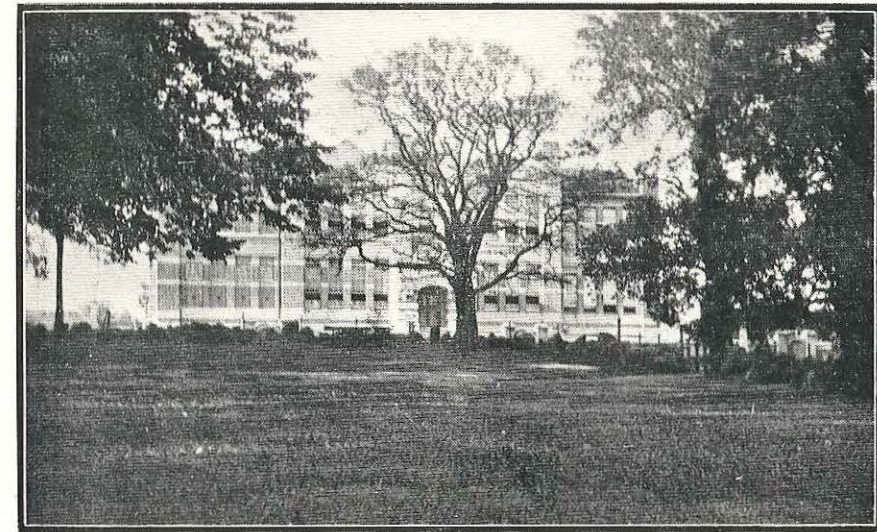


The Northern Churinga.



Editorial



A few days ago, while walking through my garden, I found myself humming "Good King Wenceslaus," and realised that Christmas is nearly here again. Christmas, which brings the snows and frozen winds of winter to our Mother Country, but which comes to us with sunshine and the warm scent of roses, is surely coming once more. All too soon for some of us, the end of the year will be here and we will start, with the Christmas, a new phase of life.

It is strange that, of the thousand odd poets, with their thousand and one odd poems, so few should have written of Christmas. While children always associate Christmas with Santa Claus and a heap of delightfully indigestible eatables, to those who have passed through this stage and left their homes, it always brings some thoughts of home, faintly scented and hauntingly sweet. Those who have dropped halting to the side in the long race for success, and those who with head upflung and eyes blazing have run joyously past the winning post; those who have gripped tightly all the chains that bind them to home, and those who have tossed them

away with a light laugh; all think with a slow sigh, of home at this happy Yule-tide.

It is an inexplicable thing, this love of home, but all people seem to experience it to a greater or less degree. I feel with E. Hilton Young that,

"And yet, I think, at Golgotha

As Jesus' eyes were closed in death

They saw with love most passionate

The village street at Nazareth."

Readers, may this Christmas be the happiest and merriest you have known. Forget that Australia has ever heard that awkward word "Depression." Surely that black cloud has hung brooding over our darkened land for long enough. Oh! be gay this Christmas and watch the mists of sorrow melt before the shafts of your laughter.

"Laugh and be merry; remember, better the world with a song,

Better the world with a blow in the teeth of a wrong.

Laugh, for the time is brief, a thread the length of a span,

Laugh and be proud to belong to the old proud pageant of man."



THE PRINCIPAL, 1929-1931.

GIRLS' SPORTS

THE HOCKEY TEAM

Jessie Bowen (Captain).—As centre forward, distributes play excellently. Very quick and accurate in receiving passes.

Mabel Armstrong (Vice).—A cool, intelligent goal-keeper, fine clearing hits are very effective.

Lena Thompson.—Right-inner; very quick with stick, good combination with other inner, strikes and follows well in the goal circle.

Marjorie Forsyth.—Left-inner, strikes well for goal, fast; and passes well to her fellow forwards, dribbles and dodges very well.

Freda Jaffray.—Left-wing forward; quick and alert, is one of the most improved players in the team. Centre-ing could be more effective. Will do well next season.

Jessie Montgomery.—Right-wing forward; passes well to centre when nearing goal, but is apt to allow ball to go over sideline too much.

Verna Pitt.—Centre-half; small, but plays with judgment. Stops and clears well to forwards.

Joyce Walker.—Wing-half; tackles and lunges excellently, but is rather inattentive at practice.

Frances Hodgetts.—Wing half; by use of the "scoop" often tricks her opponent; roll in must be practised. Good long clearing shot.

Joyce Andrews.—Right-back; always a worry to her opponent, stops, hits and clears with precision. Used to obstruct, but has now overcome that difficulty.

Roma Mickleborough.—Left-back; has a long, clean hit, one of the steadiest and most reliable girls in the team. Plays well with other inner.

Lucy Royle (emergency).—Centre-half, improved greatly towards the end of the season. Is very fast, but inclined to hit wildly.



BASKET BALL

This is the first year that the School has been represented in basketball. At the first meeting, Jean Miles was elected Captain, and Gwen Twidle Vice. Keeness was shown by each member of the team, which trained solidly under the coaching of Miss Norman. Special thanks are due to Miss Norman, whose capable and patient coaching was much appreciated by each member of the team.

The first match the team played was at the Methodist Ladies' College when the College team proved much too strong for us.

On July 24 the team met Devonport State High at Launceston, but was unsuccessful. The Devonport team obtained a good lead from the first, and had 3 goals before our team scored. After the first interval, however, there was a decided improvement in the play; but, owing to the lead obtained by Devonport, our team secured only 8 goals to Devonport's 12. Each member of the team played creditably; the best players for the School were: Jean Miles (centre), Marjorie Hurse (assistant goal), and Winnie Jago, who played a particularly brilliant game as goal defender.

Marjorie Hurse obtained 7 goals, and Joan McHarg 1.

GIRLS' ATHLETIC SPORTS

On Wednesday, 31st October, the Girls' Athletic Sports were held in the best of weather, and were well appreciated by both the onlookers and 202 competitors. The meeting passed off most satisfactorily. With all due gratitude for the fine day, we feel that we are still more indebted to these people, who were largely responsible for the success of the afternoon. We have to thank Mrs. H. V. Biggins (President), Mr. H. V. Biggins, B.A. (Referee), Mr. T. E. Doe (Starter), Rev. W. Leembruggen, Rev. F. McCabe, B.A., Rev. J. C. Jones, B.A., Messrs. W. Layh, W. H. Daymond, L. F. Briggs, B.A., R. Edwards (Judges), Mr R. Mulligan (Ground Steward), Mr. M. Taylor (Ground Supervisor); Mr. Doolan (Timekeeper), Miss M. Armstrong (Treasurer), Miss E. Robinson (Hon. Secretary), the Committee: Misses N. Reader, E. Bird, N. Gardam, F. Hodgetts, and to Miss M. Hamilton (Sports Mistress), on whom all the responsibility finally rested, we tender our especial thanks.

For prizes and donations we thank Mrs. W. Layh, Miss Poole, Mr. H. V. Biggins, and an anonymous donor; for their willing services, the boys who arranged and cleared the ground, the boys who attended the gate, and for the excellently organised afternoon tea, Misses D. Bock and D. Fleming, with their band of "waitresses." At the conclusion of the sports Mr. H. V. Biggins announced the winning House and the champions, and Mrs. Biggins presented the cups. We congratulate Purple House in winning the House Cup for the highest number of aggregate points, and the School Champion, J. Bowen, a "C" Class girl (Purple House), who gave an excellent performance, scoring the possible 25 points. Next to this came I. Muirhead with 10 points, E. Miller 6. The Under 15 Championship went to Freda Jaffray (E Class, Red House), who scored 15 points. D. Evans with 7, and E. Brown 6 were runners-up.

The Under 13 Championship was won by Frances Jorgenson (Purple House), with 16 points, P. Talbot scoring 7, and W. Ogilvie 6.

The House points were as follows:—Purple House, 76 points; Red, 68; Green, 59; Gold, 26.

The Shield for Hockey Dribbling contest was won by Purple House. That for Senior Relay by Red House, winning also the Junior; the Medicine Ball Contest was won by Gold.

The following are the results:—

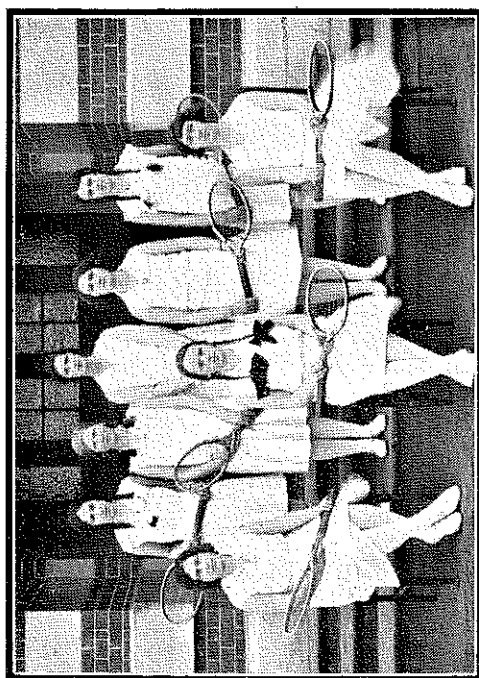
Under 13.

75 Yards Handicap.—F. Jorgenson 1, V. Moir 2, A. Sayer 3.

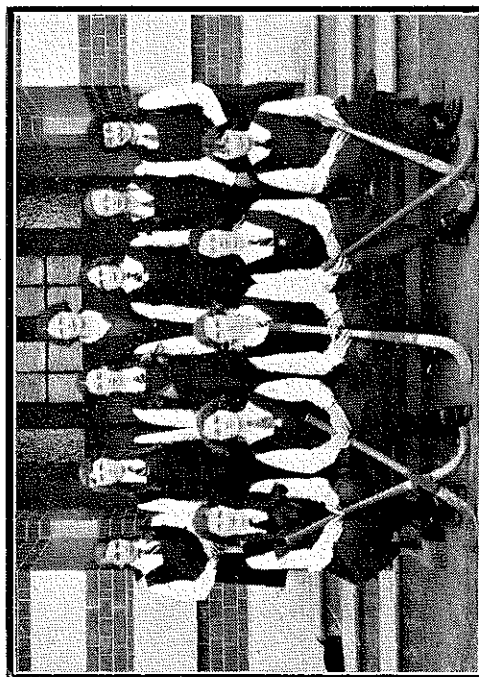
50 Yards Championship.—F. Jorgenson 1, P. Talbot 2, A. Sayer 3.

100 Yards Championship.—F. Jorgenson 1, W. Ogilvie 2, V. Moir 3.

75 Yards Championship.—W. Ogilvie 1, F. Jorgenson 2, A. Sayer 3. Time, 11 8-10sec.



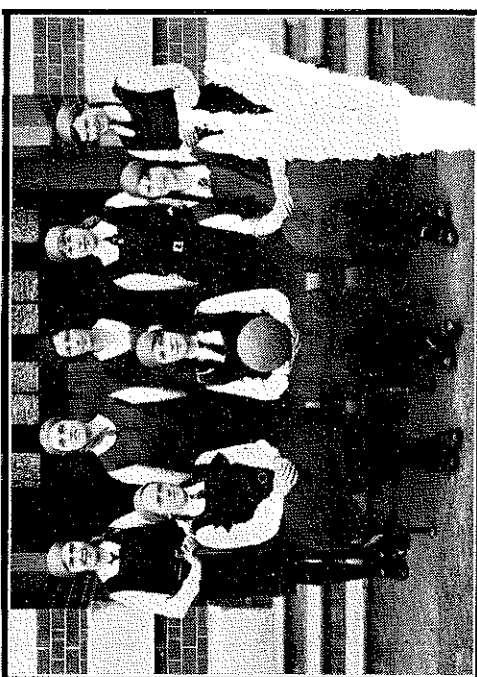
TENNIS TEAM.



HOCKEY TEAM.



MAGAZINE COMMITTEE.



BASKETBALL TEAM.

BOYS' SPORTS



FOOTBALL

(By the Secretary.)

With Mr. E. A. Pickett's greatly appreciated offer as coach, we began football this year with very bright prospects of another successful season. The weather, however, gave us no chances for efficient practices, with the result that throughout the season we were never truly "on form." Thus, were we unable to practice to perfection the very sound advice imparted to us. Nevertheless, in matches we carried out instructions generally to advantage, our tactics proving superior to those of our opponents.

We all thank Mr. Pickett for his excellent advice, and greatly appreciate his patient coaching which he gave us in such a friendly, yet convincing manner. We also thank Mr. Doe for his services throughout the season.

The team finally selected to play Devonport S.H.S. was not as strong as it might have been owing to illnesses on the part of three of our players. We met Devonport on the 24th of July on a very windy day, and after a fast, open, even and exciting game, we were defeated by 21 points.

A cup, given by the Old Scholars' Association for the best and fairest player of the Launceston team was won by our Captain A. (Bob) Traill. He played a very commendable game, captaining the team with unerring skill. All congratulate him on winning the cup. The team, according to Mr. Doe, consists of:—

A. Traill. (Captain).—Vigorous ruck man, uses weight to advantage; stab kick would improve play.

A. Tucker (Vice-Captain).—Fast centre man, passes accurately, good ground play.

K. Hayward.—Very forceful player, possesses plenty of stamina.

D. McDonald.—Good man in any position, shows a good turn of speed.

L. Gurr.—Excellent wing man, makes good use of ball.

J. Townend.—Small, but very useful, turns and kicks well, a handy rover.

G. Donnelly.—Serviceable ruck man, shows better form at practice than in match.

J. Murfett.—Very smart full forward, accurate kick, good mark.

P. Gunton.—Dashing back man, bumps hard and often. Watches man closely.

L. Howlett.—A very neat player; uses his head.

C. Smith.—Shows fair turn of speed, but marking could improve. Useful player.

F. Hayward.—Accurate drop kick, and good ground work.

R. Ingamells.—Most improved player; good mark and kick.

L. Thurlow.—Goes through well, should cultivate longer drop-kick.

A. Flanagan.—Has capabilities, but should show more dash. Good kick.

A. Duncan.—Neat rover, turns both ways, needs a little more weight.

High Jump.—P. Talbot 1, F. Jorgenson 2. Height, 3ft. 10in.

Skipping Race.—F. Jorgenson 1, V. Moir 2, P. Talbot 3.

120 Yards Handicap.—F. Jorgenson 1, V. Moir 2, P. Talbot 3. Time, 18sec.

Under 15.

Sack Race.—T. Jestrinski 1, E. Brown 2, M. McGiverson 3.

High Jump.—E. Brown and F. Jaffray 1, M. Best 3. Height, 4ft. 1in.

120 Yards Handicap.—F. Jaffray 1, D. Evans 2, V. Cunningham 3.

Obstacle Race.—M. Mc Ardell 1, B. Morgan 2, P. Searl 3.

75 Yards Handicap.—F. Jaffray 1, D. Evans 2, E. Brown 3.

100 Yards Championship.—F. Jaffray 1, D. Woodhead 2, D. Evans 3.

Skipping Race.—F. Jaffray 1, E. Brown 2, D. Woodhead 3.

Egg and Spoon Race.—J. Edwards 1, B. Fitze 2, A. Ball 3.

120 Yards Championship.—F. Jaffray 1, D. Evans 2, C. Horton 3. Time, 17sec.

75 Yards Championship.—D. Evans 1, C. Horton 2, E. Brown 3.

Three-legged Race.—P. Searl and J. Walker 1, M. Best and B. Morgan 2, A. Valentine and M. Gourlay 3.

Open.

120 Yards Handicap.—J. Bowen 1, I. Muirhead 2, E. Miller 3. Time, 16 6-10sec.

Skipping Race.—J. Bowen 1, E. Miller 2, T. Jestrinski 3. Time, 9 1-10sec.

75 Yards Handicap.—J. Bowen 1, I. Muirhead 2, E. Miller 3. Time, 10sec.

120 Yards Championship.—J. Bowen 1, I. Muirhead 2, E. Miller 3.

Obstacle Race.—M. Hurse 1, I. Ball 2, T. Jestrinski 3.

75 Yards Handicap.—J. Bowen 1, I. Muirhead 2, E. Miller 3. Time, 10sec.

100 Yards Championship.—J. Bowen 1, I. Muirhead 2, E. Miller 3. Time, 12 1-5sec.

Three-legged Race.—J. Bowen and E. Miller, M. Hurse and E. Simmons, dead heat, 1, F. Jaffray and T. Jestrinski 3.

High Jump.—J. Bowen 1, T. Jestrinski 2, I. Muirhead 3. Height, 4ft. 7in. (Record.)

Egg and Spoon Race.—E. Robinson 1, S. Cox 2, B. Percy 3.

Other Events.

Hitting the Hockey Ball.—J. Bowen, 64 yards, 1; F. Jaffray, 2; M. Armstrong, 3.

Thread-the-needle.—E. James 1, M. Towns 2, P. Talbot 3.

Catch the Train.—J. Walker 1, J. Alomes 2, Joan Anderson 3.

Deportment.—K. Jackson 1, L. Morgan 2, Q. Daniel 3.

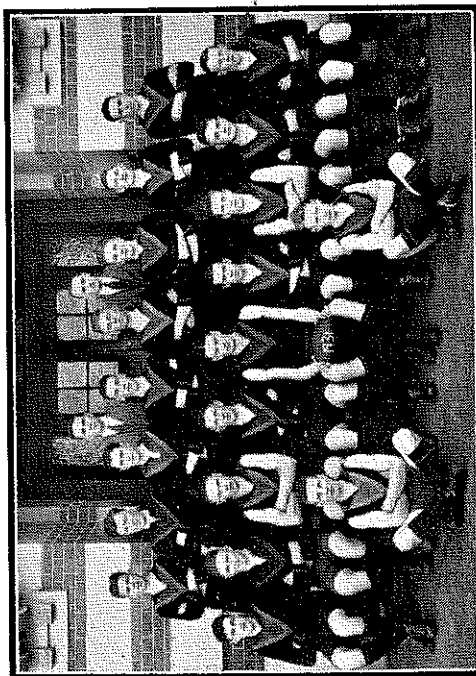
Inter-House Contests.

Hockey Dribbling.—Purple House 1, Green 2, Red 3.

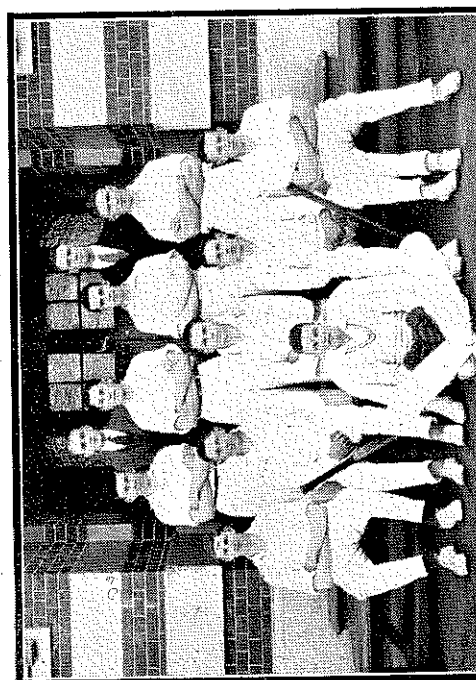
Medicine Ball.—Gold 1, Red 2.

Junior Relay.—Red 1, Purple 2, Gold 3.

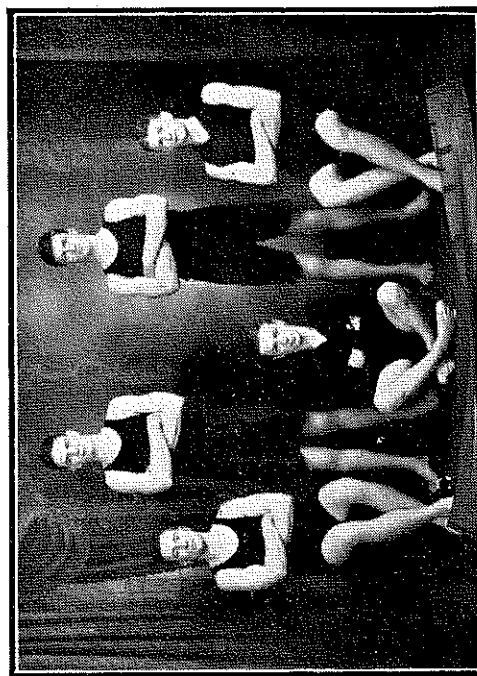
Senior Relay.—Red 1, Green, 2, Gold 3.



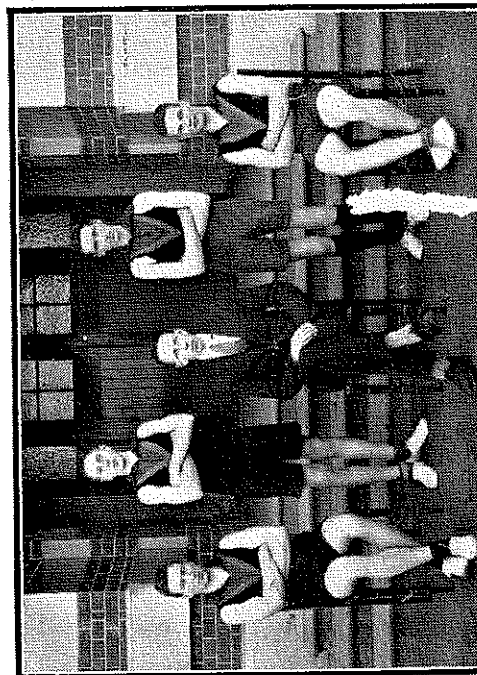
FOOTBALL TEAM.



CRICKET TEAM.



THE CREW.



RUNNING TEAM.

A. Gough.—Very good mark, and fair kicker. Lacks dash.
 G. Beauchamp.—Plays a hard game, erratic kick; needs more experience.
 G. Walsh.—Good kick, but lacks judgment in marking; should improve.
 G. Barclay.—Fair ruck change. Needs to acquire more football sense.
 T. Martin.—Plenty of weight, but lacks dash. Needs to practise drop kick.
 Of the matches played, we obtained our share of the wins. Following are the most important:—

v. GRAMMAR, 3/6/31.

School, 5 goals 10 behinds.
 Grammar, 4 goals 3 behinds.
 Best for School: A. Tucker, A. Traill, A. Duncan, J. Murfett, J. Townend, P. Gunton, L. Gurr.

v. TREVALLYN SENIORS, 13/6/31.

School, 10 goals 9 behinds.
 Trevallyn, 12 goals 12 behinds.
 Best for School: A. Traill, K. Hayward, J. Townend, J. Murfett, P. Gunton, R. Shields, L. Thurlow.

v. DARK BLUE ROVERS, 27/6/31.

School, 9 goals 12 behinds.
 D.B.R., 12 goals 12 behinds.
 Best for School: A. Tucker, K. Hayward, J. Murfett, A. Traill, D. McDonald, L. Howlett.

v. EXAMINER, 4/7/31.

School, 17 goals 17 behinds.
 Examiner, 4 goals 4 behinds.
 Best for School: A. Traill, K. Hayward, J. Murfett, L. Gurr, L. Howlett, C. Smith, F. Hayward.

v. NORTH ESK ROVERS, 11/7/31.

School, 5 goals 6 behinds.
 N.E.R., 5 goals 7 behinds.
 Best for School: C. Smith, A. Traill, K. Hayward, G. Barclay, A. Tucker, L. Gurr, D. McDonald.

v. JUNIOR TECHNICAL SCHOOL, 15/7/31.

School, 9 goals 9 behinds.
 Tech., 1 goal.
 Best for School: P. Gunton, L. Gurr, A. Traill, L. Howlett, J. Murfett, J. Townend, F. Hayward.

v. DEVONPORT S.H.S., 24/7/31.

L.S.H.S., 5 goals 5 behinds.
 D.S.H.S., 8 goals 8 behinds.
 Best for School: A. Traill, K. Hayward, P. Gunton, A. Tucker, A. Duncan, G. Donnelly, D. McDonald, A. Flanagan.

v. GRAMMAR, 12/8/31.

School, 6 goals 8 behinds.
 Grammar, 6 goals 10 behinds.
 Best for School: A. Tucker, J. Townend, J. Murfett, D. McDonald, G. Donnelly, B. Heazlewood.

SECONDS.

Considering the fact that this year they have had no assistance in the way of coaching, the Seconds are to be greatly commended on their

playing. The team, ably led by E. T. Smith, and consisting of the best players of the four House teams was, throughout the year, characterised by keenness and good feeling.

The usual most important match, that against Scottsdale, was played at Scottsdale on July 25. After an exciting, even, and hard-played match, our team succeeded in defeating the opponents by a narrow margin of 5 points.

Of the matches played, in which most of the players showed very promising form, the following are the most important:—

v. TECHNICAL SCHOOL, 13/6/31

School, 3 goals 7 behinds.
 Technical, 8 goals 10 behinds.

v. GRAMMAR SECONDS, 27/6/31.

School, 10 goals 11 behinds.
 Grammar, 3 goals 5 behinds.

v. TECHNICAL SCHOOL, 11/7/31.

School, 5 goals 5 behinds.
 Technical, 11 goals 13 behinds.

v. SCOTTSDALE INTERMEDIATE HIGH SCHOOL, 25/7/31.

School, 8 goals 9 behinds.
 S.I.H.S., 7 goals 10 behinds.
 Best for School: E. T. Smith, A. Duncan, H. Nation, L. Hayward, W. Lovell, R. Barclay, B. Breheny.

v. GRAMMAR SECONDS, 15/8/31.

School, 6 goals 4 behinds.
 Grammar, 4 goals 2 behinds.

GRADES.

It is pleasing to note that the keenness and increasing interest taken in School sport by the junior members of the Grades this year. Besides the keenly contested weekly inter-House matches, they have frequently participated in outside matches. This certainly points to the development of a true school spirit, the spirit developed by the establishment of the "House" system.

It is noticeable that Gold and Purple are greatly strengthened by the inclusion of the Firsts in the last round. Gold in the final round proved unbeatable, with Purple next. It is unfortunate that the Firsts are unable to play thus throughout the season, for, although the House matches are generally keenly contested, Gold and Purple are far below the standards of the others.



THREE MILE RACE

The School Three-mile Race was held on Monday, July 27, for the purpose of selecting a team to represent the School against teams from Devonport and Hobart. The course was twice round the soccer paddock from the bottom of the Royal Park. There were about ten competitors, and the winner was L. Best. R. Gandy was second. The time was 17 mins. 40 secs.

The inter-school race was held at Devonport on Tuesday, August 18. Our team consisted of eight runners. Dick Gandy succeeded in winning the race in fine style. Other members of our team who were placed were: G. Donnelly (9), L. Best (11), and J. Townend (12). The winning team was that of Devonport, which gained 23 points. Launceston was second with 33 points, beating Hobart by 1 point.



PREFECTS' NOTES

During this term the new Prefect System has continued to develop, and by now has fully justified its institution.

The fortnightly meetings have been held regularly throughout the term, and several matters of importance discussed.

At the suggestion of Mr. Biggins, the permanent class monitors now attend alternate meetings of the Prefects. This is a marked improvement, for all the Prefects are in the Upper School, and the lower classes formerly had no representatives at these meetings.

Weekly inspections of each class room by the Senior Prefects has done much to arouse the competitive spirit of the classes, and so marked has been the improvement that the standard of marking has had to be raised to prevent almost every class scoring a maximum. Such inspection covers dusting of room and pictures, floral decorations, ventilation, arrangement of window blinds, cleaning of blackboard, and general appearance of the room.

On resumption of School last term, the whole School was sorry to learn that Mr. Close had been transferred to Burnie; but those closely connected with him were especially concerned. Through the Prefects and Class Monitors a voluntary subscription was raised and a small token of remembrance, accompanied by the School's best wishes for his future success, sent to Mr. Close.

In closing, the Prefects wish to express their gratitude to Eleanor and George for the efficient way in which they have rendered service to the School, to wish those taking University examinations the best of luck, and last, but not least, to wish Mr. Biggins, the staff, and the scholars, a Merry Christmas and a Prosperous New Year.



FAREWELL

Changes of staff in any school occasion much interest and no little sorrow. The latest member to sever her connection with her old School is Miss D. Fleming, who, as just reward of her studies, has won the Orient Free Passage, and is shortly to leave for London, where she is to study Economics. Miss Fleming has been teaching at the Launceston State High School for four years, and, during that time has taken part in many of the School's activities. We congratulate her on her success, and wish her an enjoyable trip and the best of luck and happiness in the future.



Every afternoon on which our Circulating Library is open, the continuous stream of boys and girls wishing to voyage into the "realms of gold," is a sound proof of the library's popularity. A few weeks ago it was found that the total issue of books was 3934, the total number of borrowers was 381, the average per borrower was 10.3 books for a period of 26 weeks, and the average weekly issue was 151 books.

It is interesting to note the books which prove the most popular. Priestley's "Good Companions" is perhaps the most eagerly sought-after, and not even its size prevents students from putting their names on the waiting-list, so that, in time, they may be introduced to its delightful characters. Other favourites are the works of D. K. Broster, John Buchan, and Georgette Heyer.

The Reference Library, too, is a great asset to the School, and in it there are many fine works of which we are deservedly proud. Some of these are the twelve volumes of Encyclopaedia Britannica, fourteen volumes of Cambridge Modern History, volumes of Modern Plays, Children's Encyclopaedia, and Australian Encyclopaedia.

This library is divided into sections, and perhaps the ones most used are the History, Literary, and Geography sections.

Besides the Reference and Circulating Libraries, the School has a small French Library for A and B Classes; and it also takes such popular journals as the National Geographic Magazine, John-o'-London's Weekly, and Life. The proprietors of the "Examiner" and "Mercury" generously supply the School with copies of these newspapers, and judging by the crowd around the newspaper table at recess time one can see that they are very much appreciated.

During the year some books have been donated by old scholars and well-wishers of the School, and I can assure anyone who is sufficiently interested in our Library to give some book or donation towards its extension, that we will receive it with very great pleasure.

In some schools every student on leaving donates a book to the school, and this has proved very successful. May I suggest to the students of this School that by adopting such a custom they will repay the School, in part, for all it has done for them, and will also leave a reminder of them when they go.



HOUSE POINTS UP TO 4/11/31

	Red.	Green.	Gold.	Purple.
Boys' Sport . . .	412½	215½	243	177
Girls' Sport . . .	191	200	184	150
Examination Results	1059	503½	384	173½
Total . . .	1662½	919	811	500½



DRAMATIC NOTES

Dramatics form an important phase of school activity. At the end of last term, part of "B" Class presented an act from A. A. Milne's "Make Believe." The presentation was given before the School on the last day of the second term, and was well received.

Huon Nation made an admirable schoolboy of the bare-leg type, while Nancy Gardam played the part of Jill, his sister. The parts of Aunt Jane and Miss Pinniger were well filled by Don. McDonald and Fred Betteridge, respectively; Ramsay Bull was the doctor, and Dick Gandy made an excellent curate.

When the scene changes to the desert island, we are brought face to face with Captain Cruikshank (better known on the Spanish Main as One-eared Eric), played very finely by Keith Hayward, a dusky maiden—Athol Martin, and a cassowary—Roy Warmbrunn. Then there were the pirates Colin Smith, Bruce Heazlewood, Geoff. Suter, Alan Turner, Leigh Gurr, and the steward, Leman Thurlow.

The whole of "B" Class is dramatising "Twelfth Night." The preparatory work has proceeded very satisfactorily, and it is expected to stage the play on 19th November.

Yet another play has been started by those who performed in "Make Believe."

The participants in the present plays and in "Make Believe" owe much to the supervising and patience of Miss Fleming and Mr. Briggs. Both have given much valuable time and work in perfecting the dramatising of these plays.

Concluding, it is fitting to remark upon the value of such activities in school life. Those taking part must surely be greatly interested in the work; it gives scope for many to reveal their dramatic powers, and it is a great aid in the improvement of our speech.



GARDENING NOTES

A squad, consisting of some fifteen or twenty boys, was formed early in 1929. A suitable number of gardening tools were bought, and under the guidance of Mr. Briggs, the boys commenced work with a good spirit.

The squad at first commenced to clear the small patch above the Cooking School. After

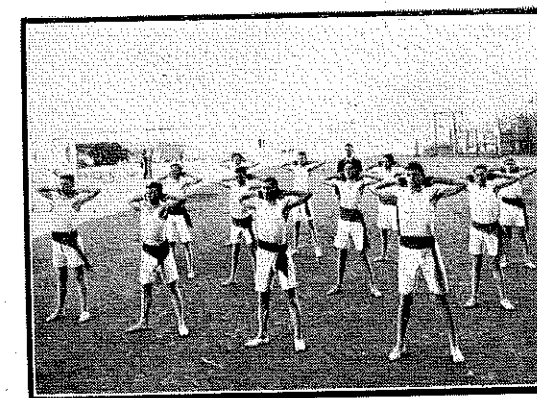
several week's toil the plot was weeded, and after several successive diggings, the weeds were killed. In their place were planted numerous plants, and these, after a hard struggle, grew to a respectable size. At present the plot is looking well, as the snapdragons and wallflowers planted earlier in the season are now commencing to bloom.

Last year the squad reclaimed the large piece of ground adjoining the tennis courts. The ground was merely a jungle of various types of grasses growing on the top of what was once the foundations of the gaol. The large stones were uncovered and broken up by means of stone hammers kindly lent for the purpose, and Grahame Barclay did most of the breaking. After these had been removed, the ground was dug several times and chrysanthemums and cosmos planted. The chrysanthemums are still looking well, but the cosmos were attacked by the lucerne bugs and were, therefore, replaced by wallflowers. A line of sweet peas planted along the tennis court fence added to the beauty of the plot, and without doubt, they had proved to be the most successful of the numerous flowers which have been sown.

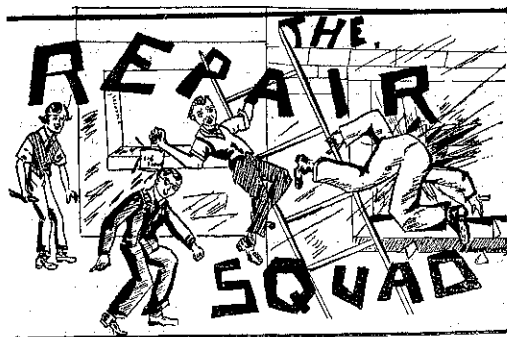
At a cost of nearly £50 a lawn was made in the girls' yard. From time to time a number of boys armed with pocket knives have gone over it and have succeeded in removing practically all the weeds. A row of hedge trees, planted along the fence, is now about four feet high. The lawn has been enclosed by a stone border, and lately a number of stocks have been planted just inside it. The gardening squad has the care of this lawn.

Apart from these achievements the squad has kept the grounds free from weeds and the other rubbish which collects from time to time. In general, since the appointment, the school grounds have improved.

Before closing I must add a word of appreciation for Frank Walker's gift of three trees. By this gift Frank has shown his love for the Old School, and his action is a fitting finish to his valuable and successful career while at school.



SENIOR DRILL SQUAD.



SOCIAL NOTES

A AND B CLASSES.

The Age of Chivalry is not dead, as some will tell us. When fair maidens and brave youths began to play on the night of Friday, the 14th of August, the propounder of the above, if he had been there, would have been shamed. The School pianist played for us, and we spent a very happy three hours together.

The social was a great success, due a great deal to the original programme compiled by the amusement committee. "Follow the Leader" was a feature of the evening's entertainment, and Mr. Briggs made us move. Much excitement was caused by the "Treasure Hunt," and when community singing came, we had just enough breath to bellow. Evidently B Class had the more, for the very walls shook when they sang. We were further entertained by Bruce F. Heazlewood and Richard W. Gandy singing together "Shipmates o' Mine," "Asleep in the Deep," "Woop-woop," and "Old Black Joe." Their efforts were much applauded.

Then came, what some would call the most important part of the evening, supper. Of course, the supper committee assured the presence of many dainties, and these were served in the alcoves of the hall. Few of these remained at the conclusion of supper, but we pupils are not wholly to blame, for were there not some invitees there, too?

The decorations, too, were to suit the merry occasion, so that when 10.30 p.m. came, we were sorry (not all, oh no!), but we sang the School Song, "Auld Lang Syne," and the National Anthem with great gusto, and so ended an extremely pleasant evening.

D2 AND D4 CLASSES.

D2 and D4 Classes held their social on Wednesday evening, July 29, in the Assembly Hall, which was decorated with rose, silver, and black streamers. Games were played. Mr. Mulligan won the present in the parcel. At 9 o'clock a delightful supper, which had been arranged by Miss Nichols, was carried in, and very soon disappeared. After supper Jolly Miller and Sir Roger were played. Mr. Mulligan thanked Marjorie Long, the school pianist, on behalf of the classes, and gave her a present. "Auld Lang Syne," the School Song, and God Save the King

were then sung, bringing a very enjoyable evening to a close.

C CLASSES.

During the second term, a social was held in the Assembly Hall by the C Classes. The supervising teachers, helped by a committee from each class, organised the entertainment, and we are especially grateful to Mr. Doe, who was responsible for the games, Miss Morris, who acted as pianiste, and Miss Hamilton, who arranged the supper.

Prizes were given to the winners of the competition and games, and "Three Jolly Fishers," as usual, proved a universal favourite.

At 10.30 p.m., somewhat to the regret of the boys and girls, the School Song, followed by "Auld Lang Syne," and the National Anthem, brought the evening to a close.

THE HOCKEY AND BASKETBALL SOCIAL.

Teams representing Hobart High School in Hockey and Basketball, visited us to decide the premiership. The girls were entertained to a social, which was ably arranged by the Prefects. In the absence of the Headmaster, Mr. Briggs welcomed the visitors, who all appeared to enjoy themselves. The social was a great success from "Follow the Leader," led by Mr. Briggs, to the excellent supper, which was arranged by the Head Prefect, Eleanor Robinson, assisted by Nancy Reader.

Ada Kerslake made quite a touching little speech, thanking Mr. Briggs for the welcome, and the girls for giving them a good time. The social closed to the tune of "Auld Lang Syne," the School Song, and God Save the King.

SPECIAL ASSEMBLIES

Shortly before the end of the second term at an assembly, Mr. S. F. Limbrick, B.Comm., President of the Old Scholars' Association, was present to perform a very pleasing function. He spoke to the present scholars of the value which an Old Scholars' Association could be to the School if it had a larger membership, and invited as many of them, as would be able, to join up after they left School.

He then spoke of the cup to be presented, which had been donated by the Old Scholars' Association for the best and fairest member of the football team. As many of the players had shown remarkable ability, it had been difficult to choose the winner; but finally Mr. Pickett, the boys' coach, had decided that the Captain, A. Traill, was most deserving of this honour. Mr. Limbrick then presented the cup, and our popular captain was applauded in the approved style.

On Tuesday, October 20, at the usual assembly, Mr. Storey, a representative of Toc H, gave us a most interesting address on Toc H, its origin, aims and ideals. He spoke feelingly of the good work it had done and was doing among men, and suggested that the boys consider it carefully with a view to future membership. Pamphlets were distributed among the boys.



THE PREFECTS.



THE LEAVING CLASS.

ORIGINAL COLUMN

The Editor would like to express her appreciation of the response of all scholars. All classes have taken a keen interest in this column and many fine contributions of both prose and verse have been received. Unfortunately our space is comparatively limited, and many good contributions have been omitted, not because of lack of merit, but because of lack of space.

Senior Section.

NOCTURNE

The Moon, the stately Queen of Night, arose
From her rich bed of silver clouds, and swept
Into her Kingdom; from the dew-drenched earth
A sigh of peace came stealing, as her skirt
Of brightness fell in shimmering folds athwart
The murm'ring trees; the heavy-scented flowers
Were lulled by whisp'ring leaves, and drooping
slept

In garden glooms. From sparkling river bathed
In silver peace there came the cry of birds,
And soothing croaks of hidden frogs stole soft
From out the moon-drenched reeds. But soon a
hush

Fell on the world, for down the Milky Way,
The heaven's star-sprinkled stairs, the Lady
Moon

Descended slow, and wearily she bade
Farewell to dreaming trees, and shadowy hills,
And sank into the mountain's dusky deeps.
No answer came from hills or dreaming trees,
For all things slept.

ISMAY MUIRHEAD (Green).
Class A.

"ON WALKING TWENTY-THREE
MILES"

Leaving a little Tasmanian village situated
among the hills, and at that time clothed in an
exquisite greenery and the yellow glow of the
sun, I set out for the city some miles distant. If
I had so wished, I could have ascended the hills
before leaving for home. I would then have seen
a cleared space of ground far off, and this would
have been the distant view of the city's sur-
roundings. The previous night I had gone high
up in the hills and had seen a glow, the glow of
city lights, the glow of home.

But I passed onwards along the white gravel
road with only a picture before me, a picture of
city buildings and nothing more. This was my
goal. I was just leaving one, and a happy one
it had been too, and a tinge of regret crossed
my heart. The morning, however, was one to
dispel all regrets, and I was soon striding mer-
rily along through an avenue of tall gum trees.
There was a breeze, but only enough to move the
tiniest of leaves, and there was a song, the song
of a hundred birds hopping about and fluttering

from tree to tree. Overhead, not a cloud marred
the blue, and the sun was golden.

Quitting the avenue, I found myself walking
between two fields lying fallow. Far down the
straight road I could see a flock of sheep in a
cloud of dust. Then they passed, and I was once
more alone, solitary with Nature. I passed
through another village farther on, and found
myself on a hard, shiny, bitumen road, along
which I had to travel for sixteen more miles.

One mile farther on, during which I had passed
numerous orchards bordered with tall pines, I
reached the river, and from thence onwards
walked along its side. The water sparkled, the
birds sang, the breeze whispered, and on the far
side, I saw the land rise gently away from the
lapping water. This gentle rise merged into a
hill, and the hill into another, till at last a
mountain rose, snow-capped, blue and beautiful.
A distant smoke from a ship, hidden by a bend
in the river, curled lazily towards the blue. And
there, just putting off from the pier was a fisher-
man bending over his oars, and a little farther
out, the white sail of a yacht bellied with the
now strengthening breeze.

Mile upon mile slipped by, and after ascending
a hill which curved majestically upwards, a pine
grove on one side, an orchard on the other, and
below a green valley grazing a herd of Jersey
cattle, I came into full view of the city. A haze
hovered over it all, a haze which slowly thinned
away as I approached.

I had much more to pass. Farms with brows-
ing cattle and sheep and lambs, fields of short
or long green grass were on every hand. There
was the continual curving of the river lined with
swaying reeds and ti-tree; there was the widen-
ing view of the town, the continual murmur of
the voices of Nature, the bark of a dog, or the
cry of a bird. I passed numerous gardens blos-
soming with Spring's thousand colours before I
reached the city boundary. Then had I reached
my goal, and I passed onwards into the heart
of the city.

LEMAN A. THURLOW (Green).
Class B.



GREY AND SCARLET

Little fleeting shadows,
That beckon as you go;

Little fleeting shadows,

Take me where Sleep's poppies grow.

I touch the soft grey folds of your elusive gar-
ment's hem,

And try to follow where you lead, in hope of
finding them.

Nodding scarlet poppies,

With their cool, sleep-laden breath;

Nodding scarlet poppies,

That speak to me of Death—

To close sad eyes forever in the quietness of
sleep—

To feel no more Life's buffetings, nor at her
sorrows weep.

N. GARDAM (Green).
Class B.



Wind on the Hill

"No one can tell me,
Nobody knows,
Where the wind comes from,
Where the wind goes."

A. A. MILNE.

WIND THOUGHTS

Long, long ago, in some far-off forgotten age,
there lived a youth. He was a man above all
other men, one who was so strong, well-formed,
and beautiful to look upon, that he roused the
envy of all who saw him.

Not only did the men of the earth envy him,
but the gods also, and so strong did their envy
become, that they planned together to do him
harm. They planned to do him an injury, not
one from which he should die as do all mortals,
but one which would torture him through end-
less ages.

Now, the youth loved a beautiful maiden, a
mortal, like himself, and through her the gods
chanced upon a scheme, by which they would
cause this hated mortal eternal agony.

So they caused the maiden and youth to die,
and their spirits to wander over the earth, for-
ever searching, but never finding each other.
'Twas an awful revenge! For ever they wan-
dered, now buoyed up by a glimmering ray of
hope, and now plunged into an abyss of anguish.
Forever they wandered—and are wandering still
—each in pursuit of the unattainable.

Perchance, you have walked in a garden in the
springtime, and watched the gentle breezes
caressing the flowers. 'Tis those lost spirits,
hopeful for a moment as they think they near
their goal. On wild and boisterous nights they

shriek round the corners, raised to a pitch of
fury, as they realise that they have been hood-
winked. Sometimes, you hear them moaning
mournfully, their fury forgotten, as they realise
it is their lot to search until eternity, without
respite or reward.

So through the ages they search, now hopeful,
now furious, and now woe-begone, while, up
above the gods sit smiling, well pleased with
their sport.

GRACE L. BECKETT (Purple).
Class C2.



RED BIRD

Red bird, red bird, whistling on a tree,
You are all the flame and fire that have burned
in me;
You are all the passion and the rapture I have
known,
You are all my heart-break, whistling there alone.

Red bird, red bird, there is much to do.
I have not a moment's time to be watching you—
Now you go . . . but oh, that flame against the
sky,
It is not a red bird, it is I.

J. L. WOOD (Gold).
Class C1.

THE SPHERE OF WOMAN

The saying that "A woman's place is in the home" is steadily but surely losing its believers. It is like the proverb, "Little boys should be seen but not heard," and, except for an occasional remark like that above, no one ever thinks very seriously about the sphere of woman. But there are still a few old conservatives, the remnant of a passing school of thought, who hold to the belief.

In the Indian Vedas we find that, when the Creator came to the creation of woman, he meditated profoundly. This accounts for the few days' delay, for Man had already been created and had named all the animals. It was desirable that he should have been alone in this so that there should be harmony and not discord in Eden for a few days, at least. Some of the animals would be still waiting for a name if Woman had been there.

So we see that, for a short time, Man did not have to worry about the sphere of Woman. His will was supreme and "whatsoever Adam called every living creature, such was the name thereof." But, having meditated profoundly for some time while Adam was busy with the christening, the Creator took all the most essential qualities in creation, such as the weeping of the clouds, the fickleness of the winds, the vanity of the peacock, the chattering of the jays, and many others (so the Hindu Vedas say), and of these compounded He created Woman and gave her to Man. In short, he let the cat out of the bag, and that is how all the trouble began.

It came to pass, however, that Woman, like a ten-foot boat with a six horse-power engine in it, found herself unable to control the dynamic force produced by the multiplicity of natures in her composition. Very soon we find her transgressing the laws of Eden and, as a result, Man had to eke out a livelihood by grubbing thistles, an occupation not at all conducive to happiness. And so, Man, still sitting on his little handful of thorns, remembers yet the loss of his blissful seat in Eden and says "A woman's place is in the home."

The saying, however, is a relic of barbarism. Continuing our history, we find that Man soon grew tired of gardening, and turned his attention to hunting, while Woman kept the thorns and thistles at bay. Now hunting was a much happier pursuit than gardening. Abel, by hunting I presume, collected a flock of sheep and he was happy; Cain was a gardener and was wretched. But Man found it inconvenient to stop and skin the kill and cut up the carcass when he could see another stag not far off. So Woman had to follow him over the happy hunting grounds. This is another illustration of the fact that Woman was made after Man and has been after him ever since.

Passing over much of our history we find that the difference decreases. There is a tendency to levelling. Man, because he has no one to rule but women and children, becomes weaker, while Woman strengthens her position by staying at home and devising schemes to bring down the

lord of creation so that she might give him a piece of her mind. The two get on speaking terms, the woman doing most of the speaking.

If we go a little further we might find the position reversed so that Man has to obey. He might even be set to wash the dishes as in the Book of Kings: "And I will wipe Jerusalem as a man wipeth a dish, wiping it and turning it upside down." Man is also advised to go up to the housetop rather than dwell with a brawling woman in a wide house.

Owing to other developments the history becomes rather obscure at this juncture, and the ship runs on a fairly even keel, both Man and Woman being more or less content with their lots. The question concerning the sphere of Woman lapses for a time chiefly because Woman agrees that "A woman's place is in the home." Man keeps silent about it since he is not prepared to fight over it.

This brings us to modern times when the question arises again. Now it all arose out of those few days' lead that Man gained in the beginning. Man is afraid lest that difference which, after a few thousand years, has decreased a little should disappear. And so he declares that "A woman's place is in the home." Martial, the Latin poet, expressed the same fear when he said, "Let my wife not be too clever." It is this fear, the fear of having to take second place, that makes Man consider what the sphere of Woman really is.

If we get Woman in Parliament, Man will have but one course, the course that he would take rather than live with a brawling woman in a wide house. For the time being, however, he is safe, and when he says good-bye to his wife at the door in the morning and hears her slippers feet shuffling back to her cup of hot coffee he can be reasonably sure she is safe and out of harm's way for the day.

But for all this it promises to be a neck to neck finish for those few days that Man gained, and I am afraid that after all Man is doomed to lose for it is written in the Vedas, "And He took also the neck of a swan, etc., and of these compounded He made Woman."

G. W. DONNELLY (Purple).
Class A.

PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE

The wake of the ship shows behind,
The path of the way we have come;
It leads to the land of our childhood;
Reminds us of things we have done.

The scream of the gulls as they wheel,
The throb of the engines that jar,
The smudge on the distant horizon
Remind us of things as they are.

The light of the steamer a-for'ard
Shines brightly over the sea,
It tells of another to-morrow,
Reminds us of things yet to be.

CATH. COOPER (Gold).
Class C1.

SOLITUDE

I was alone with the night and my thoughts. The distant hum of machinery merely intensified my feeling of solitude, when, almost directly beside me, I heard a drowsy yet mischievous chuckle. I started, but the realisation that it was only a sleepy starling in the spouting outside came to me. Nevertheless, I did not feel quite so much alone. Other murmurs came to me out of the night, and, suddenly the whole world seemed to be moving, and alive. The wind sighed among the branches of the trees. I heard the distant lapping of the water on the fore-shore. The subdued and muffled whispering roar of the cataract in the distance, made itself felt rather than heard. The world was awake, and I had been almost asleep. My thoughts began to soar beyond reality, until a discordant note brought me back to earth. The harsh screech of a distant water-fowl broke rudely in upon my consciousness, and my loneliness returned four-fold.

E. M. ROBINSON (Gold).
Class A.



RAIN

Into the breast of a burning earth
The raindrops fall with a hissing song
The wind, an echo of witches' mirth
Laughs at the rain delayed too long.

Night's mantle covers the sleeping land—
Dusty paddock and sunburnt plain.
Dried and twisted the tree trunks stand
Drinking their fill of the blessing rain.

Quiet at my window I kneel and gaze
Aflame with the thirst of the land I love;
Land I have seen with its thirsty face
Turned to the merciless sun above.

The rain has come; with its soothing hiss
It blesses the scars that the drought has torn
The tired earth yields to its pitying kiss,
Glad in the feeling of hope new born.

The night is past; o'er the eastern rim
Struggles the daylight pale and wan
Heavy with sleep, in the dawnlight dim
I wait, I wait—and the rain drips on.

B. RATHBUN (Gold).
Class A.



EVENING

The autumn afternoon was fading into evening. The sky had been covered with clouds which had softened and broken up, and now they were lost in the darkening blue. The sea was perfectly still; it seemed to sleep, but in its sleep, it heaved with the rising tide. The long, brown weeds began to lift as the water took their weight, till at last a delicate pattern floated out, and lay upon the green depth of sea.

Meanwhile, a mist was growing dense and soft upon the quiet water. It was not blown there by any wind; it simply grew there like the twilight, making the silence yet more silent and blotting away the outlines of the land.

Far away in the eastern distance, there comes the faint call of a curlew on the wing, flying inland to the muddy banks of some river where they feed. The call comes nearer and nearer till at last the flicker of beating wings can be seen; but like a flash, they are gone into the inky darkness with their wild calls growing fainter until silence prevails.

Gradually, the whole bank of mist began to break up and bear down upon the shore in enormous billows of vapour. Soon they were rolling over the rock-bound coast, so darkening the heavy air that they blotted out all sight. No wind blew.

Suddenly, the mist passed overhead, leaving the seaward expanse of ocean clear. Not a wrack was left, and a strong sea breeze took its place.

Far in the west, the angry disc of sun sank into the ocean, shooting a red ray from the curved horizon, and lay upon the troubled waters like a path of fire. Then it passed on and lost itself in the deep mists which still swathed the coast.

G. M. BARCLAY (Purple).
Class C4.



THE VAGABOND

The tramp came trudging along the dusty white road, his battered old hat in hand, and his coat, green with age, flapping round him loosely as he walked. His face was wrinkled and brown, and his hair curled over his collar, but his eyes had a twinkle deep down in them—not easily seen, but always there.

Before him the road twisted and curled like a ribbon, disappearing into a valley, but rising over a hill. On either side green hedges stood like a guard of honour. Beyond them, the peaceful meadows sloped away like a patchwork quilt of green, brown and gold. It was harvest time; most of the fields were clad in gold, swaying gently in the caressing breeze.

Then the slouching old vagabond rounded a bend in the road and saw before him a small wooden bridge under which a brook cavorted from stone to stone like a white horse, and gurgled like a child with a new plaything. He sat down on the bridge and gazed at the silvery stream below him. A motor car hummed in the distance like a bee, and soon roared past him in a cloud of dust.

The vagabond stood up and set off again. The sun, a red disc, crept down to the horizon, tinging the clouds with pink and orange, and covering the earth with a golden glory. Birds twittered, insects hummed, and the tramp walked on into the sunset.

C. BARNARD (Green).
Class C4.

A VISIT FROM SATAN

Launceston was drowsing in the still heat of a blue September day. A little cloud of dust drifted slowly along Paterson Street. It lifted in a bulging circle over the gates of the High School and settled thick on the window ledges, on the pictures frames, the desks, and the people within, and no one noticed it. For there everything went undisturbed in the strange sleep of fatigue that had smitten the teacher as he "went over" examination papers, and the pupils as they endeavoured to look anxiously at him. It was very warm, it was nearly breaking up time, and there were only a few minutes to go until the bell went. It was a hot day, too.

A dapper little man was walking up the Assembly Hall. Beside him trotted a boy in the light coloured bags of about C Class age. He was a man of affairs, and knew his way about, for straightway he tripped up the boys' stairs and politely knocked with his exquisitely carved stick on the door of the teachers' room before he entered. He put on his horn-rimmed spectacles and surveyed the figure of the slumbering Mr. Doe.

"Hum, Mr. T. Doe, man from gaseous regions, and with nightingale aspirations. Found guilty of jumping on the lawn. Put him down, Joe!" He turned to the soft, golden head resting on a pile of children's property, and his big heart was wrung. "Wolf in lamb's clothing, who robs the innocent children!" Mr. Thornton smiled guiltily in his sleep, while the newcomer, who was a man of affairs, whisked round to "A" Class room and patted the unconscious supervisor on the head. "A man after my own heart," he said, "but not yet." He glanced around. "Ha, Tucker, I enjoy a man who runs a good race. But you ran too many, carried off too many trophies, you know. (All right, Joe.) And here is old Smith, a right-down cheery fellow; for his pleasure and mine too I will have him. And, by my new spectacles, I will take Hayward—he knows many things that may be of use to me—but especially because he wrote down these things about his defenceless, unknowing brothers." Here a brilliant lock of hair fell over the face of the said youth, but otherwise he remained unmoved by visions of the future. The man of affairs stopped in front of the desk of a dark-haired girl of skinny proportions, and saw a twinkling smile spread over her face until there was no face but a large laugh left. "Here, Joe! This fellow will enjoy being with us immensely!" In B Class room all were well asleep. The visitor saw the wooden compass with its steel pin in the hand of the supervisor and stood aghast. "Surely, Joe, no self-respecting woman would torture these people with weapons like that. The face is kind behind the momentary savage expression, due, no doubt, to the efforts

of some miserable wretch, but still—all right, my boy. This rosy cheeked boy in front you may put down at once. The mere fact of his missing front teeth indicate the reason for the sad expression of that delicate looking dark boy who keeps repeating 'Erick! Rice Pud-ding!' The 'Spruce boy with the agonising brush-back is a unique specimen. Put him down for the funny way he works his face around. Ha, so that is One-eared Eric! Thou salt-water thief! Nevertheless, he has a congenial air, and we will agree well together. Yes, Joe, and take all these names—Sir Toby, and the valiant Sir Andrew, and the foolish Jester." The three faces in question, especially Sir Andrew, wore an expression of sacred reflection, that should have made the man think. But he was hurrying on. Down below the ducks of back-yard interest were washing in the soft warm dust. The man wiped his forehead. "Ah, Joe, that infant in the back shall no more re-act to the adventure of a homeward voyage on the Colliboi, or horrify the poor soul beside her with marvellously accurate calculations. See that one too who clings round the foot of the desk as if to escape the lesson. The two of them, Joseph." He passed the window of the next room. "Ha, my old friend, Miss Fleming. I have promised that she shall stoke my fire while the 'A' and 'B' Latin Classes warm their chilled bones. I take them all to reward their living through a winter in frozen regions. That's a strange lad—he who sleeps, swinging on the door. Charming smile, Joe."

The man looked at his watch. He was a minute behind, and his time was important. He could not stop for comment, and, humming a line of "Little Red Roses," he continued his round along the balcony. Remembering the shattered nerves of many mental wrecks he patted Bill Lovell on the head and wrote his name for a good, though noisy, lawn mower. He surveyed Mr. Mulligan-in-repose with an affectionate smile. There seemed something of comradeship between the two. Many others he marked—two high jumpers, a boy and a girl—for, as he said, records or anything else were not made to be broken; a valiant little edition of Pitt the Younger "it is pure imudence for a small half-back to shoot goals under the very sticks of her captain and forwards."

The sleepy heat was lifting, and the sleepiest of the sleepy seemed to be staring at the bell. The man counted up the number he had gathered. "As good and wholesome a collection of sinners as I usually pick up in a day's walk. We'll be a merry crowd together."

The school was waking up. The dapper little man walked down the steps with a benevolent air, for he was already planning that the first meeting should be an Old Scholars' Reunion Dinner.

It was remarked afterwards that a fellow in the street had a strange walking stick, carved remarkably like a three-pronged fork.

F. HODGETTS (Purple).
Class B.

DEMOCRACY IN THE SCHOOL

We do not claim to be a perfect class, but that "B" Class is a Red example of Liberty, Freedom and Equality we swear by our beards—if we had them. So to exemplify this to the rest let us take our Freedom of Speech for the world to count the tale of "B" Class.

The "Hayward," for instance, who lives on a Manor in the holidays, is the captain of a band of fine, happy pirates. His chief renown is in wiping his mouth with the back of his hand. No one minds this crew in our midst at all, and they sing almost realistically sometimes.

We are agitating for a boys' choir, and the two "crescenters" are among our prime spirits of the movement. The "Red Flag" is their artistic nicety. We do not know yet whether Bruce practices facial contortions at 100 per second, or whether it is the reaction of Dick's expressions. We like to know these things, but as I said, freedom of expression is never questioned.

So no one minds that the boy, a big fellow in the School, did nightly exercises round York Park for weeks on end. The worry was a trifle, for the results were excellent, so that his nickname "Fatty" was changed to "Queer Boy," which has since been passed on to his Irish friend.

This handsome Irishman is an excellent actor. He says so realistically "May Lady Lovves Me." He has sought a bubble reputation in the army, which accounts for his pugnacious tendencies and his military walk. He mourns at present—but more of that anon. Oh, and his hair—!

We have a Scotchman, as well, a famous fellow whose renown is based upon his early rising. His neighbours set their clocks by him, he is so consistent—never out of bed before 8.55.

This is not a treatise on nationalities, but another word in your ears. If you run up against Mont Gomery of Wales, you might remember that the house is situated right at the top, and there is a long, tortuous path to the summit. Don't stop after the first climb.

But "that's all one." What I regret more than anything for the welfare of our Democracy is the loss of a member, the noblest Red of them all. Archie weeps slow tears because the dear departed was the only one who had the courage to hit him in school for the loss of his inexhaustible supply of jesting matter. What boots it that we can write the Editorials of the "Examiner" now? The Economics Class sobs in company with our Gallic friend.

Yes, he has gone. Ours is the loss. We must bear up, comforting each other. But why does he come to rehearsal every Friday night.

One thing which is not entirely in keeping with our Red Flag is that the Three Flowers of Abbott Street supply flowers all the year round for the class. Cursed be he who boardeth with a Senior Class Monitor. Occasionally these three rise to rare heights of wit, and, indeed, it was

once heard "Better witty fools than foolish wits." Twins have been placed among us, twins who were born not with silver spoons in their mouths, but swords in their hands. Somebody was seen making a hasty exit when Sebastian was on the war-path.

But we are a fairly peaceful community. If, after hearing about us you desire to meet any of us, come in and talk with us; we don't mind. We are not a perfect class, but we are a happy family and a democratic institution, which is a next best thing.

B CLASS.



"MIRTH"

Come, sweet nymphs, to dance and sing,
Where the buttercups do grow,
Where the tiny birds do wing,
And the streamlet runs below.
Come, sweet nymphs, to show thy mirth,
Happiest on all the earth.

LILY MORGAN (Red).
Class B.



TRIOLET

Little sweet-scented flowers,
Why do you hide?
In those cool, shady bowers;
Little sweet-scented flowers,
Caressed by sun-showers,
But by few ever spied;
Little sweet-scented flowers,
Why do you hide?

GWEN TWIDLE (Gold).
Class B.



STAY-AT-HOME

Pleasure that's overseas,
A laugh a mile away—
What have I to do with these,
Who here do stay;

Who here do stay content
Whate'er abroad betide,
And with good cheer and merriment
Keep my fire-side;

Who have, as hath each flower
Its boon of the sun above,
My private joy of the general hour,
My heart with its love.



THE PRINCIPAL

While we are in press it is with regret that we are compelled to say farewell to our Principal, who has been with us for three years. We congratulate him on succeeding to the Hobart High School, and tender our best wishes to him and Mrs. Biggins in their new sphere.

THE REVENGE

The winter of 1917 was bitterly cold in France. On December 20th of that year in a small tumble-down shack on the outskirts of the little French village of Vosge, a group of seven soldiers of the Allied Forces were located. This little troop, guarding the few houses "for what might unexpectedly happen," as the commander had said, were frozen, hungry, and down-hearted.

In vain did young Jim Parry, seated on an up-turned box, try to cheer them by playing "Tipperary" on a battered mouth-organ.

Suddenly Bill Sheekleton, "Moody Bill" as he was called, broke out disgustedly—

"Don't know what we're guarding this place for. Germans!"—he grunted indignantly—"Germans never saw the place. I'm as 'ungry as a 'unter an' as cold as a junk of ice. Oh! What wouldn't I give for a cigarette."

Corporal Simms, commander of the group, gave Sheekleton a murderous glare. Simms was short and fat, with a round, oily face. His comrades called him Napoleon.

"That's all right, Sheck," he said, "But you've been here long enough to know that there are German spies around. We're miles from the front, Sheck, and—and—well, anything's likely to happen in a place like this."

"Wish to God it would!" Sheck replied.

The rest knew Simms was right; there were spies around them, dangerous spies. They were in a dormant "No Man's Land," but who could tell that this was not the calm before the storm?

Parry stopped playing to think of some new amusement. To-day he could not make them laugh, and that made him unhappy. Always thinking of others; that was Parry. It was no wonder all the rest of the troop worshipped him. He was kind and generous to the sick and weak; dashing and reckless to a fault. There was not a man in that troop who would not have lain down his life for Parry. He was only a boy, scarcely 20, and yet he dominated all around him. To them Parry's joys were their joys; Parry's sorrows were their sorrows; hardened and embittered by war as they were, they recognised in him a being better than themselves, a man like they had often seen before they came to this hellish place, where men's features were cut and wounded by shells, and their souls crushed and hardened by the life they led.

Suddenly Parry jumped up.

"Corp., I've got it. I'll go to old Jacques' place and get some cigs. and food. Can I, Corp.?"

"No, Jim; orders, you know, Jim. Orders!"

"Come on, Corp., old bloke, let me go." The corporal hesitated; Parry crept towards the door. "Yes, Corp.; thanks, Corp.," he said. "I'll be back in about ten minutes. If I see the boss I will sneak back through the wood. So-long, Corp. Thanks!"

"Eh, Jim, be careful. Don't let the boss see you—if you did I'd be court-martialled. Be careful, old bloke."

"Eh, Jim"—it was the man beside Simms who spoke, "Jim, for God's sake, be careful, son. I'll tell you what, I'll go." There was real anxiety in the man's voice.

"No you don't. Good-bye."

"Good-bye, Jim. But w-watch 'The Shadow,' he's around there somewhere."

They heard a merry laugh outside, and then the sound of a man running towards the village.

The man who had last spoken now went and sat down. He was a strange man. Although his age could not have exceeded 36, his face was hard and seamed, his eyes were like those of a wolf; hungry eyes, always moving, always watching. Du Vester was his name. His comrades knew little about him; they only knew that he was a man of bitter passions; of blind love and hate. He was a mystery man; his nationality was unknown. A Belgian, some said, whose parents had been killed in that first murderous onslaught; others said that he was a man whose father and mother had been killed by the most terrible of all German snipers, Von Steiger, "The Shadow." He never said himself, and no man dared asked him, but, one thing was apparent, he hated the Germans with a fiendish hatred, and most of all he hated Von Steiger.

But Du Vester's love was as blind as his hate. His friends could do no wrong; he would gladly lay down his life for them. His love for Parry was as great as his hate for Von Steiger; Parry had once saved his life, and, friend or foe, Du Vester never forgot. He would sooner die himself than have Parry even hurt.

He was now sitting with his head in his hands, waiting for Parry's return. Suddenly, a low chuckle from Sheekleton startled him.

"Feeling warm already," he muttered, "three packets of cigarettes. Hum. I'll feel better. I'll—"

"Oh, shut up!" interrupted "Old Man" Brown (they called him "Old Man" because three years of incessant warfare had not failed to leave its mark upon him). "Shut up! You ought to have been here in 1915. This is summer compared with that."

Young Langridge, fresh from college and home, looked at him in an amused way and chanted—

"Oh! to be in England
Now that April's there."

Another short silence ensued. Du Vester became uneasy.

"Did he take Nigger with him?" he suddenly asked.

"Sure to," replied Simms.

They all knew "Nigger"; it was a model of a little black cat that Parry carried tied by a string to his neck. His mother had given it to him, and his proud boast was that he would never be hurt when he had it with him.

Another period of silence followed. At last Simms rose and approached the window. He stared towards the wood, over which darkness was just falling. For a time he watched, and then his face became clouded.

"Du Vester," he suddenly cried, "Du Vester, come here. What's that out there, moving among the trees?"

Du Vester approached him; out there among the trees a man could be seen flitting from one tree to another. For a moment Du Vester watched it, and then he stepped back; gulped once, twice, and then his lips parted.

"The Shadow."

"The Shadow," every man echoed the dread name.

"Yes." Du Vester's face was a picture of terrible hate. "He's got clothes on like ours, but it's him. I know him. He's sneaking up to kill us—he's sneaking through the trees. Kill him before he kills us. Kill—"

"Get to your loop-holes." It was the corporal's voice, low but clear. "Wait till I give the word, and then two rounds each. Let him get closer—closer yet. . . . Now—two rounds—Fire!"

There was a sudden crackle of rifles. The Corporal could just discern that the man in the shadows seemed to start, and then leap forward. There was another crackle; it seemed to throw him backwards; hurl him to the ground. He must be dead, the Corporal thought, because almost 14 bullets must have struck his body.

"Cease fire!" he commanded.

Crack!

Like a shot the Corporal whirled.

"Du Vester, cease fire!"

Crack!

Du Vester never moved. His lips stood out bloodless against his smoke-stained teeth. His face was a terrible sight. Twisted and contorted with passion, it was bloodless. His eyes were orbs of hellish fire, alight with murderous lust. His teeth moved—

"That's the way you came the night—"

Crack!

"Cease fire."

"You killed her—"

Crack!

"—And him. But I waited and now I get you."

Click!

The Corporal turned away with a terrible sickness. The man was mad. Every time a bullet struck the lifeless body outside it would be moved.

Click! Click!

"She's empty." Du Vester sprang up. His face was alight with horrid gloating.

"I got him. I killed him." He looked from one to the other. His mad, flashing eyes seemed to bore right through them. "I've got it," he cried, "I've got it. I'll go out and bring in a souvenir."

He dashed towards the door. It was locked. With a super-human, demoniac strength he smashed the door asunder, and tore outside. From the shack the others watched him; they

saw him tear across the field towards the motionless body. Nearer and nearer drew the gloating man; he had almost reached it when, suddenly, he stopped, stared, uttered a wild, inarticulate cry, for there at his very feet lay a mass of scattered cigarettes, in the midst of them a little black cat.

He staggered back.

"Good God! Good God!" he cried.

That night Du Vester died.

ARCHIE FLANAGAN (Purple).
Class B.



NON-TRYERS

Calm, placid, sailing on the sea of Life,
With scarce a thought of what the year may bring
In cares and fears; unmindful of the strife
In store. Then—shattered, to their raft they'll cling;
The sedge will wither, and no birds will sing,
Save mocking-birds, and kookaburras, shrill.
Backward they fall, before the joyous Spring
Of Life has filled their veins. There lie they still,
Unless, uplifted, they should chance to top the hill.

D. McDONALD (Red).
Class B.



MASQUERADE

Silence: Soft, velvety night all round. Silver shafts of moonlight threading the trees and falling on a little clearing.

The Ball: An old gnome with a long grey beard hanging to his red clad knees swaggered as he looked for a partner. A tall girl with long, black hair, in a sunflower frock, posed alone. With a stride he crossed the space, caught the girl to him and swung her round and round.

Columbine fled laughing in, her love-lorn swain in vain pursuit.

Then, with a bound, in burst a clown in scarlet and black, his painted face grotesque in the orange glow as he threw orange and red balloons about. Then, softly—a tranquil figure in amber and purple, with knots of violets and narcissi in her slender fingers!

The masqueraders came on. Dark eyes flashing under silken masks. A whirl of black and gold, crimson and amber, violet and jade, turquoise and rose.

A black and gold pierrot swung in, and, clasping a lady of the eighteenth century, strove to carry her off, while the clown laughed hysterically.

Hist! A watchful owl hooted in the gloom. The lights faded.

The silver moon shone on an empty glade, and—silence.

FREDA WHITE (Red).
Class C2.

AN APRIL DAY

How piercing is the wind so chill,
That howls and shrieks upon the hill,
And in the sky the many clouds,
The warmth of golden sun enshrouds.
But even in the solemn vale,
There's music coming with the gale,
Music shrill, from winds abroad,
Heralding the coming storm.
And many welcome thy grey hair,
O! Winter grim and sadly bare,
For you bring the wind and rain,
Rain to the thirsty flocks again.

JEAN GRUBB (Gold).
Class C2.



SONNET

With heavy tread and slow, I wound my way
'Tween sighing trees, which drooping there be-
low,
With gentle slumberous sway, the murmuring
flow
Of swirling stream to hush, from toil of day
Whose share of golden beams near spent, its
way
To tranquil rest did wend, e'er which with glow
Of crimson low'ring cheek did turn to throw
One farewell smile of hope, then passed away.
Night then came down with soothing balms
untold,

And now as o'er the emerald rug I trudged
I felt my heart grow light then pure as gold,
The dainty daisies, softly white, looked smudged
Into their sombre setting, and the Queen
Of Night sailed o'er her path of silvery sheen.

F. H. (Purple).
Class A.



THE BOOK

It was evening, and the lingering glory of the
golden sunset crowned the mountains in a soft,
mellow light. There among the mountains,
where Nature had clothed the earth in its softest
and most beautiful cloth, I was wandering, wan-
dering aimlessly.

Suddenly a shadow came across the earth, and
looking up I saw a huge cloud of mist descend-
ing from the sky and gathering around me.

Floating in the midst, and surrounded by a ray
of light, was a huge Book, which circled around
me three times and then remained motionless
before me. Then the mist was wafted away by
a gentle breeze, and the Book, bound in Red,
Green, and Black, remained before me, supported
by a golden stand.

How eagerly I watched as a hand appeared
and opened the Book, and instantly a huge pen
appeared, which was firmly grasped by hundreds
of hands. The larger hands grasped the pen
nearer the holder, so as to have more control
over it, while the smaller hands grasped it fur-
ther up the handle.

Time and time again the larger hands would
vanish, and the smaller hands would move down
the pen handle, thereby making room for others
at the top. Presently, however, all the hands
vanished, and the hand that had opened the Book
beckoned me nearer.

I went nearer, and one by one the pages were
turned over. The first nineteen pages were pure
white, but the remainder were of a much darker
colour, but so beautiful and faultless was the
writing, that they seemed quite equal and quite
as pleasing to the eye as those first nineteen
pages.

Unconscious of my movement, I placed my
hand upon the Book. Immediately everything
vanished, and I found myself thrust suddenly
into the World of Reality.

H. L. BEAMS (Green).
Class D4.



ENCHANTMENT

It was a dim, dusky twilight, when the shades
of evening fell on the momentarily quiet earth,
and, as I walked through the leafy woods, I was
enchanted by the beauty of evening.

I walked a short distance over the green ver-
dure where the blushing primrose opened again
her delicate petals to the evening dew, and came
at last to a little hillock, on the top of which I
stood a while, fixed in thought.

The sky was as an azure velvet cloth spread
over the heavens, while on it the silvery stars
twinkled like diamonds. A faint zephyr stirred
the leafy foliage, and, presently, the misty moon
peeped out beyond the distant horizon, and
flooded the scene with silver light.

Suddenly, the moon passed behind a cloud, and
everything was dark and sombre; but what a
contrast was the sombre darkness to the silver
light which had previously reigned supreme!

JEAN MILES (Gold).
Class C2.



BY THE RIVER

Yesterday we seemed enchanted,
Yesterday we grew
In a garden by the river,
Where the lilies blew.
With our dainty blossoms trailing
Ever fresh and fair,
There we lingered by the river,
In the scented air.

Yesterday the shadows gathered
As the sunlight died,
And we bloomed in Springtime glory,
By the river-side;
But, yesterday there came a maiden
Tripping daintily,
And she plucked our lovely blossoms
Singing carelessly.

Oh! to-day we lie a-dying,
Floating on the stream,
Fading quickly from existence,
Ending our life's dream.
And our petals now are turning,
Fading from their brown,
Drifting on the silent waters
As our sun goes down.

F. WHITE (Red).
Class C2.

REED-MUSIC

Ninon sat on the brown carpet of leaves, his slim legs crossed in front of him, his long curls blowing in the scented breeze; and from his reed pipe a sweet, plaintive music stole among the trees.

The furry rabbits sat at the mouths of their burrows and forgot to play; the trees stopped whispering—held entranced by the golden melody.

Then the music changed to a lovely, lilting tune, which set the trees a-dancing; even the stars in the purple-black sky seemed to twinkle faster; and in the soft radiance of the moon there appeared a figure, dancing in graceful abandon.

In quick twirls and pirouettes she drew nearer, yet never stirring a single leaf of the carpet underneath her dainty feet.

She hovered before Ninon, her arms outstretched beseechingly, her hair streaming behind her like a cloud. He played on; then suddenly, as if bewitched, sprang to join her, and together they disappeared among the trees.

The following night, and the next, the rabbits went to bed without Ninon's music in their hearts, and the tree fairies listened in vain. Only the broken reed lay on the brown leaves.

But even now, if you listen to the scented breeze rustling the leaves, you can hear the faint echo of Ninon's music; the beautiful, golden music, which Ninon made so many years ago.

L. WEEKS (Purple).
Class C1.

SUSPICIONS

My mood was philosophic, my position comfortable, and my listeners (if they were listeners) too drowsy to interrupt. I felt that time was ripe for a little moralising.

"My children," I began in my best oratorical style, "have you ever realised what a large element in our lives is suspicion?" A grunt was the only answer I received.

"Think of the proud moment, when, after having wheedled ninepenneth of hot water from your landlady, you prepare for the weekly bath. You gently lower yourself in, but on arriving at the bottom feel that something is wrong somewhere. You make sure that the water is not still in the dipper—you stand up in case you are sitting on all of it, and then suspicion grips you. It is not there; it is gone completely. The plug gapes in silent witness of the fate of your bath!"

"Then there is that moment when you see the pup, with an expression of innocence and goodwill, blissfully gnawing what was once a slipper. You dash upstairs—your suspicions are confirmed. The pup—"

"Aw, give it a bone!" came from an isolated corner. I ignored the remark and continued.

"Or, when you have had a hard day's work and are just preparing to enjoy the rest of the afternoon quietly, you hear afar off the raucous toot of a motor horn. A dreadful suspicion assails you. No one save Uncle James could have just such a horn. Within the next two minutes they are upon you—Uncle James, Aunt Martha, Nathea, Young James, Emily, Anne, and Baby Henry. (No, we don't call him Harry. It's so old fashioned.)

"Again, when I look at the prevailing depression, I have that same feeling. It seems to me that there are bad times coming."

There were.

My audience rose as a body, and before I could protect myself, my suspicions were confirmed.

NANCY GARDAM (Green).
Class B.

MORNING

Above the misty line of purple hills,
The sun sent forth its blinding, golden rays:
The earth was bathed in softly shimmering haze,
While glittering gleamed the tiny lakes and rills;
The dew-wet fern fronds sparkled in the light,
And dainty flow'rs drank in the sweet, fresh air
The birds sang blithely to the morning fair,
For fled away was dark, oppressive night.
Ah, yes! I love the gentle, peaceful calm,
As through the hills the new moon softly steals,
And hovers, like a pure-white dove that wheels
Before it comes to rest without alarm;
Then, in a psalm of joy, the voice of men:
"The night's past! The world wakes once again!"

EILEEN W. BIRD (Gold).
Class A.

"THE MUSIC OF EARTH IS NEVER DEAD"

Creation is filled with music, which is never still. Day by day, year by year, century by century, and age by age, the Divine Musician composes new melodies for those of his creations who can hear the music of the wind and grasses.

From daybreak, till the setting of the moon, we are surrounded by music greater and more beautiful than we can imagine. Even those who have learned to understand the music of the sighing reeds and rippling waters, find that if they listened for an endless age, they would have discovered what joys and delights there were still to be discovered.

Have you ever heard the music that is in the air on a windy night when the clouds scurry across the sky, the grasses swirl about one's feet, and a plover utters its stormy cry as it wings across the darkening sky?

To be awakened by the music of the twittering birds some perfect blue and white spring day and to walk in the forest, where the trees and shrubs weep tears of dew, is the sheerest delight to a music lover.

While listening to the rollicking song of the North Wind as he roars and chases the leaves across the field, we hear the music of an age that is past, the deep-sea chants by some ancient pirate, who passed the tune on to the North Wind when they met in mid-ocean on such a night as this, centuries ago, when pirates ruled the seas, and made the North Wind their ally.

As one lies on the mossy bank of a stony creek, through which a silver thread of water winds its way, singing a glad song, and telling the overhanging plants of the doings farther up the creek, one marvels at the music and beauty that it gives to the world.

Can one wonder that the music of the sea is so endless and varied. Each little stream has its stories to tell, and its songs to sing, and when they reach the sea and whisper their endless melodies in its ear, can we wonder that the music of the sea is never the same, for every day it has a new story to tell?

And, so we wander at our own wills, through days filled with song, and we find that after we have journeyed a while our lives become a song, like that of the sea, ever-changing. To-day we listen to the cooing of the dove, the secrets of the wind, and, to-morrow, what will to-morrow bring?—only the Divine Musician knows.

GRACE BECKETT (Purple). Class C2.

DID YOU KNOW THAT—?

Zillah thinks that Mehemet Ali was the leader of the Boers, but Ailsa is quite sure that Cecil Rhodes was.

Doris is still looking for the "Mercury" (Hg.) folded up like a book.

C3 prefer their flowers a fortnight old.—They look better.

Johnny often indulges in an overdose of Scotch.

Somebody in C1 wonders to what generation her teacher belongs.

Britain took possession of Cape Colony in 1987.

Neil has had a birthday just lately.

Betty prefers mint sauce made with sherry, to that made with vinegar.

Fleet went down a deep hole and saw stars. (Query: "Did she fall down? If so, why?")

Wellington captured Quebec.

Clive was a Governor of Canada.

Leap-frog is not always such a weighty game as Bird makes it—Allah be praised!

Walpole had a sea bubble and burst it.

Neil had the "honour" of kicking Bob.

Christopher Columbus discovered Australia—er—no—New Zealand.

Fred wears his tie for patriotism, but doesn't always think of his colour scheme.

William of Orange came from the Orange Free State.

Sneezing is a gentle art—especially in "A" Class.

Mephistophles came out of the Bible.

According to Johnny, generosity killed the cat—a Scotch cat.

George Washington made the first steam engine.

The ideas of the French Revolutionaries were "Liberty, Equality, Eternity."

King John "burnt the cakes."

John Bull is a fat man, who wears a Union Jack for a waistcoat, and is on Rolled Oats Packets.

Captain Hardy's last words were "Thank God, I've done my best."

Marlborough was a Bishop.

A respectable member of our community has decided that the best method of catching angels is by putting butter on their paws.

Another eminently respectable member of our community has taken to vegetable gardening.

"B" Class' effort at spelling Noah is "Knower," and Pharoah, "Faaro." Good, don't you think?

That boots and shoes need to be manufactured on a large scale for the feet of the Tasmanian people.

SPRING CALLING

What is the song that Spring sings?

"Come out into the world!

Leave the pleasant haven,

And the white sails furled;

Leave the drowsy fireside,

The little ways of home;

Take your pack, and stick in hand,

The roads of earth to roam."

What is the song that Spring sings?

"Lift your courage high!

Youth can't last forever,

And you've only once to die.

The safe roads are the tame ones,

And meant for aged feet;

Step out into the world, lad,

And face whate'er you meet!"

J. L. WOOD (Gold). Class C1.

THE WOMAN OF THE COTTAGE

She was leaning over the creaking wooden gate, watching me as I went off down the road. I saw her face outlined in the gloom as I looked back along the way.

Brown skin, brown eyes, and black hair misted with brown; there could have been no other colour for the Woman of the Cottage. It did not matter how her mouth was curved or pursed; only that it shut tight over her teeth, just as though they were clenched hard together. Straight ahead she was looking. I think she was seeing into something I did not know. It did not matter that I was going away with shining heels and pink, delicate nails, and much learning. A woman whose hands were cracked and stumpy, whose shoes were merely coverings for her feet was standing where I had not stood, was thinking deeper thoughts than I could ever understand.

I am often seeing that Woman at the Gate when my very learned friends become suddenly too philosophical. She would be thinking of what she must do next, of how long before another bucket of well-water was needed. The steady courage of the Woman of the Cottage takes her life work farther out than is the distance from the well to the gate. It brings a white light for me to-night.

F. HODGETTS (Purple).
Class B.

THE MAGIC CARPET

Oh, for a magic carpet, bright,
To float away to meet the night.
Dark-clothed in a cloak of jet,
And spangled with a starry net—
Of stars that twinkle tiny eyes,
At ghostly bat as home he flies.

And float away to lands abroad,
Or see a pirate with his hoard.
But most of all to watch the moon,
Or the sun at fiery noon,
Shine upon the desert sand,
At cool oasis there I'd stand.

Snow-clad mountains sparkling white
Or watch the heron in his flight—
To Egypt, land of golden sand;
Or, Etna with his fiery hand,
And throat choked with his molten stones,
Shakes the earth with groans and moans.

But in our land when comes the Spring,
Comes dancing gaily to the ring—
Of bells of golden daffodils,
And tiny rivulets and rills:
Perfumed with the mountain air,
Call me back ere roam I dare.

PEGGY TURNBULL (Green).
Class C2.

EVENING

It was not yet dark when my companion and I started westward for our evening walk under a blue sky, checked here and there with small wisps of cloud and faintly illumined by the pale, silvery moon, lately risen. As we walked at a brisk pace to leave the town with its booming, clanging and tinkling church-bells behind us (for it was Sunday) we were conscious of a cool breeze from the sea fanning our cheeks; but soon we reached the shelter of the bush where not a breath, save our own, disturbed the fragrant, scented air.

The moon was now at our backs; so we saw her not nor noticed her steady, unwavering light. A single star, however, had struggled into view close above the thickly-wooded hills in the west. Soon we noticed that it had been joined by several others. Night was at the threshold of the world.

Our way lay to the right, and soon we heard the constant drone of falling water. We walked on in silence through the darkness and peppermint trees until we came suddenly on the river. Fifty or a hundred feet below it ran with a deep hushing sound, for the most part dark and sinister, but covered with milk-white foam wherever rugged rocks reared their stubborn heads in her path. From half way up the opposite cliff, a stream of white, rushing foam with its perpetual roar ran headlong down the steep decline into the sombre waters beneath. We knew that somewhere in the eastern sky the light of the moon was becoming stronger and more mellow; but here we were in darkness.

We left the scene regretfully, urged on by the sudden discovery that there was a slight chill in the air. Our path was dark, winding and rock-bestrewn as we proceeded. On our right we knew was a green hill sparsely wooded, while below us on our left the river still continued her reckless course, swirling past rocky banks, leaping rapids; but ever with the same hushing sound accompanied by the ever-lessening, droning roar of the fall behind us. At first the cliff on the far side of the river looked a black mass of rock; but gradually, as we continued to walk and gaze, we could see that it was covered with bushy trees, clinging to the sparsely scattered earth among the boulders.

It was by the light of the moon that we could distinguish these trees on the cliff and at the summit tall gums were outlined against the blue sky. Yet let us return to the water. Instead of being in darkness it was now clothed in moonlight, but we could not see the moon. From behind the rugged hill on our right and before us, she poured forth her light on to that inspiring scene. In the calm places the water, icy cold, flowed swirling on; but over the rapids it rushed like some white, relentless, greyhound after its prey. The bare, black stones, wetted by the flying, ghostly spray, glistened like the back of some great sea monster lifted for a second above the waves, only to disappear immediately under a following crest.

As we continued, now eastward almost, our attention was attracted by a small fire near the river's edge. From above we looked down upon it and saw two men sitting, one on either side, their knees drawn up and under their chins and clasped by their hands, childlike. We guessed they were fishing and our guess was confirmed almost immediately for as we looked, quaintly moved by the simplicity of the scene, the elder man slowly unclasped his hands and held them out, fists clenched and forefinger pointing, showing the length of some monstrous fish whose death-tale he was relating. A few seconds later both rose and went to their rods. After ascertaining that they had caught nothing we moved on.

Around a sharp bend we walked into the moonlight, filtering through the matted leaves and twigs of small, yet gnarled oaks. The river, with its foaming roar, still raced on below us; but two hundred yards away we could see the shining expanse of the First Basin. Between the two river banks at the mouth of this we could see the yellowish outline of the swing bridge. The moon now shone squarely in our faces, and so brightly that we had difficulty in seeing the path. Thus we had walked from light into darkness and from thence into light.

Suddenly I began to feel a little tired, for we had walked, in all, about five miles. Passing homeward through the streets we met many church-goers returning from worship; but I doubt if they had been in so close communion with God as we who had been alone with Him and Nature.

A. E. TUCKER (Red).
Class A.

TIME

Time is flying, hours are fading,
Years are rolling by.
Footprints linger but a moment;
In the sands they lie.
Then they crumble, pass forever,
While the winds still sigh.

They are only man's creation,
For his uses made.
When his days are surely numbered,
They must quickly fade,
Leaving empty vessels, waiting,
By the wayside laid.

Some can fill them with the purest
And the best of ware,
Spices rich and fruits o'erflowing
With their juices rare.
Loving are their hands upon them
As they place them there.

Others, stumbling, groping, weary,
Spent with noisome toil,
Place therein mere worthless gatherings.
Never sweetest oil,
Never fragrant flowers or rosebuds
Which no hand can soil.

These are wasting precious moments
In a joyous race.
Father Time is close behind them,
Rapid in his pace.
Soon his scythe will touch them, lingering,
They will see his face.

Youthful days are always plenteous
In their graces new.
Let us fill our earthly vessels
With the freshest dew,
That the travellers far behind us
May begin anew.

N. READER (Red).
Class A.

A STANZA

At first 'twas but a whispering wind I heard,
That danced and played among the rustling trees,
From where rang out the song of many a bird.
'Twas nothing but a gentle swaying breeze,
Scarce louder than the buzz of busy bees,
The stately golden, daffodils, so gay
And modest little daisy, by degrees,
In gentle motion then commenced to sway;
'Twas but a breeze one found upon a perfect day.

A. LAWSON (Red).
Class C2.

THE PAGAN

Because you fancied that you heard
The wood-god's cunning laughter,
Sweet as the song of hidden bird
Or echoes coming after,
You scorned the world and cast aside
The old and sacred vows.
To seek where fauns and fairies hide
Amid the forest boughs.

So you forsook the human creed,
The unavailing dreams,
Stars and the sky your only need,
Stars, and the voice of streams.
Now you are one with untamed things,
Unfettered, unenthralled.
Free as a bird your spirits winged,
Because the wood-god called.

F. E. WHITE (Red).
Class C2.

Junior Section.

CRADLE SONG

Oh! Hush thee, baby, sweetly sleep,
Upon thy mother's breast!
The kitten sleeps upon the hearth;
Then rest thee, pretty one, rest!

The cold north wind is blowing strong
In fitful gusts across the hills;
It hurls the clouds across the sky,
And wanders round where ere it wills.

The day is fading fast away,
The moon shines bright thro' darkening sky.
All things have rest, without—within—
So sleep thee, sweet babe, lullaby!

DOROTHY BUTLER, Class D1.



SEAGULLS

White gulls with your wild sad cry,
Flying over the stormy sea,
Far, far, 'neath a wild grey sky
Where can your destination be?
May be at last you will come to rest
Far out over the windy bay,
Out there in the glowing west
On some lonely rock at the close of day.

ALICE CHAPPELL, Class D1.



FRUIT TREES IN BLOSSOM

A soft, airy down of palest pink and white enveloped the brown trunk and boughs of the cherry and apple trees in the orchard.

The last, slanting rays of the setting sun spirited hither and thither among the glossy pureness of the minute particles of flower which seemed naturally to cluster in a rioting disorder of bewitching posies.

Gone were the piping birds, humming bees, and warm sunshine, but in their place remained the same scene, and not the same scene.

Bereft of all that speaks of overflowing sunshine and joy, the scene has been transformed to one of perfect solitude.

"The haunted air of twilight is very strange and still."

Even the snowy masses of flowers snuggle together in their understanding of the atmosphere.

Perhaps these bright wreaths realise their one mission in life—perhaps they know that each tiny member is in itself important and will one day in the near future fulfil what is expected of it. Slowly the sun sinks in the west, leaving dusky silence and a sombre sky, against which are silhouetted the creamy hues of the flower sprites.

The wonderful tree which "only God can make" slowly blurs and sinks into oblivion, leaving a vague outline of greyish tree crests, swaying rhythmically in the breeze.

JOAN McHARG (Green). Class D1.



LIFE IS TOO LONG

To us who are young, and know not yet
The trials of life,
To us who are young, and soon forget
The cares of life,
Life is too long.

For we know that the time will come,
A time of struggle and strife,
When we'll look the world in the face,
And climb up the Ladder of Life.

To those who are old, and alone remain
In this wide world,
To those who are old, and suffer pain
In this wide world,
Life is too long.

For they long for the time to come,
When they'll cross the River of Life,
And meeting their friends once more,
They'll forget this struggle and strife.

H. L. BEAMS (Green).
Class D4.



DREAMS

"If there were dreams to sell,
What would you buy?
Some cost a passing thought,
Some a light sigh."

The old dream vendor, a wrinkled, stooped, white-haired, old man, comes to us at night and offers us first one dream and then another from his tray. His tray, packed tightly with dreams of everything in the Past, Present, and Future, resembles that of a pedlar which is filled with every pretty bauble imaginable.

Sometimes the dream seller will offer us a dream of travelling and we, obedient to his influence, dream of sailing in a white-sailed ship to far off and unknown lands. We awake in the morning to find our dream vanished and try to recall it with a light sigh.

Dreams of landscapes and vivid scenes we give a passing thought. If we view life with fun and laughter the old dream seller gives us dreams of fun and happiness, and he is kind to us, but if we look on life as a morbid bubble, he gives us dreams just as morbid as our outlook.

Dreams of childhood days are, perhaps, the best. They are the happiest days of our life, and we look back on them with happy memories. We dream of sitting in the shade of an oak, laughing, talking, dreaming, or lying and thinking, but all these dreams are happy ones.

When the long fingers of the dawn begin to steal across the sky the old dream seller silently packs up his wares and goes back to Dreamland, where he patiently awaits another night.

MOLLIE WILSON (Green). Class D1.



YOUTH
Joan Anderson. Green.

DAY DREAMS

Un, deux, trois, quatre;
Stephen Langton was a martyr;
People say the sea is deep;
"Wake up boy, you're half asleep."

Je suis, sommes nous;
Henry V. won the battle of Sluy;
Calcium carbonate, iron and zinc;
"Sit up son, why can't you think?"

Eighteen-twenty, third of May,
What battle was fought on this great day?
I'll go to sleep, I hope this time;
"Oh, wake up, son! Now what is lime?"

T. HAGUE (Green).

Class E3.



"THE DESERTED HOUSE"

"Dark frost was in the air without,
The dusk was still with cold and gloom."

These lines came vividly into my mind as I walked up the old tree-lined drive towards the house. Everywhere I looked I saw snow. The trees were bowing down under the weight of it, the ivy-covered walls of the house were hidden by a huge blanket of snow, the garden was a wilderness covered with a white sheet to hide its barrenness.

I opened the gate which was hanging precariously by one hinge, and walked in. By the side of the path there stood a stone half hidden by snow, which I cleared away. I found to my dismay that I could not read the inscription because of the moss and earth which hid it. After ten minutes of hard scraping, I found that the stone marked the spot where my great-uncle had, with his life, so gallantly defended his wife and children.

I stood there thinking of the events that had passed lately—how I had received a letter from my uncle's solicitors telling me of his death, and how he left me this house and all his possessions. I thought how only three weeks ago I had been a poor lawyer struggling to earn a living in a small country village, and how I was now a rich man with a house of my own and plenty of money.

I continued up the path and came to the old steps, which had felt the light pressure of many feet, mounted them, and unlocked the great oak door with the keys given to me by the old caretaker at the lodge.

As I walked through the doorway, I saw before me a spacious hall lined with the heads of deer and antelopes. On the floor were scattered the skins of wild animals, which betrayed the nature of my uncle who, I had been told, was a sportsman and had travelled extensively. I passed on through the hall and eventually came to the picture gallery. Here hung the portraits of the members of the family from generation to generation. There were beautiful ladies old and young, knights and little children. Each one showed some resemblance to the other.

I passed on through the gallery to the state rooms. They were large rooms, about which were scattered many curios and priceless furnishings. I sat down in one of the old mahogany chairs and dreamed about the people who had been in this room in bygone years. The growing dusk and frosty chilliness of the air brought me back to earth. I stood up and walked to the window and, as I saw the scene outside, those lines again came to my head,

"Dark frost was in the air without,
The dusk was still with cold and gloom."

BETTY WORTH (Red).
Class D1.



A POEM

Old grey church with ivied tower,
What tales you would have to tell,
If only you could speak to us
With that now long silent bell.

You have stood for centuries long,
Guarded by grim stone wall,
You have heard many a lovely song
And prayer in your stately hall.

But no longer does your call
Peal forth upon the air;
No longer tolls a solemn note,
Summoning all to prayer.

No more do gay dressed companies
Through your arches throng;
But now the silent phantoms come
To breathe their silent song.

L. F. (Green), Class D1.

I GROW FORTY FEET IN A NIGHT

It was a beautiful and calm evening. Everything was still, and some mystic feeling crept over me. At last I dropped off to sleep, which soon found me in Dreamland. I was being led through a long, dark, narrow tunnel by a little person, an elf I suppose it was. The darkness ended very abruptly, and before me I beheld numerous houses, very, very small, round which busy dwarfs worked and played. While I was gazing at these things, the goblin prepared me a cup of a bright red mixture, opening many cupboards at this end of the tunnel to obtain the ingredients. "Drink this!" he said.

Suddenly the objects around me grew to almost a blur. I wondered what was wrong. There, down at my feet, was a brown speck, which seemed to be suffering from a shock. My mind was, or seemed, in a whirl, and then I fell heavily to the ground. The elf was now able to speak to me, explaining that he must have made a mistake, for, instead of growing smaller, I had grown taller. It was a great mistake, and one which I regretted very much. However, I could not be my natural size for a year, so I decided to make the most of the time I spent in Elf-Land.

My escort left me, for he had many messages to do. I stood up as best I could. When I neared the town, all the little persons made for their homes. It was either my enormous size which frightened them, or the cold air. I began to feel cold, and as the chimneys were almost the same width as my arms, I put one arm down the nearest. How unfortunate for the dwellers of the house, for I had upset the bricks of the chimney and this let in the cold breeze which was blowing. How awkward it was to be big! The frightened people ran out screaming. Unable to deal with me themselves, they dragged me to the Queen Marigold's Court. She received them haughtily, but when the attendants showed me to her, alas! her manner changed and she implored them to put me in prison.

The next day I was tried. There was silence immediately she entered the court. The silence was so tense that one could have heard a pin fall to the floor. The appeal was heard first, after which followed my defence. The jury, consisting of fifty elves, argued and talked for so long, that the Queen ordered silence. She was amazed at the rapid change, and she told them to throw me into the nearby lake. This was an impossibility, but they managed to get me so near, that my face almost touched it. I screamed and awoke to find my sister holding a wet flannel over my face. I told her of my dream, but she laughed and said it was time to go to school. I dressed hurriedly, but I will never forget my amazing adventure in Elf-Land, although I would sooner be my natural size than forty feet taller.

A. ION (Gold), Class D2.

FAIRY MUSIC

Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
Ring the Fairy Bells,
Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
Over vale and dell.

Little fairies skip and dance
To the merry tune,
While the fairy piper
Pipes beneath the moon.

Silvery wings are glittering
Under the moon's soft rays,
While all Fairyland makes merry
To the tune the piper plays.

VERA CUTLER (Purple).
Class E2.



"THE HOUSE BY THE SHORE"

"The House by the Shore" had often fascinated me, and I always longed to know more about it, but as people had said it was unsafe, I never ventured to go within the white stone gate. It was a large, white rambling old place with a bow window overlooking the cliffs which overshadowed the sea. At one side there was an extensive garden, but the strange thing about it was that the flowers were only white ones.

One evening, when I was wandering round the cliffs drinking in the beauty of the sea, a storm began to brew. I began to hasten home, but I was sure I would not reach there in safety, so I retraced my steps, and acting on an impulse, opened the gate of the mysterious house, and walked up the stone steps on to a small verandah. Curiosity got the better of me, and after vainly attempting to see through the high casement windows, I opened the door and actually walked in.

I entered a long, low, winding passage, with a white ceiling and floor, and followed it round and round. I opened the doors and saw rooms of all shapes and sizes, but all were white. I ascended a flight of steps and came into the room with the bow window which overlooked the sea, and I sat down on the wide box seat. Before me lay the towering cliffs, and below the raging sea. The wind had increased, and now it was howling and shrieking over land and sea; the rain descended in torrents; the huge foam-crested waves swirled to the shore, and broke with a roaring din on the rocks; and now and again a loud clap of thunder rent the air. It was a marvellous sight, and I do not know how long I sat there.

When the storm had ceased, I went down the twisting passages until I entered the garden, which was a mass of white. It was clear now, but the trees and bushes were eerie and shadowy, and as I wandered down the path home, a distant owl hooted his mournful good-night.

GWEN ANDREW (Red).
Class E1.

SEASONS

Summer or Winter, Spring or Fall,
Which do I love the best of all?
Spring is a lady all dainty and fair;
Summer her sister all brilliant and rare;
Autumn the matron, just past her prime,
Winter the aged, mellowed with time.
Earth is their home, and I am their guest—
Bothered if I know which I like best.

A. WALLACE, Class D3.



THE INDIAN

His proud old head bent low with sorrow,
The Indian thinks of his life to follow;
No more do the birds sing in the trees,
No more does he run with his face to the breeze.

He thinks of the camp fire, he thinks of the plains,
He thinks of the white man who spoiled his gains.
His eyes flash fire, his fists clench tight,
For what can he do when he's ruled by the white?

E. BROWN (Gold).
Class D2.



SAMMY FOUND A SIXPENCE.

THE FARMER'S BOY

I'd like to be a farmer's boy,
With brown legs and toes,
And chew a straw, and shout out "Hoy!"
To scare away the crows.

I'd wear a grass hat and a smock,
And sit beneath the trees,
And when it came to twelve o'clock
I'd eat some bread and cheese.

And then beneath the sunny sky
I think I'd have a doze,
Till Farmer Morgan shouted "Hi!"
"Get up and scare the crows."

ARTIE (Red).
Class E4.

THE OLD SAILOR TELLS HIS STORY

"Just imagine how I felt when—" the old sailor paused and looked round at the tense faces of his fellow mariners, to see the effect which his dramatic words had on their minds. Evidently he was well pleased, for he settled himself comfortably in his armchair again and prepared to continue his exciting narrative.

"I saw a wondrous cavern, hung with costly tapestries. The light streamed through a small opening in the top, just like the sunlight filtering through a prism. Reclining at one end of this marvellous cave was a man. His clothes were richly embroidered with golden threads, on which the sun's rays glittered; on his head was a skull cap, set with glorious gems, which, as the sun smote on their polished surfaces, burned and glowed with red and white splendour.

One look at the man told me that he was Chinese by birth. His yellow skin made a sharp contrast with the warm purple and gold hangings on the walls which surrounded him.

His almond eyes glittered beneath his narrow eyelids, as he gazed at a kneeling woman whose white hands were bound behind her with silken cords, which, fragile as they might seem, were as bars of iron on the poor woman's flesh."

A series of questions assailed the sailor, as once more he paused. A hush fell on the men who sat, tense-faced, before him. He went on.

"The Chinaman spoke rapidly in Chinese, and liveried Chinese servants appeared from nowhere as I thought. They roughly pulled the woman to her feet, and, as her face was turned towards my hiding place, I saw that she was an English woman. Her long, black hair fell to her knees, and her cheeks burned with the anger of the injustice that she was suffering.

"The servants led her away behind some curtains, which I felt sure must hide another cave, equally as wonderful as the present one.

"Another servant handed the Chinaman a long pipe, which he seemed very eager to take. My thoughts immediately flew to opium, and, glancing again at the Chinaman, I found this to be so, as no other drug could have sent a man off to sleep so quickly.

"Suddenly I heard a patter of feet, and the English captive rushed by my hiding place, into freedom. I started quickly in pursuit, which was useless, as already the woman was gone.

"I turned to enter again into the marvellous home of the Chinaman, but nowhere could I find an opening. The rocks were so much the same. For days after I tried, searching every square yard of ground. But China is such a big place, as you know, mates."

The old man rose, as if to go into the cottage behind him, but to my surprise he made his way to the beach, and there he stood gazing out to sea, as if to see again the wonderful cavern, the home of a Chinaman.

EVA BRATT (Purple).
Class D1.

FLOWER FANCIES

I was wandering through the bush, with the long leafy vistas stretching out before me, when suddenly I saw a tiny house with snow-white walls and a red roof just before me.

It was surrounded by a garden of glowing colours, and wonderful flowers and trees, which waved a greeting to me in the gentle, rustling summer breeze.

At my cry of delight, a little, bent, old woman came to the door, and when she saw me standing there, she came down the path, and invited me to enter, and pick some of her wonderful flowers.

Together we walked up the old-fashioned cobbled path, and she led me to a bed, where there grew a number of tall, white flowers.

"These are the flowers of purity," she said, and her voice was like fairy bells ringing in the distance, so soft and clear it was.

"They cannot grow and flourish in any impure place, for there they fade and die," she continued, as she picked one or two for me.

Growing in a bed of moss were the softest, brightest little flowers I had ever seen.

"These are the blooms of Loving Hearts," she said. "They will die in any place where there is unkindness or unhappiness."

Like elfin warriors among wicked fairies, some pale pink flowers grew strong and tall, in the corner of the garden.

"These are the most precious flowers in my garden," said the old woman. "The flowers of honesty. You see how the weeds of thieving and deceit are crowding round and trying to kill them. There influence is spread over the place where they are taken, like that of any good and strong man over others who are weaker."

"Please, what are those bright yellow blooms in that bed you passed?" I asked, as she had walked past it.

"Ah! they are the flowers of jealousy," she answered. "They are always there, and have been in every human nature since the world began. But look at these blue flowers; they are the beautiful flowers of Truth, and I value them very greatly."

"Take these," as she put a bunch into my willing arms. "You must go now, for I hear the fairies calling. I have done my work. Do not forget what I have told you."

I heard the droning of bees in the ivy, and, as I opened my eyes I saw the white tail of a frightened rabbit disappearing into its burrow.

"Why, the house has gone," I said to myself, but though I had a bunch of bush flowers held tightly in my hand, I never could convince my mother, after I went home, of the truth of my story.

I have been back to that spot many times, and the wind has been sighing through the branches, as if it held a secret in its breath; the grass is just as soft and the air just as sweet and mysterious, but I have never again seen the little house, or the old woman who gave me such a strange adventure.

M. TANNER (Gold).

"BELLS"

Rolling forth in soulful volume, the tones of the great cathedral bells break the silence of the "stilly night." Almost sacred in their depth of feeling, these bells fill the air with an unknown reverence which penetrates to the remotest corners of the neighbourhood.

There follows a prolonged unbroken silence.

Once again the gloriously even tones melt into the gathering dusk, harmonising with it as the last echoes vibrate into silence. Simultaneously a fresh peal follows, even more stirring, and the very soul of the great dome rings forth its message unto the suffering, the rich, and the poor.

Inspiration rules in the minds of those who receive this message, and revelry becomes to them unknown, as they harken to the pure, unearthly tones of the church's tolling bells.

Chiming on in simplicity, the bells realise their destined duty to

"Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be."

JOAN McHARG (Green). Class D1.



SCHOOL ROLL, 1931.

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Margaret Bull, Eleanor Robinson, Nancy Reader, Mabel Armstrong, Eileen Miller, Eileen Bird, Mary Anderson, Ismay Muirhead, Helen Rathbun, Dorothy Hill, Aubrey Tucker, Neil Gill, Arthur Traill, John Townsend, Edmund Smith, Fred. Hayward, David McQuestin, Lindsay Best, George Donnelly, Leslie Howlett, Max. Brewer, Don. Cunningham, Theodore Martin.

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CLASS C3.—Supervising Teacher: Mr. M. Adamthwaite.

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CLASS C4.—Supervising Teacher: Mr. T. Doe.

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CLASSES E1 and E3.—Class Teacher: Mr. R. Edwards.

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CLASS E4.—Supervising Teacher: Mr. A. K. Fulton, B.A.

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Siftings (H.J.T.S.).

Scottsdale H.S.

Adelaide High School (S.A.).

Melbourne High School (Vic.).

Perth Modern School (W.A.).

Brisbane State High School (Q.).



WHO'S WHO

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

Staff: Misses M. Hamilton, B.Comm. (Sports Mistress), G. E. Morris, B.A., W. E. M. Carter, B.A., J. A. Austin, B.Sc., A. B. Nicholls, E. E. Norman, B.A., D. E. A. Fleming, B.A., J. Blyth, B.A., D. Bock, J. E. Gee, D. Chapman, A. L. Sample, H. Deane (Clerk); Messrs. L. F. Briggs, B.A., A. K. Fulton, B.A., W. J. Thornton, T. E. Doe (Sports Master), M. Adamthwaite, M. Taylor, R. Edwards, R. Mulligan.

Prefects:

Senior—Eleanor Robinson, George Donnelly.

Sports—Mabel Armstrong, Keith Hayward.

Magazine—Helen Rathbun.

House—Nancy Reader and Aubrey Tucker (Red); Nancy Gardam and Bruce Heazlewood (Green); Eileen Bird and Arthur Traill (Gold); Frances Hodgetts and Fred Hayward (Purple).

Captain of Tennis: Eleanor Robinson.

Captain of Hockey: Jessie Bowen.

Captain of Basket Ball: Jean Miles.

Captain of Cricket: Bruce Heazlewood.

Captain of Football: Arthur Traill.

Stroke of Crew: Arthur Traill.

Sub-Editor of Magazine: Richard Gandy.

Magazine Committee: Ismay Muirhead, Jean Montgomery, Leman Thurlow, Lilian Weeks, Jean Miles, Philip Sulzberger, Morris Ogilvie, Gwen Tabart, Elsie Brown, David Munro, Herbert Beams, Gwen Andrew, Peggy Searl, Bern Mitchell, Roger Kimber.

Librarian: Mr. L. F. Briggs, B.A.

Circulating Library Committee: Ismay Muirhead, Jean Anderson, Eileen Miller, Margaret Bull, Mary Muckridge, Gwen Twidle, David McQuestin, Neil Gill.

Reference Library Committee: Lily Morgan, Jean Montgomery, Kathleen Jackson, Roy Warmbrunn, Richard Gandy, Archie Flanagan.

Senior Monitors:

Class A—D. Hill, E. Smith.

Class B—K. Jackson, D. McDonald.

Class C1—B. Percy.

Class C2—M. Walker.

Class C3—W. Lovell.

Class C4—G. Barclay.

Class D1—G. Turmine.

Class D2—E. Brown.

Class D3—W. Bowles.

Class D4—A. Duncan.

Class E1—F. Porter.

Class E2—R. Wise.

Class E3—C. Statton.

Class E4—B. Widdowson.

Athletic Champions: Jessie Bowen (Purple), Aubrey Tucker (Red).

Duces, Term 2:

Class A—E. Bird.

Class B—R. Gandy.

Class C1—T. Jestrinski.

Class C2—T. Emmett.

Class C3—B. Ross.

Class C4—F. Rose.

Class D1—J. McHarg.

Class D2—A. Ion.

Class D3—L. Chamberlain.

Class D4—P. Gee.

Classes E1 and E3—E. Dwyer.

Class E2—Z. Dawson.

Class E4—R. Kimber.

Qualified for Sports Badges:

Red House:

A. Tucker—Running and Football.

R. Gandy—Running.

L. Gurr—Cricket and Football.

Green House:

J. Andrew—Hockey and Tennis.

L. Thomson—Hockey.

M. Armstrong—Hockey.

B. Heazlewood—Cricket.

Gold House:

E. Robinson—Tennis.

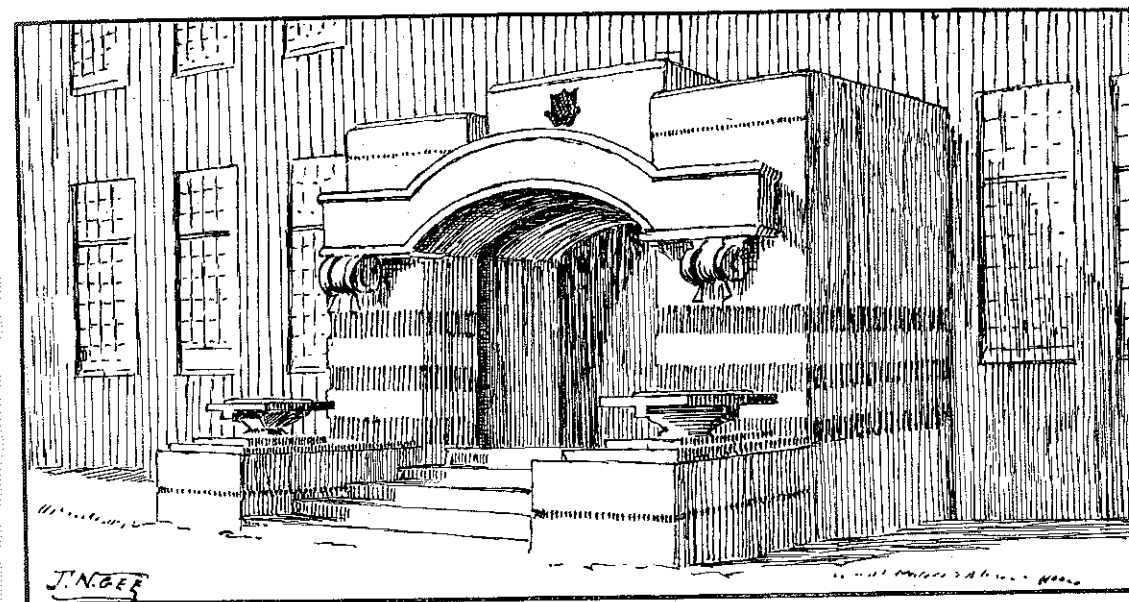
J. Townend—Football.

Purple House:

J. Bowen—Hockey and Athletics.

F. Hayward—Cricket.

G. Barclay—Rowing.



PRORSUM ET SEMPER HONESTE.

Old Scholars' Column.

EDITORIAL

Life is beautiful—set in a mould of exquisite things;—blue skies domed above—flecked with white clouds—massed with grey furrows gleaming silver at the curving edges—barred with red, with gold, with green, set in an opalescent background of liquid light at sunset;—blue of the morning—pale blue of the day—deep blue of the evening—star set at dusk, moonlight at night; strong hills ringed protectingly—shadowed with cloud tracery, enpurpled by distance, misted by summer, jewelled by winter, gilded by sunset—silent—mighty.

Life is beautiful. There's dew on the flowers—sparkling; there's the sheen on the leaves; the blossoms of spring; the glow of the summer; the wealth of the autumn; the glitter of winter. And what of the wind with its songs?—the whisper at evening; the roar of the storm; keen calls of the morning carrying songs of the birds—the thrill of the music—yes, what of the wind? And the rain as it drips, as it mists, as it drives; what sweetness there is!

Life is beautiful. Love crowns it—unites us in one great bond of everlasting fellowship.

"I give you the end of a golden string;

Only wind it into a ball;

It will lead you in at Heaven's gate

Built in Jerusalem's wall."

THE ASSOCIATION

The Association continues to grow and to increase its usefulness to the community.

Our winter series of dances, which is to be concluded by a "Grand End of Season" Dance on the 14th November, has been particularly successful, all the dances being very popular and enjoyable.

One of the series was organised as a "Charity Dance," and it proved a great success. The net proceeds amounted to £21, which sum was divided between the Salvation Army Soup Kitchen, the Blind, Deaf and Dumb Institute, the City Mission, and the Ministering Childrens' League.

The Annual Re-union Dinner was held at the "Virginia" on the 26th September, and was undoubtedly the most successful and the most enjoyable re-union we have had. Our guests were: Mr. H. V. Biggins (Principal of the School), Mr. W. L. Grace, B.A., Dip. Ed., and Mrs. Grace, and Mr. W. H. Daymond; and there were 74 Old Scholars in attendance.

An announcement, during the progress of the dinner, that met with a generous round of applause, was made by Mr. Biggins, to the effect that Mr. Limbrick, our President, had just received notification of his appointment as a lecturer in Economics at the Tasmanian University. All present congratulated Mr. Limbrick, and wished him every success in his new sphere.

Mr. Limbrick's appointment necessitated his almost immediate transfer to Hobart, but before he went, members of the Committee entertained Mr. and Mrs. Limbrick at tea and made them a presentation as a token of appreciation.

Socials have been continued during the latter part of the year; but, although they have been thoroughly enjoyed by the younger members,

they were not supported as well as might have been expected.

There is to be one more social this year, and although the date has not yet been fixed, scholars of the School from the Intermediate Classes upward who are leaving at the end of the year will be our guests.

During the past few months we have made several protests against the proposal of the Government to charge fees for State Secondary Education, as we believe that the imposition of such fees would be detrimental to the best interests of the State. The first step we took was to write a letter of protest to the Minister for Education. Next, Mr. Limbrick asked Mr. Biggins to call a meeting of parents of scholars of the School to discuss the subject, and the result was a very large and enthusiastic meeting which elected delegates to join us in a deputation to the Chief Secretary. The deputation was received sympathetically, but nothing was promised, and since then Cabinet has decided to impose the fees. However, the subject has yet to be debated in Parliament and, in the meantime, we are hoping for the best.

We are again most fortunate in being able to report a good improvement in our finances, this being largely due to the success of our dances.

Since Mr. Limbrick went to Hobart, our Committee has been led by Mr. A. D. Foot as Acting President.

We desire once again to thank Mr. Biggins for his co-operation and help which is greatly appreciated.

In conclusion, we would make an earnest appeal to all Old Scholars to support their Association and its various branches. This would enable us to do more for our old School and for Old Scholars generally. If you have not already joined up, please do so now and send along any suggestions or ideas that you think may benefit the Association.

TRAVELOGUE

"Much have I seen and known; cities of men
And manners, climates, councils, governments."

Miss Bertha Layh writes from abroad:

"I had a marvellous two months in London, sight seeing. The City of London, the old part, is most fascinating, and you come across all sorts of unexpected things. June is a wonderful month. There is the Derby, the Trooping of the Colours, the Royal Tournament at Olympia, Aldershot Tattoo, and Hendon Aerial Display. The parks are wonderful. I went to the folk dancing in Hyde Park once. There was so much to see in London that I saw very little of the rest of the country.

"I went some interesting trips with the Victoria League to Oxford and Cambridge, and to a delightful village, Cobham, containing the Leather Bottle Inn of Pickwick fame, and a most interesting old church.

"I came from Edinburgh to London by motor coach via the East Coast, staying a night at York. . . ."

From Grenoble Miss Layh writes:

"At present I am doing the vacation course at the University. There are over 400 students taking the course, Poles and Germans in the majority. So far I have not discovered another Australian, but have found a New Zealander. There are several Japanese and Indians, one woman wearing the national dress.

"The town itself is very old,—was the ancient capital of Dauphiny. It is very picturesque if you can forget the dirt. The women still do their washing at the troughs in the streets, most of which are very narrow. The footpath is a couple of feet wide in most places. Even on that you have to watch out, as the tram is right close to it. Of course, the new streets are not like that; but the footpath is taken up with the tables and chairs of the cafes. I love sitting out on the pavement for tea, watching the crowd and listening to the chatter; but it is mostly foreigners who do that.

"I had a night in Paris; but am ashamed to say I was too tired to do much except wander along the Avenue des Champs Elysees. It was frightfully hot and dusty in Paris. There was such a crowd; and all the fountains were playing. It looked lovely in the setting sun. It looked beautiful the next morning, too, as I drove along the river bank to the station. I haven't decided yet whether I'll stay there on my way to Perigueux or go via the south.

We hope to hear more from Miss Layh; and would welcome letters from any Old Scholars abroad.

PERSONAL NOTES

"We rejoice in the joy of our friends as much as we do in our own, and we are equally grieved at their sorrows."

Our congratulations go to Mr. S. F. Limbrick, our President, on his appointment as Lecturer in Economics at the Tasmanian University. Miss Betty Hogarth, too, has to be congratulated on her appointment as assistant to Professor Hytten at the University.

Miss Dorothy Fleming sails for England on the 5th of December on the "Anchises." The best wishes of all Old Scholars go with her.

Mr. Stuart Johnston, who was teaching at the Launceston Church Grammar School, is now at Friends' High.

Several Old Scholars are abroad. Miss Bertha Layh has been appointed Assistante Anglaise at the College de Perigueux, France. We congratulate her.

Mr. Jack Daymond is to be congratulated too on his recent appointment as Magistrate for Native Affairs in New Guinea. He is stationed at Walo, Bangula Bay, Nakanian, New Britain. The settlement consists of about 400 people, including 30 police and three white men. He may be on vacation in December.

Musical Honours have been won by Mr. Jack Waldron, violinist, in the recent Trinity College Examinations. Congratulations are due to him

and also to Miss Gwen Parsons and Mr. Lindsay Hammond, who both passed in pianoforte examinations.

The Old Scholars congratulate the following upon their engagements:—

Bob Findlay to Miss Ida Hayles.

John Scarborough to Bessie Rule.

Hilton Swift to Miss Rayma Edwards.

Kath. Hogarth to Doctor McAulay.

Dorothy Fleming to Mr. Rex Edwards.

The marriages of Old Scholars are always of interest, and receive our congratulations:—

Eileen Monks to Mr. T. Holloway.

Annie Smith to Mr. Fowler.

Ada Gould to Mr. A. J. Jackson.

Archie Mayhead to Miss Mollie Symmons.

Ted. Duncan to Juanita Fletcher.

Edith Briggs to Mr. Medwin Collins.

Rupert Hart to Miss E. Benjafield.

Our sympathies go to those who mourn for Jim Spencer, Dougal McGilp, Winnie Massey, and Mrs. Gordon Johnstone (Trixie Wills).

Jack Spottswood is at present a student at Otira Home Mission College, Melbourne. His nomination as a candidate for the Ministry has been accepted. Old Scholars congratulate him.

Again, we must congratulate Mr. Garth. Briggs, who has called his small daughter Marjorie. Mr. Len. Stubbs is very proud of Peter, and Mrs. R. Bingham (Edna Solomon) is no doubt just as proud of Paul Wellard. Mrs. Sperring (Miss M. Smythe) has now to please a small Richard when she cooks; and Eric Scott, whom we should have congratulated on his appointment as Assistant Curator at the Museum, has no doubt written nursery rhymes for Nairn. Mrs. Ted. Cannell (Terry Fielding) and Mrs. Roy Denman (Emmie Harmon) are to be congratulated on their bonny daughters. We have just heard too, that Charlie Stephens may be congratulated on John; and Ray Brickhill on John Raymond.

Congratulations and best wishes to Mr. Ben. Mather, a previous teacher at our School, on his marriage with Miss Valma Menadue, are somewhat belated but nevertheless sincere.

Thus the "whirligig of time" brings in his changes.

CHURINGA TENNIS CLUB

The past season has been one of mixed success and disappointment for the Old Scholars' Tennis Club.

It continues to be rather disheartening that tennis playing Old Scholars generally do not consider it a duty as well as a pleasure to support their own Club. The courts at present are in bad condition, but with a strong membership we could co-operate with the School in putting them in good order once more, when we would have two really good courts, and every inducement for the formation of a sound club.

We have not yet had an opportunity of holding our annual meeting, but this and our opening day will be held early in November, and all prospective members are invited to attend both.

The subscriptions are: Ladies, £1; men, 2s.

The season is now about to commence, and all information is obtainable from the Secretary, 62 Cameron Street. Phone 536.

You will be pleased to know that we were successful in winning the Ladies' "B" Grade Winter Pennant, which was still in doubt on the night of the Annual Dinner. In the Summer Tournament we won the Ladies' Singles and Doubles Handicaps, and the Ladies' "B" Grade Doubles Championship, while in the Winter Championships, just concluded, we annexed the Ladies' "B" Grade Singles and Doubles Championships for the second year in succession, so that we had a most successful season—winning every event in which we entered with the exception of one only.

All Old Scholars congratulate Jack Lovett on winning the Tasmanian Junior Tennis Championship for 1931. He is the first Old Scholar to win this honour.

JEAN CAMPBELL,
Hon. Secretary.

CHURINGA HOCKEY CLUB

We are very pleased to be able to report another successful season in hockey, and although we did not win the Premiership, we came very close to it, being only one point behind the winners, "Collegians."

The last match in which we played was the only fatal one for us, and it was the only one in which we fielded eleven players. On every other occasion either nine or ten players took the field.

Of the nine consistent members, two deserve special mention for their very much improved form. They are K. Rose and M. Hodgman. Maxine Mold, an ex-member of the School team, was moved from the forward line to the back, and there played a very good game. Gwen Parsons, too, has improved considerably.

As a number of our players are eager to take part in the Interstate matches next year, regular practices are being held at Elphin and St. George's Square. All members are urged to come along.

All present scholars who will be leaving School at the end of the year are reminded that a warm welcome awaits them as members of next season's Churinga team.

CHURINGA DEBATING CLUB

During this year a Debating Club has been formed, and has received the whole-hearted support of many Old Scholars. More members are wanted. They need not debate, but can support the Club and enjoy the evening's entertainment.

At the first Challenge Debate, against a strong team from Y.M.C.A. Debating Club, we won the decision by a substantial majority. We were not successful against a team from Toc H.

Our thanks are due to Mr. H. V. Biggins for the loan of a class room during the session, and also to others who have given their services as adjudicators—Messrs. H. V. Biggins, L. F.

Briggs, W. W. V. Briggs, Alex. Marshall, and F. Tyson.

Intending members of the 1932 Session are asked to communicate with either Messrs. A. K. Fulton (S.H.S.), C. McElwee (Clarke, Hutchins and Gee), or A. D. Foot (Birchall & Sons) for any information required.



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. Hammence, 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, 1931-32

Misses F. Barclay, G. Parsons, J. Blyth, J. Folder, N. Cox, J. Phillips, M. Groves, E. Lawson, G. Lathey, M. Morgan, T. Davey, M. Hamilton, J. Campbell, D. Fleming, E. Norman, R. Lees, A. Nichols, I. Ward, R. Truscott, M. Kidd, N. Harridge, G. Blewett, W. Carter.

Mesdames S. F. Limbrick and H. V. Biggins.

Messrs. A. K. Fulton, A. D. Foot, T. Stephens, C. Russen, C. McElwee, H. C. Barnard, A. E. Daymond, R. Brownrigg, L. Webb, T. Wilson, H. Ripper, A. Thompson, M. Lowe, S. Fuller, R. Cckerby, A. King, L. B. Daymond, R. Suter, J. Cox, G. L. Hart, J. Lovett, F. White, T. B. Griffin, R. Mulligan, R. R. Rudd, L. Hammond, B. Phillips, R. Broomby, R. Hayes, K. L. Conroy, W. Bridley, M. Guy, H. Nicholls, H. McElwee, T. Holloway, N. Barclay, W. Balmforth, A. Folder, S. F. Limbrick, F. B. Stevens, H. B. Davies, D. Folder, C. Patman, A. Gee, A. S. Johnston, C. Best, H. Freeman, C. R. Phillips, R. H. McHugh, A. R. Brickhill, E. Simms, R. O. M. Miller, W. H. Daymond, A. J. Woolcock.



IMPORTANT ADDRESSES OF THE ASSOCIATION

Acting President: Mr. A. D. Foot, c/o Birchalls, Brisbane Street, Launceston.

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

Treasurer: Mr. A. D. Foot, c/o Birchalls.

Communicate with one of these and become a FINANCIAL MEMBER. We need all the financial support we can get next year to help the School through a difficult time. It is OUR SCHOOL.

HELP !

Old Scholars like to hear of Old Scholars, but how is this to happen if there is no central link? Your column is the link. Send in your contributions and matters of interest to the Editor at any time. Thanks go to those who have assisted this time.—(Editor.)



KEY TO PHOTOGRAPHS (Left to Right)

PAGE 11.

PREFECTS: Front Row—B. Rathbun, G. Donnelly (senior), E. Robinson (senior), Mr. H. V. Biggins, B.A. (Principal), M. Armstrong, A. Traill, N. Reader. Back Row—K. Hayward, F. Hayward, F. Hodgetts, E. Bird, N. Gardam, A. Tucker, B. Heazlewood.

LEAVING CLASS: Front Row—E. Bird, F. Hayward, M. Armstrong, G. Donnelly, Mr. L. F. Briggs, B.A. (Supervisor), E. Robinson, A. Traill, B. Rathbun, A. Tucker. Second Row—E. Miller, I. Muirhead, N. Gill, D. Hill, N. Reader, J. Townend, M. Bull, J. Anderson. Back Row—L. Best, D. McQuestin, T. Martin, E. Smith, L. Howlett.

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CRICKET TEAM: Sitting—J. Murfett, A. Tucker (Vice), B. Heazlewood (Captain), B. Ingamells, L. Gurr. Standing—H. Chamberlain, Mr. Pickett (Coach), L. Thurlow, D. McDonald, Mr. R. Mulligan, F. Hayward. On the Ground—J. Townend.

FOOTBALL TEAM: Sitting—C. Smith, F. Hayward, K. Hayward, A. Tucker (Vice), A. Traill (Captain), D. McDonald, G. Donnelly, A. Gough, L. Gurr. Standing—I. Howlett, P. Gunton, L. Thurlow, Mr. T. Doe, A. Flannagan, G. Beauchamp, Mr. Pickett (Coach), G. Walsh, J. Murfett, R. Ingamells. On the Ground—J. Townend, A. Duncan.

ROWING: G. Donnelly, A. Traill (stroke), E. Press, G. Barclay, F. Walker.

RUNNING: G. Donnelly, R. Gandy, Mr. M. Adamthwaite (Coach), L. Best, J. Townend.

PAGE 4.

HOCKEY: Sitting—L. Royle, M. Armstrong (Vice), J. Bowen (Captain), F. Hodgetts, R. Mickleborough. Standing—V. Pitt, F. Jaffray, M. Forsythe, Miss J. Austin, B.Sc. (Coach), J. Andrew, L. Thompson, J. Walker.

TENNIS: Sitting—J. Andrew, E. Robinson (Captain), E. Bird. Standing—J. Geiger, Z. Slater, Miss M. Hamilton, B.Comm. (Coach), M. Armstrong, P. Turnbull.

BASKETBALL: Sitting—E. Robinson, J. Miles (Captain), M. Hurse. Standing—B. Worth, F. White, Miss E. Norman, B.A. (Coach), G. Twidle, J. McHarg.

MAGAZINE COMMITTEE: Sitting—L. Thurlow, I. Muirhead, Mr. L. F. Briggs, B.A. (Supervisor), B. Rathbun (Editor), R. Gandy (Sub-Editor). Middle Row—G. Tabart, H. Beams, J. Miles, J. Montgomery, M. Ogilvie, L. Weeks. Back Row—P. Sulzberger, D. Munroe, P. Searl, G. Andrew, E. Brown, R. Kimber, B. Mitchell.