaves the mud shoal dry
In the jaws of death I shine,
'Neath the blinding fog or the hidden sky
All stop at my danger sign.

—D.H.

DUCES OF SCHOOL.

Class A —Mervyn Taylor.
Class B —Jean Wright.
Class C1—Jean Gee.
Class C2—Jeffrey Bennell.
Class D1—Cyril Jones.
Class D2—Winnie Ross.
Class D3—Bert Newson.
Class E1—Jean Atkinson.
Class E2—Eileen Groom.
Class E3—Cecil Bird.

OUTWARD BOUND.

Cast off the hauser aft and warp her down the pier—
We're outward bound to-night, there's nothing more to fear;
We'll leave the land to-night, its cruel, bitter strife;
We'll feel the sea beneath us, the sea that is our life.

We've left the swinging buoys a-swirling in our wake:
We're outward bound this trip—the last that I shall make.
Ah now we've cleared the bay we feel the wind's full force—
Start the sheets there: wheel, north by west the course.

I see and hear to-night the things I dream on shore:
The wind that whines and sings, the foaming bow waves' roar;
See how the spindrift upward flashing hides the rails;
See how the topmasts sway to the pressure in the sails.

This trip we're outward bound, we clear the land to-night,
Even as my life soon now will take its flight.
I tried to live on shore, but die I could not there:
I'll give my life where I had my life once free from care.
I feel the end is near—but shoreward-see the light
Whose last faint flicker fades and vanishes from sight.

—R.G.H.

OUR NOTICE BOARD.

Oh, times are hard in old D1,
For as we walk around
We come upon the notice board
Astanding on the ground.
Our blinds are new, our windows clean,
In none a hole is found;
But still the poor old notice board
Is standing on the ground.
We take a little cash each week,
And some comes from the pound,
Yet we've no hook to hang it on,
'Tis standing on the ground.
Oh! is there not a person kind,
For love and duty bound,
Will give a hook, to keep the board
From standing on the ground?

—L.W.

WHO'S WHO.

Principal—Mr. R. O. M. Miller, B.A.

Staff—Mr. A. L. Meston, M.A.; Mr. R. E. Atkinson, B.A.; Mr. J. C. Parish, B.Sc.; Mr. F. Close; Mr. K. L. Dallas; Miss A. L. Grubb, B.A.; Miss B. Wilcox, B.A.; Miss C. Wilkins; Miss B. Layh, B.A.; Miss M. Stanfield; Miss M. Begent; Miss M. Tevelein, B.A.

Senior Prefects—Muriel Rowe, Charlie Stephens.

Sports Prefects—Muriel Lewis, Athol Wadley.

Prefects—Ena Smith, Joyce Eyre, Gladys Austin, F. Watson, H.

Dilger, K. Lee, Irene Shepherd, Honor Dean, H. Swifte.

Sub-Prefects—Nancy Hope, J. Reid, Eira Judd, R. Brownrigg, Stella Russell, Marjorie Good, Hazel Wilcox, J. Smith.

School Champions—Eira Judd, Lawrence Carter.

Captain of Football—Athol Wadley.

Captain of Cricket—Lawrence Carter.

Captain of Hockey—Inez Armstrong.

Captain of Tennis—Betty Hogarth.

Stroke of Crew—J. Berkery.

Librarian—Mr. R. E. Atkinson, B.A.

Magazine Committee—Ena Smith, Muriel Rowe, R. Hall, C. Judd, Gladys Bye, Joyce Eyre, F. Watson, T. Stephens, Stella Lattin, Marjorie Ratcliffe, Hazel Wilcox.

ON A DRY INK BOTTLE.

To you who from time to time have ever sat down to a table for the purpose of writing, and time after time have found that your ink bottle has only an eighth of an inch in the bottom of it, this essay will have a special significance, and the title will not be so ludicrous as the lucky fellow with the full pot may imagine.

Now I am one of those unfortunate beings who is for ever suffering from "ink famine," and when I go to a place where there seems always to be an abundance of ink, I become quite unconsciously jealous of all that household, and am possessed of a desire to pick up one of those prosperous looking bottles and put it in my overcoat pocket. On the other hand, when I find the household as "inkless" as I, my heart goes out to them, drawn by some unaccountable feeling of equality, and I confess I could trust those people with anything.

Perhaps one useful feature about an almost empty ink-pot is that it teaches one patience. If you expect to get anything written at all patience is essential. He who becomes flustered in a vain endeavor to write quickly ends up with a series of double lines, with a black blot here and there to relieve the monotony! Needless to say, this has not a very pleasing effect upon the eye of the critical reader; but write slowly and deliberately, with a little retracing here and there, and the result is, sometimes, quite respectable.

This ink shortage appears to be a characteristic of those who have much writing to do. Although this seems a contradiction of the most elementary principles of logic, I can give a good illustration in this house. There are four of us, who use ink constantly, and without exaggeration I can truthfully say that at present there is only one of us with more than a quarter of an inch of ink in his bottle! And this is by no means an isolated case, as the reader, if true to conscience, will admit, and, moreover, the fact becomes so emphatically and disagreeably evident at times that we feel that if only we could swim in ink we should be content!

—F.H.V.W.