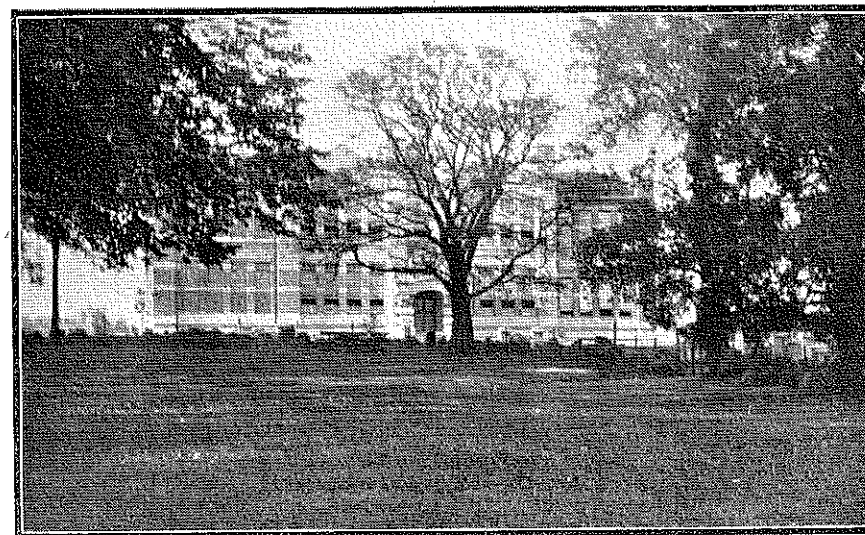


The Northern Churinga



EDITORIAL

This is the winter term, and, as Winter is the time of bright log fires, lamplight and books, the time when minds go wandering and stories are told round a glowing hearth, instead of an editorial I will tell a story.

In those early days when Launceston was a little white-walled, red-roofed town straggling over the hills and down to the wharves, boats from foreign countries—countries glowing lazily in the sun—or fishing boats from the cold south would berth at her docks, and sailors would lounge through her streets and spin strange tales over their mugs of beer.

One sailor who came never forgot. He carried away with him a love for this funny little town. He remembered the soft greens of the fields, the mountains that stood protectingly round, the lazy, gentle curves of the river, the warmth of the sun at noon striking up from the pavements,

and the black silhouette of a gum tree against the scarlet of a sunset.

"It would be a grand place to grow old in," he thought.

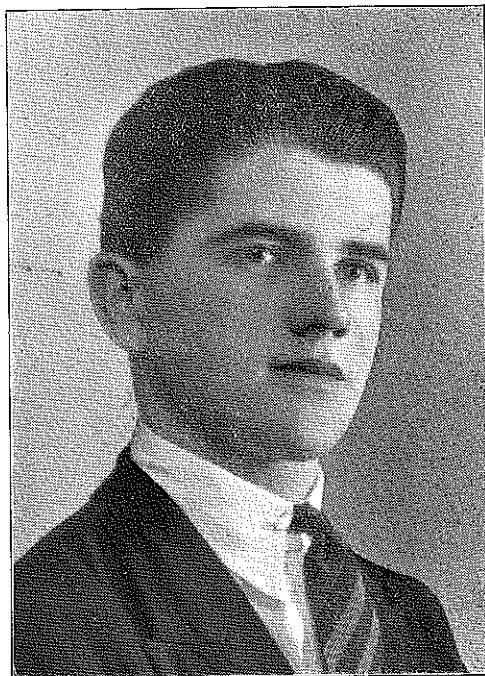
It was in the heat of midday that his little boat sailed up the river. Straight past the wharves it went until it reached a little bay and lodged firmly above high-water mark. And there through long years, in the evenings as the sun slipped away, the old sailor would light his pipe in his new home and watch the lights of the town as one by one they reached out to him through the dark.

The old boat fell to bits not long ago; and thus passed away an old landmark symbolical of what so many people feel about Tasmania—a restful place in which to grow old.

And that is the story as it was told to me.



WINIFRED BULL.
Best Leaving Pass (Girls), 1934.



FRED. ROSE.
Best Leaving Pass (Boys), 1934.



ERIC DWYER.
Best Intermediate Pass (Boys), 1934.



ELIZABETH COE.
Best Intermediate Pass (Girls), 1934.

PREFECTS

The appointments for 1935 are as follows:—
Head Prefects: Winifred Roberts and William Bowles.
Sports Prefects: Freida Jaffray and Roland Whelan.
Magazine Prefect: Barbara Meston.
Library Prefect: Dulcie Davey.
House Captains—
Arthur: Audrey Marshall and Lyle Chamberlain.
Franklin: Betty Coe and Geoffrey Fumage.
Sorell: Gwen Tabart and Eric Dwyer.
Wilmot: Daphne Cooper and John Alcock.
Fortnightly meetings have been held, and the Senior Monitors have been invited to every second one.

SPECIAL ASSEMBLIES

Empire Day was celebrated by the assembled pupils on May 24. An address concerning the true meaning of Empire Day was given by the Principal.

On May 31, 1935, Mr. Lade, the travelling representative of the Student Christian Movement, addressed the pupils of A and B Classes. He explained the idea and work of the movement, which is not confined to Australia alone.

SPEECH NIGHT

On Tuesday, March 12, we celebrated at the Albert Hall the twenty-second Annual Speech Night of this School. The Hon. E. J. Ogilvie, Minister of Education and Attorney-General, Major T. Davies, Minister for Lands and Works, and Mr. W. Wright, Secretary for Education, were present.

The report on the preceding year's work was read by the Principal, Mr. A. L. Meston, M.A., after which a particularly enjoyable programme was presented.

The Choir, conducted by Mrs. C. P. Phillips, sang "Wiegenlied," "An Indian Mother's Song," "Rolling Down to Rio," "Under the Greenwood Tree," and "Rain in May."

Miss Gee was responsible for the drill display given by the girls, and Mr. Jacobs for that given by the boys.

Mr. Wright presented the prizes to those whose names are listed below.

SCHOOL PRIZE LIST, 1934.

Dux of Class A (Girls), Winifred Bull.
Dux of Class A (Boys), Fred. Rose.
Dux of Class B (Girls), Winifred Roberts.
Dux of Class B (Boys), John Alcock.
Dux of Class C1, Elizabeth Coe and Eric Dwyer (aeq.).
Dux of Class C2, Barbara Hammond and Joan Scott (aeq.).
Dux of Class D1, Joan Cleaver.
Dux of Class D2, Nancy Jackson.
Dux of Class D3, Colin Stevens.
Dux of Class E1, Edith Greaves.
Dux of Class E2, Max Button.
Dux of Class E3, Mary Arnot.
Dux of Class E4, Allen Green.

SPECIAL PRIZES.

Prize for General Merit, presented by Mr. T. G. Johnston.—Girl: Madge McGiveron. Boy: Fred Rose.

Prizes for Chemistry, presented by Messrs. Hatton & Laws.—Leaving: Fred. Rose. Intermediate: Geoff. Dineen.

Prize for English Language and Literature, presented by Mr. A. D. Foot.—Barbara Meston.

Prizes for Cookery, presented by Launceston Gas Company.—Class C: Constance Vickers. Class D: Patricia Clennett. Class E: Audrey Elliott.

UNIVERSITY SCHOLARSHIPS AND PRIZES. (Gained December, 1934)

Literary Scholarship: Winifred Bull (3rd).

Science Scholarship: Fred Rose.

General Scholarship: Fred Rose.

Andrew Inglis Clark Scholarship: Winifred Bull (3rd).

Sir Richard Dry Exhibition (Modern Languages): Winifred Bull (2nd), Jack Curtis (3rd).
Mathematics: Fred Rose (2nd).

Rev. Dr. James Scott Memorial Prize for English Composition (Leaving Examination): Margaret Meston.

Nellie Ewers Prize for English (Leaving Examination): Winifred Bull.

University Prize for English (Leaving Examination): Winifred Bull.

Federal Institute of Accountants Prize: Roy Dean (3rd).

Education Department Scholarship: Fred. Rose.

BURSARIES.

Senior: Elizabeth Coe, Bernard Mitchell.

LEAVING PASS LIST, 1934

1. English.	13. Applied Maths.
2. Modern History.	14. Physics.
4. Geography.	15. Chemistry.
5. Economics.	17. Botany.
6. Latin.	18. Physiology and Hygiene.
8. French.	21. Commercial Practice.
10. Algebra.	22. Arts.
11. Geometry.	
12. Plane Trigonometry.	
Beams, Herbert Leslie.—1, 2, 4, 8, 10.	
Bonhote, Doreen Elizabeth.—1, 4, 8, 10, 18, 21.	
Bonser, Leonard Arthur.—C1, C2, C4, 5, 10, C21.	
Bull, Winifred Mary.—C1, 2, C4, 5, 6, C8, 10, C18.	
Chamberlain, Lyle Frances.—1, 8, C10, 11, 12, 13, 15.	
Curtis, Jack Edwin.—C1, C8, 10, 11, 12, 14, C15.	
Dean, Roy Carr.—1, 2, 4, C5, 11, 21.	
Grey, Stephen William.—C1, C2, C4, C5, 8, 10, 11, C17.	
McGiveron, Madge.—C1, 2, 4, 5, 6, C8, 10, 18.	
Meston, Margaret Helena.—C1, 2, 4, 5, 6, 8, 18.	
Roberts, Madge Rosalie.—C1, C2, 4, 5, 8, 10, 18, 22.	
Robertson, Colin Alfred.—2, 4, 8, 10, 11.	
Rose, Frederick Thomas.—C1, 8, C10, C11, C12, 13, C14, C15.	

Sulzberger, Philip Herbert.—1, 8, C10, 11, 12, 13, 14, C15.
 Trippertree, Edward Charles.—1, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15.
 Wood, Jennette Lorraine.—1, 2, 5, 8, 10, 22.

INTERMEDIATE PASS LIST, 1934

Mary Armstrong, Percival Atkins, Keith Bain, John Bell, Arthur Bradbury, Stanley Burkett, Milton Cameron, Elizabeth Coe, Peggy Crooks, Elizabeth Denholm, Audrey Dennis, Geoffrey Dineen, Gwen Dowde, Eric Dwyer, Nonie Guy, Terry Hague, Barbara Hammond, Richard Jackson, Frances Jorgenson, Ian Larner, Donald McCord, George MacLaine, Bernard Mitchell, Robert Morgan, Alma Newett, David Paton, Ronald Ride, Frances Rose, Catherine Royle, Joan Scott, Joyce Shaw, Kenneth Simonds, Norah Sullivan, Marian Thomas, Roy Tucker, Constance Vickers, Doreen Woodhead, Bromley Woodhouse, Alison Wright.

DUCES (May, 1935)

	Average gained.
Class A—Dorothy Burleigh . . .	79.9%
B—Frank Waters	77.6%
C1—Joan Cleaver	68.3%
C2—John Fleming	82.8%
D1—Gwen Salter	70.4%
D2—Gordon Lawson	71.7%
D3—Irene Houstain	73.4%
D4—Trevor Williams	70%
E1—Joy Salter	90.1%
E2—Roy Bates	83.1%
E3—Gwen Rigney	86%
E4—Valerie Kent	73.2%
E5—Darrel Rowel	84.4%

PLAY NIGHT, 1934

At the end of last year the usual Play Night was varied by the introduction of the Girls' Choir, which, under the baton of Mr. Doe, rendered many pleasing items.

The evening opened with a play, "Archibald," presented by the E Class girls, who borrowed Trevor Guy to play the part of Archibald, a pugilistic small brother of a girl at a boarding school. Other parts were well sustained by Audrey Elliott, Yvonne Gertson, Peggy Galloway, Maisie Howard, Frances Taylor, and Iris Atkins. Miss Blyth is to be complimented on her direction of the play.

The trial scene from "The Merchant of Venice" was successfully produced by D3, under the guidance of Mr. Brook. Royce Moles was outstanding as Shylock, and was given skilful support by Garth Summers, Bill Wood, Stan Holloway, Ron Horne, and Ken. Jackson.

B Class presented "The Stoker." The scene was laid on board an ocean liner, and developed

into a first class "thriller." Bob Barclay, as a skipper, acted with ease and verve. Others who gave the play a finished smoothness were Neil McDonald, Barbara Meston, Helen Brown, Rowley Whelan, and Geoff. Furmage. Miss Gee supervised the play.

Another innovation was the drill of the boys and girls. Mr. Jacobs trained the boys, who went through their exercises with remarkable precision of movement. Miss Gee supervised the novel and varied display of the girls.

JUNIOR RED CROSS

This year the Junior Red Cross Circle is under the leadership of Miss Brown.

The officers who were elected for the year were:—Audrey Marshall, President; Geraldine Tabart, Treasurer; and Nora Sullivan, Secretary. It was decided to commence a new portfolio to send away.

We are arranging a social which will be held shortly. The proceeds of the social are to be sent to a relief fund.

An appeal has been made for clothes for relief work. We should be pleased if anyone could assist us in this.

THE CRUSADER UNION

The Crusader Union has now been an active body in the School for three and a half years, under the competent guidance of Misses Alcock and Gleadow. We have also to thank Misses Beth Denholm, Peggy Crooks, and Ratcliffe, and Messrs. Wilson and Nichols, for their talks during our leaders' absence.

The weekly meetings have not been as well attended as we should like, but many who are unable to attend these have put in an appearance at the fortnightly rallies. In connection with the latter, we extend our sincere thanks to Misses Charlton and Gleadow and the Committee for their generous co-operation.

We hope that the attendances will be increased in the future. A hearty welcome is extended to all girls to attend in Room 1 every Thursday, at 1 o'clock.

MODEL FLYING CLUB

This year our numbers have once again increased, and we now meet, under the leadership of Mr. Jacobs, in the gymnasium, which is more convenient than a class room. At present nearly all members are constructing Gnats, and within the next few weeks most of them will be ready to take the air.

Since our last issue Ken. Jackson has been successful in obtaining first and third places in a "Scale Model Contest," conducted by the Launceston Albatrosses. The model winning first place was a replica of the famous war-time "Bristol Fighter," while the other was the modern bi-engined "Airspeed Envoy."

RHODES SCHOLAR

It is with pride and pleasure that we report that in David Barclay, the third Old Scholar of this School has been chosen as a Rhodes Scholar. Dave passed the Leaving in 1929, and won a scholarship to the University. After some time at the Launceston Technical College, he attended lectures at Hobart, and in the first three years of his course obtained eight High Distinctions, ten Distinctions, and one Pass, with four University prizes. Dave was in the School Crew, and later rowed for the University. He was University Rifle Club Champion in 1932, and represented the University in 1933 and 1934. He has played Australian football with the University team since the beginning of his course, and in 1934 was vice-captain. He has taken an active part in the social life of the University, especially in the University Dramatic Club, of which he was manager. Dave's intention is to study for honours in Engineering Science at the University of Oxford, and after completing his course, to become a civil engineer, specialising in the design and construction of bridges and dams. With our congratulations, we offer him our best wishes for the success of his plans.

LIBRARY NOTES

Thirty-five new books have been added to the Library since the beginning of the year, some of the more important being "Whalers of the Midnight Sun," by Villiers, "Great English Short Stories," "The Musical Companion," and "Great Contemporaries."

Both the Reference and Circulating Libraries have been well used during the term, the number of borrowers from the Circulating Library being 292, while the books borrowed numbered 1442. It is especially pleasing to notice the interest taken by the E Classes in the Library, and during this term we hope that they will become as interested in the Reference Library as they are in the Circulating Library.

The Library Committee have performed their duties efficiently during the past term.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

We wish to acknowledge with thanks the receipt of the following:—

Adelaide High School Magazine (December and May issues).

"Pallas" (Magazine of the MacRobertson's Girls' High School, Centenary Number).

"The Record" (University High School, Parkville).

"The Longerenong Collegian."

"The Riverside" (the Magazine of the Bairnsdale School of Mines and Technical School).

Unley High School Magazine.

The Queenstown Technical College Magazine.

"The Devonian" (Devonport State High School).

"The Log" (Hobart State High School).

Scottsdale High School Magazine.

Burnie High School Magazine.

GARDEN NOTES

The garden squad has been very busy lawn cutting, weeding, and cleaning-up generally, their work having been greatly assisted by the recent levelling and top-dressing of the School grounds.

Considerable time was spent earlier in the year in laying out the garden strips, in straightening stone borders, and in cleaning out perennials which had been growing for a number of years. A seed-bed was prepared, and it is expected that the spring will find the boys' lawn bordered by Linaria, Sweet William, and Catmint, while the girls' lawn already has a flourishing border of Virginia Stock, which should be in full bloom in a few weeks.

The shrubbery has received its share of attention, a border of Grape Hyacinths and a number of beautiful perennials showing signs of good growth.

During the first term the front beds were very gay with asters, and the ground is now being prepared for "Tom Thumb" Antirrhinums. A bed of Nemesis will be set out opposite the front entrance of the School.

The Cookery School garden has been rearranged—Stocks and Schizanthus having been planted, while Nemesis plants from the seed-bed will soon be ready.

The trees, which with the exception of a small gum have made vigorous growth, have been attended to, and have greatly added to the beauty of the school setting.

BOYS' TENNIS

At the beginning of the year G. Furmage was elected President of the Boys' Tennis Club, and R. Whelan Secretary and Treasurer. K. Bain, N. McDonald, and R. Barclay were chosen Committeemen. The membership was limited to 25. At the first meeting it was shown that the Club had a credit balance of 18/-.

During the first term a team of six boys met the Grammar School Firsts, but were defeated by six rubbers to three.

A team went to Devonport to play in the inter-High School matches, but was unsuccessful, our team winning only one rubber. G. Furmage captained the School team.

The scores (Devonport names first) were:—

Singles.

G. Beamish defeated G. Furmage, 9—8.

R. Breadon defeated M. Bertram, 9—5.

M. Breadon defeated N. McDonald, 9—5.

A. Rae defeated R. Barclay, 9—8.

G. Stratton defeated K. Cassidy, 9—7.

I. Cooper defeated A. Cooper, 9—4.

Doubles.

G. Beamish and I. Cooper defeated G. Furmage and M. Bertram, 6—5, 6—3.

R. Breadon and M. Breadon defeated N. McDonald and R. Barclay, 6—5, 6—3.

A. Rae and G. Stratton lost to K. Cassidy and A. Cooper, 3—6, 5—6.

Totals—Devonport, 8 rubbers, 10 sets, 86 games; Launceston, 1 rubber, 2 sets, 65 games.

ROWING

This year showed a good attendance of enthusiastic members at the shed; but, as many of them were under age, no second crew was formed. The Firsts were unfortunate in having no permanent coach, and short time for training. Two weeks before Henley, G. Furnage became ill, and his place was taken by J. Stubbs, who rowed very well considering his short time in a four. The crew for Henley was as follows:—R. Lawrence (bow), J. Stubbs (2), G. Bryant (3), R. Barclay (stroke), and K. Scott (cox).

After a plucky race, our boys lost by two lengths to Grammar, whom we congratulate. Our thanks are tendered to Messrs. Wellington and Reeves, who coached the boys for the race.

CRICKET

LAUNCESTON v. HOBART.

On April 5 the first eleven met Hobart in the final of the triangular inter-High School matches at the T.C.A. ground, Hobart. The match resulted in a draw, and the premiership for 1935 is undecided.

We won the toss and decided to bat on a good wicket. The opening batsmen, Arthur Bradbury and Bill Bowles, gave the School an excellent start, 61 runs being on the board before Bowles was out to a good catch by Hurburgh, off Sharpe's bowling. Two more wickets then fell without further addition to the score.

Max Jordan then became associated with Bradbury, and these two batsmen put the School in a good position by taking the total to 111 before Jordan was dismissed. The next batsman, Les. Smith, commenced shakily, but soon settled down; he and Bradbury added 34 runs before the latter, misjudging a run, ran himself out. Bradbury had batted excellently, and in his total of 77, which included eight fours, he gave only once chance. His effort was invaluable to the side.

Runs were now needed quickly, and Dwyer and Chamberlain, each in turn assisted by Smith, took advantage of the tired bowling, and soon carried the score past the 200 mark. These three batted forcefully without taking any unnecessary risks. Dwyer's total of 31 included five fours and one six. The innings was closed with 8 wickets down for 227.

The best bowling for the home team was done by T. Sharpe, who secured 4 wickets for 69 runs off 21 overs.

Hobart commenced their innings half an hour after lunch, and from the start played a stubborn game. It was apparent that they were playing for a draw and, with the exception of C. Flint, who had three fours in his total of 20, all the batsmen were restrained. Wickets fell regularly, but our bowlers were unable to dismiss the batsmen in the allotted time. A. Brown, who compiled 13 in 80 minutes, and was undefeated at stumps, made a great stand for his side. T. Sharpe (20) and M. Morrisby (19) also batted well. At stumps there were 9 wickets down for 131 runs.

Dropped catches cost the School the match. In contrast to this, the ground fielding was excellent, Whelan, Jordan and Smith being conspicuous.

Lyle Chamberlain (2 for 8), Ken Simonds (4 for 53), and Eric Dwyer (2 for 24) shared the bowling honours. Simonds bowled unchanged throughout the innings, and swung the ball disconcertingly. Dwyer was unfortunate to injure his foot in his sixth over, and was unable to bowl at his normal pace for the remainder of the match.

The following were the scores:—

Launceston.	
A. Bradbury, run out	77
W. Bowles, c. Hurburgh, b. Sharpe	20
L. Blair, c. and b. Sharpe	0
R. Whelan, b. Sharpe	0
M. Jordan, c. Swan, b. Sharpe	20
L. Smith, run out	30
E. Dwyer, c. Sharpe, b. Dell	31
L. Chamberlain, l.b.w., b. Morrisby	26
M. Button, not out	0
Sundries	23

Total, for 8 wickets, declared 227

Bowling.

J. Pross, 0 for 11.
T. Sharpe, 4 for 69.
R. Dell, 1 for 29.
M. Morrisby, 1 for 47.
G. Hurburgh, 0 for 30.
R. Hazell, 0 for 17.

Hobart.

J. Scandrett, b. Simonds	5
T. Pearsall, b. Dwyer	8
G. Hurburgh, b. Dwyer	12
M. Morrisby, c. Jordan, b. Bowles	19
T. Sharpe, c. Bowles, b. Simonds	20
J. Pross, c. Bowles, b. Simonds	12
R. Hazell, b. Chamberlain	0
A. Brown, not out	13
N. Swan, b. Simonds	1
C. Flint, b. Chamberlain	20
R. Dell, not out	0
Sundries	21

Total for 9 wickets 131

Bowling.

E. Dwyer, 2 for 24.
K. Simonds, 4 for 53.
L. Chamberlain, 2 for 8.
W. Bowles, 1 for 27.

NOTES.

Keith Bain won the season's batting average for the School, and was third in the whole of "B" Grade with an average of 24.4. E. Dwyer won the bowling average for "B" Grade with an average of 4.32 for 35 wickets.

At the end of the season K. Bain, K. Simonds, L. Blair, and E. Dwyer gained inclusion in the combined "B" Grade team.

ANNUAL ATHLETIC SPORTS

The School's Nineteenth Annual Athletic Sports' Meeting was held at the Cricket Ground on Monday, May 1, and on the morning of May 2, in cold but fair weather. April 6 and 7 were the dates fixed for the sports, but rain and bad weather were responsible for repeated postponements. The Girls' and Boys' Sports were combined again this year, and it was expected that both these sections would be concluded in the one day. However, on account of the large number of events, this was found impossible, the sports having to be completed on the following morning.

The final position of the Houses was:—

Sorell	282 points
Arthur	220 "
Franklin	206 "
Wilmot	149 "

The trophies were presented by the Principal at the final assembly of the first term.

The officers were:—Presidents, Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Meston; Starters, Messrs. C. C. Lawrence and B. Brook; Judges, Revs. R. W. Dobbinson and J. L. Hurse, Messrs. W. Layh, W. H. Daymond, and T. Elliott; Timekeeper, Mr. G. Doolan; Stewards, Messrs. C. Reeves, T. Jacobs, H. Winter, and S. H. Wellington; Recorder of Points, Mr. J. B. Mather; Organisers, Miss J. Blyth, and Mr. A. H. Nightingale; Honorary Secretaries, Miss F. Jaffray and Mr. R. Whelan; Committee, Misses W. Roberts, D. Cooper, A. Marshall, B. Coe, B. Meston, G. Tabart, and D. Davey, Messrs. W. Bowles, L. Chamberlain, E. Dwyer, G. Furnage, J. Alcock.

To these we extend our heartiest thanks, and also to Miss M. Rowe and Miss J. Austin, and helpers, for the successful morning and afternoon tea. We wish also to thank Messrs. R. Kempling and P. C. Prichard, who have generously given two cups for open competition—the Kempling Cup for the Boys' House Championship, and the Prichard Cup for the Girls' House Championship.

BOYS' SPORTS

This year a somewhat new plan was adopted for the sports. Field games were introduced into the boys' section, there being an Open Field Games Championship, while there were no novelty events.

The honour of the Boys' Senior Championship for 1935 went to Eric Dwyer (S.), who secured 32 points. Bill Bowles (F.) was runner-up with 23 points, while Rob. Barclay (S.) was third with 19 points. Rob. was very unfortunate in breaking his wrist on the Wednesday; if it had not been for this, the contest between him and Eric for first place would have been very keen.

Bill Tolland (S.) put up a very creditable performance by winning the Under 15 Championship with a total of 24 points. W. Schier (A.) was second with 8 points. The Under 13 Championship went to A. Hutton (F.), who secured 18 points, and the runner-up was G. Davis (A.), with 16 points.

The Field Games Championship was won by L. Chamberlain (A.) with 14 points, R. Barclay (S.) being runner-up with 12 points, and J. Alcock (W.) third with 10.

The House points secured by the boys were as follows:—Sorell, 195½, 1; Franklin, 100½, 2; Arthur, 86½, 3; Wilmot, 78, 4.

Several records were again broken in the boys' section, the new figures being as follows:—

220 yards, under 15, W. Tolland, 25 7-10 sec.
100 yards, under 15, W. Tolland, 11½ sec.
Open Hop, Step, and Jump, R. Whelan, 41 ft.
High Jump, under 15, G. Watkins, 4 ft. 8½ in.
Throwing the Cricket Ball, L. Chamberlain, 96 yards.
Pole Vault, J. Alcock, 9 ft.

BOYS' EVENTS
CHAMPIONSHIPS.

Open.

100 Yards.—E. Dwyer, 1; R. Barclay, 2; W. Bowles, 3. Time, 10 4-5 sec. (equalled record).

220 Yards.—E. Dwyer, 1; R. Barclay, 2; W. Bowles, 3. Time, 24 1-5 sec.

440 Yards.—W. Bowles, 1; E. Dwyer, 2; R. Barclay, 3. Time, 57 2-5 sec.

880 Yards.—R. Barclay and W. Bowles (dead heat), 1; J. Stubbs, 3. Time, 2 min. 23 sec.

Mile.—W. Bowles, 1; D. Sims, 2; L. Murray, 3. Time, 5 min. 40 3-8 sec.

120 Yards Hurdles.—E. Dwyer, 1; G. Furnage, 2; W. Bowles, 3. Time, 20 2-5 sec.

High Jump.—E. Dwyer, 1; L. Chamberlain, 2; R. Barclay, 3. Height, 5 ft. 1 in.

Hop, Step, and Jump.—R. Whelan, 1; E. Dwyer, 2; R. Barclay, 3. Distance, 41 ft. (a record).

Kicking the Football.—G. Furnage, 1; J. Lawrence, 2; R. Whelan, 3. Distance, 48 yds. 4 in.

Throwing the Cricket Ball.—L. Chamberlain, 1; E. Dwyer, 2; R. Whelan, 3. Distance, 96 yds.

Under 15.

100 Yards.—W. Tolland, 1; I. Wilkinson, 2; N. Newton, 3. Time, 11½ sec. (a record).

220 Yards.—W. Tolland, 1; C. Bennell, 2; W. Schier, 3. Time, 25 7-10 sec. (a record).

440 Yards.—W. Tolland, 1; S. Witt, 2; W. Schier, 3. Time, 1 min. 5 sec.

880 Yards.—W. Tolland, 1; W. Schier, 2; B. Conlan, 3. Time, 3 min. 44½ sec.

High Jump.—G. Watkins, 1; B. Conlan, 2; H. Fleming, 3. Height, 4 ft. 8½ in. (a record).

Under 13.

75 Yards.—G. Davis, 1; A. Hutton, 2; K. Scott, 3. Time, 9 1-5 sec.

100 Yards.—G. Davis, 1; A. Hutton, 2; K. Scott, 3. Time, 13 1-5 sec.

220 Yards.—A. Hutton, 1; G. Davis, 2; P. Richardson, 3. Time, 32 1-10 sec.

High Jump.—I. Bishop, 1; A. Hutton, 2; K. Scott, 3. Height, 3 ft. 10½ in.

FIELD GAMES CHAMPIONSHIP.

Putting the Shot.—R. Barclay, 1; G. Furnage, 2; L. Chamberlain, 3. Distance, 28ft. 2 in.

Hurling the Discus.—R. Barclay, 1; J. Alcock, 2; L. Chamberlain, 3. Distance, 73 ft. 5 in.

Pole Vault.—J. Alcock, 1; L. Chamberlain, 2; F. Waters, 3. Height, 9 ft. (a record for Launceston schools).

Throwing the Javelin.—L. Chamberlain, 1; E. Dwyer, 2; J. Wright, 3. Distance, 117 ft. 6 in.

HANDICAPS.

Open.

100 Yards.—L. Murray (1), 1; R. Maumill (8), 2; J. Pullen (scr.), 3.
220 Yards.—K. Cassidy (scr.), 1; L. Murray (2), 2; J. Pullen (scr.), 3.
440 Yards.—G. Fumage (scr.), and L. Murray (2), (dead heat), 1; R. Maumill (28), 3.
880 Yards.—F. McCallum (75), 1; L. Murray (10), 2; J. Alcock (35), 3.
1 Mile.—F. McCallum (180), 1; B. Conlan (180), 2; C. Bennell (200), 3.

Under 15.

100 Yards.—S. Hudson (2), 1; R. Gregory (2), 2; K. Hall (1), 3.
220 Yards.—G. Watkins (4), 1; S. Hudson (8), 2; G. Alcock (11), 3.
440 Yards.—A. Beckett (35), 1; W. Medhurst (18), 2; G. Alcock (15), 3.

Under 13.

75 Yards.—P. Clare (4), 1; A. Hutton (scr.), 2; L. Goldsworthy (5), 3.
100 Yards.—P. Clare (4), E. Flood (4), 2; M. Aylett (6), 3.
220 Yards.—L. Goldsworthy (12), and M. Aylett (12), dead heat, 1; P. Clare (8), 3.

HOUSE CONTESTS.

House Medicine Ball Contest.—Wilmot, 1; Arthur, 2.
1 Mile Teams' Race.—Sorell, 1; Franklin, 2; Wilmot, 3.
Senior Relay Race.—Sorell, 1; Franklin, 2; Arthur, 3.
Junior Relay Race.—Sorell, 1; Arthur, 2; Franklin, 3.
Tug-o-War, House Contest.—Wilmot, 1; Sorell, 2.

GIRLS' EVENTS

We offer our congratulations to Barbara Meston (A.), who was successful in winning the Girls' Open Championship with 19 points, and to Betty Coe (F.), who was second with 17 points, and Pat Honey (W.) third with 16 points.

The Under 15 Champion was J. Taylor (S.), who secured 22 points, while N. Ogilvie (S.) was runner-up with 18 points. The under 13 Championship was gained by W. Butcher (A.) with 15 points, and the runner-up was H. Fleming (A.), who gained 12 points.

The following are the House points secured by the girls:—Arthur, 113½; Franklin, 107½; Sorell, 88½; Wilmot, 71.

Results:—

CHAMPIONSHIPS.

Open.

75 Yards.—B. Meston, 1; F. Jaffray, 2; P. Honey, 3.
100 Yards.—P. Honey, 1; B. Meston, 2; F. Jaffray, 3.
220 Yards.—P. Honey, 1; B. Meston, 2; B. Coe, 3.
Skipping Race.—B. Coe, 1; F. Jaffray, 2; P. Honey, 3.

High Jump.—J. Coe, 1; B. Meston and B. Coe, dead heat, 3. Height, 4 ft. 3½ in.

Standing Jump.—B. Coe, 1; J. Hague, 2; B. Meston, 3.

Under 15.

75 Yards.—N. Ogilvie, 1; M. Teesdale, 2; J. Coe, 3.
100 Yards.—J. Taylor, 1; N. Ogilvie, 2; M. Teesdale, 3.
220 Yards.—J. Taylor, 1; M. Teesdale, 2; N. Ogilvie, 3.
Skipping Race.—J. Taylor, 1; N. Ogilvie, 2; J. Coe, 3.
High Jump.—J. Coe, 1; J. Taylor, 2; N. Ogilvie, 3. Height, 4 ft. 2 in.

Under 13.

50 Yards.—W. Butcher, 1; H. Fleming, 2; L. Gilbert, 3.
75 Yards.—J. Pentland, 1; W. Butcher, 2; H. Fleming, 3.
100 Yards.—T. Holder, 1; J. Pentland, 2; W. Butcher, 3.
Skipping Race.—H. Fleming, 1; J. Brown, 2; W. Webster, 3.
High Jump.—P. Denholm, 1; D. Pickett and W. Butcher (equal), 3. Height, 3 ft. 3 in.

HANDICAPS.

Open.

75 Yards.—G. McPhail (7), 1; J. Forsyth (5), 2; G. Scott (6), 3.
120 Yards.—G. Rigney (12), 1; C. Barnard (12), 2; J. Forsyth (9), 3.
220 Yards.—L. Simmonds (8), 1; E. Smith (20) and D. Burleigh (18), (dead heat), 3.
440 Yards.—L. Simmonds, 1; I. Mitchell, 2; G. Scott, 3.

Under 15.

75 Yards.—K. Morgan (4), 1; B. Hutchinson (4), 2; G. Staggard (3), 3.
120 Yards.—F. Morley (4), 1; D. Harris (4), 2; M. Stebbings (4), 3.
220 Yards.—D. Harris (12), 1; A. Waters (18), 2; G. Rigney (12), 3.
440 Yards.—B. Dowie, 1; G. Staggard, 2; D. Hurse, 3.

Under 13.

75 Yards.—I. Holder (2), 1; I. Fleming (2), 2; M. Howard (4), 3.
100 Yards.—J. Salter (12), 1; C. Howard (12), 2; D. Pickett (8), 3.
220 Yards.—T. Holder (12), 1; B. Webster (30), 2; I. Fleming (12), 3.

HOUSE CONTESTS.

Medicine Ball Contest.—Wilmot, 1; Franklin, 2.
Senior Relay Race.—Arthur, 1; Franklin, 2; Sorell, 3.
Junior Relay Race.—Arthur, 1; Sorell, 2; Franklin, 3.
House Hockey Contest.—Franklin, 1; Arthur, 2; Sorell, 3.

NOVELTY EVENTS.

Hitting the Hockey Ball.—F. Jaffray, 1; L. Simmonds, 2; B. Murray, 3. Distance, 57 yds. 1 ft.

Siamese Race.—B. Meston and G. Tabart, 1; J. Scott and J. Cleaver, 2; B. Dowie and M. Ferguson, 3.

Throwing the Tennis Ball.—F. Jaffray, 1; W. Roberts, 2; D. Hurse, 3. Distance, 53 yds. 6 in.

Bowling at the Wicket.—K. Gardam and M. Simmonds (equal), 1; S. Walsh, 3.

SWIMMING CARNIVAL

On Wednesday, March 6, we held our Annual Swimming Carnival at the Victoria Baths. Mr. Brook arranged the programme.

The House Competition resulted:—Sorell House, 79½ points; Franklin House, 69; Arthur House, 67; Wilmot House, 48½.

In the boys' section F. McCallum won both the Senior and Intermediate Championships. The Girls' Senior Championship was won by A. Marshall, and the Intermediate Championship by D. Harris.

The following are the results:—

BOYS.

50 Yards Free Style, Intermediate Championship.—W. Tolland (S.), 1; J. Weatherill (W.), 2; F. McCallum (F.), 3.

Intermediate Dive.—F. McCallum (F.), 1; G. Graham (S.), 2; J. Weatherill (W.), 3.

100 Yards Free Style, Senior Championship.—R. Barclay (S.) and F. McCallum (F.), dead heat, 1; G. Dineen (A.) and T. Hague (A.), dead heat, 3.

Senior Dive.—R. Barclay (S.), 1; F. McCallum (F.), 2; R. Whelan (W.), 3.

50 Yards, Breast Stroke, Open Championship.—F. McCallum (F.), 1; R. Ralph (A.), 2; R. Barclay (S.), 3.

50 Yards, Backstroke, Open Championship.—J. Weatherill (W.), 1; G. Dineen (A.), 2; W. Tolland (S.), 3.

25 Yards, Free Style, Junior Championship.—P. Clare (W.), 1; K. Scott (W.), 2; J. Whelan (W.), 3.

25 Yards, Beginners' Race.—R. Gregory (F.), 1; J. Harridge (S.), 2; V. Heazlewood (W.), 3.

GIRLS.

50 Yards, Free Style, Intermediate Championship.—D. Harris (A.), 1; G. Furness (S.), 2; R. Pitt (W.), 3.

50 Yards, Free Style, Senior Championship.—A. Marshall (A.), 1; K. Reid (F.), 2; N. Sullivan (S.), 3.

25 Yards, Free Style, Junior Championship.—J. Hague (A.), 1; W. Butcher (A.), 2; L. Gilbert (F.), 3.

25 Yards, Beginners' Race.—E. Page (S.), 1; B. Dowie (F.), 2; M. Harris (S.), 3.

RELAYS.

BOYS.

Senior.—Sorell, 1; Wilmot, 2; Arthur, 3.
Intermediate.—Sorell, 1; Franklin, 2; Wilmot, 3.

GIRLS.

Senior.—Arthur, 1; Franklin, 2; Wilmot and Sorell, dead heat, 3.
Intermediate.—Arthur, 1; Franklin, 2; Sorell, 3.

GIRLS' TENNIS

Before the team left for Hobart, Freida Jaffray was unanimously elected captain. We met Hobart on April 5, and, although the team was defeated, our girls played quite well. In spite of their more brilliant shots, they were not nearly as patient as the Hobart girls, whose steadiness gave them a well-earned victory of eight sets to one. Hobart has now held the premiership in tennis for eight years, but we hope in the near future to have a team to challenge its position.

The scores were (Hobart names first):—

Singles.

E. Morgan defeated F. Jaffray, 9—7.
M. Proctor defeated P. Clennett, 9—8.
B. Smith defeated L. Simmonds, 9—7.
K. Bennetto defeated B. Meston, 9—4.
D. Baker defeated M. Slater, 9—4.
J. Woodgate defeated F. Jorgenson, 9—5.

Doubles.

E. Morgan and M. Proctor defeated F. Jaffray and B. Meston, 9—7.

B. Smith and K. Bennetto lost to P. Clennett and L. Simmonds, 5—9.

D. Baker and J. Woodgate defeated F. Jorgenson and M. Slater, 9—0.

Totals—Hobart, 8 sets, 77 games; Launceston, 1 set, 50 games.

Unfortunately, at the end of the year the team will lose Freida, who has been an excellent captain for two years and a player for a longer period. In the New Year Linda and Pat will also be absent, and we expect some of the Junior School to practice constantly to fill the positions in the team.

The team wishes to thank Miss Bock for her coaching, which has been invaluable.

HOUSE SOCIALS

Franklin House social, first of the house socials, was held on March 27, in the first term. Geoff. Fumage was M.C., and the programme was carried out very smoothly.

On Wednesday, May 29, the members of the Sorell House assembled for their House Social. Jolly Miller, Three Fishers, and other musical games were enjoyed. A delightful supper was served in the alcoves.

On June 5 Arthur House social was held in the Assembly Hall. The members of the Committee and the house-master, Mr. Jacobs, are to be congratulated on its success.

On Wednesday, June 12, Wilmot House social was held. The programme of games and the supper were successfully arranged by the House Captains, Daphne Cooper and John Alcock, and a committee. At 7.30 p.m. games began and were enjoyed throughout the evening. An adjournment was made for supper, after which more games were played, and the evening was brought to a close by the singing of Auld Lang Syne, the School Song, and the National Anthem.

SENIOR SECTION

THE PROMISE

A cloud slipped by—
Past the hushed town
And the old white mill,
Over the tree-tops,
Over the hill.
Down with the wind
To the rim of the bay,
Down with the wind
And the last of the day.

The bay's blue mirror has faded to grey;
She is changing her dress with the close of the day,
But the cloud lingers on till a rosy square
She tears from her hem, and, in laughing play
Flings it back for the world to share—
A sudden gleam, a sudden flare,
The promise of one more golden day.

BARBARA MESTON (Class A), Arthur.

SCHOOL IN THE MIDDLE AGES

Last night, after a large meal of scallops and eggs, I dreamt a strange dream which I will here relate to you. In the dream I went right through the routine of a school day. "Not very strange," you will say, but the peculiar feature about it was that I was transferred to the Middle Ages. All the present scholars of B Class were there, and also our long-suffering teachers. The dream went something like this.

M.T., who still wore his glasses (though in those days I believe they had no such things), rang the bell, a large iron contraption, at 5.30 a.m. sharp. I will admit that it was rather cold; but the boys were tough in those days and thought nothing of it. In a few minutes our class teacher entered, clad in a natty two-piece green jerkin and orange trunks, and hose to match.

"Odds-bodkins," quoth he, "what is the meaning of this unseemly row? Senior monitor" (the hapless B.M.) "thou art responsible for this outrage; thou wilt stand in the stocks for two hours this afternoon after school." This form of punishment was the equivalent of the present day theorem. Accordingly the unhappy youth was clapped into the stocks at 4 p.m. and pelted with vegetables, rotten eggs, and lumps of mud for the aforesaid two hours.

The first period proved to be English, and I received quite a shock when our English teacher skipped briskly into the room, wearing a pink doublet, tight-fitting blue breeches, and long pointed boots curled over at the tips. "Prithee," quoth he, "verily will I ask you dunderheads a few questions. S., what is a 'wapentake'?"

S., a bright lad from Nabowla, who has lately been suffering from pleurisy (?), could not answer, and neither could B., an albino sitting at the back of the room. They were both forthwith sentenced to an hour and a half of the stocks apiece. At the end of a trying period he of the

pink doublet was just about to leave the room when suddenly he turned round and exclaimed:

"Gadzooks, beshrew me if I have set you knaves any homework."

K.S., a red-headed Saxon, spoke out fearlessly, "Sirrah, lend me your ears a minute. William the Conqueror hath decreed that curfew shall be rung at eight o'clock to-night, and we won't have to do any." We all breathed a sigh of relief as the English master once more turned about and strode from the room.

The Latin master then clanked into the room in a suit of armour, for he had overheard a plot on the part of his pupils to throw him out the window if he asked them to translate Virgil. The lesson had not proceeded more than ten minutes before I was told to translate. With one accord we rushed forward, armour or no armour, to carry out our plan.

Perhaps it was as well that just at the crucial moment I woke up, for the Latin master's fate would not have been a pleasant spectacle.

TERRY HAGUE (Class B), Arthur.

THE DINNER OF THE COCOA TREE

I've heard it said in g'ography,
And b'lieved it to be right,
That cocoa trees on hillsides thrive—
A most peculiar sight!

"That accounts," my neighbour said,
In whispered undertone,
"For prairies that are made from hills,
And flats from towering stone."

"The usual way," continued he,
"To make this tree grow right,
Is feed it with a hill per day,
Just before the night."

So if he's right, I'll send away
And get a cocoa tree
To eat away the hill that blocks
The morning sun from me.

ROB. BARCLAY (Class A), Sorell.

FLAME-FAIRIES

Often, as I sit by the fireside, I see pictures in the flames which dance above the logs of wood. Brilliant flashings here and there, shadows flitting in the darkest corners—I love to watch them. Fairies and gnomes pass in a shell carriage drawn by butterflies. They greet their queen in the highest flame by bending to her and tripping lightly round her. The gnomes play elfish tricks by flaring too high or too low and sitting on top of another fairy while she is paying homage to her queen. But, as the fire grows dimmer and dimmer, my flame-fairies vanish, until nothing is left but black ashes.

GEORGE LAWSON (Class C1), Arthur.

CHINA MANDARIN

Why do you grin, old mandarin,
Up on the shelf, away from the din,
With yellow face and mocking eyes,
Nodding your head to look so wise,
Old grinning Buddha, steeped in sin?

What are your thoughts, man from Cathay,
Red lips parted in laughter gay,
With flowing sleeves and scarlet coat,
As you squat in the dust, remote,
Your colours dimmed by twilight grey?

What do you see, fat mandarin,
Watching all with deep-buried chin,
Smiling so smug at time that flies,
At young folks' haste and old folks' sighs,
With that same never-ending grin?

FRANCES ROSE (Class B), Sorell.

A VISIT TO THE MOON

"So this is the moon!" I exclaimed. At last I, in my capacity of reporter for the "Daily Scoop," was privileged to view, through my horn-rimmed spectacles, what no man had seen before, for even Signor Mussolini is limited to unsatisfactory views through telescopes. My reveries were interrupted by an approaching figure who informed me that the Man in the Moon would receive me now.

On entering, I was somewhat surprised to receive the Nazi salute. Oh, how great is the power of Hitler! How boundless the—but I am straying from the subject. The Man in the Moon or the Dictator of Klash, as he preferred to call himself, was a dignified figure, combining the whiskers of Bernard Shaw with the general appearance of Ghandi. He informed me that he was a strict Jew, with leanings towards Buddhism, and a great respect for Herr Hitler. At present, he said, he was modelling his nation on Nazi Germany, indicating the numerous swastikas with a wave of his hand, but later he intended to invent a Salute—That—Is—Different, and Entirely-New-Coloured-Shirts for his army. My timid suggestion of "Marina Green" he waved aside with contempt, and immediately began to talk about the possible comparison of the slump of the dollar in U.S.A., with the slump of the tanner in Klash—due to the refusal of Mars to pay her war debts, about the winner of the Melbourne Cup, and woolly aphids on his rosebushes, which seemed to worry him very much.

The next day we mounted mules, and climbed up a steep mountain-side to view the distant munition works. As we dismounted, the Dictator asked me anxiously if I saw in him a resemblance to Gordon Richards. On my assuring him that I did, he seemed comforted, and, despite his desire to discuss the aphids on his rose bushes, I bombarded him mercilessly with questions concerning his opinion on Douglas Credit, the work of Epstein, and the Locarno Treaty. Gradually his benevolent expression gave way to one of great boredom. Soon he was yawning openly, and, as I fired still more questions at him, I was greeted with snores. The Dictator of Klash was asleep.

Deciding that it was useless to seek further information, I adjusted my spectacles, and returned to the friendly walls of the office of the "Daily Scoop."

B. BRADMORE (Class C1), Wilmot.

THE-MORNING AFTER THE NIGHT BEFORE

(With Analogies to E. A. Poe)

See the piles on piles of plates,
Loathsome plates.
How we groan when their number we begin to contemplate.
But with resolute endeavour,
Now—now to do or never,
We begin.
Armed with water, soap and basin,
How we desperately hasten,
For in less than half an hour the school goes in.
The tea-towels soon are sopping,
And impatiently we're hopping
To the never-ending clatter of the plates, plates, plates, plates,
Plates, plates, plates,
To the never-ending clatter of the plates.

WINIFRED ROBERTS (Class A), Arthur.

THE SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST

"Oaths, insult, filth, and monstrous blasphemies,
Sweat, writhings, anguish, labouring of the lungs
In that close mist, and cryings for the light,
Moans of the dying, and voices of the dead."

Thus Tennyson has chosen aptly the words which describe a locker-room battle, but this inadequate chronicler will also endeavour to describe in prose the horrors that are perpetrated at such a scene. The battleground is a school locker-room. The silence is broken by the soul-shattering siren of the bell. The lockers stand in a steadfast row, their accoutrements shining in readiness. The enemy are presaged by a low hum and patter of feet. With a sudden rush they sweep round the corner of the stronghold, brandishing their weapons and howling their war-cry, "An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth," in blood-curdling tones. A horde, or avalanche, of barbarians descend upon the invincible lockers, and they are hidden from view. So, I believe, are the unfortunate possessors of bottom lockers. Except for a creaking groan and a shudder the brave lockers remain in square formation, despite the efforts of the enemy to push them into a rhomboid. Of course, they do not emerge from this trial unscathed. Numerous scratches appear on their shining surfaces (I mean the lockers, not the owners). Behold! ye outsiders, a subject which is not included in the school curriculum, but which plays almost as important a part in the scholar's life as—I was about to say sport, but I will degrade it to the level of lessons). A subject which instructs young gentlemen in the most effective manner in which to overcome an opponent at catch-as-catch-can, and ladies in the gentle arts of bargain-sale success. Only one

lesson is needed, but then, practice makes perfect. I must add that the weapons differ only in regard to umbrellas and hatpins, rulers, and pens being used instead, although the old, familiar elbow is well to the fore, or, to be accurate, well in the ribs.

A good method of defence for those on the top of the wall, that is, the thrice-blessed top-locker owners, is to accidentally let fall a shower of books (a Stamp and Price type of book is recommended) on the attackers beneath. The desired effect will be gained immediately. The opponent below will retreat holding his head, while the conqueror triumphantly plants his feet on terra firma instead of someone's back, which, besides being extremely uncomfortable, is liable to earthquakes. Ah! but a word of warning. These bottom-locker owners are both malicious and persistent, and return to the attack with renewed vigour. The conqueror's legs disappear mysteriously from beneath him, while the enemy emerges from out of the void, muttering darkly something that sounds like "He who laughs last . . ." Here the top-locker owner reveals his sagacity by innocently leaving the door of his locker open, and the newcomer perforce stops his aerial flight abruptly. A resounding crack is heard, while the enemy sinks back into gloom, and the conqueror murmurs fatuously, "So sorry, but I told you it was open." The sufferer glares balefully, but cannot convey by speech that the warning came one minute too late.

Another bell rings out. Now there is a wild retreat, and in the scuffle many are dragged unwillingly from the scene of carnage. There is a time for both work and play, and work has now finished. Some emerge triumphantly, the prize grasped firmly in their hands, if they still possess two, and then it is a mere matter of struggling through fifty pairs of arms and legs which litter the ground. Now is the time when those hateful human vultures, who watch from afar with a superior smile, descend upon the field to plunder. Calmly they extract their booty from the melee, and sail serenely into the class room, which closely resembles a hospital. Here such delicate operations as combing the hair, setting ties, and dusting, are performed on the maimed, while the remainder find in sleep the only method of recuperation. In this chronicle is a moral for all locker-holders. They are requested to "read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest."

N.B.—The moral is not "do others, or they will do you!"

FRANCES ROSE (Class B), Sorell.

MOODS OF THE SEA

Who can determine the moods of the sea,
Silent, stormy or calm as can be?
Racing young wavelets with foam white as snow,
Great heaving billows solemn and slow.
Sportive in wind unlifting its spray
'Neath laden skies gloomy and grey,
Gleaming in sunshine, sparkling with glee,
Who can determine the moods of the sea?

THIRZA WOODHOUSE (Class A), Sorell.

GOLD

All the quiet garden waiting for the dawn—
Silent, sweet-breathed flower beds, grey and
silent lawn,—
For the dawn that softly stealing bathes the
eastern sky in gold,
For the dawn that gently kneeling parts the grey
sky fold by fold.
And with her rosy fingertips wakens all to find
That Susan's up before them, Susan's left them
all behind.

Gold beneath the bushes where the morning bird's
songs fall,
Gold between the tree-tops and gold light over all,
And Susan at the window in a cotton frock
arrayed;
Susan's turned into a princess and she's wearing
gold brocade.
Every leaf and twig is burning in the glowing,
golden sun
That is rising o'er the hill top and a golden day's
begun.

BARBARA MESTON (Class A), Arthur.

THE CREEK

Hidden between two high and thickly-wooded
hills, a little creek bubbles and whirls through
the tangled undergrowth, vainly trying to wear
away the large rocks and hard soil that guide it
through the valley to the North Esk River. It
joins the river at a point where the racing,
raging waters lash themselves to white sheets of
foam as they splash against high boulders which
have been deposited there in times when the river
was flooded. This creek shelters many small
denizens of the bush, from the baby rabbit or
"kitten," as they are commonly called, to the
fair-sized brush kangaroo. Wallabies and
'possums are there in abundance, and dozens of
birds nest in this sanctuary where the owner does
not allow any shooting. In winter a raging tor-
rent takes the place of the little, gurgling creek.
Great piles of wood are washed down and heaped
up by the sides of the creek. These give more
cover for the rabbits and the shy wood-pigeons,
and it is most pleasant to walk there.

GARTH SUMMERS (Class C2), Sorell.

FORETELLING THE FUTURE

Would it be a curse or a blessing? In many
ways a blessing and yet, perhaps, more often a
curse.

There would be as many disappointing as
enjoyable things foretold. For instance, who
wants to know of the detention that is surely
coming in a fortnight, or the menu of to-morrow's
dinner?

This gift of "seeing into the future" must not
be confused with the reading of teacups or poring
over crystals.

It would really mean the possession of an extra
sense. The Roman idea of prophets being in-
spired by the gods, is more or less a foretelling
sense.

We are living in more modern times than those
in which the Roman sages performed, and not
many of us are good singers or chanters, so, if
it were possible for us to have this sense, we
would proclaim forthcoming events to the accom-
paniment of a brass band or something similar.

This would make proceedings much more
attractive, and would sound more like a real
prophecy.

Of course, instead of having prophecies written
by hand on leaves of bark, we could have them
reeled off on a duplicator by the dozen, and hire
distributors to give them out around the city.

If this method were not successful, we could
attach them to lamp posts (the modern way), or
insert them in the daily papers under "Births,
Deaths and Marriages," where they would surely
be seen. The problem of letting all know our
individual inspirations would soon be overcome.

In some cases the "foretelling sense" would be
useful to save time and money. For instance,
why do the Intermediate Examination if one
knew the result?

In fact, what would be the use of my writing
this article for the magazine when I would know
beforehand that it was destined for the waste
paper basket.

RONALD RIDE (Class B), Arthur.

THE CLEARING

Cool dewy grass under misty grey trees,
Where bush birds are calling
To a whispering breeze;
A stream murmurs sleepily
Nestled in fern,
And gay, dancing sunbeams
Wherever we turn;
Peaceful and happy it lures me away
From the thousand small troubles
That burden the day.

WINIFRED ROBERTS (Class A), Arthur.

NATURE'S SOFT NURSE "ELUSIVE"

- 8.45.—Feel sleepy. Decide to go to bed.
9.15.—Sleep elusive.
9.30.—Count 1000 imaginary sheep jumping
over imaginary wall.
10.0.—Family retire to bed.
10.5.—Neighbour's wireless—"I wanner go
back to me li'l log shack in old Tennessee—ee."
10.8.—American singer still expressing desire
for "li'l log shack."
10.10.—Serenade—various cats of the neigh-
bourhood.
10.12.—American singer now wailing out pas-
sionate love-song—"I dunno how I'm gonner live
without you, honey." Mutter singularly expres-
sive sentence embracing American singers,
American film stars, American accent, President
Roosevelt, and U.S.A. in general.
10.30.—Decide to enunciate all known theorems.
10.55.—Arrive at Theorem 20 with slight head-
ache.
11.0.—Decide to abandon attempt, as headache
is perceptibly worse, and prospects of reaching
Theorem 49 are extremely remote.

11.5.—Neighbour's wireless—man singing in
strange language.

11.7.—Decide language is French.

11.8.—Am overjoyed to recognise several
French words. Decide that French is obviously
improving.

11.10.—Man is announced to be singing in Ger-
man. Feel annoyed, and deliver scathing abuse
of Nazis, General Goering, conscription, and Herr
Hitler in muffled undertone. (Query: Why?
Answer obvious.)

11.15.—Neighbour's wireless—Talk.

11.17.—Think of Brutus' speech in Julius
Caesar—"enjoy the honey—heavy dew of slum-
ber." Decide—Brutus obviously unacquainted
with (1) Human Nature.

(2) Cats.

(3) Wireless.

11.30.—Wireless—Good-night everybody, good-
night.

11.31.—God Save the King.

11.32 p.m.—Perfect silence.

8.25 a.m.—Have overslept. Result—late for
school.

(N.B.—Detention, room 21, 4 o'clock.)

B. BRADMORE (Class C1), Wilmot.

A TRIP TO THE ALUM CLIFFS

At about 8.30 on a bleak morning last May, I
rose reluctantly and, having shouldered my swag,
set off up the road, hands well in pockets, to call
for my friend, the schoolmaster.

He was waiting at the gate, so without further
ado we started up the road. About one hundred
yards from the school-house we climbed the
fence, and, after crossing a tributary of the Mole
Creek, began a gentle climb through a gum
forest.

Soon we crossed a cleared paddock and arrived
at the road which the tourists use. This we fol-
lowed for some distance before once more taking
to the scrub.

It must have been about 9.15 a.m. when we
arrived at the little farmhouse at which en-
thusiastic sight-seers are wont to leave their
vehicles and resort to Shanks' pony.

We followed a winding track down into a rocky
gully, and, almost before we were aware of it,
had reached a point some hundreds of feet above
the Mersey. Here we paused to regain our
breath, but because of the undergrowth we could
not get a very satisfactory view of the river.
Thereupon my friend, who had been there before,
led the way by a hair-pin bend round a jutting
rock, and we found ourselves on a ledge over-
hanging the river and providing a wonderful
natural grandstand to one of nature's most superb
panoramas.

We were looking down on a spot where the
river turns sharply. To our right, after a break
caused by a tiny stream's course, the cliffs stood
on solemn guard as they have done for centuries
past. Opposite us, on the other side of the river,
a similar formation was capped with a receding
belt of forest. I went to the edge and looked
down—some unseen force seemed to be pulling
me down, down. I edged back with an effort. I

had heard of such a feeling, but had never before experienced it.

A curious fact is that, in the photographs taken from this spot, the river appears to be flowing uphill. This, of course, is due to the fact that it is necessary to point the camera down several degrees out of the horizontal, to get the photo.

By common consent we began the descent. My companion who, it transpired, had more discernment than I, elected to negotiate the first steep by the simple expedient of slipping down a sloping rock, over which the previously mentioned stream coursed rapidly. Having a violent dislike to a cold bath, especially as it was not Saturday night, I attempted to climb round the edge of the obstacle. This was quite good in theory, but futile in practice, so that, when the schoolmaster had reached a position from which the descent was comparatively simple, I was stuck on a two-inch ledge with only one good hand-hold.

To make matters worse, the billy, which I had slung on my belt, was between me and the cliff, and since at that moment my one ambition was to cling closer than a brother to that cliff, I was regretfully impelled to loosen my belt with my one available hand and cast the "billy" with its complement of tea, sugar, and several apples, overboard.

It landed very heavily on an upturned rock, which dented it severely, but being relieved of my burden I made a gallant effort and succeeded in retracing my steps to the main ledge. Even then I refused to swim down the cliffs, and by a careful detour I managed to arrive safely.

We continued our descent without further incident, and eventually arrived at a rock, round which the turbulent Mersey swirled noisily. If the cliffs are awe-inspiring from above, they are a thousand times more so when seen from the level of the river. They seem to tower into the blue, or, to use Shakespeare's words, "To o'er-top old Pelion."

Having looked our fill, we commenced to follow the river towards its source, which fascinating pastime we continued until it was almost dark when we turned our weary feet homeward.

JOHN PULLEN (Class A), Franklin.

ON AN AEROPLANE RIDE

When I went up in an aeroplane,
I was glad when I came down again,
When I went up in an aeroplane.

A cold, cold wind began to blow,
I could see the earth far down below—
The time was passing terrible slow.

And all around were pale blue skies,
But at last my hopes began to rise,
And I could think once more of pies.

We reached the earth with a terrible bump,
My poor old heart went thump, thump, thump,
And on my head is a great big lump.

The only sinking heart had been mine;
Someone said, "It was too divine."
I'm forced to say I think they were lyin'.

AUDREY MARSHALL (Class B), Arthur.

LISTENING-IN

I will always remember the night I first listened-in. A friend of mine, who possessed the one and only set in the town, invited me to listen to a programme of band music to be broadcasted from 3LO.

On that memorable night I arrived punctually at my friend's home. He ushered me into a cosy room, in a corner of which a roaring fire lit up its immediate surroundings and cast flickering shadows on the walls. Placed beside the old-fashioned hearth were two deep arm-chairs. I sank back among the cushions and waited for my friend to tune in.

Just then the clock struck eight. I heard a faint click, and then there burst upon my astonished ears a harsh buzzing and screeching. By merely turning a dial, my friend was able to eliminate this noise. Marvellous, but I couldn't understand it. And I was about to question him, the band began its opening number. It was my favourite march "Under the Double Eagle." All disturbing thoughts and questions vanished from my mind. I fell into a sort of trance, which soon ceased as suddenly as it began.

I glanced at my friend. He lay sprawled in his chair, his eyes closed and his arms folded across his chest. He was a picture of peace and content. I lay back in my chair as the band struck up that lively marching song so familiar to everybody—"Tipperary." Pictures of soldiers, cheerily singing as they tramp, tramp, tramped" along boggy French roads, flashed across my mind.

The tune changed to the soul-stirring "Rule Britannia." I saw stately liners sedately pursuing their way across a starlit ocean; heavy battle-ships ploughing their way through mountainous seas, spray flying over the helmsman as he kept his charge straight on her course; little fishing smacks returning at sunset to their havens, laden with fish. The music ceased, but I mused on.

Suddenly I was brought back to earth by an appalling noise issuing from the loud speaker. I looked at my friend. He lay still; so I determined to try my luck. Very gingerly I twisted a dial. The noise increased. I twisted another dial; the noise increased in volume, this time augmented by buzzings and screechings. Frantically I turned and twisted dials but to no purpose. Trepidation gave way to rage, and rage to mortification. I was about to do something desperate when a hand appeared, twisted a dial, and the music was as clear as it had ever been.

But my evening was spoiled so far as enjoying music was concerned. As if he had read my thoughts, my friend tuned-in to a wrestling match vividly described by an enthusiastic announcer. "Luriche has Blake by his whiskers! He's pulling it out by the handful," he bawled at us. With considerable relish I learned that Blake had retaliated by getting Luriche in the "Boston-crab."

Before long, however, I regained my usual equable temper. My ever-obliging friend then tuned-in to "Meditation Music." For half an hour we listened to love-sick Romeos pouring out their words of love to shrill-voiced Juliets, and

violins squealing complaints to silent hard-hearted masters. To crown the evening we had supper, and then, weary, but happy, I returned home to bed in the "Wee sma' hours."

M. BARDENHAGEN (Class A), Sorell.

CAVALCADE

King Alfred's reign, an important one,
Was from eight seven three to nine nought one;
He encouragement gave and better laws made
For culture, learning and commercial trade.

In ten sixty-six, the Conqueror's reign,
Saxon and Norman one became,
And we still in admiration look
On the historical Doomsday Book.

Edward the First tried, with all his might,
England and Scotland and Wales to unite.
He harnessed the wind to grind the flour,
And introduced clocks to peal out each hour.

The power of the Pope and the Church was o'er-
thrown

When Henry the Eighth was gracing the throne;
While sailors from home sailed out on the breeze,
And found a land, India, across the wide seas.

The Protestant people have reason to bless
The forty-five years in the reign of Queen Bess.
Raleigh and Drake were by all Spaniards feared
After they "singed the King of Spain's beard."

In Victoria's reign inventions made able
Telephone, telegraph, and Trans'lantic cable.
Wars were won and conquests made,
Thus the foundations of Empire were laid.

In 1910 George Windsor was crowned
The King of a nation whose name is renowned,
And in spite of the toils and hardships of war
The spirit of the Empire remains as before.

GEOFF. ATHERTON (Class C1), Franklin.

TO A STERN TEACHER SEEN ABOUT 4.45

O why do you keep us in o' nights,
Fussing so much and so much?
O big, stern teacher, whom everyone slights,
Why do you keep us in o' nights,
When the football is high in its flights
And we long for a kick o' such?
O why do you keep us in o' nights,
Fussing so much and so much?

ERIC DWYER (Class B), Sorell.

NIGHTFALL

The sun's last rays are shining
On the river, calm and still;
The dark'ning woods are echoing
To the birds' last twittering trill;
The shadows fast are gathering
Across the deepening sky;
A soft breeze, stirring, whispers
To the trees that night is nigh.

THIRZA WOODHOUSE (Class A), Sorell.

AN EVERYDAY HAPPENING

The air was quiet, yet tense; the building was almost deserted, but the subdued murmurs which penetrated from outside showed signs of life. A few people were walking along the balcony carelessly. As time drew on, glances were thrown in the direction of a figure which strode round the balcony. He muttered to himself, frowned, and glanced from his wrist to the clock.

"Tut, tut, three seconds slow," he murmured, and adjusted the offending clock. He put his sinister-looking case down with a bang. One could tell he was used to people coming at his call. He glanced again at his wrist. What he saw apparently displeased him, for he tramped up and down, his eyes on his watch, one lock of his black hair hanging limply over his forehead. Suddenly he sprang into action and pulled open the door.

"The time has come!" he said dramatically. He lifted his hand, and with all his strength,—he pressed the bell.

BETTY COE (Class B), Sorell.

WANDERING THOUGHTS

The crystal of a clairvoyant
Gives sight of many things,
But such are pictures not as vivid
As a glowing fire brings.

The singing of the steaming kettle,
And sizzling sap that's free,
Recall the camp fires, brightly burning
By the rippling sea.

Cracking sparks, and hissing gases,
With flames of blue and green,
Tell you of the dancing wavelets'
Bright and glittering sheen.

Your thoughts revolve, the fire glows,
And all is free from strife,
Until the gurgling of the kettle
Brings you back to life.

ROB. BARCLAY (Class A), Sorell.

A PREFECT—WHO IS SHE?

Her first is in frolic, and also in fun;
Her second's in racquet, and also in run;
Her third is in tennis, but not in swim;
Her fourth is in speed, but not in vim;
Her fifth is in action, but not in still;
Her whole is a name; guess if you will.

A. M. ION (Class A), Franklin.

LIMERICK

There was a young lady named Payne,
Who went up one day in a 'plane.
As she fell o'er the side
To the pilot she cried,
"I'm afraid I must go down again."

ETHNEE KELLY (Class C1), Franklin.

ONE ASPECT OF TASMANIA

There could be nothing more appropriate to discuss than the scenery of Tasmania, but as this subject is too vast for the possessor of an ass's head, I will content myself with the humble little lanes, and the cart-tracks which meander harmlessly through the vast serenity of the bush. It is impossible to gain the true wealth of Tasmanian scenery while trying to see how much dust one can throw behind into the other fellow's face. The blackened, forlorn trees with lopped-off limbs, which line these dusty roads, are far removed from the green gums which guard the winding bush tracks.

Somehow a dog seems to know instinctively which are the most charming of these tracks. Allow him the full use of his nose and legs, and away he will lead you down between tall avenues, eternally sighing, ti-trees white-starred, and clusters of shivering umbrella fern. Even though he may wander away to more pleasant pursuits, you are lured on and on until with an unexpected twirl the path vanishes into a green wall. It is then you experience the emotion Oxley must have once felt so keenly, and you whirl instinctively to catch a glimpse of the owner of the mocking laugh.

The most delightful bush tracks are those worn by the constant passage of bullock carts, which have then been forgotten. The once freshly turned earth of the wheel-ruts is soon covered with short grass and weeds. Here, at last, the weeds are allowed freedom to enjoy life, for none venture here to rout them out to make room for their more gaudy companions. It is useless to pluck the frail wild flowers which bloom in the less frequented tracks, as their beauty withers away. They appear to best advantage in their familiar haunts, and not in some costly vase.

It is always advisable to carry a stick on these jaunts, as the paths are pitted by holes which betray the presence of not only rabbits, but such unfriendly customers as snakes and iguanas. In all probability you will meet Madame Snake sunning her latest creation from Paris, but this only adds spice to the charm of these tracks. Sometimes the caprice of the path leads it across some bushland stream by way of an old wooden bridge. You are enticed to linger and watch the fish dart through the clear green of the water which ripples over the stones, though not for long, for the tall fingers of the trees beckon you down green vistas of pillars, inspiring awe by their grandeur. But the tracks are rarely solemn for long, and burst out in the form of tussocks which endeavour, with malicious persistence, to deprive you of the use of two legs.

But here am I rambling down country lanes, forgetting the humble town lanes, and an especial one which I have stored away for all time in a corner of my memory. My experience of town lanes was always a fearsome one. Their dark shadows at night necessitated a flight down the centre of a road. But a lane of my childhood witnessed both joy and sorrow. It was guarded at one end by a ferocious watch dog, and at the other by an equally ferocious martinet. So the centre was really the stage. It was the custom

to outrival each other in clambering up and down a stone wall on the side of the lane, but sometimes we descended more swiftly than we had bargained for. This same wall was fortunate enough to witness a passing pageant of fairs, football, marbles, cricket and funerals. (But I, too, have come at last after a ramble through this article against a blank wall—that of insufficient knowledge.)

FRANCES E. ROSE (Class B), Sorell.

JUNIOR SECTION

CHRISTOPHER ROBIN, WINNIE THE POOH, AND PIGLET GO TO THE ZOO

(With apologies to A. A. Milne)

One fine morning, about eleven o'clock, just at the time when Winnie the Pooh was having a little something, there was a knock at the door of the house at Pooh Corner. Pooh put his jar of honey down and went to the door, and there was Christopher Robin standing on the door-step. "Good morning, Christopher Robin," said Pooh. "Good morning, Pooh," said Christopher Robin. "Won't you come in?" said Pooh.

So Christopher Robin went in. He had that kind of look on his face when you are just bubbling over with good news.

"Pooh," he began, "Nurse is going to take us to the zoo this afternoon."

"What kind of a place is z— where we're going?" asked Pooh.

"Oh, a place where they keep a lot of lions and efalumps and things," said Christopher Robin. "In cages," he added.

"Oh," said Pooh, "who's going?"

"You and Piglet and me?" said Christopher Robin, "and I want you to tell Piglet because I have to have my dinner and get my face washed and lots of things."

So Pooh set out through the forest to Piglet's house.

As he stumped along in the bright sunshine, he was trying to think of a word that would rhyme with "giraffe," and, being a bear of very little brain, he could think only of "laugh." He had made up a poem that went like this—

Piglet and Winnie the Pooh

Are both going to the zoo,

With Christopher Robin and Nurse,

Who keeps bright new pennies in her purse.

We'll see some bears and then a giraffe.

And here Pooh was stuck. "But," said Pooh, "does a giraffe laugh? What does a giraffe look like? I suppose they keep them at zoos. I'll ask Christopher Robin."

He soon reached "Trespassers W—," which was the name of Piglet's house. Piglet was hanging out his washing, and when Pooh told him where they were going, Piglet immediately fell into his

SPRING

Oh, Spring, it is coming
Way out of the west!
Oh, see! She is coming
And looking her best.

Grey winter has gone
To another far land,
And heigho for the Spring
Which gladdens the land!

The bells that were silent,
Are now all a-ring,
And everything's waking
To welcome the Spring.

EDNA TREGANNA (Class E1), Arthur.

AT MID-NIGHT

When the moon is rising full and bright,
And the owls are hooting at dead of night,
Then the fairies come to play and sing,
And dance around in a fairy ring,

There the goblins, gnomes, and pixies meet,
Where the tall blue-bells are ringing sweet,
And there in the dell they dance away,
But vanish at the dawn of day.

BONNIE HOUSTEIN (Class D3), Wilmot.

AUTUMN

Golden autumn is here again,
Filling the barns with yellow grain,
And russet leaves float here and there,
Padding the earth with a carpet rare.

Autumn is like a wearied guest
Passing on to happy rest,
For soon snow will be falling down,
And earth will wear her winter gown.

MARJORIE CROW (Class E1), Franklin.

WELCOME TO SPRING

I'm very glad the Spring is here,
The sun shines out so bright,
The little birds upon the trees
Are singing with delight.

The young grass looks so fresh and green,
The young lambs frisk and play,
While I can skip and run about
As merrily as they.

I love to watch the butterfly
Flutter her painted wing,
And all things seem, just like myself,
So glad to see the Spring.

LILY DUFF (Class D3), Wilmot.

THE BROOK

O'er pebbles smooth and sand so white,
The gurgling brook doth run.
Through foliage green, a ray of light
Shines on it, from the sun.

MAISIE HOWARD (Class D1), Arthur.

clothes basket. "Where?" he gasped, coming out with a sock hanging over one ear. "Oo, I love zoos," he said, jumping on his clean clothes. "Do you?" said Pooh. "Yes," said Piglet.

"Do you know what a giraffe looks like?" asked Pooh.

"Oh," said Piglet, vaguely, "it has a long neck and long legs."

Pooh scratched his head with his paw.

"Does he laugh?" asked Pooh.

"I've never heard it," said Piglet.

That afternoon, Christopher Robin, Winnie the Pooh, and Piglet set off with Nurse for the zoo. When they arrived, Pooh whispered to Christopher Robin that he wanted to see the giraffe.

"All right," said Christopher. So he told his nurse, and they went over to where the giraffe lived.

"Oh," said Pooh, "can he reach over those railings?"

"No," said Christopher Robin.

After Pooh had been looking up at the giraffe for some minutes, he turned round to look at Christopher Robin, but—"Oh, help! what is the matter with my neck?" said Pooh. "It's stuck," he said. "It won't come down," said he. "Oo," squeaked Piglet, "does it hurt?" "Yes," said Pooh, "an awful lot." "Silly old bear," said Christopher Robin, "it will be all right soon."

But it was a whole week before Pooh could look at his toes again. At the end of the week Pooh said to Christopher Robin that he had been sure the giraffe was laughing at him when his neck stuck, and that Piglet had told him that giraffes didn't laugh.

"But," Christopher Robin said, "why do you want to think the giraffe laughed when they don't?"

"Well," Pooh said, "I made up a piece of poetry about you and Piglet and me at the zoo, and the giraffe, and 'laugh' was the only word that would rhyme with 'giraffe.'"

KATHLYN HARRISON (Class E4), Arthur.

MICE

When all the house is still at night,
And lights are lit no more,
The pantry mice steal softly out
And scamper on the floor.

And in the pastures by the moon,
When cows and men are home,
Then little, timid meadow-mice
Decide it's safe to roam.

They scuttle in the pearly dew,
And nibble ears of corn,
And squeak to all their tiny friends,
"Come out before the dawn!"

DENIS LOVIBOND (Class E2), Franklin.

LISTENING IN TO "THESE SERIALS"

Twirling the dial round, we come to "The Case of the Dreadful Dawn," and sit enthralled while our blood courses faster and faster. The monstrous shape is just entering the heroine's room, when the announcer's voice breaks in with "To be continued in our next instalment." Why must he do it? Just when we get interested, too. Probably he decides to take pity on us, and reduce our pulses to normal again, but who wants pity when listening to a serial like that.

Making another attempt, we break in on "The Laughing Cavalier." A weird laugh echoes through the speaker, and "To be continued in our next." Bother him! Let's have another go.

Ha, "The Creeping Death." A black form is gliding slowly and silently over the floor to the villain, who, transfixed by the shape's ghastly stare, waits in terror. The triangular head rises, swaying slowly to and fro, and it strikes. A broken scream pierces the air and is silenced with "To be continued in our next."

Then we must wait in suspense for "the next," whenever it may come, and again get keyed up to concert-pitch of indignation at that eternal "To be continued in our next."

IAN WILKINSON (Class D4), Sorell.

THE MEETING

I recollect that you, when first we met,
Attracted me, but why I cannot tell.
My heart at your approach was beating; yet,
Ere we were face to face, I scanned you well.

And as I looked, we seemed to drift somehow
Together; you alone had filled my mind.
Could I have drawn back then, I should be now
Far happier—but fate was most unkind.

It was a shock when I discovered you
Had really claimed me for a victim—yes,
You bowled me over—smashed my cycle too—
Steam roller, you're a nuisance, nothing less.

JACK WRIGHT (Class D4), Arthur.

THINGS I LOVE

"I love all beauteous things,
I seek and adore them."

I love the golden summer sunset; the homely city-lights after a country journey; an evening walk; a soft bed for rest; the sighing of pine trees as the wind rushes through the branches; the first leaf; red and russet leaves falling; dew on the grass; the roaring of breakers on a lonely sea-shore, and the spray dashing high among the rocks; the music of running water; reflections in a calm, still pool; mists coming over the mountain peaks; creeks rambling through the bush; flowers and their tender fragrance; the sorrowful cries of the crow; the noisy screech of the starling, and a magpie's call. I love to gaze into the flames of the fire and see the magic pictures there, to hear the crackling of the wood, and to eat a golden, juicy orange.

EDNA SMITH (Class D3), Arthur.

HIDE-AND-SEEK

The house, which in the winter time
Stood out so brown and bare,
Is playing hide-and-seek with me
Amid the orchard fair.

Only the roof of red-brown tiles
And chimney-pots are seen,
And just one glimmering window
Above the mist of green.

THELMA YOUD (Class D1), Franklin.

THE BELL

O bell!
While I thought there was time to run,
You rang to tell
School had begun.

My work,
So ill-prepared, much worse than ever before,
With it I crept
Inside the door.

Too late!
The master had begun to call the roll.
My sorry fate
Weighs down my soul.

Oh, tell,
Why did you have to ring just yet?
O mischief-making bell!
Now I've a det.

MARK BRADBURY (Class D2), Sorell.

A LIFE IN THE WILD

Give me a life in the wild,
Where all is quiet and free,
Where I list to the birds in the sunshine,
And the hum of the busy bee.

At night the song of the cricket,
And the screech of the owl as it flies
Lull me to peaceful slumber
'Neath the bright stars in the skies.

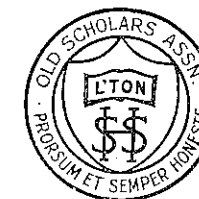
ISLA WATERS (Class D3), Sorell.

WILD FOXGLOVES

Waving gently on the hill,
Among the grass and trees so still,
Foxgloves bend their pretty heads,
When summer all her glory spreads.

But though the trees and grasses stay
To greet us at the dawn of day,
Foxgloves, tall and stately flowers,
Vanish in the wintry hours.

JOAN FORSYTH (Class E4), Franklin.



OLD SCHOLARS' COLUMN.

GENERAL NOTES

MEMBERSHIP.

Our financial membership of this year compares quite favourably with that of last year, when the total membership reached 84, compared with 60 up to June of this year. Although these figures are fairly satisfactory, we think they could be improved upon, and we appeal to all Old Scholars to join the Association, and assist us in our effort to raise the figures to 100 this year.

SPECIAL GENERAL MEETINGS.

A special general meeting was held at the School on Tuesday, March 19, to discuss the advisability of continuing the Library Building Scheme, which, owing to the difficulty in getting in touch with a large number of Old Scholars, had not progressed as well as had been expected. A deputation, comprised of Messrs. A. L. Meston and N. L. Campbell, and Mrs. R. Edwards, was elected to wait on the Minister of Education. As a result the Minister has now advised that an amount has been included in the estimates for the erection of a library.

SOCIALS.

Although the attendances at the socials have been rather small, some very enjoyable evenings have been spent, and all Old Scholars, especially the younger ones, are asked to support the Association by coming along to these functions.

DANCES.

The Association dances are not being held in a regular series this year, but are proving most enjoyable. Since week-night dancing is more popular, as the dancing time is not so limited, the last three functions have been held at the Ka-Pai.

FINANCE.

In spite of the fact that the proceeds from dances and socials have not been large, due to the prevailing depression, and to numerous counter-attractions, we are, nevertheless, able to show a small credit balance of £5/5/-. We are hopeful of improving on this figure before the end of the financial year.

CHURINGA FOOTBALL CLUB

The Second Annual Meeting of the Churinga Football Club was held at the School, on Wednesday, April 3, when Mr. A. L. Meston presided over a good attendance of members. The following officers were elected:—President, Mr. A. L. Meston, M.A. (re-elected); Vice-Presidents, Messrs. M. C. Munro, H. L. McElwee, A. D. Foot, T. G. Johnston (all re-elected), and W. Learoyd; Hon. Secretary, Mr. R. C. Hays (re-elected); Hon. Treasurer, Mr. V. R. Kemp (re-elected); Committee, Messrs. J. A. Bennell, E. J. Archer, L. M. Brown, A. D. Gay, N. F. Forsyth, H. C. Murray (all re-elected), C. W. Lee, and H. T. Matthews.

Owing to business reasons Mr. R. C. Hays found it necessary to relinquish the Secretaryship, and Mr. D. L. Munro was elected to that office and to the Committee. It would be unjust not to express our thanks to Reg. for his untiring efforts in making Churinga the leading team in the Tasmanian Amateur League.

Under the leadership of E. J. Archer (Captain), N. F. Forsyth (Vice-Captain), and A. D. Gay (Coach), the team has once again proved its football prowess, and has won three out of four matches played this season. The boys are keen, and the enthusiasm shown by them in the opening matches augurs well for another successful season.

The following are the members of the team:—E. J. Archer (Captain), N. F. Forsyth (Vice), N. Shegog, D. L. Munro, H. T. Matthews, R. Tucker, L. Matthews, L. Tucker, K. Lawrence, V. Millar, L. Watts, R. Watts, G. Tucker, J. Warren, J. I. Murfett, G. Best, R. Brown, E. Fleming, A. Edmunds, E. Wicks, H. C. Murray, L. M. Brown, N. F. Murray, A. D. Gay (Coach).

CHURINGA TENNIS CLUB

Since the last issue of the Magazine, the City and Suburban Association's Summer Pennants have been completed. "B" and "C" grade teams entered by the Club met with little success, but the practice gained should be of great benefit to players. We heartily congratulate the winning teams on their success.

In the Doubles Tournament conducted by the above Association, Miss Joy Geiger and Miss June Edwards won the "B" Grade Women's Doubles, and the former, with C. J. Barnard, won the "B" Grade Mixed Doubles. Barnard and G. Walsh reached the final of the Men's Doubles, but were unable to win the event. We congratulate these players on their splendid performances.

A Handicap Singles Tournament, conducted by the Club, was commenced at the end of April. The Men's Division was won by C. J. Barnard off a handicap of owe 40. The Ladies' Division has not yet been finalised.

On Monday, June 3, a team from the Old Hobartians' Club visited Launceston, and were successful in a match against the Club by 13 matches to 11. In some of the games, the tennis reached a very high standard, and was thoroughly enjoyed by those participating.

The School Courts are now in very good condition, having been top-dressed, and new nets provided.

The thanks of the Club are due to Mr. A. L. Meston for his kind co-operation and assistance. We also thank Mr. J. A. Birchall for the donation of a trophy.

A number of members are playing in the N.T.L.T.A. Winter Pennants, and to date have won all their matches.

Members wishing to join the Club are asked to get in touch with the Captain, Mr. A. G. King, or the Secretary, whose address appears in the O.S.A. Directory in this issue.

CHURINGA HOCKEY CLUB

The annual meeting of the Hockey Club was held on March 21, when the following officers were elected:—President, Mrs. A. L. Meston; Secretary and Treasurer, Miss C. Barnard.

The Gold Team, under its new captain, K. Rose, has played two games, defeating East Launceston and M.L.C. by 6 goals to 4, and 5 goals to 2, respectively.

The Blue Team, under its new captain, J. Blyth, has played two games, defeating Collegians by 6 goals to 3, and also Barcelona.

One member of the Club, C. Barnard, has been chosen in the Tasmanian team, and we take this opportunity of wishing the team the best of luck in the Interstate matches.

PERSONAL NOTES

RECENT MARRIAGES.

Maurice Adamthwaite and Miss B. Jarman.
Horace Crawford and Miss D. Sharman.
Jack Branagan and Miss E. Perrin.
Frances Hodgetts and Mr. F. Pawley.
Gwen Phillips and Mr. G. Viney.
Mollie Standaloft and Mr. R. Hannan.

We congratulate Gwen Parson and John Walker on their engagement, and wish them every happiness.

Peggy Meston is doing a course for the training of Kindergarten Teachers at Kew.

Gollan Lewis has returned from Oxford, and is on the staff of the Hobart State High School.

Mrs. R. Tyson (Edna Cox) has a new daughter, Mrs. B. Fowler (Ann Smith) a son, and Mrs. L. Panton (Alice Finlay) a daughter.

At Commemoration in May the following Old Scholars received degrees of the University of Tasmania:—R. Finlay (Master of Arts), Daisy Palamontain, Olive Bushby, Betty Andrews (Bachelors of Arts).

OBITUARY

It was with great regret that we heard early in the year of the death of Thomas Broughton Walker. Tom did a brilliant course in the School, passing the Leaving in 1930 with eight credits. He was Magazine Editor and a Prefect, and as such rendered valuable service to the School. His ability, perseverance, and love of learning for its own sake were widely known; less generally recognised were his capacity for loyal friendship and his readiness to help those of his school-mates who found their studies difficult. After leaving School he was on the staff of the East Launceston State School, and afterwards was in Hobart at the Teachers' College and Albuera State School. His University course was of exceptional brilliance; he had obtained High Distinction in the eight subjects he had completed, and had won all the prizes for which he was eligible. A short time before his death he had been appointed Secretary of the W.E.A. in Tasmania, and Assistant Lecturer in English at the University. We lost in him one who had the mind and attitude of the true scholar, and who was bound to win wide recognition. We extend our sympathy to his family, and to Grace Gunton, to whom he was engaged.

O.S.A. DIRECTORY

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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 years of age.

1/- for Old Scholars who have left School within twelve months.

All the above rates include subscriptions for copies of the June and December numbers of "The Northern Churinga."