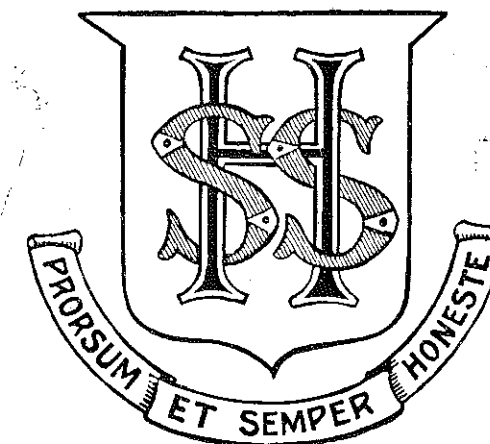


July 1930



The Northern Churinga



Vol. xvii.

No. 1.

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We often hear it said that interest in ancient things is foolish, but there is an undeniable charm of romance in events long dead; and the romance of past civilisations has such a mighty theme in such a vast setting that beside it all ordinary stories pale into insignificance. When we realise this romance, we can never be lonely—we have things long dead, things immortal, as company. The silly flimsiness of much of modern life fades into thin air beside the noble beauty of Greek art or the power and fascination of Egyptian monuments.

Eternally the stars gaze down on these relics of ancient man just as they stared on the men who raised them; and the immortal stars seem to form a link between all history that has been and will be. We can only picture in our imaginations the forgotten races who left their marks under the stars, and it is this use of imagination that lends ancient things their fascination. There is something far more affecting to the imagination in the destruction of Troy in a night than in the annihilation of a crowd of defenceless civilians in an aeroplane raid. The appeal of the ancient to our sense of romance is enormous, for the spirit that pervaded those virgin forests and grasslands, those hill-top groves where men piled their stone altars when life was yet untarnished by the spreading blot of the worse side of civilisation, was the Spirit of Youth itself. Mycenae, Stonehenge, Ur—the wonder, the horror, the freshness of man's early adventures on earth cry at us with human interest—if we would but heed.

The wild hordes that followed their herds, that clashed and mingled, eddied and swirled

on the plains of the Old World were our very progenitors. Therefore, is it not natural that we should follow their lives with interest—as they poured down on the first cities of the world and themselves began to till the soil and build their dwellings round the temple, the first monument of man's eternal question to the universe?

In every inquiring mind there must be some interest in the ancient, for we are linked by an unbroken chain of circumstances with the remote past. It is a poor intelligence that takes things for granted without asking the why and wherefore without desiring to work back to origins and to learn causes.



SPEECH NIGHT.

The 16th Annual Speech Night was held at the Albert Hall on the 20th of March, in the presence of the Hon. Claude James, M.H.A., C. E. B. Fletcher, Esq., M.A. (Inspector of High Schools), and W. Wright, Esq.

The Head Master, Mr. H. V. Biggins, B.A., presided, and read the annual report to a crowded hall. Interesting addresses were given by Mr. James, Mr. Fletcher, and Mr. Wright.

Mr. Wright remarked on a new feature of the Speech Night, the physical drill display given by the boys. He said that it was the first time the boys had taken part in this School function, and he hoped that they would continue to do so. The boys were trained by Mr. L. Doe, and Miss E. Norman was an efficient accompaniste.

The senior girls, trained by Miss D. Bock, gave a display of eurhythmic interpretative dances; Nancy Reid and Mary Kiddle gave a duo dance, "The Butterfly and Rose," and Betty Lambert took the part of Galatea in the interpretation of "Pygmalion and Galatea." It was Miss Bock's initial appearance as instructress, and the finished performance of her pupils was especially creditable.

Miss Alfreda Nichols again conducted the choir, which rendered an interesting programme of folk songs and choruses. Miss Claudia Sutherland, F.T.C.L., L.A.B., etc., although she is not actually connected with the school, gave up much of her own time to attend practices of the Eurhythmics and singing, and on the night, helped the girls very much in the way she accompanied them.

Prizes were presented by the Mayor to those who had won them. The list of ducers, and those who gained intermediate and leaving prizes appears below.

Dr. C. A. Jarman (City Organist) gave an organ recital at the beginning of the programme.

SCHOOL PRIZE LIST, 1929.

Best Leaving Pass (Girls), Marjorie Ratcliff.

Best Leaving Pass (Boys), Cecil Bird.

Dux of Class B., Thomas Walker.

Dux of Class C1, Eleanor Robinson.

Dux of Class C2, Eileen Bird.

Dux of Class C3, Edmund Smith.

Dux of Class D4, Geoffrey Barlow.

Dux of Class D1, Mollie Steer.

Dux of Class D2, Lorna Robins.

Dux of Class D3, Edward Swan.

Dux of Class E1, Thelma Jestrinski.

Dux of Class E2, Thora Emmett.

Dux of Class E3, William Lovell.

Dux of Class E4, Fred Rose.

Prize for Leaving Chemistry, Alan Beaumont.

Prize for Intermediate Chemistry, Aubrey Tucker.



IT'S A FACT

That we get into Parliament by floury speeches.

That Wolsey was a Cardigan.

That we wonder "how came Falstaff's sword so parked."

That France has adopted a policy of breaking up the large land-owners.

That C2 would like a fire place on every side of the room—the great advantage being that the teacher can only stand in front of one fire at a time.

That Hannibal was very popular with the artillery.

That ships always leave a wake—even Briggs.

That you must call him Harold.

That bitless yearlings are horses without teeth.

That our dear "Spud" wishes to go 'ome where men do not "squat" neither do they wear "ardittas".

That la bete is French for beetroot.

That wind is air being blown about.

That from recent observations we have come to the conclusion that strawberries grow best upon the hillside.

That Pooh had a birthday present.

That teaching's a funny old game.

That Breward is the feminine of Brewer.

That Walpole looked after the fiances so England was at peace.

That Roger was forced to give away a sheet of paper.



DUCES

A—T. Walker.

B—E. Bird.

C1—M. Steer.

C2—L. Robins.

C3—F. Walker.

C4—L. Thurlow.

D1—T. Jestrinski.

D2—T. Emmett.

D3—Dick Whitford.

D4—Fred. Rose.

E1—Joan McHarg and M. McGiveron.

E2—A. Ion.

E3—E. Press.

E4—P. Gee.

Senior Section

REINCARNATION

Far off I hear the drowsy murmur of the seas,

The air is heavy with the scent of sighing pines,
And in the dark, my hands stretched out
against the trees,

Feel how the rough bark cracks and curves
in twisting lines.

A pine cone drops from branch to branch with
dull dead sound.

Far overhead a star lights up, and fades
away.

Now noiselessly a shadow glides across the
ground,

And fiery footsteps mark its lonely wander-
ing way.

A million, million years ago, I knew them all,
This sea, these eversighing pines, the fad-
ing star,

The shadow, and the fire, the cones that drop
and fall,

And yet, I know not whence they come or
why they are.

The wild wind rising, screams and lashes
through the pines;

If I dare follow it beyond that farthest star,
Where all its fury spent, nought but a tired
breeze whines,

Then should I know what man, and life,
and all lives are?

—MOLLIE WALKER (Green).

"NOTHING"

What is "nothing"? I have often wondered, but, wondering, have never reach a satisfactory conclusion. Webster informs us that nothing is "not anything; no thing; non existence; nonentity; absence of being; nihility; nothingness; a thing of no account, value, or state; something of comparative unimportance, utter insignificance, a trifle—naught."

This discourse leaves us moved and impressed by the rhythm and choice of words, but withal vaguely dissatisfied; and when we, in our ignorance, look up such a word as nihility we are blandly informed that it is "nothingness, a state of being nothing." And so, after much labour (Websters are a trifle unwieldy) we arrive back at our original starting point.

This searching after the truth is, it seems to me, something like an algebraic problem. We start with hope in our hearts, and after adding a term, subtracting it again, squaring the expression, and taking the square root of the answer, multiplying by three and dividing by the square root of nine, we finally arrive at the infallible statement that $x = x$. All this is certainly very gratifying but hardly edifying, and thus we do not feel very much the wiser when we do find nothing to be really nothing.

Personally, I don't believe there is a "nothing." No one has ever seen it, heard it, smelt it, felt it, tasted it, or even sensed it with our wonderful sixth sense; so what proof have we that it exists? Are trees nothing? Certainly not. They are trees. So are men, dogs dogs, and emus emus, but there is no nothing in any of these. You say there is "nothing" all round us? Scientifically this is

THE HOUSES OF ONE DAY'S MARCH

Away past the line of the horizon lies an island, the island of One Day's March. On one side of this little horseshoe-shaped land the wicked salt-water rages over the foot of sharp-peaked cliffs, where none but those in utter despair of a harbour will anchor.

On the opposite side of the island the turf slopes gently down to the shore, and the warm, blue sea-water comes lapping softly in against smooth stones.

From here and from the top of the cliffs there is a path leading to five houses, or maybe just to one. It is but a matter of which paths you take, this finding of the houses. There are some leading you over well-beaten, easy ways, some on a rocky, twisted bent, some into a thicket of trees, and some among these are leading on to the five houses of "One Day's March." Yet, at the end of your "One Day's March" you will find one signpost, brave in its right at the end of the roads, one path where all others will meet.

Five houses you may in your wanderings see. There is the House of Happiness, showing a radiant golden yellow beneath its green web of clinging creepers, in a glade behind the shelter of the cliffs. Here there are clambering honeysuckles, and golden tulips cupping all the year round, and, beside a spring of marvellously clear water, one fresh creamy-yellow rose blooming always.

Yet even here the sun will sometimes dip suddenly behind the trees, and you who have dallied by the House of Happiness are cold and tired.

Twisting round a tortuous path high up on the wind-swept cliffs stands the House of Grief. Here are two stone walls and a grey roof, gleaming wet in the cold moonlight with the bitter spray flung up from the raging waters below. Truly none but the very storm-wearied tarry by the House of Grief.

Away round to the left the sun glints on

not so. Discovering an interesting-looking box or tin, the enterprising person will naturally open it, and on finding it to be empty will probably say disappointedly, "Oh, there is nothing in it." But they are wrong. There is in that box seventy-nine per cent. of nitrogen, twenty per cent. oxygen, one per cent. argon, and traces of other gas! Is this nothing? Assuredly not.

If we lost the force of gravity and could leave the stretch, I do not think we would fade into nothing. We would go somewhere, no doubt, our destination depending largely on our past life; but there would be no nothing.

A small cousin once said to me, "Do you know what nothing is?" I studied the sun and reflected deeply until my eyes became too sore to do so any longer. Then, dropping them to the child at my side I decided that he was too young and innocent to be deceived, and answered gravely, "No, I'm afraid I don't." "Well," shrilled the pertinacious young person triumphantly, "just shut your eyes and see."

Too astonished to do anything else, I obeyed, but, to my intense gratification I did not see "nothing." Instead I saw a series of green, red, and purple suns chasing each other across a black background.

No! I am sure there is no "nothing," or if there is it is—well—er—er—oh—well—just nothing.

BILLIE RATHBUN (Gold).



"THE MERRY-GO-ROUND"

Oh laugh! Why should I stay to see
Another's grief, another's misery?
For tears are dull and bitterness absurd,
Laughter—it is a charming word.
This world is fair by just decree,
And I am gay—content to be.
The Fair is lit by gleam and glow,
So I will laugh and aroving go.

—JEAN FOLDER (Red).

another roof. The path here is easy to find, though there are many enticing turns that may lead you away. Here is the House of Love, all sheltered by sweet-briar hedges, and covered by clambering red roses. Close by the violet-hidden doorstep runs a gay little stream, where the sunbeams play over laughing ripples all day long. If you find this house of honeysuckle scents and lotus flower magic, you must look beyond the lilac tree before you enter, where is a fountain for dream-buyer's tears.

Yet, no matter where your chances of the past hours have led you, each traveller is sure of finding one path at the end of the "One Day's March."

This one you may see in the flame of sunset light, or perhaps you may be waiting till the soft gloom comes before the dark. By a plain, white-pebbled way, with no meandering pauses or strained waiting, you are led. There, close by the shore, where the waves come lapping softly, softly over smooth stones, on a steady rock where the sea-birds touch, is a little brown house. Here the sea wind blows caressingly, soothingly, and here the long fingers of sunset shower the last gold lights. The only house that all will find on the island of One Day's March, this is the House of Peace.

FRANCES HODGETTS (Purple).

THE GLADIATOR

Although they did not tell him so the Romans took the Gaul Scragus to Rome so that he could be Butchered to make a Roman Holiday. First of all they handed him over to the trainer, Pugilus, to be trained as a Gladiator.

Pugilus said to Scragus:

"First we'll do a little boxing. Will you have it with gloves or without?"

Scragus looked at Pugilus' fists: then he brushed up his Dog Latin and said that he'd

have it with gloves, if it was all the same to Pugilus.

Then Pugilus took down from a nail what Scragus thought were four leather helmets studded with iron, until a pair was fixed on to his hands. Poor Scragus was so dumb-founded that he could not think of the Dog Latin for take-them-off. The other Gladiators now left the room, for hardened as they were to Butchery, they could not bear to watch Pugilus training a pupil.

When he thought it was about time, one of the Gladiators put his hour glass back in his hip pocket, sighed, and said:

"I suppose it's got to be done."

So they went away to fetch a stretcher. On their way back they bumped into a man who had a face that any Gladiator might be proud of. When they asked who he was he answered "Scragus."

When they had looked closely at what was left of his face, they turned to each other and said, "Caesar's ghost, it IS Scragus."

So they went along, and after they had gathered up the pieces of Pugilus and washed the floor, they took Scragus and put him in a cell just above the lion's cage to encourage the lion, and wrote on the notice board:

PUGILATUS PROXIMUS

SCRAGUS v. LEO

HOC P.M.

Then they sat down and tried to think what to do next, but they thought and thought, and could not think of anything.

"He'll kill the lion too," groaned one.

It was a good lion, and had brought in a lot of money by the way it handled Prisoners of War. Scragus would ruin the show. At last one said, "Let us go and see the Apothecary." So they arose and Girded their Hips and went and saw the Apothecary, who said, that's easy, and gave them a prescription for Scragus.

When they reached home, the Gladiators

pretended to make friends with Scragus by giving him a jug of wine. After they had gone, Scragus smelled the wine, and decided to give it to the lion. So he poured it through a grating into the lion's drinking bowl. The lion licked his lips, so Scragus gave him the jug, too.

Meanwhile, the owner of the show, who was a Go-getter, had posted up all over Rome:

IMMENSISIMUS GALLUS ET LEO

FEROCISSIMUS

II P.M. X. DENARII.

which means, "Book early for the big fight."

At 2 p.m. the Amphitheatre was packed with an Expectant Throng of Roman citizens. Caesar was there, with Mrs. Caesar, and Antony, while just in front sat Catullus and Lesbia. Caesar was talking:

"—after one glance at the infuriated hordes of barbarians, I spurred on my charger, and clasping my trusty blade—hullo, there they are! I'll lay a talent that the men kill the lions. Why those two men—"

"I can see only one man and one lion," said Catullus; "if you will kindly point out—"

"Julius!" broke in Mrs. Caesar, "You are Inebriated again. How often have I told . . ."

But her voice was lost in the roar of the Roman citizens, because the lion had been let loose.

"A hundred sesterces on the lion!" said Antony.

"Done!" cried Caesar, pretending not to hear Mrs. Caesar.

The Gladiator stood in the middle of the arena, and awaited the attack with his drawn sword. The lion bounded forward, gambolled playfully around the Victim, and even attempted to lick his face (the victim's, not the lion's), for nothing makes a lion sick. Then the Gladiator seized the lion by the slack of the neck and the scruff of the breeches—the tail, I should say—and hauled him back into his cage.

The Roman Citizens were Astonished. Some said it was a poor kind of butchery, and wanted their ten denarii back, others said it was a Miracle, and wait a minute and the god would appear (although they would have been most surprised if one had appeared). The tension was broken by the voices of Caesar and Antony in argument upon the Validity of the Bet under circumstances of Supernatural Interposition, while Lesbia asked Catullus to take her home as her whole afternoon's entertainment was ruined.

That evening Caesar managed to dodge Mrs. Caesar, and went out and bought Scragus from the disgusted Master of the Gladiators with a few sesterces of Antony's money. He made him his bodyguard against Antony; but Antony had already Emigrated to Egypt.

—T. WALKER (Purple).

WANDERING.

The Midnight Sun came up from the Sea,
The sea bespangled with sparkling flocs.
We stood on the deck of a silver ship,
—Saw smoking Erebus o'er the snows.
This was a rare sight seen by few;
The wonder of it, no heart knew.

Across the burning desert,
Under the sun's great heat,
We rode to the pad of the camel's hoofs,
Across that waterless sheet.
'Tis a journey of great wonder,
Where men are far asunder.

Into the battle-field's glamour,
Into the red steel's clash,
Warriors come with a war-song,
With thundering charge's dash.
Give me the blast of the desert!
Give me the crack of the ice!
For these are far from the city,
And fresh with adventure's spice.

—GEOFF. FOOT (Red).

THE POLITICIAN

It was one bright clear morning when I first met Mr. Pickman. He looked a small dapper figure of a man, with a perky step, and a jaunty swing of a very flash-looking cane. I remember clearly the car which came thundering down the street, the moment's hesitation, the sudden rush, and Mr. Pickman's thanks for my timely intervention. With a grateful heart this quaint fellow thanked me, and it was then I learnt that the man I had rescued was none other than Pickman, the politician, that mighty man whom many, myself included, had pictured with coils of muscle on his brawny chest, like some modern St. George cleansing England of her evils. I almost laughed at the picture.

This meeting ended with my "St. George" inviting me to dine at his house some evening. I did so, and soon we were the best of friends.

One evening, as we sat with glowing cigars, I questioned him concerning politics, and was surprised to hear him answer: "Politics nowadays is only a farce carried on by people who are out to make a comfortable time for themselves. Yes, sir, only a farce. We get into Parliament by vague promises and flowery speeches. By the way, you've never heard one of my speeches: well, listen, and I'll give you an idea of what one is."

"Ladies and Gentlemen,—

"I am here before you to tell you of what I can and what I am prepared to do for you; of the things that have been denied you, and what are now within your reach. You have only to vote Pickman, and you have in Parliament a man who's a live one. Why, within a week I guarantee to have electric aeroplanes and blue moons, etcetera, within your reach, and within the reach of every man with a union wage.

Beside these marvellous offers, I have many other equally marvellous offers."—Here Pickman paused to light a fresh cigar—"I have to put before you the Pickman wage scheme, by which every man present can increase his

wages by £x a week until skimping and saving are things of the past."

"That's all I've got time to tell you now Smith," said Pickman. "But I could go on making these weird and wonderful promises for weeks. That's the art of it. I wonder what the public would say if they knew the truth of this dish-wash."

I also wonder.

—ATHOL GOUGH (Green).



NATURE

"I wandered away and away

With Nature, the kind old nurse,

Who sang to me both night and day,

The rhymes of the Universe."

Nature is the beginning and the end. For just as the ant is born, grows old, and dies, so does mankind, in relation to Nature, rise through the arc of existence and pass into the deep beyond. So does the leaf of dancing springtime mellow, fade, and decay.

I have often wondered at Nature in its illimitable forms. I have enjoyed the quiet melody of the bushlands drinking in the warm summer sun, the still fragrance of burning gum wood, the soft ripple of the stream, the lowing of the cattle, and the busy drone of innumerable insects. Likewise have the forms of plants, common, wondrous, or rare, formed pictures in my memory—the low creeping moss, the twining vine, the lacy fern fronds, the clustering avenue of oaks and wattles, and the tall majestic trees stretching their limbs toward heaven.

Beneath the lonely mountain peak, frowning like a giant encased in stony armour, I have stood, till it seemed the mountain lived and dared the taunts of fragile human kind. Or have I witnessed the majesty of the ocean, and felt the "rapture of the lonely shore," till it seemed to enter the soul and touch all the hidden keys of sorrow and of joy. And as the day drew to its close, I have watched the waters tinge with gold, and throw gilded ripples over the still cold sand.

The silence of the night and the beauty of the morning have often impressed me. As the still, cold shadows of darkness drop a veil over the warm earth, and the stars far, far away in their setting of purple blackness shine like jewels of the night, I have often thought how insignificant we are in the face of the universe. Then, however, when the first rosy rays of dawn glitter on the frosty earth, I think that after all life is a wonderful heritage.

Not only in the scenes of Nature's benignity have I felt her power, but also in the wrath of the storm, the deluge of the flood, the flickering fires of night, and the roar of thunder. Nature's majesty in nothing shows itself more deeply than in the fury of thunder, lightning, wind, and rain. When the breath of wind stirs itself into a tempest, the trickle of the stream leaps into a raging torrent, it is then I have known that Nature sometimes is eccentric—no, not perhaps wilful, but unkind—at least as far as we, with the blurred and misty vision of human clay, can see.

So in nature I many times have thought with Byron—

"I feel what I can ne'er express,
Yet cannot all conceal."

—C. FREEMAN (Green).



SONNET

Calm over sea and land, calm in the air
Calm in the forest or on mountain high,
The very sea-gulls wheeling in the sky
Feel it and flutter on without a care:
Not the dull icy calm of hard despair
But the sweet calm that only Peace can buy.
A gentle breeze with almost crooning sigh
Ripples the sea and gently fans my hair.
Peace may subdue or Peace may high uplift
The searching soul, and thoughts by calm
made dear

May linger on like sands the sea-winds sift,
Changing, but ever music to the ear
That listens to thier cry. Oh, for the gift
To answer when they call me, "Stay! I hear."

—BILLIE RATHBUN (Gold).

?

"But they didn't really?"

"No, I think not. For he that came from the Mainland had just cause for refusing the wily one's wish."

"Ah, yes! 'Twas different."

"Then the Iberian. Strange that songs of the Sahara should have such a call for her! And yet, 'tis said she never took step beneath a ladder again—sheer strategy!"

"Yet there was one who surpassed her in this last quality,—one who could have traced his ancestors to Solomon at least, had this latter been a Hun. He was very fond of storing up paper, and often carried with him a huge bound but uncovered bundle—a family heirloom, no doubt,—from which 'tis thought he studied such things as tragedies, comedies, and mayhap economy. He even saved for six weeks to procure a threepenny book, every line of which he filled, although they were but one-eighth of an inch apart."

"Oh, ye-es! This same had a head resembling a porcupine's back with the quills stuck in the wrong way."

"Scottsdale had representatives in this room, too. One worthy (a fearsome swot) was almost as keen on getting the H.W. as he was on doing it. But even he had moments of frivolity. Indeed, 'tis said he was seen combing his hair as he was climbing up the thirty golden stairs."

"Ah, here was a double-sided character, indeed. But he was not over fond of company. For he even disdained to travel home with his blue-eyed friend—"

"Statics! Yes! He of the blue pull-over—"

"Pull-over! Then we must think of the youth from Wynyard! Never was there such a pull-over or such a green! Yet he never once loaned it to the Gaelic lass when she kept company with the goal-posts on the hockey field. Nor was his Irish classmate ever so favoured."

"There was excellent, loving skipper, if ever! He was ever in changeful mood, too. Often was he playing with sin, lemons, and

football at the one time, and with slight imagination he may have been heard to sing, such as

'Twas on a Sunday morning
When I beheld my darling—

"In front sat one who did rather scraggy work,—a billiard-player, a sympathetic B grader, and a veritable Rudolph just before he left for dinner on wet, cold days."

"Among those who believed that long hair makes a man look intellectual, except—was one who could swear for half-an-hour, in one breath, by H. G. WELLS (or at him). Spoke some marvellous falorous speeches too, though not often to Gig. across the aisle, that fine stoddent with his characteristic fluency."

"Another type was she who never opened her mouth without putting her foot in it. O.S. or E.O.S.?"

"I don't know. But behind her sat one who challenged the strongest mind to imagine her to be rational."

"Originality, if nothing else. This was also displayed by that lady-like creature whose 'case was not quite alright.' In fact, I see two outstanding features from this prima facie evidence: They were a mixture from the holder of the Order of the Bath to the quaint 'intellectual-all-in-all' from across the Straits; then, each had some spark of originality."

"Well, we'll have to remember them. I never taught the like. Goodbahee"

"Goodnaheet!" —KIDDLE (Green).



"THE NEW YOUNG"

We, the modern young, start from the beginning with our motto, "We can't be worried." We don't worry; we laugh instead and find that it is better. Old men, observing our progress, gnash their teeth and say, "What impudence!" Old ladies weep for us and say, "We never did that when we were girls." But we remain unmoved.

Why do old men snarl and old ladies weep? It is because, in spite of their grief and rage, what is really the matter with them is jealousy. We have learnt not to live only because we have to, but to live—well, because life is worth living. We are happier because we have more freedom, and we profit by it, too.

Study, for an example, the modern school-boy. If he is hindered or annoyed, he is not frightened to explode and say the things he has been spoiling to say. If he feels any pangs of remorse he remembers "Blessed are those who curse for they shall be eased with words," and so he loses his resentment and regains his good humour. Any wise man understands the psychological virtue of a good curse or grumble.

Another virtue possessed by the schoolboy of to-day is that he is "straight to the point"—almost to being crude. When he finds himself short of pocket money he writes home in this way—"Dear Dad,—Unusual exes. this term have made me a bit short. If you could do me an extra fiver I'd be grateful. Love to all."

In this letter the writer evidently recognises that letter-writing is a lost art. And so it is.

A youth in a similar predicament, in the eighteenth century, would write a letter beginning with, "Dear, esteemed, and most honoured sir,"—then would follow at least ten pages before he came anywhere near the point at all.

Now, is that quite honest? The boy called his father pet names for the first ten pages in order to secure more pocket money. He did this because he had not the freedom to do anything else. Indeed, he was afraid to do anything else.

Freedom is rather a big thing, and they—the young of last century—missed it. That is why old ladies weep and old men gnash their teeth.

JEAN FOLDER (Red).

A LAMENTATION

[Dedicated to my Worst Subject.]

Ah! woe is me! But what am I
To call down woe upon my head?
Each day I change in name, in shape!

At times I wonder if I'm dead,
And wand'ring in some other land,
Where phantom spectres slink around
With faces made of cubes and squares,

While, in my ears, these words resound
The echo of a well known voice:—

"You ass, you horse, you dunderhead,
You fowl, a-scratching in the dark,
You idiot, you woodenhead—,"

I gasp. I rise from dark despair,
I ponder o'er the names just said,
And, woe is me, please what am I,

With all this woe upon my head?

—JOHNNY M. (Green).



LIFE.

The prologue has been played, perhaps the first scene, for it has all developed, like a Chinese opera, in such a confusion of trampling, tumult, and bloody sweat, half-hidden by the wreathing altar-smoke, and drowned in the crash of falling temples, that it is difficult to say even when it began. But it is under way, the vast pageant of Life. Though the Universe smile in toleration, let insects crawl upon a safe rock and marvel. Life . . . !

How terrible it is in its whole concept, the seething of multitudes, the march of nations and civilisations up the ages, the panoply of war, and kings, and nightmare worship of nightmare gods—yet how pitiful in its individual members, pitiful with a divine touch of comedy.

Come close to the microscope! See this being, how he bows, says his small part, mops and mows, and in his self-complacency never sees Nature, inscrutable, at the other end of the strings. To him, the thought that some day all must end in oblivion is terrifying, for he is too wonderful a creature to be snuffed

out, to be cut off at one sweep of the all-levelling scythe—FOR EVER. To him, the whole world turns about his private joys and woes and desires, yet what is he to the myriads that walked the earth a thousand years ago, to the myriads who trample and fight for breath to-day, who will teem on the earth in a thousand years' time?

Take away the microscope, and what is the earth? There are millions of particles like it spinning through space. Yet on this tiny speck is being played the mighty drama that we call Life. Focus the lens and watch. Nothing is fixed—all is changing and rechanging under the pressure of adaptation: there is a flowing on, a sorting out. Every form is choking some other form back into the darkness from which it sprang—in this wonderful, this beautiful, this noble creation of Life. But where is it all going? Friend, if you cannot take things for granted, put away the microscope, and turn your attention to something profitable.

—T. B. WALKER (Purple).



"NATURE'S KINGDOM"

Mid'st brushwood thick, the brook flows quietly by,

Its stony bed gleams whitely in the sun:
While by its side, in grace excelled by none,
The pliant saplings sway and gently sigh;
The forest's ferny floor glows softly green,
And tiny flowers peep forth from 'neath the moss,

The sprightly daffodils their heads still toss,
While twines the creeper, tree-trunks in between.

A sense of restful peace stole o'er my soul,
As, for the first time, leaning 'gainst the bole
Of a tall tree, I viewed this glorious scene;
I stood spellbound: I could not move a limb:
For in that beauteous forest-world so dim,
Nature reign'd supreme, of all things Queen.

—E. BIRD (Gold).

"THE QUEST OF THE BEST"

Many roads wind upward towards the Best. It is often a puzzle to find which is the right road to follow—the road that will lead on to a rose-tinged west, instead of under shadowed skies.

There are so many classes of people, such a ceaseless procession of individuals; and the world at its best is a topsy-turvy place, with many of us in our wrong corners. Can we, then, with our ordinary enthusiasm of youth discover the Eldorado of Happiness? Some find it according to temperament and through other varied gateways; but thousands do not find it at all. And what happens to these? Where do they go—the ghosts of the youth of yesterday, when their quest has ended in bitterness?

Some become successful in business or in art, but many—oh, so many—do none of these things but just slip away into obscurity, feeling in their hearts that life is disappointing after all. But life cannot be as black as sometimes we paint it, for surely the Best can mean nothing but a vessel filled to the brim with the rich, red wine of pure joy.

Some people, however, find no joy; then easily enough they slip into the rut of commonplace—and ruts are fearsome things. One will merely exist in a meaningless round of routine day by day, and so there will grow a sense of tired despair. There is no joy in this state; perhaps it will come after, but it is rather dreary waiting—especially for such an uncertain thing as happiness.

The others who seek the best in life are also hindered, and how are these hindrances conquered—these brambles that block the pathway leading to our Eldorado? There is one way. We can work enthusiasm into the commonplace things; live each hour to its fullest, and forget the unfulfilled desires and broken dreams. We can keep our eyes on the horizon and be confident that joy will come if we "play fair, be square, and try to live in the top storey." —JEAN FOLDER (Red).

AN OLD WORLD GARDEN

It was twilight. I had been rambling in the woods surrounding my home, but now I was returning, as all Nature seemed to be seeking repose.

As I walked among the tall tree trunks, I noticed a small clearing, and being curious, I went there. At one end, a screen of delicate vines and creepers clung protectingly to the tall tree trunks.

I tenderly parted the screen, and there I found a little lost path, whose wandering way had been closed to the feet of man for several years. I followed the path, which wound in and out the tree trunks, till it ended abruptly in a crazy wicket-gate.

I pushed open the gate, which creaked a welcome, and I saw an old cobbled path, whose bare stones were hidden, or partly hidden, by some creeping plant. Sweet-smelling mignonette bordered the pathway, and with it was mingled the sweet scent of violets, which peeped shyly from the tangle of weeds. Columbines nodded a welcome, while fox-gloves and hollyhocks stood watchmen over the weaker flowers. At one end of the garden was an arbor covered in a rambling rose, whose sweet scent came to me mingled with the thousand other scents of this old-world garden.

But even as I watched, the moon rose and shed its first beams on the garden, and turned it to a fairy place. Suddenly I felt frightened—as if I were intruding, so softly I left the place, for I knew that the ghosts of years gone by would soon be coming to look after the garden, and then I would be needed no more.

I ran swiftly along the path, but I stopped to put together the tangled creepers, so that no other mortal should stumble, as I had done, on this old world garden.

—J. M. WALKER (Red).

OUR BAY

It was a place beautiful, not to a casual eye, but only to those who had learnt to love and long for it after many years of daily association with it. The low hills on three sides sloped down to the water's edge only at high tide, for when the tide went down it reached only the entrance of the bay. All was then sandy mud and scattered rocks, with the last water making a narrow channel as it wound its way to the river. Some thought it ugly and drear, but not so I.

A road with a bridge of logs and blackberries fringed the northern edge of our bay. To the left, where the ti-trees grew, we used to build our bough-huts and fashion our crude clay pottery of many colours. A little further on we gathered heath and other wild flowers beneath the tall gums; played hide-and-seek among the bracken ferns and mossy logs, and best of all bathed in the calm waters of the bay. These all happened in years gone by, but our bay still lives and will always live in my memory, not in its beauty, but because it has grown into my soul, there to remain.

—N. R. (Red).

MIDNIGHT

Alone amid the ivy of a crannied wall,
An old, grey owl sat blinking to the beam.
An eastern moon flung o'er his lonely home,
Where bats, the restless spirits of the night,
Flapped soundless wings, and whirring madly
on,
Hid in the shadows of some ghostly yews.

From its hole in the ruined wall the sleepy
bird,
Poised with his wings outstretched, prepared
for flight.
Nearby another wanderer of the night
Uttered a muffled, haunting cry—Tu-whoo!
The owl breathed through the air on silent
wing,
And fled behind the curtains of the dark.

The bats still blindly circled to the light
And rustled softly in the eerie yews.

—POOH (Green).

SPORTS NOTES

TENNIS NOTES

This year the tennis team lost four of last year's players, but received some very promising players in their stead.

The final order for the team was: Eleanor Robinson (Captain), Mollie Steer, Ienne Ward, Eileen Atto, Claudia Knight, and Gwen

Parsons, with Dulcie Thomas and Marie Skirving as emergencies.

The team practised fairly constantly throughout the year, and on March 25th Miss Hamilton took us to Devonport. We were again unsuccessful, being defeated by 6 sets to 3. Mollie Steer and Eileen Atto won their

singles, and paired together, they won their double. All the girls played well, but Mollie Steer and Eileen Atto shone out, and Claudia Knight, although unsuccessful, played an exceedingly fine game. The trip to Devonport was most enjoyable.

Our thanks are due to Miss Hamilton, who ably coached the team.

Many of the girls took part in the School-girls' Summer Tournament. M. Steer and E. Atto succeeded in reaching the finals, but were defeated, after a hard and splendidly played match.

The team has had more opportunity to play other schools this year, owing to the activity of Miss Hamilton. Early in the year, the Broadland House first four visited the School, and were defeated by four sets to two. Later on, our first and second fours visited Ladies' College, but were defeated in each case by two sets to four. The College girls returned our visit, and won by three sets to one.

Our second six players, captained by Gwen Parsons, visited Scottsdale, and defeated the home team by eight sets to four.

Next year, we hope to better this year's results in every way.

CRICKET, 1930

At a meeting at beginning of season Jack Dineen was elected captain, with Bruce Heazlewood vice. We played a number of matches on turf and cement. We played Devonport at Devonport on March 25, and won an exciting game by 3 runs. We played Hobart in Launceston, but owing to inclement weather were forced to play on cement. Hobart defeated us after a keenly-fought game. Results:—

v. GRAMMAR SCHOOL, 15/2/30.

School, 66 (Gurr 18, Jordan 12).

Grammar, 106 (Tucker 4 for 26, Hayward 3 for 22).

v. GRAMMAR SCHOOL, 1/3/30.

School, 91 (Dineen 19, Jordan 26).

Grammar, 155 (Bowden 7 for 29).

v. SCOTCH COLLEGE.

School, 72 (Dineen 18, Gurr 12).

Scotch, 6 for 60 (Heazlewood 2 for 8).

v. DEVONPORT STATE HIGH SCHOOL, 25/3/30.

LAUNCESTON STATE HIGH SCHOOL.

First Innings.

Dineen, hit wicket, b Mitchell	21
McHarg, b Parker	4
Jordan, c Parker, b Mitchell	8
Ingamells, stpd. Faulkner, b Poulter	28
Heazlewood, stpd. Faulkner, b Mitchell	31
Thomson, run out	0
Gurr, c and b Mitchell	40
Tucker, b Mitchell	0
Waldron, c Muir, b Mitchell	7
Hayward, c Brown, b Pinkard	1
Bowden, not out	0
Sundries	11

Total

Bowling:—Mitchell, 6 for 62; Parker, 1 for 28; Poulter, 1 for 22; Pinkard, 1 for 19.

DEVONPORT.

First Innings.

Faulkner, c and b Dineen	5
Poulter, b Heazlewood	39
Mitchell, b Dineen	0
Muir, b Bowden	1
Smith, b Heazlewood	33
Parker, b Dineen	20
Ritchie, b Heazlewood	3
Smith, lbw, Dineen	6
Brown, run out	6
Pinkard, not out	1
Preece, run out	1
Sundries	28

Total

Bowling.—Dineen, 4 for 40; Heazlewood, 3 for 24; Bowden, 1 for 17.

LAUNCESTON.—Second Innings.

Total 174 (Ingamells 48, McHarg 46).

Launceston won by 3 runs on first innings.

v. HOBART S.H.S., 2/4/30.

LAUNCESTON.

Dineen, b Jeffreys	1
Heazlewood, c Upchurch, b Smith	8
McHarg, b Jeffreys	11
Jordan, b Pearsall	11
Ingamells, run out	5
Gurr, c Waters, b Smith	14
Thurlow, b Pearsall	0
Waldron, b Jeffreys	0
Hayward, b Smith	6
Tucker, b Smith	0
Bowden, not out	1
Sundries	14

Total

Bowling.—Jeffreys, 3 for 23; Smith, 4 for 13; Pearsall, 2 for 14.

HOBART.

Jeffreys, b Bowden	56
Upchurch, lbw, Bowden	3
Smith, b Jordan	54
Keen, c Waldron, b Jordan	1
Pearsall, not out	25
Lee, c Tucker, b Dineen	7
Morris, run out	2
Waters, not out	16
Sundries	16

Declared total for 6 wickets ..

Bowling.—Dineen, 1 for 26; Bowden, 2 for 15; Heazlewood, 0 for 30; Jordan, 2 for 35.

Hobart won by 109 runs.

Other practice matches were played against Old Scholars (2), and Seconds.

FOOTBALL, 1930

A meeting was held at the beginning of the season, when Jack Dineen was elected captain, with Cyril Collins vice-captain. We have had several practices, and have played three matches, but the standard of play has deteriorated. More keenness is desirable from majority of the team. Results:—

v. GRAMMAR, 3/5/30.

School, 20 goals 8 behinds.

Grammar, 6 goals 5 behinds.

Best for School:—Collins, Dineen, Jordan, K. Hayward, Tucker, Howlett, McLennan.

Goal kickers:—Murfet (6), Howlett (5).

v. GRAMMAR SCHOOL, 8/5/30.

School, 10 goals 8 behinds.

Grammar, 5 goals 6 behinds.

Best for School:—Collins, Traill, Blackwell, Jordan, and F. Hayward.

Goal kicker:—Howlett (5).

v. GRAMMAR SCHOOL, 10/5/30.

Grammar, 7 goals 15 behinds.

School, 4 goals 7 behinds.

Best for School:—Dineen, Jordan, Traill, F. Hayward, McLennan, Townend.

Goal kickers:—Tucker (2), Murfet, Howlett.



BOYS' SPORTS

The 14th Boys' Annual Athletic Sports were held at the Cricket Ground on Wednesday, May 14th, in sunny but cool weather. The good attendance of parents and friends was rewarded by their seeing a highly successful sports meeting. Messrs. E. Crawford and S. H. Wellington, the joint hon. secretaries, are to be congratulated on this success. Our sincere thanks go to all those who assisted to make the sports the success it was. Those who assisted were:—Mr. H. V. Biggins, Mr. T. Doe, Mr. W. Layh, Mr. W. H. Daymond, Mr. F. O. Close, Mr. L. F. Briggs, Mr. K. M. Dallas, Mr. D. Daish, Mr. A. K. Fulton, Mr. B. Scott, Mr. D. Eastburn, and Mr. H. C. L. Barber, whom we thank for presenting the cups and shields.

Innovations, such as the House System, field telephone, and wireless, served to make the sports more interesting. Aub. Tucker is to be congratulated on his success in annexing the Open Championship, and also upon the success of his house in winning the Cup don-

ated by the Old Scholars, for the House scoring the most points in Championship Events. The House points were as follows:—

A. Tucker's House (Red)	81
A. Traill's House (Gold)	54
J. Dineen's House (Green)	37
G. Donnelly's House (Purple)	24

The runner-up in the Open Championship was R. Jordan, with 11 points. Max Guy, with 11 points, easily won the Junior Championship, while W. Bowles, with 12 points, won the under 13 Championship. The results were as follow:—

Handicap, 100 yards, under 13.—W. Bowles 1, J. Smith 2, G. Camm 3.

Handicap, 100 yards, under 15.—M. Guy 1, R. Whitford 2, R. Campbell 3.

Championship, 75 yards, under 13.—W. Bowles 1, D. Camm 2, D. Sharman 3.

Handicap, 440 yards, under 15.—E. McCulloch 1, B. Waddle 2, G. Walsh 3.

Handicap, 440 yards, open.—L. Jones 1, B. Heazlewood 2, C. Patman 3.

Championship, 220 yards, under 13.—W. Bowles 1, G. Sharman 2, M. Leenbruggen 3. Time, 28 4-5sec.

Sack Race.—A Senior 1, H. Lewis 2, A. St. Hill 3.

Championship, 220 yards, under 15.—P. Waddle 1, M. Guy 2, J. Townend 3. Time, 26 9-10sec.

Championship, 220 yards, open.—A. Tucker 1, R. Jordan 2, J. Dineen 3.

Obstacle Race, under 14.—H. Cassidy 1, C. Robertson 2, F. Benn 3.

Handicap, 100 yards, open.—C. Donnelly 1, C. Smith 2, L. Abra 3.

Handicap, 220 yards, open.—C. Collins 1, L. Lee 2, F. Walker 3.

Wheelbarrow Race.—P. McCord 1, W. Barclay 2, C. Phillips 3.

Championship, 120 yards, Hurdle.—H. McLennon 1, R. Jordan 2, A. Tucker 3. Time, 15 4-10 sec.

Championship, 440 yards, under 15.—P. Waddle 1, J. Townend 2, L. Guy 3.

Championship, 100 yards, under 15.—M. Guy 1, P. Waddle 2, D. Munro 3. Time, 12 2-10sec.

Egg and Spoon Race.—N. Shegog 1, R. Anketell 2, C. Phillips 3.

Champion, 100 yards, under 13.—W. Bowles 1, J. Smith 2, E. Scott 3. Time, 13 3-10sec.

Handicap, 220 yards, under 15.—B. Waddle 1, G. Ball 2, N. Barclay 3.

Junior High Jump.—M. Guy 1, A. Shipton 2, G. Harris 3. Height 4ft. 1in.

Championship, 100 yards, open.—R. Jordan 1, G. Donnelly 2, J. Dineen 3. Time, 11 3-5sec.

Obstacle Race, under 14.—C. Collins 1, M. Lohrey 2, G. Donnelly 3.

Blindfold Barrel Race.—N. McDonald 1, C. Ross 2, G. Walsh 3.

Championship, 440 yards, open.—A. Tucker 1, J. Dineen 2, G. Donnelly 3. Time, 61 3-5sec.

Championship, 880 yards, under 15.—J. Townend 1, N. Shegog 2, S. Walsh 3.

Handicap, 880 yards, under 15.—C. Fotheringham 1, G. McCabe 2, N. Shegog 3.

Three-Legged Race, over 14.—W. Box and N. Shegog 1, L. Jones and G. Ball 2, F. Bevan and L. Abra 3.

Three-Legged Race, over 14.—P. Waddle and W. Gourlay 1, L. Mace and D. Munro 2, D. Scott and H. Chamberlain 3.

Senior High Jump.—H. McLennen 1, G. Donnelly 2. Height, 4ft. 4in.

Championship, 880 yards, open.—A. Tucker 1, C. Collins 2, J. Dineen 3. Time, 2min. 25 3-10sec.

Handicap, 880 yards, open.—A. Tucker 1, C. Collins 2, C. Blackwell 3.

Slow Bicycle Race.—C. Smith 1, W. Box 2.

Senior Relay Race.—Gold 1, Green 2, Red 3.

Pole Vault.—B. Heazlewood 1, W. Box 2. Height, 7ft. (school record).

Medicine Ball Contests.—Red 1, Purple 2.

Mile Handicap.—G. Barclay 1, M. Thow 2, M. Lohrey 3.

Mile Championship.—F. Walker 1, G. Donnelly 2, A. Tucker 3. Time, 5min. 58sec.

Junior Section

A RAINY NIGHT

Everything outside portended that rain would soon fall. A bank of dark clouds could be seen slowly advancing out of the west, driven onward by a strong westerly wind. The trees seemed to moan as the wind swept through their branches. Then the sun set with a sullen blaze of glory.

I had been watching all this from the back door, and as darkness came I went inside. In a large comfortable room I joined the others and sat before the fire. The sound of the wind moaning round the house brought home to us the cosiness of our position, and we were thankful to be able to have such good shelter.

Everybody went to bed early that night, and I had not lain in bed long before it began to rain. There I lay listening to the rain and wind beating against the house. Lulled by the elements, however, I soon fell asleep.

Suddenly, about two o'clock in the morning, I awoke. It was raining heavily. At first it frightened me slightly, but that fear quickly passed, and I waited for the squall to finish. All sense of sleepiness seemed to leave me, and as the rain ceased, I was struck with a sudden desire to look through the window into the night. Silently I stepped out of bed, and crossing the room, I lifted the blind and peered through the window.

The picture that presented itself to me held me spellbound. It was wonderful. The full moon was high in the sky, and small darkish clouds scudded before a rising wind. Behind these came a large compact mass which betokened the next squall. Now the moon was covered by a small cloud which partly obliterated its rays.

The fleecy edges of the cloud were steeped in gold, while the rays of the moon showed up similar masses in bold relief. Now the moon shone out again with renewed radiance, its rays glinting weirdly on myriads of raindrops, scattered everywhere.

All this I saw as I stood by the window, and as it began to rain again, I regretfully lowered the blind and crept back into bed. Something in that scene seemed to stir me strangely, and for a long time afterwards I lay awake in bed thinking of what I had just seen. I at last fell asleep again, but not before resolving to see, once more, that wonderful sight, when next time I awoke on a rainy night.

—ALAN MACLAINE (Purple).

AUTUMN

Through the forests of the May time,
Mong the leaves of gold and red,
Comes a dainty damsel tripping,
Tripping on the velvet bed.
She, the spirit of the Autumn,
Changed not by the changing years,
She, the month of golden beauty,
Month of smiles and dewy tears;
Through the aisles of trees she passes,
Glancing here and glancing there,
And the mellow Autumn sunlight
Streams upon her chestnut hair.
When old Winter bleak and dreary
Through the forest wends his way,
Gone is she of rich brown tresses,
Gone the darling of the May.

—FREDA WHITE (Red).

ACTRESSES IN EMBRYO

For weeks may of us had been practicing hard for the play which we were to act in the competitions, and now at last the great day had come.

The actresses had been simmering with excitement since morning, and when the bell at the end of the first period on Thursday afternoon rang we almost shouted for joy. At once we all jumped up, hurriedly packed up our books and ran out of the room, while the other less fortunate members of the class threw envious glances after us, together with many wishes of "Good luck!"

Unfortunately for us it was a wet afternoon, and our coats, hats, etc., all had to be found and donned before we could leave school to catch a tram. After a little scramble we were all seated and on our way to the Albert Hall, where we soon arrived, and rushed downstairs to the dressing room.

"Sh-s-s, quietly girls, quietly," said somebody in a stage whisper, as we went down the stairs.

"Here we are at last," said one of the fairies, and we all began to change into our various costumes.

"This is my corner!"

"Move your case, please!"

"Oh, you've put your foot on my wings!"

Many voices could be heard above the general din.

"Please fix my dress."

"Would you mind lending me a pin, Puck?"

"Do up my wings, please."

Everybody was talking at the same time, and more than once we were told to "Please keep quiet, because there is an item going on."

At last we were all ready and waiting our turn.

After a short time we were called up to the stage.

While our teacher was fixing up Titania's mossy bank, etc., Puck rushed up to one of the fairies and said, "Oh, quick, take my

flower, please, and give it to me when I'm ready; stop there, won't you!"

The curtain went up, and the bell rang. Oberon and Titania both cleared their throats and walked onto the stage in front of the audience.

—M. T. (Gold).

"THE GHOST OF THE SEA STORM"

It was the night on which the ghost of that great seaman Sir Francis Drake was supposed to appear upon the Pacific.

Louder and fiercer grew the tempest, and the Spanish sailors, being superstitious, began to shiver and mutter among themselves for fear that this ghostly form should appear and send its curse on them.

At midnight the wind howled louder and louder, and the bright old moon sank, in fear, behind the storm-clouds.

The tremendous mountains of the sea were now tossing the galleon to and fro, seeming to heave it higher and higher with its terrified sailors.

The sailors of the Spanish galleon became more and more terrified as the wind howled more furiously, tossing the whole ship and renting its sails.

Again fiercer and fiercer shrieked the hurricane like the cry of a man who is stabbed.

There was a sudden lull in the tempest, and all was still. The moon appeared and the sea became as quiet as a lake.

Suddenly all grew dark again, and the sea seemed to echo with the shrieks of dying men, until the sailors crossed themselves in fear and called upon the Holy Virgin to deliver them from this terrible creature—this terrible phantom—which in their mind's eye they could see creeping closer and closer and slowly stretching forth an ice-cold, blood-stained hand ready to seize them, when suddenly the horizon was lighted with a warm red glow. It was the sun. Never before had it been so welcome, for when it came, all fears faded away.

—LORNA STEPHENS (Red).

SPRINGTIME

The sun shone down from a sky of blue, and the earth seemed to smile back with a spring-time hue, while the bright green grass, gently swayed to the rhythm of the birds' joyous song. The merry sound of happy childish voices echoed through the air making the countryside ring.

As I laid my head back on the soft grass, I looked round and wondered at the beautiful sight which met my gaze. It seemed impossible that in so short a time everything could have so changed. Yet there it was. Spring had come; there was a new scent in the air, and everywhere Nature displayed her finest arts. The shady groves, the ever varying shades of green foliage, the bright flowers and ferns growing so abundantly around my feet, all proclaimed that Spring had indeed come. By my side a dancing, laughing brook babbled happily by. The gaudily coloured birds flocked together, letting their song burst forth in harmoniously blended notes. The flowers too were looking their best and trying to tell me how happy they were. The sky was cloudless, and out of it the sun shone out bright and warm. The hills bathed in the glorious sunlight looked like great idols.

On my left was a picturesque meadow of shimmering green, upon which lambs played rejoicing in the good things Nature had provided for them. Even the wind, rustling softly through the branches seemed to be saying "Life is made up of dreams." All the world is glad to see "Spring" with its buds so green and new. Lambs, birds, the whole wide world rejoice with you.

—DORIS EASTBURN (Purple).

MOONLIGHT

During the holidays I had the privilege of going with a party up the Western Tiers.

The second night we were there it was my turn to go for water, so I collected the cans, took off my shoes, and walked outside the hut door. I do not think I ever saw anything so beautiful.

There, before me, stretched the great, shimmering, blue-green lake, and behind were dark hills and rocks.

Behind this background rose stealthily and silently, the great, silver moon, sending a flood of radiant light across the rippling lake, as if to make a fairy pathway across it.

I stood for a moment in this still, calm, breathless night, so enraptured with the scene was I, and watched all the colours which seemed to float out of the light over the lake.

Then, I suddenly remembered myself, reached the cans, walked into the beautiful lake, trying as I did so, to walk on the moonbeams.

But, suddenly, a cloud covered the moon, and all was in darkness once more; but oh, what a contrast was darkness to the flood of light, which had previously reigned supreme over everything!

—"SCOTCH HEATHER" (D2).

A MOONLIGHT TUNE

Peter Piper played a tune,
Underneath the silver moon,
And the stars shone out so bright,
That Peter Piper played all night.
He played until the moon grew tired,
And 'neath the clouds began to slide,
Till darkness covered all the earth,
Then Peter Piper ceased his mirth.

—G. R. S. (Green).

SCHOOL

A black cloth cap
A navy coat,
A clean white collar
Round your throat.
A little work,
A little play,
Thus school hours
Speed away.
A little walk
With Tassy swing,
An air of knowing
Everything.
Then cosy bed,
With nought to fear;
Thus pass the day,
The month, the year.

—ALLAN WILLETT (Gold).



ON MILKING COWS

While staying at my uncle's farm in the holidays, I was one day filled with the desire to learn to milk the cow. My cousin, a youth of about the same age as myself, was in the habit of jeering at my inability to perform this apparently easy, but in reality, very difficult feat, so I resolved to show him what I could do. Accordingly, at the usual time, I sallied forth, pail in hand, like the proverbial milk maid.

I chose old Rose, a quiet, docile old cow, who had never been known to kick. Full of confidence, I took my seat on a low stool and—began.

In vain I pulled, and pulled again. Yet again I pulled, and after about ten minutes of strenuous work I was rewarded by a thin stream of that precious fluid called milk. Old Rose seemed as exasperated as myself, for she wickedly flicked her long tail.

Flick! and I suddenly felt a tingling feeling on my cheek, and a sharp pain shot through

my eye. Flick! again, and mud splattered all over my face.

"You old wretch!" said I, gritting my teeth, determined not to be beaten. But in a few minutes, she again became restless, and kicking viciously, spilt my precious half cupful of milk all over the ground. I might add, I didn't try any more—and can't milk yet!

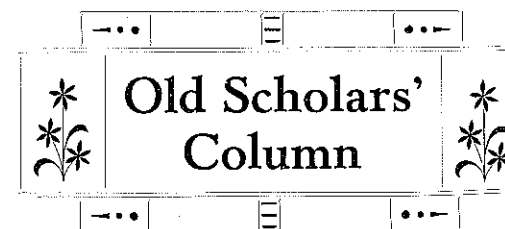
—L. W. (Purple).



THE AUSTRALIAN BUSH

The giant pines are casting
Dark shadows o'er the plain.
The fragrant scent of gum trees
Is wafted by the rain.
The magpies in the tree tops
Are carolling anew;
The world is fresh and glowing,
The sky is azure hue.
The fragile ferns and flowers
Will soon be fast asleep,
For winter with its showers
Has cradled them in deep.

—BETTY PERCY (Gold).



FINANCIAL MEMBERS, 1930-31.

Misses J. Phillips, K. Edwards, M. Hutton, D. Fleming, M. Hamilton, M. Cobbett, K. Rose, M. Groves, and A. Nichols.

Messrs. N. L. Campbell, A. Bowen, F. White, A. King, A. Foot, D. McDonald, E. Archer, A. J. Woolcock, B. Scott, S. Fuller, W. H. Daymond, R. O. M. Miller, S. F. Limbrick, C. P. Phillips, A. A. Rundle, R. Rudd, K. Coulter, H. B. Davies, and E. Daymond.

OLD SCHOLARS' ASSOCIATION.

Our Association continues its activities in much the same way as during last year. All our socials and dances have been well attended and, we believe, thoroughly enjoyed, for we have felt in them an atmosphere of friendliness which adds so much to the enjoyment of any social function.

The last function held in 1929 was a social at which the Association entertained the scholars who were to leave School at the end of the year. This was the second social of its kind organised by the new Association, and, like the first, was greatly appreciated.

On the 19th February, a social, the first function this year, was held. An enlarged photo of Mr. R. O. M. Miller was viewed by those who attended. On the 25th of the month Mr. Turner (then President) presented it to the School at its Assembly, and it is now hanging in a prominent position in the School Hall.

Our first and only picnic this year was held on the 1st March at Myrtle Park, and proved a most enjoyable outing.

A very successful dance on the 22nd March was the last function organised by last year's Committee, and the Annual Meeting followed on the 27th March.

There was an attendance of some forty members at the meeting. A long programme of the year's activities was detailed in the Annual Report, and the Financial Statement showed a deficiency of £3 16s 6d. Both were adopted, and the election of officers ensued, and resulted as follows:—

Patron: Mr. H. V. Biggins (ex officio).

Vice-Patrons: Messrs. R. O. M. Miller, W. H. Daymond, A. L. Meston, W. L. Grace, and J. F. Turner.

President: Mr. S. F. Limbrick.

Vice-Presidents: Mrs. Biggins, Miss B. Layh, and Messrs. N. Campbell, L. O. Stubbs, A. Close, L. Briggs, A. S. Johnston, and A. Foot.

General Secretary: Mr. C. P. Phillips.

Treasurer: Mr. K. L. Conroy.

Assistant Secretaries: Miss J. Phillips and Mr. A. Bowen.

Editor of Old Scholars' Column: Miss D. Fleming.

Auditors: Messrs. H. B. Davies and T. Wilson.

Committee: Misses F. Barclay, G. Blewett, K. Edwards, E. Norman, and Messrs. D. McDonald, K. Dallas, A. J. Woolcock, and E. Archer.

Since the Annual Meeting we have been unfortunate enough to lose two of our Committeemen, Messrs. D. McDonald and K. M. Dallas. The former was a new member to the Committee, and showed strong enthusiasm for the Association. He is now working at Smithton, and we wish him every prosperity in that sphere. Mr. Dallas has been an officer and a strong supporter of the Association since its re-formation. He is now W.E.A. Lecturer for the North-West Coast. And to him we send best wishes for success and prosperity. To the places of these two officers we

welcome Messrs. E. Daymond and E. Crawford.

The new Committee began its work by organising a dance on the 12th April, which was very successful. Following this, on the 14th May, came a social, fairly well attended by the younger members of our Association. We would like to see more young members interested in these activities, which are especially organised for them.

A series of three-weekly dances was commenced by an Autumn Ball, a highly successful function, held in the School Hall on the 21st May. The next dance will be on the 5th July, and further dances will follow at regular three-weekly intervals.

We hope Old Scholars will come readily and join up with the Association, for we need the strength of a big financial membership. We enjoy good times in our beautiful Assembly Hall, and to show our appreciation we must make our Association do something worth while for the School. To do this we need the co-operation of all Old Scholars.

Give us strength, fellows—your subscriptions, yes, and your interest.

AN APPEAL TO OLD SCHOLARS

(By the President.)

It is now some years since the Old Scholars' Association was revived by a small number of enthusiasts, the former Association having been compelled to cease its activities because of the poor support accorded by Old Scholars in general. In the interregnum the traditions of the Old Scholars' Association were to some extent lost, and the new body has, in addition to carrying on the normal activities of the Association, the somewhat difficult task of recovering our lost prestige.

It is obvious that the activities of the Association depend largely on the strength of the Committee, and the interest of Old Scholars in the doings of their Association. For two years we have been fortunate in having an energetic and self-sacrificing Committee, but

the results achieved have not been an adequate reward for their efforts. Our functions have generally been successful from the financial point of view, and the Committee have been able to carry out several projects involving considerable expenditure, but its members feel that our real success depends not so much on successful functions as on a large and interested membership. There are hundreds of Old Scholars still living in our midst, in spite of the fact that as the years pass school friends and associates become widely scattered. Yet few of these young men and women, who owe much of their present prosperity and earning power to their old school, see fit to join their own Association. Inertia is largely responsible for this state of affairs, and whilst this continues, our Association cannot possibly function to the best advantage.

Circulars will shortly be sent out to Old Scholars asking them to give their moral and financial support to the Association. Will all Old Scholars respond by sending in their subscriptions, and by influencing others to do so? More members mean that more interest is being taken in the activities of the Association, more support is being given to its functions, and more money is available for the extension of its activities. As its activities expand, the Association will be able to offer to Old Scholars more attractive and more varied privileges. I would appeal to all Old Scholars not to cramp their Association, or let it die, by failing to give it their whole-hearted support.

PERSONAL NOTES.

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

Phil Frith to Miss T. Findlay.
Arnold Cartwright to Miss Marie Wright.
Trevor James to Miss M. Blyth.
Emmie Skipper to Mr. L. Ingamells.
Stuart Maslin to Miss E. Lovett.
Terry Fielding to Mr. E. Cannell.

Dorrie Emms is enjoying herself at a Girls' School at Mount Lofty, S.A.

The engagement is announced of:—

Isabel Lewis to Mr. L. Mitchell.

Marjorie Douglas to Mr. S. Napier.

Dora Wright to Dr. L. Osborne, of Melbourne.

Mollie McNamara to Mr. L. Tulley.

Allan Gill to Miss N. Gaunt.

Kath Hogarth is now a chauffeuse in Sydney.

Mrs. R. Denman (Emmie Harmon) and Jack Orchard both have daughters.

Garth Briggs has a "fine lad" named Roger.

At this year's commemoration the following Old Scholars had degrees conferred:—

Bachelor of Arts: Miss Jessie Blyth, Miss Winnie Carter, B. Com., Mr. Gollan Lewis, Mr. Ben Mather, Mr. Jack Orchard, Miss Alice Wearne.

Bachelor of Science: Mr. Alan Gill.

Bachelor of Commerce: Miss Marjorie Hamilton, Miss Betty Hogarth.

Ken. Dallas has left the Education Department to occupy the position of W.E.A. lecturer on the North-West Coast.

Mr. W. L. Grace has returned from England, and is now headmaster of the Technical School. During the winter he is giving a series of lectures on his educational experiences abroad.

Charlie Adams, with the wife and son, is at Piper's Brook pioneering the Angora goat industry.

Elsie Smith has returned from London and has introduced into Tasmania the art of Eucharics.

RHODES SCHOLAR, 1930

It was with great pleasure and pride that Old Scholars heard that Mr. Gollan Lewis had been appointed Rhodes Scholar for 1930. Gollan came to this School from Preston in 1919, holding a Grant-in-Aid and a Junior Country Bursary. In 1920 he took the Junior Public Examination, gaining 8 credits and

one pass, so winning a Senior Bursary and the prize for the best pass in Northern High Schools, as well as the School prize for chemistry. In 1922 he passed the Leaving Examination with one credit and eight passes. After six months' teaching, he went to the Teachers' Training College. The next year he did his first year at the University of Tasmania, and shared the Victoria League Prize for History. He then spent three years as demonstration teacher at West Devonport, and two at Elizabeth Street Practising School. While in Hobart he played football with Lefroy. He completed his degree in December, 1929. At present he is relieving headmaster at West Devonport Practising School. Mr. Lewis is to take up residence in Corpus Christi College at Oxford, and will continue his studies in English. The best wishes of all Old Scholars will attend him in a career which has every promise of being distinguished and brilliant.

CHURINGA HOCKEY TEAM.

Owing to the Secondary and Primary Schools having their vacations at different periods, hockey teams in Launceston have barely commenced their roster matches. Churinga up to date has not played a roster match, but has had several instructive practices under the capable skipper of Mrs. Dug Shields (nee Miss Biddy Yost).

The girls are keen and fast, and we have hopes of fielding a really good combination at Westbury, where our first match will be played.

There are three unwritten rules we are striving to remember:—

- (1) To keep the ball moving by a succession of passes, thereby opening out a close defence.
2. To pass just before we think we ought.
3. To tackle and worry the opponent into doing something she did not intend doing.

We have much pleasure in congratulating Mrs. Shields on her captainship, and Miss Win Howe on her vice.

THE HOUSE SYSTEM

After the Easter vacation the School was divided into four houses, which are at present working under the names of their distinguishing colours.

Red	Captains Betty Lambert, Aub Tucker
Green	Captains Mary Kiddle, Jack Dineen
Gold	Captains Eleanor Robinson, Bob Traill
Purple	Captains Ienne Ward, George Donnelly

Points for the House Premiership are to be awarded for School Work (45), Sport (45), Attendance, and Debates. At present the points scored are:—

Boys' Athletic Sports:

Red, 81; Gold, 54; Green, 37; Purple, 24.

Exam. Results (first three positions in Class):

Purple, 105; Green, 81; Gold, 66; Red, 48.

Exam Results (Whole School):

Red (Av. 52.71%), 450; Green (52.12%), 225; Purple (51.85%), 112;
Gold (51.42%), 0.

WHO'S WHO

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

Staff: Messrs. F. O. Close, B.Sc., L. F. Briggs, B.A., A. K. Fulton, B.A., J. D. Daish, A. P. Jenkinson, T. E. Doe, E. Crawford, B. Scott, S. Wellington, R. Mulligan, Misses B. Layh, B.A., M. Hamilton, B. Comm., A. Nichols, G. Morris, B.A., D. Fleming, B.A., E. Norman, V. Johnston, D. Bock, A. Wagner, C. Witt, E. Smythe.

Senior Prefects: Betty Lambert, George Donnelly.

Sports Prefects: Mary Kiddle, Jack Dineen, Arthur Traill.

House Captains: Betty Lambert and Aubrey Tucker (Red), Mary Kiddle and Jack Dineen (Green), Eleanor Robinson and Arthur Traill (Gold), Ienne Ward and George Donnelly (Purple).

Prefects: Gwen Lathey, Eleanor Robinson, Frances Hodgetts, May Beven, Betty Percy, Marjory Hurse, Tom Walker, Aubrey Tucker, Russ Jordan, Keith Heyward, Graham Barclay, William Lovell.

Sub-Prefects: Joan McHarg, Betty Hurse, Geoff. Beauchamp, Lovell Davis.

Captain of Cricket: Jack Dineen.

Captain of Tennis: Eleanor Robinson.

Captain of Football: Jack Dineen.

Captain of Hockey: Mary Kiddle.

Editor of Magazine: Tom Walker.

Sub-Editor: Helen Rathbun.

Magazine Committee: Mollie Walker, Ismay Muirhead, Les. Howlett, Nancy Gardam, Jean Folder, Geoff. Foot, Leman Thurlow, Brenda Bye, Jean Miles, Bill Lovell, Allan McLean, Dulcie Thomas, V. Baker, Edmund Press, Alec Tanner.



Jack Gough is doing great work in London as a composer. He is a composition scholar of the Royal College of Music, and a pupil of Dr. Vaughan Williams. He had the honour of conducting an orchestra for the B.B.C. to broadcast his symphony "The First Wallaby Track," "an attempt to find a pastoral expression that will be at one with the soil of Australia."