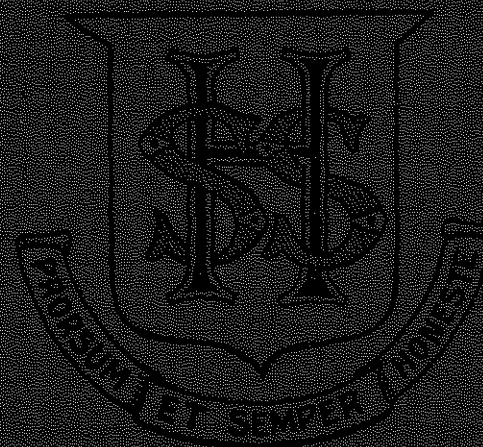


DECEMBER, 1928

The Northern Churinga

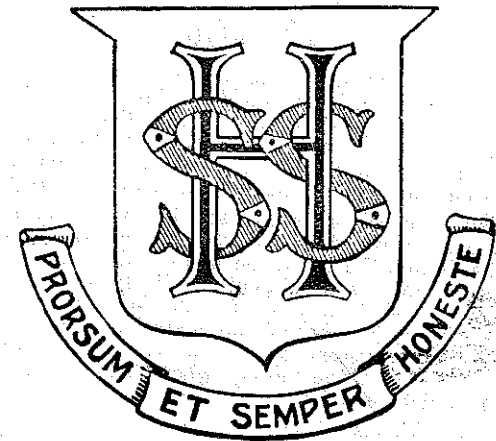


Launceston.

Vol. XIV., No. 2.

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The Northern Churinga



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THE NORTHERN CHURINGA

LAUNCESTON, DECEMBER, 1928.

EDITORIAL.

Within the next few years you will have chosen the design your Fate will weave, you will have laid down the course your soul will follow. All the world's masters, and greater than these, its servants, have followed the glory of the dream of their youth, never to attain the goal, but on their path to build Empires, to discover continents, to lift Civilisation one step further on the march of progress.

Any achievement which is realised in the material world may come in the steady years of maturity or in the last despairing effort of age, but the dream, the ideal, the inner vision, comes in the years of adolescence, before the mind contents itself with things as they are, before the white-hot rapture of enthusiasm cools in the disillusion of reality. "The thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts," the principles on which we consciously or unconsciously direct our actions, and yet this seedtime is the period when least time is given to meditation and quiet thought.

Certainly the friends of one's youth are as no other friends, so many hours are richly spent in building up havens of friendship and bonds of comradeship. Yet the time comes when no friend can take away the loneliness of the spirit. To enter freely and generously into the lives of others is a great joy, and marks the man of ample spirit, but the harvest of a youth well spent is a mind which is never less alone than when alone, which is stored with gracious and thrilling memories of the beauty of life in earth and man, and which can content itself with its own riches and with its own dreams.

Ne te quaesieris extra—Do not seek yourself outside—says Horace. It is good to see Nature's loveliness, it is good to know man's companionship, it is good to feel the poet's passion—but it is better to have used your youth to store your mind with dreams, memories and ideals which will make you happy, independent of sight, hearing, smell, touch, or taste "for the Kingdom of Heaven is within you."



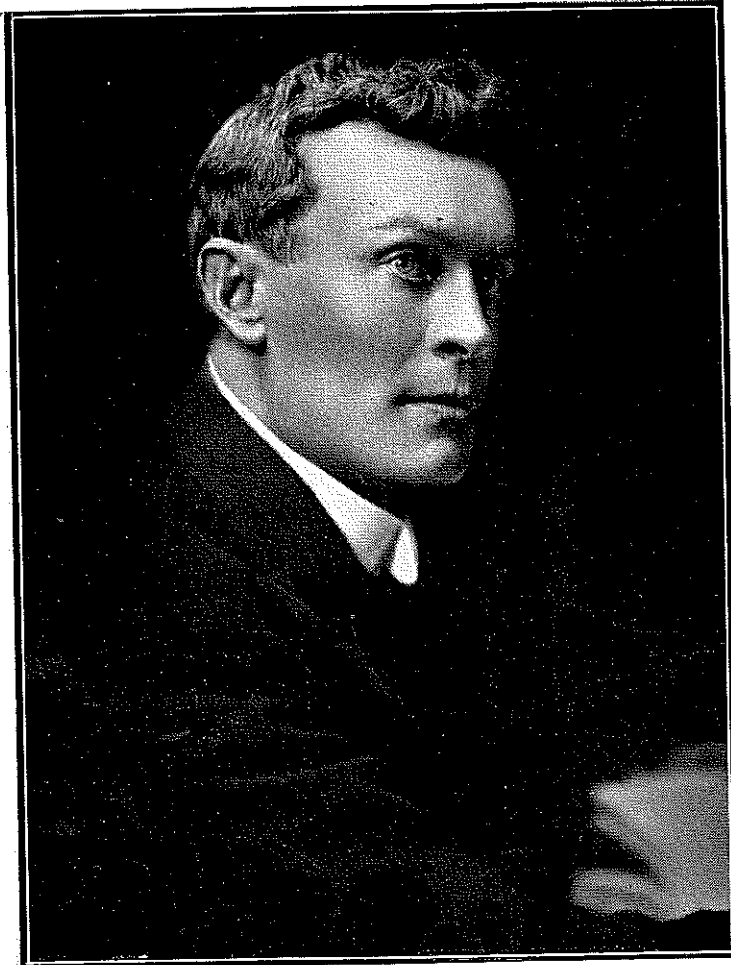
OBITUARY.

MISS BETTY TAYLOR, B.A.

It is with very deep regret that we have to record the death of Miss Betty Taylor, B.A.—a member of the staff of this school. She was taken ill just before the August holiday, but we all hoped that in a few weeks we should have her with us again. But an operation a few days after our return led to her sudden death on September 12.

Miss Taylor had the rare gift of charm. Her sweetness and her happy nature endeared her to us all, and we feel that we have lost something very precious from our school life.

To her family we extend our deepest sympathy.



MR. R. O. M. MILLER, B.A.

THE SCHOOL'S FAREWELL TO MR. MILLER.

Towards the end of last term a great sorrow fell upon the school,—the sorrow of farewell. There is always an undercurrent of sadness in any good-bye, but when a school such as ours, loses its headmaster, the sadness is intensified a thousandfold.

The appointment of Mr. Miller as inspector of schools was so unexpected by most of us that it took us some time to realise that our own headmaster was really saying good-bye. Mr. Miller had been associated with the school for very many years, and he had become part of it, the embodiment of its traditions, the sharer of its struggles and successes, its helper and central guiding intelligence in all things.

At the last assembly before the holidays the school bade Mr. and Mrs. Miller a sorrowful farewell. Mr. Meston, in a brief address, voiced the high esteem in which Mr. Miller had always been held by both teachers and pupils, and how willingly they had followed his lead. He expressed the school's deep regret at parting, and wished Mr. Miller all happiness and success in the future. The senior prefect, Les. Watson, then presented Mr. Miller with a handsome arm-chair, as a tribute from the scholars, and little Gwen Maumill presented Mrs. Miller with a bouquet of violets and a box of chocolates. Mr. Miller feelingly responded on behalf of Mrs. Miller and himself; he assured the pupils that he would not forget them, but would always be interested in their success; he urged them to support the school as loyally in the future as they had done in the past, and nobly to carry on its traditions; he thanked the teachers and pupils for their willing co-operation, and asked that they should extend the same co-operation to Mr. Biggins next year.

Then the school sang "For they are jolly good fellows," and the pupils cheered their old headmaster. The assembly concluded with the singing of "Auld Lang Syne."

After the assembly Mr. Miller shook hands with each individual pupil, and spoke a few words in farewell.

□ □ □ □

 SPRING TIME.

Creeping shyly over meadow,
 Hov'ring over field and town,
 Weaving dreamy, cobweb colours,
 Into winter's soothing brown.
 Filling earth, and air, and heaven
 With a radiance faint and dim,
 Tying green, soft, velvet bud tips
 On to every waiting limb.
 Child of Hope and Expectation,
 Born of show'rs and laughing breeze,
 Wafting sweet, uncertain incense
 Over hills, and vales, and leas.
 Gossamer-veil'd is the earth at your coming,
 Pink-tipped and green-drap'd and fragrant with dew,
 Silver and blue-grey, and misty, and wonderful,
 Poised, and awaiting the summer anew.

MARIE BRYAN.

THE NEW PICTURES.

There is one general remark to be made before dealing with the pictures themselves, and that is Rembrandt's comment to someone who was gazing too closely at his work: "My pictures are made to be looked at—not smelled." Stand some distance away—as much as five feet sometimes. That applies especially to the three new scenes in the black frames. Of course, look closely if you wish to see the method of work (and this is very interesting), but to see the picture as the artist wanted you to, stand off.

Have you ever looked closely enough at the shadows cast by objects to notice they are not black at all, but purple or blue or grey? Painters have, and so you will find interest in that painting of marshy country in looking at the shadows of the trees and finding out their colour.

Another scene that needs to be looked at not too closely is Whistler's *Cremorne Lights*. He paints there a broad river—the Thames—in the mist of evening, pierced by the golden shore lights. "When the evening mist clothes the riverside with poetry, as with a veil, and the poor buildings lose themselves in the dim sky, and the tall chimneys become campanili, and the warehouses are palaces in the night, and the whole city hangs in the heavens." (Whistler.)

Many of our pictures are portraits. A painter does not necessarily choose a beautiful person for his subject, but rather one of character. What kind of man was Rembrandt's *Old Man in Armour*? Look at his brooding face and try to piece together his life history. Romney's *Lady Hamilton* lives for us in the charm of her graceful body and arch face. That young man of Giorgione's with the scarlet sleeve and beautiful calm face against the dark carving is a friend whom you feel you could trust.

Faces that smile always are apt to pall on one, but there are some successful paintings of such expressions. The *Laughing Cavalier* is one. He is not really laughing but impishly smiling. Is it in his mouth or his eyes? I think he must have just finished telling the painter, Franz Hals, a very risqué story. That mischievous-looking boy in the scarlet coat Mme. Le Brun knew at the time of the French Revolution seems to promise to be as full of pranks as any modern boy. The smile of Da Vinci's *Mona Lisa* has tantalised 500 years of admirers. The more one sees it, the more one wonders. Hille Bobbe, the witch of Haarlem, is another of Franz Hals's portraits. I hardly think she is smiling though—probably swearing at the black cat for not coming quickly enough to torment the witch's enemies.

The Dutch painters loved detail. So when you look at one of their pictures you feel as though you were in the picture looking at that gorgeous curtain in Vermeer's studio, and the wonderful map behind the model, while in De Hooch's interior you enjoy the light through the little panes lighting up the orange on the table, the dog, the pictures, the tiles of the floor, and the glimpse of the other room which has nearly as much detail. The lace in the collar and cuffs of the *Laughing Cavalier* repays attention too.

Children as subjects for painters make a universal appeal. We have those two charming studies by Sir Joshua Reynolds, *The Age of Innocence*, and *The Infant Samuel*—both breathing the loveliness and the innocence of the young child. Sully shows us a boy in a torn hat—a beautiful light on his face, and Vermeer has given us that clear, pure young face of a girl in her yellow turban.

The *Three Musketeers* some of you will know from Dumas' novel. To those of you who haven't yet read it, my advice is don't delay—you are missing something, and when you have read it, Athos and Porthos and Aramis in their gorgeous cloaks and fine lace will mean much to you.

There are still a few pictures to remark on. A coloured charcoal drawing called the *Pearl of Great Price*, by Burnard, shows the ability of the artist to portray conversation. How the one displays his wonderful pearl and the other gazes earnestly, looking through his glass for some possible flaw, but finding none "he straightways sells all that he hath and buys it!" The ship in the calm, hot tropics—Off Teneriffe—needs no recommendation. The coloured etching of *A Street in Toulouse* is a delicate piece of work. Ruysdael's *Mill* shows the Dutch landscape painter. Look at the gathering clouds and the coming wind already filling the sails of the distant boat. Soon a storm will break.

In *A Class* there is a copy of Whistler's *Mother*. It is so calm, so restful that it was felt that its beauty would appeal there very much amid the strain and stress of examination work.

Try to look at these pictures with seeing eyes. They will open new "windows in your soul," and the Tamar, the Old Mill, a beautiful room, or an interesting face will take on a new interest.

□ □ □ □

"THINGS I LOVE."

These things I love; a crystal glass
Filled with clear water; a kettle black
And singing on a shining stove; a track
That leads half lost thro' overhanging grass
To none knows where; the golden eye
And unseen presence of a cat at night,
The scent of flowers new-opened to the light.
The flight of birds, the blue depth of the sky
Through drifting clouds; a bath so hot
To move would give one pain; another
To creep to bed and slip the sheets between
And so to slumber with my griefs forgot
Until the morrow; the sweet and piercing note
Of canaries i' the sun; the distant blue
And veiled mystery of the hills; the gleam of dew
In flowers at dawn; an old, old coat
True friend of many a rambling walk;
To try on shoes, to watch the purchase of a hat—
First leaning towards this one, then to that—
To see friends' faces vary as they talk;
A potter's fingers, nimble with the clay,
The gentle hushing sound of moving silk,
The smell of new aired clothes, rich creamy milk;
To lie beneath the sky one sunny day
And dream, or sudden in the stillness of the night
To hear the raindrops patter on the roof;
To see a man pick from his horse's hoof
The biting stone; the river like a ribbon gleaming bright
Winding amid green fields; the pouring rain,
A wind that leaps, and bears me in its train—
These things I love.

M. RATCLIFF.

"DREAMS."

Dreams are veritable little kingdoms of happiness; they are our own tiny rose-coloured worlds—as bright and beautiful as bubbles on a sunny stream, and as evanescent—even as we watch the bubbles they burst and are borne away on the bosom of the rapid current, and others in swift and endless succession rise sparkling to their place; these in turn give place to others, and thus the stream goes on. So it is with us. We dream, we plant such airy, beautiful castles of choicest material and richest design, we begin eagerly to construct them within our own minds, sometimes we even perfect them and then—unkind fate frowns threateningly upon us, and lo! our radiant dream castles fall toppling about our ears.

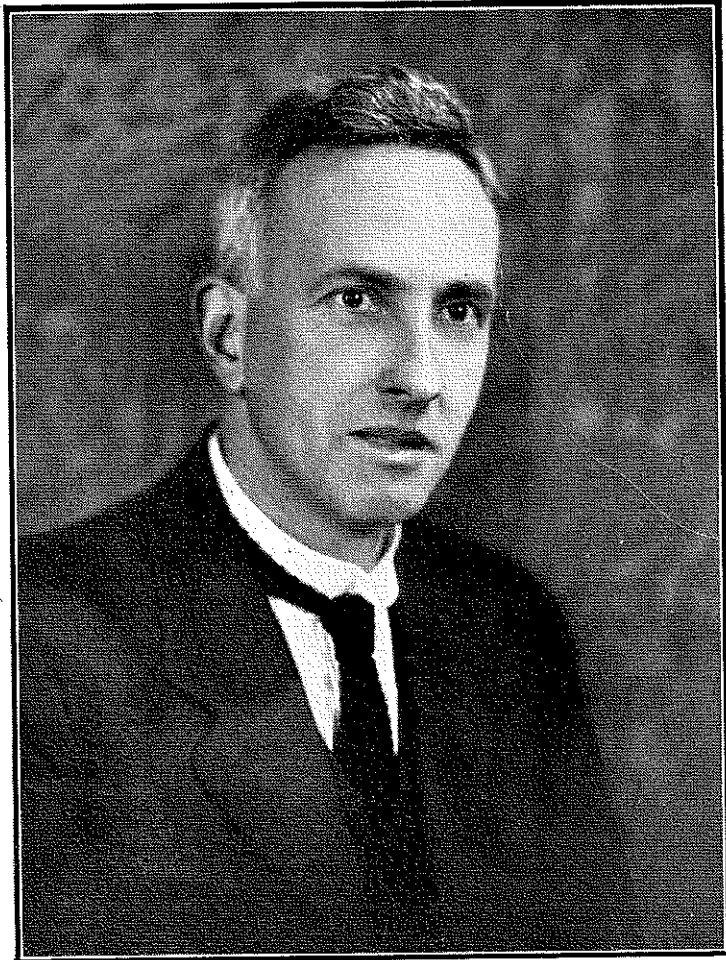
But we are wise, we mortals—we have learned to scoff at fate; we have recognised her futility, she may mock our puny efforts, she may destroy the lovely forms we have created, but she cannot, while hope remains and the blessed gift of laughter, deprive us of the power to reconstruct from the debris newer and more beautiful forms.

After all, our dreams are but bubbles on the river of life. They help to make it brighter and more beautiful for us; they take us, as it were, out of ourselves, and enable us, for a time, to forget the manifold little perplexities and annoyances of each new day; we live in an enchanted realm, a world all our own, where all is sunshine and happiness, and "every prospect pleases."

Of course, we understand that this world of dreams is a very frail, transitory thing; it is just a beautiful outer shell, having no substance, and bursting within our grasp. We never hope to realise it, even dimly; it takes no part in our strenuous, materialistic, everyday existence; it finds no utterance, even in the most intimate speech of friends and loved ones; it is nothing, less than nothing, "in the light of common day;" but when we are alone with the darkness, when the futile strivings of the day are over, we surrender ourselves to our daydream, we gather it to our hearts. Then in the silence we give it form and utterance, well knowing that the shadows will keep our whispered secret, and that the big, kindly stars will smile down upon us as we journey eagerly to the land of our heart's desire.

To-night, when the crier rings his bell beneath my window, I, too, am going to give voice and substance to my own sweet dream, and write it down for you.

There is not far from here, a quiet valley, in a peaceful countryside; it is sheltered by little hills which slope gently towards the centre of the valley; through its very heart runs a little creek, "babbling over its stony bed." Willows sway beside this creek, bending down to caress the silver waters, which mirror their own dear loveliness. Here Spring first comes in all her tender beauty; here, when the thick clumps of wattle burst suddenly into blossom, a great, golden glory lights up every hillside; here the roses riot in summer, and the gardens are heavy with perfume of a thousand old world flowers; here the birds pour fourth their sweet matins, in throbbing harmony; and—if the fates are kind—will I build me a me here in this lovely valley, and dwell in peace among the quiet



MR. A. L. MESTON, M.A.

country people, while those beautiful lines of Beddoes' go singing through my heart.

"A cottage lone and still, with bowers nigh,
Shadowy, my woes to still, until I die.
Such pearls from life's fresh crown
Fain would I shake me down,
Were dreams to have at will,
This would best heal my ill,
This would I buy."

JEAN TRELOGGEN.

□ □ □ □

CLASS NOTES.

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

Class notes commanded, the problem was to write some.

I had almost decided on a short, critical appreciation of the class—about three-quarters of a page of painful prose, in which Snooks, Binks, Smith, Marie, Christie, and the rest might be complimented on their good achievements, and perchance a crude joke cracked at the expense of our prefect's nose. It suddenly occurred to me, however, that to use this form would be poaching on the preserves of E Class, an action totally unworthy of any member of our high-minded and exalted class.

"Ah well," I reflected, "I'll write out a short dialogue between Mr. X and the Class; a dialogue in which Mr. X's manifold sins and wickednesses shall be clearly, yet unostentatiously mirrored, and whereby he shall be brought to see the error of his wicked ways—the ways of homework, detentions, and the like." Yet again I hesitated; for the dialogue form, admirable as it is for use by simple intellects, is yet sacred to D Class, and for A Class to use it would be sheer sacrilege; indeed it would be "rumpere omne fas," and A Class is not "impius."

"I have it!" I exclaimed after about five minutes' pen chewing. "I'll bring half-a-dozen fictitious or historical characters, say Napoleon, who has just lately met his Waterloo, or Sir Knight, with Lady Hope, and they shall discourse pleasantly on the merits of our class; or I might take a flight into the future and even invoke the Manes to prophesy favourably concerning the future achievements of our class."

"Alas! The still, small voice of conscience answered, 'How can you, who are of A, write on these subjects? Do you not know that they belong by right to B and C Classes, who are of little brain, and whose negative quantity of ability it would tax to breaking point to write on any others? and would you deprive C Classes, especially of this, their one and only support at this critical juncture, when their tired eyes see nothing before them, but a big, black cloud of inky suspense, and misapprehension—the Intermediate—in which we all join in wishing them the best of luck.'"

"Clearly, then, there is nothing left for me to write about; but as Shakespeare has it: 'Least said, soonest mended,' and as 'Good wine needs no bush,' similarly the virtues of A Class need no advertisement."

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

"Yes, children, I'm ready now: what year was I up to?—1928. Oh! well, the class I supervised that year was a real delight to me! They were all so enthusiastic about their work, so eager to learn, and

so happy in learning! Each one seems to stand out for something different. Cecil, for instance. There used to be a horrible joke about his "flying high" because his name was Bird, but, fortunately, it died out; Olive too, was a dear child—a perfect wonder at maths., and so was Rosalie. Rosalie, by the way, used to dissolve into giggles periodically—quite second nature with her, I think. And then Lorna, and Mavis, and the other Rosalie—all bright, beaming stars. As for the boys—well, there were twice as many of them, but they were all a constant joy to me. There was one, now—er—what's his name? Oh, Athol. I used to love to watch him; watch his understanding grow, develop and at last open like a flower, as he studied a problem worked out on the blackboard. I could tell you more about each one of them: about Allan B. with his scientific way of getting geometry out; of Jack L., with his, of Doug. Gill, with his eagerness for (Xmas) boxes well quenched; of the grave dignity of our High-Jumper, of the unsatiable thirst for knowledge of Hector. But all these will have to go on to-morrow (for look! it's long past bed time! Off you go!"

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

The fortune teller lifted her dark eyes and spoke:

"Now for your immediate future."

"You will continue to attend your old school. You will have a large sunny room, with windows overlooking tennis courts."

"The class will consist of over forty girls, but gradually the number will dwindle to thirty-seven. Your teacher will be one with a fancy for experimenting. Perhaps some day she will discover that all roads lead to L."

"Half your class will change places each day with twenty good boys, who rush to Latin. You will go to a neighbouring class room where a jocular and kindly old gentleman will impart to you the importance of having variation (even in such matters as diet), and the necessity for the endorsement of cheques."

"Cookery will be one of the outstanding delights of the class. On one occasion even I see a portrait in the flakiest of pastry adorning your board. One of your members will be especially good at ox-tail soup."

"Your room looks bright with sporting trophies. I see a tall, fair-haired girl and a dark, competing for the senior champion of the school. I see one specially clever girl who practices the five mile, and at the same time does French home-work."

"The crystal clouds. I can catch only glimpses. . . . A girl opening door half-way through a lesson . . . back of a cab . . . relaxed throat. . . . Again please, Olive. . . . Best room picture. . . . Tuesday afternoons. . . . Intermediate. . . . Good luck A Class. . . . A Happy Christmas. . . ."

The fortune-teller drew back behind the curtains.

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

As Ovid says, "The years have slipped by with silent tread," and now we find ourselves but a short seven weeks from the Day of judgment. To see C2 at work, they are just the same cheerful crew that they have always been, but look behind the scenes, and you will find a certain grim seriousness in all their movements. For at last there approaches the day of accounting—the day when we are to be weighed in the balance, to be cast out if we are found wanting, so,

with energy lent by panic and desperation, we struggle furiously toward our goal.

But though we work hard, we have stooped in our progress to pick up a few such trifles as sports championships. Ample evidence of this fact is on view in the class room, where the shield hangs upon the wall and the cup stands on the table in all its elegance (when it is not being used as a chalk-container, a vase, or a paper-weight). In our stalwarts Ken and Jack B., we have the senior and junior champions respectively. Then there is our Scotch (?) goal-kicker and runner, William. Congratulations, Bill. In gaining second place for the school in the three mile after an arduous football match the day before, you certainly earned your laurels. Much of our success in sport was due to the energetic coaching of our Supervisor.

But while we're on the subject of Scotchmen . . . We all know why a Scotchman enjoys a joke, but lately we discovered the reason why Hector looks over the top of his glasses and not through them when he's not working. Cheer up, Hector; Tom and Peter take theirs off.

By time-honoured precedent, the duster must always have its place among class notes. The duster problem remains unsolved. Until a short time ago, blackboard affairs were in a truly parlous state. "It's a wonder to each and all of us" that the blackboard was ever clean at all. Often we were reduced to the use of what looked suspiciously like someone's cast-off sock. But some week or so ago, a person or persons who prefer to remain anonymous presented the class with a brand-new velvet duster of a hectic green tint. Bill, life member of the blackboard monitorship, now declares that it is a pleasure to clean the board. A spick and span blackboard, complete with the date in Latin and a few square feet of Phonics, is the "hah-cet of refah-eenment." By the way, the Latin date has a queer way of multiplying itself—by some means or other, about a dozen more X's than necessary contrive to add themselves. This fine black-board display is, however, useless; for, as usual, we lack flowers. Even the few which some kindly soul donated for the Director's visit have become "lost, stolen, or strayed." However, despite such drawbacks, the best room picture has adorned our walls for one glorious week, and sometimes it has been lost by a very narrow margin.

Despite our childish troubles, we are gradually discarding our childish ways, even in appearance, for ten of us have put on the "liberior toga." Even weird and wonderful homework excuses are growing less—no longer does the baby tear it up or the wind blow it away. However, one of our members has a winning way with desks. Sometimes, with one's mind at the proper point of concentration upon the intricacies of "qu-est-ce que," one is startled almost to death by a terrific tearing crash, and upon looking round it is discovered that the right honourable has had another "accident." Also, there have been mysterious rumours reaching our ears of late concerning certain dark correspondence, and something about aviators.

Let us hope that those who remain next year will have passed through their ordeal without losing that aptitude for fun, coupled with the same outlook on work, which they always possessed. When we meet again on the other side (of the balcony) may we be able to say that we have not betrayed the trust placed in us by Mr. Miller, and now by Mr. Meston, together with the rest of the staff. Though

our beloved "Boss" has left us, we are determined to carry out his last injunction, and "do our best."

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

An extraction from the Woman's World, "Examiner," in the year 2008:—"Last evening saw the re-union of one of the classes which had attended the Launceston High School in the far-off days of the year 1928. The school Assembly Hall, in which the function was held, was filled with perhaps forty dear old ladies, and it was indeed a very pleasant sight to see their happy faces as they greeted old acquaintances and recalled old times. During the evening, two ladies, despite their ninety-four years, climbed nimbly to the platform, and rendered recitations in sweet, if quavering voices, and another, leaning on a stick, went to the piano and played a very beautiful solo.

Listening to the conversation of two sitting close together, I was able to learn who these three were, and also something of the class in 1928. "Yes," said one, looking over her spectacles at her companion, "Kitty and Jessie are quite the best elocutionists I have heard, and as for Phyllis' music——"

"I wonder if it is true that she has twenty letters after her name," interrupted the other.

"Oh, quite!" replied the first. "She's working for her twenty-first now, and—why, is that Rene over there showing May a new knitting stitch? I do believe it is. Don't you remember what wonderful hockey players they were when we were in D1? I have heard that they are both champions at croquet now. I can quite believe it. They were always good at rough games!"

"May's face recalls memories," the other said, slowly. "Do you remember the time when she, you, and I, and was it Thelma, sent a whip——" The end of the sentence was drowned by a burst of applause, and, after that, I could catch no more of the conversation.

When the town clock struck nine, supper was served, after which the company dispersed, and forty old ladies went home their many ways to dream, I have no doubt, of the happy days they had spent in the class room, D1.

CLASS D2.—Supervising Teacher: Miss D. Bastick.

MORE WORK (?)

A One Act Play.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE:

Supervisor	Miss B.	A Wild-man	V. W.
A Professor	J. C.	A Cook	B. S.
A Genius	E. B.	A Miller	E. M.
A Herald	G. C.		

Enter Chorus.

O for a Muse of fire that would ascend
The brightest heaven of invention.
A class room for a court, pupils to act,
And teachers to behold the swelling scene.

ACT I. SCENE I.

UTOPIA.

Ante-chamber in Super's Palace.

Enter: A Herald, a wild-man, a miller, and a jester.

Miller: What think you of the argument that we should have more home-lessons?

Jester: More! More! More!

Herald: Verily I do think that our brain capacity doth need exercising more frequently.

Wild-man: Nonsense! Thou thinkest that we all be geniuses. Well, let's to the Presence Chamber and hear the Super's opinion of the Bill.

Exeunt.

ACT I. SCENE II.

The Presence Chamber.

Enter Super, followed by Professor, Genius, Cook, and others.

Genius: My Lord, this Bill is urged by the majority.

Jester: Half an' half say I, 'cause the cook makes up the balance.

Professor: We are not desirous of your estimation on so weighty an affair so greatly concerning our future well-being.

Cook: The Professor, full of grace, and fair regard, and a true lover of hard work (and good victuals) doth not take into consideration the poor mortals in the kitchen slaving morning, noon, and night and swotting in between.

Super (to Genius): My learned Lord, I pray ye to proceed and justly and religiously unfold your opinion, taking no heed of former speakers.

Genius: Then hear me, gracious Super, and your peers, there is no bar against a greater quantity of home-lessons.

Cook: What about delayed and spoiled dinners? I am a bar.

Jester: A bar? True. A bar. Beer or iron? All the same a pretty big 'un.

Super: Hold thy peace or thou shalt be arrested.

Professor: Take no notice, gracious Super. Proceed.

Enter Wild-man yelling.

Wild-man: Down with the Bill. Down with the Bill.

Genius: On with the Bill! On with the Bill!

(Shrieks and shouts.)

Super (above commotion): I declare the Bill to be law.

(Groans, cheers, hisses, etc.)

Curtain.

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

Since last year our numbers have been lessened by the departure of Harry Nokes, Winston Davis, Keith Flowers, Edgar Jones, and Alf. King; but we have been pleased to welcome Doug. Bowden.

We are kept well supplied with flowers by Frank Walker, who hails from Walker's Nursery, and William Heath, from the Crescent. We have also had the honour of holding the best room picture several times, but lately we have dropped out of the running.

We are represented in the crew by Traill (3), Donnelly (2), and Clair Best (cox.). In the first football team our representatives were Thomson, Doolan, Traill, Collins, and White, while in cricket we have the star bowler of the team in Doolan, and the wicket in White; and in Heazlewood, a change bowler.

On Wednesday, October 3rd, the D Classes held their social in

the Assembly Hall, where they passed a very happy evening together; though we boys were unfortunately in the minority (in numbers, of course). During the evening items were rendered by Miss Nichols (song), Miss P. Hargreaves (pianoforte solo), and Clair Best (recitation). Miss Norman kindly played for games, etc.

We wish the A and C Classes the best of luck in their exams, and a Jolly Christmas and Happy New Year to all.

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

Peggy, with a frown on her face, was wandering along the road of Algebra, looking for the answer of $(a+b)(a-b)$, when she met Francis, the Clever. "Oh, Francis, where do you find the answer to $(a+b)(a-b)$?" she cried in dismay. "Through the Wood of Rules and past the Castle of Attention and Concentration. But I must go. Good-bye." And Francis hurried away. Peggy walked wearily to the Wood of Rules, where she saw the Walkers passing to and fro. But they only shook their heads when she shouted her question. So she wandered on to the end of the wood, where she saw the Castles of Concentration and Attention looming gray and dull in front of her. She knocked and the door was opened by a bent, old man who cried, "Attend! Attend! Attend!" and shut the door. Then she ran to the Castle of Concentration. A bent old woman opened the door, and cried, "Concentrate! Concentrate! Concentrate!" Sad at heart Peggy wandered on until she sighted the house of Molly the Giggler, who taught her to smile and be happy, but could not tell her the answer. So she sought the answer from Maggie the Dreamer, Nancy the Chatterbox, Vivienne the Fiddler, Jean the Tiny, but all in vain. Nellie the Artist thought that Zillah the Advisor ought to know. So Peggy sought Zillah the Advisor, who told her to go to Miss Norman. She went, then, to Miss Norman, and asked sweetly, "Can you please tell me the answer to $(a+b)(a-b)$?" She waited anxiously; but at last received the joyous news: a^2-b^2 .

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

From the catalogue of portraits in our Art Gallery:—

1. The Sleeping Beauty: In a peaceful spot between the windows hangs this life-like study of a youthful damsel who seems fated to sleep forever. Artist: Lady Evelyn.
2. Bubbles: A Blue-eyed maiden always on the verge of hearty laughter. Artist: G. E. M.
3. Princess Betty: Companion picture to the above, but with more subdued tone. The blue eyes have a more wistful expression as of a child separated from her playmate.
4. Blonde and Brunette: A dark-eyed damsel always in pensive mood; her raven hair forms a striking contrast to the flaxen tresses of a blue-eyed maid who is forever gazing fixedly on her companion.
5. The Three Graces: A fine series recently presented, here described in verse by the artist who, with characteristic modesty, desires to remain anonymous.
- 5a. There is one whose glare is simply "whopping,"
When we say "pinch" for steal, or "topping,"
"Girls, I must ask you not to use
Words that our English tongue abuse."

5b. And who walks here with angular grace
At such a firm and steady pace?

Ah, woe betide the luckless lass
Who makes a slip in (Latin?) Class.

5c. And one with Grecian profile pure,
Of Venus she's a miniature.

Extracts from private diaries:—

B. N.: I am always being reminded that my namesake Sir Isaac Newton was a genius. Anyhow, Watt's in a name?

Bessie: My yearning for knowledge is world-famed.

The Three Elizabeths: Please excuse us, but rabbits always squeak.

I. J.: I do hate Terminal tests.

J. T.: Oh, crumbs! I thought you said "Best's."

Bert's Lamb: My green scones were made without "Edmunds" Baking Powder, and so were a drug on the market.

M. H.: I wonder why they wrote "Bull-dog" on my ruler.

Ede: I can understand why Irene and Marjorie admire Mary Pickford. I also think curls are very becoming.

L. B.: I do try to be good. To-day I successfully resisted the temptation to see what Miss — would do if I dropped a ball of paper down her back.

Note from Class Minute Book:—

As proof that we can no longer be called unfair we hereby decree that our blackboard ruler must not be left in the inaccessible position on top of the board where neither child Nor man can reach it.

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

"Once more into the breach, dear friends."

For the second time this year we are called upon to give a small account of the doings and personages of our Class.

Since our last account there has been a change in our numbers. We have gained two new members amongst the boys, and our array of charming girls has been increased by a new arrival. We hope the new members will soon "make themselves at home," and help to keep up the reputation of the Class.

Ronnie and Geoff, our prefects, continue to exercise a gentle but firm control over us, and in them we feel we have two good generals. Russell Jordan must be congratulated for gaining top place in the last exams, also Victor Fitze, who was second. The girls will have to look to their laurels this term and show the boys the truth of the maxim "Ladies First." Russell has also distinguished himself in the realm of sport as a footballer in the Seconds. Neil Shegog ran very creditably in the three-mile race, and was chosen in the school team, which went to Hobart. Another notable member of our class is Eddy Swan, who excels at fire-lighting and looking after the blackboard.

In the last terminal examination some of the members of our class did not act up to their names. Lorna, for instance, could not be said to have been "Forward," nor could Marcus be said to have used much "Power," especially judging by his results in Latin. By the way, can you answer this riddle about our class—"Why is our class different from a ship?" In case you can't think it out, we will give you the answer—"Because the master of the ship is guided by 'buoys,' but the boys of the class are guided by the master." In the case of our class it also may be noticed that the boys are guided by "Boyes." Is that not a remarkable thing?

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The girls' sports will be held soon, and we hope to do as well as the boys did. Jean and Phyllis are our best runners. We wish the public examination classes the best of luck for the end of the year, and we are ourselves seeking sympathy in view of another tussle with examiners at the end of this term. Who is going to be top? It is hard to say. On present form, Albert is a "rank outsider at very long odds." The "favourites" are Russell, Archie, and Jean. Should they all "run up to form," a keen tussle is assured.

CLASS EA.—Supervising Teacher: Miss Loane, B.A.

Last term we introduced ourselves to you. Now we should like you to know something of our surroundings.

The walls of our classroom are decorated with panels depicting Old English country scenes; these are surmounted by a frieze of Proverbs, most of which are Inky, I fear, whilst the woodwork is Brown and White.

The first scene that greets the eye is that of a distraught and fiery Suitor accosting an Earl (one Sir Brian Botany—or is it Breheney?), who is beckoning a muscular young Hayward on his way from a small Barn 'ard by.

The next panel shows a village green on one side. Archers are shooting at a Targett; on the other the Yokels are preparing to burn a Guy.

Another attractive scene is one of the rolling Leas on which gambols a little lamb in so natural a fashion that one almost expects to hear it Baa low. A small stream in the right foreground has no bridge, but a Lyne stretches from bank to bank by means of which one might Cross well.

Suspended from the wall is a strop which is frequently needed to sharpen our Gillet, and close at hand are gloves for our member who Will Box.

In the left-hand corner is our natural History section. It is not very varied but makes up for this in interest, as it contains a Lyon, which, contrary to their usual habits, appears to be a hibernating animal, except during periods when it is scouting for game, and a Singing Frog (this is very rare, and a great treasure).

We have also added to our collection of woods since studying Tasmanian timbers, and now possess samples of Huon Pine, Myrtle, Blackwood, and Orkwood (the latter found only in the Trevallyn district, and of general utility).

Finally, I may state, the whole appearance of our room is attractive as the desks are invariably polished with "Nugget," after having been scoured with sand-soap, gravel from the paths, or some similar substance—in fact, we only Bar clay for this purpose.

□ □ □ □

THE CON.—OF THE CON.—TO THE CON.— BY THE CON.—
A FRAGMENT.

Inspired by the monotony of an unusually dull commerce lesson, dedicated by Johnny M—— to his brother in tribulation, Tom Fisher.

Said the fat consignor to the thin consignee,

"Continue consigning consignments to me,
That's not what I mean but I'm foggy with glue.

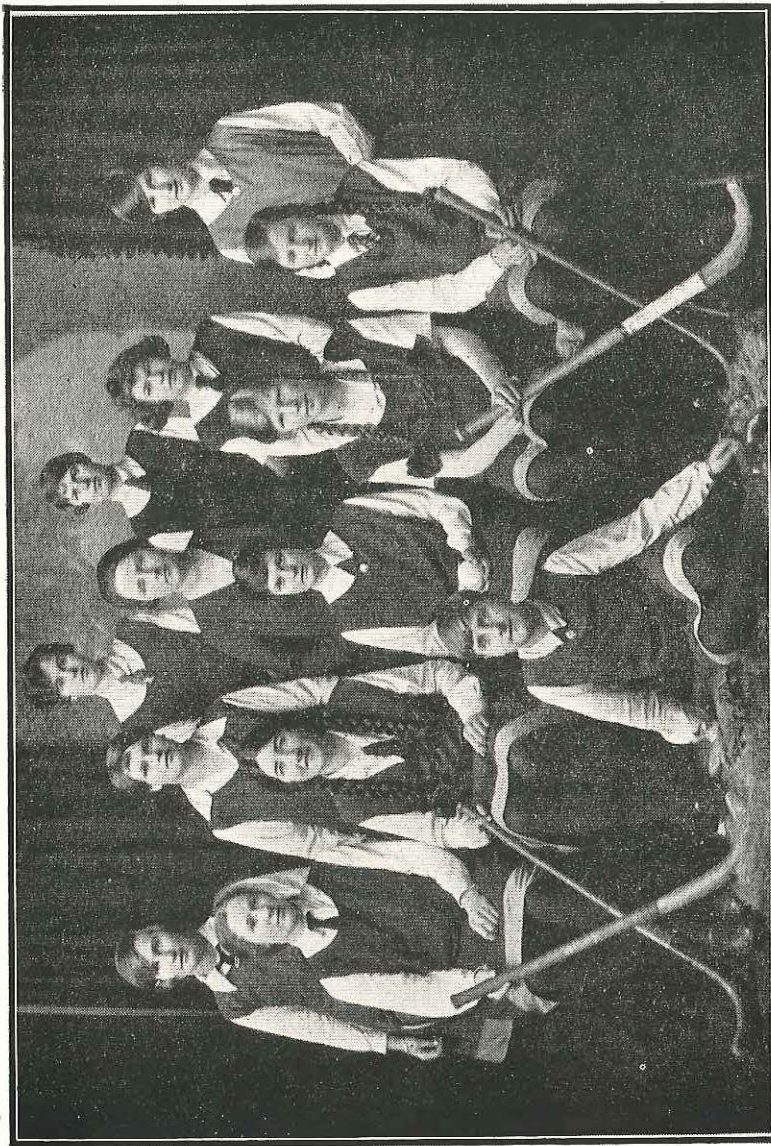
I mean I'll consign my consignments to you.

I'll consign the consignments, you know perfectlee

What to do when confronted by consignments from me,

Just you sell 'em darn quick and compel folk to buy,

And you'll find you're confronted by eommissions from I."



FIRST HOCKEY TEAM.—High School Premiers, 1928.

First Row: E. Lohrey, L. Brown.

Second Row: P. Cornish, N. Adams, Miss Austin (Coach), A. Adams, K. Rose.

Third Row: R. Royal, M. Kidd, H. Bayes (Capt.), E. Rocher, I. Westell.

In Front: J. Atkins.

GIRLS' SPORT.

HOCKEY.

FIRSTS.

The results of the matches played by the Firsts this season are as follows:—

First Round.

Longford 2, v. State High 5.

College 1, v. State High 6.

Broadland House 3, v. State High 3.

Perth 1, v. State High 7.

Churinga 1, v. State High 2.

Second Round.

Longford 2, v. State High 2.

College 1, v. State High 6.

Broadland House 1, v. State High 5.

Perth 3, v. State High 6.

Churinga 1, v. State High 1.

The roster matches resulted in Churinga winning the premiership with L.H.S. only one point behind.

In September we went to Devonport to play for the premiership of the Tasmanian High Schools. The team had considerably improved since the beginning of the season, but for all that the game was fast and hard. At half time the scores were: Devonport, 1 goal; L.S.H., nil. Eventually, after a hard tussle we won with two goals to one. The goal strikers for L.H.S. were Rachael Royle, Rita Saltmarsh. All the girls played well, and proved themselves worthy of the premiership.

THE TEAM.

Honor Bayes.—Good captain; keeps forward line well together and passes to both wings.

Elaine Rocher.—Excellent at back, very cool and sure, good strong hit, but a little inclined to give sticks.

Elaine Lohrey.—Good defence centre half, but not quite fast enough to play a hard attacking game as well.

Rita Saltmarsh.—Left inner; works well with left wing and centre, passes well, and good hit in goal circle.

Rachael Royle.—Good half-back; but better as right-inner; very fast; good hit; was inclined to lose her place, but has improved.

Isobel Westell.—Excellent left wing; very fast on wing; centres well; sure stop.

Kath. Rose.—Very fast right wing. Carries ball down well, but inclined to crowd in goal circle.

Marjorie Kidd.—Good hit; keeps her place, and watches her opponent well. Must watch one-handed play.

Aileen Adams.—Good goal; very cool; good clearing hit.

Jean Atkins.—Very fast right half-back; plays to forwards well.

Phyllis Cornish.—Good left half-back; fast, but wants more training to stand a hard match.

SECONDS.

The "Seconds" Hockey Team of 1928 consisted of:—Noreen Adams, goal; Molly Wilson, Kath Power, backs; Ada Judd, Mary Kiddle (vice-captain), and Rene Batt, half backs; Gwen Parsons, left wing forward; Nellie Croom, left inner forward; Faith Hamilton (captain), centre forward; Maxeer Mold, right inner forward; May

Beven, right wing forward. Emergencies:—Nancy Healey, Dorothy French.

During the season a trip to Scottsdale was made. It was raining when the game commenced, and the ground was very slippery. The team played well throughout the game, and the girls made a strong effort to score, but the Scottsdale team were too good. The scores were:—Scottsdale, 12 goals; State High, 2 goals, struck by Faith Hamilton.

Miss E. Norman accompanied the team, and a very enjoyable day was spent.

RESULT OF MATCHES.

First Round.

S.H.S. v. Patons and Baldwins. S.H.S. lost, 2—1.
S.H.S. v. Tamar Knit. S.H.S. won, 7—1.
S.H.S. v. Invermay Methodist. S.H.S. won, 12—1.
S.H.S. v. East Launceston. S.H.S. won, 7—1.

Second Round

S.H.S. v. Patons and Baldwins. Tie, 1 all.
S.H.S. v. Invermay Methodist. S.H.S. won, 12—nil.
S.H.S. v. East Launceston. S.H.S. won, 7—1.
S.H.S. v. Tamar Knit. S.H.S. won, 7—nil.

Third Round.

S.H.S. v. Invermay Methodist. S.H.S. won, 7—nil.
S.H.S. v. Patons and Baldwins. S.H.S. won, 2—1.
S.H.S. v. Tamar Knit. S.H.S. won, 8—nil.
S.H.S. v. East Launceston. S.H.S. won, 7—1.

The roster matches for the season resulted in the Seconds team winning the "B" grade premiership

D1 CLASS.

Evidently hockey in 1927 did not provide enough thrills, as most of D1 preferred tumbles on asphalt to tumbles on turf, and eyes injured by tennis balls rather than bruised shins—ask Phyllis. As a result, our team was composed of girls from C, D and E Classes, but some exciting matches were played. We won a match against D2, but they won against us so no love was lost.

Our best players for the year were:—Mabel Armstrong (centre), Kitty Breward (right wing), Isobel Gaby (centre back), Marjorie Thompson (goal), Eileen Cummings, and Joan Robinson (inners)—both the latter being E Class girls.

E CLASSES.

E1 CLASS.

Dark Blue and Light Blue: Captain, Nancy Reid.

Red and Gold: Captain, Vivienne Skipper.

Although practically all the members of these teams were "new chums" at the beginning of the hockey season, they have proved themselves very keen, and all the practice games have been strenuously contested. The Forward lines showed much improvement towards the end of the season with regard to keeping up the field, keeping in line and passing, thus giving the back lines their share of the game.

Both half back lines support their forwards well, and include some of our best players.

In matches played against other E Classes both teams held their own satisfactorily.

Amongst the most promising players are Vivienne Skipper, Nancy Reid, Mary Muckridge, Vera Dunn, Ina Wright, Thelma Sculthorpe, and Myee Bayes.

E2 CLASS.

Blue Team: Captain, Leila Webster.

Gold Team: Captain, Leslie Brown.

These teams have played enthusiastically during the season and are showing promise. The Gold forward line is specially good. Matches were played against E1 teams, Gold defeating both of them, and Blue being defeated. During the season Blue's captain, Leila Webster, left school, and Jean Folder has filled her position. The best players for the season have been the forwards, Mollie Hollett, Betty Gill, Gwen Maumill, Lesley Brown, Laurel Edmunds, and Leila Webster. Ede Lathey, Madge Sutton and Jean Folder have worked hard as half-backs, and Joyce Turner has amply filled the position of goal-keeper. The backs in both teams have been weak.

MISS LAYH'S TEAM (E1, E2, E3).

This team consisted of the remaining members of E1, E2, E3, which were not in the E1, E2 teams under Miss Loane and Miss Fleming. The distinguishing colours—Red for the team which we called E2, and green for E1. No definite captains were elected, Peggy Meston playing centre forward for E1 until put out of action, and Irene Rawson for E2. After that centre forwards were changed indefinitely. When the play between the game began to look like "hockey," we found the backs very weak. Miss Layh expounded on the value of passing until we woke to it, and after changing the position of some players both passing and backs improved. Another weak point was in the forward line, where the forwards dribbled badly, until after some practice, when the play on all sides improved. The one match played against a team of outsiders was against the team captained by Nancy Tevelein, which the "Greens," to whom the name must not be indirectly applied, easily defeated, with 5 goals to 3.

The best players for the "Red" were Mavis Anderson, a reliable forward, Kath. Churcher, who showed more promise towards the end of the season, Irene Rawson, and Elfie Scutt; for the "Greens": Jean Conway, who is a fast forward, Peggy Meston, and Kath. Quarry.

GIRLS' ANNUAL SPORTS.

The sports were held at the Cricket Ground on Wednesday, 31st October. Officials on the ground were: The referee, Mr. A. L. Meston; starter, Mr. K. Dallas; general supervisors, Miss B. V. Wilcox and Mr. G. H. Briggs; and the judges, Revs. J. C. Jones, B.A., Geo. Rowe, and L. J. Boulton Smith, Messrs. A. Gee, D. C. McKenzie, W. Judd, and F. O. Close. Arrangements for the sports were made by Elaine Rocher (hon. secretary), and a committee of girls. Afternoon tea was in the hands of Miss Loane and Miss Norman.

Cups for the winners of the various contests were presented by Mrs. R. O. M. Miller after the last event. Rachael Royle won the senior championship, and Phyllis Cornish was junior champion. Jean Atkins annexed the under 13 championship, and the class championship went to C Class with 90 points. E3 Class finished second with 60½ points, D2 Class third with 24 points. C Class won the class relay race. Results:—

- Sack Race.—J. Waddle 1, M. Kidd 2, L. Walker 3.
 100 Yards Handicap, under 15.—P. Cornish 1, E. Robinson 2, N. Harris 3.
 75 Yards Championship, under 13.—J. Atkins 1, J. Cameron 2, L. Edmunds 3.
 75 Yards Handicap, open.—R. Royle 1, I. Westell 2, T. Barclay 3.
 120 Yards Championship, under 15.—R. Truscott 1, B. Stewart 2, P. Cornish 3.
 Deportment Race.—F. Hodgetts 1, N. Gee 2, G. Lees 3.
 High Jump Championship, under 13.—J. Atkins 1, M. Walker 2.
 Height, 3ft. 9in.
 120 Yards Championship, open.—R. Royle 1, I. Westell 2, M. Kidd 3.
 Skipping Championship, under 13.—J. Atkins 1, L. Edmunds 2, P. Grace 3.
 75 Yards Championship, open.—R. Royle 1, I. Westell 2, F. Barclay 3.
 Obstacle Race.—M. Kidd 1, L. Edmunds 2, M. Gee 3.
 High Jump Championship, open.—I. Westell and E. Rocher 1, R. Royle 3.
 Three-legged Race.—R. Royle and M. Kidd 1, M. Kidd and E. Rose 2, R. Truscott and J. Waddle 3.
 75 Yards Championship, under 15.—R. Truscott 1, B. Stewart 2, P. Cornish 3.
 50 Yards Handicap, under 13.—J. Atkins 1, V. Dunn 2, L. Walker 3.
 Skipping Race Championship, under 15.—P. Cornish 1, B. Stewart 2, E. Miller 3.
 Skipping Race Championship, open.—R. Royle 1, E. Rocher 2, F. Barclay 3.
 75 Yards Handicap, under 15.—E. Robinson 1, P. Cornish 2, R. Maumill 3.
 High Jump Championship, under 15.—E. Robinson 1, B. Alcock and P. Cornish 2.
 Three-legged Race.—J. Atkins and P. Cornish 1.
 50 Yards Championship, under 13.—J. Atkins 1, L. Edmunds 2, I. Rawson 3.
 Championship Long Distance Race.—R. Royle 1, M. Ratcliff 2, M. Kidd 3.
 Championship Long Distance Race, under 15.—R. Truscott 1, B. Stewart 2, P. Cornish 3.
 Egg and Spoon Race.—N. Gee 1, G. Gee 2, I. Westell 3.
 Class Relay Race.—C Class 1, D2 Class 2, E3 Class 3.
 Class Medicine Ball Contests.—C. Class 1, E3 Class 2, D2 Class 3.

BOYS' SPORT.

FOOTBALL.

FIRSTS.

When Cricket ushered in Football, all things augured well for a successful season. Success promised early, and the team was characterised by keenness and good feeling. A number of matches were played, of which we had more than our share of wins. In the most important match, however, viz., that against Hobart, we failed dismally. This was due to no fault of ours. The team we were playing was superior in weight and size, and this was a big factor contributing towards its success. The matches played were as follows:—

April 28th.—School, 12 goals 8 behinds; Technical School, 9 goals 5 behinds. Best for School: Collins, Jones, Lovett, White, Haywood, Smith, Ward.

June 13th.—School, 13 goals 7 behinds; Scotch College, 3 goals 3 behinds. Best for School: Jones, Duff, Smith, Collins, Lovett, Ward.

June 20th.—School, 9 goals 9 behinds; St. Patrick's College, 7 goals 3 behinds. Best for School: Smith, Duff, Jones, Robinson, Collins, Lovett.

July 4th.—School, 13 goals 15 behinds; Scotch College, 4 goals 5 behinds. Best for School: Lovett, Duff, Scott, Ward, Jones, Collins.

July 7th.—School, 11 goals 9 behinds; St. Andrew's, 7 goals 6 behinds. Best for School: Smith, Duff, Lovett, Ward, Jones, Watts, McLennan.

July 11th.—School, 5 goals 7 behinds; Church Grammar School, 3 goals 5 behinds. Match abandoned in last quarter owing to rain. Best for School: Smith, McLennan, Watts, Dineen, Duff, Collins.

July 14th.—Coogans, 14 goals 7 behinds; School, 6 goals 4 behinds. Best for School: Smith, Lovett, Ward, Dineen, Watts, Hookway.

July 25th.—Church Grammar School, 8 goals 11 behinds; School, 6 goals 3 behinds. Best for School: Smith, Dineen, McElwee, Doolan, Watts, Collins, Jones.

August 1st.—School, 13 goals 8 behinds; St. Patrick's College, 9 goals 8 behinds. Best for School: Duff, Jones, Collins, Lovett, Smith, McLennan, Doolan, Ward.

August 8th.—Hobart State High School, 18 goals 14 behinds; Launceston State High School, 4 goals 6 behinds. Best for School: Smith, Brumby, Ward, Jones, Collins, Watts.

SECONDS.

A successful season was brought to an early end by the rough weather of the last two months. A large number of matches were played and promising form shown by most of the team under the leadership of Ron. McCann.

The main annual fixture, the match against Scottsdale High, was very interesting, resulting in a win for Scottsdale by 11 points. We reached Scottsdale at 11 a.m., were well received, and commenced our match at 2 p.m. The game was fast and even. At half time we were 6 points in arrears, and at the end of the third term the locals led by 11 points. This lead was reduced by solid effort to 5 points in the fourth term when we were several times within an ace of taking

the lead, but Scottsdale goaled just on the bell, deciding the issue. The best players of the match were Rus. Jordan, who kicked four goals, and was the strength of the forward line, Colin McElwee, Jack Brumby, Bill Orpwood, Don. McDonald, whose consistent play through the season at full back was excellent, George Donnelly, and Aubrey Tucker.

We look forward to seeing several of our number in the School Eighteen next year.

Other matches were:—

V. Technical School, won, 7.8—5.18.

V. St. Patrick's Seconds, won, 5.9—4.5.

V. Grammar Seconds, lost, 8.10—3.6.

V. Combined Grades, won, 7.10—5.8.

Several matches were played against Jillett, and Wilkinson Houses, at Grammar School, and against Technical School teams.

GRADES FOOTBALL NOTES.

The boys not playing in the Firsts and Seconds were divided into six teams captained by L. Hammond, H. Fletcher, J. Adamthwaite, H. Lewis, R. Thollar, and L. Thurlow. From the first it was evident that Fletcher's was the best team, and at length this team were premiers. One point behind was Thollar's team; and then came Hammond, Adamthwaite, L. Thurlow, and Lewis.

The most promising players during the season were Hammond, Fletcher, Thurlow, Roberts, Lee, Thollar, Bowden, Smith, and Best.

During the season several men were taken for the Seconds, thus lowering the standard in several of the teams.

A match was played against the Seconds. A strong wind was blowing, and the match was not at all a fair test. Eventually the Seconds ran out winners by several goals.

J. A.

TENNIS.

On October 30th a meeting was held, having as object the formation of a Boys' Tennis Club. Officers were elected, and a committee appointed to arrange matches and grade the ladder. This is a sport in which the boys have so far taken little part, but the formation of this club should considerably stimulate interest. Mr. Limbrick has kindly consented to coach the members of the club, and it is hoped that matches will soon be played against the other secondary schools.

CROSS-COUNTRY RACE.

On the 7th of September, for the first time, the School held its own cross-country race, the distance being about 3½ miles. There were two prizes to be competed for—the championship of the School and the sealed handicap. There were about thirty starters. The field was bunched all the way till near the end, when Duff and Smith took the lead. Then Duff with a fine spurt drew ahead, and won by 200 yards, with Smith second, Fletcher third, and Priest fourth. Priest ran a good race, winning the sealed handicap.

The results of this race decided the choice of the team to represent the School at Hobart. The members of the team were:—W. Duff, K. Smith, H. Fletcher, J. Lovett, E. Priest, C. Patman, F. Walker, J. Brumby, N. Shegog, and J. Maloney. The race was run at Elwick Race Course. The course was partly round the race track, then out in the country, and finished with a lap on the race course. The Devonport team gained first place, Hobart was second, and Launceston third. Thorne (Devonport) won by a narrow margin from Duff, and Hicks (Devonport) was third. Of the Launceston team Duff was first, Fletcher second, and Smith third (Fletcher came seventh in the race). All the Launceston team finished.

PREFECTS' NOTES.

All the school was very sorry to lose Mr. Miller this year, and we wish him every happiness in his new life. We also congratulate Mr. Meston on his new appointment.

During the term our meetings have been fewer than usual owing to the Girls' Sports. One of our chief troubles during the year has been the amount of papers left around the yards, but owing to the supervision of the prefects this is being gradually cured. During the year one of our E Class sub-prefects left, and Eddie Lathey was appointed in her place, and this year a library prefect has been appointed.

The prefects wish every success to the members of A and C Classes in their University Exams., and we wish the whole School a "Happy Christmas and a pleasant holiday."

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LIBRARY NOTES.

At the beginning of the term the lending and reference libraries were combined in the upstairs room. About fifty new books have been added, some twenty or thirty being donated, and others have been ordered. Shelves are now being built into the wall, so that the books can be arranged in permanent positions. It is imperative that all books taken from the shelves should be replaced in their own special position, and that all magazines should be replaced in the shelves provided for them.

There are only fifty-three members of the Library—about one in every seven scholars. It is hoped that next year more scholars will join and so justify further expenditure.

D. E. FLEMING.

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THE D CLASS SOCIAL.

"I wonder why D Class girls are so interested in boys' names?" Perhaps the explanation could be found if you remembered the evening of October the third.

"What! Did you not know that that was the date of D Class social?"

Of course it had been raining for weeks, but even the thought that it might rain did not stop the preparation, the excitement, and anticipation for the event of the year.

We had two causes for regret: one, that our old Head with his jokes could not be present, and the other that one of our teachers was lost to us, but rosemary mingled with tulips, lilac, ranunculi and blossom served to show us that joy and sorrow could meet and mingle.

The hall was a bower of greenery, brightened with numerous Japanese lanterns, papers and flowers. The gay frocks and joyous laughter added to the brightness of the evening.

Musical items and games alike were enjoyed, confessions revealing many otherwise strictly kept secrets. Supper crowned everything—at least the caps from the crackers crowned many heads. I wonder if it was the snowballs that made nearly everyone have influenza, or was it the moon?

The worst of socials is that they conform to the old saying—"The more you get the more you want," and hence we are all looking forward to the one next year.

TO NATURE.

The sun stood hush'd a moment ere he passed,
 In reddening splendour out the friendly west;
 A warm light touch'd the fair green vales; and blest
 The rills that dimple through them; pinetrees cast
 With lofty spires of carven bronze; and last
 Yon broken bridge; the little church, where rest
 Came oft to me, and holy quiet, my quest
 Ended there ever, in the silent past.
 O thou great Mother, who hast given me,
 A soul to feel, a heart to understand,
 Such loveliness and wonder, let me be
 A little child that thou leadst by the hand;
 And lay me down in meadows of thy love,
 Warm earth beneath, the broad blue deep above!

J. TRELOGGEN.



THE CORNWALL COAL MINE.

The Cornwall Coal Mine is situated in a large hill above the township of Cornwall, near Cullenswood. The miners live near the pit, and begin work at half-past seven, have lunch, called "crib," at eleven, and then work from half-past eleven until three, but cannot leave the bank-top until half-past, when the whistle blows.

The method of sending coal from the pit around the bank-top is by trucks worked on an endless wire rope, until it gets to the weigh house, where every truck is weighed, and recorded in pay sheets. It is then formed into sets of skips consisting of fourteen to sixteen trucks, and sent down the hill to the screens. As a set of empty skips comes up the lines, which at the bank-top and screens are three in number, and a little further on four, a set of full skips goes down. The empty trucks are returned to the pit to be refilled. The wire rope does not go right to where some of the men work, so ponies are used to draw the trucks to the wheelers, who are men whose work is to push the trucks to the others when the ponies cannot go any farther.

At the bank-top is a small shed, called the brake house, in which the brake which controls the pace of the sets of empty and full skips, stands beneath a telescope fixed so that the work at the screens may be seen.

There are two kinds of coal, one is suitable for domestic purposes, and the other is called waste. Of both kinds two-thirds are left in the mine, to uphold the hill.

After screening, the former kind of coal falls down the shoot into trucks, which convey it to the Cullenswood Railway Station. On the west arm of the mine is a huge furnace, built of bricks, with an oblong base, and circular top. The base is of iron railings, through which the ashes made by the burning coal fall to the concrete floor. The smoke from the furnace goes up the shaft and out two miles from the pit entrance.

The furnace is used to purify the air in the mine. It must be kept burning even on holidays, for if it was allowed to cease burning the miners would complain of bad air.

—P. G.

THE ROBIN.

When the world was first made, Summer was queen. The trees were green, and the birds sang; the flowers blossomed and filled the air with their sweet wild smell, and the little white daisies among the grass were like the stars that shone through the night so softly in the deep dark blue of the sky. There was never any rough wind to hurt the trees, but only the little light breezes, that played all day among the birch leaves, and at night time, slept in the arms of the pines. Every thing was quiet and happy.

But one day, the Poplar ceased his play, and stood still, gazing at something far out on the sky-line.

"What is it? What is it?" murmured the flowers, and they raised themselves to see.

"I cannot tell," answered the Poplar. "It is strange and white. I have never seen it before, but I fear it—Oh, I am so afraid," and he moaned, and called to Summer to comfort him. But Summer, too, was afraid.

"It is Winter, I think," she said, "and his friends the hail and snow. They will take me away from you all, for Winter is cruel and cold."

Then she sent the Blackbird to see all he could and hasten back to her. For a long time he stayed away, and when he flew back he held in his beak a grass blade, blackened and withered with frost.

"Yes, it is Winter!" he cried. "There are no flowers where he is, and all the grass is like this blade. The trees have no leaves—and oh, it is cold—so cold."

Then Summer wept. "I must go," she cried, "and Winter will rule my land."

The days were cold, and the nights were long and dark, as Winter came nearer. One by one he killed the flowers, and stripped the leaves from the trees. Only the pines were left green, and they held the weeping breezes and sighed as they rocked them to and fro.

But though the ground was covered with snow, and all the other birds had flown away, the Robin would not go. Again and again Winter sent a strong wind to carry him off, but each time he came back to sing on the same old spray.

He sang of the days when Summer was queen, and he begged the flowers to blossom again, and drive cruel Winter away with their sweetness. None of them dared to stir, but still the Robin sang on, and at last a little wild briar bud heard him. She pushed her head through the covering of snow that lay on the branch and opened her soft pink petals.

Screaming with fury, Winter sent the sharp hail to kill her. Her petals were bruised and scattered, but now more flowers sprang up, and the Robin flew to call back the birds.

Winter was vanquished, and in his wrath, he turned upon the Robin. "You called the flowers back," he shrieked, "but you shall not stay to feel their sweetness."

Then he took the bird away with him, but wherever he went to kill and wither, the Robin sang his song of new life, till at last Winter would fain have had him go. Though the bird loved Summer, he still remained. "Wherever you go," he said, "I will follow, and help Summer to conquer your cruel winds, and your stinging hail."

MARY WALKER.

THREE TRIOLETS.

"Spring is at hand,"
 Nodded each primrose bed;
 "There is joy in the land,
 Spring is at hand."
 The gentle breeze fann'd
 Each daffodil head.
 "Spring is at hand,"
 Nodded each primrose bed.

BETTY LAMBERT.

'Neath her bonnet of lace,
 With its ribbons of blue,
 Brown curls fell in place
 'Neath her bonnet of lace,
 Around her shy face,
 Sweet dimples played too,
 'Neath her bonnet of lace
 With its ribbons of blue.

MARY KIDDLE.

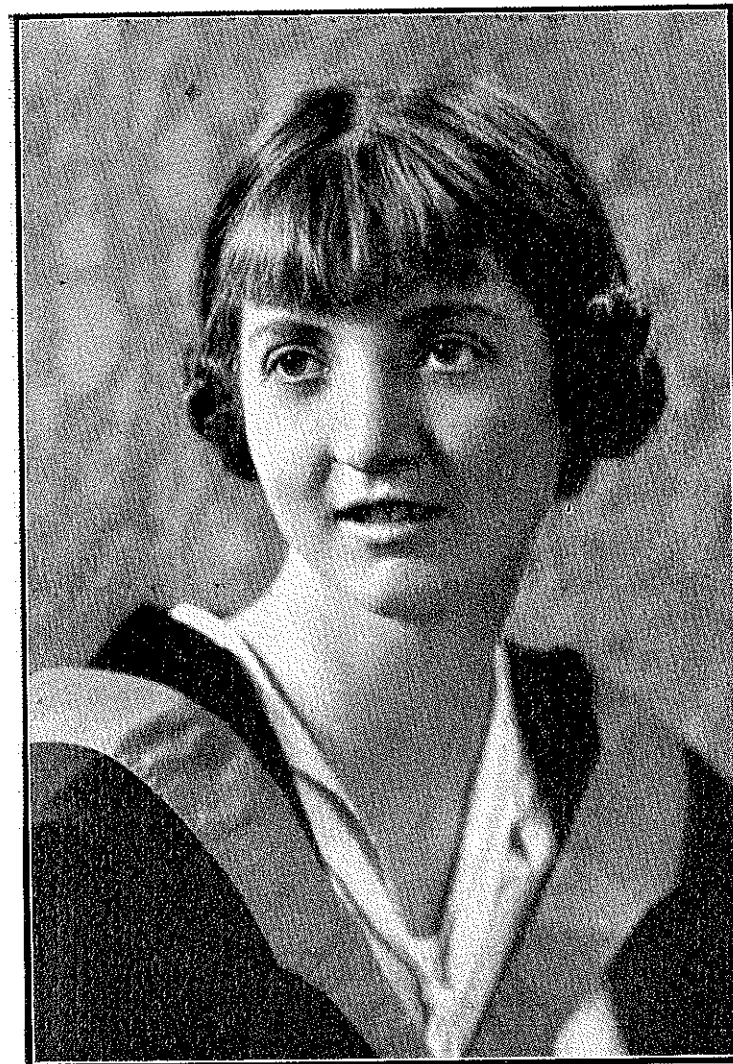
John, don't you dare,
 Don't you dare kiss me!
 Now you're aware—
 John, don't you dare!
 I know that you care,
 I know you will miss me,
 But John, don't you dare,
 Don't you dare kiss me!

KATH. ROSE.

BABY SPRING.

Golden hair and azure eyes
 Full of love and laughter light,
 Spring is Winter's baby child
 Bringing sunshine after night.
 Snowdrops, drooping dainty heads,
 Murm'ring streams that softly sing,
 Violets in their hidden beds
 Whisper'd welcomes gladly bring.
 Then the sullen winter skies
 Drape themselves in fleecy white,
 While the lambs where soft dew lies
 Play with daisies till the night.
 Softly humming go the bees
 Dusty with their pollen gold,
 Round the flowers of chestnut trees,
 Castles of the elf-men bold.
 To and from their grey home eaves,
 Flit the swallows on the wing.
 While amidst the greening leaves
 Tiny wrens of summer sing.
 Bluebells in the cool wood's shade
 Ring for every wand'ring breeze,
 Where the primroses have made
 Pale gold roots for gnarled trees.
 Golden hair and azure eyes
 Full of love and laughter light,
 Spring is Winter's baby child
 Bringing sunshine after night.

MARY WALKER.



MISS BETTY TAYLOR, B.A.

DO YOU BELIEVE IN FAIRIES?

One afternoon I was sitting on the verandah sewing. Before me the garden lay basking in the golden sunshine. A cool pink rose nodded invitingly to me. Suddenly I looked. A tiny rose lady had stepped in front of me and was speaking in a tinkling voice. She was dressed in the palest pink frills, with tiny silk stockings, and the wee-est apple green shoes. Round her head her golden curls shone like a halo. From a silver bugle in her hand hung pale green satin which announced that she was the Pink Rose Queen's messenger.

"You have been so kind to us that the Queen desires you to see the Rose Palace. Follow me." I followed her up a wide straight path, and soon we reached two high gates which swung open as we approached and closed again behind us. We then mounted some white marble steps, at the top of which the fairy messenger blew three notes on her bugle. At this command the doors were opened at once, and we passed through into a long passage.

At the end of this passage was a staircase covered with a soft pink carpet. Down this we went, through a hall having the same deep covering, until we reached a pair of long, gold curtains, behind which, I was told, was the Queen's room. At the window the Queen was seated, robed in a gown of the deepest pink, with dainty slippers on her tiny feet, and a small gold crown on her head. At our entrance she turned. "Ah!" she exclaimed, "we have been waiting for you. We wanted to show you the whole palace, but as there is not much time, I will show you a little of it without leaving the room."

Immediately I saw before me a long wide room, divided in two by silken hangings. At one end little people were busily weaving yards and yards of different materials. At the other end were dozens of vats filled with dyes ranging from the palest pinks, greens and golds to the deepest. Little women hurried to and fro dipping the cloth into the vats and then drying it. Next I saw busy little seamstresses surrounded by piles of the dyed cloths—muslins, silks, satins, and velvets. "That is where the carpets and curtains are made," explained the Queen.

"We have no men here," she continued. "They work for the Red Rose King. But, goodness me, how time flies! You must go before the sun sets. It is too late to go back the way you came, but if you sit on this"—here she indicated a gorgeous rose-petal cushion—"you will be back in no time." . . . I woke to find the red sun slipping down behind the hill, while the pink rose nodded gaily.

FRANCIS BARCLAY.

□ □ □ □

VIOLETS.

Spring smiled on every hand. Beside the white road the baby grass rustled, the hawthorns were bursting into bud, and bright wayside flowers shone like amber stars. Overhead fleecy clouds lazily played in a happy sky.

All at once we found ourselves in a field of violets. I shall never forget them. Masses of the dark shy heads swayed in the gentle breeze. With laughing eyes half concealed by fluttering silken wings they coquettishly danced and sighed before us. The air, heavy with perfume, gently enshrined them. To think of picking them seemed a sacrilege. Surely their beauty could never be eclipsed.

A VISIT TO WAVERLEY.

Last term the Historical Society went to the Waverley Mills in a party consisting of the A and B Classes. A long walk from the Newstead tram terminus brought us at last to the mills, and there, under the guidance of two of the staff, we made our way through the building.

We started in the room where the wool is cleaned, dyed, dried, and prepared for making-up. Then we were taken to an out-building where the wool is mixed to give the different kinds of colours. From there we went back to the main room, where we were nearly deafened by the noise of machinery. There the workers were busy attending the various machines which weave the wool into blankets, or prepare it for use in making up other woollens. We watched the different processes for some time, as they were very interesting, and fascinating to watch; later we went to another—and quieter—part of the building to see some samples of the finished goods. The white blankets were delightfully soft and warm, and the grey ones looked inviting, too, especially as we could hear the rain beating steadily down outside, reminding us unpleasantly of Winter.

We passed about an hour in looking over the mill, and then came out again into the wet road, and started back to the terminus, wondering that everything seemed so quiet; "and so home," as Pepys would say, soaked and weary, but with much mirth.



"WILL O' THE WISP."

When the tall pines sigh,
And the plovers cry,
And the old owl hoots from the steeple bell,
With a flash of fire
Do I cross the mire,
Like a soul that flees from a wizard's spell.
When the moon is high
In the winter sky
And the clouds sink low on the bare black hill,
Like a ghost I steal—
On the grave-stones kneel,
And the trembling peasants with terror fill.
And I shriek and wail
With the wind and hail,
While the thunder rolls through the forests dim,
And I call a curse
Than a witch's worse
On the ships that dip, and the curl'd wave skim.
Though I shout a song
Through the whole night long
Than can scare the monk in the abbey tower,
When the day breaks wan
All my power is gone,
I must wait for night and its darkest hour.

MARY WALKER.

THE JOYS (?) OF WRITING LETTERS.

(Ismay J. Muirhead.)

I cannot say I have a passion for writing letters—to tell you the truth I never write them unless I simply have to, and even then I try to escape from it. The writing part of them is not so bad, but the hunting for the pen, the ink, the writing pad, the envelopes, and the stamps is—well, I cannot find words strong enough to express it, especially as my family—I excluded, of course—never put the writing materials back in their places.

A few days ago my aunt sent me a present. It was very kind of her, I am sure, and I was very pleased, but when my mother refused to allow me to ring her up to thank her, but said I must write her a letter, I half wished she had not sent it. Resigning myself to my fate, however, I went to the writing desk and sat down.

"Where is the pen and ink?" I called out, irritably, as I could not see those articles anywhere, and was determined not to look.

"The pen, I think," came my sister's voice, uncertainly, "is where it always is—" "How enlightening!" I interrupted sarcastically. "—and the ink—where did I see the ink—Jim—" to my brother, who had just come in, "have you seen the ink?"

"The ink?" he said, looking at her vacantly. "The ink? Did you say the ink?"

"What is the use of asking him?" I cried, my temper fast rising. "He's just trying to be funny. I suppose I'll have to look for the ink myself."

"Not a bad idea." I heard my brother murmur, as I disappeared through the door, and, after a search which lasted for quite half an hour, I found it perched on his dressing table. With a set face I went in search of him.

"How can you account for the ink being in your room?" I asked him.

"I knew it was there," he answered, calmly.

"Then why on earth didn't you tell us, when we asked you?" I snapped, my temper now risen.

"You didn't give me a chance," he answered in a pained voice.

"I was just collecting my scattered brains—"

"That wouldn't take you long," I said scathingly.

"—When you disappeared in high fury, so how could I tell you when you weren't here to tell, Q.E.D.!" he finished triumphantly.

If looks could kill, he would have died that instant. With my head held high I stalked back to the desk, to find that I was no further on than I was before, as no writing tablet was to be seen, and I could find no pen.

"Where is the bothering pad?" I grumbled to myself, knowing that it was no use asking my brother.

"The pad?" said my father's voice from the door. "I saw the pad somewhere. Now where was it?"

I turned round to him thankfully.

"I remember," he continued. "It's in the box with the 'Nugget,' and the brushes, I'm sure. That's where I last saw it anyway."

I pushed my chair back with a crash, and went in search of my mother.

"Look, mother," I said, on finding her, "I can't find anything to write with, and nobody will answer me sensibly when I ask them, so I'm going to ring up!"

"If that's the case I suppose you had better," she answered, "but do it at once so you won't forget."

I went thankfully, and was just about to ring when my brother's taunting voice came from the doorway. "I suppose you can find the 'phone!" it said.

OLD SCHOLARS' ASSOCIATION.

The retirement of Mr. Miller from the position of Headmaster of the School resulted indirectly in the revival of the Old Scholars' Association, which had been allowed to lapse for some years. Following the meeting called to discuss the R. O. M. Miller testimonial, and arising from a suggestion made thereat, another meeting of Old Scholars was held at the School, as a result of which the Association was revived, the following Executive being appointed:—Patron, Mr. A. L. Meston; President, Mr. L. O. Stubs; Hon. Secretary, Mr. G. H. Briggs; Treasurer, Mr. P. Phillips; General Committee, Messrs. J. F. Turner, A. S. Johnson, K. Conroy, T. Stevens, Misses G. Blewitt, M. Groves, J. Campbell, M. Hutton, and K. Edwards. The Committee has met every week since the resuscitation of the Association, and every meeting has been well attended. Certainly no finer working committee could have been obtained, and all that remains for the complete success of the Association is the loyal support and co-operation of Old Scholars. Several highly successful functions, including the annual dinner and dances at the School, have already been organised by the Association, and it is the ambition of the Committee to hold regular social gatherings at intervals of not more than a fortnight. One or two personal pars about executive officers of the Association might not be out of place here.

Mr. L. O. Stubs (President) was at the School from 1914 to 1917 (inclusive). While at school, he was a member of the cricket elevens and football eighteens of 1916 and 1917, and his slow left hand bowling proved the undoing of more than one big batting reputation of members of rival schools. It was, however, as a distance runner that Len. will be most remembered by his contemporaries. He carried off the distance events at the 1917 school sports, but it was in the Five Miles Inter-school Championship that he achieved his greatest fame. In 1916 he was runner-up in this event. In the following year he beat Vincent Richards, one of the finest runners the Hobart High School has ever produced, by over 200 yards for first place. In the scholastic realm, as he himself will often humorously tell you, he sometimes achieved distinction of quite another kind. His most important qualification for the position he now holds, however, is a deep and undying love for the School which has grown rather than diminished with the years. Now First Assistant at the Wellington Square Practising School, Mr. Stubs is in a position to give of his best in the furtherance of the interests of the Association.

Mr. Garth H. Briggs (General Secretary) comes from a family, several members of which have attended the School at one time or another. A pupil of the School for five years (1919-1923), Garth was prominent in both the class room and playing fields, achieving most distinction "on the river." Now a teacher at the school, he is in an admirable position to carry out the duties of the responsible position he holds in the Association.

All the other members of the General Committee were at one time or another prominent figures at the School. All have the interests of the School at heart, and Old Scholars generally may place every confidence in the Committee of their Association.

R. O. M. MILLER TESTIMONIAL.

The news of Mr. Miller's retirement from the position of Headmaster of the School came almost as a bombshell to Old Scholars, many of whose recollections of "The Boss" went back the full sixteen years he had held the position. To them and to all Old Scholars generally Mr. Miller and the School seemed inseparable, or almost so. They could not visualise the one without the other. But when the first shock of the news had passed, many began to realise that though Mr. Miller was vacating the position of Headmaster he was not actually leaving the School, so indissolubly was his personality interwoven with the institution which he more than all others, had built up through sixteen years of unremitting devotion. It was felt, however, that Mr. Miller should not be allowed to leave the scene of his labours without Old Scholars recognising in some tangible way, his services to the School, and at the same time showing their own affection and loyalty not merely to the man they had come to love, but also to the School itself through him.

However, the lapsing of the Old Scholars' Association and the consequent absence of any body of Old Scholars capable of dealing with the matter presented a very real difficulty. Who was to act? A notice was inserted in the "Examiner" asking Old Scholars to meet at the High School to discuss the matter. It was then found that a Committee had already made arrangements to circularise Old Scholars inviting their assistance and co-operation in the matter. Prominent on this committee were Messrs. N. Campbell, P. Frith, M. Weston, and others. The meeting at the High School decided to co-operate with the committee formed, two representatives from the meeting being added to it. Thenceforward all was plain sailing. The response of Old Scholars to the appeal of the Committee exceeded all expectations, and it was arranged to present a testimonial to Mr. Miller at a social gathering in the School Assembly Hall on Friday, August 31. This proved a memorable gathering in every way. Old Scholars attended in force, and the chair was taken by Mr. Tom G. Johnston, one of the "1913" boys and an ex-president of the Old Scholars' Association, who presented to Mr. Miller, on behalf of the Old Scholars, a very handsome roll top desk and chair. Mr. Neil Campbell, another "1913" boy, and one of the best "rucks" who has ever played for the School, read and presented an illuminated address. Speeches in appreciation of Mr. Miller and his work were made also by Messrs. Stubs, Fahey, and McElwee, and by Miss Layh, whose eloquence and sincerity left a deep impression. The reception accorded our beloved headmaster, both on his entering the hall, and on his rising to respond, could have left him in no doubt as to where he stood in our affections. His response, made in the quiet, yet firm and dignified style we know so well, will live long in the memory of those who heard it. It was indeed a fitting finale to sixteen years of honourable service.

The success of the evening was in no small measure contributed to by the services of the Old Scholars' orchestra, and vocal items by various old scholars.

RE-UNION DINNER AND DANCE.

The First Annual Re-union Dinner and Dance of the Association, held on Wednesday, October 10th, the dinner at "The Wattles," and the dance at the Masonic, proved a great success in every way. Old Scholars generally keenly regretted the fact that Mr. Miller's inspeccorial duties prevented him from being present. Mr. Miller, however, sent a letter which was read to the gathering by the President, Mr. L. O. Stubbs, who presided at the dinner. Several other apologies were received from Old Scholars who were unable to attend. The guests of honour were the Patron, Mr. A. L. Meston, M.A., Hon. Claude James, M.H.A., and Mrs. James, and Colonel Evans.

The following toasts were honoured:—"The King," proposed by the President; "The School and Staff," proposed by Mr. J. F. Turner, response by Mr. A. L. Meston; "The Association," proposed by Hon. Claude James, M.H.A., response by Mr. Ken. Dallas; "The City of Launceston," proposed by Mr. Wilfred Stevens, response by Colonel Evans. Charminglly rendered vocal items by Miss Jean Linstead, Miss Bonnie Lees, and Miss Freda Nicholls, added in no small degree to the enjoyment of the function. After the dinner, Old Scholars adjourned to the Masonic, where dancing was indulged in until a late hour.



AN APPEAL TO OLD SCHOLARS.

(By the President.)

"When you look back and forgetfully wonder

What you were like in your work and your play—"

The distance of the years lends an enchantment to the times we all spent at the old school. There were the times when we knew our first real democracy. There is no greater cure for snobbishness than the playing fields of a public school. There it is that all classes are equal and all friendship is genuine. One of the aims of the Old Scholars' Association is to perpetuate that spirit, to keep it ever before the men and women who were boys and girls at school together. To provide an opportunity for Old Scholars to meet, brought together by that same indefinable something which once they referred to with pride as the "school spirit," and to provide opportunities for Old Scholars to have social intercourse then, is a big part of the Association's work, but if our days at school taught us anything at all, they taught us the subjugation of the self to the school. To afford Old Scholars opportunities of service to the school, must be the main aim of any Association of Old Scholars. That we may often be of service to the School is the wish of the present Association. It does not matter when you left the School or how long you attended—you are still an Old Scholar, and the Association is waiting for you to join. The ranks know no classes, no years, no groups, all are Old Scholars of the School, and as such carry into the Association's affairs the ideals inculcated at school. Have you considered what you are missing by not taking an active part in all our affairs? Will you make the Association's affairs known widely among Old Scholars of the School. You are fortunate in possessing a keen, hard working committee. Will you help them by joining up and influencing others to do so? Members mean interest and interest means success.

PERSONAL NOTES.

We have to congratulate Madge Elliott on obtaining from Madame Melba a scholarship at the Albert Street Conservatorium of Music. She will probably take it up next year.

Thelma McIvor is leaving in March for Durban.

Percy Pike was married in October to Miss Enid Marshall, of Wonthaggi.

We have to congratulate Mr. and Mrs. Keith Isles on the birth of a daughter.

Approaching marriages are of Cliff Reeves to Miss Marjorie Shone; Emmie Harmon to Mr. R. Denman; Hilda Harnett to Mr. K. Pilbeam; Flo. MacArthur to Mr. Edw. Crawford.

Jean West (Mrs. Adams), who now lives near Christchurch, New Zealand, paid the School a visit early in the year.

Among Old Scholars who have announced their engagements this year are:—Gladys Wilcox and Jack Beardwood; Kath. Edwards and Stan. Limbrick; Tom Doe to Miss Lorna Tankard; Alys Wearne to Mr. R. Gibson; Garth Briggs to Miss Jessie Smith; Alice Walker and Adiel Harris; Len. Stubbs and Miss I. Bennett.

Em. Docking (Mrs. Summers), Nellie Wing, Bidy Yost and Gladys Blewitt (secretary) went to Sydney in August to play in the Inter-State Hockey Team.

Isobel MacDonald is planning a holiday to Nauru.

We have to congratulate Mr. and Mrs. R. Franks (Phil. Harnett) on the birth of a daughter.

Bonnie Lees has left for Melbourne to be married. Her future home will be in Idaho, U.S.A.

Nell Edwards was married in May to Mr. Campbell McArthur.

Hugh Clark is home from Fiji on holidays.

Nellie Duff and Albert Kelly were married last year.

Eric Scott was married last year to Miss Freda Lloyd and is now living at Penquite.

Fred. Townsend is teaching at Scotch College, and Stuart Johnston at Launceston Grammar.

Miss Minnie Begent is stationed at the mission at Daddi, about a hundred miles from Goa, in S.W. India. Her marriage to Ray Atkinson will take place next year.

Connie Witt is training as an art teacher at Hobart Technical School.

Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Grace left in September for London, where Mr. Grace intends doing post-graduate work in mathematics.

Myra Cameron was married recently to Mr. E. Cripps.

Jack Gough is in England continuing his musical studies.

Aub. Davern, who is now secretary of the Tasmanian W.E.A., is engaged to Miss Sylvia Park.



CHURINGA HOCKEY CLUB.

The Churinga Hockey Club would be pleased to hear of any players leaving school who would like to join the Hockey Association next year. Anyone interested is requested to communicate with either Miss M. Groves, 'phone 222, or Miss G. Blewett, 'phone 349.

THE FIRE.

In winter time I never tire
 Of finding pictures in the fire.
 The very strangest things I see,
 A Chinaman, who laughs at me,
 A stately ship, a goblin old,
 A knight in armour all of gold
 And sparkling little fairy folk,
 Who dance and sing amid the smoke.

NANCIE LAMBERT.



DUCES

A—J. Treloggen.
 B—M. Ratcliff.
 C1—G. Lathey.
 C2—T. Walker.
 D1—N. Reader.
 D2—G. Bird.
 D3—K. Hayward.
 E1—F. Hodgetts.
 E2—L. Webster.
 E3—R. Jordan.
 E4—G. Barlow.



WHO'S WHO.

Principal: Mr. A. L. Meston, M.A.

Staff: Mr. F. Close, Mr. K. M. Dallas, B.Com., Mr. S. F. Limbrick, B.Com., Mr. C. B. Boyes, B.A., Mr. B. Mather, Mr. G. Briggs, Miss A. L. Grubb, B.A., Miss B. Wilcox, B.A., Miss B. Layh, B.A., Miss J. Austin, Miss D. Fleming, B.A., Miss J. Loane, B.A., Miss A. Nichols, Miss E. Norman, Miss D. Bastick.

Senior Prefects: Mary Rowe, Les. Watson.

Sports Prefects: Mary Kidd, Keith Robinson.

Prefects: Mary Rowe, Les. Watson, Elaine Lohrey, Rupert Ward, Betty Lambert, Nancy Harridge, Tom Wilson, Ken. Smith, Ada Judd, Mary Cox, Margaret Davidson, George Donnelly, G. Foot, P. Lyne.

Sub-Prefects: E. Lathey, N. Kubank, R. Maumill.

School Champion: Ken. Smith.

Captain Football: Rupert Ward.

Captain Hockey: Honor Baves.

Captain Tennis: Marjorie Kidd.

Stroke of Crew: Les. Watson.

Librarian: Miss Fleming.

Magazine Committee: Jean Treloggen, Chrissie Webster, Marjorie Ratcliff, John Walker, Les. Watson, Mary Walker, Tom Walker, Ada Judd, Ronnie Maumill, Jessie Walker, Barbara Newton.