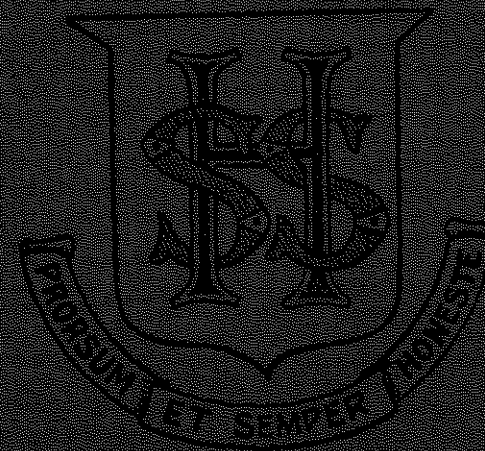


Miss H. Wilcox

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The Northern Churinga



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Editorial



Tin openers are curious-things. Tiny, simply-shaped pieces of metal, they are the means of satisfying scores of hungry mortals every day; perhaps, without them there would be more divorces, perhaps fewer weddings than there are to-day—that is, if we can believe what “they” say.

It is a strange thing how much of our life to-day is symbolised by this little kitchen tool. We open the morning paper. Little spicy scraps of gossip, gathered from all parts of the world, seasoned, garnished, are waiting—canned, as it were—for our consumption. After we have taken our coffee—made, by the way, from “Coffee Essence” to save time and trouble—we go forth into a world all ready prepared for us: buses wait to take us on our way; long lines of traffic stop for us to cross the road; shop lifts take us from the basement to the fifth and sixth storeys so that we may do our shopping with the least effort. So all the modern world wears itself out with pressing buttons—and using tin openers.

In the same way our amusements are “tinned.” At the cinema we sit in comfortable chairs, fanned, rested, entertained without any effort on our part; and we see stories portrayed in the manner quickest and easiest of absorption.

Music comes to us in gramophones, in pianolas—everything prepared, only waiting for the turn of the wrist which will bring it forth.

Even our philosophy, our thought, is worked out for us. Each set of theories is stood in its corner, vieing with its neighbour in the label on the tin, or in the title of the book: it is all one. What might once have been the pioneering spirit, or the genius of invention, is turned to making these labels brighter; it is our part only to choose what we will have—and to apply the tin opener.

It almost makes one wish for the days when man and woman had to make the needles to sew together their own fig leaves.



OBITUARIES.

The illness and death of Verly Miller, the only daughter of our ex-headmaster, calls from the school its deep sympathy with her parents in their sorrow.

The School was very sorry to hear of the death of Florrie Powell, of “E1” in a drowning accident at Perth, on Monday, November 4. Florrie had been at school only a short time, but had already won a place in the hockey team. We extend our sympathy to her parents.

We have also to express our sympathy with Mr. Close and with Rene Rawson in their recent bereavements.



THE EDITOR'S SCRAP BOOK.

The results of the competitions you all know. Jean Folder won the Junior, and Helen Rathbun and Rupert Ward the Short Story. There were one or two to be commended in the Junior Section: Jean Cameron's essay was quite good, but she wrote on both sides of the paper; Archie Flanagan and Athol Gough did good work also, while Lillian Weekes, in E2, sent in three entries, good compositions, but too long.

Senior Section

THE FAUN.

By the swiftly flowing Styx,
Came the Piper Pan, to play,
Till the blackness and the night
Fled before the coming day.

And he played the song of waves,
And the stirring of the trees,
And the softly falling rain,
And the sighing of the breeze.

In the land of mortal men
There was born a dark-eyed child;
And he heard the song of Pan
When the winter storm was wild.

And he knew the voice that spoke
When the river softly ran,
For he left the land of men.
While he sought the Piper Pan.

Then the God of Music smiled
As he played the song of Death,
And he murmured "Here is one
Who has heard with bated breath.

As another of my fauns
He shall listen while I play,
Till the darkness leaves the world
With the coming of the day.

—M. A. W.



PEACE.

The softly whispering echoes of the night
To offer solace meet steal to my heart,
To still the grief which racks my tortured soul,
There bursts before my eyes a wondrous light
Which glows and glows with many a fitful start,
Then swells unto one mighty dazzling whole,
My senses reel before this awesome sight.
A changing burst of feeling sweeps me through,
And brings me humbly kneeling to the ground.
An ecstasy! A feeling which despite
My anguish must oft' longed for peace imbue
Within my heart. God is near, Divine, Profound.

—R. WARD.

CNOSSOS. (Tom Walker.)

I thought that I stood upon a forgotten shore and watched the last act in the drama of life of a forgotten race.

The moon, veiling her eyes in mist as though wearied with watching the tiny creatures which crawled on the face of the earth, looked down on all. She was inscrutable, the moon; she who had looked on at the making of mankind, who had watched the pulse, swift in the ages, of wild and bloody lives.

All was misty and ghostlike, with a feeling of unreality; but it was, like a dream, marvellously vivid. Yet, throughout the whole action, there was no sound; only a sense of oppression. What happened was Destiny—men played their parts like automatons.

The city, gleaming mistily in white marble, slept in the moonlight. It breathed its beauty into my soul, with its flat roofs, its rows of columns, its trees like black spires against the softness of the moonlight sky. The very Spirit of Peace seemed to brood over the waters of the bay—waters which held unfathomable mysteries. Close to the shore clustered a forest of masts and a black bulk of hulls.

But even as I looked, a phantom fleet was gliding through the mist toward the phantom shore. Nothing jarred the senses: the rhythm of sweeping oars was part of the beauty of the picture. But the sensation of oppression had suddenly become heavier; it took life; the air was electric with doom. Still those long low shapes, crowded with moving forms, were sliding inexorably toward the shore. They became part of the anchored fleet.

Suddenly a host of armed men formed upon the shore, moving onwards to those white walls dreaming under the moon. Shields flashed with a dull gleam; armour seethed in a phosphorescent wave of men; high helmets nodded their plumes; like a myriad moving stars the upraised spear-points twinkled. They began to swarm among the white buildings. A startling fact leapt to my mind: the great city was without any protective wall!

Dark forms appeared on the marble terraces; then in a flash the white walks swarmed with a seething multitude. Back and forth the crowd rocked, rolled, flowed, and poured; charge and counter-charge dashed on serried shield-walls, to break in a flashing foam of weapons. The fight went on, the vicious stabbing of swords twinkling through the mist. A civilisation was in its death-agonies. Soon a new colour added itself to the white and steel and black; it was a dark red; crimson, which spread and spread and went on spreading. Still the ghastly battle went on. Was it a battle or a massacre?

The moon held sway no longer. Now flames, leaping to the sky in fury, were marring the splendour of that lovely marble. Those lines of colonnade and distant buildings which had gleamed in tracery were now crumbling to ruin beneath the axe of the invader. So the destruction went on, in a welter of blood and ruin and flame.

Now there were no more terraces shining through the mist; and the fighting was not so intense. But there was a vast running to and fro of booty-laden victors, and a solitary last stand of the vanquished here and there among the falling palaces.

It was all over. The moon still looked down on a fleet of mystery which was gliding away, and on a great refuse-heap of ruins and dead men, which was thickening the mist with smoke. And all was silent under the stars.

A TASMANIAN MYTH.

(By Billie Rathbun, aged 14.)

Many people wonder how the luxuriant foliage of Tasmania originated, and I'm afraid much of it must remain veiled in mystery; but like spirits through the mists of time have come glimmerings of the truth. Other writers have chronicled these fragments, but there are a few which have recently come to the ears of man. Many years ago when the birds of the air and the beasts of the bush understood the words of man, there dwelt along the banks of the Gordon, in the tribe of Aweta, an old native, peace-loving and wise. He ruled his tribe well, and under him they were peaceful and content. Aweta had but one daughter, Beura, whom he loved and cherished in a fashion that amazed the braves of the tribe, who considered their daughters meet for nothing else but to bring them gain by rich marriages.

But one thing worried Aweta—he had no son and heir to lead the tribe when he was gone, and he knew that his warriors would not tolerate a woman ruler. The sands of life were slipping fast from his knotted hands, and he knew that soon the end would come, and he would join his beloved wife in another world. As the end drew nearer he would go, day after day, into the woods to find some way of protecting Beura, and to seek the advice of his dumb friends, who, however, could give him no help, for although they could hear him they could not answer him. Their lips were sealed. To Beura he dared not confide his trouble, for he knew that she would be pained at the thought of losing him, and above all he desired her happiness.

Beura, however, was sharp to notice his abstraction, and began to be worried at his frequent visits to the woods. And so, one day as he left the camp a slight dark form followed him, for Beura determined that she would find out what was troubling him. Through forest scrub and tangled undergrowth she followed him, never far behind, until at last he reached the water's edge. There he seated himself on the turf and watched the water slip slowly down to the sea. Beura watched him steadily as he sat with his furry friends around him, all thinking, thinking, but never finding a solution of the problem. Then the watcher saw the smooth water break, although there was nothing to explain the action. Then it seemed that a wisp of grey smoke rose from the water and floated over the head of the unsuspecting Aweta. Still Beura watched motionless. Then in ringing tones came a voice, "Aweta."

The old chief started and looked up bewildered. At first a look of fear showed in his eyes, then his natural courage asserted itself. Rising he stood up as straight as his years allowed. "Who are you, and what do you want with me?" he demanded defiantly.

"Aweta," came the clear reply. "You desire an heir?"

"Yes?" replied the old man questioningly.

"I am sent by the spirits of the air to inform you that you have a son living, but he is with the spirits, and can only be returned to you under certain conditions. While you were away on a hunting trip many years ago, a son was born to you, but on the day of his birth he was carried off by the spirits of the air and water as payment for the sins of your forefathers, who ill-treated the animals. As you have been kind to those, it has been decided to return your son to you, but only at the sacrifice of your daughter, Beura. If she is sacrificed the gods will be appeased, and your son will be returned to you."

At first Aweta had listened in growing wonder and joy, but at the end of the recital his old head bowed despondently. Then he lifted it resolutely.

"No!" he cried, his old voice ringing clear. "This son of whom you speak is nothing to me. I have never known him. He is as the dead to me, but Beura, my daughter, is my all, she has made what happiness has brightened my life since the death of Teutli, my wife, and to me the living is more than the dead. I have spoken."

But Beura willed otherwise. With a quick movement she broke forth from her hiding place and stood before the chief.

"Not so, oh, my father!" she cried. "I do not fear death, and the tribe cannot be without a chief. Your son shall rule after you."

Aweta gazed on her with troubled yes, his glance travelling up and down the slim figure as she stood before him, head thrown back, and proud eyes flashing.

"No—no," he murmured brokenly. "I cannot let you go; you are too young to die."

Immediately Beura's mood changed. Dropping to her knees she took his knarled old hands in her firm young ones. Then she began to plead. Eloquently she argued, and finally almost convinced him that it was for the best.

Then again came the voice: "If by sundown to-morrow your daughter is not sacrificed your son is lost to you for ever." Then the wisp of blue-grey smoke disappeared.

Slowly Aweta and Beura made their way back to the camp, each occupied with their own thoughts. Then Aweta turned to the girl. "My daughter," he said firmly, "it cannot be. Dire as the need, I will not let you go. Go to your home, and until sundown to-morrow a guard will be placed over you lest you injure yourself." With this he turned away, and Beura went slowly to follow his instructions.

But although Aweta was determined that his daughter should not sacrifice herself, Beura was equally determined that she would, and the better part of the next day was spent in puzzling over the problem. Just before sundown she conceived a daring plan. It was a custom in the tribe of Aweta that if a certain drum, which, legend had it, had been once in the possession of a god, was beaten, it meant danger, and every man had to leave whatever he was doing and run for the central clearing. This drum was kept in Beura's whurley for safety, and after many fights with her conscience, the girl determined to make a desperate bid for freedom.

Thus, just as the sun commenced to sink below the horizon, the warriors of Aweta heard the roll of the drum, and immediately every man who could move at all hastened to the central clearing. There they stood, bewildered, each man questioning the other as to what it meant. Suddenly a slim dark form ran into the centre of the jostling crowd and stood poised one arm uplifted to command silence. Then in a clear, quiet voice, that did not tremble, Beura told of the visit of the spirit; told it so that her audience listened in breathless silence, until, as her sweet voice sank, Aweta made a stumbling run forward. But too late. There was a quick gleam, and Beura fell, a sharp spear driven in her side. Aweta dropped on his knees at her side, and gently raised her head. Her eyes fluttered open, and she smiled. "Farewell, my father," she whispered, "it will not be long. You are old, and soon you will join me in another life, and together we will watch the tribe increase under the leadership of my brother. Not—long—now." Then the dark eyes closed and the rigid body relaxed.

Still Aweta remained, gazing down at the still dark face. Then, as he watched, another form rose slowly from the still one on the ground, until at length a young boy stood before them, a counterpart to the dead sister. Aweta rose, and taking his hand they stood together, their hands clasped over the still body of Beura.

"Men of Aweta," cried the old chief, "here is your new chief, my son. Soon I will follow my daughter, and when the gods call for Aweta, it will be his part to lead and rule the tribe. Do you accept him?"

The shouts that swelled from the strong throats showed that Beura's sacrifice had not been in vain.

Soon Aweta followed his daughter, and as time went on the memory of Beura grew dim, but where her pure blood stained the earth a small white flower grew up—a flower the white men call Baurea.



"THE WAY OF EVIL."

(R. Garfield Ward.)

Hugh Langley had been rather a queer fellow all his life. At college he had met success with his work and his sport, but had never been popular with the boys. A certain aloofness seemed to set him aside from them, and put up an invisible barrier which nothing could break down. I do not know how it was I became intimate with Hugh, but somehow we drifted together, and our friendship once made was firm and lasting. He had a peculiar habit of sitting for moments at a time with a trance-like look in his eyes, and at first I was alarmed at it. In time I became accustomed to it, and when Hugh would go off like this, I looked on it as an everyday thing not to be noticed.

We both left college at the same time, and for six years I dropped right out of touch with him. It seems funny when I come to think of it now, that we who had been so intimate should have heard so little of each other all this time. Research work in Africa did not seem to leave me much time to write, and as for Hugh—well, there seems to be an inherent laziness in all of us.

When I came back to London, my first job was to seek him out. I rushed round to Johnson, Smith and Johnson's, where Hugh had been holding a position as general manager, and was ushered into the presence of old Johnson.

"Well, Courtney," he greeted me, "what can I do for you?" Old Johnson had always been a friend of mine. It was largely due to him that I had gained my position in Africa. I can remember him quite well as he came towards me, his hand extended, and a smile of welcome lighting up his face.

"I was looking for Hugh, Mr. Johnson. We have been out of touch for some years, and I came right round expecting to see him."

Johnson's face lost a little of its happy air.

"Didn't you hear? Hugh's father died two years ago, and Hugh has gone to live in the old home. It was rather a blow to us, since he was making great strides. His father was a funny sort of man, however, and in his will declared that Hugh should receive nothing unless he lived in the old home for twelve months. It seems Hugh has become rather attached to the place since then. Anyhow, the duties of a country gentleman occupy a great deal of his time.

I thanked him, and went out after making an appointment for dinner that night. The next week being free, I decided to go up to Hugh's place in the North. Knowing I would always be welcome, I did not worry about sending him a note, but decided to drop in and give him a surprise. The journey North was cold and miserable, and I was not sorry to get off the train. The little country station was deserted, and a howling wind swept down on me with all its fury. As I was shivering, and cursing the wind and the cold, I stumbled against a villager. To my hurried question he replied:

"Ranleigh House? Straight up the road to the left."

Mumbling a word of thanks, I set off up the road, staggering with the force of the wind. The cold fairly froze me to the marrow, and I could have shouted with joy when I saw the lights of a large house not far off. My knock at the door was soon answered. The man servant cast a look of stern disapproval on one coming so late on such a bad night, then disappeared to announce me.

The sound of running footsteps roused me from the reverie into which I had fallen, and then Hugh burst into the room.

"Dear, old Jim! How are you?"

"Good old Hugh! Still as well as ever!"

And then we fell to laughing and talking until a late hour, recalling with many a laugh the things we had done at college. Just before we were about to retire for the night, Hugh said to me:

"I've some news for you, old man. I'm to be married next week."

"Lucky dog!" I replied with a laugh, as I shook his hand. "And who is to be the lucky bride?"

"Why, Peggy, Jim—Peggy Marston. Don't you remember her?"

I thought for a minute, and then it all came back to me in a flash. Hugh and I had met her one night at a party just before we left college. Hugh had been rather impressed with her at the time, but I thought it had just been a case of calf-love with him. It seems, however, that the feeling had persisted, and here he was about to be married. I chaffed him a little about it, and then we went up-stairs to bed.

Nothing would satisfy Hugh better than that I should be his best man, so the next week was rather a busy one for both of us. During this time I met Peggy. She had changed greatly since I saw her last, and was rather beautiful in a queer kind of way. Dark eyes, almost black, set in a face remarkable for its pallor, gave her a deep strange look, which was further augmented by her black hair. For the rest, her figure was slim, and her hands were very delicately moulded, with long shapely fingers. She was very pleasant to talk to, and seemed eminently suited to Hugh's quiet ways.

The wedding came off on a Friday, and was attended by all the show befitting a man of Hugh's station. When it was all over, Hugh set out with his wife for the Continent, there to spend a month honeymooning, while I hurried back to London, where the ever-present exigencies of business began to make a constantly increasing demand on my time. About a month later I received a letter from Hugh, in which he mentioned his honeymoon and all the joys attendant on a married state. He did not go into any rhapsodies over them, but spoke of them rather seriously as a thing to be revered and cherished dearly. This, of course, was only to be expected of him, since he treated all things more or less seriously. He closed his letter with an invitation to come up and stop with him as soon as I was free again. Nothing would have suited me better, and when

some weeks later a matter of business compelled me to go North, I looked forward to going with every prospect of combining business and pleasure.

When I arrived at Hugh's place, he seemed to have rather a worried look on his face. I did not take much notice of it at the time, putting it down to his being a little "off colour."

"Married life putting you off your food?" I asked him with a laugh.

"Oh, nothing as serious as that," he said with a rather forced smile, and then changing the subject, walked on ahead of me. As we passed the old library door, I noticed him glance at it nervously, almost apprehensively, and I could not but wonder what was wrong with the man. That night he took me into his confidence.

"Well, Jim," he said, "I don't like to burden you with my family troubles, and when I tell you, you will probably laugh and think that it is very foolish. The trouble is, I'm worried about Peggy. Ever since we came here, that library seems to have exercised a peculiar fascination over her. She never seems able to keep out of it, and it is getting on my nerves. At different times of the night I have missed her from the room, and I have found her there every time. Lately she has become moody, too, and seems to have lost her good-nature and happy smile." I tried to laugh his fears away, and after a time we were once more laughing and joking as of old.

Yet, the next day when I looked closely at Peggy, some subtle change seemed to have taken place in her being. As Hugh had said, she seemed to have lost her smile, and very rarely spoke except when first addressed. I could not help but notice, too, that she seemed always to head for the library. If left alone for a moment, she would always go that way, and even in company would make excuses to get away and be by herself there. I suggested to Hugh that he should get the doctor, but he told me that Dr. Willis had been once, and had been unable to find anything whatever wrong with her. In the face of this, it seemed nothing could be done.

For a fortnight I stopped there, but my stay was not as happy as it might have been. Still, for Hugh's sake I had to remain, and seek to cheer him and Peggy up a little. The night before I was due to depart was bleak and dreary; snow lay heavy on the ground. Outside a cutting wind whistled round the house in a very crescendo of sound, and then died away to a whispering moan. First it would start up violently, and then die away mournfully as though it were a devil in the very throes of torment. Overhead black clouds scurried across the sky, and not a star was to be seen. Inside we were all seated round the fire, and stayed up until a very late hour, having a last long word before I left on the morrow. About half-past twelve we went to bed, and as we went, I could not help but notice strange whisperings and stirrings, which seemed all round me. No one else seemed to notice anything, so I put them down to the creations of my imagination, and said nothing.

I bade both Hugh and Peggy a hearty good-night at the head of the stairs, and then went to my room. For some time I lay awake, thinking of the journey to be made on the morrow, but at last fell into a fitful sleep. This did not seem to last long, for about three o'clock I felt a light touch on my arm, and looking up saw Hugh.

"Jim," he said, "it's Peggy. She's gone to that cursed library again."

I murmured a word of comfort, and then slipped into my dressing gown, and joined him.

As we proceeded down the stairs, we heard a slight laugh come from the library.

"Stay here," he said, "motioning me back from the door, while I go in and see what is wrong."

I shuddered a little. A strange feeling seemed to come over me. Something was clutching me by the throat, stealing the breath from my body, sapping the strength from my limbs. At that moment I heard a cry from the library, and tried to step forward. I could not. Something was holding me back. I cursed; I sweated in my effort, but move I could not. At that moment the door opened, and Hugh came out.

I have never seen such a face. It was distorted with fury. Madness glared through the eyes, and the mouth was flecked with foam. His fingers worked convulsively, and he mouthed horrible filthy oaths in his throat. He pushed past me, and then I saw through the door. God, it was awful! On the floor, lay Peggy, her eyes staring out of her head. Round her throat were the livid marks of grasping fingers, and her face appeared purple and swollen. I shouted in terror.

First Jevins, the butler, appeared, then others. I went to search for Hugh while they were calling the police. He was upstairs sitting on the bed, and his awful look had changed to one of deepest sorrow.

"Jim, Jim, what have I done? What have I done? That room! It is evil, malign! When I went in, murder rose in my blood. There was Peggy, and I killed her."

He broke off, and said nothing more.

The arrival of the police put an entirely new face on matters, for Hugh was in a serious position. Explanations were asked for, and given chiefly by myself, for Hugh seemed unable to utter a word. After some moments he was led away. He went listlessly, with a dazed look on his face. The prospect of immediate death could not have cast over his features such a look of unutterable despair.

The trial, as I remember it, was sensational in every way, and huge crowds thronged to the court daily throughout the whole proceedings. While the public was taking such an active interest in the case, Hugh, himself, was quite apathetic. I tried to impress on his mind that he was being charged with murder, but his faculties had been numbed by the realisation of what he had done, and all he could say was:

"Yes, I know; but it does not matter. I want to die now."

That peculiar trait in a crowd which often sympathises with the most callous criminal, seemed drawn by Hugh's pale, suffering face. On every side nothing but expressions of good will could be heard for the young man. He had won them right over to his side. On his behalf I had engaged Barton, one of the most outstanding lawyers of the time, and he was working on the case with all his accustomed zeal and vigour. My peculiar sensations at the time of Peggy's death formed the point on which his whole case was based, and for the trial we had specially called in Sir Thomas Drayton, that eminent disciple of psychic lore.

As the trial drew to a close, I seemed somehow to have a vague feeling that we would meet with success, and the further matters

went, the more evident this became. The superlative genius of Barton, the mighty weight of Sir Thomas Drayton's arguments, all helped to swing the scale our way. When finally the jury pronounced a verdict of "not guilty," and intimated that the act had been committed while Hugh was temporarily deranged, a mighty burst of cheering rent the court, and for some moments there was a scene of the wildest confusion and disorder. At last order was restored, and we drove away accompanied by the shouts of all.

For the next fortnight I was Hugh's constant companion, and in every way tried to divert his mind from the brooding melancholy which was gradually becoming its habitual state. Small as my success was, I persevered, and felt that I had comforted him in some slight measure. Unfortunately I was called away to the Continent on business. Since it was a summons which could not be denied, and feeling that Hugh would now be once more in a normal state of mind, I hurried away with no misgivings.

Yet, how foolish was I to have lulled myself into such a feeling of security. A week later I returned to find Hugh had gone north to his home once more. Feeling that he wished to be alone with his sorrow for a short time, I did not at once follow him. How I have cursed myself since for that delay. My journey North was on a balmy day in spring. The sun shone pleasantly down on the earth, and all the birds and flowers rejoiced in its life-giving rays. Nothing was further from my mind than tragedy. One does not associate tragedy with spring sunshine and flowers. A long stoppage on the line delayed the train for many hours, and it was well after dark when we arrived at the little wayside station.

As I walked briskly along the road, a reddish glow gradually began to fill the sky, and seeing it came from the direction of Hugh's home, I quickened my pace. My fears were soon confirmed. Hugh's fine old home was rising in flames. A fierce crackling filled the air, and an occasional crash of falling timbers sounded loudly now and again. Breathlessly I asked after Hugh. Jevins, who was near me, caught his breath a little, and then said:

"Mr. Hugh is in the middle of that, sir. I saw him going into the library after dinner. When the fire was first noticed, the library was a sheet of flame. We could not get to him. There he sat while the flames licked round him greedily. He seemed unconscious of everything. I think he was dead." He broke off, and turned away.

Poor old Hugh! So this was the end. In a huge funeral pyre he had purged his soul.

I turned away from Jevins, and stumbled a little. For some steps I could not tell where I was. A horrible bitter laugh rang through the air. Evil, indescribably evil, it chilled my blood. Hell's myrmidons had certainly enjoyed pleasant sport.

SS SS "A" AND "B" CLASS SOCIALS.

Since "A" and "B" Classes are so much smaller than usual this year, the two combined for socials. The first one, held early in the second term, was of the usual type. "A" Class took the responsibility of it, and decorated the hall, and arranged the programme, which was one of the best for the year.

The second, held towards the end of the same term, was a new idea altogether. It took the form of a drawing room social. Suitable games were played in the sewing room, which substituted the drawing room, and the hall was used for noisier games. Supper was served in the drawing room.

AN ELPHIN CRAFT.

(Gwen L.)

Slipping through the waves there came
A boat,
By careless, dancing fairies set
Afloat.
A water lily's petal was
The craft,
Satin soft, the Fairy Queen's
Own raft.
The waves played round it, lapping soft
The side,
A sunbeam wooed and won it for
Its bride.
The sunlight dyed the flower gold
In hue,
No sail it had, a merry elf
Its crew.
The sunbeam followed close its bride
Until
It lost it 'mid the bubbles of
A rill.
But valiantly the ship did rise
Anew,
A mastless ship, an elfin guide
Its crew.
And then the fairy craft sailed far
From sight,
Out of merry sunshine to
The night.



THE APPLE TREE'S SECRET.

There's not one single little leaf upon the apple tree;
It looks so sad and lonely, and as shabby as can be.
Its trunk is wet and slippery, and its boughs are black and bare,
And yet it is a treasure house, and things are hiding there;
Each tiny little green twig is a fair enchanted room,
Which holds within its keeping bales of silken apple-bloom.

The sunbeams and the raindrops have a key to every room,
For they are speedy helpers in the weaving of the bloom;
I've tried to catch a sunbeam, and to ask him for his key,
And listened to the rain drops pitter-pattering on the tree!
I cannot catch a sunbeam, and the raindrops will not tell—
The secret of the apple tree is guarded far too well.

But in the spring it shows again its lovely blossom-store,
And strews its pinky petals upon the grassy floor;
Its leafy summer ceiling gives me shelter from the heat;
And oh! its autumn apples are so rosy and so sweet!
And I really truly know its a kindly apple tree,
Although it keeps its secrets safely hid from such as me.

"NIGHT IS FILLED WITH SOUND."

Night is filled with sound? I wonder if the author of that line ever stopped for the fraction of a second to think what sounds he really meant. I suppose it can be naturally thought that he meant the mystic and beautiful sounds which stir the poetic to rhyme, and the nature lovers to ramble. If it had not been for a night not long ago, I would have agreed entirely with him.

It was a clear evening, and my temper not being at its best, I decided to go to bed early. At eight o'clock I was prepared for sleep, but I had scarcely lain down when the neighbours started to play the most atrocious records on an equally atrocious gramophone. I buried my head under the clothes, but in spite of all attempts at prevention the wheezy sounds reached my ears. After bearing this for five minutes I got up and closed the window. This somewhat shut out the noise, and I was just beginning to think that I was going to have a little peace, when a foreign sound roused me.

Dazed, I sat up in bed to find that a dog was barking, monotonously and consistently. At first I thought it would cease, but they were vain hopes. The continuous "yap" irritated me. I threw up the window and roared the brute to silence. After waiting the space of a minute I sank back into bed. Sleep was very near when I heard someone shouting. Thoroughly awakened by this new noise I found that the dog had been barking again, and had aroused my brother. He had arisen, and was shouting to the dog, but what had awakened me was his cry of pain, for he had hit his toe on the bedstead, an occurrence at which I felt very much inclined to laugh.

For a third time I snuggled down in my bed. I must have slept for a considerable time, when I awoke suddenly. The clock was striking two. Furiously I thought to myself: "Why can't I stay asleep without so many interruptions?" I raised my head from the pillow, and was greeted with loud snores from my companion. I dropped back utterly disgusted, but the snores continued. This was sickening, I thought, so at length, spurred by desperation, I picked up a shoe and hurled it wildly. It clattered on the floor, widely missing the offender, who was not in the least disturbed. Angered at my misjudged direction, I hurled another shoe, which missed again, but made a noise with more effect than the previous one. My friend turned over and the snoring lessened.

I lay in bed endeavouring to coax sleep back again, but of no avail. Presently a scratching in the fireplace aroused me. I did not comprehend the meaning at first, but soon it struck me that it must be a rat. I hissed and generally made a noise, but the scratching did not stop. I was determined not to let my nerves get the upper-hand, so with my forefingers blocking my ears I covered my head in the bed clothes.

At six the maid brought my shaving water. I had intended to go to tennis, but I hastily told her I did not want it and that I was not rising early. She departed, and I settled down to sleep till eight. "No peace for the wicked," was a favourite saying of my mother's. Well, never did it fit in better than now. Outside at least half a dozen lusty roosters were crowing their hardest. I fumed and turned uneasily, and then resigned myself to fate. Calling for the shaving water I got out of bed. "I've changed my mind," I told the maid, "the morning is so enticing." I shaved in solitude, refraining from shaking my companion, who was again snoring heavily. I certainly agree with the poet in some respects, but he might have at least stated to what sounds he was referring.

HOSTEL HASH.

(By the Hostile A B C Kids.)

Did you know—

That Dorothy suffers from the complaint of being a "Dead 'un" at a quarter to six every morning?

That swotting comes natural to Tin!!!

That Roo has a shower every morning—Skirvy gets one—"Oh, what a mess," she said.

That Elaine has a big sister in the Hostel, but, as the poem says, they cannot live together?

That Gartie is the guardian of the "Ostel Talkie Co."?

That melodies float up from Ward and the piano at 4.30 every morning!!!

That Roger has take to paying "conscience money" for the nails she shakes out of the balcony?

That Proc aspires to be a farmer?

Scene: Senior Sitting Room.

Time—6.30 p.m.

Enter the Divine Lady.

"Now, girls, work please."

(General Hush.)

"Silence is shattered like a broken glass," by "Betty, is that a story book,"

Meek voice: "Yes, Miss X."

"Very well, you will have a remark in your diary to that effect. This is the fourth time."

Silence again.

Ward: "Please Miss X, may I speak?"

"Certainly, dear, if it is about work."

[Whispered consultation: "I say, Roo, will we have advantage sets?"]

Another silence punctuated by giggles, and the squeak of Pills' pen.

Elaine: "May I speak, please?"

Three A Class heads bend together: "Did you smell the onions in school to-day?"

Chorus: "Did I what?"

Voice from armchair: "Is that about work, girls?"

"Not exactly Miss X. It is about a hindering factor."

Yet another silence broken by a sudden uproar from C Class.

"It should be that"—"That is wrong, you ass." "How can two tangents be drawn to the one point?"

Skirvy and Pills quarrel!!! ending in Pills rapid descent. Slight commotion before order is restored.

"Please may we have our five minutes' talk, Miss?"

Raucous voice from Lady Dorothy: "We don't want five minutes."

Chorus: "You dirty swot!"

Miss X retires, and Lady Dorothy is promptly dragged round the floor.

Quietness restored by return of Miss X.

Nine o'clock: C Class retire.

A, B and C Classes settle to swot in peace!!!

By our special reporter, 'ERBURT.

A PROBLEM.

Is school a bore?
 And do I sometimes long
 That it, like Omar's song,
 Will soon be o'er?
 Though bright some aspects seem,
 Do I of freedom dream,
 And rest in store?
 What boots it that I learn
 A phrase in French to turn,
 Or teacher's praises earn
 For map I draw?
 Is school a jest?
 And is it only play
 That counts for aught to-day
 In life's new quest?
 Should I to games incline,
 For golf and tennis pine,
 As being best?
 Such things I think about
 While others laugh and shout;
 I can't resolve the doubt,
 So let it rest.

D. J., C3.

WHAT THE WORLD IS COMING TO.

Deep back in the ages, a wondrously beautiful young maiden came into existence. Life and beauty everlasting were hers, but she was doomed to wander for ever, never easing—never resting until her creator saw fit for her to cease. Also, was made with her, an old, old man; he, too, was doomed to wander in the footsteps of the maiden—for ever a reminder of her duty.

Ever since, the maiden has wandered, and the old man has followed. The innocent beauty of the girl has long since departed. In its place, however, has come a deeper, a more ethereal beauty—a beauty that has found its beginning in pain, in sorrow, and in happiness—for these have the maiden known.

Her follower has become even older than one could dream a man could look and his face bears a look of wisdom, for he, too, has known sorrow, pain, and happiness.

Many are the places through which the maiden has passed.

There have been times when the way has been paved with moss, and strewn with sweet-scented, many-hued flowers, when the birds have been singing in the trees. Then she has tripped along, singing as she goes, with a heart light with happiness as she wonders what fresh beauty the next turn in the way will show—for the track is filled with turns.

But there have been times when the next corner has shown a way strewn with cruel-edged stones, devoid of flowers and birds. Then it is that sorrow and pain have had her for their own as she is forced on, her feet bleeding, her dress torn by the thorny bushes which obstruct her way.

Calling out in fear and anguish, her hands before her eyes as she stumbles on, she prays that the next turn will bring her again the happy path which she loves to travel.

There are times, however, when the rocky path is long, and happiness is slow in coming. Yet, who knows what the next turn will show?

—DON. SUTHERLAND.

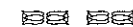
GREY DAYS.

(M. M. Rathbun.)

There are many types of days which come under my catalogue of "grey days." There is, of course, the dull day that everybody knows—the grey day when everything goes wrong and we think we have not a friend in the whole wide universe. We wake up in the morning with the dismal feeling that something has gone wrong in the world somewhere, and the feeling of depression remains with us, dogging our footsteps until we go to bed at night, sometimes even penetrating our dreams. Often these "grey days" occur even when the sun is shining and the cloud of depression obscures the sunshine of joy. It is on these days that we can never do anything right. These fits of melancholy come to everyone, and most assuredly they are "grey days."

But there is another type of grey day—the grey day I love. The pearly, grey, misty day, that is shrouded in mysterious peace. On this type of day the weather is in tune. The sun does not shine, and yet it is not dull. There is a strange soft radiance that glows through the whole air; no discordant chatter of birds is heard, only a subdued murmur which fits in with the rest of the universe. On such a day the poet gets his divine inspiration, the artist paints his masterpiece, and the dreamer weaves his most mystic fantasies.

Nearly all days are beautiful, the golden summer days, and the wonderful, pulsing days, when the elements are at war; but I think I love my dear grey days best of all and mourn for them when they are gone.



COLOUR.

Olive Lovell.

Colour is a subtle thing. It plays a great part in our lives—a great part in the joy of our lives, I mean. Reflections are thrown onto the mirror of our souls and infuse spirit, awe, lightness of heart, or a quickly changing play of the lights and shadows of emotion. The tender, bright, new colours of spring make one feel glad to be alive in a beautiful world.

Summer is the colourful season. It brings the flaming brilliance of tropical flowers, flaunting purple, yellow, blue, crimson, and gold, against a background of deepest green, brightly plumaged birds among the foliage, the dazzling whiteness of the sand where blue, blue waves fling creamy spume over the rocks. Here one might find a little too much of gleaming splendour.

Summer brings Nature's rich paintings to the cooler lands too, but not in such profusion—there is not the brilliance and extravagance, but there is great beauty. What is more beautiful than an orange grove with the golden fruit nestling among the glossy green leaves, a still moonlight night, an old mossy rose garden?

The World's Painter sends His most wonderful touches in the spring and autumn of the year. Have you lain on your back among the grass and clover and watched the fleecy white clouds drifting across the sunny blue heavens, or the delicate pink apple blossom falling at the touch of a swallow's wing?

Look into the heart of a red rose and see the pulsing, lustrous colour like the red blood coursing through the veins of a healthy child! In the autumn we see the richest tints—the brownish-red leaves, rosy apples, and golden pears, lush green grass, the bronze of chrysanthemums—the flowers of the sun.

We do not realise that colour is a wonderful thing, because it is but an everyday thing to us.

"Blessed be God; it is common!
Common the grass in its glowing green,
So is the water's glistening sheen;
Common the beautiful tints of the fall,
So is the sun which is over all.
Blessed be God, they are common!"

✻ ✻ ✻ ✻
"C" CLASS SOCIAL.

All was silent. It was in the Assembly Hall of the Launceston State High School at seven o'clock in the evening of the 12th of June. The Laughing Cavalier was smiling into the darkness and watching the paper streamers, which were rustling merrily.

Suddenly his solitude was disturbed. Shaded lights flooded the farthest corners of the hall with a mystic red light, and crowds of chattering girls were removing their coats excitedly, while, by the door, the Cavalier would see a group of shy, nervous boys.

Tickets were distributed, however, and soon boys and girls joined in a rollicking game of "Jolly Miller."

Our Cavalier watched, while a frown crowded his brow as he wondered what game they were playing, then his characteristic smile returned, and if there had been less noise in the hall, someone might have heard a silvery peal of laughter, as our Cavalier thought of how he should have enjoyed himself if he had been there.

Several other games, whose names he did not know, were then played, but he heard a confused murmur of jolly fishers, Monte Carlo, and balloons.

He knew which was balloon game, for one of these golden balls floated up to say a hospitable "How d'y' do?" to him, and then floated back to the fun.

A parcel, which was being passed round, seemed to cause a great deal of amusement, and the Cavalier wrinkled his brow trying to think if he had played a game like this in his youth, but it was so long ago that it had slipped his memory.

His mouth watered as he watched the good things disappear at supper time, and I think he was rather glad when, supper being over, games were resumed.

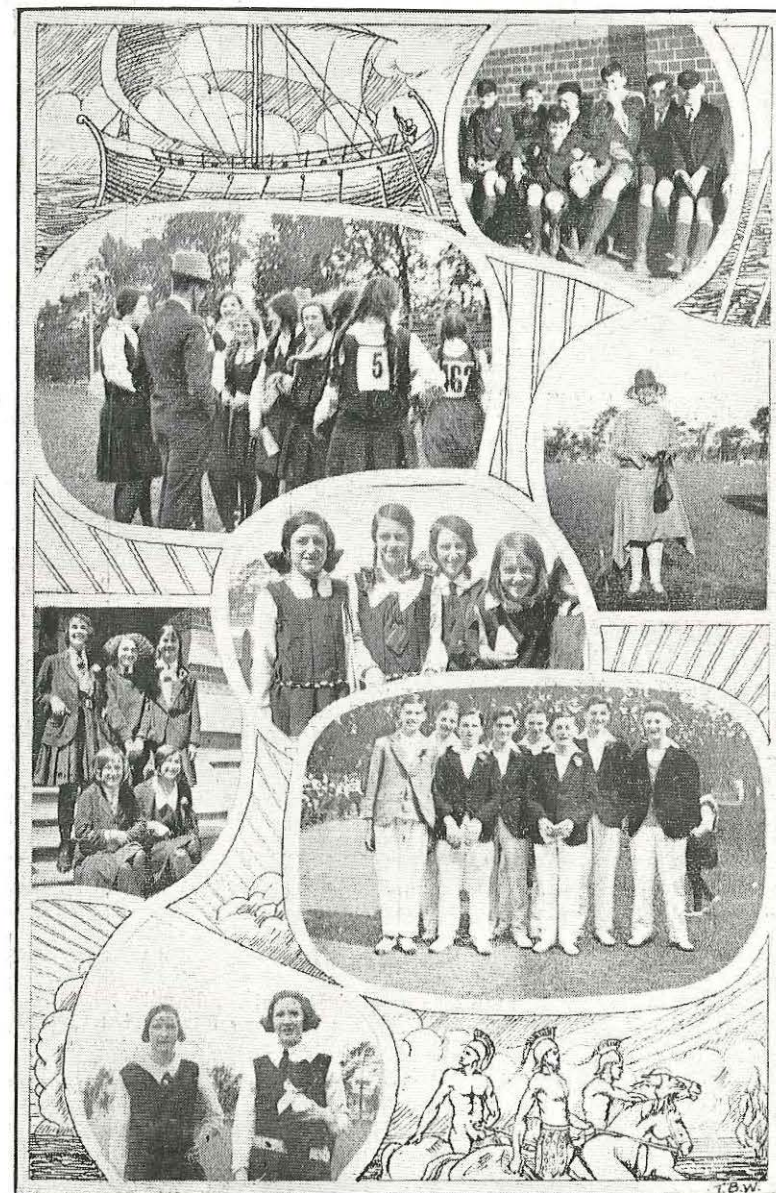
At ten twenty-five the evening came to a close with the school songs, "Auld Lang Syne" and National Anthem, and the Cavalier was left laughing into the darkness as he thought of the fun he had witnessed.

✻ ✻ ✻ ✻
SEVEN O'CLOCK.

We're down at seven o'clock to-day,
And when our breakfast's done
We're going to help the shepherd boy,
Away out in the sun.

Poor Peterkin is very late,
He cannot tie his bow,
And see, the shepherd boy's outside,
Let's hurry up and go.

—SYBIL McENNULTY.





Girls' Sport



HOCKEY.

Hockey this year has been most successful. The first team, under the captainship of Elaine Lohrey, won the premiership of Northern Tasmania. The Seconds lost their premiership by only one point.

FIRSTS.

The result of the matches played by the Firsts are as follow:—

First Round.—S.H.S. v. Broadland House, won, 6—1; S.H.S. v. College, won, 5—1; S.H.S. v. Churinga, draw, 1—1; S.H.S. v. Longford, won, 5—1; S.H.S. v. Perth, draw, 1—1.

Second Round.—S.H.S. v. Longford, won, 4—0; S.H.S. v. College, won, 7—0; S.H.S. v. Broadland House, won, 6—2; S.H.S. v. Churinga, won, 4—1; S.H.S. v. Perth, won, 5—1.

Besides these, four inter-school matches were played.

S.H.S. v. Scottsdale, at Launceston, won, 2—1. S.H.S. v. Hobart, at Launceston, won, 6—2; S.H.S. v. Scottsdale, at Scottsdale, lost, 3—2; S.H.S. v. Devonport, at Launceston, won, 5—0.

SECONDS.

The results of the matches played by the Seconds this season are:—

First Round.—S.H.S. v. Westbury, lost, 4—7; S.H.S. v. Patons and Baldwins, won, 2—1; S.H.S. v. Tamar Knit, won, 6—1; S.H.S. v. East Launceston, won, 7—5.

Second Round.—S.H.S. v. Invermay Methodists, postponed because of rain; S.H.S. v. Invermay Methodists, won, 14—0; S.H.S. v. Patons and Baldwins, won, 4—1; S.H.S. v. Charles Street, won, 6—1.

Third Round.—S.H.S. v. Invermay Methodists, game forfeited; S.H.S. v. Westbury, won, 4—3; S.H.S. v. Tamar Knit, won, 4—1; S.H.S. v. East Launceston, draw, 2—2.

The teams have to thank Miss Austin, who coached them through the hockey season, and led them to such a successful hockey year.

GIRLS' ATHLETIC SPORTS.

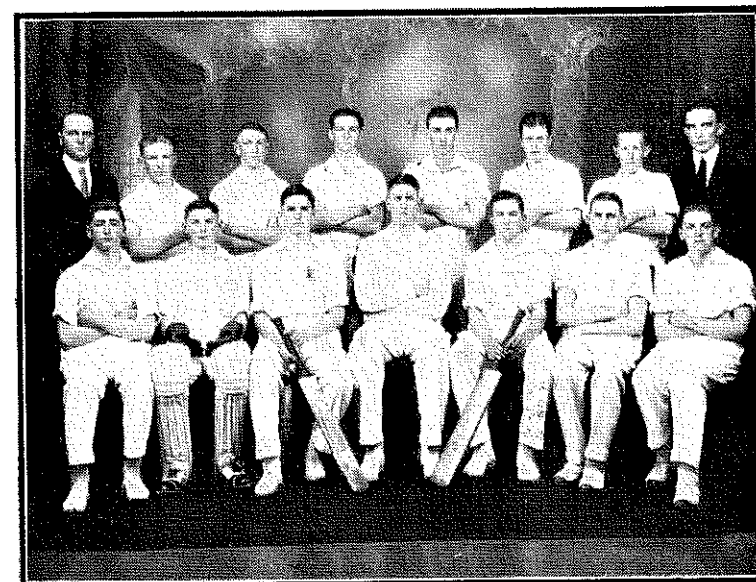
The Girls' Sports were held on Wednesday, November 6, at the Cricket Ground. The meeting was most successful, chiefly due to the punctuality with which races were run. The highest class aggregate was obtained by B Class with 56½ points, followed by C2 with 47, and D2 with 44½.

The Open Championship was won by Rachel Royle with 30 points, Bessie Stewart being runner-up. Jessie Bowen won the junior championship, after a very close contest, by a single point, from Jean Atkins. The girls scored 21 and 20 points respectively. It was not until the final race that this event was decided. An afternoon tea booth, under the supervision of Misses Fleming and Bock, was well patronised.

The various officials connected with the sports were:—President, Mrs. H. V. Biggins; referee, Mr. H. V. Biggins; starter, Mr. K. Dallas; judges, Revs. G. Rowe, J. L. Hurse, L. J. Boulton Smith, Messrs. W.



HOCKEY TEAM, 1929.



CRICKET TEAM, 1929.

H. Layh, F. O. Close, and L. Briggs; sports mistress, Miss J. Austin; ground supervisor, Mr. S. Wellington; hon. secretary, Miss Elaine Lohrey; hon. treasurer, Miss Rosalie Kidd.

The School takes this opportunity of thanking the officials and those friends and parents who kindly sent donations to the prize fund or the afternoon tea. We have also to thank the A Class boys for waiting at table, and Isobel Gaby, Olive Bushby, and boys from B and C3 Classes, who did fine work behind the scenes.

The results of the races were as follow:—

100 Yards Open Handicap.—First heat—R. Royle 1, B. Stewart 2, B. Andrews 3. Second heat—M. Mold 1, M. Wilson 2, M. Kiddle 3. Final—R. Royle 1, B. Stewart 2, M. Wilson 3.

100 Yards Handicap, under 15.—E. Robins 1, E. Miller 2, R. Crisp 3.

75 Yards Championship, under 15.—First heat—E. Miller 1, J. Cameron 2, J. Summers 3. Second heat—J. Bowen 1, J. Atkins 2, O. Benn 3. Final—J. Bowen 1, J. Atkins 2, O. Benn 3.

Sack Race, open.—F. Hodgetts 1, M. Kiddle 2, C. Smith 3.

75 Yards Handicap, open.—First heat—R. Royle 1, B. Stewart 2, M. Kiddle 3. Second heat—M. Morgan 1, E. Lohrey 2, R. Kidd 3. Final—R. Royle 1, B. Stewart 2, E. Lohrey 3.

Sack Race, under 15.—L. Morgan 1, T. Proctor 2, G. Smith 3.

Championship Hurdles, under 15.—J. Atkins 1, M. Hurse 2, L. Royle 3.

100 Yards Championship, open.—R. Royle 1, B. Stewart 2, P. Cornish 3.

100 Yards Championship, under 15.—J. Bowen 1, L. Royle 2, J. Atkins 3.

Class Hockey Dribbling Race.—C2 1, E2 2, B Class 3.

Open Hurdles.—First heat—R. Royle 1. Second heat—M. Kiddle 1, P. Cornish 2. Final—R. Royle 1, P. Cornish 2, M. Kiddle 3.

75 Yards Handicap, under 15.—First heat—R. Crisp 1, E. Miller 2, G. Bayles 3. Second heat—J. Cameron 1, E. Connell 2, H. Blackberry 3. Final—J. Cameron 1, E. Connell 2, R. Crisp 3.

Obstacle Race, under 15.—E. Cummins 1, T. Jestrinski 2, M. Hurse 3.

75 Yards Open Championship.—R. Royle 1, B. Stewart 2, I. Muirhead 3.

Championship Skipping Race, under 15.—J. Atkins 1, J. Bowen 2, O. Benn, 3.

Obstacle Race, open.—M. Kiddle 1, E. Fisher 2, F. Hamilton 3.

Championship Skipping Race, open.—R. Royle 1, B. Stewart 2, M. Kiddle 3.

Catch the Train Race, under 15.—N. Turner 1, T. Proctor 2, C. Smith 3.

High Jump Open Championship.—I. Muirhead 1, M. Davidson 2, M. Morgan 3. Height, 3ft. 11½in.

50 Yards Handicap, under 15.—E. Robins 1, D. Davey 2.

Siamese Race, under 15.—R. Welch and L. Thompson 1, E. Scutt and J. Tabart 2, K. Power and M. Armstrong 3.

High Jump Championship, under 15.—J. Bowen 1, J. Atkins 2, L. Royle 3. Height, 4ft. 0½in.

Catch the Train Race, open.—D. French 1, E. Lohrey 2, R. Kidd 3.

330 Yards Championship, under 15.—L. Lane 1, J. Bowen 2, J. Atkins 3.

Egg and Spoon Race, open.—B. Lambert 1, K. Power 2, M. Skirving 3.

Egg and Spoon Race, under 15.—O. Rowell 1, M. Armstrong 2, M. Hoggett 3.

330 Yards Open Championship.—R. Royle 1, M. Ratcliff 2, B. Stewart 3.

120 Yards Championship, under 15.—J. Atkins 1, J. Bowen 2.

120 Yards Open Championship.—R. Royle 1, B. Stewart 2, Molly Wilson 3.

Class Medicine Ball Contest.—B Class 1, D1 2, C2 3.

Class Relay Race.—D2 1, B Class 2, C2 3.

Class Aggregate.—B Class, 56½ points; C2 Class, 47 points; D2 Class, 44½ points.



Boys' Sport



FOOTBALL.

FIRSTS.

This has been one of the most successful seasons for many years. The position of coach, which was held for many years by Mr. Meston, was taken by Mr. Close. R. Ward was chosen as captain, and J. Lovett as vice-captain. From the beginning of the season the team entered into a system of vigorous and systematic training, for as well as the usual sport day the ground was obtained for training purposes on Mondays and Fridays. Throughout the season the team seemed to be characterised by keenness and good feeling, and it was no fault of theirs that the most important match of the season was lost. In local matches, however, the team had more than its share of wins, but as the results indicate the matches played with Grammar School were very evenly contested.

The match against Hobart was played at York Park on July 26th. The visitors proved the better team, but it must be said that the locals did very well against their much heavier opponents.

The following is a list of the matches played during the season:—

May 15th.—School, 2 goals 10 behinds. Grammar, 7 goals 9 behinds. Best players for School:—Watts, Donnelly, Jordan, Collins, Beaumont, Dineen.

June 8th.—School, 6 goals 8 behinds. St. Patrick's, 3 goals. Best players for School:—Traill, Ward, Collins, Dineen, Tucker.

June 12th.—School, 8 goals 6 behinds. Grammar, 5 goals 3 behinds. Best players for School:—Doolan, Traill, Ward, McLennan, Dineen.

June 19th.—School, 4 goals 4 behinds. Grammar, 5 goals 1 behind. Best players:—Ward, Dineen, Tucker, Hookway, Lovett, Traill, Doolan.

June 22nd.—School, 12 goals 4 behinds. Technical School, 2 goals 8 behinds. Best players:—Traill, Watts, Collins, Dargavel, and Ward.

June 26th.—School, 3 goals 4 behinds. Grammar, 7 goals 1 behind. Best players for School:—Lovett, Traill, McLennan, Dargavel, Collins.

July 3rd.—School, 17 goals 4 behinds. Scotch, 1 goal 3 behinds.



FOOTBALL TEAM, 1929.



HEADMASTER AND PREFECTS, 1929.

Best players for School:—Lovett, Doolan, Watts, Box, Hookway, and Dineen.

July 13th.—School, 17 goals 7 behinds. Churinga, 3 goals 4 behinds. Best players for School:—Lovett, Dargavel, White, Flanagan, Hayward, Watts.

July 17th.—School, 6 goals 4 behinds. Grammar, 3 goals 2 behinds. Best players for School:—Dineen, Jordan, Ward, Doolan, Traill, Dargavel, Hayward, Donnelly.

July 26th.—School, 6 goals 9 behinds. Hobart State High, 12 goals 8 behinds. Best players for School:—Ward, Lovett, Collins, Dargavel, Doolan, Watts, and McLennan.

August 9th.—School, 7 goals 5 behinds. Grammar, 4 goals 4 behinds. Best for School:—Tucker, Dargavel, Lovett, Traill, Heazlewood, Jordan, and Donnelly.

GRADES.

This year there were eight grade teams, captained by the following:—B. Ingamells, G. Ford, D. Gill, L. Gurr, R. Anketell, J. Viney, C. Best, and H. Lewis. Four matches were played each Wednesday, and about nine matches were played altogether.

B. Ingamell's team finished up without sustaining one defeat, and emerged premiers. Next was Ford's grade, which had two losses. Then followed Gill, Gurr and Anketell, Viney, Best, and Lewis.

	Played.	Won.	Lost.	Drawn.	Points.
Ingamells	9	9	—	—	18
Ford	9	7	2	—	14
Gill	9	5	4	—	10
Gurr	9	4	5	—	8
Anketell	9	4	5	—	8
Viney	9	3	5	1	7
Best	9	2	7	—	4
Lewis	9	—	8	1	1

THREE MILE NOTES.

The School Race was held on the Cricket Ground course. Had training operations commenced at an earlier period, better times would probably have been recorded, and more interest in this feature of the school sport would most certainly have been created. The team for next years' race will benefit by this experience.

Frank Walker is to be congratulated on winning the School Race. His exhibition demonstrated judgment and stamina, and it is hoped that he will be able to take his place in the team next year. The second, third, and fourth positions in the School Race were occupied by H. Fletcher, L. Best, and G. Donnelly, all of whom are to be congratulated on their fine performance.

In the inter-High Schools Race at Hobart we were not successful in gaining first place. The race was run on the Domain course at Hobart, and the Devonport team did not compete.

The first three positions were occupied by Hobart boys. Then came Frank Walker, Lindsay Best, Hector Fletcher, and George Donnelly. These four comprised our team, but as the eighth position was filled by a Hobart competitor, we were defeated by 14 points to 22.

In spite of this defeat, this phase of the year's sport has been distinctly successful from a physical and social standpoint, and the members of the team can all look back on their experiences on the course and at Hobart with a deep feeling of pride and pleasure.

SCHOOL FAIR.

A fair was held in the Assembly Hall on Friday evening, September 13, and was continued on the afternoon and evening of the next day. The function was so successful that we are looking forward to it as an annual event. The usual stalls were held by the staff and scholars. There were also short concerts given by parties from the School. The School is very grateful to those parents and friends who so generously sent donations in goods or money, and who patronised the fair and helped the scholars to raise the very fine sum of £242. Half the proceeds are being spent on the School Library, which badly needs expenditure, and the remaining half is supplying necessary articles, such as a gramophone, records for singing and folk-dancing, a set of school crockery, and other aids necessary to teaching.

STATEMENT OF RECEIPTS AND EXPENDITURE.

Receipts.

	£	s.	d.
Fancy Stall	28	19	3
Flowers	11	1	10
Cakes	18	15	7
Sweets	19	8	3
Fish Pond	7	8	1
Supper	9	14	6
Produce Stall	25	8	0½
Savoury Stall	13	6	1
Jumble Stall	18	15	1
Drinks	15	11	10½
Games	28	10	0
Concerts	8	8	6
Door	19	11	6
Donations	17	6	2½
	£242	4	9½

Expenses.

	£	s.	d.
Stalls	6	17	6
General—			
Cartage	0	7	9
Electricity	1	10	0
Advertising	1	9	6
Paper, etc.	0	8	9
Nails, Twine, etc.	0	8	2
Hire of Crockery	1	8	6
Sundries	1	6	6
Balance to School Fund	228	8	1½

£242 4 9½

Summary.

Gross Receipts	£242	4	9½
Expenses	13	16	8

Balance for School Fund £228 8 1½



Junior Section



THE WITCH'S CAVERN.

Long, long ago, in the midst of a country of tall gums, there was a little green gully. On the bank of the gully, as if reigning over fairyland—for the gully was surely the beginning of fairyland—stood a tall, old gum tree. He was so old and so wise that some of the bush creatures whispered he was there when the world began. Whether this was true or not no one really knew, but they all loved and respected him.

In the day time, when the gully was bathed in sunlight, the old gum looked stately and beautiful, but when night came and the moonbeams glided slowly into the green gloom, and the gully was lit only by the soft, mystic light of the moon, its tall form looked weary and dejected. Its wide-spreading branches lowered and drooped as if brooding over a great secret. And he did have a secret. It was this: Deep, deep down in the midst of his dark clutching roots there was a cavern where dwelt an old witch.

This witch hated sunlight. Indeed, she hated everything except her little dark cavern. That is why she never ventured into the sunlit gully, and that is why she alone knew the entrance to her cavern.

It was through a hollow moss-covered log, which lay dead beside the old gum, and which led into a dark, slippery tunnel. Here bats hovered about with shrill squeaks, and snakes hissed vengeance at each other. At the end of the tunnel was a tiny green door. When the gully was in darkness a dull gleam glimmered under it, for the witch only worked at night, and really that was the reason why the gum looked so weary and dejected.

Her cavern was a very ugly place—it had such an angry and sullen look about it. The floor was a thick layer of moss—not like that of the gully, but moss that was sodden and sulky. The roof—a mass of spider webs—was a good home for the fat, poisonous spiders that dwelt there. The chairs and tables were yellow toadstools that always looked discontented and never could keep their hats on straight. In the corner, on a blazing furnace, bubbled fat pans of yellow liquid that boiled impatiently over angry sparks.

Beside it, stirring and mixing, and chanting with the voice like the hooting of an owl, stood the old witch. Her eyes were a smouldering, tawny yellow, her nose like the beak of an eagle, and her hands like talons. Sometimes she stopped her terrible chanting and reached out her skinny hand to grasp one of the earthen jars. Then she would take a parchment, scrawled with characters, scan it eagerly, and commence to stir again with renewed energy and vigour. Nobody—not even the old gum—knew what she made. But he thought it was something horrible—evil.

She worked on until she heard the stirrings of the bush creatures above her, and then, scowling, she took her pan from the furnace. She then flung herself down on the bracken and was soon fast asleep, while overhead in the gully the old sun would be pushing his way through the green gloom to say "Good morning" to the happy old gum.

—JEAN FOLDER.

MY LADY'S GRAVE.

The linnet in the rocky dells,
The moor lark in the air,
The bee among the heather bells
That hid my lady fair,

I ween that when the grave's dark wall
Did her sweet form retain,
They thought their hearts could ne'er regain
The light of joy again.

They thought the tide of grief would flow
Unchecked through future years;
But where is all their anguish now?
And where are all their tears?

And if their eyes should watch and weep
Till sorrow's source were dry,
She would not, in her tranquil sleep,
Return a single sigh!

Blow, west wind, by the lonely mound,
And murmur, summer streams!
There is no need of other sound
To soothe my lady's dreams.

E. B. J. S., Class E1



SONG.

The green tree blows,
The bright brook flows,
The river runs by clear.
The summer's warm
And winter's storm
Go on all through the year.
The bright sun shining,
The blue vine climbing,
Hold all for me that's dear;
Now frost or snow
Can come or go,
And leave me without fear.
For all apart
Within my heart,
My own true love is near;
Now let the wind
Be cruel or kind,
It does not matter here.
If sun won't shine,
And vine won't climb,
My true love's ever dear;
But when our strength
Fails us at length,
And we are ta'en from here,
In death or life,
In peace or strife,
Our loves are ever dear.

HERACLES, THE HURRICANE HERO.



In days of old, when men were bold,
There rose a man of fame,
Whose strength was feared far and wide;
Heracles was his name.

But this great man of world-wide fame
Had, too, his share of pains;
For he had seized his wife and child,
And bashed out all their brains.

Apollo then, that glaring god,
Took pity on the wretch.
And bade him to Eurystheus go,
And do a twelve years' stretch.

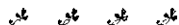
The lion, the hydra, and the stag,
The birds, the dog, the bull,
Heracles for Eurystheus seized,
Until his zoo was full.

Heracles finished all his stretch.
And thus was free once more.
To kill another wife or two.
As he did in days of yore.

Then all went well for many a day,
Till someone brought a skirt in,
And Heracles, the silly ass,
Just had to go a-flirtin'!

His second wife then seized his shirt,
And in a notion stuck it,
So when old Hercy put it on
He quickly kicked the bucket.

—D3.



A THOUGHT.

The sun is sinking, slowly sinking beyond the distant horizon.
The grey twilight spreads over the land, and a few belated birds
wing their way overhead, and reaching yonder scrub sink down to
their rest with low cawings.

Slowly, slowly, one by one the stars peep out; timidly at first, as
though they fear to see the sun, then more boldly as they see that
he has gone.

Then a pale, oh, so pale, but yet such a beautiful colour shows
in the eastern sky. Slowly it brightens, until with the radiance
which is all her own, the "Queen of Night" arises, and I lift my nose
to the sky and howl at the moon.

By "Peter the Pup."

NORMAN JUDGMENT IN THE DAYS OF OLD.

"Eric the Saxon and Edwin the Fearless, you are two brave and
courageous men who have resisted me with the undying courage that
is known so well to all your race, but you are Saxons and you have
defied my authority; you have held out against me, and disobeyed
my orders. But because you have yielded, I shall give to you half
the lands of Chardale. The rest shall go to Sir Richard de Courcey,
who has fought bravely and faithfully for me. Now, only one of you
shall have these lands; because for them you shall fight a mortal duel.
To the victor shall go Chardale, to the loser shall go death. To-
morrow at noon you shall go forth, and upon the sands of the sea-
shore you shall battle. Your weapon shall be a single dagger, and
the battle shall start in the morning. You shall leave my castle at
dawn alone. The victor shall return to receive his promised land,
and the dead shall be upon the shore, at the mercy of the sea. That
is all, Saxons; now go."

Slowly the Saxons bowed, and then slowly quitted the great,
polished palace of the Conqueror. Each hated the task before him,
but they could choose no other way. No longer were they Saxon
lords, but men of a down-trodden race. They could not choose, they
could only obey.

As they left the mighty hall, the great Conqueror gazed after
their retreating forms. For a moment he held his head erect, his
eyes stern and commanding. Then when the Saxons had vanished,
he dropped his head into his hands, and his whole frame relaxed.
Thoughts of his task floated through his mind; yes, this was his task
—to kill and rob these brave but simple Saxons; to rob them for his
cruel, greedy Normans. He hated it, abhorred the whole thing, but
he was ambitious, and ambition must pay its price. He must be a
murderer, he must be a robber. Slowly he raised his head from his
hands, and as he did so he realised the full and terrible significance
of a Conqueror's life.

Slowly the sun of the morrow morn rose over the mountains,
flooding the broad lands of Chardale with a happy light. The hearts
of the Saxons as they toiled in their fields sang, for to-morrow, they
said one to another, would see them with a Saxon lord. King Wil-
liam had promised, and he would carry out his promise. So the
simple Saxon drove on his oxen with a song, happy in the thoughts
of the future.

Down on the sea-shore the grey mist of night slowly lifted its
cloak, retreating before the dazzling rays of the rising sun. As the
sun rose, two figures came slowly down to the sea-shore, side by
side. They were Cedric and Edwin. Gravely and solemnly they
shook hands, and then each stepped back. Edwin spoke:

"Brother Saxon," said he, "in a few moments one of us must die.
Who it is to be. Fate will decide. But, let us die like Englishmen,
loving each other. Let us show these Normans that we are gentle-
men, better and braver than they. Let only one die, so that the
other may remain and champion our poor Saxon brothers. Now,
Cedric, let us die in fair fight as our forefathers would have us. Are
you ready?"

"Yes, brother, ready. Commence."

Each drew his knife and stepped forward. Very slowly they
circled round each other, each waiting for an opening which he hardly
dared take; and then at last the end came, for Edwin, who could

stand the torture no longer, made a stab at Cedric's unprotected side. The knife sank inches deep into his heart, and he fell with scarcely a sound; dead before he touched the ground. Edwin stared in horror at his murdered Saxon brother, and then the full force of his crime fell upon him. He had killed one whom he had loved, at whose side he had so often fought. A wild passion seized him. All his hatred against the Normans flared up within him. He swore a terrible oath that for this one Saxon he had killed, a dozen Normans should die. Blind with passion he turned around to see behind him about a score of Normans, led by Richard de Courcey.

He tried to speak, but words failed him. Blindly he rushed at the hated Normans. His only object was to kill, to make the Normans pay for what they had driven him to do. His dagger flashed in the air, a knight dropped dead. Edwin seized his fallen sword.

Then began a slaughter grim and terrible. Norman after Norman fell to the ground, stunned, bleeding, and dead. The flashing sword was a circle of death. Men fell before it; never did it rise and fall without a scream from a dying man. Nothing could withstand the terrible onslaught; it was like a demon from the gods. The Normans fell back terrified before it. They could not fight that sword of death. Many had already fallen. They turned to run, but the stern, cool, voice of their leader halted them.

"Men, stand fast, attack from the front. Charge!"

It was now twelve to one. Edwin was surrounded. His wonderful burst of magnificent courage and superhuman strength was failing. He was only mortal, and one could not fight twelve.

Suddenly de Courcey gave him a cruel, sickening blow from behind. It sank deep into his head. He reeled, the light faded before him, and with a terrible cry that echoed far across the moors and woodlands, he fell. The hills flung back his dying shout of defiance, but even as they did Edwin lay in his death-blood, and his cause was lost forever. De Courcey turned to his remaining followers.

"The fool to think he would get Chardale. The fool of a Saxon who has paid his debt. Chardale is mine, and Edwin is dead, though he has killed eight of my best men. Fetch away our dead, leave their English carcasses. Come."

A year had passed. The cold, yellow sun, hidden by a gray fog, rose over the hill. Upon the mound the Saxon castle stood gray and gloomy in the distance. Upon the sea-shore, hidden by sand, nestled two bodies, forgotten by all. In the fields the Saxon toiled slowly on, trudging with lagging step behind his oxen. He walked mechanically, as though it were but a dream. He walked thinking of the past; the merry, happy past; the past full of joy and sunshine. Now he thought of the future: the grim future of years of slavery. And so, downtrodden and rejected, the Saxon toiled on as his race was fated to toil through years of pain and sorrow.

—ARCHIE FLANNAGAN.

ROSES.

Pink roses, yellow ones, nodding in the breeze,
 Lucky little roses to do just what you please,
 Sweet fresh faces,
 Coats of varied greens,
 Pretty little roses,
 You're my queens.

BETTY FITZE, E1.

Old Scholars' Association

The Association's chief activity in the last six months has been in dances and social evenings. We have had five most enjoyable dances. The first two were held at the Masonic Hall, but in August, when we could not get the Hall, we decided to hold a "special" dance at the School, and to make a special effort to attract a large attendance. Happily it resulted in the biggest assembly we had had. And it was said that many of those who attended had come chiefly because the dance was held at the School. Since then we have noticed more and more Old Scholars attending our functions, have felt a more friendly atmosphere in them, and have seen more hope of the accomplishment of our aims.

We are very fortunate in being allowed to use the School Assembly Hall, for certainly it is far more beautiful and has more "associations" for us than any other we could hire.

Before this magazine is printed we shall have had our Annual Ball (on the 27th November), which we are hoping will be highly successful.

Of socials we have had three, and these have been attended almost solely by Old Scholars who have left the School most recently.

Our Annual Dinner was held at the "Lounge," on 10th October, and was attended by about 45 members. Music was curtailed from the programme, and the dance to have been held after the dinner was abandoned in sympathy with our Old Head, Mr. Miller, whose only daughter was very seriously ill. The most deeply moving part of the programme was Mr. Robt. Lee's expression of sympathy with Mr. Miller, and his telling of the pain Mr. Miller was bearing.

Since then that beautiful little girl has died. We express deepest sympathy with Mr. and Mrs. Miller.

Also we were very sorry to hear that Mr. Close had suffered the loss of his father, and to him we express our sympathy.

During the coming summer months we propose holding summer dances and socials, as well as picnics, and we should be extremely pleased if the members who read these lines would help the Association by persuading other Old Scholars to attend the functions and to join up. We need many more members, and we need their strongest support. You can help us in this.

The suggested Social Club has not been started yet, but is still being considered.

Mr. Miller's photo is to be presented to the School at a social evening before the end of the year.

The Committee asks members for suggestions in the carrying on of its work. We have received suggestions of considerable value, and if members have more suggestions, we shall be glad to receive them.

PERSONAL NOTES.

We have to congratulate Tom Rocher on his marriage with Miss Webb, Jack Orchard on his marriage with Miss Maisie Carins, and Dave Mellor with Miss Nina Moses.

Mr. Grace and Keith Isles are still in England.

Cliff. Reeves is studying at the London University.

Charlie Stephens is making an analytical survey of Tasmanian soils. His work has no connection with the lucern flea.

We congratulate Jean Phillips on her engagement to Mr. A. E. Newman.

Len. Stubs, our ex-President, is flourishing at Geeveston. We hear that his bravado and escapades as a gay cavalero in the Hartz Mountains provided the Huon with a nine days' wonder.

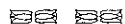
Kelvin Murfett is editor of the "Philipian Magazine," printed by the students of the Teachers' College.

Stan. Wellington is Secretary of the Old Philipians' Association.

Miss Beatrice Wilcox was married on November 16 to Mr. D. McKenzie. Their honeymoon is to be a motor tour to Brisbane, followed by a trip to Japan, Java, and Europe, returning through Canada.

The friends of Miss Bertha Layh will be glad to hear that she is recovering satisfactorily, and hopes to return to School when her six months' sick leave is finished in February.

We are sorry to have to report the death of Lyla Wright, an Old Scholar of the School, and daughter of Mr. C. A. Wright.



FINANCIAL MEMBERS, 1929-30.

Misses L. Rushfirth, M. McKinnell, F. Barclay, M. Beckett, J. Campbell, M. Macnamara, M. Groves, M. Hutton, V. Cullen, M. Cobbett, E. Hefferson, K. Hogarth, B. Brown, B. Wilcox, D. Fleming, K. Edwards, E. Bowden, G. Gill, J. Phillips, H. Wilcox, D. Peters, M. Stewart, B. Layh, M. Muirhead; Messrs. B. Scott, A. Foote, A. King, A. J. Woolcock, A. Bowen, C. Stephens, R. Hays, S. Wellington, J. Turner, K. Dallas, A. S. Johnston, S. Fuller, N. L. Campbell, F. O. Close, T. Stephens, C. P. Phillips, M. Taylor, J. Skemp, F. White, K. L. Conroy, S. F. Limbrick, B. Walker, E. Archer, J. Spotswood, D. McDonald, L. O. Stubs, W. H. Daymond.



FOOTBALL NOTES.

Towards the beginning of the season a meeting of Old Scholars was held, which resulted in the formation of the Churinga Football Club. It was formed primarily, with the object of getting a nucleus of players which would develop next season into a regular club; and from this point of view the effort has been quite satisfactory.

We visited several country clubs, and had some very enjoyable games, but were seldom victorious. This was due, mainly, to not having a permanent team, but we hope next year to organise the club early, so we take this opportunity of inviting Old Scholars who are desirous of joining the club to communicate with the secretary early in March. Special invitation is extended to any present scholars who will have left the School by next year.

B. W. SCOTT,
Hon. Secretary.

CHURINGA TENNIS CLUB.

The Annual General Meeting of the Churinga Tennis Club was held on Tuesday evening, 15th October, when the following officers were elected:—

President, Mr. H. V. Biggins; Secretary, Miss J. Campbell; Treasurer, Miss S. Sullivan; Captain, Mr. L. E. Amos; General Committee, Mrs. L. E. Amos, and Messrs. H. Nicholls and S. Wellington.

A large number of invitations were issued for the annual opening day on Saturday, 26th October, and the function promised to be most successful. Unfortunately, however, the weather proved unkind, and the afternoon was disappointing. The Committee hope that this will not prevent prospective members from coming along and joining up.

During the past winter interest has been unusually keen owing to the Clubs having entered a team in each division of the "B" Grade Pennants. Both teams had a great run, the boys being just defeated in their section, whilst the ladies' matches are not completed, but our team is at present bracketed with one other in the position of honour.

From now on interest will be mainly centred in inter-Club matches, and possibly a club tournament. Should the membership warrant it, we hope to arrange matches for both "A" and "B" Grade sections of the Club, and this proposal should be of interest to those members who have more recently taken up the game.

We congratulate Club members and Jack Lovett from School, all of whom played for North against the South in Hobart on Monday, 4th November.

J. CAMPBELL, Hon. Sec.



"CHURINGA" HOCKEY CLUB.

We have had to lower our colours this year to the School Firsts, who won the Premiership for 1929, and we offer them our heartiest congratulations.

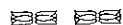
During the season we have had one defeat and one forfeit, the latter being at the end of the season, and owing to several of our players being on holidays, we could not get a team together, which was very unfortunate. Our defeat was by the School. The first match we played against them was a drawn game. Then in the second match, which was looked forward to by both teams, the School defeated us, the scores being 5 to 3. The School Team was much stronger than we were, and they deserved the win because they all played well together. We hope that when next year comes, the premiership honours will rest between the present scholars and the Old Scholars again.

The Association are hoping to hold a Hockey Camp during the Easter holidays, and I would ask the Scholars who are leaving the School this year, and who want to continue to play hockey, to get in touch with the Secretary, or Miss G. Blewett, as soon as they are able to, and to register with the "Old Scholars" for the coming season.

MIMA T. GROVES,
Hon. Secretary.

DO YOU KNOW—

That Hope dies—when Theorems begin.
 That Big Benn strikes when it comes to monitor's duties?
 That T. E. will be glad to hear that the Sports Committee has postponed the Marbles Championship of the Junior School until after the Terminal Exams.
 That a number of A Class boys have been trying to improve their complexions and general health by a strong vegetarian diet.
 That Athol can no longer Folder, but Hector can Press.
 That Barbara has acquired great interest in wild flowers.
 That Jack's success in cricket is due to his practice with the Batt.
 That when Charlie says Ma Foi he is only practising French.
 That Dodos are birds which ought to be extinct, and which put potatoes in puddings.



WHO'S WHO.

Principal: Mr. H. V. Biggins, B.A.
 Staff: Miss B. Layh, B.A. (on leave), Miss P. Weaver, B.A., Miss J. Austin, Miss M. Hamilton, Miss G. Morris, B.A., Miss A. Nichols, Miss K. Hogarth, B.A., Miss D. Fleming, B.A., Miss D. Bock, Miss A. Wagner, Mr. F. O. Close, B.Sc., Mr L. F. Briggs, B.A., Mr. K. Dallas, B.Com., Mr. R. C. Morgan, Mr. G. Briggs, Mr. B. Scott, Mr. M. Taylor, Mr. S. Wellington.
 Senior Prefects: Elaine Lohrey, Rupert Ward.
 Sports Prefects: Rosalie Kidd, Jack Lovett, Jack Dineen.
 Prefects: Marjorie Ratcliff, Eric Hookway, Betty Lambert, Tom Walker, Margaret Davidson, May Beven, George Donnelly, Vivienne Skipper, Jean Joyce, Archie Flannagan, Keith Heyward.
 Sub-Prefects: B. Percy, M. Hurse, W. Lovell, 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, Viv. Ockerby.



"D" CLASS SOCIALS.

The socials are now nothing more than a memory to the "D" Classes, but still a very pleasant memory. Two very enjoyable evenings were spent in the Assembly Hall.

Our thanks are due to Miss Wagner and Mr. Scott, and other members of the Programme and Supper Committees. Miss Morris was our pianiste, and to her are due many thanks.

Of course, games and competitions were the order of the evening, and amongst the latter the whistling competition was a great success. The teachers were very noticeable in this.

Several of the talented ones amongst us rendered items, for which we take this opportunity to offer them our thanks.

Then came the feature of the evening—ask the boys. Cream puffs and other delectables disappeared with great speed.

And so "Auld Lang Syne" and good-night.