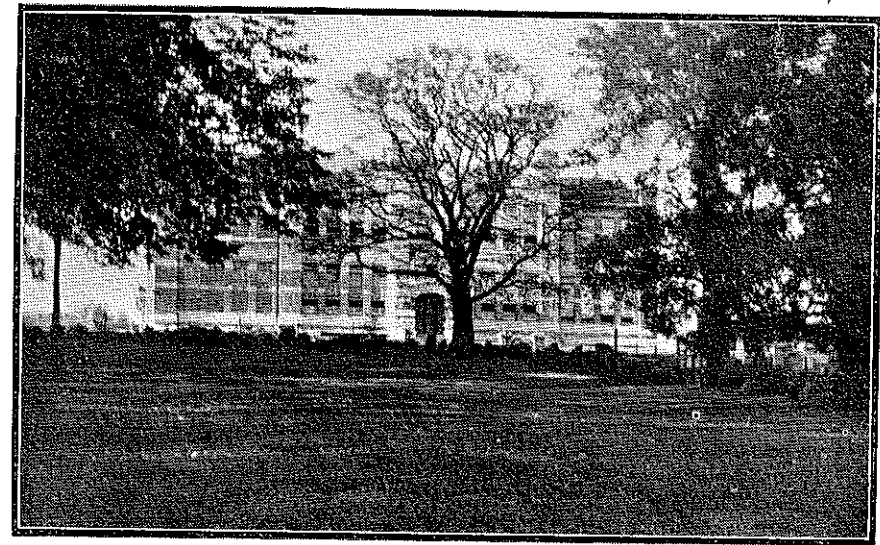


The Northern Churinga



EDITORIAL

"Oh mine is still the lone trail, the hard trail,
the best;
Wide wind, and wild stars, and the hunger of
the quest!"

"Westward Ho!" What boy has not felt the spirit within these magic words stirring in him, urging him to be up and doing. It breathes of rebellion against humdrum life, of burning desire that consumes all except the aching pain of hunger, of unrest, of the wild thrill of discovery, and of romance and adventure. A winding road, the cry of the wind, a ship with white bellying sails sailing out of a bay beyond to far off foreign lands, a bird sailing free in the air—all these have the power to awaken a desire within us, which holds us bound and powerless and will not let us go. A man with the hunger of the quest must follow, follow until, drained of his powers and youth, he gives up the weary quest of life when his spirit goes on another quest into the unknown.

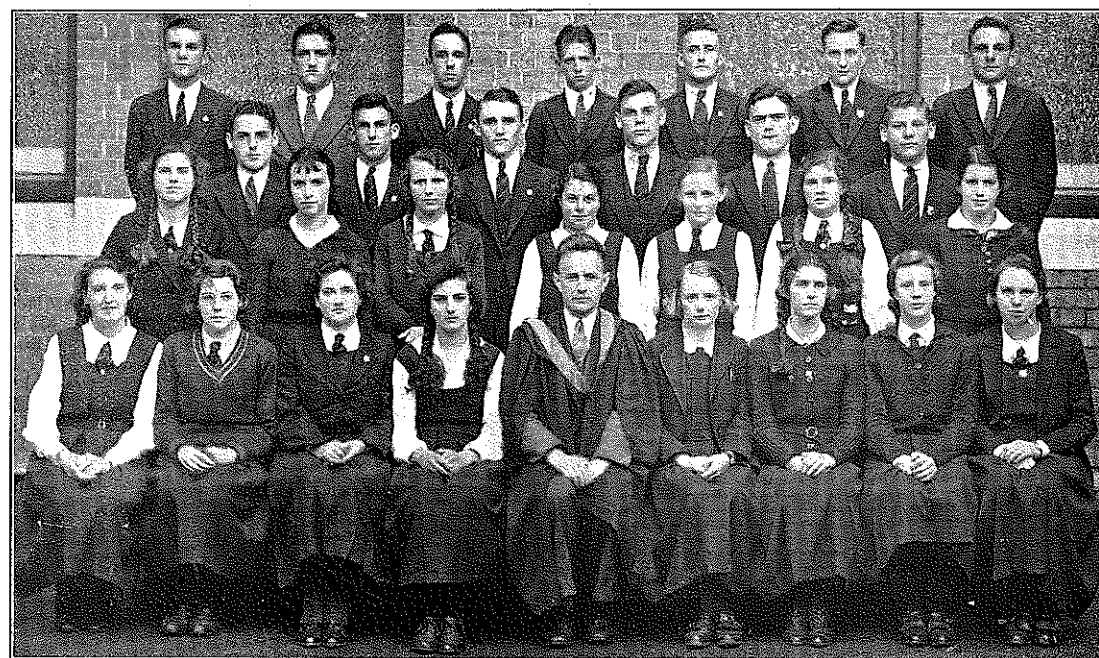
Without this questing spirit there would be no progress. The unseen and unknown wonders of the world fired the ancient mariners to cross their narrow horizon into unknown seas where new lands and treasures lay waiting for the most daring. In their tiny one-sailed ships these adventurers dared all for the joy of sailing in unknown waters, and obeying the peremptory call of the quest. Later men of finer calibre

sailed into the unknown to increase the knowledge of the world and to find new countries and riches for their home land.

But greater than these sea-rovers are the inventors who have gazed into the future at miracles undreamt of by their fellows, and given their lives in the cause of discovering some new invention to make life easier for the very men who have scorned and wronged them. Discouraged by mockery, failure, and poverty, these men have toiled on, hungry for success, the sweet compensation for all pain endured. But even with success, the hunger is not satisfied, but demands more of the joy it has tasted for one brief hour.

There are men who quest ceaselessly for the beautiful. Sometimes the veil is lifted for one moment of ecstasy. During the moment of inspiration the poet endeavours to capture the grandeur and beauty that he has glimpsed so that others may share his emotion and know the hunger for the beautiful. He is impatient that he cannot dwell for ever in this world of beauty which he quests for all his life.

But whether we follow the quest of the beautiful, of knowledge, or of romance, we should guard this flame within us as a precious gift. At present we, of the western races, are supreme, but this will only last while we obey the call of the quest, and do not become too materialistic. It has been given us to make or mar the world,



A Class, 1935.



Prefects, 1935,

PREFECTS' NOTES

Fortnightly meetings have been held throughout the year, and the Senior Monitors have attended every second meeting.

During the year Rowley Whelan, Sports Prefect for the boys, left, and his place was taken by Neil McDonald.

To all those who are leaving we extend our good wishes, and hope they will meet with success in the future.

REPAIR SQUAD NOTES

There is a saying that a woman's work is never done. To all the women in the world the Repair Squad offer their sympathy, for their work is never done, either. However, by working overtime they have made desperate attempts to catch up.

In the first term all the desks in the School were repaired and greased. A silent and satisfied School applauded the result. Wendel Medhurst, Allan Gould, and Roy Cartledge then turned their attention to the blinds. New blinds were placed in the front of the School, and those on the sides renovated. A great deal of work was done on the lockers, but some of it was beyond the power of the Repair Squad, and had to be done by tradesmen. Perhaps the best job done during the year was the reconstruction of the specimen cabinet in the laboratory.

After a year's unremitting work repairing what others break, the Repair Squad are not jealous of Bill Wood's, one of their prominent members, trip to Japan and China. They do feel, however, that the School, in recognition of their work, might have paid the passage of the remainder to accompany him.

THE MODEL FLYING CLUB

Under the supervision of Mr. Jacobs about 15 enthusiasts meet in the gymnasium every Friday afternoon. Since the June issue several excursions have been made to the park, but no outstanding flights have been executed.

Ken. Jackson is to be congratulated on his double success in the Launceston Show. He gained first and second prize in the model aeroplane competition, his best model being that of the American Great Lakes Trainer.

SPECIAL ASSEMBLIES

Since June there have been two special assemblies.

On Wednesday, October 16, Joni S. Ledua, a teacher of Moala, Fiji, addressed the assembled School in the Hall. At the conclusion of the address many interesting curios of Fiji were shown. This assembly took the place of the usual Scripture lesson.

A short service in commemoration of Armistice Day was held on Monday, November 11. Two minutes' silence was observed.

At the usual assembly on Friday, it has become the custom for the Principal to give a short talk on world affairs of importance. These talks have done much to make international affairs clearer.

GARDEN NOTES

Considerable progress has been made by the gardeners since the writing of the June notes, and our late-spring show of flowers is very attractive. The chief task of the Garden Squad has been to keep the lawns cut and to wage war on the weeds.

The front garden is very beautiful at the present time. The four central beds contain mixed stocks, which are a fine show now. The wings of the lawn have borders of giant blue violas, for the better growing of which we obtained some loads of good garden soil. The central strip has a splash of colour given by linaria, which we grew from seed. The rosés are now well advanced.

As a result of top-dressing in August the boys' lawn has made good progress. The borders of this lawn are bright with nemesia (which we grew from seed), and Sweet William. Along the tennis court fence the rhododendrons and azaleas have been very pretty.

On the girls' side we have had a big show of Virginian stock, the seed of which we sowed for an early-spring flowering.

The shrubbery has been regularly cleaned and weeded. Additions to it have been a grape-hyacinth border (the bulbs being donated by one of the girls), and a few lupins where space between the shrubs and trees permits.

Two young hedges, put out to protect the gardens from winds and to form a setting for them, have made excellent progress, while the trees (with the exception of the red-gums on the girls' side) have made considerable growth. We lost one red-gum because of a severe wind-storm.

The only addition made to our stock of tools is an exceptionally good lawn mower, giving us now three effective machines. During the early spring the rapid growth of grass made this purchase necessary.

THE CRUSADE MOVEMENT

Under the guidance of the Rev. Hurse and Rev. English, the Crusader Union has assembled for half an hour each Thursday. We regret the falling away of our members, and extend a hearty welcome to all interested to attend in Room 1, at 1 p.m. every Thursday. We also wish to thank Misses Gleadow and Alcock for their continued interest. During the term a very successful rally was held at the Metropole, the speakers being Mrs. English and Mr. G. Charlton, of Canberra.

JUNIOR RED CROSS NOTES

The meetings of our branch of the Junior Red Cross have not been as regular as might be wished. Norah Sullivan's illness necessitated another election, and Geraldine Tabart is our new Secretary. The President is Audrey Marshall, and the Treasurer, Pat Honey.

On June 28 we held a social, the proceeds of which were sent to the City Mission.

At present we are busy preparing a portfolio to be sent to Prince Edward Island.

LIBRARY NOTES

The School Library has been functioning very satisfactorily this year, and many new books have been added to both the Reference and Circulating sections. Among these are "The Splendid Fairing," "The Lonely Plough," and "He Who Came," by Constance Holme. The set of L. M. Montgomery's books has also been renewed. All of the additions have proved interesting and enjoyable, and have been widely circulated.

At the beginning of this term, the Reference Library was catalogued upon the Dewey Decimal System. The change has been very successful, and most borrowers have found it to be of great benefit to them.

The magazine library has been well used. Thanks are due to the proprietors of "The Examiner" and "The Mercury" for supplying these papers.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

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

The May and December issues of the "Sphinx" (Perth Modern School).

The Launceston Junior Technical School Magazine.

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

"The Longerenong Collegian."

"The Unicorn" (Magazine of Melbourne High School).

Somerville House B.G.H.S. Magazine.

Unley High School Magazine.

Brisbane State High School Magazine.

"The Log" (Hobart High School Magazine).

Adelaide High School Magazine.

WHO'S WHO

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

Staff: Misses B. Layh, B.A., Diploma d'Etudes Francaises, Dip. de Phonetique Francaise (Senior Mistress of French); J. Austen, B.Sc. (Science and Mathematics); G. Brown, B.A. (Mathematics); H. Thurstun, B.Comm. (Commerce); J. Blyth, B.A. (Geography, Physiology and English); J. Gee (Art); M. Rowe, B.A. (French, English and Geography); B. Andrews, B.A. (History and French); F. Aplin (French); R. Wing (Cookery); A. Sample (Sewing); H. Deane (Clerk); Messrs. J. Mather, B.A. (Senior Master of Mathematics); C. Reeves, B.A., Dip. Ed. (Mathematics, English, Geography, and Music); R. Edwards, B.A. (Latin and Geography); C. Lawrence, B.Comm. (Commerce and Economics); S. Wellington, B.Sc. (Science and Mathematics); T. Jacobs, B.A. (English and History); B. Brook, B.A. (English, History and Geography); H. Winter (Science and Mathematics); A. Nightingale (Science and Mathematics).

Senior Prefects: Winifred Roberts, William Bowles.

Sports Prefects: Freida Jaffray, Neil McDonald.

Library Prefect: Dulcie Davey.

Magazine Prefect: Barbara Meston.

House Captains: Daphne Cooper and John

Alcock (Wilmot), Elizabeth Coe and Geoffrey Fumage (Franklin), Gwen Tabart and Eric Dwyer (Sorell), Audrey Marshall and Lyle Chamberlain (Arthur).

Captain of Tennis (Girls): Freida Jaffray; Coach, Miss D. Bock.

Captain of Hockey: Freida Jaffray; Coach, Miss J. Blyth.

Captain of Basket Ball: Pat Clennett; Coach, Miss H. Thurstun.

Captain of Tennis (Boys): Geoffrey Fumage; Coach, Mr. S. Wellington.

Captain of Cricket: Eric Dwyer; Coaches, Mr. E. A. Pickett and Mr. H. Winter.

Captain of Football: Eric Dwyer; Coaches, Mr. E. A. Pickett and Mr. C. C. Lawrence.

Stroke of Crew: Robert Barclay; Coach, Mr. S. Wellington.

Magazine Committee: Frances Rose (Sub-Editor), Doug. Bain, Francis Jorgensen, Bernard Mitchell, Beverley Bradmore, Harold Cross, Dorothy Hulse, Don MacLaine, Marjorie Grubb, Terris Woods, June Hawkins, Ian Wilkinson, Joy Salter, Roy Bates, Gwen McPhail, Valerie Kent, Malcolm Wright.

Magazine Supervisor: Mr. R. Edwards, B.A.

Assistant Librarian: Murray Tatlow.

Journals: Terry Hague.

Reference Library Committee: Cath. Royle, Nancy Rees, Dorothy Stephens, Nancy Davey, Joan Scott, Doris Sims.

Librarians: Mr. R. Edwards, B.A.; Mr. T. Jacobs, B.A.

Senior Monitors:

Class A—Mavis Clayton, Jack Pullen.

Class B—Frances Jorgensen, Bernard Mitchell.

Class C1—Geraldine Tabart, Ken Robinson.

Class C2—Betty Fleming, Don MacLaine.

Class D1—Marjorie Grubb.

Class D2—Max Button.

Class D3—Pat. Hamilton.

Class D4—Jack Wright.

Class E1—Maurine Harris.

Class E2—Roy Bates.

Class E3—Gwen Playsted.

Class E4—Joan Forsyth.

Class E5—Darrel Rowell.

Athletic Champions: Barbara Meston (Arthur), E. Dwyer (Sorell).

Field Games Champion: Lyle Chamberlain (Arthur).

DUCES (Term 2)

	Average gained.
Class A—Dorothy Burleigh	75.1%
B—Frank Waters	81.8%
C1—Victor Fitze	70.7%
C2—John Fleming	82.6%
D1—Edith Greaves	76.1%
D2—Margaret Ferrall	71.6%
D3—Irene Houstain	75.5%
D4—Ian Wilkinson	68%
E1—Joy Salter	84.3%
E2—Roy Bates	85.2%
E3—Gwen Rigney	82.5%
E4—Val. Kent	80.2%
E5—Darrel Rowell	79.2%

HOCKEY, 1935

Five players of last year's Firsts left, so that much work had to be done before the beginning of the season. New comers to the team were: Frances Jorgensen, Joan Scott, Cath. Royle, Joy Marshall, Betty Murray, and Joan Cleaver, all of whom did very good work for the team. Players left from last year were: Freida Jaffray (Captain), B. Meston (Vice-Captain), Pat Honey, Geraldine Tabart, Linda Simmonds.

There were so many changes in the team, that players were not combining well at the beginning of the season, and lost some of their first matches. Great improvement was made during the season, and the improvement was maintained so well that the team beat this season's premiers, Churinga Gold, in the last match of the season.

The team played in the N.T.W.H.A. roster matches, and gained second place with Churinga Blue.

The success of the team was largely due to the splendid captaincy of Freida Jaffray.

Every girl in the team gave of her best throughout the season, and showed a very fine spirit in her endeavours to improve and to co-operate with the other members of the team. Wins and losses were accepted in the best spirit.

The first inter-School match, that between Launceston and Hobart, was played at Launceston on July 26. The game was fast and well contested from beginning to end. For the first part of the match the Hobart backs seemed impassable, but the continued efforts of F. Jaffray, B. Meston, and L. Simmonds were too persistent, and four goals were scored. The Hobart forwards were very fast, and the Launceston backs and halves were forced to work very hard.

Launceston won by 4 goals to 3.

Goal-scorers:—L. Simmonds 3, F. Jaffray 1.

Every member of the team played hard.

The match between Launceston and Devonport was played at Launceston on August 16. This was won by Devonport by 4 goals to 1. The match was an excellent one, fast, open and clean. For the first half the ball travelled quickly up and down the field, with neither side able to score. Just before half time, Devonport scored the first goal. At the beginning of the second half the Devonport forwards seemed to have things all their own way, and scored three more goals. The Launceston girls played with splendid spirit, and kept attacking hard, but were not quite quick enough in the circle. However, they kept on, and were rewarded by the scoring of a goal just before time.

Devonport's team was an outstanding school-girl team; every member was effective, and there was not a weak spot in the team.

Goal striker:—L. Simmonds 1.

SECONDS.

The Seconds, having lost many players, both because players left and because others went into the Firsts, had many new-comers, all of whom worked very hard. Many show great improvement, and should be ready to take places in the Firsts next season.

There was no roster for the Seconds, but they

played against M.L.C. Seconds on three occasions, and won two of the matches.

BEGINNERS.

The other players, not in the Firsts or Seconds, concentrated on stick-work, and made splendid progress. There are many keen, clever young players who should get into the Firsts or Seconds next season.

L.H.S. v. BOWEN ROAD.

Bowen Road team, premier team of Hobart Primary Schools, visited Launceston and played a team of E and D Class girls. Our girls had never played together, and so lacked combination. Bowen Road scored 4 goals in the very early part of the match before our girls had found their feet.

After that our girls did nearly all the attacking, but were not quick enough in hitting the ball into goal, and failed to score.

The match ended in a win for Bowen Road, 4 goals to nil.

BASKET BALL

This year the team has greatly improved in system and passing, and, although we were successful in winning only two roster matches, all the games were very close. We were unfortunate in losing our captain and goaler, Pat. Clennett, before the end of the season, but Helen Brown, who took her place as goal-thrower, combined well with the team. Practices were attended regularly, and we take this opportunity of thanking Miss Thurstun for her valuable coaching.

On July 26 we played the Hobart team in the first of the Inter-High School matches. The game was particularly fast and strenuous, and, although we had the lead for the first part of the game, the Hobart girls maintained an even standard of play, and were successful in winning the match by 23 goals to 18. Our girls showed good system and quick catching and passing, but were unable to maintain their high standard until the end of the game. The best players were:—Winnie Roberts, Nancy Rees, and Alison Wright. The first team is as follows:—

Pat. Clennett took her duties as captain very seriously. An excellent player. Goal throwing erratic.

Winnie Roberts.—An able vice-captain. A defence who is able to anticipate the movements of her opponent.

Alison Wright.—A very quick attack wing.

Aileen Page.—A promising centre. Needs to be quicker on the bounce.

Kathleen Kerrison.—An enthusiastic player. Goal throwing lacks accuracy.

Audrey Marshall.—A keen defence; needs to stick to her opponent more.

Nancy Rees.—A very reliable defence wing.

Helen Brown.—Goal emergency. A very enthusiastic player.

M. Ferguson.—First emergency. A quick attack wing.

The Seconds, captained by M. Ferguson, played in the roster matches this year, and were successful in winning several matches. There are some fine players in the Seconds who will be able to fill the vacancies in the Firsts next year.



Football Team, 1935.

FOOTBALL

L.S.H.S. v. H.S.H.S.

On Friday, July 26, we were successful against Hobart in the first inter-High School match, which was played at Launceston. Our boys were much the heavier team, and overwhelmed their opponents to win by 156 points.

Our boys kicked with the assistance of a fairly strong northerly wind in the first quarter, and the visitors' lapses gave us the advantage in the early stages. We scored five goals before Hobart got the ball to its forward line. Improving greatly half-way through the term, Hobart played systematically, but broke through only once.

Hobart failed badly when kicking with the breeze, in the second quarter, and, after Launceston had added two goals, it held the Southerners down to a goal. Hobart found it hard to penetrate the defence of Barclay and Dwyer, and also had to contend with the forceful play of Whelan in the centre.

Our team maintained its superiority in the last half, which it began with a lead of 50 points. Hobart scored only one goal in each of the succeeding quarters, whereas our boys added eight goals in the third term, and ten goals in the last. Smith, our full-forward, marked neatly, and six goals in the last quarter took his total to fourteen for the day. The final scores were:

Launceston, 27 goals 22 behinds.
Hobart, 4 goals 4 behinds.

Goal kickers for Launceston:—L. Smith (14), K. Simonds (5), L. Chamberlain (2), G. Birkett (2), W. Bowles, M. Jordan, M. Bertram, and J. Fleming.

Smith played an outstanding game for Launceston, and missed few opportunities. Of a very even side the best were:—Barclay, Whelan, Dwyer, Simonds, Bowles, Fumage and Jordan.

Goal kickers for Hobart:—C. Flint (2), C. House, and K. Gilbert.

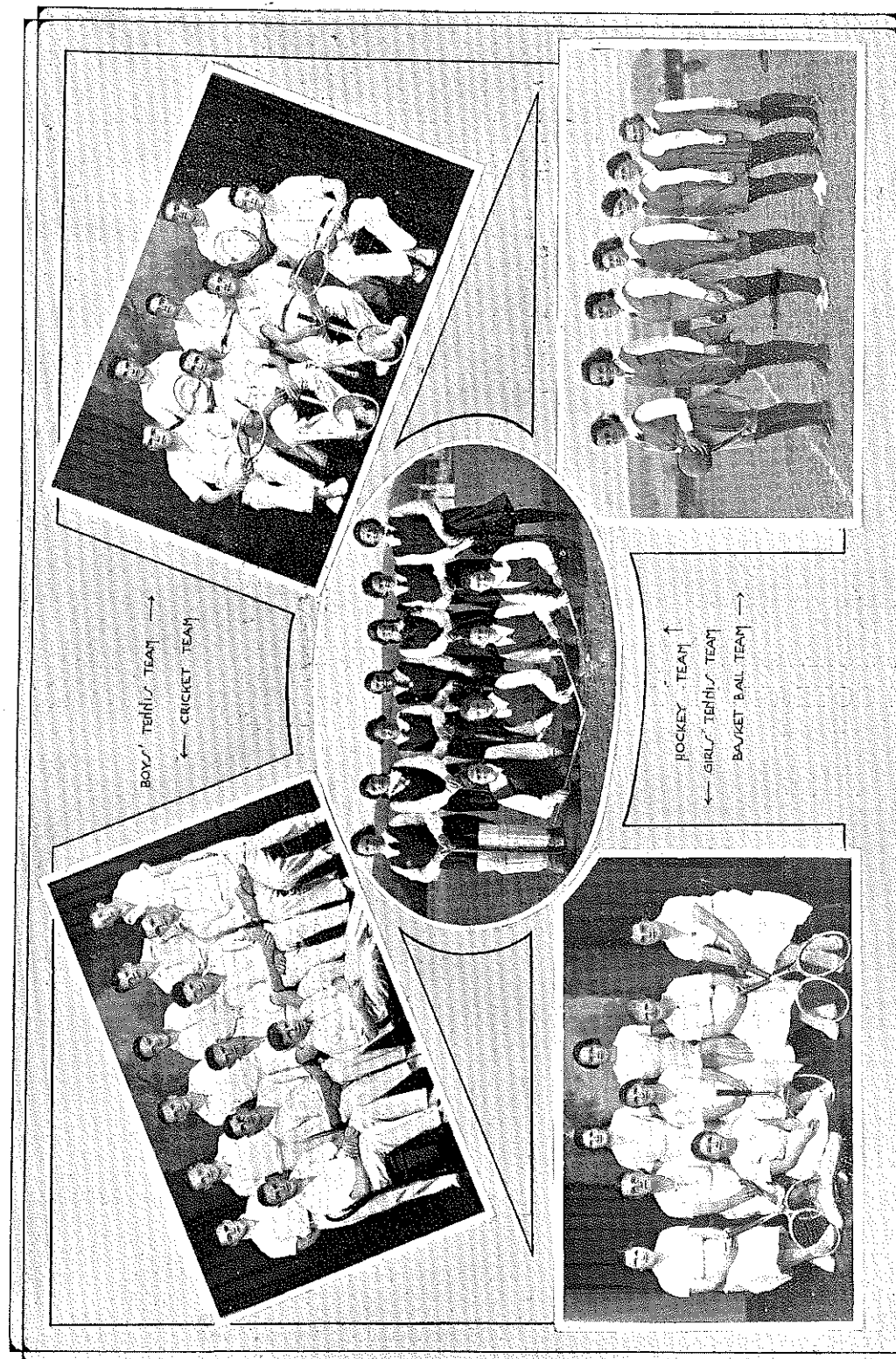
N. Swan, whether on the ball or placed, played well for Hobart, and was the most effective player on the field. He was followed closely by D. Sproule and D. Hutton.

L.S.H.S. v. D.S.H.S.

After our success against Hobart, we met and defeated Devonport. The match was played at Launceston on Friday, August 16.

Evenly contested play characterised the opening stages of the first quarter, and both back lines were hard pressed at times. The Devonport team were slow to find its feet, with the exception of Morgan. Whelan, in the centre, was the instigator of most of Launceston's forward moves, and showed dash to outpoint the visiting captain, Shanman. L. Smith was conspicuous in this quarter with five goals.

The second quarter had been in progress ten



minutes before the visitors scored their only goal of the match through the agency of Morse. Barclay put up a rock-like defence, and received good support from Dwyer. During the quarter Smith brought his tally up to 9 goals.

In the third quarter Sharman fought a lone battle for Devonport, and moves instigated by him were nullified by bad forward play. Jordan, on the half-forward line, made many openings for Launceston, and Simonds also did serviceable work. The Launceston ruck, led by Bowles, was supreme throughout the match.

The visitors brightened up considerably in the first few minutes of the last quarter, but were unable to combat the systematic play of their rivals. Whelan's dashing play in the pivot position was mainly instrumental in Smith's kicking his eleventh and twelfth goals. Final scores:

Launceston High School, 23 goals 25 points.

Devonport High School, 1 goal 1 point.

Goal kickers for Launceston were:—L. Smith (14), L. Chamberlain (3), K. Simonds (2), M. Bertram (2), J. Stubbs, and M. Jordan.

For Devonport, E. Morse.

The best players for Launceston were:—R. Whelan, R. Barclay, M. Jordan, W. Bowles, M. Bertram, L. Smith, and E. Dwyer; for Devonport, T. Sharman, A. Keep, R. Mainsbridge, C. Paice, B. Harris, T. Ingram, and J. Morgan.

We extend our warmest thanks to Mr. E. Pickett for his invaluable help in coaching the team to victory, and also to Mr. C. C. Lawrence, who assisted Mr. Pickett.

FOOTBALL TEAM, 1935

E. Dwyer.—Captain. Full back. Sound knowledge of the game; captained team very well. Fine high mark. Plays with great dash.

W. Bowles.—Vice-captain. Ruck. Very cool, clever player. Good mark and kick. The most serviceable player in the match against Hobart.

L. Smith.—Full forward. A forward whose play is an object lesson. Plays with judgment, marks well, works hard for goals. An unusually accurate kick.

J. Fleming.—Forward. Rather slow, but dependable. Improved considerably during season.

L. Chamberlain.—Ruck and forward. Worked solidly in the ruck, and was useful on the forward line. A greatly improved player.

M. Bertram.—A rugged player, who was very useful in the ruck. Good mark. Bad tendency to run with the ball.

M. Jordan.—Rover. Fast, and plays with judgment. Accurate pass.

K. Simonds.—Forward. Fast. Cool player. Useful goal-getter.

T. Hague.—Wing. Very dependable player. Improved considerably during the season.

R. Whelan.—Centre. A player of outstanding ability. Good mark; accurate kick; plenty of dash. The most finished player in the team.

R. Barclay.—Centre half back. An outstanding player. Very dashing. Good mark and kick. Unbeatable in the match against Devonport.

J. Stubbs.—Back. Rugged and forceful.

G. Fumage.—Ruck and back. A solid, safe player. Good mark and kick.

N. McDonald.—Back. A rugged, dependable player. Plays with plenty of dash.

E. Viney.—Back. Handicapped by bad leg, but gives very useful service.

F. Waters.—Wing. Tenacious player. Safe mark and good kick. Improved considerably during season.

L. Murray.—Half-back. A solid player, with plenty of pace. Good long kick.

G. Birkett.—Forward. Gave useful service. Fair mark and kick.

R. Gardam.—Forward. Tried in match against Devonport. Did not produce form expected, perhaps on account of lack of experience.

KEY TO PHOTOGRAPHS

PAGE 2.

"A" CLASS: **Front Row**—Thirza Woodhouse, Isa Mitchell, Winifred Roberts, Aida Ball, Mr. Mather, Dorothy Burleigh, Dulcie Davey, Stella Hill, Audrey Ion. **Second Row**—Daphne Cooper, Mavis Clayton, Freida Jaffray, Malinda Simmonds, Elizabeth Branagan, Barbara Meston, Gwendolyn Tabart. **Third Row**—Kenneth Cassidy, William Bowles, Lyle Chamberlain, John Pullen, Ronald Ralph, Alfred Yeomans. **Rear Row**—Neil McDonald, Robert Barclay, John Alcock, Marshall Firth, Geoffrey Fumage, Douglas Bain, Gordon Birkett.

PREFECTS: **Front Row**—Elizabeth Coe, Lyle Chamberlain, Winifred Roberts, Mr. Meston, William Bowles, Audrey Marshall, John Alcock. **Second Row**—Neil MacDonald, Eric Dwyer, Barbara Meston, Freida Jaffray, Daphne Cooper, Geoffrey Fumage. **Rear Row**—Gwendolyn Tabart, Dulcie Davey.

PAGE 6.

FOOTBALL: **Front Row**—Leslie Smith, Robert Barclay, Frank Waters, Eric Dwyer, Ken. Simonds, Lawrie Murray, John Stubbs. **Second Row**—Neil MacDonald, Geoffrey Fumage, Ted Viney, William Bowles, Lyle Chamberlain, Max Bertram. **Rear Row**—Max Jordan, Gordon Birkett, Terence Hague, Rowley Whelan, John Fleming.

PAGE 7.

CRICKET: **Sitting**—Max Button. **Front Row**—Leslie Smith, William Bowles, Eric Dwyer, Leslie Blair, Lyle Chamberlain. **Second Row**—Max Jordan, Rowley Whelan, Douglas Bain, Ken. Simonds, Percy Kerrison, Marshall Firth, Arthur Bradbury (absent).

BOYS' TENNIS: **Sitting**—John Pullen, Neil MacDonald, Geoffrey Fumage, Max Bertram. **Standing**—Kenneth Cassidy, Louis Cooper, Robert Barclay.

HOCKEY: **Sitting**—Catherine Royle, Geraldine Tabart, Joan Scott, Frances Jorgensen. **Standing**—Joan Cleaver, Ilma Honey, Malinda Simmonds, Freida Jaffray, Barbara Meston, Betty Murray, Joy Marshall.

GIRLS' TENNIS: **Sitting**—Frances Jorgensen, Pat Clennett, Joan Kent, Freida Jaffray, Margaret Slater, Malinda Simmonds. **Standing**—Barbara Meston, Dorothy Stephens.

BASKET BALL TEAM: Pat Clennett, Kath. Kerrison, Audrey Marshall, Winifred Roberts, Nancy Rees, Alison Wright, Elaine Page.

ORIGINAL COLUMN

Senior Section

THE TIMID HEART

For me there is no joy or triumph in life,
For I am apart from all the strife,
I creep unheeded on my task:
For reward or thanks I never ask.

Courage is a word I do not understand;
My will is like the slipping sand.
But Fear and Terror are ever with me—
From their black horrors I'll always flee.

Oh, never will inscribed be my name
Upon the immortal scrolls of fame.
For me there remains but mockery, scorn,
Since that sad day when I was born.

Ah! but in a secret dream of my own
I am a king upon a throne;
And there the whole world kneels to me
To the timid heart, in humility!

F. ROSE (Class B), Sorell.

THE ART OF BELL-PUSHING

Most people in this School have seen that most important of all men, the bell-ringer, going about his job, and some may have read of a gentleman of the same profession in Victor Hugo's novel, "The Hunchback of Notre Dame." The action is probably of no particular interest to a casual observer, for he little knows how difficult it is to be a first class, A1 bell-pusher. One must be born to it and have the blood of generations of bell-pushers coursing through his veins.

The bell-boy has to undergo severe tests before he is even admitted as an apprentice, and then has to devote himself assiduously to months of training. In my opinion the present bell-ringer is the ablest who has ever filled the position. His watch is always right to the second, and he cannot be influenced by digs in the back, no matter how severely or often administered, when the end of a trying period is approaching.

During sundry most uplifting discourses with our illustrious friend, I have gleaned from him the method employed in ringing the bell. One rises gracefully and as silently as possible from one's seat, and stalks majestically down the aisle, looking neither to right nor left. When about three yards from the bell the right hand is raised, as in the Nazi salute, and the tip of the forefinger is pressed gently but firmly on the button. (My informer told me that some use the thumb, but that is now altogether out of fashion.) The pressure is maintained for exactly five seconds, during which time one leans nonchalantly against the wall and gazes soulfully into the waste-paper tin. One then walks back to one's seat with the air of having bestowed a favour on mankind.

It must be remembered that this ceremony has to be performed on an average of twelve times a day; so the next time you feel like abusing

the bell-pusher for being, as you think, a few seconds late, just consider what a difficult position he holds, and bear in mind that he is not even paid for his trouble.

T. HAGUE (Class B), Arthur.

RED WINE

It's sparkling and winking, red wine, red wine,
On a copper tray that is powdered with gold,
And the gold and the red together shine
As the last of the day, with its story told
Comes flowing into this room of mine,
And the whole of the world's ashine, ashine,
With wine, red wine.

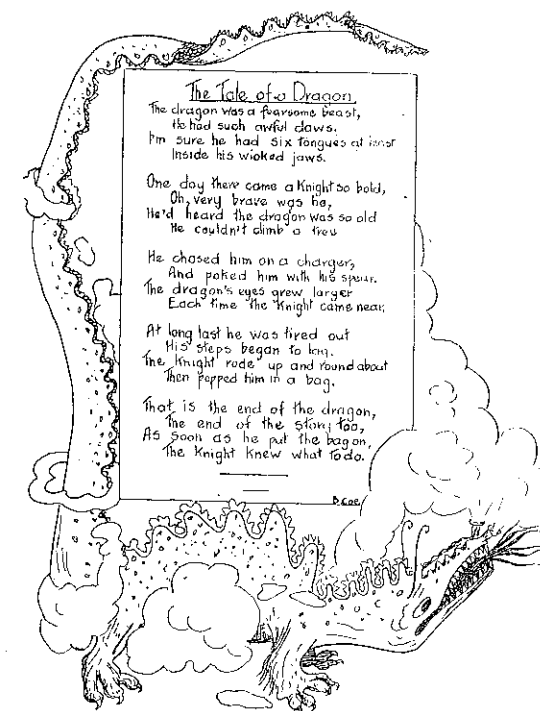
B. MESTON (Class A), Arthur.

THE GREAT LOVER

These things she loves:

Her soothing vocal tones; her wavy hair,
Willowy figure, feet that tread on air;
Her manner as she dines and talks,
Dances, giggles, flirts and walks;
Her brilliant smile, her winsomeness;
The startling way she wears a dress;
All her ideals, her lofty plane of thought,
And just the way her company is sought;
Her tact, attraction, and the way
She thinks of charming things to say;
Her slender, stainless hands in gloves.
Alas! 'tis just Herself she loves.

M. TATLOW (Class B), Arthur.



CATS

Why is it that everyone praises the dog for his fidelity, his intelligence and his friendliness, but never the cat? The answer is that a cat makes you feel insignificant and unimportant, and no one can tolerate that! A dog panders to your vanity with his great eyes filled with devotion, but by the mere twitch of a whisker or by an unwavering yellow stare a cat can make you squirm inwardly. I have not yet discovered whether a cat can actually smile, but there is always a ghost of a mocking smile lurking round his mouth.

I have not yet forgiven Lewis Carroll for making the Cheshire cat grin in "Alice in Wonderland." A cat does not grin. He is always too much the gentleman, that is, in company. In private, he is a devil. But just as the poor are always with us, there are always outcasts from the cat race, tramps, frequenters of low-class rubbish tins, with whom no self-respecting house-cat would associate. Even some of these retain their airs of gentility, but their clothes are shabby and gone to seed, and they slink away in shame rather than cringe for meat, as some of their more vulgar brothers do.

In regard to his clothes, the gentleman cat is a Beau Brummel. In order to maintain his immaculate appearance he is continually washing. There is nothing he loves to display more proudly than his snowy white front and his waving plume of a tail. The colours of cats are as varied as those of the rainbow. There are white cats, black cats, grey cats, blue cats, sandy cats, tortoiseshell cats, multi-coloured cats, and cats of a nondescript colour. The latter is the Cinderella cat, who receives all the kicks and old shoes. He is usually distinguished by his rusty purr and plaintive mee-ow, his chewed ear, patchy fur, mournful eye (the other is usually missing), and his wistful wisp of tail. Then there are cats with bushy tails, cats with long tails, and cats with no tails at all. Perhaps the most beautiful coat is the rich wavy silk of the tabby, although the black satin sheen of the black cat has a beauty that is hard to rival. The only thing left to say about a cat's appearance is that it has four legs. That may sound superfluous, but I have heard that a fowl has four legs.

But a cat's chief beauty is his eyes. Who can describe the gorgeous yellow glow or the green gleam of his eyes, the mystery hidden in their depths, or the wisdom and devilry that lurk there? There is not an adjective that can adequately describe their expression or colour. The most beautiful description of a cat's eyes is in an old French story about two poor folk who had nothing in all the world except the roof over their head, yet these two kindly folk took in a stray black cat. At night the old couple crouched before the empty fireplace, imagining the fire there, when all of a sudden there appeared two bright, glowing embers at the bottom of the chimney, two beautiful bits of fire—yellow like gold. All night the poor people warmed themselves at the embers, which strangely did not go out. In the morning they discovered it was the stray cat sitting in the empty fireplace.

Now for the character of the cat. It is usually named mischievous, spiteful, greedy, sly and thieving, but it is also intelligent, kind, and loving, not in the fawning way of the dog, but in a more dignified and stately fashion. A cat is selfish, but he is also tolerant. He is bored by a dog's antics, but let that dog interfere with him, and the sheathed claws flash out, the serene gentleman is replaced by a snarling fury which hurls itself on its opponent. A cat is superb in battle. Watching those tensed muscles, those keenly watchful eyes, and those sharpened claws, one can almost hear the cat breathe.

I am always filled with envy when I see a cat stretched luxuriously at ease in the sun. What a life of joy, with no worry, and only the delights of rattling dreams by the glow of the fire at night, and prowls in the shadowy dark beneath the mysterious stars to disturb his contented sleep. The cat knows the secret of happiness. Perhaps he learned it from his ancestors in Egypt.

A cat is not always disdainful and aloof. He has as many moods as the sea. He can be friendly, but he is always discriminating in his friendships. He can be melancholy. That is when I do not like a cat. He can transform himself into a wild tiger or black devil pouncing on shadows in a garden. But he is chiefly haughty and lofty and sleek.

You can respect a cat, admire it, but you can't like it. It tolerates nothing but worship, and is unconcerned if you dislike it. A cat seems to be hugging some secret to itself; he seems to smile at you as though thinking, "Poor fool, if he only knew . . ." Who knows? Perhaps a cat has had some far-off glorious past, in which he was a god, with strange, fantastic figures bowing and praying. And perhaps it is this unfathomed secret which annoys the curious so much that they call the cat sly, evil, and the associate of witches and the devil.

F. ROSE (Class B), Sorell.

FATE

I count the stones upon my plate
I wonder what will be my fate?
Tinker, tailor, soldier, sailor,
Will it be success or failure?

I hope it is a sailor,
A sailor bold I'd be,
Braving all the rough winds
Upon the stormy sea.

Perhaps I'll be a soldier,
A soldier brave and true,
Fighting for my country
And the Red, White and Blue.

It might be I'm a tinker,
Mending pot and pan;
Then I'd like to travel
Whereso'er I can.

Alas! I am a tailor,
Unable to roam
I must mend my torn clothes
And stay at home.

THIRZA WOODHOUSE (Class A), Sorell.



HALLOWE'EN

When the last gold ear of corn
Has been cut, and ere the dawn
The moon has hung her lantern in the sky,
Twixt the sunset and the day,
All their fetters flung away,
Cats and broomsticks talk and witches fly.

Beware! Beware!
Or the witch will catch you there
When you've uncrossed your fingers and thrown
your nail away.
Take care! Take care!
Magic's in the air. The passing of the day
Has set free all ghosts and goblins in this magic
night to fly.
The witch is on her broomstick and, dark against
the sky,
Her black cloak floats behind her, and the
steeple, rushing by,

Shows a finger's slender warning, but she
sweeps above it scorning
Swift and high.
Oh, fly! Fly!
For the witches' night is by,
And it's three long hours till dawn will touch
the sky.
Keep still! Don't cry!
Though you're little, and she's nigh,
If you're still she'll pass you by
Flying high.

When the last gold ear of corn
Has been cut, and ere the dawn
The moon has hung her lantern in the sky,
Twixt the sunset and the day,
All their fetters flung away,
Cats and broomsticks talk and witches fly.
B. MESTON (Class A), Arthur.

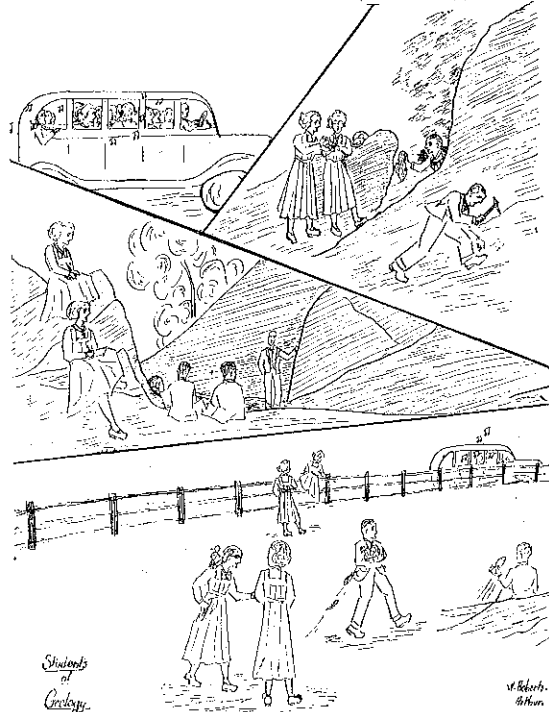
OUR MAGAZINE SUPERVISOR

He rushes here, he rushes there,
With neat moustache and curly hair.
From you and me who're steeped in sin
It's suthing for the Magasin.

At any moment in the day
He's likely to appear and say,
"The articles they must come in
To print the dear old Magasin."

From early morn till late at night,
He's telling us that we must write
An article that will get in
The dear old Xmas Magasin.

E. DWYER (Class B), Sorell.



THESE FASHIONS!

Sweet Mary was ambitious,
And set to make a frock;
The patterns that she copied,
She hid 'neath key and lock.

Her leisure hours were used,
And weeks and weeks she took,
Daily did she vision
How sweet at last she'd look.

At last the frock was finished,
But toil had kept her late,
And when she went out dancing,
'Twas horribly out of date.

"However," sighed poor Mary,
Her face grown pale and ashen,
"In six years' time from now
'Twill once more be in fashion."

R. BARCLAY (Class A), Sorell.

SPRING

"I am writing a poem," the amateur poet informed me some time ago.

"What on?" I enquired politely.

"What do you think?"

I glanced out the window at the budding elms.
"Spring," I said.

"How did you know?" he demanded in pained surprise.

Everyone has written a poem on Spring at some time. With poets, Spring is not a season. It is a disease, like measles. Sometimes the poem on Spring is followed by similar poems on Autumn, Winter, and Summer, in that order. But Spring is, as it were, the jumping-off point.

Some day I am going to write a poem on Spring based on my experiences during the holidays, and similar experiences going back as far as I can remember.

We left the house in the early morning sunshine. It was a typical spring day—of the type that figures as the main theme for various poems. There are other types of spring days not featured quite so much, as I will show later.

It was, I repeat, a typical spring day. The sky was as blue as could be desired. Although there were no trees bursting into leaf, that was merely caused by the only trees being of the type referred to in those parts as "cabbage" gums. I am sure they would have burst if it had been in their power. There were no "small feather songsters trilling their welcome" from the branches, but a solitary crow supplied the missing harmony to a limited degree. Lambs there were in plenty, and some of them were gambolling in the approved fashion. But others seemed quite sad and subdued. This provides interesting food for some serious reflection. Did they somehow know that, in numerous gardens throughout the State the mint flourished fresh and green?

By the way, that Spring lamb I had at a Hobart restaurant recently had not been a lamb for some time. I suspect that it saw its youth in the pre-war days. I recently read of the death of a sheep which presumably held a record for old age. It was rather annoying to know that the particular sheep, or portion of sheep, which I ate was only runner-up. In any case, it should never have been killed. There is not sufficient respect for old age in this country.

To return to this particular spring day, we were still reflecting on the lives of sheep, when, without warning, it began to rain. We trailed home three miles in mud and slush. How so much mud accumulated in such a short time is an unsolved mystery. The sheep had drifted off looking wet, bad-tempered, and miserable. Even the crow had deserted us.

"Oh, you're wet!" exclaimed the fortunate member of the household who had remained at home.

Yes, we were wet—thoroughly wet and muddy. And what was it caused the poet to drift in through the door and read us a poem on the delight of Spring and Spring showers?

B. BRADMORE (Class C1), Wilmut.

FANTASY

As I lie awake at night,
Longing drearly for the light,
I hear the fairy feet of rain,
Dancing on the window-pane.
Their tiny voices chatter, chatter,
Their silver slippers patter, patter.

Without the apple-trees are swaying,
To the melody the wind is playing,
And the wanton leaves are whirling,
Round and round they're madly swirling,
'Til drunken with the dance they fall,
Fluttering by the moon-washed wall.

Through the wild, sweet strains a-throbbing,
I hear the sound of mournful sobbing;
'Tis the dryad who is grieving
As in her hair the leaves she's weaving,
And as she joins the fantasy,
She sadly sings a threnody.

As their arms they're wildly flinging,
They burst into a joyous singing,
Their bubbling laughter rises pealing,
'Til the golden dawn comes stealing,
And as the wind goes rushing by,
They lift their tattered skirts on high.

And at the dawning of the day,
As the music dies away,
I hear the fairy feet of rain,
Dancing on the window-pane.
Their silver slippers patter, patter,
Their tiny voices chatter, chatter.

F. ROSE (Class B), Sorell.

ROMANCE IS THE MAGIC OF DISTANCE

You will realise that romance is the magic of distance if you have ever lain on your back watching a few fluffy white clouds sailing across a blue sky, watching them come softly to rest on a far away hill, and have wished as you lay there that the scent of the apple blossom in the air could lift you up and carry you, too, across the sky to the blue hill of dreams come true.

It's only an ordinary hill and only an ordinary cloud, at least as ordinary as hills and clouds can be, but they are so far away that they look like fairy treasure forgotten and left behind when the disbelief of children banished the world of magic from the earth.

As I sit here writing, a little boat with dirty sails is moving quietly down the river. It looks as if it has come from some queer little fishing town tucked away in a fold in the hills, but, I think, if I were really on it, the dirt and discomfort as well as the fishy smell would banish all the beauty—although we should be able to carry our romance into every-day life.

But, you will say, the same sense of romance can be felt by gazing down into the heart of a flower; but you have forgotten something. The heart of a flower is farther from here than is England; it is thousands of years away dancing back in the fairy world.



We mortals all need a pair of magic glasses to bring the beauty of romance into our lives. I think I shall have mine of apple blossom. I have always found the scent and colour of apple blossom remarkably potent; but alas! the only workmen who could have fashioned so delicate a thing have gone too—so I must put up with a pair of field glasses used the wrong way round.

B. M. (Class A), Arthur.

WIND IN BLOSSOM TIME

The blossoms are out on the trees by the shore
—By the shore where the gulls scream at play.
They are gently caressed by the sun and wind,
And are wet by the cool, foamy spray.

But when there's a wind blowing up from the sea,
—From the sea where are waves capped with foam
That thunder and roar as they rage to and fro
'Neath the lowering murky grey dome.

Then foam-crested breakers race swiftly along,
And with deafening crash strike the strand;
The wind whirls the petals like snowflakes around,
And then scatters them far from the land.

They lightly float down to the white-spattered surge,
—To the surge that is tossed by the gale—
And softly they kiss her, and gently they chide,
As they try her wild fury to veil.

ISA MITCHELL (Class A), Wilmut.

SOME TASMANIAN WATERFALLS

Of all Nature's varied beauties none charms us so completely as a waterfall. There is no need to go out of our own island to find falls bewitching in their coolness and grace.

Space, however, will only permit me to mention three that it has been my privilege to see. The Forth Falls, some nine miles from Sheffield, are well known to the tourist, and are rightly regarded as among Tasmania's scenic gems.

Leaving the Wilmot Road one passes along a narrow, picturesque track, which follows the Forth Valley for some hundreds of yards before the foliage closes on either side and the river bends sharply to the left.

Surrounded by clean, straight gums, the clearing into which one emerges a few minutes later, is an ideal place for campers, and, leaving the Falls Creek away to the left, we immediately decide to follow it up to the first of the falls.

The first Forth Fall is of a fairly common type. It is wide, and the water is well distributed, giving an appearance of volume, which is belied by the smallness of the stream below. We leave the first fall and climb the treacherous steps to the next. This is indeed one of the most superb falls in Northern Tasmania.

The water falls sheer in a narrow stream into a rock-girt pool surrounded by varying hues of green—ferns, wattles and gums all blending to give a perfect background.

We now pass over the eighteen odd miles and find ourselves at Daisy Dell, half way between Wilmot and Cradle Mountain. Here, where the weary traveller is wont to rest on his journey to and from the mountain, there is to be found, some two miles down the stream, a most delightful fall.

Despite the somewhat tortuous path along the valley, the sight is well worth the exertion. Seen under an arch of weeping myrtles, the Bridal Veil Falls show that their name is most appropriate. The stream is small, but being finely divided, it descends over the moss-grown rock like a fine veil.

On one side it is possible to climb to a position immediately behind the falling water so that the artificial veil forms a barrier to the cave in which one stands. Looking down the valley, with the sun's rays reaching down to kiss the shining waters, one cannot fail to be impressed by the beauty of the spectacle.

In imagination we now move to Mole Creek whence the car takes us rapidly to Caveside and the Westmoreland Falls. After a climb up the side of the Western Tiers on a genuine bush track, we cross the stream on a fallen tree to find ourselves at a parting of the ways, that is of the streams.

Above and to the left the main fall crashes deafeningly from the height. To the right another stream, half hidden by fragrant foliage, adds its roar to the tumult; while below us, down the valley the combined streams add a deeper note to the awe-inspiring cacophony of sound.

And here, where the white mist rises above

the cool trees and the water shows its power as well as its beauty we will leave the waterfalls of Tasmania—the consummation of all her natural beauties.

J. PULLEN (Class A), Franklin.



"For East is East, and West is West,
And never the twain shall meet."
F. ROSE (Class B), Sorell.

RED ROSES

There's magic in red roses.
On summer nights when only the stars
Stay awake to see,
They peep through whitened lattice bars
Calling, calling me.
On a silvered stem hangs a drooping bloom;
Its perfume drifts to me through the gloom—
There's magic in red roses!

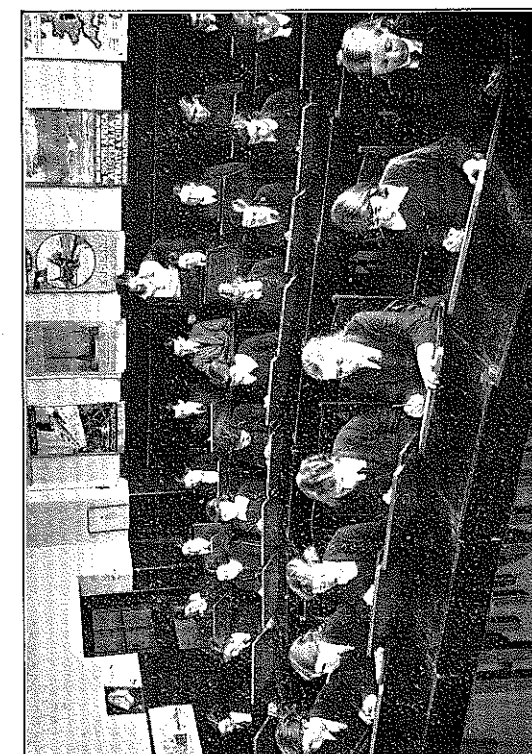
W. ROBERTS (Class A), Arthur.

SUNSET

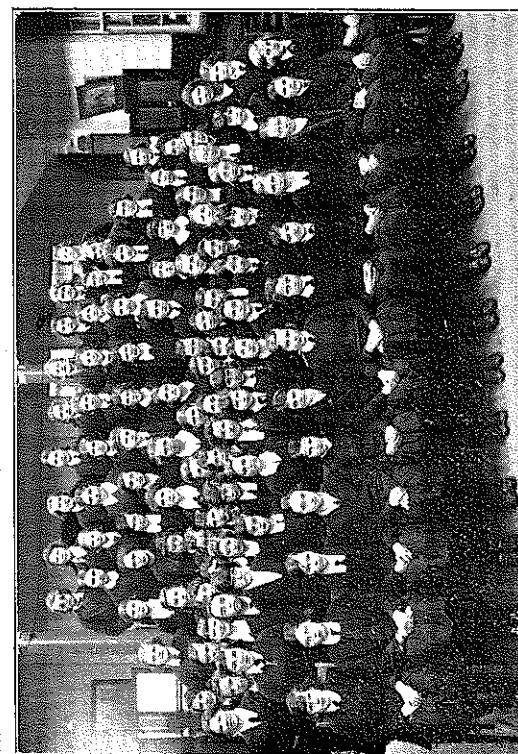
The sunset stretches forth her hand
And tinges the clouds with bronze and gold;
The sun is dipping 'neath the land.
The sunset stretches forth her hand
In bright relief the tall trees stand,
Of the night they are sentinels bold;
The sunset stretches forth her hand
And tinges the clouds with bronze and gold.
F. M. J. (Class B), Wilmot.



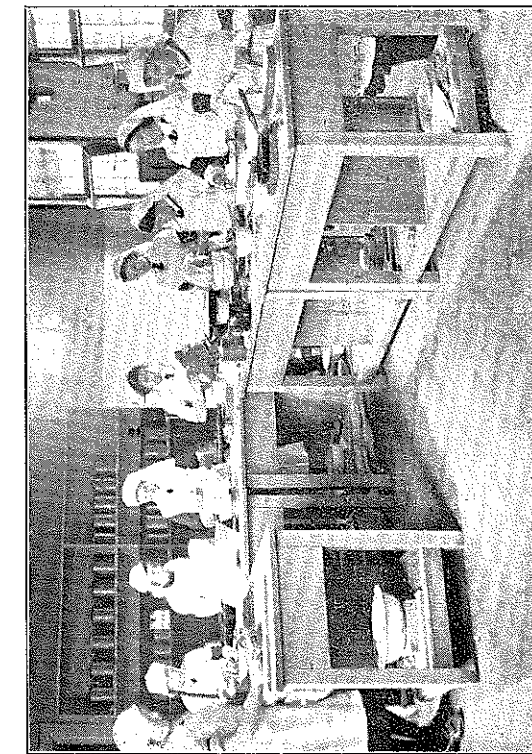
Chemistry Laboratory.



Art Class.



Girls' Choir.



Cookery Class.

ON MOWING A LAWN

I suppose everyone at some time in his or her life has mown a lawn. I made my debut into this delicate art only a short time ago. I was assured that lawn mowing was an excellent weight reducer, and I would try anything once to reduce weight.

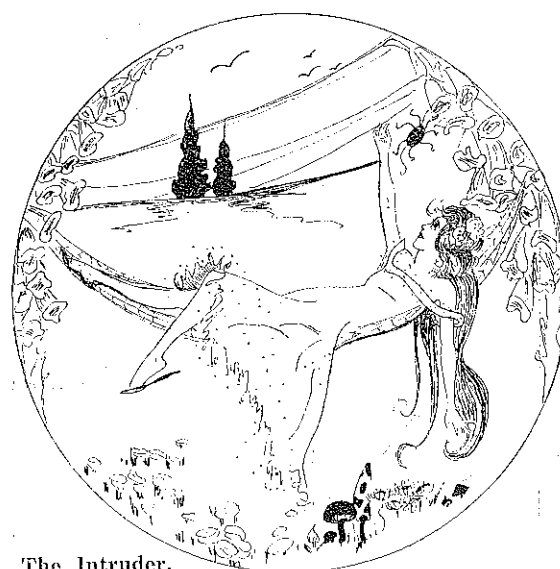
The routine is quite simple in theory, but rather trying in practice. The handle is grasped firmly, and one then trudges round and round a large expanse of long, wet grass, pushing an instrument that gets heavier every minute. That is not all. The lounging onlookers give a great deal of unwanted and unhelpful advice, such as "You had better push harder and keep the handle lower if you want any results." The advice is followed; the result is back-breaking.

On the second round the blazer is shed, and the sleeves rolled. It now becomes almost unbearable to see the audience sitting in the shade alternately chewing grass and insulting the heated worker.

The lawn did get cut on this particular afternoon. I confess the resulting appearance was not all it should be. There seemed to be innumerable wriggly lines everywhere. But nevertheless I thought it rather a good effort for a novice.

When there is such a large expanse of grass to be cut, why don't we hire a cow or a couple of sheep once a week to keep it cropped? It would save a great deal of exertion and bother, although there is the possibility of the flower border being cropped too. This, of course, would be a minor tragedy. So we will continue to see on certain afternoons long-suffering boys, but never a girl again, pushing a lawn mower, stopping only to mop heated brows. Perhaps occasionally they wish that some fat benefactor would come their way and make an effort to lose weight.

AUDREY MARSHALL (Class B), Arthur.



The Intruder.

A WINDY DAY

It was a particularly windy day, and I was sitting on the front steps watching the interesting spectacle of numerous wind-buffed personages ascending and descending the hill.

Panting up the slope came a fat, asthmatic man, on a fat asthmatic horse. His coat tails were billowing out behind him, and the wind had tossed his hat to one side. At last his horse gained the top. The fat man sat there resting a moment, looking a "monument of serene and complacent stupidity." Then his horse ambled off around the corner, and he was gone from my view.

He had scarcely disappeared when I noticed a spinster of uncertain age and with a very cross face, standing beside our gate. She was wrestling with an umbrella which was obviously trying its best to turn inside out. I was about to go to her assistance when I realised, with a thrill of horror, that she was the same woman whose umbrella Michael—Michael is my dog—had seized and run away with a week ago. I recalled the frantic chase up Hobart Road, and the painful seven minutes spent in apologising after I had recovered it. Desperately I hauled Michael out of what had once been a flower bed, but now resembled a rabbit warren. Together we beat a hasty retreat around the corner, and into the comparative safety of the back-yard.

As I sat there, reflecting on the smallness of the world, I observed a ladybird, which had climbed to the dizzy heights of a tall grass blade. For ten minutes I watched it poised there. Gusts of wind swayed and rocked the blade alarmingly. At last the ladybird began its descent. Ten seconds ticked away. Once it hovered on the brink of disaster as a particularly strong gust shook its perch. But with stupendous effort it managed to cling on. Ten more agonising seconds, and it was on the ground. I breathed a sigh of relief. Then I discovered that Michael was missing.

But there was no need to worry, for I could see him trotting into the yard. He carried something in his mouth, which he laid proudly at my feet. For a while I gazed at it in horrified silence. It was the crushed and broken remains of an umbrella.

BEVERLEY BRADMORE (Class C1), Wilmot.

WITH J.G.P. AT THE WHEEL

With J. G. pullin' at the wheel, things happen very unexpectedly, and it is necessary to hang on like grim death, or out you go.

Several weeks ago a troop of adventuresome lads, including myself, did up the safety pins in the wind screens, screwed up the wire on the bonnet, and set out for a luxury cruise in a pre-war model car. We scraped up the various peanut shells and things off the seats, threw them through the windcreens where the glass used to be, and thundered down Paterson Street at the hair-raising speed of 15 m.p.h.

From the back, a dark-haired youth sleepily began to sing "Cuckoo-cuckoo" (evidently his last period was English) to brighten things up.

Suddenly, however, one of the safety pins gave way in the unfortunate wind screens, and his song quickly changed to subdued mutterings as a piece of canvas began to slap his face.

We violently swerved into the West Tamar Road, the engine giving the throaty roar of a chaff-cutter, and, regaining our seats, we gripped the sides as the car gathered momentum down a precipitous hill. Several woodcutters flashed by, and I heard their faint yells giving vent to their wrath at being missed by less than an inch.

We streaked round corners, skidded on bends, humped over pot holes, and, after rushing down a zig-zag with a cliff at each corner, finally ended up at the Gorge. "Beautiful scenery down that track," said J. P. I quavered "Yes," with my eyes shut, as I was horror-stricken to see that there were no brakes.

Somehow, we regained the hill-top, and once more commenced a precipitous descent, heading for the branch roads. At the last half-second the car decided to take the left road, and, as we climbed back to our seats, we perceived a flock of sheep right in the middle of the track. J. P.'s hand flashed to the gear lever—violent screams from the engine, a clattering broadside in a cloud of flying gravel, and we were headed back the other way. "See how neatly I reversed at full speed ahead," was all he said. At 6 p.m. five nerve-shattered lads clambered out of the car, and after profusely thanking the driver, went home to tea and lessons.

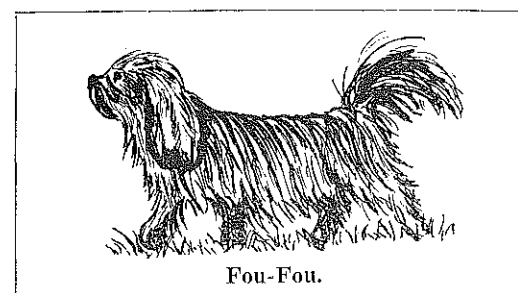
R. BARCLAY (Class A), Sorell.

DOGS

I have been wondering whether I will get a bone if I go to the butcher's shop. No, I haven't been wondering. Truthfulness is one of my virtues, and so I'll be honest. I'm sure that butcher will give me one. Anyway, I'm going to see.

Great Scott! I can't even stick my nose outside my own front gate without meeting that creature from next door that calls itself a dog! Fou-Fou they call it, but they mean Pooh-Pooh! No dog should always smell of a bath as Fou-Fou does. He flops along the footpath with a ribbon instead of a collar and lead, and with his feet all flopping up the wrong way. I'll just go off chasing an imaginary fly.

Hullo, here's Date! He is an Australian ter-



Fou-Fou.

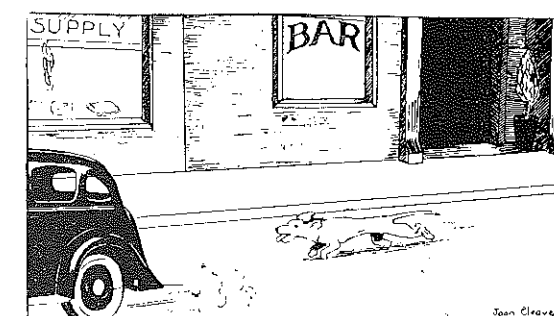
JOAN CLEAVER (CLASS C1), WILMOT.

rier, and a rattling good chap when you know him, but rather funny in some ways. His master keeps two cats, a big spaniel, and a parrot with about two feathers and indigestion. He suffers all these in silence, but if anyone brings another dog—Wow! One day, a day I'll never forget, I saw him chasing an Alsatian round and round the house. That was as funny as a circus! You didn't get a bone! Bad luck! Never mind, I'll give you some of mine, but don't tell Sandee that.

Sandee of Trevazel is a dreadful dog, and the airs she puts on! She has four pups, and such names—Juno, Chloe, Pluto, and Psyche. They are always in the way if you go to visit Sandee. Still, that doesn't worry me; I leave that sort of thing to Billy.

Billy is a thoroughly bad dog, and should be shot. He is a mongrel mixture. His two main occupations in life consist of visiting hotels and chasing motor vehicles. The things he chases must have a motor. He is sure to be killed just as all car-chasers are; but in the meantime he haunts the bars of hotels.

There is a very refined dog in our street—at least he thinks he is refined. He is a dachshund who has been to England, and while he was there



Billy—Frequent of Hotels and Chaser of Cars.

he lived at Oxford. He is very superior, but at night he sings, and, since he can find no other audience, he yodels to the moon. Poor moon, having to listen to Pongo's version of the "Blues"!

Well, I'm jiggered! The butcher wouldn't give me a bone! I've won 17 first prizes! That ought to be enough when he hasn't won any! And I said I'd give Date some of mine! I'll die of humiliation, and on my tombstone will be cut—

Here lies Bingo,
Dead by jingo.
He's now cold clay,
But a juicy chop
Would have saved the day.

HELEN BROWN (Class C1), Arthur.

THE GREAT WORLD OF LITTLE THINGS

This great world of little things revealed by the microscope continually becomes greater, for new instruments have been invented enabling the appearance of objects to be enormously increased.

A good microscope of the rather common lens type will magnify an object about 600 diameters, or 360,000 times in area. Some idea of this may be gained from the fact that a tennis ball, if it could be viewed through such an instrument, would appear over a mile in diameter.

In the highest-powered microscopes we do not look directly at the object, but see them as we see the particles of dust in a sunbeam. When a sunbeam enters a dusty room it renders visible, in a peculiar way, the smallest particles which could otherwise not have been seen. Actually, we do not see these particles, but merely the light halo, as it were, formed round them. So, in these modern powerful microscopes, a beam of light falls on the specks to be seen and illuminates them on a dark background.

But, further, by means of a photographic plate it is possible to render visible the details of all but invisible fragments. A particle becomes invisible to light waves when its size is smaller than the wave-length of light, so that a small object not visible by red light may be seen by violet. (The seven distinct colours, red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, violet, have different wave lengths, red being the longest.) So that if a particle is invisible to violet light, or, in other words, entirely invisible to sight as we know it, it seems that they may be detected by means of a much shorter wave length. This is the case, and by using ultra-violet or heat waves, and impinging them on the photographic plate as above mentioned, particles which can not be seen in sunlight are rendered visible on the plate.

Further still, by using the very short X-rays it is possible to photograph the most minute of microbes or other small specks. And so on we go, our man-made eyes exploring the smallest of the small things, and studying the atoms of the elements.

GEOFFREY DEAN (Class B), Franklin.

THE "PARTING OF THE WAYS"

Many and varied are the scenes and experiences on the way to school. The first part of the journey is shaded by houses and tall fences—a welcome path in summer, but in winter quickly traversed.

Then comes the "Parting of the Ways," where the great problem has to be solved—Which road shall I take?

One leads downhill, and the advantages of this path are many. To be sure there is, if one is not careful, the danger of stepping on a sandy-coloured dog's tail, with drastic consequences; and often one has the misfortune to meet a very determined young lady, who tries by a series of entreaties and threats to relieve one of that last lucky halfpenny.

There is the danger of stopping with the ankle or shin bone a hard cricket ball that budding

Bradman and Larwoods seem to delight in hitting just as one rounds the corner.

But after these difficulties have been passed, all is plain sailing, except for the dodging of cars, carts and cyclists at every crossing. It is now that the value of going this way becomes manifest. The library or "swotting" book, whichever the case may be, is then opened and the reader immediately becomes lost to the surroundings except when brought back to earth by a frenzied driver who vents his protest with a screeching of brakes and tooting of horn, or by a cyclist trying to whizz the book from one's hand.

When the choice, however, falls upon the other road to school, one must be very careful. All books must remain unopened, walking must be sedate, and there certainly must not be a mad dashing across the road to race automobiles. It just isn't done. One must wait until such monsters have changed gear, stopped, spluttered, and then slowly gone choking on their way.

But why all this goodness? Well, for the very simple reason that this road seems to be the "Teachers' Highway." Such people have a habit of turning up just at the wrong moment, often necessitating a dodge down some alley for safety's sake.

The difficulty of choosing which road to take to school is easily solved for me. If, by some great misfortune, I have been unable to do part of my home lessons, I turn over a new leaf early in the day by taking the dreaded "Teachers' Highway." But if my conscience is at peace with the world, and if there is an interesting book just longing to be read, well then quite naturally I turn to the right when at the "Parting of the Ways."

NANCY REES (Class B), Wilmot.

"RUSTICI" OR "NOT SUCH A DISADVANTAGE"

Not for us the learning,
The training and the toil;
Simple hearts are yearning,
Aching for the soil.
Rustici infelices!

We've no time for Sunday clothes
And study at the school,
Calling for the cows to come
With milking pail and stool.
Rustici infelices!

Not a city life for me
With caged birds and stunted flowers,
And dust and smoke and crowded streets
Where pass the toilsome weary hours.

But give me wild wide forest land,
And space wherein to leap and run,
And wholesome fragrant mountain air,
And summer's golden sun.

In such a place I'd live and die—
For this is home to me—
With limits only woods and sky,
The mountains and the sea.
happy Rustici!

C. ROYLE (Class B), Franklin.

Junior Section

One day I met an elephant
As big as big could be,
And, though I am a bullock,
It was bigger still than me.

GEVA BULLOCK (Class E1), Wilmot.

POOH AND PIGLET ARE TAKEN TO SCHOOL

(With apologies to A. A. Milne)

It had all been arranged beforehand, that Pooh and Piglet were to meet Christopher Robin, on the outskirts of Hundred Acre Wood, on a certain afternoon in the week, at 2 o'clock, and he would take them to school. At last the great day arrived, and all the morning Pooh did his slimming exercises in front of his favourite and clearest looking-glass, and he even went so far as to wet his head thoroughly and part his hair directly in the centre.

Piglet was very excited, and to keep himself occupied during the morning, he watered his acorn plot every fifteen minutes. About one o'clock he began to get ready. He polished the inside and outside of his ears, and even tried to make his nose blacker by rubbing charcoal on the end of it.

At ten minutes to two Pooh and Piglet stumped along in their nicest suits, to Hundred Acre Wood, where Christopher Robin was waiting for them.

"Oh, Christopher Robin," said Piglet, "would you mind telling us what this teacher-thing is?"

"Well," said Christopher Robin, "it's a man, and he stands in front of us, and tells us all about that Pole you discovered, Pooh, you know, when we went on that expotition."

"Oh," said Pooh vaguely. "Oh, yes, now I remember, the time Baby Roo fell into the stream, and I was the brave bear who fished him out."

"Yes," said Christopher Robin.

"Come on, that's the bell," cried Christopher Robin. They ran like hares, Pooh spluttering and gasping as he lumbered along, while Piglet made his "Oo, I say!" noises at the idea of being late.

As the seat behind Christopher Robin was occupied, they sat in the back seat, and were told to be on their best behaviour. The desk was a high one, and the tops of Piglet's ears were the only part of him visible, while Pooh's nose (of which he was very proud) hurt him tremendously as every time he looked down at Piglet, and then up at the teacher, he would knock his nose on the desk, and let out a fearful "Ough."

Suddenly Piglet spied two bottles of ink on the desk, one red and the other black.

"Oh, Pooh!" he exclaimed, "fancy supplying us with some wild, red and black current juices."

"Let's have some," said the excited Pooh, who felt like a little something. So without more ado, they emptied the bottles to the very last drop.

"Ah!" said Pooh. "I was in need of —, why, Piglet, what's the matter?" for Piglet was gazing at him with a look of utter surprise.

"Oh, Pooh, you look as if you had lipstick on," cried the amazed Piglet.

"And you," cried Pooh, "look as if you had been out in the cold winds round my Pole for months, your lips are so black and blue."

Piglet only grunted.

By the light of the yellow moon that night, Pooh and Piglet were making their way home. For a while neither of them spoke, then Piglet broke the silence.

"Pooh," he said in a solemn voice, "I hate school."

"So do I," grunted Pooh.

MURIEL KIDDLE (Class E1), Arthur.

GHOSTS!

Very high and squarely built,
The High School stands serene;
Its lawns and gardens look so neat,—
Who would dream of the days that have been!

But there has been a story told
Of days long past and grim,
When the high stone walls enclosed a gaol,
The memories of which grow dim.

And gruesome things have happened there;
'Neath the foundation stones
Are cells wherein were convicts chained,
And where lie convicts' bones.

And the chances are when the moon is high
And the wind sighs through the trees,
That the clanking of chains and the groans of
the dead

Are wafted away on the breeze.

K. GARDAM (Class D3), Franklin.

WAIL OF A "WOULD-BE" CONTRIBUTOR

What a time to look forward to! Magazine articles acceptable and due next day.

What can I write about?

Attempts at poetry have so far been dismal failures; skits are overdone; descriptions are definitely not read.

Something original—headings present themselves, but nothing seems to follow.

Oh! Headings, headings everywhere,

But not a head that thinks.

Headings, headings everywhere,

But not a pen that inks!

Perhaps I could go on so, with apologies to Coleridge; no, that's no good!

I know, I'll improve Shakespeare.

Hang; I've left "Julius Caesar" at school.

9.30, and I haven't got anywhere.

I think dismally of the articles that I have spent hours on that have never been accepted. What's the good? If only it weren't for homework.

10 o'clock.—Still deep in the slough of despond!

I'll leave it till the morning.

For oft times "Joy cometh in the morning."

J. BECK (Class D4), Wilmot.

A YO-YO

"Small things amuse small minds." How often thus,
In scathing tones, our subtle art was scorned
By those possessing not that sleight of hand
Required of all, who would manipulate
A yo-yo*.

'Tis easily seen they've not experienced
The rapturous sensation, which overwhelm'd
Those who enticed within their yearning grasp
That swift revolving disc of magic power,
The yo-yo.

When simpler turns were mastered, who could
say,
What fields of conquest lay yet unexplored,—
To effect with cunning skill a "break-a-way";
A travel "round the world" and back again;
With yo-yo!

*The fact that a "yo-yo" is really a much
more modern invention than the iambic penta-
meter, is the writer's only excuse for giving it
a line to itself.

MARK BRADBURY (Class D2), Sorell.

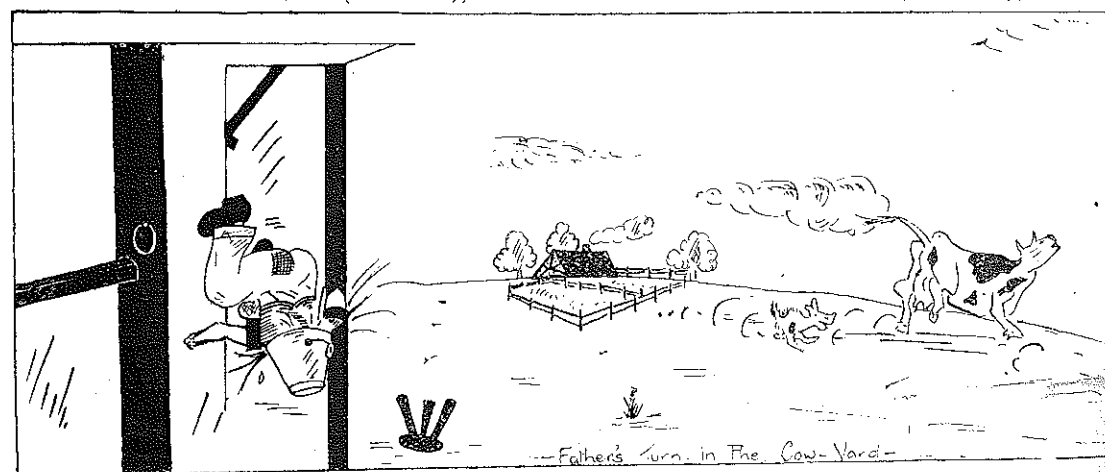
A FAIRY MARKET

The trees were a-swaying,
The day it was bright,
Sweet music was playing,
And gay feet and light
Tripped o'er the green grasses:
'Twas so fair a sight.

Sweet voices were a-singing,
That glad market day,
Sweet harps were a-ringing,
And no one said nay
To the naughty wee fairy,
Or mischievous fay.

Now home they are going,
Tired with their play,
To wait yet another
Glad market day.

BETTY BREWER (Class E4), Sorell.



AUDREY O'MAY (Class E1), Wilmot.

DAY-DREAMS OF A CANDIDATE

The air is full of the delicious, hot smell of
sun-baked grass; the monotonous shuffling of
locusts in the plantation mingles with the sound
of creaking saddle leather; a shimmering haze
lies over a landscape wrapped in noon-day
drowsiness. There is a hot breath of wind, and
the dust raised by the huddling mob of sheep
seems to hang suspended in the air. A crow
alights on a nearby stump; well he knows we
have no gun; but it would take more than the
insolence of a crow to ruffle the deep feeling of
contentment that fills our hearts.

A wide stretch of yellow sand, and water be-
yond, the colour of sapphires, rolling towards
us, foam crested, then receding with an irresist-
ible invitation. First, a warm wind scorching
the sunburnt skin and whistling in the ears, then
a plunge into the green depths, sending a thrill-
ing shock of coolness through the body. A joy-
ous resting in the waves and flying spray, and
then once more the fingers of the sun soothing
the limbs.

The glow of late afternoon, that time when
the slightest breeze wafts a flower scent. Merry
voices and clear laughter mingle with the "ping"
of tennis racquets, as the players with keen and
glowing faces, concentrate alternately on the
game and conversation.

Glad, care-free days in the sun and wind!
Stinging rain that whips the tingling cheeks in
a mad gallop over the flat! The scent of wet
ferns and the sound of clear bird notes by the
bubbling mountain creek! Holidays! . . . Ugh!
That bell! M. BRADBURY (Class D2), Sorell.

AFTERGLOW

The sun has set,
And yet—
The red glow lingers still,
Not down in the valley
But up on the hill;
And now twilight will come creeping,
The bright stars will be peeping,
The wide night sky to fill.

GWEN CHATWIN (Class D3), Wilmot.

KING RICHARD NEEDS A HORSE

"A horse, a horse, my kingdom for a horse;"
King Richard cried, with very much force.
But all the horses turned away,
And with one accord they answered, "Neigh."

And what did he do then, indeed?

He kept on shouting for a steed;

He kept it up, until of course,

King Richard got a little "hoarse."

W. TOLLAND (Class E2), Sorell.

A DREAM

One hot, dry day during a depressing Algebra
lesson I dozed off, and somehow or other my
mind wandered far away to a land where old
historical characters go after death. I came to
a large building called Parliament House, and
promptly entered. On a raised dais at one end
of a large hall sat William Tell and Atlas quar-
relling about Mussolini and his Abyssinian tea
party. This did not interest me, however, so
I mounted some stairs which led to the roof.
Here, to my great surprise, were Julius Caesar
and Boadicea walking arm in arm along the
gable, chatting pleasantly about the scenery.

I thought of the old saying, "Two's company,
three's none," and retraced my steps to the
streets outside. As I strolled along whistling
an old Scottish tune, I heard a gruff voice say,
"Who is this that dares to disturb my peaceful
nap?" At that moment I turned hurriedly and
bumped head first into Henry VIII, who was
wrathfully twirling his long moustache. "Ha,
now I have you," he cried, but stepping between
his bandy legs, I scampered quickly away.

After much wandering about, I came to a low
wall in which was a door. Lifting the latch I
walked through to a small courtyard beyond,
where people were feasting and drinking. Hear-
ing queer strains of music from the other side
of the yard, I glanced up to see James II.
twanging the strings of a harp with a corkscrew,
and crooning softly to himself. Nearby was a
table on which stood several glasses of wine.
I lifted a glass to my lips and was about to
taste the sparkling, crimson fluid, when it was
dashed from my hand by an arrow. Hearing
a roaring sound behind me, I turned to receive
a hearty slap on the back, and there, face to
face, was Friar Tuck, grinning from ear to ear.
"Hullo," I said, "what are you doing here?"

At that moment I awoke, and found that I
was looking not at Friar Tuck, but at the Maths
master, who was fuming with rage. My hand
felt rather clammy, and, on looking down, I
beheld the remains of an ink bottle on the desk,
and the delicious nectar was all over my clothes.
The arrow that had broken the glass was nought
but a ruler, thrown by my next-door neighbour,
and as I glanced at him I saw that he was shak-
ing with laughter at my misfortune. All this
took place in a flash, and as I commenced to
clean my desk, a voice said, "See me after
school, son." With that the bell rang for recess,
and dazed by my experiences I left the class
room.

A. G. BELL (Class D2), Sorell.

A JAPANESE GARDEN

A garden I know
In Tokio,
At the back of a Japanese house,
Where small matsu trees
With gnarled-looking knees,
Border a small river's course.

A little bridge
Near a mossy ridge,
And a quaint little shrine beyond;
While slowly by,
Where pebbles lie,
The river runs to the pond.

Cherry-trees pink,
Like sunrise you think,
Grow all along the wall;
And day by day
In sweet array
Like a carpet the petals fall.

Long wistaria swings;
The iris with wings
Through the summer months will glide,
Where the bamboos bend
And a cool shade lend,
And the peonies' hearts open wide.

K. GARDAM (Class D3), Franklin.

MOTHER MOON

Mother Moon so pale and high,
Climbing through the cloudless sky,
Your palest beams shine down on me,
Mother Moon so pale and high;
With your delicate dress and changing face,
I wonder how you keep your place,
Mother Moon so pale and high,
Climbing through the cloudless.

BERNEICE HUTCHINSON (Class E3), Wilmot.

SUNSET

When the sun was slowly sinking,
O'er the hilltops in the west,
When the birds were flying homeward
To their hidden place of rest.
Standing there, among the bushes,
In the splendour of the night,
I stood amazed and wondering
In that glowing sunset light.

GEVA BULLOCK (Class E1), Wilmot.

MY ENTREATY

I have penned many lines so often,
And written all in vain;
For you read my verses frowning,
Or scan them o'er with pain.

You know, I am not clever
(I always was a dunce);
So please have a little pity,
And give me a place—just once.

E. CLEARY (Class E1), Franklin.

"ON THE MARCH"

Lines of soldiers all in red,
How very sprightly they all tread,
All in time to the beat,
Marching, marching down the street.

Their guns across their shoulders lie,
Their drums they play as they go by,
All in time to the beat,
Marching, marching down the street.

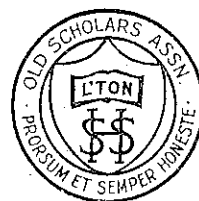
And only dust is left behind,
As farther through the streets they wind,
All so well to time they keep,
As they go marching down the street.
JOAN KENT (Class E4), Sorell.

I WONDER

Some say that in the ocean,
Far beneath the surface blue,
Are stately domes and palaces—
I wonder if it's true.

They say that there are gardens,
And trees of every hue,
Bright coloured shrubs and flowers,
And fish of species new.

And there where live the mermen,
And maids with golden hair—
I'd love in these cool haunts to roam
Among their jewels rare.
MARGARET MITCHELL (Class D1), Wilmot.

**OLD SCHOLARS' COLUMN.****MEMBERSHIP.**

Our Financial Membership, 65, for the current year shows a slight decrease compared with that of last year, and cannot be considered satisfactory. We hope that the Old Scholars of the School will make a better response in the new year.

FINANCES.

Owing to the abandonment of socials, which in the past have proved a fairly steady source of revenue, we have had little opportunity of building up our finances. Profits from dances were not large, and we closed the financial year with a credit balance of £5/12/6, after having paid £1/15/2 into the reserve account. Our year's activities resulted in a net profit of £2/9/-.

SOCIALS.

As a result in the steady decline in the attendances at these functions, the Committee ultimately decided to abandon them temporarily. It was with much regret that this step was taken, as it was fully realised that they were responsible for keeping the younger members in touch with each other and with the Association.

DANCES.

A monthly series was held throughout the winter months and proved most enjoyable. Four were held at the "Ka-Pai," while the last two were held at the School. The attendances, although constant, were not large. The last of these functions, which was held in conjunction with the Annual Re-union Dinner, was most successful, and we are confident that there will be a very successful dancing season in the new year.

ANNUAL RE-UNION DINNER.

This was held at the "Lounge" on Saturday, October 19. There was a large attendance of Old Scholars, and the function proved most enjoyable. The Patron of the Association (Mr. A. L. Meston) was in the chair, and the guests were Mrs. A. L. Meston, the Director of Education (Mr. G. V. Brooks), and Mr. W. H. Daymond. The toast list was as follows:—"The Guests," proposed by Mr. A. D. Foot, response by Mr. G. V. Brooks; "The School and Staff," proposed by Mr. C. P. Phillips, response by Mr. A. L. Meston; "The Association," proposed by Mr. Maurice Weston, response by the Secretary. A dance followed at the School.

LIBRARY BUILDING SCHEME.

The Minister for Education has advised that the Government has decided to make available the necessary money for the purpose of building the new Library. The amount collected for this purpose from Old Scholars, viz., £59/10/11, will now be used to provide books and furnishings.

COMMITTEE MEETINGS.
Thirteen Committee meetings were held during the past year, the attendances being as follows:—Miss J. Mason 13, Mr. H. Barnard 12, Miss M. Turnbull 11, Mr. Rainbow 11, Mr. Walsh 11, Mr. King 11, Mr. Phillips 10, Miss Thow 9, Mr. Rudd 9, Mrs. Edwards 8, Miss Searl 8, Mr. Ikin 8, Miss Twidle 6, Miss Edwards 5, Mr. Campbell 4, Mr. Foot 4, Miss Best 2, Mr. Wellington 2, Mr. Scott 1, Mr. Mulligan 0, the Secretary 13. Miss Twidle and Messrs. Mulligan and Scott resigned during the year, and Miss Best and Messrs. Wellington and Ikin were elected to fill the vacancies.

THANKS.

The Committee wish to thank:—For donations: Miss B. Layh, Messrs. A. J. Woolcock, J. B. Mather, W. H. Daymond, the Churinga Ramblers Club, and the Churinga Dramatic Club; Mr. A. L. Meston, for the use of the School and other assistance, and Mr. G. Foot for auditing.

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

The Annual General Meeting of the Association was held at the School on Wednesday, October 30. There was a good attendance, and the election of officers resulted as follows:—

Patron: Mr. A. L. Meston.
President: Mr. A. D. Foot.
Hon. Secretary: Mr. C. H. McElwee.
Hon. Treasurer: Mr. A. G. King.
Assistant Secretaries: Miss J. Mason and Mr. R. Rainbow.
Editor Old Scholars' Column: Mrs. R. Edwards.
Hon. Auditors: Messrs. G. Foot and A. E. Daymond.

General Committee: Misses P. Turnbull, M. Best, J. Geiger, M. Price, Jess. Montgomery, and Messrs. R. R. Rudd, H. C. Barnard, S. Wellington, C. Ikin, and G. Walsh.

Alterations to the Constitution were made to

- (1) Reduce the quorum of the Committee to nine.
- (2) Hold the Annual General Meeting in February instead of October.
- (3) Increase the subscription of junior members from 1/- to 2/- to cover the cost of Magazines issued to them.

FINANCIAL MEMBERS, 1934-35

Mr. and Mrs. N. L. Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. R. Edwards, Mr. and Mrs. C. P. Phillips; Misses L. F. Stephens, P. Blazely, A. Chung, — Stephenson, J. Box, B. Thow, J. Phillips, J. Montgomery, M. Turnbull, V. Wildman, J. Wylie, I. Cunningham, M. Best, G. Twidle, M. Bramich, B. Morgan, L. Wise, J. Mason, G. Viney, F. Barclay, N. Box, J. Edwards, M. Price, J. Geiger, L. Tatnell, and P. Searl; Messrs. G. Foot, D. Gill, R. Suter, A. J. Woolcock, E. Wicks, M. Brumby, H. McElwee, S. Fuller, K. Rootes, H. Barnard, A. E. Daymond, F. Kidd, D. Brain, A. D. Foot, J. Begent, A. Cunningham, K. McPhail, C. Patman, J. Branagan, E. Hookway, R. Dean, S. Wellington, S. Seymour, C. Barnard, R. Rudd, A. King, C. Best, C. Ikin, G. Walsh, and A. Gee.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Subscriptions are now payable for the period November, 1935, to February, 1937, on the following scale:—

- 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.
- 2/- for "First Year" Old Scholars.

All Old Scholars are urged to become financial members of the Association as soon as possible so that the Committee may make its plans for next year's activities.

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, Launceston. An order must be obtained from the Secretary to authorise the purchase of the blazer.

O.S.A. DIRECTORY

President: Mr. A. D. Foot, c/o Birchall's, Launceston.

Secretary: Mr. C. McElwee, 27 Ann Street, Launceston.

Treasurer: Mr. A. G. King, c/o Messrs Gordon and Gotch, Launceston.

Editor of Column: Mrs. R. Edwards, 4 Hopkins Street, Launceston.

Secretary of Tennis Club: Mr. R. Rudd, c/o Commercial Union Co. Ltd., 72 St. John Street, Launceston.

Secretary of Football Club: Mr. D. Munro, Derwent and Tamar Assurance Co., Launceston.

Secretary of Hockey Club: Miss C. Barnard, 44 Invermay Road, Launceston.

CHURINGA TENNIS CLUB

Since the last issue of the Magazine, the N.T.L.T.A. Winter Pennants have been completed. A number of club members played in these matches, and gained useful practice. Teams bearing the name of the club, but not consisting solely of club members, won the B Grade women's and men's pennants.

The usual match between the Club and the Old Hobartians' Tennis Club was played at Hobart on Monday, November 4, and resulted in a win for the home team by 17 sets to 7. Although the Southerners once again proved too strong for us, there were several well-contested matches, and in addition to providing a most enjoyable week-end for those participating, the visit served to strengthen the friendly feeling already existing between the two clubs. We take this opportunity of wishing the Old Hobartians' Club the best of luck in the coming season.

The Club has again been affiliated with the City and Suburban and Northern Tasmanian Lawn Tennis Associations, and has entered a team in the Summer Pennants, conducted by the former. To date only one match has been played, resulting in a win for this Club.

The thanks of the Club are due to Mr. A. D. Foot for his assistance, and also to Mr. A. L. Meston for the use of the School for meetings, and for his co-operation.

The Club's finances are not in such a good position as last year owing to the decrease in membership. Members are therefore urged to encourage Old Scholars who wish to play tennis to join the Club.

Old Scholars wishing to join are asked to communicate with the Hon. Secretary whose address appears in the O.S.A. Directory in this issue.

CHURINGA HOCKEY CLUB

At the meeting held at the beginning of the season Mrs. Meston was elected President, and Miss C. Barnard Secretary of the Churinga Hockey Club. It was decided to have two teams again this season, Blue and Gold.

So many names were given in that it was thought that the Club would have no difficulty in fielding two teams, and a third team was hoped for. But a number could not play, some owing to illness, others to transfers; so there was difficulty in fielding full teams. As a result, the hockey was not always good; Churinga Blue suffered very much as there was seldom a full forward line, and the forwards were unable to combine. Gold had a good forward line which, led by L. Thompson and M. Forsyth, was largely responsible for the fine play of the team.

In spite of the difficulty of finding players, the Club had a very successful season. Gold won the N.T.W.H. Association premiership, and Blue came second, tying with High School. Perhaps the two most interesting matches were those in which Blue opposed Gold; both matches were fast, open, clean; the ball travelled from end to end of the field, and both teams had to work hard for their goals; both matches were won by Gold, and Blue team congratulates them heartily both on those wins and their success in winning the premiership.

Neither team had an unbroken series of wins; for example, High School won both matches against Gold and one against Blue. However, Blue won 8 out of 12 matches, and Gold 9.

L. Thompson, E. Lohrey, C. Barnard, and M. Hodgman played in the Northern Association team in the June trials for Interstate selection, and C. Barnard was chosen as a member of the Tasmanian team. She went to Melbourne, where the tournament was held, and where Tasmania retained the Australian premiership.

Early in the season K. Rose, Captain of Gold, became ill, and was unable to play for the rest of the season. This was a very great loss to Gold, as their captain is a splendid back and the mainstay of the defence. All members hope to see her back in the team next season.

At the end of the season, the Club had a very enjoyable supper party, to which most members came. Mrs. Meston, our President, and Miss Fox were the guests of the members.

Next season the Club intends to have two teams again, and would like to have three. Any Old Scholars of any High School are eligible to join, and will be welcomed. All Old Scholars who have ever played hockey please send their names as intending members; it is not necessary for intending players to have been in First or Second teams. The Club Secretary is Miss C. Barnard, whose address is 44 Invermay Road; but all letters sent to the School will be forwarded to the Secretary.

CHURINGA FOOTBALL CLUB

Although the Club was not successful in annexing the Barber Cup or the Conder Shield, it experienced another very good season. In the most important roster matches we had the misfortune to have some of our experienced players either injured or indisposed. However, we finished the season runners-up to the St. Patrick's Old Collegians F.C. in the Premiership roster. In the knock-out round we had the bad luck to be pitted against St. Patrick's once more, and after a hard match were defeated by 8 points.

Two members of the Club were chosen to represent Tasmania in the Inter-state match against Victoria at Launceston. These two players deserved their places in the team, as they were mainstays of the Club during the season. Ted Archer (who was also selected as captain of the team) and Ray Watts were the players selected. Unfortunately an injured ankle prevented Ted from participating in the match.

During the season two matches were played against the Old Devonians Football Club. One game was played at Devonport, and the other game at Launceston. The Churinga boys were successful in both matches.

The Second Annual Dinner was held at the Enfield Hotel, on Saturday, October 12, at 7 o'clock. The function, which was a success in every way, was presided over by Mr. Neil Campbell. During the evening the following trophies were presented:—

Best and Fairest Player: E. J. Archer.

Most Consistent Player: R. Watts.

Most Effective Player: L. Tucker.

Training Trophies: K. Lawrence and L. Tucker.

Match Trophies: E. J. Archer, R. Watts, L. Tucker, H. Murray, N. Shegog.

The following are the results of matches played this year:—

May 11: Churinga, 20.10 (130) d. Scotch, 9.9 (63).

May 18: Churinga, 12.13 (85) d. St. Patrick's, 12.6 (78).

May 25: Churinga, 18.15 (123) d. Old Launcestonians, 10.8 (68).

June 3: Churinga, 4.14 (38) lost to Dark Blue, 5.12 (42).

June 15: Churinga, 18.11 (119) d. Scotch, 5.14 (44).

June 29: Churinga, 9.13 (67) lost to St. Patrick's, 11.9 (75).

July 6: Churinga, 23.22 (160) d. Old Launcestonians, 4.10 (34).

July 13: Churinga, 6.7 (43) lost to Dark Blues, 6.10 (46).

July 27: Churinga, 21.24 (150) d. Scotch, 4.5 (29).

August 3: Churinga, 9.10 (64) d. St. Patrick's, 7.13 (55).

August 10: Churinga d. Old Launcestonians on forfeit.

August 24: Churinga, 18.7 (115) d. Dark Blues, 11.13 (79).

September 7: Churinga, 13.11 (89) lost to St. Patrick's, 14.13 (97).