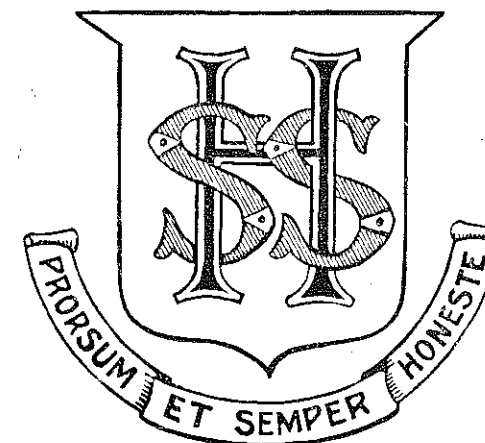


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EDITORIAL

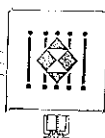
This is the age of iconoclasm. No year passes but that our ears are assaulted and our senses benumbed by crash after crash of idols on which we had set our hearts and based our ideas of the universe.

Idols die hard: they still hold the imaginations of their worshippers long after the axe of some intellectual has laid them in the dust. Most of us retain, secretly or openly, some heritage of the polytheistic past—the past, that is, before the power of reason came to illumine all understanding.

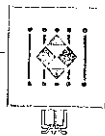
It is, perhaps, unfortunate that ancient and incorrect notions should be so firmly rooted in the minds of many people that they are unable to look at the world from an unbiassed viewpoint, and until the mass of mankind is educated beyond the mere function of getting and getting on, such a state of affairs will persist. Education is usually attacked on the grounds of uselessness and superfluity by those whose own

training has been biassed, and whose own ideas of human affairs are, to say the least, rudimentary. But now our great idea is to remove all bias and the paralysing influence of fear from the mind. For the terrible effects of a period when the world was, intellectually, in darkness are only now wearing off. We are too apt to imagine the Dark Age as a state of affairs that entirely perished at a single stroke: but there are degrees of darkness, as there are also degrees of light, and the light we have already seen is but a glimmer of the intensity with which human affairs will be brought into view in the future.

Ancient ideas and ancient creeds have served mankind well in their time; but now they are found one by one to be unnecessary, conservative, even retentive, in a world in which the idea of civilisation is no longer static but dynamic. In the same way was the old basis of living of a primitive people found lacking by the teachings of the great Nazarene, whose ideas were so selfless that mankind has hitherto failed utterly to carry them out.



Senior Section



NICKNAMES

From the earliest times people have used nicknames; every nation from the time of Caesar has made dignified additions to the names of its people. But they were dignified, high-sounding names, names of which the holders could be justly proud.

Alas! Those days of joy have gone; I do not mean the nicknames, but the days when people knew how to use them. A new era has dawned; an era in which people compose horrible nicknames and fix them to innocent persons. A joke is all right; but when small lads whisper as a "C" Class boy passes, "That is Amy Johnson," or "Luke," or "Horsey," then the joke has gone too far.

The nickname comes by degrees; it is given by some ignorant lunatic; then the urchins of the lower school learn it; they whisper it to one another in the presence of the unfortunate owner; he is shocked, hurt to the quick; he addresses the lads in dignified tones. For a day all is well, and then it becomes worse. The youngsters shout it aloud. The injured one can stand it no longer. He introduces the offenders to the water-tap; calls them harsh, cruel names.

It is of no avail. He retires to the class room. Great Scott! can the very gods have turned against him? The hated name stares at him from ruler and book alike; everywhere it is written by the hands of his own class. His life becomes a living torment. For weeks he must spend his dinner-hour in the Reference Library; recess in the classroom; he must come late and leave early, and shun the society of man if life is to be possible.

But he lives through it—lives to become a better man—a better man because he went into it with two names and came out with three.

—A. FLANAGAN (Purple).



STANZA

Adown the winding stream crept my canoe.
'Twas evening, and the canvas of the West
With Sun its artist, glowed against the blue
Of dark'ning skies; I let my paddle rest
In mirrored colours 'neath the willows, lest
The evening peace be broken. All was still
Except for calls of birds from out their nest
In rustling reeds; and there I dream'd until
The pale, cold moonlight flooded stream and
dew-wet hill.

—I. J. MUIRHEAD (Green).

THE MARBLE SCREEN

"The caravan will enter through the eastern gate at dawn, and the rest of our armed men will be waiting in the bazaar. When the Sultan rides through at noon, we will strike swiftly. The men of the desert who have paid high tribute will be with us to a man—in an hour the city will be in our hands. When one more day has unfolded the scroll of hours we will come together for our final plans."

One by one the men slipped out into the darkness of the street and hurried away, all but the speaker, a man in a black robe. He wandered out alone into the middle of the way, abstracted, dodging the piles of refuse from force of habit. Suddenly he quickened his pace.

"The palace! the Sultan! I will be late," he murmured; then ironically: "The Peacock of the World! Sun of the Earth!—effete dog! your hour has come. Nor will you be alone in your passing—there is that prying pig Yusuf, captain of the guard."

A flaring lamp cast a glow of red along the patio of the palace court, throwing into black relief the marble screen in front. Behind the screen of delicately-wrought tracery, two men, muffled in their robes, were talking in low tones as the man in the black cloak approached, noiseless in his slippers, lost in thought. One, bearded, with fierce, glowing eyes, spoke in a deep voice to the other, whose attitude was mean and cringing:

"They met to-night, and they will meet to-morrow?—they would plot? Ah, my sweet birds, I have you in your cage! Ahmed Ben Hassan, you dutiful holder of the privy purse, your plotting days are done. But let us lie low, and to-morrow we have them. Go, Beni, you will be well rewarded for this."

The man in the dark robe had stopped and slipped into the shadow. Cold fear clutched at his heart, and he began to edge cautiously back along the wall, muttering the while:

"Yusuf, at last!—we are lost. I must find the others. We must not meet to-morrow."

Through the tracery of the marble screen he saw the bearded face turned towards him, and though he was hidden, he quailed; the eyes behind the screen glowed in the lamplight; and still the intruder edged back along the wall.

"I must find the others—we shall not be there, we shall not be—"

Then his brain leapt into a shower of sparks,

The world of consciousness impressed his senses as a prolonged throbbing ache. He groaned and opened his eyes. Faintly, as though from a great distance, a voice reached his ears:

"My faithful Ahmed! I thought you had stepped into the pit of death. By Allah! but these thieves make bold. To fell you before my very palace!"

"Yes," murmured Ahmed, from force of habit, "such disrespect to your illustrious person is truly monstrous.—Oh, my head."

"It is comforting, however," resumed his Highness, stroking his beard, "to know that the vermin have been taken and impaled. So perish all who cross my path—and is it not right and proper? Ah, you have fainted again? You are not well; you must sleep this night at the palace."

He clapped his hands. Two slaves appeared and carried Ahmed out.

It was midnight, a few hours after Ahmed's interview with the Sultan. The huge shadow of the guard, cast on the wall by the flame of the lamp, was elongated and diminished in a grotesque fashion as the light flickered or flared, while the drawn sword, glimmering against the black opacity of an alcove, shone yellow and red. Suddenly, the shadow gave a convulsive movement that was not born of the lamplight. The guard, lurid in the glow, was cowering back to the wall, his eyes fixed, his face a mask of terror. Advancing silently down the corridor was a walking corpse, its head bandaged, its face immobile and ghostly white, its eyes staring. It was, indeed, the same corpse which the guard had seen carried in from the courtyard a few hours before.

The corpse glided past.

It was the captain of the outer gate who first discovered that Ahmed was asleep, and sent for the court physician.

Day was drawing to a close, a day of distraction for Ahmed. Since the forenoon he had wandered restlessly in his gardens; striving, ever striving to lay hold upon a fleeting something which eluded him in the depths of his mind. Some event which was a blank to him was very important; upon it hung issues of life and death; foreboding filled his mind. The sight of an impaled corpse and a hopeless procession of prisoners brought back the old wave of hatred against the Sultan, and the remembrance of the conspiracy. Sometimes as he followed the train of thought, realisation would be about to return in a flash, but always it slipped away again. Baffled and anxious, he watched the sun sink behind dome and minaret, and saw the sweep of the darkness over the sky and the birth of the stars.

The conspirators dropped in one by one.

Ahmed went into his house with the others, and squatted opposite a marble screen which appeared black in front of the torch of the anteroom. As he looked at the screen, he was tip-toe on the verge of the great discovery; remem-

brance was coming back in a culminating wave. His companions laughed away his misgivings; they were in high spirits—they drank to the morrow, and as they drank they looked on Ahmed's face, flecked and strangely streaked in the shadow of the marble screen, which stood, a froth of black tracery marvellously wrought, between him and the torch.

Suddenly, there came a stamping of feet and a clash of arms. A sword-butt thudded against the marble screen.

"Open!" commanded in deep tones the fierce-eyed and bearded face on the other side. The eyes behind the screen glowed in the torchlight.

"We are betrayed!" cried the guests, rising, hand on hilt. But all around sounded the tramping and crashing. They turned to Ahmed.

But Ahmed stood staring with bulging eyes at the marble screen and the bearded face beyond. Beads of sweat stood out upon his brow, and his face worked convulsively, as though he were under some great strain of mind or body. His lips parted with a wild cry—

"I remember!"

Then the marble screen crashed inwards and was splintered to a thousand fragments on the pavement.

—T. B. WALKER (Purple).

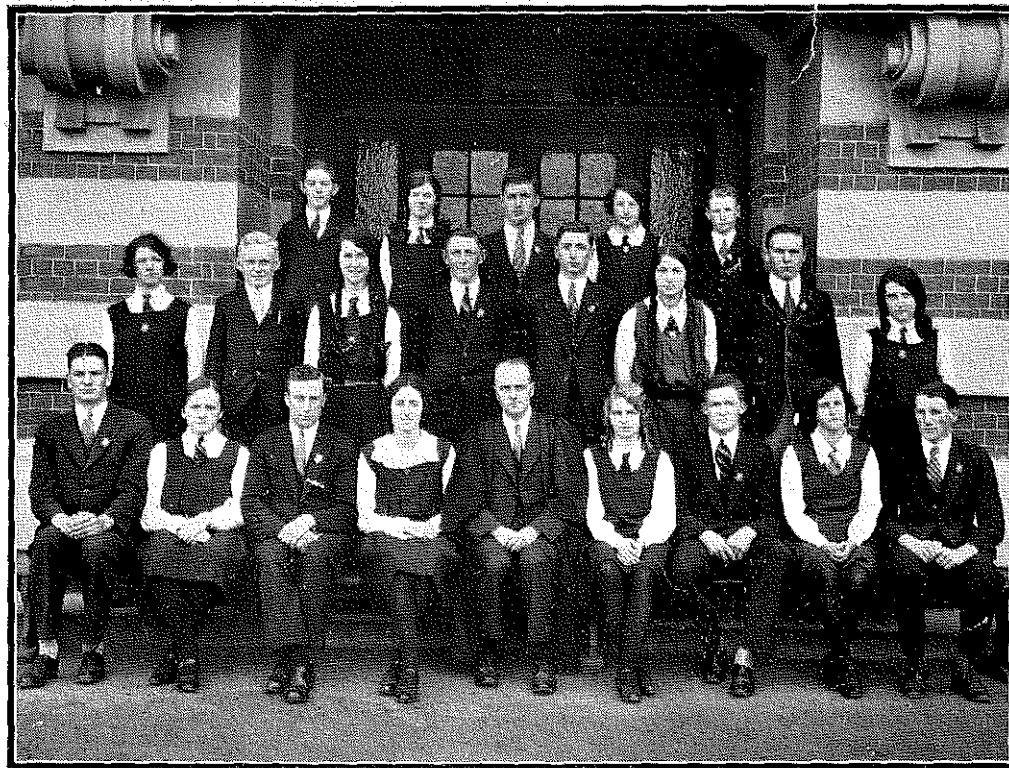


"A GLEN"

There is a glen in the heart of deep woods that is very dear to me. In summer, after the hot city, it is especially delightful, and as I lie on the banks of soft, green moss, my thoughts fly upward to realms before unknown. The trees, tall, straight, with thick foliage, screen this glen from the heat of the blazing sun, and the atmosphere is continually cool and sweet.

The perfume of the beautiful wild flowers always greets me as I step into that little secluded spot. The restfulness, peace, and content seem to me to be symbolical of the after-world; so it is easily understood that it is there I go when I am dispirited and weary. The floor of the dell is mostly even, but here and there great moss-covered logs show their mighty bulk. Through the centre a tiny streamlet flows, and the music of the tinkling water is one of the most soothing balms that I have ever known. The glen is almost entirely enclosed because of the creepers and clematis twining themselves thickly between the mossy trees. The colour scheme is one of Nature's best-varied shades of green, relieved only by the wonderful hues of the tiny flowers. There is no sign of a disturbing hand there, and everything seems to be just as it was when first created. But it is almost incredible that the banks by the brook are natural; they seem to have been placed there by human hands. If I had known of this glen when I was younger, I am convinced that I would have believed it was Paradise.

—E. BIRD (Gold).



PREFECTS.



LEAVING CLASS.

THE ROMANCE OF THE BOYS' YARD

The High School boys' yard is one which calls back to your mind the romance of the old romantic days of Tasmania, and fills it with thoughts of pity and wonder.

You may, by a little hard work, unearth old bricks and stones which have been shaped by the incessant toil of the world-famous Tasmanian convicts. Through these you will picture a chain of sun-browned men, toiling grudgingly in some sombre stone quarry, with here and there a malicious-looking overseer with a cruel whip in his hand, strutting along the seething line, shouting orders at each turn. Should one of these convicts rest a moment, you will see the circling lash fall with a thudding crack on his bare back, and he, like some wild animal started in his cage, will snarl and gnash his teeth with fury. Further along another convict with a sly, cunning glance, like a lion cowed by the presence of its trainer, will convey through his eyes the feeling of bitterness and contempt which he has towards mankind, fed by the years of hard toil.

In front of the school lies the foundation of the old convict church. You can picture the ironic position of the convicts kneeling down before the altar chanting hymns to the Redeemer, who, to them, has given nothing but cruel blows, hard crusts, and endless toil. Picture the benevolent old speaker in his pleading voice, speaking words of encouragement to the lost souls of these hard men. Picture, if possible, the smirk on many of the lips of the listeners when they realise the irony of their fate, and the jealousy of their glances as they see some of their more fortunate comrades who have fallen asleep during the sermon.

Thus these old stones and bricks set your fancy on the wing, and many other similar scenes would 'flash upon that inward eye,' if only you would study them. They are ready to tell you other stirring adventures, ready to talk to you of sea voyages, fights, and thousands of other things, but still you pass by without noticing them.

—A. J. TRAILL (Gold).



HUMILITY

The bird that soars on highest wing
Builds on the ground its lowly nest;
And she that doth most sweetly sing,
Sings in the shade when all things rest.

The saint that wears heaven's brightest crown
In deepest adoration bends,
The weight of glory bows him down
The most, when most his soul ascends.
Nearest the throne itself must be
The footstool of humility.

—D. McDONALD (Red).

MORNING AND NIGHT

Morning and Night mark a beginning and an ending of our activities. Like the ticking of a clock; they divide our lives into short, rhythmic periods, and, although these spaces never change so much as the interval between the "click-click" of the ancient timepiece, yet an unseen power leads us on from day to day.

Every day we rise and turn our faces towards a goal that glitters in the sun, far away. We never seem to draw nearer to it, but, like the Star that led the Elders with the gifts of frankincense and myrrh, this El Dorado of ours attracts us.

But there must appear to be some difference between the Mornings and Nights of different people. The thoughts of the business man, as he looks out on the rows of warehouses and shops, might well be expected to differ from those of a country farmer who rises with the sun and is greeted with the long-familiar sounds from the farmyard.

As the day progresses, each is absorbed in his own work, and differs little, in his attitude from the other. Each experiences the same feeling of sameness about his usual work. The time slips by for each, and although the business man may sigh and say "Time's flying," and the farmer, wiping the perspiration from his brow, "Gosh, it's gettin' late," where is the difference? The farmer bids you "Good morning," and so does the business man. They each dine at about twelve o'clock, and after that—"Good afternoon" from the business man, and also from the farmer.

They see the same sun sinking gradually towards the horizon, and then they will agree that the longest day must have an end. At about five o'clock they begin to think of home. And Home, whether it be a mansion or a mud hut, means the same to either of them. Then the farmer, as he trudges home, will say, "Good evening," and again, the business man in the electric train will greet you, over the evening newspaper, with the same "Good evening."

As the black veil of darkness spreads out over the earth every type of man is gathered to his kind. The rich man feasts with his friends, the poor man converses for a while with his wife and children, and retires; the miser counts his gold, and the monk crosses himself and chants his retiring prayer.

Yet, where is the difference? Does not each of these finally surrender to sleep? Each one hears the old owl, in the bare oak-tree, call eerily to his mate, or the sounds echoing in the empty hall. The clock ticks out the minutes and the hours, and accentuates the deathly silence. It is a period of hushed waiting, a short breathing space which alone separates morning and night.

G. DONNELLY (Purple).

FITS AND SPASMS

When people tell us we do things in fits and spasms we gather from their tone that it is something unfavourable. Let us see if they are right or if we are justified in following our inclinations.

They say, for instance, that we work in fits and spasms. That is quite true. At present I am enjoying a lazy sun and a good book instead of learning the noble deeds of Drake and Nelson. When I began to read, I did not realise that I was doing anything so thrilling as taking fits and spasms. If I had, my swotting in the past would have been sadly neglected.

The word "fits" brings to our minds a picture perhaps of a fussy, old gentleman with a walrus moustache who raves over the modern generation. This explains fits—but spasms?

We search our vocabulary for an explanation, and, upon failing, resort to Webster. "A spasm," we read, "is an involuntary contraction of the muscles." It sounds exciting, but somehow it does not satisfy. Our idea of a spasm does not agree with that.

Most of life moves in fits and spasms. The smallest breeze on a summer day puffs and blows about as though it is lost and does not mind in the least. How glorious. If that is a fit or a spasm I sigh for more.

It must be comforting to know that everything is just right and can be found in the right place at any moment. For my part, I choose to delight in a life where fits and spasms reign supreme, and where the correct thing appears occasionally as a gentle reminder, but is soon gone again.

Imagine a life without fits and spasms. It would be like a "rolling stone that gathers no moss," a stone which rolls perpetually and cannot stop to pass a pleasant time of the day. Stones with moss are much better than those without, so would not our life be hideous without fits and spasms? Next time I am reproved for fits and spasms I will smile knowingly and no one else will know that I love being reproved for that.

—EDE LATHEY (Red).



GEMS

Gems you will find in the market

—Beloved of the wealthy and wise—

The rubies and red gold of fashion,

Such as none but the foolish despise;

But where is the bagman of Heaven,

Of Heaven! and how does he prize

Star dust to sprinkle the lover,

Wonder to light a lad's eyes,

Wings whereon fancy may hover,

Or a shell wherein cries

From the shores of the sea everlasting

All beauty that dies?

—JEAN FOLDER (Red).

CHARACTERS SEEN ON THE TRAM

The characters who travel on the trams may be divided into two classes—(a) male; and (b) female. Under "Male," the characters may be further classified into:—(1) The gentleman who travels on the step in order to view the passengers alighting from and boarding the tram. (2) The man who, on the chance of passing unobserved, and getting a free ride, travels in the rear compartment. (3) The humorist who demands the conductor to lower the barrier in order to prevent the draught. (4) The school-boy who narrates loudly his misdeeds of the previous day to his friend.

Class (b) may be sub-divided as follows:—(1) Young ladies who travel inside so that young men may open the door for them. (2) Young ladies who stand in the gangway so that the other sex have to trip over their feet and then apologise, while the injured lady smiles sweetly. (3) The lady of strict habits, who stops the tram and then decides not to travel by it, as all the inside seats are occupied, and she always travels inside. (4) The young ladies who unselfishly allow the other passengers to hear their opinion of last night's dance or party.

This study of character provides a sure method of revival from a "fit of the blues," as it is never boring.

—L. CAMPBELL (Red).



"THE SONG OF SPRING"

Upon a hard chair in a studio
I sat, and listened to my friend, who
At first, disinterested, I gazed far out
The window, at the greening trees of spring,
And thought what ecstasy 't would be to lie
'Neath swaying willows near a chuckling stream,
Far, far from hated work in hated town.
My reverie was roused by melody,
Exquisite melody which filled the room
And carried me into another world.
I heard sweet songs of birds in leafy trees;
And saw their throats throb with the melody.
I heard low breezes sigh, and murmur down
The grass-grown hillsides, bringing on their
breasts

The haunting perfumes of Spring violets,
And meadow-sweet, the faint, wild smell of
briars,

And gorse bloom from the hedges of the hill.
I heard low drones, innumerable, of bees
As they pursued their drowsy way amidst
A wilderness of flowers, and then I heard
The patter of October showers made soft
By carpets of green grass—then silence, long.
Reluctantly I came to earth to find
My friend regarding me with shiny eyes,
And asking if I liked his "Song of Spring."

—ISMAY J. MUIRHEAD (Green).

MEMORIES

"God gave us our memories that we might have roses in December."

On glancing through a little book of gems, these words caught my eye. A faint odour of roses, still lingering from a small buttonhole-rose pressed between the pages, seemed to give added force to the words. They were, of course, written for England, and my imagination carried me there on a bleak December afternoon. As far as the eye could see a white coverlet lay over all, but I turned my eyes from the landscape to a little cottage standing nearby. Smoke curled from its chimney, and through the open door I could see the glimmer of a fire; but my chief interest lay in the bent old man at the door. Over the white expanse that had been his garden his eyes roved with the far-away gaze of a seer, and I knew that he was seeing yet again the glory of the summer. I rejoiced in that I too was blessed with a memory and quietly turned the page.

—HELEN RATHBUN (Gold).



AN INTERVIEW WITH SATAN

I am instructed by my newspaper editor to get an interview with Satan.

"Interview Satan, and let me know in twenty-four hours," were the instructions I had just received. Usually my answer would have been "No"; but now I mumbled, "How?" I did not know how, but do so or lose your job," was the answer. Here was a fine state of affairs. For I had just two weeks no more exciting news than "I had won ten shillings for riding a bicycle without a light after dark," had adorned our pages. Hence my chief's command.

Now, it was very fine for him to issue that order, but for me to carry it out was quite a different affair. I did not know in which direction to start. Indeed, I knew no one who was on friendly terms with him, and even those who spoke against him would offer no other explanation than to fix me with a cold hard eye. While I was enquiring, however, a small boy accosted me and said, "I'll take you there if you give me five shillings." I agreed, thinking he was only joking, but he appeared quite serious; so I followed him. He led me to a house, down hundreds of flights of stairs, ever downward until I thought we could go no lower. At last he reached an iron door covered with dust. He knocked twice, and the door was opened by a boy about the same size as my guide. "Go with him," said my friend, and addressing the stranger as "Bill" told him what I wanted.

Now that I was here I felt a little frightened; not knowing what to expect, especially when a shrill cry of terror sounded from a door at my side. Strangely enough it was not very hot here, as I had expected it to be. "Stop here," said my new guide, "I will see if he is busy." Soon he re-appeared followed by a short, fat man, with

a humorous twinkle in his eyes. My idea of Satan was soon disturbed. I had imagined him to be anything but what he was. "How are you, sir?" he said, before I could sum up the situation. "What do you want?" I replied as well as I could. "That all!" he said. "Come and have a look for yourself."

He led me along to see the inmates of the place. Instead of seeing them all in a fiery furnace, I found them stationed in rooms, like those on Earth. The only punishments inflicted upon them were the same as they had inflicted upon people when on Earth. One lady was obliged to sit for two hours a day and listen to the same songs sung the same way as she had sung them on Earth. The sound I had mistaken for a groan of pain was really the sound of her voice. Of course, it was torture for the first few times, but she soon grew used to it, and took it as a daily exercise. I visited many people who all seemed contented with their lot. Satan confided to me afterwards that the reason such tales were circulated on earth was to keep the attendance down. He also earnestly begged me not to reveal the way to his palace for the same reason. I promised to do as he asked.

Suddenly I heard a voice from afar off say, "Have you finished writing up the report of your interview with Mr. James?" At this I awoke. "Yes sir, just finished it; I had the devil's own job to get it."

—GEORGE BACON (Red).



ENCHANTMENT

When moonlight comes stealing and the old owl shrieks eerily from the ivied church tower, when the old clock booms the hour in silence, and the dew lies cold on the grass, then enchantment awakes.

Across the golden moon flies the witch in dark silhouette, to weave misty spells among the stars which quiver with delicious fear as she passes, but wink bravely at each other when she has moved on.

The weird little bats flutter and flash round her broomstick, while the burning eyes of her black cat glitter fiendishly at them.

The black shapes of the trees form faces as with gently waving arms they spread the news of the day in rustling whispers. In the light of day they appear kindly and strong, but at night they are shadowy, scandalous old hags, secreting some dark thing to spring upon the unsuspecting traveller.

Enchantment is everywhere. Even the flowers close and hang their heads afraid to face the darkness, so their friendly presence is lost.

But who will say that the witch was but an owl? And the stars merely twinkle in their usual way? Do not, my friend, or all enchantment's lost.

BEAUTY

The purple haze of eventide,
The golden glow of morn;
The maiden-hair and moss that hide
The crumbling logs forlorn;
The rippling of the silver stream
Its tiny pebbles o'er;
The lulling of the tired sea,
At night upon the shore;
Far out upon the lowland brown,
The farmer with his plough,
The pure delight of a happy child
With innocence its crown;
Stars twinkling from the veil of night,
Soft shine of calm dark;
Doves cooling in their nests at dusk;
Fresh odours sweet that mark
The fall of showers in the bush;
Are some that I must love
In the realm of beauty, great and rare,
All other things above.

—N. R. (Red).



RECOMPENSE

All day sounds strike my ear. Hooting, clanging, screeching, talking—much talking, make a confusion that distresses and hurts. Sound in abundance—yet I do not hear!

But in the evening, when the day's turmoil has ceased, the ear first listens thankfully to quietness. Then other sounds are heard. The sweet rustling of wind in the trees—music indeed; the trickling of water somewhere, so cooling after the heat of the day; the call of a night bird; a clock chiming the hour, and, from afar, the sound of a train—the link between the tired city dweller and God's glorious open country. Sweet sounds all of them bringing by their subtle suggestion, rest and healing. I listen, and in the evening, I hear.

All day in the hot glare of the sun, scenes, people, things pass before my eyes; confusing in their multiplicity; often depressing in their crudeness and sordidness; always too many and too vast, yet the eye "seeing does not perceive."

But in the evening, as darkness draws on, the gentle moon sheds her radiance on little gardens and reveals the charming silhouettes of the trees as they sway softly to and fro.

Little pools shine like crystal, and old buildings are vested with a radiance and glory not their own. The stars come out; everything is bathed in a soft beauty, and at night I see.

All day city odours are borne to me—petrol, machinery, oil, and others mysterious and equally disagreeable. They surround me, yet, while conscious of their unpleasantness I am wondering whether I have lost the power to distinguish scents.

But in the evening I sit by the window and sniff tentatively. No, it is all right, that sense is still able to do its work. The sweet scent of

rain drenched earth floats up. Then a leafy odour; the scent of a flower, and, oh joy! I can distinguish them all. Indeed, it seems as if the night gives back that which the day has wrested from the weary town dweller, for in the evening, I can smell.

All day I am pushed and jostled by the toiling crowds. There are so many of us, and so little space for all. So much curbing and restraining is necessary lest we hurt or get hurt, and on many days we do both.

But as evening wanders into night, so do I wander into myself. Once again I fling that being into the ocean of the compensating night, and once again, alone with God and the stars I gain fresh strength for the demands of the morrow.

Thank God for the night!

—JEAN FOLDER (Red).



RIPE FRUIT

My favourite pastime on a sunny summer afternoon is to eat ripe fruit. After gathering a basketful of different kinds, especially nice juicy apples and peaches, I take myself to a shady nook under a flowering blossom tree. On the other side is the rose bower, where the creeper has spread its branches completely over the building, and now the breeze wafts its scent towards my hammock.

On a summer afternoon, when it is almost too hot to do anything, I gather my fruit and a couple of books, and go to rest for a few quiet hours of solitude in my nook.

I enjoy my reading immensely, with intervals now and then to take a bite from my apple or to take one from an almost unmanageable pear. By unmanageable, I mean one of those juicy pears, from which, when you pierce the skin with your teeth, the juice spurts out and catches you unprepared in the eye, or even worse, dribbles right down the front of your best silk frock, and there leaves a stain never to be removed.

Pear juice is not like water, which helps to clean your face; it is sticky, and makes you feel very uncomfortable if unexpectedly you get a spray showered on the cheek. Of course, ripe fruit has its advantages and disadvantages. If the fruit is too ripe, you get covered with soft pulp and juice. Then again, one is not always able to get ripe fruit, so one must be thankful for the fruit whether it is over ripe or not. One advantage of the apple, so our ancestors say, is that "An apple a day keeps the doctor away." I quite believe this too, for as long as I can remember I have eaten very many kinds of fruit (and I may say not only one a day), and I have during my short lifetime never had medical assistance.

—B. W. (Green).

BEFORE THE STORM

The waves were lashing, lashing on the shore,
The sea-wind moan'd,
Far thunder groan'd,
And o'er the dark'ning ocean wing'd
A lone grey gull.

There came a murmur from the distant hills;
The black sky lower'd,
The high cliffs tower'd,
Like rigid sentinels in the silence loom'd
Waiting the storm.

But in the eerie monastery on the rocks
The great bells rang,
Iron shutters clang'd,
And in the silence ere the tempest broke
The cowed monks prayed.

—BETTY LAMBERT (Red).



VOICES

Everything in this world is speaking to us, but often we are not aware of it. No, this is not quite true, for perhaps we do listen, but cannot hear. Our ears are not tuned to the notes of everything in our life, and so we take it for granted that there is no sound. But here we are greatly mistaken.

There are many things to which we do not give credit for a voice, and we do not realise how we are deceiving ourselves. We hear birds singing, and we know that they have song. We hear the trees shouting or whispering with the wind, and we know that they are not dumb: and yet we say that flowers cannot speak. We are wrong—they do. I have seen them thousands of times dancing and nodding their heads in the midst of the liveliest conversation that you can imagine. Poppies are the greatest gossips I know; but the hollyhocks and sunflowers are tall and stately, and do not chatter at random. They talk of more serious matters, such as the destruction of the rose garden by the furry-bodied caterpillar and his family, or the sad ruin of the camellias by the recent hailstorm. The morning glories are the heralds of the flower world, but are often very spiteful to their rival the honey-suckle, and call a "Good hunting" to the bees and butterflies who go to rob it. Indeed, there is no part of nature which has not a voice, and sometimes, just as the sun is tipping over the hill, if you listen very hard, you can hear even the timid violet whispering a last good-night.

My thoughts and dreams are like this, too. People say they cannot hear them, but this seems too impossible to be true. Often they come rushing and crowding in such confusion, that some of

them slip out of my mind and go floating around the world. Sometimes they come back to me, and I place them in their shelves again so that they cannot escape. When I am thinking very hard, it seems that someone must hear my thoughts, they cry so loudly, but there is only myself who is tuned to them, and can really understand.

And so we watch things every day of our lives, but do not realise that they are telling us an infinite number of beautiful secrets, if we could but hear. Perhaps someday everything will be in harmony, and we will know what nature and the world are telling us.

—G. L. (Green).



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. French.

Senior Prefects: Betty Lambert, George Donnelly.

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

House Captains: Betty Lambert, 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 Hulse, Tom Walker, Aubrey Tucker, Rus. Jordan, Keith Heyward, Graham Barclay, William Lovell.

Sub-Prefects: Joan McHarg, Helen Low, Arthur Duncan, 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: Molly Walker, Ismay Muirhead, Neil Gill, Nancy Gardam, Jean Folder, Geoff. Foot, Leman Thurlow, Lilian Weeks, Jean Miles, Phil. Sulzberger, Alan McLean, Gwen Tabart, Venie Baker, Edmund Press, Alec. Taner.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

We have to acknowledge receipt of the following:—

The Unley High School Magazine.
Pallas" (Melbourne Girls' High School).
The Devonian" (Devonport S.H.S.).
The Brisbane High School for Girls Magazine.
Scottsdale High School Magazine.
Queenstown Technical High School Magazine.
"The Log" (Hobart S.H.S.).
"The University High School Record."
"The Darwinian" (Burnie S.H.S.).



SPECIAL ASSEMBLIES

There have been three special assemblies during the year, each time to honour a Rhodes Scholar.

The first was to welcome Dr. Roland Wilson, who visited the School, as Mr. Biggins, our headmaster, was his old head at Devonport State High.

The next was that in honour of Mr. Gollan Lewis, the second Old Scholar of the School to win a Rhodes Scholarship. Mr. Lewis, who has left for England, the 1930 Tasmanian Rhodes Scholar, visited the School and gave a speech of encouragement to the present scholars.

The return of Mr. Alan Ingles from England was the occasion of a third special assembly. Mr. Ingles, it will be remembered, attended Oxford University, where, as well as gaining his B.A. degree, he won the honour of rowing with the University against Cambridge. His humorous account of some of his experiences and of the great boat race was relished by all sections of the School.



DUCES

A—T. Walker.
B—E. Bird.
C1—F. Hodgetts.
C2—L. Robins.
C3—F. Walker.
C4—L. Thurlow.
D1—T. Jestrinski.
D2—T. Emmett.
D3—R. Whitford.
D4—R. Rainbow.
E1—J. McHarg.
E2—E. Brown.
E3—L. Davis.
E4—P. Gee.

SCHOOL ROLL, 1930

CLASS A.—Supervising Teacher: Mr. L. F. Briggs, B.A.

Ienne Ward, Rachel Royle, Gwen Lathey, Betty Lambert, Isable Gaby, Claudia Knight, Gwen Parsons, Mary Walker, Mary Kiddle, Dorothy Brown, Evelyn Winter, Alan Cunningham, Lancelot Waldron, Bruce Phillips, Roger von Bertouch, Jack Dineen, Hector McLennan, Harold Lewis, Thomas Walker, Colin Freeman, Charles Blackwell, Donald Cunningham, Stewart Thompson.

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

Tucker, Aubrey, Niel Gill, Arthur Traill, Maurice Dargavel, Jack Townend, Cliff Parish, Edmund Smith, Fred Hayward, David McQuestion, Lindsay Best, George Donnelly, George Bacon, Leslie Howlett, Max Brewer, Kathleen Breward, Jessie Walker, Margaret Bull, Eleanor Robinson, Nancy Reader, Mabel Armstrong, Bessie Holmes, Hazel Bassett, Eileen Miller, Eileen Bird, Mary Anderson, Ismay Muirhead, Helen Rathbun, Dorothy Hill.

CLASS C1.—Supervising Teacher: Miss B. Layh, B.A.

Eileen Atto, Nancie Gardam, Freda Daniel, Mary Wilson, Noreen Adams, Jean Cameron, Norma Walker, Ursula Walker, Margaret Reid, Isabel Cunningham, Betty Alcock, Betty Thow, Jean Mann, Jean Trevena, Irene Begent, Kathleen Muckridge, Doris McCormack, Nancy Burn, Kathleen Jackson, Zillah Slater, Edna Lees, Maggie McCarthy, Ellen Kubank, Vera Dunn, Isabel Jackson, Lily Morgan, Daisy Twidle, Clarice Mold, Violet Atkinson, Mary Steer, Frances Hodgetts, Marjory Dutton, Yvonne Bower, Marie Skirving.

CLASS C2.—Supervising Teacher: Miss E. Norman.

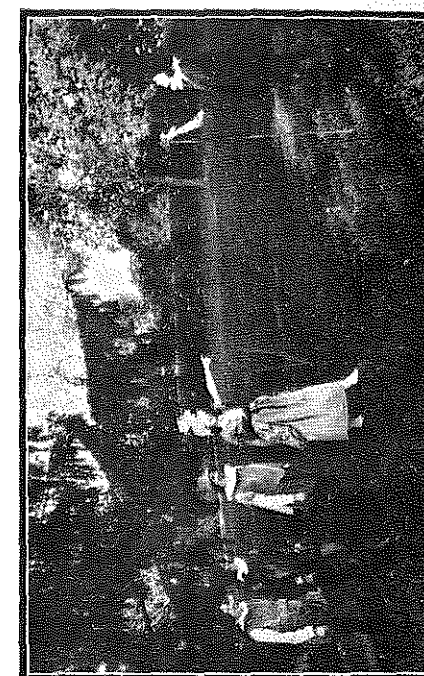
May Beven, Vera Taylor, Beryl Playsted, Nancy Lambert, Ila Barret, Marjorie Walker, Olga Rowell, Betty Gill, Gwen Maumill, Edeline Lathey, Margaret Sutton, Phyllis Viney, Eveline Furley, Bessie Ball, Jean Folder, Lorna Robins, Dorothy Ion, Barbara Newton, Doreen Everett, Laurel Edmunds, Joan Thomas, Phyllis Grace, Joan Robinson, Eileen Cumming, Jean Joyce, Lillian Guy, Alice McKimmie, Mary Dunn.

CLASS C3.—Supervising Teacher: Mr. B. W. Scott.

William Barnes, Graham Ball, Bruce Ross, Geoffrey Foot, Vernon Viney, Roy Bell, Graeme McCabe, Stanley Barnard, Lawrence Abra, Max Thow, Russell Jordan, Victor Fitze, Athol Gough, Chris. Ingamells, Arch. Flanagan, Ormond McHarg, Ramsey Bull, Colin Smith, Edward Swan,

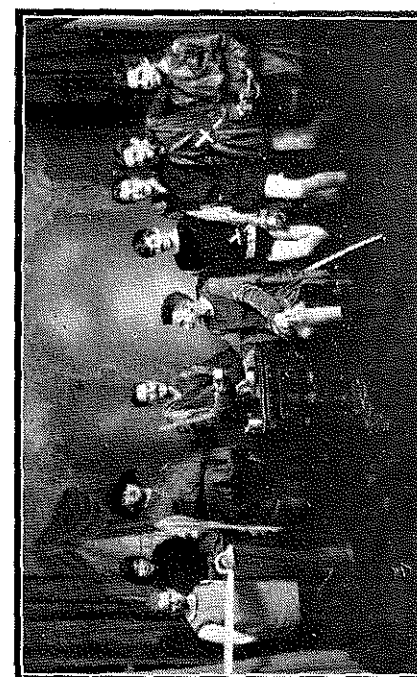


B.

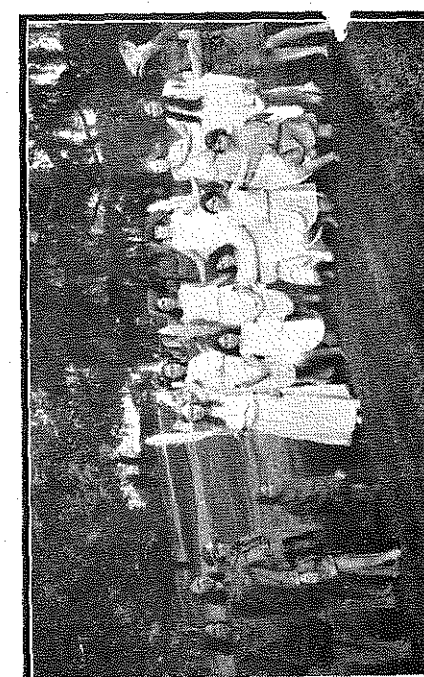


D2.

DRAMATIC SOCIETIES.



C3.



D1.

Lance Lees, Douglas Bowden, Rex. Nicholls, Cyril Collins, Frank Walker, Leigh Gurr, Bruce Heazlewood, Lancelot Campbell, Donald McDonald.

CLASS C4.—Supervising Teacher: Mr. J. D. Daish.

Rod. Anketell, Fred. Cooper, Pat Lyne, William Box, Morris Ogilvie, Clyde Ikin, Clyde Patman, Eric White, Charles Fotheringham, Brian Breheny, Max Guy, Lindsay Lee, Geoffrey Barlow, Charles Barnard, Niel Barclay, Keith Hayward, Geoff. Suter, James Glennie, Leman Thurlow, Geoffrey Ford, Lindsay Jones, Norman Warmbrunn.

CLASS D1.—Supervising Teacher: Miss G. E. Morris, B.A.

Dulcie Cooke, Sylvia Murfet, Florence Johnson, Doreen Evans, Hazel Blackberry, Joyce James, Jessie Bowen, Lucy Royle, Mary Wilson, Dulcie Davy, Gwen Smith, Edna Holder, Grace Bayles, Jeanette Wood, Nehreda Olding, Gwendoline Eastoe, Mollie Towns, Ailsa Fraser, Beryl Morgan, Roma Lees, Elizabeth Fitze, Margaret Tanner, Winifred Bull, Elizabeth Percy, Lillian Weekes, Nancy Thow, Gwenneth Reeve, Audrey Reeve, Nancy Lowe, Roma Mickleborough, Isla Hoggett, Verna Pitt, Elsie Green, Maida Ramskill, Thelma Jestrinski, Brenda Bye, Catherine Cooper, Winifred Harris, Myee Bayes, Beryl Bennie, Dorothy Smith.

CLASS D2.—Supervising Teacher: Miss M. Hamilton, B. Comm.

Grace Beckett, Nancy Turner, Mary Peck, Sara Cox, Elizabeth Dixon, Enid Simmons, Gwendoline Newton, Jean Bell, Ellen Newman, Mary Ferguson, Elsie Barker, Lena Thomson, Lilian Lane, June Edwards, Margaret Turnbull, Betty Badcock, Joy Geiger, May Brown, Muriel French, Jean Gillard, Edna Robins, Joan Hoyle, Lorna Manson, Thora Emmett, Jean Grubb, Nancy Watson, Marjorie Forsythe, Adelaide Lawson, Marjorie Hurse, Queenie Lewis, Marjorie Gilbert, Jean Miles, Constance Smith, Nancy Whitham, Kathleen Ripper, Eunice James, Freda White, Leslie Walker, Dorothy Cummings.

CLASS D3.—Supervising Teacher: Mr. A. K. Fulton, B.A.

Albert Thompson, Neil Shegog, Thomas Lee, Frederick Benn, George Paton, Gordon Walsh, Mervyn Kendall, Frederick Steven, Stanley Harvey, Geoffrey Callahan, Maxwell Harrison, Percy Harris, Richard Whitford, Jack Brett, Frederick Atherton, Raymond Adams, Charles Goss, William Lovell, Verdun Cameron, Gregor Stephens, Leopold Bomford, Henry Chamberlain, Phillip Sulzberger, Malcolm Glennie, Lindsay Whitham.

CLASS D4.—Supervising Teacher: Mr. S. H. Wellington.

Fred. Krushka, Lawrence Massey, Donald A. von Bertouch, Mervyn Jacobson, James Peirce, Victor Harris, Ronald Rainbow, Fred. Rose, Harold Cassidy, Alvin Bomford, Alan Shipton, Colin Phillips, Peter McCord, Graham Barclay, Roy Dean, William Fulford, Rod. Hill, Julian Murfett, Kenneth Fenton, Tasman Edwards, Reginald Fox, Arthur Collins, Eric Heazlewood, Edwin McCulloch, Maxwell Lohrey, Alan St. Hill, Oliver Davern, Lawrence Hayward, Clifford Cooper, Donald McKenzie, Alan MacLaine, Lindsay Shields, William Gourlay, Bruce Waddle, Stanley Pollard, George Boyles, Cecil Wiltshire, Lloyd Jones, Tasman Scutt, Trevor Foley, Alan Johnson.

CLASS E1.—Supervising Teacher: Miss A. G. Wagner.

Nancy Low, Greta Blazly, Dulcie Thomas, Thirza Woodhouse, Mary Miller, Isobel Trinder, Zoe French, Lois Elmer, Constance Wade, Alice Whiting, Gwendoline Tabart, Joyce Box, Winifred Jago, Ilma Honey, Jean Thomas, Jean Alomes, Phyllis Dyas, Freda Smith, Joan McHarg, Winifred Worth, Madge McGiveron, Joyce George, Merle McArdell, Fanny Porter, Lyra Waldron, Avis Franklin, Phyllis Barkworth, Dorothy Butler, Dorothy Robertson, Lorna Stephens, Inga Walters, Mary McNear, Florence McCulloch, Kathleen Batten, Laurel Fahey, Alice Chappell, Joan Anderson, Stella McKimmie, Gwen Turmine, Marjorie Price, Joyce Elliott, Madge Roberts, Evelyn Sturgess, Jessie McQueen, Dulcie Hodgetts, Lorna Hodgetts, Beryl Alford, Lucy Widdowson, Doreen Evans, Nancy McFie, Eva Bratt.

Class E2.—Supervising Teacher: Miss A. B. Nichols.

Betty Hurse, Jean Kiddle, Eileen West, Jean Whatley, Reta Wise, Nancy Box, Mollie Tabart, Phoebe Searl, Nancy Thompson, Marian Thomas, Joan Parish, Jessie Robinson, Dorothy Cazaly, Beryl Barker, Jean Johnson, Kathleen Parsons, Lorna Rowbottom, Barbara Stanley, Irma Ball, Ellen Chugg, Gwen Greeney, Mollie Best, Irene Rundle, Flora Watts, Venie Baker, Doris Eastburn, Doris Hadfield, Audrey Ion, Effie Coombe, Norma Scarborough, Jean Snooks, Joyce Wenn, Helen Thorneycroft, Elsie Brown, Constance Horton, Phyllis Talbot, Sybil Cox, Mysie Horne, Helen Low, Phyllis Green, Amelia Balmforth, Doris Meek, Joan Wylie, Queenie Daniel, Meryle Honey, Maisie Allison, Dorothy Cumming.

CLASS E3.—Supervising Teacher: Miss V. C. Johnston.

Lovel Davis, Robert Shields, Eric Scott, Malcolm Leembruggen, Stephen Grey, Donald Crawford, Winton Hudson, Gordon Birkett, Eddy

Brooks, John Pullen, Ken. Pugh, Alexander Strang, Edmund Press, Douglas Sharman, Gilbert Wheaton, Robert Mann, William Bowles, Albert Pickett, William Gunton, James Smith, Ian Camm, Darrel Hughes, Max Strochnetter, David Munro, Peter Hague, John Brown, Colin Robertson, Lloyd Scott, Ian Larner, Geoffrey Hudson, Leonard Branagan, Montagu Bardenhagen, Rupert Fletcher, Oliver Neilson, Sydney Nicklason, Jack Williamson, Chas. Ross, Jas. Humphreys, Leo. Bishop, Lyle Chamberlain, Percy Waddle, Harold Manning, Alexander Wallace, Raymond Watts.

CLASS E4.—Supervising Teacher: Miss D. G. Bock.

Donald Reynolds, Vincent McWilliams, Trevor McCarthy, Geoffrey Beauchamp, Jack Mace, Allan Willett, Jack Doyle, Lindsay Brain, David Sydes, Arthur Davis, Alex. Tanner, Barnaby Lyne, Frank McCann, Lloyd Newson, Herbert Fuller, Philip Gee, Allan Senior, Leslie Boyd, Percival Fry, Gordon Hopwood, Bruce Masters, David Scott, Harold Hughes, Neil McDonald, Fawdry Kidd, Robert Barclay, Frank Mayhead, Trevor Guy, Thomas Burley, Bruce Hensby, Arthur Duncan, Leslie Beams, Harry Futing, Peter Gunton, Roland Wheelan, Daniel Clark.

SCHOOL FAIR

A School Fair was held in the Assembly Hall on Friday, June 6 (evening), and Saturday, June 7 (afternoon and evening). The fair was opened by the Deputy-Mayor (Mr. H. C. L. Barber). Considering the very cold weather and the financial depression, the result of the effort was very satisfactory. We take this opportunity of sincerely thanking all parents and friends who helped us with donations or purchases.

STATEMENT OF RECEIPTS AND EXPENDITURE.

Receipts.		£	s.	d.
Flower Stall		5	8	2
Produce		20	17	7
Cakes		15	4	4½
Sweets		16	18	1
Jumble		12	9	4
Fancy		13	5	7½
Savoury		9	18	4
Drinks and Jellies		9	10	5
Supper		8	5	9
Donations		6	12	6
Fish Pond		3	1	11
Games		14	12	10
Door		17	11	9
Fortune Telling		3	5	8
Concerts		8	11	0
		£165	13	4

Expenses.

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Produce		0	5	0		
Sweets		0	9	6		
Savoury		1	15	3		
Drinks and Jellies		1	7	4		
Supper		0	5	9		
Fish Pond		1	0	0		
				5	2	10
General—						
Cartage		0	10	4		
"Examiner"		1	19	3		
Cleaning		0	10	0		
				2	19	7

Balance to General Fund	157	10	11
	£165	13	4

Summary:

Gross Receipts	£165	13	4
Expenses	8	2	5
Net Receipts	157	10	11



DRAMATIC COMPETITIONS

During the first term four dramatic circles were formed to prepare Shakespearean scenes for the Easter Competitions. In the senior section C3 were first with a scene from "Henry IV," B Class second with Act III. Sc. ii. of "As You Like It," and an outside party were third. Athol Gough caused great amusement as Falstaff. Geoff. Foot was a dignified Prince Hal. Graeme McCabe as Poins; Doug. Bowden as Francis; Bessie Dixon as the Hostess; Willie Barnes as Host; Orm. McHarg, Archie Flanagan, and Laurie Abra as followers of Henry, filled their parts very effectively. In the B class group Ismay Muirhead gave a fine performance as Touchstone, while the other parts were well played by Rachael Royle as Orlando, Jessie Walker as Rosalind, Eleanor Robinson as Celia, Helen Rathbun as Jaques, and Aub. Tucker as Corin.

In the Junior Section D2 were first with the garden scene from "Twelfth Night." Katie Ripper made a fine Sir Toby, and good work was done by Peggy Turnbull as Malvolio, Joy Geiger as Maria, Betty Badcock as Sir Andrew, and June Edwards as Fabian. D1 were second with a fairy scene from "A Midsummer Night's Dream." Jessie Bowen was particularly good as Bottom, and Winnie Harris and Gwen Smith made a dainty queen and king. The dance and song by the attendant fairies were charming.

As a result of these competitions about £10 was won. This was spent on Shakespearean costumes.

SPORTS NOTES

GIRLS' ATHLETIC SPORTS

On Wednesday, October 22nd, the Girls' Athletic Sports were held at the Cricket Ground in sunny weather, and some very fine results were witnessed.

The Open Championship was won by Rachel Royle, of Red House, with 18 points. Jessie Bowen (Purple) won the Under 15 Championship with 20 points, while P. Honey (Purple), with 13½ points, was successful in the Under 13 Championship.

During the interval an afternoon tea booth, under the supervision of Misses Layh and Morris, was well patronised. A and B Class boys waited on the tables.

The various officials connected with the sports were:—President, Mrs. H. B. Biggins; referee, Mr. H. V. Biggins, B.A.; starter, M. K. M. Dallas, B. Com.; judges, Rev. G. Rowe, B.A., Rev. F. McCabe, B.A., Rev. J. C. Jones, B.A., Messrs. Layh, F. O. Close, B.Sc., L. F. Briggs, B.A., W. Judd, M.A.; Sports Mistress, Miss M. Hamilton, B.Com.; ground supervisor, Mr. S. Wellington; hon. secretary, Mary Kiddle; hon. treasurer, Eleanor Robinson; committee, B. Lambert, I. Muirhead, N. Gardam, L. Edmunds, I. Ward, J. Bowen, M. Hurse, J. George, F. Watts.

The results of the races were as follows:—

CHAMPIONSHIP EVENTS.

75 Yards, under 15.—First Heat—N. Box 1, J. McQueen 2, L. Elmer 3. Second Heat—J. Bowen 1, T. Jestrinski 2, E. Simmons 3. Third Heat—E. Brown 1, L. Lane 2, J. Kiddle 3.

Final.

J. Bowen 1
L. Lane and E. Brown 2

Won by a yard, with a dead heat for second. Time, 10 4-10 sec.

High Jump, Open.—J. Bowen 1, N. Kubank 2, E. Atto 3. Height, 4 ft. 4½ in.

High Jump, Under 15.—J. Bowen 1, L. Royle 2, L. Lane 3. Height, 4 ft. 1 in.

High Jump, Under 13.—P. Honey 1, W. Bull 2, D. Hadfield 3. Height, 3 ft. 11½ in.

Skiping Race, Under 13.—D. Hadfield 1, B. Badcock 2, Joan Anderson 3.

Skiping Race, Under 15.—J. Bowen 1, L. Royle 2, L. Lane 3.

Skiping Race, Open.—E. Miller 1, R. Royle 2, M. Kiddle 3.

75 Yards, Open.—First Heat—R. Royle 1, I. Muirhead 2, M. Kiddle 3. Second Heat—E. Miller 1, D. Brown 2, G. Turmine 3.

Final.

R. Royle 1
E. Miller 2
I. Muirhead 3

Won easily. Time, 11½ sec.

120 Yards, Open.—R. Royle 1, M. Wilson 2, I. Muirhead 3. Won by two yards. Time, 16 8-10 sec.

100 Yards, Open.—R. Royle 1, E. Green 2, E. Miller 3. Won easily. Time, 13 9-10 sec.

100 Yards, Under 15.—J. Bowen 1, L. Royle 2, L. Lane 3. Won by four yards. Time, 14 8-10 sec.

100 Yards, Under 13.—P. Honey and D. Hadfield, dead heat, 1. Only starters. Time, 16 sec.

75 Yards, Under 13.—First Heat—D. Hadfield 1, L. Waldron 2, G. Greeney 3. Second Heat—C. Horton 1, P. Honey 2, M. Horne 3.

Final.

C. Horton 1
P. Honey 2
L. Waldron 3

Won by two yards. Time, 11 6-10 sec.

120 Yards, Under 15.—J. Bowen 1, L. Royle 2, L. Lane 3.

120 Yards, Under 13.—P. Honey 1, M. Horne 2, D. Hadfield 3.

HANDICAP EVENTS.

120 Yards, Open.—First Heat—R. Royle 1, I. Muirhead 2, M. Mold 3. Second Heat—E. Robinson 1, M. Wilson 2, E. Green 3.

Final.

R. Royle 1
I. Muirhead 2
M. Mold 3

75 Yards, Under 13.—W. Bull and B. Badcock dead heat 1, J. Edwards 3.

75 Yards, Open.—First Heat—R. Royle 1, N. Kubank 2, M. Mold 3. Second Heat—E. Miller 1, G. Parsons 2, H. Blackberry 3. Third Heat—E. Green 1, M. Wilson 2, D. Brown 3.

Final.

R. Royle 1
M. Mold 2
E. Miller 3

120 Yards, Under 15.—J. Bowen 1, E. Robins 2, L. Royle 3.

75 Yards, Under 15.—First Heat—J. Bowen



HOCKEY TEAM.



FOOTBALL TEAM.

1, E. Robins 2, J. Grubb 3. Second Heat—L. Royle 1, L. Lane 2, J. McQueen 3.

Final.

J. Bowen	1
E. Robins	2
L. Royle	3

NOVELTY EVENTS.

Sack Race.—T. Jestrinski 1, M. Kiddle 2, E. Robins 3.

Hitting the Hockey Ball.—J. Johnstone 1, M. Mold 2, I. Gaby 3.

Thread-the-Needle Race.—E. Robins 1, R. Royle 2, M. Steer 3.

House Hockey Drizzling Race.—Purple House 1, Green House 2, Red House 3.

Obstacle Race, Under 15.—J. McHarg 1, B. Morgan 2, L. Walker 3.

Obstacle Race, Open.—M. Hurse 1, E. Cunningham 2, B. Ball 3.

Catch the Train Race.—N. Turner 1, G. Parsons 2, L. Walker 3.

Department Race.—E. Robinson 1, J. Folder 2, L. Morgan 3.

Three-legged Race, Open.—R. Royle and J. Bowen 1, I. Muirhead and M. Kiddle 2, E. Robinson and N. Kubank 3.

Three-legged Race, Under 15.—M. Best and B. Morgan 1, L. Thompson and M. Forsyth 2, E. Brown and J. Kiddle 3.

Egg and Spoon Race, Open.—E. Cumming 1, G. Parsons 2, G. Robins 3.

HOUSE CONTESTS.

Medicine Ball.—Purple 1, Red 2, Green 3.

Junior Relay Race.—Green 1, Red 2, Purple 3.

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

The final points for the House Competition were as follow (captain's name in brackets):—

Purple House (I. Ward), 89 points 1

Green House (M. Kiddle), 55 points 2

Red House (B. Lambert), 52 points 3

Cold House (E. Robinson), 39 points 4

At the conclusion of the programme the trophies were presented to those successful by Mrs. H. V. Biggins, and Mr. Biggins thanked all the officials, especially Miss M. Hamilton, the sports-mistress.



TENNIS

Although it is yet early in the season, a prospective team has been chosen to practice for next year. Mr. Stuart, Launceston's well-known professional, has very kindly offered to coach the team girls on Wednesday afternoons, and they are making good use of his lessons.

On Wednesday afternoon, the 5th of November, our first and second fours visited Ladies' College, and were defeated by 3 sets to 1. The girls were nearly all new to team matches, and on the whole, acquitted themselves very creditably.

We wish to thank Miss Hamilton for giving us her assistance at practices, and also for more regular and frequent practising for the team.

HOCKEY

The success of our Hockey Teams this year was due to the coaching of Miss Johnston, and also to the keen spirit which the girls displayed. The results of the matches played are as follows:

FIRSTS.

First Round.—S.H.S. v. Westbury, won 3—1; S.H.S. v. College Firsts, won, 3—1; S.H.S. v. Longford, won, 2—1; S.H.S. v. Churinga, lost, 6—2; S.H.S. v. Collegians, drew, 2—2; S.H.S. v. Perth, won, 4—2; S.H.S. v. Broadand, won, 5—2.

Second Round.—S.H.S. v. Westbury, won, 8—1; S.H.S. v. Churinga, lost, 6—0.

The remainder of these matches were cancelled owing to the length of the roster. Churinga finished as Premiers, and S.H.S. were runners up.

On 25th July we played Hobart, and after a very exciting match we won, 8—4. Devonport visited us, and on 15th August defeated us, 6—4.

SECONDS.

First Round.—S.H.S. v. College Seconds, won, 6—2; S.H.S. v. East Launceston, lost, 1—6; S.H.S. v. Paton and Baldwins, won, 0—3; S.H.S. v. Glen Dhu, won, 11—0; S.H.S. v. Tamar Knit, drew, 2—2; S.H.S. v. Invermay, won, 6—1; S.H.S. v. Barcelona, won, 6—1; S.H.S. v. College Seconds, won, 7—0.



BOYS' SPORT

FOOTBALL

During the year the team trained solidly under Mr. Close at the Cricket Ground. The team finally selected was a fast young side, who played hard. The majority were weak in the air, but clever on the ground.

Several matches were played, and a large percentage of wins was recorded. The inter-High School game was played at Hobart, and was won by Hobart High School after a great game.

The School has to thank Mr. Cazaley, who, although unable to coach us regularly, imparted sound advice, which was carried out. Results:—

v. GRAMMAR, June 11th.

School, 7 goals 8 behinds.
Grammar, 5 goals 7 behinds.
Best for School: Collins, Dineen, Jordan, Townend, Traill, K. Hayward, Blackwell.

v. GRAMMAR, 18th June.
School, 7 goals 9 behinds.
Grammar, 4 goals 10 behinds.
Best players: Traill, Collins, Tucker, Cunningham, Townend.

v. TEACHERS.

School, 9 goals 11 behinds.
Teachers, 6 goals 10 behinds.
Best for School: Dineen, Tucker, Traill, Jordan, Howlett, Cunningham.

v. GRAMMAR, 25th June.

School, 7 goals 7 behinds.
Grammar, 4 goals 4 behinds.
Best for School: Tucker, Traill, Collins, Dineen, K. Hayward, Heazlewood.

v. GRAMMAR.

School, 9 goals 12 behinds.
Grammar, 9 goals 7 behinds.
Best for School: Collins, F. Hayward, Dineen, Donnelly, Howlett, Heazlewood.

v. ALBERTS.

School, 9 goals 12 behinds.
Alberts, 5 goals 5 behinds.
Best for School: Dineen, K. Hayward, Tucker, Howlett.

v. TEACHERS.

School, 9 goals 11 behinds.
Teachers, 4 goals 4 behinds.
Best players: K. Hayward, Cunningham, Traill, Collins, Jordan, Townend.

v. DARK BLUE ROVERS.

School, 6 goals 8 behinds.
Dark Blue Rovers, 7 goals 4 behinds.
Best players: K. Hayward, Jordan, Cunningham, Collins, Dineen, Donnelly, Traill.

v. HOBART HIGH SCHOOL.

Launceston, 11 goals 9 behinds.
Hobart, 14 goals 21 behinds.
Best for School: Collins, Traill, Dineen, Jordan, Flanagan.

v. GRAMMAR, 2nd August.

School, 6 goals 11 behinds.
Grammar, 3 goals 4 behinds.
Best players: Dineen, Collins, Donnelly, Smith, Cunningham.

v. GRAMMAR.

School, 3 goals 6 behinds.
Grammar, 4 goals 5 behinds.
Best players: Jordan, Gunton, Blackwell, Dineen, Box, Collins, Tucker.
Goal-kickers for year:—Howlett, 29; Heazlewood, 23; Flanagan, 14; Dineen, 10.

Eight of the Firsts represented the School in a Combined Schools team, which defeated the University.



CRICKET

This season only two matches have been played, the Firsts having participated in a round of House Matches. One game was played against Grammar School, and the other against Scotch College. A second match against Grammar was abandoned owing to inclement weather. Results:—

v. GRAMMAR SCHOOL (25/10/30).

School, 50 (Jordan 19, Gurr 13).
Grammar, 115 (Jordan 6 for 33, Dineen 1 for 15, Cunningham 1 for 16).

v. SCOTCH COLLEGE, 15/11/30.

School, 1st innings, 69 (Gurr 14, Dineen 12); second innings, 9 for 116 (Dineen 45, F. Hayward 27 not out).

Scotch, 165 (Jordan 5 for 53, K. Hayward 1 for 11, Dineen 1 for 20, Howlett 1 for 0).

ROWING

At the beginning of the year the prospects of a successful rowing season were bright. Two of last year's crew were back, and other rowers had had some experience.

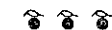
Soon after the Christmas holidays the School's four-oared race at Henley-on-Tamar for the Henley Shield, was rowed. The School crew, stroked by Arthur Traill, had only been training for a short time, and was beaten by Grammar.

After the Henley race, two crews were chosen. The first crew began to train for the Bourke Cup and Clarke Shield races. Mr. Dallas again coached the crew, and Arthur Traill was stroke.

On April 5th the Clarke Shield was rowed for on the Derwent. Both crews from School rowed. A week or so before, we had the misfortune to lose our stroke, who, owing to illness, was unable to row. His experience would have been beneficial to us. He was replaced by Cyril Collins. The race was won by Hobart No. 1 crew. Devonport was second, Launceston No. 1 third. The other two positions were keenly competed for by Launceston No. 2 and Hobart No. 2, and Hobart No. 2 was fourth. Our second crew was somewhat handicapped on account of the holes in their boat letting the water in.

On the following Tuesday the Bourke Cup race was held on the Tamar, as usual. There were three crews competing, namely, Devonport, Launceston No. 1, and Launceston No. 2. It was in this order that the crews came in, and so the time-honoured Bourke Cup, so often won by the School, passed out of our hands.

In concluding one cannot say too much in praise of the splendid work done by Mr. Dallas for the crews. He was able to use his influence at the Tamar Sheds, and also in Hobart, where we had a slight difficulty in getting boats, and would often sacrifice his time and personal comfort to help the rowers.



CROSS COUNTRY RUNNING

There was more enthusiasm shown in the Three Mile Race this year. This was partly due to the giving of medals for the School Race.

The School Race was run on 11th August on the Rapson course. There were twelve competitors. The runners kept well together between the Royal Park and Charles Street Bridge, then George Donnelly, Aub. Tucker, Jack Townend, and Frank Walker drew away. After the first mile Frank Walker and George Donnelly were in the lead, and remained so until the end, each trying to break away. When they reached the bridge near home, Frank Walker gained a lead of about twenty yards, and kept it until the end. The positions were: First, Frank Walker (16.50); second, George Donnelly; third, Aub. Tucker; with Jack Townend a close fourth. Then came Lindsay Best fifth, and Max Thow sixth. All the competitors finished the course. The first

two places fell to Purple House, the third to Red, and the fourth to Gold.

On August 7th a team, consisting of Frank Walker (captain), George Donnelly, Aub. Tucker, Jack Townend, Lindsay Best, Max Thow, Laurie Abra, Neil Shegog, Clyde Patman, competed in the Inter-High School Three Mile Race in Hobart. The race was run over the Domain course, with the result that Devonport were first, Hobart

second, and Launceston third. Our first man in was George Donnelly (second), who is to be congratulated on a fine race.

Our thanks are due to Mr. Wellington, who gave a great deal of time and trouble to training the team. Next year we hope to train on rougher and hillier country, and should be able to stand the course better.

Junior Section

MUSIC

My pulses race, my heart beats high with joy,
As Eastern music plays, sweet melody;
And slim, white hands fall gently on the keys,
The richly toning keys of ivory.

Music of the East that casts a spell,
And leaves us breathless, hushed in strangest awe;
Music that ripples on like magic notes,
A dim, wild murmur on some distant shore.

And then, ah, then, the dearest lullaby,
Tears fall, for now we have a mother's croon,
And see in dreams a baby slumbering,
While through the curtains gleams a smiling moon.

A sudden hush, then falls upon our ears,
A thundering immortal melody;
Deep darkening tones, Beethoven's funeral march,
Upon the keys of glistening ivory.

A pause then comes, in sighing, magic tones,
Wind songs of distant woodlands fair,
A sob, a lilting whisper thro' the night
Of clearest flute songs, sung from temples rare.

Oh! music rare! The holy art we love,
Heart-breaking song, most wondrous melody,
White hands that press caressingly the keys—
The richly toning keys of ivory.

—MARY McNEAR (Purple).



THE DYING SUN

Floating on the waves of sunlight,
Breathes the breath of Spring
Raptured birds for ever singing—
Ever on the wing.

Lovers linger in the twilight,
Gazing at the sun,
That with crimson light is dying,
Now his journey's run.

—B. DIXON (Green).

AN ONCOMING STORM

A band of buff-coloured clouds encircling the horizon grew darker and deeper. Numbers of smaller clouds drifted slowly across the sky, while two large dark ones raced headlong towards one another as if in fight. Streams of white light flashed continually like the searchlights of an oncoming storm.

Birds which were nesting on the rocks were aroused by the warning of the thunder guns as they rattled and rumbled in the distance.

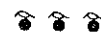
The wind muttered as it began to rise, and people hurrying away from the sands pulled their wraps closer around them.

The beach was deserted, and the breakers rose and raced one another to shore in great fury. The fast rising wind blew the sand round and round in whirlwinds. Leaves were stripped from the trees, and hurled after the wind as it passed in its mad career.

Sand, planks, and boards were caught up and dislodged by its iron grip.

Suddenly the wind lulled, and after a moment's hesitation, rushed out from its hiding place, and with it, the first wild weeping of the rain.

—ELSIE GREEN (Gold).

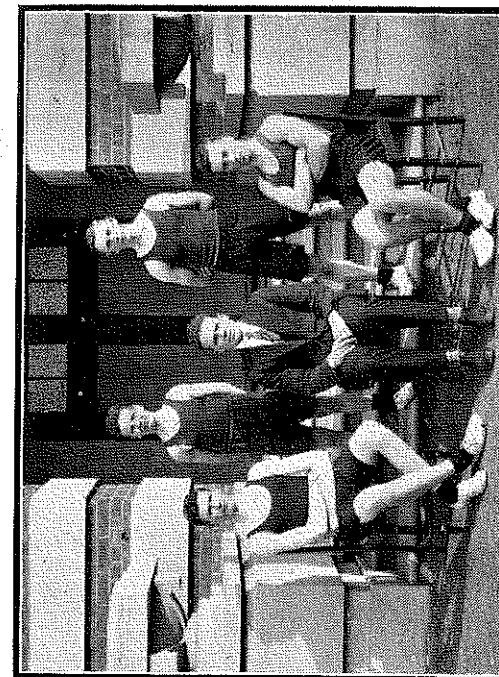


D CLASS GEOMETRY

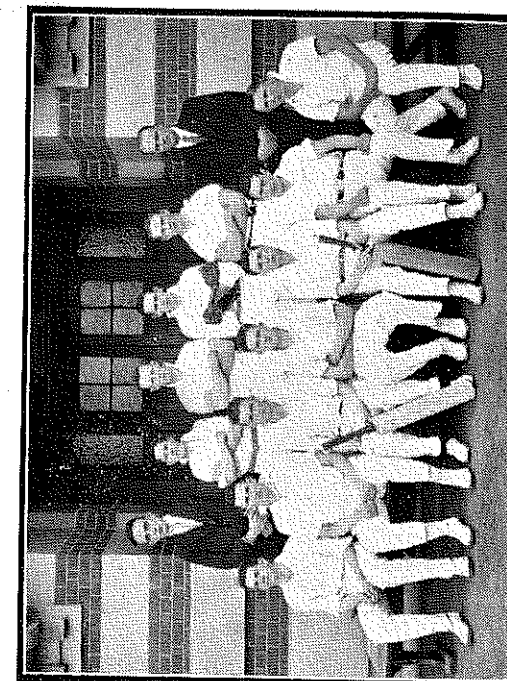
When in a square GHI
A side is multiplied by II.
The log of the result is found
To get the weight of the nearest pound.

If a circle has no reflex side,
And the base is multiplied
By the length of the square of II.
The result will give the Radii.

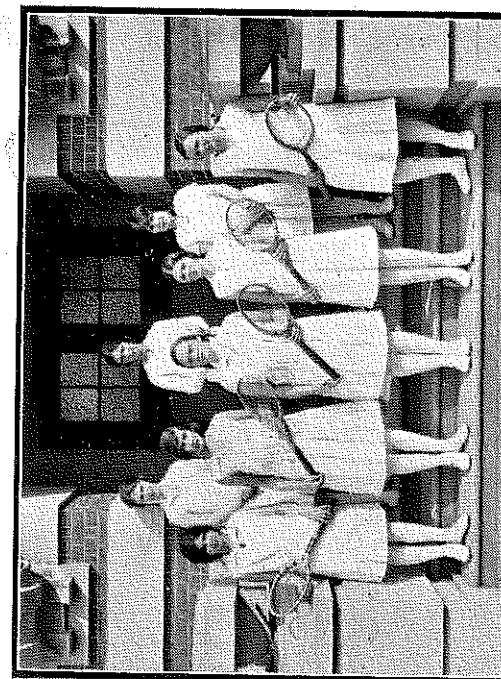
If in a triangle the circular base
Is divided by the lateral face,
And if the result is two threes,
Then the triangle is isoscles.



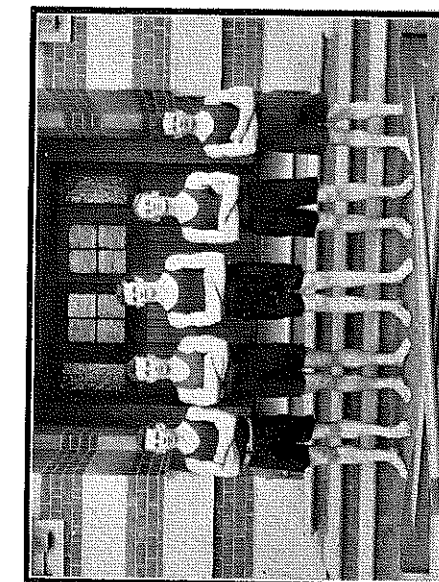
RUNNING TEAM.



CRICKET TEAM.



TENNIS TEAM.



CREW.

THE BEAUTY OF GARDENS

A garden is a lovesome thing,
God wot,

What a pleasure it is to stumble upon a garden when you are feeling that you would like to be alone with God's nature. It is a refuge where peace reigns supreme and Nature is alone in its glory of colours, bright and pale. The soft zephyr gently fans the drooping heads of the sweet flowers while the distant hooting of an owl gives the feeling of peace—perfect peace.

The balmy aroma which is spread over all intoxicates one's senses. Unpleasant memories are put aside, and all is an eddy of pleasant thoughts.

How restful it is to wander through these sweet scented paths at the dusk of a hot summer's day, when the birds are singing their farewell songs in the overhanging boughs, and the setting sun sends forth its last rays of crimson hued light.

It is then a refuge for tired souls as their hearts are inspired with new life and fresh strength with which to face the hardships of this cruel world is given them.

Then even when the sun in all his majesty of golden glory pours forth his hot rays onto the drooping heads of delicate plants, it is pleasant to meander in a quaint rustic paradise of shrubs and flowers.

But, when the sun rises in the morning, then are the shrubs glistening with dew drops; the birds carolling sweetly overhead, and the garden is a veritable Kingdom of Delight created for the joy of starved and lonely souls.

—JOAN McHARG (Green).

ON THE ROCKS

On the twenty-seventh of August, five days after school had broken up, my two friends and I stood on the deck of the S.S. Tambar, and watched the gangway being drawn up, and later, the last rope, as it was cast off and fell with a splash into the sluggish river.

The time passed as pleasantly and uneventfully as usual, until we were within about twelve hours' steaming of King Island. At that time we were a little to the west of Cape Grim, at Trefoil Island.

Here we had cargo to unload, which was done by the simple method of lowering it into the motor boats, which quickly took the load to the island, and returned for another. They boasted no jetty at this island; indeed, there was only one house, and it seemed to us that the people must be very lonely, for we heard that boats only call about once in three months.

At about a quarter to nine we felt a slight jar, and, as the propellers, starting immediately, lashed the water into discoloured foam, we remarked how fortunate that it was sand and not rocks which we had run aground on. We were, however, soon undeceived, for, as it became clear that we could not get off with the engines re-

versed, they were stopped, and as the water cleared, we could see the cruel rocks at our side.

Many fruitless endeavours were made to get off before at about a quarter to one they were finally successful. While we were at dinner we suddenly felt the boat give a lurch, and then a terrific jar (which upset the sauce bottle and sent it rolling over the table), then she slid into deep water, the engines throbbed, and we were under way once more.

The Captain ordered "Full speed ahead" and made for Woolnorth, where we beached. Here he sent a man ashore with a message for headquarters, to let them know what had occurred.

All that night the men worked at repairing the damage done; and next morning it was definitely stated that we should have to make for Launceston with as much speed as possible, thus putting all idea of a holiday at home out of the question.

As we approached Three Hummocks Island, for which we had steered after leaving Woolnorth, we noticed that the wind had risen a little, and that there was a good swell when once away from the shelter of islands and the mainland.

Here we stayed for a couple of hours while the cargo was moved to the opposite side of the deck, for, as it had been stacked on one side when it was taken from the hold on the previous night, it was giving the ship a decided tilt, so making it a little difficult to walk straight along the deck.

From here we headed straight for Tasmania, but on the way another leak was discovered in the foreward hold, which decided the Captain to put in at Stanley, stay the night, and sail next morning, leaving the passengers and some of the cargo there. This they did, leaving next morning at about half-past four, while we, having been cared for by the local agent of the Company, left a little later by the train to spend our holidays elsewhere.

—CATH. COOPER (Gold).

EVENING

Slowly the evening shadows creep
Across the lonely plain,
The pale moon slowly treads the sky
Upon a pale star lane.

And now, the mournful curlew calls,
And now is heard the loon,
And now the lonely night owl's hoot
Beneath a golden moon.

Across the lake its beams are spread,
Gold mingled with the blue,
While the clear reflection of its face
Is like a gold canoe.

The bright stars fade, the sky grows grey,
The swallows greet the dawn,
The wan moon slowly sinks to rest,
Leaving a cold, grey, morn.

—FREDA WHITE, D2 (Red).

THE SPRING-MAIDEN

Over the sun-bathed meadows green,
Under the swaying trees,
A maiden, like a fairy queen,
Comes with her birds and bees.

Her hair is like a stream of gold,
Her eyes are bright and gay;
All life wakes at her greeting bold,
To view the coming day.

Her bracelets are of daffodils,
And flowers bright, that fling
Their perfume far, and sweet jonquils;
The maiden's name is Spring.

When even she is tired of play,
And wants to rest awhile,
She dances off one sunny day,
Sweet Summer to beguile.

—L. FAIREY (Green).

BLOSSOMS

Pretty little blossoms,
Dancing in the breeze;
Falling from the highest boughs
In and out the trees.

Down and down they're falling,
Slightly tipped with pink,
Playing with the sunbeams,
They're happy! Don't you think?

Round about they frolic,
Hiding high and low,
For the leaves are chasing them,
Up and down they go.

But at last they tired grow,
And nestle close together,
Mother Earth is telling them,
To hide till warmer weather.

—G. R. S. (Green).

DREAM THOUGHTS

I sit and dream
Of things that might have been,
Of dear bygone days,
Or things I've never seen.

I dream of palaces and kings,
Dragons and Fairyland,
Of fairies with their gauzy wings,
And golden-tinted sand.

I dream of soft music
Made by the babbling brook,
Of ferny glades where violets grow
In every shady nook.

—L. S. (Red).

FAIRY DREAMS

When the moon first shows her light,
When the stars begin to peep,
When cool breezes of the night,
Hush the human folk to sleep.
Then's the time the fairies sweet,
And the goblins bright and gay,
Tripping round with nimble feet,
Dance and sing till break of day.

Sometimes in the silvery night,
When I'm tired as tired can be,
In a mist of shimmering white,
Hosts of fairies come to me.
Fairies dress'd in palest blue
Beckon to me, so it seems.
But I find, like most folk do,
It's only one of many dreams.

—B. FITZE (Green).

THE STORM GHOST

The wind howled dismally in the trees, and the water beat and lashed the shore. I stepped through the door into the storm, and as a fitful gust roared in my ears the lantern which I was carrying was at once extinguished. Ghostly forms seemed to be fitting around amongst the trees, and the mermaids sang a dismal song as they sat on the wind-swept beach. Suddenly there was a half rumbling, half groaning sound borne by the wind, and a light seemed to be rushing towards me. I could see two eyes peering out of the darkness at me, and a pair of ghostly hands stretching towards me. I stooped down to pick up the matches which I had dropped, in order to light my lantern so that I might distinguish the form, when suddenly something pulled my leg—like I am pulling yours.

—DOROTHY BUTLER (Gold).

NOISE

An eagle heard an aeroplane
Go buzzing through the skies;
On hearing it he turned to look,
And gasped in mild surprise.

"It's very like a bird," he said,
A clever thing, I will allow;
The only thing I cannot see
Is—why make such an awful row?"
—L. WEEKS, D1 (Purple).

THE BUSH IN SPRING

Here and there I wander
Among the trees so green.
Ch, there's a patch of clover,
And here a flower is seen!

Among the trees and flowers
I wander all day long,
And through the leaves and bowers,
I hear the bush bird's song.

—C. H. (Green).

SPRING

Once more the Spring has come this way,
And all the world is bright and gay,
The daffodils among the grass
Nod and whisper as we pass.

The lambs now frolic on the hills,
The music of the bluebird trills,
The daisies in the meadows gay,
Nod and dance as if at play.

—JOAN PARISH (Green).



THE LITTLE BIRDS

On the sunny hill-side,
Near the mountains grey,
Little birds were chirping,
All one summer's day.

Then the sky grew cloudy,
Rain came pouring down,
Little birds were chirping,
To the sheltered town.

—NANCY BOX (Red).



HOUSE SYSTEM

On November 27 the House points were:—

	Red.	Purple.	Green.	Gold.
WINTER:				
Hockey	24	40	48	32
Basket Ball	38	28	14	40
Tennis	76	72	92	96
Football	138	102	180	192
Boys' Athletic Sports	81	24	27	54
Total Sports	357	266	361	414
Examinations 1st Term	498	217	306	66
2nd Term	502½	315	203½	60
Total Points	1357½	798	870½	540
SUMMER:				
Tennis	45	48	102	93
Girls' Cricket	18	24	48	6
Girls' Athletic Sports	52	89	55	39
Boys' Cricket	101½	28½	107	51
Cross-country Running	8	52	0	0
Total Sports	224½	241½	312	189
Total Points to date	1582	1039½	1182½	729

THE HAUNTED HOUSE

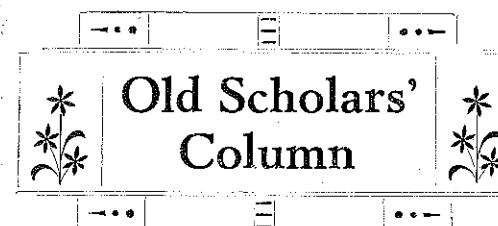
In the midst of a dreary, desolate swamp,
stood an old mansion. Away as far as the eye
could reach, stretched a treacherous bog, gargling
monotonously to itself. There was no path,
no garden to this house, but why need there be,
for the house belonged to evil spirits.

Once, this had been a stately building, aglow
with life and happiness. Stretching where the
swamp now reached, had been a beautiful, sun-
kissed lake, and around its border stately, old,
weeping willows; but now, the restless wind
sighed across the dreary waste.

Some said when the night mist rose like a
clouded ghost, a faint glow lighted the broken
windows, and a shrill piercing scream dying down
to a soft murmur was heard. The black moths
flew around, and lonely curlews' cries echoed
round the marsh.

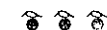
No one knew what caused that scream. Was
it imagination? Was it the scream of a lost
soul? Some had tried to reach the house, but
never returned. Still at night the scream was
heard, but no one ever knew or will ever know
what caused it, for the spirits of the gluttonous
bog guarded their secrets jealously.

—FREDA WHITE (Red).



HONORARY LIFE MEMBERS OF THE ASSOCIATION.

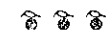
Messrs. T. G. Johnston, W. L. Garrard, H. Glover, C. S. Sharp, H. Ede, R. Anderson, R. L. Brown, R. Bligh, E. Briggs, S. Bartlett, H. C. Baker, H. Craw, W. Clarke, G. Cunningham, N. Campbell, S. Cartledge, E. Dobie, S. Dunkley, J. Farnilo, H. Johnston, A. Davern, W. Fahey, P. Fordham, G. Gibbons, H. Hope, N. Howard, H. Higgs, R. Hamence, S. Lonergan, W. Mason, W. Morrison, E. Melvor, M. Munro, R. Perry, H. Padman, H. Rosevear, R. Rule, L. Scott, J. Shaw, A. Stokes, H. Stephens, J. Turner, R. Turner, A. Traill, A. Thorne, D. Whitechurch, O. Wyllie, R. Watson, H. Watters, I. Briggs.



FINANCIAL MEMBERS, 1930-31.

Misses J. Phillips, K. Edwards, M. Hutton, D. Fleming, M. Hamilton, M. Cobbett, K. Rose, M. Groves, A. Nichols, B. Layh, E. Norman, M. Duff, J. Campbell, F. Barclay, J. Waddle, G. Blewett, Mrs. H. V. Biggins.

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, E. Daymond, F. Close, K. Conroy, H. Nicholls, R. Hays, A. S. Johnston, S. Wellington, T. G. Johnston, W. L. Grace.



OLD SCHOLARS' ASSOCIATION

Our winter series of dances was concluded by a special dance held on the 8th November, at which no less than two hundred patrons were entertained. It was a most enjoyable function and most successful in all ways.

This was the second occasion on which we had two hundred patrons, the first being the Dinner Dance. It, too, was most enjoyable and successful.

All the dances of the series were well attended. In fact, the three-weekly series proved to be a

very popular venture, which augurs well for the future of the Association. No doubt the enthusiasm of the Committee is largely responsible for this good result.

We have had some four or five socials. These were organised mainly for the younger members of the Association, and were all well attended and thoroughly enjoyed.

Another social is to be the last function for this year. The date has not yet been fixed for it, but, whenever it is held, the scholars who expect to leave School at the end of the year will be our guests. It is an annual function, at which we welcome those who are to become Old Scholars.

Our Annual Dinner, held at the "Ka-pai", on the 27th September, was a great success. There were sixty Old Scholars present, and the whole of the proceedings went with a good swing. Mr. Biggins (Patron of the Association) and Mrs. Biggins, and Mr. and Mrs. Grace, who have just recently returned from England, were present. We were especially pleased to have Mr. Grace with us, as he is remembered as one of the early workers for the Association.

Another function which some 35 Old Scholars enjoyed was an afternoon tea farewell tendered to Mr. Gollan Lewis, Tasmanian Rhodes Scholar for 1930, at the Brisbane Hotel, on 25th July. Those present included: Mr. and Mrs. H. V. Biggins, The Deputy Mayor of Launceston (Alderman Barber), Mr. C. A. Wright, Mr. W. L. Grace, Miss B. Layh, Mr. V. von Bertouch, Mr. S. Limbrick, and Mr. Gollan Lewis. Congratulatory speeches were made by Messrs. H. V. Biggins, H. C. L. Barber, W. L. Grace, S. Limbrick, and V. von Bertouch, who all wished Mr. Lewis success and prosperity in his term at Oxford. After Mr. Lewis responded the singing of "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow" and "Auld Lang Syne" concluded a very happy gathering.

We are glad to say that our financial position has improved very considerably since our last notes were written. Our social functions have been very successful, but we still need the backing of more financial members. The Association has been able to offer prizes for the best all-round girl and boy in both the Intermediate and Leaving Classes. It is hoped that financial support will make it possible for these to become yearly prizes.

We desire once again to thank Mr. Biggins for his co-operation. His help has been of great value, and is deeply appreciated.

ABOUT OLD SCHOLARS.

Miss Lois Smith was married on September 13 to Mr. Harry Lillie. Their home is at Stornoway, Isle of Lewis, Scotland.

We have to congratulate on their engagement:—

Ercil Lawson to Mr. A. Ritchie.
Marjorie Fisher to Mr. A. Domeney.
Bessie Broughton to Mr. A. Kennedy.
Mary Rowe to Jack Begent.
Connie Witt to Rev. Hedley Shotton.
Eira Judd to Mr. R. H. Thompson.
Jessie Peacock to Mr. W. J. Oliver.

May Salter was married in January to Mr. R. Maddox, of Sheffield.

Mr. and Mrs. E. O. G. Scott have a daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Atkinson send news from India of the birth of a son.

Bertha Layh is leaving early in February for France, via London.

Mrs. McKenzie (Miss B. Wilcox) is living in Kensington, London.

Mona Hutton and Neil Campbell were married recently.

Cliff. Reeves is shortly returning to Tasmania. He has obtained his Diploma of Education at London.

Alice Wearne was married very recently to Mr. R. Gibson.

Alan Ingles has gone to a job in Canada.

Aub. Davern is to be married at Christmas to Miss Sylvia Park.

Mrs. Ken. Prior (Winsome Salter) is living in Sydney.

Joyce Triptree is being married at Christmas.

Jean Wright has gone with the Australian team to compete in International Hockey.

Max Biggins has nearly completed his medical course at Melbourne University.

Kath Hogarth has returned to Tasmania, and is living at Evandale.

Reg. Long is on the staff of the Teachers' College.

Miss Grubb is still in New Zealand, and will probably remain there another year.

Fred Townsend is much better, and is teaching part time at Scotch College.

We are sorry to hear that Mr. and Mrs. Aubrey Luck have lost one of their children.

Mattie McKinnell is teaching at Broadland House.



CHURINGA HOCKEY NOTES

The Churinga team has throughout the season met with general success. The last match of the season proved sad for us; only seven of our girls rallied to meet the College Eleven. The first twenty minutes proved the worst. Each girl, including the goalkeepers, played every position on the field. If each player had been blessed with

an unlimited supply of breath maybe the effort would have been crowned with success for Churinga. This not being the case, the brilliant dashes from goal sticks to goal sticks were somewhat abruptly curtailed. The defence, consisting of our goalee, who played in the sticks and out, was somewhat harassed by the attackers, consequently the scores began to mount.

Our second wind was not restored to us till half time, when we discussed tactics; but tactics or no tactics, seven to eleven proved most disconcerting, and College won quite comfortably with seven goals to two.

All the Churinga girls agreed that they had had an hilarious afternoon. It was fun, if not hockey. All our other matches were comfortable victories, and we are the Premier A Grade team for 1930.

The trip to Westbury proved a very pleasant afternoon for our girls. From a social standpoint more of these trips would be beneficial and enjoyable.

Financially, we have been only just successful. Two social functions were held, a bridge evening and a dance, both of which were very pleasant, but only just sufficiently financial to raise the necessary levy placed on us.

We very much regret that we were unable to accept Scottsdale's challenge to a game, but only seven girls could be mustered, and experience had already taught us that the minor quantity against the major can only result in failure, if not discord.

E. MONKS,
Hon. Secretary.



CHURINGA TENNIS CLUB

The Annual General Meeting of the Churinga Tennis Club was held at the High School, on 28th October, when the following officers were elected:—

President, Mr. H. V. Biggins; Secretary, Miss J. Campbell; Treasurer, Miss S. Sullivan; General Committee, Miss K. Edwards, Messrs. M. von Bertouch, and S. Wellington.

Among other matters of general interest discussed was the question of subscriptions, and it was decided that the subscription for junior members under 21 for the first year be £1 for boys, and 15s for girls. It is hoped that this reduction may induce tennis-playing people leaving school at the end of the year to join up with the Tennis Club right away.

The matter of repairs to the courts was also discussed, and it has now been decided to have both courts top-dressed at an early date. The consequent improvement will be much appreciated by members.

Once again it rained on our Opening Day, but the weather cleared later in the afternoon, when we had quite a nice gathering of members and prospective members, and the function went off most successfully.

JEAN CAMPBELL,
Hon. Secretary.