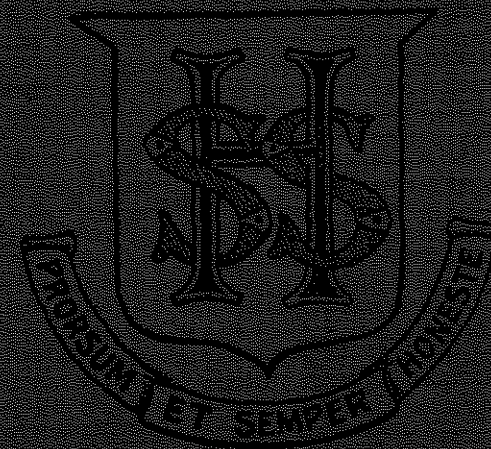


JULY, 1928

# The Northern Echo



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# THE NORTHERN CHURINGA

VOL. XIV.

LAUNCESTON, JULY, 1928.

No. 1.

## EDITORIAL.

If a magician were to step suddenly out of one of our childhood fairy tales and offer us the gift of our hearts, I wonder how many of us would know exactly what we considered the greatest gift of all to be extracted from his magic bag?

So many gateways are there to the Land of Happiness, such a different country it must appear to the eyes of every seeker. At least we may be sure that its fairest landscapes, its most wonderful delights are never for those who seek it through the possession of material things.

The wizard was surely dispensing doubtful favours when he handed to the fortunate ones the sacks of rubies, the wealth untold dragged from his home in the dark underworld, chains to bind forever to the earth, only in the rarest cases wings to soar aloft.

If I held the magician's bag just for a day, and were choosing a gift for any boy or girl I loved very much, I would leave the sacks of treasure quite unopened; but would choose in preference one of far more value—the gift of a sense of beauty.

We have just passed through what are perhaps the most beautiful three months of the year, late autumn, dreaming golden autumn, prodigal, generous of her gifts flinging warmth and colour into every hedge and lane, winter with its delicate tracery of bare branches, wild scurrying storms and glittering starry nights; and soon Spring's gentle fingers will be unfurling silken buds and hanging little nests in all the branches. We rush through life, go scurrying through the years, accumulating all sorts of mental lumber, never pausing to adjust these possessions and experiences, making scarcely one thing a real part of ourselves, till, perhaps, if Fate be kind, a stop comes in our headlong chase.

Perhaps it is the kindly hand of sickness that checks us—puts us quite out of our world for a little space; and who, convalescing, but has felt after that first awful restlessness, the wonderful calm which descends, when the mind seems poised in space, belonging nowhere, and at last we come back to a world created anew, and see, perhaps for the first time, the amazing beauty of it all.

"I wish you joy of this and that,  
Because a bough swings so, or so."

The swinging bough comes into our vision for the first time. We have had time not to think, but to forget to think.

"Beauty is Taruth, Truth Beauty," sang Keats,

"That is all ye know on earth, and all ye need to know."

Our minds, bathed and purified, can see beauty wherever it comes, not only in the pageant of the swift-running seasons, but in all life-experience. The beauty of youth, the beauty of old faces, the beauty of hard lives, in honest effort, in sweat, striving and labour. Yes, even the beauty that lies hidden in pain and ugliness, until Death himself can hold for us no terror, but will seem just a last great experience waiting us at the end of a wonderful, varying road, and through which we must pass, to who knows what wonder and joy and beauty farther on.

## TALK TO PARENTS.

## THE SCHOOL AND THE PUPIL.

The school is concerned with the development of the full personality of the pupils as individuals, as members of a society and as spiritual human beings.

They are helped to grow and develop along certain lines as persons. Their complex personalities have many sides, and each must be taken into account.

For this reason the school as an entity is linked together by the personal relations existing between the pupils and the teachers. This is the reason for each class having a supervising teacher, who because of the greater individual contact with the members of his class, can influence the pupil along the lines in which the personality of the pupil is weakest.

The shy one is encouraged, the too bold suppressed, the slacker is admonished, and the disobedient made to see what infringement of school rules means. As an organised society the School must have its laws or rules, its traditions and public opinion. In contrast with the nation these become much more effective through personal contact with the personality of the supervising teacher.

The making of the rules or laws are not made by a far away body of men sitting in Parliament House in Hobart, but by the Headmaster and teachers, whom the pupils see every day.

The teachers are always willing to listen to any recommendations made by the school prefects concerning the harshness or otherwise of any rules promulgated. However, above and over all these stated rules the life of the school is inspired by the personal influence of the teachers and prefects.

We ask all parents, because of this, to insist on a rigid obedience to the school rules, to the orders of the prefects, and to the honour of the school above mere personal considerations.

## CLASS NOTES.

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

Certes we are a famous class, though it is true we be few in numbers; yet it is ever quality rather than quantity which influences all save those who do not drink hypophosphates.

Excellent and altogether beyond compare is our prefect, one hight Nosario; a gentle youth and well-favoured, with an exceeding sweet voice; one, moreover, who in the zealous execution of his duty heeds not at all the tilly-vallyings of the foolish rabblement.

Beside him basks in the radiance of his own angelic smile one Moonlight Mog; a comely youth this, and right plump and easy ambling; yet with his own hand did he valiantly thrust back the vile invader, what time he strove with filthy foot to cross our threshold.

Not unknown to fame either is peerless Machaon; though to speak sooth he is nothing of that wonderful promise to read him from his form, as the B Class found him in the proof of his valour. Most curious and worthy of note is he, in that he doth resemble mightily a walking stick, nor doth he resemble Cicero in this characteristic alone; for he is a mellifluous orator.

'Twere a sin, too, to pass without mention Jadder; for he hath this peculiarity, that his nose doth twirl most curiously to the right, until it threateneth grievously to ingrow his face. 'Tis certain, more-

over, that he is a linguist of parts; for he Pigrogromiteth most learnedly in the language of the Vapians.

Most wonderful of all is the microbe which inhabiteth A Class; microscopic he is, and of curious habits, for mirabile dictu! he liveth at his ease on wet turf.

Close by him there dwelleth in fear and trembling a gracious lady of great and enduring fame; one sweet Emilie; she, it is, who leaneth for support upon the staff of her stout Orangist friend and counsellor, and who possesseth herself of the latter's words of wisdom.

'Twere surely very uncivil, too, to pass without comment the gentle lady Christine, who daily brighteneth with her presence this dull, cold room of A. Gentle she is, and of tender memory; one, moreover, who hath been endowed with an active, original mind, possessing in great measure "all the good gifts of Nature."

So might we describe the members of our class, male and female, each and every; not one is there who is unknown to fame; neither do any of them dishonour the traditions of their class.

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

If anyone asked to see an ideal class they would naturally be shown into B classroom, where dwell nine girls and twenty-one boys. If that person, furthermore, asked the reason for the excess of boys, he would be told that it was to balance the brain deficiencies of the former. This fact remains: we are beloved by the teachers, who, loath to lose a minute's sight of us, beg our honoured presence after school hours; and, to amuse them, and incidentally ourselves, we perhaps scribble a theorem, or write out a few French verbs.

We are true followers of Petrarch: we feel as no class has felt since examination days the pleasure of mere human Algebra, the joy of geometry exercises, and the revelation of arithmetical accuracy.

Like Erasmus, we long for the time when even the weakest members of the class may quote glibly the general enunciation of Theorem 61, and recite with ease the consecutive steps in a variation problem.

But even we are not infallible. Our minds are still troubled by many problems:—How to teach Jack to write poetry on paper—not on the back of exercise books; why Marjorie's face is always slightly (?) flushed. Many of our problems have been solved, though. Mr. von Bertouch tells us that going out at night is a cure for a bad back. Hec. now knows what kind of salt is found on Epsom Downs, and we have found out at last where Rosalie H. carries her coffin.

We have some bright stars, as is only natural: One will tell you that "deceased sheep were allowed to wander with the herd, and, thus, perhaps, spread disease." But we can tell awe-inspiring tales of how Jack's innocent humour, although nipped in the bud, blossomed into a cauliflower ear; of how we are commencing a restaurant in B Class; of Athol, ah! what tales we could tell of him! How he sleeps so gently and peacefully, comes a rude awakening, forcing a light of intelligence to a wearied eye, and then a grateful return to oblivion. But what is the use of all these rhapsodies? You know,—we all know that there is only one, and could be only one B Class.

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

It was midnight, and C1 was filled with tiny figures that had wriggled from between the tattered pages of books lying on the table.

Fluellen was tere, pacing up and down a red-backed volume of Henry V., and waving his sword. Poring over a dictionary was Pistol, muttering long words to himself.

"Gentlemen," said a tearful voice, and everyone turned to listen to James Eysette. "We have met here," he said, wiping away his tears. "to discuss the merits of C1." "Aye, that we have," agreed Captain Jamy.

"Tish a good class, that it ish," said Fluellen, sitting down, "a very good class. There never was a petter class, look you, or a nicer class, or a pigger class of good girls, look you, than this class in all the school. I peseech you to hear what this class has. They have everything in this class. They have French, Latin, and History and Geometry, and tea parties every Tueshday, and all about the Roman wars, and—well, it is out of my prains what they do not have."

"I m only a Bear of Very Little Brain," said a timid voice, "but I know they hear about me."

"Mon pauvre Robinson!" sighed a cracked voice. Then Pistol spoke for the first time. "Egregious parrot," he thundered. "Hold thy tongue, or I will pierce thee with my rapier. 'Tis not for such as thee to interrupt the assemblies of great men."

Then slowly answered Arthur from the table: "The old order changeth, yielding place to new. In my young days such noise was not allowed."

"Nor ish it now," interrupted Fluellen, "tish a great black man who drives them from their rooms with a strange cudgel called Theorem 29, if but the least dishorder do occur."

"I do not comprehend," boomed Mr. Wol, "where those implements of destruction that once lay about the floor have flown."

"I'll tell you, I'll tell you," squeaked Piglet, "they are being used to catch a Heffalump downstairs."

"Would you tell me, Captain Macmorris, look you, of what gender is bull for it is out of my prains what it is?" asked Fluellen. But the answer was not given, for a door banged and all disappeared. The last two I saw were Mr. Toad and Pistol arm-in-arm disputing eagerly, as they faded from sight.

#### CLASS C2.—Supervising Teacher: Mr. J. B. Mather.

Scene: Canberra University.

Time: Some time in the year 3028 A.D.

Professor Tutankhamen Jones waited for the spasmodic rocket explosions of the daily aerial express from London to die away in the distance, cleared his throat, and began his lecture on "Education in the Motor Age."

"Scientists who were recently excavating on the site of a Motor Age city beside the river known to the ancients as the Tamar, in Northern Tasmania, made many important discoveries. As you know, this city, with others, was destroyed in the great catastrophe of the beginning of June, 1928, A.D. In a first-floor room of a large building, evidently a school, an unparalleled discovery was made. On the door of this room was a card inscribed with the characters C II.

"Upon forcing an ingress, the party were astonished, petrified with wonder, at the sight which met their gaze. Frozen in death in the attitudes of life, were a Motor Age teacher and his class of 27 boys. At one end of the room was a raised dais, upon which stood a desk, or table. Against this table leaned the master, in his robes of office, his fingers in the position of lovingly fingering an elegant silver cup, most probably a trophy won at the brutal game of cricket, which was played in that age. As far as we can gather, this game consisted of the hurling of a huge ball at two men who ran backwards

and forwards between two sets of upright sticks. The only means of retaliation in their power lay in the great clubs they carried. We read in contemporary writings of men being caught, or cut and slashed to the boundary by merciless batsmen.

"Fixed to the wall behind the dais was a large board covered with a jumble of weird signs and lines, evidently an intellectual torture which hard taskmasters were in the habit of inflicting upon boys in those dark ages—Trigonometry. Still in an upright position, and probably petrified in the act of erasing the queer symbols with a cloth, there was brought to light a short, plump, round-faced boy, who may have been a slave, or a member of the class forced to do this irksome duty.

"A striking feature of this class was the different species of nether garments worn by the pupils. Some had the garments barely reaching the knees, while the lower leg was encased in a tight-fitting hose; others wore them to the ankles, and one youth had them inserted into the tops of his hose (he probably carried his books in the baggy knees). (Titters from the students.) Behind this boy was a dark sturdy youth, whose grey, loose nether garments hardly concealed the fine development of his limbs. His gaze rested upon a fine metal-plated shield above the writing-board; the shield bore the inscription "Winners Class Flag Race." Because of the manner of dress of the students we are able to form an interesting conclusion, namely, that this class or its teacher must have been well-known and famous; one of the pupils, a sturdy, fair-haired youth, wore the hose peculiar to New Zealand boys of that date (half way up the calf of the leg), showing that the wearer had come over 1200 miles to enjoy the teaching of the class.

"The desks in this room consisted of small tables and chairs, arranged in rows of five each way. They contained many interesting books; but one set in particular has aroused world-wide comment. The name on the covers, J. Lee, is legible, but the cleverest university men of the day have failed to decipher a word of what is written inside.

"Now, students, this is really the most amazing discovery that was made in this research. It was made known to me only yesterday by the leader of the research workers. Upon a further examination of the building, every other room was found to be empty! This points to but one fact, unbelievable as it may appear. Every other class had found time to escape before destruction overtook them, but this class was so engrossed in its work that the approach of doom had not affected it."

At the close of the lecture the students, although glad to be outside, had the amazing fact still stamped on their minds, even the most apathetic of them. Truly, conscientiousness was the watchword of a certain class named C II., in the fr-off Motor Age.

#### CLASS D1.—Supervising Teacher: Miss A. Nichols.

##### THE AVIARY OF D1.

Chatter, chatter, chatter: chat, chat, chat, with an occasional burst of laughter or a warble of song! The astonished teacher stood and stared. A moment before she had faced a group of girls, now nothing met her gaze but birds, birds, birds, birds, all complete with feathers and beaks and wings. Could the mere calling of a girl a parrot have wrought the change—there was surely magic in the air!



She rubbed her eyes hard and looked again. There was no mistake. Over in the right-hand corner she saw a group—May, a magpie, surrounded by her cronies, with Sylvia, a starling, trying hard to talk them down, and a Rosella with a flame-coloured crest and spectacles, perched precariously on her beak, chattering away with might and main.

In the opposite corner Connie, the Cockatoo, had gathered her friends about her and was creating a similar din. Between them Mabel and Margaret, the Mynahs, chirruped and chattered, whilst Olive the Owl slept peacefully, opening her eyes sleepily in response to a sharp peck from Angie the Albatross, or a roar of laughter from Kitty the Kookaburra, who sat in the middle of the room and seemed to think something or other a huge joke. Perhaps she laughed at Connie the Cuckoo, who, with Kathleen the Cormorant, and Peggy the Plover, were trying to look very wise, or perhaps it was the shrieks of Jessie the Jackass, who laughed at such a hopeless procedure. Near the front, with brown eyes wide open in the unaccustomed daylight, sat Olive the Owlet, longing to reach her friends at her back, but unable to find her way, while quiet little Queenie the Quail watched her from a perch nearby. Terry Tomtit and Freda Fantail flitted here and there, twittering softly, and Bessie the Butcherbird watched them with longing eyes.

Suddenly, as a whistle sounded, the door opened, and a voice said, "I want my choir, please." Instantly there was a burst of song, and all the birds, led by Nancy the Nightingale, flew through the open door.

#### CLASS D2.—Supervising Teacher: Miss B. Taylor, B.A.

There only remain thirty-two good girls in our class now, for many have left.

We are not "babies" any longer, because, as Mr. Miller says, "we are up in the purer regions this second year."

Last year we always wanted to be upstairs, and now our wishes have come true.

Our examinations are over, and holidays are drawing near. Our girls are very glad of this, and so are our teachers, especially our supervisor, Miss Taylor, who is at present persecuting us all with History after school, and throwing lines to right and left. I am sure she is heartily sick of it all.

Mr. Close, Mr. Dallas, and Miss Layh also teach us, and we are sure that they are not "struck" on the way we work in school. But never mind, we'll gain favour next term for certain, as we have made up our minds to work, if we possibly can.

#### CLASS D3.—Supervising Teacher: Miss B. Wilcox, B.A.

We live above the office now,  
Promoted, don't you know!  
Though to such honour low we bow,  
We're cramped in style, you must allow;  
We daren't make the slightest row—  
See us on tip-toe go!

But still we do not feel oppressed,  
We have due cause for pride:  
We've plenty of the sporting zest,  
And when to study we're addressed  
We're not afraid of any test—  
Though girls our maths deride.

At cricket and at rowing, too,  
We do our little bit.  
There's Traill and Donnelly and "Doo,"  
And young Ron White to see us through,  
And Clair, the best cox of the crew!  
We're not forgetting it!

The Best Room Picture, once had we;  
Alas, it's disappeared.  
Though to such honour low we bow,  
For long we've wished it here to be,  
We worked for it right slavishly,  
But after two weeks in D3  
It vanished, as we feared.

Our blackboard decoration scheme—  
A patent all our own!—  
Awoke in envious eyes a gleam  
And some expanded so the theme  
Their teachers scarcely may redeem  
A foot-wide working zone.

We've lost "King Alfred" since, n' Okes,  
Their empty desks looked chill,  
Until in pity came two—  
(That wasn't "blokes" at all but folks")  
Who our full quota back did coax—  
We greet them with a will.

#### CLASS E1.—Supervising Teacher: Miss E. Norman.

I dreamed that a party of us left "Muckridge" headed by a "Norman" for a trip round Mount "Morgan."

We had to cross a river, the "Twidle," and before us stretched the "Lees." We lost our way but a "Man"(n) came and directed us to the "Wright" Hotel. The "Cook" prepared a good meal for us while the "Skipper" arranged for our sail down the river. We all went, including "Benny," "Herbert," and "Jack('s)sons."

As we glided along we saw a "Walker" "And-'er-son" being chased by a "Steer."

We came to some little inlets like "Bayes," where we decided to land. We walked along the shore for a time; as we went along we passed a black-"Smith" hard at work.

A fierce storm arose, but being "Wise" we took shelter in the "Barnes" nearby, where we didn't receive any "Burns" from the lightning.

When the storm was over we returned to the hotel, for we thought we had "Dunn" (done) enough for one day.  
Then I was suddenly awakened by the first bell.



## CLASS E2.—Supervising Teacher: Mr. K. Dallas, B.Com.

Dear Miss Editress,

Our Class Notes are overdue. Spite of brain racking of days and lying awake of nights, the inspirations will not come. I sit in a chill room, my fevered brow swathed in a damp towel, my brain swims—the window panes coated with hoar frost, a black imp is jeering at me from within the ink-bottle, and I make frantic jabs at him with a knib, that has seen better days—I try to dispel a buzzing in my ears in vain—till through the confusion little Gwen's silvery voice is recognised—and my jaded pen moves.

"Please don't think us conceited, Miss Editress, but as we are all girls naturally we must be a better class than one with the handicap of mere boys in its midst. Of course, the time may come when we shall feel the need of some male protection, and Joyce's resource and courage may not be available as it was on the occasion of that memorable hockey match. If, and when, that time comes, we, being feminine, of course reserve the right to withdraw any of the foregoing remarks.

Joking apart, we do mean to do our best to be a credit to ourselves and our school—I will not say our new school; we feel that we are no longer new scholars, for haven't we been here for whole months! So Mr. Miller can call us babies if he likes, we know better. Some of us are already distinguished,—we congratulate Leila on being chosen our prefect, and on her fine results in our Terminal Exam. Perhaps Ede can beat her next term. Jean Conway has successfully taken on the task of adorning our blackboard. At sport we are rather young, but with such potential hockey champions as Leila, Lesley, Mollie, and Laurel our future is assured. Please do not mention the two little girls with the long tongues who sit behind Jean and Elfie. The rest of us—"

The voice is drowned by a confusion of voices till after a minute or two a whistle shrills, they cease and Leila is heard, "The golden-haired one? Marjorie, our character impersonator. She is quietly thinking, I'm sure it must be of her next humorous recitation. The two bright boys? Oh, they are Lesley and Ede, and they are such willing chaps. We could never get on without them. The little girl? That is Doreen, our "bebe," what a sweet smile she has. We have two Betties, two Elsies, two Kathys, but one Joyce is quite enough. Betty T. can almost hide behind her pencil. Our Robin chirups gaily and Dorothy, our blue-eyed beauty, is her constant companion."

When she is silent the babel begins afresh, and only a few fragments are clearly heard. Those I can recall are:—

Sybil: "Our board is heavenly because it is like nothing on earth."  
Ede's poetic effort seemed incomplete. These remain—

"Here lies Freda with eyes of blue.  
Who dreamed all day. Oh, this is true.  
Here lies Camella, a girl whose name  
Did give hard work to a teacher of fame.  
Here lies the body of Mr. Dallas,  
Who always had a joke to tell us.

Phyllis had evidently been engaged on historical research, for next I heard:

"The E2 girls who lived in the Stone Age were chatting after a trying Maths. lesson. Their teacher had announced that on Thursday he would lecture on the best stones for writing with and writing on, as the implements some had brought late were quite unsuitable—"

I recommend to you these fragments on behalf of my class-mates.

Yours, etc., "WE OF E2."

## CLASS E3.—Supervising Teacher: Mr. C. B. Boyes, B.A.

As we feel no longer the timorous mortals who in February took our places in the strange surroundings known as the Launceston State High School, we are venturing to record our first class notes, the class notes of E3, in other words, Number 3 in the groups of "Babies." Of course, although this is our distinguishing number, it does not indicate our relative position of importance. When we have told you of some of our achievements and mentioned some of our notabilities, we feel sure you will agree we are already making a mark in the school.

We started off the year with a class of 25 boys, and were getting on very cosily as bachelors, when a bombshell exploded among us. It was nothing less than the arrival of 17 girls to complete the class. However, since their arrival, we must admit they have made the classroom a much tidier place with their feminine touch, and brightened our surroundings with flowers. We are fortunate in possessing two good prefects in Geoff. and Ronnie, who keep a watchful eye upon us.

Among the most noted of our members is Rus. Jordan, who gained a place in the first eleven in his first year at school, as well as running well in the sports and helping to gain the Anzac Shield for the school. The best results in the terminal examinations were obtained by Jean Joyce, Joan Robinson, and Archie Flanagan, to whom we offer our congratulations. We feel very proud of our performance in the sports, because we gained second place in the class competition. We would like to congratulate C Class on their win, but they will have to look to their laurels next year.

We are seriously considering taking steps to find out which was Sylvia and which was Joyce, when one of them left school; so the other must be the one left! We will probably enter Albert for the writing competition at the next show; he should be a sure winner on his present form with the pen.

When E3 has difficulty in storing its property it will be able to fall back on "Barnes," and although we have electric "Power," we have no globe. Of the birds among us, the most prominent is a "Swan." He has rather a shrewd method of detecting if a gas is oxygen. His advice is to catch a mouse alive (a trivial matter of no difficulty), and then put it in the gas. According to him, if it becomes frisky, the gas is oxygen without doubt. We are rather worried because our class has "Fitze," but we are quite prepared for winter sport with "Foot" and "Ball" in our midst.

Now that the elections are just over we would like to take a peep into the future with regard to the elections of 1958. Extract from "Examiner" report:—"The Communist Party have at last secured a majority. The leader of the party (Mr. Albert Thompson), when spoken to last night, expressed satisfaction at his election and the way the other members of the party had polled, particularly Mr. Flanagan, the Conara candidate, and Mr. McHarg, the St. Mary's representative. During the course of his conversation, the future Premier gave the assurance that his educational intentions would be carried out in full. The chief points in his policy will be:—School hours to be reduced to one a day; at least fifteen minutes' dozing to be allowed each pupil per day; Latin to be withdrawn from the curriculum; detentions to consist of kicking the football for half an hour. It is understood that Mr. L. Abra, the Launceston candidate, may have to forfeit his deposit."



With the above newspaper extract we will close our remarks for the first term, and merely state that already we feel at home in our new school, deservedly called "The Best School of All," and it is up to all of us to make the best use of our time in the school.

#### CLASS E4.—Supervising Teacher: Miss J. Loane, B.A.

E4 has been well represented in the sphere of sport this term. In cricket Tob Ockerby has bowled well for the grade with which he plays, and he has also played with the "Seconds" several times.

In football we have Keith Hayward, who is practising with the "Firsts" and "Seconds," and Tom Ockerby, who has a captaincy in one of the grades.

We are justly proud of Allan Jones, our representative in the Anzac Day Athletic Carnival, who ran first in three races, and decreased Invermay's lead in the Teams' Race by well over a dozen yards.

Other members of the Class give indications that they should uphold the sporting character of E4. We have William the Box(er) and Cliff the Targett, whilst our prefect Pat should prove a youthful angler.

So that our activities may not appear altogether one-sided, we may remind you of our members Earl the Priest, and Clyde, who declares, "I kin do anything."

We always try to bear in mind that Proverb "Make hay while the sun shines," in which we need the services of our Hay-ward.

E4 is a class of noble boys,  
Who never get detentions,  
Nor play nor fool, nor make a noise,  
But all have good intentions.  
Of course we have a few black sheep,  
Whose names I will not tell.  
They often play or go to sleep,  
Til 'wakened by the bell.  
The holidays are drawing nigh,  
The examination's past,  
And when we think we heave a sigh—  
The term is gone at last.

#### EVENING.

The dusk is fast falling;  
The night birds are calling;  
Below in the valley  
The stream murmurs past.  
The village lights twinkle;  
Soft cowbells tinkle;  
While high on the hillside  
The moonlight is cast.

N. GARDAM.

## BOYS' SPORT.

### ROWING.

On the 15th of December, 1927, the annual school regatta was held over the Gorge course. The races were keenly contested throughout, resulting in some close finishes. The pairs were won by J. Brumby (bow), G. Bennell (str.), C. Best (cox).

The championship fours were won by Viney's crew, who rowed a good race. The winning crew were G. Donnelly (bow), G. Box (2), D. Murphy (3), C. Viney (stroke). C. Best (cox).

Our school crew this year were very light, but we managed to redeem our misfortunes by winning the Bourke Cup, which now stands in its old position on the assembly hall table.

Our crew were: R. Ward (bow), G. Donnelly (2), A. Traill (3), L. Watson (stroke), and C. Best (cox).

On March 30th the Bourke Cup Race was rowed over the Henley Course on the Tamar. Our only opponent was Launceston Technical School. Tech. got away first, and gained a quarter of a length. After about 200 yards of fast striking we redeemed our bad start, and drew level with our opponents. Then for about half a mile it was an even race. One of the Tech. boys lost his seat, and we drew away, winning by about ten lengths.

The next week we went to Hobart to row for the Clarke Shield. We had to borrow a boat, and were unfortunate in getting a heavier boat than our own. On Wednesday, April 4th, we rowed for the Shield over the Regatta Course. The crews got away well, but did not go far before Launceston and Hobart No. 1 were in the lead, and it was evident that the race would be fought out between them. About 200 yards from the winning post both crews quickened up for a finish, but the superior weight of the Hobart crew put them in the lead. When the gun went Hobart were about three-quarters of a length ahead. We were second, Hobart No. 2 third, and Devonport last.

### CRICKET.

#### FIRSTS.

At the first meeting of the year, Angus von Bertouch was elected captain, and Ken. Smith vice-captain. During the season we played four matches with Scotch College, but were defeated in every match.

On the twenty-third of March we met Devonport on the Launceston Cricket Ground. Heavy rain fell on the night before the match and rendered play impossible in the morning. As the prepared wicket was not fit for play after lunch, a new wicket was cut and rolled. We won the toss and batted. The sodden turf made scoring slow and difficult, and an interesting game resulted in a win for us by eleven runs on the first innings. Scores:—



## L.H.S.

## First Innings.

|                                  |    |
|----------------------------------|----|
| A. von Bertouch, b Winter        | 7  |
| K. Smith, c G. Smith, b Winter   | 5  |
| J. Lovett, b Winter              | 3  |
| J. Doolan, c G. Smith, b Morris  | 4  |
| R. White, c Poulter, b Morris    | 12 |
| P. Jordan, c Poulter, b Morris   | 0  |
| C. Jones, b Crawn                | 0  |
| J. Dineen, b Crawn               | 0  |
| L. Waldron, not out              | 3  |
| T. Wilson, st Faulkner, b Thorne | 3  |
| B. Heazlewood, run out           | 2  |
| Sundries                         | 10 |

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Bowling: Winter, 3 for 11; Morris, 3 for 12; Thorne, 1 for 7; Crawn, 2 for 6.

## DEVONPORT HIGH SCHOOL.

|                               |    |
|-------------------------------|----|
| L. Faulkner, b Doolan         | 2  |
| M. Poulter, lbw Jones         | 0  |
| G. Morris, c Waldron, b Jones | 5  |
| H. Winter, not out            | 18 |
| J. Cooper, c Smith, b Jones   | 4  |
| G. Smith, c and b Jones       | 0  |
| C. Thorne, c Smith, b Doolan  | 3  |
| V. Crawn, b Jones             | 0  |
| D. Wyatt, st White, b Jones   | 0  |
| R. Smith, b Doolan            | 2  |
| G. Hiller, b Doolan           | 0  |
| Sundries                      | 4  |

Total 38

Bowling: Doolan, 4 for 13; Jones, 6 for 21.

On the fourth of April we played Hobart High School on the Cornwall Ground, and were defeated by 108 runs on the first innings. Scores:—

## LAUNCESTON HIGH SCHOOL.

## First Innings.

|                             |    |
|-----------------------------|----|
| K. Smith, run out           | 13 |
| A. von Bertouch, b Brown    | 1  |
| J. Lovett, b Brown          | 0  |
| J. Doolan, not out          | 34 |
| C. Jones, b Brown           | 1  |
| R. White, b Richardson      | 16 |
| R. Jordan, b Richardson     | 0  |
| L. Waldron, b Richardson    | 0  |
| T. Wilson, run out          | 2  |
| B. Heazlewood, b Richardson | 0  |
| Sundries                    | 6  |

Total 73

Bowling: Putman, 0 for 26; C. Brown, 4 for 17, L. Richardson, 4 for 15, W. Frost 0 for 9.

## Second Innings.

|                               |    |
|-------------------------------|----|
| K. Smith, not out             | 19 |
| A. von Bertouch, b Frost      | 5  |
| J. Lovett, b Richardson       | 3  |
| J. Doolan, c Baker, b Gardner | 4  |
| R. White, not out             | 2  |
| Sundries                      | 8  |

Total for 3 wickets 41

Bowling: W. Frost 1 for 1, L. Richardson 1 for 7, Gardner 1 for 9, Putman 0 for 16.

## HOBART HIGH SCHOOL.

## First Innings.

|                               |    |
|-------------------------------|----|
| S. Putman, b Doolan           | 0  |
| H. Jeffrey, b Jones           | 6  |
| L. Richardson, b Doolan       | 64 |
| W. Frost, b Doolan            | 34 |
| C. Brown, c Waldron, b Doolan | 0  |
| A. McShane, not out           | 27 |
| Sundries                      | 30 |

Total for 5 wickets 181

Innings declared closed.

Bowling: Doolan 4 for 45, Jones 1 for 28, Smith 0 for 14, Dineen 0 for 14.

On the twenty-eighth of March we played St. Patrick's College, and were again defeated, this time by ten runs. Scores: High School, 47 runs (J. Lovett 20, L. Hammond 9); St. Patrick's, 57 (Jones, 7 for 25).

## JUNIORS.

Eight teams, captained by Doug. Gill, Viv. Ockerby, Keith Ditterich, Don. McDonald, Paddy Moloney, Ray Scott, Ian Brown, and Nigger Thomson, contested the premiership in the latter part of the season.

It was won by Ian Brown's team with 13 points, Ditterich's being second with 9 points.

The best individual scores were those of Keith Robinson with 151 runs and average of 37; Tom Ockerby, 102 runs, average 34; Keith Flowers, 91 runs, and average 30.

The most successful bowlers were:—Keith Robinson, 26 wickets; Brown, 18; J. Viney, 17; Cyril Collins, 16; Tom Ockerby, 15; Ron. McCann, 15; and Thurlow, 13.

## ATHLETIC SPORTS.

The Twelfth Annual Boys' Sports were held at the Cricket Ground on Wednesday, May 9, in excellent weather. The number of competitors who took part in the various events was 162. This is extremely satisfactory, as it shows an increase of 50 over last year's entries. As most of the competitors entered for a number of events, there was a fair amount of competition.

Finally Ken. Smith won the School Championship with 17½ points, Don. Sutherland being second with 10 points, and Jack Lovett third with seven points.

The Junior Championship, after an interesting contest, was won by Jack Brumby with eight points. Cyril Collins and Aubrey Tucker, with 6½ points each, were equal for second.



The Class Championship was won easily by C class, with 100 points. E class, with 54 points, was second; and B class, with 53 points, was third.

The success of the sports was to a great extent due to the splendid manner in which the committee, consisting of Mr. Mather and representatives from the various classes, carried out their duties.

Miss Nichols and Miss Norman, and a committee of A and B class girls, also left nothing to be desired in their arrangements in the afternoon tea room, where they were kept busy by a rush of appreciative patrons.

A large and enthusiastic gathering of parents and friends testified to the keen interest taken in school functions. The results were as follow:—

100 Yards Handicap (under 15): R. Jordan 1, D. Crosswell 2, T. Griffin 3.

100 Yards Handicap (under 13): S. Guy 1, G. Foote 2, C. Fotheringham 3.

75 Yards Championship (under 13): M. Guy 1, K. Coulter 2, L. Bomford 3.

440 Yards (open): W. Duff 1, H. Fletcher 2, J. Walker 3.

100 Yards Championship (open): K. Smith 1, D. Sutherland 2, K. Edwards 3.

Sack Race: G. Box 1, W. Barnes 2.

220 Yards Championship (under 13): M. Guy 1, K. Coulter 2, C. Fotheringham 3.

220 Yards Open Championship: K. Smith 1, K. Edwards 2, D. Sutherland 3.

Obstacle Race (under 14): A. Brumby 1, R. Hay 2.

220 Yards Handicap (under 13): M. Guy 1, C. Fotheringham 2, K. Coulter 3.

Wheelbarrow Race: Edwards and Hammond 1, Wilson and Duff 2.

100 Yards Handicap (under 15): R. Jordan 1, D. Crosswell 2, D. McDonald 3.

880 Yards Championship (under 15): A. Tucker and C. Collins 1, J. Brumby 3.

100 Yards Championship (under 13): M. Guy 1, K. Coulter 2.

440 Yards Handicap (under 15): T. Griffin 1, L. Waldron 2, J. Lee 3.

Egg and Spoon Race: L. Wright 1, C. Jones 2, V. Viney 3.

Class Relay Race: C class 1, E class 2, B class 3.

Junior High Jump: A. Beaumont 1, L. Thurlow 2, L. Hammond 3.

120 Yards Championship Hurdles: D. Sutherland 1, K. Smith 2, H. McLennan 3.

Obstacle Race (over 14): K. Edwards 1, C. McElwee 2.

100 Yards Handicap (open): A. Jones 1, G. Box 2, A. Traill 3.

220 Yards Championship (under 15): J. Brumby 1, C. Collins 2, A. Jones 3.

880 Yards Handicap (open): H. Fletcher 1, J. Walker 2, K. Smith 3.

880 Yards Championship (open): K. Smith 1, J. Lovett 2, K. Edwards 3.

100 Yards Championship (under 15): J. Brumby 1, D. Thomson 2.

A. Tucker 3.

220 Yards Handicap (open): C. Crabtree 1, J. Box 2, W. Duff 3.

220 Yards Handicap (under 15): L. Waldron 1, J. Dineen 2, T. Griffin 3.

Three-Legged ace (over 14): Edwards and Duff 1, Gill and Barclay 2.

440 Yards Championship (open): K. Smith 1, D. Sutherland 2, J. Lovett 3.

Kicking Football: H. McLennan.

Throwing Cricket Ball: J. Lovett.

Tunnel Ball: E class 1, C class 2, D class 3.

Mile Handicap: R. Boatwright 1, N. Shegog 2, H. Fletcher 3.

Mile Championship: K. Smith 1, J. Lovett 2, H. McLennan 3.

## GIRLS' SPORT.

### TENNIS.

At the beginning of last term Marjorie Kidd was elected captain of the team. Competition for places in the team was very keen, and the one finally chosen was: Marjorie Kidd, Eleanor Robinson, Mary Rowe, Marie Bryan, Ienne Ward, and Rosalie Kidd, with Nancy Cox and Laura Ellis as emergencies.

The team practised constantly, and was both steadier and stronger than that of last year, although we lost the services of two of our keenest players, Rita Gray and Mollie Wood.

In March, the Devonport team visited us, and after several closely contested matches we were defeated by 7 sets to 2. The girls did their best, but it was evident that the visiting team was the stronger. For us, Marjorie and Rosalie Kidd in particular played excellently.

With the object of improving the stability of the team, a temporary one has been chosen for next year, and if they keep up their practice, we will have a strong team. It is hoped that there will be more competition by the younger players of the school for positions in next year's team.

## SOCIAL NOTES

### SPEECH NIGHT.

March 22nd.

This day did find me early astir, and after a dish of tea, out to my tailor's, to make sure that my new satin coat be ready for speech night.

Verily, methinks this function doth improve from year to year, both as regards the quality of the speeches and also the singing of the children.

Moreover, I did expect, and rightlie to see His Worship the Mayor, a very proper man, who did enjoy himself mightilie, making many merry quips.

There was alsoe a right goodlie companie of pedagogues, who did learnedly discourse to us on many subjects—I doubt not to our profit, though the children did delight me more.

They did sing most sweetlie, and me thought it did reflect much credit on Mistress Nichols. Verilie, it doth surprise me, how she doth, by merely waving a stick before them, call forth such mightie sound, and anon still it again, by raising her fair hand. She did richly deserve the loud praises of the companie.

Methinks there was a goodly choice in prizes very properly bestowed upon those who did win them by much drudgery. It was a



pretty sight to see the maidens curtsy with much modesty, to His Worship, and the boys, though somewhat bashful, did behave with manly courtesie.

Then we did all join in singing the National Anthem, and so to bed.

#### THE COMPETITION CHOIR.

There came a time when the hurried meetings behind the closed doors of the library, and the strange melodies which penetrated from the interior ceased to be a mystery, and practices of the Competition Choir became a regular and accepted thing. Then, one day, one by one, the members of the choir entered the Library to undergo the operation of voice-testing, and at last the choir emerged triumphantly—an institution.

The next few weeks were filled with earnest work,—and then came the suggestion from Miss Nichols, of a picnic up the Gorge. This was received with acclamation. Easter Tuesday, then, saw the choir in the school for practice, and later, with light steps, wending its way westward. All the members of the choir agreed that we had a splendid time. Everything—swings, games, walks, and talks—was a decided success, and especially so was the tea, with its central pyramid of fruit.

But it was at the Competitions that the choir showed its true worth. Thirty girls, dressed all in white, took their stand on the platform before a darkly massed audience, and after Miss Nichols' graceful acknowledgment of the applause, they sang as only girls who love their work can sing, "The Orchard Cradle Song," and "Early One Morning." Both went off excellently,—I believe, without one flat note—and great was our joy to hear the judge's decision—85 points.

After this excitement we still had to look forward to the later performance at the final concert, but then both our confidence and our enjoyment were greater, and it only needed Mr. Fitz Hart's "Bravo!" to fill our cup of joy to overflowing.

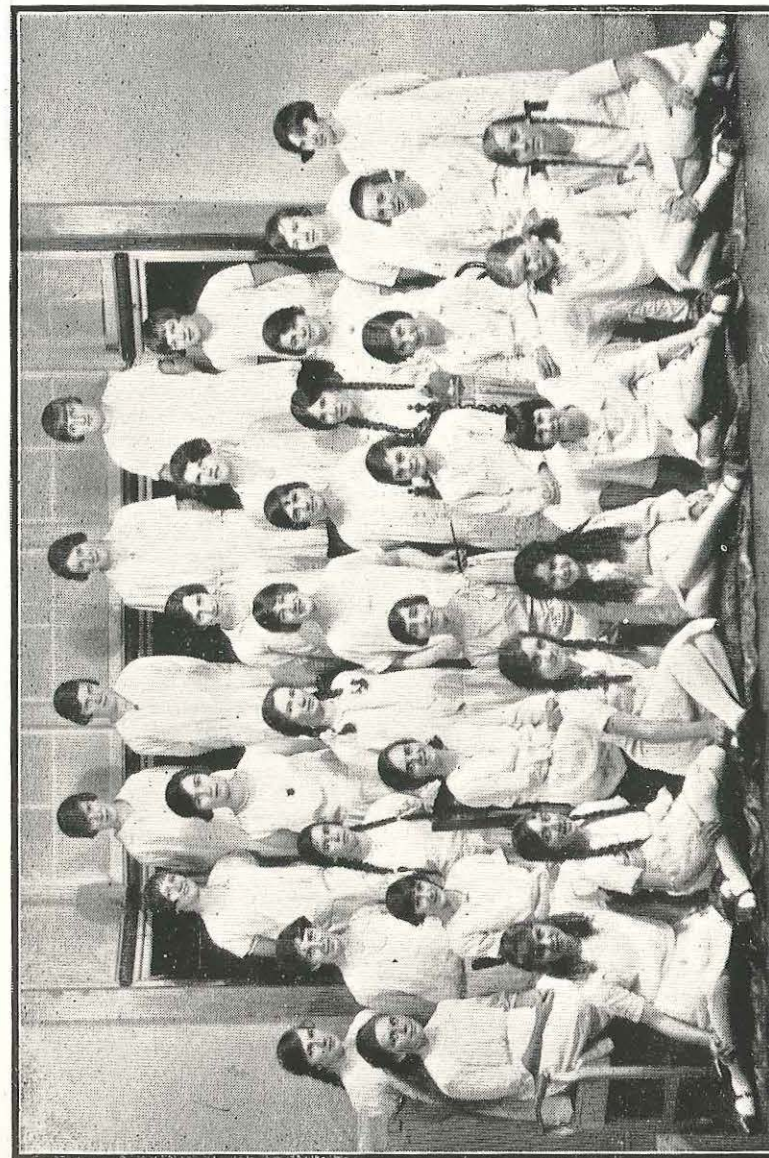
It would take too long to tell in detail the time we had at afternoon tea in the "Virginia," and of the presents we made to Miss Nichols and Miss Norman; or of the trip to Mr. Robinson's studio, and the consequent joy or despair among the members when the photos came out. But I would like to mention the cabinet which the choir gave to the school, and which, we hope, will be a lasting memorial of all our adventures, while, perhaps, adding something to the long list of trophies the school is proud to call her own.

#### "A" CLASS SOCIAL.

It was a glorious night. The air was sharp and clear, the sky unclouded and sparkling with a host of stars, while right above the clustering roofs of the houses the young May moon was rising, its faint beams glistening on the tranquil river, making it strangely, mystically beautiful.

But, on the two young boys walking leisurely along Patterson Street, the beauty of the evening had little effect. "Look! Bill," said Tom, "that school has the lights on to-night." Usually this building was in complete darkness, but now it was flooded with golden light. "I say, Tom, come and have a look in."

So Tom and Bill crept warily up the path and cautiously looked through one of the windows. "Gosh! Ain't it lovely, Tom." What's



LAUNCESTON HIGH SCHOOL CHOIR.

Winners First Prize, Launceston Competition, 1928. A. Nichols, conductor.



those things stuck in all the vawses everywhere?" "Huh! Them's marygolds," said Tom scornfully. "Sh! Look out, here comes somebody."

Through the door came a troop of laughing, blushing girls, and several lady teachers. These scattered into groups and stood around giggling and talking, and keeping a watchful eye on the other door. "Gee! Look at that old 'un in blue! Wh' doesn't she have it shorter?" "Yes," said Tom.

"'Alf an inch, 'alf an inch, 'alf an inch shorter.  
The skirts are the same for mother and daughter.

When the wind blows

Each of them shows

'Alf an inch, 'alf an inch more than she oughter."

"See that one in pink? Isn't she a peach?" But Bill's rhapsodies were cut short. For through the door came the male element of the gathering, with their gay ties and hot socks.

"They are dressed up some," said Tom. "Wonder what's up now. They are a bit gone, I think."

Boys with worried countenances, were dashing up and down the hall, frantically waving small slips of paper at every girl they met.

Gradually girls and boys paired off and sat triumphantly around the room.

"What's on now, Bill?" "Dunno. They are writing something. Wish they would do something lively." Bill's wish was granted later. Everything seemed in confusion. Everybody was on the move, the fun was fast and furious, and through the windows came the sounds of—

"When the wheel went round, he made his grab."

There was a scramble, then everyone skipped triumphantly around the room.

"That old chap in the middle will have a fit if he doesn't look out. He's winded," said Tom. Then things settled down to a quieter level for a while.

"I reckon that chap singing thinks he's IT," whispered Bill. "What's all the paper on the floor for?" "Dunno," said Tom. "I say, this is great. Those two girls are getting frisky. Some of them can jump. I don't think."

"They must be going to write again." Look's like it. See that chap and girl going up. Them's the winners."

"Oh! Ain't she sweet?" sang Tom. "Look out Bill, someone's coming."

Sure enough there was the sound of feet on the gravel. When the footsteps died away Bill cautiously peeped in again. "They are shaking hands with some of the men." "Them's big wigs," Tom informed Bill. "I can tell 'em by their looks." "They are going to have supper; they are carrying cups round now." "Wish I was there." "Those chaps must have known it was supper time." "Course they did. I reckon that dark lady invited them along. My Ma says 'Feed the brutes, and you can do anything with them.'" "Bill! Just LOOK at those cakes! Makes me feel kind of empty." "I've got that sinking feeling too. Let's clear out, Tom. It ain't much use watching THEM eat."

"Righto, Bill. What about Roney's?"

In the brightly decorated hall, the fun continued. In the starry heavens the moon sailed on. It was a glorious night.



## AU REVOIR

Before Miss Begent went away we had an extremely busy time, filled with excited bustlings in C1, confabs in dark corners, and some talk of that mysterious organisation known as "The Committee." On Thursday this was most noticeable—two or three girls disappeared, and were found in the dining room at the cooking school all the dinner hour. One or two made portentous journeys—no one knows where—and returned with bulky packages, which were immediately pounced on, and borne off. After school, there was a sound of hurrying feet and then—silence. The A and B class girls were grouped artistically round a double table decorated with golden streamers and flowers, cakes, scones, and all those strange trifles which go to make up afternoon tea—everything, in fact, was ready for the guest of honour, who, having been discreetly warned by Miss Grubb not to come too early, was now awaited most impatiently. At last the cry arose: "Here she comes!" And Miss Begent entered, accompanied by the two hostesses, Mary and Frances, and the business of the day began. Members of the committee stole round with plates that swiftly and magically emptied until at last one of the hostesses spoke up, "Grace will you play to us, please?" A gracious consent was given, and then followed a charming performance on the piano, which was received first in a rapt silence, and then with enthusiastic applause, and once more people devoted themselves to afternoon tea and gossip. Again Mary spoke, "Marjorie, would you recite now?" Marjorie choked over a cream cake, and hastily complied, and though she laughed as she did so, no one seemed to mind. Then after much persuasion Grace gave us our old friend "Oranges."

After a while one of the hostesses slipped across to another table and brought forth a basket which she presented to Miss Begent. A delightful quarter of an hour followed while Miss Begent opened every parcel, exclaimed over every handkerchief, and read out every couplet to the accompaniment of laughter, admiration, or sympathy. But, as always, the afternoon sped, and soon the girls were trooping out, leaving the "committee" to their work on almost empty tables. A few moments later silence reigned in the room, now empty.

## B CLASS HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

On Saturday, the 9th of June, the members of the High School Historical Society—except those qui manquerent le train—went for a trip to Longford, and kindly invited those of A class who cared to come. We left by the 1.15 train, and got to Longford about 2 o'clock. Then we decided upon the afternoon's programme—a visit to the old jail, from there to the church and the mill dam, then tea, and home. We arrived at the old jail at about 2.15, but unfortunately the superintendent was detained at a football match, and so could not show us over the building, and the underground cells, which we particularly wished to see, but Councillor Davis gave us an old record book, containing accounts of all the various charges made against prisoners in the Longford jail. The names of the prisoners were also given, and the punishments which they received. We read a few extracts from this old book; these enabled us to get a fair idea of the miserable and inhumane conditions of life for prisoners and ticket-of-leave men in the early days of settlement.

The cells of the Longford jail are the oldest and most perfect of their kind in Northern Tasmania, and the building is surrounded by a high brick wall, enclosing a narrow yard where, for a short time each day, the prisoners walked up and down, closely guarded.

In the early days of settlement important milling and brewing grew up in the district; but since then they have greatly declined, and now Longford is essentially agricultural.

Later in the afternoon we went to visit the church, a splendid old building of stone (brought from the quarries at Ross, there being none in the district itself). The church was opened in 1840 at a cost of £15,000, and is still unfinished. It is finely constructed on massive lines, which lend to it an appearance of great solidity and grandeur. The windows are of Gothic architecture, and tall white pillars support the roof. The beautiful stained glass window in the western end was made in England many years ago, at a cost of £300, and was given to the church. It is the finest of its kind in Tasmania. The bell in the tower is one of the four sent out to the Colonies over a hundred years ago by the reigning sovereign; it is still perfectly intact. Come of our party were able to get an interior photo of the window, and also some snaps of the building itself.

After examining the church we rambled about the beautiful grounds for a time, looking at the tombs with their quaint inscriptions, some of which date back to 1820. After a lot of fruitless searching for a sundial, a lady pointed it out to us. It is a splendid instrument, mounted on a small stone pillar, and is most interesting to watch.

From the church we walked a good distance to the Dam, which was formerly constructed for the purpose of supplying water to the flour mills, when so many of them were in operation. Here we boiled the billy and had tea; then, after a hasty packing-up, we hurried across the wet paddocks to the 5.20 train, and so home, with much mirth and laughter.

## LIBRARY NOTES

## THE LENDING LIBRARY.

There were 37 members of the lending library in the first term; most of these being from 4 and E classes.

This year so far sixteen new books have been added to the library, one being the gift of Phyllis Hargreaves, and three of Harry Nokes, to whom our thanks are due.

The magazine section of the library is open to the free use of the school; readers should see that they put back these papers, as otherwise they are apt to be destroyed.

M. E. TAYLOR, Librarian.

## THE REFERENCE LIBRARY.

The Reference Library has been considerably enlarged this year by the addition of several new books, and the new set of shelves is being steadily filled. Our thanks are especially due to the Old Scholars, and to the Prefects for their contributions to the Library.

Those using the library should be careful to put books and magazines back tidily in their places, not leave them lying about on the table, or desks.

J. TRELOGGEN, Ref. Library Prefect.

## POET'S CORNER.

## A SONG.

Eyes of grey and lips of laughter,  
Haunt me day and night;  
Can I care what follows after,  
If to-day be bright?

Future joy and future sorrow,  
All is bound up there;  
For to-morrow and to-morrow  
Hear my fervent prayer.

A. JUDD.

## PEACE.

Pale gold hands of evening sleep,  
Valley, height, and quiet deep,  
In the wizard waters—Sleep.  
Hush! with tranquil, folded wings,  
Floating light o'er sleeping things,  
Healing in her hands she brings  
White-robed spirit, strangely bright,  
Drifting, drifting through the night  
Nears the vision! lo! 'tis Peace.  
Mother of four frailties  
Come to give the soul release.  
Calling down the sacred ways,  
Where the fires of passion blaze,  
Wearing out our nights and days;  
Through the chambers of the soul  
Echo of her footsteps roll,  
Quench the flames that scar and slay,  
Then as softly pass away.

J. TRELOGGEN.

## A TRIOLET.

He's a Valentine brought  
To convey his best wishes  
And his lady to court.  
He'd a Valentine brought,  
And he thought that she ought  
Repay with some kisses.  
He'd a Valentine brought,  
To convey his best wishes.

KATH ROSE.

## A MISCELLANY OF PROSE

## "THE WHIRLIGIG OF TIME."

I have a list, which is now getting rather long, of words whose meaning I do not know, and never seem to find out. Many of them are not contained in a dictionary; others have an appearance too frivolous for one to seek them in those sage and pompous pages. Among these is the word "whirligig." For a long time I have darted this at the world, and for a long time the world has not answered my question: "What is a whirligig?" Therefore I have evolved a definition for myself. It is primitive and crude, but on the whole, I am rather proud of it. This is how I put it:—

"Whirligig: Something that spins round you and is gone."

When you look into this, you will see that it fits in well with the phrase, the "whirligig of time." For time does spin, and when you look it is gone. I have found it so. When I wake in the morning, I allow myself five long, luxurious minutes of realising just how warm bed is, and how formidably cold everything else is. But before I can start, the five minutes is up, and I haul myself protesting out of bed to the cold comfort of a shower. Ten minutes later, I am disbelieving in the warmth and enticement of bed, and ready for anything. But here the whirligig enters, and before I can fully understand this sensation it is gone, and I am writing, writing, trying to catch the tail of the whirligig, trying to get my paper written before it goes, caring little and knowing less what I am writing in it. Lessons—dinner—exams are back in a flash, and once more I am driving my pen with aching shoulder and fiery brain. Flick! and it is all over. I sink back, defeated—"time is up!" Five minutes' discussion on the paper, two minutes' frenzied rage for useless, thoughtless, malicious slips, and the clock registers thirty-five minutes. Helter-skelter books fly into my case—all the wrong ones, of course, necessitating two or three packings before they are ready. A quick dash for home, and I am pounding away at scales. Another twist of the whirligig, and I am poring over books, trying to concentrate, realising every two or three minutes that I have left the right books at school after all. Bed time is back again, and I give a sigh of relief to think that at last I shall have a rest—ten long hours. But alas! the only time when I could enjoy time, I am unconscious, and I go to sleep, dream for a second of wild, impossible things. Click! goes the whirligig, and I start all over again!

There is one time when I wish with all my heart that time were a whirligig, as I interpret it. When a tooth aches, and with reluctant feet I turn to the dentist's door, and a white-capped nurse shows me into a room with cheerful papers, whose every three advertisements contain one:

"Four out of five have Pyorrhea—have you?"

or its brethren, then the whirligig becomes a cart wheel which I, like the old Greek in Hell, have to push, with the certain knowledge that it will roll back again. For this reason, I have decided that my definition will not do, that I must turn once more to insult the dignity of a dictionary, and humbly ask will all due respect:

"Please, what IS a whirligig?"

—M. R.



## HIS FIRST TERM AT SCHOOL.

He came to school as timid as a deer the first day, and was full of good resolutions. He would work hard during the day, and then that night he would revise what he had learned that day. They were but bubbles, after the first day. On his third day he received a detention from his teacher. He could not do or understand his geometry. In the playground he was at home completely. In the morning before school at recess and at dinner-time, and after four he could always be found at the cricket nets.

Time seemed to have leaden feet. The recess seemed to be hours before it came. Of a Wednesday afternoon he would go to the sports ground, and every hour of Wednesday afternoon would be a heaven of delight. He mistook the period between each lesson and another as a little play time given to the children that they might stretch their limbs and get a breath of fresh air.

He was rather cheeky to the boys in the higher classes, and as a result he was with no gentle hand placed head first under a tap. He struggled, but there were too many for him. This did not, nor has it yet cured him and he has been put under a tap twice more. But he did not care, and laughed and joked about it and helped to do the same to the other unfortunate ones. His name will be omitted for obvious reasons.

## HOSTEL HASH.

Dramatis Personae.—A, B, and C classes.

Time.—6.45 a.m.

Ting-a-ling-a-ling, etc. "Oh! there's that dashed bell."

(Loud groans and mutterings from all corners of the bedrooms.)

Sleepy Voice: "Was that the bell?"

Emphatic "YES!" from Senior Prefect Bruno, "And get up at once you girls."

Another Sleepy Voice: "Oh! Bruno, let's wait till half-time anyway."

\* \* \* \* \*

## 7 O'CLOCK STRIKES.

Bedlam on stairs. Crush in bathrooms.

General cries of "I was here first, I bagged that basin." "Quick, the breakfast bell will go in a minute."

\* \* \* \* \*

## BREAKFAST BELL!!!!

Yells: "Where's my tie?" "That's my tiepin." You've got my belt," etc.

Voice from Kitchen: "Hurry up big girls, you're always late."

## GENERAL RUSH TO DINING ROOM.

Chorus: "What's for breakfast. Bet your life it's S.O.S., as the soldiers say."

Waitress: "Ha! slipped there. Who'll have porridge."

Amid chorus of "Yes"—"No"—"Yes"—etc.

ENTER SMUDGE—Minus tie, hair scraped back, flushed, and generally dishevelled. One slipper and one shoe on.

RESULT.—Two very unwilling feet are dragged upstairs to headquarters. . . . (Nuff sed.)

\* \* \* \* \*

Time.—7.30 p.m.—Prep.

Sarcastic Voice from A and B Class Table: "Is there any need for all that talking?"

RESULT.—Sighs of submission (?).

Voice from Window: "Geē! who's that getting into the teachers' room?"

Chorus: MR. DALLAS!!!

Nervous Admirer: "D-d-d-do you th-th-think he'll f-f-f-fall?"

Another Voice: "Not he. He can take care of himself alright."

Unexpected voice from passage cuts short this animated discussion: "Bed time girls." [HASTY EXIT.]

## POPULAR SONGS OF TO-DAY.

I like modern songs, and believe they deserve to be popular. The bold composers, who defy criticism by writing what musicians call "rot," have my whole-hearted admiration. Certainly these songs may not appeal to our feelings to any great depth; but on the surface they affect us. Sometimes they bring us tears, sometimes laughter; but always they contain enjoyment for those who look upon them as something pleasant. Biased people call them "silly," "mad," "ridiculous"; but they have never closed their eyes and imagined "Barney Google" flying around the race track in the wrong direction. They do not know what they have missed, and satisfy their feelings by ridiculing the popular jazz.

All the joy, all the life, and all the love of the modern age is found in our songs. The gay melodies banish trouble and float like bubbles of hope around the sadness of our great cities. They defy attempts to keep young blood under control. They call and call us to let our bodies sway to their rhythmic measure. The laughter they contain helps us in our long day's work.

Yet never let it be said that modern songs are all laughter. Our melodies have pathos and deep love in their dainty cadences. People may laugh; but the admiration for the girl in "The Green Hat" was as pure and heartfelt as that for the old-fashioned maiden who "Wore a Wreath of Roses." Those "sweet old songs" were usually the moans of a rejected lover always pining for sympathy. It is much sadder to see the modern man attempting to cheer himself by humming, "The Pal that I Loved." Some of the saddest thoughts are found in our gay, cheery airs.

We often do not look for romance in our songs; but they are filled with it. We are taken to the moonlit sand of "Lazy Honolulu," we see the beauteous brown of her daughters, and the silver ripple of the tide on the dreamy shores. Love and romance are found here together. We are led into a world of forgetfulness by the soft twang of a mandolin in the moonlight. Yet we hear "These songs have nothing in them" on all sides.

No wonder our songs appeal to us. They make us happy and sympathetic. I was once at a town when a gentleman was asked "to favour the company with a song." He first gave us "And a Little Child Shall Lead Them" in mournful baritone. The applause was merely politeness; but he sang again at once. This time it was: "I Never, never, no I never, never saw a straight banana." The song was enjoyable, we chuckled throughout, and adored the sweet little crisis of "Nevers." Certainly no one there criticised the second song. The listeners were sensible. Let us hope that one day we shall all unite in glorifying our popular songs and discover the beauties they hold for us, while the dear old world sympathises with our mirth.

—G. G.

## MY MAGPIE--AT PLAY!

I was dreaming that I was languidly reclining on the flower carpeted banks of the Lotus Land, listening to the songs of the Sirens, who, strangely enough, looked very like the choir girls in dress and features, when suddenly, their voices seemed to lose their sweetness, and become harsh and shrill, and was it right, I asked myself, that Sirens, or even choir girls, should be singing, "There is nae luck about the hoose"?

I put up a hand to my ear to keep out the din, and it met a cold, hard object, which opened and caught my finger in a sharp grip. This hurt so cruelly that I sprang up with a yell of pain, to find my magpie standing on the pillow with my finger held proudly in his beak. "Maggie, you little beast! Let go!" I cried. "O—o—o—oh!" —the last was a long drawn wail of pain as "the little beast" pulled harder! He seemed to have taken a great liking to my poor finger, and the more I tugged and pulled to release it, the more he tugged and pulled to keep it, so, seeing this was useless, I changed my tactics.

"De-ah little maggie! Do let go!" I implored, my other hand at the same time timidly stroking his back. "I'll give a great big piece of nicey—ow-o-o-h!"

I was getting desperate now, and I gave a long-drawn whistle of pain. Instantly Maggie dropped my finger, extended his chest to its utmost, took in a deep breath threw back his head, and burst into "There is nae luck about the hoose," trying to rival me.

Seeing my chance, I seized him from behind, and springing from my bed, I threw him out of my window, and banged the sash down angrily. "Why," thought I, "must he disturb me on the first morning of the holidays, for I'm sure I did nothing to deserve this?"

On telling my brother of it at breakfast time I received no sympathy, but instead he said, "Why, that's only his play."

At this, my jaw dropped and I stared at him transfixed, until, regaining my breath and my voice, I held out my bitten finger.

"If that's the result of his play," I said, "I never wish to see him at work!"

—I. M.

## WHO'S WHO.

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

Staff: Mr. A. L. Meston, M.A.; Mr. F. Close, Mr. C. Boyes, B.A., Mr. K. M. Dallas, B.Com., Mr. S. F. Limbrick, B.Com., Mr. B. Mather, 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, Miss D. Fleming, B.A., Miss E. Norman, Miss J. Loane, B.A.

Senior School Prefects: Mary Rowe, Les. Watson.

Sports Prefects: Marjorie Kidd, Angus von Bertouch.

Prefects: Elaine Lohrey, Rupert Ward, Betty Lambert, Nancy Harridge, Nancy Cox, Tom Walker, Mary Cox, Tom Wilson, Ken Smith, George Donnelly, Margaret Davidson.

Sub-Prefects: Leila Webster, Nellie Kubank, Geoff. Foot, Ronnie Maumill, P. Tyle.

School Champion: Ken Smith. Captain of Football: Rupert Ward. Captain of Cricket: Angus von Bertouch. Captain of Hockey: Honor Bayes. Captain of Tennis: Marjorie Kidd. Stroke of Crew: Les. Watson. Librarian: Miss B. Taylor, B.A.

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