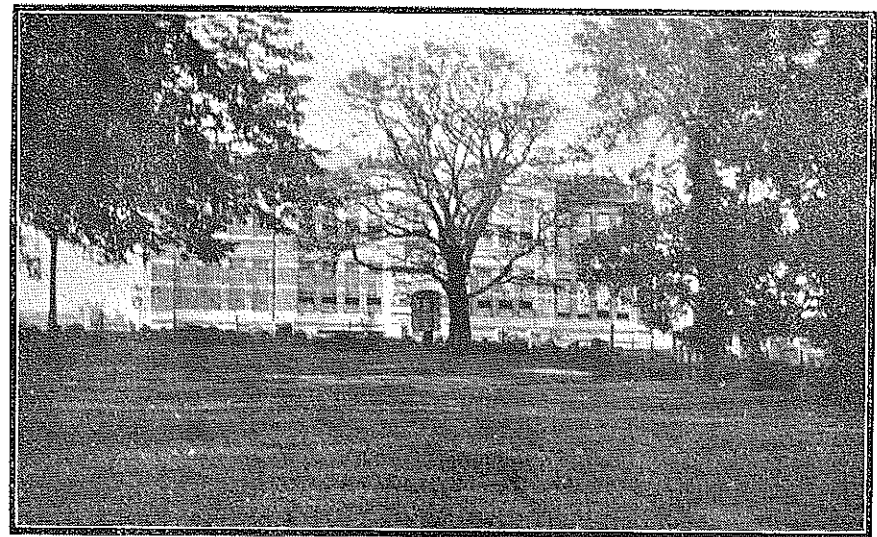


The Northern Churinga



EDITORIAL

"Two men looked through prison bars,
One saw mud, the other saw stars."

There are two orders of people in this world of ours—the optimists and the pessimists. Any one can be a pessimist, but it takes character to be an optimist. An optimist, however, is not a person who claps you on the back and says, "Buck up, old chap! Everything will be all right!" when you know quite well everything just refuses to be that which he designates "all right." This type of individual shuts his eyes to the ugliness in life, and therefore cannot feel sympathy for the dispirited and weary. But the true optimist is a cheerful person who can fan into flame again that vital spark which makes life worth living.

The pessimist is one who cannot see beyond the narrow limits of the cell that is his soul. When he ventures to take a peep at the world, all he can see is mud, the vicious side of life. There is no beauty in the world for him because he is blind. If he could but lift the scales of ignorance or of cynicism from his eyes he would see and marvel at the grandeur and the loveliness of the world.

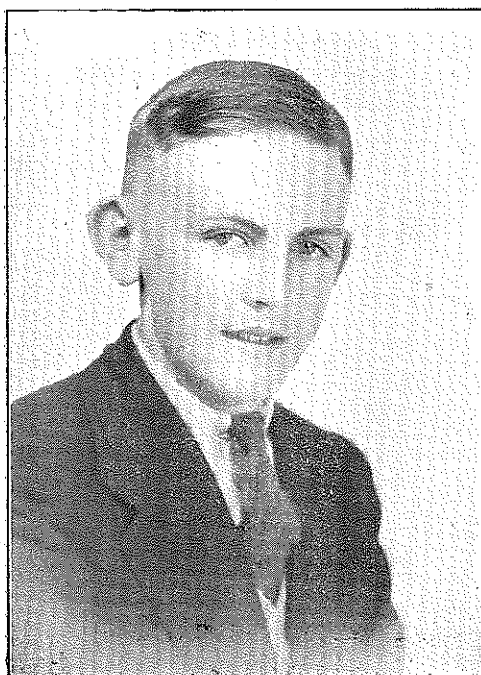
The optimist looks upwards at the clear purity of the sky, where shine the everlasting stars with their message of the beauty in the world.

He knows there is beauty in the song of the birds, in the earth swept clean with rain, and in books, the treasure box of the thoughts of grand souls. He does not seek feverishly for happiness, that elusive El Dorado, and despairing in failure, find the world a dreary place of mud. For he knows happiness lies just round the next corner, and he may stumble on it suddenly when strolling along a sweet scented country lane, in the discovery of two exquisite lines of poetry, or of a tree transformed by the magic wand of the hoarfrost into a silver fountain. And if there is no joy in nature for him, he has the power to dream of grander and more beautiful worlds. Even if he exhausts his own mind, he may store it again with the exquisite music of the poets and musicians, and gaze with dazzled eyes on the records of the dreams of architect and sculptor, painter and scientist. Then it is that he sees the stars.

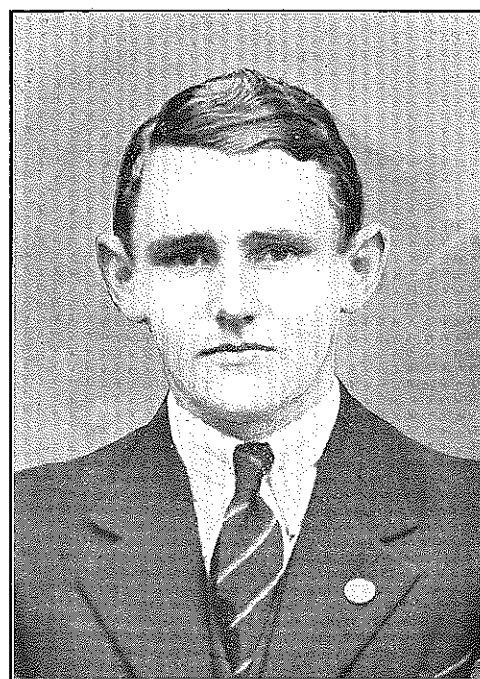
Let us all be optimists. The world is a beautiful garden and it is man who makes the evil which blinds the pessimist's eye to the beauty in it. If we all became conscientious gardeners and weeded out the pessimists, there would be never-ending joy on earth, for men would be as brothers both in thought and action. There would be no mad struggle for wealth, for all men would possess the golden key to happiness, joy in life.



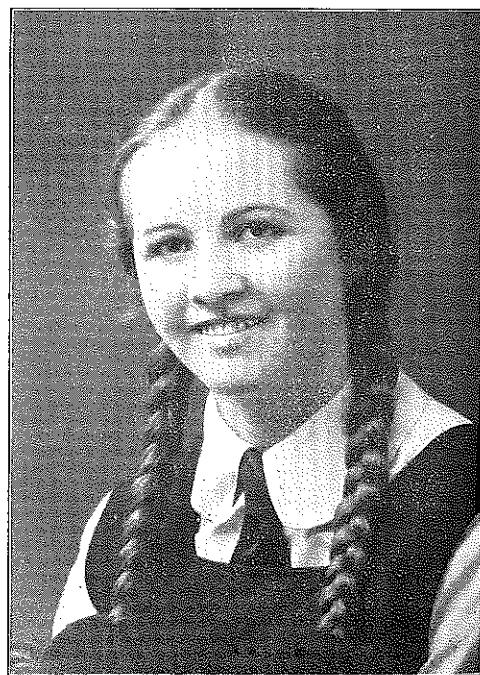
AUDREY ION.
Best Leaving Pass (Girls), 1935.



JOHN FLEMING.
Best Intermediate Pass (Boys), 1935.



LYLE CHAMBERLAIN.
Best Leaving Pass (Boys), 1935.



BEVERLEY BRADMORE.
Best Intermediate Pass (Girls), 1935.

DUCES, FIRST TERM, 1936

	Average gained.
Class A—Barbara Meston	78.3%
B—Victor Fitze	78.1%
C1—Edith Greaves	70%
C2—Max Windsor	68.9%
C3—Allen Green	67.9%
D1—Joy Salter	80.4%
D2—John Burleigh	75.4%
D3—Malva Martin	79.4%
D4—Malcolm Wright	73.1%
E1—Joyce Sturges	79.3%
E2—Nancy Coe	92.3%
E3—Betty Firth	88.4%
E4—Eva Johnston	87.6%

SPEECH NIGHT

On Monday, March 30, the Twenty-third Annual Speech Night was celebrated at the Albert Hall, in the presence of the Hon. E. J. Ogilvie (Minister for Education and Attorney-General), and Mr. G. V. Brooks (Director of Education).

After the reading of the Annual Report by the Headmaster, Mr. A. L. Meston, M.A., a particularly enjoyable programme was given.

Conducted by Mr. C. Reeves, B.A., the Choir sang "The Cobbler's Song," from "Chu Chin Chow," "O Hush Thee, My Babe," "The Watcher" (Finnish folk song), "Fierce Raged the Tempest," "The Fairy Glade" (German folk song), and "Nymphs and Shepherds." The accompanist was Miss Elsie Nicholls, and the organist Mr. A. R. Gee.

Miss Gee was responsible for the girls' drill and the delightful gipsy dance, which were obviously appreciated by the audience.

The boys' pyramid building, for which M. E. Crawford was responsible, was also watched with great interest and admiration.

In addition to the usual programme, folk dancing by the junior girls, conducted by Miss F. Aplin, was introduced, and was much appreciated.

At the close of the evening bouquets were presented to Miss Gee, Miss Aplin, and Miss Elsie Nicholls. A presentation was also made to Mr. Reeves.

Mr. G. V. Brooks presented the prizes to those whose names are listed below:—

SCHOOL PRIZE LIST, 1935.

Dux of Class A (Girls), Audrey Ion.
Dux of Class A (Boys), Lyle Chamberlain.
Dux of Class B (Girls), Betty Coe.
Dux of Class B (Boys), Frank Waters.
Dux of Class C1, Kenneth Robinson and Victor Fitze (aeq.).
Dux of Class C2, John Fleming.
Dux of Class D1, Gwen. Salter.
Dux of Class D2, Margaret Ferrall.
Dux of Class D3, Irene Houstein.
Dux of Class D4, Bruce Brown.
Dux of Class E1, Joy Salter.
Dux of Class E2, Roy Bates.
Dux of Class E3, Gwen Rigney.
Dux of Class E4, Valerie Kent.
Dux of Class E5, Darrell Rowell.

SPECIAL PRIZES.

Prizes for General Merit, presented by Mr. T. G. Johnston.—Girl: Winifred Roberts; Boy, William Bowles.

Prizes for Chemistry, presented by Messrs. Hatton and Laws.—Leaving: John Alcock. Intermediate: John Fleming.

Prize for Latin Composition, presented by Miss Mary Fisher.—Barbara Meston.

Prize for Art.—Winifred Roberts.

Prize for French, presented by a Friend.—Winifred Roberts.

Prize for English Language and Literature, presented by Mr. A. D. Foot.—Frances Rose.

Prizes for Cookery, presented by Launceston Gas Company.—Class C, Kath. Kerrison; Class D, Clarice Knight; Class E, Gwen Waters.

Best Pass at Intermediate Examination, Northern High Schools, presented by Messrs. A. W. Birchall & Sons.—John Fleming.

UNIVERSITY SCHOLARSHIPS.

Literary Scholarship: Dorothy Burleigh (third).

Science Scholarship: Lyle Chamberlain.

General Scholarship: Dorothy Burleigh, Lyle Chamberlain, John Alcock.

Sir Philip Fysh Scholarship: Daphne Cooper (second), Dorothy Burleigh (third), Winifred Roberts (fifth).

Jane Christine Hogg Scholarship (awarded on results of Leaving Exams. of 1934 and 1935): Winifred Bull (third).

Sir Richard Dry Exhibitions, Modern Language: Daphne Cooper (second), Audrey Ion (fourth).

Mathematics: Lyle Chamberlain (third), Dorothy Burleigh (fourth).

UNIVERSITY PRIZES.

Federal Institute of Accountants Prize: Audrey Ion (first), Marshall Firth (second), Geoffrey Furnage (third).

Commonwealth Institute of Accountants Prize: Audrey Ion.

Nellie Ewers Prize for English: Dorothy Burleigh.

Modern History: Dorothy Burleigh.

Geography: Geoffrey Furnage.

Economics: Audrey Ion.

Plane Trigonometry: Ronald Ralph.

Applied Mathematics: Lyle Chamberlain.

Geology: Winifred Roberts and Daphne Cooper (aeq.).

Botany: Marshall Firth.

Dr. James Scott Prize for Leaving English Composition: Dorothy Burleigh and Audrey Ion (aeq.).

Education Department Scholarship: Lyle Chamberlain.

Hemingway and Robertson Scholarship: John Alcock.

Senior Bursaries: John Fleming, Kenneth Robinson, Harold Cross, and Beverley Bradmore.

LEAVING PASS LIST, 1935

- | | |
|-------------------------|-----------------------------|
| 1. English. | 15. Chemistry. |
| 2. Modern History. | 16. Geology. |
| 4. Geography. | 17. Botany. |
| 5. Economics. | 18. Physiology and Hygiene. |
| 6. Latin. | 21. Music |
| 8. French. | 22. Mechanical Drawing. |
| 10. Algebra. | 23. Art. |
| 11. Geometry. | 24. Commercial Practice. |
| 12. Plane Trigonometry. | |
| 13. Applied Maths. | |
| 14. Physics. | |

- Alcock, John Edward.—C1, 4, 8, 10 C11, 12, C15, 24.
 Bain, Norman Douglas.—1, 2, 4, 5, C8, 11, 16.
 Ball, Aida Olive.—1, 2, 4, 5, C8, 10, C21, 24.
 Barclay, Robert Montrose.—1, 4, 11, 12, 15.
 Birkett, Gordon Lindsay.—1, 4, 8, 10, 11, 12, C15.
 Bowles, William Edwin Lawrence.—C1, 2, 4, 8, 10, 11, 15, 23.
 Burleigh, Dorothy Mary.—C1, C2, 4, 6, 8, C10, C11, 12.
 Cassidy, Kenneth John.—1, 2, 6, 10, 11, 15.
 Chamberlain, Lyle Francis.—1, 8, C10, C11, C12, C13, 14, 15.
 Clayton, Mavis Vera.—1, 2, 4, 5, 8, 11, 16, 23.
 Cooper, Daphne Daisy.—C1, 2, C4, C5, C8, 11, C16.
 Davey, Dulcie Jean.—1, 2, 4, 5, 8, 18.
 Firth, Marshall James.—C1, 2, 5, 10, 11, C17, C24.
 Furnage, Geoffrey Greer.—1, 2, C4, C5, 11, 16, C24.
 Ion, Audrey Mavis.—C1, C4, C5, C8, 11, 12, C16, C24.
 Jaffray, Freida Marguerite.—1, 2, C4, 5, 10, 11, 23.
 Meston, Barbara Louise.—C1, 2, C4, 5, 6, 11, C16.
 Mitchell, Isa Yvonne.—1, 2, C4, 5, 6, C8, 10, 11.
 Pullen, John George.—C1, 2, C4, 8, 10, 11, 15, 23.
 Ralph, Ronald Turner.—1, 10, 11, C12, 13, 14, C15, 22.
 Roberts, Winifred Gladys.—1, C2, 4, C5, C8, 11, C16, C23.
 Simmonds, Malinda Grace.—C1, C2, 4, 5, 6, 8, 10, 11, C24.
 Tabart, Gwendolyn Amos.—1, 2, C4, C5, 8, 10, 11, C23.
 Bardenhagen, Montagu Harvey.—1, 2, 4, 8, 18.

INTERMEDIATE PASS LIST, 1935

John Addison, Geoffrey Atherton, Beverley Bradmore, Helen Brown, Geoffrey Bryant, Roy Cartledge, Joan Cleaver, Marjorie Comber, Harold Cross, Margaret Ferguson, Victor Fitze, John Fleming, Richard Gardam, Grace Hills, Ilma Honey, Ron. Horne, Kenneth Jackson, Ethnee Kelly, Katherine Kerrison, George Lawson, Donald MacLaine, Royce Moles, Robert Philp, Kenneth Robinson, Elsie Shepherd, Garth Summers, Peter Tanner, Muriel Warren, Nova Watson, Anne Williams.

PREFECTS

The positions for 1936 are as follows:—
 Senior Prefects: Elizabeth Coe, Eric Dwyer.
 Sports Prefects: Frances Jorgensen, Bernard Mitchell.
 Magazine Prefect: Frances Rose.
 Library Prefect: Murray Tatlow.
 General Prefects: Barbara Meston, Daphne Cooper, Audrey Marshall, Alison Wright, Frank Waters, Terry Hague, Laurie Murray, Victor Fitze.
 House Captains were chosen by house members. They are from the Senior School, but are not, as in the past, necessarily prefects. They are as follows:—

Arthur: Barbara Meston, Terry Hague.
 Franklin: Joy Marshall, Frank Waters.
 Sorell: Nora Sullivan, Laurie Murray.
 Wilmot: Daphne Cooper, Percy Kerrison.

THE SCHOOL FAIR

On the afternoon and evening of Friday, April 17, a successful fair was held in the School Hall, to supplement school funds, which benefited by approximately £84. Most of this money will be used to make additions to the School Library. Mr. B. C. Brook was Secretary, and Mr. C. C. Lawrence Treasurer.

The opening ceremony was performed by Mr. F. D. Barclay, President of the Parents' and Friends' Association.

Helpers were:—Cordial and jelly stall, Mrs. A. Grubb and Misses B. Andrews and H. Thurstun; cake stall: Mesdames T. Elliott, J. McDonald, H. Shields, and Miss J. Blyth; savoury stall: Mr. A. Nightingale, Mesdames G. Nightingale, F. Eastoe, and H. Cottrell; produce stall: Messrs. R. Edwards, H. Winter, and E. Crawford; fancy stall: Mrs. E. Scott, Misses W. Badcock and F. Aplin; sweet stall: Mesdames E. A. Doe and M. Stringer, and Misses G. Brown and J. Austin; lucky dip: Girl Prefects; games: Messrs. Gourlay and E. Coulson; afternoon tea: Misses B. Layh and R. Wing, assisted by girls from the Domestic Science Class.

A special feature of the fair was the display of coloured poster advertisements. These posters were excellently done, and were the work of the Art Class, under the supervision of Miss J. Gee.

In the afternoon concerts, arranged by Mr. C. Reeves, were given by the pupils. Pictures were shown at night. We have to thank Mr. W. Lamerton, who gave a conjuring act.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

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

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

Ballarat High School Magazine.

Somerville House (Brisbane High School for Girls) Magazine.

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

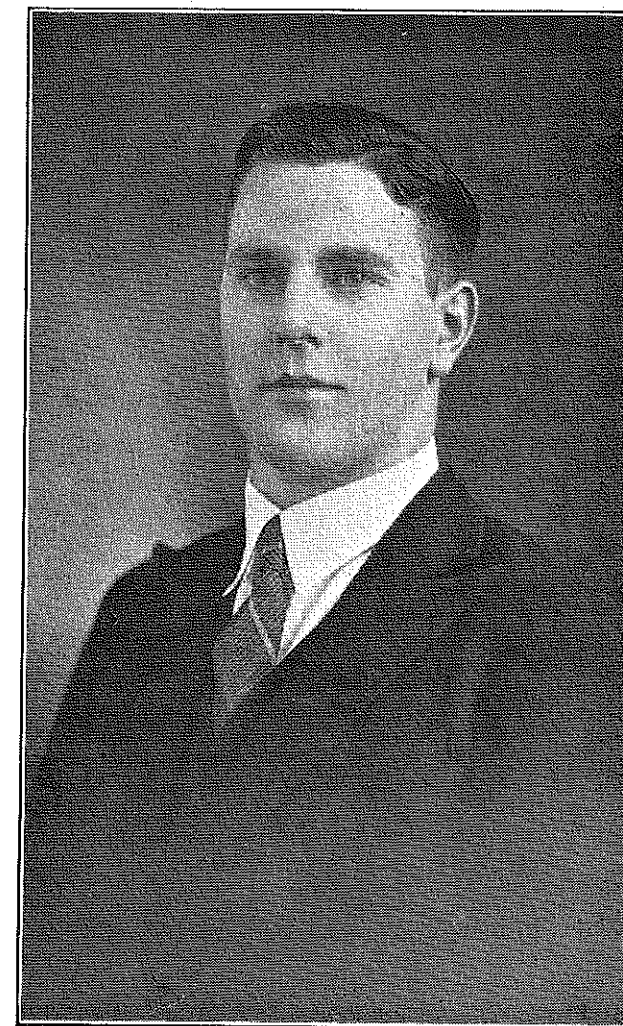
Unley High School Magazine.

"The Philipian" (Teachers' College, Hobart).

The Queenstown Technical College Magazine.

"The Sphinx" (Perth Modern School).

Scottsdale District High School Magazine.



RICHARD GANDY.
 Rhodes Scholar for 1936.

It was with pride and pleasure that the School heard that one of its Old Scholars, Richard Gandy, had been chosen Rhodes Scholar for 1936.

Dick came with a bursary from the Derby State School to the Launceston Junior Technical School. After passing the Intermediate with nine credits he came to the High School to do a science course. He took part in all the activities of the School and quickly became a popular leader among the boys. In 1931 he won the Inter-High School Three Mile, and in 1932 was School Champion. He was a Prefect and was House Captain of Sorell. His playing of Feste in "Twelfth Night" is remembered by all the cast. He passed the Leaving of 1932 with 7 credits and 1 pass, and won several prizes and scholarships of the University of Tasmania.

At the University he did a splendid Science Degree, with 5 High Distinctions, 2 Distinctions, and 2 Passes.

He played in the football team, took part in the annual plays given by the Dramatic Society in 1934 and 1935, was Sprint Champion in 1935, and captained the University Athletics Team in Adelaide in 1935. He has also developed a tenor voice of considerable promise, and during July is giving, with the Ball sisters, a recital in Launceston.

Dick is going to Corpus Christi College in Oxford to do a B.A. degree in the Final Honour School of Mathematics. We wish him every success at Oxford, and later hope and expect to see in him one of the leaders whom Rhodes wished to develop.

JUNIOR RED CROSS NOTES

At the first meeting of the Junior Red Cross for this year, the following officers were elected: President, Nora Sullivan; Secretary, Geraldine Tabart; Treasurer, Kath. Kerrison. Miss Brown is still our leader.

A portfolio is being prepared to send away, but the country to which it will be sent is not yet decided.

At the beginning of the year a letter was received, acknowledging the portfolio we sent to Prince Edward Island at the end of last year.

SPECIAL ASSEMBLIES

On the 1st May Colonel Bjelke Peterson gave an interest talk on physical culture.

On the 7th of May the first term came to a close with a full assembly, at which the names of those who obtained meritorious marks in the terminal examinations were read out. A varied programme of musical items was given by pupils of the School. At the close of the assembly Miss J. Gee, who has resigned to go to England, was presented with a travelling clock from the School.

On Friday night, June 5, Mr. Purdy gave a Shakespearean recital to the assembled A, B and C classes.

On June 9, Mr. L. Andrews, of Western Australia, addressed the School on his experiences in Europe as a member of the Students' Christian Movement Delegation.

CRUSADER NOTES

After a visit from Colonel Bjelke-Peterson early in the year, Crusader meetings were recommenced. During the few meetings held so far this year we have had talks given to us by the Rev. English and Colonel Bjelke-Petersen. As yet, the attendance at these meetings has not been up to the standard set by those of preceding years, but we hope that as the year progresses it will improve.

We have to thank Mesdames Hart, McPhee, and Charlton for opening their homes for rallies to infuse added interest into these meetings.

All are invited to attend the Crusader meetings held every Tuesday in Room 1, at 1 p.m.

LIBRARY NOTES

All sections of the Library have been well used during the last six months. Many new books have been added to both the Circulating and Reference Sections. Naturally most of these additions have been made to the Reference Library, since it is most generally used. Among these are "The Works of Peter Paul Rubens," "The Money Mystery," "The Red Centre of Australia," "The Good New Days," and "An Anthology of World Poetry."

It is especially pleasing to notice the interest taken by the E classes in the Library, and it is to be hoped that they will become as interested in the Reference Library as they are in the Circulating.

Thanks are due to the proprietors of "The Examiner" and "The Mercury" for supplying these papers.

THE SCHOOL CONCERT

Those responsible are to be congratulated on the excellent standard of the programme submitted on the occasion of the School "break-up." This was held in the Assembly Hall on the evening of December 14, before a large and appreciative audience.

The Girls' Choir was in good form under the baton of Mr. C. Reeves, and the sea chanties and carols of the Junior Boys' Choir, conducted by Mr. A. Nightingale, were well received.

Members of E3 Class, trained by Miss Aplin, gave exhibitions of Country and Morris Dances. Miss Gee was once more responsible for the girls' drill.

Three one-act plays were presented. Mr. Brook had charge of a group from E and D classes, who gave a good account of themselves in "King Alfred and the Cakes." Miss Rowe staged "The Princess and the Woodcutter" with a capable cast from E1 and E4. B class put on "The Grand Cham's Diamond" with great zest, and by no means disappointed their supervisor, Miss Gee.

Mr. Jacobs was responsible for a very popular item, pyramid-building by the boys.

The concert realised nearly £27.

SOCIALS

Franklin House held the first social of the year on May 6. During the evening Miss J. Gee, the House Mistress, was farewelled.

On the 17th June the Arthur House social was held in the Assembly Hall. Many enjoyable games were played, the most popular of which was "balloon football." A delightful supper was served in the alcoves, and the evening closed with the School Song, "Auld Lang Syne," and the National Anthem.

On Wednesday, July 1, the members of Wilmot House assembled for their house social. Daphne Cooper and Percy Kerrison, the House Captains, and the Committee, are to be congratulated on the successful programme. During the evening many games were joined in enthusiastically.

On the 25th June the members of Sorell House met for a most enjoyable social in the School Assembly Hall. Games and competitions were the order of the evening. A novel note was struck with the introduction of music during the supper and competition interludes.

SPORTS SOCIAL

On Friday, April 3, the members of the Hobart Cricket Team were tendered a social in the Assembly Hall by the Prefects, Sports Teams, and A and B Class Girls. Eric Dwyer acted as master of ceremonies.

Mr. Meston officially welcomed the team and expressed his regret that because of unfavourable weather the match had to be abandoned. Mr. McNeair, the coach of the Hobart team, responded.

At 10 p.m. the evening was brought to a close by the singing of Auld Lang Syne, the School Song, and the National Anthem.

MODEL FLYING CLUB

At the beginning of the year a constitution was drafted and three officers were elected: Ken. Jackson was appointed President; Bill Schier, Vice-President; and Max Elmer, Sergeant-at-Arms.

The Brown Junior midget aero engine of the Launceston Model Flying Club was displayed early in the year, and discussed most enthusiastically. On March 29, in the first heat of the Don. Hopwood Flying Scale contest, held by the Launceston Model Flying Club, Ken. Jackson won the trophy for a period of three months by a flight only one-fifth of a second better than that of Bob Philp. Bob was an active member of the Club since its inception in 1933, and is greatly missed this year.

During the year several of the members have constructed models, and the School will be represented in the model plane exhibition of the Launceston Model Flying Club. Outstanding models entered in this competition will be on display at Ludbrooks during the week ending July 17.

SWIMMING CARNIVAL

On Wednesday, March 5, a successful carnival was held at the Victoria Baths. Mr. Brook arranged the programme.

Other officers were:—Referee, Mr. A. L. Meston, M.A.; Judges, Messrs. C. Reeves, C. C. Lawrence, and E. Coulson; Starter, Mr. E. Crawford; Recorder of Points, Mr. J. B. Mather; Megaphone, Mr. A. Nightingale. We are grateful also to Mr. A. C. Parker for judging the diving events.

In the boys' section W. Tolland (S.) won the Senior Championship, F. McCallum (F.) the Intermediate, R. Weston (S.) the Junior. D. Harris (A.) won both the Girls' Senior and Intermediate Championships, and M. Mead (W.) won the Junior Championship.

The following are the results:—

BOYS.

100 Yards Free Style, Senior Championship.—W. Tolland (S.), 1; F. Waters (F.), 2; J. Weatherill (W.), 3.

50 Yards Free Style, Senior Championship.—F. Waters (F.) and W. Tolland (S.), dead heat, 1; J. Weatherill (W.), 3.

50 Yards Breast Stroke, Senior Championship.—F. McCallum (F.), 1; T. Hague (A.), 2; W. Tolland (S.), 3.

Senior Dive.—W. Tolland (S.), 1; J. Weatherill (W.), 2; J. Harridge (S.), 3.

Intermediate Dive.—F. McCallum (F.), 1; J. Harridge (S.), 2; G. Lawson (A.), 3.

25 Yards Free Style, Junior Championship.—R. Weston (S.), 1; J. Docking (A.), 2; K. Smythe (W.), 3.

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

GIRLS.

25 Yards Free Style, Junior Championship.—M. Mead (W.), 1; M. Meston (A.), 2; P. Wood (W.), 3.

25 Yards Free Style, Junior Handicap.—M. Mead (W.), 1; M. Meston (A.), 2; P. Wood (W.), 3.

50 Yards Free Style, Senior Championship.—D. Harris (A.), 1; A. Marshall (A.), 2; J. Forsythe (F.), 3.

25 Yards Breast Stroke, Senior Championship.—D. Harris (A.), 1; J. Forsythe (F.), 2; A. Marshall (A.), 3.

Open Dive.—D. Harris (A.), 1; M. Mitchell (W.), 2; J. Marshall (F.), 3.

50 Yards Free Style, Senior Handicap.—A. Marshall (A.), 1; N. Sullivan (S.), 2; W. Vickers (S.), 3.

50 Yards Free Style, Intermediate Championship.—D. Harris (A.), 1; J. Forsythe (F.), 2; G. Furness (S.), 3.

50 Yards Free Style, Intermediate Handicap.—J. Hague (A.), 1; M. Eastoe (S.), 2; J. Turner (S.), 3.

RELAYS.

BOYS.

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

GIRLS.

Senior.—Arthur, 1; Franklin, 2; Sorell, 3.
Junior.—Arthur, 1; Sorell, 2; Franklin, 3.

CRICKET, 1936

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

At the beginning of the season Eric Dwyer was again elected Captain, and Percy Kerrison was made Vice. During the term the team was weakened considerably, as three weeks before we played Devonport we were unfortunate in losing three members. This left only two members of the 1935 eleven. However, under the able coaching of Messrs. E. A. Pickett and H. A. Winter, the team soon began to show form, and before we left for Devonport we were hopeful of victory.

On March 20 the team met Devonport on the Devonport Oval. The match, which was played under ideal conditions, resulted in a win for Launceston by 40 runs.

Devonport won the toss and sent us in. Top score for the School was made by Frank Waters with 28, and he was closely followed by Terris Woods with 24. These two batsmen added 57 for the fifth wicket partnership, and put the School in a good position. Roy Beecroft, who was one of the opening pair, also batted well. Although he had only 13 against his name when dismissed, he stayed at the crease for an hour and a half, took the shine off the new ball, and helped to tire the bowlers. A feature of the match was the number of l.b.w. decisions. Evidently the pace of the wicket was beating our batsmen.

With the exception of E. Morse, who bowled excellently to take 7 wickets for 38 off 20.2 overs, the Devonport bowlers were very erratic and were not punished as severely as they should have been. With the exception of Waters, Woods and Beecroft, our batting was very unenterprising.

Devonport's opening pair—Morse and Ingram—made an excellent start, 41 runs being on the board before Morse was dismissed. These two

batsmen batted confidently and scored off shots all round the wicket. When the partnership was broken, wickets fell rapidly and the side was dismissed for 85.

The fielding by all members of the team was excellent, no catches being dropped and no runs given away. This good fielding resulted in two of Devonport's best batsmen being run out. Percy Kerrison deserves mention for the way in which he kept wickets. He had had very little experience in this important position; but after the first few overs he did excellent work.

The bowling honours were shared by Guy Watkins (3 for 19), Geoff. Atherton (3 for 26), and Darrell Rowell (2 for 9). All of these boys swung the ball well, and Watkins and Rowell were very accurate.

For Devonport Morse (15), Ingram (14), Kildey (14) and Ray (12) batted well.

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

Launceston, First Innings.

P. Kerrison, l.b.w., b Baker	7
R. Beecroft, l.b.w., b Ingram	13
L. Cooper, l.b.w., b Baker	0
E. Dwyer, l.b.w., b Morse	0
F. Waters, l.b.w., b Morse	28
T. Woods, b Morse	24
D. Rowell, b Morse	8
G. Watkins, l.b.w., b Morse	5
G. Atherton, c Ingram, b Morse	0
M. Camm, not out	0
R. Anstee, l.b.w., b Morse	0
Sundries	40

Total 125

Bowling:—C. Baker, 2 for 17; E. Morse, 7 for 38; T. Ingram, 1 for 8.

Devonport, First Innings.

E. Morse, c Atherton, b Watkins	15
T. Ingram, b Rowell	14
C. Baker, run out	1
J. Morgan, run out	1
B. Kildey, b Rowell	14
J. Hiller, l.b.w., b Atherton	1
J. Pinkard, l.b.w., b Atherton	3
T. Ling, c Cooper, b Watkins	5
G. Clayton, hit wicket, b Atherton	2
A. Ray, b Watkins	12
C. Bennell, not out	1
Sundries	16

Total 85

Bowling:—G. Watkins, 3 for 19; G. Atherton, 3 for 26; D. Rowell, 2 for 9.

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

The match to decide the premiership was to be played at Launceston on April 3, but unfortunately rain intervened and the match was abandoned after 33 balls had been bowled. Thus the premiership has been undecided for two years in succession.

Hobart won the toss and elected to bat on an easy wicket, but after the first ball of the fifth over, heavy rain stopped play. The rain continued throughout the day, and the match was finally abandoned about 3 p.m.

The members of the team desire to express their appreciation of the time and help given by Messrs. E. A. Pickett and H. A. Winter in coaching them.

NOTES.

Eric Dwyer has been playing A grade district cricket throughout the season.

Max Jordan, who left just prior to the match against Devonport, has been scoring consistently in B grade, district cricket.

BOYS' TENNIS

On March 2, at a meeting of tennis enthusiasts, V. Fitze was elected captain, and Terry Hague secretary of the Club. The membership fee was decreased to 6d, as there was a balance of 19/2 carried over from last year.

On March 19 a team travelled to Devonport to meet Devonport team, which proved too strong for us. Nevertheless, some good games were played and everybody enjoyed the match. Launceston's only rubber was won by F. McCallum, whom we congratulate.

The scores (Devonport names first) were:—

SINGLES.

R. Breadon d. K. Cassidy, 9—5.
M. Breadon d. R. Moles, 9—0.
G. Propstring d. V. Fitze, 9—4.
J. Cox d. A. Salter, 9—5.
G. Stratton d. T. Hague, 9—1.
D. Evans lost to F. McCallum, 7—9.

DOUBLES.

R. Breadon and M. Breadon d. K. Cassidy and R. Moles, 6—0, 6—1.
G. Propstring and J. Cox d. V. Fitze and A. Salter, 6—4, 5—6, 6—3.
G. Stratton and D. Evans d. T. Hague and F. McCallum, 2—6, 6—1, 6—0.
Totals:—Devonport, 8 rubbers, 11 sets, 95 games. Launceston, 1 rubber, 3 sets, 50 games.

ANNUAL ATHLETIC SPORTS

The Twentieth Annual Sports Meeting of the School was held at the Cricket Ground on Tuesday and Wednesday, April 7 and 8. The first day was fine but cold, while on Wednesday the weather was bright and quite warm.

The final positions of the Houses were:—

Sorell	282 points
Franklin	191 "
Arthur	166 "
Wilmot	130½ "

The officials were:—Presidents, Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Meston; Starters, Messrs. C. C. Lawrence and B. C. Brook; Judges, Revs. R. W. Dobbison and J. L. Hurse, Messrs. W. Layh, W. H. Daymond, and T. Elliott; Timekeeper, Mr. G. Doolan; Stewards, Messrs. C. Reeves, E. Crawford, E. Coulson and H. Winter; Recorder of Points, Mr. J. B. Mather; Organisers, Miss J. Blyth and Mr. A. H. Nightingale; Honorary Secretaries, Miss F. Jorgensen and Mr. B. Mitchell; Committee, Misses B. Coc, B. Meston, F. Jorgensen, J. Marshall, N. Sullivan and D. Cooper, Messrs. E. Dwyer, B. Mitchell, T. Hague, M. Tatlow, F. Waters, and P. Kerrison.

We thank all these for their valuable assistance. Our thanks are also due to Miss Aplin and Miss Andrews and helpers for their work in preparing afternoon tea. We wish also to thank the Parents' Association, who have generously given seven cups for open competition; three of these were for Boys' Championships, three for Girls' Championships, and one for the Field Games Championship.

BOYS' SPORTS

The honour of the Boys' Senior Championship for 1936 went to E. Dwyer (S.), who scored 46 points, and led by a considerable margin from L. Murray (S.), who was runner-up with 22 points.

Norman Newton (S.) put up a very creditable performance by winning the Under 15 Championship with a total of 17 points. E. Neil (W.) was second with 11 points.

The Under 13 Championship went to H. Campbell (A.), who secured 20 points, and the runner-up was R. McQuestin (S.), with 14 points.

The Field Games Championship was won by Eric Dwyer (S.) with 15½ points, Victor Fitze being runner-up with 12 points.

The House points secured by the boys were as follows:—

Sorell	197½ points
Franklin	89½ "
Arthur	81½ "
Wilmot	58½ "

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

220 Yards, Open, E. Dwyer, 23 1-10 sec.
440 Yards, Open, E. Dwyer, 55 5-10 sec.
High Jump, Open, E. Dwyer, 5 ft. 3 in.
Long Jump, Open, E. Dwyer, 9 ft. 4 in.
Throwing the Cricket Ball, E. Dwyer, 102½ yds.
Putting the Shot, V. Fitze, 29 ft. 5 in.
High Jump, Under 15, M. Heathcote, 4 ft. 8½ in.
220 Yards, Under 13, H. Campbell, 27 9-10 sec.

BOYS' EVENTS

Championships.

Open.

100 Yards.—E. Dwyer (S.), 1; W. Tolland (S.), 2; L. Murray (S.), 3. Time, 10 9-10 sec.
220 Yards.—E. Dwyer (S.), 1; W. Tolland (S.), 2; L. Murray (S.), 3. Time, 23 1-10 sec. (a record).
440 Yards.—E. Dwyer (S.), 1; L. Murray (S.), 2; W. Tolland (S.), 3. Time, 55 5-10 sec. (a record).
880 Yards.—L. Murray (S.), 1; E. Dwyer (S.), 2; R. Beecroft (W.), 3. Time, 2 min. 37½ sec.
Mile.—L. Murray (S.), 1; R. Beecroft (W.), 2; G. Bryant (F.), 3. Time, 5 min. 22 4-5 sec.
120 Yards Hurdles.—E. Dwyer (S.), 1; W. Tolland (S.), and S. Hudson (W.), equal, 2. Time, 20½ sec.
High Jump.—E. Dwyer (S.), 1; G. Watkins (S.), 2; R. Green (W.), 3. Height, 5 ft. 3 in. (a record).
Hop, Step and Jump.—E. Dwyer (S.), 1; K. Cassidy (F.), 2; R. Green (W.), 3. Distance, 39 ft. 5 in.

Long Jump.—E. Dwyer (S.), 1; M. Tatlow (A.), 2; L. Murray (S.), 3. Distance, 19 ft. 4 in. (a record).

Kicking the Football.—E. Dwyer (S.), 1; Waters (F.), 2; L. Murray (S.), 3.

Throwing the Cricket Ball.—E. Dwyer (S.), 1; G. Watkins (S.), 2; V. Fitze (F.), 3. Distance, 102½ yards (a record).

Under 15.

100 Yards.—N. Newton (S.) and E. Neil (W.), equal, 1; F. McCallum (F.), 3. Time, 11½ sec.

220 Yards.—E. Neil (W.), 1; N. Newton (S.), 2; F. McCallum (F.), 3. Time, 26 5-10 sec.

440 Yards.—N. Newton (S.), 1; W. Schier (A.), 2; F. McCallum (F.), 3. Time, 66 sec.

High Jump.—M. Heathcote (S.), 1; M. Elmer (W.), 2; N. Newton (S.), 3. Height, 4 ft. 8½ in. (equal to record).

Under 13.

75 Yards.—R. McQuestin (S.), 1; H. Campbell (A.), 2; W. Waugh (W.), 3. Time, 9 4-5 sec.

100 Yards.—H. Campbell (A.), 1; R. McQuestin (S.), 2; L. Cairns (W.), 3. Time, 12 3-5 sec.

220 Yards.—H. Campbell (A.), 1; R. McQuestin (S.), 2; W. Waugh (W.), 3. Time, 27 9-10 sec. (a record).

High Jump.—H. Betts (A.), 1; H. Campbell (A.), 2; R. Anstee (A.), 3. Height, 4 ft. 3 in.

FIELD GAMES CHAMPIONSHIP.

Putting the Shot.—V. Fitze (F.), 1; L. Murray (S.), 2; E. Dwyer (S.), 3. Distance, 29 ft. 5 in. (a record).

Hurling the Discus.—E. Dwyer (S.), 1; V. Fitze (F.), 2; L. Murray (S.), 3.

Throwing the Javelin.—E. Dwyer (S.), 1; G. Bryant (F.), 2; V. Fitze (F.), 3. Distance, 98 ft. 1 in.

Pole Vault.—W. Tolland (S.), 1; E. Dwyer (S.) and D. Price (F.), 2, equal. Height, 7 ft. 11 in.

HANDICAPS.

Open.

100 Yards.—F. Waters (F.), 1; G. Watkins (S.), 2; R. Green (W.), 3.

440 Yards.—F. Waters (F.), 1; G. Watkins (S.), 2; S. Witt (S.), 3.

Mile.—R. Box (A.), 1; T. Sice (A.), 2; I. Lanham (A.), 3.

Under 15.

100 Yards.—W. Wilkinson (W.), 1; I. Lanham (A.), 2; G. Arnold (F.), 3.

220 Yards.—I. Lanham (A.), 1; W. Wilkinson (W.), 2; C. Rees (W.), 3.

Under 13.

75 Yards.—E. Gill (A.), 1; J. Davies (S.), 2; B. Cullen (W.), 3.

100 Yards.—E. Gill (A.), 1; H. Betts (A.), 2; J. Davies (S.), 3.

220 Yards.—E. Gill (A.), 1; M. Wright (A.), 2; R. Weston (S.), 3.

HOUSE CONTESTS.

Junior Relay Race.—Wilmot, 1; Franklin, 2; Arthur, 3.

Senior Relay Race.—Sorell, 1; Franklin, 2; Arthur, 3.

Mile Teams' Race.—Franklin, 1; Arthur, 2; Sorell, 3.

Tug o' War.—Franklin, 1; Sorell, 2.

GIRLS' EVENTS

We offer our congratulations to Betty Coe (S.), who was successful in winning the Girls' Open Championship with 24 points, and to Barbara Meston (A.), who was runner-up with 20 points.

The Under 15 Championship was won for the second time by Joyce Taylor (S.) with 22 points, while N. Ogilvie was again runner-up with 20 points.

The Under 13 Championship was gained by Margaret Bridgborn (W.) with 28 points, while Gwen Hall (F.) was runner-up with 16 points.

The following are the House points secured by the girls:—

Franklin	106 points
Sorell	97 "
Arthur	79 "
Wilmot	72 "

CHAMPIONSHIPS.

Open.

75 Yards.—B. Coe (F.), 1; B. Murray (S.), 2; B. Meston (A.), 3.
 100 Yards.—B. Coe (F.), 1; B. Meston (A.), 2; B. Murray (S.), 3.
 220 Yards.—B. Murray (S.), 1; B. Meston (A.), 2; B. Coe (F.), 3.
 Skipping Race.—B. Coe (F.), 1; B. Meston (A.), 2; B. Murray (S.), 3.
 High Jump.—B. Meston (A.), 1; B. Coe (F.), 2; B. Dowie and C. Royle, equal, 3. Height, 4 ft. 6 in.

Under 15.

75 Yards.—N. Ogilvie (S.), 1; J. Taylor (S.), 2; J. Forsyth (F.), 3.
 100 Yards.—N. Ogilvie (S.), 1; J. Taylor (S.), 2; J. Coe (W.), 3.
 220 Yards.—N. Ogilvie (S.), 1; J. Taylor (S.), 2; M. Eastoe (S.), 3.
 High Jump.—Joan Coe (W.), 1; J. Taylor (S.), 2; N. Ogilvie (S.), 3. Height, 4 ft. 7½ in.
 Skipping Race.—Joyce Taylor (S.), 1; H. Fleming (A.), 2; M. Eastoe (S.), 3.

Under 13.

50 Yards.—M. Bridgborn (W.), 1; G. Hall (F.), 2; V. Farmilo (W.), 3.
 75 Yards.—M. Bridgborn (W.), 1; G. Hall (F.), 2; K. Welsh (S.), 3.
 100 Yards.—M. Bridgborn (W.), 1; G. Hall (F.), 2; V. Farmilo (W.), 3.
 Skipping.—M. Bridgborn (W.), 1; G. Hall (F.), 2; B. Camm (F.), 3.
 High Jump.—V. Herbert (F.), 1; M. Bridgborn (W.) and V. Farmilo (W.) tied for second place. Height, 3 ft. 8½ in.

HANDICAPS.

Open.

75 Yards.—M. Teesdale (A.), 1; A. Wright (A.), 2; M. Warren (W.), 3.

120 Yards.—M. Teesdale (A.), 1; A. Wright (A.), 2; J. Marshall (F.), 3.
 220 Yards.—M. Teesdale (A.), 1; J. Marshall (F.), 2; H. Brown (A.), 3.
 440 Yards.—B. Dowie (F.), 1; J. Marshall (F.), 2; D. Hurse (A.), 3.

Under 15.

75 Yards.—E. Armitage (S.), 1; M. Harris (S.), 2; M. Eastoe (S.), 3.
 120 Yards.—E. Armitage (S.), 1; M. Mead (W.), 2; N. Coe (W.), 3.
 220 Yards.—B. Hutchins (W.), 1; M. Harris (S.), 2; N. Coe (W.), 3.

Under 13.

75 Yards.—J. Williams (F.), 1; C. Howard (S.), 2; J. Hopgood (S.), 3.
 100 Yards.—J. Williams (F.), 1; S. Baker (W.), 2; D. Macdowell (S.), 3.

HOUSE CONTESTS.

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

NOVELTY EVENTS.

Shooting for the Goal.—K. Royle (F.) and C. Waters (A.), equal.
 Three-legged Race.—B. Meston and G. Tabart (A.), 1; M. Mead and M. Sullivan (W.), 2; N. Coe and V. Farmilo (W.), 3.

GIRLS' TENNIS

Before the team left for Devonport Barbara Meston was elected Captain. We met Devonport on March 20.

This year we were particularly fortunate in having Mr. Alan Barnard to coach us; his untiring efforts for the team are much appreciated.

Unfortunately we were defeated, 8—1; but we hope to do better next year with the aid of some of the more promising juniors. We congratulate Devonport, whose steadiness and skill gave them a well-earned victory and, later, the premiership.

The scores were (Devonport names first):—

Singles.

G. Thorne lost to F. Jorgensen, 7—9.
 G. Lawson d. B. Meston, 9—4.
 C. White d. D. Stephens, 9—5.
 E. Thomas d. J. Kent, 9—7.
 S. Marshall d. V. Kent, 9—6.
 K. Whittle d. G. Tabart, 9—1.

Doubles.

G. Thorne and G. Lawson d. F. Jorgensen and D. Stephens, 9—4.
 C. White and S. Marshall d. B. Meston and J. Kent, 9—5.
 E. Thomas and K. Whittle d. V. Kent and G. Tabart, 9—7.

SENIOR SECTION

EL DORADO

'Tis the end of all our journeying,
 The goal of every dream.
 How the golden pathways glisten
 And the rosy turrets gleam!
 Land of fairy, built of moonshine,
 Made to lure and lead us on.
 See, its glowing colours falter,
 Softly fade, and now are gone.

Now the winter rains are falling
 On a stark and sodden ground,
 Dull and lifeless as the mortals
 Who plod on their daily round;
 When the south wind's icy greeting
 Usher's in each new-born day,
 Then the land of El Dorado
 Seems worlds and worlds away.

Gone the charm of golden highways,
 Snowy dome, and crystal sea.
 No! the land of El Dorado
 Means a different thing to me.
 Land where glowing fires dance brightly
 On cold fingers, hands, and toes,
 And fat warm beds for sleepy heads
 Are stretched in rows and rows.

And if through our sweetest slumber
 Sounds the steady winter rain,
 We will clutch hot bottles closer
 Ere we turn to sleep again.
 Not till Spring is in the bushland,
 Not till Summer zephyrs creep,
 Shall they stir us from our dreaming,
 Shall we waken from our sleep.

El Dorado, land of comfort,
 Warmth and dreams so dear to me,
 Where there's never breath of Winter
 And where chilblains cannot be,
 Where exams are never heard of,
 Nor the sound of hurrying bell,
 Shall I ever reach your portals—
 That, alas, I cannot tell.

B. MESTON (Class A), Arthur.

BLACK MAGIC

Mr. T. E. (Timothy Ebenezer) Solomon could not remember ever seeing the shop before. But there it was with the sign "Second-hand Books and Antiques" over the shadowy doorway, and a dim light radiating out from the window. He had traversed this back-street for the last twenty years on his way to that ugly room he called home, but had never found anything very interesting in it to delay his progress. Yet here was a mysterious little shop looking as though it had stood in this one spot for the last hundred years.

Timothy put on his spectacles and peered into the window. It was filled with a heterogeneous jumble of dusty ornaments, old books, and faded pictures. But in one corner, half hidden by a hideous portrait of Queen Victoria, was something that caught and held Timothy's eye. It

was a carved native drum, open at one end, and with a snake's skin stretched over the other. Timothy felt an overpowering desire to possess it. When he was young, and before he had become fixed in the rut in which he dragged out his existence now, he had felt the wanderlust. He had dreamed boyish dreams of tropic countries sweltering under the sun, of glorious days spent on the billowing seas, and wild, romantic adventures. He was determined to be an explorer, but somehow his dreams never came to pass. Yet he still cherished a dream of some day visiting one of these magic lands.

He entered the shop, and struck an old brass gong on the counter. As if by magic a withered little man with long silvered hair straggling to his shoulders, and a parchment-like skin, appeared above the counter. Timothy asked for the drum. The old man told him it came from Papua, and seemed very anxious he should buy it. In a few minutes he was outside with a large brown paper parcel under one arm and a queer exultation in his heart.

When he had slammed the door of his room at the second-rate boarding house, he eagerly unwrapped the drum. Then he sat in his arm-chair and examined it. He struck it once. A dull boom resounded in the room. Then he beat out a regular rhythm, and found his lips moving in a monotonous chant. The throbbing of the drum grew louder until it sang in his brain. Then a strange thing happened. One moment he was in his armchair, and the next he was standing under a clump of palm trees watching moonlight shimmering on a stretch of water. He was waiting. Soon his enemy would come, but he was not afraid because he knew that his enemy feared him as he feared the evil spirits.

The tall lithe figure of a native stepped from the shadows of the tangled undergrowth of the tropical forest. As he stepped into his canoe, the moonlight rippled down his polished skin and gleamed on a bone thrust through his nose. Silently the watcher stepped into his canoe, hidden by the underbrush. He paddled slowly until he turned the bend in the river. The native in front turned and saw him, and terror was in his eyes. His paddling quickened. Silence swam about them, broken only by the splash of the paddles. The leading man was paddling in a frenzy now, the sweat running down his back and arms. Now he was hidden from view by the next curve in the river, but the pursuer's teeth only gleamed in the moonlight and his untiring pace did not quicken. When he turned the bend, the other canoe had gone. He drew into the shore, secured his canoe, and slid silently through the undergrowth. Here it was dim and dark, but in patches the light broke through. His feet made no sound as he silently continued, but his quick ear had caught a sound to the left. He swung towards this direction, and a smile flashed again on his dark face as he saw the gleam of flesh. The forest was grey now. It was almost dawn. Still he followed. All through the morning and the hot glare of afternoon he swiftly pursued. The fleeing man caught sight of him again and, panic-stricken, he commenced to run. The pursuer ran too, and as the wind whistled past his ears his heart sang in exultation. His temples

throbbed, but he joyed in the free swinging stride of his limbs. At last he found his quarry crouched in a tree's shadow with wooden club ready. He made a desperate defence, but the pursuer carried back with him a head in his hand, and he sang a song of victory

Timothy found himself staring at the drum with a horrible fascinated sensation. He could remember distinctly what had happened, and he knew it was no dream, for he clutched in his hand the bone which had pierced the native's nose. He looked towards the window and saw it was morning. He put the drum tenderly in the only cupboard the room possessed, and turned the key.

But all through the day, as he worked, the weird music of the drum throbbed through his brain, and he dreamed of the mad adventurous life he would lead now he had found the magic drum. At last the eagerly awaited six o'clock came. He almost ran the distance to the mysterious shop. But it had vanished just as mysteriously as it had come.

He was almost afraid to ascend to his room. When he finally plucked up courage to open the cupboard, it was as he had anticipated. The drum, too, was gone, and even the nose-bone. In its place there was this note:

Sir,
Perhaps the following will explain your experience last night. I am a collector of antiques. The drum which I lent you belonged to a Papuan witch-doctor, and has the power of transporting the owner to any country he wishes and transforming him to the nationality of that country. For many years I have wished to add the nose-bone which you so kindly obtained for me last night, to my collection, as it has some mysterious power. You may wonder why I did not transport myself by the aid of my drum. At one time I did a great deal of travelling with it, but now as I am growing older I do not feel the wanderlust so strongly, and consequently the drum will only transport me from place to place in England. That accounts for the strange appearance and disappearance of my shop. You felt the wanderlust keenly enough to be carried as far as Papua. I am now on my way north to find the magic carpet. If I find it, I will send you the drum, as I will no longer require it.

So when the newspapers flashed these headlines—"Mysterious Appearance and Disappearance of Antique Shop. Modern Magic Carpet! Who Can Solve the Mystery?"—there was only one man in London who could have solved the mystery, and that was Mr. Timothy Ebenezer Solomon.

FRANCES ROSE (Class A), Sorell.

LIFE'S ROAD

This life's road has ever
Its ups and downs in turn,
For Fortune's favourites to-day,
To-morrow, she may spurn.
And some just travel lightly,
And some bear heavy load,
But let's all keep on smiling
And cheerily face the road!

T. WOODHOUSE, Sorell.

ULF

The subject of this poem
Is an ancient stone age man;
He's lived for quite two thousand years,
The father of his clan.

Now Ulf is rough and hairy
And as tough as tough can be;
He trims his hair with a blow lamp,
And eats raspberry cakes for tea.

So in this ultra-modern age
Ulf's absolutely lost,
Just like a little ship at sea,
That is rudely tempest-tost.

Another fault which Ulf has
Is his failure to behave,
Nor has he for a hundred years
Been known to have a shave.

The last time he did it
Was in eighteen forty-one,
Three scythes were rendered useless
Before the job was done.

So will everybody help him,
Just a little, for if he may,
Ulf wants to be a teacher,
Which is not so hard, they say!

T. HAGUE (Class A), Arthur.

LETTERS TO A SCHOOL MAGAZINE EDITOR

Dear Sir,

What's wrong with my "Walk in the Bush"? It's easy known you've never been for a walk in the bush or you would know what I wrote is right, and one day when you do go for a walk in the bush you will be sorry you didn't publish my article. Dad says any paper would publish my article and pay for it too, and Dad says if you will publish what Bill Jones wrote you would publish anything, and Dad says will you please return my article as he knows you only want to keep it and get paid for it yourself. Dad says he won't encourage literary pirates.

JIMMY SMITH.

Dear Mr. Editor,

Just because you don't enjoy a "Trip to the Seaside" is no excuse for depriving others of the pleasure of reading about my trip. Men are so selfish! I'm positive the girls would adore reading about the chic beach pyjamas I wore, and the boys would simply love to hear about the pretty shells I found. Don't expect any more articles from my pen. I have given up writing articles definitely. I am now engaged on writing the most intriguing book!

ESMERALDA MONTMORENCY.
(My adopted nom-de-plume)

My dear Sir,

I shall be delighted to write an article for your little magazine. Your request has decided me to take up what is known in literary circles as free-lance journalism.

What would you like me to write about? May I suggest "Our Sunday School Picnic" or perhaps "Fairies"? I should be glad to do both of them at a slightly reduced fee. Naturally I expect the usual remuneration accorded to our leading journalists. I feel my literary style will give your little magazine the tone in which it is so sadly lacking. Some of your contributors write the most appalling drivel, don't you think?

Payment in advance would be gratefully accepted as a retaining fee by

Yours fraternally,

BELINDA BLUFF.

Dear Sir,

How could you be so cruel as to refuse our little boy's article? I am sure you do not realise the hours the dear child spent on it. Apart from that, his father helped him with it, and we feel your refusal is an insult to them both.

PENELOPE HOUGH.

The Magazine Editor,

I am holding over Jackie's article until next time, and if I don't see it in the next magazine I am coming down to give you the juiciest hiding you've ever had and don't forget it!

BILL BOXER

(Jackie's father and ex-Heavyweight Champion).

B. BRADMORE (Class B), Wilmot.

FIRE FANCIES

You little golden goblins, dancing in the flames,
Never for a moment still, busy at your games—
A flicker here, a shadow there,
Behind the log or on a chair,
Making changing pictures everywhere.

When the light outside has faded, and frost is
in the air,
We come inside to sit around, and watch you
playing there;

The coals aglow, the sparks afly,
You try to catch them but they're by,
Racing high into the frosty air.

But, as the evening passes, and the logs burn one
by one,

You little fiery goblins disappear as you have
come.

The logs have turned to ashes deep,
The little goblins gone to sleep,
And so we do the same and leave you there.

K. GARDAM (Class C3), Franklin.

FIRES

Now every day we hear them say,
"The women show the men the way;
They do the things that men can do
And do them better, quicker too."
Now if these words they say be true
I have some questions to ask you.
The girls, why sit they near the fire,
And if's not lit why vent their ire
Upon the lesser sex than they,
Who sit and shiver every day?
If women show the men the way,
Why don't the boys arise and say
The girls no more should vent their ire
But rather they should light the fire.

E. DWYER (Class A), Sorell.

THE FORSAKEN GARDEN

How sad the forsaken garden,
Where the tall flowers pale and pine,
Where the grey stone walls, the warden,
Guard the silver of pale moonshine.
From the silver-dropping blossoms,
As they fall and die,
Comes always the plaintive cry,
"Gather—O gather us!"

The wistaria in purple mourning,
Trails o'er the wall in drooping despair,
The waving yew-tree whispers a warning,
"Venture stranger here if you dare!"
From the wavering shadows,
As they ceaselessly quest,
Comes over the cry without rest,
"Whither—ah, whither?"

A little lost wind grieves,
"O, will they never return, ah me!"
As it rustles through drifts of leaves
That whisper, whisper the same threnody.
From the grey, brooding house,
With melancholy thrill,
Comes the mournful answer still,
"Never—O never!"

FRANCES ROSE (Class A), Sorell.

SUNRISE

Slow o'er the deepest, smoky peak
Sweeps the majestic sun,
While everywhere about the land
His conquering legions seek
Black, brooding Night
In every vale that sleeps
'Neath misty wraiths of finest lawn.

His help, the morning breeze,
Wafts back each shimmering veil
To show all those who care to see,
Shy Beauty, in many a guise—
The trembling leaves, the twinkling dew,
The homely cottages' mellow hue—
Shy Beauty, balm of tired eyes, bears their
gaze
Till startled, she runs with tinkling trill
Down the slope in the sparkling rill.

BERNARD MITCHELL (Class A), Sorell.

FIDO

He isn't very handsome,
He's neither big nor small;
I don't think he's a Collie—
He's just a dog—that's all!

Maybe he is a Bulldog—
(He bit the baker twice),
Or else perhaps a Chow Dog—
(He just adores boiled rice).

I think he's rather vain at times;
He's not what I call meek;
He's probably a cross between
A Borzoi and a Peke!

B. BRADMORE (Class B), Wilmot.

WAR

Adown the hill the poplars grow
In steps and stairs;
Between their crimson blood-tipped spears
The sunset flares.
I hear the slow dropping of blood from soiled
trees,
And then—the beat
Of marching feet.
I see the sun on row on row of glittering spears
Of trampling, gaily bedecked and gallant com-
panies;
I see the flame of honour burning throughout the
years.
I see a torn and bloody field, gashed with shell,
And a great tide
Of blood grow wide,
That will creep, and creep, and multiply, and
spread
O'er white and terror-stricken faces, shrieking
in hell,
For all the glory and the chivalry is fled.

F. ROSE (Class A), Sorell.

THE SEA

Oh, I went down to the windy sea
In the cold, clear light of dawn,
And the whispering sea lapped silently
On the shore, in the early morn.
A stirring breeze in the grasses crept,
And ruffled the waters while everyone slept,
And it drove my cares away.

Oh, I went down to the stormy sea,
While the storm clouds tossed and grew,
And the pitiless sea shrieked loud at me,
And the sea-gulls cried as they onward flew,
And a howling wind in the ti-tree crashed,
And now on the angry waters lashed,
And it drove my cares away.

MARK BRADBURY (Class C2), Sorell.

AUTUMN

A light wind stirred the branches of the autumn-
tinted trees,
And soon the leaves were rustling in whispering
companies,
Whirling and twirling and dancing in the breeze,
Down they came in thousands, as high up as my
knees;
While the branches all swayed gently, like ships
upon the seas,
Or rocked with silent laughter as though the
sight did please.

BONNIE HOUSTEIN (Class C3), Wilmot.

CAPRICE

The wind one day met a blushing maid;
To her his court he paid,
But she with a whirl and toss was gone
Where the eagle flies alone.
The spurn'd wind pursued her close,
While she all trembling fled—
She was the petal of a rose,
A petal, rosy red!

THIRZA WOODHOUSE, Sorell.

A SCHOOLGIRL'S COMPLAINT

To write for the "Mag." is all very well
When there's something to write about,
Or it isn't so bad if we're given some time
To think a few new subjects out.
But there's one thing I really think ought to be
stopped,
I declare it is downright unfair
To tell us our homework for English will be
Some work for the "Mag." to prepare.
"Do something that's good, that you think will
go in!"
It fell like a knell on our ears.
Homework's one hour: it's a shame and a sin,
We nearly dissolve into tears.
And it isn't as though this thing's at all new,
It's a regular game of the Fates,
In the shape of our teachers, to force us to do
This work that everyone hates.

D. COOPER (Class A), Wilmot.

QUESTION AND ANSWER
COLUMN

Dear boys and girls, I was disappointed with the
number of letters I received, but what they
lacked in quantity they certainly made up in
quality. I will reprint a few of the choicest. The
following elegant epistle was the first I received,
so it will have pride of place.

Deer Sur,

Cood you plees tel me wat diries ar four?

Yours respicfully,

U. RALIAR, Class E.

Dear U. Ralia,

Before you write next I think you should take
lessens in spelling. At present it's orful. How-
ever, I suppose you mean diaries. The scheme
was introduced by the Lang Government in 1862,
when the idea was that every student should
receive wages, as is certainly only right and
proper, as I think you will agree. The diaries
were to act as a kind of wage-sheet and each
pupil was to be paid for the number of hours he
or she worked. When the aforementioned Go-
vernment went out of power the scheme lapsed,
but the diaries are still retained, in the firm
belief that, when Mr. Lang becomes dictator,
everyone will receive all his back pay. Austr-
lia will probably go broke if Mr. Lang pays us
what we are worth; but still, what is a dictator
for if it's not to get his country out of a mess?

Editor.

A puzzling letter I received from an A Class
boy read as follows:

Why did the chicken cross the road?

WORRIED.

Your communication caused much stirring up
of the jolly old grey matter, Worried, but after
several months of serious thinking I have arrived
at a decision. Here it is. If we did not other-
wise know that the hen crossed the road to
reach the other side we might have inferred it
from the fact that the road has two sides, and
if the hen left one of them in order to cross
the road she must finally reach the other side.
It sounds a bit involved, I know, but if you
can't understand it, look up Bradley.—Ed.

T. HAGUE (Class A), Arthur.

BONFIRE AT NIGHT

There's a crackle of the burning pine cones,
Bright sparks flying here and there;
Shadows, with their mystic flickering,
Give the scene a beauty rare.
Happy faces, bathed in flamelight,
Look so joyful, free from care;
Smoky columns drifting slowly
Through the sweet night-perfumed air.
In the morning, acrid ashes
Show that beauty once reigned there;
Breezes stir the smoky cinders,
Scatt'ring grey dust everywhere;
All the glamour has departed,
Leaving earth both bleak and bare.

M. TATLOW (Class A), Arthur.

MY FOUNTAIN PEN

My fountain pen is not like an ordinary foun-
tain pen. What I mean is that my fountain pen
has character. Some people do not realise this,
and when it refuses to write they gather round
in a circle and snigger. Then they say, "Made in
Japan," or "Tuppence-a-penny at Coles." And
snigger again. Such people do not realise that,
in order to make my pen write, a great deal of
tact and gentle persuasion is necessary, for my
pen dislikes to be hurried. First of all I raise
and lower the lever very carefully. Then I
polish the nib. Then I scribble for some time on
a scrap of paper. If my pen is not writing by
then I start all over again.

Some people may consider this procedure
annoying. I must confess that I occasionally
find it rather annoying myself, especially when
I am in a desperate hurry (e.g., teacher dashes
into room, "Books-closed-take-out-some-paper-
write-this-down.")

My fountain pen has another little character-
istic worthy of note. It dislikes monotony. You
will notice this if you examine my writing.
Sometimes the ink fades gradually away till it
is almost invisible. Then my fountain pen takes
heart again; the ink flows freer and freer un-
til the sentence ends in a succession of inky pools.

Of course, I repeat, it is all a matter of tem-
perament, and usually my fountain pen and I
understand one another.

B. BRADMORE (Class B), Wilmot.

RAIN

Pitter-patter, pitter-patter,
Sings the merry rain,
As it beats against the pavement,
And against the window pane;
Washing out the gutters,
Cleaning out the drain,
Oh! what a lot of work there is
For the ever welcome rain.
Pitter-patter, pitter-patter,
Sings the merry rain,
As it waters the gardens,
And fills the streams again;
The grass now looks greener,
For his work is not in vain;
And the birds all sing a chorus
For the ever welcome rain.

MARJORIE STRINGER (Class C1), Wilmot.

ON GROWING A BEARD

I was asked a question. I said "Not guilty."
The jury thought differently. The Judge said,
"Five years." And here I am at Dartmoor with
another four and a half years to go before a
jury will have the slightest chance of convict-
ing me again. Like to know how it happened?
Well, it was all because of a beard——, but I
had better start from the beginning.

My real name is Eustace, but my intimates
call me "Kunning Ken" because, though I says
it as shouldn't, I am, or was, one of the slickest
jewel thieves in the world. Contrary to the
usual custom in such matters, I had no fair
accomplice, no accomplice at all in fact, and this,
as you will afterwards see, was the ultimate
cause of my downfall. It was about a year ago
that I tackled my biggest job, the stealing of the
famous Takemoff Pearls. To cut a long story
short, I successfully took 'em off the fair owner's
neck at a dance and, hurriedly remembering an
appointment elsewhere, was many miles away
before the police arrived on the scene. The only
fly in the ointment was that the C.I.D. knew
that the only person who could possibly have
perpetrated such a daring robbery was "Kun-
ning Ken," and so were quickly on my trail.

For two weeks they hounded me from Eng-
land to France, through Belgium, Germany and
Austria, until I finally arrived at an obscure
hotel in Moscow. It was there that I hit on the
extremely bright and original idea of disguising
myself. But how to do it? I thought of a
black mask, pierrot's costume, Elizabethan
gentleman; but no, the police were far too clever;
they would be able to recognise me in any such
disguise.

It was while I was disconsolately strolling
down the main street, keeping a wary eye open
for a uniform in the meantime, that some writ-
ing in a shop window attracted my attention.
Having a working knowledge of most European
and Asiatic languages, I was able to understand
it. As I read my heart gave a great bound, and
I was filled with renewed hope and courage.
"Wood's Great Lifebuoy-Persil Hair Restorer."
The very thing! Rushing into the shop I hastily
purchased an extra large bottle and bore it in
triumph back to my hotel. At least it gave me
a chance, and I was willing to try anything once.
Without delay I would grow a beard. A beau-
tiful, long, thick beard with the aid of which I
would be able to outwit the cleverest detective
ever born. The directions on the bottle said to
shake well and apply after meals as much as
would go on a threepenny bit. I might mention
that it was in the form of a powder, to be mixed
with water when required. I did not have a
threepenny bit; so I used as much as would cover
three pennies. I was to find before long that it
was a truly astounding mixture.

However, to continue, I went to bed that night
feeling very elated, a feeling which was in-
creased by a strange sensation around my chin.
That was the last thing I knew until I woke up
to see what looked like a cross between a briar
hedge and barbed wire entanglements on my
face. I could neither eat nor speak, and after
what I judged to be quite two weeks, I must

have fainted from lack of food. The police told me afterwards what had happened. The management of the hotel had first become suspicious when they saw a carpet of hair slowly but surely pushing its way under the door. Yes, it was quite true, that hair must have grown at the rate of about a foot per minute. First of all it grew straight down the bed, striking the opposite wall, turned sharply back and turning round and round the bed enclosed me like a grub in a cocoon. It must have filled the room and then, seeking new fields to conquer, had given me away by appearing under the door. It must have been pretty thick, too, because the police had to use scythes to cut a path to me.

If I had had an accomplice he could have cut me free and, making a rope out of the surplus hair, we could have escaped through the window. However, it's no use crying over spilt milk. When I have served my stretch, I am going to turn honest and live on the money I obtain by suing the company who made the stuff. There must have been something wrong with the directions they gave me, although I could never discover what it was.

TERRY HAGUE (Class A), Arthur.

MAKING TOAST FOR TEA

Making toast for tea,
On a Sunday night;
Sitting before a fire,
Cheerily, cosily, bright.

Making toast for tea,
Making it crisp and brown:
Then you receive a smile,
But when it's burnt, a frown.

Making toast for tea,
Requires concentration,
'Cos if it burns, you see,
There'll be administration.

NORA SULLIVAN (Class B), Sorell.

FROST

Jack Frost was up betimes this morn,
For he has whitened all the lawn
And scrambled o'er the garden wall,
And clambered up the trees so tall,
And even on the window pane
In pattern bold has writ his name.
With his cold fingers has he mapped
His share in Winter's realm, still wrapped
In silence; for he his seal has set
That she will remember, not forget.

THIRZA WOODHOUSE, Sorell.

TO A PIRATE

Uncouth rascal with sharp, drawn blade,
Greedy guarding your sinful hoard;
Diamonds, emeralds, gold and jade,
Each gem was won by a stroke from that blade;
As you murdered and tortured both man and maid;
In spite of their prayers you used your sword;
Uncouth rascal with sharp, drawn blade,
Greedy guarding your sinful hoard.

M. TATLOW (Class A), Arthur.

THE LURE OF THE LITTLE BALL

Golf is a disease which cannot be lightly thrown off, as the famous Mr. P. G. Wodehouse and certain of our teachers have found. One may have his healthy moments, but, sooner or later, he becomes a sick man again.

One day we decided to try the game for our selves, so that we might see where its fascination lies. So the better part of an hour was spent digging clods of earth out of the lawn to see which clubs were the most suitable. Then out of the limbo of forgotten oddments we rummaged a couple of re-paint "dead" golf balls, a score-card, pencil and golf-tee, and set out in the first flush of pride of the initiate who does not have to worry about such things as handicaps and "bogey."

The first sight that met our eyes on the golf links was a gaudy white box with ominous black characters painted on it—"1st hole, 294 yards, bogey 4." And in the distance we saw dimly a tiny speck of red—the first green! Abandon all hope ye who enter here! The first stroke is played in front of the Club House, a sacred place, where devotees of the little ball gather with bated breath to talk of mighty drives. We seriously thought of postponing the famous event.

We all hung back. Toss a coin to see who should have the first shot? We did not have even the widow's mite between the lot of us. So one of us who boasted great experience of the game—she had gone the rounds of the golf course the day before, looking for golf balls—agreed to lead off. The tee was produced and pushed gingerly into the smooth green turf; a bright blue thing it was with a long trailer of green ribbon—its proud colours are not designed to brighten the spirits but to enable the tee to be seen when once it has been uprooted from the earth and sent soaring into the blue.

The would-be golfer with great deliberation raised the club, with great deliberation let it sink, and then, when this sacred rite had been repeated with due ceremony, smote at the little ball, and mighty was the impact thereof. We shaded our eyes to look at the distant green, but, disappointed, we limited our eye-range, and there a few feet away was the ball. At least she had knocked out the tee-pin, a thing which all good golfers should do. In fact it, and a great clod of turf, had gone farther than the ball. Perspiring and carefully avoiding the glances of the spectators, the unfortunate golfer rushed desperately up to the ill-fated turf and smuggled it back to its rightful home, for was not one of the commandments of the place "Replace Divots"?

Then the scrub to the right was roughly disturbed from its sleep by the sounds of clubs thrashing at obstinate balls. Finally limp, hot and tired, we knocked the last little ball into the last hole with a fervent feeling of joy. We began the task of counting up the number of strokes; someone had mislaid the score-card, with uncanny foresight, and we knew the "peace that passeth all understanding." So ended our first attempts at golf; we spent the rest of the afternoon cooling off in the sea.

NANCY REES (Class A), Wilmot.

JUNIOR SECTION

A FIRE

Leaping, curling, writhing, glaring,
See how the crowd is staring—staring!
Watching the glory of a house on fire:
And the myriads of sparks flying higher, higher.

Claug! Clang! comes the engine down the street,
Helmets and uniforms and noise of many feet.
Stand away! Let us through quickly, please!
And the water's flowing freely from the hoses
that they seize.

See how the flames are dying—dying.
Listen to the wind that is whispering and sighing.

Nothing is left now, nothing at all,
Only the fragments of a broken, blackened wall.

M. MESTON (Class E2), Arthur.

CAUGHT!

Great trees stood sombre sentinels round the old house, which stood in spacious grounds. From a large window a flood of light cast a pattern upon the wide and well-kept lawn. This was the house of a rich man, surely; what else could it be?

Someone walked to the window; the small man in black darted into the shadows and watched. "It's her," he breathed. Then a few moments later, "Beaten!" he hissed. At last the blind was drawn, and the little man stole forth and crept towards the house. Opening an unlatched window, he slipped through. A dog howled; the little man jumped and began to shiver, but bravely he crept on through the house. There it was at last!—that room with the slight glint of light shining from under the door. Noiselessly the little man crept past that ominous door and into the adjoining room. Creak! He had trodden on a loose floor board! Had it been heard?

A door had opened, and there was a sound of heavy footfalls. The light clicked on. There on the threshold stood the large figure of the little man's wife. "Caught!" she said as she gazed at the hen-pecked one. "So you didn't expect me back, did you? Been to a fancy dress ball, have you?"

What followed is another story which is not pleasant enough to relate.

CHARLES ROSE (Class E4), Sorell.

THE MARKET

"Who'll buy my wares?
I have tables and chairs,
Silks from far China, toys from Japan:
To please your young mistress, a rare ivory fan.

Stop here for apples; children, don't lag!
Apples make health, only sixpence a bag;
Fresh primroses gay, picked in the dew;
Lilac and nosegays, specially for you."

JUDITH HAGUE (Class E2), Arthur.

MOON TREE VALLEY

Way down in Moon Tree Valley,
Every night in the month of June,
The fairies dance—'tis a sight to see,
While Puck the Elf, plays a fairy tune
For them upon his fiddle.

They dance in the moonlight hour by hour,
They heed not, flitting here and there;
A human in sight, each is changed to a flower,
And all that the moon made bright and fair,
Is now dull and deserted.

JOYCE SCOTT (Class E1), Franklin.

GOING HOME

Rush from school, have my tea,
Pack my clothes up carefully (?)

Catch the tram to the station,
Lose my ticket—botheration!

Found at last 'mong the cats,
All aboard! Take our seats.

Clatter, clatter, tongues do chatter,
Till at last I reach Parattah.

In Crick's bus I sit quite still;
He's the "crick" that runs up hill.

Home at last, the family joke,
For I've come home stoney broke.

BETTY MEERS (Class E1), Wilmot.

A QUIET DAY IN THE COUNTRY

A young man, with a proposal of marriage in view, set off for a quiet day in the country to rehearse his part. He took up his position under a tree near a farm, and began rehearsing:—

"As I have now enough money to establish—"
"Corks!" supplemented a hen.

"And I am now frequently at the—"
"Bar," put in a lamb.

"You will have observed that I am, by now, a quiet, respectable—"
"Bullfrog" (from Mrs. Frog).

"But as from careful training I have learned with much difficulty to—"
"Coo," whispered baby dove, and was rewarded with a glare of utmost hatred.

"I feel I have the privilege to—"
"Grunt," said Master Pig, who, passing at that moment, felt that it was replenishing time, and came lumbering towards the unfortunate lover,

who, thinking he had been mistaken for a dainty morsel, found refuge up a tree; but seeing that the pig had found something to satisfy him, decided to continue, and ignore the rude interruptions.

"I am, at this moment, at the climax, the very heart, in fact the very—"

"Caw," cried Grandpa Crow. (If looks could kill, the poor fellow would be dead.)

"My dear, do you not know that I shine at everything? Why, even at cricket I made a—"

"Quack," insisted the whole duck family. In great indignation, the wronged suitor hurried away from that never-to-be-forgotten-or-forgiven spot, only to find that he had missed his train by a couple of minutes.

NANCY COE (Class E2), Wilmot.

THE APPLE WOMAN

By the corner of the street
An old, old woman stands.
Her face is brown and wrinkled,
And so, too, are her hands.

Beside her on a little bench
The mellow apples lie,
Golden, russet, glowing red,
Like bits of autumn sky.

The evening falls and lamps are lit,
She stands there all alone.
A lonely figure by her stall,
Now the day has gone.

M. MESTON (Class E2), Arthur.

SCIENCE

Oh! why is Mr. Blow
So very great a bore,
Concerning H_2O , and H_2SO_4 ;
With H and S and O,
How can he be content!
He does not seem to know
A good experiment.

Now I will take some O,
And mix it in a jar,
With gin and indigo,
And turpentine and tar.
And light a match to show
What "science" ought to be.
I only hope that Mr. Blow
Will still remain to see!

R. MAINWARING (Class D2), Wilmot.

A VISION

Upon the grassy bank I lie,
Gazing upward to the sky,
Among the fleecy clouds I see
My future ship awaiting me.

On the glassy sea she sails,
Where wind ne'er howls nor ocean wails;
Now my ship is outward bound,
And many a sea she'll sail around.

One day she'll find her haven,
And a quiet home at last,
Where children will play on her deckings
And the sea-birds rest on her mast.

MARJORIE CROW (Class D1), Franklin.

SUSPENSE

She clasped her hands so nervously,
The room was quiet and hushed,
Her eyes shone with anxiety,
Her face was deeply flushed.

In wild suspense she paced the floor,
"I must learn the worst!" she cried.
So running swiftly to the door
She threw it open wide.

And then she shut it noiselessly.
In case the door should shake,
For it was the door of the oven,
She was cooking her first cake!

AUDREY HUME (Class E1), Arthur.

SPRING

Spring, with its sunshine, green fields and flowers,
Gives many a sad heart happy hours;
After the darkness of winter has gone,
Spring in her glory is here with a song.

With the rivers and streamlets all starry and
bright,
The happy birds chirrup in the cool spring night;
While away in the moonlight a curlew is singing,
With the jollity and gladness that Spring is
bringing.

The flowers that had drooped their heads from
the rain,
Have lifted them up from their beds again,
And sway at the will of a gentle breeze,
That is wafted o'er land and sparkling seas.

ELAINE PAGE (Class D1), Sorell.

THE FAIRIES

Down the hill by the river,
Over the lawn by the trees,
Out where the daisies quiver,
The fairies dance in the breeze.

They dance on the dainty bluebells,
They dance on the primrose white,
Then they flit away to their fairy-dells,
Until the bright moonlight.

EILEEN WILSON (Class E4), Arthur.

THE RIVER

As I drift along in my little boat,
Trees upon thy glassy surface
Seem to float.

Midst their shadows dark and deep,
Ah! what do I see,
A nymph asleep.

BARBARA WHITE (Class E1), Wilmot.

WAX BATHS

Chaps over fifteen stone may be interested to
know that Wax Baths are the latest thing for
making you slim. One patient, who weighed a
trifle over twenty stone, took a bath, and
stayed in it for an hour.

He might have lived happily ever after had he
not slipped down the pipe when they took the
plug out. If Wax Baths don't make you thin,
then the worry you have over paying the bill will
reduce you to a shadow.

Try one to-day!

B. TOLLAND (Class E4), Sorell.

OLD SCHOLARS' COLUMN.

GENERAL NOTES

SPECIAL GENERAL MEETING.

On March 10 a Special General Meeting was called to fill the vacancy in the office of President caused by the resignation of Mr. A. D. Foot. Mr. H. Barnard was elected to this office. Mr. C. McElwee resigned from the Secretaryship and was replaced by Mr. R. Rudd. Members spoke enthusiastically of the work rendered to the Association by the retiring officers, and a motion that there should be recorded a minute of appreciation was passed unanimously. Mr. A. King was appointed Social Secretary with a view to lightening the burden of the General Secretaryship.

FAREWELL TO MR. AND MRS. A. D. FOOT.

At the end of February Mr. A. D. Foot severed his connection with the firm of A. W. Birchall and Sons and accepted a position with Oldham, Beddome & Meredith Pty. Ltd., of Hobart. Mr. and Mrs. Foot were the guests of the Patron (Mr. A. L. Meston), Mrs. Meston, and Members of the Committee, at a farewell supper at the Ka Pai. After being introduced by Mr. R. Rudd, Mr. Meston referred in glowing terms to the fine work done by Mr. Foot and the kind co-operation of Mrs. Foot in Association activities. As a token of the Committee's appreciation he asked Mr. and Mrs. Foot to accept an ebonite and silver inkstand. Mr. P. Phillips seconded Mr. Meston's remarks. On behalf of the Tennis Club, Mr. Clyde Ikin, supported by Mr. Alf. King, thanked Mr. Foot for the generous assistance he had rendered the Club, and on its behalf presented him with a clock of oxidised steel. In reply, Mr. Foot thanked the Committee and Tennis Club, and wished them every success. Mr. Foot has served the Association for many years as a generous donor and as an active and interested holder of various offices, particularly those of President and Vice-President. His loss will be very considerably felt.

MEMBERSHIP.

At the present time the number of Financial Members is considerably below that of last year, and it is hoped that Old Scholars will give the Association their support in a practical manner by joining up immediately. The subscriptions are extremely low, and should not deter anyone from taking an active interest in the Association.

DANCES.

During the past summer, the Committee decided to revive the summer dances held a few years ago, and accordingly ran a series of dances at the School during February, March and April. Although these functions resulted in a small profit, the attendance was by no means satisfactory, and we hope to see an improvement during the winter months.

It was decided to try the winter dances at the Ka-Pai instead of at the School. Up to date only one has been held, and although quite a social success, resulted in a loss. However, we

intend to continue these functions, feeling confident that Old Scholars and their friends will help to make these dances the best yet held.

SOCIALS.

As was mentioned in the last issue, these functions were discontinued only after several unsuccessful attempts, the attendances being very poor. However, the Association is willing to revive social evenings if sufficient interest is shown.

PERSONAL NOTES

Old Scholars will be sorry to hear that Mrs. A. Jacobs (Effie Le Fèvre) recently lost her husband after a long period of ill-health. Effie is now teaching at Blackwood Creek.

News comes from British Columbia that a son (Michael) has been born to Mr. and Mrs. Neil Campbell Mackenzie. Mrs. Mackenzie was formerly Miss Beatrice Wilcox, a well-known member of the Staff.

Deris Press was recently married at Derby to Mr. J. B. Crump.

Engagements have been announced between:—

Beth Townsend and Mr. W. Goodyer.

Amelia Balmforth and Mr. J. Flounders.

Lilian Plummer and Mr. C. Bickford.

Randolph Waldron and Miss Mary Greenwood.

Mollie Towns and Mr. F. Chilcott.

We extend our best wishes to them all.

Dave Barclay, Rhodes Scholar for 1935, has been spending a vacation in Greenland with a surveying party.

The following Old Scholars received degrees of the University of Tasmania at this year's Commemoration:—

B.A.: Horace Crawford, Marjorie Ratcliff, Len. Stubbs, Jean Tregloggen.

B.Sc.: Maurice Adamthwaite, Richard Gandy.

B.E.: Cecil Bird.

M.A.: Mr. W. L. Grace, B.A., Dip. Ed. (Lond.).

CHURINGA FOOTBALL CLUB

The Third Annual Meeting of the Churinga Football Club was held at the School, on Thursday, March 19, 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. C. Munro, T. G. Johnston (both re-elected), R. C. Hays, G. Franklin; Hon. Secretary, Mr. J. I. Murfett; Hon. Treasurer, Mr. N. F. Forsyth; Committee, Messrs. J. Bennell, C. W. Lee, H. T. Matthews, A. D. Gay (all re-elected), A. V. Gough, R. G. Whelan. Owing to business reasons Mr. A. D. Gay found it necessary to relinquish his place on the Committee. At a later meeting the following were elected to fill vacancies on the Committee: Messrs. L. M. Brown, L. L. Tucker, and E. Best.

This year the Club is very fortunate in having such a large number of members, and under the leadership of H. T. Matthews (Captain), J. I. Murfett (Vice-Captain), and E. Best (Coach), the team is once again a very strong combination, and has won five out of seven matches played this season, and is, at present, at the head of the Premiership list. Excellent club spirit is shown by all Members, and this, coupled with the enthusiasm shown by them during the early part of the season, augurs well for the team's success.

The following are the members of the team:—H. T. Matthews (Captain), J. I. Murfett (Vice-Captain), G. G. Salier, A. V. Gough, L. Matthews, G. G. Tucker, L. L. Tucker, R. Tucker, N. L. Shegog, L. Watts, R. C. Forsyth, N. T. Forsyth, P. Staples, J. Warren, K. Lawrence, H. C. Murray, L. Murray, N. McDonald, G. Williams, R. Johnston, R. Brown, R. G. Whelan, F. H. Atherton, A. Edmunds, M. Lowe, H. A. Eastburn, J. Curtis, V. Miller, E. J. Wicks, R. Wilkinson, L. Blair, E. Evans, A. Tanner, E. Best, G. Best, L. Davis, M. Davis, S. S. Stevenson, and N. Stone. To Messrs. L. M. Brown, H. C. Murray, and R. C. Hays, who were all recently married, we extend our congratulations.

On Saturday, June 20, the team travelled to Hobart. At night the members of the team were guests of the Old Hobartians' Association at a dance held at the Continental. On the Monday a match was played between Churinga and the Old Hobartians, which resulted in a win for Churinga. We would like to express our appreciation of the hospitality extended by the Old Hobartians during our stay in Hobart.

CHURINGA HOCKEY CLUB

There were many changes in the Churinga teams, especially in Churinga Blue, owing to the moving of teachers. Fortunately there was a larger number of new members this year than in any other previous year. Churinga Blue and Gold are at full strength, and there are nearly enough extra players to form a third team. Combined, which includes eight Old Scholars.

The season has been very successful for the Churinga Blue and Churinga Gold teams. Churinga Blue has won all its matches, and Gold has lost only those played against Blue. Most members of these two teams are playing very good hockey; special mention must be made of the excellent play of P. Honey and L. Simmonds, both of whom left School only last year.

Combined Team, which was not formed until late in the season and had had no opportunities for combined play, is now showing much improvement.

Seven members of Churinga, C. Charlesworth, M. Hodgman, F. Hamilton, L. Thompson, C. Barnard, E. Lohrey and K. Rose were chosen to play in the Northern Team during the Interstate Trials. Of these, C. Charlesworth, L. Thompson, E. Lohrey and M. Hodgman were chosen to play in the Tasmanian Interstate Team. The other members of their Club offer heartiest congratulations.

CHURINGA TENNIS CLUB

Since the last issue of the Magazine, the Tennis Club has been considerably weakened both financially and in playing strength by the loss of several members. In spite of this, the remaining members have had quite an enjoyable and a fairly successful season.

A team was entered for the City and Suburban Summer Pennants, and was successful in winning its half of the C grade section, but was narrowly defeated by the Legana Club in the play-off. Some very close contests were witnessed, and members obtained much useful match practice. We take the opportunity of congratulating the Legana Club on its success.

The C. and S. Association also held a Singles Championship, in which Club members participated.

Another of the enjoyable week-end trips to Hobart which have proved so popular in the past was made during the long week-end occasioned by the King's birthday. Once again the South-erners were victorious, the match being incom-pleted at 16 sets to 6. There were some very even and well-contested matches, particularly in the singles and the men's doubles.

On the Saturday evening the team was entertained at a most enjoyable dance at the Continental. Our thanks are due to the O.H.A. for their generous hospitality.

In addition to the Pennants, several country matches have been played, including one against a team from Deloraine, whom we entertained early in the season.

It is to be regretted that the membership of the Club is so small, as with two of the best asphalt courts in the city at our disposal, it should be possible to have quite a strong club. It is hoped that more of the present Scholars will join up on leaving school, and so help to make the Club one of the best in Launceston. All those wishing to join up are asked to communicate with the Secretary, whose address appears on the O.S.A. Directory in this issue.

SUBSCRIPTIONS

Subscriptions are payable as follows:—
6/- for a Married Couple, if both are Old Scholars.
4/- for Old Scholars over 21 years of age.
3/- for Old Scholars under 21.
2/- for "First Year" Old Scholars.

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