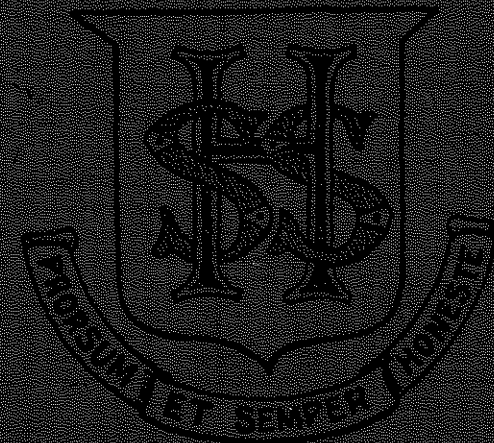


JULY, 1927.

The Northern Churinga



Launceston.

Vol. XIII., No. 1.

Printed by The Daily Telegraph (New) Pty. Ltd., 1000, Pall Mall Street,
Launceston, Tasmania.

THE NORTHERN CHURINGA

VOL. XIII. LAUNCESTON, JULY, 1927. No. 1.

EDITORIAL.

Most of us look forward to possessing, someday, a study of our own where we can sit and enjoy the friends of our heart, who, though dead, live for ever in their books. Nothing possesses greater fascination than the building up of our own library. We visit all book sales, we scan catalogues of second hand books in the hope of picking up a favorite long since out of print, or of lighting on a bargain. When fortune smiles on us and a long sought for book becomes a cherished possession, our joy is unbounded. So it comes to pass that the library is the man; for we have gathered together what we like, what interests us. In this connection let me tell you an incident that came within my experience. I was talking with an official, and as often happens, our conversation turned to books. He invited me to see his library wherein he said, to my amazement, might be found the books that every man should possess. Either he was a colossal egoist or a fool. No books are essential, except perhaps dictionaries, and as Charles Lamb tells us "such books are not books, biblia a biblia." The charm of a library lies in its individuality; as the man is, so are his books. To enter a private library is to enter the soul of the owner; there may be seen all his loves, all his foibles; there is mirrored for us the true man.

TALKS TO PARENTS.

In chatting over with pupils the reasons for failure, one always has to question them about the conditions under which their home study is accomplished.

In this connection the parents can assist the school by exercising a strict supervision over the pupils' home study environment. It should not be necessary for the teachers to discover that the pupil's eyes need medical attention.

This has been done on several occasions.

The pupils should get all the sleep they can stand—certainly not less than eight hours per day. Part of each day should be spent in invigorating play. Both play and work are necessary to mental health, for it is only the worker who gets the keenest enjoyment out of play.

The place must be reasonably quiet.

If the pupil is interrupted by boisterous children, if he must pause in his work to listen to snatches of the neighbourhood gossip; if he is exposed nightly to the visitations of wireless station XYZ, he is not going to accomplish much in the way of serious study.

His table or desk must be neither too high nor too low, light must be abundant and, if possible, fall over the left shoulder. The air must be freely circulating and not too hot nor cold. He should

not work uninterruptedly for very long periods. He must have some rest periods for five or 10 minutes.

In these interludes he should get up and walk around; take a few deep draughts of air at an open window. If his eyes are tired, they should be washed and kept closed for a few minutes, at the same time relaxing his whole body. This will prevent him from sinking into that most deadly of student hypocrisies—staring with vacant eyes at a book and calling that "Study." Lastly, he needs all your encouragement in keeping at his work.

In these days when the lure of the cinema, the wireless and the hundred and one other attractions are present, it is indeed a strong personality that can resist their seductive call.

Will you assist by daily encouragement and sympathy?

A PASTORAL SYMPHONY.

Ting-a-ling! Ting-a-ling! Cock-a-doodle-doo! Cock-a-doodle-doo! These two sounds which did not exactly harmonize were the first things I heard, as I slowly opened my rebellious eyes. Those old roosters' wives were evidently like myself, hard to wake, or, rather, to get up. While I was making up my mind to get out of bed, I heard a plaintive bleat, ma-ma, followed by a deep, sympathetic moo.

Then I remembered. This was the first day of the holidays. I was out of bed and dressed in an instant. I ran outside and, as I neared the milking sheds, I could hear the steady splish-splash splish-splash of the milk. While I was watching this, I fancied I heard, from a region somewhere near the stables, Dick whistling, "Oh, I wish I had someone to love me." As I hurried outside I forgot all about the geese. They flew at me, and the world became one noise. I never heard anything like it. Seeing that I could never get past them, I turned back and went into the dairy. The rhythmic hum of the separator was the signal for Belinda's deep bass, accompanied by the shrill treble of her family of nine. As I took the milk out to feed the cats, it seemed as if all the cats in creation were purring and rubbing against my legs. There were eleven altogether. (My uncle never had the heart to get rid of any of them.) When I was stroking my favorites, Sandy and Fluff, Bob and Tinker became very jealous and impatient. They strained on the chains and barked and wapped in a very convincing manner.

But they had a rival this morning. I had to go and see the tiny baby calf first, and Dick attended to their wants. As he appeared with a pail in each hand, the excitement was very intense. Everyone worked up to a great crescendo—the grand finale.

Now everyone was satisfied. Daisy gave a last moo, and only Dick's "Oh, I wish had someone to—" accompanied me inside. I followed the example of my four-footed friends and began breakfast, only wishing that Dick would learn something new.

—C.W.

CLASS NOTES.

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

Scene:—"A" Class Room—"Sounds of revelry by night" come from below. The room is at peace in the moonlight, but like Mother Hubbard's cupboard, the table is bare.

The Lion—from the back of the room, frowning deeply; "This noise is unbearable—Why can't they leave us in peace by night, surely we have enough to put up with by day."

Hope, from the front: "Is that you, Sir Lion? surely you do not begrudge those poor little people a few hours enjoyment. I should, indeed, like to be with them. What play they now, Sir Knight?"

The Knight: "Some game called "Jolly Miller," I think, faire Ladye." Napoleon, with a growl as of a mastiff: " 'Jolly Miller,' what a name for such a game. Were I in charge my n—"

Hope, sighing: "You don't understand, Sire, it is only in fun."

Napoleon: "In fun or not, I would have none of it."

The Knight: "You speak to the maiden, Corsican, and my sword is sharp to aid her cause."

Hope: "No! No! Sir Knight, I pray you, desist."

The Lion (to change the conversation): "I believe this class sits for the Leaving this year. They have much of your virtue to do so, my Lady."

Hope: "Some of them seem very sensible. Two of them see no sense in nonsense rhymes."

Napoleon: "Marvellous,—their mathematics would disgrace an infant of old France."

The Knight: "If they have Hope, it means a lot but their Latin is certainly weak. to say the least, especially in the corner desk. Perhaps nearness to the fire is the cause, but then dormancy is the attribute of colder regions. I don't know—"

The Lion: "I don't think you do. You make me sleepy."

Napoleon: "God Save the King," how I hate. They might think of my feelings. We had better retire. Some eccentric might come up here to hold a secret meeting of Bolsheviks."

Lady Hope: "Good-night, all."

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

One bleak winter evening in the year 1957 an old maid sat alone by the fire musing. A torn and musty Churinga lay open upon her lap, open at the somewhat boring description of a social held thirty years ago by a certain B Class.

Suddenly the years seemed slipping away from her, one by one; she found herself a child again sitting in silent misery in an ice-cold room, among a number of other equally dumb and equally miserable delinquents. On the desk, ornamented with M.G.'s, G.T.'s, C.W.L.'s, etc., and numberless splotches of ink, an Algebra note-book lay open, while a grim professor, the very impersonation of immobility, kept guard before an empty fireplace. Then the schoolroom with its array of glum faces vanished as it had come, and a long hall, with brown and gold streamers, with great bowls of flowers, and with the subdued gleam of many lights took its place. Blushing girls and bashful boys joined hands and circled to the tune of "Jolly Miller," and soon forgot "that sinking feeling" they had experienced at first, though one boy looked pale and on the point of sneezing all the

evening, while another tried to leave the Hall and seek refuge under the stars. A certain What son favoured the joyous company with a passionate love song, and a true daughter of Erin recited "Oranges" with effect. Even "little Marie" gave up trying to be "unnatural for once," and A.M., M.A. pocketed his indulgences with a smile. Moonlight met with disillusionment, finding that eleven yards is far too much start to give a rival in the affairs of love, even though it may suffice in Algebra. Only the "B Class Mascot" was silent that night. His tunes were meant to brighten the sad half hours of life. Betty will give you a good example of a sad half hour; so will our budding chemists, although chlorine has nipped their roots. So he never whistled on sunny Wednesday afternoons, or on Speech Night, though Mary's grateful postures, and Winnie and Ron, bearing their blushing honors thick upon them, would have invoked the admiration of the saints. He was suspiciously quiet, too, when the best room picture crept in and remained, and when Johnny Walker, spoon in mouth, posed for the camera-man, amid the acclamations of the crowd. (n.b. Johnny is still going strong. Lately he has been presented with a cap and bells to the great delight of Rosalind and Celia. Les, too looks charming in a doublet and hose.) But the Mascot's tunes were very helpful in the showery month of April, especially in the latter part, when noughts and crosses were the order of the day, and lectures, though frequent and convincingly worded, little appreciated. (Refer to Mr. Close for verification of the above.)

A quick knock upon the door, a maid's voice announcing tea, and the heavy curtain of years fall again, blotting out all those bright visions of the past; those happy faces and those glad smiles, which somehow had warmed the dear old B Classroom, in spite of an unfriendly sun, and unfeeling teacher, and numberless impositions; for human 'bees' are not infallible.

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

Launceston,

3rd December, 1940.

Dear Old Friend.—

I know you would be delighted to hear some news of the 1927 C Class, so I am going to tell you of the grand reunion which we had.

As I entered the reception room, I noticed crowds of familiar faces. My first acquaintance was Jean Guy, and I might add that her beautiful hair has been shingled. Next came Olive with her beaming smile as a welcome, and then the three inseparables, Vera, Lily and Iris. On the other side was Anna (now a flourishing little dressmaker), talking gaily to Gertie. I believe I heard Anna say, "Why do you like red pencils?" Gertie replied, "Ever since Isabel and I started a clock shop we have used red pencils."

Just as we were settling down, I walked Rosalie Heathorn (late as usual), and she handed Miss Layh a letter concerning Dorothy's absence. It read to the effect that something had 'arisen' which prevented her from attending; something to do with her —er— nose, I think.

Questions were asked on all sides, "Has Olive found a book with a 'nice' hero?" What would Gertie do if she lost her French book and has Isabel found her homework?" Then a sarcastic voice murmured, "Ask Rita if it's worth while learning Theorem 2?"

Congratulations were given to Isabel, Honor and Rita on their debut in England with the Australian Hockey Team.

The evening passed all too soon. Madame Gray (you remember Rita, our prefect don't you), supplied some wonderful music. At the conclusion Doreen made a speech, "because" she always did love to talk, you know.

After "The Best School of All," we all trooped home, and one who was very pleased to see her old pals, was your old friend.

P.S.—Do not think that all these girls are not married, for most of them are (Miss Layh included), but, I thought you would be more acquainted with their maiden names.

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

The C2 Class of 1927, though there is much less of it (in terms of avoirdupois) than there was last year, are not lacking in importance. (Ask them!)

The class is dwindling in numbers. Last year there were forty-five, but now there are only twenty-nine of us. However, we are still able to make a noise in the School world. This fact brings out our noted daring as we are right above the Head's office, to say nothing of having room thirteen.

We also excel in sport. We have Rupert W., Johnny L. and Nick J. in the firsts, while Menny K., Georgie B. and Freddy R. practise with them. Then there is the mighty man, Athol, vice-captain and selection committee of the seconds. The Grades are rare skirmishers. We have Captains Collins and Fletcher, not forgetting Ex-Captain Cassius. The "Ex" is not traceable, but as the Red Revolution is on us it may be explained in the near future. Our sports champion is Rupe W., with Freddy R. close behind. Doug B. also ran well in the Junior.

Others you will find below, but owing to Union trouble with the printers, names are omitted.

Who is the boy in C2 Class
Whose hair—it can't be said;
But if you press me hard enough,
Perhaps it may be red?
Who is the boy in our C Class,
Rather an English swot,
Whose difficult answers are often right;
He argues when they're not!
Who comes in late 'most every day?
Who broke the record once?
He's also in our cricket team,
And certainly not a dunce.
Who is the boy in C2 Class
Who comes in by the train?
Whose lessons—that he does—alas
Are often done in vain.
Who is the boy in C2 Class
Who comes from far Bangor?
He has been taken down a peg
But may be top once more.
Who is the boy in Class C2
Who comes in by the 'Bus
From fair St. Leonards. He's been top
And sets the pace for us.

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

"A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches." Now, if you know anything about C3, or have spoken for a few moments to any of its teachers, you will immediately see that that clever class has made the better choice.

What care we for riches! Alas, Bessie sees to this and already we have a beautiful picture as well as a frame bought from our extractions.

In sport, good old Annie scarcely misses a goal, and Winnie brings us credit in the seconds. We still realise our imperfections but seek to gain more light by submitting the following questions to you:—

Debutante: Is it right for little girls to get private letters from a box?

Anxious: Is it right to applaud members of the staff when they hit donkey drops?

Envious: Should Abe wave her hair with a hot iron?

Miss Vanity: Does Mr. X. like powder? Certainly, we will provide some from our frugal class funds.

Inquisitive: At what moments do we need minties?

Enquirer: Should dusters have tales to tell? Ask Bubbles.

Grateful: Should Hec. and Cliff be rewarded with chocolates?

Naturalist: Should a class containing two mavis, a doe and a park invite the attendance of the public? C2 excepted.

Observer: Should Phyl. send letters to far off lands?

Aesthetic: Should the silver cup be placed at the back of the room?

We shall be most grateful for the solution of the above. Friends interested enough to answer are invited to send replies to room eleven not later than the end of the year.

CLASS D1.—Supervising Teacher: Miss Grubb, B.A.

Editor of the "Churinga,"

Dear Sir,

We wish to inform you that, by the time the coming issue of our school magazine is printed we shall, without doubt, be frozen in. We therefore beg of you to organise a search party so that if it be possible to distinguish our bodies from blocks of ice they may be burned with the deserved ceremony.

In case, however, you should dig out B Class who occupy the next room, we give you below signs by which it will be possible for you to recognise our little band.

By the fireplace is Miss Grubb and near her wads of paper which one teacher used on occasions to clean our board. We forgive him now.

Those two little girls clasped close as Tweedledum and Tweedledee are Gwen and Doreen.

The one with the hockey stick protruding from her desk will be Rachel. Beware lest you sprain your ankle against her case on the floor. Marie will be powdering her nose and there ought to be a tennis racquet somewhere near about.

Betty is the girl sitting in the corner—a permanent worried frown fixed on her forehead.

You'll know Eleanor by her hair—it is the beautiful shade of Queen Elizabeth's.

There are two little girls, one fair, one dark, close together. I should not be surprised if both of their hands were up as if in answer to a question—or Mary may have the look of one who has been turned from home to wander in a witch's forest.

That dark, bobbed-hair girl in front supporting her head dismally on her hand is Sybil. She is wondering what has become of the princess.

There are many more, Sir, but I cannot take up your valuable space longer. Look on the blackboard, you'll find the rest there.

We freeze happy in the sense of duty though we cannot help wondering how the school will continue once the best class has gone from it.

Thanking you, Sir, in anticipation of your kindly deed.

I am,

Yours faithfully,

MORITURI SALUTAMUS.

CLASS D2.—Supervising Teacher: Miss L. Smith, B.A.

Time for writing class notes has come round again and what a brain-racking experience it is, trying to fossick around in one's head for something to write about! Oh, well, I suppose we shall have to do our best.

Of course it goes without saying that D2 Class is the best in the School and to prove this we have had the "Best Room Picture" twice. What looks nicer than a spotlessly clean room with blinds level, blackboard clean and a cheerful fire blazing in a well-kept fire place?

It our friend Bessie gets in a rage over Algebra, etc., we just have to say "Bessie Be Gentle," and all is calm again.

Only one really exciting event has taken place so far and that was our class picnic at Longford. We haven't had our social yet, but hope to have it soon.

Initials:

A stands for Audrey, a shingle has she,
And of that shingle she's proud as can be.

B is for Bessie, who stayed home from school,
Now at her lessons she feels like a fool.

C stands for Chrissy, who used to be here,
But now she's transferred to a much lower sphere.

D is for Dally, who's not very lean,
But at sport and work she is very keen.

E is for Ethel, the girl who can cook,
She makes puddings and pies "sans" cooking book.

F is for Forsythe, the girl with the brains,
In all that she does she takes greatest pains.

There are some questions we should like to ask:—

Is Jean Bird a parrot? Ask Miss Smith.

Will class notes ever be easy to write?

Why has Miss Smith such a high opinion of our knowledge of History, and why does she always want to know what Henry VII did to encourage trade?

Well, I think we will close now before we manage to make a slip and disclose any of our class secrets. With every good wish for the future examinations.

We are,
D2.

CLASS D3.—Supervising Teacher: Mr. B. Mather.

Welcome to June, 1927! Let us present to you Class D3. All our teachers declare D3 to be an ideal class—in fact they rave about it (in more ways than one). In case any other class should wish to become ideal, we present the recipe for its making. The following ingredients are required:—

Firstly, thirty good, reliable hard-working boys.

Secondly, one iron-willed supervisor, who

“Controls them and subdues, transmutes, bereaves

Of their bad influence and their good receives”—
and good-humoured teachers—for example, the Geography teacher asked Gerald, “What kind of rainfall do they get in Central Spain?” Gerald answered, “Wet.”

Thirdly, two prefects. One big enough to keep the class in order by brute force, and the other with a strong enough will to keep the class rules by moral power.

Fourthly, one roomful of baking powder (The Class Spirit Brand), without which the class goes flat.

Fifthly, thirty hard-working sets of brains, which must be inserted with the boys and gently stirred to prevent their sinking to the boots.

Method: Set each pair of boys in separate desks. Baste them from time to time during the term with detentions and tests. At the end of the term sprinkle with exam papers and await results.

Talking of exams, Thomas has again won the honours in the recent terminal ordeal, specializing this time in Geometry by gaining 98 per cent., while Bert Reece has proved to be the superman in French. However, McDuffy has shown that he is a scientist by his famous mixture of sand and sugar and by just averting an adventure with phosphorus and a hot deflagrating spoon.

The class was temporarily deprived of three of its members when the XI went to Hobart, but all returned safely, although one met with an adventure with a yellow automobile on leaving the capital. With the coming of the cold weather, we have taken to football, being represented in the team by six members, the redoubtable full back, Hector, numbering amongst them.

Fortunately only one of the Cripple's Club is with us. In running we have proved ourselves by winning the Relay race against all classes and by gaining the Old Scholars' Cup for Championship points. Ken Smith, our team captain, is Junior Champion 1927. The Shield and the Cup (brightly polished by willing co-workers) are welcome decorations to our room.

Just to conclude our notes we offer the suggestion that there is more in the name “Remainder Theorem” than there appears. We have it three times each lesson and it seems that it was meant to remain with us. Ken says, moreover, that owing to the verbosity of a certain theorem (29, I think) the final step might be

“QUITE ENOUGH SAID.”

CLASS E1.—Supervising Teacher: Miss A. Nicholls.

THEOREM E1.

Enun.: If 36 “hayseeds” are cast into a classroom with six “townies” they are sure to be related to the great ones of the world, and form the basis of a zoo.

Reqd. to prove: That E1 is indispensable to the School.

Construction: Soak the “hayseeds” and “townies” well together in “essence of knowledge,” then set out in desks and examine.

Proof: By inspection we find the factors of greatness to be:—

“Power” of electric fame, or was it algebraic?

“Hargreaves” of mechanical, or was it musical fame?

“Davey” a lamp of knowledge especially with regard to capital letters.

“Adam(s)” oh—ah, who was part cause of all our trouble (in many ways)—eve(n) the son of “David” and a Queen.

Now suppose E1 dispensed with so that these were unknown and so that we had no “Daniel” of “line” fame.

Apply “Daniel” to the den (Ass—ume the “den” is at the Zoo, namely, Class Room E1 (the “a” being short, of course) so that “Daniel” coincides no!—resides with Angel-u and —u so my be kep' oloive. (Theor. 6017 B.C.) Since “Daniel” is safe, place “Terry”—er in the “Sellers” to “gard—am” and rescue our “Kitty” from the “pecks” of the “drake.” Give her a “fish—er” and—er throw in a hockey ball for the “bat(t).” (Theor Wed. 1927.)

Let the office of the geni-asses be at the “grand fields” near the Zoo.

Let the Zoo be open two hours in the late morning and three in the early afternoon making a total of six, so that the natives may increase their knowledge of the fauna of the country; which facts are impossible if E1 is dispensed with.

Therefore E1 can't be dispensed with. (Definitely proved.)

Quite Enough Said.

Corollary: It will be found that if E1 is applied to E2 and E3 it envelops them completely.

Therefore it will be found most valuable in 1932.

CLASS E2.—Supervising Teacher: Miss Taylor, B.A.

Our room is the best, 'cause it's always so clean,
Not one scrap of paper on the floor's ever seen;
The ink's never spilt, except on Jean's desk,
For Tassie and she are never at rest.
Miss Taylor's our mistress, we love her so well;
That when ever we see her, we set up a yell.
Joan's the star of our hockey, my word she can bang;
When she hits the ball, it lands with a clang.
Nancy's our prefect, my word she's no dear;
When ever we see her, we have cause to fear.
Mr. Dallas, our teacher of Commerce is he;
The dearest old dear, that you ever did see.
Detention's a word that's unknown in the class;
For we all work so hard, that we're all sure to pass.
So now you know the events of E2;
Their uncultured manners are the same at the zoo.

In our class there's forty-two,
 Who come each day to school;
 There we sit and do our work,
 And we try to learn our rule.
 Of course, when in school, we girls
 Do hardly ever talk;
 But when we are going to start,
 Miss Taylor comes and we are caught.
 Now the heavy penalty for this,
 Is theorems after school;
 Or sometimes it's a hundred lines,
 Which sounds a bit too cruel.
 But after all we've had some praise,
 Although it might be small;
 When Miss Smith said, "we're very good;"
 That's one praise, but not all.

If you walk through the western door into the Assembly Hall
 you see a door, pause and peep in, and you will see a neat room,
 no dusters lying on the floor or table. All this is seen to before
 school, but look in again after the whistle blows, and you will see
 a "Bird" carrying our messages, a Taylor making our clothes, a
 "Mason" preparing monuments, "Lily" making our room sweet,
 "Olives" and "Frys" making chocolates, "Wildman" amusing us, a
 "Box" to keep our Coxes in, Stuart the Jeweller, "Good" making us
 behave ourselves (but of course we are always good), "L.D." who
 sometimes makes our work like an Irish Stew, a "dias" for our
 don (Dyas), a man to make our sauce (Holbrook), Some "Crooks"
 (Crooks), a "Florist" preparing the flowers (Walker), a "Butcher"
 (Phillips.)

CLASS E3.—Supervising Teacher: Mr. T. Viney.

A is for Alf, who's a king thanks to fate.
 B is for Branagan, the boy who comes late.
 C is for Clarke, who wanted to fight.
 D's for detentions, of course they're not right.
 E is for easy—Algebra's not.
 F is for French, the best subject we've got.
 G's for Geometry—Mr. ——— knows that.
 H is for homework on which we grow fat.
 I is for ink, all over the door
 J is for Jack, he can't reach the floor.
 K is for Keith, renowned for his snigger.
 L is for Laurie who has a good figure.
 M is for Max—a good talker is he.
 N is for naughty—never are we.
 O's for ourselves—a fine class of boys.
 P is for Parish, still fond of his toys.
 Q's for the questions we're asked all day.
 R is for Ritchie who just loves to play.
 S is for sunshine we don't often see
 T is for Traill—our prefect is he.
 U is for us—we're fifty in all.
 V is for Vernon who can't jump at all.
 W's for Willie—a very wee lad.
 X is the unknown, Y and Z are as bad.

BOYS' SPORT.

ROWING.

The annual regatta was held on the Gorge course on December 18 last. The crews were well matched and there was keen competition. The sculling championship was won by H. Dixon. J. Breheny (bow), W. Christian (2), S. Wellington (3), H. Dixon (stroke), D. Hughes (cox) won the fours, and L. Watson (bow), J. Breheny (2), C. Viney (3), E. Fleming (4), L. Jacques (5), W. Christian (6), S. Wellington (7), H. Dixon (stroke), T. Phillips (cox) won the eights.

The school crew, E. Duncan (bow), C. Viney (2), W. Christian (3), L. Watson (stroke), D. Hughes (cox), was not as successful this year as in former years.

We competed for the Henley Shield against Grammar School, Technical College and St. Patrick's College, and were beaten by half a length. The race was ordered to be re-rowed but we were again unsuccessful.

On April 9 we rowed for the Bourke cup, competing against Hobart High School, Devonport High School, and the Launceston Technical College. The race was won by the Hobart High School the Technical College was second, we were third and Devonport last. Hobart and Launceston were the first off the mark. Launceston took the lead and held it for half the course when Hobart came to the front and, rowing strongly, finished three lengths to the good. Their win was especially meritorious since they had to change their stroke the day before the race.

CRICKET.

FIRSTS.

At the meeting held to elect officers for the year, H. Swift was chosen captain, D. Hughes vice-captain, and T. Stephens secretary.

During the season we were successful in winning only one match, that against St. Patrick's College. The following is a list of matches:—

v. The Staff and Seconds.—Firsts, 110 (G. Hall 21, H. Swift 19, W. Christian 17), Staff, 4 wickets for 82 (Doolan 2 for 8, Christian 1 for 13).

v. Scotch College.—S.H.S., 94 (D. Hughes 35, A. Von Bertouch 11), Scotch College, 100. Bowling: D. Hughes, 4 for 14; H. Swift, 2 for 21.

v. St. Patrick's College.—S.H.S., 4 wickets for 143 (innings declared closed), H. Swift 47, A. Von Bertouch 44, W. Christian 21. St. Patrick's College, 1st innings, 22; 2nd innings, 21. Swift and Doolan got the wickets between them.

On the first of April we played Hobart State High, at Hobart, and were defeated easily by an innings and 75 runs. The following are the scores: —



CRICKET TEAM, 1927.

First Innings.	L.S.H.S.	Second Innings
H. Swifte, c Little, b Putman 14	Swifte, run out 4	
D. Hughes, c Coombes, b Little 5	Hughes, b Coombes 14	
J. Doolan, c Limb, b Coombes 0	Von Bertouch, b Putman . . 4	
A. Von Bertouch, b Brown . . 0	Christian, b Coombes . . . 0	
W. Christian, b Little 0	McPhail c Brown, b Coombes 0	
K. McPhail, b Putman 16	Smith, b Coombes 19	
E. Adams, c Coombes, b Brown 1	Adams, c Frost, b Putman . . 0	
M. Sutton, c Jeffreys b Putman 1	Sutton, b Putman 1	
K. Smith, not out 4	Duncan, b Frost 2	
E. Duncan, b Brown 1	Cox, b Coombes 2	
J. Cox, b Coombes 0	Doolan, not out 4	
Sundries 4	Sundries 4	
Total 39.	Total 54	

HOBART HIGH SCHOOL.

Putman, b Swifte 49	Gardiner, not out 14
Wells, c Smith, b Swifte . . 0	Hannan, c and b Hughes . . 4
Richardson, b Swifte 1	Sundries 16
Little, b Doolan 4	
Coombes, b Doolan 0	Total 168
Jeffries, c Swifte, b Doolan 18	Bowling: Swifte, 3 for 36; Doolan, 5 for 57; D. Hughes, 2 for 14.
Limb, b Doolan 2	
Frost, c Cox, b Hughes . . . 19	

ATHLETIC SPORTS.

The eleventh annual Boys' Sports were held at the Cricket Ground on Wednesday, May 19, in fair weather. Although 112 competitors took part in different events, there was very little competition in the Senior Division, the School Championship being won easily by W. Christian with the maximum number of points (21). This constitutes a school record.

Much greater interest was shown in the Junior events, no less than seven boys dividing the championship points. Ken. Smith finally won the Junior Championship with 11 points, Keith Edwards being second with 6½ points.

The novelty races were even better patronised, and some enjoyable races resulted. Probably the most amusing were the obstacle races.

For the first time in the history of the School, "D" class succeeded in winning the class relay race and the Class Championship Cup. "A" class was second in the relay race and third in the Class Championship Cup, while "C" class was third in the relay race and second in the Cup. Other results:

Three-legged Race: J. Cox and D. Hughes.

100 Yards Championship, open: W. Christian 1, R. Ward 2, E. Adams 3.

Wheelbarrow Race: J. Cox and K. Edwards.

220 Yards Handicap, open: C. Viney 1, E. Adams 2.

100 Yards Handicap, under 13: L. Abra and H. Holder, dead heat.

220 Yards Championship, open: W. Christian 1, R. Ward 2, F. Roberts 3.

Championship High Jump, under 15: D. Murphy 1, K. Smith 2, E. Daymond 3.

Sack Race: D. Murphy 1, J. Lee 2.

100 Yards Championship, under 15: K. Edwards 1, K. Smith 2, D. Brain 3.

100 Yards Handicap, open: R. Ward 1, E. Duncan 2, C. Viney 3.

220 Yards Handicap, under 13: L. Abra 1, R. Boatwright 2.

440 Yards Championship, open: W. Christian 1, F. Roberts 2, E. Adams 3.

Egg-and-Spoon Race: J. Walker 1, P. Foster 2.

220 Yards Championship, under 15: D. Brain 1, K. Edwards 2, K. Smith 3.

440 Yards Handicap, open: D. Hughes 1, H. Fletcher 2.

Obstacle Race, under 14: C. Collins 1, H. Roberts 2.

440 Yards Championship, under 15: K. Smith 1, D. Brain 2, K. Edwards 3.

880 Yards Championship, open: W. Christian 1, F. Roberts 2.

Blindfold Barrel Race: D. Murphy 1, D. Hughes 2.

100 Yards Handicap, under 15: R. White 1, G. Box 2.

120 Yards Hurdle Championship, open: W. Christian 1, C. Viney 2, R. Ward 3.

880 Yards Championship, under 15: K. Smith 1, D. Murphy 2, K. Mayhead 3.

880 Yards Handicap, open: E. Adams 1, F. Roberts 2.

Obstacle Race, over 14: D. Murphy 1, J. Cox 2.

440 Yards Handicap, under 15: D. Brain 1, J. Walker 2, L. Waldron 3.

Championship High Jump, open: W. Christian 1, R. Ward 2, C. Viney 3. Height, 4ft. 6in.

220 Yards Handicap, under 15: D. Murphy 1, J. Maloney 2.

75 Yards Championship, under 13: V. Viney 1, E. Smith 2.

Championship and Handicap Mile, open: Handicap, D. Hughes 1, J. Cox 2. Championship: W. Christian 1, F. Roberts 2, R. Ward 3.

880 Yards Handicap, under 15: K. Mayhead 1, J. Walker 2.

Throwing the Cricket Ball: H. Swifte 1, J. Cox 2.

Kicking the Football: E. Duncan 1, E. Adams 2.

FOOTBALL.

FIRSTS.

Our team this year is much lighter than that of any previous year. We were particularly unfortunate to lose the services of our captain H. L. Swifte who broke his collarbone early in the year at practice. Although robbed of his aid on the playing field we have had the benefit of his experience in building up an efficient system; in this he has been ably helped by the vice-captain W. Christian. We have played many matches and have met with moderate success. The following is a list of the matches played:—

v. The Technical School (two matches). Scores:—S.H.S., 10 goals 16 behinds; Technical School, 5 goals 4 behinds. S.H.S., 6 goals 5 behinds; Technical School, 1 behind.

v. St. Patrick's College (two matches). Scores:—S.H.S., 2 goals 3 behinds; St. Patrick's, 4 goals 5 behinds. S.H.S., 6 goals 4 behinds; St. Patrick's, 6 goals 6 behinds.

v. Scotch College (two matches). Scores:—S.H.S., 15 goals 22 behinds; Scotch College, 7 goals 5 behinds. S.H.S., 13 goals 7 behinds; Scotch College, 1 goal 2 behinds.

v. Grammar School. Scores:—S.H.S., 4 goals 3 behinds; Grammar, 17 goals 21 behinds.

v. "Examiner." Scores:—S.H.S., 5 goals 2 behinds, "Examiner," 4 goals 7 behinds.

On July 7 we played the Devonport High School at Devonport, and were severely defeated. In system we were superior to our opponents, but they possessed the advantage in weight and height. The rough, uneven nature of the ground was, too, more in their favour than ours. Scores: Launceston, 5 goals 11 behinds; Devonport, 13 goals 31 behinds.

During the progress of the matches we have been best served by W. Christian, C. Viney, D. Hughes, C. Jones, E. Adams, E. Duncan and R. Ward.

The following have been awarded their football caps:—H. I. Swifte, W. Christian, D. Hughes, C. Viney, E. Duncan, R. Ward, H. McLennon, J. Bennell, K. Smith, E. Adams, R. Sowter, C. Jones, W. Duff, M. Dargavel, J. Lovett, K. Johnston, J. Cox and R. White.

SECONDS.

At the first meeting this season Angus Von Bertouch was elected captain and Athol Watts, vice-captain.

Matches have been played against Glen Dhu, Wellington Square, East Launceston (2), Grammar Thirds (2), a combined team from Charles Street, Invermay and East Launceston, a Junior Technical College team and Scottsdale High School, as well as minor practice matches. Those won were against Glen Dhu, East Launceston, Combined Schools and Technical College.

The last match, that against Scottsdale, had been eagerly awaited but did not end as we hoped, Scottsdale winning easily by 17 goals 15 behinds to 3 goals 8 behinds. The greater speed and size and better marking of the Scottsdale team prevailed though the game was not so uneven, all things considered, as the scores seem to indicate. Our best players were Athol Watts, Terry Hughes, Angus Von Bertouch, Jack Doolan and Maurice Dargavel.

Others who have shown good form throughout the season are: Aubrey Tucker, Jack Dineen, Keith Robinson, Ken Mayhead and Ted Daymon (30 goals).

GRADES.

Since the beginning of the 2nd term roster matches have been in progress on the Invermay Park ground. Four teams contest these matches viz., Red (R. Suter, captain), Gold (H. Fletcher, captain), Green (R. Collins, captain) and Blue (C. Collins, captain). Up to the present the gold team has been the weakest but an improved display and a win prove them to be likely contestants for the premiership. The Red team also has only one win to its credit but the regular practice they have been having should improve their position. The other teams are very even, each having three wins.

The games are very keenly played, great enthusiasm being apparent. The games are usually very open, some good individual performances being registered. The most promising players are:—

Red: B. Campbell, F. White, L. Thurlow, Clarke, and Thompson.

Green: Ray Collins A. Wicks, and W. Breheney.

Blue: C. Collins, J. Townend, Viney, Brumby and Lee.

Gold: J. Brown, J. Eyre and Waldron.

GIRLS' SPORT.

TENNIS.

At the beginning of the year Jean Gee was elected captain for the team. Competition for places in the team this year has been very keen and the final positions are: Rita Gray, Honor Deane, Jean Gee, Irene Shepherd, Marjorie Kidd and Eleanor Robinson, with Molly Wood and Ienne Ward as emergencies. In March, Miss Grubb took the team to Hobart where we were defeated, 9 sets to 0. The girls did their best and, although most of the sets were more even than the scores might suggest, it was evident that the Hobart team was both steadier and stronger.

Special mention must be made of the improvement made in Honor Deane's play during the season.

The tennis team wish to thank Miss Grubb for her untiring efforts in coaching them, and also Mr. Limbrick for the valuable hints which he has given them.

As only three of the present team will be leaving at the end of the year it is hoped that we shall have better success next season.

HOCKEY.

FIRSTS.

Team: Annie Keeling, goal; Elaine Rocher, left back; Barbara Rocher, right back; Rachel Royle, centre half-back; Isobel Westell, left half-back; Shella Whitehead, right half-back; Irene Shephard, centre (captain); Honor Bayes, left inner (vice-captain); Rita Saltmarsh, right inner; Aileen Adams, left wing; Faith Hamilton, right wing.

Unfortunately we have only played two Association matches this year. This is due to the fact that the Interstate hockey was held earlier than in previous years. Consequently we have not been able to get very much practice to put us in form for our match against Devonport which is to be played off on July 8 at Devonport.

The first match was played against Longford, and resulted in a win for the Firsts—Longford 0 goals, School 7 goals. Goals by H. Bayes (4), I. Shephard (3).

The following Saturday we met Broadland House, and this proved to be an easy victory for the Firsts. The whole team played very well. The backs defended splendidly, and the forwards showed good combined play. Annie Keeling put up a good performance as goal-keeper, and this is why Broadland House failed to score. The forwards were quick to strike when in the goal circle. The game ended in a win for Firsts—Broadland House nil, School 16 goals. Goals by I. Shephard (7), H. Bayes (5), A. Adams (2), R. Saltmarsh (2).

SECONDS.

At the beginning of the season a meeting of the Seconds' was held at which A. Miller was elected captain and G. Westell, vice-captain.

The Seconds compete with the "B" grade, and so far five matches have been played. The results are as follows:—

April 31.—School v. Merrowa. This resulted in a draw, scores being two goals all.

May 7.—School v. Paton and Baldwin's. Scores: Seconds, 9 goals; Paton and Baldwin's, nil.

May 14.—School v. Tamar Knit. Scores: Seconds, 3 goals; Tamar Knit, nil.



TENNIS TEAM, 1927.

June 11.—School v. Perth. Scores: Perth, 5 goals; School, 1 goal.
 June 18.—School v. East Launceston State School. Scores: Seconds, 12 goals; East Launceston, nil.

Owing to the changes at the beginning of the season our team was very weak; but, now, after some hard practice we have considerably improved and hope for better results in the future.

SPEECH NIGHT.

The Day Before. Scene: The Girls' Common Room.
 "What dress are you going to wear?" "I'm having the same as last year."

"Oh, I do hope my hair will look nice; I wish I had it cut now."

"I hope it is a nice night."

"So do I. I've got a wretched cold."

In class, some of the boys make very insulting remarks about curling rags, etc. They want to know if the girls are feeling fit and whether they want a sheet of paper to stand on to get the top notes.

From these remarks, it can be gathered the amount of work done in school. There is evidence of suppressed excitement in the air, and Mr. Close finds it very difficult to make anyone concentrate on Theorem 49.

"We ought to have no lessons to-day," says someone. (Hear, hear.)

The Night of Nights.

All roads lead to the Albert Hall (as well as Rome). The Hall is crowded with eager fathers and mothers, each well instructed as to where to find their brainy offspring.

Behind the curtain, everyone is in a whirl of excitement.

"Is my hair right?"

"I hope I can find the Pater quickly. I told him where to find me."

"Did you see all the cars outside?"

"What's the time? It must be nearly eight."

"Oh, look, here comes Mr. Miller and Mr. Brooks. The last arrangements are completed, then Mr. Close takes up his position.

The curtain rises.

The hum of voices ceases. All eyes are fixed on the platform for one breathless moment. Then the singing of the National Anthem breaks the spell, and the great night begins.

If anyone were to ask the audience what struck them most at the first glimpse, there are very few who could tell. They only know that the whole effect is beautiful. Girls in pure white dresses, pink-cheeked, sparkling-eyed, arranged so that no one is hidden from view.

Rounds of applause follow the first song, then Mr. Miller rises to make his report. The boys, seated in the front rows, look quite pleased with themselves.

They, too, are very smart to-night. Every hair is just so (the backs of the brushes must have fairly ached). After the Report comes more delightful singing, both by the girls and some of the old scholars.

When the curtain went up for the Eurythmics, everyone gasped again. The beautiful, slow movements, the suggestive music, the coloured lights, the expressive hands and arms worked a spell on all.

The second set of Eurythmics were composed of light, airy, graceful movements, accompanied by bright, rippling music.

Mr. Barber, with his cheery smile and gay, happy words, was of great assistance to the prize-winners, who, in some cases, were very nervous and ill at ease. The singing of the School Song was a fitting close to one of the most successful Speech Nights yet held. Everyone was thoroughly convinced by that time that it WAS "the Best School of All."

Afterwards. "What did you think of it, Mum? Wasn't it lovely?" "Which song did you like best? Don't you think we looked nice? Everyone says it was perfectly beautiful. I think we ought to have a holiday now." (Hear, hear.)

THE ROYAL VISIT: MOUNTAINEERING.

At an early hour one Autumn morning, Mt. Wellington, on viewing from afar the approach of a riotous, youthful band of tourists, drew over his scarred brow a cowl of grey mist and resigned himself to his fate. The party, cascading from both outlets of a venerable tramcar, poured into the shady tracks leading to the lower slopes and mounted steadily by devious routes towards the Springs.

The size of the party, the many by-paths, the numerous attractions caused many stragglers, and our Guide, Mr. Duncan Edwards, a hale and experienced mountaineer, had a difficult task. Fortunately, none straggled singly. A halt was called and our guide, by repeated hails, brought all together again, restored order, and set us forward once more.

On arrival at the Springs what breath remained was taken completely by the news that the whole Royal Party was among us incognito. I need hardly add that the Duchess' smile, till now suppressed but no longer controllable at the antics of the clowns of our band, revealed her to us and the rest was easy.

Our restraint, however, soon broke down during a delightfully informal luncheon; the Duke was the life of the whole party, evoking hearty laughter from his youthful associates by racy anecdotes and sparkling wit, while the Duchess captivated all, especially the ladies, by her charming manner and inimitable smile. Much comment was excited by the precocity of Princess Izzie, and (let us whisper it), we were not impressed by her table manners.

In the ascent to the Pinnacle, the younger members of our party were greatly in evidence, but the honour of first place was shared by the Duke, Miss Christina Lee, Miss J. M—, and Lieutenant Swilton, R.N. They were followed closely by the Duchess, Lady Constance S—, Princess Izzie and her youthful companions, our guide and his able assistant, Miss H—, Capt. John Cox and Mr. K. McPhail, M.H.R. Others to complete the ascent were Lady Elizabeth Fitz-G. and the Hon. Honoria D—, escorted by the Rt. Hon. Billy, Miss Vivienne Greenward, the Countess of Perth, Lady Marjorie Chevrele, Commander Stevens, R.N., Major Ksmyth and Sir John Doolan.

The view was rather restricted owing to the heavy mist, but no one really seemed to mind in the least, doubtless because of the genial influence of the Royal pair and the rather entertaining pranks of Princess Izzie.

The return to the Springs was soon accomplished, afternoon tea was partaken of and, after the Duke had expressed his appreciation of the whole outing and the excellent way he had been treated, we descended to the Fern Tree via Silver Falls. The steep descent and narrow tracks made stragglers numerous, our guide being too busy arranging supporting parties to give them much attention. The

return from the Fern Tree over Gentle Annie Falls and the Waterworks Road was very interesting and charming after the rugged mountain scenery. The balmy air, peaceful surroundings and general lethargy consequent on such a strenuous day were not conducive to rapid progress. But for our guides' (after the "s," please, Mr. Editor) example in setting a reasonable pace and the untiring efforts of Lieutenant Swilton, Mr. Hughes and Sir Lyall Pettie in shepherding the rearguard, some stragglers would undoubtedly have been lost. However, we arrived safely slightly after schedule time.

The same evening the Royal Party attended the Campbell Street School Fair, and contributed greatly to the success of the function—from the social rather than the financial point of view.

The return to the Northern Capital by mail train was thoroughly enjoyed by all, the Duke, on departing, expressing his delight at the success (financial) of his trip to the South.

A feature of the trip was the splendid travelling arrangements made by Capt. John Cox, for which services the Duke was pleased to confer on him a knighthood and the order of T.A.X.I.

HALF-MINUTE INTERVIEWS.

The Countess of Perth: "Little pleased with the Wellington part of the trip."

The Earl of Angus: "Outlook rather Grey at times."

The Rt. Hon. Wm. H.: "Scenery magnificent but parabolas better still."

B CLASS SOCIAL.

"The Swallow" felt mortified. He had had the hall to himself all the afternoon, and now when he was just about to settle down for a comfortable sleep on the tip of Sir Galahad's nose, a careless crowd of boys and girls, talking and laughing together, had come to invade his sanctuary. It was extremely annoying, so, ruffling his dark plumage, he decided to seek safety in concealment and popped behind a picture. Screened by this, he watched the proceedings with anxious eyes.

Below, the male element, considerably embarrassed, had formed themselves into a group. Their nervousness was evidenced by a constant shuffling of feet, a feverish tugging at neckties, extremely pale countenances, and agonised whisperings of "Is my hair straight?" or "What did I do with my handkerchief?" A few seemed "all hot and bothered" till their glowing faces threatened to outshine even ties and socks. The girls were more at ease, though not a little conscious of very short frocks, minus sleeves, and closely clipped heads. But all embarrassment vanished as if by magic when the piano struck up on "Jolly Miller"; boys dashed up and down, frantically waving little squares of white paper in the face of every girl they met, till at last having found their partners, they proudly escorted them to a seat, casting pitying glances on their less fortunate brethren. When every beau found his adrosee the real business of the evening had begun—the business of having some fun. During intervals different members of the B Class sang and recited. Competitions, too, were a great diversion, and a source of enjoyment, especially to the sleepy Swallow, though no one thought of offering him a chocolate. True to its name, the paper hop caught many on the hop, though Mr. Close will tell you it was not the only tricky game on the programme.

At 10 o'clock the gay company sat down to supper, glad of a little respite. Then games went on merrily again till the town clock boomed the half-hour, when, to the tune of "Auld Lang Syne," the assembly disbanded. There was a general rush to the cloak rooms, a whisper of "May I see you home?" a sound of many feet descending the steps—then darkness.

When the spiders crept forth from their webs again, when the golden streamers began to rustle gently, and the flowers to nod on the great bowls, the Swallow cautiously emerged from his hiding place, took up his former position on the tip of Sir Galahad's nose, sighed peacefully once or twice, and slept.

THE CHOIR.

During the first term it was decided to send in a picked choir to the Easter competitions. Most of the singers were from the E classes, but under the baton of Miss Nicholls, they were successful in carrying off first prize.

Most of the prize money was given to help pay for the piano; but a small portion was returned to the choir, in order that they might be entertained to afternoon tea at the Virginia.

Rita Gray, our school pianist, acted as accompanist. Miss Nicholls is to be congratulated on her successful work.

A CLASSROOM SCENE.

Scene: C Classroom. Time: Just after whistle.)

Dramatis personae: C Class and Mr. X.

Whistle. Enter Mr. X, handkerchief in hand, seemingly doing a fantastic dance, handkerchief waves wildly.

Mr. X.: "Is this Bedlam?" (Thuds his books on table; silence reigns supreme! ! ! ? ? Showers of questions drop upon us.)

Mr. X.: "Don't look at me with those fatuous bovine orbs!" "Bubbles!" (beaming smiles from Mr. X.)

Mr. X.: "What's the difference between Revolution and Evolution?" "I don't know, sir."

Mr. X.: "Stuff and nonsense; that's only common garden knowledge." "Annie?" "Don't know, sir!" "Elsie?" "Er, er, don't know sir!" "Isa?" "Er—um—I don't know either, sir!"

Mr. X.: "Goodness me. Well, what's rapid change, Connie?" Connie (absently): "A bolt from the blue, sir!" (Chuckles, gasps, etc.)

Mr. X.: "Why was Brindley financed by the Duke of Bridgewater?"

Thelma (nervously): "B-b-because he was jilted, sir!" (See Warner and Martin.)

Mr. X.: "Give me a striking advertisement, Phyl?"

"—at times like these you need Minties" (ask Mr. X.)

Whistle. "— Rustles! Whispers!! Cases rattle!!!

Mr. X.: "Who told you to dismiss yet? Take down this homework: Page 13, Nos. 7, 8, 9, 10—Do you want some more, Claire?—11, 12, 13 and 14.

Oh-h! ! Gasps of dismay.

Mr. X. walks to door. "Oh, by the way. I'll see you all at 4.15 to discuss 'Rapid Changes,' which, poor, pretty, pathetic little pets, is 'Revolution.'"

Second whistle. Exit Mr. X. Sighs of relief.

"WE OF C."

DUCES.

A1—Jeff Bennell.
 B1—Mary Rowe.
 C1—Olive Bushby.
 C2—Jean Atkinson.
 C3—Rupert Ward.
 D1—Gwen Lathey.
 D2—Mary Kiddle.
 D3—Tom Walker.
 E1—Nancy Reader.
 E2—Edna Dyas.
 E3—K. Hayward.

POET'S CORNER.

REQUIESCAT.

(With apologies to Matthew Arnold.)

Strew on them theorems, theorems,
 And never a problem? say you.
 An excuse will never clear 'em,
 Ah! what are they to do?
 Her Latin was dwindling, dwindling,
 In mazes of verbs and sound,
 And for tennis her soul was kindling,
 But those awful tests came round.
 Her feeble, scanty knowledge,
 It failed to understand,
 Though she's thinking of going to college,
 In a far-off, hazy land.

R. GRAY.

THE SUNRISE

I rose and walked at early morn,
 Just before the break of dawn;
 I saw the flowers of sunbeams shorn,
 I saw the daisies all forlorn—
 Waiting for the sunrise.
 I saw the sky in pale blue drest,
 The little bird was in its nest,
 The humming bee was at its rest.
 The grey clouds stood far in the west—
 Waiting for the sunrise.
 And now the east to pale pink turns,
 The purple mount its black cloak spurns;
 The daisy's face to eastward turns,
 The skylark flying up discerns—
 The coming of the sunrise.

TWILIGHT.

In the soft skies, rich with sunset,
 Whitely burns one fair, lone star;
 Through the purpling mists of half-light,
 Fairy bells a'tinkle far.
 All their piercing clearness captive,
 To a silver river's call;
 While grey warships, scarred and blackened,
 Listen in their heave and fall.
 From the water's surging bosom,
 Rises up a wav'ring wind,
 Passes trembling o'er a garden,
 Where the flowers sleep entwin'd.
 Leaves a kiss upon the white rose
 Bends the stately columbine;
 Steals the scent of whisp'ring lilies,
 Kneeling at some hidden shrine.
 Bears afar their heavy incense,
 Hides it in the crimson West;
 As the grey dove seeks some shelter,
 With the sunset on her breast.
 But the gleaming heavens deepen,
 Till their velvet, shot with stars,
 Falls upon the distant mountains,
 In a rain of purple bars.
 And the twilight, rich with roses,
 Quiet, with a grave delight;
 Full of music, steep'd in color,
 Merges swiftly into night.

A FORD CAR.

I know I'm not beautiful—still you must own
 That beauty's not grace of appearance alone!
 And haven't I served you as well as can be?
 I think I'll remind you: Just listen to me!
 You'd never have seen it—that glimpse of the sea,
 Those snow covered mountains beyond further lea,
 You'd never have caught that fair bit of bay,
 With sea gulls a-circling at break of the day.
 You'd never have found it—that quaint little town,
 That old fashioned cottage in russety brown;
 That orchard of coolness with grapes ripe and thin,
 And apples specked faintly beneath crimson skin.
 That off-the-track church with its steeple aglow,
 That mountainous place where singing brooks flow.
 Now own up at once! You're no walker you see,
 You owe all these wonderful outings to me.

—I.S.

SUMMER.

Dazzling the sunlight,
 Torrid the heat,
 At cool shady rivers,
 Swelt'ring we meet.
 Season of holidays,
 Laughter and fun,
 Season of Yuletide,
 Thou hast begun!

T. H.

A MISCELLANY OF PROSE.

A JOURNEY TO THE SALMON RIVER.

The bush settlement known as the Salmon River lies about 45 miles from Smithton. Having heard various reports about it my friend and I decided to go there, and we made arrangements accordingly.

The first stage of the journey was taken by train, or rather tram. In this we jolted away merrily for the first 30 miles leaving the train at East Marrawah. From here we walked for about three miles along a branch line with our packs on our backs, when luckily we came on a pump truck on which we rode for another couple of miles. This marked our first stopping place, and having had a good meal we went into an old bush hut where we intended sleeping for the night. Heaping the fire high with wood, we read for some time by its flickering flame and then turned in. Out side, the howling of the hyenas combined with the hooting of a mopoke and the screeching of different night birds served to keep us awake for a time, but gradually weakness overcame our wakefulness, and we dropped into slumber waking early next day fit and fresh.

The second stage of our journey was accomplished on a trolley drawn by horses. This carried the supplies to the settlement and did the trip only once a week. On this we bumped over the wooden rails screened from the sun by the green leaves and branches, seeing on either side only huge giants of the bush and an occasional patch containing different varieties of fern. Eventually we reached the settlement, lying at the bottom of a steep incline down which we coasted after releasing the horses at the top. The settlement consisted of a mill and a cluster of wooden shacks.

We made our camp at the top of a hill, but found our night's rest made hideous by the mosquitoes, which buzzed and bit all night long. The night passed, however, like all things, and in the morning we made our way to the water hole where the water for our breakfast had to be strained to free it from tadpoles. The water tasted worse than the vilest medicine I have ever had, and caused us to leave earlier than we otherwise might have done.

On the day we left, the horse tram was not running, so we were forced to walk the fifteen odd miles to the railway. We left early to escape the heat of the sun, but it was warm work nevertheless, and we were very glad when East Marrawah was reached. After waiting for about three hours, we caught the tram back to Smithton, and finally, after an absence of four days reached home.

—R.W.

A RAT HUNT.

There were three who wished to participate in this particular hunt; Tom, Dick and Harry will answer very well for their names. The first two were veteran ratters; the latter was a mere novice, who looked forward to his first hunt with a great deal of excitement, a great deal of pleasure, and not a little trepidation at the figure he would cut in the eyes of his more experienced friends.

One morning at half-past seven, you might have seen them setting out for their hunting ground. This was the foundation of two or three old stacks, under which, according to report, the rats were at home to all comers. Not without care they had armed themselves for the hunt. Tom had selected an old and trusty pitchfork, with which he had settled the account of many a great grey rat; Dick had followed his example; while Harry had contented himself with a stout stick. But no rat hunt is complete without dogs; our party had four, of uncertain breed, no doubt, but nevertheless good rat hounds.

Upon their arrival Tom and Dick set to work to clear away the remaining straw from the foundation of the nearest stack. Meanwhile the dogs had been sniffing about the ground, and one was scratching busily in the moist earth underneath an old plank. The boys seized an old rail that was lying near, and with it levered up the plank. But alas! No rats rushed forth from beneath it to give sport to the eager dogs; instead one small mouse, not much more than two inches in length, made a vain dash for liberty across the fields. With a loud thwack Harry brought his stick down on its back; he had scored his first mouse. In the earth beneath the plank there were the openings to several rat tunnels. The boys dug them all out, but were disappointed to find that they contained nothing but a quantity of eggshells and one or two large dead rats.

They then turned their attention to a large beam, round which two of the dogs had been working for some time. They were at first unable to raise it completely, but when they had raised it sufficiently to be able to see underneath it, Dick thrust his pitchfork through the crack, and succeeded in killing two or three rats. One of the dogs tried to reach the rats by poking his head beneath the beam; but as he got badly bitten on the nose, he drew it out again with more haste than dignity. When the boys finally moved the beam from its place he revenged himself by killing two of the rats, each of the boys capturing a similar number.

By dinner time there were very few rats left underneath the old stacks for the boys and dogs worked through them thoroughly; and after dinner they returned to finish off the last half dozen. That night Harry went to bed happy in the assurance that he might now call himself a fully fledged rat hunter.

"THE DISADVANTAGES OF BEING YOUNG."

"They don't exist!" say the Grown Ups. Of course they do! Nobody but a Grown Up would think of making such a statement. One would have thought that even their stupendous impudence would have quailed before making such a statement of this magnitude; and yet they do make it, and stick to their assertion, too. It is their pet theory. To tell them it is in opposition to the truth requires a degree of hardihood possessed by few; and slowly but surely, with the aid of the strap, the hairbrush, and the slipper the Grown Up are forcing their belief upon the world.

Is it necessary to quote any of these disadvantages? What reader has not been forced upstairs at the strap's end, when he has refused to retire at the precise moment that the clock, no doubt twenty minutes fast, has struck seven o'clock or half-past six? Then the Grown Ups are such tyrants. They are ready enough to take up cudgels on behalf of Columbus, or to shed tears over the treatment of Galileo, both of whom suffered in the interests of learning; but how different are their ideas of the way in which the young scientist, who experiments with compounds containing carbon, phosphorous, and other elements, should be rewarded. How differently do they recompense the labours of the coming naturalist, who spends weary hours dissecting blowflies, or those of the budding botanist, who plants his specimens in the front garden!

The disadvantages themselves are bad enough, but the Grown Ups make them a deal worse by the way in which they try to present them under a different light. This end they invariably seek to accomplish by comparisons between their own likes and dislikes of so many years ago with our own of to-day. What Grown Up is there who will not tell you that when he was young the thing he liked most was castor oil, although his liking for it has unaccountably vanished with his arrival at years of discretion? Where can you find a Grown Up who will admit that he ever had to suffer the indignity of the slipper or the clothes brush, this catastrophe, they inform us, being averted by their consistently good behavior.

The way in which Grown Ups talk makes one wonder if they have differed considerably from ourselves, for, they say, they never took any interest in flies, legs or wings, or even in fire or wax matches. The words "can't" and "won't," we are told, are also inventions of the last few years, and are therefore never to be uttered under any conditions. It is little to be wondered at, therefore, the Grown Ups heap obnoxious tasks and unapproved hours of retiring, and rising, upon us, and that they have but little sympathy with our interests.

But why say more? To discuss longer this odious subject is merely to open old sores in the heart of the reader; and all the scars which the reader bears are, we feel sure, not in the heart.

—J.H.W.

WHO'S WHO.

Principal: Mr. R. O. M. Miller, B.A.

Staff: Mr A. L. Meston, M.A.; Mr. F. Close, Mr K. M. Dallas, Mr. B. Mather, Mr. T. Viney, Mr. S. F. Limbrick, B. Com., Miss A. L. Grubb, B.A., Miss B. Wilcox, B.A., Miss B. Layh, B.A., Miss M. Begent, B.A., Miss J. Austin, Miss B. Taylor, B.A., Miss A. Nichols.

Senior Prefects: Irene Shephard, Hilton Swifte.

Sports Prefects: Jean Gee, Davis Hughes.

Prefects: Mary Rowe, Les Watson, Rita Grey, R. Ward, Bessie Reed, Stella Russell, Betty Lambert, Nancy Cox, Nancy Harridge, T. Wilson, K. Smith.

Sub-Prefects: A. Traill, Nancy Phillips, Margaret Davidson.

School Champion: W. Christian.

Captain Football: H. Swifte.

Captain Cricket: H. Swifte.

Captain Hockey: I. Shephard.

Captain Tennis: J. Gee.

Stroke of Crew: L. Watson.

Librarian: Miss Smith.

Magazine Committee: Stella Lattin, T. Stephens, Jean Treloggen, J. Walker, Les Watson, Mary Walker, Chrissie Webster, Rita Grey, Ida Judd, Jean Waddle, Isa McNair.