

THE NORTHERN CHURINGA.

MAGAZINE COMMITTEE

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EDITORIAL

E. Temple Thurston in his quaint little essay "Ship's Logs," saying that "Nothing is silent in this world. There is only deafness." It is a sentence so full of truths that it leads one to think long and deeply.

The clatter and clang of machinery has deafened our world. We have attuned our ears to its roar and we cannot hear the faint call of Romance. Every whisper is drowned in the noise of a practical world working ceaselessly and monotonously from day-break to dreary day-break.

It has invaded and spoilt our night, this fiend "work." Night-time is the time when Romance walks abroad; but the white silence of the night is broken by the shriek of a train or toot of a car; the cool night air is fouled with factory smoke and the stars are outshone by the blazing factory lights.

Man has made machines for his own convenience; but gradually the machines which his brain has created are re-making him, moulding him in their shape, until he is one of them, working his weary monotonous round, not, perhaps, without ambition, but with the wrong ambition. Man to-day is striving for wealth and power, forgetting that neither can give him true happiness.

Children are born with a yearning for Romance and Adventure, and with ears that can hear. It is this longing that leads them to take their first wavering steps, or to explore and make those startling discoveries of early childhood.

As they develop into full childhood they can still hear. When the wind comes whispering at their window they can read its message, the smile of a field of ripe corn brings an answering smile to their lips, and for them the roar of an angry ocean means more than a strong wind; the red of sunset is not merely particles of dust in the air.

With increasing age, however, the voice of Romance becomes fainter and fainter. The wind in the trees means only a stormy night, and when it comes whispering at the window it finds the casement closed; the roar of the ocean means nothing at all, and the beauties of the sunset move them no longer. They come into contact with the hard work-a-day world, and learn that there are such things as politics and Trusts, that there is a Budget that must be balanced, and that trade depressions come to harass an already over-burdened world. All these ring a death-knell to Romance, and her faint whisper falls on deaf ears.

Folk have told me that Romance is dead. They say that the marvels of the modern world have killed her; but I will not believe it. Romance is not dead; but she is dying. She lies dying at the feet of a heedless world, the rattle of a tram or the whir of a machine muffles her cry and we do not hear.

One day a child will be born who is deaf, who, even in childhood, cannot hear the wind's message or the faint far-off call of Romance, and then the world will awake, too late, and will weeping cry, "Romance is dead; we have killed her!"

SPEECH NIGHT

The Albert Hall was filled by a very large audience on the occasion of the Seventeenth Annual Speech Night, which was held on the evening of Tuesday, the 10th of March. Judging by the applause which greeted each speech and item, it can safely be said that this year's Speech Night was one of the most successful that we have yet had.

The Head Master, Mr. H. V. Biggins, B.A., presided, and read the Annual Report. Others present were the Hon. Claude James, M.H.A. (Chief Secretary and Minister for Railways), and Mr. G. V. Brooks, Esq. (Director of Education), who gave very interesting addresses, and His Worship the Mayor (Alderman Frank Boatwright), who presented the prizes.

The choir, under the baton of Mr. T. Doe, kept up its fine reputation, and was heard to advantage in a variety of songs from the haunting melody of Braga's "Angels' Serenade," to the rousing chorus, "Tally ho!" by Franco Leoni. Miss G. Morris was an efficient pianiste.

A new feature of the year's programme was the physical culture display by the girls, and so popular did it prove that a storm of applause farewelled the girls as, in pairs, they did a skating-step off the stage.

Later they gave a eurythmic display, consisting of a graceful, interpretative dance, "The Wind in the Rose," in which Nancy Reid was especially outstanding as "the Wind, and a Polish Dance. Miss D. Brock and Miss E. Norman were responsible for the finished performance of the girls, both in the physical culture and the eurythmics.

The drill boys, who were trained by Mr. R. Mulligan, again proved very popular, and were very loudly and deservedly applauded when they concluded their exercises with a cleverly-built pyramid.

Those whose names appear on the prize list below, were presented with prizes by the Mayor, and the programme concluded with the singing of the School Song, and the National Anthem.

SCHOOL PRIZE LIST, 1930.

Best Leaving Pass (Girls)	Gwen Lathey
Best Leaving Pass (Boys)	Thomas B. Walker
Dux of Class B	Eileen Bird
Dux of Class C1	Kathleen Jackson.
Dux of Class C2	Lorna Robins
Dux of Class C3	Frank Walker
Dux of Class C4	Leman Thurlow
Dux of Class D1	Thelma Jestrimski
Dux of Class D2	Thora Emmett
Dux of Class D3	Richard Whitford
Dux of Class D4	Fred Rose
Dux of Class E1	Joan McHarg
Dux of Class E2	Elsie Brown
Dux of Class E3	Sydney Nicklason
Dux of Class E4	Philip Gee

SPECIAL PRIZES.

Prizes for General Merit, presented by Old Scholars' Association:

Leaving Class—Girls: Mary Kiddle. Boys: Thomas B. Walker.

Intermediate Class—Girls: Frances Hodgetts. Boys: Keith Hayward.

Prize for Best Leaving Pass for Northern High Schools, presented by Messrs. A. W. Birchall & Sons Pty. Ltd.:

Thomas B. Walker.

F. J. Frichard Memorial Prize for English Composition:

Thomas B. Walker.

Prize for Special Services to School, presented by Messrs. Hopwood & Co. Pty. Ltd.:

Eleanor Robinson.

Prizes for Chemistry, presented by Messrs. Hatton & Laws:

Leaving—John Dineen.

Intermediate—Frank Walker.

Prizes for Cookery, presented by Launceston Gas Company

Class C—Jean Mann.

Class D—Winnie Bull.

Class E—Phyllis Dyas.

Prizes for Commercial Subjects, presented by Mr. K. M. Dallas, B.Com.:

Intermediate Commerce—Beryl Playsted.

Intermediate Shorthand—Lorna Robins.

UNIVERSITY SCHOLARSHIPS AND PRIZES.

Literary Scholarships:

Gwenneth Lathey (4th).

Betty Lambert (5th).

William Robert Giblin Scholarship:

Betty Lambert (5th).

Gwenneth Lathey (8th).

University Prize for Geography:

Gwenneth Lathey.

Federal Institute of Accountants' Prize:

Mary Kiddle (3rd).

Roger von Bertouch (5th).

General Pau Prize for Oral French:

Claudia Knight.

STATE BURSARIES.

Senior Country Bursary: Kathleen Jackson.

Junior Country Bursary: Rowland Whelan.

VALEDICTORY

At the beginning of the term, one of our teachers, Mr. F. O. Close, B.Sc., was appointed head master at the Burnie High School.

The School has suffered a great loss by this appointment, as Mr. Close has been here for almost nine years. We tender our congratulations and best wishes to him, and hope that he will meet with every success in the future.

PREFECTS

On the resumption of school this year, a new Prefect System was introduced by the Head Master, and has, in the last few months, proved most satisfactory.

The new system consists of thirteen prefects, all chosen from the Senior School, and occupying the following positions:—

Head Prefect^s: Eleanor Robinson and George Donnelly.

Sports Prefects: Mabel Armstrong and Keith Hayward.

Magazine Prefect: Helen Rathbun.

House Captains:

Gold—Eileen Bird and Arthur Traill.

Purple—Frances Hodgetts and Fred Hayward.

Green—Dorothy Gardam and Bruce Heazlewood.

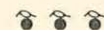
Red—Nancy Reader and Aubrey Tucker.

In addition to these prefects, a permanent monitor was elected for each class; the duties of such monitors being similar to those of the former class prefects.

At the first prefects' meeting of the year, A. Tucker was elected secretary, after which Mr. Biggins addressed those present on the duties and privileges of a prefect. At this same meeting it was also decided that following meetings should be held on alternate Thursdays.

Besides ordinary duties, prefects have, this year, been entrusted with the distribution of sports money; under the supervision of Miss Hamilton on the girls' side, and Mr. Close on the boys'. By this means it is hoped to obtain the maximum advantage of the money spent.

Eleanor and George are both to be congratulated on their election as head prefects.



ANZAC DAY

A special assembly was held on Friday, April 24, so that the School as a body might commemorate Anzac Day. Colonel Evans had been appointed to address the School, and his remarks, as well as his attendance at the School, were highly appreciated. As a man who had been on active service during the war he was able to illustrate the main points in his address by reference to his own experiences.

The names on the Honour Roll were read by the Head Prefect, and a short period of silence was observed as a token of respect for those who died in the Great War. The Assembly closed with the singing of the National Anthem.

At the combined service at the Cenotaph on Anzac Day a wreath from the students of the School was placed on the Memorial by the Head Prefects, Eleanor Robinson and George Donnelly.

DUCES

Class A—Eileen Bird.

Class B—Richard Gandy.

Class C1—Thelma Jestrimski.

Class C2—Thora Emmett.

Class C3—Bruce Ross.

Class C4—Fred Rose.

Class D1—Joan McHarg.

Class D2—Elsie Brown.

Class D3—Lyle Chamberlain.

Class D4—Phillip Gee.

Class E1, E3—Freida Jaffray.

Class E2—Zoe Dawson.

Class E4—Roger Kimber.



DRAMATIC

During the first half of this year, dramatic work in the School has been very active. Three Shakespearean scenes were prepared for the Easter Competitions, and each was successful.

In the open section, B Class, under the coaching of Miss Fleming, were first, with the revelling scene from "Twelfth Night." The rollicking joviality of Athol Gough as Sir Toby, the amusing fooling of Bob Ingamells as Sir Andrew, and the "Mellifluous voice" of Dick Gandy as Feste the clown, constituted a merry picture of "we three"; while the wit and shrewdness of Jessie Robinson as Maria, was offset by the dignity and hautiness of Geoff Foot as the affected Malvolio.

In another section, C2, coached by Miss Hamilton, were also first, with Act IV., Scene III., of "The Taming of the Shrew." June Edwards as Katharine, and Peggy Turnbull as Petruchio, were exceptionally good, and caused much humour, while Gwen Newton, as Grumio, Freda White as Hortensio, Eunice James as the Taylor, and Sara Cox as the Haberdasher, filled their parts very effectively.

In the Junior Section, D2, under Mr. Edwards, were second with Act V. Scene I. of "The Merchant of Venice." Mollie Wilson gave a very good representation of Launcelot Gobbo, while Laurel Fairey as Portia, Lois Elmer as Bassanio, Madge McGiverson as Antonio, Jean Alomes as Jessica, Betty Worth as Lorenzo, Inga Walters as Nerissa, Gwen Tabart as Gratiano, and Phyllis Dyas as Stephano, all did good work.

B Class have now undertaken to prepare the whole of "Twelfth Night," to be played probably at the beginning of the third term; and, under the coaching of Miss Fleming, the work is progressing well. The remainder of B Class are also preparing part of "Make Believe," coached by Mr. Briggs.

It is certain that such activities are very helpful to the School, as well as enjoyable, and should be undertaken as much as possible.



SPORTS NOTES



ANZAC DAY SPORTS

At the sports meeting arranged by the R.S.S.I.L.A. on the afternoon of Anzac Day, the School was represented in several events by E. Scott, B. Bowles, J. Smith, and M. Munro. Mr. Adamthwaite coached the team, but we were unsuccessful in winning the Anzac Shield. Eric Scott was third in the High Jump. D. Gandy, M. Kendall, and J. Townend were entered for the under 16 events.

In the open events A. Tucker was successful in winning the 100 Yards Open Championship. A particularly fine race was run by A. Tucker and F. Walker in the 880 Yards Open Championship, which Frank Walker won from A. Tucker by a very narrow margin.

BOYS' SPORTS

The fifteenth annual boys' sports meeting, held on the 29th of April, at the Cricket Ground, was once more a prominent success. In spite of short notice, all arrangements were taken in hand, and ably carried out by Mr. M. Taylor, who acted as honorary secretary, so that by 12.30 on Wednesday, the preliminaries were completed. Commencing at 1 p.m., the Sports were run well to time, and the high standard is indicated by the fact that several records were broken by some of the 170 competitors.

To Aub. Tucker, as school champion again, for 1931, we extend our congratulations, and to him also as captain of the Red House, which won the House Cup presented by the Old Scholars' Association, and the shields for both Junior and Senior Relays, we offer our heartiest congratulations. Following Aub. Tucker, came Jack Townend, who scored 8 points against Aub. Tucker's 20. Others who scored points in the Open Championship were: G. Donnelly, A. Traill, R. Gandy, and D. McDonald.

The Junior Championship went to B. Waddle, also of Red House, who scored 12 points. The runner-up was A. Duncan, with 7 points, while L. Shields also ran creditably, scoring 5 points.

The Under 13 Championship went to K. Cassidy, of Gold House, with 10 points, against the runner-up, Malcolm Leembruggen's, 8 points.

The House Competition resulted in Red scoring 92 points; Gold, 48; Green, 25; Purple, 22.

At the conclusion of the sports, the Cups were presented by Mr. W. H. Daymond, who has attended every Sports Meeting held by the School since its foundation. To him, and all those who

so ably assisted to despatch the programme, the School is deeply indebted.

The officials were: President and referee, Mr. H. V. Biggins; starter, Mr. T. Doe; judges, Messrs. W. H. Daymond, F. O. Close, and L. F. Briggs; stewards, Messrs. M. Adamthwaite, R. Edwards, and A. K. Fulton; ground supervisor, Mr. Mulligan; timekeeper, Mr. G. Doolan; hon. secretary, Mr. M. Taylor. The Committee of boys comprised A. Tucker, G. Donnelly, B. Heazlewood, and A. Traill. Afternoon tea was dispensed by girl pupils, under the supervision of Misses W. Carter, and J. Blyth, to whom we extend our thanks.

Concluding, a remarkable feature of the sports was the number of prominent entrants who were ill and could not take part, and the number who had various misfortunes throughout the afternoon.

The results were as follow:—

Championship, 100 yards, open—A. Tucker, 1; R. Gandy, 2; D. McDonald, 3. Time, 10 4-5 sec. (record).

Handicap, 100 yards, under 13—K. Cassidy and J. Mitchell, dead heat, 1; J. Curtis, 3.

Handicap, 100 yards, under 15—A. Duncan, 1; W. Russell, 2; W. Bowles, 3.

Championship, 75 yards, under 13—K. Cassidy, 1; M. Leembruggen, 2; R. Tucker, 3. Time, 9 3-8 sec.

Handicap, 440 yards, under 15—S. Pollard, 1; C. Barnard, 2; F. Krushka, 3.

Handicap, 440 yards, open—L. Jones, 1; M. Thow, 2; C. Smith, 3.

Sack Race—W. Gourlay, 1; B. Wilkinson, 2; A. Senior, 3.

Championship, 220 yards, under 13—M. Leembruggen, 1; K. Cassidy, 2; R. Tucker, 3. Time, 28 4-5 sec.

Championship, 220 yards, under 15—B. Waddle, 1; A. Duncan, 2; L. Shields, 3. Time, 26 1/2 sec. (record).

Championship, 220 yards, open—A. Tucker, 1; D. McDonald, 2; G. Donnelly, 3. Time, 23 9-10 sec.

Obstacle Race, under 14—C. Statton, 1; M. Leembruggen, 2; J. Pullen, 3.

Handicap, 100 yards, open—A. Tucker, 1; G. Donnelly, 2; C. Smith, 3.

Handicap, 220 yards, open—R. Whitford, 1; L. Thurlow, 2; R. Ingamells, 3.

Wheelbarrow Race—P. McCord and W. Gourlay, 1; A. Duncan and H. Nation, 2; H. Manning and D. Scott, 3.

Championship, 120 yards hurdles, open—A. Traill, 1; G. Donnelly, 2; L. Abra, 3. Time, 17 sec.

Championship, 440 yards, under 15—B. Waddle, 1; A. Duncan, 2; W. Bowles, 3. Time, 1 7 3-5 (record).

Championship, 100 yards, under 15—B. Waddle, 1; D. McKenzie, 2; A. Duncan, 3. Time, 12 1-5 sec. (equal record).

Egg and Spoon Race—C. Ross, 1; R. Bull, 2; L. Thurlow, 3.

Championship, 100 yards, under 13—K. Cassidy, 1; M. Leembruggen, 2; R. Tucker, 3. Time, 12 2-5 sec. (record).

Handicap, 220 yards, under 15—D. McKenzie, 1; S. Pollard, 2; E. Dwyer, 3.

Junior High Jump—H. Manning and A. Ship-ton, dead heat; A. Wallace, 3. Height, 4ft. 6 1/2 in.

Obstacle Race, over 14—H. Nation, 1; H. Cassidy, 2; R. Barclay, 3.

Slow Bicycle Race—M. Cox, 1; G. Gallahan, 2; C. Smith, 3.

Blindfold Barrel Race—N. McDonald, 1; H. Nation, 2; M. Munro, 3.

Champion 440 yards, open—A. Tucker, 1; R. Gandy, 2; D. McDonald, 3. Time, 56 9-10 sec. (record).

Championship, 880 yards, under 15—L. Shields, 1; A. Duncan, 2; K. Fenton, 3. Handicap—K. Krushka, 1; L. Jones, 2; R. Whelan, 3. Champion time, 2 26 2-5. (record).

Three-legged Race, over 14—L. Jones and M. Thow, 1; L. Abra and N. Shegog, 2; H. Manning and W. Gourlay, 3.

Three-legged Race, under 14—E. Scott and M. Munro, 1; R. Whelan and W. Bowles, 2; L. Chamberlain and G. Birkett, 3.

Senior High Jump—T. Martin, 1; G. Donnelly, 2; R. Gandy, 3. Height, 5ft. 1 in. (record).

Championship, 880 yards, open—A. Tucker, 1; J. Townsend, 2; A. Traill, 3. Time, 2 21 (record).

Handicap—A. Tucker, 1; J. Townend, 2; L. Thurlow, 3.

Inter-House Junior Relay Race—Red, 1; Gold, 2; Green, 3.

Throwing the Cricket Ball—G. Donnelly, 1; A. Traill, 2; A. Duncan, 3. Distance, 80 yds.

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

Medicine Ball Contests—Red, 1; Gold, 2.

Mile Championship—J. Townend, 1; N. Shegog, 2; A. Traill, 3. Time, 5 29 2-5. Handicap—A. Senior, 1; J. Murfett, 2; R. Gandy, 3. Championship time, 5 29 2-5 (record).

Kicking the Football—J. Murfett, 1; D. McDonald, 2; A. Traill, 3. Distance, 52 yards (record).

TENNIS NOTES

The provisional team chosen towards the end of last year was rather disorganised at the beginning of this year. We lost four of our prospective players, but by the keen competition of younger players, a fairly solid team was chosen. The team chosen was almost entirely new to match play.

The team finally picked to represent the School

was:—Eleanor Robinson (captain), Grace Bayles, Eileen Bird, Joyce Andrew, Joy Geiger, and Peggy Turnbull, with Mabel Armstrong and Zillah Slater as emergencies. Unfortunately, June Edwards, who had practiced regularly, was unable to go away with it, but her place was filled ably by Zillah Slater.

The team was keen and energetic, and practised regularly. On March 31st, Miss Hamilton took us to Hobart. We were unsuccessful, being defeated by 8 sets to 1. Eleanor Robinson won her set. Although we were defeated by such a wide margin, all the girls played splendidly, and their opponents had hard work to defeat them. We all thoroughly enjoyed the trip.

Our thanks are due to Miss Hamilton, who devoted much time and attention to coaching us.

Several of the girls entered for the Summer Tournaments, and two of them, Grace Bayles and Eleanor Robinson, reached the semi-finals in their singles, but were defeated.

The team has played a number of practice matches against Ladies' College and Broadland House. We were unsuccessful in our three matches against College, but were successful twice against Broadland House.

Already a prospective team has been arranged for next season.

CRICKET

At the first meeting of the year, Bruce Heazlewood was elected captain, and Aub. Tucker vice-captain. Keeness was shown by each member of the team, which trained solidly and seriously, under Mr. Pickett, Mr. Mulligan, and Mr. Close.

Special thanks are due to Mr. Pickett, whose very sound and patient coaching was greatly appreciated by the members of the team. We also have to thank Mr. Mulligan and Mr. Close.

The team that was finally selected to play Hobart proved rather better at batting than at bowling. Lack of patience to settle down and bat earnestly, however, lost us many runs. In this respect the team did not seem to have had enough experience, with the result that foolish "hitting-out" caused many of our wickets to fall far before they should have done. Hobart, on the other hand, had had plenty of experience, and proved far too strong for our bowlers.

The match took place on the 31st of March on the T.C.A. Ground, Hobart. Scores:—

L.S.H.S.

J. Murfett, b Jeffrey	0
J. Townsend, b Jeffrey	2
B. Heazlewood, c Jeffrey, b Morris	23
C. R. Ingamells, b Wignall	33
F. Hayward, b Pearsall	13
O. McHarg, b Wignall	6
L. Gurr, b Morris	37
A. Tucker, c Pearsall, b Kean	1
L. Thurlow, b Pearsall	10
D. Cunningham, b Morris	0
A. Bowden, not out	0
Sundries	19

Total 144

Bowling.—Morris, 3 for 28; Pearsaall, 2 for 13; Wignall, 2 for 15; Jeffrey, 2 for 23; Kean, 1 for 14.
H.S.H.S.

C. Jeffrey, retired	148
A. Lee, c Ingamells, b Bowden	11
J. Kean, c Tucker, b Heazlewood	128
S. Miller, b Cunningham	6
B. Wignall, not out	27
D. Hill, c Murfett, b Ingamells	9
Sundries	16

Total for 5 wickets 345

Bowling.—A. Bowden, 1 for 39; D. Cunningham, 1 for 78; B. Heazlewood, 1 for 44; C. R. Ingamells, 1 for 9.

Other matches during the season were:—

v. GRAMMAR SCHOOL, 7/2/31.

School, 85 (Gurr 26, Heazlewood 17, F. Hayward 13 n.o.); Grammar, 114 (D. Cunningham 4 for 9).

v. SCOTCH COLLEGE, 21/2/31.

School, 137 (McHarg 49, Thurlow 24, H. Chamberlain 18); Scotch College, 152 (Cunningham, 4 for 24, Heazlewood 2 for 1, Tucker 2 for 19, F. Hayward 2 for 12).

v. PATONS AND BALDWIN.

School, 144 (Townend 48, Heazlewood 15, Tucker 12); P. and B., 1st innings 43, 2nd innings 60 (Thurlow 4 for 9, Foot 2 for 24, Tucker 2 for 27, Cunningham 3 for 13, F. Hayward 3 for 15). Another match v. Scotch was abandoned owing to wet weather.

ROWING NOTES

Our crew commenced training shortly after the summer vacation, with the Henley Shield and the Bourke Cup as their objectives. On paper the combination looked particularly strong, but for some reason they could not work together.

During the first fortnight they were forced to train without a coach, and naturally they became very sluggish. The crew rowed a good race on Henley Day, but as might be expected, they did not win.

Mr. Doe was then able to secure the services of Mr. Artis, the well-known Tamar coach, and under his guidance the crew improved rapidly. But, as events proved, he was unable to rid them of their many faults before Bourke Cup day.

The Bourke Cup was contested by five crews, two from Devonport, two from Hobart, and one from Launceston. As it was thought, Devonport proved too strong for the other crews, and finished some four or five lengths ahead of the bunch. Our crew was second with Devonport No. 2 third.

In concluding, I must congratulate the Devonport crew on their fine performances during the year. Mr. Artis deserves our thanks, for his energetic coaching will be invaluable to our boys in future years.

The 1931 crew was as follows:—E. Press (cox.), F. W. Walker (bow), G. W. Donnelly (2), G. Barclay (3), A. J. Traill (stroke).

Senior Section.

[First Prize in Senior Verse Competition.]

WHEN I AM OLD

When I am old, and feel the day is near,
When I shall cross the stream which separates
Life's winding, rock-strewn path from one, perhaps,

O'ergrown with flowers, which bloom the whole year long—

When I am old, my dearest joy will be
To turn the well-worn pages of my book
Of memories, until at last I come
To those which tell me of my childhood days.

I shall remember all our much-loved haunts—
The island grown with ti-trees, where an old
Up-rooted willow formed a cave in which

We passed so many happy hours; the stream
Which chuckled past the garden, and in which,
On summer evenings, 'twas a joy to see

The stars become mis-shapen; then, the lake,
Across the sleeping face of which we watched
The tiny spiders, red, skim busily;

The paddocks grown with clover, where knee-deep,

Our ponies tossed their heads and mutely asked
For apples when they saw us. 'Twill be joy

To think of all these childhood memories,
When I am old.

ISMAY J. MUIRHEAD (Green).

A Class.



[Second Prize in Verse Competition]

CIVILISATION!

When the world is weary of working
The trees droop tired leaves to the earth,
While a few pale stars smile wanly

To greet the new moon at birth.
A hush falls over the country,
And through the tree trunks dark,

A mist creeps up from the river
Smothering road and park.
But the ceaseless toil goes onward

With the noise that is never still,
And the trams shriek down the roadway,
Or groan up the nearby hill.

And all through the glorious twilight
Of the night God called his own,
Machinery clatters around us

While an almost human moan
Goes up from the sleepless city,
And workers through life's brief span

Haste at the call of machinery,
Once slave—now master of man.

B. RATHBUN (Gold).

Class A.

THINGS I HAVE SEEN

Although I have seen countless feats of strength, deeds of daring and pictures of beauty, those connected with nature stand out in my mind above all others.

I could write countless scenes of beauty and calm that have influenced me; but limited space makes it necessary that I write of one only

It was a sunrise. Certainly, sunrises are so common that you may even sneer and ask, "Who has not seen a sunrise?"; but I am sure that few have been fortunate enough to see one as I saw it

During last Christmas holidays, the occasion arose for me to make an early morning journey, and five o'clock found me well on my way; about a quarter of a mile from the sea on the east coast of Tasmania.

I was climbing along the side of a hill, thickly timbered with green and fragrant peppermint trees, when gradually, the trees on my right gave way to shrubs, enabling me to gaze far out on to the ocean. Struck by the absolute quietness and peace of the scene, I stood to breathe the pure, scented air which only Nature can give; it was then I noticed a faint glow on the horizon. The sun was rising.

Gradually the golden tint in the sky grew more golden, and far out the sea changed from green to blue; but near the shore the green of the water still contrasted delightfully with that of the surrounding bush. The surface of the water which seemed to sleep so peacefully one minute past was suddenly awake, sparkling and dancing in the warm, glittering rays of the sun, who was now peeping on a peaceful world from behind a golden clear-cut horizon.

Steadily he continued to illumine more and more the sea, the rocks, the shining sands (for the tide was on the ebb) and the bush; and slowly also the birds seemed to awaken to welcome this new day. Several gulls wheeled and screamed somewhere above me, and the waves, small though they certainly were, seemed to break with renewed vigour on the now glittering sands. To the south, worlds away it seemed, a tiny whisp of smoke marked the progress of some steamer, while to the north-east the white sails of a ketch stood out against the blue of the sky. A lowly pelican skimmed the water below me, occasionally beating the still air with his powerful wings, while in a tree above me, green parroquet argued in their shrill, unmusical jargon.

The sun had risen, and now the world seemed wide awake. I moved my position and a rabbit scurried across the road in front of me, while farther up the bank I heard the thump, thump of a kangaroo. A busy fantail fluttered near to make sure she had not been dreaming when she saw a human on the road so early. The few gulls I had heard before had gathered some mates

and were now strutting on the beach at the water's edge; the whisp of smoke had disappeared; but the sails were closer.

Nature's day had begun, and her spell over me was broken; but I went on my way with a feeling of peace and happiness in my soul, greater than I had ever felt before.

A. T. (Red), Class A.



MIGHTY OCEAN

Far out upon the ocean's swelling breast,
Where never ventured e'en the seagulls bold,
I saw the mighty ships which dipped and rolled
Like playthings of the gods who never rest;
The curling breakers, all with creaming crest,
Crashed in and broke upon the sands so gold,
As if they strove to constantly remould
The rugged coast, at Neptune's own behest.
I stood upon the quiet, lonely shore,
And listened to the murmur of the sea:
Then was my soul clothed in new majesty,
And rose to heights it ne'er had scaled before;
A soothing balm entered my aching heart,
As from the troubled world I stood apart.

E. BIRD (Gold), Class A.



THE VAGABOND

This morning I met a vagabond,
A roystering, swaggering fellow was he,
With a face so bronzed, and a stride so free,
That methought he came from the coast—or beyond.

For he brought with him the tang of the tide,
And the lure and call of the ocean wide,
And a breath from the caves where the seawinds hide,

Did that roystering vagabond.
I joined him there as he strode along;
So happy-go-lucky were he and I,
That we never heeded the passers-by;
For ours was a brotherhood, welded strong
'Neath the flapping sail and the straining mast,
In the whine of the cord as the lead is cast
In the green-grottoed waves that flee so fast,
And the unleashed winds' wild song.

I said good-bye to my newly-made friend,
And watching him, stood till he passed from my sight,

And pondered, while afternoon passed into night
On what lay before him beyond the road's end—
Of lone nights spent 'neath the cold Pole Star,
The misty horizon so far, so far,
The stinging smell of the hemp and tar,
And a free unfettered end.

N. GARDAM (Green).

B Class.

TEACHERS

Should you ask me whence these teachers,
Whence these stern and strict commanders,
With the countenance of knowledge,
And the ears that hear all whispers,
I should answer, I should tell you
From the State Schools and the High Schools,
From the small room in the sou'west,
With its fire and boiling kettle,
And its drawers full of knowledge,
That's where all these teachers come from,
Bringing books of mathematics,
Bringing books containing Latin,
English, History, and Chemistry;
Striving to enlarge our knowledge,
Striving so we'll pass exams,
Bringing honour to our names,
I should answer, I should tell you,
That is where these teachers come from.

H. NATION (Gold), Class B.

NECKTIES

Most people call this the motor age. I think that we should call it the necktie age; once you could tell a man by his boots, but now you can tell him by his necktie. Never in the history of the human race has necktie wearing reached a higher standard; Caesar never saw more brilliant ones; Socrates never saw dirtier; and certainly no man ever saw a greater variety.

The colours of present day ties vary from brilliant purple, red, and blue, to a lack-lustre grey. Some are so bright, so brilliant, dazzling, glittering, scintillating, that it makes one fear for the noble breast on which they lie. Then there is the opposite necktie, a murky grey, brown or black, ruined by age, soiled by wear, crumpled by ill-treatment, a curse and disgrace to the shameless owner.

And the modes of wearing! Some make one laugh, most make one cry. He with the "hot" tie, has it tied neatly; he of opposite type has it tied loosely, slovenly, unpinned, for all the world like a cowboy's bandana. Alas! this poor owner knows none of the joys of living.

To the owner of the good neck-tie, there is the joy of living; he is the cynosure of all eyes; the delight of the fair sex's heart; a man superior to his fellow men, better dressed, better "tied." He loves to strut among his fellow creatures, to throw out his chest (for his tie adorns his chest), and to snick at other people's ties, so that they might in turn flick at his, and in so doing, strike (and woe to their fingers if perchance they do) or gaze upon his beautiful neck adornment.

Of course, neck-ties differ with the occasion; there is the motley one for school, and the brilliant one for special occasions. That is what would astonish Caesar, if he could see the neck-wear of gallants assembled for some great occasion. He would laugh long, but much longer if he could only see the uses to which neckties are placed, if he could see what was once the pride of its owner's heart now supporting his cricket or football trousers.

(A. F. (Purple), Class B.

NIGHTMARE!

The other night I had a dream
Just when exams were o'er,
And I'm quite sure I saw such things
As ne'er 've been seen before,—
Fat Louis sitting on his throne
His face a minus sign,—
His shoulders squared, his crown a cube,
His lips a fine straight line.
His plane face scowled above his legs,
Which weren't quite parallel,
And as he scowled his subjects paled,—
They seemed to know him well.
His cube-crowned head was now set square
Upon his solid frame,
And words in Algebraic French
From out his straight lips came,—
"Vous X, vous Y, vous XYZ,
How can you treat me so?
You didn't learn your history,
So I'll you tan, but no!
Before I do, you learn some verbs,
The hardest, n'est ce pas?
Then I'll you beta, and j'espere,
That you'll be good, by gar!"
I woke up feeling cold and scared,
And glad that it was o'er,
For I felt sure I'd seen such things
As ne'er'd been seen before!

JOHNNY M. (Green), A Class.



PERSONALITIES ON THE TRAIN

"You don't mean to tell me that that tall fellow with his hair carefully parted in the centre is a teacher!"

"He does not look it, but I am afraid he is such."

"Hm— it is fortunate that you told me this, for I should (had I the chance) have asked him 'how many runs he made'."

"He cannot know very much about cricket, or he would have omitted those two sitting beside him. The little fellow who seems far from being at ease cannot play for sour 'apples,' while the other—well! as a matter of fact, his thoughts are always soaring in the air."

"Aeroplanes?"

"No, Bir-er-er-oh yes! that's right!"

"I thought so; he does look rather intellectual, doesn't he?—That lad beside him though, looks capable."

"Yes, he is a great follower of that one-time great Australian, one Armstrong, I believe; he can do big things with the ball. I heard that these two studied a guide book while in Hobart too, though they both lost themselves that very night."

"They don't seem as though they have found themselves yet, so we had better have a peep in the next carriage before it is time to start again."

"That dignified person with the commanding

countenance is Heazlewood, the captain, while he who sits opposite is the one who has secretly bribed the photographer to publish him as captain in next week's 'Mail.'"

"The young rascal! Yet those sparkling eyes, and that winning smile gives him the look of an angel in disguise. He is a fine example for that old saying about one not being able to judge a book by its cover. Success in life is written all over his face, so I suppose in years to come, his name will rank with those of Ned Kelly and his confederates. But—how do you think the captain will take this gross insult?"

"It is hard to say, although I doubt whether it will trouble him much, for Dame Rumour whispers that after his great success as a public orator, he is thinking of renouncing his 'studentship' to join forces with Mr. J. Lyons."

"Is that so? I hope he will prove a success."
"By jove! Look! That quiet fellow who seems as though he has undergone a great deal of good-natured (?) torment is the exact double of that West Indies fellow, Francis."

"So he is; there is a striking resemblance. He looks every inch a cricketer too;—talking of good cricketers, that fairly fat chap beside him, the one singing 'The Bells of St. Mary's,' is very good. He is a future Test Match man, so they say, and is already a great follower of Ponsford who, it is rumoured, coaches him by post. He, of the rosy complexion and the 'John Bull' proportions is the mascot—rather a bird of ill-omen, he seems to me—while he who sits opposite giving way to the somewhat joyous 'guffaws' is an experiment. He was experimented with (without results though) to try and charm the opposing batsmen with his exquisite whistling."

"We had better hurry now, the bell has just rung." Forthwith our two friends jumped into an empty carriage next to the travelling school-boys.

"They seem a happy party," we next heard. "Anyone would think that they had been victorious. Hark! What a sweet piping voice! That young fellow is going in opposition to the other chap. What is that he is singing? Oh, I know! Something about take me back again to Bendigo." A few minutes' silence then ensued, when sweetly through the open window floated strains of "My Bonnie is Over the Ocean." The two men sat as though dumb, until the last lingering note of the chorus faded away, when they looked at each other wild-eyed.

"To think that boys can sing like that! I do not wonder they cannot play cricket."

"Yes, they have taken their beating as well as the others their win and that is the main thing, I am delighted to travel with such company. I hope they amuse us all the way to Launceston; it will break the monotony of the journey." Such was the case, for the boys sang all the way, so that the journey seemed much shorter than it otherwise would have done.

F. H. (Purple), Class A.

BAD TIMES

"The times is bad,"
Says Ma to me,
And looks at Dad
Expectantly.

"Bad times?" says Dad
So scornfully,
"Now, times was bad,
In '93.

Grandad looks up.
"Them times was fine,
You ought've lived
In '49."

Gosh, when I'm old
I'll stuff my son
'Bout such bad times
In '31!

JOHNNY M. (Green), Class A.



ENCHANTMENT

Softly down the creaking stairs stole a small figure in a long shadowy nightgown. She did not know where or why she was going out into the deadly stillness of the night. She only knew something low and sweet was calling, calling, drawing her away from the world to the silvery land beyond the sunset.

The lawn was a silver lake, and in the centre the moon had drawn a dark ring. Timidly she set one small white foot on the wet grass; then suddenly she was running, flying feet whipping the pools of fallen blossoms, till she stood inside the ring and paused, listening.

Then it came—the voice. It might have been only the low wind through the poplars or a slight swaying of the reeds at the end of the garden, but it said softly, thrillingly: "Child, you have ears that hear strange things, and a mind that holds strange thoughts, and a heart that will one day be wounded by the thing it loves most—beauty. And because of this we give you something you will always need. Take it with you through life and never lose it. It is the most beautiful thing in the world."

With startling suddenness she became conscious of the chill night and the wet grass, and she went slowly back to the dark house. But a little song of gladness was running aimlessly through her mind.

She did not know the meaning of it all, but she felt vaguely that a spell had been laid on her out there in the mystery-filled night, and she had been given something very precious.

And all the time as she climbed the creaking stair the little song was running aimlessly through her mind, "Never, never lose it, It is the most beautiful thing in the world."

FREDA WHITE (Red), Class C2.

AN INTERVIEW WITH THE MAN IN THE MOON

(With apologies to the generally accepted scientific theories on this subject.)

At ten minutes to midnight, I was not yet asleep! For two weary hours I had tossed upon a sleepless pillow, like an excited boy on the eve of his setting-out on a long voyage; but no help had come to my puzzled brain.

"Secure an interview with the Man in the Moon!" These were my instructions, and the cause of my present sleeplessness. Through my open window, the great, golden orb upon which my thoughts were centred, smiled broadly in at me, while myriads of stars winked mockingly at my helplessness. Everything served to bewilder my brain still more, and to convince me of the utter impossibility of my task.

My eyes had begun to droop under the constant strain of gazing at the moon, when suddenly I started, as there came to my ears a sound as of many distant aeroplanes—a gentle drone that gradually increased to a musical roar. At the same time, my surprised eyes witnessed an extraordinary thing. From the very heart of the moon, a strangely-built car shot out like a rocket towards the Earth, leaving in its wake a golden path from Earth to Moon. Even as I saw this, the strange car was at my bedside, and, lured by the magic of the situation, I had sprung into the interior.

We were now flying through space, along the golden road to the Moon, leaving the Earth and all such unpleasant things as editors and their instructions far behind us. There came a sudden shock, I felt the car stop suddenly as if it had struck some obstacle in its path, and, looking about me, I found myself in a new world.

It was not the strangeness of my surroundings, which certainly were most strange, that surprised me, however, but it was the strangely featured and uniquely dressed being who was standing beside the car. He was indeed the Man in the Moon, but he was very different from the humble woodman who is said to have gathered sticks on Sunday. This man carried no sticks on his shoulder, nor did he have any companion such as a dog. Indeed, he seemed to be the sole inhabitant of his strange realm. He was clad from head to foot in a sort of steel mail, padded with wool, which, he told me, was specially designed to keep him warm. Fitted on his back was a piece of apparatus, with the aid of which he could converse with his brethren on the moons of other planets. The most peculiar part of his appearance, however, was his eyes, which were uncommonly large, enabling him to distinguish things on the earth without the aid of a telescope.

He was a very pleasant fellow, in spite of his appearance, and gladly consented to show me the wonders of the Moon. The surface of the Moon was very barren, being strewn with great holes,

like an enormous honeycomb. These craters secreted huge machines which, as my companion told me, absorb light from the Sun during the day and radiate it to the Earth at night. Every month the apparatus needs overhauling. At this time, the moon is not seen from the Earth, and is called a new moon. It is the duty of the Man in the Moon to tend these machines, and to clean them at the proper time.

So interested was I in the explanations of these wonders, that I did not notice the hours slowly passing. When at last my companion reminded me that it was nearly sunrise, I reluctantly bade him farewell. I stepped into my strange conveyance, and within a few seconds I was once more at my bedside.

I stepped from the car, and the next moment I was lying in bed. The car had vanished, as had also the Moon from which it had come, for it was broad daylight. All that remained of my nocturnal visit was a queer electric atmosphere—a feeling that I had indeed seen strange things, and had conversed with a being who to all other mortals was nothing more than a legend.

R. W. GANDY (Red), Class B.



THE BUSH

I wander in the bush I love,
And saw again the things I knew
When oft I felt their presence sweet,
And mid their beauty quickly grew
To cherish dearly every flower,
Each bird and insect, every tree
That carpeted the leafy track
Near which the creek stole softly by.
And now, I linger once again,
Beneath those branches on whose bark
Our names we carved in letters bold,
Our ever-moving way to mark.
For, here, the clematis entwined
With clinging tendrils, wattles young
Whose roots were clothed in mosses deep,
And from whose branches creepers hung.
How could I leave a place so full
Of God's own nature; softly stirr'd
By gentle breeze and dripping rain,
By rabbit grey and flitting bird?
I think 'twas for ambition's sake
I bade farewell to bushland life,
But not in memory has it gone
Yet lives to comfort all my strife.

NANCY READER (Red House).
A Class.

A SLIGHT MISUNDERSTANDING

It is beyond me to guarantee the truthfulness of this happening. It all hinges on the word of H. J. Bailey, a rather well-to-do individual living a retired life in the tranquillity of a small Pacific island. Near Pango, in Tutuila, of the Samoan group, he had built for himself and wife a rather pretty little home, looking out across the sea towards Upolo and Cavai.

On a typical Samoan night, Bailey had gone, as was his custom, to his library. He put out the old oil lamp and pulled his chair to the window. It was exhilarating to feel the cool night air as it came in through the open window and fanned his forehead.

There was no sound in his library, and outside he could hear the occasional cry of some animal in alarm, or calling for its mate; while in the distance he heard the faint shouts of natives, taking part in some night prank or revelry.

Now, it must be remembered, what follows is the story of the incident as it was told to me by Bailey himself, who, it is reputed was at one time an ardent fisherman.

So engrossed was he by his thoughts that he failed to hear the slight rustle beneath his window, but the sudden entrance of some leaping, or maybe, flying object, brought Bailey back with a start to the realisation of his surroundings. The thing, whatever it was, landed with a thump on the floor of the library, and then complete silence followed for some moments. During that time Bailey admits that he was terribly afraid, and that, somehow, he scrambled to his feet. He took a step, and then a desperate leap towards the door, for something soft and furry had touched his leg. Alas! he was beaten. A pair of green, flashing eyes glared at him through the darkness from the direction of the door.

Now silently and quickly it had moved. "A tiger!" he thought. A cold perspiration stood out on his forehead, and he felt about as helpless as a celluloid cat pursued by an asbestos dog in Hades; but with renewed fear and energy he dived, with his pessimistic thoughts, beneath the couch.

By a supreme effort he managed to get all his body, excepting one leg, under. He could kick with that at least he thought. Then, again, he felt the soft fur on his leg. He kicked, and the next instant he felt a sharp scratch. Harder he kicked, and harder the thing scratched. Still kicking he yelled for help.

His wife came running, and halted outside the door.

"Get a light, quick," Bailey bawled, before she could ask a question.

"Oh," she screamed, as she fairly flew for the lamp. Bailey's stern battle continued, and things were becoming desperate, when light flooded the room, and he saw, from beneath the couch, Sebastian, the pet cat, dabbing deftly at the kicking leg.

At this point in the story, Bailey waved me a cheery farewell as he went laughing away, leaving me to imagine what his wife had to say when he crawled from his lair.

E. T. S. (Red), Class A.



WIND STORM

Out through the night a storm wind, seeming
Like witches and fiends in the wild night screaming,

Filling the air with their maddening laughter,
Following onward, shrieking after.
The pulse of a wild wind beating, throbbing,
And pine trees bending, sighing, sobbing,
Tessing boughs, and their long loud wailing
A hurried moon through cloud-wrack sailing,

H. NATION (Gold), Class B.



A FLOWER.

In an idle hour I passed a flow'r,
I passed it idly by,
Yet its beauty pale, and delicate look,
Was noticed by my eye.
I idly turned to pick that flow'r,
I picked it tenderly,
When its dainty breath, as living blood
Was wafted throughout me.

To the depths of my despairing heart,
I felt it faintly flow,
There I felt it blossom strongly then
To rid me of my woe.
Idly that flow'r I fondled there,
Standing thus out of sight,
Then I placed it in my buttonhole;
Its colour pale, was white.

Nor d'd I forget that wondrous flow'r
Throughout that life-long day,
Its caressing odour faint and sweet,
Seemed ne'er to fade away;
But its head alas, I saw had drooped
As day drew to a close;
It had sacrificed itself for me,
That fragrant pure white rose.

F. HAYWARD (Purple), Class A.



LIFE IS TOO SHORT

Life is too short for any vain regretting,
Let dead delight bury its dead, I say.
And let us go our weary way, forgetting
The joys and sorrows of each yesterday.
Between the swift sun's rising and its setting
We have no time for useless tears and fretting.
Life is too short for thoughtless lingering
Whilst wandering along our weary way.
Life is too short.

H. L. NATION (Gold), Class B.

FAIRY DELL

The moonbeams bright on a streamlet glanced,
On a streamlet in a dell,
Where under the stars the fairies danced
To the tune of a tinkling bell.

The bright beams played with their golden hair,
And over their gossamer wings;
Has't seen a picture half so fair
As these dainty elfin things?

Over a carpet of moss they danced,
Be-jewelled with flowers white,
And the moonbeams bright in wonder glanced
At these creatures of the night.

The fairies have fled in the rosy dawn,
And left their dell so sweet,
They have left the world in the early morn,
But at mid-night again will meet.

GRACE BECKETT, Class C2.



MY GARDEN OF DREAMS

My garden of dreams lies hidden
Way over the hills to the west,
And there one night unbidden
I came and found sweet rest.

No fences marked its boundary,
No man had yet worked here,
But birds and bees and conies
Lived, worked and played quite near.

To the east a dancing river,
On the west just sleepy trees,
To the south a bank of flowers,
Food for the busy bees.

On my side of the river
I notice as I dream,
A weary, weeping willow,
Droops branches to the stream.

A softly straying zephyr,
Sets autumn leaves asway,
The river ripples gently,
The world seems far away.

G. BAYLES (Green), Class C1.



PEACE

The chapel bell rings softly on the air,
The weary oxen onward drag the plough,
The song bird sits atwittering on the bough,
The skies above are blue, the world is fair:
The drowsy bees are murmuring 'mid the trees,
The rippling stream goes dancing on its way
O'er pebbled shallows where the sunbeams play,
Through banks of fern aswaying in the breeze.
The village clock above the church door chimes,
The shadows dance upon the little rill,
The ivy on the crannied tower climbs,
The sheep go by towards the distant hill,
The cool shade is spread by silv'ry limes,
And all the world is peaceful, calm, and still.

FREDA WHITE (Red).

MY DREAM

I dream of realms where all is free;
Of rolling plain and mountain wild,
Where pass the clouds like worlds unknown,
Their changing forms a mystery.

There where the eagle makes her nest
On rocky crag or cranny bare,
Where freedom reigns in fulness deep
From valley broad to mountain crest.

Out in the vastness, wild and free,
Mid trees and plants, with stars to guide,
By stream and rivulet I roam,
The silence there is calling me.

I dream—I dream, the darkness through,
Then morning wakes all thoughts anew.
For life is real and hastens on,
While still we dwell in days now gone.

N. R. (Red), Class A.



A SPRING SUNRISE

The lake lay still and silent in the dawn,
And from the dewy reeds which skirt its edge
The waking waterfowls with shrilling cries
Were heralds of the coming morn of Spring.

Some faint rose colours touched the waiting sky
Behind the rugged mountains in the east,
As though old Sun, the artist, just awake,
Had idly drawn his brush across the sky.

The glow of colours deepened to a rich
Rose hue, and gold rays, heralds of the sun,
Appeared behind the mountains, making gems
Of all the dew drops clinging to the trees
And to the grasses; then the sun climbed slow
From out her bed of clouds, and started her
Long journey o'er the sky; and lo, all things
Awoke—the fresh, spring morning had begun.

ISMAY MUIRHEAD (Green), Class A.



WINTER

The golden shade of autumn's gone,
The trees are brown and bare;
For Winter's icy hand's upon
This once fair happy land.

The sky is never bright and blue,
As 'twas in days gone by,
When morning came with early dew
To freshen all the land.

No more at break of day we hear,
The song of happy birds,
For even birds the winter fear
And fly to warmer lands.

Oh, summer, come to us again,
And drive away this king
Who nothing gives to us but pain,
And endless days of rain.

A. L. (Red), Class C2.

THE CLOISTERS

Say, Monk, bending o'er to decipher your page
Your broad back square on the hall behind
On the long, vista of archways dimming,
On the stately curves that vanish to mist,
Is it peacefully thus you have stepped your
years?

Have you passed in disdain by the world's desire,
Folding your robe from the Outer Breaths,
Into the gloom of the echoing church,
The safety of altars lit.

Or, Monk, kneeled there by your window-sill
On the brown stone bare in the light of the moon,
In the light that gleams still on the riverway,
On the bold, black curve of the hill beyond,
On the blowing sail that a strong man furls,
Say, do you gaze with your eyes aglow,
And your heart athrob for an unknown sea,
Do you beat your shaved head on the cold dead
wall,

And scourge yourself till the hot blood runs,
For the sin in the urge for the Outward Bound
And the sail of a boat unfurled?

Say, Monk, stooped there so low on the rose,
Treading the lilies you picked the last hour,
All tender your touch on the velvet leaves,
And vacant your eyes on the sweet, gold heart.
Do you think you can hold the dry dust of the
past
And breathe a clear air in your later day?
Or, waked in the chill of a sudden dusk,
Do you turn from the flushing scent of the rose
From the memories dead in the outer leaves,
And quick to the prayers at your evensong
Gather your flowers of snow?

L'ENVOI

Ho, Monk, I call from a windy hill
From the road I am cutting to Places Beyond.
I am the soul of the Ones Who Dare,
I am the builder who beds the spire,
I am the breath of the Outer Air,
And the beating heat of the Noonday Sun.
And I tell you this, fat brother-in-brown,
I am driving this road in a straight-set course
Down the steep hill to the Priory walls,
On through the heart of your penance cells
To the Open Hand, to the sea.

And, digging with me on my rough hewn way
The Man-was-a-monk shall say to his spade,
To the clod he turns from the bouldered hill,
To the sun and the rose and the well-trimmed sail,
To the wind come whipping like clean-cut glass
All the prayers that his soul shall need.

F. H. (Purple), Class B.



THE COMPETITION CHOIR

Success attended the efforts of the 1931 Choir,
however, and with their first prize of five guineas,
they were able to present to the School a cabinet
for gramophone records. Many thanks are due
to Miss Winnie James, who was accompaniste.
These Competition Choirs have had to work
during Easter Vacations, on Saturday mornings,

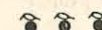
before and after school; and it is the fine work-
ing spirit of the girls that is responsible for the
splendid successes. The marks for 1927 were
79; for 1928, 85; for 1929, 92 and 93; for 1931,
90 and 93. Visits to the photographer, to the
"Virginia," and picnics provided amusement at
different times; but it is the love of the work
and an interest in the School which must hold
these Choirs together, for there is more work
than amusement. The monotony of drill work
does not daunt the girls or break up the spirit.
Great self-sacrifice is demanded. Co-operation
and self-control are essential. Only through
these can success come; "and the true success is
to labour."



EVENING

I heard low music of the distant waves
Upon the lonely shore; they called to me
And would not be denied. I answered them,
And wandered down the narrow little path,
Which wound its crooked way 'neath hanging
boughs,
Of sweetly-scented bushes, to the sea.
At first it led me down a steep'ning hill,
Where tiny rabbits played around the roots
Of gnarled gums, the knotted boughs of which
Stretched out as if to keep them safe from harm.
Far down, I reached a grove of murmur'ing pines;
I crossed a rippling, stumbling baby stream,
And as I listened to its tinkling voice,
And heard the low, deep murmur of the waves,
I thought I heard a mother singing soft
A slumber song, so softly to her child.
At last I reached the sand-dunes bathed in light,
And watched the weary sun sink slowly down
Into her crimson bed; I watched until
The sea was calm, and when it called no more
I turned, and as I reached the grove of pines
I saw the moon rise o'er a silver sea.

ISMAY MUIRHEAD (Green), Class A.



THE BUSH

I walked through the bush in the morning
The long grass, dripping with rain,
Sprang up beneath my footsteps
Fresh and revived again.

The wet ferns, drenched and battered
With the rain of yesterday,
Gave out a delicious fragrance,
But the sky was dull and grey.

Although it was overclouded,
The fitful, whispering breeze
Began to grow steadily stronger
As it tossed in the tall gumtrees.

It drove the clouds to the westward,
The sun shone brilliantly over the bush,
I heard in the depths of the gumtrees
The mad, glad trills of the thrush.

L. WEEKS (Purple).

THE SHINING DAY

Safe in my hand I hold the shining day
So frail, so fair, so silver bright,
Proud in its satin-sheathed array,
'Twas made for just the world's delight,
And 'tis great happiness.

New sunlight here on bush and way
Glistening in tears of joy the frosted path
Flames for a bridal hearth. And here
Gleams firelight on my floor at dusk,
And waves my table-legs in spindle grace,
Candles the glooming face. And, past
Wind lifting leaves to glitter 'fore the dusk,
Their leaping lights, there is
Dead moonlight washing earth and limb,
Cathedral white and vast enough
For my high desires.

Safe in my hand I hold the shining day
So frail, so fair, so silver bright,
Proud in its satin-sheathed array,
'Twas made for just the world's delight,
And 'tis great happiness.

F. H. (Purple), Class B.

Junior Section.

THE STREAM

[First Prize in Junior Verse Competition.]

A stream leaps down the hillside,
Beneath the flow'ring trees,
Beside the gaily-coloured flowers,
Haunted by busy bees.
It ambles on through mossy dells;
Through forests dark and sage,
O'er pebbles worn and shaped by time,
O'er tree-roots bent with age.
It wends its way 'neath willows green,
And on through meadows wide,
Beneath the mossy, sloping banks,
Where trout may always hide.
And so it ambles on its way,
Where blue bells dance and quiver,
Where ferns droop o'er the smooth
green banks,
Until it meets the river.

M. Mc. (Purple), Class D1.

TWILIGHT

In the heart of the wood,
When dusk is nigh,
The shadows fall,
The owl doth cry;
In the heart of the wood,
When dusk is nigh,
The leaves gently whisper,
To the birds in the trees,
And shake themselves,
To the stir of the breeze;
In the heart of the wood,
When dusk is nigh,
The fairies sing,
As they dance close by
To the pool, serene,
Reflecting the sky.

PHYLLIS BARKWORTH
(Red), Class D1.



SPRING

Spring so gay has come at last,
Shatt'ring winter's stormy blast;
Bringing with it garden blooms,
Freeing all our fears and glooms.

Dainty spring comes gaily by,
Skipping through the fields of rye,
Rustling now the trees so gay,
Making brighter every day.

All the bush appears to ring
With the melody of spring,
As with joy and footsteps light,
Rabbits play within her sight.

DAPHNE COOPER (Purple),
Class E1.



A TRAGEDY

Her death was so sudden,
Her death was so sad,
She gave up her life,
It was all that she had.
She now lies sweetly buried
Under a willow bough;
There is always something happening
When a train hits a cow.
"BUSY BEE" (Red), Class E2.

A BOY'S SORROW

Swish, swish, swish,
Goes the cane that's hitting me!
And I would that my lips would stifle
The sobs that burst from me!
O well for the girls and boys,
As they shout with the others at play!
O well for the teacher, too,
As he uses his cane through the day.
And the weary time goes on,
And the boys shout up on the hill!
But O I can see the teacher's hand
With the cane that is never still.
Sob, sob, sob,
At last I am away and am free!
But the tender spot where the cane hit hard
Will always remain with me.

W. LOCKWOOD (Gold), Class E2.



OLDEN DAYS

"Ch, maiden, come hither," the gallant did cry,
"Before the clouds darken in yonder sky,
The sun in the heavens will soon fade away;
Come, ride with me on my proud dapple-grey."
Then the fair, dainty maiden a curtsy did make,
While her eyes seemed as blue as the neighbour-
ing lake,
Then the daring young knight, without more ado,
Took her up in his arms and away with her flew.
O'er hill and o'er glen the happy pair went,
Without e'er a thought of the time that they
spent.

The sun had long set, the clouds had turned grey,
But still unperturbed they rode on their way.
And even these times at dead of night,
The wind doth whisper of their plight.
So listen to what it has to say,
That you may know what happened that day.

E. BROWN (Gold), Class D2.



PROSCENIUM

The stage is set, the orchestra is playing
softly. Misty pink and yellow showing through
a silken curtain embroidered with drooping
leaves. What is the scene that is behind it?

Hush! Can that sweet music be Pan the Satyr
on his pipes calling shepherd's children to come
and hear him? How they fly in panic when they
see his grotesque body.

Or can it be the tricky sprite Aerial luring
Prospero's enemies to the silent waters of the
calm still lake?

If from that farther shore (ghost of a land,
by the ghost of a sea) three spectral queens
robed in sombre black took the spirit of the
tired and unhappy Arthur to the haven of Avalon,
I should not be greatly surprised.

Oh, tantalizing curtain! that may hide the
sweet land of Arcadia or the Never Never Land

of Peter Pan, and is in itself a vision of trans-
lucent beauty.

See, the curtain is slowly rising. The orches-
tra is swelling. Lovelier than any of the scenes
I have pictured appear towers and domes set
amid graceful foliage, the gleaming sunshine
checkering them pink and gold. The birds burst
into joyous song.

VERA JACOB (Red), Class E1.



THE MOONLIGHT SERENADE

The beams of a full moon poured down onto a
quaint old chateau garden where no sound, save
the distant hooting of an owl, and the gentle lap
of the moonlit fountain waters, broke the still-
ness of the night air.

Nestling in a secluded corner of this haven of
peace stood a much worn, old, garden seat, which
had been the scene of many incidents of joy and
sorrow. It could tell tales of happy love unions,
hasty quarrels, and also it could tell a tale about
which mortals never dreamed. Above this rustic
bench stood a shepherdess of carven tone. Her
position was almost as that of a guardian angel
watching over the seat—it almost seemed as
though nothing which was not for the best could
happen on this seat. The moonbeams struck her
face, thus enabling her worshipper, the little
white shepherd of the fountain, to feast his
eyes upon her sweet face.

She was waiting for something—something to
break this uncanny stillness, and while she lis-
tened and waited peace and quietness reigned
supreme.

Suddenly the moon disappeared under a cloud
—the nightingale suddenly began his song—
singing as though his very soul was in it. Then
did the shepherdess awaken and deliberately
descended to the waiting shepherd. He dropped
on his knee and poured forth all the love and
admiration he felt for in his shy song. Her
loveliness awed him, and when she responded to
his song in one equally as tender he gallantly
offered her his arm to dance a minuet with him.
She gracefully repaid him—he afterwards leading
her to the rustic bench to rest. Still the moon
did not show her face, while the nightingale con-
tinued with its soulful music.

As the nightingale finished its song the shep-
herdess whispered "adieu" to her little shepherd,
and gracefully regained her position of guardian
while the little shepherd regretfully retraced his
footsteps to the fountain.

Just as he settled in his position the moon
shone forth once more, and they were both once
more asleep.

The night air was undisturbed, the sleeping
fountain waters were stirred by a faint zephyr,
peace remained supreme.

JOAN McHARG (Green), Class D1.

A QUIANT OLD GARDEN

Among the hills of Scotland,
Beside a little stream,
There is a quaint old garden
Where once I used to dream.
Beneath the weeping willows
The lawn in soft green gown
Slopes down to meet the hawthorns,
Beyond which lies the down.
The smell of scented roses
Is wafted on the breeze,
And tiny snow-white daisies
Are growing 'neath the trees.
A fountain grey and stately
Stands in the midst of all.
Its silv'ry flashing waters
Are sparkling as they fall.
The busy bees are humming
Throughout the sunny hours.
They gather golden honey
From sweetly perfumed flowers.
Behind the red brick cottage
The tall dark pine trees grow,
Their graceful branches swaying
When gentle breezes blow.
Bright golden-headed sunflowers
Are nodding by the wall,
And far up in the blue sky
The sun shines down on all.
My mem'ry often wanders
To Scotland o'er the sea,
And oh, how I am longing
In that dear place to be!

JEAN BELL (Purple), Class E1.



A DESERT SCENE AT SUNSET

Desert—gold,—What a picture the sun made as it sank behind the rolling sand-dunes, which stretched to the west as far as eye could see. The last rays flitted across the rills of sand, transforming them to beautiful tints of red, orange, and gold.

Away to the east lay the old Moorish palace, which, by neglect and the ceaseless beating of the sand which rolled up to its very gates, had fallen into picturesque ruins. Four tall minarets still stood against the horizon, and were the only standing remembrances which marked the place of a once famous palace.

In the foreground were the striped, flat-topped tents of a band of friendly Arabs, who, dressed in their vividly-coloured flowing robes, all fitted in with the picture of the setting sun, the golden sands, the long string of burdened camels wending their homeward way.

Fiery-red, the fierce sun slowly sank behind the dunes, the pink-tinted clouds gradually changing to one of duller hue, and, with the exception of the jingle of the harness of the camels—all was still.

EVA BRATT (Purple), Class D1.

THE SQUIRREL

High on a branch of a chestnut tree
A bright-eyed squirrel sat.
Of what was he thinking so earnestly,
And what was he looking at?
In his mind he was pondering o'er and o'er,
As he counted, "One, two, three,"
How many nuts for his winter store,
Could he hide in that hollow tree?
Then suddenly he danced about,
And down the tree he ran.
"The best I can do, without a doubt,
Is to gather up all I can."

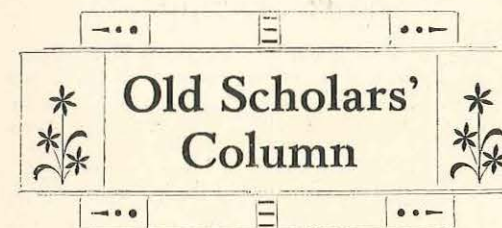
VIDA MOIR (Purple), Class E1.



DESCRIPTION OF THE NIGHT

The sun sank below the horizon, a ball of fire, leaving the world wrapped in a grey mist. The grey sky was streaked with purple and crimson, and the stars faintly twinkled. As night set in the stars grew more brilliant, and the clouds disappeared from the sky. Slowly the moon rose shedding her pale, golden rays on the earth, lighting up the hills, which loomed dark and gloomy against the sky. The stars resembled diamonds set in black velvet, and the moon a shining moon-stone. All was hushed on the earth, for beast, bird, and man had gone to rest for the night, and the solitary moon only had the stars as companions. Soon the trees began to rustle and whisper among themselves, and a brook close by chattered away as if it would never stop. A screech of an owl or the rustle of a bat's wings would suddenly disturb the peacefulness of the night. Then all would become quiet again except for the wind rustling in the trees. A dark cloud drifted across the face of the moon, and the light was blotted out. Gradually the moon and the stars faded, and the wind became stronger and blew in fierce gusts. Then the first rosy streaks of dawn tinted the sky. The sun rose and flooded the earth with bright, golden light. At once everything awoke, the birds twittered and the men went to their work singing, for night had fled before the glory of the day.

F. R. (Purple), Class E1.



HONORARY LIFE MEMBERS OF THE ASSOCIATION.

Messrs. T. G. Johnston, W. L. Grace, 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. Farmilo, H. Johnston, A. Davern, W. Fahey, P. Fordham, G. Gibbons, H. Hope, N. Howard, H. Higgs, R. Hamence, S. Loneragan, W. Mason, W. Morrison, E. McIvor, 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. Whitchurch, O. Wyllie, R. Watson, H. Watters, I. Briggs, W. L. Garrard.

FINANCIAL MEMBERS, 1931.

Mr. and Mrs. S. F. Limbrick, Misses F. Barclay, G. Parsons, J. Blythe, J. Folder, N. Cox, J. Phillips, M. Groves, E. Lawson, G. Lathey, M. Morgan, T. Davey, M. Hamilton, J. Campbell, E. Norman, A. B. Nichols, G. Blewett, and Messrs. A. Fulton, A. Foot, T. Stephens, E. Russen, C. McElwee, H. C. Barnard, A. E. Daymond, R. Brownrigg, L. Webb, T. Wilson, A. Ripper, A. Thompson, M. Lowe, S. Fuller, R. Ockerby, A. King, L. B. Daymond, R. Suter, J. Cox, G. L. Hart, J. Lovett, F. White, T. Griffin, R. Mulligan, R. Rudd, L. Hammond, B. Phillips, R. Broomby, R. Hayes, K. Conroy, W. Bridley, M. Guy, H. Nicholls, T. Holloway, N. Barclay, W. Balmforth, C. P. Phillips, R. O. M. Miller, W. H. Daymond, A. J. Woolcock, Mrs. H. V. Biggins, and Mrs. H. Dean.

THE ASSOCIATION

Our Committee had decided that the first function for this year should be an Autumn Ball, but, as it could not be arranged for the date decided on, the Ball was postponed until after the Annual Meeting, which was held on the 26th March.

There was an attendance at the meeting of 50 Old Scholars, presided over by our Patron, Mr. H. V. Biggins.

The report presented by the Committee showed that the year just passed had been one of considerable activity in social functions, and that

these activities had become much more popular amongst Old Scholars.

A much healthier financial statement was presented, too. It showed that the Committee had begun the year with a debit balance of £3/16/6, and had finished up with a credit balance of £30/19/4. Besides this a donation of £5/5/- had been made to the School for prizes.

The report and statement were adopted, and the election of officers for the coming year was proceeded with.

The election of officers resulted as follows:—
Patron: H. V. Biggins, B.A.

Vice-Patrons: R. O. M. Miller, W. H. Daymond, W. L. Grace, A. L. Meston, J. F. Turner, K. M. Dallas, and T. G. Johnston.

President: S. F. Limbrick, B.Com.
Vice-Presidents: A. J. Woolcock, N. L. Campbell, L. O. Stubbs, F. O. Close, L. Briggs, A. S. Johnstone, A. Foot, and Mrs. H. V. Biggins, and Miss B. Layh.

General Secretary: A. E. Daymond.

Hon. Treasurer: A. Foot.

Assistant Secretaries: Miss J. Phillips and C. McElwee.

Editor Old Scholars' Column: Miss A. B. Nichols.

Hon. Auditors: L. T. Clark and K. L. Conroy.

Committee: Mrs. Limbrick, and Misses J. Folder, F. Barclay, J. Campbell, and G. Blewett, Messrs. M. Weston, C. P. Phillips, T. Griffin, and R. Rudd.

Mr. Weston was unable to accept the position on the Committee, and Mr. R. Mulligan was elected to fill the vacancy.

One other important result of the meeting was the reduction of the membership fee from 5/- per annum to 4/- per annum for Old Scholars over the age of 21 years, and 3/- per annum for the younger members.

An honorarium of £5/5/- was made to the retiring Secretary, Mr. Percy Phillips, as a witness of members' appreciation of his work for the Association during the past two and a half years.

Two days after the meeting, on the 28th March, our Autumn Ball was held, and proved a notable success.

A series of three weekly dances was commenced on May 2, and the dances that have passed were all most successful.

Two socials have provided the younger members with considerable enjoyment. These are held once a month.

The Churinga Debating Club is a new feature in the Association's activities. Mr. A. Fulton

asked at the Annual Meeting if the new Committee would call a meeting of members to consider forming the Club. This was done, and the Churinga Debating Club was formed. Mr. A. Foot is Chairman, and Mr. Col. McElwee is Secretary. Members meet fortnightly on Tuesday evenings at the School. There is a membership of about 20 Old Scholars. We hope it will grow and do good work—Statesmen are scarce!

The year promises well for the Association—even now we have more members than we had last year—but we want many more yet. It is in such "deficiency" times as the present that our Association should be ready to give "The Best School of All" material help. Therefore, please join up.

AN APPEAL TO OLD SCHOLARS

(By the President.)

It is with considerable pleasure and a deep sense of the need for an extension of activities that I enter upon my second term as President of your Association. Although considerable progress has been made since the Association was reconstituted a short time ago, there is still a great deal that might be achieved by an Old Scholars' Association which could rely upon a wider support from Old Scholars and a greater membership.

In view of this need for more members, this year's Committee have decided to institute a special campaign, aimed at doubling our membership at least. They feel that no great extension of our activities can be successful unless it has behind it the full support of all Old Scholars.

I, therefore, wish to make an appeal on behalf of the Committee to Old Scholars to join the Association without delay. Already our membership for this year is greater than it was last year, and we have hopes that our aims will be successful, but that fact does not relieve those Old Scholars who are not members of their obligation in the matter. Surely the benefits conferred upon you by the Old School are sufficient to warrant the small expenditure required to become a member, as by joining the Association you can perhaps do something for the School in return for all that it has done for you. Another aspect worthy of your consideration is that it is quite possible that a strongly supported Association may be able to do something for you, quite apart from providing you with interests of an educational, sporting, or social character. Join your Association, whatever be your motive, and induce as many of your Old Scholar friends as possible to do the same. The Association will welcome your support, and extends a cordial invitation to you to share in its many-sided activities, so that it may become the force for good in our community that it should be.

MOON-WORSHIP

It had been raining. And now, as darkness drew on, the sky was still strewn with loose masses of cloud, leaving pools of space between—deep, mysterious, leading the eye to their floating stars.

As I gazed, the border of one of the pools gleamed silver, and the great moon shot into its depths like some great golden ship from the slips. And the whole earth, suddenly grown silver, leaned in mute worship to its goddess; cold and silent was the earth, yet its face was lit with adoration.

I, too, worshipped in silence. But we cannot taste to the full moments of such beauty alone. So I called to her, and she came out and stood by my side. In that moment I knew communion of souls. Here we two were both held spellbound by the same majestic spectacle; two souls longed as one towards the mystery and the beauty of Night. We, the creatures of earth, were one with the earth itself reaching toward space: we were fused, mingled, united in one speechless act of worship.

In such hushed tones as one might use in a mighty cathedral, I whispered: "Ah, God, what a night!"

"Isn't it lovely," she answered, "I'll get my washin' dry after all."

—T. B. W.



A MIRACLE

Grieve not for winter, stooping to fling
Snow on the hearth of the world,
For the song no bird has heart to sing,
And the rose in the rose-seed furred.
Though spring be lissom, as March can tell,
And hath her dear success,
This hour is wrought a miracle,
Of holier loveliness.
For lo! she cometh, very she
Whose footfall beauty knows.
Who wakes a surry in waves of the sea,
A lark in the heart of a rose.

RICHARD MEREDITH.



DELIGHT

A crescent moon hung low in the afterglow of sunset; the tracery of leafy tree-tops; a low skyline of purple hills clear-cut; the myriad twigs of bare trees pencilled sharply in the soft light; the dull gold green of a river winding, moving out to sea; the bite of frost; the witchery of gathering dusk; a brown road leading homeward—expectancy—delight.

PERSONAL NOTES

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

Edna Cox to Mr. R. Tyson.

Tom Doe to Miss Lorna Tankard.

Marjorie Douglas to Mr. Stuart L'Oste Napier.

Ken. Dallas to Miss Margaret Hogarth.

Kath Edwards to Mr. S. F. Limbrick.

Constance Witt to Rev. Hedley Shotton, M.A.

Alice Walker to Mr. Adiel Harris.

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

These two lucky people are to spend eight days in Melbourne, three in Sydney, and are then to catch the boat for Fiji, Hawaii, and Vancouver. From there they go to New York. They will spend a day at Banff, on the top of the Rockies, two days at the Lakes, eight hours at Niagara, a few days at New York, and will then go to South Carolina to make their home close to the coast.

We have also to congratulate Ted Archer on his marriage.

Dora McRae and Mr. Harry Bulman, of Legana, are to be married shortly. Mary Leicester is also to be married shortly to Mr. Bruce Walker.

Miss Dorothy Fleming is to be congratulated upon being selected as the receiver of the Orient Free Passage to England. She will be sailing at the end of the year.

Miss Bertha Layh left for England and France early in the year.

Mrs. McKenzie (Miss Beatrice Wilcox) will probably be sailing to South Africa this year.

We have also to congratulate other Old Scholars upon their engagements:—

Dorothy Cox to Mr. Charles Baird.

Mr. G. Nichols to Miss Marjory Tuffin.

Edith Briggs to Mr. Medwin Collins.

Jim Turner to Miss Ila Beswick.

Jean Walker to Mr. Kirwin, of St. Helens.

Alfrieda Nichols to Percy Phillips.

More congratulations are to be given to those who had degrees conferred:—

Bachelor of Arts: Miss Edna Norman, Miss Gladys Brown, Miss Vida Watson, Miss Marjorie McEwin, Mr. Bob Findlay, Miss Joy Austin, B.Sc., and Mr. Rudolph Buring, B.E.

Ken Dallas has left Tasmania, and is now W.E.A. Lecturer at Newcastle (N.S.W.).

Old Scholars congratulate Mr. F. Close upon his appointment as Principal of Burnie High School, and wish him every success.

Our sincere sympathy is extended to those closely connected with Laurie Carter, one of the Old School's finest sports.

Some Old Scholars were successful this year at the Launceston Musical and Elocutionary Competitions. Miss Maleita Waldon won the Mezzo Soprano Solo, Miss Doris Eastburn the Junior Championship Recitation, and Mr. Maurice Atkins won high praise and was second in the Champion Piano Recital. Clair Best was suc-

cessful in several elocutionary items. Miss Elsie Smith conducted the Wellington Square Choir to success, and Miss Alfrieda Nichols was a successful conductor of the High School Choir.

Ron Ponsonby, who left for England in 1923, has returned, and spent a few weeks in Launceston.

Alan Ingles, one of the Old School's Rhodes Scholars, addressed the School this year. He worked his way out as an engineer, and has now returned to England.

Denis Joynt is attending an Agricultural College in Victoria.

Mr. L. F. Briggs has a baby daughter called Betty.

Mr. Ernie Castley has one called Margaret, and Mrs. Tom Yost (Joyce Nicholls) has a bonnie boy named Bobbie. Dr. Trevor James also has a son.

Mr. W. J. Stanley Fuller won the prize for Landscape in Water Colour at the Launceston Art Exhibition, and was also successful last year.



THE OLD SCHOLARS' COLUMN

Material is needed from Old Scholars to fill "The Column." Will you please send in contributions at any time during the year? Poems, narratives, essays, any literary matter of humorous or serious character will be most acceptable. Sketches may also be published as funds permit. Please assist us and the School.—(The Editor of the Column.)



OUR PATRON

Just how much the Association owes to our Patron, Mr. H. V. Biggins, is perhaps not known to all Old Scholars. But for his assistance the Association would not be so strong as it is now. He co-operates with us on all occasions, and meets all our requests sympathetically. To him we owe the privilege of holding all our functions in the Assembly Hall of the School, which has so many associations for us. The thanks of all Old Scholars is extended to him for his consideration and co-operation.

IMPORTANT ADDRESSES OF THE ASSOCIATION

President: Mr. S. F. Limbrick, 50 Trevallyn Road, Launceston.

Secretary: Mr. A. E. Daymond, c/o Tasmanian Steamers, Cimitiere Street, Launceston. Phone 2.

Treasurer: Mr. Albert Foot, c/o Birchalls, Brisbane Street, Launceston.

Secretary of Debating Club: Mr. Colin McElwee, 27 Ann Street, Launceston.

Communicate with one of these and JOIN UP.

AN EARLY MORNING WALK

To all those who retire at night, weary with sundry problems, exercises, and proofs, I recommend this early morning tramp which I am about to describe. I assure you there is nothing to be lost in this venture, but everything to be gained.

The fog lay thick in the valley when I set out this morning. The mist was not cold and dank, but soft and cool. It lay on my cheek like a fairy down, dampened my hair into curl, and sent me swinging along, sniffing the fresh earth smells all around.

On my left Barclay's smooth green paddocks sloped away gently, and here and there a cow browsed contentedly. One raised its head and gazed at me for a moment with large thoughtful brown eyes. The road began to ascend, and on turning a bend I left the town behind me.

Almost before I had passed the last houses on the road I was greeted by the nutty fragrance of the gorse, and my eyes were prepared for the masses of soft yellow blossom which shone on every side. Close to the road the young fronds of the ferns shone red against the vivid green of the older ferns. I stopped a moment to gaze into their queerly curled tips and touch their soft hairy stems.

The mist was clearing now, and the early sunshine falling through the trees touched the spider-webs into a mesh of gleaming pearls, and the fallen leaves shone like silver on the road. Over an ancient stone fence the blackberries had crept and autumn had tinted the leaves to red and golden brown.

A distant murmur warned me that I was approaching the Gorge, and as I drew near the rumble grew into an angry roar. I gazed down upon the great stream. It chattered and leapt, broke into a hundred ripples and threw up foamy fingers.

The road was bordered now by tall blue gums, and dainty wattles which promised to be a revelation when the hundreds of tiny buds burst into flower. On the other side of the Gorge the mist still clung among the trees like a gauzy veil. Somewhere a bird sang gaily, telling the world that summer is over and winter is here, but still there is plenty of sunshine and joy in this beautiful land of ours.

DOROTHY HILL (Red), Class A.



I KNOW

There came a ship a-sailing, a-sailing o'er the sea,
Her decks were white, her sails were white—
As white as white could be.
And all the souls aboard her were white as driven snow,
For I was on that sailing ship, and so—I know.

There came a ship a-sailing, a-sailing o'er the sea,
And, oh, her decks were battered—
As battered as could be.
Her white sails hung in ribbons from the fury of the gale,
And her masts hung limp and lifeless—and sagging o'er the rail.
But the souls if all aboard her were blithe as any bird,
For I was on that sailing ship—and so—I heard.

Heard how in face of danger they kept their courage fast,
And laughed—and joked—and prayed awhile.
Until all hope was past.
For the souls of all aboard her were ready, each, to go;
For I was on that sailing ship, and so—I know.

There came a raft a-sailing, a-sailing o'er the sea.
And men were lashed upon her, one—two—three.
But their hearts were with their comrades lying fathoms deep below,
For I was lashed upon that raft, and so—I know!

J. WILSON (Gold), Class C1.



THE TRAMP

The long, white road stretched far away,
While the sun blazed down from above;
The birds seemed to join in a wondrous, sweet song,
And the words of that song were of love.

I strode along with a smile on my lips,
For all the world was in tune,
And the fragrant scent of new-mown hay
Mingled with the heat of noon.

The farm-hands shouted in unison
As they tossed the sheaves on high,
And they spoke to me kindly with words of cheer,
When I—a tramp—passed by.

At last I came to the cool, green woods
Where grow the wildflowers rare,
And I lay me down on a mossy bank
To drink the perfumed air.

Although I have no home nor friends
And stars are my only lamp,
I oft pretend I'm "King of the World,"
But still—I'm only a tramp.

E. W. BIRD (Gold).