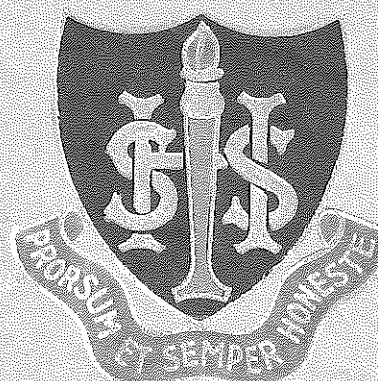


The Northern Churinga



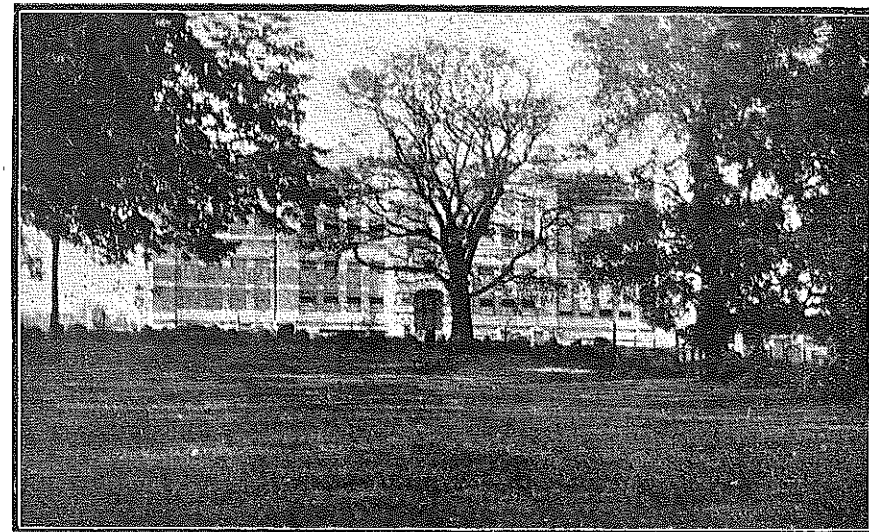
December, 1939

Launceston High School Magazine

VOLUME, XXVIII



The Northern Churinga



EDITORIAL

LIFE AND CHANGE

Life and Change! How important are these two short words. For countless centuries people have come and gone upon this earth and all the while the conditions under which they lived were gradually altering. Change was very slow in the early dawn of mankind's history, but as time rolled by towards our present modern era, it became more and more rapid. Nowadays, conditions are altering with ever-increasing rapidity with every year that passes. Consider the modern triumphs such as wireless, television, aviation, mass production in almost every industry, the movies. Commonplaces to-day; so much so that we yawn when they are discussed. But fifty years ago they were but the nebulous dreams of eccentric scientists.

And through it all life goes on in a great unending stream, as it must ever go, come what may. But the big question that we must ask ourselves is: Are we ready, are we prepared, to meet these changing conditions? If we are not now, then we must make ourselves ready as quickly as possible. And we can begin doing so right here in the Launceston High School. There is no better place. School is not just a place where we read books and cram dry facts into our minds. It is a place where we learn many things from books it is true, but it is also a place where we learn how to live, how to tackle problems of which our lives will bring an increasing number as the years pass. Learning how to live is not so absurd as it sounds. Living must not be confused with merely existing. Anyone, anything, can exist. To live is a different matter, a more difficult, more interesting, more exciting matter, a delightful thing to do. After all, your greatest problem is how to live as happily and usefully as possible. And the happiness of our lives depends upon the way we live and the conditions we

live under. The first condition that we demand is individual freedom, freedom to act as we think best and not to be trammelled down under the intolerable bonds of dictatorships. And to keep our dearly-cherished freedom we must learn how to live by cultivating our minds so that we have them always open, sensitive to justice, inquiring in attitude, with a ready spirit of criticism of the conditions we live under. This can be done by studying many things, not specialising on only one or two things. Some of us are apt to complain of having to study too many subjects here at School, saying that they could do better if they could concentrate on a very few. But that is wrong; that road leads to narrowness of mind. We must study many and different things—Music, Geography, French, History, Poetry, Geometry—they all have their value in broadening our minds in different ways and leading us into different channels of thought. I don't mean that we should go dashing wildly about taking a peck at one subject here and of another there, so that in the end we should, instead of knowing something about a few things, know nothing about anything. No, strike the happy medium. Read stories and books. They all help to broaden our minds, make us tolerant and happy, and keen to criticise anything that encroaches on freedom. For dictatorships only arise because people don't think clearly and openly enough, through not cultivating a broad, open, critical mind, and if we wish to live happy lives, must we not keep our freedom, our most dearly-prized possession? Shall we not take a delight in doing our daily work, broadening our minds by studying widely more than intensively, if by doing so we are ensuring the maintenance of freedom? Is not freedom worth it, is it not worth fighting for? I leave the answer to you.

SUB-EDITOR.



PREFECTS, 1939.



"A" CLASS, 1939.

KEY TO PHOTOGRAPHS

"A" CLASS, Back Row—R. Bates, P. Elcoate, R. W. Smith. Second Row—P. Kerrison, M. Aylett, M. Wright, K. Goulston, R. C. Smith, R. Snow, G. Murphy, D. Whishaw, G. MacLaine. Third Row—D. Furnage, R. Moore, V. Herbert, G. Flaherty, M. Colson, L. O'May, M. Viney, G. Rowbottom. Front Row—V. Cooper, E. Treganna, M. Dobbinson, J. Stanfield, R. Cooper, Mr. Mather, J. Salter, K. Hill, E. Nicholls, A. Hamilton, L. Mullen.

PREFECTS, Front Row—T. Evershed, M. Dobbinson, P. Elcoate, Mr. Morris, E. Treganna, D. MacLaine, L. Mullen. Second Row—K. Goulston, V. Herbert, D. Furnage, N. Coe, G. Murphy. Back Row—P. Kerrison, K. Hill, V. Cooper, E. Nicholls, R. Bates.

BASKETBALL—L. Lawrence, B. Pinel, J. Dobbinson, P. Terry, M. Cooper, M. Dobbinson, J. Reid, R. Cooper.

HOCKEY, Back Row—J. Geiger, V. Herbert, D. Innis, Y. Watts, E. Treganna, V. Laurence, P. Coe. Front Row—N. Coe, J. Wilkinson, E. Cook, B. Cutler, J. Salter.

FOOTBALL, Front Row—R. Lightfoot, R. Moore, B. Broad, M. Viney, N. Petterson, P. Kerrison, B. Booth, B. Summers, R. Boden, S. Bennett. Back Row—G. Murphy, K. Goulston, R. W. Smith, R. Bates, F. Watson, H. Campbell, B. Spotswood, D. Edmunds.

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A CLASSROOM

(With apologies to Thomas Grey.)

The school-bell tolls the knell of lesson's end,
And thankful students wend their eager way
Around the balcony, their footsteps bent
Toward the outside world, at end of day.

In some deserted classroom, ling'ring still,
A feverish pupil plies his weary pen,
Wishing the while, no doubt, some kind of ill
Befall the thoughtless one who keeps him in.

Within the building heavy silence reigns
Broken only by the sound of distant cries,
And as the summer twilight slowly wanes
All noise of pupils' voices also dies.

The strident clang of that unheeding bell
Which calls them, one and all, to toil of day,
No more shall rouse them from the comfy bed
Until next Monday morning, far away.

Let not outsiders mock their humble strife,
The struggles they encounter hour by hour;
'Tis many a lowly man has led this life
And risen to a place of fame and power.

What do we know but that some Masfield walks
And mixes with his fellows, week by week;
It may be that another Hitler talks
And hides his greatness 'neath a coat so meek.

K. GOULSTON (Class A).



NANCY COE.

Best Intermediate Pass, 1938. 8 Credits, 1 Pass.

VESPER HOUR

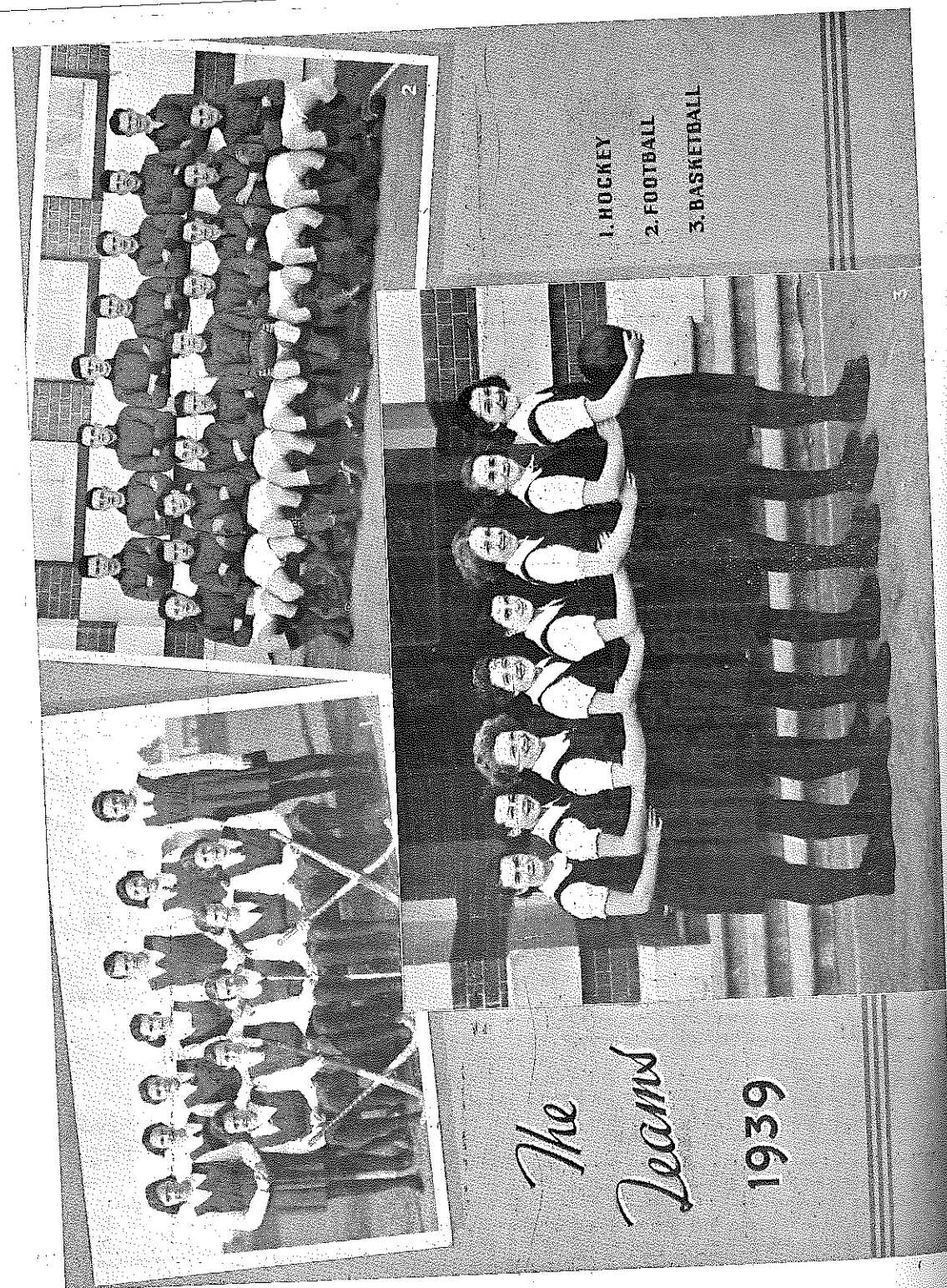
Softly across the river
The church bells chime,
Thanking the mighty Giver
Of that time.

Dimly across the water
I see the shrine,
And hear with children's laughter
The church bells chime.

Slowly the sun is sinking
Behind the hill,
Already a star is winking
And all is still.

Then, through the gath'ring darkness
Among the trees,
The sound of the call to Vespers
Drifts on the breeze.

JOHN BROWN (Class E1).



FOOTBALL NOTES

The School team played Hobart High at York Park on August 4. Our rather small team was the first to settle down, thus enabling us to hold the high-marking Hobart team for the first quarter. The Hobart boys improved in the second quarter, and with the good work of Beard in particular (Hobart centre half-forward), gained a lead of 18 points at half time. In the third quarter we attacked vigorously, but found the Hobart defence too strong. Hardly any scoring was done in the final quarter, the ball being taken from one end of the field to the other many times. Final scores were:—Hobart, 12 goals 12 points; Launceston, 7 goals 7 points.

The best players for our team were Spotswood, Kerrison, Watson, Bennett, Edmunds, Lightfoot and Booth.

Goalkickers: Booth, 3; Summers, 2; Lightfoot and Kerrison, each 1.

We wish to congratulate the Hobart team for their fine effort. In addition, we extend our hearty congratulations to Devonport for holding the premiership for another year.

The team was as follows:

P. Kerrison (Captain).—Centre. A good leader. Plays clever football.

F. Watson (Vice-Captain).—Full back. Shows great initiative in clearing goals. Good kick and mark.

R. W. Smith.—Centre half forward. High mark and good left foot kick.

R. Bates.—Ruck. Fair mark and kick. Should try to get rid of ball more quickly.

K. Goulston.—Pocket back. Fair mark and good kick. Good position player. Backs up ball well.

G. Murphy.—Pocket forward. Fair mark and good kick. Should get off mark more quickly.

M. Viney.—Plays good position and leads out well. Should move quicker off mark.

R. Moore.—Much improved player. Comes through hard, but should always make ball the objective.

B. Spotswood.—Ruck. Very determined and forceful player who is never beaten. Good kick but should use it always to advantage.

S. Bennett.—Centre half back. Cool and resourceful player. Consistent mark and kick. Should try to move a little faster.

R. Lightfoot.—Rover. A small player, but very tenacious. Handles the ball well.

G. Arnold.—Half back. A heavy player who uses weight to advantage. Clears off backline with long, driving kicks.

D. Edmunds.—Ruck. Good mark and kick. Comes through hard and uses left and right foot turns to advantage.

B. Summers.—Rover. Small player who handles ball well. Accurate kick.

B. Broad.—Wing. A very neat player, who has a snappy pass and leads out well.

R. Boden.—Wing. Developing into a good high mark. Kicking still needs attention. Would do much better if he had more confidence in his ability.

B. Booth.—Full forward. A very resourceful player, who always makes the most of his opportunities.

N. Petterson.—Half forward. Consistent mark, but kicking could improve. Wants to stick to his decisions.

H. Styles.—Nice mark and kick. Should make quick decisions when in possession of ball.

The team wishes to thank Mr. R. Jordan, whose valuable coaching made very great improvements in the team. We hope we shall have the good fortune to have him as coach again next year when we should have a strong team, as many of this year's team are young players.

HOCKEY NOTES

During this season, the First Hockey Team has been very unfortunate in losing several good players. In spite of this, the girls worked hard and the team steadily improved throughout the season.

The team, this season, played in the Reserve "A" Grade Roster. At the beginning of the season, we lost three or four matches, but after that were undefeated. During the season we succeeded in defeating all the Reserve "A" teams except M.L.C., with whom we drew.

About the middle of the season we played the Burnie High School Firsts and defeated them 4—1.

The first Inter-High School match, that against Hobart, was played in Launceston. In spite of a muddy ground, the match was very interesting. In the first half neither side scored, but in the second half, our girls scored the only goal and so won 1 goal to nil.

The team then played Devonport. The game was again marred by a sodden ground. Although our girls were playing on a strange ground, they played very well indeed and were only just defeated in the last few minutes by 3 goals to 2.

The team wishes to thank Miss Blyth sincerely for her excellent coaching and encouragement.

EDNA TREGANNA, Vice-Captain.

FIRST BASKET BALL TEAM, 1939

This year our First Basketball Team were premiers as a result of the Inter-High School matches. The team is as follows: Rita Cooper, Joy Read, Marjory Dobbinson, Marjory Cooper, Lorna Lawrence, Jean Dobbinson, Betty Pinel, Pat Terry and Bonnie Davidson. In the second-term we played Hobart High and defeated them by 13 goals, the scores being 30 to 17. The game was fast and clean, neither teams slackening until it had finished. Later in the term, our team visited Burnie and defeated them 34 goals to 17. This match was even faster than the previous one and once again the girls showed great enthusiasm.

The team gradually improved as the season progressed and the use of systems helped to raise the standard of the play. Early in May we defeated Sacred Heart by 3 goals in a close, exciting game.

The team retained its previous position in the Roster by coming third. Regular practice against the boys, as well as against the Second and Third Teams brought excellent results. We owe our sincere thanks to Miss Meggs, who is the coach of all our teams. We are very fortunate in that most of this year's players will remain in the team next year.

RITA COOPER (Captain).



PHYSIOLOGY

This year, a few brave members of our class embarked on a new, and unknown sea of knowledge with a keen (?) desire to learn something of that intricate mechanical machine—the human body.

All was quiet, and a sinister cloud hung over us like a pall, as wide-eyed and open-mouthed, we saw the swathed figure of a man being carried into the room which was afterwards to become the scene of so much bloodshed and torture. At first we wondered who had committed the murder, but were very much relieved to find that it was an unpleasantly lifelike plaster model. Rather reluctantly we gathered round this gruesome-looking object and stared unflinchingly as the various organs were efficiently extracted and examined. This was our first physiology lesson and the prospects seemed quite reasonable.

Nearly a year has passed since that eventful day, and during that time, we have become quite accustomed to ruthless torture. Our first victim was a rabbit, which was actually shot by a member of the physiology class. This is not considered in keeping with feminine characteristics, but during the last year, we have become quite callous and hardened to such trifles, and anyway, why should not they, as well as we, suffer for the cause of science?

M. CAMPBELL (Class B).

SKATING

One day in the middle of June,
When all was windy and cold,
By friends who are expert at this sport,
To skate is the thing, I was told.

So down to the rink I went,
One Saturday afternoon,
And after paying the entrance fee,
My skates were on—quite soon.

So I stood up and then sat down!
For though it looked easy before,
I found in the next few hours,
That I frequently met with the floor.

So with many an aching bone and bruise,
I at last set out for home,
And I thought to myself that after all,
I liked better the sea and the foam.

BETTY NAYLOR (Class C3)



FOREIGN SCOUTS

During my stay of ten days in Sydney at the Australasian Scout Jamboree, I met several interesting Scouts from foreign lands. I will try to describe to you some of the modes of dressing and the habits of some of these Scouts.

Probably the most interesting were the French and the French Noumeans, who shared the same camp site. At the entrance to this camp site they constructed a huge map of France made entirely of bullock skins. The French Scouts wore white shirts, which are very uncommon in Australia, while the Noumeans wore red shirts and huge straw hats. Inside the gate the Noumeans constructed a hut from straw and it was considered a remarkable piece of pioneering. The French Scouts are noted for their cooking and a common sight at the Jamboree was that of the French Scouts peeling huge artichokes.

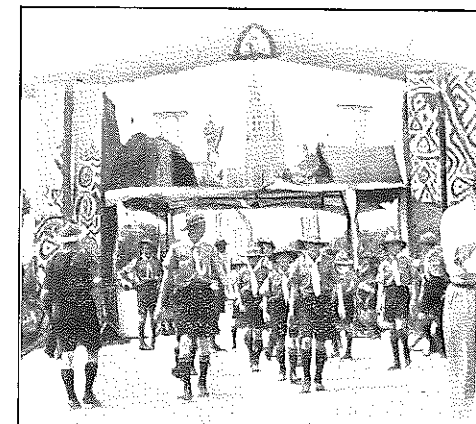
India was represented by two Scouts named Billy and Raj. These two boys were the most cheerful in the whole camp and their camp was always a centre of attraction. These Scouts dressed like ordinary Indians, but in their turbans they had a Scout Badge. They had many proficiency badges, Raj alone possessing thirty-seven.

Next we pass on to the South Africans, about twenty in number, who had their camp in the centre of the Jamboree camp site. On their hats, instead of having ordinary leather straps, they had pieces of furry skins woven together.

The New Zealanders were also very popular and were often seen about the camp in Maori war dress which consisted of clothes made from bead-like reeds. They were very popular at the camp fires as their Maori "Hakas" and supporting dances were very interesting.

Great Britain was represented by about twenty Scouts who had great musical ability and their popularity was greatly increased by their expert folk-dancing.

Thus I have endeavoured to describe to you some of the Scouts I met in Sydney. But before I conclude, I would like you to remember this, that although these Scouts are of different colour or nationality, they are



Photos from Sydney Scout Jamboree, by B. Furmage, Class D.

bound together by the unbreakable bonds of the Scouting Brotherhood, and although their countries are at war with one another, their friendship with one another remains firm and unbroken.

BRUCE PICKETT (Class D2).

AN INVITATION

All scholars leaving school this year are invited to 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.

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,
57 Garfield St., Launceston.

WHERE I LONG TO BE

Far o'er the distant hilltops,
Down by the deep, calm sea;
There's where my thoughts are ever,
There's where I long to be.

Far o'er the distant hilltops,
Far from the rolling sea;
Deep in the heart of the bushlands,
There shall I ever be.

VALMA BERRY (Class D1).

ON INJECTION

Grey was the day when we were told
We had to be injected,
"You'll have to be," our parents said,
"For fear you'll be infected."

When Tuesday dawned, we were afraid
And trembled all day through,
Dark tales were spreading all around,
And we were very blue.

Soon came the hour of tribulation,
When to torture we were led,
We wept and struggled, but in vain,
And bitter tears we shed.

Next day, with aching arms we came,
And everyone was moaning,
But no one of our moans took heed—
Next Tuesday we were groaning.

Three times to torture we were led,
Three times we wept in vain,
But now at last it is all o'er
And we can laugh again.

One parting word I have to say
On the subject of injection.
'Tis this, "Fond parents! Spare your Child!
Rather risk infection!"

"BLACK CAT" (Class D2).

EVENING

Across the skies to westward
There sweeps a rosy red,
And the gentle shadows lengthen
As the folds of night are spread.

The birds are flying homewards
To their children in the nest,
And down among the daisies,
The cattle sink to rest.

The woods are hushed in slumber,
The tiny stream sings low,
Sweet songs that bring back memories
From out the long ago.

The rose tint slowly deepens
In one last lovely blush;
And the world is lost in slumber,
As the soft winds murmur "hush."

"COUNTRY LAD" (Class A).

MILK FOR THE CAT

Every night at five o'clock,
No matter what the weather;
Puss strolls in without a knock,
With step as light as feather.

Arrived at her accustomed spot,
Her world is but a saucer,
However, if her milk's too hot,
Her language is the coarser.

JOY DENNIS.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A
KOOKABURRA

As birds have very retentive memories, I am able to begin this story of my life from a very early stage. The first recollection I have of myself is as a fluffy little bird who was always hungry and cried for more to eat after being fed.

Gradually feathers grew on my yet untried wings, and one day, to the horror of my sisters, I hopped out of the nest. My word, I was proud, but pride goeth before a fall and mine had well and truly gone by the time I hit the ground. I must have looked a sorrowful little thing when picked up later by my father and mother, and you can rest assured that I kept to the nest until I was told that I could once again venture forth.

Not long after this incident, our education in the arts of laughing and flying commenced. It is no easy thing to laugh, reader, and a kookaburra takes it very seriously—when he laughs, he laughs properly. However, we began with the flying, and being a strong, robust youth, I quickly learnt how to use my wings.

When we finished learning to fly, my father took a more active part in our education. He was to teach us to laugh, and my word, readers, he could laugh. Each day he would sit on a bough opposite and laugh loud and long and then we would have to imitate him. We made some funny noises to start with, but to-day, by my friends I am considered the best laughter in the district, so father's work was quite successful.

Having fully grown and completely finished my education, I took leave of my parents and set off in search of high adventure. I cannot put down all that befell me for want of space, but suffice it to say that I was shot at, chased by other birds, wounded in the wing and almost drowned in a river. Still, all this was as nothing to my last and greatest venture—love.

This is how it happened. One day I was flying through the treetops, when I heard the sweetest and most delightful laugh it has ever been my lot to listen to. Upon investigation of this, I discovered the loveliest little kookaburra in the world and it was a case of love at first sight for both of us. Many happy days we spent together in those woods, but eventually we settled in a large pine tree and built a nest.

To-day I am the proud father of two baby kookaburras which look like two large eyes together with a beak and a small body. Someday I will teach them to laugh and fly, just as I was taught. They are lovely little dears, but my word, a wife and family take some keeping. Ha, ha.

C. SPOTSWOOD.

THE STREAM

Shadow-fed, the dreaming stream glides on
Over a glistening bed of pebbles, white and round
Past bushes dark, where drowsy birds at rest
Chirp softly to their mates in nest
Til night is gone.

Past woodland groves where wattles tall and pepper
mints
And ti-trees with their star-like flowers,
Are shaken with the wind that gently blows
From azure seas; and softly, showers
Of petals float along the stream
All day long.

DERRIS EASTERBROOK (Class B).

A LASS OF E2

On the Eastern side of the room there sits
A dark-haired girl who loves some bits
Of lessons, through her laughing fits,
And seems at times to lose her wits
And lack intelligence.

And who can say she'll not take heed,
And in her class at last may lead,
And on sweetmeats she'll no more feed,
And save the consequence?

Her teachers say she's smart enough,
Though her work at times is very rough,
And on the sports field she's a muff,
Wearing goloshes as a bluff,
Which passes easily.

Her parents say she's a naughty child,
And speak to her in words not mild,
And seem at times to be quite riled,
When she listens heedlessly.

This girl for school is never late,
Nor is she absent any date,
But chattering, laughing with her mate,
She finds that 'now it's been her fate
To get poor exam. results.

Now, if you look in room 2E,
This little lass I'm sure 'll see,
Working as busy as any bee
For better exam. results.

E. MARGARET LEWIS (Class E2).

BACK TO THE ORCHARD

The apple trees now white with blossom,
Scent the air with perfume rare,
As through the orchard slow I wander
Breathing in the scented air.

Not long the blossoms will remain,
To please us with their beauty,

Small apples will be here again,
And we must do our duty.

Spraying the trees to kill black spot,
Then poison lead for Codlin Moth,
Picking and packing is best of all,

They must be picked, or else they'll fall.

N.J.

THE CHEMISTRY LAB.

The playground of scientists to be,
The heaven of carefree boys,
The home of those reeking explosions,
That rob one of all stately poise.

On some days issues a busy hum,
As of bees at work in a hive.

On others arise such odours,
That we wonder how science can thrive.

So once each week we visit

This heaven and playground combined,
To lift from our minds for a moment,
The boring, tiring grind.

H. CAMPBELL (Class B).

FISHING FOR EELS

"No it isn't!" "I tell you it is!" "Oh, alright
'Know-all,' have it your own way."

My friend and I had decided to go eeling, but my brother said the tide was not right. Eventually we set out, with a bag to hold our catch, two lines and some bait. It was just dusk as we arrived on the bridge. We baited our hooks and cast the lines over the bridge, but alas; they would not reach the water! Then we had a brain wave and tied the two lines together, but still it was not long enough. However, rather than go home and be laughed at, we decided to sit down and wait for the tide to come in full (for it was not in) and then our lines would reach. So we sat on the bridge waiting patiently, while the mosquitoes nipped us frequently.

We remained so, for what seemed hours, till at length along comes "big brother" with a grin on his face, and an "I told you so" air. "Oh it's quite alright, the tide's right, but it's just that our lines aren't long enough." "Humph, lines aren't long enough, eh. It's a wonder you didn't have a couple of bent pins on the end. Come on, I'll give you a lesson in catching eels."

JOAN HARRIS (Class 3).

AUTUMN

How piercing is the wind so shrill,
That howls and moans upon the hill,
And up above the darkened clouds
The warmth of the golden sun enshrouds.
But even in the solemn vales
There's music in the coming gales;
Music shrill from winds just born
Heralding the coming storm.
Not many welcome thy grey days
With thy trees so bare and leaves so gay!
O Autumn.

B. BOCK (Class D4).

THE FLOWER SELLER

At the end of the street
There stands an old man.
His clothes, they are torn,
His look, most forlorn.

His hair is quite grey,
His beard, it is white.
He stands there all day,
In his hand a tin tray.

Many people pass by him,
Some are short; some are tall.
Some are stout, some are slim.
He watches them all.

And some as they pass
Buy flowers from his tray.
But others, they sneer
At the blooms of May.

One day the old man
Was not at his stand.
He had passed in his sleep
To that "Beautiful Land."

DOROTHY FRY (Class D3).



"H.M.S. PINAFORE"

Two excellent performances of the Gilbert and Sullivan comic opera, "H.M.S. Pinafore," were given by pupils of the School on August 29 and 30 in the School Assembly Hall. Before the curtain rose, Mr. Morris made a speech explaining that the play had been rehearsed with practically no loss of ordinary school time. He also mentioned that the School had profited to the extent of £45 by last year's production, "The Gondoliers," and this money was of valuable assistance in buying for the School, equipment which the Government was unable to provide. Incidentally, the profits from "H.M.S. Pinafore" were more than £5 in excess of those from last year's production. At the end of the first act on the first night, Mr. G. V. Brooks, Director of Education, spoke expressing the regret of the Minister of Education, Mr. E. J. Ogilvie, who was unable to attend owing to pressure of work. The performance, he continued, was highly entertaining, and he was very pleased indeed to have the opportunity of seeing it.

The audience was greeted by a typically nautical scene when the curtain rose—an ocean of startling blueness with a battleship of a bygone age in the foreground. This scenery was the work of the Art Classes, ably supervised by Miss Meggs, who also did a great deal of work preparing the uniforms of the players. A distinctly naval effect was created by numerous life-buoys and flags draped over and about the stage. These were kindly lent us by the Launceston Marine Board to whom we extend our thanks.

The Girls' Choir, convincingly arrayed in naval uniforms of "white duck" and smart naval caps, certainly looked a fine body of "sober men and true." Their delightful singing was one of the major attractions of the play, particularly on the second night when the weather conditions improved and they were able to do themselves more justice than the previous damp weather had allowed. The same remarks apply to the special girls' choir, who, led by Kath Handley as Cousin Hebe, were the "sisters, cousins and aunts" of Sir Joseph Porter. The work of the principals was very good throughout, and easily equalled the fine standard reached in the previous two years. Tom Ever shed as Captain Corcoran of Her Majesty's ship Pinafore, gave an excellent portrayal of that amiable personage. He was most convincing from his first cheery greeting to his assembled crew till his ultimate disgrace for revealing himself to be "a monster overbearing"—by using a "big, big D"—and his final change into an ordinary sailor owing to the revelations of Little Buttercup. The role of the pompous and conceited Sir Joseph Porter, K.C.B. and "ruler of the Queen's Navee," was admirably filled by Philip Elcoat. The pompous mannerisms of the latter, plus the inevitable monocle and stick, were one of the high-lights of the play, particularly his dealings with the lights of the play, particularly their first meeting. Well puzzled Captain Corcoran at their first meeting. Well supported by the choir, he rendered an amusing song describing his rise to the position of Lord of the Admiralty. He also engaged in a trio with Captain Corcoran and Josephine, he taking the bass part and

Captain Corcoran the baritone. Betty Sullivan made a delightful Josephine, daughter of Captain Corcoran, secretly in love with "the humble foremast hand" Ralph Rackstraw, who was amusingly portrayed by Roy Bates. The former gave some very sweet singing in a light mezzo-contralto voice, and the latter was most convincing, especially when saved from suicide by the timely arrival of Josephine, who declares she loves him after all, he defies the captain. Another character who helped considerably to add to the comedy was Mrs. Cripps, known to the sailors as Little Buttercup, in which role Edna Treganna gave a very fine performance. She it was who finally revealed the amazing fact that when Captain Corcoran and Ralph Rackstraw were young, she "mixed those children up," and that really Ralph was the Captain and the Captain was Ralph. Finally, the shipmates of Ralph Rackstraw, five in number, contributed much to the comedy and colour of the performance. Of these, Max Viney was very good as Dick Deadeye, the pessimistic misanthrope who was always at loggerheads with his fellow sailors, to irritate whom seemed his chief reason for existence. He and Captain Corcoran sang an enjoyable duet, the Captain taking the baritone and Deadeye, the bass part. Grant MacLaine, another of Ralph's shipmates, sang two songs in a pleasing tenor voice, one supported by the choir and the other solo. He and his fellow sailors, Malcolm Wright, Derek Furnage and Doug MacLaine took a keen interest in the fortunes of their love-sick shipmate, Ralph Rackstraw, and in the "British tar is a soaring soul" doctrine preached by Sir Joseph Porter when he came aboard the "Pinafore" to see if Josephine would suit his "official" requirements for a wife. These four sailors also combined to sing the song presented to Ralph Rackstraw by Sir Joseph which, as the latter magnanimously put it, was "intended to show that a British tar is any man's equal—excepting mine." In addition, Violet Herbert and Rita Cooper, our dancing stars, gave an entertaining dance, a lively hornpipe, which Sir Joseph believed that all British sailors should be able to dance if they were to retain the command of the seas.

The production of "H.M.S. Pinafore" was shared by Mr. Reeves, who was in charge of the Girls' Choir and the singing of the principals, and Mr. Moses, who had the task of training the principals. Both put a good deal of time and work into the production of the play, for which we heartily thank them, and whom we congratulate for the success of the performance. We also wish to thank those willing helpers who gave such valuable service with regard to lighting effects and make-up of principals. Elsie Nicholls filled the important role of accompanist to the play, and great credit is due to her for the excellent way in which she executed her job and the amount of time she sacrificed in doing it.

THE MICROSCOPE CLUB

The Club, which was formed this year, conducts its meetings during the usual Friday morning hobbies period in Room 19, under the able supervision of Miss Brown.

We are engaged in the examination, making (and occasionally breaking) slides, leaves and other objects. Some very fine slides have been made by our members, considering the amount of practice and experience they

have had. One of us is interested in micro-photography and brings his camera and apparatus along to take photos of various slides.

There are about twelve members and we have only three or four microscopes, which means that we need more. However, Miss Brown kindly lent us her binocular microscope and this made up for the lack of others very well. Microscopes, being very delicate and expensive instruments, require extremely delicate handling, and I think, perhaps, we could still occasionally be a little more careful.

So far the Club has been a great success, through the efforts of Miss Brown and the energy of our members and we hope this success will continue.

BRIAN EASTERBROOK.

THE SAILOR

The village boy with boat in hand,
Gazes at the distant dyke,
As he lies upon the shimmering sand,
While the sailor lights his pipe.

The sailor is a friend of old,
And tells many doubtful stories,
Of when he was a pirate bold,
Fighting for wondrous glories.

The sailor now lives a peaceful life,
And dwells in a small thatched cottage,
Which gazes across a distant bight,
Near bushes of purple sage.

Often he roams the neighbouring shore,
Telling tales to the village boy,
Who gapes and wonders, then laughs and roars,
At the simple joke of a sailor.

WALTER RUMNEY (Class D2).

DAWN

When early in the morning
A few faint rays of light
Have pierced the curtain of the night,
Heralding the dawning.
A deepening hush spreads over all
The lingering darkness.

Then, when the moon is sailing,
A pale and ghostly phantom shape,
Phoebus burst forth, hailing
The world with glad and cheerful call,
A brilliant, fiery, golden ball
Of dazzling brightness.

DERRIS EASTERBROOK (Class B).



LIBRARY NOTES

Library Monitors: D. Easterbrook, D. Jones, J. Keeling, F. Morling, B. Sullivan, P. Wood.

Since the publication of the last magazine, the Library has been continually used by both senior and junior classes.

The fiction section has been used extensively, more especially by the junior girls. We would be pleased to note a greater interest taken in either the Fiction or Reference Sections by the boys of the junior classes.

The addition of six more chairs to the Library has been especially welcomed by the classes who enjoy Library Periods, as previously it has generally been found necessary to bring more in from neighbouring classrooms.

The new books added to the Library since the publication of the last magazine are:

Fiction: "Magic for Marigold," "Mistress Pat" and "Kilmeny of the Orchard," by L. M. Montgomery; "Nanook of the North," by Julian Bilby; "Gino Watkins," by James Scott; "Follow the Saint," by Leslie Charteris; "Ungava," by R. M. Ballantyne; "Peveril of the Peak," by Sir W. Scott; "Winsome Winnie and

Other New Romance Novels," by Stephen Leacock; "Dear Enemy," by Jean Webster; "The Sword in the Stone," by L. H. White; "Uncle Fred in the Springtime," by P. G. Wodehouse.

Reference.—Australia: "An Outline of Australia," "Australia's Foreign Policy," W. G. K. Duncan (Editor); "150 Years Australia, 1788-1938," by Oswald Ziegler.

Travel: "Arctic Journeys," by Edward Shackleton; "The Conquest of the South Pole," by G. Hayes; "Arctic and Antarctic," by Colin Bentram; "South America," by L. D. Stamp and L. S. Suggate; "The World," "Asia and Australasia," "The Americas," and "Africa and Europe," by Leonard Brooks.

Biology: "Biology for Everyman, I. and II.," by J. A. Thomson.

Economics: "Economic Record" (June, 1939); "Commonwealth Year Book, 1938," "Economics," by E. R. Walker.

Botany: "An Anthography of the Eucalypts," "British Flora," by George Bentham; "Illustrations of the British Flora," by George Bentham.

Science: "Life," by Sir A. E. Shipley; "Simple Science," and "More Simple Science," by E. N. Drake.

Poetry: "Battlefields" (a book of verse), by Mary Gilmore; "Poetry Speaking for Children," by Mary Gillan.

Art: "Modern German Art," by Peter Ghoene; "Birds and Flowers" (Japanese Colour Prints); "Landscapes" (Japanese Colour Prints).

Literature: "Story of Odysseus" (Rouse Trans.), by Homer; "Story of Achilles" (Rouse Trans.), by Homer; "Disgrace Abounding," by Douglas Reed; "Across the Frontiers," by Philip Gibbs; "Everyday Life in Roman Britain," by Quennell; "Microbe Man," by Louis Pasteur; "Laughing Odyssey," by Eileen Bigland; "Reaching for the Stars," by Nora Waln.

Elocution: "Speech Training in the School," by Marjorie Gullan; "The Play Way of Speech Training," by Rodney Bennett.

History: "A Dramatic History of England," Books I, II, III, by L. Du Garde Peach; "The Changing World" (1066-1689), by John Gunther.

Miscellaneous: "Earthquakes and Volcanoes," by Gaylord Johnson; "Northern Churinga" (July, 1930-December, 1938); "Northern Churinga," (June, 1925-December, 1930); "Physical Geography," by Bernard Smith; "Consolidated Encyclopedias" (Vols. I-X.), edited by W. R. Boag.

Chemistry: "A Text Book of Theoretical and Inorganic Chemistry," by F. A. Philbrick; "Elementary Organic Chemistry," by B. C. Kemp; "The Chemistry of Organic Compounds," by J. B. Conant.

Aircraft: "Boys' Book of Flying," by Charles Boff.

MY GOODNESS!

My goodness! Half past eight!
My gloves and hat I snatch
For fear that I'll be late
And the bus I'll never catch.

Running, stumbling, walking,
I board the bus at nine;
There is no time for talking,
For I've left my breath behind.

I hurry into Class E2
And fumble in my books,
My English work won't come to view,
Teacher gives black looks.

Algebra and Arithmetic—
I'll n'er see morning through.
Now, there my girl! Be quick!
Answer this, will you?

Half past twelve chimes loud and long,
The morning's left behind,
In my brain it's like a song,
But, oh! I've left my lunch behind!

JOAN COCKS (Class E2).

A LEGEND

Why the Tasmanian Cockatoo is Black

Many years ago, the black cockatoo was a beautiful white bird, with glossy feathers. It was a king among the other birds, but because of its handsome plumage, it became very vain and conceited and began to snub the great black chief who ruled Van Dieman's Land.

Now this great man possessed many powers which he had learned by magic. He could make the rain fall so that the land became flooded, or the wind blow so that huge trees would crash to the ground. When he saw that the cockatoo despised him, he raged at the leaders of other tribes and ordered them to rid him of this objectionable bird and when they confessed that it was beyond them, his anger was a terrible thing to behold. He raged and swore and fought his subjects, he became gloomy and depressed and walked about with bent head and finally, being quite worn out, he fell asleep.

As he was sleeping, he had a dream in which he saw, not a white creature that mocked him, but a cowering, black image, who was afraid to venture near him. When he awoke he was comforted and was kind to his subjects and instructed them, saying, "You must go into the caves, for tomorrow I shall cause a storm which will rid us forever of the white cockatoo."

When the morning dawned, the natives peered out of the caves and were struck dumb with what they saw, for a cloud had darkened the heavens and extinguished the sun, and away to the south a storm was brewing. Suddenly it broke with terrific force and the terror-stricken people retreated into the caves, for never had such a storm been seen before! Black mud fell in showers over everything that was exposed and the white cockatoo was soon covered with it. He ran hither and thither and at last covered beside a smouldering fire where the smoke dried his mud-covered feathers so that the mud became hard and remained there forever.

And that is why the black cockatoo flies to the mountains when the weather is stormy, for he thinks that it may be another storm, which, though it cannot make him any blacker, may cause some other misfortune to occur.

NELL WALKER (Class E2).

AUTUMN LEAVES

Scarlet, crimson, gold and yellow,
Russet, red, and brown,
From sturdy oak and trailing willow
The autumn leaves come tumbling down.

Lightly they fall, as if glad to be
Free from this world's tempestuous roar.
Covering the meadow, the hill and the lea,
Making a carpet for earth's wide floor.

Bare and lonely stand the trees,
And strong the cold winds blow.
Faded and gone are the autumn leaves,
Into earth's brown bed trodden low.

DOROTHEA JONES (Class B).

ROUND ABOUT SCHOOL

A notable change in school life is the holding of the Annual Speech Night at the end of the last term of the year instead of halfway through the first term. This change will be permanent. Speech Night for 1939 will be held in the Albert Hall in the last week of this term, that is, just before Christmas. A little reflection will readily show that this is a change for the better. In previous years preparations for Speech Night, plus the Annual Swimming Carnival, effectively broke up the first term so that it was practically impossible to settle down to steady work in that term.

In future, however, there will be no such hindrance. Speech Night will, as it is fitting it should, complete the year's work and, coming at the end of the term, will not interfere with the term's work. So that the Intermediate Pass List may be presented at the coming Speech Night, the Intermediate Examinations (under the new accrediting system) have been held a month earlier than usual, and certificates will be ready for distribution before the end of the term.

To make the coming Speech Night even more worthwhile attending, it is very probable that the more entertaining parts of "H.M.S. Pinafore," which was presented at the end of last term, will be again performed in the Albert Hall in the course of the evening. This applies particularly to those parts where there is a good deal of singing, both by the Girls' Choir and principals. It might not be out of place to remark here that the singing at the end of the year, judging by what happened when last year's Gilbert and Sullivan, "The Gondoliers," was presented at the third term break-up concert, will show much improvement on that at the end of last term. Perhaps this is due to the much clearer weather which prevails in December and to the fact that the singers know the songs better. Be that as it may, this will certainly provide excellent entertainment. As usual, there will probably be the display of singing by the Girls' Choir (apart from the Girls' Choir which sings in "H.M.S. Pinafore"), and the Boys' Drill. Indeed, it promises to be a bright and successful Speech Night, and we hope that all those interested in the School will take advantage of the evening's entertainment.

Another change which will leave the first term less broken, is the holding of the Annual Swimming Carnival at the end of the year instead of at the beginning. This change was brought about more or less accidentally by the paralysis epidemic of 1937-38, which caused the 1938 Carnival to be held at the end of last year. Now, however, the change has been made permanent and the Carnival for 1939 will be held a week or so before Christmas. There are one or two disadvantages pertaining to the change, but the advantages outweigh them. The coming Carnival promises to be an extremely interesting one because of the more or less unknown strengths of the Houses in this branch of sport. At least, this is the impression I gathered from questions as to the swimming standard of each of the Houses. Or perhaps modesty has misled me. Anyway, that remains to be seen—at the Swimming Carnival.

During the last term, the annual House Socials were successfully held in the School Assembly Hall. They were a little later than usual owing to the welcome change from three to two exams. annually for all classes excepting A. This fact caused the first exam. to fall about the end of June and consequently the socials had to be put off for a little while. However, they

were none the less enjoyable and a pleasant evening was had by all. It is worthy of remark that at these socials, treasure hunts and ginger beer were very much in vogue, though formerly, within my experience, in unknown at our School Socials. It is to be hoped that these new features were a success; casual questioning seems to indicate that they were. In addition, a Sports Social in honour of the visiting Hobart Hockey, Basketball and Football teams was given in the Assembly Hall on the evening after the matches. We trust that the visitors had an enjoyable evening.

An event which has caused us much regret is the transfer of Miss Jackson to Scottsdale High School early this term. Her place has been filled by Mrs. Barnard, whom many of the older scholars will remember as Miss Badcock, when she was teaching in the School a year or two ago. Miss Jackson was deservedly popular, both with students and the other members of the Staff, and it is unfortunate that we should have lost her.

We have now an extremely interesting visitor to the School in the person of Dr. Werter, who has come to live in Launceston from overseas. Dr. Werter comes to the School on Wednesday and Friday mornings, solely because of his interest in the School and scholars. On Wednesday mornings he visits the Senior French Classes in which he is very welcome indeed. The lessons then become oral ones and very helpful they are too, besides introducing a pleasant variety into the work. On Friday mornings, Dr. Werter, who is a doctor of music and a very clever pianist, visits the Girls' Choir (the "Pinafore" choir in charge of Mr. Reeves) in the Music Room. He gives very interesting and entertaining talks on the great musicians and composers of the past, and follows these with demonstrations of their works on the piano. As before demonstrated, Dr. Werter is a wonderfully good pianist and his marvellous playing is a delight to all those who are fortunate enough to be in the Choir and hear it. Dr. Werter is very popular both with the French Classes and the Girls' Choir and we wish to thank him most heartily for his kindness in coming to the School as he does to help us in and brighten our work.

Early this year the formation of a cadet corps within the School was discussed. Very little has since been achieved in the matter, but it is now quite definite that the corps will be established at the beginning of next year. In such a time as this, the formation of this corps seems to be particularly fitting. The greatest drawback to the scheme is apparently the cost of uniforms which will be in the vicinity of £3 each. This is a very grave hindrance and must really be regarded as a serious matter. However, it is very likely that arrangements will be made to enable students, when leaving the School, to sell their uniforms to the School, which will in turn, sell them to newcomers to the corps. The uniforms will, of course, be designed on a special School pattern.

Magazine articles have come in rather slowly and not in any great quantity during this term. Perhaps this is partly due to the proximity of the Leaving and Intermediate Examinations. Still, the response was not nearly so good as it should be in a School such as ours. Some scholars seem to be under the impression that magazine articles should only be written at the end of the first or second term or when an appeal for them is made. This is wrong. Magazine articles may be passed in at any time during the year. In fact, it is much better if they are passed in one or two

at a time, say every week during the term, than if they are all passed in at once. This allows of their being examined a few at a time on week-ends during the term and saves a large amount of work being done at one time when the magazine is being prepared. We are doing our best to improve our School Magazine, to make it bigger, more interesting and more attractively put together. There is no reason why the Launceston High School Magazine should not be one of the best of its kind in Australia—if everyone will do his or her share by writing at least one article for each issue. So let's see if we can't make next year's magazines the best ever. Write your articles any time you get the idea or time—in the holidays, on week-ends, anywhere at all. This issue shows definite improvement, I believe. Let us continue that improvement next year and the years after. Remember, fellow-scholars, it's your School and your School Magazine. Whether it's good or poor depends on you all; not just a few of you, but every single one of you.

WHY?

Why is Bonny "Mayor?"
Why is Bill "Broad?"
Why does Peggy "Kneel?"
Why does Ron "Claim?"
Why is Irene "Handy?"
Why is Ken "rit?"
Why can Nancy "See more?"
Why does Geoff "Waltz?"
Why is Pat "Right?"
Why does Jessie "Point?"
Why does Hazel "Lock hearts?"
Why does Norma "Run?"
Why does Beverley "Box?"
Why is Kath "Tidy?"

THELMA MASTERMAN (Class D4).

WHY NOT A DEBATING SOCIETY?

A visitor to the School during the Friday morning hobby period would, I think, be very interested to see the various hobbies indulged in. One that would be found missing, however, is a debating club.

This deficiency could be very easily remedied. I say deficiency, because debating is an excellent and very interesting means of discovering facts about certain subjects, and a knowledge of some much-debated questions could not prove otherwise than beneficial to the future citizens of the world.

With an average amount of enthusiasm and interest, a debating club could easily be formed. Mr. Morris would be only too glad, I am sure, to agree to the formation of such a club and to give any assistance possible.

Why not be first in the field, "B Class," and make it a Senior Debating Society?

C.H. (Class B).

ON THE ROAD TO CUNDAGAI VIA TIPPERARY

Dear Rosemary,

As I was strolling along the beach at Bali Bali on the isle of Capri, I met the Soldier of Fortune. When we were climbing the Bonnie Banks of Loch Lomond, we met The Umbrella Man and Robin Adair Comin' Through the Rye. At Three O'clock in the Morning, we went to Tipperary. While we were on the Little Bamboo Bridge by the Water of Kalooa, Looking for the Silver Lining, we saw A Goldmine in the Sky. In a Sailboat in the Moonlight we went to Treasure Island. Near the Old Spinning Wheel, Down by the River, we met the Rose of Tralee, who was Dancing with Tears in her Eyes and when we asked why she was weeping, she replied, "It's the Natural Thing to Do." Underneath the Spreading Chestnut Tree, Ten Little Miles from Town, sat Mother Macree who, with the help of Ten Pretty Girls, was busily making A Pretty Little Patchwork Quilt. After we left the Little old Lady, we journeyed home.

Till we Meet Again,

Peggy O'Neil.

B. WHITE (Class D).

"A" CLASS CELEBRITIES

A is for Aylett, a gay, lively lad,
B is for Bates, a boy, bold and bad.
C for the Coopers, an official pair,
D is for Dobby, with a fair mop of hair.
E is for Elcoate, to whom we look up,
F is for Fumage, he does love to sup.
G is for Goulston, now here is a swot,
H is for Hamilton, belle of the lot.
I for the Joys, the flames of the class,
K is for Kerrison. My! is he fast!
L is for Lena, intellect brings her fame,
M is for Marjorie—Colson's the name.
N is for Nicholls, a muscal gal,
R is for Roger, our stage-struck young pal.
S for the Smiths, with hair and without,
T for Treganna, she's head, without doubt.
V is for Viney, he's weighed down by care.
W for Wishaw, a monitor rare.
If many goods names I have failed to define,
Just take it from me, they simply won't rhyme.

V. HERBERT.

SCRAMBLED EGGS

Riding home along the road,
A basket of eggs had I as a load,
Deep in thought I had become,
Wondering how to have more fun.

Rudely wakened from my trance,
The pony I rode began to prance,
Faster and faster 'long the road,
Till I was obliged to lose my load.

Eggs flew here and eggs flew there
Till I almost felt that I must swear,
Splashed in egg from head to foot,
How was I going to face the cook?

CORAL CLUTTERBUCK.

COUNTRY OR CITY?

Would you rather live in a busy, bustling city, or quiet peaceful country town?

The advantages of living in a city are that the parents of a large family may send their children to a secondary school without the expense of boarding them and also they have a better chance of obtaining work. People who are fond of gaiety may attend dances, picture shows and plays, and perform thrilling manoeuvres at skating. There are also the parks where many a quiet afternoon may be spent; and the museums and art galleries may be visited. The people who live out of the city in the suburbs, have the convenience of travelling by tram or train. They also have the advantage of attending all the season's sales of clothing, millinery and footwear at the large departmental stores. Then again, at the beginning of each season, there are the great mannequin parades which most women enjoy immensely. They have the gas and electricity to heat their ovens and hot water services and many other appliances which are found so useful to townspeople. There are many clubs in the city which people may join, such as bridge clubs, etc.

Then there are the disadvantages of city life. There are such large crowds in the busy parts of the city and you can get neither here nor there when you have been shopping. Now that the modern shoes have high, small heels, they are likely to be caught in the tram-line. If you happen to live in the city and not in a suburb, you have the disadvantage of hearing the noise of trams trying to climb a hill or even travelling over level ground. Then if you live in a flat, it is not as private as living in a home by yourself.

The country has not as many advantages compared with the city, but it has some, only in a different sense. The country is always so quiet, while the city has much movement. Milk, eggs, butter, fresh vegetables and fruit are always plentiful in the country and much cheaper. The city has to depend upon the country for its produce. The air is so much sweeter and fresher because there is not the same amount of smoke. In the winter there is much wood to build up cheery fires to keep us warm on chilly nights. The men may go shooting, opossuming, fishing (this may also be done in the rivers by the city).

You may not be able to go to the same number of pictures that you can in a city, or the same amusements, but there is generally something you may attend. There are no trams, but trains are fairly near and on the roads service buses travel.

BEVERLEY INGAMILLS (Class C3).

BERYL'S PATCH

Beryl had torn her best frock. With disgust she surveyed the damage while tears filled her pretty blue eyes. With an air of resignation she laboriously attached a new patch, and after proudly approving of her handiwork, she takes the frock and with pride, shows it to her mother. "Oh, Beryl," says mother, after critically scrutinizing the work. "You have put the patch on the wrong side of the frock."

With a cry of dismay, Beryl takes the offending article and hangs it in the wardrobe, to stay there "till it rusts." It happened a few days later, while Beryl being away, mother thought to give her a nice surprise. Taking down the frock, she unpicks the patch and puts it on the right side of the frock, then puts it back on its hanger in the wardrobe, smiling

to herself as she pictures the gratitude of her daughter. Two days went by and Beryl, left alone, thinks to herself, "Now for that wretched patch; I'll spend the afternoon rectifying my mistake."

With admirable patience she unpicks the patch and puts it on the other side of the frock. Pleased with her afternoon's work, she awaits her mother's return. How they laughed when each discovered what had been done. I think though, it was her mother who eventually put the patch on the right side of the frock again.

CORAL CLUTTERBUCK (Class D2).

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

I pray you, my dear Editor,
Listen thou to this!
Billy had a fluffy dog
It mewed about the place.

His cousin had a curly cat,
It barked about the place.

His sister had a woolly pig,
It bleated round the place.

His brother had a bristly lamb,
It grunted about the place.

His auntie had a savage hen,
It bellowed round the place.

His uncle had a strutting bull,
It crowed about the place.

I would be obliged if you would explain why this Magazine article was not published; I'm sure, if you knew the time I spent in perfecting it, the wood I used, and the oil I burnt, you would not hesitate.

Maybe you have not examined the finer points. Firstly, with the excellent descriptions given of the animals, I'm sure you cannot find fault.

Several onomatopoeic words, such as "strutting bull" and "bleating pig" all add to the beauty of the piece.

The repetition of "about the place" is used for emphasis. Maybe you thought it overdone. The metre is perfect, being an excellent example of ballad metre.

No wonder Mag. articles are scarce if you treat everyone like this.

I really think it unnecessary to waste my time any more in writing articles, if you refuse to have them published.

If you take this hint, and publish the articles, you'll find hundreds rolling in for the following Mag.

"MAG. READER" (Class C1).

LEARNING TO PLAY TENNIS

I had often watched people playing tennis and had thought to myself, "That looks easy. All you have to do is hit a ball over a net and between two lines. But I had better ask my brother to teach me, as he is a champion" (his own opinion). He condescended to teach me, so the next day we marched off to the tennis court. I was very confident that I would prove a marvellous player.

First of all he made me stand behind a line right at the back of the court.

"But other players don't stand right back here," I objected.

"Oh yes they do. You have not taken any notice," my brother replied. I kept quiet because I was only the beginner and he was the champion. He next told me to throw the ball up and hit it. I threw the ball up and hit air. I threw it up a second time and it landed on my head. "Third time is lucky," I thought. I made a tremendous effort and gave a terrific smack at the ball. Away it sailed, over the tennis court fence, over the hedge and into the garden of Mr. X. Knowing that Mr. X objected to tennis balls landing among his prize plants and vegetables, my brother and I sneaked to the garden, saw that no one was looking and began searching for the ball. I found it reposing in a large cauliflower just when Mr. X decided to come along. But (thank goodness) we could easily beat him at running. When he went back inside, we started playing again. All the afternoon I either hit the ball too hard, or did not hit it at all. Near the end of the afternoon I actually hit one ball right and started to cheer.

"Don't be so pleased with yourself. When I learned to play, I did not miss any balls and hit them all in, and learned backhand the first afternoon, etc., etc.," my brother informed me. I did not answer, but made up my mind to practice very hard with hopes of defeating him one day.

DULCIE FURMAGE (Class C3).

SPRING

Cold winter, with its days so grey,
Has vanished like a dream;
Blithe spring has wiped all trace away
From every path and stream.

Now all around one can discern
O! the greenest carpet spread—
And bulbs appear where formerly
They slept as they were dead.

The sea is blue—it does not sigh,
The foam-flecked waves dance gay—
With many a leap and bound so high
To drive all care away.

The birds enchant us with their song,
The trees and flowers delight.
And happy folk forever long
To gaze upon the sight.

NOREEN MILLER (Class D1).

THE LUCK OF A DUCK

I think it was a stroke of luck
To come into the world, a duck!
I fly, I swim, I walk, you see;
What others do not envy me?
I swim—far better than the swallow;
Who says I do not dare to follow
As he skims across the sky,
Just as if he was a fly.

K. PADMAN (Class E2), Arthur.

THE AMATEUR HUNTSMAN

Stepho the hunter, one summer morn,
Did blow a blast on his bugle horn,
Sending its echoes to the fore and rear,
So soon by all ways, from mountain and tier,
Came hurrying the followers of the hunting peer.

By six of the clock, all being ready,
Each hunter bestrode his own dear neddy.
'Twas a joyful sight to see everyone seated;
At some of the sights I am sure people tittered.
For some of the horses were terribly littered.

At last they were gone from out of our sight,
One rider at least in a terrible plight
For he was neck and neck with his spirited horse.
The poor fellow having yelled "whoa" until he
was hoarse,
Then beat out "stop" with his heels, in morse.

By late afternoon they came home tired and sore,
Vowing to go hunting with Stepcho no more,
For this right-honoured peer had led the great
chase

From the rear of the line and was so in disgrace;
So he now sits at home to ponder the case.

A. MILLAR (Class C2).

A CAT'S TALE

I don't like great big dogs that tease,
Or little mice that have to play
Around me when I take a rest
At the middle of the day.

I don't like pigs on market day,
That grunt along the street,
They're harmless through the window,
But they're horrid things to meet.

But, what I like the best of all,
Is lying on the kitchen mat
Basking in the sun's hot rays—
That is the best life for a cat.

BETH OWENS.

THE ARTFUL BULL

(With apologies to Robert Louis Stevenson.)

Under the wide and spreading tree,
He sits bemused, so let him be,
His thoughts seem to be far away,
Far away from the games we play.

His are the thoughts of you and me,
'Cause there he sits, his eye on us three,
Here he comes, away from the tree,
Oh, heavens, that bull is after we.

PHYLLIS MILLAR (Class E2).

SWING

By a "JITTERBUG"

In case you do not know what swing is, I will endeavour to give you a rough idea of it as explained to me by a well-known authority on the subject.

Swing is the acrobatic gyrations of that species known as the "Jitterbug."

One university psychologist says: "Even college professors might enjoy swing if they would only let themselves go!"

I consider this statement quite true and it would be a good idea if these so-called professors took this advice.

It is very violent exercise and should be indulged in at all spare moments.

For an exhibition of swing, you must first have some suitable music. You can obtain this by tying two cats' tails together and beating a tin can. Then, if you want to swing, copy the cats.

V.M.H. (Class A).

A DAY AFTER SHEEP

"Sheep tomorrow, Ken," I said, as I made a hasty departure from my cousin's home, some two hundred yards west of mine, after three long hours of cards and reading. Break of day saw me briskly walking towards the "chaff-house," tailed by two over-anxious horses. Having fed these, I returned to the house to find Dad busily engaged in frying some chops for breakfast. By the end of breakfast my cousin's approach was heralded by a hilarious burst of whistling as he neared the house. I rose quickly, and hurried forth to meet him, securing however, the remainder of breakfast which lay on the table in a large plate. Joining him, I went to the "chaff-house," which contained the saddles and bridles, and proceeded to saddle our horses as quickly as possible. Strapping our shears on the saddle-bows, we set off for our day's work.

After a couple of hours travelling, we began to approach the region where stray woolly sheep roamed. Keeping our eyes open, we scanned the surrounding "cutting-grass" plains in hopes of sighting a mob of sheep. As I gazed away across the low, undulating country towards the small sand hummocks which fringed the eastern side of the island, I was interrupted by the excited voice of cousin Ken, "What's that over there, Ron?" he said, indicating with his finger what looked very like reclining sheep. "I wouldn't lay a bet on it, Ken, but I should say there's a woolly or two there at least," I replied, gently rolling the rowels of my spurs along my horse's flanks. A wild leap told of my spurs along my horse's flanks. A wild leap told of my spurs along my horse's flanks. A wild leap told of my spurs along my horse's flanks. Quickly we rode towards the spot where the sheep lay, succeeding, in a very short time, in "lashing up" four woollies. Removing the shears from our saddles, we proceeded to shear our captives. Shortly afterwards we were once again in the saddle and on our way.

After another half hour's riding we "spotted" two more woolly sheep and shore these as well. However, while packing up the wool, we noticed a young, wild bull coming unpleasantly near us, so we rose and threw some small rocks at him. By this time he was about ten or fifteen yards away, so my cousin made for the saddle with the wool, while I threw some more rocks at the approaching bull. At this he fell to pawing the ground, so we made for our saddles, departing

with a slight suspicion of haste. Whether this was curiosity on the part of the bull or not, I don't know, but if it was, it failed to amuse us in any way.

We returned home about six o'clock with a grand total of fourteen, not very many, but quite a lot considering the time spent in searching the country for them, as Clarke Island is not a grass paddock. As a matter of fact, approximately three-quarters of it is gum-scrub and other bush.

R. MACLAINE (Class D4).

IF I WERE A GIPSY

"As I to the town was going one day
My Romany lass I met by the way."

She looked so lovely, wild and free, that I longed to be in her place. Mr. Milne would understand—

"I wish I were the gipsy girl
And the Gipsy girl were me."

Then hush! All around was magic and my wish came true—

Clip! Clip! Clipperty-clop! Was that the sound of the Gipsies as they came slowly along the winding trails towards the village? Yes, it was. How nice to be free like this. Nothing important to do except clipperty-clop from village to village and town to town.

I wonder where I'd go? Do you know? I think I'd travel through England and see all the wonderful sights there. And then when it was raining and the wind blowing around my caravan, I would nestle down just as safe and warm as little girls in Georgio's homes. My caravan would be my home and I could never grow tired of the scenes around for they would always be changing.

How do you think I would dress? As most Gipsy maidens do? I would have a green skirt and a lemon blouse and a green scarf around my hair. Bangles and bracelets would be upon my arms and legs and rings through my ears. Of course, if I lived in Spain or Hungary I would dress more brightly still. Perhaps I would be the daughter of the King of the Gipsies and we would live in homes in the rocky hillsides and come into the towns to dance and sing to the tourists. All my people love music, especially violin music.

Sometimes I would tell fortunes, stopping at country fairs and shows and timidly asking fierce-looking gentlemen to "cross my palms with silver." Or I would be a very famous fortune teller and I would sit at a little table with a huge bowl in front of me. A young lady and a gentleman come in. "Be seated," I say. They are seated. I then stare at them for a minute or so and say "What can I do for you, my lady?" "Please, I want my fortune told," she says. I do not reply, but gaze thoughtfully into the bowl and describe her love affairs while she blushes like a rose and believes it all.

But the magic of the fairy bowl, the magic of my Gipsy life vanishes. I am just a Georgio girl again and perhaps that is best.

FIONA MORRIS (Class D1).

BASIN SWIMMING

"So near, and yet so far!" That, I am sure, is the thought of every girl who takes swimming in the pool at the Basin on Wednesday afternoons. Actually a few yards separate the pool from the Basin, but so many are the "if" and "but" arguments raised against First Basin-swimming that they prevent any of us from ever getting to the Basin's edge—let alone into the Basin itself.

Stating these "if" and "but" arguments in plain fact, there is really little against Basin-swimming. The most important argument against it is that it places a great responsibility and strain on the person in charge of us. Should—and here is one "if" that cannot be neglected or evaded—should any accident occur in which a girl was drowned, or seriously injured, the blame, although the girls' parents had consented to her swimming in the Basin, would inevitably be placed on the person in charge, both by the Education Department and the public. Again, swimming in water that is beyond one's depth, is to some extent, more dangerous and risky than swimming in water that barely reaches to one's neck. There is, however, against that point, the fact that good swimmers find it easier and pleasanter and altogether feel more at home when swimming in water beyond their depth. As for the risk, our parents have already proved that they, at least, are ready to undertake whatever risk there may be, or why are we allowed to swim alone in the Basin at the week-ends? If they are satisfied as to our safety there, surely school authorities can raise no very strong objection, apart from the fact that the person in charge of us would have to bear the responsibility, and, in the case of an accident, the blame. After all, as we do not drown ourselves on Saturdays or Sundays, why should we do so on Wednesdays, unless, of course, Wednesday is definitely more dangerous to swimmers than is Saturday or Sunday?

At the present, the majority of our swimmers go to the Baths where the water is deeper than that in which beginners generally learn. For the sake of that deeper water, they can endure the crowd and the sight of ugly walls rising in every direction around them. Sport is meant to be thoroughly enjoyed, and I am certain that no better place than the Basin can be found in which to enjoy swimming. There the running water is cleaner and fresher; there is plenty of fresh air and sunlight and the Gorge Grounds across the river with the dark hills rising all around, provide a most attractive background. The walk there and back is also good, healthy exercise from which all of us may benefit, especially those who do not get enough fresh air or exercise during the rest of the week. If swimming in the Basin were permitted, I am sure that the majority that go to the Baths would come where their health would decidedly benefit by their sport and where they would have better swimming conditions in every way.

There is also another reason why Basin-swimming should be permitted. About two years ago there was an account of a girl from this School, who, when the boat in which she and her companions were upturned, swam some distance to the shore to get aid for the rest of the party who were clinging to the upturned boat. Who can tell when our being accustomed and well able to swim in deep water, may do much to relieve an awkward position, either for ourselves or someone else? Therefore, I should think that good

swimmers should be encouraged to swim in deep, running water whenever possible.

Of course, Basin-swimming under certain conditions. Firstly, everyone must be a good swimmer; secondly, everyone must be prepared to swim in groups, certainly never less than two together, and lastly, everyone must keep near the shore and go nowhere near the current.

Under these conditions, with only one really strong argument against it, and many more for it, Basin-swimming should, I think, be safe and feasible.

DOROTHEA JONES (Class B).

THE FRENCH DRAMATIC CLASS

Every Friday morning we cease to be hard-working students and become great actors, at least in our own minds. This is one hour of the day we enjoy and which seems to pass all too quickly. Our French teacher knows how to make the period both enjoyable and instructive. How we long for the day when French sentences will fall from our lips as easily as they do from Miss Aplin's, our teacher.

But to return to our dramatic class. The heroine of the play is Jeanne d'Arc, excellently portrayed by Pat Coe, who rivals the real Jeanne in fluency, gesture and ardour.

But who is this shy fellow hiding in the corner of the room. He it is who does excellent French (on paper), but in our dramatic class, he seems to be suffering some agony. Monsieur Boden, awake from those melancholy thoughts.

Our curate, Blannin Bryan, both looks and acts the part. I am sure that with a little practice, he will be able to drawl French as well as any Parisian padre.

Although the dancing of the jig may appear rather funny to our audience, it is extremely difficult to control our composure and makes me, at any rate, feel rather foolish.

If Jack Coltheart could only obtain Ian's impish grin, the fairies would remain invisible for ever when they heard his mocking voice say, "Il n'y a pas de fees."

I feel so bloodthirsty when I say to the duke, "I will cut off your head," that I am sure my voice alone is quite enough to kill him and so this renders the blow which follows quite unnecessary.

It is a great pity Colin Orr does not have a longer part, because he enjoys himself immensely. In fact, we are all so good that I am expecting Miss Aplin to think she has a class of French children and begin to teach us English instead.

DAVID INGLES (Class C2).

RULES FOR EXAMINATION

1. Take all books in and consult them—they are often a great help.
2. If unable to answer a question, ask the supervising teacher to cancel it—teachers always oblige.
3. Talk to the friends round about you. It cheers them up as well as yourself.
4. Have a chat with the supervisor occasionally—you will notice the difference.
5. Answer only one question on every paper.

O.M. (Class D2).

THE MILL DAM

Situated a short distance from the Longford Railway Station is a very pretty little spot called the Milldam. After descending a steep hill, the road winds around the ground. There are numerous trees under which the visitors enjoy sitting or resting on the seats provided for them. The greatest attraction is the dam itself, which consists of a stretch of stones, over which water is continually flowing. The prettiest picture is seen when rowing down the river where the trees dip into the water. The small children love to play on the swings and the slide or play games amongst the trees. Many swimmers enjoy themselves by trying to walk the greasy pole, which is quite easy for experienced rope walkers to do. At Christmas time, the grounds are usually thronged with campers and holiday makers. I have spent many enjoyable days there myself, swimming and rowing.

HAZEL CLAXTON (Class D3).

TO THE MEMBERS OF "A" CLASS

We've seen each other often
In this, our school of trials,
Next year we may be parted
By many, many miles.

However, there will always be
A bond between us still,
A bond that will last forever
Until we cross the hill.

If we join the Association
And make a bond that will not bend
Of our fellowship in "A" Class,
'Tis then the 'ginning, not the end.

"COUNTRY LAD" (Class A).

TO A SCHOOLMISTRESS

Oh, dear teacher, when someday,
We leave your happy school,
How we will learn to regret the day
We left the room you rule.

The memory of you with us will stay
Though you are far away.
Your gentle voice, your quiet words
Will fly to us like homing birds.

The problems you have understood,
Your influence, fine and good;
These we will keep though you depart,
You have a shrine in every heart!

Although we say good-bye to you,
We know that for a lifetime through
All you have taught us will remain
To light with hope Life's rolling plain.

JEAN REES (Class D4).

MAIDS OF MANY LANDS

The Indian maid is slim and shy
Can bend a bow and arrow,
Her eye is quick, her movements spry.
She moves like any sparrow.

The Irish maid is brisk and bright,
She 'minds one of a fairy,
Her laugh is ready, her feet are light,
Her temper makes you wary.

The Scottish maid is small and smart,
Her manners are most charming,
Whether in a motor or cart,
She can drive at a pace most alarming.

The maid of France is vain and gay,
Her smile is quick and flashing,
Her appearance is bright on a summer's day
Her manner reckless, dashing.

The English maid is fresh and sunny,
Her laugh is gay and ringing,
Like the African maid, with her face so funny,
She is forever singing.

But the maid of Australia is best of all,
There is not a gift, but she has it,
Her manners are cultured, she's fond of sport
If it is an Australian who says it.

NELLIE WALKER (Class E2).

A BUSHFIRE

Through bush and scrub; from tree to tree,
Mercy never tending,
Hurrying as if to flee,
While on its way its wending.

Eating all within its path,
Scorching, cruel, choking,
Dancing, crackling with a laugh,
As if at play and joking.

The tall, slim tree will be its prey,
No matter what its size
And other trees within its way
And grass, and brush besides.

Crackling! Jumping! Joyful! Playing!
As ever on, it sprightly prances.
Cruelly joking, as if saying,

"Ah! narrow are your chances."

A crashing tree! A million sparks!

The flames leap up and dance.

It passes on; nor 'ere it harks,
To a smoking black expanse.

JOAN COCKS (Class E2).

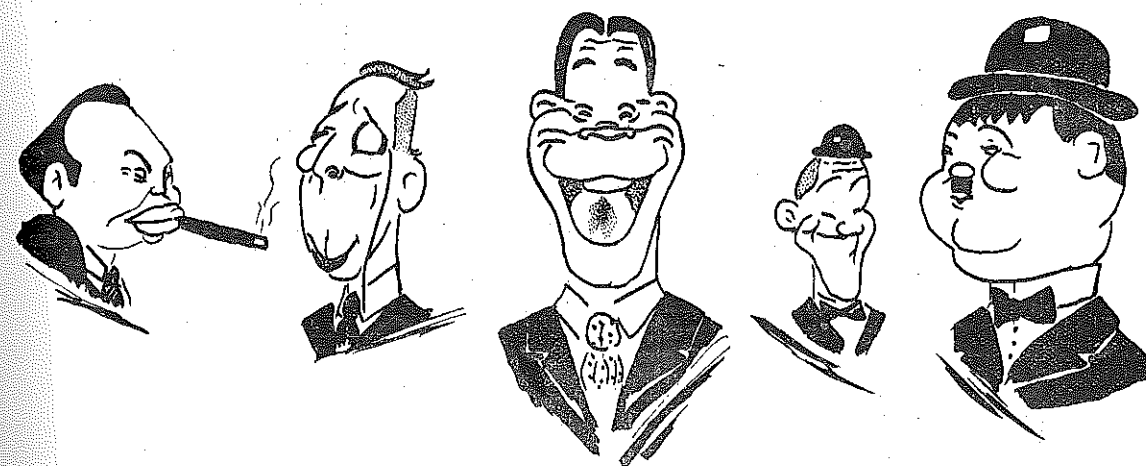
THE BIRD'S PARADISE

Where the trees do shade the winding path,
And the birds sit twittering in the sun,
Then in the water they fly for a bath,
Each whistling, "Oh, what fun!"

They love to sit in the swaying boughs,
While the sun peeps over the distant hill,
And brightens up the pretty flowers,
Which grow round the old grey mill.

EDNA HALL (Class C).

FACES FROM THE FILMS.



MARIE COOPER (Class D4).

HECTIC TIMES

About 9.30 on Saturday morning I reluctantly arose, after several warnings of a dipper of icy water. After my mother and sister had gone down town, I had the house to myself, so the first thing I did was to find some breakfast, because everything had been cleared up hours ago. It was then that my troubles started, for I let the milk boil over mother's clean stove (which I hoped she would not see until I was out of those surroundings), then broke a cup which was my own, thank goodness, and then I ordered two loaves too many from the baker.

Having cleared the things away, I decided to do a spot of cooking, which would have been quite passable if I hadn't forgotten to put the soda in the scones, the milk in the sponge and some more wood in the stove.

Feeling a little thirsty, I went into the pantry to sample some ginger beer which mother had bottled up that morning. At that moment the doorbell rang, so I went hurrying to the door, still clutching the bottle. Before I could address the gentleman on the doorstep, the cork suddenly went "plop" and almost knocked the visitor's hat off as it sped upwards. Leaving the bottle, which was fizzing all over the rug, in the astonished visitor's hand, I went helter skelter for the floor clothe.

By the time my mother and sister returned, I had everything cleared up and there was not a tell tale spot to be seen. After that I was too busy to upset anything else that morning. In the afternoon mother told me I could go to the pictures, although I accepted this offer, I knew it was only to get rid of me for the afternoon.

My home nickname is "Public Nuisance No. 1."

JOYCE KELB (Class E4).

THE SEA

Foaming and clashing on rugged rocks,
On piles of wharves and sliny docks,
While seagulls cry above the cliffs
And the dull droning of distant ships,
Is this the sea?

The sea, the sky, the sky, the sea,
So blue, so bountifully free,
With a free salt wind, the lap of waves,
O'er many a mariner's lonely grave.
This is the sea.

On the darkest night, when the moon alone
Is the radiant lamp for the fisherman's home,
He is never wearied by songs of the sea,
And the cool, salt wind so fresh and free.
He loves the sea.

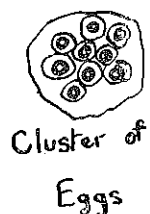
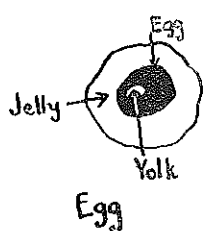
MARGARET ANDREW (Class D3).

TO A WILLOW

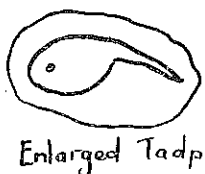
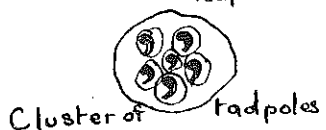
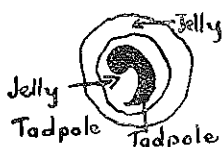
Beautiful tree, why do you weep
And bend your branches so?
Did you not a promise keep
That your heart you would not show?
Or is it just a lovely grace,
Given to you by God;
Hiding your painted face
In your knotted branches shod,
You make them bend and droop
Or bow to the verdant grass,
And for flowers you always stoop;
Even though you bend and pass
In the gentle summer breeze.
I love your graceful form
As you sway and kiss my knees
While other trees look on with scorn.

J. COCKS (Class E2).

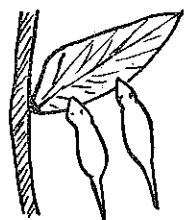
LIFE HISTORY OF A FROG



The next stage shows the head and tail beginning to grow. The egg is oval in shape and the young tadpole is curled round in a kind of ball. At this stage, the egg is slightly larger than before.



Enlarged Tadpole



Soon the final egg stage is over and the little tadpole swims off to find food for himself.



Tadpole

The female frog lays her eggs in marshy swamps or any place where there is plenty of water, one frog laying about a hundred eggs. The eggs, which are circular, are about 1/10th inch in diameter and are enveloped in a mass of clear jelly. Because of its bitterness and slipperiness, the jelly acts as a protector of the egg from the water animals. The eggs are black with a white spot, indicating the yolk. There are various markings on the egg, and they denote where the different parts of the future frog will grow.



Tadpoles



Full-grown frog.

MARGARET AVERY (Class D2), Sorell.

WONDERS

Trades are carried on by animals which show great industry, good workmanship and excellent results.

Wasps are paper makers—they make their paper from damp and rotten wood. We use machinery, but the wasp has nothing but its powerful jaws. He uses the paper for building his nest.

Bees are professors of geometry. They are able to construct their cells so that the least possible amount of material is formed into the largest spaces with the least waste of room. The shape of the cells is hexagonal.

Caterpillars, called silk worms, are spinners. They make all the silk used in the world. Each little spinner makes a thread of silk nearly two thousand feet in length, yet the material used in a lady's dress, requires all the produce of eight thousand insects.

Spiders are weavers. Long before man discovered the uses of wool, flax, or cotton, these industrious insects, without the aid of machinery, were able to weave a fairy network of gossamer threads.

Ants are miners, masons and farmers. Some of them bore long, underground passages, others build houses with partition walls, well-shaped arches, and pillars; and others care for their insect cows, from which they obtain a clear, sweet fluid.

The firefly and glow worm are lamp lighters. Glow worms light up caves and grassy banks, while the firefly lights up the air.

Singing birds are musicians, and no other musicians can equal them in harmony.

The otter and the heron are fishermen, though they neither use a line nor a net.

The beaver is a wood cutter and a builder. He cuts down small trees with his teeth and after he has built his house, he plasters it skilfully with his tail.

The mole is an engineer and forms a tunnel quite as well as if he had been instructed by an engineer.

The jackal is a hunter; the hawk an expert bird catcher; the leech an excellent surgeon; and the monkey is the best rope dancer in the world.

B. MAYER (Class D4).

At the next stage of development, the tadpole grows his hind legs. At this period the tadpole is seen to repeatedly rise to the surface of the water to obtain fresh air. The front legs emerge soon after the back legs. The tail gradually shortens and when the tadpole is fully-grown, the tail has disappeared altogether.

CASTLES IN THE AIR

Castles in the air! Think not, gentle reader, in the scornful, sarcastic terms this phrase too often brings to mind. It can mean, I grant you, and very often does mean, the foolish waste of time which usually results from mere thinking of all the things you'd like to do "if you had time," but which you never do do and never will. The sort of thing that made some sage person remark of one drifting dreamer, that, although he had planned in his mind a vast number of things he was going to do, yet

"All that he left when living was through
Was a mountain of things he intended to do—
tomorrow."

No, this is not the sort of thing I wish to write about. The futility of that, needs no comment. But building castles in the air is not to be sneered at. It is a very good thing to stop sometimes, and think upon the things we intend and wish to do.

Perhaps you have a spare half-hour sitting by yourself in the garden or in a chair by the fire on a cold, wintry night. Under such circumstances, if pressure of work is not great, the half hour can very profitably be spent in looking over and examining with a critical eye, the life you are leading. You will see things that you should be doing and are not doing; you resolve to do them in the future. There will appear things which it is plain you should not be doing; you resolve to correct these. Then your thoughts will travel further afield. "After all, why do I go on living?" You will ask yourself, "What is there ahead that it is desirable to live for?" Things may be looking singularly black for you at the moment, so these two questions are very pertinent. If at present things appear to be unsatisfactory, you will plan to make the future different, to make it worth while living for by planning what you will do as you grow older; that is, you "build castles in the air."

And by this castle building process you will have profited, provided that you have not built extravagantly and beyond all reason. You will find life more worth living by thinking of what you have planned ahead and you will work harder to make your plans accomplished facts. Really, when you come to think of it, it is not a bad thing to build castles in the air. If you do not possess any castles in the air, you never will possess any on this earth.

Most things of real and lasting value must be planned for beforehand. What if some of your castles crash and break to pieces before you ever succeed in making them. Others that you have designed, you will succeed in building. And had you never designed any you would possess none. The only thing we need guard against is building our castles in the air too extravagantly and beyond reason, or, having built reasonable castles, we forget to make the effort necessary to make them come true. It is indeed a tragedy to see a person die leaving behind him only "a mountain of things he intended to do—to-morrow."

D. MACLAINE (Class B).

THUD, THUD, THUD

(With apologies to Tennyson)

Thud, thud, thud,
From the passage one Monday morn,
The mysterious sound of footfalls
To our trembling ears is born.

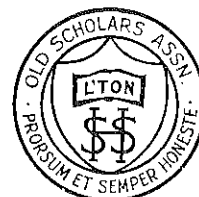
Oh, well for him who is fearless
Of such things as ghosts, to say
"Twas only imagination,"
For ghosts walk not by day.

But the eerie sounds go on
And we know not what we hear;
When suddenly there before us,
Is the cause of all our fear.

Thud, thud, thud.

'Tis only a new cadet
In his military boots with their thick, heavy soles,
Which to school he has but worn once yet.

M. REES.



OLD SCHOLARS' COLUMN

ASSOCIATION ACTIVITIES

Although the number of financial Members was not quite up to last year's total, the Committee and Members of the Old Scholars' Association worked enthusiastically, with the result that donations to the School were possible. Funds were made available to provide sports honour boards and to assist the library. It is confidently expected that more old scholars will become Members of the Association in the coming year.

The first meeting of the old scholars was called on April 15, 1915, and the celebrations of the 25th year next April are expected to bring about a great increase in members.

Subscriptions are as follows:—First year, 2/-; under 21, 3/-; seniors, 4/-; married couples, 6/-.

RE-UNION DINNERS

Once again the annual re-union dinner proved a great success. The Association was represented at the re-union dinners of the Scottsdale and Hobart State High Schools.

THE DIRECTORY

President—A. J. Woolcock, Esq., Motors Pty. Ltd., Brisbane Street.

Hon. Secretary.—Miss Joy Geiger, 57 Garfield St.

Hon. Treasurer.—Mr. F. H. Atherton, c/o Hatton and Laws, St. John Street.

Editor of Old Scholars' Column.—Mr. R. R. White, c/o "Examiner" Office, Paterson Street.

Affiliated Clubs' Secretaries:

Football.—Mr. J. R. Brown, c/o Public Hospital, Charles Street.

Tennis.—Mr. C. Ikin, Acme Tailoring Co., Brisbane Street.

Social.—Miss Kath. Harrison, c/o A. Stewart Ltd., and Mr. R. Maumill, c/o Johnstone & Wilmot Ltd., St. John Street.

Basketball Club.—Miss N. Jackson, c/o H. Jones and Co., Charles Street.

PERSONAL

Sara Cox and Betty Gill are trying the Sydney life and have secured pleasant employment there.

Laurie Abra is on his way back from England. Graham Barclay, who recently returned from New Zealand, has joined the A.I.F.

Bert Kaiser and Jack Brett are to be congratulated on securing their commissions in the artillery. Bert is in the 16th Battery and Jack commands the right section of the 17th Battery which is at present in camp at Brighton.

ENGAGEMENTS

Marjorie Forsyth to Mr. W. G. Simmons.
Neil Shegog to Miss Peggy Sellars.
May Branich to Mr. R. Whitehead.
Pat Honey to Mr. L. Eadie.
Jack Simmons to Lorna Smith.

MARRIAGES

Peg. Turnbull to Mr. J. H. Bain.
Jennette Wood to Mr. F. French.
Jack Brett to Miss M. Wood.
Alf. King to Miss D. McClutchey.
Cyril Croft to Elvie Philpott.
Angus von Bertouch to Ada Kerslake.
Ted Best to Miss M. Kitson.
Laurel Edmunds to Mr. M. Webb.
Ursula Walker to Mr. P. Parsons.
Thora Emmett to Mr. M. Ford.
Betty Fleming to Milton Cameron.
Gwen Viney to George Donnelley.
Doug. Gill to Miss S. Robbins.

BIRTHS

Mr. and Mrs. H. Langham (nee Mary Cox), a daughter.
Mr. and Mrs. L. Croome (nee Jill Cox), a daughter.

OBITUARY

We extend our sympathy to the relatives and friends of Len Brannagan, whose death occurred recently and to Ted Best, whose father passed away on Nov. 15.

FOOTBALL CLUB

By winning the Northern Premiership and also defeating the Southern Premiers, Friends' Old Boys, in the final of the Condor Shield competition, the Churinga Football Club completed its most successful season since joining the Tasmanian Amateur Football League.

The team was undefeated in all matches during the season, being the first team in the League to achieve this.

The Fairthorne Cup, which had been won twice by the Club in 1937-38, was won outright this year.

Our congratulations are extended to our captain, Mr. N. Forsyth and our coach, Mr. Harold Mathews, both of whom devoted a great deal of time and effort to the Club, and to whom a lot of the success is due.

It is with deep regret that we record the death of one of our finest supporters, Mr. W. L. Best, father of George and Ted Best.

The captain, vice-captain and other members of the club attended the funeral which took place on November 16.

Mr. Best had been a keen supporter and all members of the club remember the very pleasant evenings spent each year at his home.

To the Principal of the State High School, Mr. W. C. Morris, the Old Scholars' Association, and to all others who helped to make the season such an outstanding success, we extend our thanks and trust we may have the pleasure of their support next year.

J. R. BROWN, Hon. Sec.

TENNIS CLUB

The annual meeting of the Churinga Tennis Club was held at the Club's pavilion on Saturday, October 7.

The election of officers resulted: President, Mr. W. C. Morris; chairman, Mr. C. F. Croft; hon. treasurer, Miss J. Edwards; hon. secretary, Mr. C. A. Ikin; hon. auditors, Mrs. J. H. Bain; committee, Misses B. Lawrence, H. Wilcox, and Mr. J. Beck.

The Club has played several matches since last publication. The most important of these was against O.H.A. team at Hobart. Poor weather conditions and wet surfaces spoilt the play of Club members and the final sets of the unfinished match were: O.H.A., 14 sets; Churinga, 4 sets.

Presentations were made to Messrs. A. G. King and C. F. Croft, prior to their respective marriages. To both of these members we extend our best wishes.

Any Old Scholars desirous of joining this Club are asked to get in touch with the hon. secretary, c/o Acme Tailoring Coy., 140 Brisbane Street, Launceston.

C. A. IKIN, Hon. Sec.

BASKETBALL CLUB

It is unfortunate, that owing to lack of players, we did not have such a successful year as was anticipated after last year, as several emergencies had to be played.

We have had three dances during the season which have been quite successful and we hope to be able to run more dances next year.

The team for the 1939 season was: Joyce Shaw (Capt.), Enid Rodman (Vice-Capt.), Ella Holmes, Evelyn Howe, Elaine Page, Betty Branagan, Audrey Jackson and Nancy Jackson (Sec.).

We would be extremely grateful to hear of any scholars leaving School this year, or any Old Scholars who are keen to play with us, as, without the support of Old Scholars, we cannot go ahead as we would like.

We wish to thank Miss Joy Geiger, the President, and Committee of the Old Scholars' Association, Mr. Jack Shaw, and all others who have helped and supported us during the season, and take this opportunity of wishing all the compliments of the season.

NANCY JACKSON, Hon. Sec.

SOCIAL CLUB

The Committee has pleasure in reporting that a skating party, a trip to Mount Barrow and a dance in conjunction with the Churinga Basketball Club, have been successfully organised during the year.

The Committee wishes to announce that they will be running a number of picnics and day-trips during the summer months. Annual subscriptions are now due.

GREETINGS

The President and Committee wish all Old Scholars, members of the School Staff and scholars, a very happy Christmas and a prosperous new year.