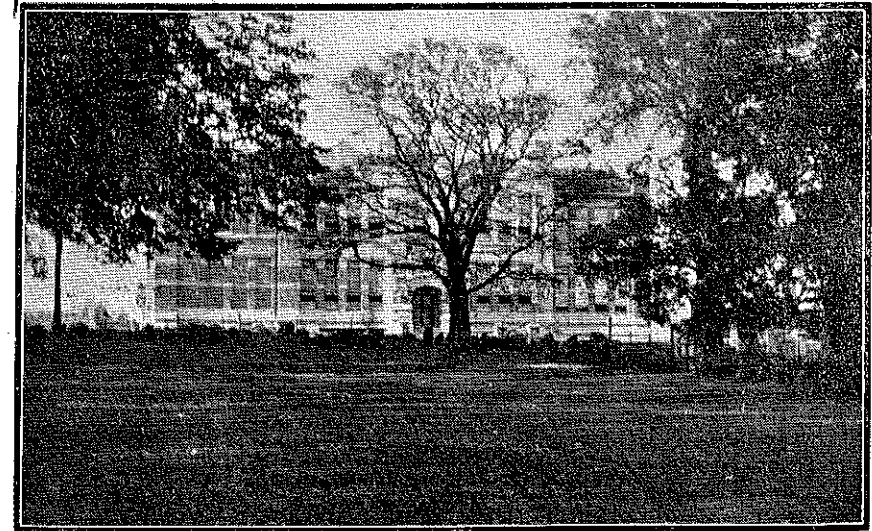


The Northern Churinga



EDITORIAL

Even to the unimaginative younger generation of this whirring world of speed, relics of the past have an undeniable fascination. Few of us could restrain our pride if we possessed ancient coins, exquisitely carved ornaments, old china, heavy oak furniture, or lofty old buildings that have been the possessions of our ancestors for centuries. These antiques, inanimate as they are, seem to capture our imagination as they remain shrouded in an elusive, indescribable sense of romance and mystery.

Yet how different is the fate of the proverbs! These genuine antiques, words of wisdom handed down through the ages, have yet to be fully appreciated by the inexperienced younger generation. Yet such is the great wisdom of these "dead sayings," that they undermine nearly all the fundamental principles in the running of this school. Chief of these, the simple adage, "Union is Strength," is proved to be a true statement in many of our school activities.

The high standard of this school is maintained, not by a few individuals, but by the collective efforts of all pupils. That the running of the school might be even more effective, the prefect

system was inaugurated. Hockey, basket-ball, football and rowing are played not by individuals, but by a union of individuals. Our recent production, "The Gondoliers," was made outstanding by the co-operative efforts of the three choirs, the Senior Dramatic Club, the Art Classes, the two producers, the pianist and the schools advertisement.

So just as the running of the school, the play, the hockey, basketball, football and the rowing can not be perfectly organised by one or two people, your own school magazine can not be produced by the touting efforts of Doug. MacLaine, Derek Furmage and myself only. We need your original drawings, your poems, your photographs (only good ones, and not just of yourself), your new ideas and your voluntary co-operation to make the magazine a complete success.

To those whose articles have been printed this time we offer our congratulations; to those whose articles, owing to lack of space, have not been printed, our thanks, and we hope that by the next time a school magazine is printed those who have failed to provide an article will have realised the truth of the adage, "Union is strength."



A Class, 1938.



Prefects, 1938.

KEY TO PHOTOGRAPHS

"A" CLASS

Sitting (left to right): Maisie Howard, Joan Coe, Evelyn Howe, Margaret Ferrall, Mr. C. B. Reeves, Betty Williams, Meg. Sowter, Lena Mullen, Edna Kerrison.

Second row: Geoff. Bryant, Ken Robinson, Peggy Spotswood, Marjorie Stringer, Pat Killalea, Audrey Elliott, Nancy Bramich, Thora Bottcher, Mavis Hall, Bonnie Frost, Wendell Medhurst, Adye Bardenhagen.

Third row: Jim Beck, Percy Kerrison, Alf Petterson, Clive Sadler, Colin French, Geoff Dean, Roy Beecroft.

Fourth Row: Geoff Frankcombe, Gordon Ellis, Philip Elcoate, Max Windsor, Norman Wood.

PREFECTS

Sitting (left to right): Percy Kerrison, Thora Bottcher, Geoff Bryant, Pat Killalea, Mr. A. L. Meston, Jim Beck, Joan Coe, Ken Robinson, Lena Mullen.

Standing: Elsie Nichols, Peggy Spotswood, Geoff Dean, Maisie Howard, Geoff Frankcombe, Nancy Bramich, Roy Beecroft.

BASKETBALL

(Right to left): Elaine Page, Evelyn Howe, Joy Read, Rita Cooper, Audrey Jackson, Marjorie Cooper, Marjorie Ikin, Betty Pinel.

HOCKEY

(Left to right): Thora Bottcher, Peggy Spotswood, Mavis Simmons, Edna Tregenna, Gwenda Barron, Joan Wilkinson, Val Farmilo, Pat Coe, Sheila Geiger, Enid Cooke, Betty Sullivan.

FOOTBALL

Front row (left to right): Ray Boden, John Davies, Bill Schier, Alf Peterson, Percy Kerrison, Roy Beecroft, Bob Moore, Ralph Anstee, Ron Walker.

Back row: Colin French, Ken Robinson, Ross Smith, Guy Watkins, Roy Bates, Len Parsons, Geoff Bryant, Adye Bardenhagen, Fred Watson, Mr. Jordan (coach).

SOCIALS

ARTHUR HOUSE SOCIAL

With Alf Peterson acting as a competent M.C., Arthur held the first House social of this year on June 22. A programme of lively games and interesting competitions ensued. After an enjoyable supper was served, the evening closed with the School song, "Auld Lang Syne," and the National Anthem.

FRANKLIN HOUSE SOCIAL

On Wednesday, June 29, Franklin House held its annual social in the Assembly Hall. Under the supervision of Geoff. Frankcombe, the efficient M.C., an enjoyable evening was passed. No less enjoyable was the appetising supper that was passed round by the House Committee.

SORELL HOUSE SOCIAL

Sorell House held a successful social on July 13, in the Assembly Hall. Guy Watkins acted as M.C. The games, competitions and supper were greatly appreciated by the members of the House and the majority of the staff.



From a Pencil Drawing

CORRIVAL (Class B, Franklin)

WILMOT HOUSE SOCIAL

No effort was spared to make the Wilmot House social of 1938 a memorable occasion. Percy Kerrison and Roy Beecroft were joint M's.C., and under their able supervision, a programme of lively games and puzzling competitions was enjoyed by all. The supper was even more delicious than it appeared, and at 10 o'clock, the evening was rounded off by the singing of the School Song, "Auld Lang Syne," and the National Anthem.

SPORTS SOCIAL

On March 25, a social was held in the Assembly Hall in honour of the visiting teams from Hobart. Jim Beck acted as Master of Ceremonies. After a lively programme, supper was served in the alcoves. The evening was brought to a close by the singing of the School Song, "Auld Lang Syne," and the National Anthem.

DUCES

SECOND TERM

Class A—Roy Beecroft	75%
B—Jean Flaherty	82%
C—Dorothea Jones	70%
C2—Mary Meston	76%
C3—Eva Johnston	79%



THE GONDOLIERS

On August 29 and 30, two fine performances of the Gilbert and Sullivan comic operas, "The Gondoliers," were given by pupils of the school in the Assembly Hall. The curtain rose on a gay, old-fashioned Venetian scene which had been painted by the Art Classes under the efficient supervision of Miss Meggs. The girls' chorus, clad all in white, gave a very fine rendering of their songs. Their delightful singing was one of the attractions, both when singing their own choir numbers and when supporting the principals. Another feature of the play was the boys' choir, trained by Miss Richardson, which, arrayed as Venetian gondoliers, gave a very pleasant rendering of the "King of Barataria." The work of the principals was excellent throughout. As a Spanish grandee, the Duke of Plaza-Toro, Roger Snow gave a very humorous portrayal, his multifarious garb in the first act in particular, exciting many chuckles from the large audiences which attended on both evenings. The romantic interest was provided by Clive Sadler, who gave a fine performance as the Duke's attendant, Luiz, and by Evelyn Howe, who made a gentle and dignified Casilda, daughter of the Duke. Wendell Medhurst by his amusing portrayal of the pompous Grand Inquisitor, Don Alhambra del Bolero, added humour to the play. His fine deep voice was revealed by his able rendering of several comic numbers. Jim Beck and Malcolm Wright a

Marco and Guiseppe Polmieri, respectively, enlivened the play by the mechanical effect of two persons trying to do exactly the same things, their exaggerated simplicity and their mock court dance Bonnie Frost and Joan Lightfoot gave a convincing interpretation of Tessa and Gianetta, two of the contadine who marry the gondoliers, Marco and Guiseppe. They both sang gloriously; Bonnie, like a lark, and Joan simply and graciously. Violet Herbert and Rita Cooper gave an excellent performance of the cachuca which we should all have liked to see repeated. Pat Killalea made a delightful Flametta and Reg. McQuestion, another gondolier, Francesco, sang "Take a Pair of Sparkling Eyes" in a pleasing light tenor. Doug. MacLaine and Derek Furnage helped to provide the comedy as Antonio and Giorgio, two gondoliers supporting Marco and Guiseppe when they became joint rulers of Barataria. Nancy Bramich was a very dignified Duchess of Plaza-Toro. Her duet with the Duke was most amusing and their dance, the most graceful thing in the play. Audrey Elliot as Inez, the King's foster-mother, was very good. She had only a small part, yet her quiet dignity seemed to dominate the closing scene of the play.

The production of "The Gondoliers" was shared by Mr. Moses and Mr. Reeves, whom we heartily thank for the tremendous amount of work they put into it and whom we congratulate on its success.

REPORTER.

A CATTLE MUSTER

When a small boy, I had the luck to be on a cattle station. My father was the manager of Dulkaninna cattle station, some fifty seven miles north-east of Mari, which is a town on the Alice Springs-Adelaide railway line, approximately five hundred miles north of Adelaide.

The station itself was about twelve hundred square miles in area and carried five thousand head of cattle together with one thousand horses which were mainly "brumbies" (a "brumby" is an Australian wild horse).

Great was the excitement one day when a "Muster" was called by the manager who had notified his neighbours to that effect. During the interval which elapsed before the "notified" stockmen appeared, the homestead was a scene of busy preparation.

Working horses of all descriptions were mustered, "camp" horses (used for drafting), night horses (for watching the cattle at night), pack horses and many others—and were then brought to the homestead. On arrival, these were carefully drafted, a certain number were given to each stockman, who had to catch and shoe his own horses and place a greenhide strap round their necks, so that they should carry their own hobbles.

Meanwhile, the manager issued the rations to the musterers' cook, who deftly packed the packbags and collected his camp gear and camp-ovens, billycans, etc. Some of the blacks busied themselves greasing hobble-straps and selecting horse belts—for they are aptly known as "horse-tailers" in a mustering camp and they made very efficient ones too.

On promise that I don't get up to any tricks, I am allowed to go with the musterers.

On the appointed day, the preparations being completed, and the "notified" stockmen having appeared, the party sets out. I am under the cook's charge and am not allowed to venture from the camp without him, so I, myself, do not take part in the actual muster, but still it is a thrill to be at a mustering camp.

After some time the "head" stockman of the station who called the muster, makes a halt; two or three men are told to assist the cook to drive the "plant" to the camping place, and the remainder of the stockmen break off and the muster begins.

The camp site must be carefully chosen. It is an area of soft ground, free from stumps and potholes, for the night horses must have everything in their favour while galloping around a mob of newly-mustered cattle. The camp must be near wood and water for the cook's benefit. When the site is selected, each pack is placed side by side in a semi-circle so that the cook can lay his hands on any required article immediately.

After that the horses are hobbled, wood and water carted and many green branches are cut and placed in a large semi-circular fashion between the cattle camp and the human camp. This barrier is called a break. It is placed there to screen any movement of the humans at the camp around the fire.

The break is most important for it prevents the grotesque shadows from the fire being seen by the men also. Thus at night time, the men eat and sleep in a comfortable camp behind a "bush fence" and only move to change watches—and even these are changed behind the break.

Towards sundown a large mob of about fifteen hundred cattle is brought bellowing to the camp to the accompaniment of the staccato-like cracks of the stockwhips.

The blacks bring in four or five night horses and take the first watch, while the musterers ride behind the break, unsaddle and hobble their horses, unroll their swags, and have their first meal in camp.

At daylight, following the all-night watch, during which all hands (except the cook and myself) take part in shifts, the cattle are taken about half a mile away, where is the branding camp—I eagerly make my way to watch this—and will tell you about it in the next volume of the Magazine.

R. SNOW (B Class, Wilmot)

MY DIARY

Sunday 16th.

Was dressed for church. Went to give the canaries some tit-bits and found one dead. I went to bury it, got my dress all dirty, had my hands caked with mud, pushed them through my hair, wiped my perspiring brow, and left a trail of mud behind. Mum was wild! Said I couldn't go out to tea that night. Spent the rest of that day in bed.

Monday 17th.

Washing day. Mum still angry. Doesn't like washing flimsy, dirty dresses. Went to school without a word and came home for dinner at 12.30; found mum out and the house locked up. Was terribly hungry, but couldn't get in so had to go without my dinner.

Tuesday 18th.

Picked a row with Jane Jones. Told her she was getting fatter every day. She flared up at that (she's got shocking red hair). Teacher came along and made me apologise. As if I would apologise to that kid! Told teacher so, and had to write thirty theorems out before I could go home. Was I wild!

Wednesday 19th.

Went up to Basin for a swim. Saw a girl struggling, as I thought, in the water. Went out to rescue her, but found she was trying out a new stroke, also that she was champion swimmer of Tassie.

Thursday 20th.

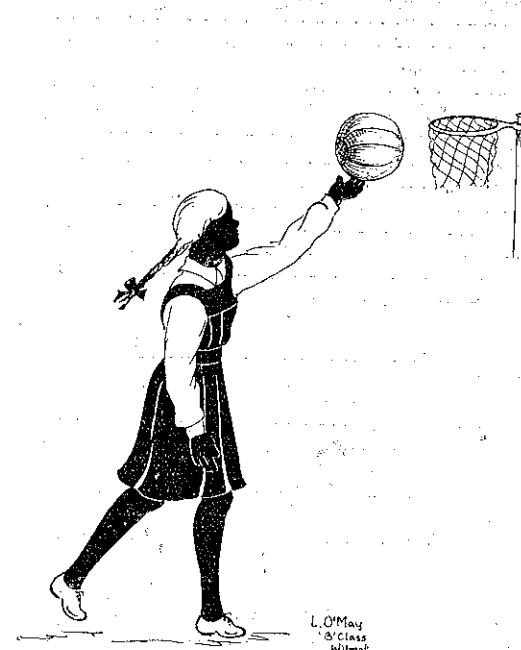
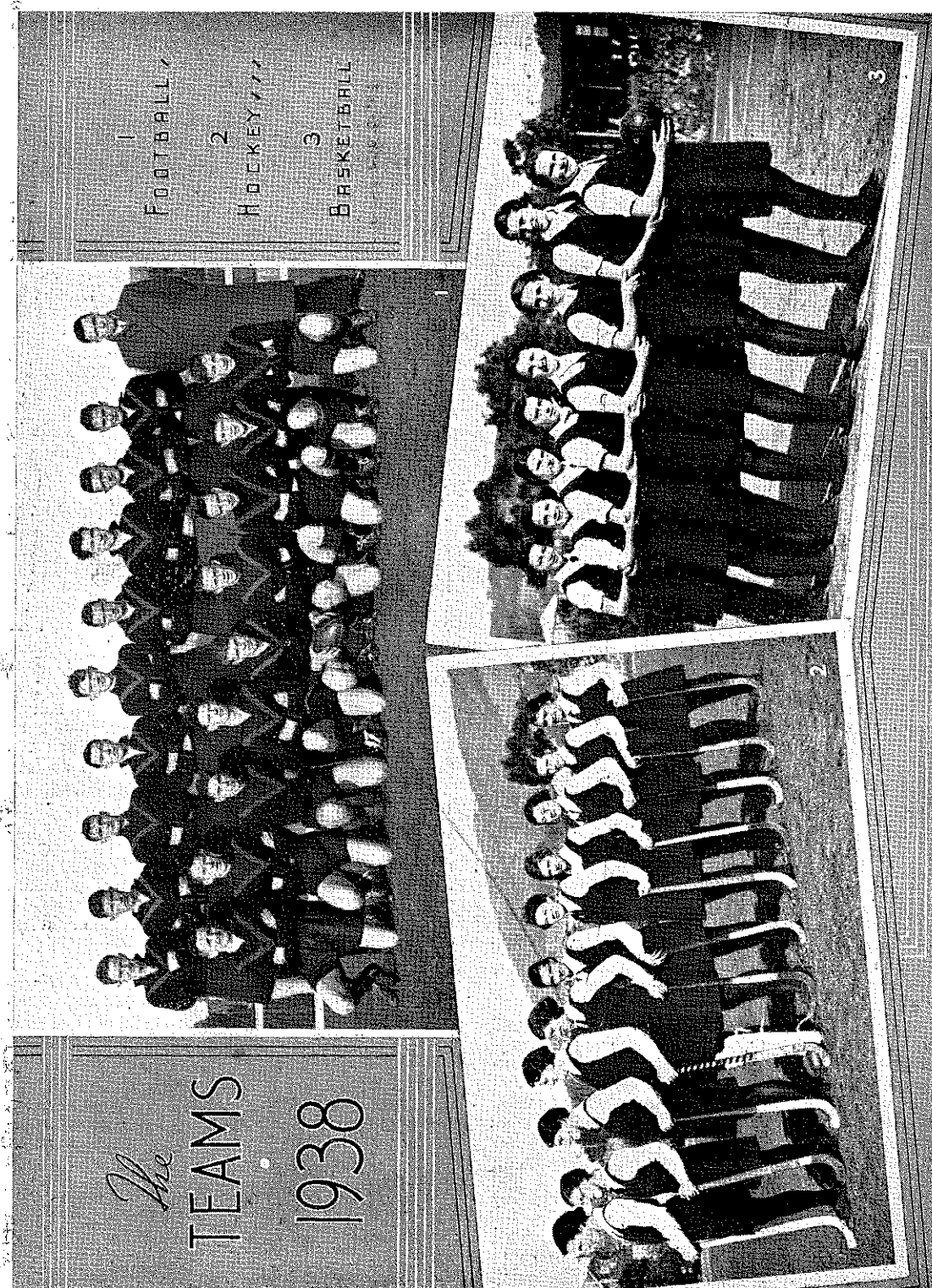
Thought I'd like to go skating. Looked easy, but wasn't. Came home with broken arm, swollen head and twenty-seven bumps on my person.

Friday 21st.

Saturday 22nd.

I work every Saturday morning. Was late this morning, so hung on to back of a lorry, but it was going too fast for me to get off when we passed my workshop, so I was carried on to the next town.

BETTY PINEL, (D3, Arthur House).



BASKETBALL

We were particularly unfortunate in losing all but two of our last year's strong team. However, owing to the enthusiasm of the coach, Miss Meggs, the new captain, Elaine Page, and the newcomers to the team, the basketball team have put up another very creditable performance this year. In the N.T.W.B.A. roster, the girls played very well to gain third place this season. In the inter-high school matches, although we defeated Hobart, we were unsuccessful against the new premiers, Devonport.

The match against Hobart was well fought out, but our girls' superior system and accurate passing allowed them to carry off a victory of 24 goals to 11. Every one played well, but Elaine Page. Evelyn Howe and Marjorie Cooper were invaluable, while Rita Cooper played a very dependable game.

The scientific game of basketball was reduced to a kind of scramble in the wet conditions under which the Devonport match was played. The final scores were Devonport, 18 goals, Launceston, 14 goals. Marjorie Cooper and Elaine Page were again outstanding.

The Seconds, captained by Marjory Dobbison, have done very well in the B grade roster.

Miss Meggs has again coached the teams this year and it is due to her interest and enthusiasm that they have done so well. The teams wish to thank her for her very able coaching.



HOCKEY

In the hockey also there were only two of last year's team left this year. The team picked for this year was as follows:—Thora Bottcher, Peggy Spotswood, Edna Tregenna, Enid Cook, Betty Sullivan, Val Farmilo, Sheila Geiger, Pat Coe, Mavis Simmonds, Gwenda Barton, Joan Wilkinson, Joan Coe and Nancy Goss were emergencies.

This year Thora Bottcher was elected captain and Peggy Spotswood vice-captain.

Playing consistent hockey against strong teams in the "A" Grade roster, the girls from match to match have shown continuous improvement. Although their position on the roster list was comparatively low, their improvement is such that before they went to Hobart, they defeated an A grade team that had defeated them by a large margin at the beginning of the season.

On August 12, the Firsts played the Hobart Firsts at Hobart. The Hobart team was too quick to the ball for our team and had a fairly easy victory. The final scores were Hobart, 4 goals to Launceston, 1. M. Simmonds scoring the only goal for Launceston. Everyone will agree that the captain, Thora Bottcher, did a good job throughout the whole season.

Note to illustrations.—Our artist is apparently neither a player of basketball, nor of hockey, or she would not horrify us so by placing the net level with the girl's head, or the hockey stick so high.—Editor.

FOOTBALL NOTES

At the commencement of the season, Percy Kerrison was elected captain and Len Parsons vice-captain.

On August 13, the team played Hobart, and in a low scoring game, we were beaten by 24 points.

The ground was not in good playing condition and the heavy nature of the turf was not conducive to good football. The Hobart team, however, adapted themselves well to the conditions, whereas our team did not settle down at any stage of the match, and played much below their true form.

The scores were:—

Hobart, first quarter, 2 goals 5 points; second quarter, 5 goals, 6 points; third quarter, 7 goals 9 points; final, 8 goals 10 points—58 points.

Launceston, first quarter, 3 goals 2 points; second quarter, 4 goals 4 points; third quarter, 5 goals, 4 points; final, 5 goals 4 points—34 points.

Goalkeepers for School.—Petterson, 2; Kerrison, Schier and Smith, each 1.

Best players for School.—Petterson, Schier, Parsons, Beecroft, Bryant, Robinson and Kerrison

FOOTBALL TEAM CRITIQUE

P. KERRISON.—Captain. A good leader. Clever, plays good position.

L. PARSONS.—Vice-captain. Shows great initiative in clearing for goal. Good kick and high mark.

G. BRYANT.—Ruck and back. Uses his weight to advantage. Persistent and determined. Little slow in getting rid of ball.

R. BEECROFT.—Centre. Fast, clean and tricky. Plays good position, and always on look-out for loose men. An accurate pass.

K. ROBINSON.—Ruck and forward. Gets the knock well. Flies high. Long kick. Needs to improve ground play.

A. PETTERSON.—Rover and full forward. Dodges cleverly. Kicks left or right foot. Sure mark and kick.

C. FRENCH.—Wing. Much improved player. Good mark and consistent kick. Should try to get rid of ball quicker.

A. BARDENHAGEN.—Wing. An accurate pass and fair mark. Should go harder to ball.

B. SCHIER.—Rover and full forward. Clever, fast and determined. Good mark. Needs to improve his kicking on the run.

R. SMITH.—Ruck and back. Greatly improved player. Goes in hard. Fair mark and a good left foot kick.

B. MOORE.—Back. Rugged player. Fair kick and mark. Needs to go for the ball instead of the man.

R. BATES.—Ruck. Good high mark. Fair kick. A little slow in getting rid of ball.

G. WATKINS.—Centre half-back. Good high mark and long kick. Goes through hard. Always dependable.

R. WALKER.—Pocket forward. Small player, but tricky. Plays good position. Accurate shot for goal.

R. ANSTEE.—Pocket forward. Fair mark and kick. Should get off the mark quicker.

J. DAVIES.—Pocket back. Fair kick, either foot and fair mark. Should get off the mark quicker.

F. WATSON.—Ruck. Good kick and mark. Tries hard and is always dependable, but should try to move more quickly to ball.

R. BOWDEN.—Pocket back. Not a good kick. Improving.

M. WINDSOR.—Back. Determined player and goes in hard. Kicking needs improving.

J. VINEY.—Pocket forward. Plays good position. Accurate shot for goal. Should make decisions quicker.

LIBRARY NOTES

During the last two years the Library has most certainly proved itself an important asset to the School. Library periods are enjoyed by nearly every class, and the School's extensive use of the reference books, as well as those of the circulating library is a most pleasing reward for the hard work of Miss Blyth and the Library monitors.

An attractive and most useful piece of furniture is the polished rack which contains all the most interesting new additions to the Library. Some of the books added to the Library since the publication of the last Magazine are:—

Fiction.—"Buffalo Jim," by William Hatfield; "Stormalong," by Alan Villiers; "Little Women," by Louisa Alcott; "Tell England," by Ernest Raymond; "We of the Never Never," by Mrs. Aeneas Gunn; "The Lonely Road," by Jeffrey Farnol; "The Captain's Chair," by Robert Flaherty; "To You, Mr. Chips," by James Hilton; "Promenade," by G. B. Lancaster.

Travel.—"The Background of Geography," by M. Whiting Spilhaus; "South to Samarkand," by Ethel Mannier; "Greece and Rome," by Sir James Frazer; "National Geographic Magazine" (1936, 1937); "World Geography," by E. O. Robinson.

Australia.—"History of Tasmania," by James Fenton.

History.—"Digging for History," by G. B. Harrison; "History of English People, 1815," by Elie Halevy; "Endless Prelude," by Vaughan Wilkins.

Science.—"An Outline of Universe I and II," by J. C. Crowther; "Stars in their Courses," by James Jeans; "Through Space and Time," by James Jeans; "Tasmanian Shells," by W. L. May; "Technical Electricity," by H. T. Davidge; "Starry Pages," by W. A. Amiet; "Australian Wild Flower Fairies," by Nuri Mass; "Some Wild Flowers of Tasmania," by L. Rodway; "Victorian Ferns," by R. W. Bond; "A First Year Australian Botany," by E. A. Cook.

Economics.—"Economic Record, June, 1938;" "The Tasmanian Economy in 1937-38."

Philology.—"Voici la France," by M. Clement; "Technical and Scientific French," by Edwin Wil-

liams; "Contes pour la Jeunesse," by N. W. H. Scott; "Practical French Commercial Correspondence," by R. L. G. Roe; "Nelson's Second French Reader," by Ritchie and Moore.

Fine Arts.—"Specialty Knitting Books."

Poetry.—"Poems of To-day" (Third Series); "Poetical Works, I, II, III," by John Milton.

French.—"Le Voyage de Monsieur Perrichon," by E. Labiche; "Les Auteurs Francais Contemporains," by Mme. M. Potel; "Eugenie Grandet," by Balzac; "Contes Bretons," by A. Le Braz; "Aimer Grand Meme," by Jean De la Brete; "Lectures Historiques," by E. Moffett; "La France qui Travaille" by Ardouin Dumazet; "Les Provinces de la France," by J. R. E. Howard; "Premieres Lectures Litteraires," by J. L. Salvan; "Specimens of Modern French Prose," by H. E. Berthon; "L'Abbe Constantin," by Ludovic Halevy; "Le Roman d'un Jeune Homme Pauvre," by Octave Feuillet; "Dix Contes," by Francois Coppee; "French Short Stories," by G. Ritchie; "Contes de Fees," "French Travellers in Britain," by F. C. Roe; "Contes de la France Contemporaine," by W. M. Daniels; "Pierre Lori," by Pierre Lori; "L'Ame Francaise," by M. E. Clark; "La France Laboreuse," by F. Roe; "French Town and Country," by Rudmose Brown; "Anatole France," by Anatole France; "La France et la Civilization," by Rene Lanion; "Les Trois Mousquetaires," by Alexander Dumas; "La Petite Fadette," by George Sand; "Le Roi des Montagnes," by Edmund Alout.

A DAY AFTER DUCKS

Morning broke with the sun shining mistily in a wind-swept sky. As I lay in bed looking out through the window at the trees twisting and tossing in the boisterous breeze, I pondered what I should do; Hmm! what about a bit of duck shooting! The very thing. Up and out of bed with a bound, breakfast over, and arrayed in a fearsome mixture of the oldest toggerly available, I set out with my cousin Grant for the duck-lagoons.

We had gone about half a mile when we suddenly noticed that we had forgotten to bring the gun. "I suppose we'd better go back and get it," I suggested brightly. "Certainly," said Grant, "seeing that we're out to shoot ducks I think it might be handy." Once more on our way, properly equipped this time, we travelled rapidly and soon arrived at the first lagoon. "I'll try my luck here Grant," quoth I, "and you can try yours at the next lagoon," and forthwith I moved swiftly off into the undergrowth to a suitable position for surveying the lagoon and stalking ducks.

It had rained during the night and the twigs and sticks being damp did not crackle so loudly as when dry. What noise I did make treading on them was drowned by the blustering gale roaring through the tree-tops. Crawling up close to the waterside on my hands and knees,

I suddenly found myself unpleasantly close to a five-foot black snake. This latter did not look to be a very loving sort of creature, so I quickly altered my course. After another half hour's tortuous worming and pushing through thick undergrowth, I at length reached a satisfactory position.

While preparing to take aim I heard a faint rustling noise just above my head, and looking upwards saw another large snake hanging from the bushes not very far from my head. Seeing that it showed definite signs of a deep curiosity with regard to my person I may be pardoned for seeking a rapid change of region. Rolling speedily to one side out of harm's way I began to evacuate my immediate surroundings, dragging my gun after me. In my hurry I had forgotten that it was loaded. However, a deafening report close to my ear served effectively to jog my memory. Almost simultaneously an excited whirr of wings greeted my ears as a numerous mob of ducks rose as one from the water and hastily departed for other regions.

"Let's hope you have better luck, Grant," I said as he departed eagerly to stalk at the next lagoon. Settling down to await his return I reclined against a little mound. It so happened that this particular mound was inhabited by a tribe of large bull-dog ants. The said ants are of a very irascible nature at best, and they strongly objected to my presence. They (three or four of them) proceeded to express their objections by making a concerted attack on the back of my neck. Bulldog ants are always great biters, and believe me these did a great job. It had the desired effect. With an agonised yell I bounded into the air, clutching at my neck. Naturally the ducks were interested in this strange sound. They proceeded to fly up on a tour of inspection and then suddenly decided that they too would like a change of climate.

Going down to the lagoon, I saw Grant standing some little way out from the edge, trying to think of new words to say: "Come on Grant, no use waiting," I called. So he began his return journey but when nearing the shore he inadvertently trod into an unexpectedly deep pot-hole, which resulted in his head being the only dry part of his anatomy.

"I think we've done enough duck shooting for one day," he observed on reaching dry land once more. I heartily agreed and with one accord we began to "homeward plod our weary way." As we trudged along we consoled ourselves with the anticipation of eating the ducks which we had shot a few days previously and which we knew would be cooked by the time we got home. On arriving home, however, we heard someone cheerfully remark, "I suppose they won't mind our having all the ducks. They'll probably get a lot more to-day and they can eat most of them if they like." In the garden someone was gaily chirping, "When it comes to the end of a perfect day."

D. MACLAINE (C3, Franklin)

OBITUARY

City streets,
Policemen's beats;
Car collision,
Police decision.
Budgingly
Then grudgingly
A licenced driver
Pays a fiver,
Feeling badly
Wondering sadly
Why some other 'buses
Aren't the cause of all these fusses.
Absorbed quite
He crashes right
Into another vehicle
A motor bicycle.
Post mortem:
Doctor thought him
Dead—Amen.

P. R. ELCOATE (Class A, Wilmot)

OUR REPRESENTATIVE

The honourable representative
Of our beloved "Mag."
Is a hard and cheerful worker,
Who dearly loves a wag.

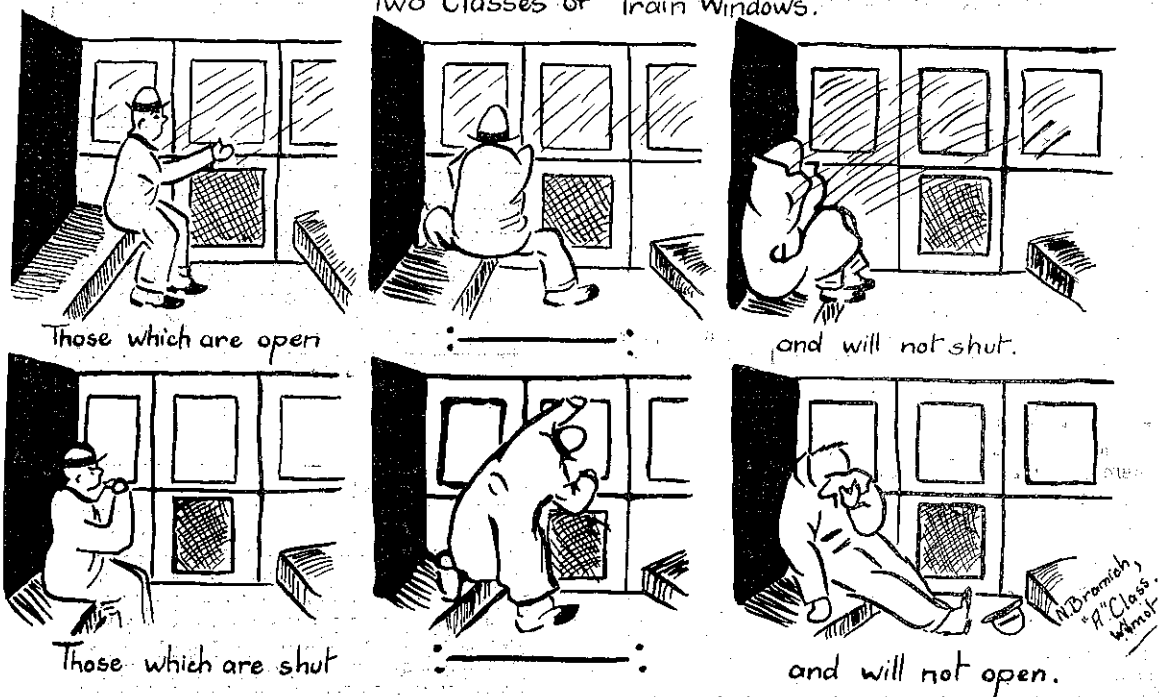
His hair is neat with a Marcel wave,
His smiling face is seldom grave.
That everlasting cheerful grin
Remains with him through thick and thin,
And no matter what the hoax,
He tolerantly treats all as jokes.

Everyday, like a busy bee,
He approaches nigh to me.
"Your article, it is long since due."
"But," say I, "what can I do?"

"Why, anything at all," says he,
"Some prominent object, which you see."
"Certainly," say I, "I'll do as you say,"
So to work I set without delay.

GERALD MURPHY (Class B, Sorell)

Two Classes of Train Windows.



Salt Marsh, The Heads.

BOTANY EXCURSION

On Sunday, October 23, six members of the Botany classes and the Botany teacher went on a trip to the Heads to study seashore plants. The party left Launceston at 9.45 a.m. and after about an hour's driving, reached the Heads. The botanists immediately set out with their books and knowledge to study the plants growing along the sand bank. Then a study of plants growing in a salt lagoon was made. Having completed the two excursions, everybody decided to go for a swim.

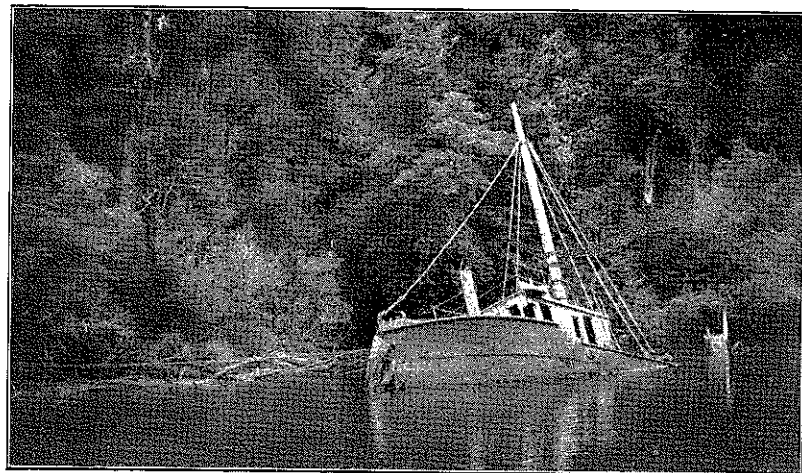
The water was rather cold, but very refreshing, and everyone was in the water for about a quarter of an hour. After the swim lunch was prepared by the girls while the boys boiled the billy.

When lunch had been finished and everything put back in the car, the party went for a walk round the rocks by the lighthouse. Some of the members made a careful study of the marine alga growing between the rocks, M.S. taking a number of photographs of them while they were collecting specimens. Later when they returned to the beach, the above photograph of the party and the salt marsh was taken. After the photographer had finished, the boys went for another swim. At 5.30 the party left the Heads for home, but stopped about six miles along the road and had some tea. At about 7.30 everybody was back in Launceston after a pleasant trip to the Heads.

J. HOLLINGWORTH (B Class, Wilmot)

N.B.—The members of the Botany Class wish to thank very heartily Mr. Hollingsworth for so kindly lending us his car, complete with our competent driver Jim.





INTRIGUE

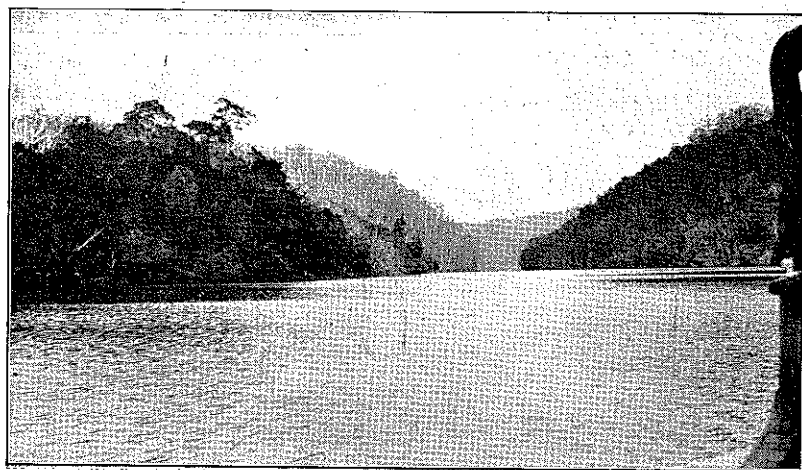
Probably some of the most beautiful scenery in the world is to be seen on the West Coast of Tasmania. As yet the axe of man is practically unknown, and virgin forest looks down on beautiful rivers, which, in spite of all attempts to stock them, are practically devoid of fish.

One of the most beautiful waterways on this coast is the Pieman River, and its tributaries, the Savage and Donaldson Rivers.

As we chugged lazily up the calm waters, on a beautifully clear, sultry summer day with a couple of fishing rods hanging over the stern, the place seemed suddenly eerie and unnatural. In spite of some truly wonderful attempts at angling, there were apparently no fish in sight, or in the near vicinity. Also, although we shouted frequently, there were apparently no birds in the dense forest which fringed the waters of the river.

In parts, the river narrowed, and soon the launch had to be forsaken, and we had to take to the dinghy, as the water became occasionally shallow, widening out into deep pools, where gold mining operations had once been carried on.

We were pulling slowly up this tributary then,



dodging the shallows when we could, the other members of the party draped gracefully around the thwarts, when coming from behind a thickly foliated tree, I happened to glance over my shoulder, and what I saw made me rub my eyes. I roused my confreres from their slumbers, much to their disgust. However, they waxed enthusiastic, when they saw this partly-submerged vessel, and there was much conjecture as to how she had got there, over about four miles of shallows.

As we drew nearer, we saw a hawser chain tied to a trunk, apparently to stop it from drifting away. This ship was quite a small vessel, a small coastal steamer apparently. We found out later that it was the "Croydon" which was abandoned in 1905. It gave us quite a shock though, finding quite a large trading vessel in a small river, nestling in a small pool, under the shade of thick trees.

We paddled on, but a queer feeling of surprise and moroseness, had made us feel serious for quite a long time and I still have a feeling of compassion for that old boat which had done good service, and which now lies in that quiet pool, rotting and disintegrating, almost forgotten.

DEREK FURMAGE (Class B, Franklin)

ROUND ABOUT SCHOOL

The response of the School to our appeal in our last issue for more articles was very pleasing indeed. Particularly was this so in the poetic line. We asked for poems on such subjects as Latin, Maths., etc., and we got them. Never before have we had such a splendid flow of poems. Now, next time we should like more drawings and thumb-nail sketches, especially if they are done to illustrate an article. In view of the gratifying response to our last appeal, we feel sure that these drawings will come rolling in for the next issue of the School Magazine.

I am still trying to figure out what happened to B Class! One would almost think that they had all been seized with a common urge to write a Magazine article at once. Or has our friend Derek Fumage inspired them, magicked them, or driven them? From his smiling friendly countenance, we hardly think it was the latter. Anyway they certainly gave a good account of themselves as a glance through these pages will show. A glance at the E Class work is also very interesting. We have some promising young writers there who are displaying a live interest and enthusiasm.

At the end of October, the School was fortunate, or rather unfortunate enough to have the opportunity (?) of witnessing what were called presentations of the Shakespearean plays, "Hamlet" and "Julius Caesar," at the National Theatre. Going to "Julius Caesar," I had high hopes of pleasant and instructive entertainment. Instead, I was most disappointed, in common, I believe, with most others who went. We were shocked that any actor should laugh openly at a slight mistake or excess of speed. We have always been taught that these should be passed over, that the audience may not recognise them. Again, we were horrified that speeches known the world over, speeches among the most moving of any ever written, should be forgotten and jumbled, and uttered in a most non-Shakespearean manner. We were also disappointed in the casting, and we should like to argue over the suitability and veracity—whether Shakespearean or Roman—of the costuming. There were some bright spots though—Cassius, Caesar and Calpurnia held our interest unwaveringly.

Unfortunately we cannot say that no harm has been done. As I came out I heard at least one would-be-know-all say, "Well, I never did like Shakespeare"—meaning, of course, "that proves I am right." He had not the wit to see how far short the interpretations of Shakespeare fell, and I suppose none of us, who have not seen him well acted, can really imagine what it is that makes all the nations translate him as a master.

We are very pleased to welcome back Mr. Meston after his overseas holiday. He makes our Friday Assemblies pass very pleasantly with his interesting talks on his travels. We have no doubt that he increased his already wide knowledge considerably, but, oddly enough, he seems to bear out the truth of the old proverb, "Whoso increaseth knowledge, increaseth sorrow." Or it

may only be that he found seven months too short for his holiday and was loath to return.

There must be quite a large number of us in the School who remember Miss Jean Gee, our Art Teacher of two years ago. It seems quite a long time since she left us to go globe-trotting and would you believe it? she found romance in Marseilles! There she was overtaken on her return journey by Mr. Gerald Cook and now—she's Mrs. Gerald Cook. We offer him our hearty congratulations and hope Miss Gee will be happy in her Welsh home.

During the year several special assemblies were called. On Friday, March 11, Miss Alice Henry, an Australian woman with 28 years' residential experience in Chicago, gave the School an interesting account of the people of the United States.

Mr. Frank Engel, travelling secretary of the Australian Student Movement, addressed the School on the 10th of June.

On the 5th of August, Mr. Millar, the first headmaster of our School, wound up the annual inspection by giving a much appreciated address in the afternoon assembly.

Mr. R. Abraham, exchange teacher from Ceylon, gave an address on the education of boys and girls in Ceylon. It is much to be regretted that he was mocked in the streets merely because he was a member of a different race. This merely shows up our ignorance and lack of courtesy, which we Tasmanians should be most anxious to get rid of. His address was delightful and his command of a foreign tongue, our envy.

Traffic Inspector Bryce of the the Police Department gave the annual talk on traffic regulations and rules on the 13th of October. His address was useful and instructive and was appreciated by all.

REPORTER.

APPEAL

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 keep friendships which you have already made at school, and help you to keep in touch with your old school. A sincere welcome is extended to you all. We have various clubs such as tennis, football, social, basketball, hockey, and if we get the necessary support we will start new ones. For a small subscription of 2/- for first year, Old Scholars, you will become a financial member and entitled to all the benefits of the Association.

Send the undersigned your name and address, and thus keep in touch with the Association, bearing in mind the School Annual Speech Night to be held early in the new year, when all old scholars may reserve seats together, and our own annual general meeting to be held in March next.

To all old scholars who are sitting for examinations, the Association wishes the very best of luck and look forward to receiving the support of all scholars who leave school at Christmas.

JOY GEIGER, Hon. Secretary.

SCHOOL A HUNDRED YEARS HENCE

Things to come! What vivid pictures, what enchanting visions of a new life, a new era and new ways does this brief phrase not conjure up before one's eyes? And when I apply it to school life, what glorious scenes do I not envisage! School, in particular, the Launceston High School, a hundred years hence! Let me take you with me on an imaginary visit to the Launceston High School at that not far distant date.

We enter the school gates and are immediately struck by the size of the school and the number and variety of activities going on in the school-yard. The school now occupies a whole block; a much larger school building is in the centre and the grounds all round it split up into playing areas. On the spacious tennis courts and at the cricket and vigorous nets, play is in full swing under the bright summer sky. What! games being played in school hours, you say! Certainly. We have no recess-hour now, but games are played from the time school opens in the morning till it closes in the afternoon. This is how it's done. A group of classes spends the first period playing games in the schoolyard, and the next period it changes over to lessons and another group takes its place on the playgrounds and so on right through the entire school. In this way the playing areas of the school are never unoccupied. Games being played all the time together with a large school gymnasium, cut-and-dried drill has disappeared, which is undoubtedly an excellent thing.

Now we are walking along the balcony in the school. On every hand we hear the steady, controlled hum of activity and voices. There is quite a large volume of noise, necessary, unavoidable noise, but it is steady and controlled and does not strike one forcibly or interfere with work. Stopping before the door of a classroom we press a button by the side of the door and it slides silently back into the wall and we step into the room.

What a surprise! How different from the present! The walls are painted in encouragingly bright colours such as green against a pale cream. The roof of unbreakable glass allows much more light to enter. The temperature is scientifically regulated, and may be raised or lowered to suit the weather conditions. A great blessing that! It completely obviates the necessity for a woodshed, the making of fires in the winter, and last, but not least, fireplaces and chimneys. The windows have broad, flat sills along which are ranged such ornaments as little glass aquariums full of tadpoles and the like, rows of bulbs and pretty pot plants, or little figures and statuettes made by the art classes.

The windows are excellent too. Just press a button and they slide back into the walls. Do likewise with the blinds and they roll up in the flicker of an eyelash. The window-monitor has little work these days. The blackboard monitor is just as well off. See that queer compact-looking gadget seated on the top of the blackboard? That's the patent blackboard-cleaner. All you

have to do is press a button and it goes into action and then you have only to guide it by means of a lever. Release your pressure and it snaps back into place; it makes a thorough job too. And there is the classroom clock. Sensible, that. You can see just how to allot your time and how fast you are working.

Lockers cause no trouble these days. Each pupil, you see, has a desk to himself. This desk is one of the greatest boons of school to-day. On the front edge is a rack for holding all the text books most commonly used, such as the inevitable dictionary. Then on one side from the top of the desk to the floor is a cupboard or drawer for books not needed at once; and in a similar position on the other side is a series of shelves for pads and note-books. Between these two sides is sufficient space to place the legs comfortably when sitting down. Thus lockers are no longer needed. They are things of the past, fortunately. It's pretty senseless really, having to run up and down stairs from classroom to locker room after books, besides being a waste of time and trouble.

Home work? Yes, we still have it; not so much set homework as before though. If you can't do all one night's home work on the night on which it is set, you are allowed another day of grace in which to finish it. This is very convenient, you know. Just suppose that you have a lot of home work on a night which you particularly wish to spend elsewhere and in a different fashion. Well, you may do so, and do your home work on the following night. In the end you will do quite as much as anyone else this way, and you will not be unduly inconvenienced. Here is another thing. If someone wishes very much to study in detail one particular subject, he need do no home work, but instead devote his time to the subject in which he is particularly interested. When he knows sufficient about it, he must write an exhaustive thesis or treatise about it and read it to the class. This is very popular indeed, as it deserves to be.

The curriculum too, has changed a good deal. You may now study subjects such as dancing, physiology, etiquette, social matters and conduct, and scientific physical culture. This greater range of subjects, especially as it includes those of close everyday interest, makes school much more interesting. Debating clubs are very popular these days. Meetings are held to discuss various subjects and members attending have many spirited arguments and discussions on them, which are often very instructive, and certainly always interesting.

At the rear of the school is a spacious, well-equipped gymnasium, which is now, incidentally, one of the most important parts of the school. Adjoining it, one on either side, are the girls' and boys' cloakrooms, hot and cold showers. No longer do we sit sweating through long lessons in stuffy classrooms. In the gymnasium, under the supervision of a teacher with a wide knowledge of physical training, one may spend many a pleasant period. The same system of alternate changing of periods by groups of classes as in the case of the outdoor games prevails here also, and consequently it is never empty in school

hours. A group of girls one period, a group of boys the next and so on, is how it is run. There are special evening classes several times a week for those who are enthusiastic. What a drill squad they have these days.

Sports' day has changed also. We now get the whole of Wednesday afternoon each week and in the event of unfavourable weather conditions, it is postponed until Thursday or Friday. And there are matches on Saturday mornings, and games on Saturday afternoon for those who wish. We have our own sports' ground too, for playing matches and for holding our annual school athletic sports.

Now let us make a visit to the flood-lit swimming baths underneath the school. Here, under the school floor, there is a fine large swimming pool, complete with diving boards, showers, dressing cubicles and accommodation for quite a large audience for such times as when the annual swimming carnival is held.

Now we will go to the other extreme. We will take a trip up on to the roof. The latter is perfectly flat, and on it are numbers of seats for open-air classes which are frequently held in fine weather. In the centre is a section devoted to a rain-gauge, shadow-stick and sun dial, alongside of which is a very beautifully constructed planetarium. What a pleasure it is to sit in it, watching its movable sky, watching the sun rise and set in changing positions in different seasons, and eclipses of the sun and moon. Naturally, geography seems to have seized this part of the school, and geography classes predominate up here.

Another interesting kind of class, is the "tea party" class. Nothing like "afternoon tea parties" of our present time. Oh, no! At these tea parties, all talking is done in a foreign language, such as French or German. Naturally one has to have progressed a fair way in the language before one can come to these tea party classes. But they are invaluable for helping one on in the language. It changes the atmosphere quite a lot too, and is most amusing at times. They may be held at any time when a teacher feels inclined. The teacher just asks the class to tea, saying what it is to be about, and off they go, and enjoy it immensely too.

And the Magazine! What do you think? It's in colour now and quite large. Real hot stuff, and issued at the end of every term—thrice yearly. It covers a wide range of subjects, and guess what? We now have a school paper—the Launceston High School Weekly, only six sheets, but an excellent publication. It includes sporting news and events connected with our school, correspondence, original jokes, skits, stories, useful hints, etc. We derive a lot of magazine matter from it of course. It is edited and printed by the scholars. Everyone is keenly interested in it, especially in the controversies which frequently rage in the correspondence columns. It's only 2d weekly, too.

This will interest you! At the end of the first week of every term, up to the end of the fourth week, each House holds its terminal

social. That makes three socials a year for each House—and not a bit too much either. Under these conditions, the scholars are taking a far greater interest in their school and all connected with its welfare.

Besides these socials, dances may be organised during the terms, with a limit of four per term, by the scholars. Most can dance now, as a result of the dancing lessons becoming part of the curriculum. They are short it's true, but, under expert guidance, you'll soon grasp the fundamentals of the art and when you are sufficiently far advanced to progress by yourself at dances, you are dismissed from the class.

Finally, each class puts on a play or something similar at the end of the year. This takes two days and evenings, but it's great fun. Everybody is cheerfulness itself while they are on. It puts one in a good humour for the holidays too, and if you happen to be leaving school, your last impressions of it are of the most pleasant variety. It's a great school, don't you think?

D. MACLAINE (Class C3, Franklin)

THE STRANGER

Heaven's waters fell to earth to-day,
They came and made the earth so grey.

That birds and beasts to shelter took.

And they in spirits gay,

Chirped and chatted like a babbling brook.

And all the creatures had a say

As t' why the rain should fall that day.

The question asked was very strange,

The answers too were very strange;

Dismayed, their looks to heaven went

And from a distant range

A lonely creature came with clothing rent,

And all agreed that he was strange.

As t' why the rain should fall that day—

They all agreed to ask the one

Whose confidence they now had won—

As t' why the rain should fall that day.

He thought—

With thinking done

He smiled on them and made them gay

"Because the will of God is done."

That's why the rain should fall to-day.

"The earth is ours and all therein,

And we must drink who dwell therein,

And so must beasts and beauteous flowers.

We want them for our kin,

So nature hath within her bowers

Water. This is our life default of sin.

That's why the rain should fall this day."

The birds and beasts play in the fields

Until the hour of prayer arrives,

When they will pray for something rare

To bring them all to meet again

When they will meet the strangers there,

To answer all their questions strange.

"CORRIVAL" (Class B), Franklin

THE FOUNTAIN

One evening in February I was walking down the street looking at various gardens and thinking how beautiful they looked, when one garden standing back from the street drew my attention. It seemed a veritable wilderness of flowers, but when I looked again, more carefully, I realized it had been most carefully planned.

A path wound its way between the different beds. It was made from stones, each one cut to a triangular shape. Between the gaps, caused through the stones being left apart, grass and tiny flowers sprung up.

On each side of the path was grass which had been carefully cut and which could hardly be seen for flowers which were springing up in the tiniest spaces, but they were all planted in orderly rows.

On the side farthest from the street was a row of tall iceland poppies of a glowing orange, reclining their heads towards a row of wallflowers, looking very picturesque in their gowns of brown and yellow. Glowing red ixias mingled among the heavy double stocks of yellow, purple and pink which were like Chinese lanterns giving their light to the various purple coloured irises.

A row of yellow daffodils drooped their heads a little to peep at the tulips, "pretty maids all in a row."

Each bed was as carefully planned and each window was aflame with nasturtiums. In every corner there was a little bed of flowers.

Between the flower beds stood a fountain, unlike any which I had ever before seen. It was marble-white which dazzled your eyes. It stood on six twisted legs which for a moment looked like serpents; then they twisted up into a huge bowl representing a poppy.

Two white doves stood on the petals of the poppy and as I watched, they appeared to dip their heads into the sparkling water.

Looking closer, I observed that the water was continually running in and out of the fountain. Three of the twisted legs supplied the fountain with water which after flowing right round the bowl then ran down the other three legs. At the foot of the fountain stood a green frog with big beady eyes. It seemed to be watching lest anyone should touch the fountain.

Taking my eyes away from this very pleasing spectacle, I continued my walk and saw that flowers ran right round the house, over which a creeper twined its many arms.

There was also a very nice vegetable garden divided by a path, on either side of which grew a row of apple trees.

Right at the bottom of the garden stood an elderberry tree with a swarm of bees busily making honey. I compared this garden with the ones I had first looked at and somehow the others seemed empty and bare. Perhaps this was because the others did not have the dazzling fountain.

L. YATES (D3, Arthur).

A BALLAD OF WRECK AND RESCUE

It was on a summer morning,
And we put out to sea,
When suddenly 'thout warning
The wind roared from our lee.

The waves threw up their hoary heads,
Next night while we wooed sleep
Frightened sailors came from their beds,
As a storm spread o'er the deep.

We rushed upon a hidden rock,
Which lay beneath the sea;
We struck a long shiv-ring shock
And waves surged o'er me.

The ship broke up in two halves
Upon that rock at sea;
Staggered away like two young calves,
Forever lost to me.

I clung upon a broken spar,
The waves seethed over me,
An awful cry rose from afar
From whom, I could not see.

At last the broken dawn appeared
Pink tinging all the sky,
The sun across my eyelids seared,
Proclaiming morning nigh.

Half the day had all but passed
And waves still battered me;
When blessed land appeared at last
Across the stormy sea.

And whilst I drifted to the shore,
Cheering sight did I see,
All my old friends with many more
Waiting to welcome me.

Of my shipmates I've heard no more
For they are doubtless free,
And Neptune never ope's his door
To those who lie 'neath sea.

R. G. STEPHENS (E1, Sorell)

A SONG OF EVENING

Softly, softly the shadows fall,
Slowly, slowly unfolding all,
Amongst the trees the winds do sigh,
And out of the West there comes a cry
Of a swan bird on her way to rest,
Where little ones wait in a cosy nest.
The waves are kissing a shadowy shore,
As they shall for ever and ever more,
And through the silent twilight air
The monks are chanting an evening prayer.
All is silent, all is peace,
Beauties of evening never cease!
Softly, softly the shadows fall
Slowly, slowly, unfolding all.

BARBARA CAMM (D1, Franklin)

MY AMBITIONS IN LIFE

My present ambition is, or should be, as I am repeatedly told, to pass the Intermediate at the end of this year. With luck I think this may possibly be achieved. The next few years I shall spend recovering from this tremendous effort. At the end of that period, I hope, with still greater luck, to pass the Leaving Examination, and possibly reach the heights of matriculating. But this is still in the gloriously uncertain future and so my thoughts concerning that subject are gloriously uncertain.

During the following few months I shall let my young pupils—I shall be a junior teacher—do the work, whilst I watch with the greatest contentment. Following that brief rest cure, I shall once more take the path of the would-be-learned. Through the ensuing years I shall drift gently along, ever learning and forgetting.

Having then grown too old to dream, I shall recede to some rustic school where, having inspired my pupils with my great knowledge, I shall pass gently into senile decay. With mighty Caesar as an example before me, I should say that it does not pay to be very ambitious.

DOROTHEA JONES (C1, Sorell)

FIRST IMPRESSIONS

"You mean to say you've never been to the pictures??!" A thousand question or exclamation marks could never adequately convey the mingled disbelief, astonishment and pity contained in my young cousin's ear-splitting shriek. "Never seen Robert Taylor, never heard Nelson Eddy, never even heard of Hollywood?" From the absolute passion in her tone and expression, I gathered that I had stumbled on a new religion. My emphatic denial of any knowledge of its existence had resulted in a more scandalised, incredulous protest than if I had proclaimed myself an atheist at a meeting of the Mothers' Union. To banish her excellent imitation of a whipped dog's expression, I bluntly told her that I had always had a vague idea that Hollywood was a castle in Scotland and that ever since I had seen a photograph of Robert Taylor, I considered that "Robert" was now a name for the female sex.

It succeeded; she gulped, and then, with a look worthy of a Christian missionary before a hungry cannibal chief, she determined to convert this infidel. "How much money have you?" she demanded. Now it was my turn to gulp. Visions of repairing a string in my racquet faded. "A shilling," I sighed weakly. Experience had taught me to give in always to this gold-digging relation. "Enough for the two of us if you can manage to look young and innocent," she snapped. Carefully instructing me to make a rush when we reached the entrance door, she pushed me into my coat and dragged me down the street.

The collection had to be paid before entering the "Church of Stars," for, with a sinking feeling, I saw that capable young lady handing over my cherished shilling for a scrap of cardboard. Before I could decide whether the cardboard contained the numbers of the Psalms or the hymns, my impatient relation had hustled me to the door.

There the churchwarden stood with more cardboard in his hand. But this churchwarden's face was not wreathed in a friendly smile. In answer to my most disarming smile, he gave us a hostile glare and asked for my age. For a moment my traitorous wits deserted me; I muttered an inaudible "sixteen." However, my ever-masterful cousin brightly answered, as she pushed me through the door, "Abnormal size for a child, isn't she?"

So having vanquished this minor official, we entered the great building! No entrant to a nudist cult ever felt so pierced by imaginary glances as I did when I walked down the aisle of this place of worship. However, no lingering stares came from these preoccupied worshippers. Their quiet chatter, clicking of knitting needles and rustling newspapers provided a decided contrast to the usual august hush of a waiting congregation. But a sudden push into a delightfully cushioned seat at the end of an empty row sharply interrupted my thoughts. Wondering what fascination the end of a row has for all churchgoers, I sat down. Ten minutes of exquisite mental and physical torture followed. My companion's gushing praises for the objects of her worship, the stars, grated on my ears, while some other imbecile's hair-raising account of a gruesome accident so upset my nervous system that the sensations of pain my poor trampled feet sent to my brain ran amok to every other part of my body. No sooner was this brought to end than I was further nauseated.

Momentary hopes that these heathens were at least patriotic were dashed during the strains of the National Anthem; the majority of those who deigned to stand for these few seconds, began to take stock of the other fanatics. Then after a few interesting newsreels, my young companion excitedly informed me that the first feature on this great programme was a "thriller." A faint ray of light gleamed in a mind of black despair. I have read some good detective yarns in my day.

Memories of this "thriller" send cold shivers up and down my spine. To the accompaniment of a sickening munching noise, startled ejaculations and a running commentary on the next events in the story, I began to count the corpses. The Chicago underworld was at its worst; after the spirit of the tenth toppling figure had departed from this world, I lost all hope and nearly all my reason. In imagination the plot rivalled the efforts of Mr. H. G. Wells, in intelligence, it almost equalled the efforts of a baby trying to describe the moon.

The grinding crunch, crunch, crunch grew more and more nerve-racking, the violent ejaculations more and more frequent and the continual murders more and more monotonous, until at last, when everyone but the hero and heroine was killed, and the lights came on, I was a dispirited, nervous wreck.

Next to me the worshipper of the distant stars was recovering from a kind of trance. The sight of her, the crowded, stuffy "Temple of Stars," the littered floor and the munching fanatics, together with my own aching head, determined my actions. Clutching my violently protesting relation by the hand, I strode past the

startled churchwarden into the fresh air. After a few gulps of this reviving element had undone all the putrid evil made in the stuffy building, I calmed my fuming relation by making her the horrified witness of a solemn vow.

My sole religion would continue to be one in which munching and nonsensical chatter were banned, no deception was practiced at the entrance door, the place of worship contained sufficient means of ventilation, and the subject matter was often interesting, if not so inspiring as one might hope.

LENA L. MULLEN (Class A, Wilmot)

A VISIT TO LAKE ST. CLAIR

Holidays! "Hurrah!"

It was dark when we at last arrived at Derwent Bridge. The enthusiasm of our journey over the Missing Link and past Great Lake had given place to a drowsiness into which crowded forests and mountains and still more mountains (did anyone think there could be so many mountains), but we had a glorious fortnight ahead. The mountains which at night time seemed so close that they were frowning upon us, in the bright sunshine of a frosty winter morning, looked more distant and their summits capped with snow rose like sentinels along the skyline—Mt. Rufus, Kugiel Range, Mt. Olympus. What wonders they were.

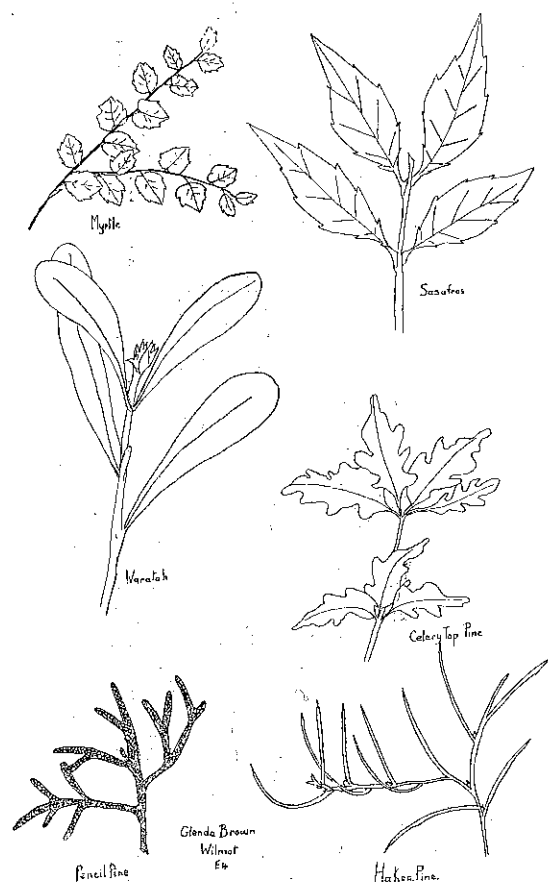
It was three miles to Lake St. Clair, a wide expanse of water curling round the foot of the mountains and lost to sight behind the hills which rise from its very edge and whose reflections seem to reach far down into the waters. There are many stretches of sandy beaches which make ideal picnic and bathing spots.

At the South end of the lake a huge pipe is being built as an outlet for water for Tarraleah. This pipe is 286 feet long and weighs 286 tons—the largest of its kind in Australia. We looked inside it and wondered at the vast amount of water that would flow through it when completed.

Covering the foot of the mountains and down the valleys are dense forests. Amongst the trees found at this height are the myrtles which grow very tall and have very dark green foliage. They have very small leaves which form into sprays and look very beautiful. The waratah trees do not grow so high and have long narrow leaves with rounded ends. The sassafras tree has a shorter, wider leaf, the veins finishing in sharp points along its outer edges and the leaves when crushed have a strong, pleasant odour. The celery top pine has, as the name suggests, leaves like those on the top of our bunches of celery, while pencil pine seems to have no leaves at all but just stalks. They grow this way so that the sun will draw the least possible moisture from the foliage. Hakea Pine also has no leaves and the fine stems end with a point like a needle.

Growing thickly amongst these larger trees are native honeysuckle, cracker bush, snowberry, thyme, broom and ti-tree, while nestling nearer

Lake St. Clair Foliage



to the ground are many species of fern, making altogether an almost impenetrable forest.

Most of these mountain trees and shrubs have small, hard, shiny leaves or their leaves may be reduced to mere stalks. This, I suppose, is to help them withstand the severe winters and to offer best resistance to the snow.

Snow! After a week of glorious sunshine, we returned to winter. I had never been amongst snow before, so imagine my delight when the first flakes fell—such small feathery particles drifting in all directions, to melt alas, almost before reaching the ground. Later, we had a heavy snow storm and what joy, we were able to build a snow man—that and pipe complete.

Our holidays had come to an end. Word was received by wireless that the Missing Link Road was impassable and the South Road dangerous, but we set out through a perfect white country and managed after much trouble and delay to get through via Bothwell and arrived cold, tired, but happy.

NANCY BROWN (E2, Wilmot)

THE SPIDER ORCHID

Anyone who takes an interest in Tasmania's native flowers must have found this orchid, for it is very common throughout the Island. It grows best in fairly sandy country, amongst small shrubs such as swamp heath, purple heather and common heath.

Although the flower of this orchid is not so large as the exotic hot-house blooms, it is quite as beautiful. Five of the petals, are long and slender, tapering to a point, while the sixth petal forms the tongue (labellum). This tongue is much wider than the other petals and is covered with several rows of hair-like glands. Behind the tongue is the column on which can be seen two stigmas at the base, and two antlers at the top. The column is light green in colour and is dotted with red; it bears two transparent wings which are widest at the top of the column.

The leaf and stem of this orchid are long and covered with hairs. The petals are light green, streaked with red on the outside; the stem is usually red, and the leaf is green.

The botanical name of this orchid is *Caladenia Patersonii*. It is closely allied to several other species of *Caladenia*, the difference lying either in arrangement of the glands, colour of petals, or the fact that some *Caladenia* have small clubs on the ends of their petals. However, the name "Spider Orchid" covers all these species and for the wild flower gatherer, is a much simpler name to remember.

MEG SOWTER (A Class, Arthur)

"LOST"

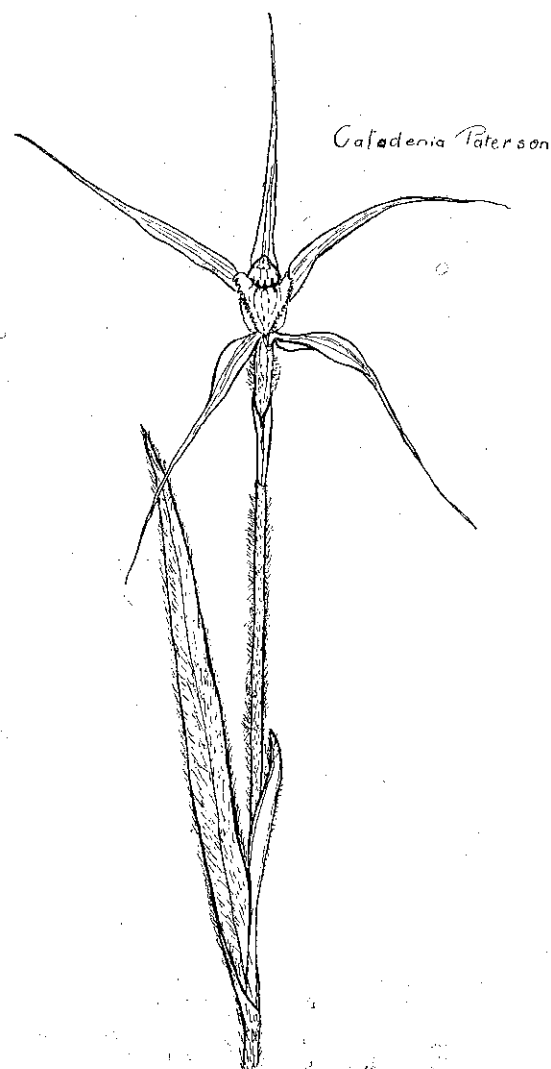
The sun has gone;
The hills are turning blue;
The dusk draws near;
The twilight now is waning.
Oh, tell me, tell me, dying wind,
What I am seeking, shall I find?

Go, ask the hills;
Go, ask the winding road;
Ask all the world;
Ask every living thing.
Oh, tell me, tell me, fading light,
Shall I find it by the night?

The light still fades;
The darkness closes in;
The wind has dropt,
And all is quiet and still.
Oh, tell me, tell me, gleaming moon,
I'll find it by to-morrow's noon?

The night now falls;
The stars, like tiny lamps,
Light up the sky;
The lights are winking bright.
Oh, tell me, tell me, tranquil brook,
I'll find it soon by hook or crook?

Oh, list, oh hark,
Whatever can that be?
It's 'neath that coat—
Oh my, a little mouse!
I thank thee, thank thee, moon and brook;
That coat concealed my Latin book!
E. HICKMAN (C2, Franklin)



A LITTLE HILL

(With grateful thanks to Keats for the opening line.)

I stood tip-toe upon a little hill,
The air was cooling, and so very still,
As I stood upon a little hill
That the sweet buds, which with a modest pride,
Pull droopingly, in slanting curve aside,
Their scanty-leaved and finely-tapering stems.
As I stood tip-toe upon a little hill,
As the air was cooling, and so very still.

R. LANSDALL (D2, Franklin)

ERRATA

In the previous edition, Philip Elcoate's name as illustrator of the Botany excursion poem, was omitted, and Jean Flaherty's as the winner of the Scholarship.

A TASMANIAN BEAUTY SPOT

Although at the present time not very easy of access, the Liffey Falls are well worth seeing. Only in one or two tourist books have I found mention of them and in one of these the mention was inaccurate. This guide said, and showed on a map, that the Liffey Falls were only approachable from the Great Lake Road. In reality it is a far easier and shorter route for people living towards Launceston if the Carrick-Bracknell-Liffey route is chosen.

One or two reliable signposts have been set up on the route, one just through Carrick, another at Bracknell, and another further on. The Falls are about fourteen miles from Bracknell. One signpost is still missing, however, at the point where visitors leave the road for a lovely three-mile tramp to the Falls. About half a mile from the road a sawmill is reached, through the yard of which visitors have to pass on to the bush tramway, used, as you all know, to provide an easy track for bullocks drawing log trucks to the mill. The river is crossed twice by the tramway, amid beautiful surroundings—tall straight myrtles and sassafras, lovely manferns and smaller ferns of many different kinds. The tramway comes to a sudden end at a log which hides the entrance to the last stage of the walk. For a short distance there is little undergrowth, then a small hill has to be climbed to get round a tiny gorge. As soon as the top is reached, the roar of the first waterfall is heard, and a sharp descent brings it into view.

This beautiful sight is about fifty feet high, and in winter often covers the ledge, which is fully twenty yards wide. The top step is much like a lace curtain spread over the ledge, while the lower dashes headlong down the rock, and bounces off a secondary shelf about two feet above the level of the pool. This force makes quite a strong, cool breeze, and sends up a cloud of spray, in which a brilliant rainbow can be seen.

If visitors are not afraid of a climb, a turn to the left and a hard scramble up the steep fern-grown slope will reward them. Half way up, a pretty view of the top step can be obtained, and a track leads by various beds of stinging nettle (which should be avoided), to its top, where a different view may be had. There is no passage straight up the river, as visitors might think, and they will soon see why. Back on the track, a tough scramble, with the inevitable tumble, leads to the summit of the ridge, and an easy walk round the path brings the second falls in sight.

The river has worn a narrow trough, down which it rushes with tremendous force and shoots out about ten feet in the fall of thirty feet through a tiny U-shaped opening about a foot each way. The ledge is also covered in winter time and the river has cut back through the rock, leaving a narrow ravine. The steep slopes meet deep water so that it is not possible to climb round them, hence the sudden end to the first track.

Just above here it is possible to cross the river in summer, but deep pot-holes await those who slip and fall. A short distance upstream lie the last falls, which are also in two separate steps.

Here the strata are very well marked, and the river has worn them so much that in summer, when the ledge is uncovered, it is possible to walk up the stones as on stairs. It is a wide fall, and of course, the steps give it a different character from the others.

A beautiful glen stretches from here beyond anywhere I have been up the valley. For a good fifty yards above these falls is a natural pavement, with a regular brickwork effect. Another interesting feature is a cave lying below the first fall. This is inhabited by a badger, or badgers, so it is wise not to penetrate too far.

One word of warning before you dash off to get dad to promise to take you out next Sunday! Don't leave your party too far behind, or you may find yourself an intruder on a snake-council. This is a very unpleasant experience, and though snakes are not under every bush, it is wise to keep an eye open for them.

ROY BATES (B Class, Arthur).

CAUSTIC COMMENTS

With apologies to:

Bob Box

We have ascertained that—

Bob is not made of the usual material

Geva Bullock

Geva does not, in any way belong to the bovine species;

Winnie Douglas

Winnie is of no kin to the DH 86:

And that—

Roger Snow

Roger had nothing whatever to do with the white substance on Ben Lomond.

But—

Gerald Murphy

To what member of the potato family does Gerald belong?

Malcolm Wright

And has Malcolm been known to err?

COUNTRY LAD (B Class, Sorell)

THE SAME OLD STORY

The cry has rung around the school,
At the best school of all,
That the Magazine is in distress,
With her back against the wall.

Now many are the bold attempts,
But most of these do fail,
And one and all fly up the flue,
Like ships before the gale.

The editor's frown was darkly drawn,
And the editor's brow was sad,
"We expect this grade from the primary,
But not from a B Class lad."

"However," she said, "have another try,
And this time show us how."
So I scratched away for a full half day,
And the result is in front of you now.

GERALD MURPHY (B Class, Sorell)

"JILL"

Jill is a little black and brown pup with prettily cocked ears and a smooth silky coat. Her little tail which was not cut quite short enough wags impishly at the sight of her friends. She is only about six months old and is about eighteen inches long and ten high. She has an intelligent head, and is a terrier half English and half Australian.

So big is this little pup that she is a most terrifying object. We got her to keep away the cats which howl horribly, but instead of attacking them fiercely she barks and bravely backs away. She is an extremely good watch dog; one night when I arrived home I heard a most ferocious bark, and on reaching the verandah found her in the farthest corner.

The fun starts when she has her bath, of which she is not very fond. When I do eventually get her wet she looks a bedraggled little bundle of misery, and very different from the little imp careering around the lawn with my stocking, the toe of which she has already eaten, or over the garden for which she has no respect whatsoever.

Teaching her tricks offers much fun but, of course, when we have English essays to write, there's little time left for such sport. Although she is very eager to grab the ball and hide it she is not so ready to bring it to me, and if I call her and show it to her she thinks she is not supposed to touch it, and so after wasting a lot of time I have to get it myself. She finds that she has to wait for her food a long time, when being taught to beg. In the end she usually gets it without doing so.

Actually she's more bother than she's worth, but we hope she will improve.

MAVIS HARVEY (Class E3), Sorell.

WHY TREES LOSE THEIR LEAVES IN WINTER

The day of the Royal Ball was near
The silk worms could spin no more, e'en for a peer.
So the ladies all were in distress,
No silk to be had, for even one dress!

At last the trees most dutifully said
"We will turn our leaves to a yellow or red
And to the earth we'll let them fall
That you may dresses make for the ball."

So every year since that gay time
The trees shed their leaves in many a clime
In the dear hope that people will take
Their leaves, for royal dresses to make.

HUGH McDONALD (D2, Franklin)



Tamar, from Launceston Gorge.

E. MILLINGTON (E Class)

SPRING

Although the Autumn left the ground
A carpet of leaves all round, all round,
And Winter followed with the winds
Which take the leaves and raindrops bring.

The branches now are wreathes of green,
Or buds are breaking through unseen.
But, in the shade where no one knows
The little pearly primrose grows.

The daffodils of gold and yellow
Poke above the dewy meadow.
The iris mauve from out its bed
Peeps her shy and dainty head.

Grape hyacinth of royal blue
Is beautified by drops of dew,
And in the orchard by the river
Lovely pale pink blossoms quiver.

The little crocus gold and purple
Springs beneath the graceful myrtle
Whose leaves are drooping as if weeping
While the crocus 'neath is sleeping.

MARGARET ANDREWS (D3, Arthur)

THE WATER'S LAMENT

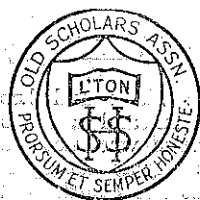
A seething of water,
A flashing of light,
A crashing of thunder,
Behold; such a night.

The wind it is wailing
The ship's watery doom,
Her strong sails are failing,
As the waves o'er her boom.

IRIS CHAPPLE (E1.)

OBITUARY

We regret to announce the death by drowning of Charles Parry, E3.



OLD SCHOLARS' COLUMN

PRESENTATION

On Mr. Meston's return from abroad, the President, Mr. Woolcock, and Secretary, Miss Geiger, went along to the School Assembly and Mr. Woolcock, on behalf of the Association, welcomed Mr. Meston home and asked him to accept a polished table and chair and crystal vase for the Assembly Hall.

AFFILIATED CLUBS

The Association notes with pleasure the progress or the various clubs and extend our congratulations to the Football and Hockey teams on winning the premierships.

We regret exceedingly, the resignation of the Hon. Treasurer, Miss Turnbull, and thank her for all her good work.

MEMBERSHIP

The great support rendered by financial members is very much appreciated and we look forward with confidence to 1939, when it is hoped still further increases in membership will enable the Committee to carry out ambitious objectives such as the strengthening of the tie of good fellowship among members of kindred associations, the rendering of every possible assistance to the School and social service to the community.

Intending members send names and addresses to Miss J. Geiger, P.O. Box 292, Launceston. Financial members receive notices of all meetings, invitations and social functions and copies of the School Magazine.

SUBSCRIPTIONS

2/- first year, 3/- under 21 years of age, 4/- over 21 years of age, 6/- for married couples.

Badges may be obtained from Secretary for 2/- and blazers may be purchased after obtaining an order from her.

GREETINGS.

The President and members of the Committee wish all Old Scholars, members of the School Staff and scholars a very merry Xmas and a prosperous New Year.

HONORARY LIFE MEMBERS OF THE ASSOCIATION

Messrs. T. G. Johnstone, W. L. Grace, H. Glover, C. S. Sharp, H. Ede, R. Anderson, R. L. Brown, R. Bligh, C. Briggs, S. Bartlett, H. C. Baker, H. Craw, W. Clarke, G. Cunningham, N. Campbell, S. Cartledge, E. Dobie, S. Dunkley, J. Farmilo, H. Johnstone, A. Davern, W. Fahey, P. Fordham, G. Gibbons, H. Hope, N. Howard, H. Higgs, R.

Hamence, S. Lonergan, W. Mason, W. Morrison, E. Melvor, M. Munro, R. Perry, H. Padman, H. Rosevear, R. Rule, L. Scott, J. Shaw, A. Stokes, H. Stephens, J. Turner, R. Turner, A. Traill, A. Thorne, D. Whitechurch, D. Wylie, R. Watson, H. Watters, I. Briggs, W. L. Garrard, R. O. M. Miller.

PERSONAL NOTES

NEW MEMBERS

A welcome is extended to the following Old Scholars who have recently joined our ranks:—

Bill Schier who is working at the Tourist Bureau and Len Parsons who has joined the Public Service and is working at the G.P.O., Hobart.

Extracts from a letter from A. J. Anderson (Sandy) may interest members.

"The School Magazine arrived here yesterday having first gone to Haifa and already I have read all the articles in it. It's wonderful to get another glimpse of the things that were, and I appreciate it very much. Since I joined up with the Mediterranean Fleet at the end of June, I have travelled a fair bit. First we went to Venice, then an island called Karcula on the Dalmatian Coast, from there back to Malta, then to Haifa. I was in the town there for a few weeks and then sent up on the northern frontier for a while, then from Palestine we were rushed here one night when the war scare was on."

Sandy Anderson is a midshipman on the H.M.S. Malaya and is at present in Alexandria.

News of Stan Burkett comes from Brisbane. Stan is working in the Tourist Bureau there and the manager is a former Old Scholar, Mr. Viv. Sinclair.

ENGAGEMENTS

The following Old Scholars have announced their engagements:—

Gordon Walsh to Miss Joan Dean.

Thora Emmett to Mr. Max Ford.

Jean Grubb to Bert Kaiser.

Joan Anderson to Mr. Robin Wood.

Olga Rowell to Mr. Roy King.

Irene Spottswood to Mr. Ray Jackson.

Bert Davies to Miss N. Holzer.

Alf King to Miss Elsie McClutchy.

All these receive our congratulations.

WEDDINGS.

Alf Bowen married Grace Gunton and they are living at Wagga.

Gwen Parsons and John Walker are married and living in Hobart.

Arthur Cox married Miss Joan Jeffrey.

David McQuestion and Vivienne Skipper are living at Devonport.

The Association extends its best wishes to the above.

BIRTHS

We congratulate our President, Mr. Woolcock, and Mrs. Woolcock on the birth of a daughter.

News comes that Randolph Waldron, Christchurch, has a son.

Mrs. Don Bewsher, who was Marjorie Ratcliffe, has a son.

Mrs. Don Denman, Margaret Bull that was, has a son.

Cliff Reeves, has a daughter.



HOCKEY NOTES

The Churinga Hockey Club had a very successful season. Churinga Blue team won the premiership of the Northern Tasmanian Hockey Association and Churinga Gold team won second position. Although not very high on the premiership list, Churinga Green team showed much improvement and enthusiasm. Churinga Red team was greatly handicapped by losing players in the middle of the season.

C. Charlesworth, C. Barnard, M. Hodgman, L. Thomson, played in the Tasmanian team during the Inter-State Carnival at Hobart in September. L. Thomson, a member of Gold, was chosen to play in the All-Australia team. C. Charlesworth, captain, and C. Barnard, played for "The Rest."

KEY TO PHOTOS

Churinga Blue Hockey Team (left to right): C. Charlesworth, F. Mead, E. Edmunds, N. Ogilvie, B. Holloway, F. Hamilton, J. Blyth, A. Kerslake, C. Barnard, M. Hodgman, L. Dennis.

Churinga Football Team, Back row (left to right): N. F. Forsyth (Captain), R. Tucker, R. R. White, L. Watts, M. N. Shegog, G. Atkinson, F. Atherton, J. J. Murfett, E. L. Best (coach).

Centre Row: J. Sutton, R. Johnston, E. O'Halloran, K. McPhail (committeeman), R. Ben-net, E. Wicks, R. G. Whelan.

Front Row: K. R. Lawrence, G. Williams, R. Brown (Hon. Sec.).

MEMBERSHIP

The financial membership this year is the highest in the history of the Association. The period, April to October, shows 212 Old Scholars as financial members, but we would like to see this number increased considerably next year.

ANNUAL DINNER AND DANCE

Our eleventh Annual Re-Union Dinner was held at the Hotel Metropole on Saturday, 17th September. It was an outstanding success. A record number of 134 Old Scholars attended. The President, Mr. A. J. Woolcock, was in the chair.

The guests included Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Mather, the Mayor of Launceston (Alderman H. E. Wyatt) the Minister of Lands and Works (Hon. T. H. Davies, and Mr. A. W. Potter (Secretary of the O.H.A.), Miss D. McDeane (Secretary of Old Agrarians Association) and Mr. Alan Ingles.

After the Dinner, the majority of those present attended the dance at the School.



CHURINGA FOOTBALL CLUB

The Churinga Football Club has this year experienced a most successful season, perhaps the best since its inception to the Tasmanian Amateur League in 1933.

Two matches were lost early in the season, after which the club carried everything before them. After winning the Northern Premiership and also the Northern Division of the Condor Shield, the team met and defeated the strong Southern Premiers, Hutchins' Old Boys Football Club, thus retaining the Condor Shield. This Shield has been won three times by Churinga, a feat which no other team has yet performed.

Social activities played a prominent part in the Club's programme. Three dances, which were very successful, both socially and financially, were held at the School, two of them being in honour of our guests, the Western Australian Amateur Football Team and the Hutchins Old Boys Football Club.

Other very enjoyable fixtures included the Annual Dinner, which was an outstanding success, and a social trip to Myrtle Park, when the Club entertained its lady supporters. At this outing, Miss J. Geiger, Secretary of the Old Scholars' Association, was presented with a photo of the team in appreciation of her fine work for the Club.

Our thanks for the season are due to the many donors of trophies, the Old Scholars' Association for its keen support, and in fact to all who helped to make it a most successful year.

To our most popular coach, Mr. Ted Best, the team extends its most sincere appreciation for the enthusiasm and hard work he devoted to his Club. Also to our captain, Mr. N. Forsyth we offer our congratulations.

Finally, we wish to congratulate Mr. N. Shegog, who won the trophy for the Best and Fairest Player in the Churinga Club, 1938 and Mr. F. Atherton, who was voted the Best and Fairest player in the Tasmanian Amateur Football League for the season.

OBITUARY

We extend our sympathy to Mrs. Clem Case (nee Freda White) who recently lost her baby and to Roy Rudd, whose father's death occurred not long ago.

THE CHURINGA BASKET BALL CLUB

Has met with better success during the 1938 season, the team finishing 5th on the roster, having defeated B.H.S. 2, St. F.B. and S.H.S. 1. The team also drew with M.L.C. and Gold.

This was the first season that we have had a really fixed team and it consisted of:

Captain, J. Shaw; vice-captain, K. Grimes; Sec., N. Jackson; Treas., E. Rodman; R. Mawby; E. Holmes; J. Layton; B. Hutchinson.

We were sorry that owing to health reasons, N. Jackson was unable to participate in all matches during the season, but we thank her most sincerely for the work she has done for the team.

We hope that all basket ball players leaving School at the end of the year, and all Old Scholars desirous of playing will join up with our club and take the first possible opportunity to get in touch with the Secretary or captain.

We thank Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Jackson, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Grimes, Mr. J. Shaw, Mr. G. Hopwood, Miss J. Geiger and Mr. and Mrs. McCormick for donations, cups and general support to our club.

OLD SCHOLARS' ASSOCIATION DIRECTORY

President.—Mr. A. J. Woolcock, C/o Woolcock Motors Ltd., Brisbane Street.

Hon. Secretary.—Miss Joy Geiger, 57 Garfield Street, or C/o Tasmanian Steamers Pty. Ltd., Box 292, Launceston.

Acting Hon. Treasurer.—Mr. G. Scott, C/o F. H. Stephens, 41 St. John Street.

Editor Old Scholars' Column.—Miss J. Cameron, 16 Lord Street, Launceston.

Hon. Secretary of Football Club.—Mr. J. R. Brown, C/o Office Staff, Public Hospital, Launceston.

Hon. Sec. of Tennis Club.—Mr. C. A. Ikin, C/o Acme Tailoring Co., George Street, Launceston.

Hon. Secretaries of Social Club.—Miss K. Harrison, C/o Stewarts Ltd. and Mr. R. Bennett, C/o E.S. & A. Bank, Launceston.

Hon. Secretary of Basket Ball Club.—Miss N. Jackson, C/o Jones & Co., Charles Street.

CHURINGA SOCIAL CLUB

The Churinga Social Club wishes to report a very successful year. About half a dozen Hikes have been organised and were enjoyed by all who attended. Other functions were held from time to time, such as a skating party, cycling trip to Hadsden and a trip to Mount Barrow during the winter.

The Club also joined with the Tennis Club and Basketball Club to organise a Dance to entertain the Hobart Tennis team. This was highly successful.

Our membership now totals sixty and we would like to take this opportunity of asking those who are not members to join and have a good time with the rest of us.

The Committee now comprises.—Edna Brookes, Joy Geiger, Marjorie Kelb, Wynton Hudson, Allan Green and Gordon Lawson.

President.—Bill Bertram.

Joint Hon. Secs. and Treas.—Kathleen Harrison and Ross Bennett.

Auditor.—Max Bertram.

FINANCIAL MEMBERS, 1938

Misses Jean Anderson, Iris Atkins, Jessie Blyth, Beverley Bradmore, Elsie Brown, Audrey Barker, Edith Bugg, Dorothy Bartie, Gwen Bryan, Betty Blackwood, Edna Brooks, Edna Blackburn, Betty Badcock, Alice Barton, Viv. Cunningham, Jean Campbell, Marie Cobbett, Marjorie Comber, Cath. Cooper, Jean Cameron, Sara Cox, Pat. Denholm, Beverley Dowie, Madge Duff, Monica Eastoe, June Edwards, Alison Edwards, Joan Forsyth, Jean Firth, Joy Geiger, Jean Grubb, Edith Greaves, Betty Gill, Meg. Gibson, Peggy Green, Lucy Gurr, Marjorie Grubb, Pat Honey, Melanie Holmes, Mysie Horne, Pat. Hudson, Barbara Hammond, Maurine Harris, Kathleen Harrison, Joan Harrington, Joyce Jackson, Frances Jorgenson, Margaret Jinks, Kath. Jackson, Nancy Jackson, Joan Kent, Ethnee Kelly, Marjorie Kelb, Val. Kent, Marie Lee, Nancy Lee, Marie Mead, Vera Munro, Joy Marshall, Stella McKimmie, Nell Madwin, Joyce Mason, Barbara Meston, Dulcie Davey, Phyllis Orpwood, Vera Pitt, Jean Proven, Nora Plummer, Betty Percy, Gwen Rigney, Mona Stebbings, Meg Slater, Joyce Staggard, Rita Stephens, Lesley Sabine, Connie Smith, Joan Scott, Joyce Taylor, Gwen Turmine, Peggy Turnbull, Geraldine Tabart, Jean Turner, Wendy Vickers, Phyllis Viney, Valerie Wilkinson, Laurel Wise, Mesdames Mae Williams, C. P. Phillips.

Messrs. A. J. Anderson, J. J. Atherton, W. Asher, R. Alexander, G. Atherton, J. Addison, G. Atkinson, F. H. Atherton, R. Bennett, M. Brown, I. Bishop, M. Button, J. Bennett, W. Bertram, S. Birkett, R. Broomby, M. Bertram, A. Boyd, J. Brett, J. R. Brown, T. Bell, R. Cartledge, L. G. Cooper, H. Cross, J. S. Cox, J. Curtis, A. Colquhoun, R. Collins, H. B. Davies, J. Dineen, W. Davis, A. E. Daymond, N. Dineen, G. Davis, B. Edwards, V. Fitze, K. Firth, G. Furmage, S. Fuller, N. Forsyth, L. Fulton, T. Guy, N. S. Gill, A. C. Green, R. Green, D. S. Gill, T. Guy, E. Groves, L. Goldsworthy, M. Guy, W. Hudson, E. R. Howroyd, B. Howard, T. Hudson, G. Honey, R. Horne, S. R. Harvey, G. G. Hudson, C. Ikin, L. G. Jones, K. Jackson, R. Jordan, A. King, R. Lloyd, L. Lee, R. Lovell, K. R. Lawrence, G. Lawson, D. McDonald, F. McCallum, S. C. Moore, C. H. McElwee, J. I. Murfett, K. McPhail, E. Neil, F. O'Shannessey, H. Ogilvie, C. P. Phillips, G. D. Paton, J. Pinkard, J. Panitski, E. Porteous, R. R. Rudd, D. Rowell, R. Rose, C. Rees, B. Ross, R. Ralph, E. Scott, L. Sales, K. Scott, P. Sulzberger, T. Searson, N. Swinton, N. Shegog, G. Scott, G. Summers, W. G. Schier, A. Tanner, R. Thompson, D. Thollar, P. T. Tanner, E. Triptree, C. Thomson, L. Thurlow, V. Viney, J. Viney, F. Waters, G. Walsh, R. R. White, E. Williams, M. Williams, W. Waugh, W. Winter, J. White, A. J. Woolcock, J. Wright, W. Wilkinson, L. Parsons.