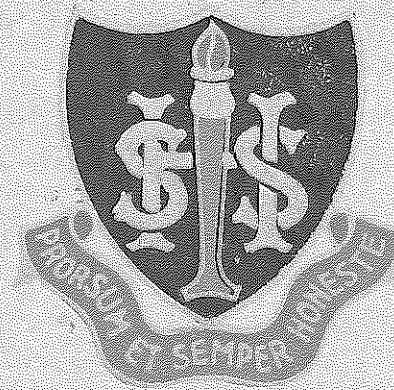


The Northern Churinga



November, 1941

Launceston High School Magazine

VOLUME, XXX



The Northern Churinga



"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us,
Footprints on the sands of time."

Thus said Longfellow; and what inspiration lies in his words! He places a star on our horizon, a desire to better our position, an ambition to bestir ourselves to deeper thinking, more selfless acting, that our footsteps of progress in this direction may leave some light, but lasting impression. How to do it?

"This, above all: to thine own self be true."

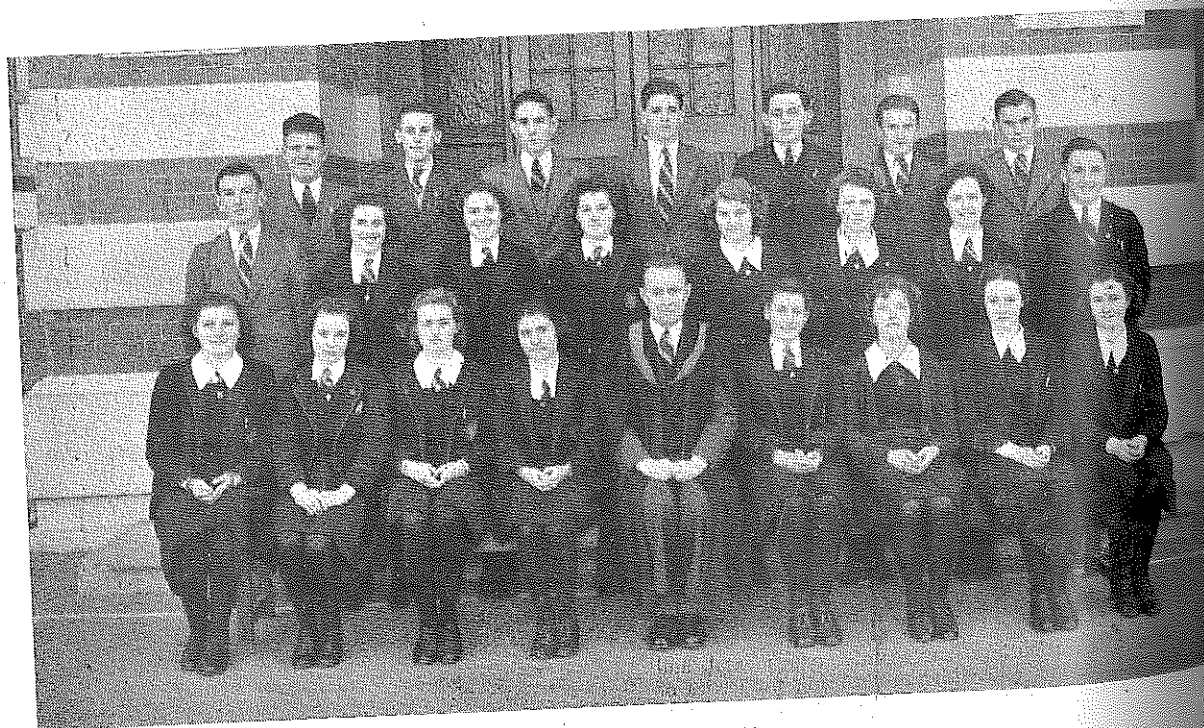
Make a conscientious survey of your mental and spiritual outlook, and with the cleansing properties of active and wholesome thought, clear away the rust which has accumulated from mis- or disuse, or perhaps both.

Let me advise you further. A magazine is the result of active thought, and while offering congratulations to those who submitted articles, whether accepted or not, I might suggest to those whose efforts are conspicuously absent, that this, your magazine, offers you the opportunity to air your grievances, to suggest improvements, or to acknowledge anything good you see around you. Avail yourself of this opportunity, not because you feel yourself under any obligation, but because you feel a pride in fulfilling a duty you owe to yourself and to your School.

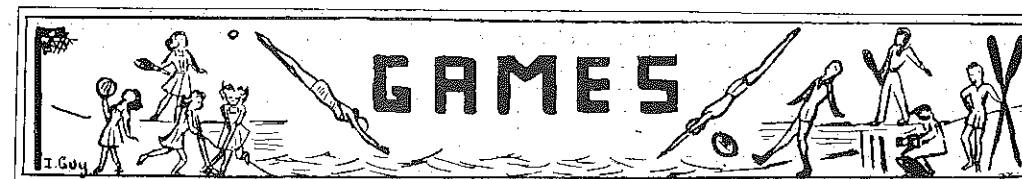
A further thought: The School Honour Roll is one means of recording your footsteps on the sands of time, but how much greater is the honour bestowed on us when, although not recorded in letters of gold, some noble deed of ours may live in the memory of a friend. Let this aim, however humble, be ours, and soon we may count the world as friend.



PREFECTS, 1941



"A" CLASS, 1941



ATHLETIC SPORTS

On April 16 and 17, the School's Twenty-Fifth Annual Sports Carnival was held under ideal conditions at the Launceston Cricket Ground. The officials were: Presidents, Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Morris; starters, Messrs. B. C. Brook and J. H. Moses; judges, Messrs. L. G. Bain, W. H. Daymond, W. H. Lahy, R. Edwards, T. Doe, Rev. R. W. Dobbins, V. R. Brooke.

We are indebted to these people for the valuable assistance rendered by them. Thanks are also due to those concerned with the preparation of afternoon tea.

Wednesday's results were as follows:—

BOYS' CHAMPIONSHIPS

Open

220 Yards.—B. Booth (F.), 1; L. Petterson (A.), 2; R. Boden (S.), 3.
440 Yards.—C. Parker (W.), 1; B. Booth (F.), 2; L. Petterson (A.), 3.
880 Yards.—L. Birkett (W.), 1; C. Parker (W.), 2; L. Dwyer (S.), 3.
High Jump.—B. Booth (F.), 1; C. Spotswood (A.) and R. Boden (S.), 3. 5 ft. 1½ in.

Under 15

100 Yards.—G. Sutton (A.), 1; J. Robertson (W.), 2; G. N. Smith (F.), 3.
220 Yards.—G. N. Smith (F.), 1; D. Betts (A.), 2; N. Thompson (A.), 3.
High Jump.—J. Dean (F.) and D. Betts (A.), 1; H. Sinclair (F.) and L. Waugh (W.), 3. 4 ft. 8 in.

Under 13

75 Yards.—D. Wilson (W.), 1; K. Peter (A.), 2; N. Pitt (W.), 3.
100 Yards.—D. Wilson (W.), 1; K. Peter (A.), 2; K. Davis (S.), 3.
High Jump.—G. Waugh (W.), 1; D. Wilson (W.), 2; K. Davis (S.), 3.

NOVELTIES—Open

Throwing the Cricket Ball.—C. Spotswood (A.), 1; K. Hogan (S.), 2; N. Atkins (W.), 3.
Kicking the Football.—C. Spotswood (A.), 1; B. Booth (F.), 2; L. Dwyer (S.), 3. 159 ft. 4 in.

FIELD GAMES—Open

Hurling the Discus.—C. Spotswood (A.), 1; T. Box (A.), 2; C. Parker (W.), 3.

GIRLS' CHAMPIONSHIPS

Open

220 Yards.—J. Wilkinson (S.), 1; P. Williams (A.), 2; O. Morgan (S.), 3.
Shooting for Goal.—B. Pinel (A.), 1; C. Edwards (S.), 2; K. Johnston (W.), 3.

Under 15

100 Yards.—O. Lanham (A.), 1; N. Jansson (A.), 2; B. McEnnulty (A.), 3.

Under 13

75 yards.—W. Lahy (W.), 1; M. Cartledge (F.), 2; N. Dann (S.), 3.
100 Yards.—M. Cartledge (W.), 1; W. Lahy (W.), 2; P. Dann (W.), 3.

High Jump.—E. Crowthers (W.), 1; W. Lahy (W.) 2; B. Page (A.), 3. 3 ft. 9½ in.
Junior Relay Race.—Arthur, 1; Franklin, 2; Sorell, 3.

GIRLS' CHAMPIONSHIPS

Open

100 Yards.—O. Morgan (S.), 1; P. Coe (W.), 2; J. Wilkinson (S.), 3.
75 Yards.—Skipping Race.—P. Coe (W.), 1; O. Morgan (S.), 2; P. Williams (A.), 3.
75 Yards.—P. Coe (W.), 1; E. Philp (F.), 2; J. Dougherty (F.), 3.
High Jump.—P. Coe (W.) and O. Morgan (S.), 1; L. Masterman (W.), 3. 4 ft. 2½ in.

Under 15

75 Yards Skipping Race.—O. Lanham (A.), 1; B. McEnnulty (A.), 2; N. Jansson (A.), 3.
75 Yards.—O. Lanham (A.), 1; B. McEnnulty (A.), 2; N. Jansson (A.), 3.
220 Yards.—O. Lanham (A.), 1; B. McEnnulty (A.), 2; M. Shannon (S.), 3.
High Jump.—O. Lanham (A.), 1; C. Edwards (S.), 2; D. Long (S.), 3. 4 ft. 2½ in.

Under 13

50 Yards.—W. Lahy (W.), 1; M. Cartledge (F.), 2; B. Page (A.), 3.
Novelty, Three-Legged Race.—O. Lanham and P. Williams (A.), 1; E. Spotswood and M. Butcher (A.), 2; M. Atkins and L. Ingles (W.), 3.
House Hockey Contest.—Wilmot, 1; Franklin, 2; Arthur, 3.
House Medicine Ball Contest.—Arthur, 1; Sorell, 2.
Senior Relay Race.—Arthur, 1; Sorell, 2; Franklin, 3.

BOYS' CHAMPIONSHIPS

Open

100 Yards.—L. Dwyer (S.), 1; R. Boden (S.), 2; B. Booth (F.), 3.
1 Mile.—C. Parker (W.), 1; R. Boden (S.), 2; P. Atkinson (W.) and C. Spotswood (A.), 3.
1 Mile Teams' Race.—Wilmot, 1; Arthur and Sorell, 2.

Under 15

440 Yards.—J. Dean (F.), 1; D. Betts (A.), 2; G. Sutton (A.), 3.

Under 13

220 Yards.—K. Peter (A.), 1; D. Wilson (W.), 2; K. Davis (S.), 3.
Junior Relay.—Arthur, 1; Franklin, 2; Wilmot, 3.
Senior Relay.—Wilmot, 1; Arthur, 2; Sorell, 3.

FIELD GAMES

Open

Long Jump.—C. Spotswood (A.), 1; N. Moore (F.), 2; C. Parker (W.), 3.
Putting the Shot.—C. Spotswood (A.), 1; L. Birkett (W.), 2; C. Parker (W.), 3. 27 ft. 9½ in.
Hop, Step and Jump.—C. Spotswood (A.), 1; R. Boden (S.), 2; L. Dwyer (S.), 3.

Tug-of-War.—Wilmot, 1; Sorell, 2.

This was, perhaps, the most interesting event of the whole carnival. The rope, which has seen many years of faithful service in this capacity, was unable to stand up to the terrific strain imposed on it by the opposing teams. The consequence was, that the contest had to be postponed until the necessary repairs had been effected.

The final House points at the conclusion of the carnival were:

Arthur	243 points
Wilmot	186 points
Franklin	157 points
Sorell	147 points

Special mention is due to O. Lanham, who scored 29 points out of a possible 30 in the girls' under 15 championship and also to C. Spotswood who scored 24 out of 24 points in the Field Games Championship.

SCHOOL CHAMPIONS BOYS

Honours go to B. Booth (F.), Open Champion with 18 points and C. Parker (W.), who was a close runner-up with 16 points, C. Spotswood (A.), 24 points and C. Parker (W.), 7 points winner and runner-up respectively in the Field Games, D. Betts (A.), 13 points and J. Dean (F.), 11 points in the Under 15 Championship and D. Wilson (W.), 20 points and K. Peter (A.), 14 points in the Under 13 Championships.

GIRLS

With a total of 21 points, P. Coe (W.), won the Girls' Open Championship, followed closely by O. Morgan (S.), with 17 points.

The Under 15 Championship went to O. Lanham (A.), with 29 points and B. McEnnulty (A.), was runner-up with 14 points.

W. Lahy won the Under 13 Championship with a total of 26 points and M. Cartledge (F.), was runner-up with 18 points.

ROWING NOTES

CREWS

First.—S. Rodger (bow), D. Ellis (2), L. Birkett (3), C. Parker (stroke), C. Kent (cox.).
Second.—M. Dent (bow), M. Lawns (2), B. Furmage (3), F. Atkinson (stroke), D. Tudor (cox.).

The crews wish to take this opportunity of extending to fellow pupils who billeted boys from Hobart and all members of the staff who made the race possible. Mr. Chandler, the coach, has, for the last two years, given up his time to help the school in this respect.

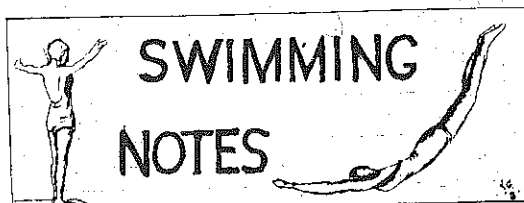
After several setbacks at the beginning of the year, the School's boats were finally ready for the water. Training then began, but owing to events occurring before the race, much of this time was wasted.

The day of the race came and with the firing of the starter's gun, the race began. Things appeared to be going all right for a time, when we held the lead due to the good start which Mr. Chandler had helped us to perfect. But towards the end of the race, the better crew, which had more staying power, drew away to win by a length.

Since the race, we regret to have lost one of the members of the Second Crew, Max Dent, who was one of the most promising members of the team.

Next year we again hope to have the same coach, but members of the crews appeal to other boys who

desire to take this sport, to join early, as it helps to finalise the crews early and thus the maximum amount of training can be obtained. —STROKE



THE SWIMMING CARNIVAL

The weather, on the day of the swimming carnival was fine and cloudless, but the water was rather cold, as the summer was a short one and the swimming season ended early.

Wire (Franklin), won the Boys' Under 13 Championship from D. Tudor. There was no Under 15 Dive.

S. Clark had the Under 15, 52 Yards Championship well in hand from the start. He also won the Dive, apparently with ease.

B. Gunton won the Open Championship by coming first in the Open 100 Yards, Freestyle, the Open 50 Yards Freestyle, the Open Backstroke and the Dive. L. Birkett won the Open 50 Yards Breast Stroke. He also ran second in both Open Freestyle races in which A. Gough came second in the Back Stroke.

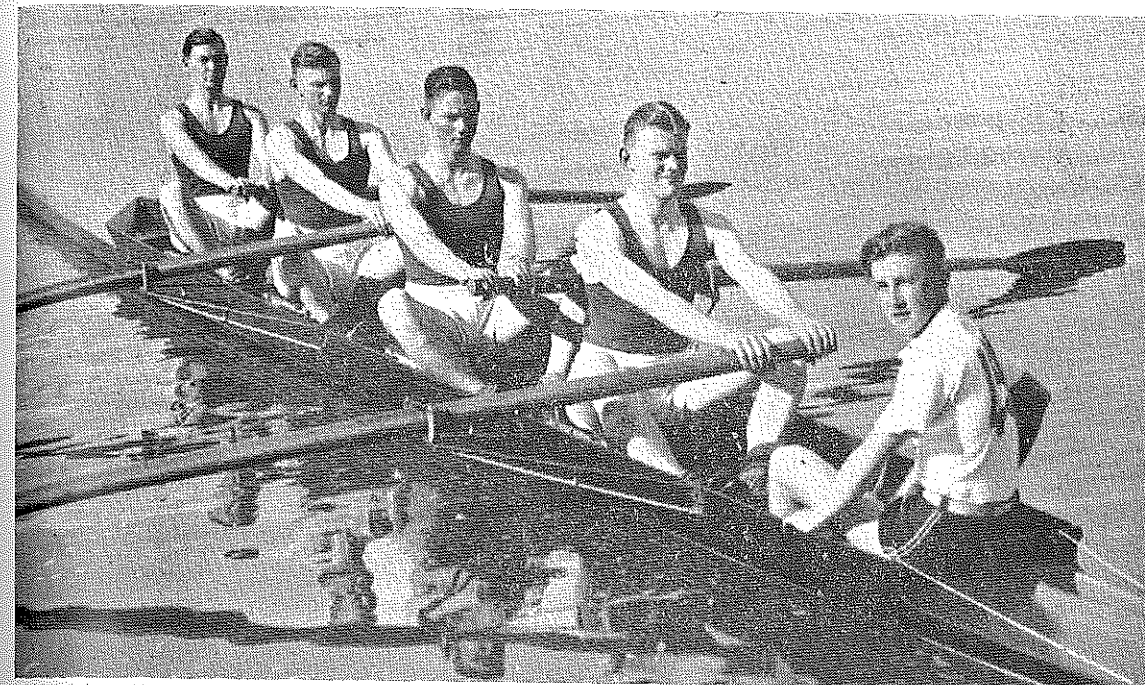
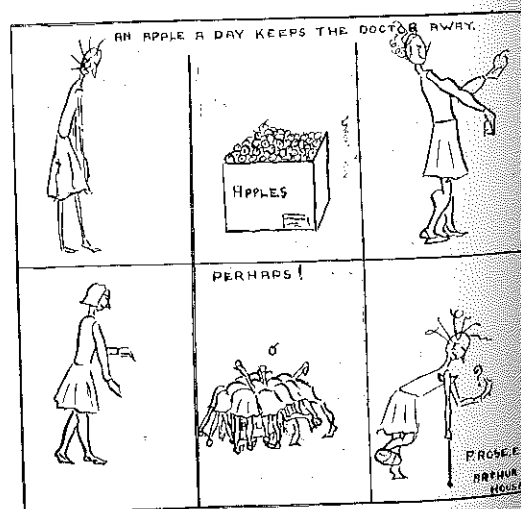
On the girls' side, excepting for the open contest, very many swimmers mixed breast stroke, side stroke and crawl. This was particularly obvious in the Under 15 events.

The Under 13 Championship went to J. Orman, while S. Morris won the Under 15 Championship comfortably.

The Open Championship went to G. Letcher who won the Open 100 Yards Freestyle, the Open Dive and the Open 50 Yards Championship.

Mr. Brook acted as starter and various other members of the staff, as judges.

It appears that the Baths are getting too small to hold school population of 500 odd.



THE SCHOOL CREW

KEY TO ALL PHOTOGRAPHS

PREFECTS, 1941

Back Row (left to right).—Ray Boden, Violet Kearney, Molly Blackburn, Brian Booth.

Middle Row.—Patricia Wood, Collette Campbell, Isobel Kerrison, Pat Coe, Betty Sullivan.

Front Row.—Joan Scott, Brian Hamilton, Betty Pinel, Chris. Spotswood, Mr. W. C. Morris, Glory Oliver, Des. Ellis, Jean Dobbinson, Philip MacFarlane.

"A" CLASS

Back Row (left to right).—Chris. Spotswood, Philip MacFarlane, Les. Birkett, Brian Hamilton, Alan Stubbs, Blannin Bryan, Des. Ellis.

Second Row.—David Ingles, Pat Wood, Vida Parker, Collette Campbell, Audrey O'May, Jean Dobbinson, Joan Scott, Ray Boden.

Front Row.—Glory Oliver, Isobel Kerrison, Pat Coe, Betty Sullivan, Mr. J. B. Mather, B.A. (Class Teacher), Elizabeth Pinel, Mavis Green, Mavis White, Mollie Blackburn.

GIRLS' TENNIS TEAM

Back Row (left to right).—Betty Chapman, Beth Bartlett, Bonnie Ingles.

Front Row.—Merle Cooke, Joan Scott, Pat Wood, Collette Campbell, Marian Spotswood.

BOYS' TENNIS TEAM

Back Row (left to right).—P. MacFarlane, B. Hamilton, G. Smith.

Front Row.—W. Little, D. Ingles, W. Davis.

HOCKEY TEAM

Back Row (left to right).—Pat Coe, Mavis Green, Violet Kearney, Margaret Ransom, Gwen Letcher, Pat Wood.

Front Row.—Betty Sullivan, Yvonne Spotswood, Collette Campbell, Joan Wilkinson (capt.), Marion Spotswood, Olga Morgan, Eileen Philips.

BASKETBALL TEAM

Left to Right.—Joy Dennis, Bronwyn Simmonds, Norma Statton, Osma Lanham, Bonnie Davidson, Joan Jansson, Barbara McEnnulty, Betty Pinel (capt.)

CRICKET TEAM

Back Row (left to right).—M. Burke, N. Thompson, R. Kestles, Mr. Morris, L. Dwyer, N. Hogan, L. Petterson.

Front Row.—K. Badcock, M. Hill, B. Booth (capt.) R. Boden, G. Martin, N. Atkins.

FOOTBALL TEAM.

Back Row (left to right).—D. Betts, G. Panton, L. Dwyer, R. Stephens.

Centre.—M. Burke, L. Petterson, H. Styles, N. Thompson R. Boden, M. Atkins.

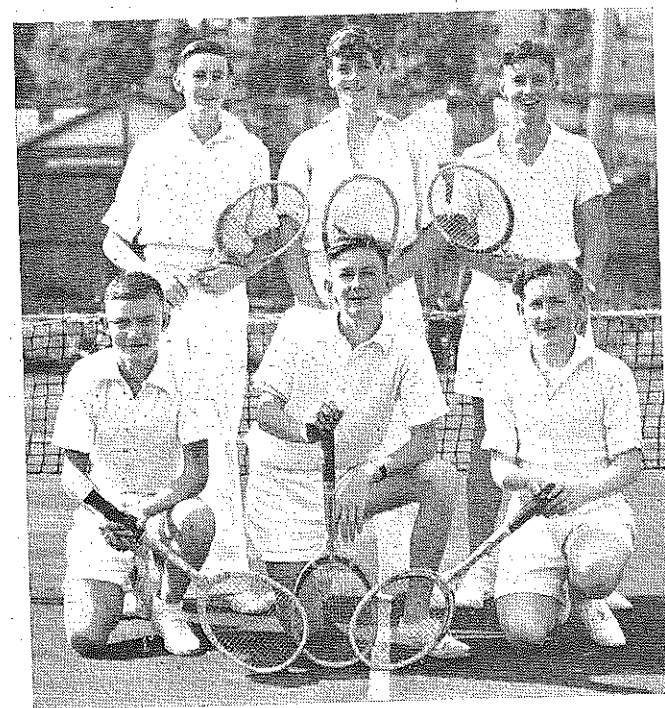
Front Row.—K. Hogan, A. Gough, B. Booth, C. Spotswood, L. Birkett, M. Hill, D. Ellis.

THE CREW

S. Rodger (bow), D. Ellis, L. Birkett, C. Parker (stroke), C. Kent (cox.).



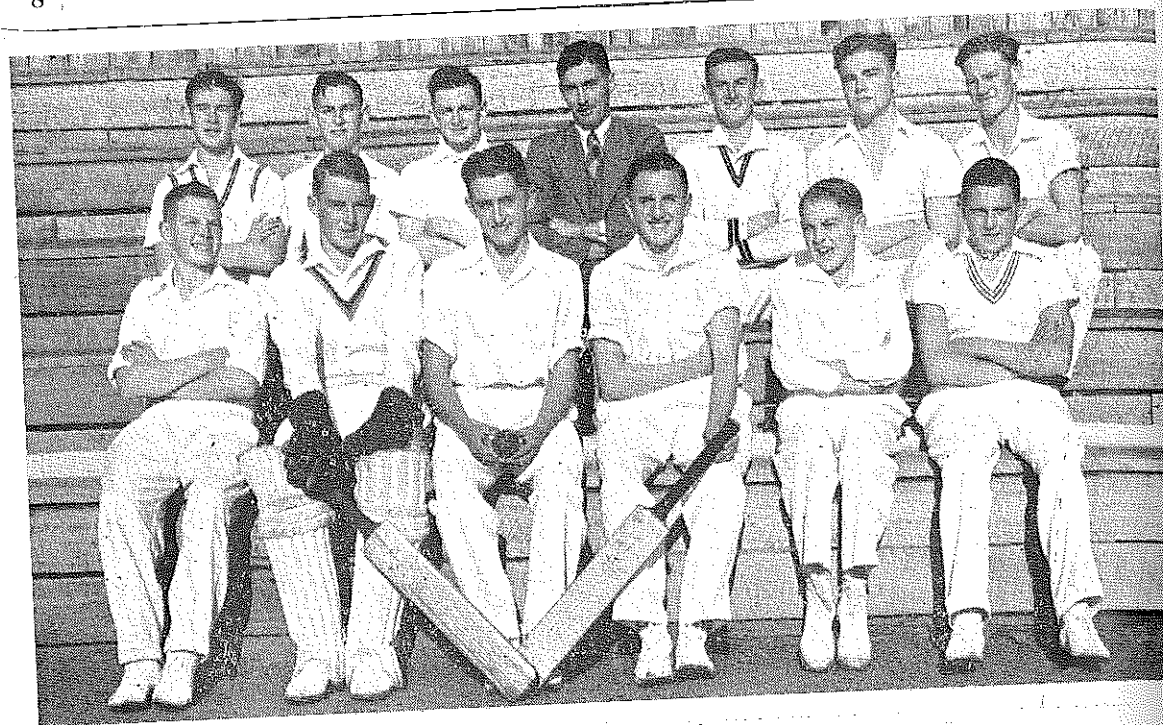
GIRLS' TENNIS TEAM

BOYS' TENNIS
TEAM

HOCKEY TEAM



BASKETBALL TEAM



CRICKET TEAM



FOOTBALL TEAM



We were very fortunate in having the majority of last year's team in the Firsts this year. The team has been very keen since the beginning of the season, and has played every match with equal enthusiasm.

Practices have been held in the mornings and afternoons against the Seconds and the Boys' Team. The team is as follows: Betty Pinel (capt.), Joy Dennis, Bonnie Davidson, Joan Jansson, Barbara McEnulty, Osma Lanham, Bronwyn Symons, with Beth Bartlett and Norma Statton as emergencies.

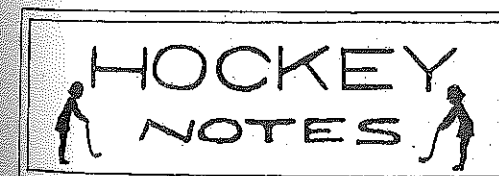
During the season the Firsts won every match in the first round of the N.T.B.B.A. In the second round, we were defeated by M.L.C. Blue, who have been premiers for quite a number of years. Being on equal points, we played what was supposed to be the deciding game, but it was a draw. The following week, the match was played again, resulting in a win for M.L.C. Blues, the scores being 39-24. Our congratulations go to the Northern Premiers, and they have our best wishes for the State Premiership game. The School team did very well to obtain second position in the N.T.B.B.A., as they are the only team playing in the "A" Grade roster.

On August 1, we played Hobart in the first of the series of Inter-High School matches, defeating the visitors by 28 goals to 22. The premiership was secured in the match against Burnie, the scores being 43 goals to 7. The goal throwers were Betty Pinel and Bronwyn Symons, who, in the two matches, scored 39 and 32 goals respectively.

The Seconds, captained by Molly Massey, were not so fortunate in their roster matches, but should provide players for the Firsts next year. Only seven matches were played against the two school teams, Sacred Heart and M.L.C., resulting in 4 wins for us.

During the September holidays, Betty Pinel was selected to play in the Northern Team against a combined Southern Team, the match resulting in a win for South, 29 goals to 9 being the scores.

It is due to the interest and enthusiasm of Miss Aplin, who coached us so ably this season, that we have secured such good results. The Firsts and Seconds thank her for her valuable work.



Although the First Team did not win the Inter-School Premiership, the season has been a very satisfactory one. All the players improved greatly during the season. We were very fortunate in having six of last year's players left in the team.

Early in the season, Joan Wilkinson and Pat Coe were elected captain and vice-captain.

The match against Hobart was only lost by 1 goal. The final score was 4-3. The girls played a good match and fought hard to the end.

Each player played with all her speed and strength throughout the match. The team was handicapped in not having their captain, who was prevented by illness from playing. The Hobart team fully deserved its victory, as they were a strong team. We congratulate Devonport on winning the Inter-School Premiership.

In their roster matches, the team started well by winning their first match. Several times they were defeated by senior teams, but they played well throughout all matches.

The Seconds have had several matches with M.L.C. Seconds and were defeated in all except the last match, which they won by 2 goals. This team has improved greatly during the season.

The School Seconds played a match at Scottsdale and were defeated 7-1. The team played well and the play was more even than the scores indicate.

The teams wish to thank Miss Blyth for the able coaching and the time she gave to the members.



Before the team left for Hobart, Pat Wood was elected captain and Joan Scott vice-captain. At the end of March, the team played Hobart High School on the University courts, and after a hard, close struggle, Hobart gained the victory. Our girls played consistently and well throughout the matches and are to be commended on their fine efforts. We congratulate Hobart on defeating us, 5 sets, 71 games, to 4 sets, 63 games and also Hobart on their final victory. The scores were (Hobart names first):

SINGLES

- B. Gleeson defeated B. Bartlett, 9-5.
- G. Lewis defeated J. Scott, 9-7.
- C. Clutterbuck defeated C. Campbell, 9-5.
- K. Wilson defeated P. Wood, 9-5.
- M. Miller lost to M. Spotswood, 5-9.
- R. Stephens lost to B. Chapman, 5-9.

DOUBLES

- B. Gleeson and G. Lewis defeated B. Bartlett and J. Scott, 9-5.
- C. Clutterbuck and K. Wilson lost to P. Wood and M. Spotswood, 8-9.
- M. Miller and R. Stephens lost to C. Campbell and B. Chapman, 8-9.

The emergencies were Merle Cooke and Bonnie Ingles.

Miss H. Deane coached the team, which extends its thanks to her for her much appreciated work.

During the season we played practice matches against our Staff and the Methodist Ladies College teams and we competed in the Northern Schoolgirls' Championships, in both the Junior and Senior sections.

Also, we entered two teams in the "C" Grade roster matches. The first team comprised B. Bartlett, M. Spotswood, N. Jansson and J. Jansson and although they have lost, no matches, they have unfortunately been forced to forfeit one. The second team have not been so successful, the different times of the school holidays causing them to miss several matches.



In the beginning of the 1941 tennis season, the tennis team settled down to hard practice under the supervision of their coach, Mr. Moses. They were in fighting trim when they went to Hobart on April 3 to meet the opposing team.

That the games were closely contested and hard-fought is obvious from the scores. Our team quickly accustomed itself to the courts and the fine play which followed showed that the time spent by the coach in helping the players had not been in vain. The scores were (Hobart names first):

SINGLES

D. Lennox lost to D. Ingles, 8-9.
Seabrook lost to P. MacFarlane, 7-9.
Haddon-Cave lost to G. Smith, 2-9.
Miller lost to Davis, 1-9.
T. Rogers defeated W. Little, 9-8.
K. Rogers defeated B. Hamilton, 9-3.

DOUBLES

Lennox and Miller lost to Ingles and MacFarlane, 5-6, 5-6.
Seabrook and Haddon-Cave lost to Smith and Davis, 1-6, 1-6.
Rogers and Rogers defeated Hamilton and Little, 6-2, 6-4.

The team wish to express thanks for the hospitality they received in Hobart.

Our success in Hobart enabled the team to travel to Devonport for the Tasmanian Premiership. As soon as play commenced, it could be seen that the matches would be long and arduous. This was made only too evident when members of both teams became so completely exhausted after their singles matches, that long spells became the order of the day.

On the whole, however, the Devonport team were a little too strong and experienced, defeating us by five rubbers to four. We congratulate the Devonport team on winning the Premiership of the State and take this opportunity to thank them for the welcome we received at Devonport.

SINGLES

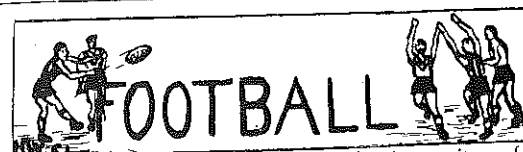
C. Saggars defeated D. Ingles, 9-7.
R. Claridge defeated P. MacFarlane, 9-7.
R. Munting defeated G. Smith, 9-8.
W. Walkley lost to W. Davis, 7-9.
D. Lakin lost to W. Little, 5-9.
T. McKenna defeated B. Hamilton, 9-3.

DOUBLES

Saggars and Claridge defeated Ingles and MacFarlane, 6-2, 6-3.
Munting and Walkley lost to Smith and Davis, 6-3, 2-6, 2-6.
Lakin and McKenna lost to Little and Hamilton, 1-6, 3-6.

Devonport, 5 rubbers, 7 sets, 74 games; Launceston, 4 rubbers, 6 sets, 75 games.

The team wish to thank their coach, Mr. Moses, for the untiring efforts he has made in their interests throughout the season.



This year we were fortunate in having quite a few good players from last year who were used as a nucleus for the new team. R. Boden, at centre, L. Dwyer and B. Booth on the forward line, with L. Birkett in the ruck and C. Spotswood at centre half back formed a solid foundation on which to work. Many younger players were outstanding, two especial ones being N. Atkins and M. Rees.

Early in the season C. Spotswood was re-elected captain with R. Boden vice.

Although we defeated Hobart by 90 points, the game was not as one-sided as the scores appear to indicate. We won the toss and kicked with the wind for the first quarter when we obtained 5-3, while Hobart failed to score at all. During the second quarter, the opposing team attacked continually, but through good work by G. Pantan and M. Hill, their scoring was only 3 goals. At the end of the quarter, the scores stood Launceston 7-6, Hobart, 3-1.

During the following quarters we scored 12 more goals while Hobart obtained only 3. Ours were due mainly to the good work of B. Booth at full-forward position, who played an exceptional game. The final scores were: Launceston, 19-15; to Hobart 6-3.

The best players were: Booth, Atkins, Spotswood, Birkett, Boden, Hill, Burke.
Goalkeepers: Booth (11), Rees (3), Atkins (2), Dwyer, Styles and Burke, 1 each.

Three weeks later we met Devonport and in this match two of our younger players, N. Atkins and M. Rees were outstanding.

We again won the toss and elected to kick with the wind. Although the game was fast, it often became congested, but we had most of the play and scored 6-6 to their one point.

The next quarter was a series of repeated attacks by Devonport, but they were effectively driven off by the backs, C. Spotswood and G. Pantan playing well. However, they were able to score 3 goals while we scored 4 more.

M. Rees in the pocket-forward position, was responsible for many of the 5 goals which were added in the third quarter. Devonport scored another goal during this quarter. This was their last, for in the final quarter, we obtained a further 8 goals, but they were unable to score. The final scores were, Launceston, 23-20; Devonport, 4-3.

Best players: Atkins, Rees, Spotswood, Boden, Burke and Birkett.

Goalkeepers: Booth (6), Rees (5), Birkett (4), Burke and Atkins (3), Dwyer and Boden (1).

HOUSE CAPTAINS

Arthur—Mollie Blackburn, Les. Petterson.
Franklin—Violet Kearney, Brian Booth.
Sorell—Joan Wilkinson, Roy Boden.
Wilmot—Pat Wood, Les. Birkett.

HOUSE RESULTS, TERM I., 1941

Arthur—185 points, First.
Wilmot—170 points, Second.
Sorell—151 points, Third.
Franklin—149 points, Fourth.



At the beginning of the 1940-41 season, our team was fortunate in being admitted to the Reserve "A" Grade competition. Throughout the roster the team was very keen and as a result, improved considerably. We were runners-up to East-West at the conclusion of the competition.

On March 28 we played the Hobart team on the T.C.A. Ground. Hobart were sent in to bat on a very moist wicket which showed little signs of improving. With our bowling aided by keen fielding, Hobart were dismissed for 55. A solid partnership of 60 by Ken Badcock, 43 and Merv Hill, 23, early in our innings, placed the team in a comfortable position and we concluded with the total of 131.

With five minutes to play in Hobart's second innings, their total stood at 6 for 69. However, wickets fell quickly and the second ball of the last over finished the innings at 71, giving us the victory by an innings and five runs.

On April 4 we played Devonport High on the Devonport Oval. We again won the toss and sent Devonport in to bat on a solid, but rather uneven wicket. They were dismissed for 48 runs, of which R. Smith compiled a very aggressive 31. The bowling of Ray Boden, who took 6 wickets for 18 runs, was outstanding.

After a solid opening, our batsmen could not adapt themselves to the conditions and we were dismissed for 37.

In their second innings, Devonport reached the respectable total of 97, leaving us in a rather hopeless position with over a hundred runs to get in about an hour. Ray Boden completed a fine double by securing 5 for 32.

Batting with enterprise, we commenced our second innings hopefully. However, with the limited time at our disposal, the batsmen went for the runs in "do or die" fashion. They had nothing to lose by this, but many of them were put off their natural game and consequently threw their wickets away in the race against time. The innings ended at 64, giving Devonport victory by 44 runs.

We wish to congratulate Devonport on winning the premiership.

ROUND ABOUT SCHOOL

Some quite interesting changes have been made at school this year. Our assembly has been changed to Wednesday morning, giving us two periods in the afternoon before sport.

An idea was brought up at a Sorell House social that "D" and "E" class boys be given the use of the yard one afternoon during the week for football, while the privilege be given to "A", "B" and "C" classes another afternoon. The suggestion was discussed and a motion passed, with the result that on Monday afternoon, the yard is reserved for "A", "B", and "C" class boys, whilst only "D" and "E" classes use it on Thursdays. Tuesday and Friday afternoons are open,

to all. The scheme is working very satisfactorily and the boys of the junior school are getting a much fairer deal than before.

As a result of the sale of badges and buttons under the supervision of Miss Layh, the sum of £12 was contributed to the General de Gaulle's Free French Appeal. The school bought a pennant, which is now hanging above the stage in the Assembly Hall.

Each week contributions are made by the various classes to the A.C.F. and Red Cross. A short time ago an appeal was held in the school for money for hampers for the boys abroad. The appeal results were very gratifying and 23 hampers will be sent from the school to the boys at Christmas time. A similar appeal is now being made for the Free French soldiers who are relying on us for their Christmas cheer. We hope it will bring as gratifying results.

An appeal for books and magazines for camp libraries was also made. The result was that 558 novels and 1,336 magazines were sent in. These are not the final figures for the appeal.

We all regret losing Mr. Edwards. He applied for the R.A.A.F., but as he was eager to get into the service and the Air Force were too long calling him up, he joined the A.I.F. and is now in training at Brighton. His smiling face and famous moustache will be greatly missed by us all. One thing, however, it is hard for us to imagine Mr. Edwards wearing a forage cap!

REPORTER.

THE CADET CORPS

At the beginning of the year our total strength was 41. We were fortunate in having Mr. Sowter (a lieutenant) join the staff, but unfortunately, he left us after Easter and joined the R.A.A.F. We are very grateful for his help. Mr. Doe, as O.C., has put in much time training the corps for the combined camp held at the Longford Show Ground on April 18.

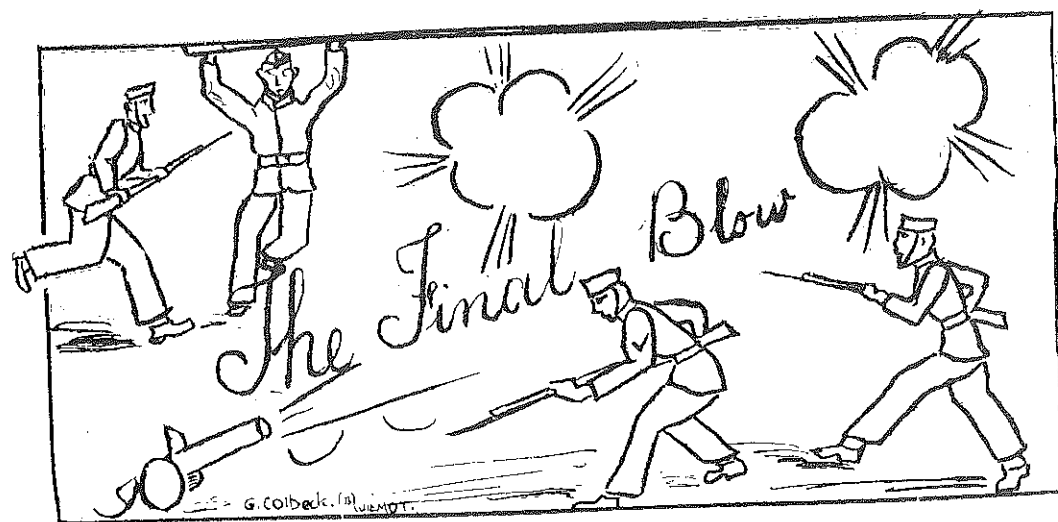
This camp, lasting five days, covered much work, both on the parade ground and in the field. It also gave the boys an idea of army life and conditions.

An appeal earlier this year resulted in 82 more recruits for the corps. These have been formed into two platoons without uniforms. They are, however, equipped with rifles. "A" Class boys were debarred from entering the corps, as the training would have taken up too much of their valuable time.

Parades are now carried out every Friday afternoon from 1520 hours until 1645 hours on the Company Parade Ground. Also there are 6-hour parades on the last Saturday of every month. These are carried out in conjunction with one or more of the other school corps.

During the second term there has been a course of instruction under Warrant Officer Holbrook for all cadets who attended camp. This course is held on alternate Wednesdays and some Saturday mornings. Recent examinations have resulted in the promotion of several of our cadets, and we are hoping, by the end of the year, to have one or more cadet lieutenants to command platoons, which, at present, are under sergeants, or acting sergeants.

REPORTER.



LEAVING PASS LIST, 1940

1, English; 2, Modern History; 4, Geography; 5, Economics; 6, Latin; 7, French; 8, German; 9, Algebra; 10, Geometry; 11, Plane Trigonometry; 12, Applied Mathematics; 13, Physics; 14, Chemistry; 16, Botany; 17, Physiology; 20, Art; 21, Commercial Practice.

C signifies "Credit."

H signifies "Higher Pass."

L signifies "Lower Pass."

X signifies "Qualified for Matriculation at this Examination."

X Bennett, Stanley—H1, C7, H9, H10, H11, L12, C13, C14.

Cameron, Rae Malcolm—L1, L9, L10, L11, H13, H14.

Campbell, Margaret Florence—H1, L2, H4, H5, L7, L17.

X Campbell, Neil Hugh—C1, H2, H4, C6, C7, L9, L10, L14.

X Coe, Nancy Kathleen—H1, H4, H6, C7, L9, L10, H20.

Easterbrook, Derris Margaret—L1, H2, L4, H7, L20.

Ellis, Desmond Gordon—H1, C9, L10, L12, H13, C14.

Gunton, Roy—L1, L4, H9, L10, H16.

X Harvey, Corrie Isabel—C1, H2, H4, H5, H6, C7, H8, L10.

Hewitt, Peter John—L1, H4, L9, L10, L11, L14.

X Hill, Audrey Stella—H1, L2, L4, H5, H6, C7, L9, H10.

Holmes, Margaret Lilla—H1, L2, L4, L5, L16, L17.

X Jones, Dorothea Mary—H1, H2, H4, H5, H6, H7, L17.

X Lightfoot, Reginald—H1, C7, L9, L10, H13, C14.

Maclaine, Harry Douglas—C1, C2, H4, C5, C7, C21.

X Miller, Kathleen Edith—H1, C2, H4, H5, C7, L17, H21.

X Moore, Robert Maxwell—L1, H9, H10, L11, H13, L14. (Completed Qualifications for Matriculation, First Term, 1941.)

X Rowbottom, Graeme Alfred—H1, C2, H4, H6, H7, L10, C14.

X Scott, James George—H1, C7, H9, H10, H11, H12, H13, L14.

X Watson, Frederick Ronald—H1, H2, C4, H6, C7, L9, L10, C14.

X Wyatt, Hal. John—H1, C7, L9, L10, L11, L13, C14.

CANDIDATES QUALIFIED FOR SCHOLARSHIPS

Literary:

4. Neil Hugh Campbell.

12. Frederick Ronald Watson.

General:

13. Neil Hugh Campbell.

18. Stanley Bennett.

20. Frederick Ronald Watson.

Sir Richard Dry Exhibition, Modern Languages:

1. Corrie Isabel Harvey.

3. Neil Hugh Campbell.

BEST LEAVING PASSES, 1940

Girls—Corrie Harvey, 2 Credits, 5 Higher Passes, 1 Lower Pass.

Boys—Stanley Bennett, 3 Credits, 4 Higher Passes, 1 Lower Pass.

TASMANIAN SECONDARY SCHOOL CERTIFICATE, 1940

Edwards, Shirley E.—9 Credits.

Miller, Gertrude Noreen—9 Credits.

Burke, Maxwell—7 Credits, 2 Passes.

Beattie, Gwendoline—6 Credits, 3 Passes.

Booth, Ernest Brian—6 Credits, 3 Passes.

Crowden, David Cameron—6 Credits, 3 Passes.

Hunt, David Ralph—5 Credits, 4 Passes.

Maclaine, Ronald Hugh—5 Credits, 4 Passes.

Smith, James Stuart—6 Credits, 2 Passes.

Harding, Betty Lorraine—4 Credits, 5 Passes.

Hinds, Geoffrey—4 Credits, 5 Passes.

Ponting, Jessie—4 Credits, 5 Passes.

Rumney, Walter D.—4 Credits, 5 Passes.

Petterson, Leslie—5 Credits, 3 Passes.

Burk, Athol R.—3 Credits, 6 Passes.

Gilham, Nancy M. R.—3 Credits, 6 Passes.

Gough, Allan K.—3 Credits, 6 Passes.

Kerrison, Wallace—3 Credits, 6 Passes.

Morgan, Olga Ruth—3 Credits, 6 Passes.

Morris, Fiona Adohr—3 Credits, 6 Passes.

Neil, Peggy Milietta—3 Credits, 6 Passes.

Avery, Margaret Helen—2 Credits, 7 Passes.

Chamberlain, Margaret—2 Credits, 7 Passes.

Colbeck, Geoffrey Arnold—2 Credits, 7 Passes.

Davidson, Bonnie Lilian—2 Credits, 7 Passes.

Taylor, Lois—2 Credits, 7 Passes.

Thompson, Norman William—2 Credits, 7 Passes.

Alcock, Nancy Winifred—3 Credits, 5 Passes.

Handley, Irene Amelia—3 Credits, 5 Passes.

Roberts, David Arthur—4 Credits, 3 Passes.

Arnold, Kenneth Arber—1 Credit, 8 Passes.

Cooper, Marie—1 Credit, 8 Passes.

Jansson, Joan—1 Credit, 8 Passes.

Masterman, Thelma—1 Credit, 8 Passes.

Towns, Montague Norman—1 Credit, 8 Passes.

Dennis, Mavis Betty—2 Credits, 6 Passes.

Mayer, Bonnie—2 Credits, 6 Passes.

Tulloch, Eric James—2 Credits, 6 Passes.

Wilkinson, Violet Joan—2 Credits, 6 Passes.

Coltheart, Jock Frederick—2 Credits, 6 Passes.

Box, Theo William—3 Credits, 4 Passes.

Atkins, Noel William—9 Passes.

Atkinson, Frederick M.—9 Passes.

Berry, Valma Jane—9 Passes.

Bonner, Marjorie—9 Passes.

Claxton, Hazel—9 Passes.

Letcher, Gwenora Maime—1 Credit, 7 Passes.

Shepherd, George—1 Credit, 7 Passes.

Spotswood, Betty—1 Credit, 7 Passes.

Snow, Valerie Anne—1 Credit, 7 Passes.

French, Nancy Doreen—1 Credit, 7 Passes.

Pickett, Bruce—2 Credits, 5 Passes.

Bell, Bertha Winona—8 Passes.

Elms, Shirley—8 Passes.

Furmage, Bruce Kenneth—8 Passes.

Parker, Colin Hadden—8 Passes.

Petterson, Norman Reginald—8 Passes.

Sluce, Maxwell A.—8 Passes.

Spotswood, Elaine—8 Passes.

Wilmot, Mary Silvan—8 Passes.

Febey, Kevin Frederick—1 Credit, 6 Passes.

O'May, Graeme—1 Credit, 6 Passes.

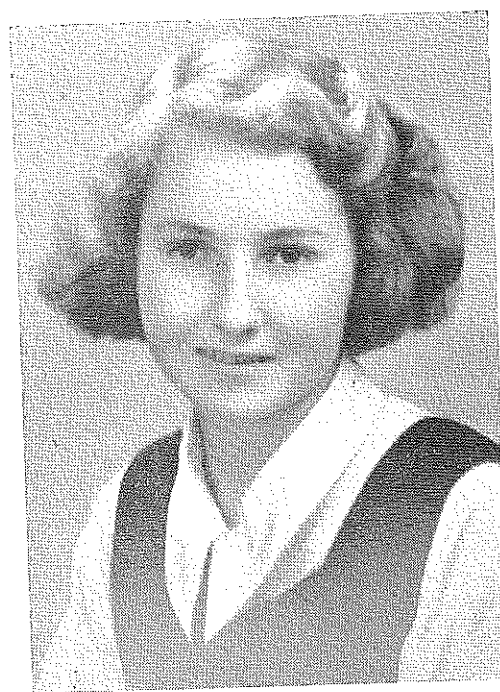
Harvey, Mavis—2 Credits, 4 Passes.

Brown, Glenda McKenzie—7 Passes.

(Continued on Page 15.)

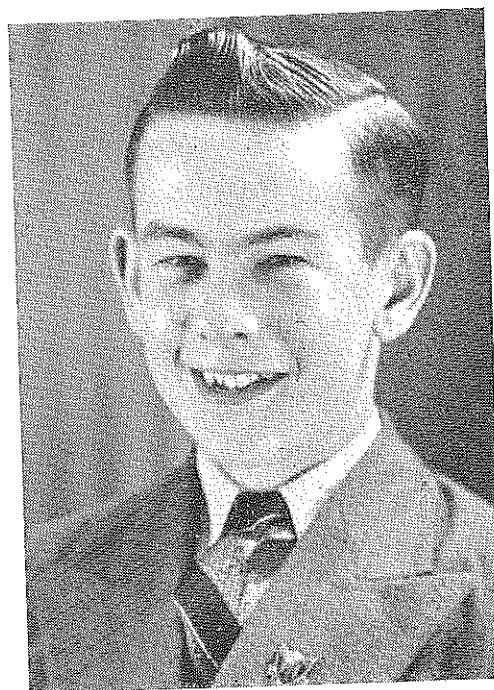


CORRIE HARVEY
Best Leaving Pass



NOREEN MILLER

Both 9 Credits in School Certificate Exam.



MAX BURKE
Best Boy, School Certificate Pass



SHIRLEY EDWARDS

Davis, Wesley—7 Passes.
Grueber, Errol William—7 Passes.
Massey, Molly—7 Passes.
Summers, Geoffrey—7 Passes.
Turner, Laurence George—7 Passes.
Woodhouse, Hazel—7 Passes.
Millar, Alexander John—7 Passes.
Stephens, Roland George—1 Credit, 5 Passes.
Andrew, Margaret Penistan—6 Passes.
Barber, Bramwell Rockliff—6 Passes.
Barrett, Layton—6 Passes.
Brown, Nancy Helen—6 Passes.
Davidson, Marjorie Ada—6 Passes.
Fraser, Meryl—6 Passes.
Heazlewood, Ivan Clifford—6 Passes.
Kelty, Jean Eleanor—6 Passes.
Kestles, Vincent Ross—6 Passes.
Moore, Neil Basil Munro—6 Passes.
Philp, Eileen Agnes—6 Passes.
Sims, Effie—6 Passes.
Swain, Hilton Cyril—6 Passes.
Bayles, Ian—6 Passes.

BEST INTERMEDIATE PASSES, 1940

Girls—Shirley Edwards and Noreen Millar (equal), 9 Credits.

Boys—Max Burke, 7 Credits, 2 Passes.

PRIZE LIST

Dux of Class A (girls), Nancy Coe (presented by Old Scholars' Association).

Dux of Class A (boys)—Stanley Bennett (presented by Old Scholars' Association).

Dux of Class B (girls)—Joan Scott.

Dux of Class B (boys)—Philip MacFarlane.

Dux of Class C1—Noreen Miller (presented by Mr. A. J. Woolcock).

Dux of Class C2—Shirley Edwards (presented by Mr. A. J. Woolcock).

Dux of Class C3—Jessie Ponting (presented by Mr. A. J. Woolcock).

Dux of Class D1—Claire Campbell.

Dux of Class D1—Robert Campbell.

Dux of Class D3—Norma Jansson.

Dux of Class D4—Peggy Musson.

Dux of Class E1—Kenneth Badcock.

Dux of Class E2—Joan Davey.

Dux of Class E3—Elizabeth Owens.

Dux of Class E4—Barbara McEnnulty.

Prizes for General Merit (presented by Mr. T. G. Johnston): Girls, Nancy Coe; Boys, Douglas MacLaine.

Best Pass at Leaving Examination, 1939: Girls, Jean Flaherty; Boys, Roy Bates.

Prize for English, A Class, 1939 (presented by Telegraph Printery Pty. Ltd.): Jean Flaherty.

Prize for Physics, A Class, 1940 (presented by Mr. H. R. Evershed): Stanley Bennett.

Prize for French, A Class, 1939 (presented by Miss Mary Fisher): Marjory Dobbinson.

Prize for English Language and Literature, B Class (presented by Mr. A. D. Foot): Philip MacFarlane.

Best Pass at Secondary School Certificates Examination (presented by Messrs. A. W. Birchall and Sons Pty. Ltd.): Girls, Shirley Edwards (9 Credits), Noreen Miller (9 Credits); Boys, Max Burke (7 Credits, 2 Passes).

Prize for Best Pass in Chemistry (presented by Messrs. Hatton & Laws), Leaving, 1939: Roy Bates. Secondary Schools' Certificate, 1940: Walter Rumney.

Prizes for Cookery (presented by Launceston Gas Company): Class C, Noreen Miller; Class D, Nellie Cartledge; Class E, Joan Davey.

Hemingway & Robertson Scholarship, 1940: Grant MacLaine.

DUCES, Term III., 1940

Class B—Philip MacFarlane.

D1—Elizabeth Bartlett.

D2—Bessie Boag.

D3—Norma Jansson.

D4—Peggy Musson.

E1—Ken Badcock.

E2—Joan Davey.

E3—Beth Owens.

E4—Barbara McEnnulty.

DUCES, Term I., 1941

Class A—Des. Ellis.

B1—Noreen Miller.

B2—Joan Jansson.

C1—Noel Atkins.

C2—Ethel Tucker.

C3—Beverley Rumney.

D1—Joan Davey.

D2—Barbara McEnnulty.

D3—Vera Box.

E1—Mary Brydges.

E2—Ronald Talbot.

E3—Robert Sharman.

E4—Marguerite Westley.

E5—Ruth Bowe.

DUCES, TERM II., 1941

Class A—Des. Ellis, 79.4%.

B1—Shirley Edwards, 80%.

B2—Shirley Elms, 73.8%.

C1—Montague Towns, 75.8%.

C2—Ken Padman, 81.7%.

C3—Beverley Rumney, 73.1%.

D1—Joan Davey, 80.7%.

D2—Barbara McEnnulty, 87.6%.

D3—Nancy Shelton, 74.7%.

E1—Mary Brydges, 80.4%.

E2—Audrey Hudson, 80.1%.

E3—Robert Sharman, 86%.

E4—Marguerite Westley, 84%.

E5—Gwen Street, 80%.

TO A BRITISH BOMB

O beauteous little thing, that will, one night,
Be dropped upon Herr Hitler's vast domain
To make that nasty little thing complain
About the vastness of our nation's might,
You're blessed with power to make the Axis strain
Against the force with which you do alight
On those for whom you show disdain.
It needs only you Bombs of British make
To show the Germans that we can afford
To drop enough to make their country shake
And leave them a nation to be abhorred.

L. J. PETTERSON (Class B1), Arthur.



IOLANTHE

The splendid result of the two performances of the Gilbert and Sullivan opera, "Iolanthe," given on August 29 and 30, was that £68/1/3 was raised, to be divided between the A.C.F. and School Funds. The opera, which was held in the School Assembly Hall, was entirely the work of the students under the direction of Mr. Reeves and Mr. Moses, to whom many thanks are due for the immense amount of time and energy they put into the production.

The opening scene showed the chorus of fairies in dainty white frocks against a background of green woodland, which was painted by the Art Classes under the supervision of Miss Cornell. Kath Kimberley and Marie Cox gave a graceful dance which was followed by the opening chorus and solos from the two fairies Leila and Celia. Celia and Leila were played by Shirley Edwards and Betty Pinel respectively and Pat Wood took the part of Fleta. As the Fairy Queen, Jean Dobbison was dignified and gracious. She sang several solos in a clear, soprano voice. Iolanthe, who had been banished from fairyland for the terrible crime of marrying a mortal, but was pardoned by the Queen, was portrayed in a delightful manner by Betty Sullivan. The part of Iolanthe's son Strephon, was taken by Philip Macfarlane, who acted very convincingly throughout. Pat Coe was charming as Phyllis, a ward in Chancery and Strephon's fiancée. She sang several solos in a very musical soprano voice. The two duets sung by Phillip and Pat were also extremely musical. One of the most diverting scenes in the play was when Phyllis, seeing Strephon talking animatedly to Iolanthe, who, being immortal, never grew old, thought Strephon faithless and refused to believe Iolanthe to be his mother. Happily this difficulty was later cleared up by Strephon's confessing to Phyllis, that Iolanthe was a fairy.

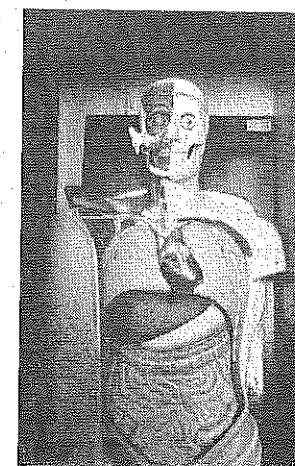
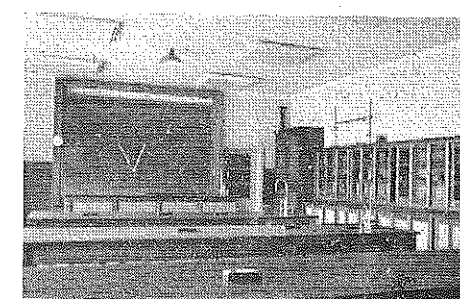
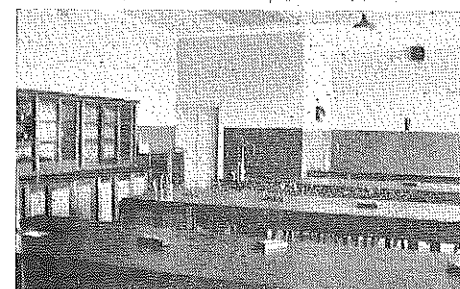
Alan Stubs was excellent as the Lord Chancellor who refused to allow the marriage of Phyllis and Strephon, until Iolanthe revealed the fact that she was his wife and Strephon his son. The parts of the two peers, Lord Tolloller and Lord Mountarat, who vied with each other for the hand of Phyllis, one emphasising his awfully blue blood and the other his real he-man qualities, were amusingly played by Bob Campbell and Ray Kelly.

Bill Spotswood gave a splendid interpretation of the character of Private Willis or "Big-eared Bill," the peers' bodyguard. Perhaps the most laughable scene in the play was when the Fairy Queen proposed to "Billy Willy" and, with a touch of her magic wand, caused wings to sprout forth from the shoulders of that worthy and amusing soldier.

Besides the solos of the principals, several were sung by members of the peers' chorus. Jean Graham and Marian Atkins both sang very well in soprano voices and Fiona Morris and Winonia Bell sang a very pleasing duet. The singing of both the peers' and fairies' choruses was excellent throughout, but was especially praiseworthy in the final choruses of both acts.

Bonnie Mayer again put in some fine work as accompanist and is much to be praised for the brilliant work she did and for the time she sacrificed.

The dressing of both fairies and peers owed much to the united efforts of Miss Cornell, Miss Sample and several other teachers, who spent much time and labour in the designing and making of the costumes. It must be said that their efforts were well repaid, for the fairies looked dainty and fairylike and the peers magnificent in purple, gold and red. The monotonous but very necessary work of managing the lights and curtain, was done very efficiently by B Class boys.



OUR NEW PHYSICS LAB.

It is the close of 1940 and the new lab, and locker room building is completed. Just at the time when Churchill's speeches are ringing in our ears, a new message comes to us.

T. E. Doe, October, 1940: "The new lab. is completed. You go in it after the holidays."

B. C. Brook, November, 1940: "The new locker room and Physics Lab. is the most modern school building in the State. You will be given your lockers after the holidays."

W. C. Morris, November, 1940: "Boys, you should be proud of your new building, and I know you are."

Well, let us look around the building. The Locker Room is on the bottom floor and the Physics Lab. above it. We will go in one of the doors and pass through the Locker room, noticing as we go, the new sets of lockers with built-in locks. The blocks of lockers are built so that the bottom locker is well off the floor, making it more convenient.

We climb the stairs and come face to face with a glass door. "Open sesame," but you have got to turn the handle. Although it is rather cold outside, a gust of warm air meets us. An observant person would notice two things from this happening. The first is that the room is well heated and, on looking about, would see that it is heated from the ceiling. The second point is that there is excellent ventilation and lighting. There, before us, we see four large well-kept benches. A mixture of equal quantities of linseed oil

and kerosene is used for the tops of these benches. At the end of each one is a pressure tap and suction pump, the only ones in the school. The gas taps are fitted to the sides of the benches, thus allowing more working room. A power point is at the end of each bench.

Passing in front of a modern type of blackboard, we come to the store-room, used mainly for biology. Here are kept all the biology instruments, microscopes, scissors, preservatives, etc., as well as the lab. tools and reagents. Hurry out of this room, however, as the formalin has evaporated from a bottle of last season's frogs.

Facing us as we come out of this room, is the dark room. Let us walk over it, on our way noticing the glass cupboards running almost the length of the lab. These are well-stocked with the necessary apparatus. In the dark room are more cupboards, as well as two short benches. One has two optical stands, while the other is lead covered and holds the batteries. At its end is another pressure tap and on the wall above it is a battery charger.

Out into the light we come and walk towards the other door of the lab. Under the window is the bench containing the balances, the first essentials of a good Physics Lab. Near the door we see the thermostat which controls the heating.

It's four o'clock, so we'll lock up as we go through the door. We pass out on to a bridge and stop to look at the view it affords us of the southern part of the town. We cross the bridge, go through the room of the clicking typewriters and back into the main school building. And so we have had a quick look around one of the Education Department's latest buildings.

J. COLTHEART (Class B), Sorell.

ME

Freckled face and rather small,
Nothing wonderful at all.
That's me.

Always looking out for things,
Especially eats and drinks for nothing.
That's me.

Never willing to work
In fact, always trying to shirk.
That's me.

Always getting detentions,
Oh, but nothing to mention.
That's me.

WILLIAM ALLEN (Class E3), Franklin.

OBITUARY

TOM EVERSHED

It was with profound sorrow that the School learned of the loss of Tom Evershed. Tom was a very distinguished member of the School, rendering valuable service on the board of prefects. He held the rank of sergeant-major in the Cadet Corps and would have obtained his commission had he remained at School. He held a leading part in the cast of two Gilbert and Sullivan operas, being Captain Corcoran in "H.M.S. Pinafore," and Major-General Stanley in "The Pirates of Penzance." He earned the esteem of all his schoolmates and of the Staff. Our deep sympathies go out to his parents.

MAX DENT

Max was a member of the Intermediate Class. Throughout the School he had an excellent record and held the esteem of his classmates and of the Staff. He was noted for the sincerity he displayed in his work as a student and he merited his reputation as a most reliable and industrious boy, although he was quiet and unassuming. He was a member of the Cadet Corps and was bow of the second crew. Our heartfelt sympathies go out to his parents.

RON TALBOT

Ron was a brilliant first-year boy. He was dux of his class the first term and held a high position in the second term examinations. He showed great promise of developing into one of the School's most outstanding scholars. He was thoughtful and original and his death meant a great loss to the School. He was a member of the Cadet Corps and Class Captain of E2. His parents have our sincere sympathy.

CRUSADER NOTES, 1941

The Crusader movement is a movement in schools similar to the Student Christian Movement. It has branches in most of our secondary schools. Our particular branch holds its meetings in Room 4 every Tuesday at 1 p.m. Although we got a late start this year, our meetings are very good and we have a fairly good attendance. The attendance of our boys is disappointing and some of our girls are a little spasmodic, but nevertheless, satisfactory.

On May 3, a "Squash" was held at the home of Mr. John Gleadow for members of our groups from High, Scotch and Grammar Schools. We had a very good time and the meetings are continuing fortnightly now at the home of Mr. Mattingley. A similar "Squash" was held for the girls of High School, Ladies' College and Broadland House, at the home of Mrs. Ruddle and later at Mr. Charlton's.

Our thanks are given to Messrs. W. Morris, W. Townsley, Roy Wakeling, John Gleadow, Crawford Kennedy and Alan Stubs for helpful addresses given at our meetings.

We commence our meeting with the singing of some bright choruses, after which there is an address by a local speaker, or by a member of the group. All girls and boys of the School are invited to attend.

—REPORTER.

OUR HOBBIES PERIOD

Our Activity Period has been changed this year, to the last period on Friday afternoon. Well, reader,

being inquisitive people, let us wander from room to room to see what is actually going on. Starting from the lower end of the school, we will walk into Room 1 and see what is doing. Yes, here we find Miss Russell with a branch of the Junior Dramatics Class. She is giving some advice at present on expression by actions, but, unfortunately, we must not tarry.

Now here in Room 2, we have a tapestry class under Mrs. McKenzie. Some are weaving, others are working doilies and tray cloths, or dish cloths, or something. In Room 3 we find a very energetic band of stamp collectors on one side and on the other, our famous Debating Club are arguing whether chicken or egg came first. Mr. Townsley has the supervision of these two activities. Luckily we have caught Miss Blackwell with the Naturalists Club at school. They are usually at the Museum or elsewhere, but to-day they are in Room 4, studying a photo of a pithecanthropus, or something.

Now, in Room 5, we have a band of girls busy with library books. They are sticking new backs on some books which are rather the worse for wear. (It's a funny thing the Latin dictionary isn't there.) There is also a group of boys doing their best (?) to make the lab. look tidy. Our wireless class in Room 6 is now defunct. Over in the Art Room, the Arts and Crafts Class are busy on poker work, woodwork and painting.

Now, let us go upstairs to Room 19. Here is Mr. Moses feverishly working with the Gilbert and Sullivan principals and they—now then, Pat, don't sock Phil like that; it ain't ladylike. Down in the Music Room Mr. Reeves is teaching the choir to sing, "We are dainty little fairies" (fairy elephants). In the Physics Lab., Mr. S. Morris has a class studying certain delicate animal structures with microscopes. It looks very interesting, doesn't it?

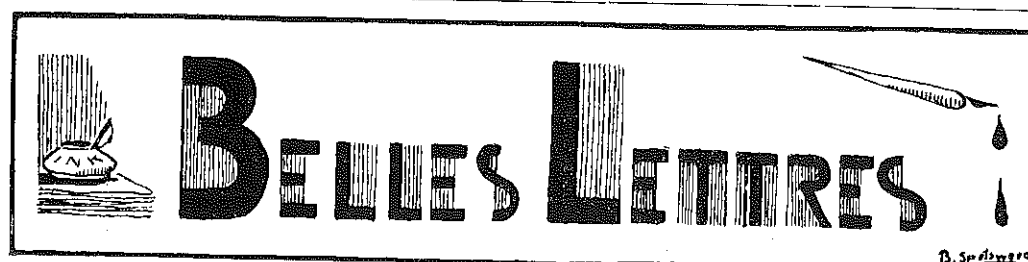
In Room 20 we find the other branch of Miss Russell's Junior Dramatics and here in Room 21, is the Senior Dramatics Class, doing some fine work. No! don't dare open "A" Class door; just peep through the window. There, you see, is Miss Balchen trying to teach the Credit Latin Class the declining of "mensa."

In Room 16, Glory Oliver and Isobel Kerrison have a group of enthusiastic workers knitting for the Red Cross. This group is doing some wonderful work and their efforts are highly commendable. In Room 18, Miss Jackson has yet another dramatics club, but list! down in the Assembly Hall what do we hear? Ah! it is Mr. C. Morris with the warblers rendering an effective setting of "Little Tommy Tucker." The Library monitors are busy in the Library entering up the cards and that noise you can hear is Mr. Brock with the Repair Squad, wrecking a good desk or chair.

There is Mr. Mather down there in the garden with his gardening squad, planting prize forget-me-nots, while over there, in the parade ground, is the Cadet Corps. More than half of the boys of the school are now under military training. Lieutenant Doe is in charge of the A Platoons. As the period is nearly finished, we will not go around to the Y.M.C.A., but another group of boys is around there in the gymnasium with Mr. Elkin.

You must agree, reader, after what you have just seen, that our activity period is put to great advantage, and you will be able to say truthfully that it is a period looked forward to by everyone to top off a week's hard work.

REPORTER.



PESTILENCE

This epistle was written by a wandering peasant, who, searching in vain for his loved ones, who were in another town at the time when the fearful bubonic plague, or Black Death—as it was aptly called—was raging, came upon one of the unfortunate towns whose entire population had been wiped out by death's ever-greedy hand.

* * *

I walk through the silent town—eerily silent. All is still. I cast aside my fears. The dead cannot harm me. I walk forward over the hard, cold cobblestones to the nearest house. A tap drip-dripping startles me; a long gaudy streak of rust is the result of its maddeningly steady labour. The door, solid and sombre, seems to say, "Beware!" I feel like a stranger in a dead land. I touch it—it is chill, repulsive; I open it—it creaks protestingly—I walk in. A black, menacing shadow moves ever beside me, like a mocking spirit. I reach the door at the end of the passage. I open it. Inside is a ghastly sight. Two people sit serenely, silently, before the cold fire. One is asleep. I tiptoe over. The other is smiling peacefully. I stare—then suddenly realise the horror of it. One is a blind devil, creeping on me from behind—the other a hideously grinning fiend, mocking me, drawing me to it! The door creaks. It breaks the spell. I run from the place. Through the sombre streets—away from the silence, the death, away from everything. A white, inquiring face peers from an upper window. There is an old woman in a rocking chair. Behind her is darkness. Darkness and more death! I scream and run. Run into the country—to a little brook, a tiny, sparkling brook, with speckled fishes and green, live plants. I drink thankfully, loving the surrounding life, the blessed presence of Life. I rise and walk from the place. At the end of the long, white road, I turn, and see, against the flaming gold of the sky, the grim silhouette of that dread, quiet town.

PAT COE (Class A), Wilmot.

THE FINAL BLOW

Although we had received no confirmation by dusk on Monday, the rumours that we were to attack had grown and grown. It was a large crowd that gathered round the notice board after tea. Many speculations as to the time and place of the attack were made. Then a lieutenant brought out the order of the day for Tuesday and tacked it to the board. After a few preliminary items we read, "1400—Longford race course to be taken at any cost." Immediately all noise and excitement ceased, and the camp became a scene of preparation. Some were cleaning and oiling their rifles, whilst others were writing a short note home.

After dinner on Tuesday, we moved up to our positions by the race course and were issued with our ammunition. We concluded that the enemy must number about six hundred, because we, numbering one hundred and twenty, received five rounds each. The officers were very busy then, but we all knew that once the attack began, we would have to do all the work.

The method of attack was as follows: "Going over the top at 1400, the platoons were to move independently until within fifty yards of the enemy trenches. Then there would be one big bayonet rush. Number three platoon, of which I was a member, had the central position, with numbers one and two on the right and left flanks respectively.

On hearing a long whistle blast at 1400, we went over the top. It was a queer experience, "going over" for the first time, but we soon woke up, when we heard the rifles of the enemy firing. The first time we were ordered to go to earth and open fire, I cocked, aimed and pulled the trigger of my rifle, but nothing happened. My heart sank as I realised I was being fired at without having a chance to hit back until we were close enough to use the "cold steel." Then I realised that the "cut-out" was stopping the bullets going into the breach. Pulling this out, I took aim and fired. But for the lack of time I would have notched my butt after this shot. After advancing to within fifty yards of the enemy trenches, we were ordered to fix bayonets. Fixing our bayonets, we charged the enemy. It was a long and gruelling hand-to-hand fight, but we were victorious.

When we reformed into our platoons, we found that everyone had come through. But for a few scratches, we were as fit as when we began the attack. We marched back to our camp and, after tea, saw how to attack "Rock Farm Ridge."

D. HUNT (Class B1), Wilmot.



How to Shoe a Horse



The Moment I Remember

Our reporter met and interviewed a number of distinguished people of the School. Each one was asked to describe and comment on the most critical situation met with during the year. Some proved recalcitrant, others simply fled. One, well-known to all, confessed that the year had been so full of crises for her that she hesitated to discriminate. But we did get a few results. Here they are:

The notes of the piano tinkled, the curtains parted with a rattle, applause sounded — the show was on. I clutched nervously, my fellow-actors beside me. Time dragged on.

My cue!

I rose weakly and moved towards the door. What if my voice broke? What if I forgot the words?

The stage rose to meet me as I advanced and then it was plunged into blackness. I found myself caught and fascinated by three blazing spotlights and my accompaniment began . . .

BETTY SULLIVAN.

"Devonport leads, 8-7," cries the umpire loudly—he is a Devonportite and loyal, I suppose.

Resolutely I mutter, "I will not give in!" Four slashing rallies and the score is thirty each—then deuce—deuce again—again and again. Back and forth, here there and everywhere flashes the ball.

Gosh, a fierce one on my backhand. I strike—the ball hits the top of the net—hovers and falls—on my side!

"Devonport wins, 9-7," proclaims the triumphant umpire.

I sigh—and shake hands with my conqueror.

PHILIP MACFARLANE (Class A).

MY FIRST IMPRESSION OF AN INSPECTOR

Before I entered the High School this year, I had never encountered that mortal terror, the Inspector. I shivered in my seat, waiting for the inevitable question to be answered by "You over near the fireplace." The question came. I answered it. Then I answered others; and as I did so, the great demon dissolved itself and became pleasantly human.

BIDDY VON STEIGLITZ (Class B1).

BORED!

I sat a-dreaming in my desk,
Thinking of what I could do;
But oh, the time would not go fast,
Dreaming of what to do!

I fidgetted around my desk,
I'd nothing else to do,
But only make a nasty mess;
Dreaming of what to do!

The boys around were reading books,
Of stories wild and true;
But I alone, with absent looks,
Was dreaming what to do!

ERIC BAKES (Class E3).

The whistle blew, the teams assembled on the court. Was everyone feeling as I felt—that dreadful sickness in the stomach, those strange sensations that made my legs tremble? And my thoughts, too, were filled with a pathetic summary of the past week's torments. Were those morning and afternoon practices to be dismissed with one short hour and a half, or would they culminate in a further match for victory? Suppose I let the School down? Suppose—. The whistle blew again, the eyes of the School were upon us; and we had to do our best.

B. PINEL.

BETWEEN PERIODS

Ah, at last, there's the bell! I thought this period was going to last forever. But why doesn't teacher get out. Surely he hasn't remembered that we had some home work that we should have shown. It will mean a detention for me if he has. What a relief, he's gone, now for a breather.

"Eh Nell! have you done your arithmetic home-work?" No, worse luck, I clean forgot it, I will be for it. "No worse than I, I had to go for a detention last night, I hope he doesn't remember it. Oh crikey! here he comes, look out. I haven't even got my books out yet."

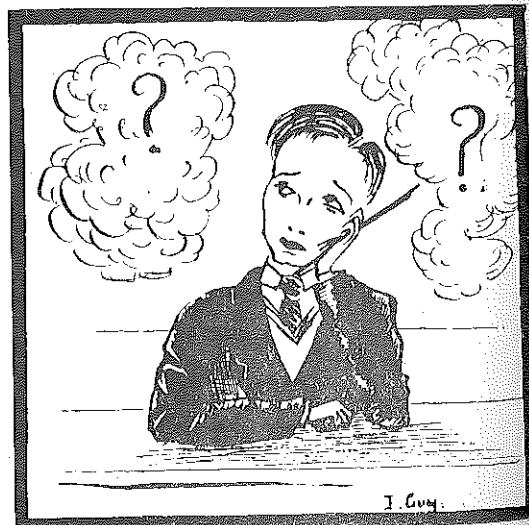
Phew, what a silence, I bet this won't last long!

BRIAN WATERS (Class C2), Franklin.

A CLOSE SHAVE

On the second night of the opera, I was half-way through the second verse of my second song when I couldn't think what came next. My mind was a complete blank. I looked at the prompter in desperation, but he only grinned at me. A little quick-thinking got me out of my difficulty. I substituted the second half of the third verse and nobody noticed, except the pianiste and the producer. No wonder I had a nightmare afterwards!

ALAN STUBS (Class A), Sorell.



J. GUY.

HISTORY A LA HOLLYWOOD

The latest film is the sensation of the year. It is entitled "Ceasar as Romeo," featuring Clark Gable as Julius (Romeus) Ceasar and Myrna Loy as Cleopatra.

The picture begins with Ceasar peering through his telescope over the fifty miles of desert that separate him from his goal—Thebes. Within this town of Moslem mosques, is beautiful Cleopatra, supervising the making of a mummy-case for the late Emperor, Nero.

Eventually we see Ceasar riding up and introducing himself as Captain Ceasar of the King's Egyptian Guards. He tells her that he has just arrived on the last boat and there follows an interesting conversation in the shadow of the Sphinx. After a short pause, Cleo. is asked, "Coming out to the amphi. to-night, baby?"

"I would, she replies, "but I promised Pompey . . ."

"Pompey?" he replies, with a sardonic smile, "Oh, you mean the late Mr. Pompey, he has been disposed of. Some assassin took a shot at him."

"Thank goodness, he was so boring," she answers, "but what of Mark?"

"Oh, I've cancelled all air and sea trips, so he can't come—he'll have to walk."

Just as Cleopatra is about to express her disappointment, a newspaper boy emerges from a sandstorm, yelling, "Paper! To-night's 'Bedtime Chronicle!' Assassin charged with murder of Pompey! Latest news of uprising in Asia Minor! Buy a 'Bedtime Chronicle' for only 2 cents, sir."

Caesar is obviously startled at the news, so he jumps into his chariot and has soon gone with the wind to Asia Minor to put down this rebellion. Later he cables back to Cleopatra, who has almost forgotten him, "I came, I saw, I conquered."

The last scene shows the very bored Cleo in bed, about to turn on the radio. She tunes in to Rome to hear the tail end of Ceasar's assassination. Then comes the announcement, "We shall now cross to the forum to hear Mark Antony perorate at Ceasar's burial."

"Poor Mark," says Cleo, "having to go through all that formality, I wish he could come across here to Thebes."

ROBERT SHARMAN (Class E3), Franklin.

THERE ARE ARTICLES AND ARTICLES

The first thing one does when writing a magazine article, is to try to find some suitable subject, and, as many of us discover, it is the hardest thing of all to do. Lord Tennyson wrote something to this effect:

"The essayist's eye in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven."

vainly trying to think of something to write about, and he was quite right. Of course there are plenty of things to write about, as I found out when I asked Dad for an inspiration.

"What about the time the mosquitoes woke you up at four o'clock in the morning, and you went for a walk by the river and heard all the birds," begins Dad.

"Who'd be interested in a few blood-thirsty mosquitoes and a congregation of birds that obviously didn't know what time it was," I criticise.

"Well, you could say you heard all these birds . . ." "But I don't know what kind of birds they were," (more strongly this time).

"Well, neither would anybody else," retorts Dad. "You could say 'rising early in the dark after a mosquito had awakened me one bright summer's morn, I heard the morning cries of the Tamar's bird-life rising on the morning air, and resolved to investigate. The molly-hawks were quacking, and a pelican was clucking as he laid his daily dozen.'"

"Oh Jimminy crikey! 'All times have I suffered greatly, both with those that loved me and alone,' I sigh as I tear out of the room.

I tried Grandpop next.

"What about thome yarnth about drunkth," lisps Grandpop, who'd taken his teeth out and lost them under the blankets, "I knowth plenty of 'em. There'th that one about . . ."

I sidled quietly away, leaving Grandpop in a state of pure ecstasy, with eyes shining, hands stretched out in extravagant gestures, as he lived the good old days over again. Out I went into the garden to try that as a last resource (I'd heard of poets using this dodge rather frequently). I paced up and down amongst the roses and rhododendrons and violets, one after the other and not one single idea entered my head. "Lovers and madmen have such seething brains," wrote Tennyson, but he forgot all about the magazine article writer.

I went inside again—and nearly fainted. Advancing down the passage, through the curtains, was a wizened little figure dressed in a flowing old night shirt and carrying an umbrella raised in a really frightening manner above his head. Grandpop was dreaming of the days of yore, when he had

Drunk delight of battle with 'his' peers,

Far on the ringing plains of windy Troy."

Hastily locking the door and dropping the key into a basin of water, I jumped through the window, intending to come back when the lurking terror had bedded itself down again.

And now, here's a suggestion. Wouldn't it be easy if every time we had to write an essay, we could write on how we tried to do it? You can get away with it once in a while and besides, it expresses clearly and concisely what we often try to mumble out on Monday mornings.

DONALD FROST (Class B1), Franklin.

THE EXAMS

Shiver and shake,
Quiver and quake,
The exams are here!
But who will fear
That dismal cry?
"I hate exams!"
Those puzzling sums,
That dazzle and frazzle,
And cause me many a long-drawn sigh.

Roars of applause,
Although against laws,
Results are out!
Some weep, some shout,
"I dread results!"
Those staggering marks,
That play such larks,
And cause fond hopes to go awry.

DOROTHY McCORMACK (Class E5), Wilmet.



RON TALBOT

THE DEVIL'S CONFERENCE

(Apologies to Lewis Carroll's Mad Hatter's Tea Party)

The scene is set in a big conference room. Spud (the 'Tater') is at the head of the table. On one side, Snoring (very fat and weighed down with medals), is asleep. Musso shifts restlessly and rolls his eyes.

Spud (scowling): I wish the Devil would hurry up.
Snoring (with a snore): I don't.

Musso: Hear! Hear!

Spud: Why?

Snoring (half asleep): Because he's a bad smell.

Spud (alarmed): The room is on fire.

Snoring: Oh that's nothing. What! Why didn't you tell me?

Devil (in a thundering voice): How dare you insinuate that I'm an incendiary bomb!

Snoring and Musso: No room! No room!

Devil (indignantly): There's plenty of room.

Spud: State your business.

Devil: I'm the inspector. What have you naughty lads been up to this year.

Musso: Have a drink of blood?

Devil: I don't see any blood.

Musso: There isn't any.

Devil: Now, tell me what you have done this year. (There is a glum silence in the room. Then they all started speaking together.)

(All together): We murdered some people. I fell down a well. I nearly committed suicide. I wish you had.

Devil: What year is it?

Musso: How the Duce do I know?

Spud (to devil): What about a fairy tale to cool me down?

(Enter Gobbles)

Snoring: Here comes Gobbles.

Gobbles: Heil Spud!

Musso (sulkily): I wish I'd joined up with a bulldog instead of a 'tater.

Gobbles: Who's going to win the war?

Snoring: We're out. (He gives an extra loud snore.)

Spud (jumping out of his chair): There goes the siren.

Gobbles: Don't be silly, it was only Snoring.

Devil (sulkily): Can I finish my story?

Musso (indignantly): You haven't started yet. Presto! Presto!

Devil: Once upon a day there lived a ruler who had a little moustache and a fringe. This man wanted to rule the world, but did not succeed.

Gobbles (quickly): I know why he didn't.

Gobbles: Because Musso forgot to put on his running shoes.

Musso: Let the Devil get on with his story.
Devil: When this man died, he came to live with me, but he got burnt in a furnace.

Snoring (who had just woke): Poor chap!

Spud: Was that man me?

Devil (sarcastically): You never can tell.

Gobbles: The latest news I heard was that our troops have won the battle of Tobruk.

Mysterious Voice (interrupting): Whose troops?

Gobbles: The British troops.

Voice: Are you sure?

Gobbles: No!

Voice: I beg your pardon.

Gobbles: I meant yes.

Spud: Stop this row, will you?

Gobbles (to Devil): What's the report inspector? I need some props and ganders.

(At that moment a bomb lands near the conference hall. When the smoke had cleared, Spud is seen sitting alone. He jumps up frantically.)

Spud: The dirty crooks. They have all deserted. They couldn't even trust me, and they told me I was a saint. Even the Devil has left me.

Curtain.

K. PETER (Class E3), Arthur.

INMATES

A stands for Andy, the girl who likes Candy!

B stands for Bevin, he's in seventh heaven!

C stands for Chick, he's not so slick!

D stands for Dave! Can he swear and rave!

E stands for Earnest, his brain's not the firmest!

F stands for Fred; OUR Fred! enough said!

G stands for Geoff, true, he's nearly deaf!

H stands for Hank, he's what I call a crank!

I stands for Me, the great poet you can see!

J stands for John, luckily, only one!

K stands for Kev., his name is linked with Bev!

L stands for Laird, very fond of bed!

M stands for Maisie, the class' little daisy!

N stands for Nancy, who tickles my fancy!

O stands for Orwin, who ought to be kept in!

P stands for Percy, who misses his nurse!

Q stands for Question, never lacking in our section!

R stands for Reece, who never gives us peace!

S stands for Stanley, whisper it, but he's bandy!

T stands for Terry, we like to see him merry!

U stands for Us, when we have fun, who makes a fuss!

V stands for Vic, he reminds teacher of old Nick!

W stands for Will, the boy who needs a pill!

X stands for X-Ray, we might need that someday!

Y stands for You, why not read this through!

Z stands for Zebra, for that we have no rhyme!

Best Luck from E3.

ERIC BAKES (Class E3), Arthur.

GLORIAE LATINI

Latin is a subject,

As mad as mad can be;

It used to kill the Romans,

But now it's killing me.

It's such a useless subject,

It has no sense at all;

Fancy saying "murus,"

When what you mean is "wall."

"Caesar reges amat,"

(I hope there's no mistake),

That's what we do in Latin,

And what mistakes we make.

Our teacher's down at Brighton.

Perhaps he'll go to Rome,

But not to learn more Latin—

He's heard enough at home.

Latin's such a subject,

As mad as mad can be.

I hope it kills Italians,

Then they won't kill me.

"BORED LATIN STUDENT" (Class D1), Sorrell.

CONFESSIONS AND IMPRESSIONS OF OUR EVACUEES

Coming from a pretty home with a beautiful view of sea and country, I am naturally not so thrilled with Tasmania as I might have been had I come from any industrial area. The weather here appears to be very changeable and is therefore annoying, and the lack of rain and overdose of sun is most unpleasant to me, although I expect the other girls like it. The glaring light is very trying to the eyes and having sun in winter seems very strange, and the dark scenery and dried-up grass I still find, is depressing.

There is less class-consciousness and the people are freer and more informal.

The people are very friendly and kindly disposed towards us and the girls at school have been awfully nice to me.

F. JARRITT (Class C2).

MY IMPRESSIONS AND CONFESSIONS ON MY FIRST SIGHT OF TASMANIA

The winding river Tamar was stretching in front of us, as our boat, the "Taroon," steamed towards Launceston. The country reminded me very much of Wales, mostly because of the mountains and hills in the background. The people I saw on the docks all looked as I expected them to look, like my own folk. I did not think, like some of my old school friends, that the people here were black! A lot of the flowers and trees which I saw here, I had also seen at home. I thought it all looked beautiful and the native Tasmanian trees and flowers were very pretty.

I was glad that Tasmania reminded me so much of England, because it made me feel very much at home.

JOAN ORWIN (Class E3).

MY FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF TASMANIA

When I arrived at the house where I was going to stay, it was quite warm and the winter passed quicker than usual. Christmas dinner on the beach seemed so strange to me, as I had been used to it in a house where there was a big fire, with snow on the ground outside.

I like Tasmania and hope that after the war, my parents will be able to come out and see all the lovely things which I have.

JEAN CHAMBERS (Class D2), Arthur.

MY FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF TASMANIA

When we arrived at the wharf, it did not seem to fit in with the lovely riverside views at all, being very much like all other wharves.

The people I met were very friendly and very interested to hear about England and the voyage over. The only disadvantage of being English was that everyone stared, and asked that question which by now I am heartily sick of, "How do you like Tasmania?"

I found the way of living much the same as the English, but thought it was difficult, when out in the country, to have to economise on water.

MARY BRYDGES (Class E1), Franklin.

MODERN INVASION

It is the third or fourth week back after the Christmas holidays. Peace and quietness reigns in Room 13 (quite a common state of affairs). The algebra lesson, interesting to some people, is in full swing, but is rudely interrupted. Some dive for handkerchiefs and others sniff the air like a dog, but the rest of us who took Chemistry in "C" Class, search in our mind's labyrinth for the name of this colourless gas with density greater than that of air.

Ah! Got it. It's H₂S of course. Then we hear a cautious whisper as to what it is. It is from one of our brethren who have a taste for economics rather than chem. "H₂S," replies one of the chemistry fraternity.

"Who's he?" asks the follower of Mr. M.

"Sulphuretted Hydrogen," our noble ally replies.

"Now, talk English for a change," we hear next and soon hear the answer, "Well, rotten egg gas."

"Why didn't you say so before?" is the next question. But our teacher has got over his first shock and is in command of the situation again, so we hear, "Come on, come one, let's get on with our work. It'll go." Following this, the bell.

Next lesson, French. Invader still in possession of the room. Teacher arrives.

"Well, what's all the fuss about, this won't kill you. You should not let this interrupt your work. All the same, class monitor, see that we have a new pane of glass in that broken window. Get to work."

That is all! But knowing our patient French teacher, we "get to work" and do not ruffle people's tempers unnecessarily.

J. COLTHEART (Class B1), Sorrell.

A CHILD IN BED

All I can see when I'm in bed,
Is yellow blank wall at my head,
A charming picture at my feet
And two dolls sitting on a seat.

The shadows creep around the room,
And I can just see my toy broom,
My frocks look ghostly in the cupboard,
Oh! there is my book on Mother Hubbard.

My very best doll is in the pram
And there is my dear old fluffy lamb
My baby sister is in her cot.
My! but I do feel awfully hot!

I'll curl up now and go to sleep,
While all the little stars shall peep,
And I will go to the Land of Dreams,
Where fairies float on pale moonbeams.

DIANE GOODGER (Class E5), Wilmot.

BLACKOUTS

"Boom! boom!" The unmusical "blackout" siren bared forth and we blinked at each other in a startled way, all of one accord saying, "A blackout," in exasperated tones. Someone snapped the lights out, amidst groaning and fuming. I was furious as I was just at the moment in a murder yarn when the hero is about to be killed—or not. It was that "... or not" that kept me on tenterhooks. Feeling I couldn't be held in suspense for a whole half-hour, I sat and read frantically by the firelight with smarting eyes.

"He's dead!" I gasped and awoke to the fact that I was being reprimanded for straining my eyes and being told I should be blind in my dotage. "Just for that you can go and get me some water. That corn-beef was so salty at tea-time!" Arguing was useless, so I stumbled from the room, knocking over a chair and treading on the cat as I went. Advancing a glass to the tap, I heard, with a sinking heart, the tinkling of breaking glass and realised I had mistaken the altitude of the tap and that the glass had come violently in contact with it. This, my third breakage that day.

With another glass and a quaking heart, I returned and in a meek voice reported the mishap. After the subsequent "boos" had subsided, I delivered the water—some in the glass, but most into the receiver's lap.

After this, an airy, brooding settled on us. I felt an uneasy feeling, akin to fear. It was all very well to worry about leaving a book for a while and get "het-up" about the breaking of a glass, but—what if this were real? A great many more things than a mere glass would be broken and destroyed if it were. What if there were waves of aeroplanes roaring overhead? My heart ached for those people who do this night after night in earnest, wondering, to the accompaniment of the dreaded "blitzing" outside, if they'll ever see their loved homes and belongings again.

The minutes dragged heavily on and with them, very heavy thoughts. When at last the siren sounded and light flooded the room again, I felt no interest in the death-scene of the hero and only felt very thankful that we here, are not disturbed by air raids and their horrible consequences.

BARBARA HAMILTON (Class C2), Franklin.

THE BELL

"There's the bell!" How often have those words echoed round the School? This cry is greeted with groans at eight-fifty in the morning, especially by those luckless beings who are just approaching the School gate, and who tear off their hats and rush frantically round the yard. These people should have a good chance in the annual sports, but are usually beaten by those who are a block or more away at eight-fifty.

If the bell is hurt by its reception in the morning, it should be fully compensated at twelve-thirty and at four o'clock, when it comes bursting into every room. Smiles spread over all, missing one or two who are going to remain for afternoon tea with their favourite teacher. Although teachers invariably prolong the lesson for a few minutes, evidently trying to convey the idea that they are sorry for the lesson to end, one has much better feelings towards them and the world in general. As a matter of fact, one often listens attentively in those last few minutes and feels quite sorry that most of the lesson has been missed—the finish sounds interesting.

NANCY GILHAM (Class B1), Franklin.



A CALL TO THE DENTIST

I pass through the streets in a maze of pain and dread, my head aches, my tooth throbs, I walk in a reverie, seeing visions of what's to come and shuddering mentally, to be awakened rudely by a cockney shouting to me to get out of his road. I give him a withering glance, but it does not seem to have any effect, so I hurry across the road, much to the amusement of two runny-nosed urchins of about six. I turn down another street and seeing my destination in front of me, my heart throbs (so does the tooth). I walk through the great archway of the building, it is all bare and dark. In an adjoining room I can hear the cheerful click, click of a typewriter, I shudder, how could anything be cheerful to-day? I mount the stairs, feeling something like Jane Grey being led to execution, but not so brave.

I can now see the room where my fate is to be sealed. I walk into the waiting room. The nurse comes out all smiles and says encouragingly, "Next please." I walk slowly into the surgery, one man can save me now and that is the little fat man with a white coat and a perpetual benevolent smile on his smooth red face. He puts me strongly in mind of a French cure.

The nurse ushers me into the chair, after that, there is a sharp pain, a pull, a wrench and a breaking, something going on inside my mouth. I look up dazedly to see the little man smiling triumphantly at a second molar at the end of his forceps.

The next moment I am out, I am free, I sprint down the stairs and would have shouted for joy had it not been for the handkerchief that was round my mouth. Listen to that typewriter, doesn't it sound lovely. Everything is lovely.

I go home, mother is waiting anxiously for my return. My young brother grins at me cheekily.

Mother, "Did he hurt you, dear. You looked a little pale when you left."

I (thinks, "A little pale, I felt the colour of saffron"), answers airily, "Not a bit" (with a defiant look at small, grinning brother). "Pale, mother, it must have been your imagination."

MARY SHIELDS (Class E5), Wilmot.

GARDENS

When I think of gardens, a series of pictures come before my mind.

I see the quaint little garden of that dear old lady, Miss Angela Merrydew.

What a picturesque little spot it is. The cream sandstone cottage, covered with rambling roses, has a tiny porch on which, when the sun is shining Miss Angela sits and does her knitting. Twisting its way amidst a profusion of candytuft, Canterbury bells, carnations and pansies, is a crazy path. Through an arch, covered with honeysuckle of so sweet a perfume, it leads to a wall of hollyhocks. In a sheltered spot is a big shell for birds to bath in.

Candytuft, Canterbury bells and pansies are only some of the flowers that Miss Angela grows in her little garden. In a shaded corner, under a barberry tree, she has a patch of lovely violets and crocuses.

The white picket gate is rarely latched, because this sweet old lady is loved by all who know her and many come and visit her and she shows them her garden, with an unimaginable pride.

Then let us travel farther along the road and we see the modern garden.

There is simplicity in every detail and neatness in every corner. Why is it that the flowers are not so noticeable here? Is it the new and decided line of the house or is it that people are wearying of the care of flowers' needs? Surely not the latter, for flowers are so beautiful, they repay the carer. The design of the modern house would be spoilt by an abundance of flowers, but the few flowers that are here are very bright and gay.

We see waving palm trees planted in green velvet-like lawns. What resilient strength in the branches as they are rocked by a passing wind.

The whole design of house and grounds suggests streamlined modern efficiency.

Then let us move out into the country and look at an old homestead garden.

How beautiful it is! So rambling! One never knows what one shall find next. Here there are flowers in profusion. The lawn is cut out in all kinds of designs. There is a big moon-shaped bed in the centre filled with flowering zinnias. There are diamond shaped beds, half-moons and stars, each filled with some flaming flower. But in one little bed under an arbutus tree are some larkspur plants, surrounded by lily of the valley. But let us not stay too long in the flower garden, for there are other parts to see.

Passing through a little green gate in a box hedge, we enter a vegetable garden, where thrifty rows of peas and lettuce and other vegetables grow beside the stalwart frame of runner beans.

The orchard is a truly beautiful sight in spring when nature awakens everything. The white apple and plum blossom and the pink peach blossom intermingle in a lovely pastel scheme. Then the summer. The blossoms are gone and in its place are sweet, ripe fruit.

How the birds must love a place like this. Plenty of fruit to pick and trees to nest in.

One by one the foliage of the trees, flames and dies and the last to glow, warm and red, is the hawthorn hedge.

"With the kiss of the sun for pardon
And the song of the birds for mirth,
One is nearer God's heart in a garden,
Than anywhere else on earth."

FIONA MORRIS (Class B), Wilmot.

NAUGHTY GIRLS

Disturbers of the peace we are,
So Mr. Townsley said.
We're taking after Adolph—
Not worth a piece of lead.

We take poor Rema's ruler,
And smash it up in two—
We think it's such a lovely joke,
When Rema says, "boo-hoo!"

Now Mr. Townsley, frown on face
Cries, "Woe is you to-day!
Come out in front, you naughty child
And also you, young Fay!"

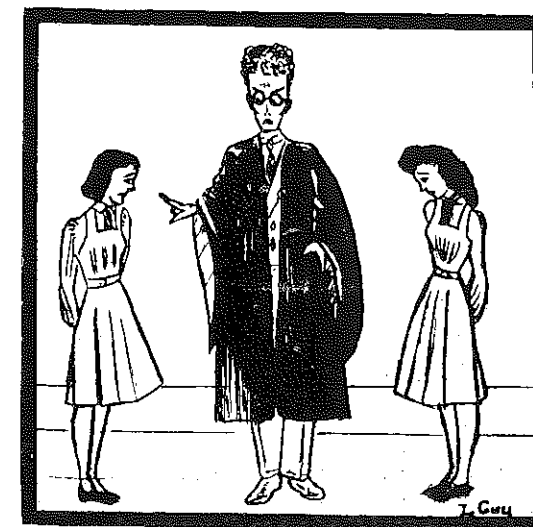
So out we march, right in the front
And wish we had been good.
We realise now—the joke's on us
(Our heads are made of wood).

This cruel detention we were given,
I'm very very wild.
If anyone comes near me now,
I'll shout, "Get out—you child!"

The punishment is most severe,
We have to write an essay
On courtesy and being good
Like Pauline, June and Cressy.

So all this night we'll work so hard
To finish our detentions.
When morning comes, we'll run to school,
So full of good intentions.

J. K. C. (Class D2), Arthur.





I was at the stage when I took the blisters on my feet for granted, no matter how much they hurt. To relax my aching muscles, I eased my two suitcases on to the ground. A lizard slithered across the bitumen, scorching his belly, for, on reaching the opposite side, he rested on the cooler grass, tense, motionless. Surprisingly, he was still alert, for a fly, droning annoyingly close, disappeared on the end of a searching, welcoming tongue. The lizard swallowed it and enjoyed himself by thinking of its savour. His leathery skin glistened leaden in the strong glare; and there were dulled rainbow colours too. Did he enjoy the heat? I didn't! But, basking in the sunlight, he certainly seemed to and did he not enjoy the perfect personification of heat, that drowsy, that droning, that nice fat blowfly?

Having straightened my bent body and rested a minute, I set to the task once more and lifted the cases again into my suffering hands. Despite the short while they had been on the ground, the handles of the cases were extremely scorchingly hot. The air smelt hot, strange, as though there were the presence of some intangible symbol.

Here the bitumen came to an end. Once more, dust and stones! All along the wayside were dotted withered saplings or dry scrub, lifeless, energy-sapped, and brittle. Although the giants remained staunch, the colour of their leaves showed the effect of the heat. A magpie broke out into a crazy song that had neither a beginning nor an end. Then, in contrast, came a kookaburra's mad laugh. At this, three others joined in, their firm bellies rolling up and down as they enjoyed themselves. The haywire effect produced by them was as if a person unacquainted with music was conducting an orchestra with their scores for "Alexander's Ragtime Band" and bringing in each section at the wrong time.

Suddenly, one of them stiffened and, swift as an arrow, shot down below. When he came up again, a snake was wriggling and writhing in his beak. Thereupon the other two on his branch began gossiping like grannies and when the kookaburra reached the branch an immediate squabble for possession of the prize took place, the other kooka which had been gazing complacently from an adjoining branch up to now, seemingly interested in anything but the snake, swooping into the fray. I left them when I saw the mangled body of the snake drop to the ground amidst vulgar and indignant squawkings.

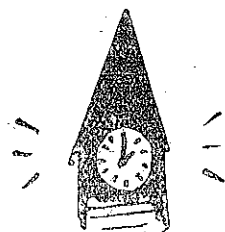
Not long after this I came upon some men repairing the road. They were stripped to the waist and displayed tanned backs, down which little muddy rivulets were streaming. They plied diligently with their picks, despite the heat (I might add that this surprised me, for I was generally led to believe that it did not even need the heat to discourage them).

Also, I have since actually heard that some, when supposed to be working on the road, were sitting by the road, picking white daisies, pausing now and then to wipe a sweat brow with brown, hairy paws. There was a reeking, mannish odour. They nodded as I passed, spat, and set to work again.

About seven yards in from the road stood an ant-heap which was three feet wide and seven feet long—not a very large one, but after all, the termites had ruined a rotting shack not far away. A little meadowy patch, in its surroundings certainly unusual, attracted my attention beyond the ant-heap. This patch, overshadowed with the only healthy trees I had seen for miles, in its simplicity and beauty, reminded me of the book, "How Green was My Valley," and the language used in it. A stream, deviating in a semi-circle from its original course, and returning in a similar fashion ("Horseshoe Creek," said I to myself), twinkled invitingly in the sunlight.

Contented, I munched a sandwich. The bread was dry, the butter had melted to saturate the bread and the tomato was warm, but I enjoyed it. I was suddenly aroused from my reverie by a faint, though ever-increasing chug-chugging and looking round, I perceived an ancient car rattling along. "Tin Liz," I thought rudely, but since it had already passed the men on the road, I automatically began thumbing vigorously.

R. CAMPBELL (Class C2), Sorrell.



BIG BEN STRIKES

When the earth was first begun,
There was neither moon nor sun,
And in flowers bees had not
Begun to hum ('gun to hum).
A caveman—Hairy Ben—
Went to visit Mandrake's den,
For to learn of all the horrid
Things to come (things to come).
Said Mandrake with a leer,
"Though I'm not a super seer,
I'll give you your full bob's worth
Here and now (here and now).
I'll tell you this my lad,
I can see things—very bad—
That'll make you wonder why and
When and how (when and how).
One billion years to-day,
Your descendant—Ben will say,
Now girls and boys, attend to
My oration (my oration).
This form of blue you see,
Entitles you to be
A student for the Leaving 'Xaminations
(Xaminations)."

PAT COE (Class A), Wilmot.



ART ROOM



SCIENCE LABORATORY



A MOUNTAIN TRIP

Monday dawned cold, misty and gloomy. What a day, and to think we were going mountain climbing! It was seven o'clock and I was not nearly ready and the party was due to set off at eight. I still had to have breakfast, pack my hamper and, work of all, make my bed. What a bore!

Anyhow, at a couple of minutes past eight, I rushed out of the camp in the wake of the rest of the party who had gone off without me. Although the mist had cleared, it still hung around the mountain peak and the sun shone like a fiery ball.

Our route wound through bushland for about three miles, then made wide detours around impregnable masses of rock for another mile or so. It was on the other side of this rocky barrier we were to meet our guide.

After an hour of solid climbing, we arrived at the guide's hut and found the lazy fellow sleeping soundly in the sun. A couple of the party shouted out to him, but received no answer. Then the wag of the party marched up to the sleeper and began prodding him with a stick. The guide stirred a little, opened his eyes, looked round dreamily and closed his eyes again and settled himself to have another nap. Just when we were beginning to give up in despair the realisation that we were waiting for him sank into the guide's dull brain. He started up and was so profound in his apologies that we all burst out laughing. However, after a short delay, we finally set off, the guide strutting along in front, like a prize turkey.

By this time we were ascending the mountain itself, along a track which wound round the face of the mountain with steep precipices on one side and the mountain rising sheer on the other. As we climbed, the grade became less steep and the path more smooth and we seemed to be crossing a small plateau. The mist still hung round, so we could not see where we were. We just had to follow yellow paint-marks, which we found at intervals on the rocks.

Now the ground was covered by stunted bushes which gave off a peculiar aroma. From here, we passed into more bush, pushing our way through dense undergrowth. By the time we came out into clear space, again, our clothes were soaked right through. We pressed on crossing numerous streams, the result of melting ice, through what had been a clump of trees, but were now bare trunks, stripped by the snow and ice.

The ascent became more difficult. We seemed to be moving like flies up the face of a cliff. After some difficulty, we arrived on top of a shelf and, when the mist cleared for a few minutes, we beheld tiny frozen streams shimmering in the sun and hanging from the rocks in the background were massive icicles.

It was over the ice-covered rocks we had to go to reach our objective, the pinnacle. The mist came down on us again and this beauty was for a time blotted out. Only a few of the more energetic ones managed to make the pinnacle, but the marvellous view we had so looked forward to seeing was enshrouded by the mist.

Nevertheless, we were not disappointed and set off back to the camp, where we found our guide's friend heating saveloys, to which we did full justice, over the camp fire.

GEOFF. COLBECK.

THIS LAND IS AUSTRALIA!

I know the land where red gum grows,
Where waratah's found, red as the rose.
In every bush a cool stream flows,
Between wild flowers, no strange land knows.
Farmers prepare their crops to reap,
While some keep watch o'er flocks of sheep.

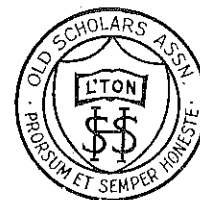
Stopping only to rest or sleep,
This land is ours; fairest of all,
Where kangaroo hops 'neath gums so tall,
Upon whose boughs koalas crawl,
While from the bush, kookaburras call.

R. SHARMAN (Class E3), Franklin.

CLASSICAL QUERIES

What is Rex's Wood worth?
Is Pauline always Wright?
Who did Alan Butcher?
What can Pat Poole?
Is Murray a sweet Columbine?
What can Merle Cooke?
With whom did Laurence Waugh?
Is Yvonne a Spotted-wood?
Why is Will's son Fay?
Will Scott be a Clarke?
Is Vernon worth a Penny-farthin'
Where did Alan Park-er?
What is Shirley's Butter-worth?

"BASHFUL" (Class D2), Arthur.



OLD SCHOLARS' COLUMN

ITEMS OF INTEREST

(By the Secretary)

Below are mentioned many names of boys who have joined the forces—there are many others whom I do not know and I would ask for every old scholars' assistance in helping me to keep my record complete.

We welcome the following old scholars who have recently left school and who now are out on their first jobs. Good luck to you all: Walter Rumney, Geoff Summers, Joy Read, David Roberts, Joan Harris, Eileen Blackburn, Stewart Graham, Max Sluce, Ray Mallinson, Des. Edmunds, Norm. Petterson, Rex Lansdell, Pat White, Alec Millar, Sheila Geiger, Pauline Huxley, Beverley Ingamells, Athol Burke, Peter Wood, Audrey Hamilton, Marjorie Cooper, Betty Lanham, Malcolm Wright.

We are pleased to have Ken Baker from Devonport and Don Guy from Scottsdale as members.

No doubt old scholars will be interested to hear: That Alf Petterson is working in the Public Service at Darwin, Bob Moore is at Canberra and Graeme Rowbottom and Hal Wyatt are at Hobart.

Stan Bennett is studying at the Hobart University and Grant MacLaine is working for a firm of Hobart accountants.

Allan Green is back at work, having recovered from his accident. He is at Wynyard. Ross Bennett is working at Deloraine, Jack Whelan is working in a bank at Burnie, while Devonport has Roger Snow and Max Button working there. Jack Viney is studying for the Ministry at Hobart and his brother Max, works in a bank there.

Stan Burkett is in Hobart, as are Max Windsor, Guy Watkins, Frank Waters, George MacLaine and Roy Beecroft. Derek Furnage and Fred Furnage are living at Deloraine. Ross Lovell is in the garrison force at Darwin.

Word has been received from overseas that Mick Lanham and Ramsay Bull are reported missing and believed to be prisoners of war.

Stuart Hudson, who joined the navy a few years ago and was on H.M.S. Canberra, has now been in hospital in Sydney for sixteen months. I am sure all old scholars wish him a speedy recovery. We are also sorry to hear of Tony Bell's illness.

QUEEN CARNIVAL

In the recent A.C.F. Queen Carnival, the association was represented by Mrs. W. C. S. Oliver, who, as Jessie Peacock, an old scholar, was Queen of Sport.

To her we offer congratulations for her efforts in raising £1,450. Mrs. Oliver who had Betty Badcock and the secretary (representing the Association), in her retinue, gained third place in the carnival.

OUR SYMPATHY

"We rejoice in the joy of our friends as much as we do in our own, and we are equally grieved at their sorrow."

To Mrs. Morris and Mr. Tom Johnston, who have both recently lost their mothers, we offer our sincere sympathy.

We are grieved to report the tragic deaths of David Barclay and Geoffrey Dean and the Association's sincere sympathy is extended the families of these two boys. To the family of the late Clyde Patman and to his fiancée, Jean Price, we also offer our condolences.

ENGAGEMENTS

We offer the following old scholars our best wishes on their recent engagements. Bill Schier and Miss Barbara Gitsham, Marjorie Grubb and Max Bertram, Alex Tanner and Miss D. Gavitt, Marie Lee and Colin McElwee, Winnie Pollard and Mr. D. Room, Rex Hay and Miss N. Tollner, Sara Cox and Mr. J. Wilson, Marion Thomas and Alan Willett, Mysie Horne and Bill Bertram, Stan Harvey and Joan Robinson, Eddy Neil and Audrey Jackson, Malcolm Williams and Miss Hilda Brearley, Elaine Page and Mr. R. Newton, Betty Branagan and Mr. E. Gentle.

For the following old scholars, wedding bells have rung and they receive our best wishes: Joan Scott and Mr. R. Neville, Connie Smith and Mr. A. Johnston, Maurine Harris and Mr. K. Tregear, Joan Wells and Ted Smith, Beryl Playstead and Dick Gardam, Lindsay Hammond and Miss B. Routley, Joyce Powell and Mr. Headlam, Don McDonald and Miss P. Bowtell, Edna Collins and Mr. W. Hamilton, Barbara Newton and Mr. D. Stebbings, Mollie Best and Mr. L. Pickett, Lawrie Abra and Miss H. Joynt, Marie Cobbett and Mr. W. Howes, Wendy Vickers and Rex Larner, Peter McCord and Miss B. Jones, Audrey Barker and Trevor Guy, Leman Thurlow and Miss C. Coates, Irene Anderson and Mr. A. Morton, Lloyd Jones and Miss A. Flint, Dorothy Grandfield and Mr. J. Cosgrove, Stella McKimmie and Mr. J. Walsh, Joan Wylie and Mr. M. Horwood, Brian Hughes and Miss P. Finklestein, Doreen Evans and Mr. T. Peters, Betty Hurse and Ray Harrison.

The following old scholars receive our congratulations on recent arrivals of daughters: Capt. and Mrs. H. C. Kaiser (nee Jean Grubb); Mr. and Mrs. Yost (nee Kathleen Harrison), Mr. and Mrs. M. Williamson (nee Lesley Sabine), Mr. and Mrs. Max Phillips (nee Audrey Marshall), Mr. and Mrs. Rod Lyne (nee Jessie Montgomery), Mr. and Mrs. Clayton (nee Nancy Gardam), Mr. and Mrs. Wherrett (nee Gwen Cox), Lieut. and Mrs. Jack Brett, Mr. and Mrs. Athol Gough (nee Winnie Roberts).

We have not forgotten the following recent arrival of sons and to these old scholars we offer our congratulations: Mr. and Mrs. R. Mather (nee Eileen Bird), Mr. and Mrs. Harry Barnard (nee Joyce Mason), Mr. and Mrs. P. Holroyd (nee Madge Roberts), Mr. and Mrs. M. Ford (nee Thora Emmett), Mr. and Mrs. R. Lewis (nee Ellen Chugg), Mr. and Mrs. L. G. Cooper, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Walsh, Mr. and Mrs. Norm Boatwright.

We also hear of the marriages of Neil Barclay and Ray Watts and the engagement of Roley Whelan.

ANNUAL MEETING

A very successful year's work was reported at the annual meeting of the Association, which was held in May. During the year the Association gave more

than £50 to various funds, the Commonwealth Government War Loan, the School Magazine Fund and the Churinga Football Club. The annual report stated that although the dances had not been quite as profitable as in previous years, they were a success socially. Unfortunately the Association's financial members had dropped below average.

Mr. W. C. Morris was again elected patron and Mr. N. Forsyth, president.

BASKETBALL CLUB

This year we have been successful in getting two teams—Churing Green and Churinga Red, and we don't mind how many more players join our forces. We all have a very happy time and the girls thoroughly enjoy their practices and matches.

We were very sorry to lose Joyce Shaw, who was captain of the team since its inauguration. She has obtained a position in Geelong and we wish her all the best in her new sphere.

End Rodman succeeded Joyce as captain of Green, with Betty Branagan as vice-captain. Marjorie Cooper is the captain of Red, with Joan Harris as vice.

The only social function we have had, was the farewell to our former captain, when a presentation was made to her.

Any intending players are asked to communicate with any of the present members, who will be only too pleased to welcome them to our ranks.

NANCY JACKSON, Hon. Sec.

FOOTBALL CLUB

It was with regret that the club received the resignations of the secretary and treasurer, Messrs. R. Brown and K. Lawrence at the annual meeting, as both have served the club for a number of years in a very capable and popular manner. Mr. V. Millar and Mr. N. Petterson were elected to the vacancies.

At the first match, Mr. N. Forsyth and Mr. B. Mathews were re-elected captain and coach. We are very fortunate to retain the services of such capable men. The club owe a lot of their success in past seasons to their captain and coach.

Unfortunately the club lost its first four matches because of the loss of a number of players who enlisted or were in camp, but Mr. Morris permitted members of the School team to play with our club and we now have a team which will be very hard to defeat in the finals.

V. MILLAR, Hon. Sec.

SUBSCRIPTIONS

Would all old scholars please assist the Association by sending in their subscriptions this year. It is very difficult for the secretary to collect subscriptions and assistance in this matter would be appreciated. It will be necessary for us to rely on subscriptions almost alone to swell our bank balance this year, so please pay yours as soon as possible.

Will any old scholars who have any addresses or names of boys who have enlisted or any other news of interest, please advise the secretary.

Subscriptions:

First year, 2/-; under 21, 3/-; over 21, 4/-; married couples, 6/-.

THE DIRECTORY

President—Mr. N. Forsyth, c/o Yorkshire Insurance, Cameron Street.

Hon. Secretary—Miss Joy Geiger, 57 Garfield St. Phone 1774.

Hon Treasurer—Miss B. Badcock, c/o W. & G. Genders Ltd.

Editor old scholars column—Mr. T. Guy, c/o "The Examiner," Office.

OBITUARY

JOHN CLAUDE FINLAY (1922-4), a sincere and ambitious student, who after leaving School, took up clerical work in a Government Department. He enlisted in the A.I.F., saw service in the Middle-East. He was killed in action at Tobruk.

RONALD McCANN (1925-8) was dux of "C" Class in 1926, entered the Education Department and later joined the New Zealand Teaching Service. He joined the N.Z. Rifle Brigade, saw service in the Middle-East and became a prisoner of war in the Grecian campaign. Since then his parents have been informed of his death in a prison camp.

GEOFFREY DEAN joined the R.A.A.F. and was training to be a pilot. He was accidentally drowned.

We extend our sympathy to all the bereaved relatives.



The Way To Hang A Picture.

Roll of Honour

DIED ON ACTIVE SERVICE

Dean, Ray *Jeoff*. McCann, Ron.
Box, Robt. McCabe, Don.
Finlay, John

OLD SCHOLARS WHO HAVE ENLISTED

Alcock, John	Cameron, Milton	Jillett, John	Ruston, Ian
Atherton, Geoff	Dwyer, Eric	Kaiser, Bert	Steer, John
Atherton, Fred	Dineen, Geoff	Krushka, Fred	Scott, Harry
Aylett, Max	Davis Lovell	Kerrison, Percy	Scott, Herbert
Arnold, Geoff	Dean, Ray	Kerkham, Max	Senior, Alan
Bryant, Geoff	Davey, Max	Kiddle, Robert	Schier, William
Bell, Jim	Davies, John	Larner, Ian	Sales, Lance
Brett, Jack	Evans, Eric	Larner, Rex	Swinton, George Edward
Bell, John	Ellis, Baizel	Lyne, Barney	Swinton, Norman D.
Barclay, Graham	Furmage, Geoff	Lawson, George	Simonds, Kenneth
Barclay, Robert	Flanagan, Archie	Lanham, Ivo	Searson, Trevor
Bomford, Alvin	Fotheringham, Max	Lovell, William	Tanner, Peter
Breheney, Brian	Fotheringham, Charles	Lovett, Don	Twidle, David
Boatwright, Norman	Fotheringham, Bon	Mayhead, Frank	Thollar, Douglas
Bardenhagen, Adye	Firth, Keith	Mayhead, Ken	Traill, Arthur
Bardenhagen, Montague	Fulford, Harold	Morgan, Robert	Taylor, Maurice
Bertram, Max	Fordham, P. H.	McDonald, Neil	Taylor, Hal
Bertram, Wilson	Finlay, Robert	Maumill, Robert	Thow, Max
Bain, Keith	Fletcher, Harold	Munro, David	Tolland, William
Bain, Neil	Fletcher, John	Murphy, Gerald	Tuting, Harry
Bain, Doug	Griffin, Terence	Morrisby, Allan	Tucker, Gordon
Breheney, Jack	Gardam, Richard	Manning, Geoff	Tanner, Alex.
Brain, Lindsay	Gee, Arthur	Maclaime, Douglas	von Bertouch, Donald
Bell, Alan	Gunton, Peter	Maclaime, Ronald	von Bertouch, Mark
Bates, Roy	Goss, Stanley	McQuestion, Geoff	Waters, Frank
Bailey, Fred	Gill, Neil	McCord, Peter	Wishaw, Denis
Brown, Keith	Gee, Richard	McCord, Don	Whelan, Roland
Berwick, Ian	Gee, Philip	McElwee, Colin	Woods, Terris
Bowles, William	Hudson Stuart	McCabe, Graeme	Waldron, Lance
Bull, Ramsay	Hall, Ken	Neil, Eddie	Waldron, Hamal
Bennell, Clifford	Hughes, Brian	Nicklason, Sydney	White, Ronald
Carins, Lloyd	Howlett, Les	Phillips, Bruce	Wilson, Thomas
Crosswell, Lloyd	Harridge, James	Phillips, Douglas	Wright, Jack
Cameron, Don	Hague, Terence	Paton, George	Williams, Malcolm
Cartledge, Philip	Harrison, Max	Pullen, Jack	Watts, Ray
Curtis, Jack	Harrison, Ray	Parsons, Leonard	Weatherill, Jack
Curtis, Edwin Jack	Hudson, Geoff	Pearson, Robert	Walkem, Jock
Cunningham, Alan	Hollingsworth, James	Pollard, Stanley	Watkins, Guy
Cassidy, Ken	Hope, Richard	Padman, Henry	Williams, Leonard Roy
Cross, Harold	Hope, Lindsay	Parkes, Clifton	Windsor, Max
Camm, Richard	Hart, Robert	Press, Eddie	Waddle, Bruce
Camm, Mac	Heyes, Rupert	Price, Derek	Whitcombe, Ernest
Callahan, Geoff	Jackson, Ken	Robinson, Kenneth	
Cooper, Fred	Jackson, Richard	Rosevears, Hedley	
Coates, Albert	Jordan, Max	Rainbow, Ronald	
Cassidy, Don	Jones, Allan K.	Rose, Fred	
Churchill Don	Joyce, Keith	Richardson, Peter	

NURSING DIVISION

Ratcliff, Enid
Sellers, Betty



Famous Film Faces.

H. Wright, C.F.
Franklin.