

JUNE, 1926.

The Northern Wharfedale



Launceston.

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THE NORTHERN CHURINGA

VOL. XII. LAUNCESTON, JUNE, 1926.

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EDITORIAL.

When all eyes are turned to Polar exploration it is with interest we recall that one of our pioneers, in the cause of science, gave up his life in the frozen North. From 1837 to 1843 Sir John Franklin, who had served as a midshipman under Flinders, on the Investigator in the memorable voyage of exploration of the Australian coast, was Governor of Tasmania. Men of science were received with open arms at Government House, both by Lady Franklin and by Sir John. It was during his tenure of office and under his patronage that Gould the naturalist, Hooker the botanist, and Count Strzlecki, the Polish scientist, labored in our land. On his return to England, Sir John, who as a younger man had voyaged in search of the north-west passage, again made the attempt. With two ships, the Erebus and the Terror, he left England in 1845, never to return. Lady Franklin made every effort to learn the fate of her husband and his men, and eventually it was found that they had abandoned their ships early in 1848, and had attempted to return overland through Hudson Bay Territory. We can only conjecture why they should do this. We know that Franklin had plenty of tinned provisions, and for long it was surmised that he found that his food was going bad and decided to make a dash for safety. This year, however, a tin of food abandoned by Franklin's men was analysed and the contents were found to be in excellent condition. It is pleasing to record, however, that the object of the expedition was attained, in that the North-West passage was discovered, and it rejoices us, that, before Franklin perished, he knew that his quest had been successful.

THE OPEN ROAD.

Who knows the careless ranges
With the naked peaks upflung,
Who knows the virgin bushland
Where never an axe has rung,
Who knows the crescent beaches
Where the smooth swells break in foam,
Who knows the call of the open
That lures a man from home?

Plainly writ is the answer,
That those who run may read,
And sure the call shall find them,
For those who know must heed;
So the lover will leave his mistress,
The clerk fling down his pen,
And it's up with the pack and rifle
And off to the road again.

—C.W.J.

TALK TO PARENTS.

During the last month the school has been successful in placing in good positions three boys and one girl. All these pupils had passed the Intermediate of 1925. This fact was certainly instrumental in obtaining the positions for them, as it was made a condition by the employers before accepting them. The fact that they came back to school after passing the examination served them a good purpose, because at the beginning of the year the positions were not available. The school then acts as a kind of employment bureau, but there is still room for considerable development in this respect.

One of the weak places in our social machinery is the absence of any systematic or organised connection between the school and the business world. That there is some connection is shown by the fact that prominent industrial corporations and business institutions are constantly applying to the school for boys suitable and capable of filling positions. Particularly is this so from those firms who have previously been supplied with a competent employee. The whole matter, however, needs to be placed on a better footing. There should be a regular and systematic connection between the supply of new human beings furnished by the school, and the demand furnished in the world of life.

Whilst the school is not a job-getting machine, it yet has to play its part in advising a pupil and helping to eliminate that worst of social tragedies—the misfit.

The school does not endeavour to give solely the technical training necessary for a particular vocation, but rather to train the intelligence. It is only by the use of a general, as opposed to a specialised curriculum, that the pupil can reveal to the community.

Those parents who are in the position of giving the school any assistance in these matters, are invited to do so.

Their advice and co-operation is welcome and appreciated.

PREFECT'S NOTES.

Few changes have been made among our ranks. We have lost the old A prefects, and have gained three new sub-prefects, who are by now thoroughly initiated into the mysteries of prefectship and prefects' meetings. Our meetings up to date have been full of interest, and at times even hilarious. We don't want this interest to slacken, so each prefect should aim at having at least one proposal to make each meeting.

Too long have class reports been written in accordance with the formula "Monitors have been doing their work faithfully; flowers plentiful, etc."; but no longer. They now provide items of interest, amusing class incidents, class complaints, and class improvements.

The Revival of the Best Room Picture has, so far, been entirely successful in arousing pride in rooms, and the prefects and monitors are to be commended. Some of the rooms are beautifully kept, especially those of the lower classes, and it is becoming more and more difficult to decide which room is the most deserving of the picture. We did propose to buy a new best room picture, and had collected an amount for that purpose, but it has been decided to buy a letter rack for the school, and bank the remaining until a further date.

CLASS NOTES.

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

The "Hay" Class—pronounced with your lips drawn back and tongue at the back of your throat—has learned that there is to be opened at this school a class for general knowledge. This class is renowned for its "donkeys," so would like to insert the following questions in the ballot box:

Fed-Up.—When is Billy Hughes going into politics again? We've had enough of him in private life.

Coy Lass.—Why are Bunnies so dreadfully backward?

I.W.W.—Why was French ever invented?

Ruler.—Why are tennis raquets a favorite object of exponents of the gentle art of pilfering?

Contrary.—It there any Joy in Life? I beg to differ, whatever your opinion may be.

Sensitive.—Can you instruct me in a course of Oral French? Particularly how to pronounce "le."

Golden Hair.—Will you please tell me the best method to asphyxiate barbers, when one is a shingle short?

Phlegmatic.—Is it correct to discipline a class thus: SHUT UP!!

(?) "Possibly, in this particular case, it would be so."

Puzzled: Please, sir, what does permutatious mean?

Tryagain.—Is "joined by bits of crochet work" a good translation for "crochet."

Hopeful.—Does anyone here own a "charniere"—in other words, a powder puff? If so, a "charniere de bache," a powder box, is needed.

Undecided.—Is Les a nice name? If so, which Les?

Adorer.—Will you please post me your course in love-making, especially the lingering upward look?

Apple.—In Latin, what is the word for "what d'ye call it?" Also what does the verb "to thingumbob" mean?

Verger.—Will you please tell me the duties of a verger, in addition to the slow and solemn movement necessary to blowing a whistle?

Try-Your-Luck.—Is it the Kisston to cuss "Sweet Seventeen" when going home from a social?

Anxious.—"Do Donkeys like cats and dogs to simplify problems?"

Stop-Your-Ears.—Please commend him who extracts such exquisite music from a mere blackboard and crushed paper!" Mad Lutanist.

Agonised.—"Tell me at once a sure cure for bromidic influenza."

These are all the questions A Class saw fit to enter the first day; more would have been bad form, and as we are in good form these days, we wish to keep up our high tone. We all hope to see our questions speedily answered, to our own advantage. All are requested to help.

CLASS B.—Supervising Teacher: Mr. Close.

The sixth child of 1926 had left behind the days of childhood when the lone scribe of B trimmed the dim lamp and sat down to revise the doings of the year. Memories of days when we were C float back to him, and many a face is missed from the thinned rows before him. He glances with faintly questioning eye at the solitary vases, and shakes his grey head appealing when told that we think not of flowers but of greater things. "Methinks," he murmurs, "great men

have loved flowers, Shakespeare—"A common dear poacher." interrupts a voice. "Ah, well, let us continue," and he picks up pen again. This time his eye lights on the hearth and he opens his lips to speak, but someone is before him and a voice says: "If one has but imagination all this—" and a sweeping arm takes in floor, table and desks—"all this disappears and what beauties we wish to see take their place." To this the weary scribe makes no reply, but makes an unending search for the "best room" picture. At last an individual, bolder than the rest, inquires the motive of his search, and at once transfixes the shaking scribe with a look of scornful indifference. "Until a picture which will brighten and warm this room has been procured we refused to give the article a resting place on our walls. How behind the times you are!"

This is too much for the unhappy scribe who, picking up pen and paper, leaves the room to the accompaniment of the cheers of boys and suppressed giggles of girls.

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

A MEDICAL DICTIONARY.

Names in brackets refer to authorities consulted.

Examinitis: Most infectious. Symptoms are bowed heads, muttering lips, and a collection of new pens, rulers, and nibs. This disease lasts only a few days, and the sufferer rapidly recovers. Constant relapses may be looked for during the ensuing ten days. [C.]

Fouritis: A form of insanity.

Giggilitis: A highly infectious disease. Suggested cures if sufferer has plait: (1) Walk up and down stairs twice; (2) handkerchief stuffed in mouth. [Mary, Rosalie, Olive.]

Influenza: An infectious disease which removes from a community its best entertainers, and leaves the rest to listen to an orchestra of its own, "Match'd in mouth like bells." [Edna, Doreen, Dorothy, Kath.]

Laziness: An unknown disease. [C.]

Playitis: Very infectious. Can only be checked by allowing to run its course. For those who catch it, it is "almost lamentable comedy," and for those who witness the sufferers "a tedious, brief play." [C.]

Rheumatism: Non-infectious. Afflicts right hand, especially at question time. [Kath, Flo.]

Separitis: Generally breaks out at beginning of year. Has been known to divide whole classes, boys from girls, girls from boys. Occasionally these may be remixed for short periods. [C, C3.]

Tidiness: An infectious disease, caused by once winning Best Room picture. The sufferer is apt, if not restrained, to fall on any object and make its life a burden by vigorous rubbing. [C.]

CLASS C2.—Supervising Teacher: Miss M. Beget.

We'll sing of C2's praises,
Give heed to them awhile;
We know not much of poetry,
But p'raps we'll raise a smile.

The first star is Beth Townsend,
A songster of the day;
But when it comes to stocks and shares
Her songs have flown away.

Next we must mention Honor,
A prefect of repute.
Her power at keeping order
Makes all of C2 mute.

The third is Edna Clayton,
Her voice can make a din;
Her dashes on the hockey field,
Have helped the school to win.

Another is Eileen,
We admit her hair's not long;
But her attempts to translate French,
Are wonderfully strong.

The next is Gwennie Quon,
At hockey she's an ace;
Her verbs we'll not remark on,
Her history sets the pace.

The sixth is Lucy Scoble,
The girl who had a boil.
She had to stay away from school,
But now she's back at toil.

Our Lily is the next
No matter what they say,
The weather makes no difference
To good old Lily's play.

Another light is Mollie,
The famous French verb star;
And when she starts translating,
Her fame spreads near and far.

At last we've come to Enid,
A little girl with taste;
But spent on garments for boys' sports,
Much of this taste is waste.

And now we've sung our praisises,
We think you will agree,
The nicest class in our dear school
Is number two of C.

CLASS C3.—Supervising Teacher: Miss Wilcox, B.A.

A class we'd introduce to you
High C Three—Room Thirteen!
But superstition leaves us cold
(Although our fairy tread, we're told,
Just up above the Head's stronghold
Might better placed have been).

Thirteen, instead, must bring us luck
In sport no one us scorns;
The Firsts without us could not do.
We have two Junior Champions, too,
—And sun on frosty morns!

Of course, of troubles we've a share:
 The duster one, to wit;
 And summer flowers, and winter fires,
 And rules that none of us desire
 (Our homework's badly hit!).

But we have mastered most of them:
 Our fires are a treat,
 Our duster now we lend with pride,
 Our vases need no longer hide.
 Reform is thus complete!

Two big events have come—and gone.
 We wish there more could be.
 Our Social was a busy day
 Of Novel work, excitement, play,
 A night of gaiety.

And now our Sports as well have gone.
 We entered for them all!
 Excitement marred our History
 (Jack's marks are thus no mystery!)
 And stiff, next day, we crawl.

We've lots and lots we still could say—
 No humdrum life is ours!
 But if you'd see us at our best
 Come when to Acting we're address'd
 We're sure you would be most impress'd
 With our dramatic powers!

Before we leave this autograph
 Brief mention we must make
 Of four who've left school days behind
 In business a career to find,
 While we're left struggling here behind
 These class Notes brief to make.

CLASS D1.—Supervising Teacher: Miss L. Smith, B.A.

Exciting moments do not very often occur in D1, but occasionally when Isobel, Gertie, and others break out, they certainly do. Some of the following events will no doubt convince you of the wonderful talent that reigns in D1. We are all gifted with a zeal for sport, both in hockey, and tennis. Stella, Honor and Isobel being our chief supporters at hockey, while Winnie and Lily are at tennis. Surely the fact that two of our hockey experts are in the first's is enough to show that D1 is very enthusiastic. Merle, who is our songstress, does not often give us a treat of hearing her piping notes, and only on rare occasions as on Fridays, our item days, does she make her appearance in public. Of course, when Miss Smith calls for items, there is such a scatter of anxiously waiting pupils to offer their services that our poor teacher is nearly beside herself in choosing the most suitable ones. Our dusters sometimes are few, but at present we have a very attractive looking one of blue velvet, which we are trying to keep within our circle. Perhaps it would be best not to let our neighbors hear of our new friend, or they may make a raid on it, and then matters would be serious. Our room as a whole is

usually well kept, and everything is in order, but sometimes a stray paper may loiter on the floor, but it does not remain there long, when the quick eye of our prefect sees it.

We are at present all looking forward to our well earned holidays, and with this prospect in view we must depart.

CLASS D2.—Supervising Teacher: Mr. Read.

D2 Class is worthily retaining its spotless reputation. We have now risen indeed and dwell among the mighty. One and all take a delight in our spotless room, and look upon us as quite an acquisition to their domain. Not the least of our virtues is our capacity for silence. Indeed, so quiet are we that our neighbours find it difficult to remember that we exist.

And as for home work! The teachers must all delight in spending a pleasant three-quarters of an hour in our midst, and obviously feel stimulated by the sight of orderly rows of seated pupils all discharging the fruits of their evening's labour.

By a master stroke of organisation, our dusters are invariably ready to the teacher's hand, and our chalk in a shining array on the blackboard ledge, just as they came out of the box. This pleasing effect is enhanced by carefully regulated blinds, and bowls of flowers with the dew still fresh upon them.

Lest some jaundiced critic should unkindly say "Can these things be?" we point with pride and becoming modesty to the picture that has adorned the walls of our class-room for the period of one whole week—the Best Room Picture. Justice creeps with tardy feet, but it does creep at last to the deserving.

CLASS D3.—Supervising Teacher: Miss M. Stanfield, B.A.

Tempus fugit! It seems but yesterday that about thirty nervous little boys first entered the portals of the Launceston High School. Since then we have seen many changes. Before very long the ladies deserted us, and we were left lamenting. We have had to say Good-bye, too to several boys from our class, and we wish them success in the work they have taken up. This year some of last year's D3 Class have joined us. Among their number are McPhail, of sporting fame, Davey, who comes to a sad end "at the base of Pompey's statue," and Eyre, who is very useful as a handy man.

May we add our questionnaire?—

What sort of a bird is Cecil
 Is Reg a suitor?
 Is Doug. brainy?
 Is Sampson as strong as his namesake?
 Is Jim a B.A. yet?
 Is the lean and hungry Cassius in good health?
 What did Jim do with the envelope
 Who provides our beautiful flowers?
 Does the train ever miss Cox?
 Will Gill suffer from brain-fag?
 Who made our new duster?
 Who was Lazarus' Sister?
 Is D3 the best class of all?

CLASS E1.—Supervising Teacher: Miss D. P. Brown, B.A.

Let those sceptics who disbelieve in ghosts and the supernatural read the following and take warning.

The quarter to nine whistle had gone. In E1 room nearly all the girls were gathered, when Nancy entered looking greatly agitated. Of course, everyone demanded what was wrong.

Then she unfolded this awful tale to her awe-stricken listeners:

"Last night, as the town clock boomed the hour of mid-night, I, quite unconscious of the world, so earnestly was I studying my geometry, was recalled to outward signs and sounds, by a terrible apparition, which appeared, and pointing a bony finger at me, demanded: 'Did you pass your Geometry exam?' I trembled like an aspen, and could not find my voice, but the spectre seemed to read my guilt in my face, for it raised its hand as if to strike me, yet even as I covered back, it dropped it again. 'And your friend, Kitty?' it questioned, in such an awful voice, that I could feel my backbone creep. Failed also," I whispered. "And Jessie, who fiddles away all her time?" I shook my head. "And Molly, the lazy girl?" Again I whispered, "Failed." "Ha! bid them all beware!" and its voice was so terrible that I shivered with dread. "Beware, for if you work no harder, dire misfortune will overtake you." With these words it vanished from my sight.

Nancy shuddered, and continued: "Then was I given a view of our class-room, in a state of utter disorder. Joyce was standing at the table, shaking a warning finger at us, and frowning heavily. She spoke: 'You have held the Best Room Picture for three months, but you lose it for ever, unless the room is restored to its former order and kept so, you will never, never have it again.' Then writing down one mark she left the room."

We listened, by this time entranced, as Nancy continued:

"Then I saw a parson, and with him a shepherd driving his flock. After them came a member of the Royal Family, arm in arm with Adam, but Eve was missing. Next a Knight aiming at a Target that was in reality a Bull, and a Brewer and Miller with linked arms, hove in sight, while Betty, our prefect, came behind them gazing sternly at me. Oh! She did look angry! though why I could not think, for I don't remember leaving papers on the floor last night. She summoned . . ." As Nancy reached this point, almost breathless from her tale, the second whistle went, and Betty entered. "Silence, please, girls!" she demanded. As we turned to take our places, our wag said: "Why, Nancy, you must have had hot saveloys for supper last night. Everyone knows one of the first hockey players is in our class. And . . . Alright, Betty, I won't talk." Just then Miss Brown entered: "How nice the flowers look this morning," she said. "Now, quick, ready for geometry." And the E1 girls started work, dreaming of the near holidays, and hoping everyone else enjoys them as well as they are expecting to themselves.

CLASS E2.—Supervising Teacher: Miss Wilkins.

If you walk around the assembly hall until you come to a room with no paper on the floor, blinds straight, clean blackboard, flowers in vases, a handsome pedestal (kindly donated by friends upstairs) in one corner, then you will know you are in E2.

Need we tell you that we are a class of girls—happy, hardworking, commercial girls. As a proof of our tidiness we have had the best room picture twice out of four times, for which we must particularly thank our monitors and our private detective, who with her usual "fore-sight" lets us know when "inspection" is about to take place. In time of war with E1 we have our two "Shields" to protect us, a "Bird" to carry our messages for reinforcements, and plentiful fruit supplies of "Olives, Pears, and Cox's apples." By the way, our "Police Force Batten" has not increased in weight since her holiday, still our humorous "Babs" expects to rival another member, who we believe is dieting.

Our noted prefects, "The Twin Nannies," have not yet submitted to the "Shingle and Bob Brigade." Then there is "Billy," our hockey enthusiast, who, when about to strike a goal, seems to be fascinated by "one" rabbit hole, and is soon seen greeting the ground. Other classes are always complaining of the disappearance of their dusters, but this is not the case in E2, although our beautiful "Rose" has forgotten her promise. We think Bessie's work must be worrying her because of the weird dreams she has been having lately. She dreamed that Pitman, dressed partly like Pythagoras, and partly like Rip Van Winkle, took her by the hand and led her across the bridge Horatius kept, on to the battle field of Hastings, where all the soldiers were doing shorthand. There she met Linda dressed as a Salvation Army lassie, wearing a bonnet, for too large, and Barbara and Nancy, who were married, nursing darling little babies with comical faces. We take this opportunity of warning our dreamer against doing so much home-work.

We would like to tell you about our picnic, our famous hockey players, our lovers of detentions, and many other things that interest us, but Mr. Editor says we cannot have much space, so we shall retire in favor of E3.

CLASS E3.—Supervising Teacher: Mr. B. Mather.

Although we are thought to be an insignificant class, there is certainly a wealth of possibility in our midst. What more inspiring people could we have than J. A. Lyons, "Puggy," and "Headlights." Do not conjure up the pictures of an orator and politician, a world beater, and a lithe figure behind the wheel of a racing Ford. But even they do not complete the number of intellectuals of whom we may boast. Who but a practical thinker could suggest that "La fin" meant "the hand."

As many are not aware, we are a democracy. By that I mean we are controlled by a committee, who are representative of the class. Incidentally, President Wilson is at the head of the committee, and he is ably seconded by secretary Keith Edwards. The movement is a great success from many view points. Needless to say, our method of punishment is of a limited character, and "ducking" appears to be the most effective. For the benefit of the uninitiated, ducking has been defined by Webster as "taking to a convenient tap an offender, whose head is placed under the said tap, the tap being then turned on."

One of the institutions, of which we are very proud, is our class football club. Our champion is Eric Adams, who has played games with the school's first team. We have had a big percentage of wins, and so far our Investigation Committee has had nothing to do. However, let us hope for the best. Ken, Smith is another of our stalwarts, who will some day do great things in the athletic world. With regard to cricket, let it suffice to say that we had a team, i.e., eleven players.

Like all classes, we have our "ups and downs." We found this out in the examinations. Sometimes we were up, and sometimes we were down. But on the whole most of us feel that we have passed our initial test very satisfactorily. Certainly we are not scientists, but we are good Frenchmen. Talking of ups and downs reminds me of a blind, which we unfortunately possess. Sometimes it is up and sometimes it is down. Some may say that all blinds are up or down, but ah! they do not know E3's blind. But our sympathy goes out to our duster. Poor duster, what a tale of woe thou couldst tell. What an autobiography thou couldst write. I think that the genial Percy might be mentioned in the selfsame autobiography, as might our neighbours. It is feared that the duster does more work during the three-minute break than during all lessons. It has been suggested (forcibly) that more care be taken of its old age.

But our class notes would not be complete without reference to Dave. Dave is a geometrician and a great believer in phonics. If you do not know our Dave, look for a broad smile and you will have found him.

As the holidays draw near, it is suggested to me that during the vacation our class will be spread over the entire north of Tasmania, from Smithton to Avoca. We know that each of us will have a good holiday, and many will be the tales told, for we fully believe that that Hawkeye and Uncas are not in it with Roger and Bruce.

THE FOG.

The fog was becoming more and more dense as I hurried along to meet my friend at the Post Office corner. There I stationed myself in a niche in the wall, and sincerely hoped my friend would be punctual. The fog was now almost as thick as a blanket, and clear cut outlines had long ceased to exist. The town clock above me boomed out the quarters as if it were miles away; I seemed to have been waiting for hours, and had the sensation of being alone, blind-folded, in a padded room, so dulled was every sound.

The fog, having at first been satisfied to leave its furry impress on my coat, had now penetrated to my very bones. I was numb and cold. The grotesque shapes that glided through that white curtain were both terrifying and amusing. All amusement vanished, however, when I beheld two shadowy apes, with bright, fiercely-glaring eyes, bearing down upon me. I shrank back against the wall, now almost paralysed with cold and fright. My tongue clung like sticking-plaster to the roof of my mouth, and my feet seemed to have taken root in the pavement. Nearer and nearer they came until they were directly in front of me—then—they passed on laughing, two boys, arm in arm, each holding an electric torch! I laughed helplessly from sheer relief.

As time passed on, and still my friend did not come, I felt a profound admiration for my patience and reliability, and I consoled myself with the fact that my friend would be overwhelming in her praises of me when she did come. At that moment, a large car drew up near me, and in the brilliance shed from the powerful arc lamps, I saw my friend standing by the kerb, scarcely three yards away. I sprang forward, cold but joyful, and grasped her by the arm.

"At last you have come," she greeted me. "I have been patiently waiting here for at least an hour. If this isn't a striking proof of my friendship, I don't know what is."

I was mute.

—J.E.E.

"EXAMINATIONS."

Lucky, indeed, is she who has not experienced the horrors of an examination, who has not endured the suspense which precedes the distribution of the paper. Small slips of typed paper, covered with questions which harrow one's soul, they are capable of inflicting exquisite torture. When an examination is commencing, a room looks bright. What room would not, when it is full of new pads, pens, ink, rulers, rubbers, and all the other articles which the occasion warrants. But how soon the atmosphere changes! No longer bright is the room, for the sunshine flies, when met by the gloom which attends phrases, such as: "Give an account of —," or "Translate —," or even "In the triangle A B C —."

After an hour and a half of more or less pen-scratching, the papers are handed in by the students, some triumphant, many doleful. The first two or three sheets of a paper are written in "copper-plate" writing, neatly ruled in red ink; the next is covered with scarcely readable writing, ruled in pencil; the last is a mass of confused scribble, un-ruled, and almost illegible, turned upside down, wrong way up, in a way calculated to make the coolest examiner tear his hair in widest despair.

Such is the paper.

The best part of an examination is the end, but even that has its moments of agony. The results which *must* come out, are dreaded by all but the most brilliant. One does not relish having her paper returned covered with scathing remarks, or to see the long list of names, when she has to start from the lowest as the shortest way to hers.

But then, again, examinations are never really finished. Never, that is, until the vacations. Then, after braving the righteous wrath of one's parents, who quite believe that first place is their offspring's natural right, one may say that examinations, reports, and all things pertaining to the slavery of school sink into oblivion, lost in the excitement of holidays.—M.R.

THE ISLAND.

It's named Resolution, and floats in the waves,
And no one but I know its streams and its caves;
The trees on the shores of my isle of the sea
Far o'er the ripples are beckoning me.

The rocks and the waves are my doubts and my fears;
The clouds are all frowns, and the showers are tears;
The streams, resolutions, that soon fade away;
The mines hide rich treasures obscured from the day.

The birds, when I'm happy, are joyful and sing,
But when gloom fills my mind they are silent, and bring
Not a sound to my ear, and the clouds hide the sky,
The sea, rolling, roars; and the trees seem to sigh.

When 'Im joyful, the sun high above shines in glory,
And exquisite flowers open bright as a story;
But mist soon obscures all the light from the scene,
And coldness and darkness succeed what has been.

—C. WITT.

A TRIP TO MOLE CREEK CAVES.

One sunny morning in February we left Launceston about 10 o'clock to visit the Mole Creek Caves. The road ran through picturesque bushland, with a farm dotted here and there, occasionally passing through a township, where shy little children waved to us.

Some miles from the township of Mole Creek we stopped by the side of a stream to have dinner. Whilst we were washing up in the clear waters of the stream one of the party caught a baby lobster. After dinner we drove to the guide's cottage, and from there to the caves.

When we reached the caves the guide discovered that the acetylene apparatus, by which they are lighted, was out of order, so we were compelled to use hurricane lamps. The guide led us through the labyrinth of passages which form the caves. As we went along the guide, who had lived in the district since he was a boy, told us many humorous stories.

Of the many marvellous sights that we saw, perhaps the prettiest of them was what the guide called the "Fairies' Palace." In this particular spot the stalactites and stalagmites formed hundreds of columns, about 9in. to 12in. in height. When the light was held behind these columns they sparkled as though they were set with jewels.

The Jungle, the Rasher of Bacon, and the Shawl were some of the other wonders which we were shown. At one time we crossed a tiny stream, which was, perhaps, a tributary of some mighty underground torrent. Here the guide picked up a stone and let it drop into one of the crevasses, and although we listened intently, we did not hear it reach the bottom.

At last, after what seemed hours of wandering, we reached the outer cave, and found to our surprise that we had been underground only a little over half an hour. Unfortunately we had not time to visit the other caves, but our exploration of Balstock's Cave was enough to show us some of Nature's most wonderful handiwork, and to give us some idea of how very old the caves must be.

—R.M.

"HIS COUNTRY'S CALL."

He stood by his gun, in the thick of the fight,
When his comrades began to fall;
Where the enemy's fire, from away on the right,
Came crashing, and screaming, along in its flight.
He answered his country's call.

There's an unkept grave, under alien skies,
Where the grass and weeds grow tall.
Where silence reigns and the swallow flies.
But 'tis there the bonnie laddie lies,
Who answered his country's call.

—L.T.W.

BOYS' SPORTS.

CRICKET.

FIRSTS.

This year, owing to the visit of the Australian XI., school cricket was greatly hampered. The term was exceedingly short, allowing us but little time at the best for practice, but our greatest misfortune was the closing of the Cricket Ground for a fortnight just prior to our match against Hobart. In spite of everything there was keen interest, and the last places proved difficult to fill. At the meeting called to elect our captain and vice-captain, G. Wilson was chosen captain, and E. Fleming vice.

The only match except that against Hobart was against Scotch College, on February 27. Scotch were a weak team, and we won easily. The scores were:—Scotch College: First innings, 40. Bowling: E. Fleming 3 for 3; M. Von Bertouch, 2 for 9; E. Adams, 2 for 10. School, 150. G. Wilson, 103, retired; H. Dixon, 16; E. Fleming, 12.

On March 12 we played the Hobart High School on the Association Ground, and were defeated. The scores were as follow:

H.H.S.

First Innings

Wells, run out	2
Turner, b Fleming	17
Butterworth, c Fleming, b Swifte	0
Varley, c Fleming, b Bentley	79
Richardson, c and b Dwyer	78
Putman, hit wicket, b Fleming	0
Coombes, lbw, b Fleming	2
Bridges, lbw, b Dwyer	2
Brown, not out	23
Buttsworth, not out	10
Sundries	27

Total for 8 wickets 240

(Innings declared closed.)

Bowling: E. Fleming, 3 for 95; H. Swifte, 1 for 44; V. Bentley, 1 for 21; L. Dwyer, 2 for 18; H. Dixon, 0 for 16; M. Von Bertouch, 0 for 11; M. Whitelaw, 0 for 4

L.H.S.

First Innings.

G. Wilson, c Brown, b Cearns	18
E. Fleming, c Butterworth, b Cearns	4
L. Jacques, b Brown	0
H. Dixon, c Putman, b Brown	8
V. Bentley, b Cearns	5
H. Swifte, b Varley	16
M. Whitelaw, c Wells, b Varley	5
D. Hughes, c and b Varley	2
K. McPhail, c Richardson, b Varley	23
L. Dwyer, b Brown	1
M. Von Bertouch, not out	6
Sundries	11

Total 99

Bowling: Cearns, 3 for 14; Brown, 3 for 36; Varley, 4 for 36. Hobart High School thus won by 141 runs on the first innings.

ROWING.

The School Regatta was held on the Gorge course on December 16th last. The necessary arrangements were made by Mr. J. C. Parish, while Mr. F. O. Close carried out the stater's duties in an able manner. Some close finishes were seen, and generally the fixture was a most successful one. The various events resulted as follow:

Champion Sculls: J. Berkery.

Handicap Sculls: F. Watson.

Champion Pairs: E. Adams and B. Scott.

Champion Fours: K. Dallas, F. Watson, W. Balmforth, K. Lee, J. C. Parish (cox).

Our crew this year was an entirely new one, all of last year's crew having left. The following four was chosen: H. Dixon (stroke), L. Watson (3), K. Lee (2), E. Adams (bow), D. Hughes (cox).

The crew was lighter than in previous years, the average weight being about 10st. 3lb. After several weeks' sound training under Mr. C. A. Pattison, good form developed, the crew rowing well together, with plenty of life and swing in their work.

The Bourke Cup was rowed on the Regatta Ground on March 7, with Devonport the only other competitor. The water was rather rough, with a following wind, and our light crew, with their brisk rate of striking, soon had the lead, and went on to win by 10 lengths from Devonport. Dixon (stroke) rowed a well-judged race, was well backed up by his crew, who rowed remarkably well considering the rather short time of taining.

In the Clarke Shield, rowed on March 20th, our crew was again successful, defeating Hobart by two lengths, after a hard-fought race against a strong head-wind. It was a meritorious performance considering the great difference in the weight of the two crews.

Our success in these two races, and the regaining of the two trophies lost in previous years, is undoubtedly due to the splendid work of our coach, Mr. Pattison, who spared no effort, and gave up much of his time to the work.

FOOTBALL.

FIRSTS.

At the meeting held for the purpose of electing the captain and vice-captain, the coveted positions went to R. Lee and H. Dixon, respectively. Although we are not in a roster, matches have been frequent; these, coupled with practice, in spite of bad weather conditions, are gradually licking the team into shape. The results of the matches to date are as follow:

April 28th.—V. St. Patrick's College. This proved an easy win for the school. Scores: School, 11 goals 19 behinds; St. Patrick's, 1 goal 2 behinds. We were best served by Lee, Fleming, Dixon, Jacques, Swifte.

May 1st.—V. Church Grammar School. In this match we were without some of our regular team, and the Grammar won easily. Scores: School, 2 goals 6 behinds; Grammar, 13 goals 8 behinds. Our best players were Lee, Christian, Whitelaw.

June 7th.—V. St. Patrick's College. This match again resulted in an easy win for us, in spite of the fact that the College had a much stronger team than on the first occasion. Scores: School, 10 goals 9 behinds; St. Patrick's, 3 goals 3 behinds. Our best players were Fleming, Jacques, Christian, Dixon, Whitelaw, Swifte.

June 12th.—V. Grammar School. This match was keenly contested throughout, and the Grammar won in the last few minutes. In this game our forwards failed us. Scores: School, 4 goals 3 behinds; Grammar, 5 goals 9 behinds. Our best players were: Dixon, who played the best game on the ground, Jacques, Lee, Christian, Fleming.

SECONDS.

Owing to the fact that the First Team has not been definitely selected we have been rather unsettled. Early in the term Stan. Wellington was elected captain, and E. Duncan vice. We have played several matches, including one again Scottsdale. The details are:

V. Invermay State School.—Won by Seconds. Scores: Seconds, 8 goals 19 behinds; I.S.S., 3 goals. Best players for Seconds were: B. Scott, B. Finlay, Eric Adams, K. Johnstone, and E. Duncan.

V. Scottsdale Intermediate High School.—Won by Seconds, after a good game. Scores: Seconds, 10 goals 10 behinds, to 2 goals 1 behind. Our best players were: G. Lee Fook, S. Wellington, B. Scott, R. Ward, and D. Hughes.

V. Combined State School.—In this match we were without a full team, and were beaten easily. Scores: Seconds, 1 goal 4 behinds; C.S.S., 9 goals 16 behinds. R. Finlay, M. Sutton, S. Wellington, and Ernie Adams.

GRADES.

Following the practice of previous years, all boys not in Firsts or Seconds have been formed into four grade teams. There has been much difficulty in obtaining suitable grounds, and wet weather has seriously interfered with the Roster.

All matches so far have proved very interesting in spite of the superiority of "A" team. The standard of play among the teams is very pleasing, but there must be great improvement if they desire to defeat the Seconds later in the season. At present the chief faults are these: A tendency to crowd the ball too much; unnecessary bouncing of the ball; and general slowness in picking up the ball and passing it on. The first can be largely prevented by the captains; the second will be remedied by the use of common sense; the third by practice.

At present "A" team are undefeated, with 8 points; "D" team has 4 points, and "B" and "C" have 2 each.

The most promising players in the respective teams are:

"A"—Ken Smith (vice-captain), Colin McElwee, Arthur Cox, Jack Cox, Eric McCormack, and Tom Stephens (captain).

"B"—Jeff. Bennell (captain), Jack Brumby, Aector McLennan, Keith Edwards, Athol Watts, Fred. White, and Trevor Bonner.

"C"—Ray Davey (captain), Ken. Mayhead, George Barnes, Will Duff, Arthur Gee, and Ted. Daymond.

"D"—Max Sutton (captain), Aubrey Tucker, Des. Murphy, Jack Dineen, Roberts, and Reg. Brain.

GIRLS' SPORTS.

TENNIS.

Competition for positions in the team was keen this year, and the final positions became: Gwen Cox, Jean Gee, Mary Rule, Muriel Wilson, Phyllis Hamilton, Ercil Lawson, Eira Judd, Joyce Eyre. At the end of the term, the Hobart team visited us, and after several closely contested matches, we were defeated by 7 sets to 2. The girls did their best, but it was evident that the Hobart girls were steadier and stronger.

With the object of remedying this lack of stability, which is acquired only through constant practice, a temporary team for next year has already been chosen, as follows: Jean Gee, Rita Gray, Eira Judd, Peggy Redley, Kath Sara, Marjory Kidd, Mary Rowe, Ean Ward. These girls are very interested in their tennis, and, if they keep up their practice, we shall have a strong team next year.

The team wish to thank Miss Wilkins for her untiring efforts in coaching them, and to thank also all those who made the Southerners' visit enjoyable.

HOCKEY.

FIRSTS.

Marjorie Stewart—Goal.	Jean Begent—Left wing.
Lily Taylor—Left back.	Honor Bayes—Left inner.
Barbara Rocher—Right back.	Irene Shepherd—Centre.
Jean Wright—Centre half-back.	Aileen Adams—Right inner.
Elaine Rocher—Right half-back.	Mary Millwood—Right wing.
Jean Murphy—Left half-back.	

Emergencies—Gladys Bye, Edna Clayton.

The first match was played against Churinga. Churinga, 1 goal; Firsts, 3 goals.

The next match was against Longford, but they were several players short. Longford, 0 goals; Firsts, 9 goals.

Our last match was against College. This was a hard match, and all the team played particularly well. The backs and goal keeper played exceedingly well.

The final scores were: College, 2 goals; Firsts, 1 goal.

ON THE FIRSTS.

Marjorie Stewart.—A splendid goal-keeper. She showed what she really could do in the match against College. Goals were saved by her skill time after time.

Lily Taylor and Barbara Rocher.—Two reliable backs. They are rather slow in getting rid of the ball. Barbara especially is rather too slow in her actions.

Jean Wright.—Does splendid work as centre half-back. Thoughtfully distributes the play. She could give the other two half-backs more work to do.

Jean Murphy.—Jean is a "sticker," and works hard, but she does not hit nearly hard enough.

Jean Begent.—A fast wing, and combines well with the inner.

Honor Bayes.—A very promising player. Is quick at stopping and passing the ball.

Aileen Adams.—A young player. Is quick at stopping the ball. We expect great things from Aileen in the future.

Mary Millwood.—A fast wing. Combines well with the other forward.

Elaine Rocher.—A promising half-back. A strong player.
Irene Shepherd.—A capable player, and a good captain. Vary your passing, Irene.

A number of our girls played in the Hocky Carnival, and most of them got special mention. We are eagerly awaiting the results of the Hobart-Devonport match, for then we shall know where our fate will be decided.

May our Wednesdays be fine!

SECONDS.

At the beginning of the season a meeting of the Seconds was held, at which A. Whitehead was elected captain, and E. Rocher, who has since been transferred to the Firsts, was elected vice-captain.

As in previous years, the Seconds compete with the "B" grade teams, and so far only four matches have been played. The results of these are as follows:—

April 24.—School v. College B. Scores: Five goals to four. In this match School were best served by E. Rocher and C. Quon, forwards, and Gwen Westell, half back.

May 8.—School v. Merrowa. This resulted in a draw, scores being 3 goals all. Annie Keeling, the School goal, did some fine work, and was well supported by the backs, A. Miller and Lucy Gurr.

May 15.—School v. Perth. Scores: three goals to two. In this match some good work was done by Isobel and Gwen Westell, and by two forwards, Gwen Quon and Marjorie Ralph.

June 12.—School v. College. Scores: One goal to three. The lack of system in the forward line was the cause of the loss of this match, though the backs, A. Miller and L. Gurr, defended well.

ANNUAL SPORTS.

The Tenth Annual Sports were held at the Cricket Ground on Wednesday, 26th May. The weather was perfect, and the function was a great success. The Committee consisted of K. Lee, W. Christian, H. Swifte, E. Fleming, L. Jacques, and H. Dixon (Hon. Assistant Secretary). Entries were slow in coming in, but in the end were received from over a hundred competitors, which is probably a record. Good performances were registered by E. Fleming, W. Christian, H. Dixon, M. Whitelaw, and D. Cameron. The school championship was won by E. Fleming, the junior championship by M. Whitelaw, and the Inter-Class Cup by the "A" Class. We are indebted to Rev. J. W. Bethune, of the Grammar School, for the donation of the Championship Cup, to Messrs. J. Ingles and W. Layh for donations, and to a number of others for loans of material. Afternoon tea was served by a committee of girls, under the supervision of Misses B. Wilcox and C. Wilkins. Results:

Championship, 100 Yards, under 15: Whitelaw, 1; Cameron, 2; K. Smith, 3.
Championship, 220 Yards, Open: Fleming, 1; Dixon, 2; Jacques, 3.
Handicap, 440 Yards, Under 15: A. Cox, 1; Roberts, 2; Folder, 3.
Championship High Jump, Open: Fleming, 1; Christian, 2; Dixon, 3.
Championship, 100 Yards, Under 13: Brumby, 1; R. Scott, 2; B. Phillips, 3.
Handicap, 100 Yards, Under 15: Folder, 1; Moore, 2; Ward, 3.
Championship, 220 Yards, Under 15: Whitelaw, 1; Cameron, 2; Smith, 3.

Obstacle Race, Under 14: Murphy, 1; Goldsmith, 2.
 Three-Legged Race: Jacques and Phillips, 1; Christian and Lovett, 2.
 Handicap, 880 Yards, Open: Finlay, 1; Wellington, 2; Swifte, 2.
 Egg and Spoon Race: Lovett, 1; Lewis, 2.
 Handicap, 220 Yards, Under 15: Lovvett, 1; Folder, 2; Adams, 3.
 Handicap, 220 Yards, Under 13: Tucker, 1; Beaumont, 2; McDonald, 3.
 Championship Hurdle, Open: Christian, 1; Fleming, 2; J. Breheny, 3.
 Blindfold Potato Race: J. Cox, 1; Ward, 2.
 Handicap, 100 Yards, Open: Christian, 1; J. Breheny, 2; F. Phillips, 3.
 Championship, 440 Yards, Under 15: Cameron, 1; Whitelaw, 2; Sutton, 3.
 Championship, 100 Yards, Open: Fleming, 1; Christian, 2; Jacques, 3.
 Sack Race: Jacques, 1; Murphy, 2.
 Handicap, 220 Yards, Open: Viney, 1; Christian, 2; F. Phillips, 3.
 Championship High Jump, Under 15: A. Cox, 1; Sutton, 2; Whitelaw, 3.
 Championship, 440 Yards, Open: Fleming, 1; Dixon, 2; Christian, 3.
 Obstacle Race, Over 14: Ward, 1; D. Tughes, 2.
 Championship, 880 Yards, Under 15: Cameron, 1; Whitelaw, 2; Smith, 3.
 Championship, 880 Yards, Open: Fleming, 1; Dixon, 2; Christian, 3.
 Blindfold Barrel Race: D. Hughes, 1; Swifte, 2.
 Handicap, 75 Yards, Under 13: B. Phillips, 1; Beaumont, 2; Maloney, 3.
 Handicap, 880 Yards, Under 15: M. Sutton, 1; Folder, 2.
 Handicap Mile, Open: Wellington, 1; Breheny, 2; Swifte, 3.
 Championship Mile, Open: Dixon, 1; Jacques, 2; Christian, 3.
 Kicking the Football: H. Dixon.
 Throwing the Cricket Ball: E. Fleming.
 Class Teams' Race: A Class, 1; C. Class, 2; B. Class, 3.
 School Championship: E. Fleming, 17 points, 1; H. Dixon, and W. Christian, 10 points, 2.
 Junior Championship: M. Whitelaw, 11 points, 1; D. Cameron, 10 points, 2.
 Class Championship: A Class, 27 points, 1; C Class, 16 points, 2.

"SENSE-OR-ED."

Silvanus Silvester sent Susie Shortskirts some special Sweetacre sweets. Silas Snipe sat sulking. Suddenly, smiling sardonically, Silas substituted some stale sardines, secreting Silvanus' sweetmeats.

Susie's scissors snipping string showed Silas' substitutes. Susie shrieking spasmodically, swooned. Silas, swiftly seizing Susie, stole Silvanus' Studebaker. Silvanus, seeing Silas' slyness summoned Susie's setter. Sniff, springing savagely, sent Silas sprawling. Susie, surprised, saw Silvanus' sagacity. Simpering shyly she summoned Silvanus. Sniff seized Silas' scarlet suspender.

Silvanus started Studebaker. Susie sensing Silvanus' shyness, suggested supper. Silvanus seconded sententiously.

—G. LEES.

WHO'S WHO.

Principal.—Mr. R. O. M. Miller, B.A.

Staff.—Mr. A. L. Meston, M.A., Mr. J. C. Parish, B.Sc., Mr. F. Close, Mr. K. L. Dallas, Mr. H. J. Read, Mr. B. Mather, Miss A. L. Grubb, B.A., Miss B. Wilcox, B.A., Miss D. P. Brown, B.A., Miss C. Wilkins, Miss B. Layh, B.A., Miss M. Stanfield, B.A., Miss M. Begent, Miss L. Smith, B.A.

Senior Prefects.—Joyce Eyre, Bernard Scott.

Sports Prefects.—Jean Wright, Lionel Jacques.

Prefects.—Gladys Austin, Frank Watson, Ken Lee, Irene Shepherd, Honor Deane, Hilton Swifte, Rita Gray, Beth. Townsend, Les. Watson, Hazel Wilcox, Stella Russell, J. Smith.

Sub-Prefects.—Nancy Harridge, Betty Lambert, Tom Wilson.

School Champions.—Eira Judd, Eric Fleming.

Captain of Football.—Ken. Lee.

Captain of Cricket.—George Wilson.

Captain of Hockey.—Irene Shepherd.

Captain of Tennis.—Gwen Cox.

Stroke of Crew.—Harry Dixon.

Librarian.—Miss Smith.

Magazine Committee.—Joyce Eyre, Ken. Lee, Frank Watson, Jean Treloggen, Les. Watson, Tom Walker, Rita Gray, Hazel Wilcox, P. French, R. Miller, T. Stephens, J. Waddle, G. Bye, John Walker.

EVENTIDE.

I wandered down by a river
 In the shining twilight gold;
 The sun sank in the west, blood-red,
 The earth was growing cold.

A breeze came up from the river;
 A strange, lone, whimpering thing,
 Born of the silent waters,
 That had ceased to dance and sing.

It rustled the whispering branches,
 Then sighed and passed away;
 And the iron tongue of the steeple
 Pealed the death-knoll of the day.

And soft as a silver bugle,
 And sweet as a marriage bell,
 The voices of sleepy songbirds,
 Slow on my senses fell.

I wandered down by a river,
 But the gold had turned to grey.
 A white light shone from the lamp of Eve;
 The sunshine had vanished away.

J. TRELOGGEN.

THE DEPARTURE OF SUMMER.

In orchard and field all is still. Not a leaf of the gaily clad trees murmurs, for although the inhabitants of the orchard are be-decked as for a wedding, they are present at a death-bed.

My Lady Summer, knowing that her time among them was short, had commanded the trees to garb themselves with all the splendour at her passing. And the trees have respected this last wish of their queen, and are dressed more magnificently than ever before in her reign.

The old apple-trees, as befits the dowagers of the orchard, have gowned themselves in orange and scarlet satin, with here and there a shining ruby clasping the lovely folds; the pear-trees have dressed in frocks of pale-gold; the lovely apricots have garbed themselves in orange and gold; the weeping willows by the stream have dressed in gold of palest hue; and the stately poplars to show that they belong to the aristocracy, have lined their golden frocks with silver.

Just as the sun sank, the soft, caressing breezes that had kissed the queen's cheeks so often, came whispering over the meadows, and carried my lady through the golden gates of the West to the World Beyond.

With the last breeze the trees stiffened, then bowed their lovely heads in a last farewell, and slowly straightened again, casting their jewels and garments on the ground.

—STELLA LATTIN.

SWEET STAY-AT-HOME, SWEET WELL-CONTENT.

Sweet stay-at-home, sweet well-content,

What keeps you in your garden pent?

Lobelias fair run down the lawn,

Like blue-eyed pixies glimpsed at dawn.

Forget-me-nots and gilly-flowers

Are old-world ladies in their bowers;

Blue larkspurs dreaming in the shade

Of phantom tunes by pixies played.

The slim, straight spikes of lavender,

That have the lingering scent of myrrh;

And flimsy poppies down the walk

Where droning bees throng every stalk.

Far off the wind croons a sleepy song

That sweetly rings the fair aisles along,

And softly lulls the flowers that sway

In the drowsy heat of a summer's day.

Sweet stay-at-home, sweet well-content,

Love keep you in your garden pent.

—M.R.