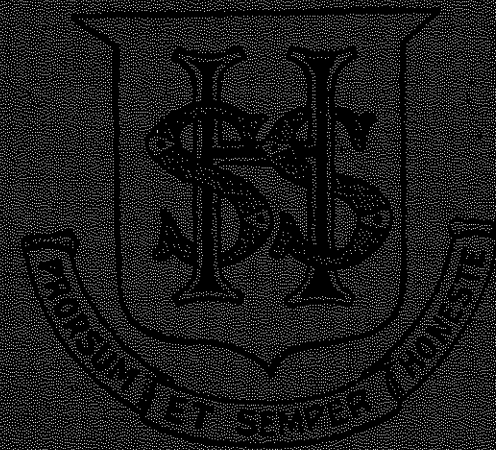


DECEMBER, 1927.

The Northern Echo

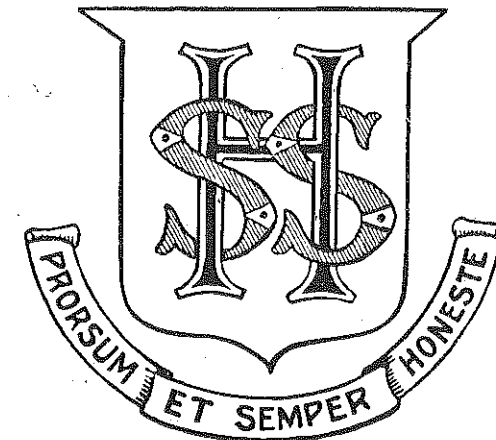


Launceston.

Vol. XIII., No. 2.

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The Northern Echuringa



VOL. XIII. LAUNCESTON, DECEMBER, 1927. No. 2.

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THE NORTHERN CHURINGA

Vol. XIII.

LAUNCESTON, DECEMBER, 1927.

No. 2.

EDITORIAL.

In the short space of little more than a week Christmas with all its freedom and abandon will be here; and after— what? Many of you will leave a cloistered seclusion to voyage out on the great unknown carrying the eternal fires of youth, hope, and rebellion. Well that it is so; for without youth to

Run amuck

With this old world for want of strife

Sound asleep,

all progress would cease, and the world would sink in a slough of conservatism and self-satisfaction. Youth keeps alive that sense of liberty which is the eternal cry of the human spirit, the cry with which the youthful Byron and Shelley roused Europe as it lay bleeding beneath the feet of despots. Yet in seeking liberty we must not mistake the means for the end; she is but the handmaiden to the noble things of the soul. Freedom is the keeping clear the windows of the mind so that we may ever unfettered seek after truth, beauty, justice. Often with the years the Promethean fire dies down and we find

No work done, but great deeds undone.

In his lyrical drama Shelley has symbolised this eternal world struggle and sounds for us the true battle cry:

To defy power, which seems omnipotent

To love and bear; to hope till Hope creates

From its own wreck, the thing it contemplates:

Neither to change, nor falter nor repent:

This, like thy glory, Titan, is to be

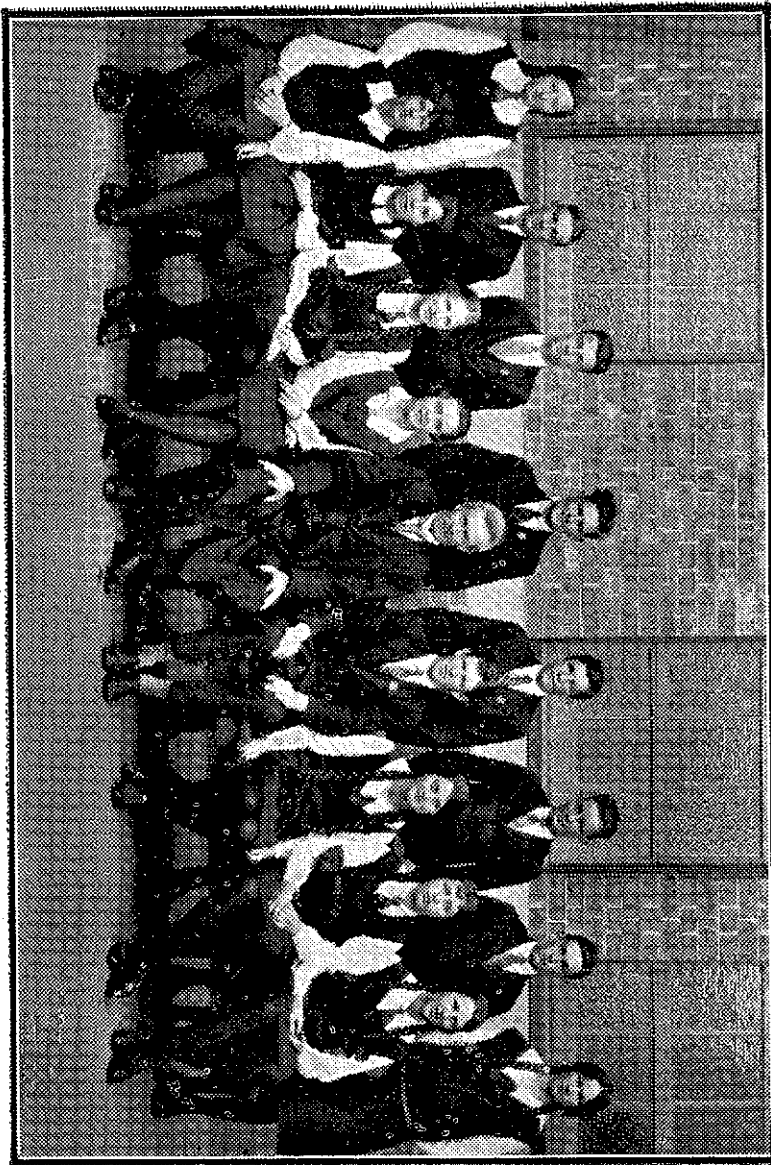
Good, great and joyous, beautiful and free:

This is alone Life, Joy, Empire and Victory.

THANKS AND CONGRATULATIONS.

During the year an appeal was issued to a number of old scholars with a view to add to the school funds, and especially to establish the reference library on a better basis.

In appending the list of old scholars who responded to the appeal. I have, on behalf of the school, to thank them first for their prompt response, but also for the many kindly and appreciative references in the letters accompanying their donations.



LIST OF DONORS.

Mr. J. Turner	Mr. J. R. Skemp	Miss E. McEwin
" L. T. Collins	" E.-Seymour	" E. Chenery
" N. Campbell	" A. Crooks	" R. Hall
" R. Beresford	" D. Mellor	" I. Russell
" P. Frith	" I. Briggs	" M. Harmon
" V. Gill	" T. Burns	" A. Smith
" R. I. Douglas	" N. Ridge	" B. Lees
" J. Beardwood	" A. Davern	" G. Baldwin
" S. Craw	" F. Townsend	" H. St. Leger
" W. J. Beaumont	" A. Colquhoun	" M. Muirhead
" L. Stubbs	" A. McKinlay	" M. Muirhead
" H. Finlayson	" L. Clark	" L. Stevens
" A. Bowen	" L. Barnes	" L. Russell
" T. Button	" B. Lewis	" D. Emms
" M. Leicester	Miss A. Wilson	" M. Hamilton
" P. Gilbert	" J. Triptree	" W. Carter
" W. Stevens	" P. Denholm	" B. Layh
" L. Brain	" N. Wilson	" G. Wilcox
" R. Wallace	" D. Fleming	" M. Tevelein
" F. Barwick	" E. Wilson	Mrs. Hull
" D. Traill	" D. P. Brown	
" C. Lee Fook	" A. Wearne	

SOME EXTRACTS FROM OLD SCHOLARS' LETTERS.

"I am enclosing 10/-, and only wish it were more. Next year I will repeat the dose."

"I am giving my donation ungrudgingly to 'the best school of all.' I only wish I was there again."

"I feel that the school is in my debt more than I can hope to repay."

"This small donation is accompanied by many loving thoughts of dear old Launceston High."

"My thoughts are often with the school and the geometrical problems."

"Although I did not take as much interest in my work as I might have done, I feel now most thankful for all it did for me."

"I often look back with pleasant recollections to the four years, 1912-1916, and do not forget what I owe the school."

The sentiments of all old scholars who have been there for four years is always one of affection and pride."

"I am sending you 10/-. I have not parted with anything so happily for a long time. The chief thing the High School did for me was to give me my friends."

"I am sending this with every good wish and a promise to make it an annual donation."

"If some of us were more like our teachers there would be a big improvement in the character of the people in Tasmania."

"I was not a clever pupil, nor did I ever bring any honour on my school, but I loved it then, and still do."

"May the school always stand as an emblem of all that is best in life and worth attaining."

"My debt to the school cannot be estimated in current coinage."

CLASS NOTES.

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

As a class we are A. All but one of the male section have discarded the toga praetexta for the toga virilis, and he when the fates are kind—that is, when the owner is away—dons the same garb.

It would not be fitting, Mr. Editor, to allow this issue of the Magazine to appear without putting on record some account of our celebrities—or notorieties, is it?

Just inside the door sits Billy the Bigamist, guilty five times to our knowledge. To his deeds, sentimental and otherwise, he gave expression in five volumes entitled "Sweet Remembrances, or The Meaning of My Past, by one who has experienced." Then there is Dr. Swifte, near relative of the famous Dean, celebrated for his never-failing remedy for screeching females. Among others of note are Ted the Sculler, who last week began a swim to his home at Avoca; James the renowned author, who in his autobiography relates how he managed always to arrive at 9.1; Chicken who stopped, not the chopper, but the paint pot; Dad, skilled in debate; and Sir Richard, a lover of auburn.

Nor must I pass over in silence our members of the fair sex. There is fair Alice—as renowned as she of whom Lamb writes. Next the windows sits a tall athletic girl, who, alas! disdains the voice, gentle and low, which found such favour with Shakespeare. Then there is she who glories in Tonganah, sweet village of the hills, as an abiding place, the bosom friend of the Jumbies and the Jabberwocky. Near her sits the Countess of Perth, who acquired no little fame during her recent ascent of Mt. Wellington. Dame Rumour insists that recently she swotted for half an hour. At the back of the room is the maid with the brow of Egypt, whose appearance belies that she is of Christ's Hospital; in front of her sits Pet Marjorie.

The stress of examinations forbids our writing further in praise of ourselves, but did time permit we could such a tale of splendour and brilliance unfold that the light of all lesser moons would pale as the stars before the sun. In conclusion we wish all the compliments of the season.

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

The following, reader, is a brief summary of the ups and downs of B. Class for the last six months. July, that happy month, followed by the untroubled peace, but in the beginning of August a dark shadow fell upon our spirits, and our hearts cried out in rebellion, "procul, o procul este profani." For three long weary days we were tossed and buffeted amid storms of Algebra, Latin and Geometry problems; little wonder that those two staunch mariners, Hogg and peerless Machaon, bent their brows and tore their hair. On the fourth day the cloud lifted, the winds of controversy ceased to rage and Lady Mary, breaking through the darkness beamed credits fair and wide. On the fifth day the noble B. Class received a surprise, and the following evening met together to laugh and be merry for a while. Then came a brief rest from toil which Betty found rather "dippy," though certain youthful adventurers welcomed it with acclamations. A week later the B. Class reassembled in Phrygia and reaction set in—the pleasures of work was "so small

as to be disregarded." Then we met with a fabled ogre and Betty distinguished herself. The scene changes and now we are in Arden, enter Rosalind, Celia, Touchstone, Jaques, Orlando and Corin. Familiar voices from behind the scenes break into song, bidding the populace: "Come hither, come hither!" for the High School is giving a concert and the box seat is going to be a great success, spite of long sufferance and inhuman dearth, of noble nature's." Again the scene changes, it is almost nine o'clock and the school whistle shrieks; we tremble, we shake, now we are wandering deep in permutations, combinations and plane geometry—Chrissie, especially likes to see the string work! B. Class get a pleasant surprise, please seek it above the fireplace, happily "bright and glittering." Now our feminine talent are preparing to distinguish themselves at the sports; unhappily they lose the medicine ball contest, and the Class Teams Race, but Elaine and Marjorie retrieve our lost honor—patience, good reader, the curtain will soon be rung down, for now we learn to associate Mr. Fletcher with the sorrows of life, and it seems an age until calm again sets upon our spirits—but it does settle, and is increased by the brief joy of an evening spent among laughter and kind faces. Again we are engulfed in a treacherous flood of examination papers but emerge triumphant after a bitter struggle, but now the lilies begin to bloom and we know Xmas is near. Ring down the curtain!

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

"The only thing to do," said Olive in her unhurried way, "is to start a Detective Agency."

"What for?" said Laura.

"Well, just look at the things we lose," said Olive. "There's our dusters. We make them and make them and make them, and they always go."

"Yes, and perhaps we could find out," said Blossom, "where Lily and Vera go between half-past eight and nine every morning."

"Oh, girls, I want to know why my running shoes always turn up in such odd places," shouted Ienne. "I——"

"And why those five girls are always laughing," added Gwen.

"Why did Mr. X. tell Vera to wink with the other eye?" demanded Rita.

"Oh, yes, and where did the Latin Class go to, or most of its members?" said Lily.

"And I think we ought to find out why Universities are allowed to use our second names so freely," said Mollie.

"The cup! The cup!" shouted Isabel. "Who's stolen it? We must find that out first."

"The Green Mill!" "Frontage!" "Intermediate!" rose a confused shriek.

"Who'll second the motion?" said Olive.

"I! I! I!" from twenty throats.

"We will set our sleuth hounds on the tracks this very afternoon," said the chairman, "and then our problems will all be solved."

"I hope that applies to Algebra," murmured a facetious voice.

"I propose," said Rita, "that we convey our hopes for decent papers to A Class, and our best wishes for the holidays to the staff and the rest of the school."

The motion was carried with acclamation and the meeting broke up.

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

THIS IS THE LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT of we, the members of C2.

After payment of all my just debts funeral and testamentary expenses

I GIVE DEVISE AND BEQUEATH unto

To the Chief, Mr. Miller, Lance's Pork Pies and a check of equations and a large consignment of Sparkling Hock.

To the Local Home for Stray Cats, our Flat Heads.

To the Hobart Zoological Gardens, our Miraculous Bird.

To the Nurses' Home, our Ward.

To the Society for the Promotion of Education amongst the Swine, our Cunning-ham.

To the Sundry Experimenters in the Complex Composition of the Air, our Eyre.

To the Friendless and Homeless Spiders, our Webb.

To the Most Needy and Sickly Fish, our Gill.

To the Poor and Destitute, our Hammond Eggs.

To Any Deserving Tailor, our Dummy.

To the Society Aiming at the Smoothing of All Things, our Dent.

To those interested in the Study of Geology, our John Stone.

To all Country Youths at present continuing their education in this school, our Bowyangs.

To A Class, the Duster, which gives them such great pleasure to borrow, and our exalted classroom and excellent reputation to its succeeding occupants.

AND WE HERE APPOINT Miss B. V. Wilcox

EXECUTRIX of this our Will IN WITNESS whereof we have hereunto set our hand this Fifteenth day of December in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and twenty-seven.

SIGNED by the said C2.

The Testators and by them declared to be their last Will and Testament in the presence of us present at the same time who in their presence at their request and in the presence of each other have hereunto subscribed our names as Witnesses.

EIGHT CREDITS.
ONE PASS.
NO FAILURES.
THAT'S ALL.

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

Last night I could not sleep; but what could be expected after five hours of solid swotting? So, as I lay in bed, counting sheep and saying history notes, poetry, trigonometry, there gradually appeared before me the haggard, worn faces of C3.

First came Annie with unsteady tread. Burning midnight oil did not agree with her. She is no longer our portly sports representative, but a connoisseur of all the rules of trigonometry, shorthand and commerce. Next came Bessie, not she of the blushes, three years ago, but a tyrannical young woman who skilfully steers our class over all financial difficulties. In great contrast to the measured step of our prefect is the lively, uneven step of "Squirmy," who first runs like a Dryad, flinging her graceful arms to the wind, then tossing her curls about her, picks up a heavy case full of "swot books" and detentions, and crawls to the dentist.

Close behind "Squirmy" comes Bubbles and Peter, rejoicing in their newly wedded life. Bubbles proudly shows to all and sundry

the connubial knot of black cotton tied on her middle finger during one very dry Geometry lesson.

Following this care-free couple comes Winnie C., saying her Economic notes in French. She is no longer our prodigious mathematician, but an ardent French student of an accent so realistic that she has been mistaken for a "Francaise."

Claribel of Tunis adds her symmetrical figure to the motley procession. She has lost all her flightiness, and her dainty nose is buried deeply in Green's History of England. It is plain to all that the swotillitis germ has developed in Claribel with surprising violence. Felix suggests she caught it at the baths. However, the C3-ites no longer attend them.

Peggie, complete with powder box, tray and megaphone, pursues the retinue, with the light fleet step of a professional runner. Although she can run quickly, Stella and Allison, our champion walkers, easily pass her. This is not surprising to C3, who know the number of times they have "failli manquer" the 12.45 train. Little Jean follows in their train, dragging an enormous "port" full of books, but no detentions.

Dimmer and dimmer grow the pale faces and emaciated figures of those whom, after this year, I may never see again; at last they fade away altogether in spite of my effort to bring them back. It is useless. I reluctantly submit and let sleep claim her own until 4.30 a.m., when I shall once more continue to "swot."

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

It is not that we are less endowed with brains than the rest of the school, but we confess ourselves beaten by the following questions. Would someone assist?

1. Why does the time go more swiftly at socials than at any other time?
 2. Why don't we get the best room picture oftener?
 3. Why is History so hard to remember?
 4. Is there a law which prevents big, talkative men from casting such aspersions as bribery on a class of innocent little girls?
 5. Will a blackboard wear away if washed every day?
 6. Is there any substitute for chalk which may be used in times of such dire necessity as the present?
 7. Is life worth living when you can't put so much as a pin down on the desk without a fine?
 8. Do mirror-like desks tend to vanity in a girls' class?
 9. Can unknown men be asked to bowl out our Hobbs at a school picnic?
 10. Could we do with less homework?
 11. Can compensation for hurt feelings be claimed for a shield won but not publicly presented?
 12. How many socials should we have a week?
- The following is the only question we can answer, and we do answer it very heartily in the affirmative:
- Will we be sorry to lose our A Class, and do we wish them and the C Classes luck in their exams., and all the school staff A Merry Xmas and happy holidays?

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

Since our last attempt at publicity we have to report the loss of our Taxi, but we are prepared to admit that our loss is the school's

loss. Perhaps he anticipated the Reign of Terror in which we exist as a result of our sins. A great cricketer was the same Taxi, the only bowler to trouble him being our esteemed Head—first ball every time. While on the subject it would be as well to mention Ken. Smith, our champion, and his able helpers John Dineen, P.K. (no, not Wrigley's, only Pound Keeper), and Colin Mac. It has been said that Colin was to feed his ducks on worms caught in the slips, but that is not authentic. In any case, he is credited with a half-century. Our encounters with other classes have been most successful.

The appearance of a room is of great importance in the life of a class, and our vases (prehistoric, pensioned ones, marmite jars, and the tin) are all worthy of special mention. Our cup loses nothing by comparison. So inviting is the aspect that a friendly pup paid us a visit only to be assailed by Podgy. (Nothing if not industrious is our Podgy.)

Probably the most important event during the term was our social—followers of Dempsey, the concert manager, and Mr. Inspector Fletcher, please forgive us if you differ. It was rumoured that night that one of our fellows was migrating to D1, or perhaps D2, but—no, it wasn't Peter. He was the "other evil." Still, we did enjoy ourselves, but as a suggestion perhaps our next social could be held during the winter when the nights are longer.

"Ye gods and little fishes" (as — would say), is it not remarkable that our exams. are preceded by vocab. and theorem tests, "balance" exercises, etc., and the monotony has not even been relieved by a single decent "difference of opinion"? Yes, we do fight sometimes.

And while we are on the subject of exams., may we all pass., may everybody pass, may A and C classes have suitable papers, may each and all of us—and you—have a very happy Christmas, and so ends 1927.

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

SONG OF THE DEEDS OF E1.

In the new and modern ages
Once there lived a band of mortals.
Very clever were those mortals;
Never was their work neglected;

Never were they ever scolded;
Never was their room untidy.
Would you listen to their learning?
Would you only hear their singing!
No one ever had a sum wrong,
No one ever answered wrongly,
Ever wrote out miles of Vocab.,
Ever made mistakes in Latin,
Ever stayed in late for teachers.
None could write as well as they could;
None could run as fast as they could;
None could sing as sweet as they could.
None had seen so many theorems;
None had done so many problems
As that clever band of mortals,
As that marvellous class of students.
Thus all work became a playword
And a jest among those people.

And when'er a noisy class
In absence of their worthy master
Knocked about all chairs and tables,
Books and pens, and fellow classmates,
All these mortals cried, "Good Gracious!
Here's A Class come through to greet us!"
Who was it who dressed like boys
All as ugly and as clumsy?
Who was it who broke up vases
Ordered words to bust (they didn't)?
But at last those mortals hurried
To vacate the lower regions.
So they swotted, learnt their theorems
All mixed up with subjects many.
Thus at last they found the top place (?)
And at that rejoiced greatly.
So among all learned mortals
Were those people blessed freely—

Goodness, what have I been doing? Oh, bother Class Notes! These will just have to do. Oh, well, we are a happy, tidy, hard-working, hard-worked class—. Sh—Ipse semet canit. We have such jolly times at work, picnics, and concerts—and a jolly lot of detentions! Au revoir.

We hope to be D next year. The merriest of Xmas'es to all.

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

The main thing done in E2 is to spill ink. One look and we see on every desk, even on those of the most industrious girls, ink, ink everywhere; blue ink, red ink, ornamenting the desks with their coloured streams.

"Oh, it doesn't tend to cheer you, when a careless blouse sleeve near you

Sends the massive study inkpot tilting back,
And your History Notes are fated to be swiftly inundated
By the ugly, all pervading stream of red.
Yet when this is done in E2, it is very plain to you,
That the simplest way to rectify the stain
Doesn't lie in lamentations o'er the work of devastation,
But to get another book and—start again."

But look at our graph and you will forget the ink, because, for six weeks running, we beat E1 and E3, though, sad to say, lately the line has gone below 50%. Still, we hope for better luck next year, when we are no longer the babies.

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

A small dais was occupied by a bench and a stern chief, who gazed severely on the last stragglers hurrying a minute before nine to avoid those drastic words, "Late again! Take three theorems."

The chief gazed on his warriors to see that their spears and clubs were ready for the trial of strength.

"Before we begin to-day I must draw your attention to the fact that some of my henchmen have been mutilating the blinds. The King has drawn my attention to this fact, and in order that you

may be duly impressed with the seriousness of the situation a friendly meeting of the whole tribe will be held at four to-day."

[At this announcement silence reigned for a few moments, but was at length broken by the fall of a spear.]

"Droppest thou thy spear, Abra! See me after the meeting!"

At this stage the discussion was interrupted by an angry voice in the neighbouring kingdom demanding the name of the capital of Russia. This tribe was evidently planning an attack on a distant land, as their leader was known to be a savage fighter versed in all the arts of war.

The E-zians quaked and whispered fearfully amongst themselves until called sharply to order by their chief, who then exhorted them in the following terms:

"As you know, our land is fast reaching that stage when it will be unable to hold our larger warriors. What are we to do?"

Cries of: "Wrest the neighbouring province from our enemy!"

"But you must remember that they are noted slayers. Do they not fight amongst themselves purely for the love of martial prowess? Are they not even likened to the gladiators of old?"

These words for a moment gave them pause, but only for a moment. Seeing that the company was determined, the chief wisely began to prepare them for the trial of strength, and vigorously set them to work.

Such was the beginning of the preparation for that great battle when the E-zians drove the D-zians from their citadel even as did the Romans the Veientes.

BOYS' SPORT.

ROWING.

Since the last edition of the Magazine the crew has lost its third man, Christian. His place has been taken by Ward, who shows great promise. L. Watson (captain), C. Viney (vice-captain), E. Duncan (secretary) have been kept busy picking crews and making arrangements for our Annual Regatta, which will be held over the Gorge course on the last day of the term.

There are about 18 boys training for the regatta, many of whom show promise of developing into fine oarsmen and of retrieving the Bourke Cup, which Hobart won from us this year.

The following are the crews chosen for the Regatta:—

FOURS.—(1) L. Watson (stroke), D. Hughes, A. Traill, A. Watts.
(2) C. Viney (stroke), D. Murphy, K. Edwards, G. Donnelly.
(3) R. Ward (stroke), J. Bennell, H. McLennan, J. Brumby.
(4) E. Duncan (stroke), H. Swifte, Jack Bennell, G. Box.

HANDICAP SCULLS.—L. Watson (scr.), E. Duncan, C. Viney (5sec.), D. Hughes (7sec.), R. Ward (10sec.).

PAIRS.—(1) C. Viney, G. Box.
(2) E. Duncan, G. Donnelly.
(3) R. Ward, H. McLennan.
(4) H. Swifte, A. Watts.
(5) D. Hughes, A. Traill.
(6) K. Edwards, Jack Bennell.
(7) Jeff. Bennell, J. Brumby.

The members of the crew wish to thank Mr. Hudson (the first coach of the school crew), who gave valuable aid in the first lessons to the beginners.

CRICKET.

FIRSTS.

The bat donated by Mr. P. Harrison for the best all-round player in the match against the Hobart State High School was won by our captain, H. Swifte. We congratulate him on his performance. The presentation was made by our first Rhodes Scholar, Mr. J. A. Ingles, who paid us a visit recently prior to his departure for England.

Three matches have been played this term, all of which have been drawn. On November 12 we played Grammar School on their ground, and time alone saved us from defeat. Scores: Grammar School, 146; H. Swifte 1 for 18, K. Smith 2 for 29, J. Doolan 3 for 35, J. Lovett 1 for 24, K. Mayhead 2 for 8. School, 5 wickets for 34; D. Hughes 16, J. Cox 5 not out. J. Cox batted well and did much to stave off defeat.

On November 16 we played Scotch College on their ground. Scores: Scotch College, 4 for 123; D. Hughes 2 for 39, J. Doolan 1 for 21, K. Mayhead 1 for 10. School, 3 for 56; K. Smith 26 not out, J. Cox 13 not out.

On November 23 we again played Scotch College on their own ground. Scores: Scotch College, 5 for 82; H. Swifte 3 for 27, K. Smith 1 for 12, J. Lovett 1 for 7. School, 4 for 80; D. Hughes 36.

SECONDS.

Two matches have been played, but the personnel of the team is rather uncertain since the First Eleven has not been picked definitely. It is certain that some of the Grade players will be joining us before long. Results of our matches to date are:—

v. Technical College.—Technical College, 76. S.H.S., 33 (Duff 9, Dineen 7). Bowling: J. Dineen, 4 wickets; K. Johnstone, 3; R. Collins, 2.

v. Grammar Seconds.—Grammar, 5 wickets for 103. S.H.S., 54. Scores: Lance Waldron 22, K. Mayhead 7. Bowling: Lovett, 3 wickets; Mayhead and McElwee, 1 each.

JUNIORS.

An association of six elevens has been formed and the first round has just been completed.

The elevens are captained by the following:—Ray Collins, Lindsay Hammond, Ian Brown, Ray Scott, Keith Robinson, and Don McDonald, who handle their teams well and are largely responsible for the keenness shown and interest taken in the matches.

We were fortunate in securing the use of three pitches for the season. Some players will be promoted to the Second and First Elevens in the New Year, but there will be enough recruits from the new boys to keep six teams going.

Points are awarded as follow:—For a win on time, 2 points; for a win on the first innings, 3 points; for an innings decision, 4 points.

At present Collins' eleven is leading with 14 points, and to the present is undefeated. Other points are: Brown's eleven 10, Scott's 6, Hammond's 5, Robinson's 2, and McDonald's 2.

Best batting performances have been given by: L. Hammond, D. Thomson, F. White, D. McDonald, K. Robinson, T. Wilson, W. Duff, R. Collins, E. Smith, R. Thollar.

The most effective bowlers are: C. Jones, D. Gill, R. Collins, B. Heazlewood, K. Robinson, and T. Wilson.

GIRLS' SPORT.

ATHLETIC SPORTS.

The third annual sports meeting of the girls was held at the Cricket Ground on Wednesday, the 19th October. 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 Senior Championship of the school was won by Jean Gee, who secured 15 points. Rachel Royle was runner-up with 12 points. Isobel Westell annexed the Junior Championship, securing the possible 18 points—a very fine performance—and Bessie Stewart was second with 5 points.

This year the classes ran a relay race instead of a flag race and, in addition, medicine ball contests between classes were an enjoyable innovation and gave a centralized finish to the day.

The committee was composed of girls elected from all classes, while Miss Begent and Mr. Dallas acted as general supervisors. Details:

Handicap, 150yds., open.—F. Waldron, 1; M. Kidd, 2.

Championship, 150yds., under 15.—I. Westell, 1; R. Truscott, 2; P. Wilson, 3.

Championship, 120yds., open.—R. Royle, 1; J. Gee, 2; I. Shephard, 3.

Handicap, 100yds., open.—R. Truscott, 1; P. Wilson, 2.

Sack Race.—C. Dineen, 1; J. Shegog, 2.

Handicap, 100yds., open.—O. Burn, 1; F. Waldron, 2.

Handicap, 150yds., under 15.—M. Kidd, 1; I. Muirhead, 2.

High Jump Championship.—J. Gee, 1; R. Royle, 2. Ht., 4ft. 3in.

Championship, 120yds., under 15.—I. Westell, 1; B. Stewart, 2; I. Muirhead, 3.

Three-legged Race, open.—I. Shephard and M. Kidd, 1.

Sack Race, under 15.—J. Waddle, 1; T. Proctor, 2.

Championship, 75yds.—J. Gee, 1; R. Royle, 2; I. Shephard, 3.

Three-legged Race, under 15.—K. Rose and M. Kidd.

Egg and Spoon Race.—N. Cox, 1; I. Shephard, 2.

Championship, 75yds., under 15.—I. Westell, 1; B. Stewart, 2; R. Truscott, 3.

Obstacle Race, under 15.—I. Westell, 1; M. Kidd, 2.

Championship, 100yds.—J. Gee, 1; R. Royle, 2; I. Shephard, 3.

Championship Skipping Race, under 15.—I. Westell, 1; E. Edmunds, 2.

Obstacle Race, open.—B. Ingram, 1; F. Hamilton, 2.

Deportment Race.—A. Atkins, 1.

Championship Skipping Race, open.—I. Shephard, 1; J. Gee, 2.

High Jump, under 15.—I. Westell, A. Adams. Ht., 4ft.

Thread Needle Race, open.—N. Phillips. Under 15—M. Kidd.

Barrel Race, open.—I. Shephard. Under 15—P. Wilson.

Championship, 220yds., under 15.—I. Westell, 1; M. Ratcliffe, 2; K. Rose, 3.

Hitting Hockey Ball.—I. Shephard.

Championship, 220yds., open.—R. Royle, 1; J. Gee, 2; I. Shephard, 3.

Deportment Race, open.—I. Shephard.

Class Relay Race.—D, 1; B, 2; C3, 3.

Class Medicine Ball Contests.—E1, 1; B, 2.

HOCKEY.

FIRSTS.

For the first time in the history of the school we were successful in winning the premiership of the A Grade competition. Our team was composed as follows:—Annie Keeling, Elaine Rocher, Barbara Rocher, Rachel Royle, Isobel Westell, Sheila Whitehead, Aileen Adams, Irene Shephard (captain), Honor Bayes (vice-capt.), Rita Saltmarsh, Faith Hamilton, Eileen Edmunds. The team was small but fast. The following is a list of Association matches:

First Round.—v. Longford, 7 goals to nil; v. Broadland House, 16 goals to nil; v. College Old Scholars, 4 goals to 2; v. Churinga, 3 goals to 2.

Second Round.—v. Longford, 8 goals to 3; v. Broadland House, 18 goals to nil; v. College Old Scholars, 7 goals to nil; v. Churinga, 4 goals to 3.

The Firsts from Scottsdale High School made a trip to Burnie, and on their way through played us on the Show Ground. The match was hard and the Scottsdale girls put up a good fight, but we won by 15 goals to 2. Subsequently we played Perth, and again won by 10 goals to 1.

DUCES.

A—Jeff Bennell.

B—Mary Rowe.

C1—Jean Guy.

C2—Rupert Ward.

C3—Bessie Reid.

D1—Gwen Lathey.

D2—Mary Kidd.

D3—Tom Walker.

E1—Nancy Reader.

E2—Eileen Bird.

E3—Edmund Smith.

WINTER.

Far away blue
The mountains reach high,
Blending their hue
With the paler sky.
Lofty green gums,
With crimson tipped leaves,
Fairy red plums
On the hawthorn trees.
Blue, greeny-grey
The needles of elves,
On tall pines sway,
Jostling themselves.

M. WALKER.

SOCIAL NOTES.

THE SCHOOL CONCERT.

On the 28th and 29th of September we gave a concert in the Academy of Music. The hall was crowded on both nights, and many pleasing comments were made by all present. The Girls' Choir delighted us with Beethoven's "Vesper Hymn," Mendelssohn's "Hearts Feel that Love Thee," and the old favourites "Who is Sylvia" and "Drink to Me Only." The Junior boys were responsible for a very interesting item, a sword dance of an intricate nature. The Boys' Drill was machine-like in its precision and received well-merited applause. "In a Monastery Garden" and "Estudiantina" were given in appropriate costume by E1, and the Intermediate girls gave delight with eurhythmic exercises and drill. A series of eurhythmic studies, in which the Senior girls expressed in motion the musical conceptions of La Cinquantaine, Braga's La Serenata, Schumann's Traumerei, and the Humoresque of Anton Dvorak, was highly appreciated.

The Rosalind-Orlando scenes from "As You Like It," presented by B Class, formed the bulk of the second part of the programme, and was splendidly done. Emily Ferguson as Rosalind, Jack Walker as Touchstone, Marjorie Ratcliff as Celia, Grace Gunton as Jacques, Leo. Watson as Orlando, and John Adamthwaite as Corin performed admirably.

A flute solo was well rendered by Tom Wilson. The Orchestra provided by the school comprised Rita Gray (piano), Hazel Wilcox (violin), Honor Deane (violin), and Tom Wilson (flute). Rita Gray also played all the accompaniments.

Financially the concert was a success, and the school fund benefited to the amount of £80.

C CLASS PICNICS.

The monotony of this long strenuous year has been happily broken by the insertion of two very pleasant picnics.

During the early part of the year a full muster of the girls, boys, and teachers of C Class, after numerous minor adventures resulting in torn stockings, frocks and hands, found their way through briars and gorse to a pretty spot at Distillery Creek. Everyone was in high picnic spirits. Tongues and voices literally rent the air and were lulled only by the sight of the artistic display of food arranged by Miss Wilcox.

The rest of the day went all too quickly. We were indeed sad when evening came and games had to be finished. Those who will especially remember this eventful day are: Mavis, who gained a week's holiday with a sprained ankle; Allison, whom obliging escorts prevented from falling off the pipes; Keith, who received a premature bath; and poor Lindsay, who had to retire from games.

Many uninteresting months followed this happy day, and on Show afternoon we were rewarded by another excursion, this time to the Gorge, a delightful picnicing ground. On this occasion there was the added pleasures of swinging boats and mosquitoes.

We would like to submit a few problems arising from this picnic:—

Whose favour did those youths expect to gain by even sacrificing lunch to appear in cricket apparel?

Why was Bessie more keen to ramble than to play?

Why did so many forget their mugs?

How many cheers are due to the donor of the pineapple?

Who was sufficiently brainy to suggest an hour's ramble?

Night fell so unexpectedly that all means of exit were cut off before we realised the time. Loud calls and knocks finally brought down the irate keeper, who opened the gate after severely chiding us. Thus ended the second picnic, and we have hopes of more before the year ends.

D CLASS SOCIAL, 3rd NOVEMBER, 1927.

"Oh, dear me!" sighed the piano, "they'll be here soon and then there'll be no peace for me. I wish modern people weren't so fond of socials, and then I should have more rest. First it's one class and then another, and now D. I declare I shall soon be as old as my predecessor if this goes on much longer. But there, I like to please them." With these words the piano settled down to do his best.

The hall soon filled with boys and girls in plain and fancy costume. Exclamations of "Oh, my bells make such a noise when I move!" "I'm sure my dress will get torn. I do wish I hadn't had it made of paper," and "Oh! you do look sweet—so cool. I wish I felt as cool as you look," were heard from the girls; and from the boys: "Hello, Nigger, give us some music;" "Doesn't Ian make a good girl? He and the gentleman are a good pair," and "Don't tread on my boots; they won't be fit to see anybody home to-night."

Suddenly somebody cried, "Oh, look at Mr. Dallas! Isn't he splendid to come in fancy costume?" Everybody gazed up at the balcony, and many voices spoke at once. "Isn't that just lovely? Mr. Dallas always tries to please us." "Oh, he must feel shy, with everybody looking at him." "Mr. Mather's escorting him."

Then the piano began its part. Jolly Miller, Three Fisher Girls, and other games were enjoyed, and musical items were rendered between whiles. The competitions were very interesting, and the parcel game was really exciting. Lots of people found out quite a number of things about their neighbours which they didn't know before. As a result of one competition it was proved that clubs were unlucky cards to all except Miss Grubb and her partner. We haven't asked Mr. Close yet if he thinks D1 did any—but can one bribe cards?

After supper, to which an unexpected visitor was blandly attentive, more games were played. Then "Auld Lang Syne" was sung, and the happy crowd broke up.

When the lights were out and the doors closed, the piano murmured as he settled down to sleep, "I really ought to have been a Scout. I've truly done my good deed to-day."

A TRIOLET.

Oh! what shall I wear?

Cried Fan in distress;

When I go to the Fair,

Oh! what shall I wear?

For Sir John will be there

And I've torn my new dress;

Oh! what shall I wear?

Cried Fan in distress.

M. RATCLIFF.

"THE SKYLARK."

The skylark sings and singing stays
Like a lonely cloud 'neath the sun's bright rays;
His brown throat throbs and throbbing gives
Sweet music to the soul that lives,
To take of such.

—I.S.

POETS' CORNER.

A DIRGE.

Our hearts are heavy, sad and weary—
 Tempus fugit.
 Our whole outlook on life is dreary—
 Tempus fugit.
 Our aching brains but dully work,
 And oft our work we wish to shirk—
 We're sick of Chatham, Pitt, and Burke!
 But—Tempus fugit.

Soon will it be upon us now;
 Tempus fugit.
 We vainly rack our fevered brow;
 Tempus fugit.
 The monster looms up black and dark,
 And raises terror sheer and stark;
 With staring eyes the days we mark—
 Tempus fugit.

Our fondest hopes are all in vain;
 Tempus fugit.
 We wish the year began again;
 Tempus fugit.
 Our next exam. approaches fast;
 We wish that it was done and past;
 Be as it may, the die is cast,
 Tempus fugit.

While thus we think, and loudly wail,
 Tempus fugit.
 Our cheeks grow thin and wan and pale;
 Tempus fugit.
 In us arises but faint hope
 That we with our exam. can cope.
 Still, there's no time to sit and mope,
 For—Tempus fugit.

We look back now—a later year,
 Tempus fugit.
 Think chiefly of youth's charm and cheer;
 Tempus fugit.
 Think now of those exams. and laugh:
 Such troubles now seem light as chaff.
 To youth! the good ale let us quaff!
 Tempus fugit.

—R. Ward.

BLINDNESS.

Why do ye turn from the cup, ye men?
 Why do ye lust for gold?
 The shining draught of your island home,
 Offers ye wealth untold.
 But seek in your gleaming rivers,
 Rocked to a silver rest,
 Or garner from palaces, burning low
 In the heart of the golden west.
 It gleams from your trellised vintage,
 And colours your fields of wheat;

It moans, with the wind, thru' bent sea pines
 Guarding your village street,
 And yet we care not to drink it:
 Not beauty, but gold your lust;
 Like sheep ye go to the slaughter,
 And fall with your faces in dust.
 O! take of the cup of wonder,
 And freely drain while ye may;
 Lest God who gave'st thee beauty,
 Takest thy sight away.

NOEL.

(From the French.)

Noel! Noel!
 Soft the bells that ring.
 Noel! Noel!
 Words the angels sing.
 Cold that winter night,
 White and soft the snow,
 Bright the star of light
 Stream'd on all below.
 Cold the wind and raw,
 Mary o'er Him bends,
 Cov'ring him with straw;
 Prayers to God she sends
 Oxen with mild eyes
 Droop their heads above,
 Watch Him as He lies,
 Jesus, Child of Love.
 Noel! Noel!
 Glad the bells that ring
 Noel! Noel!
 Christ is born, a King.

MARY WALKER.

THE PROWLER.

Grab your books, girls! Look out, Jean!
 For pounding books that girl is keen,
 She pounces on all that are seen;
 Our Rachel on the prowl.

She takes them from the desk or floor,
 And hides behind the table, or
 She watches us from by the door;
 That Rachel on the prowl.

Our pens if placed untidily
 Are taken up most stealthily,
 We always have to watch, you see,
 When Rachel's on the prowl.

But see, this pound is useful now,
 It teaches us, and shows us how
 To save our things; we all allow
 For Rachel on the prowl.

GWEN LATHEY.

A MISCELLANY OF PROSE.

HONEY.

Honey given, the wonder is how such a mellow word originated. Leaving dry old roots and inflexions to the sage, just imagine that some lithe young barbarian, stretched at ease on the carpet of summer blooms, heard the hum of innumerable bees. To his mind came the fittest word, and while a velvety bee buzzed along its brown and golden path, his lips framed "honey."

No other word could suit that soft toning of honey, and bees so like the glint of sunrise on the autumn leaves. Mingling, they lull us into a world of dreamy romance, where summer is immortal, and work does not exist. No other colour could be so soothing to tired spirits, so sunny to children, so deep to artists. It is the perfect gold.

Honey crowns the dining-room as it crowns the colours. When the green blinds steep the room in shadows, when a baby breeze rustles gently, there on the spotless cloth glows the jar of honey. More beautiful than a diamond glittering in its satin case, cool and inviting it calls to us and no one can resist.

Happy is the girl into whose eyes the brown velvet of the bee has crept; happy the girl whose hair reflects the glow of the honey gold; but happiest is she whose soul rays of honey light have bathed in eternal sweetness. Surely all would love her. Her sunny nature would enwrap her world in joy. GRACE GUNTON.

THE HOUSE ON THE SHORE.

Wandering along the beach one evening at twilight, I was amazed on looking up the cliff to see a house grinning down at me—yes, actually grinning, no matter how queer it may seem. Its sunken doorstep resembled a laughing mouth, the door a brown nose, and the two slanting windows two eyes which seemed to draw me to the narrow path which wound up the cliff. As I climbed nearer the step seemed to grin harder, the door to flatten into shape, the windows to twinkle merrily. I reached the top, trembling a little, and walked up to the door. "I wonder," I said, half aloud, "whether I am to knock or just walk in." "Don't knock, and don't walk in," said a jovial, if hollow voice. "If you knock you will make my nose mis-shapen, and if you walk in you will disturb the dust. Do neither, my dear, do neither!"

I looked around expecting to see some one, but no one was near. Then, chancing to lower my eyes, I was astonished to see that the step had parted, showing two perfect sets of teeth. "Oh!" I managed to gasp, "Who are you?" The step parted wider and a breezy laugh, which nearly sent me hurtling over the cliff, came through, and the jovial voice said again, "I am the Ghost of Empty Houses!"

"I don't see why you are so happy then," I said, "I always thought empty houses were sad." "A wrong impression, my dear, a wrong impression—" and the eyes twinkled—"Why there's nothing happier than to feel a coating of dust in ones' inside. Now, I put it to you as friend to friend, do you like having your throat painted?" "I do not," I said definitely. "Then why should I like mine being swept with a broom?" roared the house, with so much gusto, that I felt myself falling—falling, and awoke with a jump to find my bed clothes on the floor and a strong wind blowing through my open window. But even if it was a dream I do not feel so sorry for empty houses as I did once! I.M.



MR. J. A. INGLES, RHODES SCHOLAR 1926.

LEARNING FRENCH.

Learning French, as a pastime, is a very pleasant form of amusement. One can chat gaily about the beautiful weather, the deafening noise outside or the calmness of the place, and ask such question as "Kel-er ay teel," while the other answers, "Tel ay dooz er ay demee." The pronunciation does not have to be worried about very much, for if one person doesn't understand what is being said, the other can spell it, that is, if he knows how. Then there are the joys of French crossword puzzles and French games. Besides you don't have to know much French to do crosswords, they are very easy when you have a dictionary—at least the ones I've done are. You feel quite proud of yourself, too, when you finish reading a French story.

As a school lesson, it is rather different. There are scores of irregular verbs to learn—one each night, and when you think you have learned them all, you find you hardly know any, and have to begin all over again. There are rules for plurals and agreements by the hundred, exercises galore, and vocabulary! It is not to be thought of, especially in exams. But after all, if you really like speaking and writing French, you like the lessons, for, from what appears to be nothing but a strange jumble of words, a dainty little poem, or an exciting story can be got. And so it is with stories. Sometimes I think that I will never be able to read such a long, thick book, but, once I have started I feel as though I must not, and cannot stop until I have finished.

French dictation and composition are the most important things in learning French—learning to put words together without breaking rules. In dictation, you don't hear one word properly and the result is that you get hot and flustered and miss the next part. Then you become desperate and leave out two or three sentences, to go on with the next. But you have lost interest now; you are worrying about the part you missed out. At last it comes to an end and you sigh with relief when you find that the part you have left out is not so long after all.

The queer constructions you meet too! You suddenly come across a man running with all his legs or laughing at someone else's nose. Perhaps it is just a well that they do not do that here. Once three men set out at a gallop—apparently on nothing but their own feet, so we supplied them with broomsticks and laughed for the rest of the lesson. The lesson over, we told various members of the class and weren't surprised that they didn't laugh. School seems to affect you that way. However, such are the joys of French.

FRANCES BARCLAY.

RHODES SCHOLAR FOR 1926.

On Monday, November 29th old scholars met at the lounge at the Brisbane Hotel to say good-bye to Mr. J. A. Ingles, Rhodes Scholar for 1926. This is the first occasion that an old scholar has been successful in winning the coveted Rhodes Scholarship. Mr. Ingles entered the school in 1918 and stayed five years. In 1919 he passed the Junior Public Examination and in 1922 passed the Leaving Examination. In the latter year he won a science scholarship and went to the University of Tasmania, where he entered the engineering school. During his school days he was a prominent member of the crew, rowing in 1920, 1921, and 1922, years in which we retained possession of the Clarke Shield and the Bourke Cup. He was the mainstay of the ruck of the first football team in 1921 and 1922, and in 1922 he was runner-up for the sports championship, being defeated by half a point. He was also well up on the tennis ladder. In all school activities he took a

prominent part, and many will remember his skilful presentation of Sir Andrew Agnecheek, when the school staged "Twelfth Night," in 1922. At the University Mr. Ingles met with continued success, both in his engineering studies and on the playing field. He played football with the North Hobart Club, and in 1925 he rowed in the Tasmanian boat in the King's Cup race, when Tasmania won after a gruelling contest. In this race Mr. Ingles showed the grit which was always a prominent feature of his character. He rowed in the University boat and was a leading member of the University football team. At the conclusion of the gathering the Principal, Mr. R. O. M. Miller, B.A., on behalf of those present, presented Mr. Ingles with a stop watch. Mr. Ingles left for Oxford on Saturday, December 3rd. He will begin work on January 20th of next year, going into residence at Magdalen. The best wishes of the school go with him.

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 L. Smith, 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, Rupert Ward, Bessie Reed, Stella Russell, Betty Lambert, Nancy Cox, Nancy Harridge, Tom Wilson, Ken Smith.

Sub-Prefects: A. Traill, Nancy Phillips, Margaret Davidson.
 School Champions: Will Christian, Jean Gee.
 Captain Football: Hilton Swifte.
 Captain Cricket: Hilton Swifte.
 Captain Hockey: Irene Shephard. Captain Tennis: Jean Gee.
 Stroke of Crew: Les Watson. Librarian: Miss L. Smith, B.A.
 Magazine Committee: Stella Watson, Tom Stephens, Jean Treloggen, Jack Walker, Les Watson, Mary Walker, Chrissie Webster, Rita Grey, Ida Judd, Jean Waddle, Tom Walker.

SILVER.

"What, ah! what is this wonder about me?
 Can it be morning in Fairyland?
 All gleaming with silver the leafless tree!
 Even the river silently
 Steals by a silver sand,
 The twisted pathways over the hill,
 Like unbound ribbons of silver lie;
 Naked arms of the creaking mill
 Silvery under the sky.
 Ah! phantom veil of beauty spread
 O'er the cold earth a mantle light
 Of all the wonders written and read,
 Or lost in the dim past, dark and dread.
 In the gloom of an endless night.
 Thine ever the greater story—
 Delicate fabric of Winter's hand;
 Winter, bearded, and bent and hoary,
 Fashioning threads in a silver glory!
 (E'en as the great God plann'd!)
 A coverlet for the land.

J. C. TRELOGGEN.