

The Northern Churinga.



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It is possible to live a very busy life, with intense activities, and yet never, from youth to old age, do a single deed of service. We are apt to be heedless of the feelings of others, and to neglect the many little services and words of cheer, which would have brightened the way and lifted the despondency of someone else. There is something in the simple touch of a friendly hand, the look of a kindly eye, that sends a quickening thrill through our souls. Yet we are continually passing by on the other side of human needs and sorrows. Perhaps we do so because of thoughtlessness: what a difference a little thought would make to some weary, disheartened souls. Thackeray tells of one who kept his pockets full of acorns, and wherever he saw a vacant place in his estate, he took one out and planted it, saying, "An acorn costs nothing, but it may sprout into a prodigious bit of timber." So might a small action, or kind word, which costs nothing, have effects undreamed of by the person who utters it.

There are better things to give than gold or silver. If we can put new life and hope into the heart of a discouraged person so that he rises out of his despair and takes his place in the ranks of active life again, we have done a far better thing for him than if we had put our hand in our pocket and given him money to help him nurse a little longer his miserable despair.

One of the best services one can render to his fellows is to be always an encourager. Opportunities do not wait for us; and when past, can never be recalled, and especially at this time, when there is so much distress and trouble, we would do well to have always by us a kindly smile, a sympathetic word. After all, "doing good is the only certainly happy action of a man's life," and since everyone wants to be happy—the obvious conclusion is—do good.

Kind words cost nothing—they make us rich if we use them. People often talk about the joys of life, but the real joys are not the things we take out, but those we put in.—Carve your name upon hearts, not on marble.

For the heart grows rich in giving;
All its wealth is golden grain:
Seeds which mildew in the garner,
Scattered, fill with gold the plain.



MAGAZINE COMMITTEE

Editor: Lillian Weeks.

Sub-Editor: Archie Flannigan.

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Supervisor: Mr. L. F. Briggs.

SPEECH NIGHT

The eighteenth Annual Speech Night was held at the Albert Hall, on March 22, in the presence of Mr. Brooks, Director of Education, Hon. Claude James, M.H.A., Mr. A. T. Tanner (President of the Parents' Association), and Mr. A. Foot (President of the Old Scholars' Association).

The Headmaster (Mr. A. L. Meston, M.A.) read the report on the School activities for 1931, to the large number of parents and friends. Interesting addresses were given by Mr. Brooks and Mr. James, and Mr. Tanner presented the prizes to those who had won them. The list of duces, and those who had gained Intermediate and Leaving prizes appears below.

The choir, again conducted by Miss A. Nichols, opening with Beethoven's "Creation's Hymn," gave an interesting programme of Folk Songs and Sea Shanties, and were accompanied by Miss G. Morris on the piano. We are grateful to Dr. C. A. Jarman (City Organist), who also accompanied several songs on the organ.

The girls, with Miss J. Gee as instructress, gave a physical drill display, as well as a eurythmic interpretation of "Ave Maria"; and the drill by the boys, who were trained by Mr. T. Doe, again proved very popular.

A new feature was introduced into the programme when two senior boys, R. Gandy and B. Heazlewood, sang a duet.



STAFF NOTES

Principal: Mr. A. L. Meston, M.A.

Staff: Misses W. Carter, B.A., M. Hamilton, B.Comm., A. Nichols, B.A., G. Morris, B.A., J. Blyth, B.A., D. Bock, B.A., J. Gee, D. Chapman, A. Sample, H. Dean (Clerk), Messrs. L. F. Briggs, B.A., W. Hope, A. K. Fulton, B.A., M. Adamthwaite, T. E. Doe, H. Jordan, R. Edwards, B.A., M. Taylor, R. Mulligan.

The year 1932 brings many changes to our School, including a change in Headmasters. Although we were very sorry indeed to lose Mr. Biggins, who had been with us three years, we congratulate him on his promotion, and wish him every success as Headmaster of Hobart High School. To our new Headmaster, Mr. A. L. Meston, M.A., we extend a very hearty welcome, and trust he will be as happy and successful in Launceston as in his former School at Devonport.

Miss Norman has been transferred to Scottsdale, Miss Austin to Hobart, and Mr. Thornton to Devonport. Miss Fleming is now in England. We welcome to our School Mr. Hope and Mr. Jordan.

SCHOOL PRIZE LIST, 1931

Best Leaving Pass (Girls), Eileen Bird.
Best Leaving Pass (Boys), Leslie Howlett.
Dux of Class B, Richard Gandy.
Dux of Class C1, Thelma Jestrinski.
Dux of Class C2, Thora Emmett.
Dux of Class C3, Bruce Ross.
Dux of Class C4, Fred. Rose.
Dux of Class D1, Joan McHarg.
Dux of Class D2, Audrey Ion.
Dux of Class D3, Lyle Chamberlain.
Dux of Class D4, Philip Gee.
Dux of Class E1, E3 (Girl), Freda Jaffray.
Dux of Class E1, E3 (Boy), Eric Dwyer.
Dux of Class E2, Zoe Dawson.
Dux of Class E4, Roger Kimber.

SPECIAL PRIZES

Prizes for General Merit (presented by the Old Scholars' Association).—Leaving: Girl, Eleanor Robinson; Boy, George Donnelly. Intermediate: Girl, Thelma Jestrinski; Boy, William Lovell.

Best Leaving Pass for Northern High Schools (presented by A. W. Birchalls Pty. Ltd.): Eileen Bird.

Prize for Leaving Chemistry (presented by Hatton & Laws): Theo. Martin.

Prize for Intermediate Chemistry (presented by Hatton & Laws): Stanley Harvey.

Prizes for Cookery (presented by Launceston Gas Co.): Class C, Marjorie Hurse; Class D, Betty Worth, Madge McGiverson (aeq.); Class E, Fanny Porter.

Prize for Efficiency in English in "B" Class: Francis Hodgetts.

Prize for Modern History in "B" Class: Leman Thurlow.

UNIVERSITY SCHOLARSHIPS AND PRIZES

(Gained December, 1931)

Literary Scholarship: Leslie Howlett.
General Scholarship: Leslie Howlett, Eileen Bird.

Andrew Inglis Clark Scholarship: Leslie Howlett (4th), Margaret Rathbun (5th), David McQuestin (8th), Eileen Bird (9th).

Gilchrist Watt Scholarship: Leslie Howlett (2nd).

Sir Richard Dry Exhibition (Modern Languages): Eileen Bird (1st), Eleanor Robinson (3rd), David McQuestin (5th).

Prize for English: Margaret Rathbun.

Prize for Latin: Leslie Howlett.

Nellie Ewer's Prize for English: Margaret Rathbun.

Prize for English Composition in Leaving Examination: Margaret Rathbun.

Federal Institute of Accountants' Prize: Eileen Bird (1st), Jack Townsend (7th).

Prize for Commercial Subjects, Intermediate Examination: Marjorie Forsyth.



STATE BURSARIES.

Senior City Bursary: Fred. Rose.
Senior Country Bursary: Stanley Harvey, Ronald Rainbow, William Lovell, Thelma Jestrinski.

SOCIAL NEWS.



THE ROWERS' SOCIAL

On the evening of the eighth of April, the Devonport rowers, who were visiting Launceston on the occasion of the "Bourke Cup," were tendered a social by the Prefects and A and B Classes.

By 7.45 p.m. all were enjoying themselves, and the programme was in full swing. Our Senior Prefect, Keith Heyward, was the master of ceremonies, and an admirable one he was, too.

During the evening both Miss Nicholls and Mr. Adamthwaite rendered solos. Mr. Meston officially welcomed the Devonport rowers, and their coach, Mr. Leicester, who later responded.

At 9.30 p.m. supper, which was laid out in the alcoves, was partaken of, and at 10.20 we joined hands to sing "Auld Lang Syne." The evening was brought to a close with the singing of the School Song and the National Anthem.

SPORTS SOCIAL

On the evening of the 11th March, A Class, Prefects, tennis girls, billetes, and rowers, assembled in the Hall to welcome the Hobart cricket and tennis teams to Launceston.

Games were played until 9.15, when an adjournment was made for supper, which was set out in the alcoves. After an enjoyable evening we all joined in singing "Auld Lang Syne," the School Song, and "God Save the King," before parting.

SENIOR SOCIAL

On Friday, May 3rd, a social was held at the School by the A and B Classes, the A Classes this time preparing the entertainment and supper. During the evening many enjoyable games were played, including "Charades," which proved very popular. Supper was served in room 7, and soon afterwards the usual "Auld Lang Syne," School Song, and National Anthem brought the evening to a close.

SPECIAL ASSEMBLIES.

On March 4 a special assembly was called, in which Mrs. B. E. Duke gave an interesting address on the activities of the Junior Red Cross, and a J.R.C. Club has since been formed in the School as a result of Mrs. Duke's address.

On Friday, April 22, an assembly was held to commemorate Anzac Day. After a short address by the Headmaster, the Senior Prefect, K. Heyward, read the names of those who had passed through School, taking part in the Great War. Captain Fairthorne, who had come from the Anzac Hostel especially for the purpose, gave a stirring address on what Anzac Day means to us. The Assembly closed with the National Anthem, and the School Song.

On Thursday, May 12, an assembly was held, in which the Headmaster addressed us on the Empire, as we were away on Empire Day itself, which fell during the holidays. During assembly,

"Lest We Forget," and "O, God, Our Help in Ages Past" were sung, and assembly was closed with the National Anthem, as well as the School Song.

RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION.

The School was favoured last term with visits from two missionaries. First, the Rev. H. E. Warren, of the Groote Eylandt Mission Station, paid us a visit. Then the Rev. E. C. Yarrington, from a Mission Station in New Guinea, came telling us of the brown people in his care. We are very thankful to both these gentlemen.

Usually, the School is divided into classes for religious instruction on Wednesday morning. The Rev. M. McQueen, M.A., takes the Senior Methodists, Presbyterian, and other Protestants, while another group is in charge of Adjutant Somerville. Rev. Clarnette takes a group of Methodists. He succeeded Rev. Davies, M.A., who took this group at the beginning of the year. Then there are the Church of England senior and junior sections, under the guidance of Rev. McCabe, B.A., and Rev. E. G. Muschamp, M.A.

These gentlemen give valued and uplifting counsel and advice, and we thank them sincerely for their work.

THE CRUSADER MOVEMENT

Following a visit from Colonel Petersen, it was decided in the School that a Crusader Group would be formed.

With Rev. L. J. Hurse as our Guide, we hope to make our presence apparent in School life. The movement is one to enlist Christian Soldiers and to make a stand for Christ in the School.

At our first meeting some 30 attended. The next meeting saw the attendance more than doubled, so that we hope soon to have a large army of boys and girls serving as Christian Soldiers.

Then, besides School meetings, there is the monthly drawing-room meeting, when our leaders meet the leaders from other schools. We hope in the future to establish a powerful force for good in this city; a force which is uplifting, ennobling, and Christ-like.

THE SCHOOL FAIR

On the evening of Friday, 3rd of June, and afternoon and evening of Saturday, a fair was held in the School Hall, in order to supplement School funds. The stalls were as follows:—

Sweet Stall: Miss Carter and Miss Blyth.
Fancy Stall: Miss Nichols and Miss Morris.
Cake Stall: Miss Bock and Miss Hamilton.
Jumble Stall: Mr. Fulton and Mr. Edwards.
Savoury Stall: Mr. Jordan and Mr. Taylor.
Produce Stall: Mr. Briggs and Mr. Mulligan.
Besides these, the Prefects arranged the dip, and concerts were arranged by Mr. Doe, to be held in rooms 10 and 11. Miss Chapman and the girls provided supper at the cooking school. The two "visiting artists" were very popular with their fortune telling. The hall was filled on each occasion, and the 1932 School Fair was decidedly a success. The fair realised over £90.



Towards the end of last year the whole of "Twelfth Night" was staged at the Academy Theatre by B Class. This staging of the entire play was a momentous undertaking, but was successful from every viewpoint. A few weeks later it was again staged, the proceeds being in aid of the Hospital funds.

Much credit for the success was due to the splendid supervision of Miss Fleming and Mr. Briggs, while Miss Morris rendered valuable assistance as pianist.

The following was the caste:—

Orsino Donald McDonald
 Sebastian Gwen Twidle
 Antonio Keith Hayward
 A Sea Captain Gordon Rees
 Sir Toby Belch Athol Gough
 Sir Andrew Aguecheek Robert Ingamells
 Malvolio Archie Flanagan
 Feste Richard Gandy
 Fabian Athol Martin
 Curio Geoffrey Suter
 Valentine Kathleen Jackson
 Priest Roy Warmbrunn
 Gentlemen of Duke's Court... Frances Hodgetts
 and Lily Morgan
 Sailors Leman Thurlow, Ramsay Bull,
 Colin Smith, Alan Turner
 Olivia Barbara Worth
 Viola Mary Muckridge
 Maria Jessie Robinson
 Ladies in Waiting to Olivia Nancy Gardham
 and Jean Montgomery
 Officers Bruce Heazlewood, Leigh Gurr

The School was also very successful at this year's Easter Competitions. "A" Class entered two groups, of which the castes were the same as those in "Twelfth Night" last year. Those in Act II., Scene III., were successful in gaining first place, while those in Act II., Scene IV., were third.

"B" Class staged Act I., Scene 3, from "As You Like It," and were only narrowly defeated for first place. June Edwards, Jean Mann, and Stan. Harvey played their parts well.

D3 were first in their section with a scene from "Julius Caesar." Jack Bennett and Ronald Tyson were very successful as Antony and Brutus, and received splendid assistance from the remainder.

D1 were second in their section with a scene from "Merry Wives of Windsor." All played their parts well, while Barbara Meston, Arthur Anderson, Bern. Mitchell, and Freida Jaffray deserve special mention.

Our thanks are due to Miss Gee, Mr. Briggs, and Mr. Fulton, for their splendid supervision.

LEAVING EXAMINATION PASS LIST, 1931

Anderson, Mary Jean, 1, 2, 10, 11, 12, C.21.
 Armstrong, Mabel Grace, 1, 2, 4, 5, 8, 10, 18.
 Best, Douglas Lindsay, 1, 8, 10, 11, 12, 14.
 Bird, Eileen Walton, C.1, C.2, C.5, C.8, C.10, 11, 12, C.20.
 Bull, Margaret Annie, 1, 2, 4, 8, 10, 11, 18.
 Donnelly, George William, C.1, C.2, 4, 5, 6, 8, 11.
 Hill, Dorothy Ismay, 1, 2, 4, 5, 6, 8, 11.
 Howlett, Leslie Frederick, C.1, C.2, C.4, 5, C.6, C.10, 11.
 McQuestin, David Henry, C.1, C.2, 4, C.5, 6, C.8, 10.
 Martin, Theodore Les., C.1, C.4, C.10, 11, 12, C.14, C.15.
 Miller, Eileen Elizabeth, 1, 2, 4, 10, 11.
 Rathbun, Margaret Helen, C1, 2, C4, C5, 8, 10, 15.
 Reader, Nancy Enid, 1, C4, 5, 8, 10, 11, 18.
 Robinson, Elinor Mary, C1, 2, 4, C8, 10, 11, 18.
 Smith, Edmund Thomas, 1, 8, C10, 11, 12, C14, C15.
 Townend, Jack, 1, 2, 5, 10, 11, 12, C20.
 Traill, Arthur James, 1, C2, C4, 5, 10, 11, 15.
 Tucker, Aubrey Edward, 1, 8, C10, 11, 12, 13, 14, C15.
 Gill, Neil, 1, 2, 4, 6, 10.
 Hayward, Fred., 1, 8, 10, 11, 12, 15.
 (All but one satisfied University requirements)
 [1, English; 2, Modern History; 3, Ancient History; 4, Geography; 5, Economics; 6, Latin; 7, Greek; 8, French; 9, German; 10, Algebra; 11, Geometry; 12, Plane Trigonometry; 13, Applied Mathematics; 14, Physics; 15, Chemistry; 16, Geology; 17, Botany; 18, Physiology and Hygiene; 19, Mechanical Drawing; 20, Commercial; 21, Art; 22, Music.]

INTERMEDIATE PASS LIST, 1931

Raymond Adams, Frederick Atherton, Violet Atkinson, Graham Barclay, Charles Barnard, Roy Bell, Douglas Bowden, Brian Breheny, Jack Brett, Geoff. Callahan, Verdun Cameron, Henry Chamberlain, Catherine Cooper, Oliver Davern, Roy Dean, Gwendolyn Eastoe, Thora Emmett, Kenneth Fenton, Mary Ferguson, Elizabeth Fitze, Marjorie Forsyth, Ailsa Fraser, Muriel French, Harold Fulford, John Glasson, Malcolm Glennie, William Gourlay, Jean Grubb, Maxwell Harrison, Stanley Harvey, Lawrence Hayward, Joan Hoyle, Marjorie Hurse, Mervyn Jacobson, Thelma Jestrinski, Lindsay Jones, Lloyd Jones, Adelaide Lawson, William Lovell, Alice McKimmie, Doris McCormick, Jean Mann, Lorna Manson, Beryl Morgan, Sylvia Murfet, Morris Ogilvie, George Paton, James Peirce, Elizabeth Percy, Verna Pitt, Stanley Pollard, Maida Ramskill, Ronald Rainbow, Frederick Rose, Bruce Ross, Lucy Royle, Zillah Slater, Philip Sulzberger, Betty Thow, Maxwell Thow, Donald von Bertouch, Marjorie Walker, Gordon Walsh, Lilian Weeks, Richard Whitford, Lindsay Whitham, Nancy Whitham.

BOYS' ATHLETIC SPORTS

On Wednesday, April 20, the Sixteenth Annual Boys' Athletic Sports were held at the Cricket Ground. We were favoured with fine weather, except for a rather strong wind. Nevertheless, a most pleasant afternoon passed by in the presence of parents, friends, and girls of the School.

To Dick Gandy (S.), as School Champion for 1932, we offer our hearty congratulations. Considering the large number of competitors, his performance is all the more meritorious. Dick scored the highest number of points (25) ever recorded by anyone. We must consider, however, that there were more championship events and a higher number of points awarded to each event.

Don. McDonald (S.) was runner-up with 12 points, and Eric Saxon (S.) third with 11 points. Others who performed creditably were B. Heazlewood (A.) 10 points, J. Townend (F.) 10 points, and L. Jones (A.) 10 points.

The Junior Championship was won by Arthur Duncan (A.) with 13 points, after a close struggle with D. Bowles (F.) 12 points. Don. Scott (S.) scored 4 points. We must again congratulate Ken. Cassidy (F.) on annexing the Under 13 Championship with the possible 12 points. G. Davis (A.), 6 points, was second, and H. McPhee (W.) 2 points, third.

Easily the most spectacular events of the day were the jumping events. The pole vault record of 7ft. was broken by the holder, B. Heazlewood, who cleared 8ft. with an easy and graceful action. D. McDonald also jumped creditably.

No one thought for a moment that the record of 5ft. 1in. for the High Jump would be broken. When, however, the competitors were down to three and the stick at a height of 5ft. interest became centred on the attempt. Half an inch more was cleared, and then E. Saxon and L. Thurlow both missed 5ft. 1in. Dick Gandy jumped this, then 5ft. 1½in. and 5ft. 2in., setting up new figures for the event.

A long-jump and a hop-step-and-jump were included in the programme. D. McDonald will hold the former record with 15ft. 4in., and B. Heazlewood the latter with 38ft. Only one other record was broken. A. Duncan set new figures for the 440 Yards Under 15.

Sorell House gained the Championship Cup and the Shield for the Senior Relay. Franklin won the Junior Relay Shield.

We thank the President and Referee, Mr. A. L. Meston, M.A.; the Starter, Mr. T. Doe; the Judges, Messrs. W. H. Daymond, M. McQueen, M.A., L. F. Briggs, B.A., and W. Hope; the Stewards, Messrs. A. K. Fulton, B.A., H. Jordan, M. Taylor, and R. Edwards, B.A.; the Handicappers, Messrs. M. Adamthwaite, R. W. Gandy, B. E. Heazlewood, J. Townend, and L. A. Thurlow; the Ground Supervisor, Mr. R. Mulligan; the Timekeeper, Mr. G. Doonan; the Committee, Messrs. R. W. Gandy, B. E. Heazlewood, J. Townend, and L. A. Thurlow. The sports were efficiently controlled by the Honorary Secretary, Mr. M. Adamthwaite.

HOUSE POINTS.

Sorell House (Red) 93 points
 Franklin House (Gold) 77 "
 Arthur House (Green) 50 "
 Wilmot House (Purple) 10 "
 The results were as follows:—

CHAMPIONSHIPS.

100 Yards, open.—R. Gandy, 1; E. Saxon, 2; L. Jones, 3. Time, 11½sec.
 High Jump, Open.—R. Gandy, 1 (5ft. 2in.); L. Thurlow and E. Saxon, 2 (5ft. 1in. (Record).)
 220 Yards, Open.—R. Gandy, 1; D. McDonald, 2; L. Jones, 3. Time, 24 3-10sec.
 440 Yards, Open.—L. Jones, 1; R. Gandy, 2; E. Saxon, 3. Time, 60½sec.
 Long Jump, Open.—D. McDonald, 1; M. Thow, 2; R. Gandy, 3. Distance, 15ft. 4in. (Record).
 120 Yards Hurdles, Open.—E. Saxon, 1; R. Gandy, 2; N. Shegog, 3. Time, 8min. 19 2-5sec.
 Pole Vault, Open.—B. Heazlewood, 1; D. McDonald, 2; A. Martin, 3. Height, 8ft. (Record).
 Hop, Step and Jump, Open.—B. Heazlewood, 1; R. Gandy, 2; D. McDonald, 3. Distance, 36ft. (Record).
 880 Yards, Open.—J. Townend, 1; L. Jones, 2; L. Gurr, 3. Time, 2.22 1-5.
 Mile, Open.—J. Townend, 1; N. Shegog, 2; R. Bull, 3. Time, 5min. 53 9-10sec.
 100 Yards, Under 15.—A. Dineen, 1; D. Bowles, 2; B. Widdowson, 3.
 440 Yards, Under 15.—A. Duncan, 1; W. Bowles, 2; R. Watts, 3. Time, 67 2-5sec. (Record).
 220 Yards, Under 15.—W. Bowles, 1; A. Duncan, 2; B. Widdowson, 3. Time, 27 3-10sec.
 880 Yards, Under 15.—W. Bowles, 1; A. Duncan, 2; L. Brain, 3. Time, 2min. 47sec.
 High Jump, Under 15.—E. Scott, 1; A. Butler, 2; A. Duncan, 3. Height, 4ft. 6in.
 75 Yards, Under 13.—K. Cassidy, 1; G. Davis, 2; P. Welsh, 3. Time, 10 1-10sec.
 100 Yards, Under 13.—K. Cassidy, 1; G. Davis, 2; H. McPhee, 3. Time, 13 3-5sec.
 220 Yards, Under 13.—K. Cassidy, 1; G. Davis, 2; H. McPhee, 3. Time, 3min.

HANDICAPS.

100 Yards, Open.—E. Saxon, 1; R. Whitford, 2; L. Jones, 3.
 220 Yards, Open.—H. Beams, 1; R. Whitford, 2; B. Ross, 3.
 440 Yards, Open.—A. Flanagan, 1; R. Whitford, 2; B. Box, 3.
 880 Yards, Open.—J. Murfet, 1; J. Townend, 2; L. Robertson, 3.
 One Mile, Open.—R. Whelan, 1; A. Senior, 2; C. Barnard, 3.
 100 Yards, Under 15.—W. Bowles, 1; B. Widdowson, 2; G. Mitchell, 3.
 220 Yards, Under 15.—W. Bowles, 1; J. Mace, 2; R. Tucker, 3.
 440 Yards, Under 15.—G. Furrage, 1; R. Whelan, 2; C. Statton, 3.
 880 Yards, Under 15.—G. Furrage, 1; R. Whelan, 2; E. Evans, 3.
 100 Yards, Under 13.—K. Cassidy, 1; R. Wilkinson, 2; F. Box, 3.

NOVELTIES.

Sack Race.—B. Jones, 1; W. Gourlay, 2; R. Jackson, 3.
 Obstacle Race, Over 14.—W. Gourlay, 1; M. Cox, 2; R. Barclay, 3.
 Obstacle Race, Under 14.—G. Mitchell, 1; R. Whelan, 2; T. Hague, 3.
 Siamese Race, Over 14.—M. Thow and L. Jones, 1; M. Shegog and R. Watts, 2; G. Furnage and N. Cameron, 3.
 Siamese Race, Under 14.—R. Whelan and A. Senior, 1; R. Morgan and R. Tucker, 2; E. Furnage and N. Cameron, 3.
 Egg and Spoon Race.—R. Barclay, 1; G. Mitchell, 2; R. Tyson, 3.
 Blindfold Barrel Race.—L. Thurlow, 1; R. Hill, 2; J. Steele, 3.
 Wheelbarrow Race.—P. McCord and W. Gourlay, 1; M. Ogilvie and A. Senior, 2; G. Furnage and R. Tyson, 3.
 Slow Bicycle Race.—K. Cox, 1; G. Callahan, 2; R. Whitford, 3.

ROWING NOTES

The boys commenced training during the last week in February, and trained solidly until the Clarke Shield, which was held on May 11.

The crew was finalised as follows:—W. Lovell (bow), K. Heyward (2), G. Walsh (3), G. Beauchamp (stroke), E. Press (cox.).

The crew started in the Schools' Race in the Henley-on-the-Tamar Regatta, on March 11, and secured third place, being narrowly defeated by Devonport High School by a quarter of a length for second place. With this narrow margin separating the two crews in their first race, the Bourke Cup race was looked forward to with eagerness.

The race was rowed on the Tamar on April 8. Weather conditions were ideal, and the water calm. During the race the coxswains converged upon one another, but separated again, our crew winning by a clear length. A re-row was ordered, and our boys by superior condition won by five lengths.

The Clarke Shield race was rowed on the Derwent on May 11. Our crew was in a strange boat, using strange oars, but here again their superior stamina and combination came to the surface, and they won comfortably by six lengths.

The boys always applied the weight freely, developing a good shoulder lift. Very good time was maintained throughout, and a steady recovery allowed the boat to run well between strokes.

The boys were consistent and thoroughly conscientious in their work, and their wholehearted co-operation made it possible for the School to win both the Bourke Cup and the Clarke Shield.

The thanks of the School are due to Mr. Theo. Martin, a member of our 1931 "A" Class, who rendered very valuable services as coach of the victorious crew.

FOOTBALL NOTES

At a meeting of about 25 players early in the season, Keith Hayward was elected captain, Bruce Heazlewood vice-captain, and Don. McDonald secretary.

The team has been training hard for several weeks, with Mr. E. A. Pickett again as coach, and Mr. Doe has charge of the boys.

We have been successful in winning two of the three matches played this season. Results:—

Lost to Dark Blue Rovers, 11.10 to 16.9. Best player, Gunton.

Defeated Grammar, 5.14 to 5.4. Best players, Murfett and Gunton.

Defeated Grammar, 13.5 to 4.3. Best player, Walsh.

TENNIS NOTES (BOYS)

This year the Boys' Tennis Club, initiated by Mr. Thornton, is being carried on under the hands of Mr. Doe, Athol Martin, the President, and a very capable manager in Don. McDonald. Several matches have been played against the girls and against the Junior Technical School. The boys have won all these matches. Also a friendly match against the Hobart High was played. The School won by five sets to three, one set being unfinished. It is hoped in future to make inter-High School matches an annual affair.

In the School tournaments held at Easter, the winner of the School singles championship was Don. Lovett. He played convincingly throughout, and defeated John Steer in the final. Don. shows great promise as a tennis player. In the mixed doubles handicap the winners were Freda Jaffray and Julian Murfett. Next year it is hoped that the Tennis Club will be able to carry on and open up a wider scope of operations.

CRICKET NOTES
FIRSTS

Bruce Heazlewood was again elected captain of the firsts for the ensuing year. With seven of our last year's eleven back at School, we viewed our cricket matches this season with a great deal of confidence. Under the coaching of Mr. E. A. Pickett we gradually developed into a solid combination, having some fine forcing batsmen and some accurate bowlers. Such was our improvement that we beat Scotch College, who had not been beaten for many seasons. We also defeated Grammar School and Technical College.

We appreciate the coaching of Mr. E. A. Pickett, to whom we must attribute our marked improvement, and we take this opportunity of offering to him our heartiest thanks.

On March 11 Hobart S.H.S. visited us to play us at the Cricket Ground. We viewed this match very confidently, as H.S.H.S. had lost their outstanding players. A day before the match, however, heavy rain set in and the wicket was saturated. Play seemed out of the question, but owing to the influence of the sun we were able to begin at 2.30 p.m. instead of 10 a.m. The

wicket was slow and easy, but as the afternoon wore on it became very fiery, much to our consternation. W. Read made 7 for H.S.H.S., while B. Heazlewood compiled 19 for us. The most successful bowlers were A. Pearsall (H.), 5 for 19, M. Jillett (H.), 5 for 13; and D. Bowden (L.), 6 for 42. The following are the detailed scores:

H.S.H.S.—First Innings.

A. Pearsall, c Dwyer, b Bowden	10
V. Burley, c Gurr, b Dwyer	1
M. Jillett, c Murfett, b Dwyer	0
W. Read, b Bowden	57
B. Scott, l.b.w., b Heazlewood	13
W. Brooke, st. Ingamells, b Bowden	1
R. Gilbert, b Bowden	16
R. Baker, run out	19
M. Charlesworth, c Thurlow, b Bowden	4
M. Charlesworth, c Thurlow, b Bowden	0
R. Brooke, c Dennis, b Bowden	4
G. Yard, not out	4
Sundries (byes 2, leg byes 2)	4
Total	130

Bowling.

	Overs.	Maidens.	Runs.	Wkts.
Murfett	7	—	27	—
Dwyer	8	—	26	2
Bowden	12	3	42	6
Heazlewood	5	1	21	1
Dennis	2	—	10	—
Townend	0.4	—	—	—

L.S.H.S.—First Innings.

R. Ingamells, c Gilbert, b Pearsall	5
J. Murfett, c Gilbert, b Pearsall	2
B. Heazlewood, c R. Brooke, b Jillett	19
L. Gurr, b Pearsall	0
J. Townend, c Charlesworth, b Pearsall	2
A. Gough, c Jillett, b Pearsall	0
D. McDonald, c Yard, b Jillett	1
E. Dwyer, c Yard, b Jillett	2
L. Thurlow, l.b.w., b Jillett	0
D. Bowden, b Jillett	1
L. Dennis, not out	0
Sundries (leg byes 4)	4
Total	36

Bowling.

	Overs.	Maidens.	Runs.	Wkts.
Pearsall	9	2	19	5
Jillett	9	—	13	5

The following other matches were played:—

v. SCOTCH COLLEGE, 24/10/31.

School, 148 (L. Gurr 42, D. McDonald 28, R. Ingamells 17), and 8 for 163 (B. Heazlewood 41, K. Bain, n.o., 26, H. Chamberlain, n.o., 24).

Scotch College, 208 (F. Hayward 4 for 21, J. Townend 2 for 12, A. Tucker 1 for 17, J. Murfett 1 for 33, H. Chamberlain 2 for 51).

v. SCOTCH COLLEGE, 7/11/31.

School, 112 (B. Heazlewood 56, R. Ingamells 19), and 79 (R. Ingamells 18, D. McDonald 16, A. Tucker 13).

Scotch had an outright win (L. Thurlow 3 for 33).

v. OLD SCHOLARS, 28/11/31.

School, 6 for 188, declared (B. Heazlewood 89, L. Gurr (retired hurt), 36, L. Thurlow 14 n.o.).

O.S., 81 and 68. An accurate bowling analysis was not kept.

v. GRAMMAR SCHOOL, 6/2/32.

School, 140 (Heazlewood 39, Gurr 22, Murfett 19, Gough 18).

Grammar, 105 (Scott 4 for 25, Murfett 3 for 17).

v. GRAMMAR SCHOOL, 13/2/32.

School, 124 (Ingamells 48, Heazlewood 27). Grammar, 62 (Bowden 5 for 12, McDonald 2 for 0).

v. SCOTCH COLLEGE, 20/2/32.

School, 169 (Gurr 69, Murfett 21, McDonald 21, Scott 18 n.o.) and 7 for 110, declared (Murfett 21, Gurr 17, McDonald 29 n.o.).

Scotch, 98 (Murfett 1 for 18, Scott 2 for 9, Dwyer 1 for 8, Watts 2 for 7), and 0 for 74.

v. TECHNICAL SCHOOL, 24/2/32.

School, 4 for 159 (Heazlewood 77 n.o., L. Gurr 19 n.o., Townend 13).

Technical School, 118 (D. Bowden 6 for 9, Murfett 3 for 27).

v. GRAMMAR SCHOOL, 5/3/32.

School, 143 (Gough 31, Ingamells 30, Murfett 22), and 7 for 155, declared (Heazlewood 45, Murfett 28, Ingamells 26).

Grammar, 134 (Murfett 6 for 29), and 2 for 63.

GIRLS' SPORTS.

TENNIS NOTES
THE FIRSTS

A temporary team was chosen at the end of 1931, and had some practice in match play against Broadland House. One member only of the 1931 team returned this year, and the remainder were very inexperienced.

The boys organised a team, and matches were arranged against them for Friday afternoons. The girls' doubles showed weakness, but the singles were usually more evenly contested. In all matches the boys' team was successful.

The girls' team finally chosen to train for the match against Hobart included June Edwards (captain), Alice McKimmie, Jean Montgomery, Gwen Smith, Freda Jaffray, Zillah Slater, Joyce Walker (first emergency), Jessie Bowen (second emergency). In preparation for the match, the team had constant practice, before school and during the singing periods. They were coached by Miss Hamilton, whom the team wish to thank for their improvement. The match v. Hobart resulted in a victory for Hobart by 8 sets to 1, and we offer heartiest congratulations to them on this splendid result.

The best players for the School were Alice McKimmie, June Edwards, and Freda Jaffray.

HOUSE TEAMS.

The ladder system has been introduced, and keen competition is shown in the weekly inter-House contests. One scheme of improvement is the early morning practice of the various houses, once a week.

THE FIRSTS' HOCKEY TEAM

In view of the present season, the girls of the prospective Firsts' Hockey Team began early morning practice some time before the holidays. In the matches already played improved stick work as a result of this has already been noticeable, and we hope to supplement this with more team practice. We lost five players from last year's team; but in three of these places Pat Honey, Peggy Meston, and Molly Wilson are doing useful work. Under the coaching of Miss Blyth and the captainship of Jessie Bowen the team is working steadily.



THE SWIMMING CARNIVAL

On March 9, beginning at 2.30 p.m., a swimming carnival was held at the Victoria Baths. The weather was fine, and a number of visitors, besides all the School, were present. We are grateful to Mr. A. G. Stearnes, who judged the diving, and also to the members of the staff, who directed the proceedings.

BOYS' EVENTS.

Open Championship, 50 Yards Breast Stroke.—P. McCord (F.) and R. Dean (F.), 1; G. Walsh (W.), 3.

Open Championship, 50 YARDS SIDE.—P. McCord (F.), 1; G. Walsh (W.), 2; L. Thurlow (W.), 3.

Open Championship, 100 Yards Free.—G. Walsh (W.), 1; G. Beauchamp (S.), 2; D. McDonald (S.), 3.

Open Championship, 200 Yards Free.—R. Dean (F.), 1; K. Heyward (F.), 2; G. Walsh (W.), 3.

Open Championship, 25 Yards Back.—P. McCord (F.), 1; G. Walsh (W.), 2; G. Beauchamp (G.), 3.

Open Championship Dive: (a) Standing, (b) Running, (c) High.—K. Heyward (F.), 24 pts., 1; G. Walsh (W.), 23 pts., 2; D. Clarke (W.), 19 pts., 3.

Under 15 Championship 50 Yards Breast.—R. Dean (F.), 1; P. McCord (F.), 2.

Under 16 Championship 50 Yards Free.—P. McCord (F.), 1; R. Dean (F.), 2.

Under 16 Championship 100 Yards Free.—R. Dean (F.), 1; P. McCord (F.), 2.

Under 16 Championship Dive: (a) Standing, (b) Running, (c) High.—D. Clark (W.), and F. Rose (F.), 19 pts., 1; D. von Bertouch (A.), 18 pts., 3.

Under 14 Championship 25 Yards Breast.—P. Cartledge (F.), 1; G. Furmage (F.), 2; A. Tanner (F.), 3.

Under 14 Championship 50 Yards Free.—G. Furmage (F.), 1; J. Steer (A.), 2; A. Tanner (F.), 3.

Under 14 Championship Dive: (a) Standing, (b) Running, (c) High.—A. Tanner (F.), 1; D. von Bertouch (A.), 2; J. Steer (A.), 3.

Under 13 Championship, 25 Yards Free.—P. Cartledge (F.), 1; G. MacLaine (W.), 2; J. Bell (F.), 3.

Novice Race.—D. Hughes (F.), 1; L. Chamberlain (S.), 2; C. Wiltshire (F.), 3.

Open Handicap 50 Yards Free.—M. Ogilvie (A.), 1; G. Walsh (W.), 2; W. Gourlay (S.), 3.

Under 16 Handicap 50 Yards Free.—B. Widdowson (S.), 1; J. Pullen (F.), 2; P. Gee (W.), 3.

Blowing Balloon, 25 Yards.—D. Clark (W.), 1; G. Furmage (F.), 2; G. Walsh (W.), 3.

Diving for Objects (first to bring up three).—G. Furmage (F.), 1; G. Walsh (W.), 2; D. Clark (W.), 3.

House Relay Race (Senior).—Franklin House, 20; Wilmot House, 12; Arthur House, 8.

House Relay Race (Junior).—Franklin House, 12; Arthur House, 8; Wilmot House, 4.

GIRLS' EVENTS.

Open Championship, 50 YARDS.—A. Marshall (S.), 1; B. Fitze (A.), 2; D. Gough (F.), 3.

Open Handicap, 50 Yards.—B. Fitze (A.), 1; M. Potter (S.), 2; J. Robinson (S.), 3.

Novice Race.—B. Lawrence (F.), 1; S. Carter, 2; M. Roberts, 3.

Under 14 Championship, 25 Yards.—A. Marshall (S.), 1; D. Gough (F.), 2; M. Potter (S.), 3.

Girls' Relay Race.—Arthur House, 20; Sorrell House, 12; Franklin House, 8.

Boys' Open Championship.—G. Walsh (22), 1; P. McCord (17), 2.

Boys Under 16 Championship.—R. Dean (13), 1; P. McCord (11), 2.

Boys Under 14 Championship.—G. Furmage (6½), 1; A. Tanner (6), 2.

Boys Under 13 Championship.—P. Cartledge (3), 1; G. MacLaine, (2), 2.

Girls' Open Championship.—A. Marshall (6), 1; B. Fitze (4), 2.

Girls Under 14 Championship.—A. Marshall (4), 1; D. Gough (2), 2.

TOTAL HOUSE POINTS.

	Sorrell.	Arthur.	Franklin.	Wilmot.
Boys	14	26½	128½	56
Girls	29	28	18	2



DUCES (May, 1932)

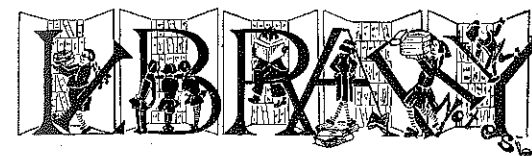
Class A—Richard Gandy	84%
B—Bruce Ross	83.6%
C1—Audrey Ion	75.9%
C2—Philip Sulzberger	85.2%
C3—Alan MacLaine	76.3%
D1—Winnie Roberts	81.3%
D2—Winnie Ogilvie	72.7%
D3—Rupert Heyes	72.6%
E1—Betty Coe	84%
E2—Rhyllis Westbrook	81.5%
E3—Richard Jackson	77.8%



ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

We have to acknowledge receipt of the following:—

"The Record" (University High School).
Industrial High School Magazine.
Brisbane High School for Girls Magazine.
Scottsdale High School Magazine.
Brisbane High School Magazine.
Brisbane State High School Magazine.
"The Longerenong Collegian" (Agricultural College).
"The Torch" (Battersea Central School for Boys).
Unley High School Magazine.
"The Devonian" (Devonport State High School).
"The Log" (Hobart State High School).
Burnie High School Magazine.
Queenstown School of Mines Magazine.



The School libraries, both circulating and reference, continue to be of great value to the School. The most consistent borrowers appear to be the E Classes, followed by A, B, and C. A number of books were purchased with the proceeds of "Twelfth Night," and the 1931 A Class, as well as the Prefects, donated books. A new reading-desk was recently installed in the Reference Library, and greatly facilitates the use of journals and magazines. Contributions towards the libraries, in books or money, will always be gratefully received.



PREFECTS

As a new position, that of a Library Prefect, was inaugurated at the beginning of the year, there are now fourteen prefects chosen from the Senior School. The positions are as follows:—

Head Prefects: Frances Hodgetts and Keith Hayward.

Sports Prefects: Catherine Cooper and William Lovell.

Magazine Prefect: Lillian Weeks.

Library Prefect: Gwenlyn Twidle.

House Captains—

Purple: Thelma Jestrinski and Leman Thurlow.

Gold: Kathleen Muckridge and Donald McDonald.

Green: Dorothy Gardam and Bruce Heazlewood.

Red: Kathleen Jackson and Richard Gandy.

As before, we have a class monitor for the internal management of the class rooms, and duties correspond to those of old class prefects.

At the first Prefects' meeting, L. Thurlow was elected Secretary, and it was decided to hold subsequent meetings fortnightly on Thursdays.

John Townend was originally House Captain of Gold, but as he left at the end of last term, it was necessary to elect a new captain. We congratulate Donald McDonald on his appointment, and to Frances and Keith also, as Head Prefects, we extend our warmest congratulations.

Senior Section.

VAGABONDS

Wanderers, vagabonds, beachcombers all!
Lords of the universe, scum of the earth,
Knowing for certain this old world is small,
Laughing at sorrow and flirting with mirth!
Feet on the high road and soul on the sea,
Elbows on deck rails, and eyes on the land,
Sailing and singing and yet never free,
Slave to a craving we can't understand.
Love or adventure or beauty or gold,
Mantles of tinsel, or tatters that gall,
Odysseus complex from cradle to mould,
Wanderers, vagabonds, beachcombers all!
J. WOOD (Class C1), Franklin.



CHANGING SEASONS

Do you remember, my dear, that spring-time long ago? The gipsy-gold of buttercups was out along the stream, and the larks filled their throats with throbbing melody. Tender-green were the willows where they leaned to the dancing ripples, and the hawthorn showed its first snowy gleam above the dew-drenched violets. We were children then, my dear, with children's hearts and children's hopes, and spring was in the air.

Do you remember, heart's dearest, when summer came? Red, red roses and red clover heads where roamed the bees, humming in deep content. On the hillsides, the fires of the gorse burned, filling the air with their spicy odour, and all was love, and life, and laughter. We were happy then, heart's dearest, and life was very good.

It was autumn; you remember, my dear, the fall of the leaf. White petals lay in the lanes in fragrant ruin, and silver mists of rain clothed the sorrowing hills. From the empty fields the golden grain was reaped. The harvest was over, and we, too, were sorrowing; yet had deep peace.

The fire is low, my sweet, and the shadows falling. The lost wind calls and will not be denied. The mist is breaking on the hills and we must go; for it is rest, 'tis winter now, my sweet.

"GARD" (Class A), Arthur.



NIGHT

The air was fresh, sweet with the fragrance of flowering wattles, and faintly melodious with the droning wings of night beetles. A growing radiance in the eastern sky heralded the rising moon, but as yet, all was in darkness. The hoot of an owl sounded from the hillside, to be answered from another point in the darkness; then the boom of the bell-toned marsh frogs in the flats near the river. Man was silent; but Nature—never.

L. WEEKS (Class B), Wilmot.

THE AGE OF TORTURE

Scene: Schoolroom in 2932. Schoolroom extensively fitted with couches, easy-chairs, etc. Students eating or sleeping. Enter Professor.

Professor Nohall: To-day I shall continue my lecture upon the Twentieth Century or "The Age of Torture." You will recall my previous lectures about the tyranny and infamy of the rulers, and the misery and the suffering of the oppressed. To-day I shall speak about the Launceston State High School, an institution in which these evil devices were practised to their fullest, and in which the inflictions suffered by the unmurmuring students are almost incredible.

It appears to have been the custom in the School for groups of boys to be collected under a certain notorious Mr. Doe, and forced to manufacture vile-smelling gases, with which to torture and annoy their helpless victims.

During the half-hour allotted for rest, the only relaxation indulged in was violent physical exertion, known as physical training. One squad in particular, consisting of the bigger youths, suffered the most inhuman treatment. The great historian, Ringemin, says of them, "As they stood in front of the school entrance, under the eyes of their relentless drill-master, a being utterly devoid of feeling, they were the cynosure and the admiration of all eyes. They were, without doubt, youths of magnificent physical bearing, the majority of whom varied from five to six feet in height, and some exceptional ones were four feet in width. Their perfect physique and bulging muscles never failed to attract a gaping, and often mocking crowd. They were considered strong in an age of strength."

Nor were the females exempt from this harsh punishment. Another historian, Sorem, says, "The girls were assembled and forced to sit upon extremely hard, wooden seats. Then a teacher would appear and wave before the assembled throng a small but war-like baton. So great was their fear of this merciless woman, that they would rise and wail pitifully for mercy."

One class, "A" Class, seemed to have suffered the greatest privations of all. Here is a photograph of this class. (The professor exhibits a photograph of the class during an English period.) Observe the terrifying countenance of the supervisor—a typical master of those savage, barbarous days—and the strained, anxious faces of the class. The two smallest boys are so terrified that their hair stands on end. Strange to say, on surveying a book of the larger boy, I found his name written in the back—"Ram Bull." Rather a strange mixture of quadrupeds, is it not? But the Tasmanians used peculiar names.

Notice the boy in the front. He is so frightened, that he is perspiring freely.

Sleepy Voice: Wouldn't be fat by any chance, would it?

Second Sleepy Voice: Shut up! Give him a show! He's hurting nobody.

Professor (continuing): So overcome is this fair-haired boy with glasses, by the excessive mental and physical strain, that he has collapsed, and his beautiful golden locks are bent low over his desk, as if he was enjoying calm, soothing sleep.

Notice the case at the back of the room. What a huge, cumbersome thing it is? Upon its side inscribed in silver are the abnormally large letters, "L.A.T." However, you must not marvel at this, for pride was ever the down-fall of the Tasmanians. Incredible as it may seem, this innocent victim was forced to carry home every night this case full of large books, whose contents he was forced to peruse and consume.

Observe the boy in the back; he is typical of this age of strength, and he is the strongest of the strong. Notice his stern, indomitable countenance, his bulging muscles, and fighting jaw. What a warrior he is! However, he has one great weakness—his hair, and report states that he was the school stylist in this direction.

You will observe that the girls appear almost interested in the lesson, while the one at the back seems to have almost some understanding of it. These girls were noted for their great endurance, because photographs of a later period, which were taken during a Latin lesson, show that all the girls still survived, but only two boys still lived. The remainder of the boys, in all probability, were unable to stand the strain and died, or were killed off, leaving only the strongest two.

Voice: I've had enough! I'm going home!

All: Home's the place for us!

[Exeunt, leaving Professor Nohall alone.]

ARCHIE FLANAGAN (Class A),
Wilmot.

SOMETHING TO DO

Have you ever watched, as the sun goes down,
The leaves of the gum trees gleaming?
How they toss to and fro in the evening breeze
As the light of the west is streaming?
Have you ever stood on the rocks by the shore
And listened to breakers crashing?
And heard the scream of the sea-birds,
And the waves on the rock-front dashing?
Have you ever seen in the early dawn
The purple and gold of the mountain?
Or heard the music of falling rain
Like the play of a splashing fountain?
If you've never done this—oh, what you have missed!
You have something yet to do.
You have never really lived at all,
And oh, how I pity you.

L. WEEKS (B Class), Wilmot.

A STORM AT SEA

It was still, dead calm, but I could feel the liner, huge as she was, dipping with ever-increasing force over the long, oily swells. Jagged white-hot forks had already commenced to light up the inky darkness of the northern sky, increasing in brilliancy and becoming nearer and nearer each minute. The calm continued; yet not a point of light was visible between the brilliant flashes. Once more the forked lightning played between sky and sea, and by its brief but intense light I detected a long white line to the north. This must have been observed by the captain too, for the ship was immediately turned towards it. Again the inky heavens were cloven by a light which made all as bright as day—a light which turned the whole sea into a sheet of liquid fire stretching away to where the horizon disappeared in a black, unfathomable gulf. In an instant it was gone, and a darkness thicker and more impenetrable than before fell over the sea, while mighty peals of thunder crashed unceasingly. On a sudden came a scream, a hiss of water, and another intense flash. The ship was bathed in an unearthly light, and fire seemed to shoot from the masts and spars. By this light I saw the upturned faces of men labouring to secure the materials on deck; they were livid, ghastly as in death. In an instant it had passed, then darkness.

But no . . . a fiery demon was pursuing me. I tried to run, but my legs would not respond: I was as light as a feather, and could not grip the deck. As the living fire was about to reach me, I crawled into my cabin and closed the door. It was of no avail; the fiery-tongues came through the keyhole, through the port-hole, the ventilator—they surrounded me. I could feel their hot breath on my cheek. I was terrified. I was lost. . . . Then darkness overtook me. . . .

After what seemed an eternity, I opened my eyes to see my cabin-mate beside me.

"Thank Heaven," he said when he saw me move, "at last." He then told me how I had been dazed by the lightning and had been thrown to the deck by a sudden lurch of the ship. He had dragged me into the cabin where I had laid, dazed by the fall and by the lightning, and "raving as though the foul fiend himself was chasing me," till long after the storm had abated.

ERIC SAXON (Class B), Sorell.

THE WEAVER OF SPELLS

There she sits, day after day, year after year—in the shade of a gnarled, old tree. There she sits and weaves the spells which the gods use to entrap human hearts. Clad in her black dress, she bends her grey head over her work, nor ceases, for these fragile nets are in constant demand—and only she to make them.

No other hand may touch them until the gods are ready to spread their silken meshes on the wings of the wind and waft them to earth. Then the threads are drawn tight—and lo! the victim may struggle in vain, for he is held as by fetters of steel.

The gods, no doubt, laugh to see the futile

efforts of these poor wretches; and not until their struggles cease, do they once more loosen the bonds—often too late.

The Weaver of Spells sits on into eternity, caring not for the hearts of men. She is weaving—always weaving and sometimes repairing broken nets, for there are some who are strong enough to break free from the folds which envelop them and stretch forth their hands in triumph, leaving the gossamer threads floating—useless—on the breeze.

L. F. (Class C1), Arthur.

PRISCILLA PLAYED A MINUET

Priscilla played a minuet;
And as her fingers, rosy tipped,
Across the key so lightly tripped,
It seemed the past and present met
In those few moments, five or ten,
Before the lamps were lighted, when
Priscilla played a minuet.

Priscilla played a minuet;
And powdered belles, and beaux arrayed
In pink and blue and rose brocade,
And cobweb lace, with jewels set,
Danced in the stately, old world style
Before me in the twilight, while
Priscilla played a minuet.

Priscilla played a minuet;
And, as the music fainter grew,
The figures waned and faded, too,
Until, it seemed, with vague regret
They vanished, with the final strain,
To re-appear when, once again,
Priscilla plays a minuet.

J. WOOD (Class C1), Franklin.

THE QUESTION OF DEFENCE

In these days of doubt and trial, when Bathurst Street houses have been burgled, and the Chino-Japanese situation has left the League of Nations at nought, it is time for us to take stock of the situation. And the situation, once faced, is grave in the extreme. The School is practically without defence.

Since there is no comfortably close landing place, and we are subject to frequent fogs which would render the visibility difficult, we are not likely to be attacked by air. Looking, as it does, down the river, the School frontage is the key to the situation.

The School, as we all see every day, is situated at the head of the rather shallow reaches of the estuary of the Tamar River. There is the Park between us and the river. About the guns in the park, now: I have never investigated the matter closely, but I don't believe they will go off at all. Still they comprise a point worth noting. On the other side there is the Gorge Bridge absolutely unfortified. I have given this matter every consideration; there is only one thing to be done here. If the Crew, our valiant Crew, will station themselves in their ordinary aggressive attitude, below the Bridge, and of these, Eddie, drawing himself up to his full height, will roar very loudly through his trumpet, the foe will

immediately fly the place. That is, they will most probably come back and attack off Park Street. We have only one set of sailors, and obviously they cannot be in two places at once. The situation is grave in the extreme.

I will not equivocate further on such a point. We are saved.

Through dark visions of slaughtered High School children, of a staff no more, of the foe playing German cricket with our bats, and the wives of the foe using our hockey sticks—shining with confidence, glorious in his own strength, I see the form of our cadet, our only soldier, towering before all. We are saved.

He has donned the gown that made his name, that so becomes him, he has put on Malvolio's beard that was the only thing that gave us stage-fright at the Academy. He grasps the bayonet they gave him for practice at the Barracks—the iron-sheathed one; he is ready. Behind him stand the School, the Principal, the Senior Master—they are all there—not frightened, of course. The fellow has been doing this sort of thing since "C" Class year. The "A" Class girls bear up bravely, knowing the hero through the Latin Class, and comfort the lady teachers. The mob in the background becomes indistinct, but the "E" Class boys seem to have made some mistake about the situation, and are waving their caps. They are coming. As the first German scales the wall (the gates are locked) a master throws Archie another cartridge from the front door, and locks it on the inside. The Irishman stands very erect, and fires into the teeming masses of grey. He bears the School upon his shoulders now. The tail of his night-gown flaps idly in the breeze. His hair is quite smooth . . . our sole defence.

F. H. (Class A), Wilmot.

A GARDEN IS A LOVESOME THING

Someone said to me the other day, "Fancy spending all your spare time in a garden, coaxing a few miserable plants to flourish, when you can buy such wonderful blooms in the shops. So long as the garden is tidy, I'm satisfied with plain lawns and paths."

Can you imagine anyone saying that, and don't you pity the one who does? To think that he has never known all the delights and beauties of a flower-filled garden in all seasons, all weathers, and all times makes me pity him from the bottom of my heart.

To him, a spray of perfect hot-house orchids means far more than would a little rain-drenched posy, a great pink cabbage rose, a sprig of lavender, two frilly velvet pansies, and a few little golden primroses bound round by green grass.

You may be sure he has never seen the sun's first rays on the pear-blossom's virgin white, or found the tiny diamonds clustered in dewy rose-pink heart.

As he walks down his bare gravel path, only the cold, bare lawns meet his gaze; no stately columbines nod their heads to him; no pansy faces are turned up to his. He walks straight on, unhindered, in his garden, but in mine would

the sweet thyme and lavender brush about my feet, the tiny blue lobelia in the middle of the path would beg me not to tread on her. In autumn there would be the fallen leaves to shuffle in, and in summer, the honey-laden bees to dodge.

On a warm sunny afternoon, for me there would be the long waving grass in the orchard to lie in, while I watch the white clouds being puffed across the heavens; on a misty autumn morning, I'd see the scarlet berries amid the falling golden leaves; the great rich roses, red as blood, would be mine in summer, and in the spring I'd have the sunshine of the daffs and fragrance of the violets.

But he would have none of these. It is too much trouble for him to tend his garden.

If he only knew, poor creature, what a wealth of beauty he is missing! But I suppose he never will know. A soul like his could never realise just how lovesome a garden may be.

GWEN. TWIDLE (Class A), Franklin.

WATERING A GARDEN

There is nothing very hard about watering a garden. There is no call for the work of the brain, and it does not demand exertion to any great extent. In fact, it is necessary for one only to guide the hose. But still it is not always that one makes a success of this apparently easy task. Let me explain how this may be so.

About a week ago I gladly complied with a request to water the garden, and to my delight, I was left to myself. There was not anyone with me to insist on saying, "That is enough there!" or "Hold it up into the air more! You are washing the cabbages out!", and I bounced off to procure the hose.

After a few minutes of pushing and screwing, I succeeded in fastening one end to the tap. Then turning on the water I waited patiently for results. They came unexpectedly, and with extraordinary quickness. I had forgotten that I still held the hose coiled up on my arm, and I was very much amazed and not a little shocked to find the water shooting up into my face.

Having applied my handkerchief to my face, turned off the tap, and picked up the hose which I had thrown in disgust upon the ground, I began to consider my next move. I again turned on the tap, and picking up my hat, I walked boldly to the garden, with one end of the hose in my hand.

The precious, filtered liquid seemed glad to escape from the interior of the hose, and flung itself wildly upon the cabbage plants, then upon the lettuces, then upon the radishes, then upon the cat which was sleeping on a box in the corner, and finally upon the neighbour's window.

After my excitement had abated to its usual level, I noticed that the window was open, and that somebody was shouting from beyond it. The voice began in a very high key, and ended in a very low one. But what did it matter if someone was shouting at me. I was only watering the garden.

H. L. BEAMS (Class C3), Arthur.

Junior Section.

THE GHOST

'Twas cold and dark upon that eve,
A mist hung in the air.
The moon cast down an eerie light
Upon the graveyard square.
When suddenly a figure rose,
Clad in a garment white,
And slipped from out the deep shadow
Into the moonlight bright.
I stood and shivered, pale with fright,
While with a ghostly stride,
The spectre stalked from out the light,
And stood quite near my side.
It spoke with voice of icy tone,
And touched me on the head.
But then I woke and felt quite cold;
I'd fallen out of bed!

JOHN BELL (Class E3), Arthur.

ABO'S CUP

In days long ago when no white people had ever heard of Tasmania, there lived a huge black giant, who was the chief of a small tribe of black people. These natives lived on the banks of the South Esk. They were quite happy as they wandered to new homes, but they returned to this place for the summer.

The giant's name was Abo, and he was the tallest and strongest of all his people. He had a beard and wore his hair long. Around his neck hung several strings of the teeth from animals he had killed. He was very proud of these necklaces because no one had ever had so many.

One hot day he wandered along the banks of the river to drink some of the pure water which ran past his camp, but to his dismay, he found the river almost dry, and as he was very thirsty, he became very cross.

His men trembled with fear when he returned, because he was never very kind to them. They had always to catch animals for his food, and the women had to cook them till they were tender enough for Abo.

Abo was so angry that all the water in the village was brought to him. It was not enough, so all the water in Tasmania was given to him.

He thought that he would prepare for the next dry summer, and he set all the natives in the land labouring on the river. They dug huge boulders out of its bed, and made a lake shaped like a basin. They worked for two years, and at the end of that time most of them were so tired that they died.

This lake was called Abo's Cup, and every sunrise and sunset, the natives went to the edge of the basin to worship it. Abo was so pleased with it that he allowed the natives to have a holiday.

The next dry summer Abo went to his cup to drink, and after he had finished drinking he felt very tired. The bush that surrounded his cup seemed to soothe his mind, and because of this, he lay down to rest.

He thought he saw strange figures moving around him, but gradually he went to sleep. He never woke again, and now, if anyone wants to see Abo's Cup, they go to what is called the First Basin. The white man has planted trees at the edge, and over the grave of the giant who still lies beside his cup; but the water in Abo's Cup never ran so pure and clean as in Abos' time.

STELLA HILL (Class D1), Sorell.

THE FOREST STREAM

I turned my steps from off the path to wander
where they willed,
O'er the rocky mountains, and down the grassy hills.
As I wandered through a valley, where the sun-shine seldom gleams,
There before me lay the beauty of the little forest streams.
As the tall and slender gum trees waved their branches to the sky,
I listened to the music of the waters rippling by;
And as I turned my footsteps homeward, through the forest glade,
I wondered at the beauty of this land that God hath made.

MOLLIE ELLINGS (Class E), Arthur.

THE HILL

It was one of those magic evenings that simply lure you outside to linger in the twilight and to feel evening creep slowly in, so I set out for my favourite haunt—a hill.

It was a peculiar shaped hill with a round peak on top which was shaped like an old arm-chair. "How wonderful it will be there to-night," I thought, as I climbed the hill. The ferny wood-sides; the friendly, quivering gums; this wild beauty seemed to engulf me, and all the happenings of the day were gone, and only the enchantment of the evening remained.

From my armchair I gazed at the view before me. It was ghostly dark now, and the trees seemed only to speak in silvery whispers, as if they were afraid of the grey-green gloom.

The trees at the foot of the hill seemed just fringed shadows, waving to and fro, lurking here and there, and the last twittering good-night of the birds was scarcely audible.

Beyond the trees, the lights of the village were actually winking at me through the grey satin of the gloom. One seemed so merry and bright, and, as it twinkled, I found myself winking in return.

I glanced at the sky. It was a smoky-purple flecked with a few stars. Then there was a strange hushed silence over everything, and I saw the pale moon rise slowly in the sky.

Why! it must be late; the moon has risen, and at once I almost ran stumblingly down the hill. Oh! I was shivering—I did not quite know whether of cold or because of this gruesome dark.

I breathed a sigh of relief as I merged out of the eerie ghost-like trees, and I saw the lights laughing mockingly at me in the distance.

GWEN. ANDREW (Class D1), Sorell.

THE SEASONS

When the sun is shining daily,
And birds are singing gaily,
When flowers in all their glory,
Sway gently in the breeze,
'Tis summer.

When earth is gown'd in white,
So crystal, clear, and bright,
When cold winds blow
Across the snow,
'Tis winter.

When rain is gently falling,
And birds are clearly calling,
When gold and brown and orange leaves
Are swaying gently in the breeze,
'Tis autumn.

When birds begin to nest,
And winds have gone to rest,
When a shy briar rose is peeping,
And a silver stream is rippling,
'Tis spring.

MARIE POTTER (Class E2),
Sorell.



HELEN

All was still in the bush. Not even the hooting of an owl broke the silence of that magical evening. The moon was shedding an eerie light between the branches on to a happy creek which gurgled over the silver pebbles.

A slight breeze set the gums a-whispering, and from behind a maiden hair fern, which was curiously bending over the stream, stepped a little elf dressed in a remarkable suit of green, with a tiny cap of yellow to match.

A rustling noise in the trees set his eyes wandering, and presently he saw a fluttering piece of white material between the trees. He quickly hid himself among the leaves, only just in time, for a young girl, lovely to behold, parted the branches.

She was crying, and her shining hair was hanging loose about her shoulders. Her arms were bloodstained, and she was bare-footed. As she saw the creek, she hastened forward, and began bathing her arms in the sparkling waters.

The little elf stepped back, but too late; he had been seen, so he fixed the feather in his cap at a more defiant angle, and faced the girl. Then he saw that she had been crying, and in a slow musical voice enquired her reason.

For a while she gazed at him, fascinated; but growing bolder, she replied that she was being chased by bushrangers. "Ho! Ho!" laughed the Elf mockingly, "Do you expect me to believe that? Go! The Queen will be here presently."

At that moment a heavy noise was heard, and without hesitation, Bobbin, the elf, took up his yellow cane, and smote the girl around the legs with it.

In a flash she was gone, but in her place stood a wattle tree laden with golden blossoms. The tramping grew heavier, and, at last, two men stood by the brook. In a deep voice the smaller of the two said, "She is not far away; I feel it!"

Gruffly the other agreed, and, after stooping to drink, they walked away again into the bush.

Once more the little elf stepped into the clearing with a scornful smile on his face. "Now," he mocked, "return to your parents, Helen. Just return home." The wattle tree put out imploring arms as if beseeching Bobbin to let her depart.

With a leap he was gone, and the wattle tree remained with her arms outstretched, her boughs crying with the melodies of the wind.

Still she remains there, sighing mournfully, but never again will she see her parents, for she is now imprisoned in the hollow tree swaying and bowing with the wind, which scornfully passes by.

Whispering softly, murmuring low,
Gum trees are bending,
Wattle trees blow.
Sighing so softly, blowing so high,
Gum trees are smiling,
Wattle trees cry.

VERA JACOB (Class D1), Sorell.



LEAVES

The sunny winds of summer waves the branches on its way;

Sets the gay green leaves a-dancing with a pleasant sound of play;

But in wild, wet autumn weather they must fade, poor things, and fall

To the cold and muddy pathway, where they have no fun at all.

Then comes keen and kindly winter, and the roads are hard with frost;

By the fast and bluff north winds, the leaves are stirred and tossed;

How they skip and spin and dance, and frolic here and there—

A fairy pilot steering each and stunting through the air.

FAY MACE (Class E2), Wilmot.



SEA MUSIC

I sat in my armchair warming my hands in front of a blazing fire. Far below I could hear the humming noise of London's traffic, accompanied by the hooting of many horns. Taking a shell from the mantelpiece, I casually examined it. From looking at it no one would think that it was anything extraordinary, yet the little Jew had assured me that it was magic.

Turning it over three times and then whistling, I put it to my ear. Imagine my amazement when, immediately, my surroundings vanished, and I found myself sitting on a long yellow stretch of sand. The screeching gulls alighted on the foam-flecked waves, whose continual lapping sounded like the accompaniment to the gulls' wild song.

FAIRIES

Dainty little elves in brown,
When the moon shines bright,
Dance with fairies dressed in sheen
Ev'ry summer night.
Strains of elfin music steal
Through the whispering trees,
And the flowers nod and sway
In the ev'ning breeze.
On the green and mossy grass,
In the magic ring,
Merrily the fairies dance,
While the brownies sing.
Soon the Queen so beautiful
Enters with her train,
And the dewdrops in her crown
Sparkle like the rain.
Fun and frolic cease a while,
When the fairies sup,
Each one drinking nectar sweet
From out an acorn cup.
But before the morning breaks
With a greyish light,
All the little fairy folk
Vanish out of sight.

JEAN BELL (Class D1), Wilmot.



GROWTH OF AVIATION

People frequently remark that "flying is only a few years old." So far as successful flight is concerned, the statement is true. But the history of flying, and of attempts at flying, are as old as civilisation itself. Probably the story began with the first man, who, looking up at the birds and seeing their easy and apparently effortless movements in the air, wished he could imitate them.

It was as far back as the year 1065 that a monk, named Oliver of Malmsbury, attempting flight with artificial wings, injured himself in jumping from a tower. The next notable record was achieved several hundreds of years later by Bernier, a Frenchman, who made a series of gliding flights with wing apparatus rather similar to that used later by Lilienthal, a very notable experimenter. In November of the year 1783, the first hot air balloon was invented, and the first flight by man was made by Pilatre de Rozier and the Marquis d'Arlandes, who made a balloon ascent and were carried over Paris, alighting safely at the end of their adventure. After that flight, everybody thought that the problem of flight had been solved.

It should be borne in mind that all these early experimenters had not even the steam engine as a means of power. The first attempt at propelling and navigating a balloon in the air was made by the Brothers Robert by means of oars. However, these proved unsatisfactory. A military balloon section was formed in the French Republican Army, and balloons were employed in war for the first time at the Battle of Mauberge in the year 1794.

The sun was just rising, and as I sat watching the eastern sky turn slowly from pearl grey to saffron, and from saffron to deepest crimson, I suddenly became aware that something was calling to me. Could it be the wind? Surely the wind did not sing like that! No wind I had ever heard in London sounded like that. Why, it was actually dancing!

I took the shell from my ear to contrast the solitude of the sea shore with the noisy streets of London. Again I heard the busy throng, and I quickly put the shell back to my ear, but alas! all I could hear was the ripple of the waves against the shore.

VERA JACOB (Class D1), Sorell.



THE DARKNESS AND DAWN OF THE DESERT

Across the wide plains of sands, into rock-walled canyons, through the camps of the natives of the desert, crept the first wavering rays of the sun, foretelling the blinding heat of the coming day. When the rays were stronger and the broad, burning disc of sun had risen well above the blue ridges of the mountains, misty with

distance, the Indian boys were driving their flocks across the purple sage, the red sandstone and white limestone stretches.

Far away, now lost to view, now high on the glistening myriad grains of sand, millions of which was the composition of the sand dunes which heaved and rolled and sloped away into distance, rode the ships of the desert, breasting the solid waves as any ship breasts the foaming swells of the ocean. Their riders, dusky, swarthy Arabs, clothed in flowing robes of brilliant hues, stolidly passed through the majestic beauty of the Dawn of the Desert.

All through the day of burning, blistering heat, glistening white dust that filled the eyes and the nostrils, and the glare of the sun, the inhabitants of the desert laboured at their tasks.

The burnished copper disc sank lower as the day drew in. The shepherd boys had turned their youthful backs upon the undulating desert country, and wended their way toward their homes. Then the broad burning face of the sun touched the ridge of hills, opposite those from which in all its splendour and magnificence it had arisen to greet the day not so many hours before, and now, beaten by the Lady Moon and her following of twinkling stars, the sun slowly sank from view.

The shadows of evening crept down to worship the Lady Moon as, triumphant in all her glorious silver radiance, she slowly and majestically ascended the blue velvet of the arch of the heavens, and proclaimed the Hour of the Darkness of the Desert.

ESMAY SUITOR (Class D2), Wilmot.

The first power-driven model aeroplane to achieve flight was constructed by John Stringfellow in the year 1848. The machine was constructed on perfectly correct principles, steam being raised to drive the propellers by spirit fluid. After several more attempts, people began to realise that the steam engine could not support its own weight when in the air. This fact led to the invention of the combustion engine, the first of which was designed and constructed by Lennard Forrester, a Frenchman, in the year 1888.

Otto Lilienthal, a German, was killed on August 10, 1896, after nearly ten years of gliding experiments, which contributed materially to the development of flying machines, and culminated in the construction of the first power-driven aeroplane.

Wilbur and Orville Wright took up gliding, making many experiments at Kitty Hawk, North Carolina. On December 17, 1903, these two brothers made the first flights in a power-driven aeroplane, the flights ranging from twelve to fifteen seconds in duration. However, their work was not done in a day. Over twenty years of patient work and study with gliding machines helped them to achieve success.

After this flight, aviation went ahead wonderfully. During the Great War, aviation played a very prominent part. Aeroplanes and airships took part in bombing raids and observation flights. To-day aeroplanes fly regularly on well directed air routes in various parts of the world.

The history of flying goes to prove in as great a measure as the history of any hard-won success—that no rightly directed effort is ever wasted. And, in honouring the men who achieved the victory, it is only fair to remember, too, the men who made the victory possible.

D. BAIN (Class D3), Sorell.



ANZAC SPORTS

A team was entered for the Anzac Shield Competition, and gained third place to Wellington Square and St. Patrick's College. K. Cassidy was third in the 75, 100, and 220 yards. We congratulate him, and hope that next year he will win the shield for us. Lyle Chamberlain jumped extremely well, and attempted the record. He won this event comfortably. We were also third in the Relay Race. The team was as follows:—K. Cassidy (captain), L. Morgan, R. Whelan, and R. Tucker.

Besides the Shield Competition, Dick Gandy, J. Townend, and A. MacLaine, ran in open races. Dick ran very well in the R.S.S.I.L.A. Cup Race over 100 yards, being defeated by only the narrowest of margins. After leading the field for the major part of the race Jack gained second place in the 880 yards. We congratulate both boys, and also Alan MacLaine, who ran a creditable third in the 440 yards under 16.

Senior Section.



WHERE THE WOZZLE WASN'T

Piglet and Pooh Bear,
A wozzle-hunting went.
When they reached the forest,
The wozzle they did scent.
Pooh Bear was afraid;
Piglet wasn't, "cos"
This was not the place,
Where the wozzle was.
They hunted through the thickets,
And came upon some tracks.
"Phew," said Piglet, shivering,
"I'll go home for my axe."
Pooh Bear was alone.
"It's left to me," thought he.
"The wozzle wasn't here,
I'll go and have some tea."
R. B. (Class C3), Sorell.



THE FAIRY DELL.

I wander amidst the cool green ferns
Of a beautiful fairy dell.
The kind moon beams from the purple sky,
And I hear the fairy bells.
The dainty fairies and small brown elves
Dance merrily over the moss,
And when each frolicsome dance is o'er,
They rest 'neath the fairy floss.
At last the moon dips a sad good-night,
And the dancers bid farewell;
A green ring is left where the fairies danced
In the beautiful fairy dell.

MERLE McARDELL (Class C1), Wilmot.

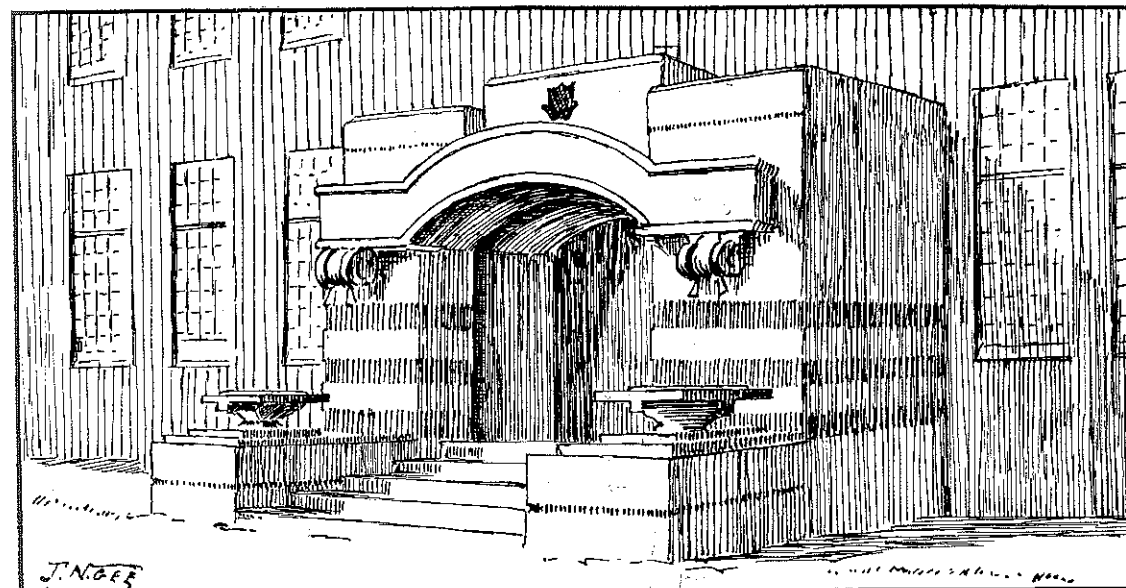


THE CHINESE BOWL

You little golden dragons on my little Chinese bowl,
Your wide eyes all a-twinkling above the
nurs'ry fire;
You knew the artless secrets of my little childish
soul,
For I whispered all my thoughts to you, who
never seemed to tire.
You were my friends of later days, with every
passing year,
When none I had to whom I could impart my
grief or joy;
I loved you for your company, which grew each
day more dear,
The depth of mystery in your eyes which Time
could not destroy.

The breath of incense, priestly chant, the glam-
our of the East,
I felt had come to work its charm with Romance
that I craved;
You little Chinese dragons, your work has not
yet ceased,
You save me from the attempt of Life, to keep
my soul enslaved.

N. GARDAM (Class A), Arthur.



PRORSUM ET SEMPER EADEM.

Old Scholars' Column.



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. Crow, W. Clarke, G. Cunningham, N. Campbell, S. Cartledge, E. Dobie, S. Dunkley, J. Farmilo, H. Johnston, A. Davern, W. Fahey, P. Fordham, G. Gibbons, H. Hope, N. Howard, H. Higgs, R. Hamence, S. Lonergan, 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, R. O. M. Miller.

FINANCIAL MEMBERS.

Misses J. Phillips, F. Barclay, J. Mason, P. Turnbull, J. Geiger, M. Sutton, B. Badcock, E. Bird, D. Hill, G. Phillips, I. Cunningham, A. Fraser, L. Manson, N. Whitham, C. Smith, M. Morgan, J. Grubb, J. Folder, A. B. Nichols, G. Parsons, J. Anderson, M. Bull, I. Muirhead, M. Hamilton, Mrs. A. L. Meston; and Messrs. A. Bowen, A. D. Foot, A. C. Thompson, K. Edwards, A. Fulton, S. Fuller, G. Suter, N. L. Campbell, S. Moore, T. Stephens, L. Hammond, W. Balmforth, R. Hays, H. C. Barnard, R. A. Suter, G. Foot, Rev. H. Freeman, and Messrs. R. Ockerby, B. Breheney, J. Cox, T. Wilson, K. McPhail, F. Stevens, L. Best, C. P. Phillips, N. Barclay, A. E. Daymond, E. Miller, A. Gee, W. H. Daymond, T. Griffin, G. P. R. Mulligan.

OLD SCHOLARS' ASSOCIATION

In spite of the adverse conditions existing in the community during the past year, the Association's growth has become more marked than hitherto.

The "End of the Year" Social which was tendered to the Intermediate and Leaving Class scholars who were about to leave School proved highly successful. About 80 were entertained, and it was quite apparent that they enjoyed the programme immensely. We are pleased to report that many of these guests have since become financial members of the Association.

A week later Old Scholars assembled at the School to farewell Mr. Biggins. This function was most enjoyable, but was characterised by a feeling of regret for the Association's loss. Presentations were made to both Mr. and Mrs. Biggins as symbols of the high esteem in which they were held; and members extended their best wishes to them in their new sphere.

The Annual General Meeting was held at the School on the 16th March, 1932. The Patron, Mr. A. L. Meston, M.A., presided over an attendance of about 50 Old Scholars.

After the adoption of the Annual Report and Financial Statement, and the election of officers for the coming year, various matters of general business were dealt with.

Mr. R. O. M. Miller, B.A., was appointed a Life Honorary Member of the Association.

Several minor alterations were made to the Association's Constitution, one of which was the inauguration of a special subscription for Old Scholars who left School last year.

Another matter brought forward by the Secretary, was the suggestion that a School Ball be held, provided support was forthcoming from the Staff and the Parents' and Friends' Association.

This subject was left in the hands of the incoming Committee; but has not yet been considered by all concerned.

The election of officers resulted as follows:—
Patron: Mr. A. L. Meston, M.A. (ex officio).

Vice-Patrons: Messrs. R. O. M. Miller, B.A., W. H. Daymond, H. V. Biggins, B.A., W. L. Grace, B.A., L. O. Stubbs, J. F. Turner, T. G. Johnston, K. M. Dallas, B.Comm., F. O. Close, B.Sc., A. S. Johnston, and Mrs. A. L. Meston.

President: Mr. A. D. Foot.

General Secretary: Mr. A. E. Daymond.

Hon. Treasurer: Mr. C. P. Phillips.

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

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

Hon. Auditors: Messrs. L. T. Clark, A.F.I.A., and K. L. Conroy.

General Committee: Misses F. Barclay, J. Folder, G. Phillips, J. Mason; Messrs. A. K. Fulton, B.A., K. Edwards, T. Griffin, and G. Suter.

The Churinga Literary and Debating Club is represented by Mr. T. E. Doe. Representatives for the Hockey and Tennis Clubs have not yet been appointed.

An Autumn Ball held at the School on Saturday, the 2nd April, was a great success.

On the 30th April, the first of the series of three-weekly dances was held, and was also most successful.

The first social of the year was well attended by the Association's younger members. Much amusement was caused by the inclusion in the programme of a "Mock Dinner" by members of the Debating Club. Socials have been arranged to take place every six weeks, but should sufficient support be forthcoming, they will be held more frequently. They are for Old Scholars ONLY.

The Old Hobartian Association has undertaken the management of the "Tasmanian Wembley" Exhibition, which is to be held at Hobart early in August. Recently, Messrs. A. W. Potter and J. Reynolds visited us for the purpose of outlining the plans of the "Wembley" Committee, and to gain our help in advertising the Exhibition. We assured them of our utmost support, and wished them every success.

Admission to our dances is strictly by the season's invitation. This must be presented. Old Scholars who have not yet received theirs should apply to the Secretary now.

Members are needed for tennis, hockey, and debating clubs. Please join up. If we are not catering for you, send in your ideas to the Committee.

To all Old Scholars of the School we extend a hearty welcome to the Association, and particularly to those who have left School recently. It is your Association, striving to benefit you and your old School to the utmost, and therefore, we urge you to become a financial member. Please send your name and address, accompanied by the subscription, to the Secretary at once.

We would like to welcome Mr. Meston, our new Patron, and thank him for that co-operation and help which he has already given us.

SUBSCRIPTIONS

6/- for a married couple, if both are Old Scholars.

4/- for Old Scholars over 21 years of age.

3/- for Old Scholars under 21.

1/- for Old Scholars who left School last year.

Each of the above includes subscription to the School Magazine.

The Association's badge is obtainable from the Secretary. Price, 2/-.



O.S.A. DIRECTORY

President: Mr. A. D. Foot, c/o Birchall and Sons, Launceston.

Hon. Secretary: Mr. A. E. Daymond, c/o Tasmanian Steamers, P.O. Box 292. 'Phone 2, Launceston.

Hon. Treasurer: Mr. C. P. Phillips, c/o Union Bank, Launceston.

Editor, Old Scholars' Column: Miss A. B. Nichols, B.A., c/o State High School, Launceston.

Literary and Debating Club, Hon. Sec.: Mr. A. K. Fulton, B.A., c/o State High School, Launceston.

Tennis Club, Hon. Sec.: Miss J. Campbell, c/o Savigny and Smith, Cameron Street, Launceston.

Hockey Club, Hon. Sec.: Miss J. Blyth, c/o State High School, Launceston.



AN APPEAL FROM THE PRESIDENT

In penning these lines, as President of the Association, I wish to ask for the interested support of all Old Scholars in our endeavours.

We have this year launched many new activities, and feel that if we are to continue to prove of service to our old School and to Old Scholars generally, we must, in the future, enrol a greater number of you in active participation in the various branches of our Association.

You will not deny that it is a moral obligation for you to take an active interest in the School to which you owe so much, and this can only be done by your becoming members of the Old Scholars' Association, and taking part in its activities.

Your Committee commenced this year with a definite objective in view, and there are many more objectives which can only be achieved through your wholehearted support. There are Civic Duties in which we, as an Association, with an active and enthusiastic Committee to help, should participate.

Old Scholars will find in our dance assemblies and socials, in hockey, tennis, literary, and debating clubs, great enjoyment. Many old friends revive friendships of their school days.

Your Committee have in view many new activities this year, such as an annual School 'ball, a Present versus Old Boys' cricket match, an employment council to obtain positions for boys and girls leaving School; but to achieve these objectives we need your support.

Numbers of you who will read the Old Scholars' Column are not personally known to our present Committee; but I would urge you to communicate with us and so help us to guard the welfare of the "Best School of All."

THE PICTURE OF TREVALLYN

The picture of Trevallyn

Upon a summer morn—

It would puzzle any painter

That ever yet was born.

To put it all on canvas

Featly, and to capture

Its authentic rapture.

And since it is past a painter

With paints to set it down,

Verse will never venture

With manacle of noun,

On writ of rime or cadence,

In a singing's prison

To shut the lovely vision.

Clear in the hearts of lovers,

Whose hand in hand adream

Is breast of gull of morning

On breast of morning stream,

The picture of Trevallyn

Painted is, the capture

Of authentic rapture.

RICHARD MEREDITH.



TRAVELOGUE

Old Scholars should be interested to read the notes of one of their friends who has been for some time in Africa.

"The fragrant African dusk you so often read of is best enjoyed indoors. A seat on the stoep overlooking the soft swelling ocean, a rising moon, a magic night, all is marred as soon as the breeze rises, for the whaling fleet is preparing tea, or the sickly sweetness of the sugar factories is wafted to you.

"Torrential rains occurred for three successive Junes—always spoken of as the dry season! Native riots broke out when we were living within a stone's throw of the compound which centred the unruliness. To the hospital opposite, in lorries, cars, and rickshaws, were brought the wounded.

Next to cause diversion was a hail storm, setting a record with its hail of eleven and a half ounces, its ear-splitting din, and its trail of wreckage like that of a bombardment.

Then came the hippopotamus wallowing in Durban's river. At midnight it crossed the streets on its way further south.

One may never know "ennui" in Africa. Call a native "Kaffir" and you have ignited sufficient gunpowder to satisfy even the most bloodthirsty.

Another one of Africa's interests lies in the frequency with which donkeys are mentioned. "Knee donkey," smiled the man-on-the-street. "Knee donkey," smiled the natives on sundry occasions, that though there were many of the animals about, I began to wonder at the phrase. Still more mystified did I become when our car bogged in a drift. After having lifted it out, each native grinningly advised, "Buy a donkey," as he received his pennies. There was no righteous indignation on the driver's face. Questions solved the mystery. "Nie danke" is African for "No, thank you," and the natives' much repeated

"Bei danke" was no more than "many thanks," and no slur on our method of locomotion.

Africa has its breath-taking beauty; but there are so many problems for the future to solve."



GIPSYING

Day after day in my staid, drab home
My life moves slowly, a placid thing;
Only at heart have I learned to roam
And send my spirit a-gipsying.

Walls that enclose me are dull and grey,
But red is the fire of the Romany king,
And mad is the dance and wild the play
Where my spirit goes a-gipsying.

Bleak is the vista and humdrum the street,
But I catch the glint of a fairy's wing,
And watch the twinkle of elfin feet
When my spirit goes a-gipsying.

Common the sounds of an everyday world,
But witching the songs that free waters sing,
And gay are the notes from the tree-tops
hurled,
As my spirit goes a-gipsying.

Guarding my door stern Duty stands,
But the dream-gates lie in a magic ring,
Through which I pass to enchanted lands
With other souls gone a-gipsying.

J. W. (Class C1), Franklin.



APPLE CIDER

Through its amber sweetness there are pink
boughs blowing,

And a rain of blossom blurring an old hill,
And in its clustered bubbles there is sunlight
showing,

And the moonlight of many a night, lingering
still.

There is tang of autumn in its clear, gold, gleam-
ing,

The scent of ripe apples, heavy down the wind,
And the grey beauty of a winter orchard dream-
ing,

Its heavy burdens lifted, its heavy branches
thinned.

There is more than cider in this bottled treasure;
All my girlhood dances through it, glad and
free.

The wild exhilaration that I knew beyond all
measure,
Laughs its golden laughter across the years to
me.

Orchards of my youth float there, and my heart
goes leaping

At a spray of blossoms, or where the red globes
swing—

Apple cider! apple cider holds within its keeping
Every old-time autumn, and every old-time
spring.

J. W. (Class C1), Franklin.

The Editor's Scrap Book.



"Time as he passes us has a dove's wing,
Unsoil'd and swift, and of silken sound."

Many are the changes among Old Scholars since last year. Our President, Mr. S. F. Limbrick, B.Com., has been appointed a lecturer at Perth (W.A.) University. He receives our heartiest congratulations.

Another Old Scholar to be congratulated is Ken. Dallas, B.Com., who was lecturer for tutorial classes at Sydney University. He has been appointed lecturer in Economics and Pitt Cobbett, lecturer at the Tasmanian University in succession to Dr. Roland Wilson.

Our Southern friends are to be congratulated upon being represented at the Olympic Games by "Billy" Barwick. The Northern Association send him their best wishes, and hope he will carry off the honours for Tasmania.

Great sorrow was felt at the death of Mrs. Alexander McAulay (Kath. Hogarth), and of Mrs. Bob Gibson (Alice Wearne). Our sympathies go to those who mourn for them.

Congratulations are due to those who have had degrees conferred this year:—Bachelors of Arts: D. Bock, J. Eyre, G. Austin, V. Johnston, A. Nichols, R. Edwards, and S. F. Limbrick.

Best wishes for a happy and prosperous future go to those who have recently married:—

Jean Finlay and Mr. T. Bearwood.

Olive Challis and Mr. D. Atkinson.

Bob Finlay and Miss I. Hayles.

Mary Rowe and Jack Begent.

Bessie Wylie and Mr. K. Cartwright.

Miss Nancy Phillips also has the best wishes of the Association. She is engaged to Len. Webb.

Mrs. Hedley Shotton (Connie Witt) has gone to New Guinea. To her and her husband the Association wish every success in their new and difficult work. Then, too, the best wishes are extended to Mr. A. L. Meston, Mr. W. Thornton, Miss E. Norman, and Miss J. Austin, in their new spheres of work.

Old Scholars will be interested to hear of Kenneth, the son of Mr. L. F. Briggs, of Barry Dallas, of John, son of Mrs. Dowe (Marjorie Daymond), of New Zealand, of John Francis, —Limbrick. Cliff. Reeves' daughter and Mrs. Stuart Napier's (Marjorie Douglas') daughter are really our latest news.—Congratulations.

"The flying hour is ever on its way."



THANKS

The Editor wishes to thank all those who contributed to the column this time, and would like further assistance from other Old Scholars. Please send your material early.—Editor.

CHURINGA LITERARY AND DEBATING CLUB

The annual general meeting was held early in April. The following officers were elected:—President, Mr. A. D. Foot; Hon. Secretary and Treasurer, Mr. A. K. Fulton; Committee: President, Secretary, Miss J. Walker, Messrs. T. E. Doe and C. McElwee.

At the conclusion of the meeting an interesting lecture on the Aborigines of Tasmania was given by Mr. A. L. Meston, M.A.

A mock dinner was staged by the Club at the first Old Scholars' social held this year. Those taking part were Miss W. Thomas, Miss J. Mason, Messrs. A. D. Foot, G. Foot, A. E. Daymond, C. P. Phillips, C. Russen, and R. Playsted.

The subject of the first debate was "Should one man hold more than one job?" The team for the negative, consisting of Mr. C. Russen (leader), Miss E. Bird and Mr. L. Best, was successful against the team, consisting of Mr. C. D. Phillips, Miss J. Walker, and Mr. A. E. Daymond.

The last meeting took the form of a discussion of the topic, "To what extent has the employment of women in industry added to the problem of unemployment?"

All Old Scholars interested in this Club are asked to advertise its activities as much as possible, and to forward their subscriptions (one shilling) to the Secretary.



WHO'S WHO

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

Sports Master: Mr. T. E. Doe.

Cricket and Football Coach: Mr. E. A. Pickett.

Coach of Crew: Mr. T. Martin.

Sports Mistress: Miss M. Hamilton, B.Com.

Hockey Coach: Miss J. Blyth, B.A.

Basket Ball Coach: Miss Carter, B.A.

Musical Conductress: Miss A. B. Nichols, B.A.

Magazine Supervisor: Mr. L. F. Briggs, B.A.

School Pianiste: May Bramich.

Prefects:

Senior Boy: Keith Hayward.

Senior Girl: Frances Hodgetts.

Library: Gwenlyn Twidel.

Magazine: Lillian Weeks.

House Captains:

Franklin: Mary Muckridge and Jean Montgomery, Donald McDonald.

Wilmot: Thelma Jestrimski, Leman Thurlow.

Sorell: Kathleen Jackson, Richard Gandy.

Arthur: Nancy Gardam, Bruce Heazlewood.

Sports: Kathleen Cooper, William Lovell.

Athletic Champion (Boys): Richard Gandy.

Captain of Cricket: Bruce Heazlewood.

Captain of Football: Keith Hayward.

Stroke of Crew: Geoffrey Beauchamp.

Captain of Tennis: June Edwards.