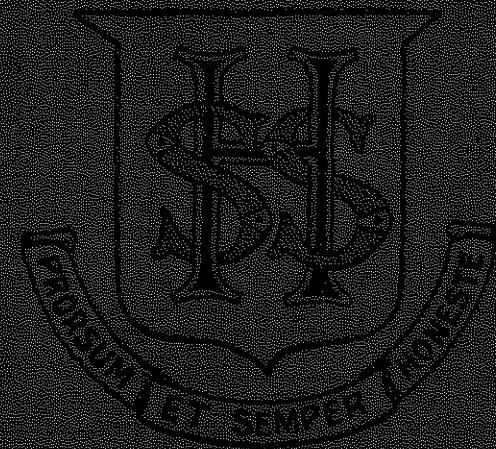


JUNE, 1929

The Northern Echo



Launceston.

Vol. XIV., No. 3.

WALKER & CO. LTD. PRINTERS, LAUNCESTON.



In the golden period of Chinese art, a master craftsman once expressed the patient toil of years and the philosophy of a life of labour and contemplation in two strange ivory figures which he named Body and Soul. These were made in man's image, but so contrived that when seen together, they seemed to blend and complete each other. If Soul were seen alone, its exquisite features took on an unreal look and seemed too far removed from human joys and sorrows to have anything in common with striving mortals. When Body was seen alone, its features seemed to express all that is most sensual and earthy in man's nature, and would, by its very presence, implant urgings to evil in the heart of the man who allowed himself to dwell with it. Knowing the mystic power of his images, the Maker enjoined that they must always stand together in the temple to which he dedicated them. He made the link between them still closer by making it impossible for the jewels with which their interiors were crammed to be removed without using the images together to open each other.

It is Body which links us to the Earth-mother and makes us a sentient part of the striving, changing universe; which gives us those human frailties which make us feel akin. But more than that, it is the casket of the Soul during its stay on earth, and so must be kept worthy of its immortal jewel. Often moralists and philosophers lose sight of the truth that in this mortal life, Body is a partner with Soul, and has the right to claim the care and dignity due to "the temple of the living God."

Boys and girls of your age are in little danger of failing in paying tribute to the strength of your body and in seeing that it is supplied with food, warmth, air, and exercise to keep it fit for its task. The school tries to help you to care also for the divine spark which has its home in you, but can do little but point you the way.

No less than the body, the Soul needs its food and exercise. If you starve it of these, you are all but destroying one of the twin images and are throwing away your key to the jewels of life. The food of the soul is the wisdom and beauty of the ages, the loveliness of the earth and skies; its exercise is "to know the true, to feel the beautiful, to will the right."

This is the age of the material, when Body and Matter are triumphant, when Mind is popularly valued by its ability to produce great masses of standardised cars or homes or pictures, when Soul is of no import because it cannot be measured and put down in pounds, shillings, and pence in the list of assets.

The only way to fight this tendency is for each one to feed the spirit with the beautiful and the noble, to put by some time, even if it is only ten minutes a day, for quiet thought or for contemplation of some exquisite beauty in art, literature, or nature, so that a living stream of refreshment pours into the spiritual life and leaves it with that tranquility of quiet growth and exquisite sensibility which was felt by the impassive Chinese monks who came often during the busy day to stand in the dim incense-laden temple and gaze with wonder and speculation on the white figures which made round them a haven of peace from the turmoil of the material and an island of completion for the troubled wings of the spirit.

Senior Section

LABORES LUNAE.

Why are you there in the sky, at noon,
 Riding so light and so shy, pale moon?
 If you would wait till the night should fall,
 When you would shower your beams over all,
 Then at your feet would the bright stars bow,
 And you would be Queen of the Night—but now
 Alone in the depths of the blue, blue sky,
 Paling and wistful, the clouds passing by.
 Are you in search of your false love, the Sun?
 He loves not so quiet, so gentle a one,
 But blue hills, the wise Earth, and the glorious Sea!
 If o'er colour and life you'd victorious be,
 Away from your pale grief now hasten your flight
 To the enchantment and charm of the kingdom of night.
 Be mocking, and mystic, and laughing, by turns
 With your witchery bind him, and when he returns
 To your feet, do not stoop, but, now coy, and now shy,
 Half doubtful, half yielding, half turning to fly.
 Be fickle, elusive, there's charm in the game—
 He'll follow: Love's nature is ever the same.

—M. RATCLIFF.

“IF WINTER COMES, CAN SPRING BE FAR BEHIND.”

If winter comes. If, if! winter comes! Winter has come. The wind-swept wastes of Arctic snow are as nothing to the bleak desolation of my soul.

Mammon has conquered, as he must always conquer, while man is man. Let who will prate of Satan. Mammon is Satan, a foul beast who clutches honour and self-respect by the throat, and forces them into the mire from which he comes.

It seems an age since I was once a care-free boy; but thirty years is not a long time, except when measured by the persistent lashings of a long-oppressed conscience. In common with many others, I faced life's journey, heartened by the warm glow of ambition. No achievement was too great for me; and success smiled benignantly on all my efforts.

I was content; but ambition led me too far. My success began to be measured in terms of the men I ruined. There was Travers, who blew out his brains after I had ruined him by a piece of sharp practice; Henry, whom I sent to the gutter with a dead life, a dead soul in a living body; Jones, whom I mocked when he asked help for his starving wife and children. Their memory still burns in my mind.

Now, I stand friendless and alone. There is the companionship which wealth brings me; but I know I am secretly despised. Life is empty. Winter is here. The Spring which brings a new awakening and happiness is not for me. Death may bring the Spring. If that is so, I gladly die when the time comes. Would that it were now.

—R. G. W.

THE POETICAL PIRATE.

He stood in the lookout. The wind slightly ruffled his tawny beard and moved the matted locks of his hair. It was the poetical pirate. A pensive, thoughtful look was settled on his face. As he gazed solemnly on the calm blue sea, he would occasionally sigh windily and lay his hand on his broad, brown forehead.

“The calmness of the summer sea

Imprinted itself in the mind of me.”

he muttered to himself. “That will do now for I see a sail.”

Hastily descending from his post, Poetical Peter—for so he called himself—gave a few brisk orders to his men.

“All hands to lower the boats.

Have your cutlasses sharp for their throats.

Row on!”

The great ship dipped her stern into the sea and sailed towards the enemy, which was drawing closer.

“Get ready to spring on board,

Conquer—and grab the hoard

Of treasure in the hold.”

Roaring this as he went, Peter, with cutlass in hand, and pistol at his belt, waited on the deck, taunting the rival pirates.

Suddenly the ships crashed together, and Peter's men dashing to the side of the boat, sprang to the other ship, brandishing their weapons.

A short, sharp fight followed, in which Poetical Peter was struck down.

“Kill me and I'll haunt you then,

You plundering set of robber men;

I'll haunt you all the stormy nights.

I'll put an end to all your fights.”

And so Poetical Peter died.

The next day was very stormy. As night came on, and the victorious rebel leader walked into his cabin, he beheld a fearsome spectre. Across its brow was a red gash. Its clothes were torn and ragged. Its voice was icily shrill. It came towards the pirate, who was trembling visibly. With a shrill shriek it swung its cutlass and plunged it into the other's heart.

“I've haunted you, I've kept my threat;

You ugliest pirate I've ever met.”

A THOUGHT AT EVENING.

Of when shadows steal across the sky,
 And whispering noises stir, fall quiet and sigh,
 There comes a message, faint, elusive, sweet,
 Unheeded by my unresponsive ear.

“Use well your life. To every man is meet
 His lot of joy. Short is your sojourn here,
 Not I, but only fate knows what is nigh.

With nimble step, trip through joy's lightsome halls,
 Drink deep the cup. What matter what befalls?
 Happy be, a mirthful soul and blythe.

Grim care now foots it light to Time's soft lay,
 The Reaper, toiling not, leans on his scythe.
 Come, worship me throughout the livelong day,
 For I am Life, the Life which never falls.”

—R. G. W.

OVERHEAD CHARGES.

When we sat down in Commerce
 At three o'clock to-day,
 Our teacher, he put down his books,
 And then went on to say,
 That charges known as Overhead,
 —The rest I will not say.
 Just then I chanced to look at Tom,
 And I was slightly 'mazed
 To notice that his mirthful eyes
 Were to the ceiling raised.
 So I just sat and stared at him,
 And looked a trifle dazed.
 My waiting was rewarded then,
 For very soon he let
 His eyes come down from higher parts
 Until my own they met.
 Then suddenly he chuckled, and
 Made answer in this strain:
 "I s'pose they are the charges,
 When the roof lets in the rain."

—JOHNNY M.



THE ART OF ESCAPING DETENTIONS.

"In the world's wide field of battle,
 In the bivouac of Life,
 Be not like dumb driven cattle;
 Be a schemer out of strife."

Students, read and meditate. Meditate for a moment on the countless hours you have spent after school hours are over, trying by dint of much repetition to impress upon yourself the golden quality of silence, the improvement necessary in your behaviour; when the exercise of a little more discretion on your part would have made your misdemeanours unnoticed.

It is amazing, but true, how one always feels an overwhelming desire to talk on forbidden occasions. Of course, these important things simply cannot be postponed till the end of the lesson; they must be told immediately, so you assume a most innocent expression, looking as if the last thing you desire to do is to talk. When everyone is sufficiently impressed with your intent concentration, with great caution convey signals to the person you want to talk with.

Gaining his attention, you begin. Allow at least a minute to elapse between each two words, during the interval gazing with profound interest at the blackboard. This method may seem rather long, but if your listener has good hearing so that only a low whisper is necessary, and if his memory does not allow him to forget the last word before the next, it is very successful—and safe.

Then, there are occasions in the best regulated existences when you arise late and you have to rush off without breakfast. Such misfortunes necessitate the consumption of biscuits under the shelter of the desk, for the maintenance of the strength, and incidently the temper, until lunch time.

Begin with a diligent search for a lost book, and during this process several others will naturally fall with loud thuds to the floor. After these have been restored to their respective places and further search has been carried on, by much surreptitious munching your hunger has become somewhat appeased, and your working powers greatly increased. Emerge from this search with a triumphant expression, and bang the book down on the desk, with a gusto worthy of the occasion.

There is another thing which threatens to blight the happiness of school days. That is the most intricate, puzzling, and soul-wearing subject Geometry. This, of course, includes Theorems, which unfortunately must be learnt, and here again the art can be practised.

The person with the best memory is apt to forget the Geometry Book, and realisation only comes at school the following day, when you are met with cries of "Do you know your theorem?" During the few minutes that remain to you, look well at the figure of the offending problem, glean some idea of what it is all about, and on reaching your seat commence to draw with a business-like air.

When you find you have reached the limit of your knowledge, and you have only completed the data, develop a violent fit of coughing, which must increase in violence as it continues, until your face has assumed the colour of a lobster, and you are distracting everyone's attention. A sympathetic voice will then give you permission to leave the room. When outside, you repair to the cooling influence of the water-tap; after an appropriate interval return to the classroom with a slow gait and with your handkerchief pressed to your mouth suppressing an imaginary cough. It is with evident sorrow you regard your unfinished Theorem, but the danger now being past, you fold it up and place it tenderly in the waste paper basket.

These, I think, are the main difficulties encountered during the average day's work. Much practice is needed to reach perfection, but surely the result is worthy of the effort.

—ELLA FISHER.



THE DELIGHTS OF TASMANIAN RAILWAYS.

Everywhere you go, in either the town or country, there are ugly notices on the walls and fences bearing the words "Travel in Comfort," or "Keep the Money in the State and travel by your own Railroads." "Comfort," they say. What irony! For my part, a journey in a Tasmanian train on a Tasmanian railway is the acme of discomfort, dirt, and fatigue, not only physically, but mentally and morally as well.

You get up at 6.30 a.m., hastily finish packing, swallow a little bit of breakfast if time allows, snatch your luggage, and rush to the station. The approach of a train is heralded by an ear-splitting whistle, which lasts for about three minutes. Immediately it comes alongside the platform, an untidy porter pushes you and your luggage into an already packed carriage, bangs the door, and then locks it to keep you securely imprisoned.

Then comes another piercing whistle, followed by shouts of "All aboard, please. Anyone for th' H'Oaks or Li'l'Ampton?" and finally the train decides it is time to depart. Its good resolution is put into practice by a series of short, sharp jerks which have a tendency to make all luggage in the racks above jump down either to the floor, or seat, or more often to your head. Finally, of course, it gets going quite smoothly, if slowly, but by that time at least two of your fellow passengers are deeply affected; so deeply, indeed, that their distress gives you "a fellow feeling."

For a few minutes you proceed at a fairly smart rate, and then the rocking gradually becomes less while the speed is quickly reduced to a mere crawl. This continues till the top of the "mountain" is reached, then the speed begins gradually to increase, while the violent rocking increases a hundred per cent. more quickly than the speed. Then suddenly there is another shriek and the train jerks to a standstill before a little square box, about six feet by four, which is dignified by the name of Montana, or Hellyer, or Leith, wherever you happen to be.

After a few hours, you lose all thought of time or place, and forget that you started at 8.15 a.m., but only look forward with passionate desire to the moment when the train stops at Wiltshire at about 5.30 p.m. However, 5.30 p.m. comes, but no Wiltshire, then 6 o'clock, then 6.15, and still you are a few miles from your haven. Finally, at about 6.30, the train gives another piercing whistle, and bumps slowly to a standstill.

You immediately snatch your luggage, and climb out onto the station, untidy, in a very bad temper, and with a raging headache. Thankfully you push your luggage into the waiting car, and climb in after it, only too pleased to think that for three whole weeks you will see no shrieking, dirty train. Then, just as you are comfortably settled, the train gives you a farewell shriek of triumph, longer, shriller, and more terrible than all the rest, and then it goes slowly round the corner on its way to Stanley.

R. HEATHORN.

SHETLAND PONIES.

A few years ago, whenever I heard anyone mention Shetland ponies, I immediately thought of peace-loving, placid creatures with mild brown eyes, and gentle natures; but now my idea has completely changed. I have had experience.

The change of my views came when I was staying for a few days at the home of a friend, whose young brother possessed an extremely well-fed, sleek, black, and as I was to learn later, a decidedly slippery Shetland pony. The first hour I was there, its owner dragged me out to the paddock, where it was placidly eating grass, and, catching it, he said—very considerably, I thought—that I could have first ride. If I had caught the gleam of mischief in his eyes, perhaps I would not have been so eager to show my skill in riding, but as I did not, I thought this would be a good time to show him a few points. I sprang upon the unsaddled back of the pony—hoping against hope that I had done it gracefully—and dug my heels into its sleek sides. Nothing happened. The pony continued to eat grass.

"He may need a gentle persuasion," came its owner's voice, "Here's a stick," and I found a huge, knobby one being thrust into my hand, but, before I could grasp it, the pony, with a strange suddenness, left off eating grass, and started round the paddock at a wild gallop.

"This is fun," I thought, and, letting the reins go, I waved to my watcher. Sadly for me the pony, with its characteristic suddenness, decided to stop dead at the same instant, and I found myself sprawling rather ungracefully, and also uncomfortably on a gorse bush. I picked myself up, and full of ire—and prickles—I watched my mount trot calmly back to its owner, who was doubled up with mirth.

Is it a wonder I have changed my opinion concerning Shetland ponies?

—ISMAY MUIRHEAD.



SOLITUDE.

The moon had hung her lantern in the sky,
A shining orb, lighting the stilly night
With opal light. And by the morning shore
The dark blue waters caught the silver gleam,
And broke it into myriad points of light,
Reflecting quiet pines whose tops were swayed
By gentle zephyrs moving through the night,
Bearing with them the tide of revelry
To the one lonely figure by the shore.
The camp fire's ruddy glow shone through the gloom,
And sometimes came a shout of laughter wild,
The sound of tramping feet and strident tones,
As all the tribe made merry once again.
"All," did I say? Not all, for one still form
Stood motionless beside that lonely sea.
Montana, tired of ceaseless revelry,
Had slipped away, and now reclined at ease,
One light brown arm embraced the stalwart trunk,
The dusky eyes gazed fixedly away,
Seeing, yet somehow seeming not to see,
The crooning water lapping on the shore.
What did she see far o'er the wrinkled deep?
What was it that the gods to her laid bare?
Perhaps some loved one far, so far away;
Perhaps the wonders of some unknown land,
And peace was hid within the dusky eyes.
Ah, peace. That fleeing phantom will not stay
With me, but flies like some soft singing bird.
Away. To where? I know not. None can tell.
Oh, for the sweet peace that Montana found
There in the circle of the whispering pines,
Where Solitude reigned undisturbed, supreme.
Silence unbroken, thoughts may come and go
At will, without the mar of human touch.
In all the cities' glamour, rush and hum
Can peace be found? Perhaps by those who are
Born in the dust and grime, reared in the smoke.
Living their lives, not knowing, caring less
That out across the sea there lies a land
Where cities' smoke and dust are yet unknown,
Where Nature is the minister of God,
And Peace walks hand in hand with Solitude.

—HELEN RATHBUN.

DREAMS.

There was silence, deep silence, everywhere, except for the drowsy murmur of the sea. Lying on my natural couch of thick, matted seaweed above the moon-blanching sand, I dreamily gazed over the gleaming, ever-restless sea, which was rolling lazily to and fro even in sleep. Yet the song of the sea soothed me and I sank into the land of dreams. But not for long—I was awakened by the breaking of long rollers on the beach, and starting up I saw a ship coming shorewards.

"What an extraordinary ship," I thought. There seemed to be nothing real about it, yet I could see it was a ship. One moment it was a shifting kaleidoscope of vari-coloured lights, then a study in moving light and shadow, and yet, strange to say, it retained its proper shape all the time. The sails were milky-white, and billowed slowly out in the whispering breeze. Only one figure could be seen on this dream-ship—a lissom young girl, white-robed, with shining, rippling tresses. She beckoned to me, and I boarded the ship in a dazed fashion, half fearful and half curious.

Neither of us spoke a word until we were far out to sea. Then, still at the helm, the stranger said, "I am the Dream Seller. I take you to buy of my wares, far off in Dream Land. Many have bought of my wares, for I sell no bad dreams, only the true dreams, the best dreams." Her clear, ringing voice sank to an echo, and the ship went on, lazily breasting the waves as if it were sailing in the Land of Plenty of Time.

Presently we reached the horizon. There an opening was made by unseen hands. I felt the ship moving onwards, and saw that we were sailing up a broad river, on either side of which were open parklands, and villages of Dream Land. Sometimes we would see a walled city with golden towers and minarets flashing in the light. We disembarked, and the Dream Seller led me into one of these cities in a valley of the green hills. In this city were figures whom I had seen in my dreams.

On every side were young maidens weaving dreams. "What will you buy? What will you buy?" cried the Dream Sellers. "Here are songs of summer, rich mellow fruits, happy holidays, fragrant flowers, the golden sea-shore, woven by Joy into a dream. Here are tales of spring, the budding leaf, skimming swallows, apple blossom, feathery clouds, laughter, bubbling life, woven by Youth into a dream. Here are tales of autumn, airy thistledown, speckled trout, red-gold leaves, rosy apples, and luscious pears, wayside stiles under the oak, woven by smiling Content. There you see dreams of Friendship, Childhood, Schooldays, Rambles, Fairies, Camping Days, Home. Which will you buy?" My purchases made, we sailed down from Dream Land into the first rosy flush of dawn. Then I woke up, to see the pearly-grey mist rising from the sea.

O. LOVELL.

THE FUTURE.

As I walked through the woods in the dusky twilight, I was enchanted by the beauty of evening. I climbed a little mound not very far ahead, and looked round, deep in thought. The sky was as a cloth of velvet spread across the heavens with the stars resting on it like diamonds. A faint breeze was stirring the leaves on the trees. The moon peeped out beyond the distant horizon and surveyed his kingdom, and there in the west a mist was forming, seeming to veil to-morrow's doings from the eyes of the world.

—ANONYMOUS.

FISHING.

I once had a mania for urging people to relate incidents from their experiences while "fishing." Now, the word is used in so many more senses than one that I feel strongly inclined to close my ears for ever when I am in the company of those who love to tell over-stretched tales of conger-eels and non-existing sharks. Some hear it inarticulately and begin a conversation at once. Others, like myself, will bury themselves in a book or anything else handy at the particular moment. I don't think any of these persons have had the same nourishment of their dislike as I have.

After having heard so many tales of conger-eels, my enthusiasm waned considerably. Everywhere I heard something disagreeably connected with "fishing." The last time I gave my lady friend the pleasure of my company, it occurred. She had bought a new hat. Personally I thought it became her well, but—looking very innocently up into my face, she said, "I'm sure I don't know where my usual taste was when I chose this. Do you think it suits me?" I murmured something in assent, but heavens, what a bait!

One day, scarcely a week after this incident, I happened to be on a country road. A small youth was in front of me carrying a sugar bag on his back, and a tin in one hand. Bearing down on him I noticed a suspiciously fat worm protruding from the hole-riddled lid. He turned and caught my scrutinising gaze, and immediately bolted at incredible speed along the road. Having run a good distance from me, he dived into the bush. I promptly followed him, and after an exceedingly long and fast scramble, I came across him sitting on the bank of a stream. His line was already in, and knots were to be seen in several places. In spite of this handicap, he had caught one fish and taken it from its element.

"What are ye followin' me for?" he asked, as I stood panting by the tree. "I want to see what angling would be like here, that is all," I said rather uncomfortably. There was a silence, and then I said, "Let me take the line for a bit, I'll show you something." He cast me a scornful glance. "Aw, go on," he answered, "you'll likely catch a fish and look to me for a compliment."

My grandmother's grave must have been in an upheaval. My fishing for compliments! She knew me of old. I needn't record any more of that afternoon's adventures. I can hear some one very inaudibly saying something concerning "fishing"—my book is just fresh from the library and by a favourite author.

—MOLLY DAVIDSON.

DUSK.

"Not a breath creeps through the rosy air,

And yet the forest leaves seemed stirred with prayer."

These lines always remind me of dusk; that part of an evening when the last rays of the sun are gone, and the shades of evening begin to fall on the momentarily quiet earth.

The Evening Primrose opens again its delicate petals to the evening dew, for, in the day time, it is embarrassed by the gaze of the sun, from which it cannot hide, so it closes up and hangs its head.

From out behind the trees creep fairy folk, shimmering, mystical, their greying wings quivering with expectancy and swiftly flowing life. Low loving whispers, tinkling laughs, gentle sleepy sighs, float about the air whilst maidens laugh and babies sink to sleep.

—JOYCE CHAPMAN.

SPEECH NIGHT.

On Monday, March 11th, the fifteenth annual Speech Night was held in the Albert Hall.

A great crowd of parents and friends attended. Nearly all the seats were reserved. There were present the Minister for Education (the Hon. H. S. Baker), the Director (Mr. G. V. Brooks), and Mr. R. O. M. Miller, who presented the prizes.

The items rendered by the Girls' Choir, conducted by Miss Nichols, were much appreciated. These were "Melody" (Rubenstein), "Pilgrims' Chorus" (Tannhauser), "Chanson Triste" (Tschai-kowsky), "Sumer is Acumen In" (John of Fornseto), "Barcarolle" (Tales of Hoffman), and "Funiculi Funicula" (Denza).

Another much-applauded part of the programme was the girls' eurythmics—a lunging study, Schubert's "Marche Militaire"; dramatic interpretations, Chopin's Prelude in A, and Schubert's Serenade; and interpretative dances, "Minuet in G" (Beethoven), and "Melody in F" (Rubenstein), all under the direction of Miss B. V. Wilcox.

An orchestra, composed of past and present scholars, earned great applause by rendering "Salute the Colours" (Englman), "Intermezzo" (Mascagni), "Violets" (Zamecnic), and Sweet Dreams (Bever). Our thanks are due to Mr. A. H. Bowden, the conductor.

Other items were an organ recital by the City Organist, the school songs, and a deservedly popular flute solo, "Graceful Dance" (John Lemmone), by Tom Wilson.

The speeches included addresses by the Minister for Education and the Director of Education, and the annual report read by Mr. Biggins. Mr. Miller presented the prizes. The following was the prize list for 1928:—

Dux of School	Jean Treloggen
Best Pass at Leaving Examination (Girls) . .	Christina Webster
Best Pass at Leaving Examination (Boys) . .	John Walker
Dux of Class B	Marjorie Ratcliff
Dux of Class C1	Gwen Lathey
Dux of Class C2	Thomas Walker.
Dux of Class D1	Nancy Reader
Dux of Class D2	Eileen Bird
Dux of Class D3	Fred. Hayward
Dux of Class E1	Francis Hodgetts
Dux of Class E2	Edeline Lathey
Dux of Class E3	Archie Flanagan
Dux of Class E4	Geoffrey Barlow
Prize for Leaving Chemistry	John Walker
Prize for Intermediate Chemistry	Ian Brown

* * * *

 LIBRARY NOTES.

This term membership of the Library has been made free. About 210 children, or fifty per cent. of the school, have had books issued to them. The percentage is highest in D3 and D1, and lowest in C3, D4, and E4.

During the term "Webster's New International Dictionary," sets of "The Outlines of Art and Literature," "The World's Best Books," "Peoples of All Lands," and ten volumes of Myth and Legend have been added.

There is still need for improvement in the keeping of Library rules, especially the requirement that no book shall be taken without a record being made.

STAFF NOTES.

Since the publication of our last Magazine, the School has with regret said farewell to many members of the staff. The loss of Mr. Meston, who had been on the staff for thirteen years, and had been Acting Head Master since September, was deeply felt by all. Mr. Meston has built in the hearts of those who have passed through his hands a monument "more lasting than bronze," and has left a deep impression on the tone of the School. As one Old Scholar said in a farewell speech, "He has given us not ideals, but the power to form them." As a subject teacher, supervisor of A Class, and sports master, he has shared the life of the scholars and directed the activities of the senior school for many years. We wish him every success and happiness in his new sphere as headmaster of Devonport State High School.

Miss Grubb, who was on the staff for twelve years, has gone on a year's leave of absence. Miss Grubb had endeared herself to all, and will be welcomed heartily if she returns to us.

Other members of the staff who left us at Christmas were Miss Norman, Miss Bastick, Miss Loane, Miss Stevens, Mr. Boyes, and Mr. Mather. The good wishes of the School go with them.

This year we have had to say good-bye to Mr. C. Stephens and to Mr. Limbrick. Mr. Limbrick had been on the staff for two years, and had taken an active interest in school activities, especially in tennis. Mr. Stephens' stay was short, but appreciated by those with whom he came in contact. We have to congratulate both Mr. Limbrick and Mr. Stephens on their appointments to other spheres.

The School takes this opportunity of welcoming its new headmaster, Mr. H. V. Biggins, B.A., and hopes that his stay in the School is a long and happy one. We also welcome Mr. Lionel Briggs, Miss M. Hamilton, Miss D. Bock, Mr. M. Taylor, and Mr. B. Scott, who are all Old Scholars of the School, and Mr. E. Boyd, who is an old scholar of Hutchins School.



FLOOD RELIEF.

Our first effort to help lessen the suffering caused by the flood was on April the fifth, when a lorry load of boys was sent through Inveresk with warning circulars.

During the week following the flood, the B Class did valuable work, sorting clothes at the Albert Hall, while Scouts and Guides were on duty.

At the School itself, the sewing classes were busy mending torn garments.

Large quantities of clothing were brought by scholars, and passed on to the Relief Depot, after our own scholars had been supplied.

Two concerts, one by C Class, and one by A and B Classes, being mainly the efforts of the pupils themselves, were held to raise funds. These, with collections, made a total of £18 2s, which has been sent to the "Examiner" fund.

We were very grateful for the kindly thought of the Northcote (Vic.) High School, in sending a cheque of £11 for the relief of those of our scholars who had suffered through the flood. As books had already been supplied from school funds, this donation was passed on to the "Examiner" fund.



Boys' Sport



ROWING.

The beginning of the rowing season promised well for a successful conclusion. Three members of the 1928 crew were back, as well as the cox. No difficulty was experienced in finding a fourth man; and the crew then settled down to solid training. The crew first appeared at Henley, but were unsuccessful, and could fill no better than third place. This race was of great value, however, since it helped to point out many faults. An attempt was made to rectify these, and with no little success. When the race for the Bourke Cup was rowed, our crew was first to cross the line, beating Hobart for first place by three lengths. Our second crew, although they came fourth, should not be forgotten. This crew decided to enter for the race only three weeks before it, and on the day of the race, had to row in a tub boat. Too much cannot be said in praise of Mr. Dallas, who coached the school crews. There is no doubt that to him, and him alone, the success of the School was due.

The School rowing suffered by the recent floods, in that our racing boat, the Weettah, was totally destroyed.

CRICKET (FIRSTS).

A meeting was held at the beginning of the season, and Jack Doolan was elected captain, with Jack Lovett vice-captain. We played Hobart State High School on the North Hobart ground on March 26th, but were badly defeated. Matches:—

v. ST. PATRICK'S, 7/3/29.

School, 4 for 90 (Doolan 38 n.o., Waldron 19 n.o.).

St. Patrick's, 8 for 44 (Doolan 3 for 10, Tucker 2 for 5, Heazlewood 2 for 13).

v. TECHNICAL SCHOOL, 20/3/29.

School, 7 for 87 (Heazlewood 29 n.o., Dineen 15).

Technical School, 9 for 67 (Doolan 2 for 19, Tucker 6 for 22, Heazlewood 1 for 7).

v. HOBART STATE HIGH SCHOOL, 26/3/29

LAUNCESTON STATE HIGH SCHOOL.

First Innings.

J. Doolan, b Putman	6
J. Lovett, b Richardson	11
R. White, b Richardson	8
J. Dineen, b Smith	7
L. Waldron, b Richardson	0
B. Heazlewood, not out	22
T. Wilson, b Smith	3
R. Jordan, c Richardson, b Putman	1
L. Gurr, c Richardson, b Putman	1
A. Watts, st Jeffreys, b Putman	0
A. Tucker, b Richardson	13
Sundries	12

Total 84

HOBART STATE HIGH SCHOOL.

First Innings.

S. Putman, b Wilson	7
C. Jeffreys, c Doolan, b Tucker	36
L. Richardson, not out	152
J. Watson, c Jordan, b Wilson	22
M. Upchurch, b Doolan	19
K. Smith, not out	39
Sundries	20

Innings declared closed 4 for 305

Bowling: J. Doolan, 1 for 92; T. Wilson, 2 for 43; A. Tucker, 1 for 74; J. Lovett, 0 for 28; Heazlewood, 0 for 17; Dineen, 0 for 28.

LAUNCESTON STATE HIGH SCHOOL.

Second Innings.

J. Doolan, c Watson, b Jeffreys	58
J. Lovett, c Putman, b Jeffreys	29
R. White, c Morris, b Putman	2
B. Heazlewood, run out	0
J. Dineen, run out	12
T. Wilson, c Jeffreys, b Putman	5
L. Waldron, run out	0
R. Jordan, b Watson	0
A. Tucker, b Putman	0
L. Gurr, b Jeffreys	5
A. Watts, not out	1
Sundries	8

Total 121

Bowling: S. Putman, 3 for 51; C. Jeffreys, 3 for 33; J. Watson, 1 for 8; K. Smith, 0 for 11.

Hobart won by an innings and 100 runs.

A bat, donated by an anonymous supporter for the best all round performance in this match, was won by J. Doolan.

SECONDS.

There is very little to report for the Seconds this year. Bill Duff was elected captain, with R. Ingamells as vice-captain. The season was practically devoted to practice at the nets. A match was played against the Grammar School, resulting in a win for us by about five wickets. No other inter-school matches were played.

GRADES.

The teams, with results, are as follows:—

Thompson tied Flanagan, beaten by Brown, Ockerby, Smith, Lewis.

Smith defeated Suter, Thomson, tied Dargavel, b.b. Brown. Flanagan.

Dargavel d. Flanagan, Lewis, tied Smith, b.b. Suter, Ockerby.

Brown d. Smith, Ockerby, Thomson, b.b. Flanagan, Suter.

Flanagan d. Brown, Lewis, Smith, b.b. Dargavel, tied Thomson.

Lewis d. Suter, b.b. Dargavel, Flanagan, Smith, Ockerby.

Suter d. Dargavel, Lewis, Brown, b.b. Smith, Ockerby.

Ockerby d. Thomson, Dargavel, Lewis, Suter, b. Brown.

RESULTS.

Thomson, 1 draw, 4 losses.
 Smith, 2 wins, 1 draw, 2 losses.
 Dargavel, 2 wins, 1 draw, 2 losses.
 Brown, 3 wins, 2 losses.
 Flanagan, 3 wins, 1 draw, 1 loss.
 Lewis, 1 win, 4 losses.
 Suter, 3 wins, 2 losses.
 Ockerby, 4 wins, 1 loss.
 This resulted in Ockerby's team being premiers.



BOYS' ATHLETIC SPORTS.

The 13th annual sports of the Launceston State High School were held at the Cricket Ground on Wednesday, 1st May. There was a large attendance of scholars and parents, and some splendid results were witnessed.

The Senior Cup was won by W. Duff (11 points), with G. Donnelly (10½ points) second, and C. Collins (6½ points) third. R. Jordan (10 points) won the Junior Cup from G. Ford and A. Shipton, who tied for second place with 9 points each. The competition for the class cup was won by "C" Class, with "D" second, and "E" third. The presentation of trophies was made by Mr. Biggins at the conclusion of the sports.

Misses Hamilton and Hogarth, assisted by the girls of A and B Classes, had charge of the afternoon tea arrangements.

The officials were:—Messrs. R. O. M. Miller, F. O. Close, W. Layh, W. H. Daymond, and J. Ingles. To these we are deeply indebted for their kind help. The Joint Hon. Secretaries, Messrs. Boyd and Taylor, are to be congratulated on their admirable management of the sports. The boys' committee consisted of E. Hookway, J. Lovett, J. Dineen, K. Edwards, J. Doolan, A. Tucker, R. Jordan, K. Haywood.

Results were as follows:—

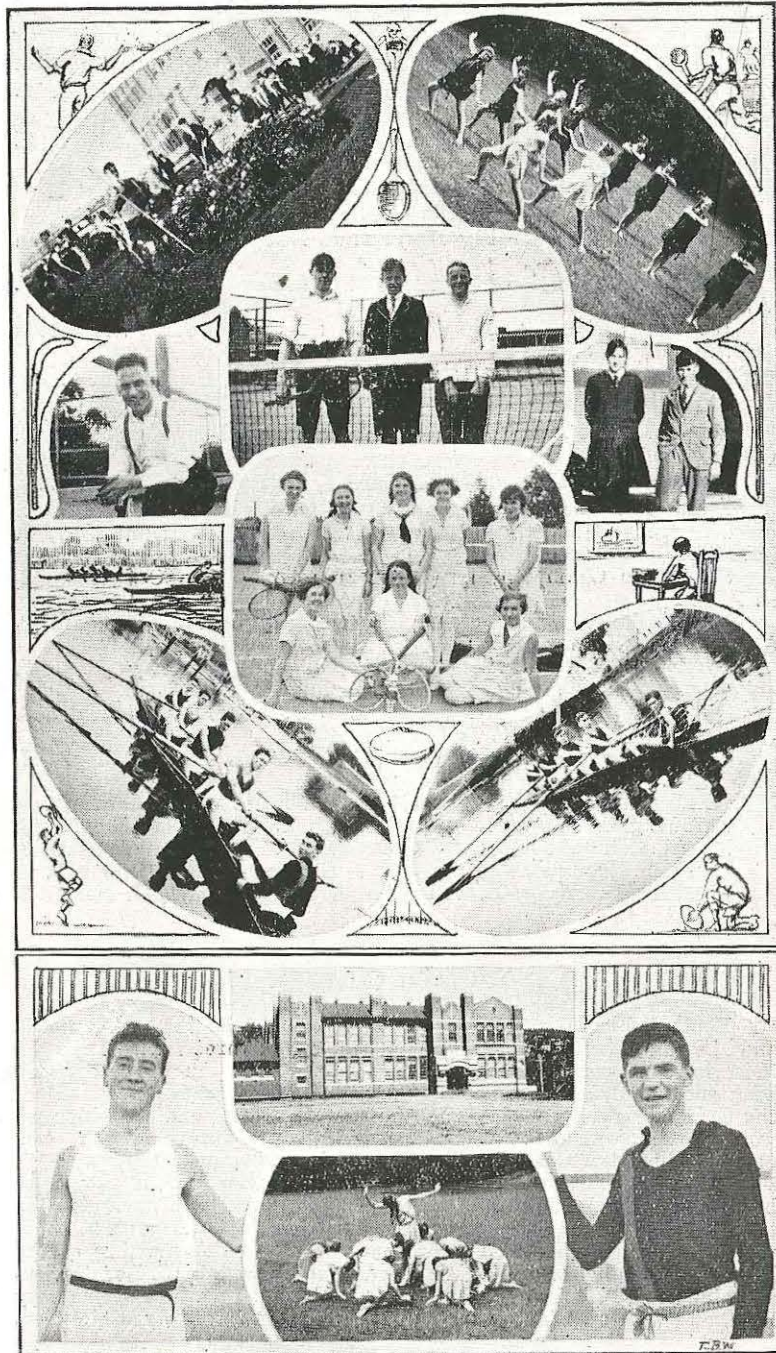
100 Yards Handicap (under 13): P. McCord 1, E. McCulloch 2, H. Fulford 3.
 100 Yards Handicap (under 15): M. Allen 1, B. Ross 2, C. Patman 3.
 100 Yards Handicap (open): G. Donnelly 1, C. Best 2, A. Watts 3.
 75 Yards Championship (under 13): A. Shipton 1, T. Lee 2, E. McCulloch 3.
 100 Yards Championship (under 15): R. Jordan 1, C. Patman 2, V. Viney 3.
 100 Yards Championship (open): C. Collins 1, G. Donnelly 2, R. Ward 3.
 440 Yards Handicap (under 15): V. Viney 1, H. Holder 2.
 440 Yards Handicap (open): H. Fletcher 1, G. Donnelly 2, L. Waldron 3.
 Sack Race: H. Gunton 1, W. Lovell 2, H. Holder 3.
 220 Yards Championship (under 13): A. Shipton 1, E. McCulloch 2, B. Waddle 3.
 220 Yards Championship (under 15): R. Jordan 1, V. Viney 2, C. Patman 3.
 220 Yards Championship (open): C. Collins 1, W. Duff 2, H. McLennan 3.

Obstacle Race: F. Benn 1, L. Shields 2, J. Jillett 3.
 220 Yards Handicap (under 13): H. Fulford 1, F. Krushka 2, W. Box 3.
 220 Yards Handicap (under 15): K. Fenton 1, R. Brumby 2, E. Heazlewood 3.
 220 Yards Handicap (open): A. Watts 1, R. Ward 2, C. Best 3.
 Wheelbarrow Race: F. Benn 1, J. Maloney 2, H. Holder 3.
 120 Yards Championship, Hurdles: A. Beaumont 1, H. McLennan 2, D. Sutherland 3.
 440 Yards Championship (under 15): R. Jordan 1, G. Ford 2, V. Viney 3.
 100 Yards Championship (under 13): A. Shipton 1, F. Atherton 2, E. McCulloch 3.
 Egg and Soon Race: W. Heath 1, E. White 2, H. Fletcher 3.
 Class Relay Race: "C" 1, "B" 2, "A" 3.
 Junior High Jump: L. Thurlow 1, G. Ford 2, K. Coulter 3. (Height, 4ft. 7in.).
 Obstacle Race (over 14): R. Ward 1, H. Holder 2, P. Lyne 3.
 Blindfold Barrel Race: J. Maloney 1, G. Barclay 2, R. Ward 3.
 440 Yards Championship (open): W. Duff 1, G. Donnelly 2, J. Lovett 3.
 880 Yards Championship (under 15): G. Ford 1, C. Patman 2, R. Jordan 3.
 880 Yards Handicap (under 15): Fotheringham 1, G. Ford 2, R. Ingamels 3.
 Three-legged Race (over 14): D. Gill and B. Norquay 1, J. Maloney and L. Waldron 2, H. Fletcher and L. Ockerby 3.
 Senior High Jump: G. Donnelly 1, J. Lovett 2, D. Sutherland 3. (Height, 4ft. 3½in.).
 880 Yards Championship (open): W. Duff 1, G. Donnelly 2, H. Fletcher 3.
 Kicking the Football: J. Lovett 1, T. Wilson 2, H. McLennan 3.
 Throwing Cricket Ball: G. Donnelly 1, T. Wilson 2, J. Lovett 3.
 Medicine Ball Contests: "D" Class 1, "A" Class 2, "C" Class 3.
 One Mile Championship: W. Duff 1, G. Donnelly 2, J. Dineen 3.
 One Mile Handicap: K. V. Fenton 1, G. Stephens 2, H. Holder 3.



FOOTBALL (FIRSTS).

Football has been handicapped in the school by the recent floods and shortage of grounds. The Firsts have had three matches, but in these have played without any practice whatever. In two they have been successful, and in one were defeated. The first match against the Grammar School was in the nature of a scratch match, which we won by about six goals. The following week a return match was played, which the Grammar School won by six goals. On May 11th the Firsts played the Technical School, and won by 16 goals 14 behinds to 4 goals 1 behind. Arrangements have been made for the team to train on the Cricket Ground on Friday afternoons; and there will probably be additional practice on Mondays. A meeting of the Firsts was held, at which R. Ward was elected captain, J. Lovett vice-captain, and E. Hookway secretary. The team as a whole seems very keen, and with sufficient practice should develop into a good eighteen.



Girls' Sport



TENNIS NOTES.

This year the tennis team remained almost the same as last year, as we lost only two of our players. Competition for places in the team was perhaps not so keen as usual, and the order finally chosen was: Rosalie Kidd (captain), Eleanor Robinson (vice-captain), Marie Bryan, Ienne Ward, Eileen Atto, and Elaine Lohrey, with Aileen Adams and Claudia Knight as emergencies.

The team practised constantly throughout the year, and early in March, Miss Hamilton took them to Devonport, but the Coast team was much stronger, and defeated us by 6 sets to 3. E. Robinson and R. Kidd won their singles by 6 sets to 3, and E. Robinson and I. Ward won the doubles. All the girls played splendidly. Eleanor Robinson played a wonderfully steady game. Our trip to Devonport was most enjoyable, although so very short.

This year the team was sorry to lose Mr. Limbrick, and wishes to thank him for his untiring efforts in coaching us. Thanks are also due to Miss Hamilton, who has taken over Mr. Limbrick's work as coach.

Many of the girls in the team took part in the schoolgirls' summer tournament. Of these I Ward and E. Robinson succeeded in reaching the semi-finals. It is hoped that next year the team will have the opportunity of playing more matches against outside players.



HOCKEY NOTES.

Hockey has been resumed as a winter sport, and hockey enthusiasts are already practising hard. The two teams, firsts and seconds, have chosen their captains. The firsts elected Elaine Lohrey as captain, and Rachel Royle as vice, and the seconds May Bevan and Vivian Skipper as captain and vice, respectively.

Their first match was played on March 27th against Broadland House, and won by nine goals to two. The seconds were defeated by Westbury, with seven goals to four.

The second match was played on May 11th, the firsts against College, and won by five goals to one. The seconds defeated Paton and Baldwin's by two goals to one.



DUCES.

- A—A. Beaumont.
- B—T. Walker.
- C1—E. Robinson.
- C2—T. Davey.
- C3—A. Tucker.
- D1—L. Morgan.
- D2—L. Robins.
- D3—E. Swan.
- D4—G. Barlow.
- E1—T. Jestrinski.
- E2—M. Hurse.
- E3—R. Adams.
- E4—F. Rose.



Junior Section



This section has been formed to enable the D and E Classes to contribute to the Magazine without entering into competition with the Senior School. We are very pleased with the response they have made, especially in girls' classes. Next time, we hope to see more prose in this section.

Sub-Editor: TOM WALKER.

JUNE.

O June, sweet leafy June,
And hast thou come at last
With every baby bud?
Dark winter now is past.
The trees are turning green,
The violets lift their heads.
The rivers dance with joy,
And gurgle o'er their beds.
The birds begin to sing
Their sweet enchanting lay.
The farmers in the fields
Are come to meet the day.
O June that brings to me
The joy of wakening life!
May you bring to all the world
An end of storm and strife.

—JEAN JOYCE.



MOON-LIGHT.

The fragrant night steals round the hills,
And wanders o'er the sky.
With lovely peace all things she fills,
Where'er she passes by.
And one by one pale stars appear,
Along the shadowed way,
Wherein is gleaming calm and clear,
The moon's transcendent ray.
Enfolding all the earth below,
In soft illusive light
That lingers where the flowers grow
To kiss them for the night.
Exquisite music, low and sweet,
Faint strains from realms unknown.
Accompany with cadence meet,
The moon, now lustrous grown.
Now shedding on the deep hushed night
Her rare, ethereal charms,
Earth's dainty cloud boats puts to flight
And sleeps within night's arms.

—M. WILSON.

IN EARLY DAYS.

In the good old early days, when Launceston was only a tiny settlement, there were many strange sights that would be interesting to see now. The town gaol stood in the High School grounds, and every day, wet or fine, a band of chained convicts could be seen wending their way to the quarry to begin their toil. On the top of the quarry stood a warder, rifle in hand, watching for escapees. The Wellington Square School site was then a tread-mill, and the Mechanics' Institute was a flagellating yard, where desperate convicts were whipped. The Taxes Office was then the second post office, the first being in George Street. Prisoners scrubbed the steps every day. The King's Bridge was not then built, but a punt was used to ferry to and fro. By the shore was a toll gate. Charges were a penny a person, and the same for every wheel on vehicles. Down one side of the Gorge ran a race, which supplied water to the Trevallyn people for household use and for drinking.

A little creek used to wind down St. John Street to the River. A bridge used to span it opposite the site of the Brisbane Hotel. Two coaches used to run to and from Hobart. The outside seat was dearer than the inside, and if rain started to pour down, travellers were not allowed to change to cover into the interior. The bugle, blown by a red-coated man, could be heard from the Sandhill. Horses were changed every ten or twelve miles at changing stables.

The Launceston town stocks stood in Cameron Street. Boys were allowed to pelt a prisoner with anything but stones.

St. Andrew's Church was then the site of a Law Court.

The main line station was situated in Cimitiere Street just before the coaches ceased running.

Bathurst Street was then the entrance to Launceston, and the principal street. Charles Street was made by convicts, the Howick Street end being bush.

The Governor resided in Government House, situated in the City park.

Prices for goods were in some cases low, and some high. A sheep cost one shilling, while a pair of child's boots or shoes cost twenty-five shillings.

Men used to light their pipes with five pound notes, just to "show off."

These are only a few of the interesting facts of the convict days.

—J. LAWRENCE ABRA, D3.



DESCRIPTION OF A KANGAROO.

The kangaroo is a quadruped, but two of his feet are only hands. He is closely related to the flea family, and jumps like its members. He is Australian by birth, and has a watch pocket to carry his family in.

There are two or more kinds of kangaroo, but they are mostly male and female, and they live on grass, cabbage, and currant buns.

The kangaroo's tail is his chief support. It is good to jump with, and when it is cut off, the kangaroo does not know his way home, and has to walk on his hands.

The kangaroo is good for making soup and bootlaces, and putting in zoos, and sometimes is presented to the Royal Family to represent Australia.

ROMA LEES, Class E1.

OUR SCHOOL.

Behold our High School, whose fame never tires,
 Whose methods both wise and discerning
 Made Launceston town so highly admired,
 And Tasmania a fortress of learning!
 For many a year from man and from maid,
 Our head has made his selection,
 Of brainy young pupils of every grade,
 For our little school of perfection.
 For a fortnight before the exams come to light,
 We labour in every direction.
 We study so hard from morning till night,
 That we lose all our school-girl complexion.
 Then with results we are highly delighted,
 For State High School answers the call.
 To follow our footsteps you all are invited
 To the very best school of them all.

—JEAN FOLDER.



A SAD TALE!

Proserpina played by the shore one day
 With the nymphs of the deep blue sea.
 Then tired of play she wandered away,
 "I shall make you some garlands," said she
 She gathered such armfuls, no more could she hold;
 "That shrub, though, I simply can't leave."
 She tugged and she tugged at the loosening mould—
 What happened you'd never believe!
 A hole yawned before her, and out of it dashed
 Four horses as black as the night.
 King Pluto, behind them, Proserpina snatched,
 And vanished with her out of sight.
 This story, dear children, a lesson should teach,
 A warning to you it should give.
 Don't try to get things that are out of your reach,
 Or with Pluto below YOU may live.

—D2.



THISTLEDOWN.

Airy, fairy thistledown
 Floats across the lea;
 Now some fun, together run,
 Who'll the victor be?
 Light as is the gossamer
 Dancing here and there,
 It needs a chase, a rapid race
 To catch it in the air.
 Upon a bough it settles,
 Surely it is caught?
 If it's not, on such a spot,
 Well certainly, it ought.
 See! they have it! no, indeed,
 Shifting here and there,
 It still floats on and seems to say,
 "There's mischief in the air."

—SCOTCH HEATHER.

HURRAH FOR OLD WINTER.

Hurrah for Old Winter! Hurrah for the rain!
 Hurrah for the winds! May they blow in vain.
 We'll sit by the fire so cosy and warm,
 And laugh at the fury and wrath of the storm.
 I'll nestle up snug in a big feather bed,
 And pull fleecy blankets up over my head,
 And list to the storm as it rages and roars,
 And answer it back with a volley of snores.
 Hurrah for the winter—because we are young;
 But to old and rheumatic this tune won't be sung.
 Then bills from the doctor, and coalman, and plumber,
 Will make us hurrah very loud for the summer.

—MARJORIE LAUGHLIN.



NIGHT.

Over the hills the red sun sank, and its rays were dim and faint,
 Into the waves that moaned and wept their endless mystic plaint.
 Then the stars shone down from their heaven and twinkled their
 message of glee,
 And the moon rose up in its glory, but seemed so far from me.
 The wind rustled in the tree tops, yet its voice was mild and low,
 And the birds flew home from the meadow, with their wings now tired
 and slow,
 And all around was calm, save the gentle lap of the sea,
 And all on earth proclaimed the night, and seemed to call to me.

—JEAN FOLDER.



MOTOR WEDDING.

Morris Cowley met Lizzie Ford at Albion. He had been a good
 Rover, and had travelled a good deal Overland. He played a good
 game of Rugby, and had represented Australia in International games.

He asked Lizzie to meet him that night, but she said it was
 "Willy's Night." Anyhow, she said she would Dodge him if she
 could. They met in the Silver Night under the Moon. She called him
 her Star.

They married, and the wedding was announced in the Standard.
 Their honeymoon was spent in Essex. In due course a Baby Morris
 arrived, whom they called their little "Sunbeam."

—R. M., Class E1.

Uncle Sam's Corner

Dear Uncle Sam,

I hope you will not be annoyed with me for writing to you, but I am very interested in a movement called "Brighter Clothes for Men," and I thought that perhaps you would give me a little publicity. I am delighted to find that some of our more enlightened boys are adopting a slightly more interesting costume. I think the loose, unanchored effect of the sports suit gives one noble thoughts about the freedom of the wind and votes for women.

Whenever I glance through "B" Class window and see T—m's pink trousers and B—I's blue shirt, well, I feel cheered and more resigned to my lot in this atmosphere of monotonous blue and grey. Then when I peep into "A" Class, or stand in admiration on the balcony and see our gallant R—t in a pink shirt and a streaming purple tie, above a noble pair of spacious bags, I say earnestly to myself—"There is a man who has a spacious mind and a soul which expresses itself in glowing colours which illumine the commonplace." Dear Uncle Sam; please use your influence to encourage our growing manhood to make their clothes beautiful, gay, and flowing, on the lines hinted at by these enlightened pioneers. When the change has inspired the atmosphere and my spiritual life I may be able to pass in English, and then I will write you a proper letter, dear Uncle Sam.

Dear Uncle, could you tell me a good name for a parrot?

I remain, Your loving niece, "LITTLE RAINBOW."

P.S.—I saw a beautiful model at the boys' sports—a coat in lively check of energetic design over a dark cerise pull-over. Will you thank the noble soul who thus brightened the day for me.—L.R.

My dear Niece.

You may be sure I was pleased to receive your letter, and I am glad to see that "Little Rainbow" at least is taking an interest in that great movement. Yesterday, it was a dream; to-day, an ideal; to-morrow—reality.

Like you, I admire the sports suit intensely, also the colours now finding their way into the drab monotony of life. I would take this opportunity to urge all youths to respond to a maiden's plea. Remember their dull lives, and give them a spot of cheerful colour!

I noted that spring model at the sports, "Little Rainbow," and will take the first opportunity of thanking the wearer on your behalf. Why not call the parrot after this popular hero?

Love, UNCLE SAM.

Dear Uncle Sam,

This is our first letter to you, and we hope it will not be our last. We get the "Mag." every year, and are very interested in it.

We go to Launceston State High School, and are both in the same class. We have a gentleman supervisor, who is very nice, and teaches us Algebra, which is not very interesting. Do you learn Algebra, Uncle Sam? Our birthdays are on April 1 and February 29. For our last birthdays we were given a pencil-case each, and a book each, called "Little Sister Prue."

Dear Uncle Sam,

Our favourite subject at school is geography. We hope to get a credit in the next exam. Do you like geography, Uncle Sam?

One of us is shingled, and one has plaits. Are you shingled, Uncle Sam? but perhaps you are bald?

We are in the sixth hockey team, and hope to be in the Fiftths next year, Uncle.

May we have "Two Little School-Mates" for a pen name, please Uncle Sam? We thought about a name all last night, and we think this is a pretty one. Don't you think so?

Well, Uncle Sam, hoping to see our letter in print, we will say "Good-night," as it is time to go to bed.

We remain, Your loving nieces,

"TWO LITTLE SCHOOL-MATES."

My dear little "School-Mates."

I am very glad that you have decided to write to me, and I hope you'll write again.

Yes, I used to learn Algebra when I went to school, but as for geography, I don't know how you can do so well! I am sorry to say I am not shingled. What hair I have (mostly round my chin!) I shave every morning. I quite envy the one with plaits. I shall call her Number One, and the shingled one Number Two—eh?

I am pleased to see you are getting on so well at hockey. I hope you rise to the heights of being emergencies for the Fifth, soon.

Love, UNCLE SAM.

Dear Uncle Sam,

Although it is against my principles to write to Americans, I would like to tell you a few things about our little island.

As you know, we have had a terrible flood lately, although not nearly so bad as yours. We, so popular rumour says, are going to have another flood on May 14th, and it is going to be fifteen feet higher than the last. I'm sure that both the Hostel and School will be floating if it is true.

Another thing that is going to happen to us is that on June 2, the whole of Tasmania is going underneath the sea, to leave all the people floating on the briny. It will be terribly cold, but if we start on the fattening American diet now, we will be fat enough to stand the temperature of the water. The only factor in the whole proceeding that may prevent us from reaching the Mainland will be the whirlpool formed by the sinking of the Island.

The whole trouble was started by Tasmania dragging her anchor, and now she is drifting towards the South Pole. We will strike Antarctica soon, and that will be the end of all.

I will close now.

And remain, Yours etc., "MYSTERY."

Dear "Mystery,"

So you disapprove of me because of my name? I'm a real Tasmanian, though!

Those popular rumours are rather interesting. First you say there'll be the next flood on May 14th (which is over, by the way), and then the disappearance of Tasmania. Now, I heard it differently. There'll be something interesting happening every year the next few years. First another-worse-flood, then an earthquake, a volcano, and tidal wave following. Then there will be a communist revolution, then a war, and then Tasmania will go under—she couldn't stand much more, anyway! Interesting, isn't it? I'm afraid that fattening diet won't be much good then!

Love, UNCLE SAM.

THE EDITOR'S SCRAP BOOK.

We are very pleased with the good response to "Uncle Sam's" call for correspondence, and we hope that more and more will write to him.

We wish all contributors to remember not to write on both sides of the paper. This is confusing to both Editor and printer. This applies also to pencil writing: Write on one side of the paper, and in ink.

The Competition Essays have not come up to our expectations. Perhaps it was because they are unusual in this magazine. The response, especially from the Senior School, was very disappointing. We have decided to award the Senior prize to Frances Hodgetts, of D1, and the Junior to Archie Flanagan, of D3. Honourable mention is also made of Mary Peck from E2, and Aubrey Tucker from C3.

Those of you who have read the Magazines of former years will find many differences—the absence of "Class Notes," the introduction of the Junior Section, and the "Correspondence" column. We hope these innovations please you all.

With best wishes, —THE EDITOR.



THE FUTURE.

Like Omar Khayham, I have been seeking the potter's workshop, and listening to the words of the wise. Like Omar, too, I came out by the same door as I went in, for no priest could answer me, no scribes could lift the Hand that To-morrow's Guardian placed upon the dim, grey curtain of the Future.

But, watching the Potter, this much I learned: that, though the dead clay knew nothing of its future, the Potter long before had shaped the vessel that each piece of clay would mould, or help to mould. Thus ought I to cease my wondering of To-morrow's Day?

Still in my mind the curious thoughts must crowd. The dearest dreams I know take shape, and float with thrilling possibility, before that immovable drapery. I see myself an author. I have climbed the beckoning ladder reaching up to fame, and, being only clay, I revel in my prestige. Ah! how my spun-silver dream-web glimmers, airy, delicate, casting a glamour over the background, looming, misty—the To-morrow's Day.

And there, behind the sweetness of these dreams, I find, still lingering, that doubt and prying wonder that will not let me rest. Twenty years hence—what then?

From behind my closed eye-lids a winding path stretches out a silver thread in the darkness. I cannot trace its every meandering pause—I only see it lingering by a moonlit city, whose stately domes are pale and gleaming against the darkness of an Indian sky.

Changing mysteriously, it threads its way through London Town. Close by a window it pauses, to let me catch a glimpse of flickering, dusky firelight, a room of books, and someone writing, writing . . . The slender pathway passes by a great ocean liner, and, almost halting, shows me then the land I know.

Ah, did that inexorable Hand tremble for one moment, lifting aside the draping, in a minute of unrest? And is that fleeting instant of uplifting vision vanished?

Nay, for, in the darkness, see, a faltering pathway leading to a Potter's Shop.

—FRANCES HODGETTS.

MY EXPERIENCE DURING THE FLOOD.

The news had arrived, the news which started all Launceston from a quiet, dull town to a busy, rushing centre. That night Inveresk, and nay, worse, Invermay, would be under water. With sinking heart I heard of its doom and the terrible destruction that awaited Launceston's most progressive suburb, and with fleeting steps I made my way homewards. I found those at home in a state of intense excitement, and with all my energy I helped them to pack away furniture, clothing, and all those things which had become every-day sights to me. We went to bed that night with quickly beating heart and nerves keyed up to the highest excitement by this expected disaster.

Dong! Dong! Dong! With madly beating heart I sprang to my feet and pulled on my clothes. I rushed out into the street. Right and left I could see people running; women were screaming, children were crying, and men were ghastly pale. I could see the water advancing upon us, slowly yet surely; silently, deadly, menacing, like a lion creeping upon its helpless prey. I rushed back into the house and roused the others. The bells still donged with that deadly, awe-inspiring sound until above all I could hear the hoot of the motors and I knew that we were saved.

With frenzied haste people rushed for the motors and clambered abroad. I found myself among those rushing for safety. In a few moments we were off and the site, a doomed suburb, alive with traffic, was left behind us. Through the water and mud the motor sped, bearing its load of refugees; sorrowful, heartbroken people, crying for all that they had fought for, day after day, week after week, year after year, and which had now been cruelly wrenched from them. At last we reached safety with thankful hearts that we had not been left to drown like dogs.

And so passed that memorable night of April, when thousands were rendered homeless by those leaping, foaming flood waters dealing out destruction on all sides and to all people. Such was the night on which Invermay was changed from a thriving, happy suburb to a well-nigh ruined waste.

—ARCHIE FLANAGAN.



RATS!

(Whereby hangs a tale.)

The shades of night were falling fast
As round the lockers' base there passed
A rat in search of tit-bits choice,
Stopped at the sound of a deep-toned voice,
"Let's catch that rat!"

His breath came short, his eye grew black,
He heard their footsteps on his track,
And as he crouched in corners dark
He heard the determined voice remark:
"We'll catch that rat!"

There in the twilight cold and grey,
Lifeless but beautiful he lay,
While near, relations sighed in grief,
The deep voice breathed in great relief,
"We've caught that rat!"

M. RATCLIFF.

OBITUARY.

ON APRIL 6th, 1929, THE "WEETTAH."

All Old Scholars will regret to hear of the passing of the "Weettah," the boat which has been associated with the rowing activities of the Launceston State High School since the beginning. Those Old Boys who took an active part in rowing regard it as the loss of a personal friend. Built on speedy lines, her excellent qualities for school rowing were well-known, and all crews took a pride in keeping her in fine condition—a credit to the School.

On April 6th, when the flood waters burst the south wall of the Tamar Boat Sheds, she was the first to go, and no part has been recovered since. Our only souvenir is the rudder, which had been removed previously, and contains an interesting record of her long and successful career.

The earliest date thereon is 1906, when she belonged to the Launceston Church Grammar School. Their crew of that year was stroked by A. V. Anderson. The rest of the names are indecipherable owing to successive coats of varnish. From that year to 1913 Grammar crews, with such well-known oarsmen as A and P. Brewer, D. Stutterd, J. Hutchinson, L. Thomas, and K. Hudson (who later coached the first High School crews), rowed in her with success. She was then known as the "Launcestonian."

In 1913 she was bought by the Launceston State High School and re-christened "Weettah." Our first crew was stroked by W. J. Fahey, who filled the position ably for three years, in 1915 stroking our first winning crew in the Bourke Cup. Our success in this race continued in unbroken sequence to 1919. In 1920 we lost to Hobart High; then regained the trophy in 1921, holding it in 1922 and 1923, and losing to Devonport in 1924. Regained in 1925, held in 1926, lost to Hobart in 1927, regained in 1928, and held in 1929 (the "Weettah's" last race), the Bourke Cup's history has been that of the "Weettah" also. The success of the crews which rowed in her has been due in great measure to the thorough coaching of Mr. C. A. Pattison, who spared no pains to send our crews to the line in fine form and condition, besides keeping our boat in splendid racing order.

Those who filled the all-important stroke seat in the "Weettah's" years were:—

1913—W. J. Fahey.	1914—R. A. Scott.
1915-16—W. J. Fahey.	1917—R. A. Scott.
1918-19—E. A. Wyllie.	1920—J. Spencer.
1921—W. Ingles.	1922—F. Ford.
1923—C. Adams.	1924—A. Wadley.
1925—J. Berkery.	1926—H. Dixon.
1927-28—L. Watson.	1929—G. Donnelly.

In all, some fifty Old Boys have, as rowers or coxswains, represented the School in the "Weettah" during her seventeen years of sterling service. On several occasions she made the Hobart trip to carry our colours in the race for the Clarke Shield, and in every race in which we used her there, we were successful.

An illustrious career; may we keep her memory green. There will be a successor, but "The Weettah" will be always remembered as the cradle of the sport for the School.

Old Scholars' Association

(By the Secretary.)

After the Christmas holidays the first function held by the Association was a summer dance in the Assembly Hall on 13th March, and it proved to be a very happy evening.

On the Wednesday following (20th March) the annual meeting was held in the School. Mr. H. V. Biggins (our new Patron) presided over an attendance of about 40 members. The report read by the Secretary has been published, and the Treasurer's financial statement showed a credit balance of £12 19s 4d.

Mr. Biggins, in moving the adoption of the report and balance sheet, said he was pleased to see a live association connected with the School, and he hoped it would continue to grow.

Mr. Neil Campbell, in seconding the motion, mentioned the early difficulties met with in the re-formation of the Association, and said he thought good work had been done.

The motion was carried unanimously.

The election of officers resulted as follows:—

Patron: Mr. H. V. Biggins, B.A.

Vice-Patrons: Messrs. R. G. M. Miller, W. H. Daymond, A. L. Meston, W. L. Grace, and T. G. Johnstone.

President: Mr. J. Turner.

Vice-Presidents: Messrs. C. Pattison, H. Craw, E. O. G. Scott, G. Hutton, N. L. Campbell, L. F. Briggs, F. Close, S. Limbrick, L. O. Stubs; Mesdames Meston and McElwee, Misses B. Wilcox, B. Layh, J. Austin.

Secretary: Mr. C. P. Phillips.

Treasurer: Mr. K. Conroy.

Assistant Secretaries: Miss M. Groves and Mr. T. Stephens.

Auditors: Messrs. A. S. Johnstone and A. Bowen.

Editor of Old Scholars' Column: Mr. G. H. Briggs.

Committee: Misses G. Blewett, K. Edwards, D. Fleming; Messrs. A. J. Woolcock, H. Nicholls, and K. Dallas.

A special general meeting was held on 1st May, to discuss two motions—first "That the Constitution be altered to add to the General Committee two members (one of each sex) who shall have attended the School during either of the two years previous to the annual general election;" and the second, "That the Constitution be altered by the addition of the words, 'That it be obligatory for members of affiliated clubs to be (first) members of the Association.'"

The first motion was carried unanimously, but, after discussion, the second was lost.

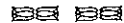
Also a special general meeting of men was called by the assistant Secretary, Mr. T. Stephens, to discuss the formation of a football club, and on 8th May the Churinga Club was formed.

Judging by the interest shown in this Club it is expected that the Association will soon have a strong new branch.

The intervention of the floods disaster forced the Committee to postpone the "Opening of Season" Dance for a week, but on 24th April, a happy evening was enjoyed by dancers at the Masonic Hall. There was not a large number present that evening, and if it had not been for the receipt of several generous donations, the Committee could not have given its £3 12s to the Flood Relief Fund.

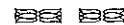
A second dance was held at the Masonic Hall on Saturday, 18th May, and this time the evening was more successful financially, and in the number of Old Scholars it brought together.

Although the Committee has, so far, arranged only dances for social evenings it hopes to do more in the near future, and with the increasing interest being shown, expects this year's functions to be the more successful.



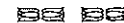
OTHER ACTIVITIES.

Owing to the winter months and the intrusion of the floods, the operations of the Association have lately been somewhat restricted. It is pleasing to record that we were able to make two contributions towards funds for the relief of the flood sufferers.



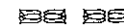
PRESENTATION.

As the result of a suggestion from Mr. Biggins, the Committee has in hand the matter of the presentation to the School of a framed enlarged portrait of Mr. Miller. That course has been definitely decided upon, and when all arrangements have been made, it is hoped to present the picture to the school at some function which will enable as many Old Scholars as possible to be present, whether members of the Association or not.



A WINTER PROGRAMME.

Though the dances held by the Association, as previously indicated, have in the main been well attended, it is felt that they are catering for but a small proportion of Old Scholars, and the matter of providing for those who do not attend dances is one which is giving the Committee some concern. Suggestions from all Old Scholars will be, at all times, welcome to the Committee, whose one aim is to make the Association appeal to as wide a section of Old Scholars as possible. If you have a suggestion, send it along now.



A SOCIAL CLUB.

One suggestion which recommends itself is that of a social club. The idea is for Old Scholars to meet for tea one evening of each week, and then spend the remainder of the evening usually in indoor pursuits according to taste, round the piano, over a draught board, at the ping-pong table, at cards, moving round as they choose. It is thought to devote part of the evening to community singing, and a pianist and a conductor have already been recommended. Then new songs, popular songs, or choice numbers from J. C. Williamson's shows might be learned early, and old tunes sung with gusto. Occasionally according to the wish of members someone may be called in to give a talk on a subject of interest to all. Such a scheme may materialise this winter, and if it does we will want your co-operation and your company.

RE-UNION DINNER.

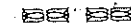
The attention of Old Scholars is drawn to the fact that it has been decided to hold the Annual Dinner and Dance on the Thursday of Show week. As it is hoped to make this as representative a function as possible, members are asked even at this early stage, to keep the date clear. It is hoped that both Mr. Miller and Mr. Biggins, as past and present Headmasters of the School, will be present, and the Committee is anxious that this of all Association functions should be an outstanding success.

PRESIDENTIAL.

AN APPEAL TO OLD SCHOLARS.

It can confidently be asserted that the Old Scholars' Association of the Launceston State High School has reached a stage of development where it is safe to say it is making its influence felt in the community. That it is doing its part in keeping alive the spirit of the School, and in sustaining and renewing the comradeship of the days spent in her class rooms and on her playing fields is also undoubted. But it would be foolish to admit for a moment that the officers and members of the Association can afford to look with unmixed satisfaction on the position. Certainly much has been done, and members generally can take pride in what has been achieved. But there is food for reflection in this, that while it is safe to say that hundreds of Old Scholars have attended the various functions that have been held since the revival of the Association last year, and scores more have heard and read of its activities, our financial membership comprises but a scanty fifty Old Scholars. Where are the others?

At the Conference of Returned Soldiers held in Scottsdale recently, the point was frequently emphasised that the job of the Digger did not cease when he stepped off the homing transport and received his discharge. He owed it to the dependents of his mates who had fallen and to those mates themselves to "carry on." In much the same way our job did not cease when we left school. We owe it to the present scholars to do what we can to help the School. We owe it to those Old Scholars who have left Tasmania to keep the Association going as some tangible reminder of their school life. We owe it to ourselves to keep alive the spirit of the School. Will you help by becoming a member of the Association now?



PERSONAL NOTES.

We have to congratulate the following Old Scholars on their engagements:—

Allan James to Miss Kitto, Neil Campbell to Mona Hutton. Jack Orchard to Miss M. Cairns, Ken. Dallas to Edna Norman, Miss B. Wilcox to Mr. D. Mackenzie, M.E., M.A.I.M.M., Tom Rocher to Miss M. Webb, Emmie Skipper to Mr. L. Ingamells, Frank Watson to Miss M. Shields, Eric Fleming to Mollie Bryan, Charlie Adams to Miss L. Andrews. And these on their marriage:—Len. Stubs to Miss I. Bennett, Garth Briggs to Miss J. Smith, Cliff Reeves to Miss M. Stone, Emmie Harmon to Mr. R. Denman, Dorothy Browne to Mr. R. Rudge.

Fred. Townsend is recuperating at Moina.

Ted. Archer is now teaching at Scotch College.

Quite a number of Old Scholars received their degree this year, including Mr. F. Close (B.Sc.), Miss M. Andrew (B.A.), Mr. C.

Stephens (B.Sc.), Miss Z. Ryan (B.A.), Mr. A. Gill (B.Sc.), Mr. E. Boyd (B.Sc.).

Tom Barclay visited the School at Christmas. He has completed his articles in Surveying at Melbourne University.

Elsie Smith and Marjorie Tevelein have gone to England with Mrs. E. A. Waterworth.

Miss Grubb is teaching at Hastings, in the North Island of New Zealand.

Charlie Stephens has been to Adelaide for three months, prior to undertaking research work in the Tasmanian Agricultural Bureau.

Mr. S. Limbrick has been appointed W.E.A. lecturer on the North-West Coast.

Mrs. Antony (nee Miss E. Greaves) and her son, Michael, visited the School during the first term.

Trevor Viney is teaching at Junee, in New South Wales.

Allan Folder is advertising agent for a business college in Sydney.

We have to congratulate Cliff Reeves on being awarded the Orient Scholarship, which provides a free passage to and from Europe. We understand that he and Mrs. Reeves are leaving in July.

Allan Ingles has been appointed secretary of the Oxford Boat Club.

Allan Gill is doing research on the Zinc Works Scholarship.



CHURINGA HOCKEY CLUB.

The Churinga Hockey Club held its annual meeting at the School early in February, and the following officers were elected for the coming season:—President, Mr. H. V. Biggins; Captain, Miss G. Blewett; Vice-Captain, Miss W. Howe; Secretary, Miss M. Groves. Misses Yost and Groves were elected as delegates to the Tasmanian Women's Hockey Association.

We have been very fortunate to have another good team this year, although we lost several of our last year's players. We were fortunate in securing Kath. Rose and Elaine Rocher, who played with the School Firsts last year.

We have played three matches this season, and so far have kept up our last year's reputation, by securing three victories. Our first match was against College, in which we defeated them, the scores being 4--3. Our second match was against Perth (at Perth), the scores being 7--2 in our favour, and the third match was against Broadland House, the scores being 5--1, also in our favour.

On Saturday we are playing the School Firsts, which should provide a good even match. We wish the School luck, but we hope to run out the victors.

We have to congratulate G. Blewett, who has been chosen as a delegate with Miss Fox, to represent the Tasmanian Women's Hockey Association in Perth, Western Australia, this year, and extend to her our best wishes for her coming journey early next month.

We have to extend our heartiest congratulations to several of our last year's players, on their recent engagements, namely, Mona Hutton to Mr. Neil Campbell, and Ann Smith to Mr. B. Fowler.

M. S. GROVES.

Secretary.

CHURINGA TENNIS CLUB.

It would be interesting to know just how many past scholars realise that there is an Old Scholars' Tennis Club.

When the Association disbanded in 1925, members of the Tennis Club decided to carry on, and during the intervening years have continued to do so.

At the present time the affairs of the Club are managed by the following Executive: Mr. L. Amos (Chairman), Miss J. Campbell (Secretary), Miss S. Sullivan (Treasurer), and Committee—Mrs. L. Amos, and Messrs. M. von Bertouch and H. Nicholls.

The membership for the present season is 25, and as far as match play is concerned, the Club is regarded as one of the strongest "B" grade clubs in town. Numerically, however, we are very weak indeed. Only about 12 of our members are keen and regular players, and unless this number can be increased, we are going to have difficulty in carrying on. Membership is open to any one eligible to become a member of the Association. You will be pleased to know that this season we decided to affiliate with the Northern Tasmanian Lawn Tennis Association, and are now represented on the Northern Tennis Council by two delegates, one of whom is also on the Winter Pennant Committee.

During the summer we played a number of friendly matches—perhaps the most interesting and enjoyable being against Cressy, whom we defeated both here and on their home court, and Royal Park, with whom honours were even. Matches were also played against Highfield, St. John's, and Barrington Clubs.

Churinga was also well represented in the Kindergarten Tournament early in the season, and in the Summer Tournament in February.

During the winter we hope to enter a Ladies' and Men's team in the "B" Grade Pennants, but here again we have difficulty in completing our teams as some members do not play tennis during the winter.

To Old Scholars generally we extend a cordial invitation to join up. It is your Club as well as ours. Let us all help to make it a Club worthy of the best traditions of the School.



CHURINGA FOOTBALL CLUB.

Arising out of a general meeting, a special meeting of the men was called by the Assistant Secretary, Mr. Tom Stephens, when a Football Club was formed, with the unanimous assent of all present. The following officials were elected: Patron, Mr. R. O. M. Miller, B.A.; President, Mr. A. S. Johnstone (Ch.G.S.); Vice-Presidents, Messrs. N. Campbell, W. H. Daymond, F. O. Close, A. L. Meston, T. G. Johnstone, H. McElwee, A. D. Foote, R. A. Scott, E. O. G. Scott; Secretary and Treasurer, Mr. B. Scott (L.S.H.S.); Assistant Secretary, Mr. E. C. Adams (P. O. Fysh & Co.); Committee, Mr. T. Rocher (W.S.P.S.), Mr. S. Wellington (L.J. Tech. Sch.), Mr. K. Dallas (L.S.H.S.).

All Old Scholars are invited to join, and may do so by communicating with the President, Secretary, or Committee.

The Club's colours are to be red and green.



DO YOU KNOW — ?

"That men waded up to their wastes."—Presumably their devastated gardens.

That Ormond wears patient shoes.

That Lance left off visiting C1 to read Hereward.

That A. T. welcomes shipwrecks.—“It’s something to fill the old letter this week.”

That the Wolfe was at the door of the Hostel—but the Ford has gone up the hill.

That Zillah and Felix keep on walking.

That we have received “The Man, The Ratcatcher,” by Key Pitt Close.

That the earth becomes cooler because it receives more coolness.

That during the 19th century, wheat was eighty shillings per grain.

That Olive has a good attack.

That Albert was in the water—during the flood.

That a little boy in E4 is book blind.

That M. J. is the nearest thing to a mosquito.

That Ginger Harris

Went to Paris

In a motor Car.

That There’s a boy in E4 named Reidy.

Who’s just a little bit seedy.

Outside he pouts,

Inside he shouts,

And is just a trifle too greedy.

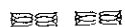
That E4 would die of starvation without their Spud and Stew.

That “We went down the river to see our brother and the baby. He is making pasteurized cream and is doing very well.”

That W. B. was a bit averse to the flood, but it still happened.

That Nancy always aims straight, especially when throwing potatoes in the pudding.

That salt is “stuff that makes soup nasty if you don’t put it in.



WHO’S WHO.

Principal: Mr. H. V. Biggins, B.A.

Staff: Miss B. Wilcox, B.A., Miss B. Layh, B.A., Miss J. Austin, Miss G. Morris, B.A., Miss M. Hamilton, Miss A. Nichols, Miss D. Fleming, B.A., Miss K. Hogarth, B.A., Miss D. Bock, Mr. F. Close, B.Sc., Mr. L. Briggs, B.A., Mr. K. Dallas, B. Comm., Mr. G. Briggs, Mr. M. Taylor, Mr. E. Boyd, B.Sc., Mr. B. Scott.

Senior Prefects: Elaine Lohrey, Rupert Ward.

Sports Prefects: Rosalie Kidd, Jack Lovett.

Prefects: Marjorie Ratcliff, Eric Hookway, Betty Lambert, Tom Wilson, Margaret Davidson, May Bevan, George Donnelly, Vivienne Skipper, Jean Joyce, Archie Flanagan, Keith Heyward.

Sub-Prefects: B. Percy, M. Hurse, M. Allen, G. Barclay,

School Champions: Rachael Royle, W. Duff.

Captain Football: Rupert Ward.

Captain Cricket: Jack Doolan.

Captain Hockey: Elaine Lohrey.

Captain Tennis: Rosalie Kidd.

Stroke of Crew: George Donnelly.

Librarian: Miss D. Fleming, B.A.

Magazine Committee: Marjorie Ratcliff, Doug. Gill, Rupert Ward, Eric Hookway, Gwen, Lathey, Mary Walker, Tom Walker, Colin Freeman, Nancy Gardam, Ismay Muirhead, Aubrey Tucker, Kath. Jackson, Jean Folder, Geoff. Foot, Max Guy, Brenda Bye, Jean Miles, W. Lovell, W. Murphet.