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THE NORTHERN CHURINGA

VOL. XII. LAUNCESTON, DECEMBER, 1926. No. 4

EDITORIAL.

At the end of the school year we do well if we ask ourselves what "all this pother is about." The answer is difficult to set down in a few words, but we may briefly sum it up as the training and culture of personality, and the handing on of the common knowledge of the race, a knowledge which embraces the material, mental and spiritual activities of man. An old Greek philosopher taught that the world was in a state of continual flux, that nothing was but everything was becoming. This is perfectly true of knowledge in all its aspects; there is no knowledge but has proceeded from some previous knowledge, in other words knowledge is evolutionary. The world has suffered much, has been retarded, because men were unwilling to accept this fact. For several hundreds of years man refused to believe the evidence which lay around him, evidence which he noted and discussed, but because it conflicted with the letter of the Bible, he would not believe. It was not until the middle of the nineteenth century that Charles Darwin in "The Origin of Species" profounded his doctrine evolution, which although supported with irrefutable proof the world at first rejected; for men would not believe that knowledge in all its phases is in a state of flux. They would not accept what their reason told them was true, because they thought it would undermine the teachings of the Bible. Such an attitude of timidity towards the Bible is inexplicable for the like all else it shows evolution. Gradually "The Origin of Species" was accepted. Superstition and ignorance were defeated, but they still remain among us. Only two years ago the Government of Tennessee, one of the United States of America passed legislation forbidding its citizens to believe in evolution. In this we see an attack on the development of the individual, since such legislation implies that all men must think alike, and an attempt to dam the stream of knowledge. To awaken and develop the powers lying dormant in each, and, in handing on the common knowledge of the race to show that it is not a stagnant pool, but living water is what we seek to do.

And when the mind is quicken'd out of doubt,
The organs, though defunct and dead before,
Break up their drowsy grave and newly move,
With casted slough and fresh legerity.

SPRING.

"Between the clouds a ray of sunshine slips, and writes a word in gold."

It is spring; prison doors are opened to them that were bound. The young buds are fairly throbbing with the first pulses of a new life. The busy hum from a daily increasing host of insects, the songs of birds, happy in their nesting cares, fill the woodland glade with music. Our minds and bodies catching the inspiration of the leaves blithely, too, go out into the sweet, perfumed air, to wander through a lonely hillside wood.

Down in the wooded hollow far ahead, a sheet of gold is gleaming in the sun beneath the hemulous aspens.

PARENTS' COLUMN.

A SCHOOL UNIFORM.

It is customary for all Secondary Schools to require that all students should conform to a school uniform.

During the last year or so a considerable improvement has taken place in this regard by the girls attending the school.

Achievement has been made possible by the hearty co-operation of parents, aided by the vigilance of the lady teachers.

On the boys' side there has not been shown the same willingness to adhere to the rules of the school.

Parents should remember that the rules as to wearing school uniforms have been framed just as much in their interests as for the welfare of the school.

There are some parents who would dress their children in a manner not at all suitable for school children, who live in a true democracy, i.e. a democracy where each is valued for his worth to the community, and not for his clothes.

Every boy attending the school should wear the school cap and badge. If he does not do so one is sometimes compelled to think that he is not proud of his school. The wearing of felt or other hats is not permissible and the school will be grateful if parents will assist us in conforming to this rule.

At all times the wearing of jewellery by the girls is to be deprecated.

As the year is now closing it is to be understood that next year the rule re conforming to the school uniform by both girls and boys will be strictly enforced.

SPRING.

After weeks of rain and cold, the sky has once more put on her azure gown, trimmed with clusters of fleecy white. The distant mountains are deep blue and clear cut as steel against the paler sky, while here and there a bank of dazzling snow still lingers. The paddocks, lately damp and brown, are bright with the tender green shoots of the crops, while in the pastures little, long-legged lambs frisk beside their mothers.

In the orchard the threes have arrayed themselves in filmy bridal gowns. The cherry trees are in purest white with here and there a shining emerald among the lacy masses, the tall pear tree is stately in heavy, creamy satin, while the apple trees are wearing dainty old-world frocks of palest pink and white, with tiny bows of misty green velvet to fasten the folds. The peach tree in the centre of the garden has robed herself in deep pink taffetas. Between the rows of trees sweet-scented pink and white hyacinths, gold and white narcissi, and golden daffodils smile and nod to the downward bending trees, while down near the creek weeping willows bow almost to the water and shake their green frocks and golden tassels with every breeze.

At the top of the orchard the air is heavy with the scent of the creamy blossoms of the hawthorn hedge in and out of which the sparrows flit ceaselessly twitting and calling to their mates while they build their nests.

The whole world is beautiful now. The trees and skies and flowers have all joined to welcome the gracious lady of the summer and springtime who was carried away by the little winds in autumn, and now is being brought back by them.

—S.M.L.

CLASS NOTES.

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

Dear Friends,

This is a monologue. If there were two people saying it, it wouldn't be monologues. But I know better than to let anyone else say it. He might give you a totally wrong impression of A Class. The other day, F.H.V.W. was asked to explain "music at the close." Well, he did explain it. (For particulars, see memory box of long-suffering teacher). The other day we had an education exam. over at Wellington Square. It was a triumph, nothing less. Joyce gave great joy. "Funny Face" blushed more than ever before. Mr. Johnson, seeing E.F.'s tie,—a creation to marvel at—exposed him in spelling. I suppose he had to do something to relieve the tension of the tie.

You know, Cleopatra began bathing in the "Nile" very early this year. She has been taught to swim since she was six months old, in case a tidal wave should come, she informed us. Perhaps you didn't know Ercil was a point! Well, she is. A real, invisible, geometrical point. Ask anyone.

"And if you don't believe it,
Then all you have to do,
It to look in the book of fairy tales,
And you'll find it's true."

Bunny, you know, this is very confidential. Don't tell anyone. For that's how things get about. But, Bunny is shockingly fond of geometry.

I forgot to tell you about Muriel. Well, she's clever. She can make a glacier on a sand tray. That makes you gasp, doesn't it? Ah! I thought so! M.J.S.'s favorite word is "Donc," which is onomatopoeic. It means what it sounds like.

The Latin Class, I would have you know, is well worth raising your hat to. One only received minus marks in the last examination! The stars, of course, received their marks for such inspired translations as: "The Gauls were bear above their wastes," and "When he saw his friend, who was flying about without a body, he struck him with his sword. The latter is sure proof that Vergil never wished us to consider Aeneas "pius." "What is a plain face, G.," asked a teacher the other day. I don't think it is right to ask such leading questions. The answer that follows, of course, is "my own."

Huh; well, I'm blessed if I can escape that Nessie. She stalks me all day long to obtain a drawing of me. But I know her too well. She might be able to distort even my features if she tried hard enough, although, of course, you—er—understand, that that would take a little ingenuity.

Why does Doss visit that Derby Post Office so often? I give the puzzle up. Also, it's time I went down town to meet so and so—stop smiling!—I think I shall borrow Jake's beautiful gloves and handkerchief. Even small things make quite a difference in certain circumstances—you understand? But "tempus terit," so cheerio!

Dear friends, this is the end of my monologue.

(Stage whisper): "Hey, there, hurry up and let down that curtain."

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

Dusters! dusters! dusters!—at last after weeks of groaning and moaning we gasp in amazement at three dusters—gorgeous and blushing creations which put all other dusters, lean and weakly lower-class substitutes for the real and unparalleled beauty and regal dignity of these—words cannot describe them, nor our feeling on beholding them when brought out from the obscurity of their temporary lodging, and placed in the reverent and welcoming hands of our gentle representative of the Law and Order. Alas, that the task of describing such vivid personifications of beauty should have fallen to this pen—only their designer is equal to so tremendous an undertaking.

Out of the kindness of our hearts, having received enough dusters to last our class for a considerable time, we hope the sewing stars of the other classes may be inspired to follow this splendid example, else we despair of keeping ours, although there should be enough originality in the school to provide patterns for dusters.

It has been suggested that a family of mice kept near the door would keep the girls out, but since the members of the gentler sex have taken to keeping green frogs in treacle tins, we are of the opinion that the mice would have to match the dusters in the brilliancy of their coats to cause over much excitement. If some one would tie a Daddy-Long-Legs to the duster it might do, however, but who would do it—certainly not the masculine element.

This is rather a "Treatise on Dusters" rather than anything else, but since dusters are at once the bane and the blessing of any class, things which are necessary, but rarely are, we think it justified. Now, wishing the whole school a Merry Christmas and Happy Holidays, which wish includes the hope of Good-Luck at the Exams., we are B Class.

CLASS C1.—Supervising Teacher: Miss A. L. Grubb, B.A.

EPITAPHS.

Here lies the body of Rosalie Kidd,
She died of laughing, and so she did.

Here lies Jean, who'd always stew;
When girls will swot, what can one do?

Here is the body of sweet Elaine,
Gracefully died without a pain.

Here lies the remains of one, Jean Guy,
The Intermediate was near, and so thought she'd die.

Here is the body of sweet Doreen,
Whose eloquence flowed in a mighty stream.

Here lie the remains of one called Grace,
Her aim in life was to feed her face.

Here lie the remains of Marjorie Rat,
As she faded away she said, "That's that!"

Here lies the the body of one called Nance,
With swords indeed she did well dance.

Here is the body of Jean, you see,
Died from sitting with Olive B.

Here is the body of one small Flo,
The Fates decreed that she should not grow.

Here is Gwen, a Girl Guide bold,
But who, alas! is dead and cold.

Here are Mary Mackey's bones,
She died while uttering fearful groans.

Here lies the body of Olive B.,
She loves professors beginning with P.

Here lies the body of sweet Kathleen,
Her aim in life was to grow more lean.

Here the remains of Rita Gray,
Faded away on a summer's day.

Here lie the remains of gentle Chris.,
Let all her friends' remember this.

Here is the body of Dorothy Dot,
French by name, but by nature not.

Here lies Betty, who always smiled,
Alas! that by Death she should be beguiled.

Edna's tombstone here you see,
Running so hard, she fell on her knee.

Here lies Peggy and Marjorie twain,
Pushed each other out of the train.

Mary here has turned to clay,
Giggled and worked the live-long day.

We think it is Dorothy who lies here;
But we saw her so seldom, you must not jeer.

Rosalie's end is sad to say,
She rubbed a hole in her head one day.

Here lies Miss Grubb, who's now at rest,
Everyone thinks it's for the best.

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

"TRUTH WITHOUT TRAPPINGS."

C2's favorite salad—Nek Sallad.
 Our historical character—Turnip Townsend.
 Marconi's latest invention—Ande Notyale.
 Why don't we need head phones?—Because of our loud speakers.
 A vegetable much favored in C2—Carrots.
 Who thinks that jam tarts are good for birthday cakes?—Ah,
 Ern.
 Who took Jean's dinner?—Joyce Tucker.
 The freest girl in the class—Lucy.
 Who got rid of all the H's? Our friend Tubby.
 C2's North football representatives.—Gwen and Nancie.
 Why is the Barclay way the best way to do maths?—Because
 Fran-ces-so.
 Why did Pyramus stab himself?—Because M.A.C. cloped with
 G.A.Q.
 Blue Bells of Scotland—Isa-belle.
 What is the truth?—Honor Bright.
 Who is going to pass in history in the intermediate —G!—
 we-n-that.

CLASS D.—Supervising Teacher: Miss L. Smith.

Dear Mr. Editor,

Since our last issue we have been civilised by an influx of the gentler sex, resulting in, contrary to the laws of marriage, our change of name. We are no longer D3, but D, are we to infer that the grey mare is the better horse?

We beg, alas, to ask you a few questions about some of the distinguished personages of our class:

How high can Cecil fly? Can Gill swim under water? What kind of Webb was Len caught in? Is Mollie Wood? Has Douglas Brains? Is Jimmy Eyre? Is Jean a Guy?

We wish to bring to your notice that while the rendering of La Marseillaise by our next door neighbours fails to arouse us to superb mental efforts, it has considerable value in rousing us to victory on the sporting field. K. McPhail is a member of the firsts in cricket and football. Cameron was second in the school five mile team, and runner-up for the junior championship, while Sutton, Cameron, and McPhail each secured first prizes at the school sports.—Yours, etc. D, nee D3.

CLASS D2.—Supervising Teacher: Mr. H. J. Read.

Since the last issue of the magazine appeared, the personnel of our class has suffered many changes. Our numbers have been increased by the influx of strangers from D1, nine in number, who have made themselves thoroughly at home; and we have lost many of our old class mates—Clarice, Marie, Beryl, Eira, and Dagmar—who have left us, seeking fresh fields of victory. We are very pleased to welcome the new comers, and very sorry to lose those who have gone.

We are a very cheery lot and never is a glum face seen within the four walls of our classroom. We have detention, it is true, and only the delinquents know how many, but we realise that these trials are sent to test us, and meet all misfortunes with a smile. We admit, however, that sometimes the smile becomes a bit of a nuisance, especially during a knotty problem in Geometry, or a difficult passage in English, when it is apt to call forth severe criticism from the teacher.

Our interest in sport is exceedingly keen, as the tennis racquets, hockey sticks, and cricket bats generally to be seen somewhere in the classroom testify. Perhaps it is the presence of these things that prevents us from being given the Best Room Picture, but we are not sure. We congratulate Eira on her prowess in the recent sports, and thank Annie, Lucy, Molly, and Maggie for representing us on the hockey field.

We would like to know:—

- (1) When we are going to have our picnic?
- (2) Will Jean stop growing?
- (3) Whether we are civilised since the Girls from D1 came to us
- (4) What are "barbarians"?
- (5) Why flowers die so easily in our classroom?
- (6) Why we never make a noise between lessons?
- (7) What next year will bring?
- (8) Why Euclid was not poisoned in early youth?
- (9) Who stole the class pound book?
- (10) Whether it would not be advisable to have our reports written in invisible ink?

We wish A and C Classes the best of luck in their forthcoming trials, especially as we are under the examination cloud ourselves. For some of us, the joys of life have vanished temporarily, and we are trying to make up for lost time. We hope the holidays will soon come, and we wish everyone a very Happy Christmas, coupled with plenty of goose and two helpings of Christmas pudding.

And now, to work again.

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

Scene: Lawn in front of Mrs. Smith's home.

Time: Thirty years hence.

Characters:

Mrs. Smith (Betty Lambert).
 Mrs. Jones (Rachael Royle)
 Miss Polly French (an old maid)
 Mrs. Honeycomb (Marie Bryan)
 Miss Doreen Peters, B.A.

The ladies are seated around in chairs, talking about things in general, when Betty says: "I don't think anyone else will come now, but isn't it jolly for us all to meet here after so many years. Now for a talk about old times."

Rachael: "I wonder how Miss Brown is nowadays? Last I heard she had a little cottage in the country, with a garden of violets. Do you remember how fond she was of violets when she was our supervising teacher in E.?"

Marie: "Yes, but didn't we have fun in E.? Do you remember how well you could run, Rachael, and what trouble you had in picking the Class teams, and the matches we presented on the 26th of October?"

Polly: "Do you remember how you thought that if you were a teacher you would also have to remain an old maid, Rachael?"

Rachael: "Yes, wasn't I silly? and didn't Miss Brown laugh at me? And oh! do you remember Zoe's analysis? It wasn't all laughter then, though."

Doreen: "Have you heard from Nancy lately? I had a letter last week, and she is a teacher at Saggy Flats. I was so pleased she recovered from her accident in 1926. Wasn't it awful? But wasn't she plucky about it?"

Polly: "Yes, she was. But have you heard Jessie is now a renowned poetess? Wasn't she good at rhymes? But do you remember how awful you were at Class Notes? and some of the terrible ones that were passed in?"

Doreen: "Do you remember our picnic we never had, Betty? Why, we had planned it all, but during the week before we had such high floods that we had to postpone it (for ever, as it turned out)."

Betty: "Yes, it was a pity we didn't have our picnic, but Sports Day made up for it, when Rachael won the Junior Championship. Do you remember how proud and pleased we were with you, Rachael?"

Polly: "Really, Betty, I must be going. Mother will wonder what has happened to me."

Betty: "Yes, it is getting late. Let us sing the State Song before anyone leaves."
They all goin' in singing,
"There's a School ——— etc."

Betty: "Now, three cheers for the E. of to-day, and I hope it as good to-day as it was thirty years ago."

CLASS E2.—Supervising Teacher: Miss C. Wilkins.

The last term of the year and only two months to Christmas! nevertheless, the best class in the school, the dear old E. 2 is just as happy as at first. We think our class the most important in the school, and our monitors see that the room is spotlessly clean, with blackboard clean, blinds level, and the duster hanging on its proper hook, although it will wander into the waste paper basket just at the critical moment. The beauty of our room has been enhanced by the addition of a new picture kindly given to us by our Principal.

When we see Monsieur Lire coming through the door reading a Geometry Book, we all bury our noses in our books likewise. Then to our greatest delight, come the command, "Take a loose sheet of paper and enunciate and prove Theorem 17!" and we all set to work with a will, not minding in the least that the figure has changed its position, and bears such muddling letters as STU or KJW when ABC and DEF are so popular.

One of our "Nannies" wears glasses because she strained her eyes doing a nasty old darn with pink and blue cotton, "Billy," our Hobbs, will make an excellent cricketer if she continues as she has commenced. Those of us who take Basket Ball find it a most interesting game. As Bessie has not been having such queer dreams lately, we presume that she took our good advice and does not do such long hours of study.

Just at the present if you happen to pass the school you will notice very strange things going on. Girls, with mysterious things around their eyes and arms, will be seen groping their way along as if in a fog. This is in preparation for that long looked for event of the year, our sports, which will be held on the Cricket Grounds on Friday, 5th of November, from 1.30 p.m. to 5 p.m.

Before closing we wish all those taking examinations the best of luck and everybody a happy Christmas.

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

You may ask us to prove theorem 14 or even to give the English for J'ai which means "I am" but can anyone relieve our minds of these distressing problems in order to give us a clear beginning as the D3 class of 1927.

- 1: Is Duff eatable? If so why wasn't he called Tucker?
- 2: Is Griffin really a gargoyle?
- 3: Has Eric 'Ad 'em, or has he still got 'em?
- 4: Is Gerald a Box?
- 5: Is Podgy a Lion and if so what relation is he to Puggy?
- 6: If Tom is Will's son what relation is he to Tom's son?
- 7: If Tom is actually a Walker does he ever see Don Cumming?
- 8: What variety of Murphy is Des?
- 9: Is Keith growing upwards, that is, Headwards?
- 10: Who is X.Y.?

At music X.Y. is a star
At piano, singing, or guitar;
If X.Y. bursts suddenly into song,
It makes you wish you were in Hong Kong.

Our cricket team has again been formed, and we note with satisfaction our first win. Eric Adams has been elected captain, and we have great expectations of being represented in the first team next year.

To each and all of us has come the time when we must look back over our year's work and note our progress. Most of us will feel satisfied and make good resolutions for the coming year. It is rumored that one such resolution will be, "Never borrow with intent to retain your younger brethren's duster." But most of us do feel that our first year at L.H.S. has been one of valuable experience, not only in regard to our actual lessons and to our progress in cricket and football, but also in the friendships we have made, and in the wider interests and outlook which we have obtained.

In conclusion, the class as a whole give their best wishes for success to the "A" and "C" classes, and wish for all a Happy Christmas.

MEMORIES.

Flowers that breathe their perfume in my face,
 Dark crimson roses, pansies blue,
 Send sad-sweet dreams which often I embrace,
 Of times whose loss I often rue.

The traitor, Time, so swift would fly,
 I scarcely thought that he would try,
 While dancing on with wings of light,
 To take a cherished friend from sight.

The noisy-murm'ring sea whose roll I hear
 When I am near, before I sleep,
 For ever chants these words of doubtful cheer,
 A chant from out its seething deep:

Delight, regret, desire are ruled by Fate;
 Delight will ne'er be yours although you wait,
 So be content some random words to store,
 For selfish longing merits nothing more.

C. M. WITT.

THE QUEEN OF THE SPRING FLOWERS.

I saw her on the hill-tops,
 Robed with the dewy dawn—
 A radiant, winged spirit,
 Winding a silvery horn.

Her cloak of silken softness,
 Her eyes the clear, blue air,
 Her wings of gleaming silver;
 Her wand a blue-bell fair;

Her hands were full with violets;
 White blossoms crown'd her head;
 Snowdrop and purple pansy
 Bent to her tinkling tread.

Dewy daffodils danced at her feet
 In misty rings of gold;
 And golden butterflies o'er her head
 Their azure wings unfold.

She smiled: upleapt the morning sun;
 And kissed the golden flowers
 Of wattle, where the wild birds sing;
 Bees droned from dewy bowers.

She spoke: how oft I list to hear,
 That clear, sweet voice a'call!
 Through daisied dells where Spring flowers
 wave—
 "I am the Queen of All."

J. TRELOGGEN.

MY FLOWERS OF MEMORY.

Of all the flowers that grow in my heart
 I love the rosemary best;
 Though the clinging rose with its beauty fair
 And the shining gold of the crocus rare,
 Grow kindly and sweetly and quietly there,
 All the flowers from East to West.

And poppies bring sleep and infinite peace,
 And the jasmine blossoms, too.
 My poppies bring rest to the tired eyes,
 And daffodils blossom when blue are the skies
 And the lavender sweet with her bearing wise
 Grows, with the cornflower blue.

The violet I love with its perfume faint,
 And the fragrant hyacinth blue,
 And pansies for thoughts in my heart do dwell,
 And the foxglove tall, and the heatherbell.
 But the flower that grows in the deepest dell,
 Is my memory sweet, of you.

P. PEDLEY, C.

SIR GALAHAD.

Thy face is pure and pale
 As night in Spring beneath a silver-surfaced moon,
 When feath'ry trees do veil
 The blossom gleaming white in midnight's moonlit noon;
 And o'er thy forehead high
 Are clustering curls. I see thee as a planet bright—
 To watch thee in the sky,
 And near thee be, I wish myself a lesser light.

Is there a star that I may own,
 A golden heart for me alone?
 Unworthy soul! contented be,
 Afar such spotless light to see.

Sir Galahad, who ridest by
 In misty light, on steed all white,
 Oh, let me follow thee and try
 To find that sight so wondrous bright.

Oh fool, thou fool! from such a height
 Lower your eyes, nor seek with song
 To charm so noble, pure a knight.
 Who wanders through this world of wrong.

C. M. WITT.

BOYS' SPORTS.

FOOTBALL.

FIRSTS.

The season was characterised by the number of matches that we played against outside teams. We were smaller and lighter than is usual with the school team, but hoped to make up for this by speed and nippiness. On the cricket ground these tactics were successful, but on the rough, uneven ground at Devonport, our lightness was our undoing, and our nippy play was to a great extent nullified by the natural difficulties. Our sincere thanks are due to Mr. L. Findlay, who by his lectures, did much to make us efficient. Appended are the results of our matches:—

On June 9th we played L.C.E.G.S. on York Park as a curtain raiser to the N.T.F.C. against the N.W. Union. The game was closely contested throughout, but in the last quarter we lost the game by faulty play on our back line. The final scores were 4—12 to 4—4. Our best were:—Lee, Jacques, Fleming, Swifte, Dixon.

We proved the stronger team in every match we played against St. Patrick's College. When we met them on July 5th they pressed us the closest that they have done. We eventually won by 6—9 to 5—6. Our best were:—Lee, Fleming, Dixon, Christian.

The next time that we played them on August 3 we were successful in every department, winning by 14—15 to 3—4.

We met St. Patrick's again on the 8th of September. This time we were without K. Lee and H. Dixon, but were able to gain another win by 9—13 to 8—6. The game was marred at times by rough play. Our best were:—Fleming, Swifte, Hughes, Wellington, Christian.

The matches that we played against the Combined Bank Clerks during the latter part of the season we evenly contested. We came out on top winning two out of the three matches we played. Our first win was on June 21st when we defeated them. Scores: 6—2 to 3—8.

The next time we played against the Clerks on July 19th we lost to them 5—2 to 2—5. Lee, Jacques, Fleming, Whitelaw, and Dixon played well for us. When we met the Bank Clerks again on September 1 we avenged our defeat by obtaining a fair win, 9—3 to 6—11.

On September 16 we journeyed to Devonport to play the Local High for the State Premiership of the High Schools. We were badly beaten, 17—13 to 6—12. Both teams from the start battled hard, and at the end of the first quarter the scoring board showed a slight advantage to our credit. Devonport attacked from the bounce in the next quarter, and we were unable to hold our own. During the third quarter we were hopelessly outclassed, but recovered in the last quarter, and were attacking when the gong sounded for the final time, with Devonport well ahead. Those deserving of mention were:—Lee, Jacques, Christian, Swifte, Fleming. The rough uneven ground helped to contribute to our defeat, but this in no way detracts from the splendid performance put up by our opponents, whom we congratulate. The game was hard and strenuous throughout, but was fought in the best spirit. Mr. J. Blake, an old scholar and a former captain of the 'firsts', presented a gold medal for the best player on our side. We wish to thank him for his generous gift. The medal was won by K. Lee.

GRADE TEAMS.

Grade matches of the second half of the season were more interesting and more evenly contested than those of the first half, due partly to slight changes in the personnel of the teams, but mainly to improvement in the standard of the game, both from the individual point of view and from that of the teams as a whole.

Points for the final rounds were more evenly distributed, and consequently "A" team, after leading for most of the season, was displaced by "D" team from the premier position, after a hard-fought and even contest. Scores were:—"D," 6 goals 8 behinds; "A," 5 goals 7 behinds. Congratulations to Max Sutton and his men on their victory. Several combined matches were played. The School Seconds proved too strong for the Grades, defeating them by 10 goals 8 behinds to 2 goals. Other combined games were played against Grammar School Thirds, and Wellington Square.

The Premiership points and most promising players at the end of the season are as follow:—

D.—20 points: M. Sutton, A. Tucker, J. Dineen, D. Murphy, R. Scott.

A.—18 points: E. McCormack, J. Cox, C. McElwee.

B.—14 points: J. Bennell, H. McLennan, F. Roberts, J. Brumby.

C.—8 points: A. Cox, K. Mayhead, W. Duff, D. McDonald.

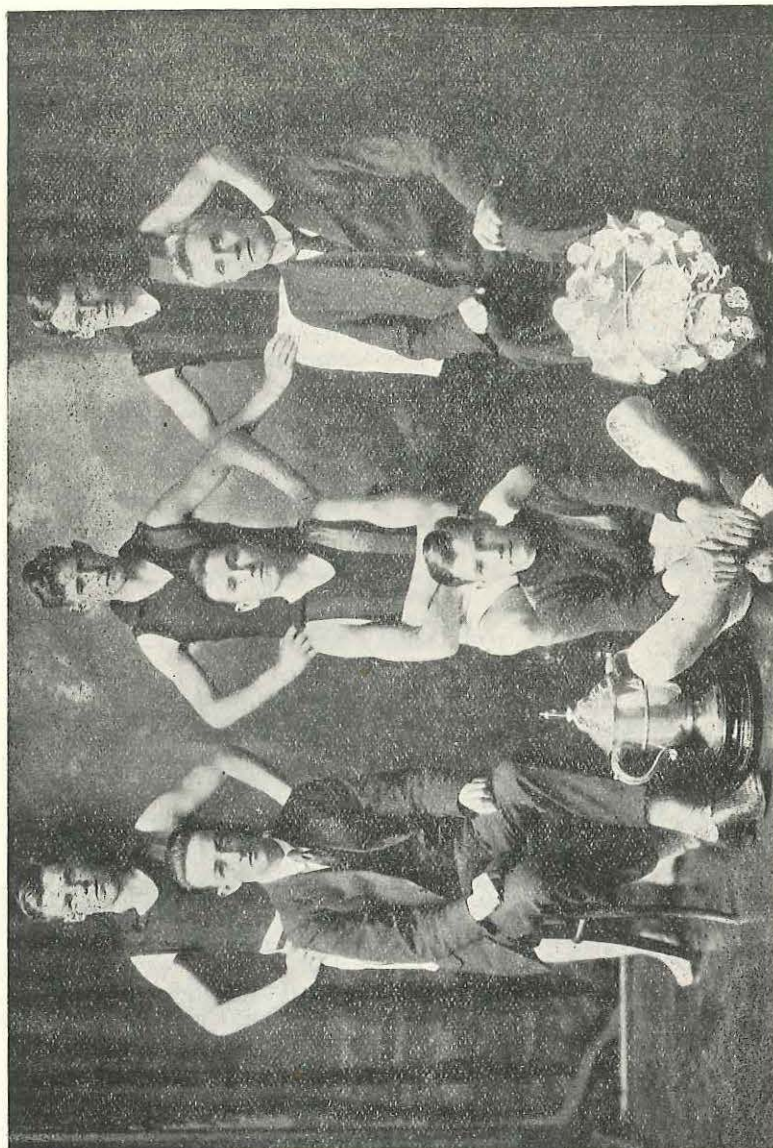
In the Combined Matches played the most useful players were these:—E. McCormack, M. Sutton, A. Tucker, J. Bennell.

FIVE MILES RACE.

This year the annual Five Miles Cross Country Championship was decided at Devonport on the 18th of September. Two schools alone competed, Devonport and Launceston. Hobart was not represented. The honors of the race fell to Devonport, who not only retained the Shield by 14 points to 25, but also registered the fastest time. Keith George won the race in 29min 42sec, a very good performance. Ben Roberts, also of Devonport, was second. Stan Wellington, of Launceston, was third. The next to finish were D. Rockcliffe (Devonport), 4th; D. Cameron (Launceston), 5th; W. Christian (Launceston), 6th. Four others from Devonport and one from Launceston also finished in that order. It is to be regretted that Harry Dixon, who strained his heart prior to the race, was unable to finish. He was looked upon as the certain winner of the race, and many expected that he would create a new record for the event. Nevertheless, Stan Wellington, the Launceston champion, is to be congratulated upon being first Launceston competitor to finish, and it was worthy of his fine performance that he was presented with a gold medal.

CRICKET FIRSTS.

This season the First Eleven has only played one match. It was played against Scotch College Firsts at Scotch on the 9th of November. Scotch won the toss, and went in first. At 5 o'clock they declared with 5 wickets for 100 runs.



Winners of the Bourke Cup and Clarke Shield, 1926.

Bowling, c. Adams, v. Swifte	8
Harrison, not out	44
G. Wardlaw, b. Adams	33
MacLennan, b. Adams	0
B. Wardlaw, c. Whitelaw, b. Adams	0
Armstrong, lbw b. Fleming	9
Billett, not out	2
Sundries	4

Total, 5 wickets (declared) 100

Bowling: Fleming, 1 for 23; Swifte, 1 for 18; Hughes, 0 for 3; Haas, 0 for 9; Bentley, 0 for 13; Adams, 3 for 19.

S.H.S.

Wilson, b. P. Wardlaw	36
Fleming, b. Keam	1
Bentley, lbw b. Keam	2
Swifte, b. Armstrong	8
McPhail, b. Bowling	3
Hughes, not out	8
Whitelaw, not out	1
Sundries	7

Total, 5 wickets for 66

Bowling: Keam, 2 for 16; G. Wardlaw, 0 for 14; B. Wardlaw, 0 for 25; Armstrong, 1 for 5; Bowling, 1 for 6; Handman, 0 for 0; P. Wardlaw, 1 for 3. The match was drawn.

The averages for the school this year were:— Batting: Wilson, 52.3; Swifte, 13.; Dixon, 12.; Hughes, 9.; McPhail, 8.6; Fleming, 5.3; Bentley, 3. Bowling: E. Adams, 5.3; Swifte, 17.1; Flemington, 18.8.

SECONDS.

At the beginning of the year W. Christian was elected captain, and L. Viney vice-captain, both of whom are still with us. The following is a list of the matches played since we returned at Michaelmas:

Versus Technical School. Scores: High School, 89 (Duncan, 49 not out); Technical School, 47 (Ken Smith, 5 wickets for 13).

Versus Grammar II. Scores: Grammar, 52 (W. Christian, 5 wickets for 17, R. Haas 3 for 19, C. Viney, 1 for 3); High School, 45 (E. Adams 23).

Versus Scotch College, II. Scores: High School, 66 (G. Hall 12, R. Sowler 11, K. Smith 10, A. von Bertouch 10); Scotch College, 33 (R. Haas 5 for 8, Christian 3 for 23). We were unlucky to lose this match as at one period of the game Scotch had lost 6 wickets for 11.

Versus Technical School. Scores: High School, 134 (W. Christian 73 retired, A. von Bertouch 17, R. Haas 14 not out); Technical School, 25 (E. Adams 6 for 8, R. Haas 4 for 10).

GIRLS' SPORTS.

ATHLETIC SPORTS.

The annual sports meeting of the girls was held at the Cricket Ground on Friday, the 5th November. The weather was perfect, and the ground in good condition. Many parents and friends were present. There were 152 competitors, and some very good performances were recorded. The standard generally was very high. The senior championship of the school was annexed by I. Shepherd, with a fine all-round performance, securing 12 points. Jean Gee was second with 9 points. R. Royle won the Junior Championship with 14 points, a very fine total, and I. Westell was second with 10 points.

The committee was composed of girls elected from the "A" and "B" classes. They did their work very satisfactorily. Details:

Handicap, 150yds., open.—R. Royle, 1; G. Quon, 2; R. Gray, 3.

Championship, 110yds., under 15.—R. Royle, 1; I. Westell, 2; G. Quon, 3.

Handicap, 100yds., under 15.—M. Baylis and R. Truscott, 1; D. Luck, 3.

Handicap, 100yds., open.—G. Westell, 1; M. Kidd, 2; B. Rocher, 3.

Championship High Jump, open.—J. Gee, 1; E. Judd, 2; E. Rocher, 3 (height, 4ft. 3in.).

Handicap, 150yds., under 15.—G. Quon, 1; P. Wilson, 2; F. Barclay, 3.

Championship Threading Needle, open.—B. Rocher, 1; J. Gee, 2; N. Harridge, 3.

Three-Legged Race, under 15.—K. Rose and B. Ingram, 1; M. McCredie and C. Irvine, 2.

Sack Race, open.—J. Shegog, 1; I. Shepherd, 2; J. Begent, 3.

Championship, 120yds., under 15.—R. Royle, 1; F. Barclay, 2; I. Westell, 3.

Egg and Spoon Race.—I. Shepherd, 1; C. Proctor, 2; E. Lawson, 3.

Championship, 120yds., open.—E. Shepherd, 1; E. Judd, 2; B. Rocher, 3.

Skipping Race, 80yds., under 15.—R. Royle, 1; I. Westell, 2; M. Stevens, 3.

Sack Race, under 15.—C. Dineen, 1; G. Quon, 2; S. Boutcher, 3.

Throwing Tennis Ball.—M. Stevens, 1; B. Rocher, 2.

Championship High Jump, under 15.—I. Westell, 1; R. Royle, 2; C. Lyne, 3. (3ft. 10in.).

Three-legged Race, open.—I. Shepherd and M. Kidd, 1; P. Dudley and J. Shegog, 2.

Blindfold Driving Race.—M. Rowe and R. Kidd, 1; P. Hamilton and M. Wilson, 2.

Championship, 100yds., open.—I. Shepherd, 1; J. Lee, 2; A. Judd, 3.

Department Race, under 15.—S. Russell, 1; M. Rowe, 2; G. Lathay, 3.

Championship, 75yds., open.—I. Shepherd, 1; W. Benn, 2; E. Judd, 3.

Catch the Train Race.—M. Rule, 1; J. Fitze, 2; I. Shepherd, 3.

Department Race, open.—J. Eyre, 1; E. Ikin, 2.

Championship, Thread the Needle, under 15.—K. Rose, 1; I. Westell, 2; B. Lambert, 3.

Championship Skipping Race, 80yds., open.—I. Shepherd, 1; B. Rocher, 2; J. Wright, 3.

Championship, 75yds., under 15.—R. Royle, 1; F. Barclay, 2; M. Stevens, 3.

Hitting Hockey Ball.—J. Wright, 1; I. Shepherd, 2.

Dribbling Hockey Ball.—H. Bayes, 1; R. Royle, 2; M. Millwood, 3.

Class Flag Race.—D class, 1; D 2 class, 2; E class, 3.

Class Cup.—D class, 1; B and E classes, 2.

HOCKEY.

FIRSTS.

In the Association matches we held the same position as last year, "runners-up," being second to College "A" team. Our final match with these was drawn, each team scoring four goals. Towards the end of the season the Firsts showed a marked improvement, and we expected to give a good account of ourselves at Devonport, although we knew the year's record of that team.

On the 16th of September the Firsts went to Devonport, accompanied by the footballers and five-milers. We played on the Friday afternoon, the 17th. We had a good game, but Devonport were by far the superior team, and they defeated us by 8 goals to nil, although we came very near scoring several times. After a very enjoyable stay, we returned by the afternoon train on the Saturday. Our best players were Jean Begent and Mary Millwood on the wings, Irene Shephard as centre and captain, and Barbara Rocher and Jean Wright in defence.

Just before we went to Devonport, Scottsdale came in, but it was too wet to play. At the beginning of this term Burnie first paid us a very brief visit. We played them on a Saturday morning, defeating them by 5 goals to three.

The whole team thanks Miss Brown for all the work she has done with them, and for her splendid coaching. In closing we wish all a merry Christmas, happy holidays, and hope the First team next year can do better than we have this year.

The following is a list of the matches we played during the season:—Versus Churinga, won 3 goals to 1. Versus Longford, won 9 goals to nil. Versus College "A," lost 1 goal to 2. Versus Broadland House, won 4 goals to 2. Versus Churinga, won 3 goals to 1. Versus Longford, lost 3 goals to 4. Versus Broadland House, won 3 goals to 1. Versus College "A," drawn, 4 goals each. Versus Devonport, lost 0 goals to 8. Versus Burnie, won 5 goals to 3.

SECONDS.

The team has improved considerably in play since the beginning of the season. Some of the girls show great promise for the firsts next year. Sheila Whitehead was elected captain, but, through good play, was transferred to the Firsts. Elaine Rocher, the former vice-captain, then filled the position.

The season closed with a hard-earned victory for us. We and Perth played off for the premiership, but by hard work we won, the scores being two to one.

HINTS FOR THE TEAM.

Elaine Rocher (captain), plays a good consistent game; would improve with more distribution in passing.

Gwen Quon, a smart little forward, but needs to cultivate a harder hit.

Jean Jacobson plays well in the circle, but should pass more.

Marjory Ralph, a reliable inner, has greatly improved since the beginning of the season.

Gladys Austin, although only a beginner, Gladys has kept pace with the older players.

Gwen Westell. Gwen is a good stop, but is rather slow in attacking.

Leonie Regent, a fast wing half back, attacks well, but does not keep in her place.

Mollie Baylis, a very young player, has improved and later should prove a splendid half-back.

Alice Miller, a strong back, with a hard hit, but is rather slow.

Marjory Lewis stops well, but does not help the half-backs very much.

Annie Keeling a splendid goal-keeper, secured a position in the Firsts against Devonport.

"DAFFODILS."

That come before the swallow dares, and take

The winds of March with beauty."

Thousands of them jostle each other and nod familiarly to the greenish hoods and spotted leaves of "lords and ladies" close at hand.

Above us the sloping hillside is covered with a wood of straight tall pines, beneath which a carpet of the deepest blue betrays the all but bursting buds of sheets of hyacinth that seem the heavens un-breaking through the earth. Our woodland path is strewn on either side with lovely primroses, and here and there upon the banks the pale blue peniwinkle grows in patches of trailing stems and glossy leaves.

The wind makes sleepy melody among the trees, and now another note is added, a silvery note that tells of rippling streams, and bend in the path discovers the instrument on which that note is played. From the top of a rocky hill far above, a streak of liquid silver drops and sparkles in the sunshine. From point to point it falls, and as it strikes upon the jutting rocks, the silver is broken up into myriads of tiny, many-hued gems that scatter far and wide among the rocks.

The grandest example of the wondrous awakening is the handsome wattle tree. Clothed in a splendid robe of dark green, thickly studded with magnificent clusters of fluffy balls of bright yellow blossoms, stands this glorious "Queen of Beauty." The whole atmosphere around is laden with the delicate perfume arising from its flowers.

It is Spring, and "the spirit of spring is in everything."

"Fleecy clouds in a sunny sky,

Are playing at tag as the time flits by;

Almost one hates to go to sleep,

So much of beauty the night doth keep.

Then silken softness—a rosetouched world,

Birds gay chorus—and dawn unfurled."

C. WEBSTER.

WANTED.

(All replies, supplies, etc., to be sent to "Nemo," c/o "Some-one.")

A benevolent person who will endow a fund for the supply of paper to certain classes required immediately.

A Society for the Prevention of Disappearances of Dusters. Meetings of members confined to school hours. A watchman would be appointed at a suitable salary.

An inquiry into the allotting of the best room picture. Certain highly deserving classes have forgotten what it is like.

More holidays and fewer exams. Suggestions as to how these may be obtained will be welcomed by all.

A device for cleaning black-boards without dusters. Must be purely mechanical, durable, and simple enough to be worked by teachers or scholars.

A scheme which will permit scholars to spend more time in the sun before it gets too warm to be desirable.

S.M.L.

THE SEASONS OF THE YEAR.

SPRING.

Green is the hillside,

Grassy, the lawns.

Daisies in meadows,

Golden, the dawns.

Cool breezes blowing,

Clouds blue and white.

Springtime, good morning;

Winter, good night.

SUMMER.

Blooming, the roses,

Scented, the bowers.

Far up above us,

High the lark towers.

Carnations, sweet-scented,

Lilies so white;

Summer, good-morning,

Springtime, good-night.

AUTUMN.

The corn is all ripe,

Leaves brown and red.

The ground is strewn o'er,

With April leaves shed.

Swallows departed,

Clouds grey and white

Autumn, good-morning,

Summer, good-night.

WINTER.

Streets wet and muddy,

Down comes the snow.

Ice on all streamlets,

Cold winds do blow.

Bitter, the morning,

Freezing, the night;

Winter, good-morning,

Autumn, good-night.

M. C. TARGETT.



WHO IS HE?

He is tall, fair, and handsome, his curly mop was caused by eating crusts in childhood days. He may be seen staggering along Brisbane-street under the weight of an immense pile of books—(and impositions). He is a keen worker. In chemistry he gives "of" and also "coakes." He possesses a characteristic mitrogenious property. His most frequent observation is, "Len' us yer French, Mac."

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. 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. 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, Hilton Swifte, Rita Gray, Beth. Townsend, Honor Deane, Les Watson, Hazel Wilcox, Stella Russell, Doug. Brain.

Sub Prefects: Nancy Harridge, Betty Lambert, Nancy Cox, Tom Wilson.

School Champions: Irene Shepherd, 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 L. Smith.

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