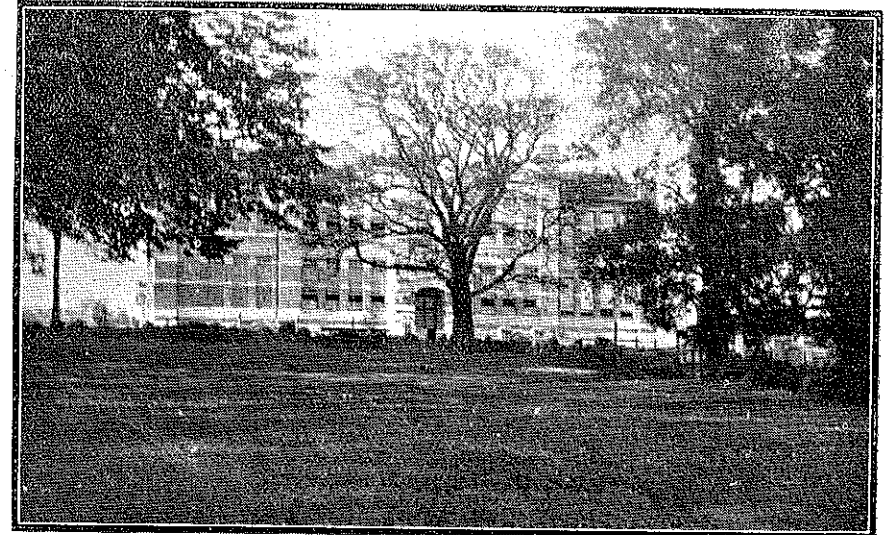


The Northern Churinga



EDITORIAL

"This strange disease of modern life,
With its sick hurry, its divided aims."

So runs a poet's description of the life of to-day.

We are living in an age of speed and mechanism. Speed is taken so much for granted that people have become indifferent to aeroplanes roaring overhead at two hundred miles an hour, and the news that new speed records have been established is no longer received with the acclamation of former days. Not only in transport is the influence of speed felt. The streams of workers issuing from factories testify to modern methods of mass production. The town worker is no longer a craftsman but a mere feeder of machinery.

For the majority of people these modern conditions have brought more material comfort. But thought is tending to become superficial. This is reflected in modern music, in the cinema, and in the enormous quantities of inferior fiction that pour from the presses. There is no thought in most modern popular music, where everything—expression, even melody—is sacrificed to the

great god Rhythm. To-day's song "hit" is not even to-morrow's memory, for to-morrow it will be dead as far as the world is concerned, and its place taken by another. There is nothing in the modern song "hit" worthy of remembrance. It is an empty thing and popular for the moment because of its very emptiness.

The same applies to literature. Books by such writers as Galsworthy, Chesterton, Bennett and Wells find a small following among the jazz and cinema enthusiasts.

Only a few people have the power to think deeply. Far too many do not bother to investigate causes, but think only of results. Such people generally let others think for them, and are content to quote the contents of the daily newspapers as established facts. They do not pause to consider the power behind the press.

Education should mean more to us than the mere accumulation of facts. The object of education is to teach us to think. If we do not realise this and apply reason to our knowledge, the opportunities that our education offers us will be wasted.



Prefects, 1936.



"A" Class, 1936.

PREFECTS' NOTES

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

During the year Nora Sullivan and Kathleen Kerrison were appointed as additional Prefects from Class B.

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

GARDEN NOTES

The show of Iceland poppies, giant yellow pansies and English marigolds in our front lawn garden beds has attracted considerable attention. The marigolds in particular have been exceptionally good, being of large size and varied shades of colour. Recently blue nemesia has added variety to this show.

With the roses now in bloom the yellows and browns of the poppies and marigolds will give place very soon to the blues, pinks and mauves of petunias and phlox.

The boys' lawn, with its young trees and borders of rhododendrons, azaleas and heuchera has made that particular corner of the grounds very attractive. We are indebted to Mr. S. V. Tilley for the heuchera, and wish to thank him for his generous donation.

The shrubbery has received considerable attention, good growth having been made by the trees in that corner and by the hedges near it.

The purchase of five new hoses and spinners has relieved the gardeners of a good deal of arduous work in watering and of the necessity for patches and repairs.

REPAIR SQUAD NOTES

The Repair Squad began their operations a little later than usual this year. Having first had a taste of drill, Messrs. Walker, Goldworthy, Ogilvie, Cairns and Searson gratefully deserted the yard at recess time and retired into the School to keep it in order. They found, rather to their surprise, that they had leaped from the frying pan into the fire. However, they settled down to their new tasks with a will and did an excellent year's work. To keep them running smoothly, they have twice greased all the desks in the School, and have been continually at work tightening and mending where this was needed. In their spare time they devoted their attentions to such things as cupboards and windows, and were enthusiastic enough to spend their own time, in the lunch hour and after school, to keep anything in as good condition as it was at the beginning of the year. Guy Watkins and Jim Hollingsworth also have had a good deal to do in seeing that the blinds throughout the School were always in good order. For the willing and pains-taking work of these boys the thanks of the School is due. They have worked unobtrusively but well.

STAFF NOTES

On Friday, June 19, Miss F. M. Aplin, who had been on the staff for the past 18 months, exchange from England, left on return. On the preceding day the staff presented her with a pair of book-ends in Tasmanian blackwood adorned with the School device and motto. Miss M. K. Johnston took her place.

On Friday, August 27, opportunity was taken to say farewell to Miss Ruth Wing, Domestic Science Mistress, who has resigned to go into business in Melbourne. At morning tea the staff presented her with two pictures, an etching and a water-colour reprint. Miss F. E. Blackwell succeeded her as Domestic Science Mistress.

LIBRARY NOTES

Both the Circulating and Reference Libraries have been used consistently during the last six months. E and D Classes have been the most regular borrowers from the Circulating Library and have used the Reference Library as well. A, B and C Classes used the Reference Library more than the Circulating Library. The last period on Friday afternoons has been used to replace worn or missing number tabs in the Reference Library, and the Monitors thank Miss Rowe for her assistance in this work.

Among the new books added during the term were "The Fifth Continent," "Little Wheels," "Gilbert and Sullivan's Plays," "Ralph Rashleigh," "Anne of Windy Willows," and "The Story of Kingsley Fairbridge," besides numerous reference books on art subjects.

The Magazine Library has been well used. Thanks are due to "The Examiner" and "The Mercury" for supplying these papers.

CRUSADER NOTES

Under the guidance of the Rev. Mr. Hurse and the Rev. Mr. English, both of whom we sincerely thank, the Crusader Union has assembled for half an hour each Tuesday. Several special addresses were given at these meetings, two by Colonel Bjelke Peterson, and one by Mr. A. Parsons, a missionary from China. Although the attendance is good on such occasions, we regret to say that the number of regular supporters is very small, and we extend a hearty welcome to all interested to attend in Room 1 at 1 p.m. every Tuesday. We also wish to thank Misses Gleadow and Alcock for their continued interest and support.

JUNIOR RED CROSS NOTES

During the year, a 1d concert was held to raise money. We made enough money to send £1/10/- to the Mayor's Relief Fund. Later a social was held, and a profit of 11/- was made.

The membership has increased to 82 this year, of whom 52 are girls and 30 are boys.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

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

"The Sphinx" (Perth Modern School).
 "The Record" (University High School, Parkville).
 "The Union" (the Magazine of the Melbourne High School, Forrest Hill, South Yarra).
 Adelaide High School Magazine.
 "Pallas" (the Magazine of the MacRobertson Girls' High School).
 "The Longerenong Collegian" (the Agricultural College, Melbourne).
 "The Log" (Hobart High School).

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. A. Austin, B.Sc. (Science and Mathematics); G. M. F. Brown, B.A. (Mathematics); H. E. Thurstun, B.Com. (Commerce and Economics); J. Blyth, B.A. (Geography, Physiology and English); M. I. C. Rowe, B.A. (French, English and Geography); B. P. Andrews, B.A. (History and French); W. J. Badcock (English, History, Geography and Mathematics); H. P. Meggs (Art); M. K. Johnston (French); F. E. Blackwell (Cookery); A. L. Sample (Needlework); H. F. Deane (Clerk); Messrs. J. B. Mather, B.A. (Senior Master of Mathematics); C. B. Reeves, B.A., Dip. Ed. (Senior Master in Geography and Music); E. W. Coulson, B.Sc. (Science and Mathematics); E. T. A. Crawford, B.A. (English, History and Mathematics); C. C. Lawrence, B.Com. (Commerce and Economics); R. Edwards, B.A. (Latin and Geography); B. C. Brook, B.A. (English and History); H. A. Winter (Science and Mathematics); A. H. Nightingale (Science and Mathematics).

Senior Prefects: Elizabeth Coe, Eric Dwyer.

Prefects: Girls—Barbara Meston, Daphne Cooper, Audrey Marshall, Frances Jorgensen, Frances Rose, Nora Sullivan, Kathleen Kerrison. Boys—Terry Hague, Murray Tatlow, Laurie Murray, Frank Waters, Bernard Mitchell.

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

Sports Monitors: Frances Jorgensen, Bernard Mitchell.

Captain of Tennis (Girls): Barbara Meston; Coach, Mr. Alan Barnard.

Captain of Hockey: B. Meston; Coach, Miss J. Blyth.

Captain of Basket Ball: A. Wright; Coach, Miss H. Thurstun.

Captain of Tennis (Boys): Victor Fitze.

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.

Magazine Editor: Frances Rose.

Sub-Editor of Magazine: Beverley Bradmore.

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

Library Prefect: Murray Tatlow.
 Assistant Librarian: Helen Brown.
 Library Supervisors: Mr. R. Edwards, B.A.; Miss M. Rowe, B.A.

Senior Monitors:

Class A—Dorothy Stephens and Kenneth Cassidy.

Class B—Joan Cleaver and Kenneth Robinson.

Class C1—Pat Killalea.

Class C2—Fred. Stebbings.

Class C3—Geraldine Furness and Wendell Medhurst.

Class D1—Elsie Nichols.

Class D2—Roy Bates.

Class D3—Gwen McPhail.

Class D4—William Ramsay.

Class E1—Jessie Pentland.

Class E2—Judith Hague and Clive Rees.

Class E3—Betty Firth.

Class E4—June Williams and William Toland.

Athletic Champions: Elizabeth Coe (Franklin), Eric Dwyer (Sorell).

Field Games Champion: Eric Dwyer.

DUCES (Term 2)

	Average gained.
Class A—Barbara Meston	81%
B—Lance Sales	71.1%
C1—Edith Greaves	68.8%
C2—Geoff. Frankcombe	72.2%
C3—Allen Green	75.1%
D1—Joy Salter	83.6%
D2—Max Aylett	78.1%
D3—Malva Martin	79.5%
D4—Malcolm Wright	71.5%
E1—Audrey Hill	83.4%
E2—Mary Meston	90.4%
E3—Gladys Spencer	87.4%
E4—Eva Johnston	84.1%

AN APPEAL TO ALL SCHOLARS LEAVING SCHOOL THIS YEAR

Would it be possible for you to give us your support and join the Old Scholars' Association? Our Association is going to help you keep those friendships which you have already made at School and help you to keep in touch with your School.

We have various Clubs, such as Tennis, Football and Hockey, and, if we get the necessary support, we will soon start new ones.

For a small subscription of 2/- for first year Old Scholars you may become a financial member of the Association, and will receive copies of the School Magazine and notices of all functions.

We would also remind you of the social that we will be tendering you before the term finishes. We want you all to come along to this, and assure you that you will enjoy the evening very much.

We would ask you to get in touch with the Secretary, either c/o the High School, or the address in the directory.

JOY GEIGER.



Basket Ball Team, 1936.

BASKET BALL

This year the Basket Ball team effected an all round improvement. The team combined well during the season, and was outstanding in the Association as a good systematic team, making effective use of short, quick passes; the overhead work, however, was not good.

At the end of the first round played in the N.T.W.B.A., the School team occupied first position, but largely because of the break of the September holidays, and the consequent lack of practice we did not hold our position, but finished in the third place at the end of the season.

The wings, Nancy Rees and Alison Wright, are the two best in the Association, and were selected for the first Northern Association team, while Kath Kerrison and Elaine Page were chosen for the second N.A. team.

Although the team was not successful in Hobart, the match between the two Schools was very close, the final score being 32 goals to 21. Both teams displayed good team-work, making use of quick and accurate passing. Our best players were Elaine Page, Nancy Rees and Alison Wright.

This year's team was much superior to that of last year. Practices were well attended, and we take this opportunity of thanking Miss Thurstun for her valuable coaching. The first team was as follows:—

Alison Wright.—Shows excellent powers of leadership as Captain. A very quick and clever attack wing. Good mark.

Nancy Rees.—Vice-Captain. A splendid defence wing, always where she is wanted. A good mark.

Elaine Page.—Combines well with the wings. Good centre. Very quick on the bounce.

Kath Kerrison.—Accurate goal-thrower. Needs to be quicker on her feet.

Dorothy Mitchell.—Goal-thrower. Valuable, steady player.

Audrey Marshall.—Slow on her feet. Needs to be more energetic. On the whole a steady, reliable member of the team.

Geraldine Furness.—Needs to stick to her opponent more.

Joan Forsyth.—Emergency. Keen, steady defence player.

The Seconds, captained by Betty Branagan, improved towards the end of the season. They played in the roster, but were successful only against Churinga.

There are several promising players in the Seconds who will be able to fill the vacancies in the Firsts next year.

HOCKEY

At the beginning of the season there were many vacancies in the team, and while players were being tried for the positions, the team had little opportunity for combined play. At the end of the season the team was playing fast, open, good hockey. Had the season lasted longer, the team would have had more opportunities to show its true form. The matches played were all against strong teams in the "A" Grade Roster, and, although not many matches were won, every opposing team had to play its best to win.

In the match against Hobart High School, the team played very well, and scored four goals in the first half, when Hobart scored two. In the second half Hobart team scored three goals, but our team failed to score. The long journey to Hobart seemed to have tired the girls, who had never tired in other matches. Joan Scott scored three excellent goals, and B. Murray one.

All girls played well and consistently throughout the season.

SECONDS TEAM.

The Seconds played matches against M.L.C. on Saturday mornings or afternoons. During the season they made very good progress, and some players should be ready to take places in the Firsts next year.

FOOTBALL

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

On Friday, July 31, we met Hobart on the T.C.A. ground. Hobart defeated our team by nine points. Final scores were:

Hobart, 15 goals 8 behinds.

Launceston, 13 goals 11 behinds.

The teams were evenly matched, and the game was won in the last few moments, for our team led to within ten minutes of the final bell. Early in the game three very easy shots for goals by members of our team resulted only in points, and these missed chances cost us the match. Hobart showed superior dash, and, while our players stood waiting for the ball, Hobart boys were moving forward to intercept it. The game was fast and the pace told on both teams; but Hobart had that extra reserve which enabled them to make a final effort and our boys could not hold them.

Dwyer and Hurburgh, the two captains, were by far the most outstanding players on the ground. Dwyer was well supported by Waters and Murray; of the others Bryant, Kerrison, Hague and Fitze were the best. For Hobart, Hurburgh was ably assisted by Pearsall, Cleary, Flint, A. Browne, and N. Browne.

FOOTBALL TEAM

E. Dwyer (Captain).—Centre half back. Good leader. Sound judgment and knowledge of the game. Excellent high mark and long kick.

F. Waters (Vice-Captain).—Centre. Played with great determination. Fine mark and accurate pass.

L. Murray.—Half back and ruck. Played with dash and used his weight to advantage. Good mark and kick.

T. Hague.—Centre half forward. Improved considerably on 1935 season. Good position player, but kicking sometimes inaccurate.

R. Beecroft.—Rover and half forward. Very good position player. Accurate pass.

V. Fitze.—Very useful ruck and back player. Kicking could improve.

G. Bryant.—Gave good service on back line and in ruck. Should concentrate on improving marking and kicking.

P. Kerrison.—Forward. Good mark and kick, but inclined to be erratic. Played very well against Hobart.

G. Atherton.—Half back. Plenty of dash, and good judgment. Improved considerably during season.

K. Robinson.—Forward. Played a few games during season. Rather slow, and kicking erratic.

S. Witt.—Back and ruck. Fine mark and good kick. Needs to throw himself into game more.

S. Hudson.—Half forward. Showed some improvement during the year. Could still improve position play and kicking.

T. Woods.—Ruck and back. Played consistently well during season. Fair mark and kick.

L. Cooper.—Full back. Gave good service in difficult position. Good kick and fair mark.

R. Green.—Rover. Played during latter part of season. Showed football ability, and should develop into good player.

G. Watkins.—Wing. Played very well throughout season. Showed good judgment. Marked and kicked well.

M. Elmer.—Forward. Played well when size considered. Should try to improve position play.

W. Tolland.—Wing. Disappointing player. Good mark and kick at practice. Fast. But play in matches showed lack of decision.

C. Rees.—Back. Played consistently throughout season. Should develop into good player.

KEY TO PHOTOGRAPHS

PAGE 2.

PREFECTS: Back Row—Laurie Murray, Audrey Marshall, Kathleen Kerrison, Frank Waters. Middle Row—Murray Tatlow, Alison Wright, Frances Rose, Norah Sullivan, Frances Jorgensen, Victor Fitze. Front Row—Daphne Cooper, Bernard Mitchell, Elizabeth Coe, Mr. A. L. Meston, M.A., Eric Dwyer, Barbara Meston, Terence Hague.

"A" CLASS: Back Row—Bernard Mitchell, Hedley Houstain, Frank Waters, Eric Dwyer, Laurie Murray, Terence Hague, Murray Tatlow. Middle Row—Daphne Cooper, Joan Scott, Wendy Vickers, Elizabeth Coe, Audrey Marshall, Nancy Davey, Nancy Rees, Frances Jorgensen. Front Row—Catharine Royal, Barbara Meston, Dorothy Stevens, Mr. J. B. Mather, B.A., Alison Wright, Frances Rose, Elizabeth Branagan.

PAGE 5.

BASKET BALL: Alison Wright, Elaine Page, Nancy Rees, Geraldine Furness, Audrey Marshall, Kathleen Kerrison, Dorothy Mitchell.

PAGE 7.

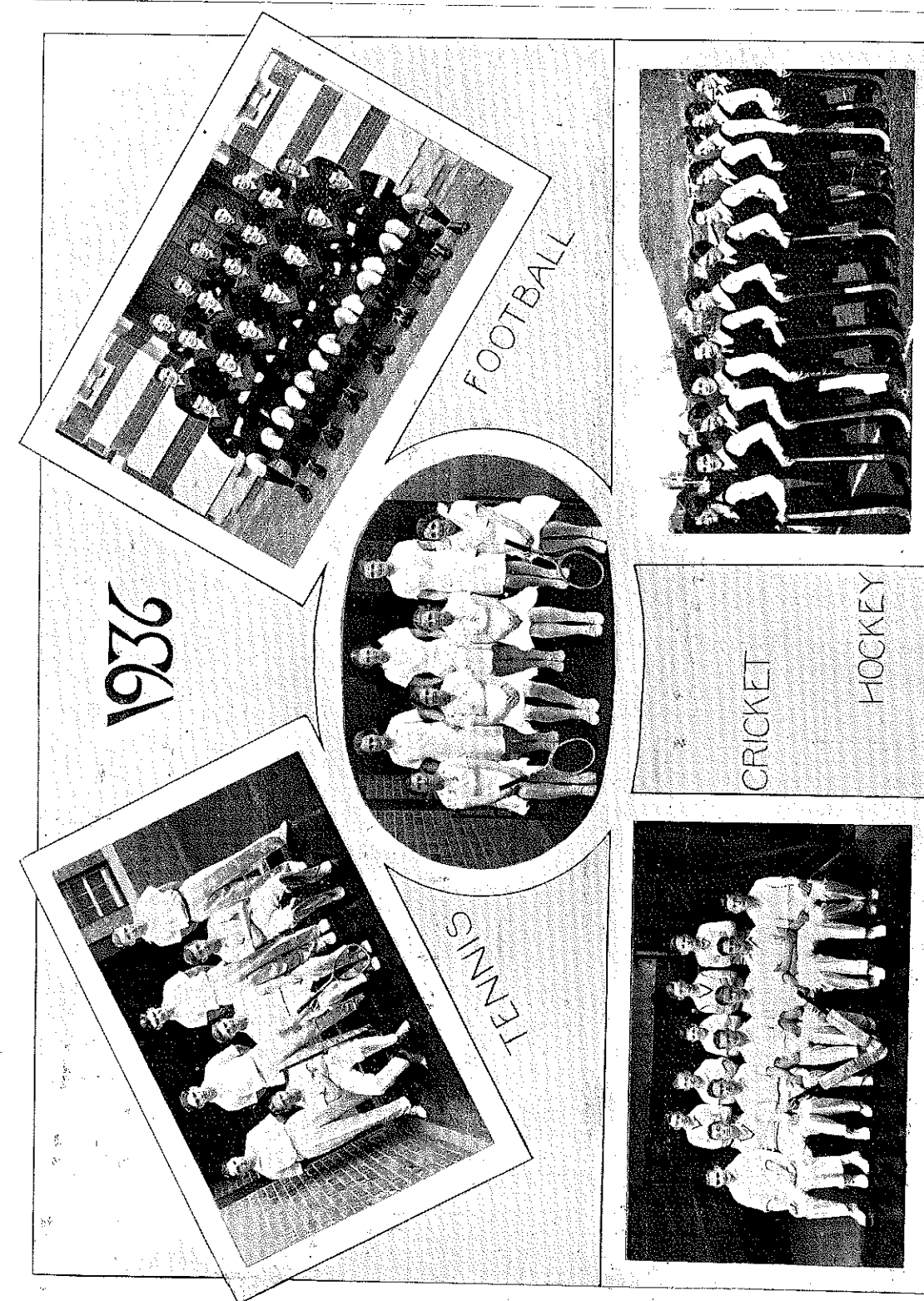
BOYS' TENNIS: Standing—Kenneth Cassidy, Felix McCallum, Murray Tatlow, Terence Hague. Sitting—Keith Scott, Victor Fitze, Robert Alexander.

FOOTBALL: Back Row—Roy Beecroft, Clive Rees, Kenneth Robinson, Ron. Green, Max Elmer. Middle Row—Terris Woods, Geoff. Atherton, Stuart Hudson, Louis Cooper, William Tolland, Guy Watkins, Percy Kerrison. Front Row—Geoff. Bryant, Laurie Murray, Frank Waters, Eric Dwyer, Terence Hague, Victor Fitze, Stanley Witt.

CRICKET: Back Row—William Schier, Roy Beecroft, Ralph Anstee, Darrel Rowell, Harold Ogilvie. Front Row—Terris Woods, Guy Watkins, Frank Waters, Eric Dwyer, Percy Kerrison, Louis Cooper, Geoff. Atherton.

GIRLS' TENNIS: Standing—Dorothy Stevens, Joan Scott, Frances Jorgensen. Sitting—Valerie Kent, Barbara Meston, Joan Kent, Mona Stebbings.

HOCKEY: Barbara Meston, Norah Sullivan, Geraldine Tabart, Joan Cleaver, Betty Murray, Valerie Wilkinson, Dorothy Stevens, Catharine Royal, Frances Jorgensen, Pat. Hudson, Joy Marshall, Joan Scott.



ORIGINAL COLUMN

Senior Section

Michael saw an angel in the night:

He said, "Have you come for me?
Please may I stay on this dear, glad earth?
There's so much of it to see,
And we are here such a brief, sweet space—
But for heaven there's eternity."

F. ROSE (Class A), Sorell.

ROSEMARY

The Romans called it "Dew of the Sea,"
My little bush of Rosemary.

It grows so trim and small and sweet,
And yet it knew the driving spray,
It caught the murmur of the sea
And skimmed the blue and held the grey.
Its little hands reach stiffly up
Along my sunlit garden wall,
Where hollyhock and foxglove tall
Stand sentinel beneath the trees.
The air is filled with droning bees,
And noontide peace is over all—
As though it never felt the spray
Nor watched the great tides rise and fall.
Blue, green and grey, yet none of these,
Here in my garden trim and neat
It holds in haunting perfume sweet
The magic of remembered seas.

It knows the mystery of the sea,
My little bush of Rosemary.

B. MESTON (Class A), Arthur.

SUSPENSE

The bell rings. Figures sidle into the class room one by one, quietly sit down and commence working. Now and then a head is raised apprehensively and nervous glances are cast at the door. An air of expectation hangs like a dark pall over the room. Occasionally someone becomes restive under the strain, but the majority are so imbued with nervous terror that they sit as if turned to stone, not daring to move.

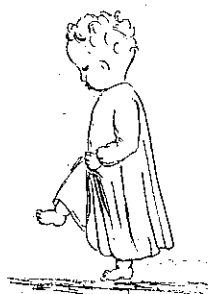
Suddenly the door opens and the Great Taskmaster strides majestically into the room. The place is as silent as the tomb, every breath is held. Then in a thunderous voice the awful presence speaks.

"Well, Tatlow, tell us what you know about Philip II. of Spain."

Everyone heaves a sigh of relief and leans back to listen, secure in the knowledge that he is safe for at least half an hour, while Mr. X tells Tatlow all he ought to know about Philip of Spain.

T. HAGUE (Class A), Arthur.

JOHN



John was a Baby,
Just ten months old—
"So good!" Mummy said—

But still I've been told,
He would fly from his bed
When the moon was on high,
And dance on the hill when the wind went by.



John was Grown-Up,
Quite four years old—
"Like Daddy!" he said—

But still I've been told,
He would fly from his bed
When the moon was on high,
And dance on the hill when the wind went by.



When John was five—
Most dreadfully old—
He just flew away!

Least, so I've been told;
But some people say
When the moon is on high,
He still dances up there when the wind goes by.

B. BRADMORE (Class B), Wilmot.

THAT HIKE

I had a premonition that the hike was not going to be a success, or, perhaps it was my Scotch second sight. First, we missed two trams, and then were charged twopence fare in spite of violent efforts to look very young and innocent. Armed with a yard of chewing gum each, X and I plodded wearily along a clay track. Then the rain commenced. First it trickled drearily down our spines; then it poured.

We discovered an old hut, situated nowhere in particular, and took possession. Here we ate and ate until only two lonely bananas and a few paper wrappers remained. After a violent singing competition, we retired into a corner and lay like two logs for a couple of hours in order to recover.

The sunset was flaming across the river when we clattered out of the hut. I had a short cut, or at least I thought I had. At any rate, after ten minutes' argument we set off over the first hill. The sunset died and long shadows like giant figures crept across the ground. The trees began to grow mysterious and malevolent. An awed hush settled over the bush. In front I could dimly make out my companion. She, too, looked weird in the darkness, with a bathing suit tied round her neck and an old hat perched on the back of her head.

We plodded over one hill. Then another. It seemed as though all the witches and devils had gathered there to hold an unholy revel. We were treading through dry fern up to our waists, and little claws crept and crawled round our legs. A black tree suddenly looming up out of nowhere was enough to send my heart into my mouth. Tiny hands seemed to be reaching out to clutch us. When the wind stirred, a million tiny feet came pattering after us. One moment we would be walking on firm ground, and the next we would drop into Stygian depths. The slender saplings were possessed by the devil. They struck and tore as we stumbled blindly.

At last we grew so heedless that we walked over them in a detached manner. I felt like a giant treading down a forest. A few groans elicited from X the tired query, "Wasamarrer?" as though it did not matter much if you fell over into the Gorge.

The darkness grew more oppressive. We struggled endlessly in a pit. If we looked up there was only darkness. It was stifling. We scrambled up to the top of the hill where far down the friendly river gleamed. Suddenly my companion stopped, clutched my arm, and croaked hoarsely, "What's that?" and then, in a relieved tone, "It's only a shack." I opened my eyes, and my heart resumed beating. "There might be some mad crank living there," she whispered with fiendish imagination.

We slipped past. My pessimistic friend began to argue about what we should do if one of us sprained her ankle. Argument proved futile. On she tramped in disgust. Then I heard muffled exclamations and discovered she had fallen over a rock and cut her leg. We lit a match to look at it, but the light only emphasised the pitch darkness in which we moved.

Beyond a belt of trees a clear patch appeared. We were half way across, when an eerie bubbling groan burst out of the silence, rose and fell, and wailed to a low moaning. I heard a choking cry, and X was flying for the trees on the other side. I padded at her heels with my heart thudding until I thought it would burst. I fell into five dead trees lying on the ground, and asked helplessly to be taken out or I'd die quick. In her efforts X only succeeded in entangling herself. When we finally crawled out, there was not much left of our stockings.

Tramping over another rise, another hill faced us. This was after five hours. It was too much. My legs collapsed under me like a folding chair and I subsided gracefully on the ground. It took X ten minutes to persuade me I couldn't dig my grave there. Her argument that "it was not a decent way to die, and all really nice people did it in bed" finally convinced me.

Through a gap in the trees the lights of Launceston winked in the night, and as X declared, waxing enthusiastic, all poetry about friendly lights welcoming home prodigals took on a new meaning. Faintly the chimes of the clock floated towards us. We galloped along with renewed energy.

Suddenly we stumbled into a clinging grey mist. It swam around the trees. It was a giant spider's web entangling us. I sat down trembling and gazed upwards. There was wine in the air, and we grew drunk on it. We floated in some new atmosphere. The trees were blurred and mystical. Their branches were exquisite, delicate. They danced in swirling circles, faster and faster . . .

The ominous trickle, trickle of water nearly broke the spell. It was horrible not knowing where it was, and thinking we might stumble into it in the dark. Then we struck a path. But it must have been a magic path because it kept disappearing and bobbing out again in the most unusual places. The bank sloped steeply down to the water from it. One moment X was there and the next she had disappeared. I thought in a hopeless way, "She's rolled into the Gorge and I'm not going down to get her."

She was lying on her back rather like a helpless turtle, gazing up into the moonlight with a bewitched, foolish expression. I leant over the bank, giggling helplessly, and made feeble efforts to pull her up feet first. She rose, however, readjusted herself, and walked on serenely.

Our spirits fell to zero when the path stopped short at a high fence. But X was undaunted. She discovered a hole, sniffed disdainfully and wriggled through. We were in the Gorge grounds. We managed to hobble to the Gorge gates. They were locked. Just as I was attempting the big gate, X clambered over the turn-stile and opened the small gate. A bell rang. I took a flying leap and fell on my back on the other side. We sped over the bridge. Then we hung over the railing and mournfully watched two lonely bananas, which X had clutched all night, fall with a satisfying plop in the water below.

F. ROSE (Class A), Sorell.

MY DREAM GARDEN

Sweet-scented narcissi and rare rhodendrons,
Gay gladioli and fine antirrhinums,
Marigolds, lupins, snow-drops, godetias,
Pansies and asters, stock and nemesias.

Michaelmas daisies, vivacious verbena,
Mauve and pink orchids, and snow-white gardenia,
Dewy spiraea, sweet mignonette,
Columbine, clematis and small violet.

Gold, dancing daffodils, yellow gaillardia,
Shadowy silene and frail, frilled begonia,
Sweet Shirley poppies and fiery laburnum,
Bright, bobbing blue-bells and dark pink
viburnum.

Trailing wisteria, love-in-a-mist,
Lavender spray and harebells sun-kiss'd,
In my dream-garden they dwell all together,
Whether it's rainy or sun-shiny weather.

BONNIE HOUSTEIN (Class C3), Wilmot.



THE MOON FAIRIES

Three moon fairies came down one night
Before I went to bed,
The moon up high with bright silver light
Winked at me and said
"Come out, my dear, to the sweet, cool night."

BETTY COE (Class A), Franklin.

REED MUSIC

There's maddening music down in the marsh
Where a gnome squats in the whispering reeds;
With milk-white fingers that gleam in the dark
He plays a tune that beckons and pleads.

His eyes are green, shot with shifting gold,
His ears are pointed, and his hair all a-shock,
And the naiads to his tune dance in ecstasy,
As they call and call with red lips that mock.

I know if I follow where his piping leads,
The naiads will bind me in their long, green
hair

And drag me below the slumbering ooze—
But he draws me, he lures me, with his wild,
mad air.

F. ROSE (Class A), Sorell.

"OLD FAITHFUL"

The rain pours down as I trudge along the
street carrying the family umbrella. Apart from
the fact that one of the ribs has broken away
from its moorings and sticks out at an inquisi-
tive angle, a piece of the handle is missing, and
there is a large hole in the roof, it is quite a
good umbrella. At least it opens of its own
accord without any exertion whatever on my
part. The trouble is to keep it open. This minor
defect is due to the permanent retirement from
active service of the small spring which supports
the framework. Therefore, both hands are re-
quired to manipulate this umbrella, one to hold
down the handle and the other to hold up the
roof.

Occasionally an insulting remark is heard from
some passer-by who has been casually prodded
in the eye by the projecting rib as we whirl past.
As a weapon of aggression my umbrella is
unsurpassed.

Sometimes I forget the hole in the roof until
a steady stream of cold water down the inside
of my collar enlightens me. A sudden twist to
counteract this unpleasantness brings the offend-
ing rib into play again, and a playful stab in the
vicinity of the right ear swiftly transforms a
youthful crooner into a youthful groaner. The
difference between the two sounds is negligible,
so I feel that an apology is unwarranted.

My efforts to dispose of this family treasure
have so far not met with success. No matter
where I leave it, it returns to me like a homing
pigeon. Parks, trams, shops, school—I've tried
them all. So now I have given up. I know
when I'm beaten.

B. BRADMORE (Class B), Wilmot.

PORTRAIT OF A REBEL

Brusque, uncouth, unclean and bold,
A soldier of fortune he;
Callous and rugged, ignorant, cold—
Kingdoms and lives by him are sold—
A ruthless mercenary.

Burning with hate for the rich and strong,
In ceaseless quest of fame;
With lust in heart, on lips a song,
As he strives to command the motley throng
Without honour, without name.

M. TATLOW (Class A), Arthur.

MAGIC

There's magic in the air to-night—

Magic, black magic—

For up on high

The witches fly,

And curse and shriek across the sky.

And fairies scream, and flee in fright,

And crouch on earth with faces white,

For there's magic in the air to-night—

Magic, black magic!

There's magic in the air to-night—

Magic, white magic—

For up on high

The fairies fly,

And laugh and sing across the sky,

And dance on stars with feet so light,

And skip along the moonbeams bright,

For there's magic in the air to-night—

Magic, white magic!

B. BRADMORE (Class B), Wilmot.



DISCONTENT

Sunbeams danced on the summer sea,
Sea birds skimmed low o'er the foam,
But I sighed as I lay in the sun's bright rays
For a wind-swept, mountain home.

Powdery snow lay on the ground,
The chilling wind blew free,
But high up on the snow-clad peaks,
I longed for the sun and the sea.

No wanderlust was urging me,
No voyage was my bent,
I wished to be where I could not be—
'Twas the curse of discontent.

M. TATLOW (Class A), Arthur.

THE WALTZ

Gracefully floating through soft limpid air,
Breathlessly whispering to quivering flowers,
Liltingly swelling into the night,
Hear the waltz!

Haltingly fleeting o'er the silv'ry lake,
Heavily sighing to the list'ning moon,
Soothingly telling the weary of hope,
Hear the waltz!

BERNARD MITCHELL (Class A), Sorell

ON THE OCCASION OF THE "A"
CLASS HOP SCOTCH
TOURNAMENT

The E Class girls for recreation
Hopscotched daily at recess,
A Class, filled with admiration,
Brought to the game their finesse.

At "kick-a-tor" and "miss-a-bed"
So nobly did they strive;
Most of them got out at one,
But Audrey got to five.

But A Class are so confident
That they can really play,
To meet E Class in tournament
They practice every day.

The game should really be quite good,
The art of it's so fine;
But if the A Class champion
Should step on to the line!

And if when pitching from her place,
The tor should go quite wrong;
How will she hide her shamed face
From the crowding, curious throng?

NORA SULLIVAN (Class B), Sorell.

THE HULK

Once, though it must have been long ago,
That vessel sailed the sea,
With wind-swept rigging and dripping prow,
Tempest-tossed and free.

No longer driven by threat'ning wind,
Reckless and free no more,
No canvas for gale and storm to stir,
She's aground on the rock-strewn shore.

And now, she is rusty, dirty, old,
Keel'd over in the sand;
Teasing waves curl about her sides
Fettered and bound to the land.

M. TATLOW (Class A), Arthur.

A TRIP TO THE BLUE MOUNTAINS

It was with happy eagerness that a party of Young Australia League boys from Tasmania reached Katoomba, which is situated on a picturesque plateau in the Blue Mountains. After lunching at the Chalet, the party proceeded at a quick walking pace along the well-formed pathway which led to the Three Sisters. These were three gigantic rocks rising in line from the steep mountain-side like three monstrous cocked hats. The path led by sharp bends, and sometimes steep stairways, to the furthest of these.

The day was fine and clear, and from this crazy point we looked far down into the precipitous gullies thickly clothed with stately, towering trees. A soft smoky mist hung along the lowest parts and, as we scanned the opposite plateaux, the scenery was at its best, the colours ranging from vivid purple to the fairest blue. Wishing to lose not a minute, we started to descend to the valley below us by means of the Giant Stairway.

The track was steep and long, for it passed along narrow ledges, over huge boulders and under ridges. However, after almost an hour's stiff descent, our pathway levelled and led us through the most beautiful glades imaginable. On either side of the winding track stood gigantic, quivering trees casting a solemn gloom over all and enriching the verdant colours of the wild flowers and ferns.

Another hour's walk brought us to gurgling mountain streams and musical waterfalls. They were indeed a fine sight with their intricate splendour as they fell over worn rocks in soft, spraying cataracts to gurgle, bubble and splash and sally once more down the valley. The Bridal Veil and Linda Falls shall live long in my mind's eye.

But, after passing through a picnic glade, the track began to ascend the mountain-side, and often it was necessary for us to climb steep stairways to gain another rough path on a higher ledge. The climb became back-breaking. At frequent intervals we came to trickling brooklets, and from them we obtained cool, refreshing drinks. But the sky was not so sunny now; the air was not so crisp, and this added to our

fatigue, for before the atmosphere was invigorating.

The climb became steeper and it seemed that we would never reach our destination. But, at last, our efforts were rewarded when we came to a prominent look-out. Below a great roof of banking, gloomy clouds stretched the misty, blue plateau dissected irregularly by pastoral glens. The scene breathed perfection. Our cameras were clicked to remind us, in after-times, of the splendour we had seen.

A great disappointment awaited us when we reached the road nearly that led to the town. By the fence stood a signpost which bore these words, "KATOOMBA, 4 MILES." Our weariness was great already. However, we soon found that the grade was easy; but a gloom was cast across the sky and we saw that rain would soon fall. It came as we were in sight of the Chalet, but what was expected to be a shower came as a mountain storm. Yet that also was beautiful. We reached our goal, tired, weary, and yet thankful that we had seen a part, probably the most beautiful, of the Blue Mountains.

VERE HEAZLEWOOD (Class C2), Wilmot.

THE ELF

A little elf
Was passing by,
He thought himself
A butterfly.

His little clothes
Were coloured brown,
He wore a rose
Just like a crown.

"How do you do?"
I slowly spoke.
Away he flew,
Oh, what a joke!

MAX WINDSOR (Class C2), Wilmot.

HIS LOVING CARE

What's this we hear, what's this they say?
The magasin won't see the day.
Through laziness of A and C
The magasin no more will be.

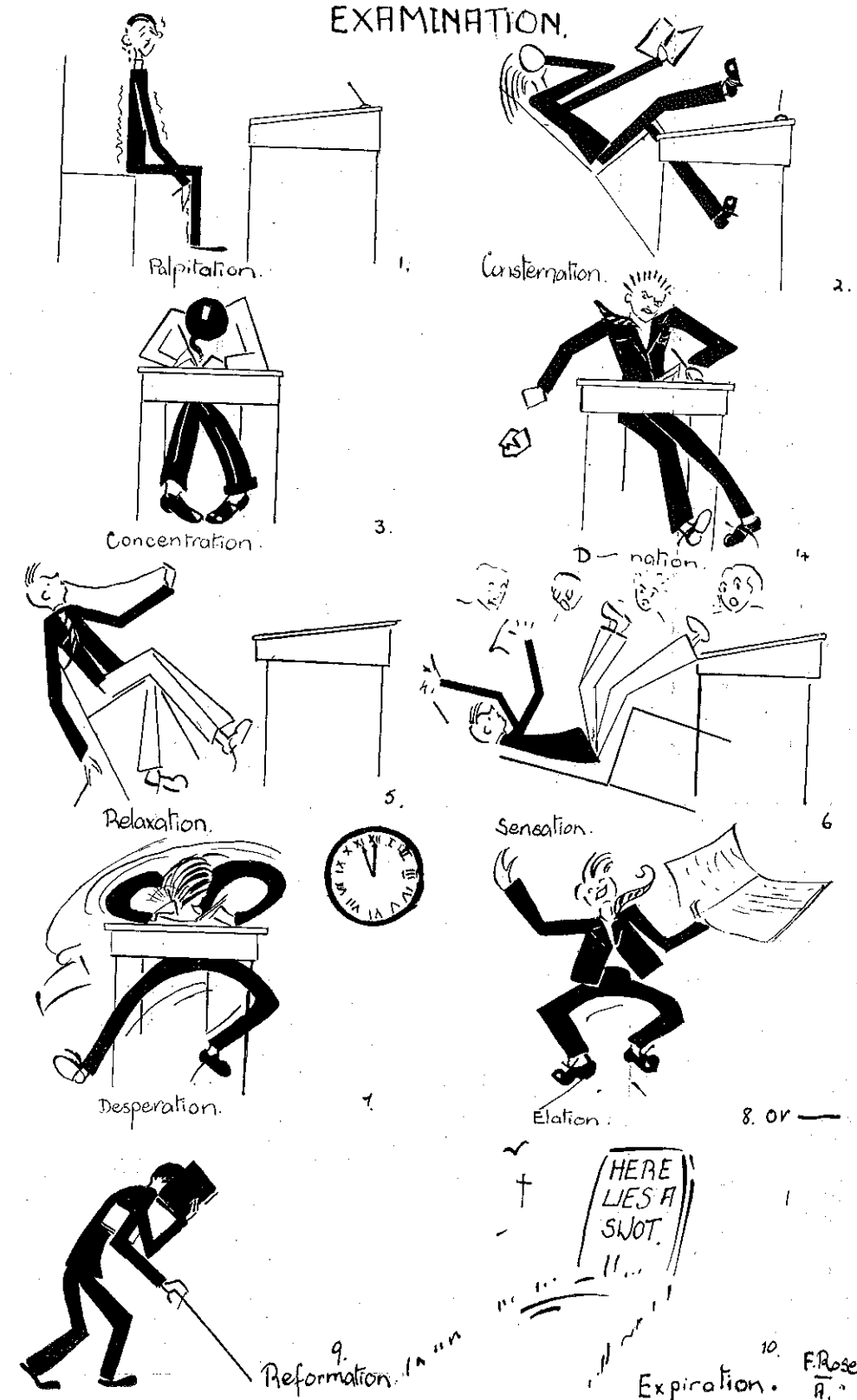
What a great loss to our editor
If his loved Mag. should be no more?
Then almost you would hear him swear
And certainly he'd tear his hair.

In assembly one day he rose
And us with scorn he almost froze
With mighty wrath and weighty frown:
"The A and C have let me down."

So A and C with sense of shame
Played up and played the proper game,
And articles, they poured them in,
So there might live his magasin.

COUNTRY LAD (Class A), Sorell.

EXAMINATION.



SHEER NONSENSE.

There was a young person named Rule,
Who jumped off the roof of a school.

He was split right in two,
But with very strong glue
They mended that reckless young Rule.

There was an old lady whose nose
Was so long that it reached to her toes.
She charged threepence each way
Or a shilling a day

For a swing on that wonderful nose.
ETHNEE KELLY (Class B), Franklin.

MURDER

The night was dark and stormy, the wind howled, thunder roared, and rain pattered softly on the slimy ground like the movement of many ghostly feet. Lightning flashed across the sky, illuminating a sombre, silent mansion on a bare hill. As the thunder died away into echoes, which seemed to whisper "Beware, beware!", a ghostly light spluttered into life in a window of the great house. An old man's grizzly hand held the light, and in the other hand was a murderous hammer. Softly he crept across the room, his dilated eyes peering into a gloomy corner. The silent shadows on the wall seemed to wave him back with phantom-like hands, but he kept on. "Pad, pad!" went the aged man's slippers, bringing doom in their path.

All of a sudden the hammer rose and fell, followed by a horrible, long, drawn-out shriek. The old man grinned evilly, raising the hammer to his eyes, a harsh cackle escaping his writhing lips as he saw upon its face the remains of a squashed beetle.

"And I'll get that blinking parrot too if he doesn't stop his shrieking," he said, as he shook the hammer at the poor innocent bird that gazed unblinkingly at him from the rafters above.

LANCE SALES (Class B), Franklin.

THE WIND

The wind is up and about to-day,
Hustling and bustling and forcing a way,
Awakening the trees and stirring the hay,
And warning the bees to work while they may.

The wind is boisterous and wild to-day,
Tossing the waves and hurling the spray,
Snatching at hats and dashing away,
Roaring and frightening the children at play.

M. STRINGER (Class C1), Wilmot.

A NIGHT BY THE FIRE

It was one of those still summer evenings. The heat of a shimmering summer day had given place to a soft, breathless twilight. The white stemmed gums were murmuring softly, and occasionally a mopeke called.

We were going to fish in a little pool back in the bush; but we were not earnest fishers, and more often than not we caught nothing. This evening we were especially unlucky and, although we sat for a couple of hours or more, we caught but one small fish between the three of us. One fish was hardly a breakfast for six so we dropped him back and, climbing up the bank, lit a blazing fire.

As we lay on the grass and flipped at the occasional mosquito that hummed near us, the storyteller told us tales of the stars.

The flickering flames lit up his thin dark face and twisted his features as though they were reaching up to the stars of which he spoke.

He told us of Orion's Sword and Orion's Belt, and of the Seven Sisters who were set in the heavens for their deeds; with him we traced the emu that the blacks looked up to, two hundred years ago; the emu whose head lies just beside the Southern Cross and whose back stretches right across the sky. He told us legends of the blacks; how the kangaroo got his tail and the platypus his bill. And we lay and listened.

When the last blaze had died away we went back through the bush and across the paddocks. The lights of the house shone out below us; the hills stretched friendly arms around us; and I am sure the emu winked.

B. MESTON (Class A), Arthur.

ON FISHING

Although this article is about fishing, I really do not know anything about it. This is a warning to those who are expecting something in the vein of "The Compleat Angler" to pass on or to forget there is such a thing as criticism.

At one time I believed there was only one class of fishing, but now classify it thus:—

1. Meditative.
2. Active.

I laughed scornfully at the idea that anyone ever went fishing to catch fish. I suspected fishing fans were really secret followers of Okada Torojiro, the founder of the "Method of Quiet Sitting." But I have proved that nothing is gained by sitting still each day for half an hour, for although I fished each day from the edge of a wharf, I have no more self-confidence than I had before Christmas. I suppose I shall have to send for that Pelman Course, after all.

But to return to fishing. My only recollection of fishing before this year was an unpleasant one. A fishing boat was hired and the fisherman came with it (to do the rowing). But that fisherman turned out to be the basest villain. He was round and red, with jolly sea-blue eyes. But sea-blue eyes, like the sea, may hide many things. If my Charlie Chan faculties had been alert, I should have suspected his real character, for he smoked a filthy pipe.

Once he had rowed us half way across the river he began to show in his true light. He commenced by treating us to a rambling account of his life. It was very interesting at first, but it palled after two solid hours. When someone had the bright idea of taking refuge in a snack, he put his foot down firmly (that is, as firmly as the boat would allow), and declared there were to be no snacks, no, not even a meal, until a sufficient number of fish to please him had been caught. Not even the Tsar of Russia had more complete power over his serfs than that tyrant gained over us. He was one of those one-meal-a-day fanatics, and watched us partake of our food with a contemptuous expression while he devoured his bread and "Adam's Ale." Even when one member of the party protested against

CHEMISTRY

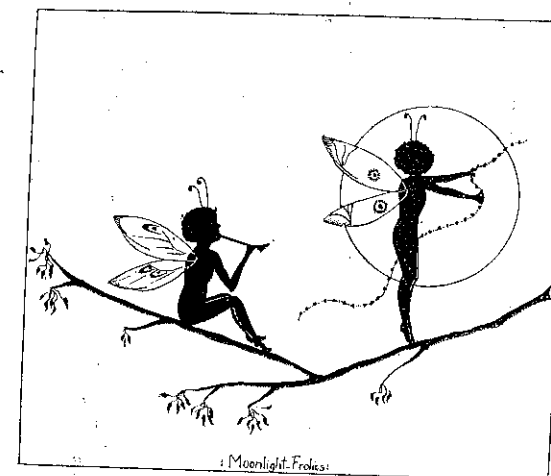
Yea, and it did come to pass that the class did venture forth for the chemistry period, and, arriving at the laboratory, they were much pleased to find their learned advisor absent. At which knowledge, they did begin to disport themselves with unseemly glee. And one youth, more venturesome than the rest, did meddle with an apparatus invented by one, Kipp, whereon a most unholy smell assailed the atmosphere; a smell reminiscent of the city garbage tip, with all the evil smells of the earth mixed with it.

And a wail of woe broke from the students, and the venturesome one was assaulted, even unto weeping. At which moment, the belated Philosopher of Alchemy did choose to enter into his laboratory and, perceiving his students in an unruly press about the unfortunate joker, he waxed wroth, and smote them hip and thigh. And the multitude did quickly break, and run with much vigour to their accustomed places, moaning their anguish to the skies. Verily, they did lament.

At which show of servility, the learned one, with face red even unto the colour of a ripe tomato, with the force of his rage, did mount the platform, muttering to himself. And, facing the crest-fallen pupils, he did deliver unto them this speech: "See me at four o'clock." Whereon the youths did glare at the begetter of this imposition, cursing him mightily beneath their breaths, thinking themselves hard done by to be kept late a school for the sin of one wild youth.

And as the bell did send its silver chime echoing through the school for the recess period, they did file out, vowing inwardly what they would do unto the misguided one who had ruined their blissful day. Yea, verily did they seethe with righteous indignation, to which they gave vent at the first opportunity.

JACK WEATHERILL (Class C2), Wilmot.



L. O'May
Cr.
Wilmot House.

staying out until after sunset, because the motion of the boat made him feel sea-sick, he was unmoved. His back said, "Well, if you like rowing . . ." There were no more protests. The climax of the day came when the whole party had to wade through a quarter of a mile of mud to reach the shore. Needless to say, the old pirate took home the major share of the spoils.

During the Christmas holidays, however, I was seized with the disease. It is enough to say that I started the journey in the cabin of the boat with a book, but ended up on deck, surrounded by a bucket and a basin full of overflowing of fish, and streaming water. I advise all beginners to wear bathing costume. For three nights after that I was lulled to sleep by the rhythmic rise and fall of a boat at sea.

After this success I became a devout follower of the gentle art. But a home-made canoe is not the best place in the world to become excited while fishing. However, my enthusiasm refused to be damped. We were having good luck one day when two porpoises drew near. We did not stop to think that they were harmless, but took to the paddles. I once read a tale of New Guinea in which the weak and helpless heroine (the clinging type) escapes in a one-paddle canoe from half a dozen Papuans, who were pursuing her in order to carry off her head. I summed the story up as ridiculous, but now I owe the author an apology. It is possible.

But whether you are a fishing enthusiast or not, you will agree with me that I know little or nothing about fishing. But then there's nothing like trying, and if I have tried, then I have written an article, which was what I set out to do. FRANCES ROSE (Class A), Sorell.

TRIOLET

Oh, why do we have to swot so much
To pass exams each term?
Grinding at Latin and French and such—
Why do we have to swot so much?
At any straw we'd gladly clutch—
These things just make us squirm!
Oh, why do we have to swot so much
To pass exams each term?

N. SULLIVAN (Class B), Sorell.

THE SEA

A homely cottage by the sea
Where the rolling waves beat loud upon the shore;
There could I live in peace and liberty.
I'd listen to the blue sea's deep uproar,
Or watch the screaming seagulls wheel around
As they swoop and dive across the heaving ocean,
And sight the little vessel homeward bound
Across the waves, seething with unrestrained motion.
And then again, I glimpse a sunny spot
Drowsily bathing in the noontide heat.
There would I sit till shadows from me blot
Those scenes; till all is gone but music sweet
From whispering winds among the tree-tops tall
And the murmur of the ocean's rise and fall.
A. BARDENHAGEN (Class B), Sorell.

Junior Section

MY ROOM

Tiny shoes from far Japan,
Elephants of jade,
Here a painted Chinese fan
By skilful fingers made,
Old books bound in leather,
A nodding mandarin,
A coloured peacock's feather,
A lace-scarf, worn and thin.
I may never travel far,
But spend my days at home,
Never sail in pirate ships
O'er the curling foam.
Yet I may always go in thought
Where strange flowers bloom,
And all the world can come to me,
Here within my room.

M. MESTON (Class E2), Arthur.

AMELIA PAYNE

(Who always lost her hats)

Cautionary Tale

"That dreadful Miss Amelia Payne
Has lost her green straw hat again!"
Cried nurse in almost evident pain,
As she searched and searched and searched in vain.
Now, Miss Amelia, as you can see,
Would lose her hats unconsciously.
They blew away, and what was more,
They were generally found by the dog next door,
Who chewed away at the ribbons and straw,
While round his neck the roses he wore.
One day, late in this fatal week,
Amelia was playing at hide-and-seek.
Behind the bushes she lay low,
While her playmates ran searching to and fro.
Presently she felt a vicious gnaw;
It was the mischievous pup who lived next door,
And, thinking Amelia was a hat,
He chewed her up, and that was that.

AUDREY HUME (Class E1), Arthur.

RAIN IN THE WHITE PLUM
TREE

Down in the park in an old garden bed,
The plum tree nods her snowy head!
Swaying she goes this way and that,
While down comes the rain, pit-a-pat.

Night is here and in the gloom,
Startlingly white she seems to loom,
Against the blackness of the sky,
She nods her snowy head on high.

S. MASON (Class E1), Sorell.

THE LONELY CASTLE

The castle dark and gloomy
Loomed up as he drew nigh.
A lonely tower, a whistling wind,
A grey and stormy sky.

The plains around were barren;
The wind came swirling by.
A lonely tower, a whistling wind,
A grey and stormy sky.

No sentinel peered from the watch-tower,
No life could he descry.
A lonely tower, a whistling wind,
A grey and stormy sky.

He passed o'er the lowered drawbridge,
'Neath his horse the moat swished by.
A lonely tower, a whistling wind,
A grey and stormy sky.

He walked up to the castle door;
Still no one could he spy,
But a lonely tower, a whistling wind,
A grey and stormy sky.

He had returned as he had said,
But no one answered his cry—
But a lonely tower, a whistling wind,
A grey and stormy sky.

AUDREY HUME (Class E1), Arthur.

THE WITCH

Through a forest green I strayed,
Where a lot of fairies played,
There I found a rocky cave.
In I peeped. Oh! I was brave!
A grey witch glowered at me.

Back past the fairy folk I flew;
A strong wind all around me blew;
And in the leafy forest glade,
I rushed past goblins in its shade.
The grey witch glowered at me.

BARBARA WHITE (Class E1), Wilmot.

WHAT I'D LIKE TO BE

I'd like to be a film star,
And act upon the screen,
But, oh, to be a millionaire,
And drive a limousine.

Perhaps I'll be a fireman,
And roar along the line.
But, then to be a pilot,
And fly out when it's fine.

I'd like to be a sailor,
And sail across the seas;
But, oh, to be a captain,
And sail across with ease.

To choose an occupation,
Is much too hard for me.
I think I'll wait till I grow up,
To see what I will be.

JOHN CHALLIS (Class E2), Sorell.

THE BUCCANEER CAPTAIN

Sail Ahoy! Sail Ahoy!
By my cross-bones and skull,
We will speed to destroy,
We will speed like a gull!
There's a fine ship for plunder,
There's a good mark to fire at;
When my guns sound like thunder,
They will know I'm a pirate.

Fill the sails! Fill the sails,
All you breezes, and blow!
Like the gulls before gales,
On we go, on we go!
There's a ship full of treasure,
Soon that ship will be leaking!
And her crew, for my pleasure,
Must be taught that I'm Sea King!

Sail Ahoy! Sail Ahoy!
Soon my crew and my mate,
And my small cabin boy,
Will be feasting in state!
There'll be wine for their sharing,
There'll be laughter and free talk;
There'll be gems for the wearing
Of the crew of the Sea Hawk.

BILL RAMSAY (Class D4), Sorell.

THINGS I LOVE

The dew on the grass in the morning,
The mist over hills at night,
The beautiful, snow-tipped mountains,
The grace of the seagull's flight—
These things I love.

The dusk tide, narrowing grey—
The summer's faint blue haze,
The sleepy drone of the bee,
A field of ripening maize—
These things I love.

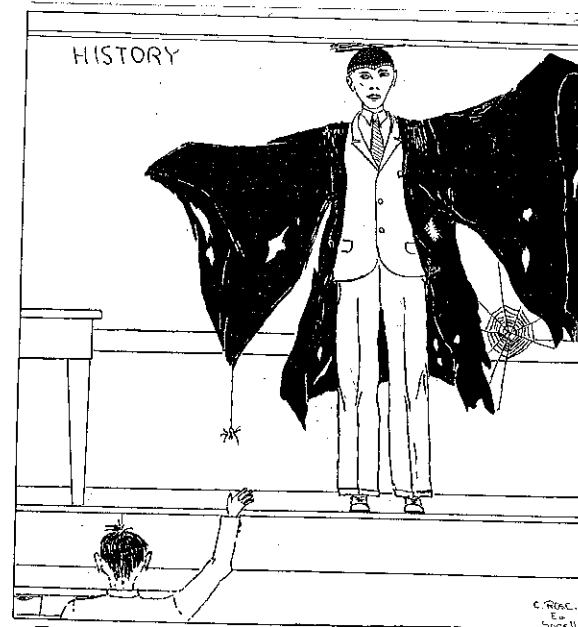
Shimmering heat of noontide,
Great clouds as white as fleece,
The silent world at midnight,
Beauty of morning peace—
These things I love.

J. WHYMAN (Class D1), Franklin.

ANGLING

Sez Pa to Ma,
"Let's go afar and angle in the lake."
Sez Ma to Pa,
"Why, certainly, our dinner we will take."
We ups and goes
With flies and lines,
And round the lake we wander,
And hook an unfed tittlebrat
Which should have stayed there longer.
With the flies, without the lines
(For they were in a tangle),
We all went trudging to our home,
And no more we go to angle.

BETTY MEERS (Class E1), Wilmot.



Teacher: Well boys, you see we owe a lot to the Middle Ages. Many of our garments were handed down from that period. For instance, this type of gown came down from the Middle Ages.

SCOREWORDS

"Please stop that noise! As if I can do score-words with that row going on!"

Silence for a few minutes, while the would-be winner of a big prize thoughtfully chews his pencil (the third one he has consumed during the evening, by the way).

"What is a word of five letters beginning with 'F' and ending with 'D'?"

"I'm sure I don't know."

"Oh, you wouldn't!" irritably comes from our friend of the five-letter words. "Anyhow, where's the dictionary gone to again?"

Follows a hunt for the dictionary, which is eventually run to earth under a pile of newspapers. By that time the enthusiast is in a worse frame of mind than ever.

At last he has his scoreword complete, and proceeds to evaluate his words.

"What's 'Z' worth?" Hand that paper here so that I can see what 'X' is worth."

And so on until his work is completed at last, when we all breathe a huge sigh of relief. It has been as hard for the rest of us as it has been for Jim. Now he is eagerly awaiting for the prize, poor boy!

AUDREY HILL (Class E1), Wilmot.

GREEN AND YELLOW

A heavy perfume fills the breeze
From green and yellow wattle trees.
Bees buzzing in the daffodils,
A yellow sun above green hills,
Big ships on a deep green sea,
Bring dreams of fairy lands to me.

BARBARA WHITE (Class E1), Wilmot.

THINGS OF THE FUTURE

One night, as I lay in bed thinking of the H. G. Wells picture "Things to Come," I was mysteriously transferred into the future.

It was half past eight in the morning, and I had just rolled out of bed. Instead of donning the "old school tie," etc., I put on a pair of vivid green and red striped overalls, which, though very imposing, were most uncomfortable. At breakfast, instead of using a knife and fork to eat my egg on toast, a patent machine transferred the food from plate to mouth. This was very convenient, as I managed to do part of my homework while eating my breakfast.

Instead of walking to school I stepped on to a continually moving pavement, and stayed there until I reached the school.

In this new era school was terrible—not that it was ever anything else. In each class room was a patent lie-detecting machine. This was used extensively after diaries were introduced. There was also a television set connected with the teachers' room. This made it impossible for the scholars to enjoy a few minutes' well earned respite between periods. This particular morning, however, I picked up my automatic straight line ruler and hurled it through the television apparatus. At that moment, amid a round of applause, in rushed a teacher. His face seemed to loom up in front of me. I gazed at him, terrified. But gradually my frightened gaze gave way to one of amazement; surely it was not my father lifting me back into bed?

BILL SCHIER (Class D2), Arthur.

MOONLIGHT FAIRY

Twirling, whirling,
Light and airy,
My first glimpse
Of Moonlight Fairy,

Dancing, prancing,
Round and round,
Stepping lightly
On the ground.

When the sun sets,
She twirls away
To sleep until
The end of day.

Then when night comes,
Softly creeping,
And the moon is
Gently peeping,

Moonlight Fairy
Dances again,
O'er the hilltops,
Through the glen,

Never tired,
Never still,
Moonlight Fairy
On the hill.

BETTY BREWER (Class E3), Sorell.

CAPTIVE KINGS

When I sit still in the room,
And the fire burns red and blue,
I can see them through the gloom,
Sitting still and quiet too;
Seven gnomes with peaky caps,
And their hands clasped in their laps.

Once I crouched upon the mat
In the corner by the wall,
Stared at what they stared at—
I saw a great big Castle-Hall,
And seven Captive Kings uncrowned,
Painting a shadow on the ground.

It was long and thin, in shreds,
Grey as grey, and wide as wide,
Hung all around with stars on threads,
And a gem with flame inside;
And, as they painted it, it woke,
And crinkled and turned into smoke.

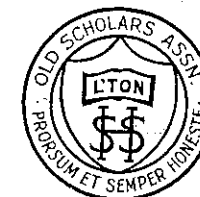
JOAN STUART (Class E2), Franklin.

PARENTS' AND FRIENDS' ASSOCIATION

This organisation, now in its fourth year of activity, still continues to function with excellent results. At its annual meeting the following principal officers were appointed:—President, Mr. F. D. Barclay (re-elected); Hon. Treasurer, Mr. S. V. Tilley; Hon. Secretary, Mr. L. G. Bain (re-elected); Executive Committee, above officers and Messrs. A. J. Anderson and T. A. Tanner.

To augment School funds a very successful fair was held. For some time past the Committee has been trying to secure a suitable area for playing grounds. With a sympathetic Government in office this ambition has now been attained. A splendid area of 4½ acres at Inveresk has been vested in the Education Department, and as a tribute to the keen interest displayed by the Minister for Education (Hon. E. J. Ogilvie), it has been named Ogilvie Park. Already two fine cement cricket pitches have been laid down, and when not in use by the scholars have been let for a satisfactory rental. It is intended, as funds permit, to erect a pavilion, to lay out two regulation sized football ovals, nine tennis courts and two hockey grounds, and to improve the appearance of the grounds by tree planting. The Technical School's Parents and Friends Association is co-operating, the expenditure incurred being borne proportionately to the number of scholars in the respective schools. A most encouraging response has been made to the appeal, and there remains a large number of interested friends to be waited on for donations. When one realises the great benefits to be derived by the scholars from possessing playing grounds so near to the School, it should be his ambition to help the Committee in developing this fine area. All donations forwarded will be gratefully acknowledged.

L. G. BAIN, Hon. Secretary.



OLD SCHOLARS' COLUMN.

GENERAL NOTES

Again we appeal to Old Scholars for their support to help make the approaching year a record year for the Association.

At our Annual Dinner just held, we had over 70 Old Scholars present. We were very pleased to see all those who were there, especially new members, who previously had not been along to any of our functions.

It is functions like these that help us to keep old friendships renewed and to make new acquaintances.

Have you any ideas that you think would be of use to us? We would be pleased if you would let us have them; and once again we appeal to all Old Scholars to give us their support financially if possible. If you know of any Old Scholar with whom we may be out of touch, advise us and we will endeavour to get in touch with them.

SPECIAL MEETING.

Opportunity was taken during the dance held at the Mayfair on the 8th August to make a small presentation to our President, Mr. H. C. Barnard, who was shortly leaving Launceston to reside in Devonport. The Committee adjourned to a private room, and Mr. Rudd presented Mr. Barnard with a fountain pen. Mr. Barnard suitably responded, and expressed his regret at leaving all his friends, and wished the Association heaps of success. We extend to Mr. Barnard best wishes in his new position.

DANCES.

We have held only one dance since the last issue. This was a dance at the Mayfair Cabaret on August 8. There was a fair crowd present, and the dance resulted in a profit of a couple of pounds. On November 14, after the Annual Re-union Dinner, we again ran a dance at the Mayfair Cabaret. This proved a very successful function, with over 120 present. This was the largest number we have had at a dance for a long time, and we are very pleased with the results. We would appeal to all Old Scholars to help us make these functions a success by giving us their support.

SPECIAL GENERAL MEETING.

A Special General Meeting was held at the School on October 1, 1936. Mr. A. L. Meston presided over an assembly of 23 Old Scholars.

The main business of the meeting was to fill the vacancies caused by the resignation of the President, Hon. Secretary, and Hon. Treasurer.

Mr. Mather, a Vice-President of the Association, was asked to be Acting President until the Annual Meeting in February. Miss Joy Geiger was elected Hon. Secretary, and Miss P. Turnbull Hon. Treasurer.

CHURINGA FOOTBALL CLUB

Although it did not win the 1936 Premiership of the Northern Tasmanian Amateur Football League, the Churinga Football Club had a very successful season. Out of the 14 matches played, Churinga were successful in winning ten, and succeeded in reaching the final, in which, after playing excellently throughout, they were defeated by the very small margin of 4 points.

The Club was well represented in both the North v. South match and in the Tasmanian Carnival Team. The members who gained inclusion in these teams are to be congratulated on their excellent performances.

We are very proud that one of our players, Ray Watts, should win the trophy for the best and fairest player in the Northern Tasmanian Amateur Football League. Another member, Julian Murfett, headed the League goal-kicking list with 67 goals.

The Club held its Third Annual Dinner at the Enfield Hotel on Saturday, 19th September, at which Mr. C. P. Phillips presided. The trophies won during the year were presented.

Best and Fairest Player, N. F. Forsyth.
Most Consistent Player, R. C. Watts.
Best Forward, J. I. Murfett.
Best Back Man, L. L. Tucker.
Best Club Man, N. L. Shegog.
Most Improved Player, K. R. Lawrence.
Sterling Play for the Season, J. N. Warren.
Best Player in the Finals, R. G. Whelan.
Most Useful Player, 5/9/36, F. H. Atherton.
Most Useful Player, 12/9/36, R. G. Whelan.
Most Unselfish Player, 12/9/36, K. R. Lawrence.

To our Captain, Harold Matthews, who was recently married, we extend our congratulations.

On Saturday, September 26, the team travelled to Devonport, and played a match against the Old Devonians, which resulted in a win for Churinga. On the Saturday night the team and members of the Club were the guests of the Old Devonians at a dance held at the High School. We would like to express our appreciation of the hospitality extended by the Old Devonians in making our trip so enjoyable.

CHURINGA HOCKEY CLUB

The season was a very successful one for the Churinga Hockey Club. Blues were premiers of the Northern Association roster, and drew with Old Hobartians I. for the premiership of the State. Golds were second on the Northern roster. Blues won every match they played, and Golds lost only those matches they played against Blues. Much of the success of Blues was due to the play and leadership of C. Charlesworth.

Members of the Club played a very important part in hockey affairs. A number attended the annual Easter Camp at Longford; seven members played in the Northern Team at the Interstate Trial; five (L. Thompson, M. Hodgman, C. Barnard, E. Lohrey, C. Charlesworth) were chosen to play in the Tasmanian team at the Interstate Carnival in Sydney.

"Gumnuts," a new team in the Northern Association, had eight Old Scholars playing. The team came late into the roster, but made excellent progress, and should do well next season.

The Club is always very pleased to have new members; any intending members may write to Miss C. Barnard, 44 Invermay Road, Launceston.

CHURINGA TENNIS CLUB

The Annual Meeting was held on October 1, 1936, when Mr. A. L. Meston presided over a fair attendance. Mr. Meston urged those present to try to increase the club's membership. The annual report and balance sheet was read and adopted. It showed a satisfactory position with a small credit balance.

The opening day for the 1936-37 season was held on October 31, the courts being declared open by Mr. C. A. Ikin, the Chairman.

On Monday, November 2, the Old Hobartians' tennis team again visited us, and this time the Club was successful in defeating the visitors by 17 sets to 6. We entertained them at a dance on the Saturday night.

One team has been entered in the City and Suburban B Grade Section. The team has played only one match, in which they were beaten by Patons and Baldwins by 5 sets to 3. The Club is going to arrange social matches for those not playing in the team.

Several new members have been enrolled, and prospects for the coming season are exceedingly bright. All Old Scholars who play tennis are asked to join up with us and help us to make the season the best we have ever had.

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

SUBSCRIPTIONS

- 2/- for "First Year" Old Scholars.
- 3/- for Old Scholars under 21 years.
- 4/- for Old Scholars over 21 years.
- 6/- for a Married Couple, if both are Old Scholars.

PERSONAL NOTES

We extend our best wishes to the following Old Scholars who have announced their engagements:—

- Gwen Viney to George Donnelly.
- Lindsay Hope to Miss O. Osborne.
- Alf. King to Miss E. West.
- Cyril Croft to Elvie Philpott.

Did you know that we have to congratulate the following Old Scholars on recent births? Gerald Hart, a son—James Ralph; Marjorie Long, a daughter—Suzanne; Jean Miles, a daughter—Judith Ann; Eira Judd, a son—Nicholas; Dorothy Hill, a son; Jean Findlay, a son; Gwen Twidle, a son; Kathleen Salter and Ernest Crawford, a daughter—Jennifer.

Marriages have recently been solemnised between:—

- Katie Earl and Mr. R. Pierce.
- Joyce Barnard and Mr. K. Viney.
- Ingles Watt and Miss B. Bungey.
- Clair Best and Miss K. McGuire.
- Lorna Brown and Mr. M. Grimsey.

News comes from London that Ron. Hope was married in June to Miss I. Barlow, a Hobart girl.

Mary Cox is to be married shortly to Mr. H. Langham; and Gwen Gill and Rex Ockerby are to be married early in the New Year.

Ted Daymond, who for some years has rendered valuable service to the Association, has gone to a position with a Melbourne shipping firm.

George Dicker is on the staff of the Ottawa "Evening Star." Since resigning from the Education Department in 1923 George has worked as a linotyper in Griffiths (N.S.W.), Adelaide, Napier (N.Z.), and in Canada in Edmonton, Regina, Moose Jaw, Winnipeg, and The Pas, about 100 miles north of Winnipeg. During the years of depression he became a boxing and wrestling promoter in Montreal. He is still interested in cricket, and is a noted performer in his League.

Percy Phillips has received a transfer to the head office of the Union Bank. We send our best wishes with him to Melbourne and hope that success and happiness attend him in future years. Both he and his wife will be greatly missed from the Old Scholars' Association, of which they have been such loyal and willing supporters for many years. Percy, as Secretary for a considerable period, and later as President, has been a mainstay of the Association.

O.S.A. DIRECTORY

Acting President: Mr. J. B. Mather, c/o High School.

General Secretary: Miss Joy Geiger, c/o High School, or 57 Garfield Street.

Editor Old Scholars' Column: Mrs. R. Edwards, 17 Bryan Street.

Hon. Secretary of Tennis Club: Mr. J. Alcock, c/o Bank of New South Wales.

Hon. Secretary of Football Club: Mr. J. Murfett, c/o D. & W. Murray, Paterson Street.

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