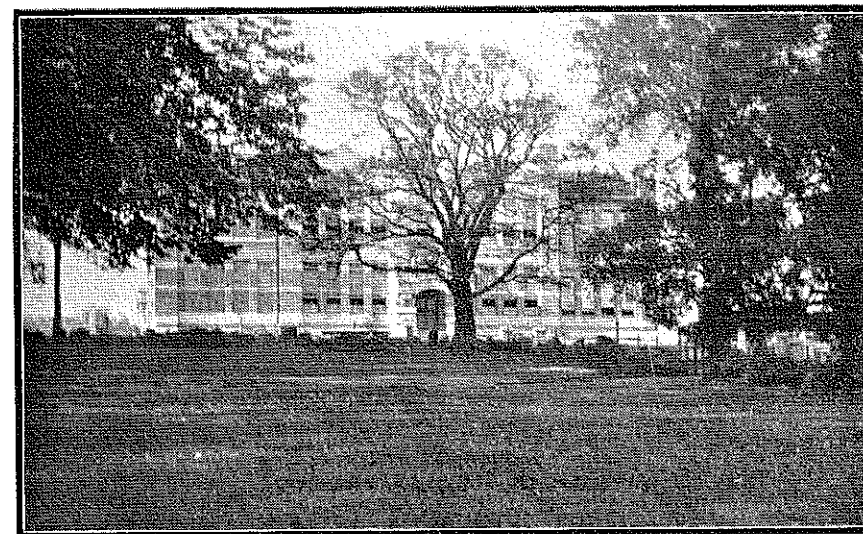


The Northern Churinga



EDITORIAL

"Tell them ye grieve, for your hearts know
to-day,

Tell them ye smile, for your eyes know
to-morrow."

Surely this is one of the best mottoes that
anyone just leaving school and setting out into
the world can take with him.

We, with our High School education, should
learn to appreciate the true things of life, not
content merely with those on the surface; and
ever strive to reach some lofty goal.

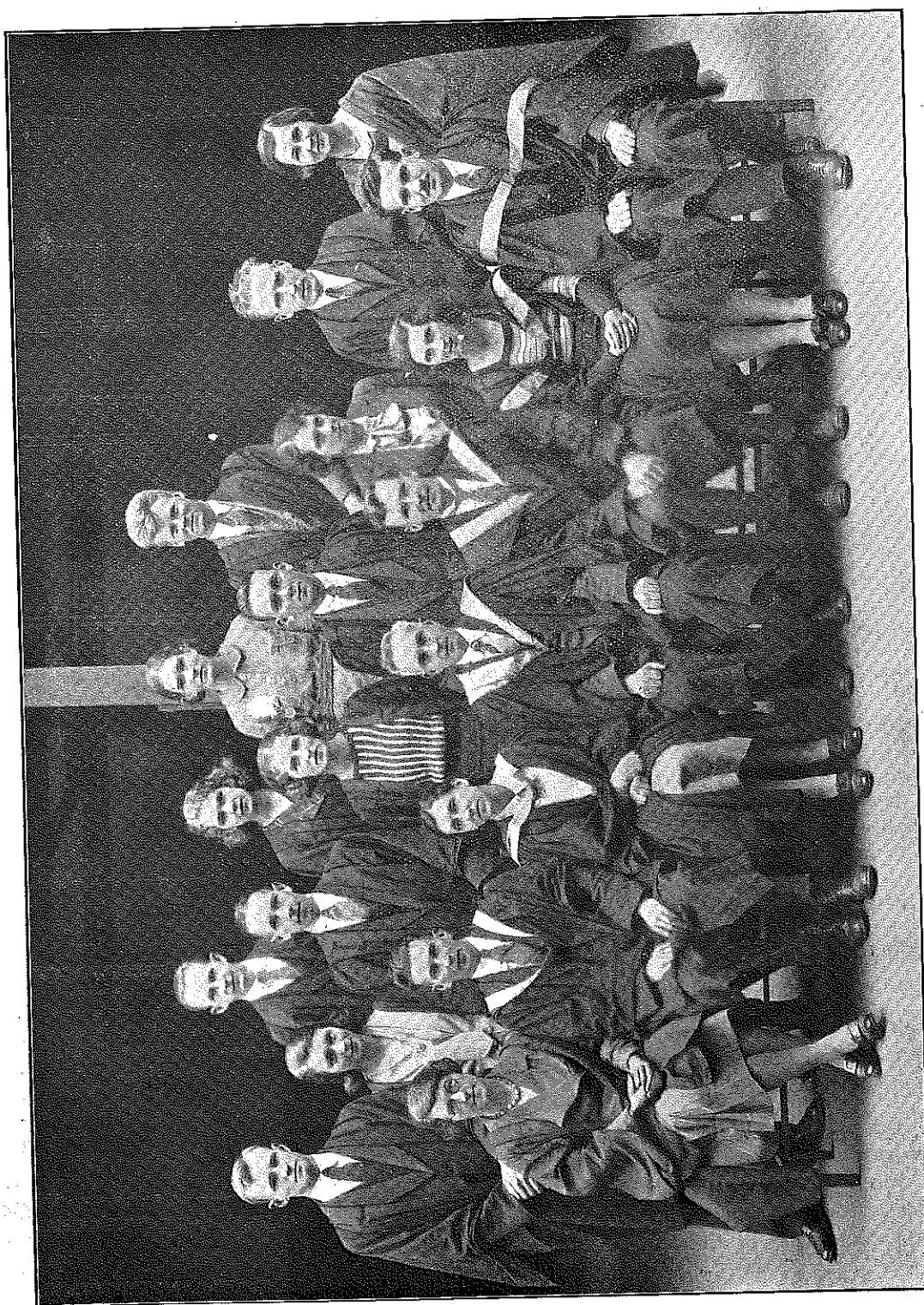
When you go out into life, you will hear people
say that your happiest years have been passed
because you have left school. This is not true.
All life is an adventure, and should be treated as
such. On the last day of school life the future

may seem hard and uninviting, but all partings
are sad, and we break old connections only to
form new ones.

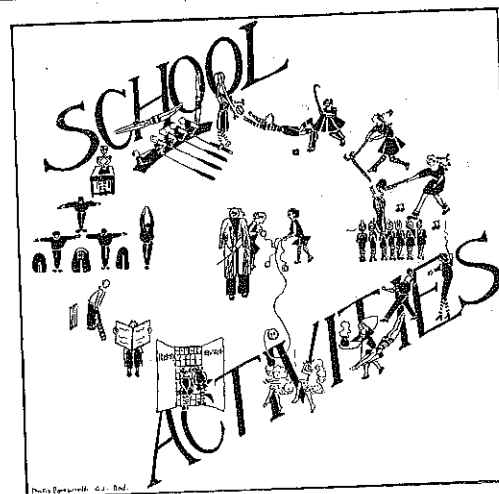
And then, once out into the world, it is the
present that may appear bare, yet the future is
ever before us, and it is to the future that we
are striving.

As yet "To-morrow" is known only to our
eyes, but very soon "To-morrow" will become
"To-day," and be enshrined in our hearts also.
The future is a gift passing into hands which
should hold it reverently, and treat it as the pre-
cious gift it is. It is something given us to do
with it as we will.

We who are passing for the last time through
the school house gates, —what will we make
of it?



THE PRINCIPAL AND STAFF, 1933.



PREFECTS' NOTES

Since the last issue of the Magazine the Prefects' group has received a new member. Owing to Ted Phillips' leaving this school at the end of last term to attend the Hobart High School, the position of Sorell House Captain became vacant. Ted's place was taken by Dick Whitford, whom we welcome heartily to our group.

Regular fortnightly meetings of the Prefects have been held throughout the year, and it has been decided to present the School with a cup, to be offered for House competition at the annual swimming carnival.

The Prefects wish those sitting for University Examinations the best of success, and also wish the Staff and Scholars a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

MODEL FLYING CLUB

During this term a Model Flying Club was formed. There are quite a number of boys in the School who are keenly interested in model planes and aviation generally, with the result that there were about fifteen present at the first meeting. At this meeting Ian Larner was elected President, and Doug. Bain Secretary.

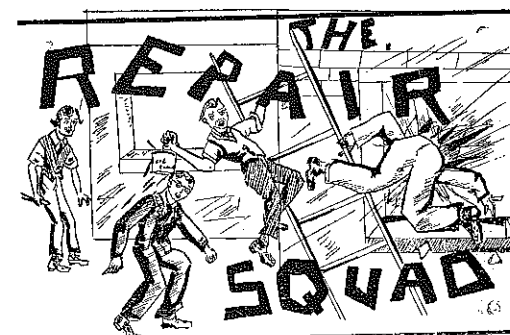
Since the formation of the Club, a number of models have been brought along and flown in Royal Park. Several interesting flights have been witnessed, including those of Bob. Philp's "Hawk" and "Rosella," Jock Walkem's "Robin," and Max. Oliver's "Meteor." When conditions are not suitable for flying, indoor meetings are held in Room 4. At these meetings debates are held, repairs effected to models, and problems discussed.

Any new members are welcome. There is no subscription, and the Club meets in Room 4 at 3.20 on Friday afternoons. Only those who make models or intend doing so are permitted to join.

THE WIRELESS CLUB

In September a Wireless Club was inaugurated, under the leadership of Mr. Taylor. Coming as it did so late in the year, the attendances at the meetings held each Friday afternoon in the laboratory are, considering the present importance of wireless, rather low. Up to the present, each club member has given a lecture on the theory of operation of various parts, but we hope to be able to proceed with the construction of a set for the use of the School very soon.

Under the capable management of Mr. Taylor, the project should be entirely satisfactory, and some very interesting periods should be spent henceforth.



This squad is functioning satisfactorily in performing useful work in repairing minor breakages whenever they occur. Jack Curtis and Geof. Dineen have been kept very busy keeping the blinds of the School in good working order. About one hundred blinds have received attention during the year. Many had to be straightened and tacked; others required cords and adjustments of the springs. The work of this squad was greatly facilitated by the help given by Miss A. L. Sample in ironing out creased blinds, and cutting and hemming torn ones.

This year, unfortunately, there have been a number of broken windows. The more accessible of these have been repaired by R. Whelan and A. Bradbury, and at the present time the windows of the School are in good order.

A good deal of time has been spent in mending lockers by P. Gee, P. McCord, C. Wiltshire, and R. Nicholls. Broken locker doors, especially on the boys' side, have been frequent; missing screws and hinges have been replaced or tightened.

Miscellaneous duties, such as cleaning and varnishing desks, replacing broken hat pegs in the locker rooms, mending seats, cupboards and locks, and hanging pictures have been carried out by R. O'Keefe, R. Green, and P. Tanner.

Just lately a squad of a dozen boys, in the charge of Mr. Crawn, has constructed an additional bicycle rack, which has been much appreciated. At the present time this squad is engaged in putting new wire netting on the School tennis courts.



GARDENING NOTES

There have been no great changes or improvements made in the garden since last term, and our activities have been confined to weeding and general cleaning.

The lawns are in fine condition, and the new lawn on the boys' side has been welcomed as a comfortable dining place. The roses along the front lawn promise a good display, and are a great improvement.

The hedges are in good order. All gaps should soon be filled by the newly planted trees; and a new hedge has been planted near the tennis court gate. These trees have proved themselves hardy, having withstood a somewhat vigorous battering by boys' big boots.

When we survey the garden, we congratulate ourselves on a good year's work, and we hope that everyone is as pleased as we ourselves.

THE CRUSADER UNION

The Crusader Union has now been an active body in the School for two years, under the competent guidance of the Reverend Hulse.

Although the membership has decreased owing to the departure of some of its most prominent members, we have been pleased to welcome several new members of the Junior School. The weekly meetings have not been as well attended as we would like, but many who are unable to attend these have put in an appearance at the monthly rallies. In connection with the latter, we extend our sincere thanks to Mr. and Miss Weston and the Committee for their generous co-operation.

During the last two terms we have had the pleasure of being addressed by Messrs. Tyson, Atkinson, and Kippax, who told us of their experiences in the mission field.

We have, too, to thank Mr. Nash for his kind guidance during the unavoidable absence of our leader.

JUNIOR RED CROSS SOCIETY

This year the Junior Red Cross Society is being continued. As there was an alteration of the classes interested in the Society, the following officers have been elected:—Margaret Slater, President; Colin Brooks, Vice-President; Ronald Tyson, Treasurer; and Geraldine Tabart, Secretary.

Owing to the fact that the Treasurer has left, a new one has to be appointed.

A portfolio is being made to send to Switzerland, and we hope to have it finished shortly, so that we may send it away.

This year the boys have been persuaded to join, and the number of members has increased to 34. We welcome any newcomers heartily.



The Library is still being widely used, and books have been well cared for. The lower classes of the School, particularly, have made very good use of the Circulating Library, in which there are approximately 1175 volumes. The Reference Branch now contains about 1400. The Journal Library contains a number of interesting periodicals, as well as the daily newspapers, which are read widely by all sections of the School.

During the current year about 56 additional volumes have been added to the Circulating Library, a few of the more important being "Ships in the Bay," "Almond, Wild Almond" (Broster).

"Gold Dust and Ashes," and "The Desert Column," "The Drums of Mer" (Idreiss).

"Guests of the Unspeakable" (T. W. White).

About 136 new books were added to the Reference Library, including:—

Shorter Oxford English Dictionary (2 vols.).

Modern Short Plays (3 vols.).

Lands and Peoples (6 vols.).

Cambridge History of English Literature (15 vols.).

The Library Committees deserve special commendation for the fine work they have performed. Special mention must be made of the work of Jennette Wood, Dulcie Davey, and Lloyd Jones, for the many hours of hard work they have given to the Circulating Library every day.

GIRLS' SPORTS.

HOCKEY

A marked change was noted in the play of the Firsts during the roster matches this season. We were successful in winning every match but two, the last of which we were forced to play without our captain. A most enjoyable trip to Devonport was made towards the end of the season, and owing to our win by six goals to one, we had later to play Hobart on our own ground. After a hard and exciting match, we were victorious by three goals to two, once more winning the premiership. At the very end of the season, two of our players, J. Bowen and P. Meston, travelled to Burnie with "Collegians," a Launceston team. We take this opportunity of thanking Jessie for the splendid way in which she has captained the team, and also Miss Morris, who has given up much valuable time to coach us.

This year a thirds team was inaugurated, and matches with other schools were arranged for both seconds and thirds. During these games many promising players were noted.

The first team is as follows:—
Jessie Bowen.—Captain. Centre forward. Very fine player who always holds the team together splendidly. One of the fastest players with a good hard strike and excellent stickwork. Has overcome tendency to use the left side of the forward line too often, but towards the end of the season rather inclined to wander.

Peggy Meston.—Vice-captain. Left inner. Outstandingly speedy player, who combines well with other members of team, but who has developed a habit of kicking the ball, and is sometimes inclined to "long back." Fine stick-work, and makes many fine dashes, resulting in good angle goals.

Thelma Jestrinski.—Right back. Not up to last year's standard, but improved greatly towards end of season. A very unselfish player who follows through and tackles well. Still inclined to one-handed play.

Verna Pitt.—Centre half. One of the most dependable players in the team. Occasionally falls back too far, crowding the backs. Attacks and covers well, and very ably supports her forwards and half-backs.

Jessie Montgomery.—Right wing. Very fast and consistent player. Picks up and intercepts passes well. Always beats her opponent to the ball, but needs to practice dribbling and passing in.

Frieda Jaffrey.—Left wing. Particularly speedy player, but is apt to over-run the ball. No longer crowds her inner, but is inclined to keep the ball too long before passing in.

Joyce Walker.—Right half. Moved from forward line. Fast, accurate, lunges well, and attacks consistently. A player who never gives in.

Pat Honey.—Left back. Fast, accurate, and has developed use of scoop well. Clearing and passing good, but sometimes caught out of position.

Barbara Meston. Right inner. Very fast player who attacks back well. Picks up and passes well, but needs to cultivate harder shot for goal and to keep her stick down more.

Zona Smith.—Left half. Fast and consistent, backing up her forward well. Lunge improved towards end of season. Needs to use more judgment in passing in.

Fanny Porter.—Goalie. Exceptionally cool player, who makes many fine saves. Kicks well and distributes passes accurately. A player who always uses her head.

Geraldine Tabart.—Half back. Steady and hard-working. Should do better with more experience. Needs to improve stickwork.



THE BASKET BALL TEAM.

BASKET BALL

By the end of the season the team, captained by Betty Thow, was showing fine system among some of its members. A splendid spirit has been evident throughout, both in keeping up the early morning practices in which the Seconds co-operated, and in the way in which victories and defeats were taken.

We are unfortunate in having no roster to play, and for all our practice matches, are indebted to either the Broadland House School or its Old Girls, and to the Sacred Heart College Old Girls' teams.

On the 21st July we went to Devonport for the first of the Inter-High School matches, and were beaten by 24 goals to 29. The teams were very evenly matched, as the scores indicate. The game was particularly fast, and played in a fine spirit throughout. Six quarters of seven minutes were played, with the School in the lead until half-way through the third quarter, when the scores became first 11 all, and then 12 all. At this stage Devonport established a lead of three goals, which it kept, the scores from this point on being almost goal for goal. At no time was Devonport more than four goals ahead.

The best players for the School were Gwen Dobbinson and Pat Clennett, who, out of 23 shots, goaled 20—a particularly fine result.

Pat (help goal) is a keen player, a sure catch, and consistent in goaling. Gwen (centre and

vice-captain) is very quick to the ball, but far too slow in getting rid of it. Alison Wright (attack wing) is extremely quick on her feet, excellent in attack, but careless in her throwing. Consequently a great deal of most effective system between her and Help Goal is lost. Winnie Roberts (defence), who took Lesley Chamberlain's place half way through the season, could be much more effective on the throw-in, is good in the air and shows promise for next year. Betty Lawrence (help defence) is good in her position, fast, and passes well. Alice McKimmie (goal) is a sure catch, goals when not too far out from the goal post; but must be quicker on her feet. Joan Anderson (emergency) fills any position fairly well, is most willing, and has been most consistent in attending practice. Betty Thow (defence wing) is a very keen player, rather better in attack than defence, and has captained her team splendidly.

BOYS' SPORTS.

TENNIS

Although the other sporting activities of the School clash with tennis, the interest in the Club has been well maintained throughout the year. The total membership reached 24.

During the season matches were arranged with Grammar School and Scotch College, who have, however, to date, proved a little too strong for our team. We were best served on these occasions by J. Tuck, R. Nicholls, and C. Barnard.

The mixed doubles tournament was played on 11th of October, and the trophies were won by Pat Clennett and Brian Hughes, who defeated the runners-up, Frieda Jaffrey and M. Roberts, 9 games to 4. The boys' singles championship has yet to be played off.

It is pleasing to note that some members of the Club have been competing with success in other tournaments. Charlie Barnard and Don von Bertouch succeeded in winning the C Grade Doubles Championship, and Charlie Barnard also annexed the C Grade Singles Championship.

In conclusion, we wish to thank Mr. Thornton for his generous assistance to the Club, and valuable coaching of the players.

FOOTBALL

With our smart, combining team, we hoped for success in the 1933 High School Premiership, but once again we went under, with hearty congratulations to Devonport. To Hobart also we extend our congratulations on being the ultimate victors. Our grateful thanks are offered to Messrs. E. Pickett, T. Doe, and R. Mulligan for their supervision and advice.

At an early meeting, Laurie Hayward was appointed captain, and Julian Murfett vice. Both set good examples throughout the season. Our most important results were:—

L.S.H.S. v. D.S.H.S. (Lost).

L.S.H.S., 10 goals 12 behinds.

D.S.H.S., 13 goals 16 behinds.

Best Players: L. Hayward, E. Phillips, C. Robertson, E. Press, C. Baker, E. Dwyer.

L.S.H.S. v. DERBY ASSOCIATION (Won).

L.S.H.S., 15 goals 14 behinds.

Derby Association, 9 goals 12 behinds.

Best Players: Murfett, Press, Wicks, Hayward, Barclay, Shegog, Watts.

Against Grammar School we were always successful by a comfortable margin.

1933 FOOTBALL TEAM

Hayward, L.—Captain. Able leader. Excellent kick and mark. Goes through well.

Murfett, J.—Vice. Excellent pivot. Good turn of speed.

Beauchamp, G.—Good mark. Wants to improve kicking.

Shegog, N.—Handy ruck. Improved mark.

Statton, C.—Solid. Very fair kick. Good turn of speed.

Lovell, W.—Rugged player. Needs to improve marking. Knocks hard.

Press, E.—First rover. Turns well. Good snap kick.

Rose, F.—Goes through well. Wants to get rid of ball more quickly. Needs polish.

Robertson, C.—Fine mark. Comes through well. Sure pocket back.

Crosswell, L.—Poor kick. Good rugged player. A little slow.

Phillips, E.—Slow. Good mark. Wants to use weight more.

Wicks, L.—Promising wing man. Fine stab kick. Leads out well.

Baker, C.—Much improved player. Shows football sense.

Dwyer, E.—Good left foot kick. Good pace and turn. Wants to go in more.

Barclay, R.—Greatly improved. Good mark. Solid.

Atherton, F.—Improved mark. Erratic kick.

Bowden, D.—Useful forward. Could cultivate lower pass. Kicks both feet.

Watts, R.—Excellent forward. Makes good position. Accurate mark and kick.

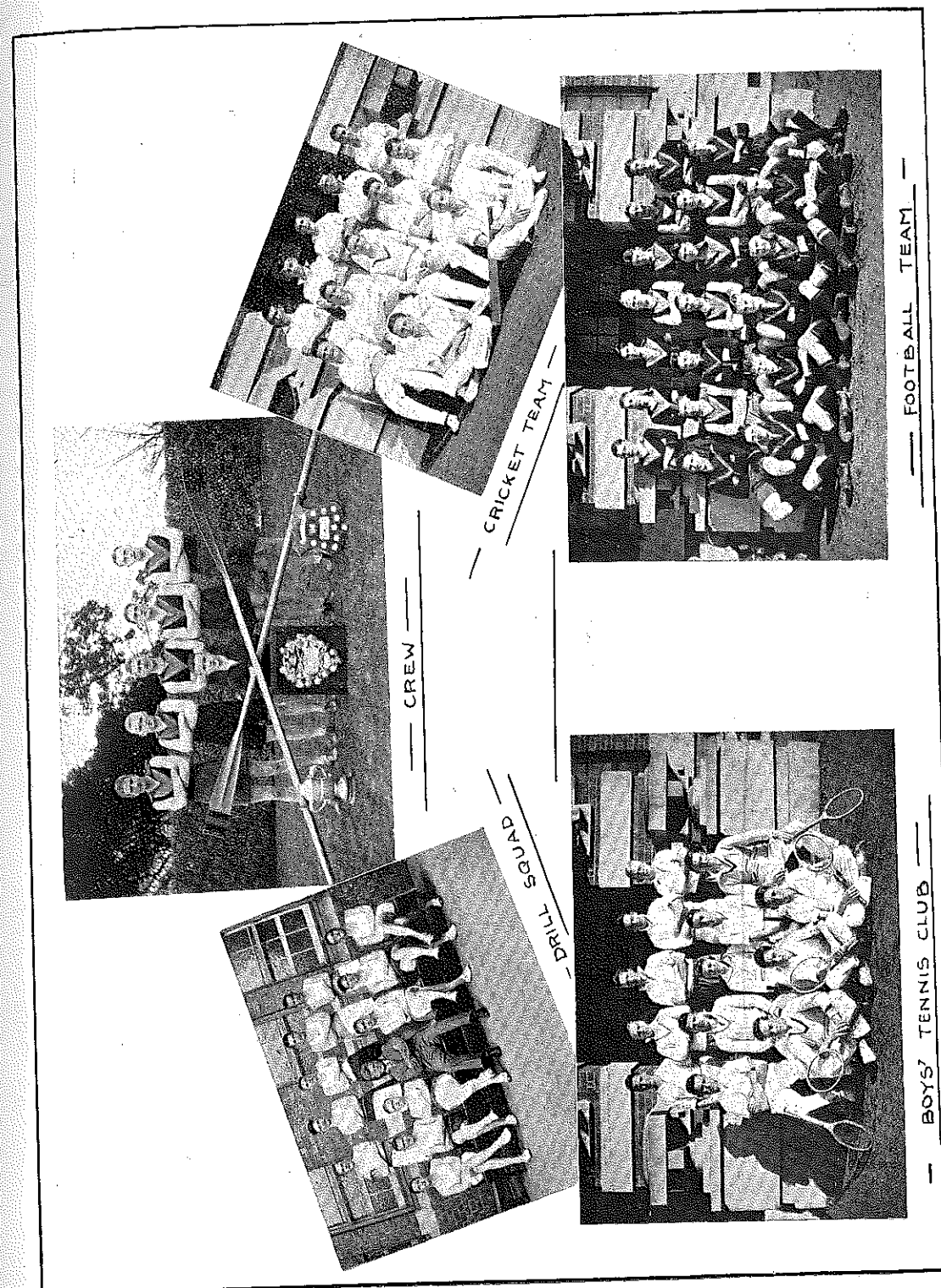
Nicholls, R.—Wants to go in harder. Slow. Good kick.

Harris, P.—Needs more punch. Good mark.

SPECIAL ASSEMBLIES

On the 5th of October, Mr. Gee, the representative of the Young Australia League, visited the School in order to arrange for tours which will be conducted during the Christmas vacation. The particulars and objectives of such travelling were given and opportunities for meeting famous sports people of the day were also mentioned.

On the 27th of October Dr. Guinness visited the School. He gave us a very interesting account of a boys' camp in Canada belonging to the Christian Student Movement. The main objectives and working of the Movement were discussed, and we had a very pleasant afternoon.



STUDENT CHRISTIAN UNION

This term the Student Christian Union has progressed briskly under the capable guidance of Miss Pitt. Although the number of members is not up to that of the beginning of the year, yet those who remain are very keen.

We hold our meetings every Wednesday morning in Scripture period, and would welcome heartily any new members who care to come along.

During the past term, Miss Pitt arranged, at her home, an evening, for which we are very grateful. In conclusion, we would like to thank her for the unselfish way in which she has given up her time to us each Wednesday.

STAFF NOTES.

During this year the Staff has suffered more than usually from illness. Mr. Meston and Mr. Fulton were both absent for long periods, and at present Miss Morris is absent. In the former cases, Miss G. Gunton was relieving teacher, and now, we have Miss M. Rowe with us.

The Staff continues, with the exception of the Principal, to be composed of Old Scholars of our own High Schools, most being from our own School.

Since our last December issue we have to announce the engagement of Miss Doris Bock and Mr. Ralph Mulligan; and that in May Mr. Rex Edwards was married to Miss Dorothy Fleming, formerly a member of the staff and supervisor of the "Churinga."

OBITUARY

It is with regret that we record the death of Miss W. E. Carter, formerly a member of this staff. Miss Carter was an Old Scholar of this School, and taught French for several years at the Devonport State High School. She held a similar position here in 1931-32, but was forced to retire from the Devonport School, where she was transferred last December, early in 1933.

Miss Carter was very widely known among the High School teachers, and had been keenly interested in the sporting and social life of the schools with which she had been connected. The deepest sympathy is felt for those who mourn her loss.

PLEASE NOTE!

Leaving Scholars

The Old Scholars' Annual Report will interest you, as it contains a few of the objectives for the coming year.

We need your support, so join up! Communicate with the Secretary at once.

All affiliated clubs extend a hearty invitation for you to join them. A warm welcome awaits you.

Scholars from C Class and above, leaving school, are invited to an End of the Year Social as complimentary guests of the Association. You will be advised of the date by circular.

ORIGINAL COLUMN

Senior Section

LIZARDS

Where the path goes twisting, twisting through the trees,
And the roses sway and curtsy with a rustling of their leaves,
There in the mellow sunshine on the worn old slabs of stone
I can watch the lizards basking as I sit here quite alone.
There are worn old veterans with tails clipped short,
And little stocky fat ones that never yet have fought
In the battles of the lizards that are waged beneath the trees,
Round the stones, and over pebbles, beneath the fallen leaves.

Where I lie the grasses sway and meet above my head,
And I hear a faint far scuffling as the warlike lizards tread.
From the winding path above me patterned fair in dark and light
Comes a rustling and a rasping as the warrior lizards fight.
There are grey old veterans rustling past me where I lie,
And little frightened black ones that go slipping quickly by;
In their hundreds and their hundreds where the brown leaves softly fall
They are living in the sunshine on the old stone wall.

B. MESTON (Class C1), Arthur.

SUSPENSE

The only sounds breaking the gloomy silence were the hurried breathing and sighs of the watchers. What destinies were to be woven in the course of the next few minutes! The air was heavy with suspense, and, upon glancing round, one was able to perceive several faces white with—must one say—terror! Oh, if only those quavering hearts might be steadied. Victory would then be sure to follow. Fate, the abhorred, is so changeable. Was she, on this occasion, to be kind or cruel? Many were offering prayers on the altar of hope. Were those prayers to be answered? Soon were they to know the verdict!

Some already had the appearance of resignation, others of bewilderment and despair; whilst a few—a very few—seemed to relish the situation in which they were placed.

At last a sigh quivered through the room—everybody knew that the moment had come! The attack, so long awaited, was at last to be made.

And, with the ringing of a bell, A Class settled down to their Leaving French Examination.

M. B. (A Class), Sorell.

"A" CLASS, 1933

[Being extracts from the "Scientific and Zoological Review," gratis (net). Society Section same price.]

ZOO NOTES.

The wild Fingal Tiger (pocket edition) is progressing as well as can be expected. Patient training by Miss Hamilton is developing its economic understanding. He has been named Cecil, but even this nice name does not quieten him sufficiently to prevent his attacks on the Dean, who is a lover of such animals.

Our peculiar Horse (Rossus di Bracknellus) remains an object of wonder. He bears practically no resemblance to an equine quadruped, but his tamer (Mr. Whitford) assures us that he is a

som is dazzling. Our two botanists agree that the French air is good for roses.

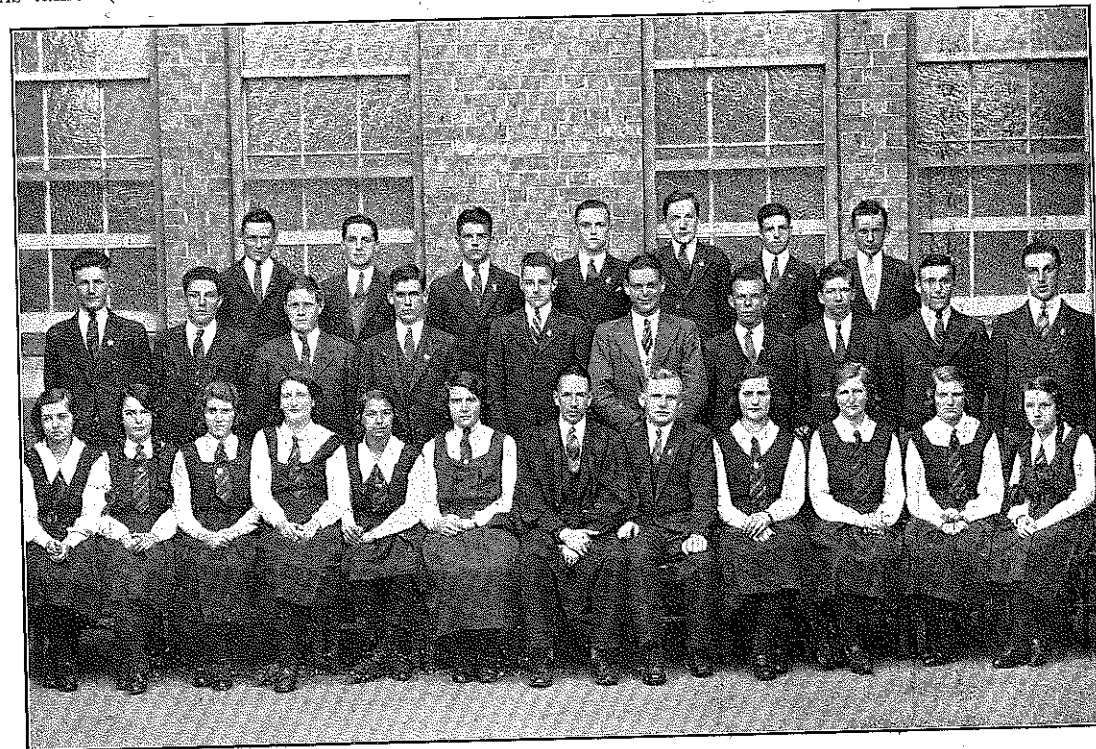
ENGLISH SECTION.

Sum membas ov hour clars ar orfull spellas.

SOCIETY NOTES.

The last of the ancient Saxons is in our possession. He reveals amazing knowledge for one of such a primitive race. In gardening periods, he seizes a mattock, developed from Thor's tooth-pick, and renders his immediate neighbourhood unsafe for human habitation. He is a fine type of pre-historic athlete.

The latest edition of William Pitt's descendants is with us. Her natural excitability is attributed to her pride because of the victory of



A CLASS, 1933.

horse. Professor Harvey says that the kind expression of its face reminds him more of a cow.

A large, peaceful Rat (Adamsolus) is still in our enclosure. During gardening periods he plays on the spade handle.

Numerous experts are attempting to define or explain two wraith-like spirits which stray among us. One is known as the Rainbow, though why this is so, is not so doubtful as why the other is known as the Human Memory.

The rare black 'skeeter (Elvinosaurus, or Wixeskwyer) still has the bad habit of attacking its keeper, an official known as the Perfectum di Librarianus. His shameful treatment of the innocent creature somewhat justifies its ferocity.

BOTANICAL SECTION.

Our unique Rose (Fredericus variety) has not lost its beauty. During French periods its blos-

Pitt the Elder over Mussolini at the Battle of Magna Carta, fought near dinner time.

The white-haired barbarian from Mella-Mella has become remarkably civilised, and is now head-serang unto the whole caboose. He brought one of his instruments of torture (violinus fiddlum) with him; its manipulation consists of drawing some horse hair across four pieces of what racquets are strung with.

The Large One is a proficient pianist. The male trio may possibly engage him as accompanist.

Singing is not appreciated here. The Pref. di Libr. croons love songs in a hearty bass whisper. His neighbour prays that his diaphragm may foul his hyo-glossus muscle; it's a hard world.

LONG 'UN (Class A), Franklin.

THE PLEASURES OF COUNTRY LIFE

"Oh, a country life is sweet!"

Life wherever it may be, consists of both pain and pleasure, for much we suffer in the country, yet greatly, we enjoy.

There, each season is a bringer of new things. Winter comes. Beneath dull skies we toil all day; then comes night, and as we gather around glowing log-fires, in the sweetness of family communion, all the labours of the day fade into mere oblivion, and we are happy.

The very air is filled with life, for Spring is here; the grass grows green beneath our feet; wild flowers bloom in profusion, airy blossoms bedeck the trees, a lark pours forth its melody as it soars higher, and is lost within the blue of Heaven.

Time matters not, nor does the mechanical ticking of the clock mark off our hours. We arise with the sun and return when the light fades and the golden glory of sunset is gone.

Enchantment surrounds us and is part of us—the enchantment of a Summer day when a million murmuring sounds fall on the ear, and there is no breath of air save it has the sweetness of honeysuckle and the perfume of intermingled clover and grain just cut.

If half a kingdom were offered me for the glory of a country lane, I would not exchange it.

Who could waken in the dawn, with the dew just freshly fallen, without feeling life holds something—something which makes one feel as if this new day is the beginning of one's life!

We country folk are the Kings of the Earth; it is we who have the gems which death itself cannot take away, for we are Nature's children, and she has bent our souls. Once a nature-lover said,

"A country girl walks, and the very earth smiles beneath her feet. She walks in the glory of young life, but she is really centuries old. Ages have passed while from all enchanted things of Earth and air this preciousness has been drawn; from the south wind that breathed a century and a half over the green wheat; from the perfume of the growing grasses . . . from rose-covered hedges, from all the devious brook-let's sweetness, the wild woods, a hundred years of violets, from dewy morn and night immortal. Thence she sprang, and the world yearns toward her beauty as to flowers that are past."

If this is country life, then for greater pleasure, although we go to the ends of the Earth in search of it, we must look in vain.

L. F. STEPHENS (Class C1), Sorell.

ON LIVING FOR EVER

One might say that the predominant factor to-day in married life is divorce. Usually the wife (I will blame her, to suit my purpose) is dissatisfied with the qualities of her husband. Many eloquent reasons for the request of separation are given; but here is a circumstance which would puzzle many, even the most skilled in this profound art. Tithonus had married Aurora, the

dawn goddess, who daily, with her yellow locks and frost-spangled car, crossed the Heavens. This was quite a perfectly sound combination; but this was the perplexing matter. Tithonus had begged the heavenly dieties give him the gift of immortality, cherished by all; but he had not carefully worded his request. He was readily given immortality, but one in which he grew older and older. Essential youth should have been the essential proviso. Like the nymph, Echo, who pined away till only her voice remained, Tithonus grew older and older until Tennyson wittily described him as "this grey-shadow, once a man." Whether this was worthy of divorce on the grounds of a "senior maritus" may be thrilling; but more interesting, I think, is the thought of living for ever in perpetual youth.

Of course, it is possible to discuss the advantages and disadvantages of such a state in a systematic treatise; but it is more pleasing to think of those things which would give infinite joy to one enjoying such a privilege. Each one knows that he could carefully trace economic development through limitless centuries; what a wonderful teacher he would make! But the words, "On living for ever," banish (temporarily, at least) all thoughts of work, especially mental work, from out troubled minds.

It would indeed be a remarkable experience to live to see the day when this world is one great mechanical machine, full of automatic beings with little developed intellect. Perhaps the day would be something like this. The earthly robot is gently awakened by a gradual lifting of his bed. As this rises his electrically heated bed clothes slide into neat folds. Contemporaneous with this action is the process whereby unseen hands place on his body his clothes. When these two actions have been completely finished, he finds himself before his bedroom door, which has automatically opened. As he passes through what seems ordinary curtains, again is heard a slight whirr of hidden mechanism, and behold his face is bereft of all effects of sleep, and his hair is parted according to fashion, not pleasure (mind you). He feels in his pocket for a small round pill, which he proceeds to swallow. This provides sufficient nourishment for the most strenuous day's work. To describe the rest of this day is impossible, I think—at least, it is so to me.

This is, however, only one side of this intriguing topic. There are, too, drawbacks to this life. The simplicity of the placing of the hair is incomparable (and distasteful, perhaps), to modern methods whereby some girls (and a few boys) proceed to put the gift God has given them in a most fantastic and ridiculous entanglement.

My imagination fails me when I pry too deeply into this topic, but I can safely say that there are few of us who do not consider our day a sufficiently long one. It is useless to hope that Aurora's chariot-bearers should trip over a cloud; days will come and days will go. I would that we could

" . . . pinion time and chase
The day for ever from this place."

BRUCE ROSS (Class A), Franklin.

SINBAD

In front of the fire old Sinbad lies,
His oddly gleaming amber eyes
Sleepily blink at the fire's warm glow,
While under and over the shadows flow.
And far away his thoughts may be
In a land unknown to you or me,
Where the little grey mice in tens and scores
Come scampering in at the wide house doors,
And the little birds fly low, fly low,
In that Wonderful Land Where the Good Cats Go.

His tawny coat all splashed with gold
Gleams like jewels in a galleon's hold;
Then he sleepily yawns and comes to me,
His golden head rests on my knee,
And Sinbad and I in the fire's warm glow
Sit and dream of the Land Where the Good
Cats Go.

B. MESTON (Class C1), Arthur.

THE STREAM

Over the hill beneath the trees,
Ruffled and kissed by every breeze
That wafts from afar the scent of the leas,
Flows the stream.

Shower-wet ferns sway to and fro
Dripping their fronds in the spray below,
Caressing the stream in its onward flow
To the sea.

Over the rocks it bubbles and whirls;
Laughs at the pool where it foams and curls,
Then falls, to race in eddies and swirls
'Neath the bridge.

Away, away to the foaming sea,
Scarce looking back past the waving tree,
The stream rushes on—blithe, happy and free
For its goal.

DAPHNE COOPER (Class C1), Wilmot.



PREFECTS, 1933.

FACES

Long faces, fat faces, dark faces and small,
If only we knew the thoughts behind them all.
Some are square, some are round,
Some are beaten and brown'd.

Just faces, that's all.

A. ANDERSON (Class C1), Franklin.

WHAT IS HE?

His first is in study, but not in play;
His second's in homework, but not in delay;
His third is in worried, and also in bored;
His fourth is in credits, his meagre reward.

T. JESTRIMSKI (Class A), Wilmot.

NARROW STREET

While away on my last holiday, I turned into a street of which I knew nothing. It was a narrow street, not very long, and crowded with tall narrow houses. But about these houses, as if apologising for their lack of beauty was a mellowness of age. Everything was very still, and the white curtains of the nearest house flapped idly, as if the effort were too great.

As I listened, I could hear the gentle splash of the sea, and I knew that it was just around the corner. I stood there thinking. "Who were the first people to come to those houses, and why had they come?"

Perhaps it had been some old sea captain come back to die in peace, perhaps two maiden ladies, seeking quiet and comfort, had come. That it was no one young and active I knew. There was too much an air of restfulness embedded in the very spirit of the place.

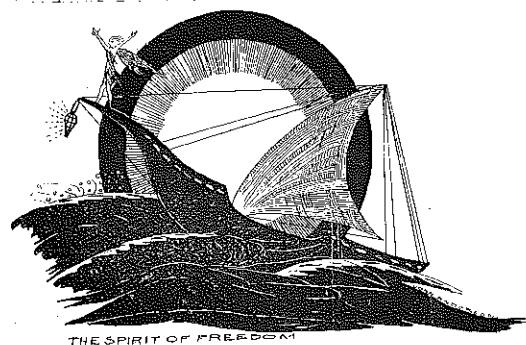
Perhaps, I thought, there had been wreckers on the coast. No longer was I standing in a crooked little street smelling faintly of fish and brasso. It was a cold, dark night. The wind from the sea was piercingly fresh, and the pale yellow light of the lanterns seemed only to emphasise the blackness all about us.

Somewhere, out on the black teeth of the rocks was a ship, and we had lured it there. No, the thought was too horrible. The atmosphere which surrounded this corner of the coast had not come from such deeds.

The grim white of the curtains stared me in the face. Perhaps one of these houses had been an early school where fat little boys had written messages to, and pulled the long dangling curls of, giggling lady-like little girls. Yes, this was more the history of the street.

I stood surveying it quietly. Far away came the tinkling of a shop bell, and then, more faintly still, a postman's whistle. I came back to earth with a start. Everything was bathed in warm, mottled sunshine, and there was movement in the erstwhile silent houses. I realised suddenly that I was hungry. Tea would be awaiting me—and letters. In the house opposite, a blind flew up with startling suddenness, but I was hurrying homewards, my thoughts of the last hour totally forgotten.

P. MESTON (Class B), Arthur.



FORTUNE IS FICKLE

In less than ten years from to-day we shall celebrate the tri-centenary of the discovery of Tasmania. On November 24, 1942, there will have elapsed just three hundred years since Abel Tasman, with his flyboat "Zeehaan," and the yacht "Heemskirk," bore up along the West Coast of our island, and was duly impressed with the general dismal mountainous contour of the hinterland—in particular with two outstanding peaks. It remained for Flinders to give these peaks their present appellations—Mounts Heemskirk and Zeehan.

With the speed of thought skip your imagination over this singular yet unimportant discovery; over events in the civilised world; over the colonisation of Australia. You find yourself in the summer of 1886, on the conglomerate summit of Flinder's Mount Zeehan. You are looking westward into the rolling blue of the Southern Ocean; northwards—on your right—looms the companion, Mount Heemskirk, and southward are the uninviting Lyell Ranges. Turn your back to the blue screen on which Tasman's ships appeared and disappeared, and your sympathetic gaze is directed down into the flattened depression at the foot of the mountain. Scattered over the tree-clumped bottom are mushroom-like tent dwellings—the forerunners of the town of Zeehan. For it is now four years since the first galena deposits were discovered here, and a few hardy pioneers have essayed to make a living from the new field.

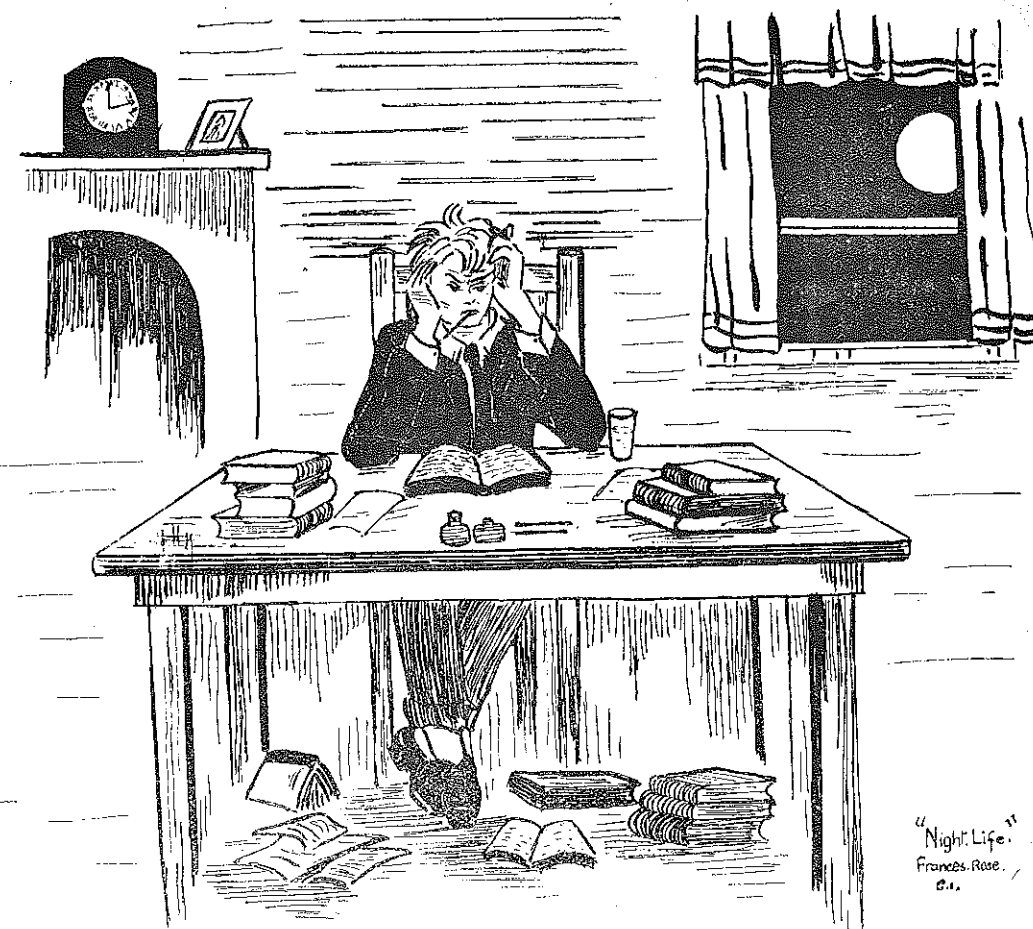
With rapid steps, let us revisit the summit in the glorious year 1906. No longer does the place boast but a few tents and paling huts, but here is a substantial mining town. The rough "bush" aspect has worn away from the immediate precincts of the residential area; the uproarious hey-day of boom discoveries is no longer; and independent party shows, or tributes, are being swallowed up by large capacity mining companies.

With a speculating public pressing behind mining proposition shares, Zeehan has assumed an air of great prosperity, has "road" and rail transit to the sea and metal markets; and indeed, all the conveniences of an up-to-date town, with a happy, though rather cosmopolitan population approaching seven thousand souls. We might conclude that this chance place has a well-assured future.

Again we must lapse into the background of time while the dark war clouds threaten the world and humanity. Amid the overwhelming world chaos of post-war years we begin to wonder vaguely about the certainty of pre-war days—wonder vaguely and eventually forget, in the momentous turmoil. But there is evidence to be had.

1933, and the summit of Tasman's landmark has not visibly altered. But the town? Just an old story, just one more of the curses of war. Yes, Zeehan is done, finished, her ruination is practically complete, and the peak on which we linger is but a lasting monument to departed glories—"At spes non fracta."

E. J. C. (Class B), Franklin.



THE WORLD GROWS BETTER

[Following are extracts from Government Records of legal proceedings against convicts in a Northern settlement in 1836.]

Convict No. 187.—Transported for seven years on "The Neva," charged upon the complaint of her husband with drunkenness and disorderly conduct last night. Found guilty and sentenced to "three months hard labour in the house of correction for females at Launceston. Recommended to be employed at the wash-tub."

No. —, transported for seven years, charged upon the complaint of his master, W—, with idleness and indolence. Found guilty and sentenced to four months' hard labour in chains and removed from his master's service.

Martin Cash, charged upon the complaint of his master, with wilful mismanagement of his duty on 24th November, 1835. He was discharged.

John F—, charged on his own confession with absconding from the — Chain Gang on the 5th instant, and remaining illegally at large till apprehended at St. Peter's Pass on the 8th instant. Found guilty and sentenced to 75 lashes.

Thomas P— charged, upon the complaint of his master, with pilfering a four-pound loaf, valued at 9d. Found guilty and sentenced to twelve months' hard labour out of chains; ticket of leave suspended during that period.

John —, transported for 14 years, at a ticket of leave, hired to R—, upon the complaint of his master, charged with having been absent without leave. Found guilty and sentenced to seven days' solitary confinement in a cell, on bread and water, and Mr. R— (was) discharged from paying the balance of his wages.

J—, transported for life, charged, upon the view of the Police Magistrate with having been drunk in church yesterday. Found guilty, sentenced to be whipped, 75 lashes to be inflicted.

Thomas P—, transported for seven years, found guilty of insolence to an overseer, was sentenced to four hours in the stocks.

No. 573, transported for seven years, charged upon the complaint of his master, Mr. C—, with having ridden in the bullock dray when going into Launceston yesterday. Found guilty, and sentenced to twelve months' hard labour in chains, and removed from Mr. C—'s service.

Contributed by X (Class C1), Sorell.

ON GOING BACK

The watchword of the twentieth century is "forward." To many the mere mention of retrocession is distasteful. They have set their faces ahead and scarcely dare look back for fear, perhaps, that the dizzy height of modern achievement may turn their heads, and cause them to fall. However, most of us at some time or other seek to withdraw from the whirling wheel of progress, and revisit in body or in mind the scenes of our childhood, or go back and re-enact the earlier scenes of our life's pageant. The wanderer who has drifted away from his home often goes back after his life's work to refresh almost forgotten memories and renew old acquaintances. Such a one needs no municipal encouragement to go "back to Latrobe" or "back to Deloraine," as the case may be, the irresistible call of his home village is sufficient.

Although it is well to meet all obstacles with a bold front, and not give in nor look back till they are overcome, yet it is often well to pause in our success and survey past achievements and misfortunes before facing new difficulties. Human nature is headstrong, forcing its way ever forward, regardless of consequences, and rarely going back to learn the lesson of history, or benefit from past experience.

"Let the past lie," we often hear said; but a thoughtful person will see that such a sweeping assertion should, at the most, be limited in its application. The past has an infinite bearing on the present and furnishes immortal examples of virtuous human conduct, well worthy of imitation to-day. There are certainly many blemishes in the pages of history that may well be let lie, but if we were meant to let the past lie altogether, then Nature would not have endowed Man with the faculty of memory at all.

However eager one may be ever to forge ahead, such procedure is not always possible or even desirable. One must get out of many situations the same way as he got in, and that means going back. For example, a motorist arriving suddenly at the edge of a precipice would scarcely think of going on—he must go back. So in all aspects of life, however progressive a person or an age may be, the desire and necessity for going back is always a reality. Advancement cannot continue indefinitely unretarded, as there is a climax in all enterprise. Indeed, much of the monotony of life is alleviated by the fact that it is a succession of advancements and retardations, and the aim of human existence is to make the former far outweigh the latter.

ERIC SAXON (Class A), Arthur.

SOLITUDE

The autumn night was agitated with winds; a veritable hurricane swept over the plains; it was a night of storm and tempest. Above the great expanse of downland, whirling masses of clouds raced across the sky; the moon, now and again contending fitfully through the clouds, poured a slender white radiance upon the earth below.

Under the clouds, and the radiance of the moonlight, the downs appeared very desolate—

wide stretches of close-cropped grass that seemed to stretch into infinity, range after range of uplands, their naked outlines only occasionally varied by clumps of pine trees that yielded to the mercy of the winds, and creaked ominously in the wild blast of October.

On that night, the long lanes that led from the sheltered valleys to the top of the downs were very lonely. Even the shepherds, and others whose work led them on to the uplands, had long since returned home to the scattered cottages which nestled under the shelter of the great hill-sides.

Dawn came to a grey and forlorn world. Outside the cottages, the wind was shrilling at the windows, and the rain whipping furiously against the roof. The trees were writhing in the storm and the downs were a place of fantastic music. But little the cottage folk cared for the gloom and the solitude of the outer world; they kept them at bay with the illumination of the fire and the laughter of young voices. The moon, at intervals, sifted weird shadows through the swaying branches of the firs.

The first light of day shimmered through, when Dawn had fully shown herself. The sharp, keen air and bitter drops of rain made it even more desolate, while the pines consoled themselves, by slight movements of their laden boughs.

J. STAGGARD (Class C2), Wilmot.

HIKING

Have you ever been out hiking
With a friend or two
Up and down the paths and byways
When the skies are blue?
When the sun shines overhead
With its kindly glow,
And the soft enticing breezes
Whisper as they blow?

Have you ever seen the flowers
'Mid the waving grass,
Bend their heads, both small and stately
As your footsteps pass?
As your laughter and your song
Ring out on the air?
Have you "never" been out hiking
Without a thought of care?

THIRZA WOODHOUSE (Class C1), Sorell.

WINTER

(With apologies to Thomas Hardy)

This is the season the hockey girls like,
And so do I.
When hockey sticks clash, and forwards dash,
And hockey balls fly.
And ducks in the rain do quack with delight,
And children throw snowballs with all their might,
And plants underground are waiting for light,
And people enjoy the fire at night,
And so do I.

JOYCE WALKER (Class C2), Franklin.

EVENING AT SEA

The sun had set while we were still some little distance from the Heads, and by the time we reached them, the first stars were twinkling in the sky. The sea was calmer than I ever remember having seen it before, and as we came out of the river we were greeted by the soft murmuring lullaby of the sleepy ocean.

We stood awhile talking on deck; it was delightfully fresh and cool, a fact which we appreciated since the day had been hot. For a little while there was a sound of movement, restless and indeterminate, about the ship as the men resumed their tasks and pastimes interrupted by the evening meal. Then the sound of friendly laughter drifted up from the saloon, where some of the passengers were gathered round to stake their fortunes (in threepences) on the whim of

spreading a soft light over all. For a moment she hesitated with both feet on the wooded slopes, loth to leave their shelter and begin her nightly course.

Very beautiful, very pure, and very fair she seemed, as she stood on the threshold of night, and, as when a child, I longed to walk the silvery path across the scarcely rippled waters to that other land, the happy, carefree realm of childhood days.

Peace, calm and serene as the stars above, restful as the quiet of a summer's evening, spread its kindly influence over the dreaming world. On board, music and laughter had alike been hushed, and only the steady throb of the ceaseless engines, like the pulse of a mighty heart, beat on through the silent night.

CATH. COOPER (Class A), Franklin.



"Ricketty Kate," the most favoured and popular lady on board. From somewhere below sounded the lilting melody of a dreamy Hawaiian waltz, and I knew that the cook had brought out again the gramophone which, I had been earnestly assured, he had constructed from onion peels and a kerosene box. I have never seen it, but, having tasted his meals, I do not feel competent to doubt his ingenuity in any direction.

I looked back to the coast, now dimly veiled in the shadows of approaching night, and, as I looked, the friendly beacon of Low Head lighthouse flashed a silent farewell. Far away behind the hills I could see a growing radiance reflected in the sky. Slowly, imperceptibly, it grew, spread and brightened, then, when I had almost thought it useless to watch longer, the rim of the great golden disc appeared above the horizon. Golden-red the moon looked as she rose above the hills

WHY DO YOU EAT?

We all live for some purpose, whether good or bad: some to dream, some to exist, some to make money, some to laugh, some to look glum, others to love, others to learn. But, whoever we are, king or peasant, we all eat, and we all return to the clay.

If one asked the philosopher why he eats, he would scratch his cranium, look wise, and say, "Why, man, to live!"

And in the same sage way would reply the king, the farmer, the clerk, and all men and women of the earth.

Continually to speak of eating may seem gluttonous and vulgar; but, if those who tick off the time of day by various meals, would think and then reply, quite candidly to the query "Why do you eat?"

I wonder how many would reply, "I eat to live, but to live is to eat."

L. F. STEPHENS (Class C1), Sorell.

B CLASS QUIDAM

Of B Class virtues I sing, and the man who attempts to exercise rule (no, dominion) over us, and also to teach us phonics. It was once said of him,

"The teacher entered, a strange hush fell
On all assembled there.
Was it a human beneath the gown
Or an angel unaware?"

By the way, the persistent stuffing of one's gown in one's pocket is apt to prove detrimental to the pocket, but "Teachers don't care." Another of our teachers will shortly have several cases of insanity breaking out in the class. The phrase "make a note of that" is really more monotonous than "cut it out." We have one pedagogue who has an inferiority complex; he actually claims to be "good at Latin Translation!" How dare he! At the end of a dull lesson, conveniently cut short by an obliging bell-boy, our teacher of "something easier than Chinese" will ask "Have you got one problem right yet?" Incidentally this teacher keeps a performing flea. We take this opportunity of requesting him to present it to our menagerie when he has done with it. This menagerie is kept by Lord —, and contains some rabbits, tadpoles, lambs, a pair of purple live-stocks—no, its socks, a magician who speaks without moving his lips and who, later on in life will invent "Lyle's Little Liver Lozenges." (This invention is imperative since the vice of yawning is gaining a hold in the class, and yawning, so Hill says, is a sign of liver trouble.) To continue with the menagerie, we also have one (only) worldly-minded bishop, and his false teeth. (Do false teeth chatter of their own accord or not?) A set of perfect (?) prefects, Blonde Venus—in replica—and lastly a "dandified lil' gentleman" who "Wears his flared didados."

(I won't say what they are);
He looks like a desperado,
Or even a film star.

Did you know that "leniency" is not the opposite of "corpulency?" And that reminds me that we found a weight ticket on our floor—12st. 3lb.; so we fed our little peccadillo (i.e., ant-eater) with it while we read Wordsworth's "Ode to Digestion" to it.

The "long-suffering one" can say "mewolling and peocking" beautifully, but that doesn't help him in French, even the Wolf can "jumble up the reading" better than he. N.B.—If you don't "Ken John Peel" ask M.M. about him. Also note that carbon in inkwells makes one stand "agashed."

In Economics, when the "Reds" take charge, it even rains red (ink). During English one day we discussed the graces of eating ice cream, and subsequently found that Milton was too full to flow and could only roll. When taking Milton, an efficient Latin student (compare Prog. J.H.) is essential to the class.

We are very anxious to meet the friend of one of our teachers—little Meeta Zecta ("make a note of that!"), and when we meet her we will let her play with our Latin swallows. But more of this anon. It is our class bedtime now.

NEMO (Class B), Sorell.

EXTRACTS FROM "NORTHERN CHURINGA," 2000 A.D.

Additions and Alterations.

We record with regret the arrival of new armour for the teachers. Wiltshire's cast-steel can-opener is the only invention which seems useful in overcoming the difficulty. An armoured car has also arrived, and is parked under the staff-room window. Fleeing teachers may thus jump into a means of escape, parachuting down with Mr. Adamthwaite's umbrella.

The Library Prefect has installed a swivel-mounted Machine-gun in the Circulating Library. (Children who are in the habit of asking for Ethel Turner, Wallace and Co., may now do so at their own risk.)

Improvement.

The office was blown sky-high by an underground mine about half an hour ago. All our English essays and future lessons went with it. Adams, Saxon and Jones, of the Digging, Delving, and Burrowing Brigade, are now receiving the congratulations of the multitude on their fine sapping. Their grandfathers were members of the 1933 gardening squad, from which the present brigade has developed.

Advertisements: 1/- per word.

Tryourgunpowderforexterminatingtroublesome-teachersandprefectsguaranteedbyfirhandcompany-senioreconomicsclassroomfourteen.

Notices.

The trench mortar (guaranteed to blow teachers into billy-ho) in A Class was wrecked last night. A new peanut-peeling device will be given for information leading to the detection of the teacher who did it.

General Comments.

Several boys of the gardening battalion were severely bitten by a rampant caterpillar. It was last seen when it attempted to eat the first machine-gun bullet which reached it.

Magazine contributions have been hard to obtain. Direct requests were usually answered by bullets. We are at present negotiating a loan to compensate the relatives of magazine representatives who die on duty.

The Director has forbidden mourning holidays for slain teachers. As the Director's troops outnumber us, we must observe the decree. It is rather hard, as arrangements are already completed for a monster memorial to Mr. M——, who was assassinated by Wicks, in order that he should not inspect the Commerce homework. Mr. C—— was hit by the bullet, but the assassin doesn't mind, as the victim once confiscated his nail clippers.

As this article is written before the completion of the Peace Conference, the result cannot be published at present, but it is anticipated that the main weapons of future student v. staff conflicts will be those of 1933, viz., students—unarmed; teachers—theorems, etc.

LONG 'UN (Class A), Franklin.

THE CLOTHES BASKET

Black Thursday had dawned! A Thursday even blacker than usual, if indeed, that could be the case.

The past week had been memorable for the number of losses encountered by the School, but the crowning point of all misfortunes had been reached (or so it seemed to the teachers), when each day registered some new loss by yet another member of the staff. Indeed, so numerous had been the losses that a special assembly had been called. An assembly presided over by the bowed, care-worn figure of our once active headmaster, and attended by thin, black-robed, wraith-like figures—all that remained of the present staff.

As no light on the matter had been forthcoming, the classes had dispersed sorrowfully, almost stealthily, to their rooms, and the School resumed work.

English lesson was proceeding painfully in A Class room. Suddenly the morbid silence was broken by a firm footfall, and with shining, eager eyes, the dux of the class hurried on to the platform. A few quick words in his teacher's ear, a race for the door, and the room was devoid of both teacher and scholar.

And then, the silence of the building was broken by three bells. Two assemblies in one day! The School hurried noiselessly to its place. Scarcely had each pupil taken his seat, when, from the girls' sports room appeared the School genius, and behind him he dragged a well-known basket, filled to overflowing.

Joyfully the school rushed forward, each person intent on claiming his own property. But alas, all had been forestalled! With glad cries the male members of the staff elbowed their way to the fore and greedily hurled themselves upon the basket.



The air was filled with flying missiles. Books, shoes, cases, were hurled far and wide as the excitement became more and more intense.

An hilarious cheer sounded above the general clamour. With abandoned joy the mathematical master waved his long lost umbrella (long lost no longer) in the air, and as he did so, it was noticed that the end was crowned by a battered

hat. With a fiendish grin of delight the economics master leapt into the air, snatched wildly, and rushed off to telephone the glad news to his friends.

Deeper and deeper plunged the hands into this delightful "bran pie." A figure emerged and galloped from the hall, but not before it was noticed (with several groans) that he bore in his arms the priceless copy of the School's "Lewis and Short."

Pipe, tennis racquet, atlas, scarf, and even a cake of school soap had been recovered, when, from under a pile of paper in the corner of the basket came a scratching and a rustling, and then an ear. A few more heaves—and the mellow bass voice of the science master exclaimed in delight, "My long lost Alsatian."

P. MESTON (Class B), Arthur.

FAREWELL

Too soon comes the time to say good-bye
To the School we have grown to love,
Whose name we strove still to place high,
Remembering the motto above.
The time has come to take the stream,
And leave the friendly shore,
To say farewell to youth and dream,
And the happy days now o'er.
For now we must enter a new career,
To shoulder whate'er may befall;
Yet we'll take away many a memory dear
Of the very best school of all.

T. JESTRIMSKI (Class A), Wilmot.

MY JOURNEY'S END

The crowded jetty's now in sight, the long'd for trip is nearly o'er;
The whistle blows, the gangway's down, and soon we are ashore.
We greet again the friends we knew—our family folk and all the rest:
A crowded space that jetty's end, and all are of the best.

The white road leads me homewards, past the Four Mile where the wild gums sway,
The ti-trees nod a welcome, each dusty, red-tipped spray,
The homestead roof gleams red across the paddocks, dry with summer heat,
And everything's the same—old Time has passed with kindly feet;
A noisy chorus, and the dogs rush out—a jealous, scrambling pack,
And all is as I thought, and hoped, 'twould be when I got back.

CATH. COOPER (Class A), Franklin.

HISTORICAL ARCHAEOLOGY

Rumour has it that a learned professor has excavated the skeleton of a horse near the scene of the Battle of Barnet. A close examination of the animal's ribs has convinced him that it is the very horse for which Henry VIII. offered his Kingdom.

With all due respect to the professor, I must contradict both parts of his statement. Firstly, as we all know, it was Stephen Langton who uttered the famous words "a horse, a horse, etc." Henry VIII. had long been dead when Stephen became Pope. Then again, Stephen did not want a beast of burden. The fact is (this is confidentially extracted from our family tree) he was hungry, and a "horse" in those days was a sausage, just as we now call it a "dog." The only difference is that the horse constituent of the ancient sausage was doubtful, whereas the modern health authorities censor all dogs used.

So we see that Stephen, after a hard day's trying to keep out of the battle, was moved by his voracious appetite, and rushing from the fray, he loudly proclaimed that he would give his kingdom (he saw that he must lose it, anyhow) for a sausage, presumably a large one. Historians of the time say that he procured a suitable sausage, and when Matilda refused to cook it for him, he went mad, swung on her plait, and finally surrendered to the Medes and Persians. His last words were "Lay my head beneath a rose," and the arguments which followed led to the "Wars of the Roses," to decide whether a red rose or a white rose should be laid on his head.

This is the best available proof of the truth of the saying "We must eat to live." Had Stephen eaten the sausage, he would have lived, with the result that we might not now be cursed with the Sales Tax. Still, we must be content, for most likely Stephen would have eaten the "horse" too quickly, and therefore died of acute indigestion. It is Kismet.

N.B.—My history has gone slightly to seed; so the characters and events may be somewhat mixed. I like to think of it as the eccentricity of genius.

LONG 'UN (Class A), Franklin.

RUINS

Whatever man's puny hand creates, there is always a movement by Nature to beautify it. The massiveness of the old Norman tower is made beautiful by the clinging ivy, and the graceful arches in the cloisters of ruined abbeys, covered with creeping vines and grasses, show the perfect artistry of Nature.

Ruins have a stately, subtle beauty of their own, interwoven with which are mystic suggestions of what may have been. The thirteen marble columns of the ruined temple of Minerva, which stand within sound of the waves on Cape Colonna, are sufficient testament to "the glory that was Greece."

The Winged Victory, a broken masterpiece of Grecian sculpture, still retains its grace and beauty of form. Were the head to be replaced, it would be spoilt for me; I feel its presence suggested by the poise and fluttering draperies. I have not any distinct ideas as to its outline, and the expression changes with my mood. Perhaps

it was the figure head of one of the ships which bore Alexander's soldiers to Asia. Alexander is said to have wept because he lacked more worlds to conquer; but it is more probable that it was because Petra, the Lost City, resisted all his attacks and he could in no way take it. Petra is now deserted, and if we would see the City of Mystery, which is "half as old as time," we will have to take camels for a four days' journey over the desert into Arabia from the Mediterranean.

After crossing over mountains and scorching desert, we at last enter the deep narrow Wadi Musa or Valley of Moses. Above, the rocks nearly shut out the sky from our sight, and on either side of us the dark walls are in places only twelve feet apart. On suddenly rounding the last bend, upon the bewildered eye breaks the vision of a temple, carved in Greco-Egyptian style from the rose-coloured sandstone of the cliffs of Edom. We have entered through the only access and gateway of the Lost City.

The valley is about two miles across, and is strewn with ruins, many of which show the influence of the Romans, who achieved in 105 A.D., in the time of Trajan, that which Alexander had failed to do.

We walk down the deserted streets which are carpeted with wild geraniums and poppies, over which laurels and oleanders are entangled, we find ourselves wondering what hands had caused the matchless facade of El Khuana, the treasury of the Pharaohs. The sun glints on the rose-tinted stone from which flash with eerie radiance the narrow lights of white, orange, pink and saffron. Above the columns stand gigantic urns which the Arabs believe to be full of jewels, but which have defied the onslaughts of time (and bullets) and refuse to yield their secret.

This city was old when the Pharaohs were building their pyramids. It was here, so legends run, that Moses struck the rock from which then flowed water for the Children of Israel. Who can dispute it? The fountain is still there, and is known as the Fountain of Moses.

The people, the Nabateans, were a commercial people, and probably served Solomon and financed the Queen of Sheba in the matter of jewels. Egyptian royal families intermarried with the kings of Edom, and the gay youth of Petra undoubtedly went to Egypt to "finish" their education. The valley of ruins has the wing of the Egyptian sun-disc hovering over it.

The spirits of the past are lurking in the very echoes in the ruins. Each cliff, capital and carved facade, seems full of legend and story.

Down the overgrown streets come the shadowy forms of the priestesses of Isis and the caravans with their tinkling bells. A Roman soldier makes his way along, followed by a crusading knight in mail, who bears on his white tunic a red cross.

The mists of imagination clear, and up the valley we see the ruined Norman castles, built by crusading knights before they were driven out by Saladin.

Our thoughts turn homewards with the sight of the Norman tower, and, as we pass back through the Wadi Musa, which has seen so many caravans and peoples, the echoes die away in the ruins of Petra, and Petra sleeps on.

MADGE ROBERTS (Class B), Franklin.



As we
really
aren't.

PINS AND TACKS, AND THEIR POPULAR USES IN THE CLASSROOM

What an insignificant object is the ordinary pin which we use for countless purposes! So insignificant is it that we often hear of it being used for clearness of expression of smallness of magnitude, in such sentences as "It is only as big as a pin's head," and the like.

A learned psychologist once said that the "little things" of life influence us most. The pin is no exception. When its small point is brought violently into contact with human flesh it tends to play upon the emotions, sometimes effecting a vocal protestation, sometimes causing the individual to suffer in silence only. That learned psychologist might have used the pin to prove his case, for (mark you) it is only the point which actually functions, and from that exact science, Geometry, we learn that a point has no magnitude whatsoever.

It affords most people a huge delight to prepare a pin for a practical proof of the philosophy previously stated. By much twisting and turning the article of impending torture is at last shaped so that it can be placed upon a person's chair in such a way that the point will stand uppermost. To do away with this tiresome preparation the drawing pin was introduced. This was unpopular, mainly because it was not always economical to scatter drawing pins profusely upon people's chairs.

Then another and more deadly medium was introduced—namely, the tack. It is rumoured that in a certain schoolroom an enterprising young person commenced to use the tack for three reasons, stated by himself:—

- (1) Tack points are sharper than pin points.
- (2) Tacks are less perceptible by the intended victims.
- (3) Since the seat of every chair in his classroom was joined to its main structure by tacks, the supply of the said tacks was practically inexhaustible.

His suggestion was taken up with zest by a few of the bright spirits of the class, whose sole occupation became the extracting of tacks from the chairs of others and placing them through those chairs inversely. So prodigious was their campaign that one lesson the teacher was astonished to see half the class fall through their chairs unceremoniously. So ended the regime of the tacks.

It is difficult to say which is the best of the three mentioned mediums. Perhaps the reader will be able to judge for himself if he knew the different effects of each. From my own experience I am able to remember that the ordinary pin brings forth from the victim an explanation of surprise mingled with pain. The drawing-pin brings forth a muffled protest of indignation; while the tack produces a full rich note which

usually starts in a high key and finishes in a low one. Of course, there are exceptions. I once knew a person who, when submitted to any of the three conditions, used to positively screech like some high-strung cockatoo. I believe that he, poor fellow, as a youth often made the acquaintance of a compass point for the first minute of every lesson, during which time he was more in the air than sitting down.

The typical victim is a pitiable spectacle. While on his chair there reposes some pin or tack glistening vividly, waiting for him to partake of its sharp nature, he himself little knowing what his fate will be in the next few seconds, proceeds to his place with the air of a martyr. All the while the conspirators responsible hug themselves in rapturous satisfaction awaiting events. And they have not long to wait! The victim, having connected with the pin for a fraction of a second, leaps to his feet, whilst his shout, nay, rather scream, echoes and re-echoes throughout the class-room. When asked by an astonished teacher what is the matter his sense of dignity prevents him from saying that he has sat unknowingly upon an upturned pin, and he immediately invents some lame excuse, the compilation of which earns him 100 lines. If he is vindictive (and he is almost bound to be) it will cause no surprise on the following day to see the conspirators rising from their chairs with similar screams. Oh! how little is the maxim, "Love your enemies," adhered to!

We all honour anyone who, when beaten, takes his defeat in a sporting spirit. How much more so, then, are we to honour anyone who when made a victim of such priceless japes as mentioned above takes his humiliation with a smile and without any evidence of rising anger! What a man he is to be sure!

"KING KONG" (Class A), Sorell.

THE WORLD BREATHES PEACE

The world breathes peace upon the evening air,
When silent, calm, the great sun slants his rays,
And slowly drifting down behind the hills
He sends that golden joy of twilight rest:

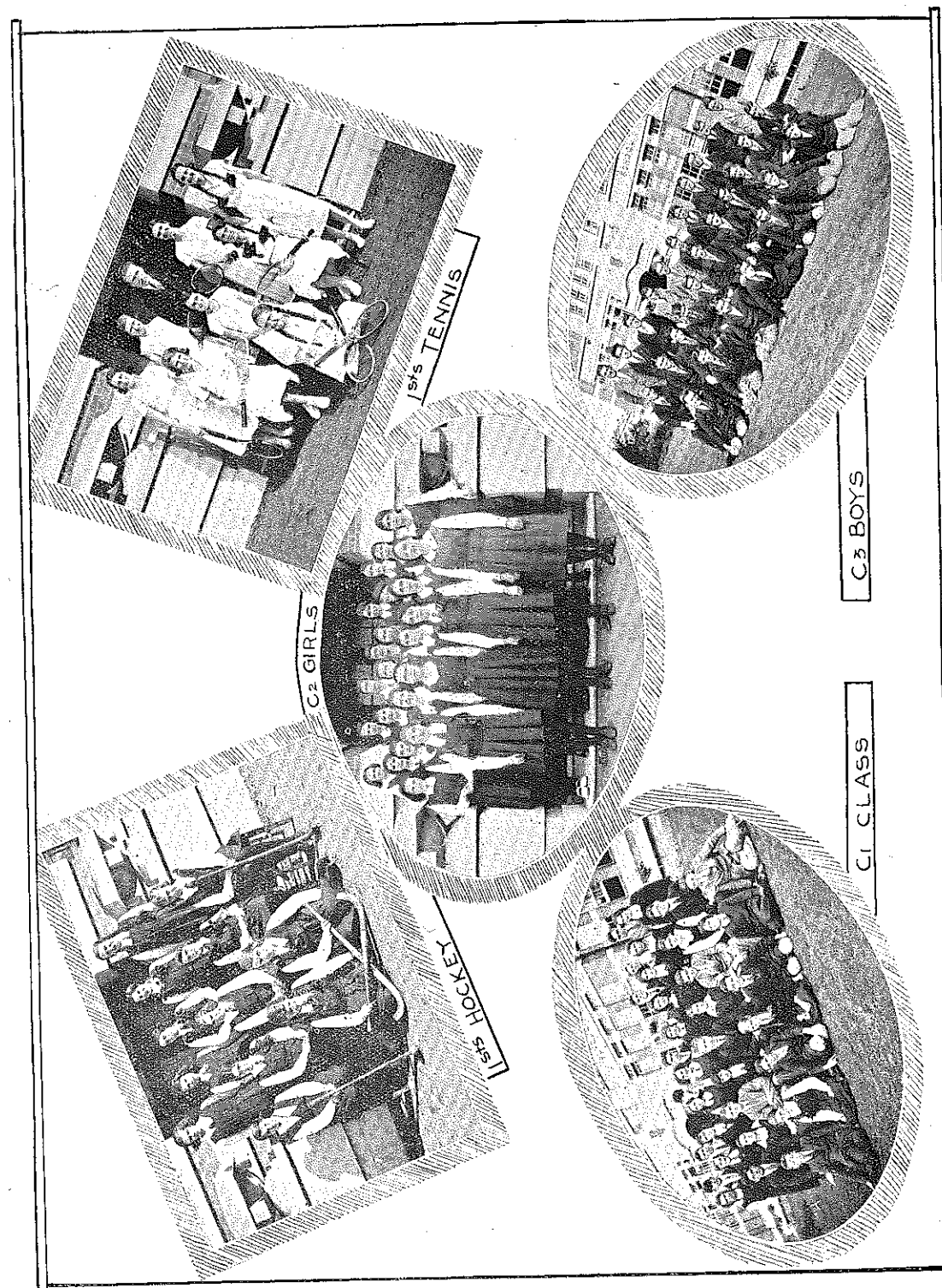
We know the sense!

As slow the even' quiets the throb of day,
And closes fast the eyes of living things,
A voice is born from space far, unknown,
And whispers 'mid the muted dark'ning shades:
"Thy recompense!"

You know that sacred, stealing voice of night,
Which quiets still the heart of frenzied man,
And brings to all a joyous beam of hope;
For lo, It comes from all creation's Lord:

"Peace now and hence."

W. T. LOVELL (Class A), Arthur.



THE CONQUEST OF THE PACIFIC

What a wild thrill of triumph and joy must have passed through Captain Cook, when, in the May of 1770, he had his first glimpse of Australia! These same feelings of emotion must have overcome the crew of the "Southern Cross" when the east coast of the Australian continent appeared beneath them and they realised that they were the first men to fly across the vast Pacific Ocean.

For several months before the beginning of the flight, extensive preparations in order to make it as safe as was humanly possible, were made for the hazardous voyage. Kingsford-Smith and his companion, Ulm, had good reason for choosing the three-engined Fokker for the flight. One of the main reasons for their doing so was the fact that the world's record for composite loading was then held by a Fokker. Byrd had also used one for his North Pole and trans-Atlantic flights, while the flight from Oakland to Honolulu had been accomplished in a similar machine. To allow for the slight chance of the machine being forced down into the sea, emergency rations, together with a still for condensing water, and a radio transmitter were placed in the watertight wing. Steel saws were also carried so that the outboard motors and steel fuselage could be cut off, thus transforming the wing into a raft. The flight was so efficiently organised that nothing to ensure safety was left undone.

The "Southern Cross" left Oakland Airport in America at 8.54 on the morning of 31st of May, 1928, on its adventurous flight over the wide expanse of ocean. The first hop was from Oakland to Honolulu, a distance of 2408 miles with no intervening land. After flying for about two hours in comparative sunshine, the machine climbed to two thousand feet in order to pass over a cloud mountain. Two hours later, the "Southern Cross" was 350 miles from America and was flying at 87 miles an hour over a white, fleecy sea of clouds. These clouds dispersed a short time later, and the blue, endless ocean appeared once more.

At 4.35 p.m. the petrol consumption was checked, and about an hour later Lyon found that they had covered 700 nautical miles and had 1391 to fly to reach Honolulu. A few minutes later the sun sank behind a horizon of fiery red, and darkness began to settle over the ocean. By 8 p.m. the stars were twinkling in the heavens and the moon had made a silver path across the sea. About three hours later heavy rain clouds were encountered at 4000 feet, and they resorted to blind flying. The plane passed out of these clouds about fifteen minutes later.

At about two o'clock, Ulm sighted the first boat since America had been left, and Kingsford-Smith signalled to it with a search-light. For the next nine hours the plane flew on without a

falter, Mauna Kea, one of the islands in the Hawaiian Group, being sighted at 11.28 a.m. The "Southern Cross" came to rest at Wheeler Field at 12.17 p.m., the distance of 2408 miles being covered in twenty-seven and a half hours.

After having a good rest, and the 'plane overhauled, the second and longest stage of the journey was started at 5.22 a.m., with a load of 1300 gallons of petrol. About two hours after setting out, the 'plane encountered violent rain storms, and, to make matters worse, the radio receiving apparatus went out of action, so that they were no longer in communication with the world. Visibility became steadily worse, and at 11.50 the 'plane was flying blind at 600 feet. At 5 p.m. the rain still continued to lash the 'plane with incredible fury; but by 7.30 an altitude of 8000 feet was reached and the "Southern Cross" was flying above the clouds. Owing to bad weather and head winds, the flyers were doubtful if Suva could be reached, but to their joy it was sighted about 2 o'clock, and a landing was made at Albert Park in mid-afternoon, on June 5th; the distance of 3144 miles having been covered in 34½ hours.

The third and last stage of the epic flight was from Suva to Brisbane. The 'plane was flown from Albert Park to Naselai Beach, where the petrol was taken on board. At 2.52 p.m., on June 8th, the "Southern Cross," flying with a cross wind of 17 miles, said good-bye to Suva. As Australia was in the middle of winter, the flyers began to notice the cold, and donned their fur-lined overalls. The 'plane ran into a severe rain storm when it had covered about half the distance, but, as the day dawned, the visibility became better.

It was about 9.50 a.m., on June 9, when a long, dark smudge was seen on the horizon, and the crew of the "Southern Cross" realised that their goal was reached. The 'plane flew over the coast at Ballina, a town 110 miles south of Brisbane, and headed north. Thus the courageous, daring, and skilful flight of 7500 miles was completed in nine days, the total ocean flying time being 83 hours 15 minutes.

D. BAIN (Class C3), Sorell.

NIGHT SOUNDS

The chirps of countless crickets,
The croaks of big bull-frogs,
The weird cries of plovers,
The howls of farmyard dogs,
Fill the clear night air.

The low of restless cattle,
The hoots of dismal owls,
The bleats of sheep and lambs,
The clucks of sleepy fowls,
Fill the clear night air.

M. BARDENHAGEN (Class B), Sorell.

A FLOOD

To many people of this island, April of the year 1929, will be a memorable month. It was then that Tragedy and Poverty entered many homes and the common depression was assisted on its devastating way. Suddenly, people were made to realise that a flood can be very effective.

At this time, I was attending the primary school of a little mining village. The predominant industry, tin-mining, was in the hands of an ambitious London company that was troubled by a shortage of water in summer. In order to overcome this difficulty, a great dam was built high in the hills by which the town was almost entirely surrounded. This wall of concrete and loose metal bridged a distance of approximately eighty yards, it was seventy feet deep, and the water was dammed for a distance of one mile. Also, as the water receded, the width of the dam grew from eighty yards to a quarter of a mile.

On the fourth of April, rain fell in such a way as is only possible when a cloud bursts. The local, shallow stream was changed into a young, broad river, whose artificial bank was strained to danger point. The kindly schoolmaster hurried us home to a warm fire and tea; but, alas, some hurried to their death and others to find bare rock where once had stood a house upon a fertile alluvium foundation.

Meanwhile, the excess water of the dam (as on previous occasions) had weakened the strength of the wall by dislodging the rock facing. That part which remained proved incompetent to its heavy task. Accompanied by a thunderous roar, the unleashed waters galloped down the slope. And the doomed little town was innocent of its oncoming foe.

The force of millions of gallons of water swept rock bases clean of 50 feet of basaltic covering. Houses, vacated and inhabited, were as corks in the boiling surge, until they crashed against giant trees, wrecked bridges, or other debris. Into the mine workings, which were deep in the earth, the angry killer chased forty likely victims. But Providence, not in accordance with other happenings, was kind, and their death was forestalled by the heroism of the town constable. Enough gloom had been cast on this town.

After four years of occasional visits to the town, the place I now see seems to be unreal, and that which is actually gone for ever is more deeply imprinted in my mind. That town and those other friends of my infancy. Shall we ever meet again?

E. PRESS (Class B), Wilmot.



DAWN

The pearl-grey mists of early morn
Hung o'er the tranquil sea;
No sound did break the calm of dawn
In all its majesty.

A crimson flush began to spread
Across the paling sky,
And soon a fiery ball of red
Appeared, and mists did fly.

Before that flaming orb they fled,
The filmy wraiths of Night,
For close behind with rapid tread
Came Day in all its might.

W. ROBERTS (Class C1), Arthur.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

We wish to acknowledge, with many thanks, the receipt of the following since our last issue:—

"The Log" (Hobart State High School).

"The Record" (University High School).

"The Longerenong Collegian" (Agricultural College).

The Unley High School Magazine.

"The Sphinx" (Perth Modern School).



F. Rose.
C.I.
Sorell.

"LOOK OUT! IT'S TUESDAY"

It was upon a Wednesday
When we were gathered all,
To listen to the teachings
Of the preacher in the hall.

The new boy listened well,
Of how the Israelites
Had fled before marauders
In rather hurried flights.

But one man stood alone
And guarded all his grain,
Said the new boy to himself,
"I'll never run again."

One afternoon a personage
Had caused the lads to flee,
And when our Willie boldly stood,
Shrieked "Forms for assembly."

The only boy in that great hall,
He worked with might and main;
I heard him mutter to himself,
"I'll always run again."

R. B. (Class C3), Sorell.

ON POETRY

There are only two things I do rather badly.
One is most things, and the other the writing of
poetry. It is on the latter that I wish to write,
for after hearing a rather impassioned appeal for

original verse for this magazine, my poetic soul
(if I have one) was so aroused that I felt I must
attempt writing poetry.

Deciding on a style was a little troublesome,
but after eliminating the styles of such poets as
Homer, Virgil, Shakespeare, and Milton, there
remained only Browning. The latter's style was
just the thing. His compactness and obscurity
of meaning suited me.

After much thought and half my pen, I pro-
duced the following verse entitled "Autobust-
carnus":—

Two cars,
Bend sharp,
No lights,
Now harp.

On a simple school incident I wrote—

Teacher said
"See me."
Small boy
R.I.P.

Perhaps you might complain that such verse
contains no music. What of the following verse
on the same theme as the above—

Te Doh
"C me,
Ray b
Soh Fah.

F. ROSE (Class A), Franklin.

THE NEW DREAMLAND

It is a place of dreamful ease
When you are feeling tired,
To rest your weary mind from work,
What more can be desired?

The place of which I speak
Is a masterpiece of art,
Made by months of endless toil,
And no stops from the start.

Have no fear, if exams are near,
And banish them with a yawn,
So take yourself where you can sleep,
That is, on our new lawn.

R. B. (Class C3), Sorell.

A VISIT TO SATAN

"So this is hell," said I after falling softly, yet
swiftly, through a very thick layer of calm atmos-
phere. Why I believed this to be hell and not
heaven I did not know; for everything was so
calm and peaceful that it was more like the lat-
ter; and I bethought me of my "Paradise Lost."
However, a jovial middle-aged man appeared
from nowhere (I at once accepted him as Satan)
and assured me that this indeed was Milton's
brimstone lake, and that I had passed through
chaos; yet a very different chaos and lake; for
since Milton had descended into that region on
the "viewless wings of Poesy" many great men
had fallen and had, since then, emulated the
scientists of the world.

Satan then told me of Galileo Galilei, Faraday,
Macadam, Isaac Newton, Arkwright, James Watt,
Stephenson, and many other great men who, not
being predestined for heaven, had revolutionised
their new world. He also spoke of Shakespeare,
who was very popular owing to his great dramatic
talent. Bacon was also there for (as I discovered
later) stealing the honour of having written
Shakespeare's plays; and as the latter rose in
fame and common approval, Bacon fell into
oblivion.

Satan suggested our going to the clubhouse. I
accepted, and found myself before an immense
building miles high, and many more long. This,
Satan reminded me, constituted Sir Christopher
Wren's latest and most brilliant feat as well as
the greatest punishment—that of living in the
higher storeys. We then went into the airman's
club, where we were met by many of the earlier
airmen, who were eager for news of the latest
exploits. When I told them of Sir Charles, there

was a shout of "Australia" from some of my
audience. I next told them of Piccard's ascent.
They laughed so much at the mention of this feat
that I thought the building would fall; but at
length they abated; and then a Frenchman
proudly told me that Montgolfier, the balloonist,
had just undertaken and succeeded in an ascent
to the gates of Heaven, where Peter promptly
started him back on his way.

The Archangel then showed me his collection of
Russian poets, pianists, and fanatics, and his
thousands of Great War victims, who were con-
tinually quarrelling over America's claim to
victory.

Montgolfier then invited me for an ascent in
his newest balloon; and on accepting I found my-
self rising at a tremendous rate. A face loomed
in front of me. Was it Peter's, I wondered. I
blinked; no, surely not my father lifting me back
into bed?

P. SULZBERGER (Class B), Arthur.

A MINE MAGAZINE

It is a strange sensation, for me at least, to
enter the magazine of a mine. We know it is
perfectly safe, and if by some extraordinary
chance the magazine did explode, it would be as
fatal distant from the magazine as near it. Yet
while we stand and look at the explosives we
cannot help an uneasiness, which is very silly.

We were conducted up a short side tunnel,
away from the roar and rattle of the main one,
until we came to a barricade of white pickets,
completely blocking the tunnel. We passed
through this and found ourselves in a large cham-
ber hollowed from the rock. It sloped gently
downwards, and was unusually dry for under-
ground. The whole of the bottom was covered
with wooden tread-ways. On one side were stored
about 100 tons of explosives, in small white parti-
tions. It gave me a queer feeling to gaze on
these. They could wipe us out as an elephant
wipes a mosquito with its foot.

One man was permanently employed. He pre-
pared all the fuses for the mine—a responsible
position. With special pliers he clinched each
detonator on to the fuse. No biting them on here
perhaps biting in the wrong place with horrible
results. We watched him for a short time, and
then went away, through the little white picket
gate, and left him to it, very willingly, as he
fixed fuses over 1000 ft. below the surface, with
100 tons of explosives all round him.

R. ADAMS (Class A), Franklin.

Junior Section

AN ISLAND PARADISE

The blazing sun shone down on my island, my little green island, with her blue lakes and brackish streams, and as I stood on the golden sand I saw a white-winged craft, skimming the restless waves and gliding slowly towards me.

I turned, as I thought, for a last look at the trees, hills, mountains, and valleys, that kept my past and held my future. I had dreamed of a tiny craft that would take me from this, my island home; but no, she turns and glides swiftly away, until only a speck of white on the gently heaving sea shows that my dream craft is still seeking an island haven.

Following a laughing streamlet into a perfect maze of green, for on my island grew only grasses, trees, shrubs and tiny green-hood orchids, I found again my favourite spot, a bed of yellow sand, fringed with mosses, and overhung with leaves, with the blue sky peeping timidly into a spot so wonderful.

From my resting place I watched the sun; slowly she sank into the west, leaving the sky thousands of tints and the world quiet and peaceful.

That night I saw the moon rise, blazing at first, but gradually merging into the shadowy mellowness common to the moon; and rightly does Tennyson say:

"From heaven the silver moon looked down,
With gentle and mellow rays,

A glory was on the silent sea, mainland, and island too."

N. N. M. (Class E2), Wilmot.

DUSK

Dawn and Dusk are sisters. Dawn fair and rosy and young, Dusk pale, grey and blue and old. Dusk comes when,

"Down in the dim, sad west the sun
Is dying, like a dying fire,"
and the old earth is left with nothing but a grey-blue haze and heather-coloured mountains. The greys and blues are restful and quiet after the rush and hustle of the day. It is a time of hushed peace, yet a different hush to that of morn or noon, a time of prayer-like solemnity, quiet, cool, beautiful:

"'Tis a beauteous evening, calm and free.
The holy time is quiet as a nun
Breathless with adoration."

Even the birds are silent, having finished their evensong and gone to their nests or perched with their heads tucked under their wings. Night is nearly upon us. It is! And,

"The day and its delights are done,
So all delights and days expire.
Down in the dim, sad West the sun
Is dying like a dying fire."

HELEN BROWN (Class D1), Arthur.

ONE COLD, FROSTY MORNING

It was during winter and a very cold frosty morning that the second period teacher strode impatiently towards the class he was to teach. He stopped outside Room 17 and frowned, which was fatal for the class.

He opened the door, letting in a gust of icy wind, and the first thing his eyes alighted on was a small girl in the very front row, almost blowing her top teeth out to warm her red sausage-like fingers, while her neighbour sat on her legs to warm them. Immediately alongside them, two girls giggled and thrust their hands up their jumper sleeves to shield them from the nippy air. Alongside them, a girl owlishly sucked her purple fingers, while her neighbour, a child of much broader proportion, puffed, blew, and shivered.

Right at the back, a girl rubbed her long fingers into her flame-coloured hair as though she wished to radiate warmth into her numb joints. In front of her a plump maiden smiled placidly on the teacher; she was just comfortable and had nothing to worry about. The Senior Monitor played a queer game (which looked like noughts and crosses) with her rakish-looking neighbour.

The teacher was cold, and his nerves were somewhat frayed; he had already had enough of these tiresome girls of D2, and he soon restored peace and quietness in that class.

DIANA HALLETT (Class D2), Sorell.

A GARDEN

I know a garden,
A pretty wild old garden,
A garden with the roses growing wild.
Here and there are arches,
Wisteria covered arches,
They blossom in the spring-time soft and mild.

On the south a hedge is,
Where rosy blooms are riotous;
A banksia climbs the pear tree to the top.
And there is a cottage—
A pretty, cheerful cottage,
Covered with the greenery of the hop.

And in it dwells a lady—
A sweet and graceful lady,
Who's seen full eighty summers come and go.
She'll tell you of her old days,
Her happy, carefree old days,
When it was her delight to point the toe.

Oh! Memories of that garden—
Dear memories of that garden,
And the little lady with the cap and curls.
Sweet memories that are sweeter—
And affection that is deeper
For the knowing of the lady with the curls.

MARGARET FERGUSON (Class E2),
Franklin.



THE DEATH OF A DAY

"Oh! the beauty of the sunset
On the river by the hills,
The splendour of that peaceful scene
My soul with glory fills."

(M. Talbot)

The day drew nearer to its end and the sun
sent forth hosts of bright colours.

Below, the shimmering water looked like molten
ore, reflecting the colours of the sunset. Very
faintly the trees on either bank also reflected the
tinged rays.

To the east and to the west I saw a faint purple
hue, that, as it extended south, faded away into
a grey dusk.

The last glow of light died away and the colours
faded into a sombre twilight.

A crow fitted out of the darkness as if herald-
ing the night, and as his cawing died in the
distance, all became still again and silence reigned
supreme.

CATH. ROYLE (Class D1), Franklin.

THE TASMANIAN BUSH RUNE

The willows sigh a wistful lay,
The ti-tree mocks their grief;
A pine tree chants of valorous deeds,
A breeze croons to each leaf:
The merry creek is skipping by
And, 'neath the marm'ring trees,
It sings of joyous things it's passed—
Of flowery dells and leas.

An unseen bird bursts into song,
And sings in rippling trills,
Then, faintly clear, pitched high and low,
Notes echo from the hills;
Until the whole bush sings a rune
Of woven, blending chords
Floating in liquid, mellow tones
Across the river fords.

JEAN PROVEN (Class D2), Franklin.

THE DEAR OLD YELLOW MOON

High in the sky, above us all,
There rides the old yellow moon.
His bland old face is full of grace,
And he looks like a glimmering ball.
On a stormy night his paly light
Does not show up at all,
Because the clouds have formed a shroud
To hide the yellow ball.
And near the dawn, his light no more we see,
Because the glaring rays of the sun
Tell him that his work is done.
And in the night, whether dim or bright,
There rides the old yellow moon.
His bland old face is full of grace,
And he looks like a glimmering ball.

JACK VINEY (Class E3), Franklin.

A TRIP TO CLARKE ISLAND

At last the term of school is over, and I am off
home, to Clarke Island, for a fortnight's holiday.
All is hurry and excitement, but I am finally on
board the steamer Narrabeen, and going down
the River Tamar.

How beautifully calm it is as I sit on deck
admiring the lovely scene which enfolds itself to
my enchanted eyes. If only the whole journey
could continue in this wise; but the boat is near-
ing the "Heads," and darkness is coming on.

Experience has taught me to go to bed, prepare
for the night, and what awaits us out in Bass
Strait. Only people who have travelled to the
Islands of the Furneaux Group on a stormy night
can imagine my feelings for the next ten hours.

The boat arrives at Cape Barren Island at last,
and I stagger on deck while an obliging steward
carries my luggage. I disembark, and am taken
by motor-boat to the small jetty.

After partaking of breakfast, I set out with
two heavy mail bags and a few necessities, to
walk nine miles to the other side of Cape Barren
Island.

What a long, dreary walk it is! I become very
hot and thirsty, as I wend my way through the
thick grass, and cutting-grass plains. However,
all bad things come to an end, and at last I
arrive at Lascar, a peninsula upon which I light
a fire to signal my father to sail across and take
me home in our yacht.

Father answers my signal by lighting a fire on
Clarke Island, and then comes over in the yacht
to fetch me home. In an hour he arrives, and I
settle down on the boat, and wait until we, at
last, reach Clarke Island, where I remain till the
end of the holidays.

G. McLAIN (Class D3), Franklin.

MY GARDEN

My garden is a picture
Of roses red and white;
The pansies of a mixture,
Are of colours very bright.

Stately lilies bloom and die
Between forget-me-nots,
While striving hard to see the sky
Which they reflect in dots.

Across the creek that is so small
The weeping willow tree
Casts her sinewy branches tall
Above the waters free.

But when the winter steals along
With winds that fiercely blow,
My garden then will all be gone,
Veiled o'er with purest snow.

JOYCE ROBERTS (Class D2), Arthur.

SPRING

Look out for thunder,
And look out for flood;
There's no need to wonder
At oceans of mud;
For storms off the coast
This season will bring;
Let me hear you boast
About "Glorious Spring!"

ETHNEE KELLY (Class E1), Franklin.

SPRING

Spring is here! Spring is here!
Fields, put on your robes of green;
Daffodils, lift your golden heads,
For of the seasons, Spring is Queen.

Spring is here! Spring is here!
Little lambs in the meadows play;
Wattle, with its golden bloom,
Helps to make the Springtime gay.

GWYN PROSSER (Class E1), Sorell.

A TRIOLET

Underneath the shining sun
Gently in the breeze,
Tossed the heads of yellow corn
Underneath the shining sun.
Like the waves of the deep blue sea
Nodded the heads of golden corn,
Underneath the shining sun
Gently in the breeze.

FRED. BOX (Class D1), Arthur.

AN ADVENTURE IN A BOAT

It was a beautifully fine morning as we set out
in our yacht, the "Athena," for a fourteen mile
sail to Cape Barren Island.

The sun shone brightly on the red rocks as we
sailed out of the harbour, and the deep, blue sea
made a very pretty picture with the lofty sheoak
trees reflected in the water.

Having a fair breeze behind us, we were soon
out in Bass Strait and making good progress to-
wards the west end of Cape Barren Island.

While we were rounding Cape Sir John the
wind died away, so the engine was started, and
we soon reached our destination.

We had dinner with our friends there, and the
afternoon passed all too quickly. At half-past
four o'clock we started on our return journey.
The weather looked very uncertain with squalls
on the horizon, so starting the boat's engine, and
hoisting all the sails, we made haste home.

The little yacht rose and fell gracefully with
the waves as the wind filled the sails, and when
we were almost at the west end of Cape Barren
Island the engine stopped.

We now looked anxiously at the gathering
clouds and the approaching squall, and valuable
time was lost in a vain attempt to restart the
engine, which refused to go. All hands were now
needed to manipulate the sails which were
hastily reefed, and the top-sail hauled down.



BETTY COE (Class D1).

GOLDEN

Golden sunbeams in the woodland,
Golden sunlight in the sky;
Golden wattle in the valley,
Golden hours passing by.

Golden sunflowers by the pathway,
Golden broom upon the hill;
Golden marigolds in the garden,
Golden daffodils by the mill.

Golden sand upon the beaches
Sparkling with the golden sun;
Golden sunset in the evening,
When the day is nearly done.

BEVERLEY BRADMORE (Class E1), Wilmot.

MIST

Mist in the hollow, shrouding the trees;
Wavering a moment when touched by the
breeze.

Silent, unfriendly, white as the snow;
What you have hidden we'll none of us know.

You hang there so gauze-like, transparent and
frail,

You cover the trees like a long misty veil,
Till slowly, so slowly, you melt right away,
And nothing is left but the dawn of a day.

L. LYNE (Class E2), Wilmot.

To add to our troubles the wind was south-east, and we were making very little progress. Darkness had also set in, so we could not turn back.

Suddenly the wind died away, and I was thinking we were saved, when a sudden puff of wind from the south-west struck the boat, which turned over on its side. We hung on for dear life while the water poured in over the bulwarks. With great difficulty we managed to lower the sails, and the little craft, relieved of its canvas, righted itself, and we set to work bailing out the water, which was up to our waists.

The wind increased, and the rain came down in torrents, so my father kept his place at the wheel, while the rest of us were kept busy bailing out the water, which seemed to increase in spite of our efforts.

Fortunately the wind was now behind us, and the shores of Clarke Island were gradually appearing out of the gloom. We were almost exhausted, when we suddenly saw two lights shining dimly alongside of us, and with shouts of joy realised they were two storm lanterns fixed on the rocks on opposite sides of the harbour by my mother, who anxiously awaited us on the beach.

With thankful hearts we moored our little craft, and went up to the house, where a hot bath and supper awaited us.

G. McLAIN (Class D3), Franklin.

WHO'S WHO

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

Staff: Misses B. Layh, B.A., Diplome d'Etudes Francaises, Dip. de Phonetique Francaise (French); M. J. Tevelein, B.A. (English and Mathematics); M. Hamilton, B.Comm. (Commerce); G. Morris, B.A. (English and French); D. G. Bock, B.A. (History and French); J. E. Gee (Art); R. Wing (Cookery); A. L. Sample (Sewing); M. Kiddle (Mathematics and Geography); H. F. Deane (Clerk); Messrs. L. F. Briggs, B.A. (Senior Master of English and History); T. E. Doe (Science); W. J. Thornton, B.A. (Mathematics); A. K. Fulton, B.A. (English and Geography); R. Edwards, B.A. (Latin and English); M. Taylor (Mathematics and Science); G. P. R. Mulligan (Commerce); V. L. Crawn (Mathematics and Science).

Senior Prefects: Catherine Cooper, William Lovell.

Sports Prefects: Jessie Bowen, Edmund Press.

Library Prefect: Lloyd Jones.

Magazine Prefect: Margaret Meston.

House Captains: Joan Hoyle and Frederick Rose (Franklin), Madge McGiverson and Eric Saxon (Arthur), May Bramich and Richard Whitford (Sorell), Thelma Jestrinski and Julian Murfett (Wilmot).

Captain of Tennis: June Edwards; coach, Mr. W. J. Thornton.

Captain of Hockey: Jessie Bowen; Coach, Miss G. Morris.

Captain of Basket Ball: Betty Thow; Coach, Miss J. Gee.

Captain of Cricket: Julian Murfett; Coach, Mr. E. A. Pickett.

Captain of Football: Lawrie Hayward; Coach, Mr. E. A. Pickett.

Stroke of Crew: Geoffrey Beauchamp; Coach, Mr. T. Martin.

Magazine Committee: May Bramich, Bruce Ross, Madge Roberts, Barbara Meston, Bernard Mitchell, Bonnie Sutor, Douglas Bain, Audrey Marshall, John Bell, Jean Proven, Kenneth Rootes, Beverly Bradmore, Cliff Jenkins, Dorothy Hurse, Jack Wright.

Magazine Supervisor: Mr. L. F. Briggs, B.A.
Circulating Library Committee: Dulcie Davey, Jennette Wood.

Reference Library Committee: Olive Adamthwaite, Joan Anderson, Doreen Bonhote, Jessie Montgomery, Madge Roberts, Montague Bardenhagen, Philip Sulzberger.

Journals: Keith Firth.

Librarians: Mr. A. K. Fulton, B.A., Mr. R. Edwards, B.A.

Senior Monitors:

- Class A—Beryl Morgan, Roy Dean.
- Class B—Dulcie Davey, Herbert Beams.
- Class C1—Minifred Roberts, Eric Dwyer.
- Class C2—Winifred Ogilvie.
- Class C3—Neil McDonald.
- Class D1—Elizabeth Coe, Richard Gardam.
- Class D2—Elizabeth Denholm.
- Class D3—George MacLaine.
- Class E1—Joan Cleaver, Robert Lawrence.
- Class E2—Yvonne Fleming.
- Class E3—Donald MacLaine.

Athletic Champions: Frieda Jaffrey (Sorell), Eric Saxon (Arthur).

Duces, Term 2:

- Class A—Eric Saxon.
- Class B—Philip Sulzberger.
- Class C1—John Pullen.
- Class C2—Audrey Ion.
- Class C3—Neil McDonald.
- Class D1—Elizabeth Coe.
- Class D2—Joan Scott.
- Class D3—Richard Jackson.
- Class E1—Joan Cleaver.
- Class E2—Nancy Jackson.
- Class E3—Colin Stevens.

THE ROLL CALL, 1933

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

Betty Thow, Zillah Slater, Alice McKimmie, Sylvia Murfett, Beryl Morgan, Verna Pitt, June Edwards, Joan Hoyle, Thelma Jestrinski, Catherine Cooper, May Bramich, Bruce Ross, Lloyd Jones, Douglas Bowden, Stanley Harvey, Richard Whitford, John Brett, Fred. Atherton, Raymond Adams, William Lovell, Donald von Bertouch, Ronald Rainbow, Frederick Rose, Roy Dean, Lawrence Hayward, Henry Chamberlain, Cecil Wiltshire, Brian Hughes, Eric Saxon, Keith Firth, Elvin Wicks, Gordon Walsh.

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

Dulcie Davey, Winifred Bull, Jennette Wood, Madge McGiverson, Joan Anderson, Madge Roberts, Lois Elmer, Joyce Elliott, Jessie Montgomery, Margaret Meston, Olive Adamthwaite, Doreen Bonhote, Jessie Bowen, Charles Barnard, Neil Shegog, Percy Harris, Peter McCord, Julian Murfett, Donald McKenzie, Philip Sulzberger, Gordon Birkett, Edmund Press, Grant Camm, Colin Robertson, Leonard Branagan, Montague Bardenhagen, James Humphreys, Lyle Chamberlain, Philip Gee, Herbert Beams, Louis Dennis, Edwin Curtis, Ray Nicholls, Edward Phillips, James Tuck, Leonard Bonser, Stephen Grey.

CLASS C1.—Supervising Teacher: Mr. W. J. Thornton, B.A.

Joyce Box, Elizabeth Branagan, Mavis Clayton, Daphne Cooper, Nancy Davey, Stella Hill, Ilma Honey, Kathleen Huxtable, Vera Jacob, Frieda Jaffray, Mary McNear, Barbara Meston, Winifred Roberts, Frances Rose, Lorna Smith, Zona Smith, Constance Wade, Thirza Woodhouse, Gwendolyn Tabart, Lorna Stephens, Aubrey Ambrose, Arthur Anderson, Colin Baker, Leslie Blair, William Bowles, Kenneth Cassidy, Lloyd Crosswell, Lovell Davis, Eric Dwyer, Geoffrey Hudson, Ian Larnier, Bernard Mitchell, Albert Pickett, John Pullen, Donald Scott, Kenneth Simonds, Donald Sims, Colin Statton, Walter Tacey, Edward Dunn, Peter Hague.

CLASS C2.—Supervising Teacher: Miss M. Tevelein, B.A.

Marion Thomas, Phyllis Green, Aida Ball, Vivienne Cunningham, Gwen Dowde, Joyce Walker, Melanie Holmes, Doreen Woodhead, Laura Wellington, Margaret Gourlay, Frances Jorgensen, Joyce Shaw, Winifred Ogilvie, Margaret Wilkinson, Joyce Staggard, Barbara Hammond, Nonie Guy, Bonnie Sutor, Jean Dennis, Jean Lloyd, Betty Hurse, Audrey Ion.

CLASS C3.—Supervising Teacher: Mr. A. K. Fulton, B.A.

Geoffrey Beauchamp, Alexander Tanner, Herbert Fuller, Alan Senior, Bruce Masters, Neil McDonald, Robert Barclay, Roland Whelan, John

Alcock, William Curtis, Neil Burn, Keith Bain, Douglas Bain, Raymond Chandler, Geoffrey Dineen, Maxwell Diprose, Eric Evans, Albert Edmunds, Geoffrey Furmage, Robert Morgan, Wallace Russell, John Steer, John Simmonds, Jack Sturges, Rupert Heyes, Roy Tucker, Douglas Thollar, Alan Turner, George Mitchell, Leslie Wicks, Arthur Bradbury.

CLASS D1.—Supervising Teacher: Miss D. Bock, B.A.

Barbara Brown, Elizabeth Coe, Kathleen Kerrison, Audrey Marshall, Catherine Royle, Margaret Slater, Nora Sullivan, Joyce Shegog, Geraldine Tabart, Constance Vickers, Laurel Wise, Alma Newett, Fanny Porter, Stanley Goss, Terry Hague, Malcolm Williams, Vincent Gardam, Geoffrey Atherton, Frederick Box, John Bell, Stanley Birkett, Donald Cassidy, John Horton, Robert Maumill, Robert Philp, Ronald Ride, Leo Reid.

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

Mary Armstrong, Marion Bewglass, Joan Cox, Peggy Crooks, Elizabeth Denholm, Mollie Ellings, Rita Gllam, Dorothea Gough, Diana Hallett, Joyce Harris, Hester Jauncey, Hazel Jones, Beatrice Lawrence, Joan McElwee, Winifred Pollard, Jean Proven, Justina Peters, Joyce Rowell, Joyce Roberts, Joan Scott, Marjorie Stewart, Jean Swinton, Freda Taylor, Phyllis Thow, Ailsa Tankard, Phyllis Walker, Sheila Carter, Rhyllis Westbrook, Phyllis Orpwood, Cicely Jauncey.

CLASS D3.—Supervising Teacher: Miss G. Morris, B.A.

Colin Brooks, Bruce Jones, Ronald Tyson, Elson Walkem, Robert Wilkinson, Percival Atkins, Norman Boatwright, Milton Cameron, John Daniel, Raymond Hopwood, Richard Jackson, Keith Jackson, David Paton, Donald McCord, Kenneth Rootes, Albert Wood, Bromley Woodhouse, George MacLaine, Wilfred Asher, Cyril Derbyshire.

CLASS E1.—Supervising Teacher: Miss B. Layh, B.A.

Gwynneth Prosser, Mollie Targett, Margaret Tuck, Maida Weekley, Dorothy Kearns, Beverley Bradmore, Joan Cleaver, Joan Coe, Marjorie Grubb, Alice Hunt, Grace Hills, Ethnee Kelly, Marie Lee, Beryl Phillips, Gwendoline Salter, Elsie Shepherd, Aileen Thomas, Yvonne Vickers, Lorna von Stieglitz, Annie Williams, Viva Marshall, Patricia Clennett, Jean Bracken, Joy Marshall, Muriel Warren, Winifred Swain, Dorothy Docking, Louis Cooper, Benjamin Woodhouse, Robert Alexander, Kenneth Bullock, Harold Cross, Bernard Conlan, John Fletcher, George Gandy, George Lawson, Donald McCabe, Percy Kerrison, Robert Lawrence, Gerald Murphy, Robert Pearson, Eric Peck, Herbert Robinson, John Stubbs, Herbert Scott, Max Windsor, Alan Bell, Geoff. Jenkins, Geoffrey Manning, Stanley Witt, Geoffrey Bryant, Mark Bradbury, Charles Melville.

CLASS E2.—Supervising Teacher: Miss M. Kiddle.

Irene Anderson, Hazel Bailey, Audrey Barker, Rita Birkett, Dorothy Boden, Edna Brooks, Phyllis Brown, Lesley Chamberlain, Marjorie Comber, Agnes Comrie, Margaret Dewis, Gweneth Dobbinson, Edith Dobbinson, Lily Duff, Margaret Ferguson, Yvonne Fleming, Kathleen Gardam, Thelma Graham, Barbara Hallam, Patricia Hamilton, June Hawkins, Yvonne Hodges, Elizabeth Hughes, Dorothy Hurse, Nancy Jackson, Joan Jarman, Lois Lyne, Fay Mace, Norma Monger, Betty Murray, Dorothy Oakley, Betty Norton, Rhyllis Pitt, Kathleen Reid, Jean Robinson, Enid Rodman, Eileen Rogers, Grace Ryan, Phyllis Steward, Margaret Teesdale, Dorothy Thomson, Nova Watson, Rhyllis Newton, Joy Whyman.

CLASS E3.—Supervising Teacher: Mr. G. P. R. Mulligan.

Ronald Green, Garth Summers, Philip Welch, Clifford Thomson, Kenneth Neilson, Ronald Towns, Edward Viney, John Atherton, Jack Addison, Roy Cartledge, Max Dent, William Edmunds, Baizel Elliss, George Farrel, John Flemming, Ken. Hall, Ronald Horne, Ken. Jackson, Jack Lawrence, Donald MacLaine, Geoff. McQuestion, Wendell Medhurst, Frank Norton, Max Oliver, Colin Stevens, Norman Swinton, Peter Tanner, Trevor Thompson, William Wood, Jack Wright, Max Brown, Jack Viney, Ralph Comer, Roger O'Keefe, Royce Moles, James Weedon, Stanley Holloway, Cyril Derbyshire.

KEY TO PHOTOGRAPHS

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STAFF: Front Row—Miss M. J. Tevelein, Mr. A. K. Fulton, Miss B. Layh, Mr. A. L. Meston (Principal), Mr. L. F. Briggs, Miss M. Hamilton, Mr. R. Edwards. Second Row—Mr. R. Mulligan, Miss D. Bock, Mr. M. Adamthwaite, Miss J. Gee, Mr. T. E. Doe, Miss R. Wing, Mr. W. Thornton, Miss M. Rowe. Back Row—Mr. M. Taylor, Miss M. Kiddle, Miss H. Deane, Mr. V. Crown.

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BASKETBALL TEAM: Back Row—B. Lawrence, Miss J. Gee, Joan Anderson. Sitting—W. Roberts, A. McKimmie, B. Thow, P. Clennette, G. Dobbinson. In Front—A. Wright.

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DRILL SQUAD: Back Row—J. Brett, S. Harvey, J. Murfett, D. McKenzie, C. Wiltshire. Front Row—D. von Bertouch, R. Rainbow, R. Whitford, Mr. V. Crown, W. Russell, C. Statton, R. Barclay.

CREW: G. Walsh, W. Lovell, G. Beauchamp, R. Barclay, E. Saxon. Kneeling—E. Press.

CRICKET TEAM: Back Row—H. Chamberlain, J. Simmons, P. Harris, E. Dwyer, C. Robertson. Sitting—L. Wicks, N. Shegog, J. Murfett, F. Atherton, L. Dennis. On the Ground—K. Bain, R. Whelan.

TENNIS CLUB: Back Row—D. von Bertouch, R. Whitford, S. Harvey, B. Hughes, W. Lovell. Middle Row—E. Dunn, F. Rose, J. Steer, C. Barnard, J. Murfett. Front Row—B. Masters, R. Wilkinson, K. Bain.

FOOTBALL: Back Row—N. Shegog, C. Robertson, W. Bowles, W. Lovell, E. Dwyer, R. Barclay, C. Statton. Middle Row—F. Atherton, J. Simmons, L. Crosswell, J. Murfett, F. Rose, B. Hughes, P. Harris. Front Row—E. Wicks, C. Baker, E. Press, L. Wicks, C. Wiltshire. L. Hayward (absent).

PAGE 9.

"A" CLASS: Front Row—B. Thow, S. Murfett, J. Hoyle, M. Bramich, V. Pitt, C. Cooper, Mr. Adamthwaite, W. Lovell, T. Jestrinski, Z. Slater, A. McKimmie, B. Morgan. Middle Row—S. Harvey, F. Atherton, R. Adams, R. Dean, L. Jones, B. Hughes, B. Ross, K. Firth, H. Chamberlain, E. Saxon. Back Row—R. Rainbow, D. von Bertouch, F. Rose, R. Whitford, J. Brett, E. Wicks, C. Wiltshire.

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PREFECTS: Front Row—M. Bramich, L. Jones, C. Cooper, Mr. A. L. Meston, W. Lovell, T. Jestrinski, E. Saxon. Middle Row—J. Bowen, J. Murfett, M. Meston, R. Whitford, M. McGiveron, F. Rose. Back Row—E. Press, J. Hoyle.

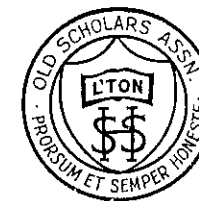
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Top—Mr. R. Mulligan, Miss D. Bock, Mr. T. Doe, Mr. M. Adamthwaite. Bottom—Miss M. Tevelein, Mr. V. Crown, Mr. R. Edwards.

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HOCKEY TEAM: Back Row—T. Jestrinski, P. Honey, J. Walker, Z. Smith, F. Porter. Middle Row—V. Pitt, M. Meston, J. Bowen, F. Jaffray, J. Montgomery. Front Row—B. Meston, G. Tabart.

TENNIS TEAM: Back Row—M. Bramich, Z. Slater, W. Thornton, P. Clennette, M. Wilkinson. Front Row—A. McKimmie, J. Edwards, F. Jaffray. On Ground—B. Morgan.



OLD SCHOLARS' COLUMN.

THE ASSOCIATION

The Annual Meeting of the 'Old Scholars' Association was held at the School, on Wednesday, 18th October, 1933, when Mr. A. L. Meston presided over a large number of members.

The Annual Report was presented by the Committee. The following extracts should interest readers:—

MEMBERSHIP.

The financial membership still continues to increase. The period March to October, 1933, produced a total of 108, compared with 83 last year, and 44 in 1930-31.

SPECIAL GENERAL MEETINGS.

On Monday, 12th June, 1933, a well attended meeting of Old Scholars was held at the School to form a Ramblers' Club.

FINANCES.

By careful consideration and by receiving helpful support and advice throughout the year, there is a slight financial improvement on last year's balance. The Association has now £31 11s 11d to its credit.

DONATIONS.

Donations to the School have not been so prevalent this year owing to the necessity to build up the Association's finances. Included in these were grants to the Churinga Ramblers' Club.

SOCIALS.

The efforts of the Committee have been well rewarded regarding these functions, which were held every four weeks, the attendance being approximately 50% greater than in previous years. An evening worthy of note was the "Back to Childhood" party held on September 27.

This year is the first in which Socials have proved a source of revenue for the Association.

Thanks are due to those who have given performances during the year.

DANCES.

The usual series of three-weekly dances was conducted in the School Assembly Hall. An improvement in finance was shown, though it was far from satisfactory.

DANCING CLASS.

This is a new activity of the Association, commenced on 2nd May, and conducted weekly. The attendance has been good, and Junior members have benefited considerably. Twenty-one classes were held in the period from May to October.

OLD SCHOLARS' TEA.

This very enjoyable function, the first of its kind, was held in the Cookery School, on the occasion of the School Fair in April last. Sixty Old Scholars were present, and provided a helpful contribution to the funds of the Fair. It is hoped to arrange similar functions in the future.

UNEMPLOYMENT SCHEME.

The Association, in an endeavour to provide its members with benefits, has not overlooked the unemployed Old Scholars. An unemployment scheme provides for such cases and, although it has only recently been inaugurated, it is hoped that it will render great service. Old Scholars who are seeking positions would be well advised to apply to the General Secretary for information, and to enrol at once.

THANKS.

The Committee wish to thank the following: Messrs. A. J. Woolcock, N. L. Campbell, R. O. M. Miller, Mesdames A. L. Meston and McLaine, Miss B. Layh, Messrs. W. H. Daymond, A. D. Foot, and A. K. Fulton, for donations, the Education Department and Mr. Meston for the use of the School, the Hon. Auditors, Messrs. Clark and Conroy, and numerous others who have helped in various ways.

OBJECTIVES.

The Committee hope to obtain the support of those Old Scholars who were amongst the first to attend the School.

Other objectives which it is hoped will be carried out in 1934 are an increase of membership, an organisation of other Association Clubs, such as Concert, Badminton, Athletic, and Basket Ball Clubs, a rendering of social service to the community, and a strengthening of the tie of good fellowship among members and those of kindred associations.

In order that these objectives may be achieved, the support of all will be most necessary. Join up with the Association and assist the new Committee to carry out such an extensive programme successfully.

THE SIXTH ANNUAL RE-UNION DINNER

of the Association was held at the Metropole, Launceston, on Saturday evening, 16th September. It was an outstanding success. The President (Mr. C. P. Phillips) was in the chair. The guests included the Mayor of Launceston (Alderman A. Hollingsworth) and Mrs. Hollingsworth, the Director of Education (Mr. G. V. Brooks), members of the kindred Old Scholars' Associations, and Mr. W. H. Daymond.

After the loyal toast had been honoured, Mr. G. P. R. Mulligan proposed "Our Guests," and extended a hearty welcome to the guests of honour.

The Mayor, in responding, congratulated the Association upon its success, and thought that, by assisting in the upkeep of the School and the supply of additional equipment, the organisation was carrying on a very laudable work.

The Chairman, Mr. C. P. Phillips, in proposing the "School and Staff," referred to the part played by the School in life, and spoke in appreciative terms of the splendid work of the staff.

The Headmaster, Mr. A. L. Meston, in reply, stated the future was in the hands of Old Scholars. Some of the statements made for world recovery showed paucity of thought.

"The Education Department" was proposed by Mr. A. D. Foot, President of the Tasmanian S.H.S. Old Scholars' Council, who referred to the excellent manner in which it carried out its duties. The name of the Director of Education was coupled with the toast.

Mr. Brooks, in reply, thanked those present for the hearty manner in which the toast had been honoured, and congratulated the Association on the fine work it was doing.

Mr. N. L. Campbell, Vice-President, proposed "Kindred Associations."

The President of the Old Hobartian Association, Mr. P. H. Mitchell, replied and emphasised

the fact that, if Old Scholars supported their Associations, the Associations would wield enormous power.

Mr. J. Stubbs, President of the Old Darwinian Association, in proposing "The Association," stated that it had grown into a tower of strength since its reorganisation in 1928. He particularly mentioned the Unemployment Bureau which had been inaugurated. The Secretary of the Association (Mr. A. E. Daymond) in replying, referred to the greater tie of good fellowship which had been brought about by the T.S.H.S. Old Scholars' Council among the kindred associations in Tasmania. He referred to the various activities of the Launceston Association.

The toasts were drunk with musical honours, and items were contributed by Miss Madge Elliott and Mr. Jack Waldron. Miss G. Morris was accompaniste.

After dinner, the greater number of the hundred Old Scholars present, spent the latter part of the evening at the dinner dance, which took place in the School Assembly Hall.

THE ANNUAL MEETING was held at the School on Wednesday, 18th of October. The Patron (Mr. A. L. Meston) presided. The Sixth Annual Report and Balance Sheet was presented. In moving the adoption, Mr. Meston stressed the opportunities offered by the unemployed scheme, and urged all Old Scholars to give it their utmost support.

Various other matters were dealt with concerning alterations to the Constitution, and recommendations to the incoming Committee were made.

The election of officers resulted as follows:— Patron, Mr. A. L. Meston; President, Mr. C. P. Phillips; Vice-Patrons, Mrs. A. L. Meston, Messrs. R. O. M. Miller, W. H. Daymond, W. L. Grace, J. F. Turner, K. M. Dallas, T. G. Johnston, H. V. Biggins, A. S. Johnston, F. O. Close, L. O. Stubbs, S. F. Limbrick, A. D. Foot; Vice-Presidents, Miss B. Layh, Messrs. A. J. Woolcock, N. L. Campbell, L. F. Briggs, H. L. McElwee, G. H. Briggs; Hon. Secretary, Mr. A. E. Daymond; Hon. Treasurer, Miss M. Hamilton; Assistant Hon. Secretaries, Miss J. Mason and Mr. T. Griffin; Editor of Old Scholars' Column, Mrs. C. P. Phillips; Hon. Auditors, Messrs. K. Conroy and G. Foot; School Representative, Mr. R. Mulligan; Members of the Committee, Misses F. Barclay, G. Phillips, P. Turnbull, M. Muckridge, and J. Edwards, Messrs. K. Edwards, N. Barclay, C. McElwee, C. Ikin, and A. MacLaine. Two Vice-Patrons or Vice-Presidents were to be elected by the Committee.

The remainder of the evening was devoted to a social evening, which was held in the Assembly Hall.

ELECTION TO THE GENERAL COMMITTEE.—Messrs. A. D. Foot and L. F. Briggs were elected to the Committee.

LIBRARY BUILDING SCHEME

Arrangements are being made with the Education Department for the Association to erect an additional room at the School for a Library early in the New Year. All Old Scholars will be asked to contribute a sum of money, no matter how small, toward the construction of the room, which it is hoped will constitute their gift to the School for its 21st Anniversary in March, 1934. When plans are complete, an endeavour to circularise every Old Scholar in the State and on the Mainland will be made. It is hoped that such an appeal will receive the strong support of every Old Scholar. Plans are also being arranged for suitable Anniversary celebrations which will extend over a period of one week.

END OF THE YEAR SOCIAL

The last social will be a complimentary one tendered to the Scholars of "A" and "C" Classes who are leaving School at the end of the year. It is hoped that as many Old Scholars as possible will be present to welcome these new members to the Association.

STATE HIGH SCHOOLS' OLD SCHOLARS' COUNCIL

The second meeting of the Council was held at the "Ka-Pai," Launceston, on 16th September, at 3 p.m. The President (Mr. A. D. Foot) presided, and welcomed delegates from the Associations of Hobart, Burnie, Devonport, and Scottsdale. The Launceston Association was represented by Messrs. A. D. Foot and A. E. Daymond.

All Associations are endeavouring to undertake a State-wide Old Scholars' scheme. The Council dealt with many matters which should prove most advantageous to both past and present scholars. It hopes to co-ordinate all activities of Old Scholars' Associations of the High Schools; to serve the interests of State Secondary Education; to devise and execute such schemes as shall benefit Old Scholars of State High Schools; and to perform social service to the State.

The next meeting will be held at Devonport about September or October, 1934.

MEMBERSHIP

The great support rendered by financial members is very much appreciated, but more is needed. Each financial member could secure another; and as every loyal Old Scholar should become a financial member, the Committee looks forward to a great increase in the roll for 1933-34. A larger membership enables the Association to carry out ambitious objectives, and to work for the interests of the School.

Send your names and addresses, accompanied by your subscription, to Mr. A. E. Daymond, P.O. Box 292, Launceston.

Financial members receive notices of all meetings, invitations to social functions, and copies of the Northern Churinga. In the majority of the Clubs special reductions in subscriptions are made to financial members. Join up now.

GREETINGS

The President and members of the Committee wish all Old Scholars, members of the School Staff, and Scholars, a Very Merry Christmas and a Bright and Happy New Year.

CHURINGA LITERARY AND DEBATING CLUB

The Churinga Literary and Debating Club held a number of enjoyable meetings during the winter.

Since the issue of the June Magazine, several Club debates have been held. The most successful was "Are Australians too fond of sport?" After a close contest the affirmative side won.

A debate with Toc H was arranged for August 31, but had to be cancelled as that Club was unable to find a team. Instead, an impromptu debate between members was held.

Plays chosen from "Nine Modern Plays" were read and discussed towards the end of the season. These proved most enjoyable.

The attendance is still disappointing, and it is hoped there will be an improvement during the coming season. Intending members are asked to communicate with the Secretary, Mr. R. Rudd, 73 St. John Street.

CHURINGA FOOTBALL CLUB

The Churinga Football Club had an enjoyable season, and hopes to improve its position on the roster next year.

Members wish to congratulate the Associated Banks on winning the Premiership and the Conder Shield.

N. F. Forsyth and J. Murfett are to be congratulated on being chosen to represent the Club in the North and South match played at Hobart. N. F. Forsyth is also to be congratulated upon being presented with the A. W. Grimes Cup for the best and fairest player.

To conclude the season, the team visited Scottsdale on September 16, and were successful in defeating the local side.

On October 24 the Club, together with the Associated Banks, held a Premiership Ball at the Masonic Hall. The evening proved most enjoyable.

Members wish to thank the Chairman, Mr. J. Bennell, the Honorary Coach, Mr. E. L. Best, the Boundary Umpire, Mr. I. O. Brown, and all those who rendered excellent services during the year.

CHURINGA RAMBLERS' CLUB

The Ramblers' Club, formed on June 12, has had a successful season. Although it was not formed until half-way through the winter hiking season, six enjoyable rambles have been held.

The first of these was to Corra Lynn. Other destinations were Hadspen, Relbia, Maggs' Hill, Russell's Plains, and the Third Basin. The most successful was to Relbia, when the party numbered twenty-two.

The average distance covered was eleven miles per day, so that Old Scholars intending to join the Club next year will realise that this distance is easily covered in a day by both ladies and gentlemen.

The winter season has now finished, and picnics are to be organised. They will commence on November 12, when a party will go to St. Leonards. Some of the proposed destinations are Longford, Swan Point, Gravelly Beach, Low Head, Denison Gorge, and Devonport. Picnics will also be held at places near the city.

It has been suggested that the Club organise a Christmas camp. The Committee hopes to hold one next year.

Two dance-socials have been held during the season. These were greatly enjoyed, and the financial result was of great benefit to the Club. As a result, the Committee has been able to purchase billies and a first-aid outfit.

The members wish to thank Mr. Meston and Mr. Daymond for their assistance to the Club.

CHURINGA HOCKEY CLUB

The Churinga I. Team was successful in winning Premiership honours, but Churinga II. was not at all successful. They were unfortunate in losing their Captain and Coach, Miss G. Morris, early in the season.

It has been suggested that the teams be chosen more evenly than during the past two years. Two moderately strong teams will replace one very strong and the other very weak.

During October the Club played O.H.A., and after a very good match, were defeated by two goals to one. O.H.A. is to be congratulated.

As the teams felt that their success has been due to Miss Fox's keen and unselfish interest throughout the year, a social function was held to show their appreciation, and a presentation was made to the guest of honour. This formed a fitting conclusion to a most enjoyable and successful season.

L.S.H.S. OLD SCHOLARS' TENNIS CLUB

The Annual Meeting of the Tennis Club was held on the 4th October, when the following officers were elected:—Chairman, Mr. F. B. Stevens; Vice-Chairman, Mr. R. R. Rudd; Captain, Mr. A. E. Daymond; Hon. Secretary, Mr. H. C. Barnard; Hon. Treasurer, Miss M. Hamilton; Hon. Auditor, Mr. A. King.

The Opening Day for the 1933-34 season was held on October 14, the courts being declared open by the Chairman, Mr. Stevens.

Club members who competed successfully in tournaments during the winter were: A. E. Daymond who won the City and Suburban Tennis Association's Singles Handicap, and L. Jones

who won the N.T.L.T. Association's "B" Grade Winter Championship Singles. L. Jones also represented North against South in Junior matches at Hobart on November 6.

At the invitation of the Old Hobartians' Tennis Club a party of members journeyed to Hobart on November 4 for a week-end trip, and, in a match against the Old Hobartians, were defeated by 11 sets to 9.

A Club Singles "Ladder" has been started, and, although little activity is noticeable in the ladies' section, several men's matches have been held each week.

The Club has played two matches in the City and Suburban Tennis Association's Pennants, but has been defeated in both by 5 sets to 3 by Trevallyn and St. John's teams.

Members are keen, and the Club should have a most successful season.

SUBSCRIPTIONS

Subscriptions are payable as follows:—

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 "First Year" Old Scholars.

BADGES AND BLAZERS

Badges may be obtained from the Secretary for 2/-.

Blazers, made to measure, may be purchased at Messrs. McKinlays Pty. Ltd., Brisbane Street, for 35/-. An order must be obtained from the Secretary by any Old Scholar wishing to secure the Association's blazer.

O.S.A. DIRECTORY

President: Mr. C. P. Phillips, Union Bank, St. John Street.

Secretary: Mr. A. E. Daymond, Tas. Steamers Pty. Ltd., P.O. Box 292, Phone 2, Launceston.

Hon. Treasurer: Miss M. Hamilton, State High School, Launceston.

Editor of Column: Mrs. C. P. Phillips, Forest Road, Trevallyn.

Secretary of Hockey Club: Mrs. D. Shields, c/o Mr. D. Shields, Taxes Office, Launceston.

Hon. Secretary Debating Club: R. R. Rudd, 73 St. John Street, Launceston.

Hon. Secretary of Tennis Club: Mr. H. Barnard, c/o Tas. Steamers, Launceston.

Hon. Secretary of Ramblers' Club: C. A. Ikin, c/o Cruikshank & Creasey, Paterson St., Launceston.

Football Club, Secretary: A. L. Bowen, Commonwealth Bank, Brisbane Street, Launceston