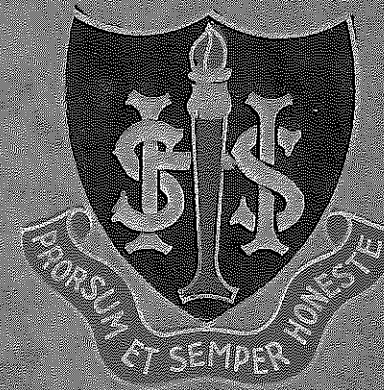


The Northern Churinga



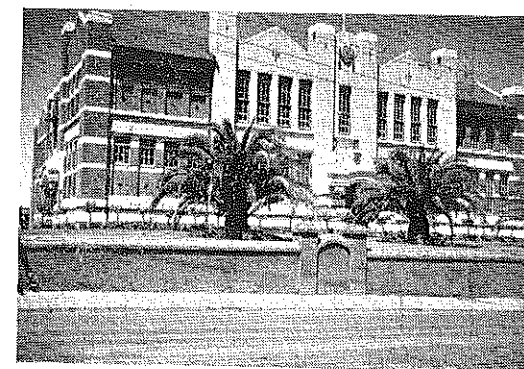
November, 1942

Launceston High School Magazine

VOLUME, XXXI



The Northern Churinga



EDITORIAL

This past year has been another of sorrows, of tragedies, of horrors—in other words, of war. Our men are fighting and struggling and dying under appalling conditions — conditions we could never imagine. We gather some idea of the ghastliness of these from talks, books and newsreels, but we cannot put ourselves in their place and live, or struggle to live, as they. We learn of their endurance and tenacity; how they eat sand and flies mixed up in their tinned food, swelter all day in blazing heat and yet wake frozen and drenched in the morning; how they force their way through jungle, up to their thighs in mud and slush, one minute in terrific heat, the next in a deluge of rain. Yet, through all the danger, hardship and misery, they still have heart enough to give a Digger grin.

And so it is with all men of all services—soldiers, sailors, airmen—all pulling their weight. They live precariously, not from year to year or day to day, but from second to second. Still they smile.

I have been telling you this, that you know only too well, so that you may have these men and boys in mind. I once read, if we wish to make a new world, we have all the material ready—the first one was made out of chaos. It is we, here at school, who have the heavy and honoured task of making from a world of strife, confusion, hatred, madness, a world of peace. For all the devastating effects of these past years of war, it is still a beautiful world whose future rests in our hands.

So, when we realise this, we must feel the urge to equip ourselves for the task ahead. We must work steadily, for at school we cement our character and form the foundation on which to build our life. It is not only our lives, but the lives of thousands of others which depend upon this foundation. It is our duty to make ourselves worthy of those dying for us every day and strong enough to bring about a new order in a new world. Cecil Roberts proclaims:

"They now affirm their faith with matchless deed,
Roar through the clouds, in lonely battle give
The splendour of their youth—that we might live!"
Shall these, our gallant men, die in vain? It is to you I put the question and with you lies the answer.

B.H.

SUB-EDITORIAL

People say education for everyone is imperative for democratic principles to succeed fully. But the dictators have found this equally imperative for Nazism to succeed. They have educated their subjects very thoroughly, this education consisting mainly of training everyone to believe blindly, that democracy is useless. They have laid down a set of principles and rigidly forced them into the people's minds.

This kind of education is what democratic countries ought most avoid. Anyone has the right to develop himself as he wishes, provided he does not harm others. If anything prevents him from doing this, the state is failing. As democracy aims at conditions where everyone can live as he wishes, its educational system must not attempt to train its people into believing any particular philosophy of politics or life, must not try to mould their reasoning powers, nor guide them towards a virtuous life. For if it attempts to do these things, it necessarily forces on its pupils the teacher's ideas and there we have the dictators' principles of education. Instead, democratic education should try to nurture everyone's individual genius, in the true hope that this genius is, if unsuppressed, both virtuous and reasonable.

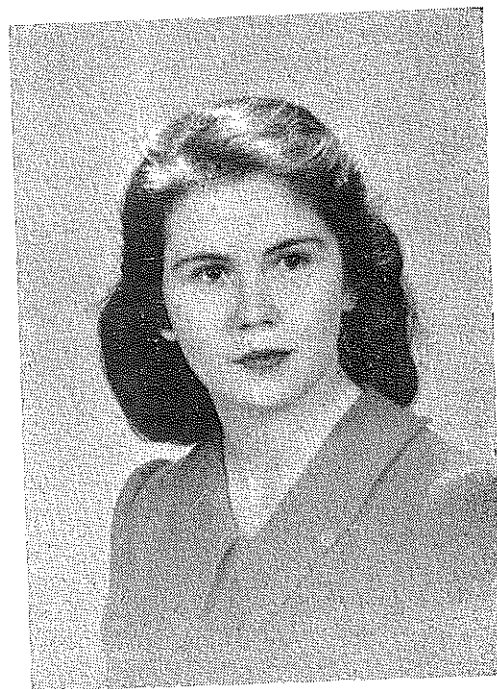
An education system fails very badly as a democratic one if it fills us with the ideas of others, rather than helping us develop our own and worst of all, so impresses us with the necessity of preparing for an inevitable train of hardships and unhappiness that we wearily agree in the end, that life is bitter and troublesome. Is there a greater evil than this?

We do not need to prepare ourselves for future calamities, for our own individual power of being happy will be our greatest, our only lasting strength. Men do not live for unhappiness and wretchedness, but for joy and delight and the more conscious of this they become, the more strength they will have.

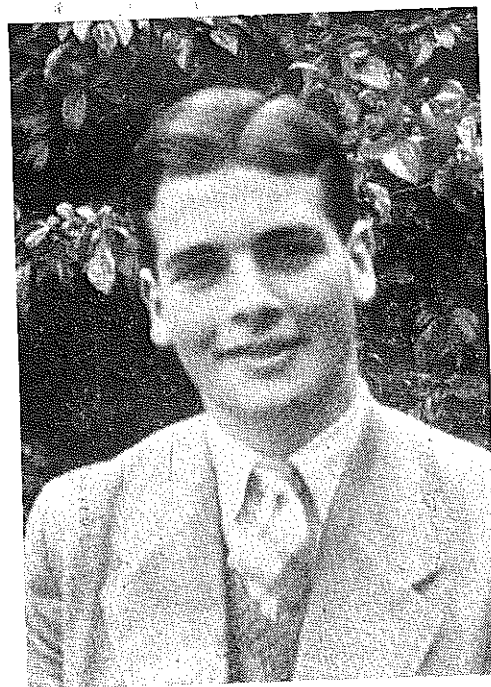
B.E.



JOAN SCOTT
Best Leaving Pass, Girls, 1941



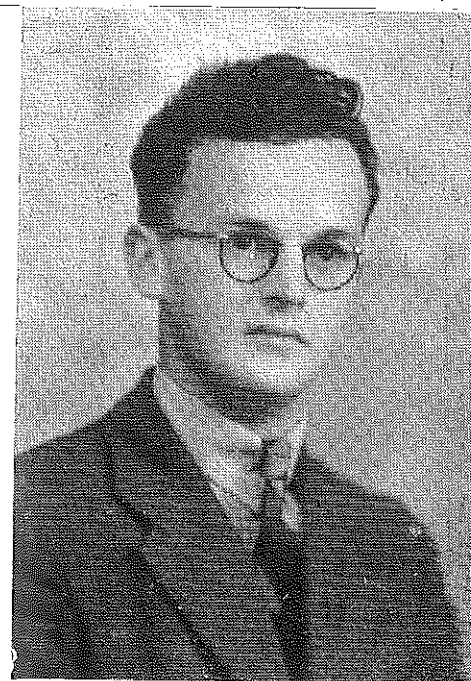
GLORIA RAINBOW
Best Pass, Girls, School Certificate Examination, 1941



BRIAN HAMILTON
Best Leaving Pass, Boys, 1941



BESSIE BOAG
Best Pass, Girls, School Certificate Examination, 1941



BRIAN EASTERBROOK
Best Pass, Boys, School Certificate Examination, 1941

WHO'S WHO!

Principal — Mr. W. C. Morris, B.A. (Senior Geography and Mathematics).

Staff—Misses B. Layh, B.A., Diplome d'Etudes Francaises, Diplome de Phonetique Francaise (Senior French); J. Blyth, B.A. (Physiology, Geography); L. A. Russell, B.A. (English, French); F. M. Aplin, Certificate Francaise (French); M. Horsfall, B.A. (Mathematics); J. Richardson, B.Sc. (Science, Mathematics, Music); C. Limb, Dip. Phys. Ed. (Physical Education); E. W. Cornell (Art); B. Blackwell (Shorthand, Commerce, Geography); L. Paul, B.A. (English, History, Latin); M. Ritchie, B.A. (French, English); H. F. Deane, Secretary (Shorthand); V. Herbert, Clerk; L. Sample (Needlework); Mesdames B. V. Mackenzie, B.A. (Mathematics, English); V. M. Edwards, B.A. (English, Mathematics); V. C. Bickford, B.A. (Mathematics, Latin); L. Bramich (Domestic Science).

Messrs. J. R. Orchard, M.A. (Senior Latin, History); T. E. Doe, B.Sc. (Senior Science); B. C. Brook, B.A. (Senior English); H. J. Moses, B.Com. (Senior Commerce and Economics); S. R. Harvey, B.Sc. (Science, Mathematics); J. K. Lynch, B.Sc. (Mathematics, Science); E. Norton (Science, Mathematics).

Senior Prefects.—Joan Wilkinson, Brian Booth.

Prefects.—Noreen Miller, Theo. Box, Beth. Bartlett, David Hunt, Shirley Edwards, Lindsay Dwyer, Bruce Furnage, Biddy von Stieglitz, Colin Parker, Les. Petterson, Marian Spotswood, Noel Atkins, Jean Dobbinson, Fiona Morris, Bonny Davidson, Max Burke, Gwen. Beattie, Meg. Green.

House Captains.—Arthur: Les. Petterson, M. Spotswood; Franklin: Bruce Furnage, B. von Stieglitz; Sorell: A. Gough, B. Davidson. Wilmot: N. Atkins, B. Bartlett.

Sports Monitors.—B. Bartlett, N. Atkins.

Captains of Tennis.—Girls: Beth. Bartlett; Coach,

Miss Deane. Boys: G. Smith; Coach, Mr. Orchard.
Captain of Hockey.—J. Wilkinson; Coach, Miss Blythe.

Captain of Basketball.—B. Davidson; Coach, Miss Paul.

Captain of Cricket.—K. Hogan; Coach, Mr. Moses.

Captain of Football.—B. Booth; Coach, Mr. Moses.

Captain of Stroke Crew.—C. Parker; Coach, Mr. Chandler.

Sports Mistress.—Miss C. Limb.

Sports Master.—H. J. Moses.

Opera Producer.—H. J. Moses.

Magazine Editors.—Brian Easterbrook, Barbara Hamilton.

Library Supervisor.—Miss J. Blyth.

Senior Monitors.—A Class Committee: K. Jordan, B. Spotswood, J. Smith, I. Westell. B, Betty Chapman, Fred Gilbert. C1, Joan Davey, Philip Wood. C2, Edith Robinson, Rex Woodworth. C3, Helen Hensby. D1, Barbara Gilham, Bruce Rose. D2, Pat Rose, Ken. Davis. D3, Diane Goodger, Barney Mace. D4, Valda Whitford. E1, Don. Beauchamp. E2, Peggy Williams. E3, Elaine Stevens, John Trudgian. E4, Keitha Baker.

LEAVING EXAMINATION, DECEMBER, 1941

Mollie Blackburn—3HP, 2LP.

Ray Boden—2H, 6L.

Blannin Bryan—3H, 3L.

Pat Coe—1C, 1H, 3L.

Jean Dobbinson—2C, 2H, 3L.

Des Ellis—5C, 3H.

Mavis Green—1C, 5H, 1L.

Brian Hamilton—6C, 2H. Best Pass Northern High Schools.

David Ingles—1C, 3H, 4L.

Philip McFarlane—2C, 4H.

Betty Pinel—1C, 3H, 1L.

Joan Scott—4C, 2H.

Chris Spotswood—1C, 5H, 1L.

Betty Sullivan—1C, 4H, 1L.

Mavis White—1C, 4H, 2L.

Pat Wood—5H, 1L.

LEAVING EXAMINATION, 1st TERM, 1942

Isobel Kerrison—1C, 4H, 1L.

Glory Oliver—4H, 2L.

Vida Parker—3H, 2L.

SCHOLARSHIPS

Science:

Des Ellis, 8th.

General:

Brian Hamilton, 11th.

Des Ellis, 13th.

Sir Philip Fysh Scholarship:

Brian Hamilton, 2nd.

Gilchrist Watt Scholarship:

Jean Dobbinson, 1st.

Tasmanian Scholarship:

Des Ellis.

PRIZES

Federal Institute of Accountants' Prize:

Brian Hamilton, 1st.

General Pau French Prize:

Pat Coe.

Commonwealth Institute of Accountants' Prize:

Brian Hamilton.

Recommended for Prizes:

Brian Hamilton for Geography and Commerce.

Jean Dobbinson for Latin.

SPEECH NIGHT

The Speech Night of 1941 was held at the end of the year in the Albert Hall in the presence of the Director of Education, Mr. G. V. Brooks, who addressed the gathering. Also the late Major T. H. Davies gave a speech and presented the School prizes and certificates. The Principal, Mr. Morris, gave the annual report on the achievements and activities of the School.

The School Choir, conducted by Mr. T. E. Doe, rendered four numbers delightfully. These were: "Passing By," "She Walks in Beauty," "Fairy Song" and "Wassail Song." Bonnie Mayer, now in Melbourne, played the overture, "Hexentanz." Two old scholars, Miss Gwen Lawson and Mr. A. Rutland, gave a number of items. Soprano-voiced Miss Lawson sang "A Blackbird Singing" and "Waters of Minnetonka." Mr. Rutland, on the cello, played three compositions, "Poeme," "Lullaby" and "Valse Triste." Usually a part of the opera is reproduced, but as Sir Ernest Clarke was expected to attend, this entertainment was not arranged. The Governor was regrettably unable to attend. The School was again indebted to the organist, Mr. Gee and to our pianist, Miss Pat Rose.

PRIZE LIST

Duces.—A Class (girls), Joan Scott; (boys), Desmond Ellis; B1. (girls), Shirley Edwards; (boys), Ian Westell; B2, Joan Jansson; C1, Montague Towns; C2, Kenneth Padman; C3, Beverley Rumney; D1, Joan Davey; D2, Barbara McEnnulty; D3, Nancy Shelton; E1, Mary Bridges; E2, Audrey Hudson; E3, Robert Sharman; E4, Marguerite Westley; E5, Gwen Street.

Prize for General Merit.—(girls), Glory Oliver; (boys), Christopher Spotswood.

Best Pass, Leaving, 1940—(girls), Corrie Harvey; (boys), Stanley Bennett.

Prize for English, A Class, 1940—Hugh Campbell. Best Pass, School Certificate Exam, 1941—(girls), Bessie Boag, Gloria Rainbow; (boys), Brian Easterbrook.

Best Pass in Chemistry, Leaving, 1940—Desmond Ellis; School Certificate Exam, Brian Easterbrook. English Language and Literature, B. Class—Shirley Edwards.

Prizes for Cookery—Class C, Loris Richards; Class D, Heather Haworth; Class E, Gwen Street.

Prize for Special Services to the School—Alan Stubs. French Prize, A Class—Audrey Hill. School Accompanist—Bonnie Mayer.

SECONDARY SCHOOLS' CERTIFICATE EXAMINATION, 1941

	Cr.	P.
Doreen Andrew	—	7
Peggy Andrews	1	5
Douglas Angus	1	5
Noel Atkins	5	4
Mona Badcock	—	7
Joan Baker	1	7
Lewis Bardenhagen	2	4
Elizabeth Bartlett	6	3
Bessie Boag	8	1
Glenda Brown	2	7
Ian Buckingham	—	6
Monica Cameron	—	9
Des. Camm	1	6
Caithleen Campbell	1	6
Claire Campbell	3	6

	Cr.	P.
Robert Campbell	6	3
Terence Casbault	—	8
Laura Carroll	1	6
Nellie Cartledge	—	6
Betty Chapman	3	5
Mollie Chick	3	5
Zetta Cocker	—	6
Joy Coltheart	2	6
Fay Cullen	1	7
Joan Curtis	1	5
Joy Dennis	—	6
Jack Dean	—	9
Allan Dennis	1	5
Clover Edwards	3	6
Brian Easterbrook	7	2
Jean Graham	1	5
Robert Gunton	3	5
Nalla Goldsworthy	—	6
Fred. Gilbert	4	5
Jean Harding	—	6
Ken. Hogan	1	6
Barbara Hamilton	4	5
Allan Johnston	1	5
Kath. Johnston	4	5
Freida Jarritt	1	5
Norma Jansson	5	4
Betty Kerrison	—	6
Ray Kelly	—	7
James Kemp	1	6
Clarence Kent	—	8
Winston Little	—	7
Nellie Leslie	—	7
Osma Lanham	1	6
Nancy Luttrell	—	8
Peggy Musson	—	7
Dawn Moss	—	8
Joan Ogilvie	3	6
John Padman	3	6
Mary Pinel	3	6
Eileen Philp	2	6
Geoff. Panton	—	6
Ken. Padman	7	2
Joan Roach	—	6
Trevor Rodger	1	6
Gloria Rainbow	8	1
Beverley Rumney	4	5
Loris Richards	3	6
Harry Styles	—	6
Nellie Sharman	—	6
Graham Simpson	—	8
Hilton Swain	2	7
Montagu Towns	7	2
Ethel Tucker	6	3
John Tomlinson	2	4
Nella Thomas	—	6
Geoff. Woolnough	—	7
Jacqueline Westley	2	4
John Wathen	1	6
Nellie Walker	2	6
Daune Whiteway	3	5
Hilma Wright	2	7
Brian Waters	3	6

DUCES, MIDDLE TERM

A. Jean Dobbinson	76.7%
B1. Ken Padman	78.6%
B2. Loris Richards	86.5%
C1. Dorothy Long	81.6%
C2. Barbara McEnnulty	85.8%

C3. Vera Box	70.7%
D1. Audrey Hudson	79.3%
D2. Betty Halligan	74%
D3. Marguerite Westley	84.9%
D4. Wilma Lay	71.6%
E1. Thomas Bailey	81.1%
E2. Kay Britcliffe	81.1%
E3. Geva McCormack	82.25%
E4. Avis Brown	76%

HOUSE NOTES

ARTHUR HOUSE

Arthur started this year with Mr. Orchard as House Master. Mr. Orchard is replacing Mr. Moses who was House Master until his appointment as Sports Master. Les Petterson was once more elected House Captain with Theo Box, Kevin Febey and Doug. Angus on the Committee.

We started badly with the swimming carnival, gaining fourth place. However, at the sports, we led all the way and the points gained there, together with those gained at the swimming carnival, helped make us top house. Les Petterson tied for the School Championship and championships were also won by K. Cox and P. Ockerby, both of Arthur. Arthur's total was also built up by "A" Grade football matches in which we were very successful.

Les Petterson, Theo Box and Doug. Angus represent Arthur in the first cricket and football teams.

The house social was a great success, several new games being introduced which helped give more variety.

WILMOT HOUSE

At the beginning of the year Merv Hill was elected House Captain and David Ingles Vice. When these two leaders left, another meeting was held and Noel Atkins was elected House Captain and Max Burke Vice. Because there were many of the big boys in the Firsts, Wilmot "A" and "B" Grades suffered and they were not very successful in the Grade Competitions. The members of the House were very keen and entered in many events, both in the swimming and athletic sports. We were second in the swimming and Max Rees gained the most points for Wilmot. At the athletic sports we again managed to record a second. Colin Parker, Max Burke and Noel Atkins were the best runners for the House. Those in the teams were:

Football.—M. Burke, M. Rees, N. Atkins (vice-capt.), D. Hunt, D. Brown.

Cricket.—M. Burke, M. Rees, N. Atkins, M. Hill. With Max Burke as M.C., we had a very successful and enjoyable social. All the members of Wilmot House would like to thank Mr. Townsley (now lieutenant in camp), Mr. Harvey and Mr. Norton for their very helpful suggestions.

SORELL HOUSE

At the first meeting called this year, Alan Gough was elected House Captain and Ken Hogan Secretary. When these two left during the year, another meeting was called and Lindsay Dwyer and Ian Westell were elected to fill these positions. The "A" and "B" Grade football teams had many good players who scored well in the matches.

All members of the House have shown an interest in promoting ideas beneficial for the School, one example being the present rule, setting aside certain afternoons for separate classes playing football in the yard. We had many entrants in the athletic sports in which we came third, several runners securing

many points. Soresell has also been well represented in the teams: Ian Westell, Geoff Hinds, Lindsay Dwyer, Geoff Martin, Vic Watkins, and Bob Campbell and Brian Irvine in the tennis team. We did very well in the swimming carnival, coming first and our best swimmers were Alan Gough and Scott Clark.

We had a successful, well-organised social, but all the socials still need a little original organisation. We have been highly appreciative of the suggestions and aid given by our House Master, Mr. Doe.

FRANKLIN HOUSE

Bruce Furnage was elected House Captain for this year. Brian Booth, a member of the House, is head prefect and also captain of the football and cricket teams.

At the athletic sports, held during the first term, we managed to obtain fourth place, whilst at the swimming carnival, held earlier in the year, we obtained third position.

The house social was, as in past years, a credit to the members of the Committee and all concerned in the arrangements.

This year six Franklin members secured positions in the football team, five in the cricket team, two in the tennis team and one in the first crew. These are the boys:

B. Booth (captain football and cricket), B. Furnage (first crew), G. Smith (football and captain of tennis), B. Cretney (tennis), K. Arnold (football and cricket), K. Badcock (football and cricket), R. Barnett (football), K. Walker (football and cricket).

Last term we secured second position in the House Competitions. This was due mainly to the "A" Grade football team, which won all its matches against the other houses. Mr. Brook is House Master again this year and we appreciate the time and work he put into House affairs.

CRICKET, 1941-1942

At the beginning of last season, K. Hogan was elected captain, with B. Booth as vice-captain.

No matches were played either against Hobart or Devonport, but in the few practice matches we had against Grammar, we were successful.

B. Booth, L. Dwyer, H. Badcock and G. Martin, this season have proved themselves successful with the "A" Grade Association.

This year Mr. Moses has been our coach.

HOCKEY NOTES

This year the hockey team did not have a very good season. Many Wednesdays were lost because of the soaking condition of the ground. However, we got in quite a lot of hard practice besides sports afternoons. Unfortunately, we had no inter-school match with Hobart High as a climax to the season. This was because of difficulties raised by the war.

Our practice served us well on Saturday afternoons when we played matches with several Launceston teams such as M.L.C., East Launceston, Patons & Baldwins, and Apex. We did not always win, but the team as a whole definitely improved towards the end of the season.

Joan Wilkinson was again elected captain with Mal Spotswood as vice-captain. The rest of the team are—Pat Rose, Yvonne Spotswood, Melba Thomas, Peggy Grimham, Bessie Boag, Margaret Ranson, Noreen Miller, Jean Dobbinson and Dulcie Alcock.

GIRLS' TENNIS NOTES

At the beginning of the season, Beth Bartlett was elected captain and Marion Spottswood vice-captain. The team is as follows—Beth Bartlett (capt.), Marion Spottswood (vice-capt.), Betty Chapman, Norma Janson, Margaret Ranson, June Mold and Beth Owens.

Owing to war restrictions we also were unable to compete in the inter-High School State Premiership. We had entered two teams to play in the Summer Pennants, but owing to insufficient entries from other schools, the Pennants were cancelled. This was very disappointing as we had great hopes of carrying off the Shield. Throughout the season, the team has practiced enthusiastically and steadily.

The team is grateful to Miss Deane who has given up much of her valuable time in coaching us.

TENNIS

With the commencement of the 1942 season, the team settled down to serious practice with the hope of attaining the State Premiership. Although we were unfortunate in losing the services of our former coach, Mr. H. Moses, we welcomed as our new coach Mr. J. R. Orchard, who was transferred from the Devonport High School.

At the beginning of the season Graeme Smith was elected captain and Bob Cretney, vice-captain. The team is as follows:—

1. G. Smith (Capt.)—Powerful and effective player, with good strokes all round. Inspires his team with confidence.
2. R. Cretney (Vice-Capt.)—Strong, forceful player, with good execution of his strokes.
3. M. Columbine.—Very promising player, but service and backhand needs a little more attention.
4. B. Irvine.—Has good style and should eventually be a strong player.
5. M. Jansson.—Steady and earnest player, makes good strokes. For a young player, has bright prospects.
6. R. Campbell.—Medium standard, but needs more practice and experience.

Emergencies.—A. Butcher and L. Bardenhagen.

It was most regrettable that owing to circumstances placed upon us by the war restrictions, we were unable to compete in the Inter-High School State Premiership. Our possibilities of carrying off the title were very bright as the standard of the team was high.

However, we were able to secure a match with St. Patrick's College, which we won very comfortably, losing only one rubber. We hope to secure further matches before the Christmas vacation.

BASKET-BALL NOTES

We were particularly unfortunate in losing all but two of our last year's strong team. At the beginning of the season Bonnie Davidson was elected captain. Owing to the enthusiasm of our coach, Miss Paul and the new members, we have put up a good performance. In the N.T.W.B.B.A. roster, owing to the weather, we have not been able to complete the matches. The girls, however, have played well in these matches, having only been defeated by one team.

It was unfortunate that this year we were not able to play the customary match against Hobart. The team includes Bonnie Davidson (capt.), Barbara McEnnulty, Shirley Maurice, Vera Box, Fay Cullen, Beth Bartlett and Norma Statton with Vilma Lay and Betty Spottswood as emergencies.

During the season we have played several matches with other secondary schools, but we were not very successful in these matches.

The Seconds, with Betty Spottswood as captain, have done very well in the "B" Grade roster.

Miss Paul has coached the teams this year and it is due to her interest and enthusiasm that we have done so well. The teams wish to thank her for her excellent coaching and the great interest she has shown.

ROWING NOTES

This year, the rowing is again being continued under the able supervision of Mr. Doe, and as coach, we again have Mr. Chandler, who is now in the R.A.A.F. The rowers are all exceedingly grateful to them for the time and effort which they placed at our disposal. During the year we challenged Hobart to race for the Clark Shield and our rowers were already training when they refused to accept the offer. However, next year, the race for the final possession of the Clark Shield is to be rowed. During the year the School has procured a new set of oars and we hope that in the future, extra facilities will be provided. The crews are:—

Firsts—Atkinson (bow), Sutton (2), Furnage (3), Parker (stroke), Tudor (cox.).
Seconds—Wivell (bow), Scott (2), Stocks (3), Dean (stroke), Acheson (cox.).

FOOTBALL NOTES, 1942

- B. BOOTH (captain).—An excellent centre man, beautiful high mark and long kick. Has proved himself one of the best junior footballers in Tasmania.
- N. ATKINS (vice-captain).—A consistent rover who helps forwards to get many goals. Excellent mark and kicks either foot well.
- L. DWYER.—High-flying full back, sound judgement and a beautiful kick on the run. A first-class footballer.
- M. BURKE.—A brilliantly clever rover and full forward, fast and exceptionally evasive. Excellent high mark for his inches.
- I. WESTELL.—A tall follower, an exceptionally high mark. Unchallenged in junior football for superiority in ruck.
- G. SMITH.—A solid centre half-back who clears the back line very vigorously. A very reliable mark.
- M. REES.—A very cool and brainy footballer. At centre half-forward he marks and kicks excellently, but roams too much.
- L. PETTERSON.—A wing player of promise. Plenty of pace, good mark and handles the ball very cleverly.
- D. HUNT.—A fearless half-back who plays with plenty of dash and determination.
- K. WALKER.—Wing. An excellent ground player, with remarkable speed, but marking is faulty.
- G. HINDS.—A solid half-back of the tear-through type. Knocks out well, but kicking is weak.
- F. ATKINSON.—A very reliable pocket back who eludes opponents with a tricky left foot turn.
- D. ANGUS.—Ruck. A good high mark and long kick. Does not use weight or pace to advantage.
- R. BARNETT.—A dashing follower and half-back. Has plenty of pace, but kicking on the run is very weak.
- D. BROWN.—At pocket back he marks and clears well, but a little slow off the mark.

T. BOX.—A very tall follower who taps well to rover, but has a poor knowledge of the game.

G. MARTIN.—Although the smallest man in the side, he is a very good mark and kick and should develop into a neat player.

V. WATKINS.—A dashing half-forward who should develop into a very fast and tricky rover.

K. BADCOCK.—Pocket forward. Good mark and excellent position player but slow in kicking.

M. COLUMBINE.—At half-forward is a good mark and kick, but should get rid of ball more quickly.

R. WOODWORTH.—A good mark and kick, but often does some erratic things.

K. ARNOLD.—Long kick and fair ground player, but is far too slow.

R. STEVENS.—Excellent mark and kick, but not nearly decisive enough in his play.

This season we were very unfortunate in not procuring games with Hobart or Devonport, but towards the end of the season we played the premiers and runners-up of the Hobart Old Boys' Association. The first match against South-East was very exciting and throughout the game there was not more than a goal separating the two teams. About two minutes to go South-East were leading by one point, but Atkins procuring the ball in the centre, passed to Westell who, with a long kick, picked out Booth. Booth, with a magnificent goal, clinched the match.

Final scores: High School, 5 goals 8 behinds; South-East, 4 goals, 9 behinds.

Best players: Burke, Booth, Atkins, Dwyer, Westell and Petterson.

Goal-kickers: Booth (2), Atkins (2), Watkins and Rees (1).

A week later we played North-West and defeated them fairly comfortably. Although the game was very rough, our side combined well to provide some really good football. Les Petterson, who handled the ball extremely well, was the most improved player and he was never beaten.

Scores: High School, 6 goals 11 behinds. North-West, 1 goal 4 behinds.

Best players: Atkins, Dwyer, Booth, Rees, Westell and Petterson.

The team for 1942 was the best for the last seven or eight years and we would all like to express our appreciation of the fine coaching given to us by Mr. Moses. During the season we played thirteen matches and lost one at the beginning of the season. Of the 109 goals kicked during the season, Burke kicked 23, Westell 24, Atkins 27, Rees 19 and Badcock 14.

THE ATHLETIC SPORTS

This year so that the School might participate in the State air-raid practice of the Wednesday, the School Sports were held at the Cricket Ground on Thursday and Friday, 9th and 10th April. There were numerous entrants in the many events and there promised to be much spirited competition indeed. The Thursday was quite warm, but that did not interfere with the standard of the running, which was quite high. Much enthusiasm and attention was devoted to the sports—even more than previously, for this year, on account of the war, there were no inter-school sports. The war, however, did not interfere with the amount of ribbon that was sported, for on the contrary, there was even more worn than ever before. The bright flashing reds, greens, purples and gold compelled the many pedestrians in the streets of Launceston to stop and stare.

Nevertheless, neither this nor the promise of good running seemed to attract many of the parents, even though there were more than last year. We would still like to see many more of the parents taking an active interest in the sports; a good attendance does wonders to the spirit of the thing. The races commenced promptly at 1 p.m. and before the day was out, two records were broken. These were the Kicking the Football, which R. Stevens (S.) broke by 3 yards by reaching a distance of 57 yards and the under-13 High Jump, which G. Waugh (W.) won, creating the new record of 4 ft. 4 in., whereas previously it had been 3 ft. 11½ in.

SPORTS CHAMPIONS

Open, Boys.—Les Petterson and Colin Parker (aeq.); Girls.—Peggy Williams.

Under 15, Boys.—Kelvin Cox; Girls.—Patsy McEnnulty.

Under 13, Boys.—Peter Ockerby; Girls.—Marjorie Wilson.

BOYS

OPEN CHAMPIONSHIP

100 Yards.—B. Booth (F.), 1; G. Sutton (A.), 2; D. Angus (A.), 3.

220 Yards.—L. Petterson (A.), 1; B. Booth (F.), 2; C. Parker (W.), 3.

440 Yards.—L. Petterson (A.), 1; C. Parker (W.), 2; D. Angus (A.), 3.

880 Yards.—C. Parker (W.), 1; L. Petterson (A.), 2; M. Hill (W.), 3.

1 Mile.—C. Parker (W.), 1; L. Petterson (A.), 2; I. Westell (S.), 3.

High Jump.—C. Parker (W.), 1; J. Dean (F.), 2; L. Petterson (A.), 3.

Long Jump.—C. Parker (W.), 1; G. Sutton (A.), 2; J. Dean (F.), 3. Distance, 15 ft. 7½ ins.

Hop, Step and Jump.—L. Petterson (A.), 1; C. Parker (W.), 2; G. Sutton (A.), 3. Distance, 34 ft. 3½ ins.

HANDICAP

100 Yards.—M. Burke, 1; N. Atkins, 2; D. Hunt, 3.

220 Yards.—N. Atkins, 1; M. Burke, 2; I. Westell, 3.

440 Yards.—N. Atkins, 1; M. Burke, 2; K. Walker, 3.

880 Yards.—K. Febey, 1; I. Westell, 2; G. Hinds, 3.

1 Mile.—K. Febey, 1; F. Atkinson, 2; B. Waters, 3.

UNDER 15 CHAMPIONSHIP

100 Yards.—L. Bain (F.), 1; K. Cox (A.), 2; D. Wilson, 3.

220 Yards.—K. Cox (A.), 1; G. Martin (S.), 2; M. Rees (W.), 3.

440 Yards.—V. Watkins (S.), 1; K. Cox (A.), 2; G. Martin (S.), 3.

High Jump.—S. Clarke (S.) and M. Rees (W.), 1; G. Martin (S.), 3.

HANDICAP

100 Yards.—K. Barker, 1; D. Brown, 2; M. Columbine, 3.

220 Yards.—R. Gibbs, 1; M. Columbine, 2; K. Davis, 3.

440 Yards.—R. Gibbs, 1; P. Wood, 2; J. Weston, 3.

UNDER 13 CHAMPIONSHIP

75 Yards.—P. Ockerby (A.), 1; K. Caelli (F.), 2; D. Wivell (F.), 3.

100 Yards.—P. Ockerby (A.), 1; G. Verigan, 2; D. Wivell (F.), 3.

220 Yards.—P. Ockerby (A.), 1; K. Caelli (F.), 2; L. Killalea (S.), 3.

High Jump.—G. Waugh (W.), 1; D. Wivell (F.), 2; G. Vertigan (A.), P. Ockerby (A.) and D. Murray (S.), 3.

HANDICAP

75 Yards.—A. Crawford, 1; G. Smith, 2; F. Haigh, 3.
100 Yards.—A. Crawford, 1; G. Smith, 2; F. Haigh, 3.
220 Yards.—F. Haigh, 1; G. Smith, 2; A. Crawford, 3.

FIELD GAMES

Putting the Shot.—C. Parker (W.), 1; T. Box (A.), 2; K. Hogan (S.), 3. Distance, 27 ft., 9 ins.
Hurling the Discus.—T. Box (A.), 1; R. Stevens (S.), 2; C. Parker (W.), 3.

NOVELTIES

Kicking the Football.—R. Stevens (S.), 1; N. Atkins, 2; M. Burke (W.) and K. Hogan (S.), 3. Distance, 57 yds., 1 ft. (record).

Throwing the Cricket Ball.—N. Atkins (W.), 1; K. Hogan (S.), 2; M. Hill (W.), 3. Distance, 89 yds.

RELAYS

Junior.—Wilmot, 1; Sorell, 2; Arthur, 3.
Senior.—Wilmot, 1; Sorell, 2; Franklin, 3.
Mile Teams.—Wilmot, 1; Franklin, 2; Sorell, 3.
Tug-of-War.—Sorell, 1; Arthur, 2; Franklin, 3.

GIRLS

OPEN CHAMPIONSHIP

75 Yards.—P. Williams (A.), 1; B. McEnnulty (A.), 2; J. Lindsay (W.), 3.
100 Yards.—P. Williams (A.), 1; B. McEnnulty (A.), 2; F. Cullen (W.), 3.
High Jump.—J. Wilkinson (S.), 1; F. Cullen (W.), 2; P. Williams (A.), 3.

HANDICAPS

100 Yards.—N. Shelton (A.), 1; B. Davidson (S.), 2; P. Wright (A.), 3.
75 Yards.—N. Shelton (A.), 1; E. Robinson (F.), 2; B. Hall (A.), 3.

UNDER 15 CHAMPIONSHIP

75 Yards Skipping.—P. McEnnulty (A.), 1; N. Jansson (A.), 2; D. Brewer (W.), 3.
75 Yards.—P. Williams (A.), 1; J. Lindsay (W.), 2; P. Grinham (S.), 3.
100 Yards.—N. Jansson (A.), 1; P. McEnnulty (A.), 2; D. Brewer (W.), 3.

HANDICAPS

75 Yards.—G. Stevens (A.), 1; M. Joyce (F.), 2; M. Morgan (S.), 3.
100 Yards.—B. Gilham (F.), 1; N. Broomhall (A.), 2; Y. Spotswood (A.), 3.

UNDER 13 CHAMPIONSHIP

75 Yards.—J. Lancaster (S.), 1; M. Wilson (W.), 2; D. Lambert (W.), 3.
50 Yards.—J. Lancaster (S.), 1; D. Lambert (W.), 2; B. Badcock (A.), 3.
75 Yards Skipping.—M. Wilson (W.), 1; D. Lambert (W.), 2; J. Cookman (W.), 3.

High Jump.—B. Badcock (A.), 1; M. Wilson (W.), 2.

HANDICAPS

75 Yards.—V. Massey (S.), 1; B. Prince (F.), 2; L. Symthe (W.), 3.
100 Yards.—V. Massey (S.), 1; J. MacArthur (S.), 2; B. Addison (A.), 3.

NOVELTIES

Three-Legged Race.—P. Williams and B. McEnnulty (A.), 1; J. Lindsay and F. Cullen (W.), 2; N. Statton and B. Davidson (S.), 3.
Star Relay.—Wilmot, 1; Franklin, 2; Arthur, 3.

Arch and Straddle Relay.—Arthur, 1; Sorell, 2; Wilmot, 3.

Shooting for Goal.—F. Cullen (W.), 1; B. von Stieglitz (F.), 2; B. Spotswood (A.), 3.

Hockey Contest.—Franklin, 1; Sorell, 2; Arthur, 3.
Medicine Ball Contest.—Arthur, 1; Wilmot, 2; Sorell, 3.

RELAYS

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

SWIMMING CARNIVAL

Sorell won the Swimming Carnival this year, with Franklin second, Wilmot third and Arthur fourth. The Champions were:

Open, Girls.—Shirley Morice; Boys.—Robert Gunton.

Intermediate, Girls.—June Mold; Boys.—Scott Clark.

Junior, Girls.—Blanche Farrell; Boys.—Geoff. Smith.

BOYS' OPEN CHAMPIONSHIP

100 Yards Freestyle.—R. Gunton (F.), 1; A. Gough (S.), 2; M. Burke (W.), 3.
50 Yards Freestyle.—R. Gunton (F.), 1; A. Gough (S.), 2; M. Burke (W.), 3.
50 Yards Breaststroke.—R. Gunton (F.), 1; J. Padman (F.), 2; J. Dean (W.), 3.
25 Yards Backstroke.—R. Gunton (F.), 1; A. Gough (S.), 2; L. Petterson (A.), 3.
Dive.—R. Gunton (F.), 1; B. Waters (F.), 2; M. Burke (W.), 3.

HANDICAP

100 Yards.—I. Westell (S.), 1; N. Atkins (W.), 2; B. Waters (F.), 3.

UNDER 15 CHAMPIONSHIP

50 Yards.—M. Rees (W.), 1; S. Clarke (S.), 2; D. Airmite (A.), 3.
Dive.—S. Clarke (S.), 1; D. Tudor (A.), 2; B. Irvine (A.), 3.

HANDICAP

50 Yards.—P. von Stieglitz (F.), 1; T. Bradley (W.), 2; R. Goodger (S.), 3.

UNDER 13 CHAMPIONSHIP

25 Yards.—G. Smith (F.), 1; L. Killalea (S.), 2; G. Waugh (W.), 3.
Dive.—Vertigan (A.) and Rundle (F.), dead-heat
1; L. Killalea (S.), 3.

GIRLS' OPEN CHAMPIONSHIP

100 Yards Freestyle.—D. Long (S.), 1; S. Morris (W.), 2; W. Bell (W.), 3.
50 Yards Freestyle.—S. Morris (W.), 1; D. Long (S.), 2; M. Spotswood (A.), 3.
25 Yards Breaststroke.—S. Morris (W.), 1; D. Long (S.), 2; G. Statin (S.), 3.
Dive.—S. Morris (W.), 1; D. Long (S.), 2.

HANDICAP

50 Yards.—B. Davidson (S.), 1; V. Box (A.), 2; M. Green (A.), 3.

UNDER 15 CHAMPIONSHIP

50 Yards.—J. Mold (S.), 1; P. McEnnulty (A.), 2; P. Rose (A.), 3.
Dive.—J. Bertram (S.), 1; J. Mold and G. Wise, dead-heat, 2.

HANDICAPS

25 Yards.—N. Brown (S.), 1; N. James (F.), 2; D. Sturgess (S.), 3.
25 Yards.—A. Brown (W.), 1; J. Amos (S.), 2; M. Trezise (F.), 3.

UNDER 13 CHAMPIONSHIP

25 Yards.—B. Farrell (W.), 1; L. Roughley (F.), 2; M. Wilson (W.), 3.

TEAMS' RACES

Girls: Open.—Sorell, 1; Franklin, 2; Arthur, 3; Wilmot, 4.

Under 15.—Sorell, 1; Franklin, 2; Arthur, 3; Wilmot, 4.

Boys: Open.—Sorell, 1; Wilmot, 2; Arthur, 3; Franklin, 4.

Under 15.—Wilmot, 1; Sorell, 2; Arthur, 3; Franklin, 4.

Mixed Teams.—Franklin, 1; Sorell, 2; Wilmot, 3; Arthur, 4.

THE CADET CORPS, 1942

This year has seen our Cadet Corps firmly established and well disciplined. The cadets have received a thorough training in many military subjects under the officers. There are three senior officers from the Staff this year and two cadet lieutenants. Mr. Doe is O.C., Mr. Orchard, Second in Command and Mr. Moses, B. Booth and M. Burke, platoon commanders. There are three full platoons under instruction. No. 1 platoon is advanced training, No. 2 is signalling and No. 3 recruit training. All cadets show great interest in their work and are keen to learn.

Approximately a hundred cadets from the detachment attended the five-day camp at Easter. All cadets gained an idea of military life and conditions and at the same time received valuable training. During the June holidays, a camp lasting thirteen days was held for N.C.O.'s. Three officers and thirteen other ranks from our detachment attended. Instruction was received in modern war weapons and conditions. All who attended, benefitted greatly from this course, especially in the art of instruction. This is the first course of its kind that members from our detachment have attended and it is to be hoped that it is not the last.

At the beginning of the third term, an N.C.O.'s course was held under Sgt. Dix. Eight promotions to the rank of lance-corporal were made on the results of this course. Military training, if it only transforms a body of citizens into an organised fighting force, has achieved its purpose, but it does more than this. It teaches the man to obey orders without question and before a man can be a leader, he must learn to obey. It gives him an opportunity to learn something that will be of a benefit to his country later and it also provides for him an interesting hobby.

The Corps appreciates the time and work put into the preparation of training by the officers. Lieutenant Robinson, W.O. Holbrook and Sgt. Dix have also devoted much energy to the training of the Company. It is hoped that better equipment will soon become available for training purposes. All cadets have received uniforms and equipment, but the training is hampered to a certain extent because of the lack of modern equipment.

After waiting some time, Mr. Doe has his three stars at last, so that the Company has a fairly complete staff of officers now.

REPORTER.

KEYS TO PHOTOGRAPHS

"A" CLASS

Back Row (left to right).—N. Alcock, B. Harding, M. Avery, B. Davidson, M. Harvey, N. Gilham, M. Ransom, S. Edwards, G. Beattie, M. Spotswood, N. Miller, J. Dobbinson, W. Bell.

Middle Row.—F. Atkinson, J. Colbeck, L. Petterson, R. Barnett, B. Booth, K. Arnold, D. Frost, K.

Febey, G. Hinds, C. Parker, D. Hunt, L. Dwyer, R. Stevens, M. Burke.

Front Row.—M. Green, B. Furmage, B. von Stieglitz, R. Barnes, B. Spotswood, J. Smith, Mr. Brook ("A" Class teacher), K. Jordan, I. Westell, J. Wilkinson, T. Box, F. Morris, K. Walker.

PREFECTS

Front Row (left to right).—N. Miller, T. Box, B. Bartlett, B. Booth, Mr. Morris, J. Wilkinson, D. Hunt, G. Edwards, L. Dwyer.

Middle Row.—J. Dobbinson, N. Atkins, M. Spotswood, L. Petterson, C. Parker, B. von Stieglitz, B. Furmage.

Back Row.—F. Morris, B. Davidson, M. Burke, G. Beattie, M. Green.

BASKETBALL

(Left to Right).—B. Davidson (captain), B. McEnnulty, W. Layh, S. Morris, V. Box, N. Statton, B. Spotswood, B. Bartlett, F. Cullen.

HOCKEY

Back Row (left to right).—P. Rose, D. Alcock, Y. Spotswood, B. Boag, P. Grinham, N. Thomas.

Front Row.—M. Spotswood, M. Ransom, J. Wilkinson (captain), N. Miller, J. Dobbinson.

GIRLS' TENNIS

(Left to Right).—B. Bartlett (captain), M. Ransom, N. Jansson, M. Spotswood, B. Chapman, J. Mold, B. Owens.

BOYS' TENNIS

Front Row.—B. Irvine, M. Columbine, M. Jansson.
Back Row.—R. Campbell, G. Smith (captain), B. Cretney.

CREW

D. Tudor (cox.), C. Parker (captain), B. Furmage, G. Sutton, F. Atkinson.

FOOTBALL TEAM

Front Row.—G. Hinds, D. Angus, T. Box, B. Booth (captain), I. Westell, G. Smith, R. Barnett.

Middle Row.—M. Rees, K. Arnold, K. Walker, L. Dwyer, D. Hunt, L. Petterson, K. Badcock, M. Columbine.

Back Row.—G. Martin, D. Brown, N. Atkins, R. Woodworth, F. Atkinson, M. Burke, G. Watkins.

CRICKET

Front Row (left to right).—T. Box, D. Angus, B. Booth, K. Hogan (captain), M. Hill, K. Walker.

Back Row.—N. Atkins, M. Burke, L. Petterson, M. Rees, K. Badcock.

In Front.—G. Martin, K. Davis.

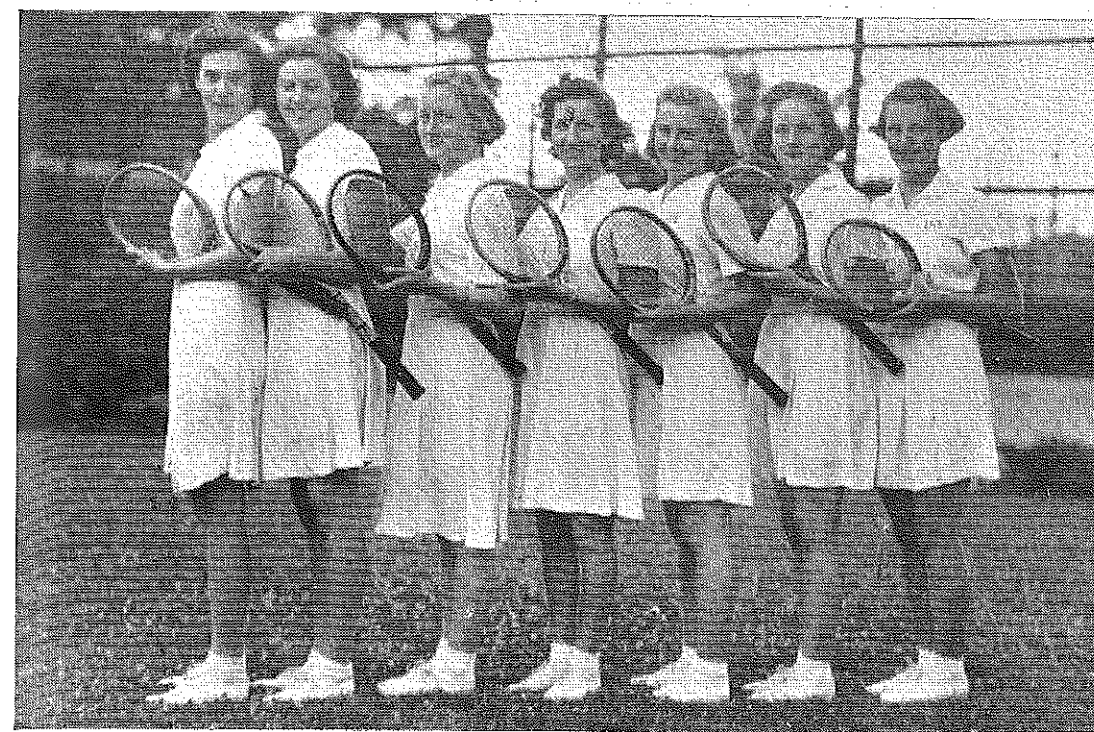




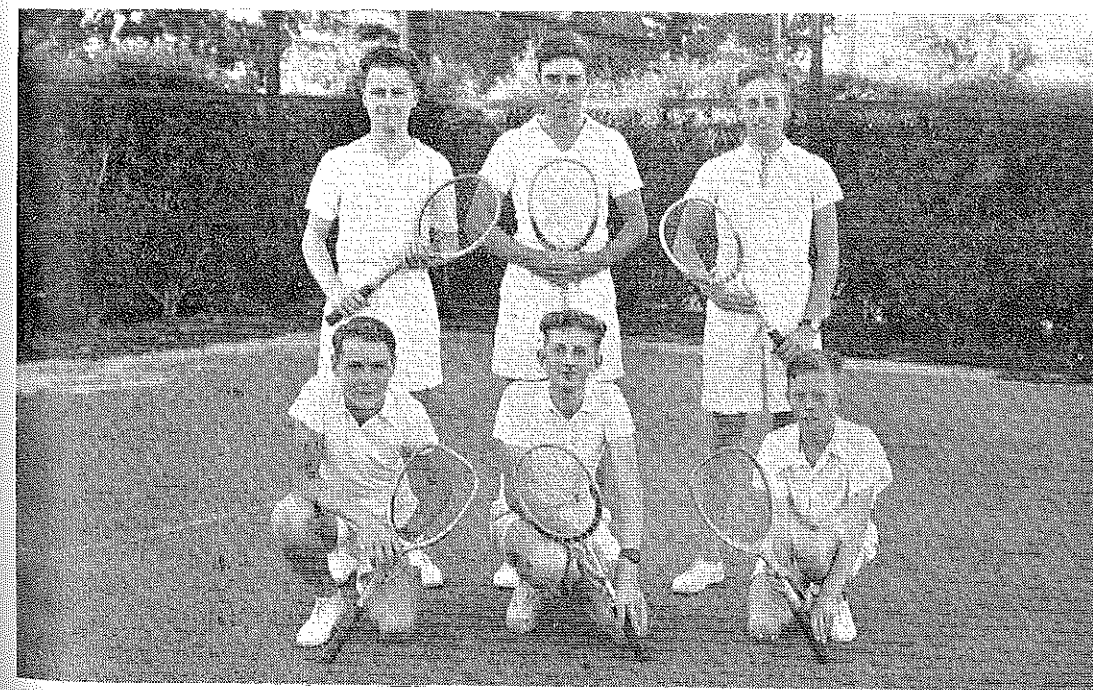
PREFECTS, 1942



A CLASS, 1942



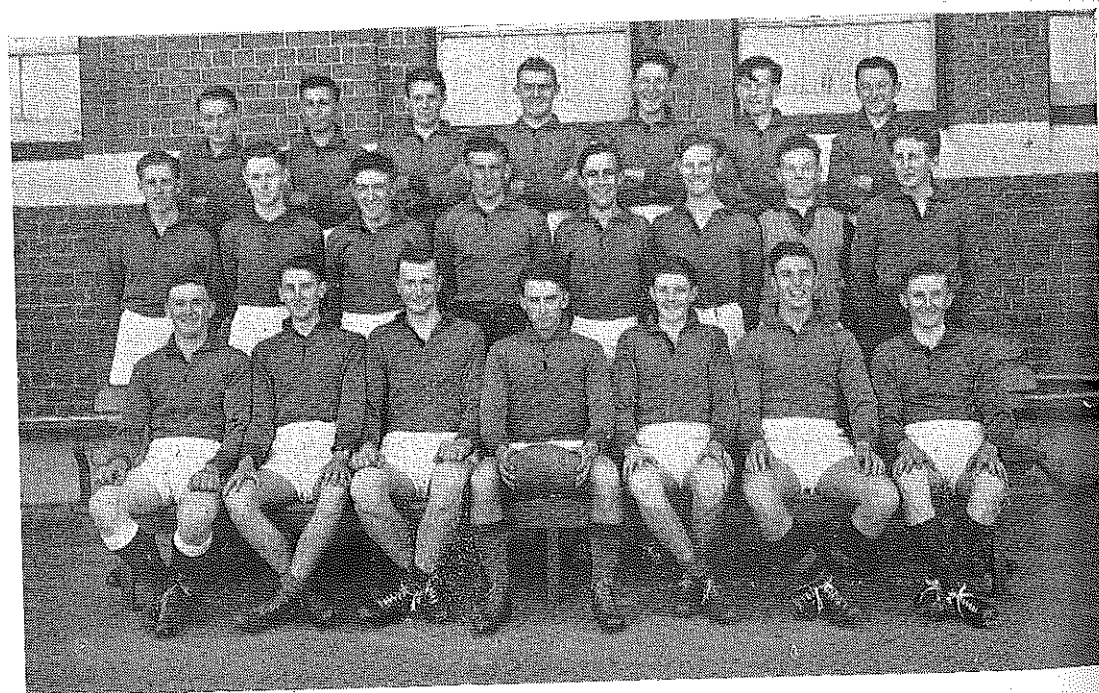
GIRLS' TENNIS TEAM, 1942



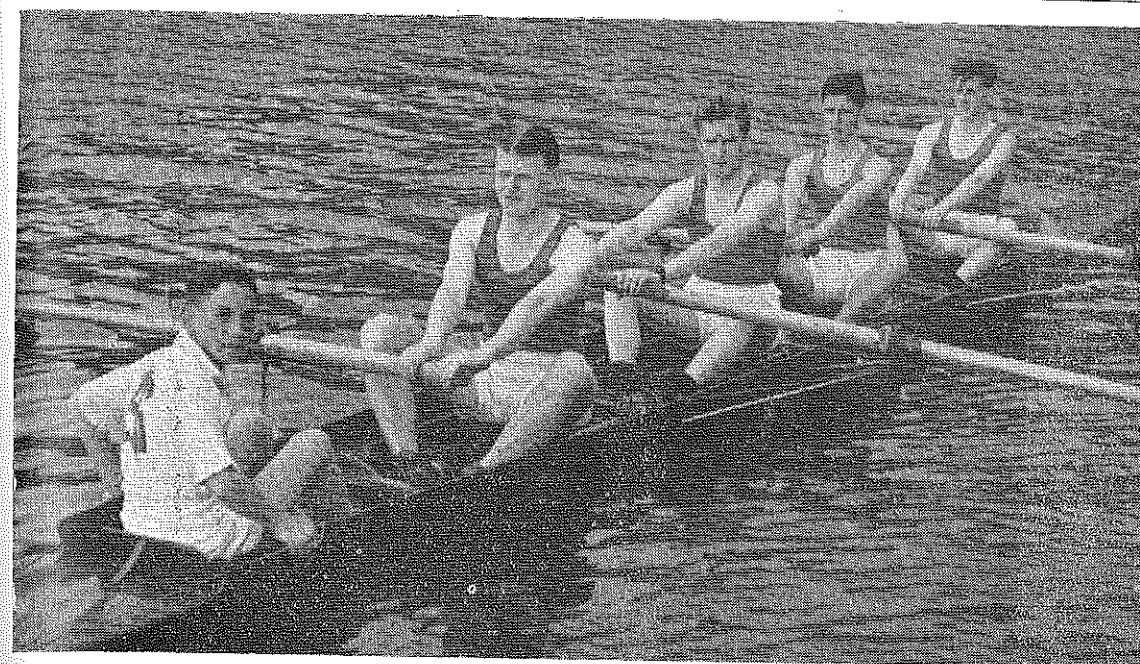
BOYS' TENNIS TEAM, 1942



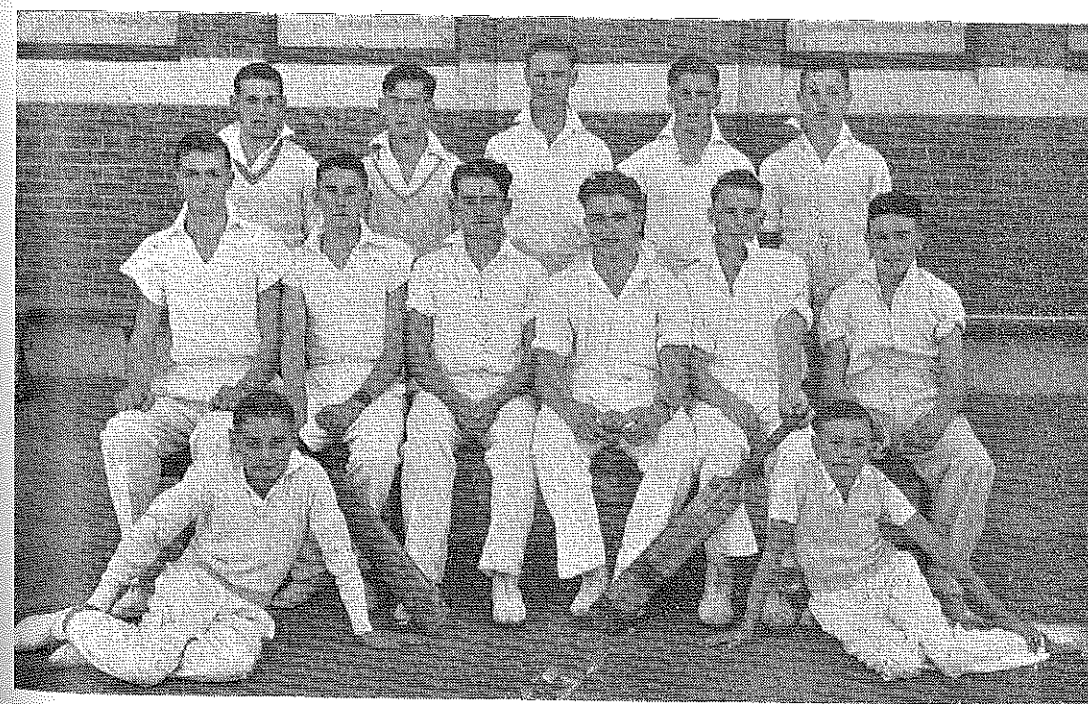
HOCKEY TEAM, 1942



FOOTBALL TEAM, 1942



SCHOOL CREW, 1942



CRICKET TEAM, 1942



BASKET BALL TEAM, 1942



"RUDDIGORE," 1942

THE OPERA

"What did you say, Mr. Moses?" I asked.
 "I said 'Ruddigore,'" said Mr. Moses.
 "Oh," I said, "for the moment I thought—"
 "Oh, no," interposed our genius quickly, "I said 'Ruddigore.' It's our G. and S. for this year."
 It was.

It came, rather late in the year, but when it came, it came—an immense success and excellent entertainment. The man behind it all was Mr. Moses, who performed what was looked upon as an almost impossible task, for he had a greater variety of tasks than any other teacher at School. In previous years there have been two producers, but this year there was only one, for Mr. Moses undertook both dramatic work and singing. The show itself is proof of his capability. Take a bow genius; we offer our congratulations.

All the way through, it was fun for everyone. Keep on reading and you'll get a few surprises. First, Mr. Moses chooses the opera, and then begins to change it, for in the script there crop up what to us are pointless references. Mr. Moses cuts these out, substituting topical remarks concerning W.A.A.F.'s, the R.C.F., Ruddigore Comforts Fund, and the Bishop's giving 22 coupons for a new wig, all of which, with the remark, "Hark, I smell the approach of Sir Despard—the skunk," were highlights of the show. Then Mr. Moses brightens up and cuts the dialogue, for in our School opera the acting is as important as the singing. He introduces new characters where he sees fit and livens up the finale.

Pencil in mouth, script in hands, our genius selects his characters, tries them out, and gives them miles of script to copy out. Lines in this script will gradually be changed, and the final script will be different from the first one. There is a saying going the rounds that the opera ends up always more Moses than G. and S.—a tribute to our genius' personality.

As Mr. Moses shows each character how to play his part, we gradually piece the story together. Mr. Moses tells us the opera opens with the chorus singing "Fair is Rose—", and three village maidens discussed the lack of men and marriage with old Dame Hannah, who tells them, in a solo, the legend of Ruddigore, whereby the Baronets of Ruddigore are to commit a crime a day or die in terrible torture because a 16th baronet had burned a witch at the stake. Then Rose enters and tells of her love for Robin Oakapple who later enters, but both are too shy to speak, and confide in each other in a charming duet.

Robin enlists the aid of Richard, lately returned from battle with "dagoes" in the Mediterranean, but while wooing Rose for Robin, Richard falls in love with her himself, to Robin's disappointment and Rose goes into a clinch with her book of etiquette.

Meanwhile, Richard comes upon Sir Despard, brother of Robin, and the present "bad baronet," and informs Sir Despard that Robin is alive. For Robin is actually Sir Ruthven disguised as Robin to avoid the curse. So Despard transfers the curse to Robin's shoulders and is free to marry Mad Margaret and run a Sunday school. Robin and his valet, Old Adam, pursue a life of crime, and Robin commissions Old Adam to carry off a lady for him. Then when Adam is gone, he refuses to commit the crime and his ghostly ancestors visit him and torture him till at last he gives in, only to find that the old "rag-bag" Adam

has carried off Dame Hannah, who draws a knife upon him. Robin calls for his Uncle Roderic, a ghost, who recognises Dame Hannah as his former lady love. They become reconciled.

The characters then engage in a merry mix-up, till a reconciliation comes when Robin, by a piece of adroit reasoning, proves that the baronets can die only a natural death and so can discard their daily crime. The chorus then begins singing, "Happy the Lily..."

Last night was the second night of the opera. It is all over now. We are waiting in the Hall to have our photograph taken. As we wait, we talk, and as we talk, we remember—remember Mr. Moses dragging the choir to the top notes and putting us actors through our paces.

The last fortnight of rehearsals was hectic. We remembered, changed and added lines, practiced new actions and fooled behind the scenes. Our genius tells us, "The show will go over." Ken Padman, as Old Adam, had a line, "The deed is done," which he said at every rehearsal. We other principals forced him to say, "The deed is did" on the nights. Both times the line got a laugh.

We had our clothes for the final dress rehearsal and all went well. The finale had a profusion of "Ha, ha's" and on the day before The Night, our genius had all of us add, "Globoilop it is." It was a suitable ending. We were dragged from our classes all hours of the day during rehearsals, lugging tons of script around. When we turned all that paper into the Salvage Department, we got a bonus.

Early on the nights of the show, we got to School to find that Mr. Moses was doing the make-up. We dabbed on grease from the cocoanut stick and applied Fuller's Earth and something called No. 5. The ghosts looked ghastly, Bob Gunton was as red as fire. One of the girls applied red make-up to a pair of lips, pressing heavily. The lips opened, the red stick disappeared. The red make-up on the girl's face turned green. Dobby came in and gave us her imitation of a chorus girl. Bessie frowned, but could get no wrinkles for Mr. Moses. Dave Hunt gave us his impression of the Hyde part of Dr. Jekyll. The grease paint smelt richly. Someone said, "It's five to eight."

Julie Tells the World.—The choir wore floral frocks with boleros and were very attractive and the whole frocking of the choir was an added pleasure, varying from Jean Dobbinson's bolero and starched, spreading skirt to Winona Bell's lavender and lace and Bessie Boag's torn rags. The ghosts wore evening suits and the costumes of lords. Bob Gunton had a sailor's costume, Ken Padman appeared first in black, then in gay colours, while Ian Westell and David Hunt wore Derby-day suits.

Accompaniste Pat Rose devoted much of her time to the opera, the performers' appreciation showing they realised her an invaluable prop. Miss Cornell and her Art Classes were responsible for the scenery, floral decorations and various illustrations that covered the walls.

Five minutes have gone and it is eight o'clock. The crowd is restless in the Hall. There comes a silence. The curtain begins to roll. The audience makes an audible quiet. The piano strikes a chord, "Fair is Rose..." Behind the scenes we can sense that the

crowd is a little difficult. They don't see the best jokes and laugh in all the wrong places. The player's first words quiver until he settles down. Someone misses a cue, says, "Oh it doesn't matter, I don't have to say anything," but a gentle urging and the someone sneaks unobserved onto the stage. The boy at the curtain watches with a smile on his lips; the boys on the lights are attentive for the buzzer.

Your cue comes and you step through the door. Everything seems excited, and the footlights glare. What a harsh, unreal world it is. There is a blackness and shadow that is the crowd. You want to make an impression. You speak, your voice comes clear. You say something, the shadows move with laughter and you wait till the moving shadows are one black mass again. One of the players speaks and you realise he has left some lines out. You must adjust your own lines and then you realise you are speaking another's lines (this did happen). The jumble sorts itself out. You make your exit. Time lapses, dialogue rings out, choruses go. And then the choir sings its last chorus, "Happy the Lily..." and the curtain comes down.

"Ruddigore" was essentially a personality show and good casting enabled the actors to bring out their own personality. The diversity of characters made the show enjoyable. As Robin, Ian Westell was suitably meek, as Sir Ruthven, he was much the raffish playboy. Bob Gunton was greatly amusing with his facial expressions—his face is as elastic as rubber—and he showed himself a master of pantomime. David Hunt performed his melodramatic part as the "skunk" who later reforms with commendable zest, employing his voice and facial expression equally to get his effect—a good contrast with Bob Gunton's technique.

An unrecognisable Ken Padman competently enacted his difficult role of Old Adam and who could guess that Ken, who probably has the deepest voice in the School, could appropriate his voice to "childish shrills and trebles." Jean Dobbinson conveyed the innocence of her character very easily by a soft clear voice and wide-eyed bewilderment. Jean's songs were very enjoyable.

As Dame Hannah, Winona Bell was very composed in her aged role of "lavender and lace," suggesting age by her slow voice and leisurely movements.

Bessie Boag emerged successfully from her difficult role of Mad Margaret, portraying hysteria and the short, quick movements of a deranged character remarkably well. Bessie had studied her character well. The ghostly ancestors realised that the success of their scene relied on its speed of delivery and the quick-fire comedy succeeded. Dave Armitage was natural and jovial, Bob Campbell and Ray Barnes were amusingly nonchalant and, at times, hard-bitten, and Max Burke obtained a laugh when he said, "Last Monday I went to a football match," for Max had plaster on his nose from a previous Saturday's football match. This enabled Max to be a spark from Mr. Smith's News Anvil in the "Examiner." If Mr. Smith is going to sling free ads. about like that, we extend an invitation for next year's full-dress rehearsal so that the ad. may be published before the opera is over.

Glenda Brown, Marian Atkins and Laurie James were creditable as professional bridesmaids and Brenda McNaney's hornpipe was well received. The show had a profusion of "Ha-ha's" which, delivered in varying tones, were most amusing. There was an immensity of work behind the opera—costumes, light

effects, scenery, ghostly pictures round the walls, getting the seating accommodation ready and the ushering. And who cares if a certain "B" Class prefect's knowledge of the plan was not of the best and caused a certain amount of re-shuffling.

So now we wait to have our photograph taken. Mr. Andrew motions us to be still and now we can relax. It is all over. Well, have a look at it. It is strange that there are so few smiles after so much fun.

We go outside and are besieged for autographs. We sign the score of "Ruddigore." Mr. Orchard thanks Mr. Moses for us, calling him a "great little guy," and the "great little guy" looks modestly at his feet.

Flash! We hear that the reason why our Genius did not go to Hollywood was because Cecil B. de Mille and Orson Welles paid him a larger price to stay where he was.

PASSING NOTES

An important addition to the daily routine of the School is the holding of a short Assembly before the School work begins. At this Assembly, we sing the National Anthem and the Lord's Prayer, after which Mr. Morris reads an extract from the Scriptures. This simple ceremony serves to impress upon us the allegiance to God, the King and our country in this time of national crisis and world conflict. During these Assemblies, we have a record from some famous works, of which, more anon.

I'm sure that the School should realise and appreciate what is being done for it in the way of music. Practically every Assembly, records, which are well-chosen by Miss Richardson, are played. The records vary delightfully from piano duets to symphonies. Among these records, the most prominent are, "On Wings of Song," by Mendelssohn, "Clavotte," by Bach, and the Pastoral Symphony, by Beethoven. Miss Richardson has proved herself a great asset to the School for, not only has she chosen records, but has taken music classes and is at present conducting the Junior Boys' Choir. We must also appreciate the excellent work Miss Limb is doing with the School Choir.

The School has been unfortunate this year in losing two valuable members of the Staff. Mr. C. Reeves and Mr. W. Townsley. Mr. Reeves is a Geography, Music and History teacher of very great ability. He has joined the R.A.A.F. and the pupils of the School often wonder whether he spends his time in tuning engines. Mr. Townsley was a much-travelled and popular teacher who taught Geography, History and English. He is at present a lieutenant in the Army Education Service.

The holding of drill for a few minutes each afternoon is another important addition to the School routine. This drill freshens up the scholars for the last period of the afternoon. The Probationary Students help to take the squads and this gives them invaluable experience in handling drill classes.

At last the efforts of the School and the Parents' and Friends' Association to obtain a gymnasium are to bear fruit. The Education Department has consented to build the Gymnasium providing the Parents' Association finds the equipment, which is to cost

approximately £200. Already a vaulting horse, parallel bars, springboard and mattresses have been obtained.

Ethel Tucker, a "B" Class member of the School, is to be congratulated on winning the one guinea prize offered by the Tasmanian Institute of Accountants for the best Commerce paper in the Secondary Schools' Certificate Examination in Tasmania. The prize was presented at the High School.

Several appeals at School during the year have been very satisfactorily subscribed to by the scholars. Donations to the A.C.F. totalled £6/9/9. Half the proceeds from the School production of "Ruddigore" were donated to the A.C.F. A cheque for £44 was presented at School by Mr. Morris to Mr. M. E. Calder, President of the Northern Sub-Division of the A.C.F., who was accompanied by Mrs. E. Headlam, Secretary of the same organisation. Donations to the Red Cross totalled £8/14/2. For Navy Day, £20/3/4 was raised and £15/9/- for Allies' Day. £12/8/3 was raised for the Prisoners of War Fund and £11/12/- for Christmas hampers for the same fund. Apart from these appeals, £3/13/6 was raised for the Sunshine Home. Altogether, the amount raised for the different appeals totals £122/10/-.

Over three hundred accounts have been opened at the School Bank and the deposits total approximately £750. This fine result should induce others to open accounts at School. The School has purchased approximately 1,470 War Savings Certificates.

Mr. W. A. Duncan, from Victoria, visited the School to impress upon us the need for saving waste paper. He showed us a variety of objects made from waste paper, which ranged from cases for explosives in big shells down to the wads for .303 bullets.

Flight-lieutenant Farrow, of the R.A.A.F., came to the School and gave us a talk on the types of bombs and their composition. Afterwards, he gave us a demonstration in the yard with an incendiary bomb and showed us the correct way to use the sand buckets.

At the beginning of the year, members of the Staff and boys and girls from the School gave great assistance in the digging of trenches in the Royal Park. The ladies of the Staff prepared, with the help of the girls, afternoon tea for which the workers were very thankful.

The School was favoured by a visit from Sergeant Chester, an accomplished violinist, who was accompanied by Miss Ball, who is well-known to Launceston residents. They gave us an enjoyable half-hour of violin music, which was greatly appreciated by the School.

An interesting and educational talk on Papua and its residents was given by the Rev. Mrs. Rankin, a missionary from Papua. She illustrated her very charming and delightful talk with curios from Papua.

Colonel Peterson visited the School during the year and gave some very valuable talks to the School and considerably increased the following of the Crusader Movement, of which Mr. Reed is now the leader at School.

Mr. King, of J. King & Sons Pty. Ltd., entertained the School one evening with his projector, showing moving coloured pictures of the Tasmanian beauty-spots, the flowers round Launceston and from his own garden and other pictures from nature. He donated the proceeds to the King George's Fund for Sailors.

The School now does without gardeners as a contribution to the war effort. The boys now do the garden, of which Mr. Brooke is in charge, and the garden is a credit to him and the boys, many of whom often give up their physical culture periods to do it.

Each Friday afternoon, the School enjoys a Hobbies' or Activities' Period. This is more or less a free and easy period, in which the children carry on the hobbies they like best. These include stamp-collecting, dramatics, woodwork and many others. This period is much looked forward to as a fitting finish-up to the week.

I would like to express my thanks to Pat Rose, to whom I am indebted for the notes on the music of the School.

"PASSING OUT" (F. Gilbert, Class B1.)

OBITUARY

The week-end of August 9 was a sad one for the School, for we lost the one after a long illness and the other as the result of an accident, two of our senior girls, Claire Campbell and Betty Kelb. Their passing has left a feeling of deep regret throughout the whole School and particularly in the classes to which they belonged. Our memories of Claire and Betty will always pay tribute to two students whom the Staff, the School and their own classmates will ever feel the better for knowing. We extend to the parents and friends of Claire and Betty our very deep and sincere sympathy in the loss we share with them.

THE ART EXHIBITION

A large assembly of parents, friends and school children gathered at the Art Gallery of the Queen Victoria Museum for the opening of the Art Exhibition on November 11. The Mayor, Alderman D. T. Oldham, in opening the exhibition, encouraged the children to continue their interest in art, not only while at School, but after they had left. He congratulated them on the splendid display in both Art and Craft sections. Mr. Warland Browne then gave an address. He voiced appreciation for the untiring assistance rendered by Misses Van Gooch and Cornell in arranging the work exhibited. Thanks were also directed to Mr. Skemp, of the Museum, for making the presentation of the exhibition possible.

Again this year our School had a large number of entries and our thanks are due to all who helped the exhibition to be such a success. All work was marked by a definite quality of originality.

M. CAMERON.

LIBRARY NOTES

This year we are particularly indebted to the members of B2 Class for the help they have willingly and ably given to the Library. The present Library monitors are: P. Musson, M. McKenzie, B. Boag, E. Tucker, M. Hemphill, G. Nichols, W. Thompson, H. Hudson, R. Coogan, J. Clarke, J. Manzoney, D. Webb, A. Rowberry, R. Harvey, D. Penman, A. Hope.

Among the most interesting of the books which have been added to the Library this year are:

Fiction.—"Faro's Daughter," by Heyer; "Green Rushes," by Walsh; "A Prince of the Captivity," "The Long Traverse," by Buchan; "Western Union," by Zane Grey; "Annette of River Bend," by Cheyne; "Whispers in Tahiti," "The Broken Melody," by Thwaites; "The Uncrowned King," by Orczy; "Pillgrim Cottage," by Cecil Roberts; "Murder Must Advertise," "Clouds of Witness," by Sayers; "The Timeless Land," by Dark; "My Love Must Wait," by Hill; "The Wonder Child," by Turner; "Nemarluk," by Ion Idriess; "Robin," by Mary Grant Bruce; "Blind Corner," by Yates; "Oliver Wiswell," by Kenneth Roberts; "Annals of a Little Shop," by Hepple; "The Dutch Shoe Mystery," by Ellery Queen; "This Island Demands," by Jordan; "Malice Aforethought," by Iles; "Swamp Water," by Bell; "Trampled Lilies," by Fortescue; "Life with Father," by Day; "Fortunes of Poppy Treloar," by O'Harris; "Biggles Goes to War," "Spitfire Parade," by Captain W. E. Johns; "William—the Showman," by Crompton; "Seven Little Australians," by Turner; "Adventures of Don Quixote," by Cervantes; "The Arabian Nights," "Operation M.O.," by Darling; "Master Vorst," by Seamark; "Miss Bishop," by Aldrich; "The House of the Arrow," by A. E. W. Mason; "The Keys of the Kingdom," by Cronin; "The Mountain Star," by Ellis; "The Harvester," by Gene Stratton Porter; "Fears for Miss Betony," by Bowers; "Tales by Australians," by Fry; "Over the Hills," by Farnol; "How Green was my Valley," by Richard Llewellyn.

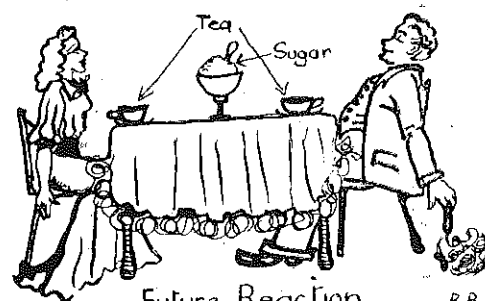
Reference.—"Fighter Squadrons," by Monks; "Battle Dress," by Gun Buster; "Pieter de Hooch," by de Hooch; "Battle of the Seaways," by Johnson; "Guns Through Arcady," by Slater; "Waterless Horizons," by Eyre; "Keeping Cool and Other Essays," by Haldane; "Waltzing Matilda," by Haskell; "Libyan Sands," by Bagnold; "Paderewski Memoirs," by Paderewski and Lawton; "Forbidden Road—Kabul to Samarkand," by Forbes; "Active Service" (with Australia in the Middle East); "Memory Hold-the-Door," by Buchan; "Australian Poetry," by Stewart; "The Increasing Purpose," by Andrew; "Pacific Treasure Island (New Caledonia)," by Burchett; "The Aborigines of Australia," by Worsnop; "The Art of Enjoying Life," by Stubbs; "I was Winston Churchill's Private Secretary," by Phyllis Moir; "The Great Wheel," by Fletcher; "Atlantic Front," by Woon; "Your Allergy," by Cohen; "The Southern Gates of Arabia," "The Valleys of the Assassins," by Stark; "Epic Deeds of the Navy," by Thursfield; "Gum Trees," by Smith; "The Story of the Red Cross," by Lindsay; "Intermediate Chemistry," by Lowry and Cavell; "Parachutes," by Law; "The Road to the Nile," by MacArthur; "Landmarks in the History of Europe," by Richardson; "Wooden Hookers," by Maxwell; "A Text Book of Physics," by Watson; "Electricity and Magnetism," by Starling; "Matter and Motion," by Maxwell; "Down to the Sea," by Blake; "Coast of Adventure," by Barrett.

TONGUES IN TREES

Weetari stopped to stroke his hand along
The snowy trunk, to talk with the great tree
As often he had talked, but not in words;
Ah no, it could not cramp its noble thoughts
To such a weak, imperfect thing as speech.
But those who, by long effort and slow watching
Have learnt to talk with trees, will all declare
They have the finest knowledge, and more wise
Than men are, for they always speak of one
High heaven and a god.
Weetari knew their thoughts and ev'rything
They said, since when he first had climbed their boughs
To seek the kite's and the curlew's nests,
Since he had jumped among the granite rocks
And pushed big boulders rolling down the hill.
How often, tired by the exciting hunt
And dashing through the dense-grown underwood,
He had retired to the coolness of this tree,
Sheltered under its shade from wind and sun!
This morning, as he touched the dazzling trunk,
A tingling spirit passed through all his frame,
A feeling that Katoora must have felt
When first he wrenched the land out of the sun
And made the birds sing and the flowers bloom.

BRIAN EASTERBROOK (Class B.)

REACTION

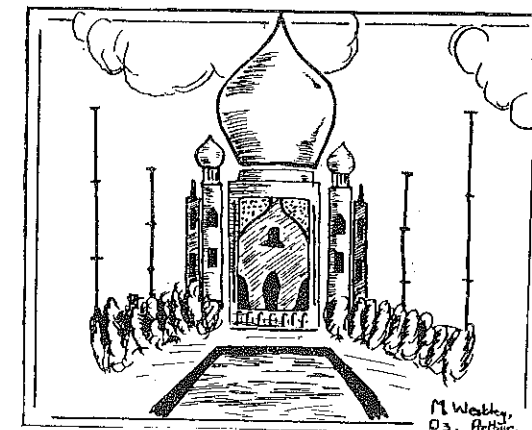


Future Reaction. B.B.

After this war is over and Austerity Campaigns dead and forgotten, there will be a reaction. Providing that money is fairly plentiful, as it will be if every one is as far-sighted as they claim to be, all rationed goods will be bought in hundredweights. Just imagine all the afternoon tea parties that will be held. "Mothers' Meetings" will flourish like moths on a cabbage. Mrs. Jones will take out the car to travel the two blocks between her house and the meeting place, just for the pleasure of using the petrol. Inside, there will be plenty of refreshments—cakes that take pounds of sugar and dozens of eggs, simply overflowing with cream and icing, sandwiches packed with beef and mustard, and—tea! Gallons of it, the finest blend, untainted with the spectre of coupons. Then there will be sugar, bags of it! People won't be able to stop shovelling it into their cups because of the reaction to wartime living.

Gossip reporters will be in vogue again. Here is an extract from a post-war fashion page: "Miss la Dedah was arrayed in a charming creation of cream silk and yards of blue tulle—the skirt had six full pleats in front and back, the bodice was tucked, gathered and shirred with elastic. She wore super sheer silk stockings and a delightful confection of flowers, fruit, lace and ribbon for headgear."

TAJ MAHAL LOVE STORY



In 1612, a lovely Indian girl of high cast was married at the age of twenty to the great Rajah Jehan and was given the name of Mumtaz Mahal, or "exalted of the palace." The young Empress was beloved by the people, not only for her cleverness and charm, but also for her tender-hearted sympathy. She frequently assisted the poor from her private purse and her intercession saved the lives of many who had been condemned to death. She was the constant companion of her husband who entrusted her with the royal seal and consulted her on all important affairs of State. For seventeen years the royal couple lived an ideal married life, during which the Empress bore eight sons and six daughters. At the birth of her last child, however, she died, at the age of thirty-eight.

The grief of the Shah was intense. For several weeks he refused to see his courtiers and during this period his hair turned from jet black to silver grey. For two years he denied himself all pleasures and paid regular visits to pray at the grave of his wife.

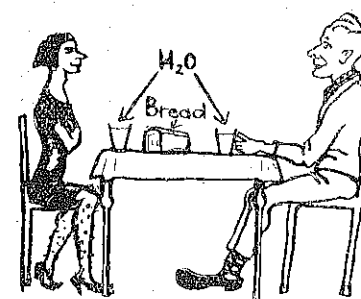
Then he decided to perpetuate her memory by erecting a tomb of surpassing beauty and splendour—the Taj Mahal. Twenty thousand workmen toiled for twenty years to build it and to this day it remains the most magnificent mausoleum in the world, in size, in architecture and in the delicacy of its detail.

The Taj Mahal is two hundred and thirteen and a half feet high and stands in a great park enclosed by a red wall. A marble water course lined with fine cypresses leads up to the building itself. The whole of the interior as well as the exterior friezes, are inlaid with precious stones. The central tomb is surrounded by a screen of thin, translucent white marble, carved with designs of the great intricacy and framed with garlands of tiny fuchsias, tulips and everlasting flowers, encrusted with topaz, turquoise, porphyry and lapis lazuli.

Here, in the heart of the monument, where uncanny echoes whisper like organ music from another sphere, the beautiful empress has slept for over three hundred years and beside her is the body of the Shah, who erected to her memory a building which, according to many who have seen it, is within more measurable distance of perfection than any other work of man.

DOROTHY KNIGHT (Class E4)

Women won't be the only offenders. Can't you see Dad riding to work in the car every day, smoking cigars and cigarettes by the gross, or parading in the winter in a decent suit with two or three waistcoats, civilised cuffs and buttons sewn all over it like a costermonger? In the week-ends, the young dandies will go out for miles in their sports cars, that is if they are not suffering from a reaction to no beer. Such indulgences will be so strange that Mother will look apprehensively over her shoulder before she fills the hot water bags. But this is still something to look forward to and in the meantime, we have to grin and bear it.



Now B. Boag
BESSIE BOAG (Class B1.)

PLURES GLORIAE LATINI

Now last year's work is over,
(My, did we have some fun!)
Some new work's given to us,
Firstly, "curro" means "I run."

But that's not all, I'll tell you,
We've learned much more than that,
Latin's oxymoron
Because "in" sometimes is "at."

And there are constructions—
But you don't understand
"Bout 'ut" and the subjunctive,
And "atque" meaning "and"

I'll give you an example:
(Impero the dative takes).
Caesar commanded the cavalry
To pitch camp by the gates.

Now here's the right (?) translation:
"Caesar equitibus
Imperavit ut castra
In porta poneremus."

O! wow! that verb is wrong again,
I'll never get them right,
It should have been "ponarct"
Ah! now all is quite right.

Now we've learned Gerundius
To go 'stead "ut" or "ne"
We translate purpose clauses
In a different way.

That's all for the present,
Until first term next year,
Some years of toil are ended,
But not the lot, I fear.

"BORED LATIN STUDENT" (Class C1.)

THE LAST TEACHERS

(With Apologies to Robert Browning)

Just for a little of talking they kept us,
Just for a little noise out of our throats—
Found the weak point with which fate had endowed us,

Forgot all our good points then so remote;
They, who might pardon, determined to punish,
What little freedom to us they allowed!
Wasted! the work we had done for their pleasure,
Work we had done to make them feel so proud.
We that had talked then, worked then, laughed then,
Looked at our books with so happy an eye,
Learned to do French and learned to do Latin,
Tried hard to finish to do or to die!
Time it was for us, and Fate was with us,
History was in us, we worked like the slaves!
They alone failed to forgive our first error,
They alone make us to wish for our graves!

M. FLOOD (Class C1.)

THE CLEARING

He walked along a leaf-bespattered track,
And farms lay on each side, green fingers pushed
Into the sombre forests of the black
Of ranges all unguarded from fierce storms
Which sought to invade the peace and rule unhushed.
Green, low fields folded round the houses clear,
With clumps of darkest ti-tree by the gate,
And gum trees flowering stood—their dead bark sere
And dry leaves scattered on the paintless roofs;
There stayed he moments long, while the fast hours
did wait.

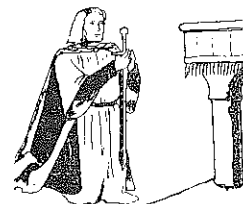
"DER DICHTER"

CRUSADER NOTES

WHO are we?. Crusaders as a body are students from secondary schools who believe that there is more in life than "to eat, drink and be merry," and more purpose than having good health and prosperity. This really means the development of the spiritual side of life.



WHAT do we believe?



The Basis of Belief of the Crusaders is in:—

1. God as the Creator of all men and all who believe in the Lord Jesus Christ.
2. The Lord Jesus Christ as the only begotten Son of the Father and the one mediator through faith in Whom we obtain forgiveness of sins.
3. God the Holy Spirit.
4. The fact of sin and necessity of atonement.
5. The Incarnation, Death and Resurrection, Ascension and Coming Again of the Lord Jesus Christ.
6. The Bible as the inspired Word of God.

WHERE are We Aiming?



The Crusader Union of Australia aims to build up each member in the Faith, to interest and help others and by such means, to get the School to live a higher life. At present our meetings are held in Room 26, at 1 o'clock on Thursdays. Several weeks the team from Class 4 have given talks. These, with the leader, control the group in the School.

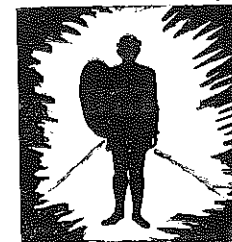
WHENCE?



At the beginning of this year the group was very small, but as a result of Colonel H. C. Petersen's campaign, there is now an average attendance of over 60.

There are difficulties, due to faulty methods, lack of knowledge, or to circumstances outside control. Suggestions for improvements are heartily welcomed.

WHITHER? Things to Come.



After the suspense of examinations is over, we intend to have some more outings, such as Hikes, Drawing Room Meetings and perhaps a Boating Afternoon. Finally, for a grand "wind-up" at the end of the year, there is to be an All-Schools' Night, a meeting of all Launceston Crusader groups. Parents are especially invited to this. Following this, in the Christmas holidays, there will be House Parties, Camps, etc.

MUSIC IN THE HEART

Now Beethoven was not only a great composer and a great man, but, as all really great men must be, he was a good man too. One lovely moonlight night as Beethoven was walking in Bonn, he heard the sound of a piano coming through the open window of a home and he stopped and listened. Presently he recognised the music as music which he had written. He knocked on the door and asked if he could play it for them and as he entered the room, he noticed the girl who was struggling to play the music nicely was blind.

He slipped into the blind girl's place and played as only the master of the piece could play and his listeners sat entranced and when he stopped, they exclaimed, "Oh, that was wonderful. Please go on, play something else."

As his hands wandered idly over the keys, an enchanting melody filled the room. Suddenly Beethoven jumped from the piano and with few words of farewell, hurried home and wrote down the music, which had come to him as the moonlight streamed through the window of the blind girl's home. And the world now knows the music, which is called the "Moonlight Sonata."

FREDA HARRIS (Class E1.)

OLD-FASHIONED YOUTH

I wonder would you like to know
How little girls lived long ago?
For in those far-off other days
They had such queer, old-fashioned ways.
But they like us had lots of fun,
With hoops and sticks they used to run
Around the park on bright spring mornings,
Heeding not the keeper's warnings.

Their parties were a fine affair,
With lights and candles everywhere.
The little girls were called, "My Pet,"
And sweetly danced the minuet.

PAT MORLEY (Class C1.)

FOOTBALL

The whistle sounds and they all get ready to start, although, perhaps only thirteen or fourteen players of each side have arrived. "Stop! Don't start yet, Bill's just arrived and we can't start without him."

Bill's ready and everyone has settled down again. The ball is bounced and they begin and after a scrimmage in the centre, out comes the ball and someone's after it, doing his best to stop himself from slipping in a nearby puddle. "He's down," rises the shout and the victim emerges with shirt and trousers covered with finest quality mud.

The game continues and at last one side scores. They claim it as a goal, but their voices are drowned (not only their voices), by their opponent's cries of protest. They decide to ask one of the players who, up till now, has been busy removing mud from behind his ear, the result of a direct hit from an unknown thrower. The game continues in this fashion.

Ten minutes before the end, Jack comes tearing up to the umpire, "I say, old man, can't you cut this quarter five minutes short, I want to get home early."

When it's all over, you try to get dressed, but this takes some time, as you have to find your clothes. At last you are dressed and start home with dirty hands and knees as there is no water except muddy puddles which only make you muddier.

KEN DAVIS (Class D2.)

THE PENALTY

(With Apologies to Alfred Noyes)

The sun was a cruel oppressor seated upon his throne
The air was his humble servant, causing all boys to groan—

The road was a demon of torture, making the careless fall,

As the small schoolboy came running, running, running,

As the small schoolboy came running up to the old school hall.

He'd a battered school cap off his forehead,

The old school tie at his chin;

A coat of many colours, and breeches not made for him.

They fitted with many a wrinkle, his boots were covered with dust,

And he ran with many a tinkle, his coins and keys a-tinkle,

His coppers all a-tinkle, for hurry to school he must.

Over the pavement he clattered and entered the old school ground—

He opened his eyes with a flicker, but not a soul he found.

He dashed up the stairs to the landing and who should be waiting there,
But the quick-eyed wary master, his lips moving faster and faster,
His eyes growing darker and darker, as he stood glaring there.

And flushed in the wide-eyed schoolroom,
That old schoolmaster creaked,
The late schoolboy he listened, his face was white and peaked.

His eyes they flashed with frenzy, his hair it stood on end,

And he beat the schoolboy soundly, that poor small schoolboy soundly,

Dumb as a dog he took it, for who could him defend?

"WE THREE" (Class D1.)

SONG BIRDS OF THE AUSTRALIAN BUSHLAND

We in Australia are blessed in many ways. We have long beaches and cool bushland. Although we have grim desert country, these have less tragic stories than the deserts of other lands. Gordon, the poet, made a big mistake when he said Australia was a land of "Songless, bright birds." He must have been deaf, for he lived part of his life in Southern Gippsland, the home of some of the greatest songsters of Australia, namely, the bell-bird, the magpie and the greatest of all mimics, the lyre-bird.

None of these birds has a gaudy plumage. The bell-bird is a dull colour, he is very shy and is a great ventriloquist. His clear, bell-like call seems to come from anywhere but where he is. He always lives near running water. The magpies' song is one of the most beautiful in the world; a very clear carol. They are mischievous, bad-tempered birds, rather quarrelsome, but we would miss them if they became extinct. Then there is the coach-whip. You hear him in the gullies of South Gippsland. His note is a clear whistle on one note only, with a sound like a whip-crack on the end of it.

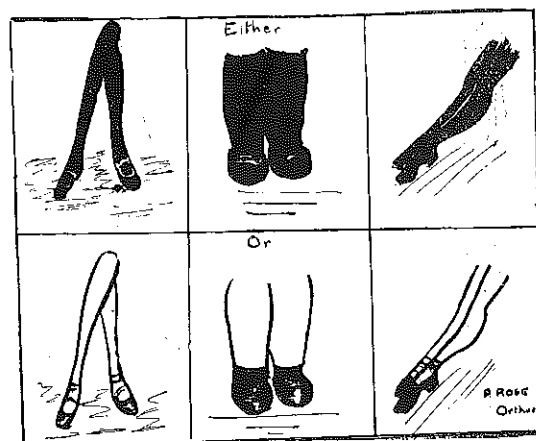
Our grey thrush or the harmonious thrush is a wonderful songster. If treated well, he will even venture in through your window and sing his trilling song on the window-sill. The Derwent Jackass is another songbird. Although the Laughing Jackass is not a songster, we love to hear his hearty laugh. Old bushmen call him the devil bird, because they say he takes a delight in laughing when things go wrong.

Then there is our lyrebird, shyest of all bush birds. You may hear him in almost any gully in the South, but you are lucky indeed if you can catch him at his mound doing his weird dance. The tail of the lyre-bird is very lovely. It is held erect when he dances. It is roughly shaped like a lyre (or harp), hence the name, lyre-bird. Like the bell-bird, he is a ventriloquist and the most perfect mimic of all birds. He can imitate almost any bird call and a lot of human-made sounds. He can also imitate the rasp of a saw, and a clink of one wedge hitting another. He also is a sober colour, brown, with a few cream feathers and spots on his tail.

When Gordon referred to Australia as a land of "Songless bright birds," perhaps he had in mind a few birds of tropical Queensland, but others tell us that Australia has more songbirds than any country in the world.

G. MARSHALL (Class C1.)

SOCKETTES



I have just seen a bevy of beauty strolling past, displaying to full advantage their lower limbs, those mysterious parts of their anatomy which were only spoken of in hushed whispers in the Victorian era. Time certainly marches on! I studied these legs carefully and can now eulogise over them.

There were legs fat, legs thin, legs long, legs short, legs white, legs blue (with cold), or on closer observation, rather a mottled purple, with splashes of yellow and occasionally legs brown and nicely curved. Surrounding the base of these pillars of support and hiding slender ankles, were a variety of coloured sockettes. Who could wear prosaic black stockings while these were the mode?

B. v. S. (Class A.)

HOW TO MAKE A DAMPER

Here's a little recipe
For Rovers and all campers,
Who find that they've run short of bread,
And have to live on dampers.

First mix some flour and water,
In the old, accepted way,
And knead it with your fingers
Till it turns a dusky grey.

Then, if you find your baking powders
Still inside the tin,
The remedy is simple:
Bore a hole and pop it in.

Now flatten out the mixture
With a bottle or—a mallet—
And soon you'll have a cake to tempt
The most fastidious palate.

Just cut the paste in chunks and pile
Them up into a stack
And fry them in a frying pan
Until both sides turn black.

If to the pan they're sticking,
(Tis a trick they often favour),
Why, chip them out in fragments—
It will not affect the flavour.

And now, perhaps, you'll give them
To your friends, for their delight,
But if 'twere me, I'd bury them
Deep down, at dead of night.

K. BARKER (Class E1.)

A PERFECT HOLIDAY SPOT

Down the North-West Coast there is a large log cabin near the mouth of a creek which enters Bass Strait. This place was built by a scientist and his family. The body is made of logs, about one foot thick and the roof is shingled. It is situated above a fertile, green valley which contains about two acres of garden. Not very far away is the sea and beautiful white sand.

The only way to reach this wonderful place is to travel along a winding six-mile road, which passed through interesting and picturesque scenes. It was constructed in eighteen months by the family.

Numerous gullies and hills add to the wonder of the scenery. Trees of many kinds clothe the slopes and myriads of beautiful wild flowers are a constant pleasure to the sightseer. There are many creeks and stretches of green grass. Beautiful red gums, when in flower, make the scene even more lovely.

About half-way down the road is an experimental plot. On this there are wheat, clover, flax and acres of fresh feed for cattle. About one and a half miles from the cabin, the road winds round a steep precipice, called the "Golden Staircase." The road was carved out with great difficulty and is now one of the most beautiful ones of Tasmania. You can look down at the creek and see giant trees and brightly-coloured wild flowers from it. But over the treetops are seen hill after hill after hill, justifying the name, "The Thousand Hills."

MORRIS FENNER (Class E1.)

BLUE GROTTTO

(From Richard Halliburton's "Seeking the Sirens")

We looked about as up we sat and caught
Our breath, because we found we were afloat,
Not now on water, but on sky, sky shot
With blue-flamed fire, diaphanous azure sky.
Blue, fairy blue, upon the walls did dance,
Electrifying the quivering lake of jewels.
The whole great roof to soft sapphire did turn
And touched the air with supernatural chill.
We were overcome with its beauty blue and pow'r
So magical, "We've died and home we've gone
To Heaven!" At last she formed those words to
speak.

PETER STEVENS (Class C1.)

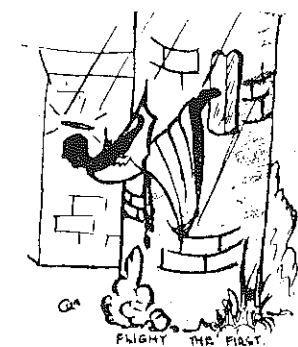
THE CAT NEXT DOOR

Once more I settled into my bed and pulled the clothes about my ears. If that cat next door disturbed my rest once again, I definitely would not be responsible for my actions. Already the household goods had been depleted by two old rubber shoes, a piece of the morning's wood, and, unknown to my wife, a rolling pin. Why should this animal sit on my back fence to exercise its vocal chords?

While my thoughts ran thus, a low growl which rose to a note to be envied by even a falsetto, caused me to throw back the bedclothes, slip into my slippers and dressing gown, and grab whatever missile I could lay my hands on (these included a broom, a clock, and my wife's slippers). I think if an air raid really did occur, I should be in excellent practice.

I dashed across the garden unceremoniously. The cat, a large white one, glared, cursed me equally unceremoniously, and jumped into its own backyard, but not before I had hit it with the clock and my wife's

CONQUEST OF THE AIR



People frequently remark that "flying is only a few years old." So far as successful flight is concerned, the statement is correct, but the history of flying and of attempts at flying, are as old as civilisation itself. Probably the story began with the first man, who, looking up at the birds and seeing their easy and apparently effortless movements in the air, wished he could imitate them.

It was as far back as the year 1065 that a monk named Oliver of Malmesbury, attempting flight with artificial wings, injured himself in jumping from a tower. The next notable record was achieved several hundred years later by Bernier, a Frenchman, who made a series of gliding flights with wing apparatus rather similar to that used later by Lilienthal, a very notable experimenter. In November of the year 1783, the first hot air balloon was invented and the first flight by man was made by Pilatre de Rozier and the Marquis d'Arlandes, who made a balloon ascent and were carried over Paris, alighting safely at the end of their journey. After that light, everybody thought that the problem of flight had been solved.

It should be borne in mind that all these early experimenters had not even the steam engine as a means of power. The first attempt at propelling and navigating a balloon in the air was made by the brothers Robert by means of oars. However, these proved unsatisfactory. A military balloon section was formed in the French Republican Army and balloons were employed in war for the first time at the Battle of Mairberg in the year 1794.

The first power-driven model aeroplane to achieve flight was constructed by John Stringfellow in the year 1848. The machine was constructed on perfectly correct lines, steam being raised to drive the propellers by spirit fluid. After several more attempts, people began to realise that the steam engine could not support its own weight when in the air. This fact led to the invention of the combustion engine, the first of which was designed and constructed by Lennard Forest, a Frenchman, in the year 1888.

Otto Lilienthal, a German, was killed on August 10, 1896, after nearly ten years' gliding experiments, which contributed materially to the development of flying machines and culminated in the construction of the first power-driven aeroplane.

Wilbur and Orville Wright took up gliding, making many experiments at Kitty Hawk, North Carolina. On December 17, 1903, these two brothers made the first flights in a power-driven aeroplane, the flights ranging from twelve to fifteen seconds duration. How-

slippers—pretty slippers they were too—I remember seeing them fly through the moonlight with their feathers ruffled. However, I had no time to admire slippers, so, still armed with my broom, I climbed over the fence and followed the cat.

It rushed up the drive-way, jumped over the front gate and disappeared down the blacked-out street. Undaunted, I followed with surprising agility. Yes, there it was, a white object in the gutter about twenty yards away. Alas, it did not wait, but led me a chase, through gardens, over fences and down numerous empty back streets. I realised that the cat could easily have escaped, but it seemed to delight in leading me on.

I remember upsetting a garbage tin once and seeing heads protrude out of suddenly-opened windows and hearing voices which promised me dire and dreadful consequences if I did not immediately retire.

Nevertheless, so determined was I to overtake and duly punish my quarry, that I was deaf and blind to all. Consequently, when I was greeted by shouts of laughter from a party of juveniles returning, no doubt, from a party, I was rather bewildered. Indeed, I must have been a peculiar spectacle, dressed as I was and brandishing a broom.

The noise drew forth other late comers, and, amid much hilarity and ridicule, I trudged wearily home to bed, cursing (without any compunction whatsoever), that cat next door.

M. WATSON (Class C1.)

THE PRETTIEST THING

What is the prettiest thing on earth?
Is it a jackass with all his mirth?
Or is it a parrot, tit, or wren,
With colours bright which delight all men?
Perhaps it is not a bird at all,
What is the prettiest thing you recall?

What is the prettiest thing in the world?
Is it a flower with petals unfurled?
Is it a shiny leaf of the birch?
Or green ivy growing around the church,
Perhaps it is not a plant at all,
What is the prettiest thing you recall?

What is the prettiest thing you have seen?
Beautiful butterflies, blue and green?
Flitting around for hours and hours,
Then settling on the waiting flowers?
The prettiest thing on earth, I say,
Is the golden sunset at close of day.

JOAN ORWIN (Class D3.)

SONNET

At dusk, I walked through clumps of glowing bush,
While birds' songs fell in showers on my ears,
And, like a player who no sound else hears
Than his own music, still I stood. A hush
Fell on all other creatures as a thrush,
A spotted thrush of melting greyness, near,
In silver notes gave song that I did hear,
Crouching upon a stump of red sun-flush.
Oh birds! you happiest creatures on the earth,
By heaven gifted with a power of song
Untainted by a sordid thought—pure worth
Of days delight and soft nights resting long.
How few of us achieve your glorious mirth,
And live where joys abound, our spirits strong!

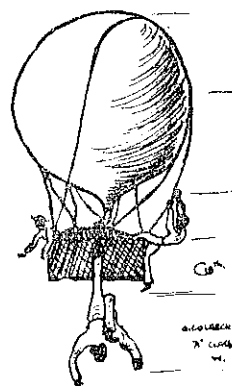
B. EASTERBROOK.

ever, their work was not done in a day, but over twenty years of patient work and study with gliding machines helped them to achieve success.

After this flight, aviation went ahead wonderfully. During the Great War, aviation played a very prominent part. Aeroplanes and airships took part in bombing raids and observation flights. To-day aeroplanes fly regularly on well-directed air routes in various parts of the world.

The history of flying goes to prove in as great a measure as the history of any hard-won success—that no rightly directed effort is ever wasted. And, in honouring the men who achieved the victory, it is only fair to remember, too, the men who made the victory possible.

JACK DEAN (Class B1.)



ON GETTING UP LATE

For many years there has been something radically wrong with our way of living. No, I'm not going to give a sermon on total abstinence, nor hygienic living, nor on green vegetables, but merely a complaint on getting up early. Every day, at approximately half past seven a.m., I lie wondering what advantage there would be in getting up—I can never see the ghost of one. And, after all, why get up early? Why leave a place so lazy and soft and warm for the brittle world outside where everyone is trying to out-shout each other?

Of course there are always those restless, discontented people (temperamental, they like to think themselves), who spring out of bed with the lark and would rather die than lie peacefully in bed—"Such a beastly bore!" I lavish all my sympathy, not on these energetic bounders, but on the sleepy percentage of the population. I read about a doctor, who all his life had been dragged out of bed at unearthly hours. When he retired, he paid a night-watchman to come sometimes and wake him at five o'clock, simply to experience the perfect bliss of sending the man to the devil, then turning over and going back to sleep. I can't help loving this old doctor. Another fellow-sufferer is the man who, pulled out and made get up at eleven o'clock in the morning, is going down the street in a temper. Forgetting his bad mood, he gapes blankly at the crowds hurrying to and fro, gasping out at last, "Look at all these people! What're they up at this hour for? What're they all doing?" That would melt a heart of stone.

But the perfect sympathiser is the cat. To feel a cat worming his way into the bedclothes and to hear his loud, droning purr is the best sedative there is. Everyone recognises the cat for his perfect poise, his unconscious grace, his warm friendliness and his nocturnal concerts, but I love him best for his last, lingering sigh of utter contentment as he slips into the land of cats' dreams, their happiest hunting ground of all. If the cats ran the world, we should never have to get up at the nicest hours of the day. We'd sleep just when we liked, how we liked and where we liked.

But I have my consolation. About once a year I have another hour or two in bed. Then I'm in heaven. The thought of it steers me safely over trials and tribulations for months after. It is forever my "fragrant hour, for memory to sniff."

BARBARA HAMILTON (Class B1.)

POETS' LICENCE

Now if by chance these verses do not rhyme,
If rhythm or choice of adjectives are not
Like those of Tennyson or those of Scott,
Remember that it took a deal of time.

But if these verses sound as bells do chime
And bring back memories dear of joys forgot
Then will they not be worthless as a blot,
But rather thoughts of happiness sublime.

If, when you read these gifted numbers through
They do not seem inspired by such great talent,
Or do not ample justice to my sense—
Which, after all, is difficult to do—
Or if heroic couplets don't sound gallant,
Remember that I use my poet's licence.

JOY COLTHEART (Class B)

LILYDALE LAVENDER FARM

About twenty years ago, an Englishman and his wife came to Tasmania for health reasons and shortly after their arrival, they purchased a property at Lilydale and commenced clearing up the bushland for the growing of lavender.

By some means he had obtained seed of the real French lavender which is the best in the world.

The work was started in a very small way and after several years, sufficient flowers were harvested to distil the oil. The oil was sent away to be analysed, as it would be useless to continue the work unless the lavender oil proved to be of the best quality. One can imagine the suspense of the owner waiting for the report.

When it came to hand, it was found that the oil was of the highest quality and equal to the best French oil.

Since then there has been a gradual extension, until there are now 30 acres of lavender bushes.

Visitors from all parts of the world have visited the Lavender Estate which is the only one in Tasmania. The lavender flowers in January and it is a wonderful sight and the air is full of its fragrance.

MAX WILSON (Class D2)

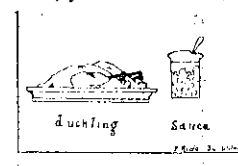
BEFORE AND AFTER COUPONS



Dad was once a bit of a rake,
Now he is only just a drake.
Mother was also a nice little dilly,
Now she feels a trifle 'chilly.



Life for them became so uncertain
That they decided to see Mr. Curtin.
So off they waddled to see the head man,
"Apple sauce, John?" said Mr. Deadman.



PAT RIDE (Class D4.)

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

What's in a name? I have often wondered why parents choose a child's name in its early infancy, when they have no idea of the baby's looks or personality. Too frequently the charming milk and roses type of girl get a name like Dolores, suitable for a dark, glamorous person and the dark one is called Lily. It seems strange that your mother's favourite name can follow you through life, creating an impression in someone's mind before he has met you or seeming to be the exact tag that the gods would have chosen.

Even choosing a name is difficult. When a baby is to be named, the whole family gathers round, debates on qualities of certain names, favours this one and rejects that. Perhaps Aunt Georgina, an old-world spinster, wishes the baby to have her name, considering she was the belle of the district in her youth. Perhaps again, cousin Helene wishes it be called "Hedy," after her favourite actress. So this business of choosing names goes on and on, while the person concerned lies contentedly in a cot, sucking a dummy and thinking of nothing at all.

Everything in this world has a name. As I sit thinking of names, places such as Tobruk, Dunkirk and Singapore flash through my mind. While ever there are records of bravery, heroism and love in the world, these names will be spoken of with awe and wonder. Ordinary men, with ordinary names like Reg, Bill and Peter, fought and died for—some say their homeland, others liberty, while the cynical say for something to do. Probably they do not even

think of what they are fighting for, as they joined only because they thought they should not stay behind.

But still, deep in their hearts, there was something which told them, without their knowing, that they were making for their country, a name to be remembered.

Then I forget the names of war-infested places, and think of Arabia. That word conveys a sense of mystery, romance and the musty aroma of the East. Whenever thinking of Arabia, I smell the absorbing subtlety of coffee, see the colour of an Arab's brown skin and the Eastern splendour of Mecca. From this entrancing country came the Mahammedan religion with all its austerity and beauty.

From Arabia I travel to Italy, to sunshine, music, laughter, cruel jealousy and love. "Italy . . ." It has a quiet, simple, tingling sound, quite inappropriate to the country to which it belongs. The country Italy should have a long, warm name, with a couple of "Is" or "ch's" in it. Christianity should never have taken root there. That name sounds too clear and pure, too unattached, to belong to Italy. Christianity and Ireland go hand in hand, but not Christianity and Italy. A more pagan religion, with an equally pagan name, would suit Italy.

As I sit here, thus thinking, a man calls his dog, a cat makes a noise, known as miaowing, and in the distance there is a beating of drums and ringing of church bells. My room-mate stirs and just as she knows her own name, so she knows these bells are calling her to worship a name greater than all.

G. RAINBOW (Class B1.)

THE WIND

The moon shone clear and bright,
The trees stood quite serene,
When suddenly, shattering the night,
A wind sprang up unseen.

It blew in a gust from the west,
It cried to the trees, "Oh bend,"
It rocked wee birds in their nest,
And abated, it came to an end.

But to the trees, the birds and the earth,
To the farmer, watching his grain,
It was of incomparable worth,
It brought sweet refreshing rain.

B. JONES (Class D2.)

LAUNCESTON HIGH SCHOOL FROLICS

From morning until night
You hear the schoolgirls say:
"Come and play leapfrog,
Come play, come play."
Jumping and leaping,
Laughing and shouting,
Happily talking,
Eating and reading,
Energetically swimming,
Joyfully singing,
Practising running,
Diving and racing,
Teasing and joking—
All happy together
In summer weather.
Fast ebbs each day,
When they are gay;
"Come play, come play."

MARGARET MONTGOMERY (Class C1.)

FROM THE ANNALS OF HISTORY

It was Saturday—how I loathe Saturdays, especially this Saturday. A nagging form bends over the bed and with a mighty swipe lays waste the whole of the bed and reveals not "Nature's naked loveliness," about which Shelley talks, but two youths garbed in those awful things called pyjamas.

"Get up this very minute and dig that garden." Oh-h-h! There's that voice again! With a supreme effort I manage to disengage myself from that quiet little nest called bed.

The sun rains down pitilessly as I sweat and strain at the maggot—pardon me, I mean mattock. But what's this, a handsome-looking vehicle draws up to the less handsome-looking gate of our—er—"country scat" and who should hop out, no not Lady Godiva, but "Big Bertha," that gun of all guns. What's that? Do we want to come to Clarence Point with you? Why no, we just want to stay and dig the garden—or do we?

Clods of dirt, spade and plants fly in all directions as I dash inside to see what the "Boss" thinks of the suggestion. Then follows the greatest scurry in history, excluding "The Charge of the Light Brigade" as drawers and doors are wrenched open in the search for clean clothes. At last everybody is ready. Lunch, towels, bathing-suits, coats and drinks are piled into the car, already weighed down with food for hungry mouths. Hang on a minute, where are we going to get? Zealously everybody works to empty the car so that the party can climb in.

After much heaving and grunting and yet more heaving, the whole eight of us are comfortably or uncomfortably established within that mighty "Singer," a name sometimes given to sewing-machines. But the car won't pull away with its load. Alas! what shall we do? Then someone suggests we all breathe in. Ah, that does the trick and soon we are bouncing along the Bumpy Road to Love, I mean Clarence Point.

Amid many jolts and yells, we arrive at our destination. Thereupon, one bright spark in the party who was not so unfavourably situated as the rest, produces a tin opener to lighten our task of clambering forth into fresh air. When the last member of the party, who is rather on the plump side, emerges, the bus, with a gasp of relief, rises from the dust whence it came.

The river looks terribly inviting, so everybody sheds his less desirable attire and garb himself ready for the fray, i.e., the spray. The first competitor jumps on to the board and disappears in a shower of bubbles, soon to reappear spitting icicles. Remember, it is only October yet. Nevertheless, the others, keeping to their promise, line up on the bank, ready to wriggle on hands and knees in among the icebergs. Our plump member, like the "Bell" of the "Inchape Rock," plops into the water and sinks "with a gurgling sound."

"The bubbles arise and burst around."

When the water for the coffee has been smoked two or three times over the miserable fire which is smouldering on the beach, we decide to quench our thirsty appetites on the cheese, ham and what not which grace the lunch hampers.

With a flourish of cups, not trumpets as Shakespeare always says, our plump companion brings on

the coffee. For a quarter of an hour silence reigns supreme, then—exeunt, the birds have a snack, for snack it was. Not a bone in sight, not a sausage.

When the river (not the maid this time), has washed the dishes, we pile in once again to that otherwise vacant vehicle and set off for a place we know where the trees are exceptionally high because of the hill beneath them. Here, it has been suggested, the producer of the film, "Tall Timbers," got his idea. Here we explore and rest, then explore again and finally emerge from the bush, more or less in rags—Ah, woe is me!

Night is approaching by daylight-saving time and once again all eight of us squash into that already broken-spirited car and after much zig-zagging to avoid bumps and pot-holes, we arrive home, ready to begin digging the garden again—Oh yeah!

G. COLBECK (Class A)

THE BUSH

The bush is haunted!
When the clock strikes one,
And quiet lies the village, all asleep,
Along the small white path I shyly creep,
And laugh aloud for fun.

I know a secret!
Deep within the glade,
Small, furry folk creep out to merry-make,
And bowing Imps their Pixie partners take—
But I am not afraid.

I have a reason!
One gay day in June
A laughing fairy whispered in my ear.
She comes to all, but only some will hear
Her little rippling tune.

The moon is shining!
When her orb has set,
The tired Elphin folk will go to sleep.
Each to his hidden couch will quickly creep—
But I shall not forget.

R. BINGHAM (Class D4)

I CLIMB A MOUNTAIN

Hidden away in the rocky south-western corner of Tasmania is Mount Anne. This was the mountain for which we set out very early one morning. Along the track were growing laurels and native lilacs. The track passed through open country, then through myrtle and sassafras forests. We crossed several stony, brown creeks, all cool and lovely. The spot was quiet, no animals seemed to live there. Now and again some birds twittered and whistled.

After spending the first night in our tent under a huge gum, whose branches creaked with every breeze, we set off again. The flowers on this track were just as plentiful as before—blue, pink and cream, white and pink boronia, white heath and iris and yellow and purple and pink orchids. We noticed many signs of prospecting; we even came across a pick-head and an old piece of pack harness. The second day of our journey was drawing to a close. We pushed on past a couple of probable camp sites and finally chose a place which was situated on the bank of a creek, quite deep enough for a swim. It was really a beautiful spot and we watched the moon rise behind the tall gums. We were just dozing when an unwelcome entertainment was given by a mopeke that came near and repeated his monotonous, two-note cry. This bird was

not the worst of offenders by any means as hosts of sandflies descended on us and we spent a wretched night.

The next day broke, warm and sunny and we lost no time in getting towards the pinnacle of the mountain. Unfortunately, the weather did not keep fine for long. Mists drifted up and the tops of the mountains to the west were soon shrouded.

The pinnacle of Mount Anne consisted of a number of inhospitable, jagged rocks. We spent about an hour on the top, but visibility was poor and the distant ranges were only hazy. On the next range, Lot's Wife, a lone column of stone, towering above the rest of the range, stood out sharply. We decided to descend and, on the way down, discovered a place where marvellous echoes could be heard and we spent some time there, making all kinds of noises.

We soon reached "Dampier Inn." This hut had been built forty years ago and there it stood at the edge of the myrtle forest, housing the travellers and gradually falling into ruins. The fireplace had almost disappeared and there were gaps in the roof. Luckily, we had taken the precaution of rigging up a tent inside the hut before going to bed, as during the night, it rained heavily.

Another hot day helped to dry much of the mud along the track, although there was still plenty. This part of the track had been used for hauling timber and the heavy logs had gouged the track into a deep trough. We reached the main road in good time and were soon speeding back to Hobart after a very enjoyable climb.

MARIE DAZELEY (Class C1.)

THE MISADVENTURES OF TWO PEOPLE

My friend and I, being tired of Launceston, decided at the instigation of a friend, to sample the air of a resort on the Tamar. "The fare is 2/6," said she and casually added, "and the car leaves at seven in the morning." M— and I looked at one another, but no one was ready to admit that seven was extremely early for a winter morning. So, after much speculation, we decided to go the second week in the holidays.

The first week it teemed with rain, but the day before our departure, the sun shone and so thus cheered, we took our suitcases to the garage and informed the driver we would see him at seven o'clock the following morning. "For goodness sake don't be late," said M— to me at parting. I assured her coldly I would not be.

At six-fifteen the next morning, a shivering figure crept stealthily round the house and eventually donned overcoat and an austerity hat and, plus one hockey stick, a bag of food and a couple of blankets, stole out into the damp, foggy streets. There was, at that early hour, no means of conveyance, so clomp-clomp up the street that figure went. A policeman on his beat stared suspiciously at the strange figure, juggling with bags and a hockey stick at a quarter to seven on a dark winter morning. Milkmen's cars and carts passed by, but this lonely wayfarer plodded onwards, perspiring and panting. Panting because time was short and speed necessary.

Arriving at the chosen spot, this person was greatly alarmed to find no one else there. The figure stood wrapped in fog and dismay, but, being a person of action, dashed up to her friend's and rang frantically. Footsteps on the stairs, the door opened and M—

appeared, far from ready! The alarm, tampered with by M— and little sister, had gone on strike, that is, off striking, so M— had slumbered on whilst her compatriot had struggled on in the dark. Frantic strapping and pushing and pulling left them with five minutes to get to the post office and the car. Seven o'clock struck as they went down George Street. An old man paused in the middle of lighting his pipe to watch the strange apparitions. "Give me the bags and dash for the car!" cried one dim figure to the other. Her mate did so and rushed off into the darkness, the other following slowly in her wake. Finally reaching the post office, she found her friend waiting in the gloom and alas! no car in sight. They waited hopefully in the fog, but gradually their hopes sank and they were in the depths of despair. The clock ticked on—the fog enshrouded the two figures. Seeing a ray of light, they made enquiries. "The car, oh, that's gone—it went on the tick of seven." Two disheartened figures went out in the damp darkness. Opinions, unflattering ones, were exchanged. While they were debating, a dim figure passed with a cheery "Good morning!" The two responded less buoyantly. Gathering up their goods and chattels, they crept back whence they came.

KATH JORDAN (Class A)

TO SPRING

Goodbye, goodbye to winter,
For winter's nearly done;
And all the birds that flew away,
Back home again have come.

Now all the brooks are chatting
In flowing to the sea.
The wattles soon will be in bloom,
So wonderful to see.

The trees are gay with blossom,
As lovely as can be.
And on a little clover patch,
Some children play ere tea.

JOHN D. WIVELL (Class C1.)

THE MYSTERY OF A LONELY HOUSE

It stood in a wilderness of flowers by a quiet, shady pond with willows lazily hanging down in the coolness of the pond. I strolled till I came to a picket fence, then opened the rickety gate and walked up the flagstone path. My next endeavour was to ascend the marble white steps. Standing on the latticed verandah, I viewed the once beautiful garden with the pond to the left. With a gentle push I opened a glass ornamental door.

I stepped in to find a house of many spiders and peopled with ghosts. I could hear voices that seemed in the distance. I searched the house, but discovered nothing. Feeling a cold shudder down my spine, I plucked up courage, though somewhat disheartened. Could I solve the mystery of the voices that whispered secrets unknown to me.

I searched again and, nearing the back, I thought the voices seemed outside. I went out, still hearing the whispers. As I neared the pond, they seemed to become louder.

I had now solved the mystery—it was the summer breeze whispering in the willows. I now sat in the coolness, listening to the voices of the willows and the wind.

HYMAN R. HUDSON (Class E1.)

"BELLOWING" OF DOVES

Many students have written articles about the noises to be heard in a classroom and the sounds are many and varied. Sometimes the Paterson street tram beguiles us with its clanking and, at others, steam engines considerably roll out their deafening noises. Often small children blow their treasured whistles during our French lesson, while less frequently aeroplanes drone over the School during Goemetry. Very often nowadays, the 'planes are opportune diversions for both teacher and pupils—or for the teacher and the fortunates near the windows. At the beginning of the year, we used to hear classes melodiously chanting "Frere Jacques," and "Le Chien a la Promenade," now they seem to prefer "Who is Sylvia?" and are intensely pleased with the harmony of their voices.

However, the most irritating noise is the "bellowing" of the doves. I should like to know how many people really enjoy it. I asked one girl about it and she answered romantically that she adored it, but it belonged to the night. I can't see that at all. Night is mellow and viscid and should have full, purple things like plums for accessories. A dove's noise is irritating, maddening because of its good-natured persistency. Ghandi would make a noise like a dove. It never rebels, but it continues till it's pacified. It is very hard to believe of dove's "gentle coo" could inspire poets. If I hear it for long, I feel like smashing my chair through the window and hurling the offending bird from its nest. And so it is with most people.

Here is a classroom scene created by a dove's cooing. The English teacher is at the table, marking "D" Class essays. "B" Class is quietly reading and the doves are serenading each other outside the windows. Suddenly the teacher flings down her red-leaded pencil, walks dramatically across the platform, gesticulates wildly with her arms, while the class watches enthralled. At last she says, "Fancy anyone thinking doves coo. They positively bellow—I'd rather a bull!" The teacher, after relieving her feelings without damage to the window, resumes her marking, while the tittering students finish Milton and the tactless doves go on unperturbed.

"VILLAIN" (Class B1.)

BILLY BONES

Billy Bones was a pirate bold,
His locks were long and lank,
And many a prosperous merchant ship,
He plundered and then sank.

One day as he was dining well,
On sausages and mash,
He and his crew were startled by
A terrifying crash!

'Twas the cannon of a king's warship,
Such devastating news!
Bones and his crew were clapped in irons
And had no time to muse.

They faced a British firing squad,
Bones and his cut-throat crew,
And when he thought of his shameful death,
Bones' anger grew and grew.

"Before I die," roared Billy Bones,
I'll state before the crash,
May rest my soul, you scurvy dogs,
In sausages and mash."

N. JANSSON (Class D3)

MY SEA TRIP

We boarded the ship at Fremantle, W.A., and after a great many good-byes and suchlike, the ship was towed into midstream and then, under her own steam, started the long voyage to Melbourne. Soon we passed the wreck of the Swedish cargo boat, "Lygnern" and reached Rottnest Island, the popular summer health resort. This island is twelve miles off the West Australian coast. The ship left Rottnest behind and headed southward, passing Cape Naturaliste and its famous lighthouse on our left.

At about 9 p.m., the boat rounded Cape Leeuwin. The sea here is usually very rough and all that is to be seen is the twinkling light of the Leeuwin lighthouse. The following morning the ship had entered the Great Southern Ocean and soon reached the port of Albany. Here a small boat met passengers wishing to disembark and took them ashore.

Immediately after leaving Albany, boat drill was carried out. We all took part in the usual deck games and pastimes—deck tennis, deck quoits, races, etc., and this helped to fill in the time pleasantly. We were soon well into the Great Australian Bight and about halfway between Albany and Adelaide. Just here we had an exciting and unusual experience. A young lady was sitting on the rail of the top deck in a rather dangerous position. She was warned of the danger of falling off, but took little notice. Suddenly the boat gave a lurch and over she went and fell to the sea. The cry of "man overboard" soon rang through the ship, but by the time it could pull up, it was half a mile away. In the meantime, a young man who saw her fall, immediately dived overboard, found her and supported her in the rough sea until a boat was lowered and rowed back to them. They had been in the water for about half an hour and were both exhausted when they were picked up. The young man was roundly cheered by all on board for his great bravery and a collection taken up among the passengers for him, yielded £70. The young lady was taken to hospital immediately on our arrival at Adelaide.

This incident made rather a change in the shipboard life and gave passengers something new to talk about.

The ship remained at Adelaide for the whole of one day and this gave us a good chance to see that city, which I had not seen before. The weather was very nice and we enjoyed looking round the fine streets and parks, after the more or less close confines of the ship.

Aboard once again, we were ready for bunk. When we awoke next day, we were off the coast of Victoria. We passed Cape Nelson, then Cape Otway and finally entered the Port Phillip Heads the following morning, arriving at Melbourne at about 7 a.m. Here I met other members of our family who had travelled overland. Thus ended my first sea trip of any great distance.

WILLIAM THOMPSON (Class E1)

THE ZEEHAN SMELTERS

The ore which goes through the smelters is mined at Rosebery and Primrose and is taken by special train straight from the mine to the smelters.

The ore is tipped from the trucks onto an elevator, which carries it to the stamps. Here it is crushed to a fine grey powder, which then passes into the furnaces. It is interesting to note that this elevator, which is only one foot wide, can raise one hundred

and twenty tons of ore in one hour when working at top speed.

The furnaces are divided into six compartments, each a small furnace called a hearth. Through the centre of the furnace and running the whole height of it is a long steel column and to this, one on each hearth, a steel rake is placed. Then the whole column is revolved and keeps turning the red hot ore over.

The ore first drops into the top hearth and, as it is turned over, it gradually drops through holes to the lower hearth. There is one hole in each hearth. The ore is a mixture of copper, gold, silver, zinc and sulphur. In the furnaces the sulphur is burnt out, and to do this properly a temperature of six hundred degrees centigrade has to be reached. When the ore drops through the bottom hearth, it falls on to a conveyor, where it is sprayed with water to cool it, and then dropped into eleven-ton trucks. These trucks are packed full, then covered and taken straight to the Risdon Zink Works. The final ore is a chocolate brown colour.

R. PRIESTLEY (Class C1.)

THE ROAD OF DREAM

Beyond the bridge, beyond the hill,
Roses of sunset glowed—
Beneath the trees, beside the stream
A few steps from the road
I lay upon a grassy lawn
And dropped the pack that seemed to be so light at dawn.

My boots were brown with dust,
Half polished where the green, soft grass had wiped
toecaps clean.

For I had travelled far that day
On dusty road and grassy way,
With dawn and dusk between.

The shadows crept from darkling lairs,
From one dim pool, a leaping trout flashed me a silver gleam.

The birds had ceased their evening song
And I had travelled far along the haunted road of dreams.

A SMELLY QUEST

Early one morning, while the sea mist was still visible, my brother and I set out for the beach where there were some dead whales. As we walked along the bush track, which was only marked by the absence of ferns, parrots screeched in the trees. Soon we passed the stockyards, where the men were counting cattle and picking out some for sale. From the stockyards we could catch glimpses of a blue, tranquil sea, above which seagulls, red bills and sea-hawks wheeled noiselessly it seemed to us at the yards, but, as we approached, their screeches reached our ears.

After we had passed through a patch of ti-trees growing in a swampy flat in which several springs were situated, we came to sandhills on which sharp, spiky grass and pig-face, a branch of the cactus family, grew. When we reached the sea, we walked along the hard sand near the water until we reached a mutton-bird rookery, silent now, but above which mutton-birds wheeled and screeched, when we returned.

We continued along the beach, picking up an extraordinary shell and finding the skeleton of an unfortunate fish or the shell of a mutton-bird egg sucked by a sea hawk or seagull, here and there. Occasionally out at sea, we spied a small sailing vessel, taking

supplies to the small islands where mutton-bird parties were working all day to supply the demand for mutton birds.

At length a stench in the air warned us we were approaching the vicinity of the dead whales. As we approached, the smell strengthened, until a curve in the margin of the sea revealed the: whales to us. There were one hundred and twenty whales, ranging from small ones six feet long, to others thirty and forty feet long. The whales had either died and had been washed ashore, or had swam in with a high tide and were stranded. They had given us a good chance to study them and to have a good walk at the same time.

T. DAVEY (Class C1.)

AT THE TOP OF A TREE

Clouds of the sky,
Birds of the sea,
And the day passing by,
While I'm in this tree.

Things I can hear
Like that of the waves,
The sea running clear
And the wind in the caves.

At the top of this tree
Is a little bird's nest
And I think I can see
The sunset in the west.

How happy am I
To sit in this tree
And watch passers-by,
Go down to the sea.

SHIRLEY SUTTON (Class E2.)

THE SPORTING ALPHABET

A is for angling, a sport far too slow,
B is for boxing. O.K. and K.O.!
C is for cricket, a glorious game.
D is for diving—deep breaths are our aim.
E is for eating, here Hiscock's a champ.
F is for footer, who cares if its damp.
G is for golf, Cactus plays for his girls.
H is for hockey—look out for your shins.
I is for idol, who's good at all sport.
J is for japing, but mind you're not caught.
K's the kill-joy, who'd abolish the lot.
L is for ludo. Isn't sport, why not?
M is for marbles, propelled by the thumb.
N's noughts and crosses, in class with your chum.
O's the obstacle race, but Fatty's stuck tight.
P is for ping-pong, which ends in a fight.
Q is the quarter-mile, see Watkin's stride.
R's rowing—but Parker's gone over the side.
S is for skating, just fall after fall.
T is for tennis. Biff, whiz! Thirty all.
U is the umpire, who knows all the rules.
V is for vaulting a long string of stools.
W's for wrestling, have you got ribs of tin?
X's the xertion needed to win.
Y is for yachting, what could be choicer.
Z is the zest which thrills us with joy, sir.

JOHN BROOMBY (Class D2.)

THE ART OF ETIQUETTE

There has been some talk about the deplorable manners of the present-day male, also the lack of etiquette displayed in this, our School. I intend to rectify all this. If the ignorant and boorish reader will get these few points off his heart, he or she will be able to hold his or her head up in any company.

It's the little details that count. For instance, never jam the lid down tight after using the golden syrup. This might upset someone in the tussle to get the thing off again. To the would-be hostess, there is a point about arranging the jam artistically. A little crepe paper around the tins makes quite a good display. Next we come to the table proper and the correct handling of the utensils, etc. Some people are perplexed what wineglass to choose. Always choose the biggest and stick to it, it pays. And about cocktails—the olive stones always get me. You can't park them like chewing gum, or throw them over your shoulder. Of course cherries are easy. They just go down, stone, toothpick, drink and all.

Never get in a hopeless muddle with your knives and forks at the table. The rule is easy. Some people choose haphazardly, but I never do. Always start with the spoons and when you've used them all, go through the forks and then the knives. I always make this my rule and I've never been chucked out of a dining room yet.

If you are asked to pass the butter, always pass the plate as well.

When eating fruit such as water-melons, the seeds should be removed from the mouth with the hand and placed in the pocket or handbag. At important functions it is best to swallow them, as it saves mucking about. Also rum should never be drunk with fish, as it spoils the taste of the rum (not that I've ever had a drink with a fish—don't run away with that idea!).

Nowadays it is hardly necessary to ask permission of a lady to smoke, unless it's opium: but be careful, if you do ask, not to use the phrase, "May I smoke?" it's simply inviting the correct answer, "I don't care if you burn."

Of course manners and customs are varied by popular usage and according to the latest ideas, if a gentleman rises and gives his seat to a lady in a tram, she should first grunt at him, then take a step forward with the left foot, planting it firmly on his right foot, glare at him for having his foot on the floor, flop into the seat and glare out the window.

I think this ought to be enough for the first lesson. If you heed what I have said and practice diligently, I'll come around next week and bail you out. Adieu! (French). "BUNKUM."

SKY SONG

When the sun is setting in red and gold,
And the sky sets it out in a blue so bold;
You never will see such a glorious sight
As the bending colours in the fading light.

The night so calm, with its twinkling stars,
Its glorious splendour nothing bars,
Then the moon sails out from behind a cloud
With a silent walk and a head so proud.

Then dawn comes on in pink and mist,
Bringing the flowers out to be kissed.
The sun's bright rays drive away the grey,
And thus once more starts a glorious day.

DIANE GOODGER (Class D3.)

THE CHANGE

The Summer soft in slumber, slipped away,
The sun was warm, the sky was blue indeed
And these small pleasures did our young hearts feed;
We loved the birds, the fields and life so gay;
Then Autumn, brown and russet in its stay,
Brought mellow peace by touching grass and reed,
From boughs of trees, the leaves she gently freed,
Till, by the roadside, rich and brown they lay.

A silver mist creeps over hill and dale,
It covers everything with tinsel white,
An artist has o'erthrown on it a veil;
The country sleeps—a truly lovely sight
Of beauty rarely found and very frail,
But gleaming, even in the dead of night.

B.F.C. (Class B1.)

PORT ARTHUR

Port Arthur was the most famous and important penal settlement in Tasmania. This remarkable place is situated on the shores of a beautiful little bay—one of the many such that form the almost land-locked harbour of Port Arthur. The settlement crouches at the foot of densely wooded hills and over it all, after the turmoil and suffering of the convict days, lies a feeling of peace and desolation.

The approach from the road promised us beautiful things in the ruins. An avenue of elms, it ends within sight of the tower of the old convict-built church. Here a guide met us and led us on a conducted tour round the ruins. First we visited the church (which was under reconstruction to preserve its crumbling arches) and climbed the windy staircase, explored the courtyard with its rows above rows of seats where the services were held. Gazing at the great clock face, set high up in the tower, we listened to the patter of the guide, whom the slightest question confused, so mechanical had become his routine of descriptions. Then we saw the penitentiary with its great crumbling walls, over-grown with ivy, walked within its roofless fire-blackened corridors and saw the small, poky cells where hundreds of miserable wretches spent their tedious days. We listened to gruesome tales of their doings from the guide, who seemed to delight in freezing us with cold shudders.

Next we turned away to the model prison. This was built in the form of a circle round which the cells lay so that the keepers in a central point could keep everything under observation. The principle on which this prison was conducted was that there should be absolute silence, neither inmates nor guards being allowed to speak under any circumstances—they gave all orders by means of signs. In the door of each was a Judas hole, which the warders used for spying on their prisoners and a slot through which they passed food. One of the most interesting, though horrible places we entered, was a totally dark confinement cell. And while we stood tensely in the inky blackness, the guide gloatingly told us a ghastly story of how a week before, the door had jammed and imprisoned another party of tourists for four hours. However, no such misfortune overtook us. After this slightly unnerving adventure, we hastened on to the condemned cell, the triangles and other grim reminders of old Port Arthur.

JUDY AMOS (Class E4)

TRAVELLING TO FLINDERS ISLAND

There are two ways one can travel to Flinders Island. They are by air or by sea. Air travelling is pleasant, but I prefer to travel by sea. As I travel mostly by sea, I will try to tell about the voyage on a boat to Flinders Island.

The "Loatta," the name of the boat, is a very small steamer. Most people who are accustomed to travelling in large steamers, dislike travelling in the "Loatta." The cabins are made up of two berths and a sofa. Little time is spent in the cabins, as people wish to see the wonderful sights whilst going down the river and between the small islands that form the Furneaux Group. Flinders is the largest of these islands.

The boat usually sails at about three o'clock in the afternoon and arrives at Lady Barron or Whitemark the next morning. Going down the river you look at the banks and on one side you see large trees and on the other you see orchards. As you pass some of the hotels and townships, people wave to you.

At seven or eight o'clock at night, you pass through the Heads. When nearing the Heads you feel the swell of the sea outside.

Next morning when you come up on deck, you see the gulls flying about the boat and maybe there is a slight breeze blowing. As you pass some of the islands you see small sheds. These sheds are the houses in which people live when they go "mutton-birding" in March.

The same islands are almost covered with large tussocks. Underneath these tussocks are holes and in these, the mutton-bird lays her eggs in November. By March the eggs have been hatched out and the young mutton-birds are getting fat and are suitable to eat.

You pass the last of these islands and come to the Lady Barron jetty. On one side of the jetty there is a race for the cattle. On the jetty you see one or two trucks, which come to take the cargo from the boat to different places.

The passengers and their luggage are the first to get off. While you are wondering what to do, an old man comes along and asks you if you want to go to Whitemark. If you say yes, he tells you to get in his car and he puts your luggage in the back and off you go. This man takes the mail from the boat to the post office.

When you arrive at Whitemark, he takes you to the guest house and there you are given your room.

MARGARET WILLIS (Class D2.)

THESE COUPONS

This coupon business. Oh, what a pest!
We wonder what clothing will suit us the best;
Since we have so few coupons, to do us so long,
We consider our wardrobe, and keep our will strong.

First there are stockings, four coupons a pair;
We wear them frequently—if only we dare!
Hats are unnecessary, only for show;
Hankies are couponless—can THIS be so?

All our extravagant ways have now passed,
Economy's day has arrived at long last;
All of our savings must help in this war,
To keep yellow devils away from our shore.

"COUPON-LESS" (Class A.)

VALLEY OF THE DERWENT

New Norfolk, so called because it was the home of some of the settlers who were removed from Norfolk Island in 1808, has many buildings now standing that have lasted through a century, including what is one of the oldest inns in the Commonwealth, known as the Bush Hotel. This inn was licenced in 1825 and is still carrying on business in the original premises.

The Valley of the Derwent, given up to the cultivation of hops, apples and small fruits, is reminiscent of Kent in England. English trees are prominent on homestead properties and on the sides of the road and in autumn they are a golden glory. The road passes on through grazing country, many of the estates being a hundred years old. There are glimpses of the Derwent several times until, at about a distance of 105 miles from Hobart, the river is seen for the last time. The traveller has mountain views over the whole journey, but on starting the last 50 miles, the peaks become more numerous and present a grand spectacle. There are many glimpses of the mountains surrounding Lake St. Clair, which is only four miles from the main road at Derwent Bridge. Between Mount King William and Arrowsmith, the highest point of the road is reached at 2,720 feet above sea level.

BETTY TYSON (Class E4.)

WINNERS OF SENIOR BURSARIES, 1942

Bessie Boag
Robert Campbell
Monty Towns
Ken. Padman
Brian Waters

PARENTS' AND FRIENDS' ASSOCIATION

This year the Association has been very active indeed. In March we organised two working bees for digging trenches in the Royal Park which, fortunately, we have not had to use. Later in the year £27 was raised from a successful American Tea held at the School, the funds from which were used in helping to furnish the Staff Common Room. The Association has made a definite attempt to help in educating parents in the matter of diet and to this end Dr. W. K. McIntyre gave a lecture in the School Assembly Hall, to which all Parents' Associations and School Staffs were invited.

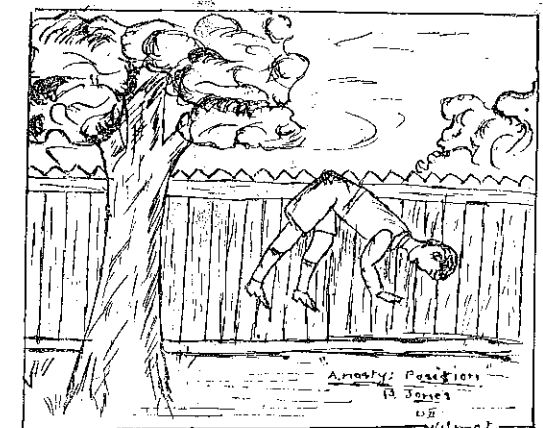
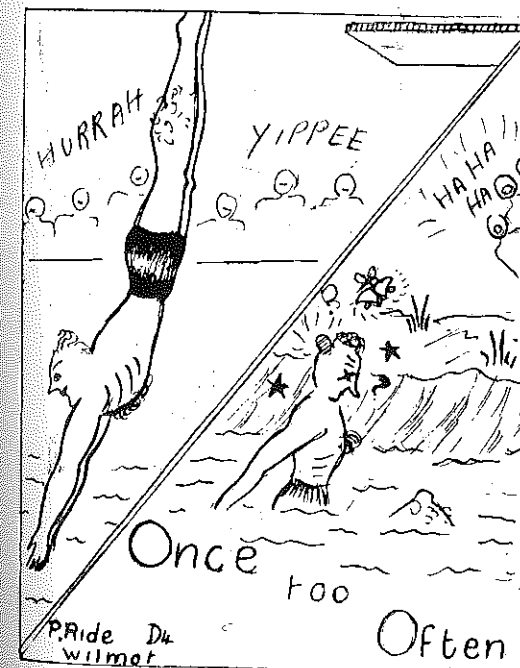
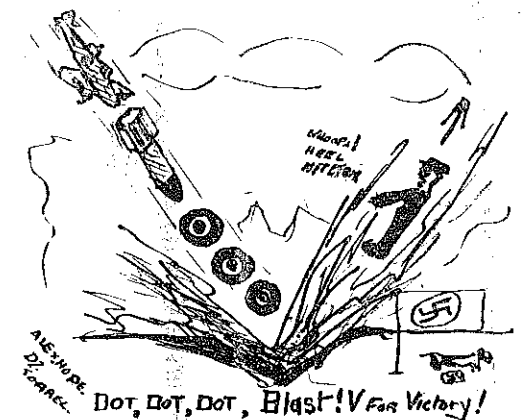
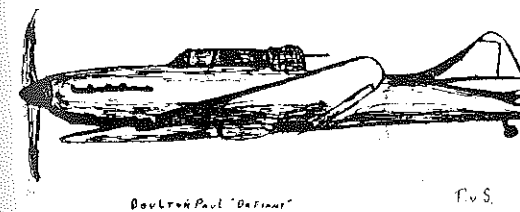
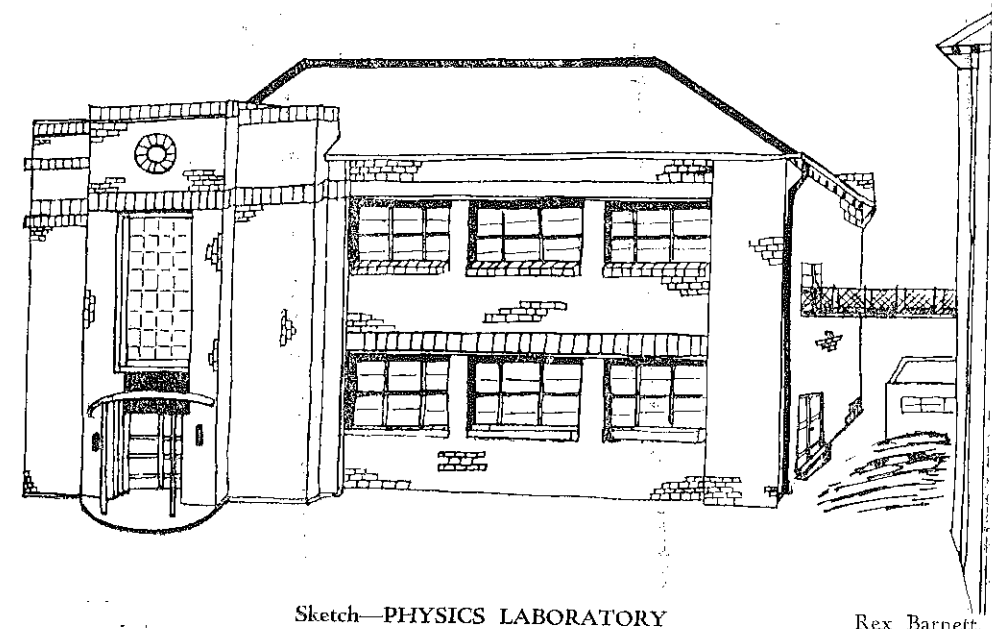
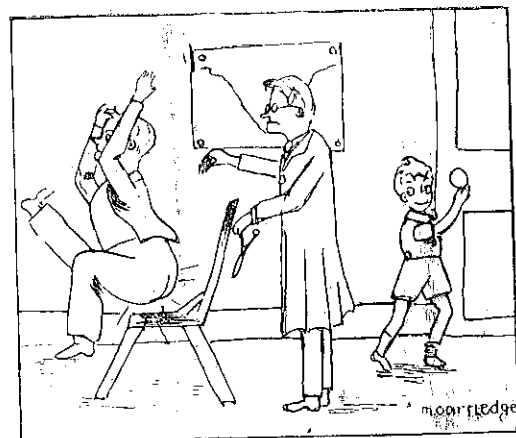
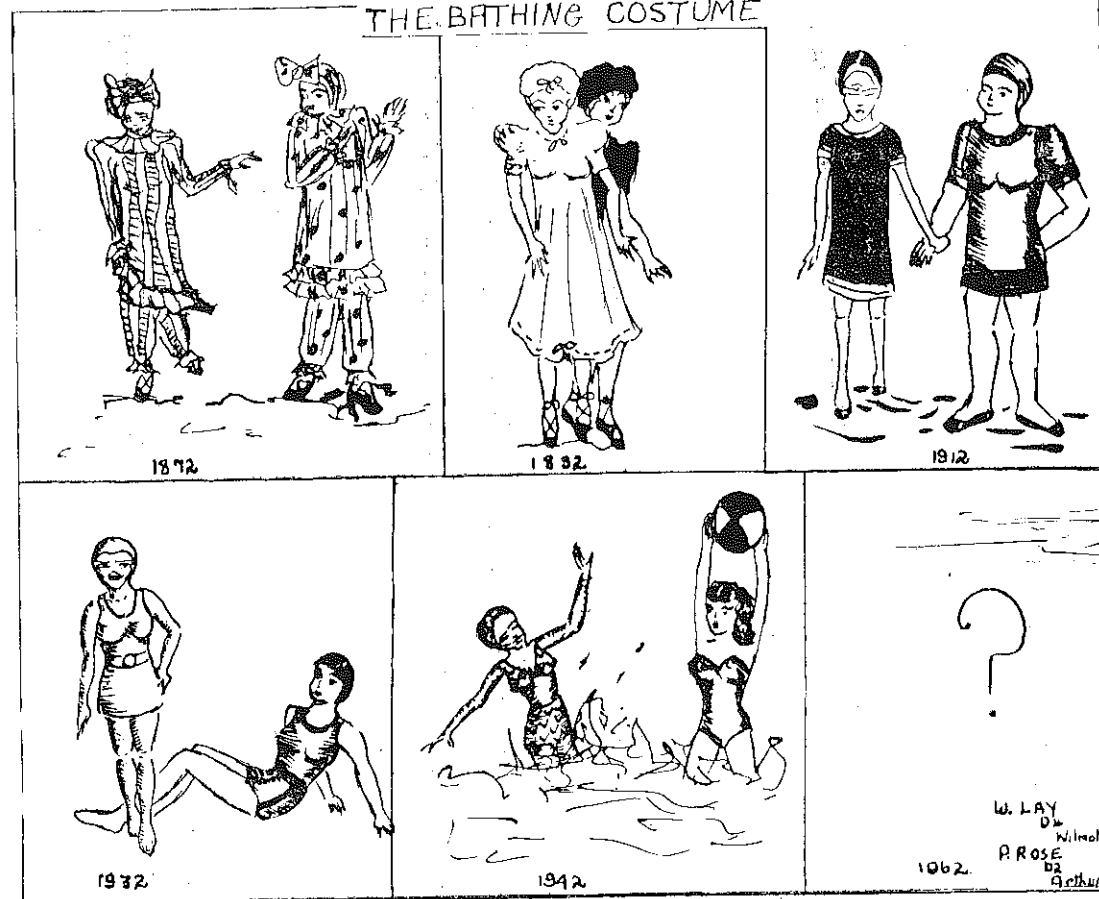
Lately, our activities have concentrated on efforts to raise money to equip the gymnasium which the Education Department has promised to provide next year. For this purpose parents have been circularised and visited by members of the Committee who have personally solicited their support.

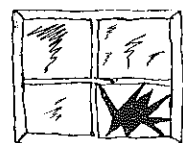
THE MOON HAS CAST ITS RAYS

The moon has cast its rays far down below
And as it slides across the sky, I think
The while it strikes the silvered black of night
Its haze of pale and mellow beams aglow—
How strange, how gleaming and fantastical—
A disc it is.

"X," Sorell

THE BATHING COSTUME

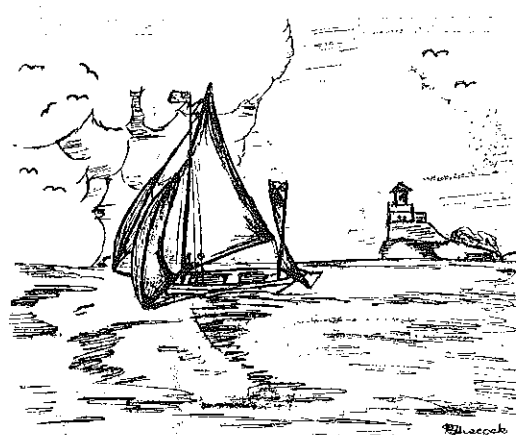




A
"SMASHING"
SUCCESS!



Quinton Bp



Blacoco

—The Art of Scouting—



In the art of scouting, care must be taken not to show yourself to the enemy and to blend yourself with the surroundings... the idea being to pretend you are not there.

Also to remember surprise attacks from the rear, wedges, and pinners movements, counter-attacks, and also your flanks... otherwise, remember the old motto
LOOK BEFORE YOU LEAP.

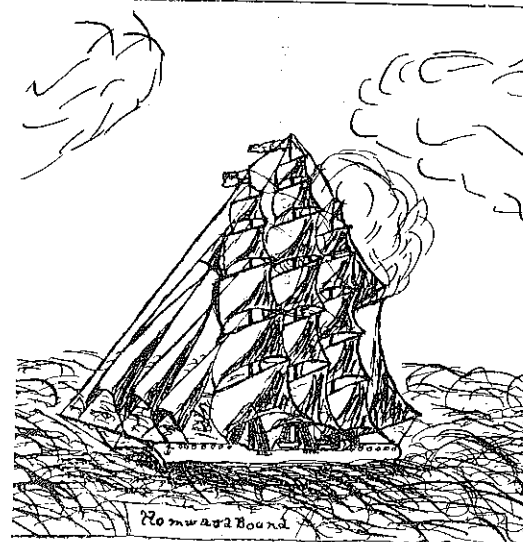


"Wilmot"

VILMA LAY



A. Jacobson.



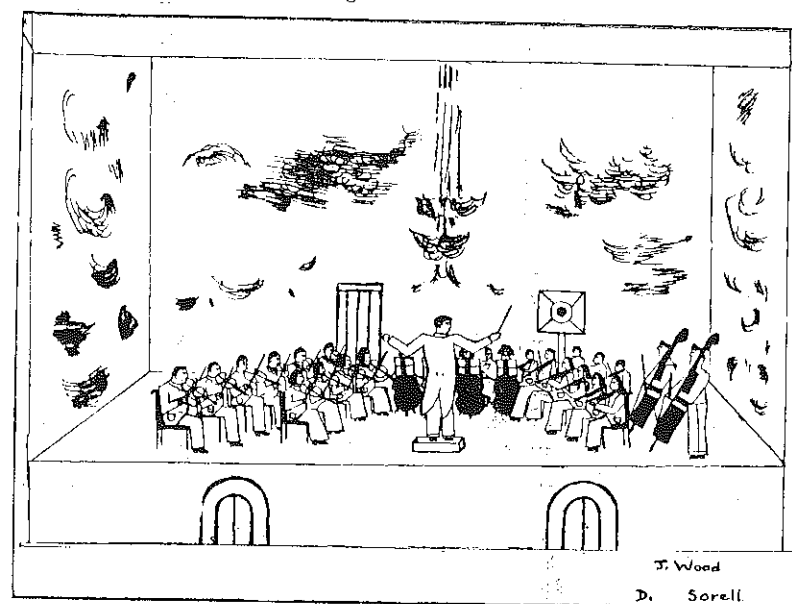
Homeward Bound

P. von Stieglitz.

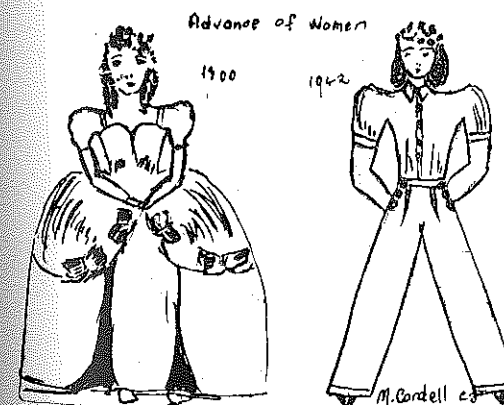


Every Diggers' Dream

Richerby



J. Wood
D. Sorell



Advance of Women

1900

1912

M. Cordell co.



THE GLADE

Mary Shields



OLD SCHOLARS' COLUMN

WELCOME TO NEW MEMBERS

Once again we extend to the boys and girls who have just left School and taken up their life in the business world, a hearty welcome to the ranks of our Association.

As many of our older members are on active service, we more than ever appreciate the support that they have given us, for we realise that through their help and interest, we are able to carry on the work of the Association. We thank you for your support and look forward to future association with you. We are also urgently in need of new members and urge all those who can, to join.

As to be expected, the Association's activities have been curtailed by the war, but notwithstanding this, we have had a very satisfactory year.

We have not held as many dances as we would have liked during the year, but with call-ups and enlistments, it has become increasingly difficult to run these functions successfully.

Throughout the winter months, dancing classes and socials were held at the School for the benefit of the younger members and we feel sure they were enjoyed by all.

At the end of last year, we held our Annual Dinner, after a break of one year. This proved a most successful function and was attended by 70 Old Scholars. The President, N. F. Forsyth, presided and included among the guests were the ex-Mayor of Launceston, Alderman F. Boatwright, our Patron, Mr. W. C. Morris and Mrs. Morris, Mr. A. J. Woolcock, F. D. Barclay and members of kindred associations.

We take this opportunity of thanking our Patron, Mr. W. C. Morris, for the use of the School and for the interest and valuable help he has given us from time to time. We also thank all Old Scholars who have given us their assistance.

NEWS IN BRIEF OF SOME OF OUR OLD SCHOLARS

With Australia drawn more closely into the war, many calls have been made for young women in the various auxiliary services and our girls, like our boys, have responded to the call. To all those serving in the W.A.A.F.'s, A.W.A.S. and V.A.D.'s, we offer our very best wishes.

Committee members to join the W.A.A.F.'s are Misses Joy Geiger and Pat Hudson. Joy, as you know, was for many years Secretary of the Association and although she resigned some little time before she joined up, she has been greatly missed from the social activities. Joy is now stationed in Melbourne and Pat, another ardent worker for the Association, is up in Brisbane.

Bruce Scott was another Committee member to join the R.A.N. this year. Other Old Scholars to join

the R.A.N. this year are: Norm Petterson, Alec Miller, Don Savage, Jack Simmons, Des Edmunds, Jack Whelan, while Gordon Lawson and Graham Alcock are in the R.A.A.F.

We also hear that Peter Tanner is in hospital in Port Moresby recovering from an attack of malaria.

To the above, we offer our sympathies and wish him a quick restoration to good health.

We have heard good reports of Pilot-Officer Geoff Atherton. Geoff is a fighter pilot in New Guinea and has been mentioned in special despatches as having been largely responsible for the sinking of enemy barges in the Pacific. Old Scholars congratulate you, Geoff. No further news has been received of Geoff's brother Fred, who was attached to the Medical Corps of the A.I.F. stationed in Malaya.

Max Aylett is now stationed at Parkes, Jack Brett is with the A.I.F. in New Guinea and Max Bertram is at Hobart. The Bain brothers, Neil, Keith and Doug are all in the R.A.A.F. Doug has just been home on leave from New Guinea, Keith is up in Sydney and Niel is in England. We hear that Allan Cunningham, Bert Kaiser and Harold Fulford are still in the Middle East. Allan and Bert are in the A.I.F., while Harold is attached to the R.A.A.F. Ken Cassidy, recently promoted to captain, is further practising dentistry with the A.I.F. somewhere in Australia. We also read in the news where Bill Lovell is with the first R.A.A.F. squadron to be sent to Russia. Dick Hope is in England, also with the R.A.A.F. David Twidle has recently been home on leave after three years' service with the R.A.N. He is now in Melbourne.

Terry Hague returned last year from the Middle East and is now with the R.A.A.F. up in Queensland. Neil McDonald is another Old Scholar up in New Guinea and Alec Tanner is in Central Australia.

Malcolm Wright has passed several accountancy exams brilliantly, in October, 1941, winning the First Tasmanian Company Law, Bankruptcy Law and Mercantile Law and Second Tasmanian Auditing. In April, 1942, he won the Second Tasmanian Book Keeping.

Baizel Ellis is recovering from shrapnel wounds and is in the Sydney Military Hospital. Baizel was on the H.M.A.S. Canberra. Des Edmunds was also on the same ship.

Maurice Taylor is now back from the Middle East and has received his discharge from the Army, having been wounded in the hand. John Steer has also been in hospital in the Middle East suffering from a wounded foot. Trevor Searson sustained injuries in an air accident a short time ago while training in N.S.W. We hear that he has made rapid recovery since.

SYMPATHY

We extend to our Patron and Principal, Mr. W. C. Morris, our sincere sympathies in the death of his father, Mr. William Henry Morris, of Sheffield.

Our sympathies also go to our Treasurer, Miss Betty Badcock in the loss of her father, Mr. A. J. Badcock, of Launceston. Also to one of our Vice-Presidents, Mr. F. D. Barclay, in the loss of his son Graham, who was killed in action recently. We were also very sorry to hear of the death of Sgt. J. Cosgrove and extend to his wife (nee Dorothy Grandfield), our deepest regrets. Sgt. Cosgrove was killed in action in England.

KILLED IN ACTION

It was with sincere regret that we read of the deaths of the following Old Scholars and extend to the bereaved, our sincere sympathies:

Sergeant-Pilot Ray Dean.—Killed in air accident at Western Junction. Ray is a brother of Geoff, who was also in the R.A.A.F. and was accidentally drowned last year.

Lance-Sergeant Tom Wilson.—Killed in action in the Middle East in June of this year.

Lieut. Graham Barclay.—Killed in action in November this year in the New Guinea theatre of war.

Pilot-Officer John Alcock.—Reported missing, believed killed in September of this year.

Sgt. Neil Gill.—Neil was reported missing last March.

We also offer our sympathies to the following Old Scholars who are prisoners of war: Ramsay Bull, Archie Flannagan, George Lawson, Peter Gunton.

ENGAGEMENTS

The following Old Scholars receive our congratulations upon their engagements:

Joan Forsyth to Mr. Stuart Easton.
Max Oliver to Miss Florence Wyatt.
Douglas MacLaine to Corrie Harvey.
Denis Whishaw to Audrey Hamilton.
Audrey Jackson to Eddie Neil.
Margaret Jinks to Mr. Jeff Moore.
Marie Mead to Mr. Frank Clark.
Melanie Holmes to Trooper C. G. Pryor.
Gwen Rigney to Mr. Bob Gleadow.
Peter Tanner to Miss Laurel Watterson.
Gerald Plummer to Miss Olive Mackie.
Adey Bardenhagen to Miss Selwyn Burns.
Muriel Kiddle to Lindsay Brain.
Jack Viney to Miss Lois Verral.
Jim Tuck to Miss Gwen Mylius.
Valma Pitt to Mr. Charles Burroughs.
Audrey Hume to Mr. Allan Eastley.
Pat White to Robert Alexander.
Betty Badcock to Mr. George Johnston.
Clive Sadler to Miss Joan Eadie.
Yvonne Hodges to Cliff Thomson.
Rita Gillam to Mr. Brooks Wilkinson.
Betty Percy to George Paton.
Bonnie Sutor to Mr. Peter Doolan.
Les Blair to Miss Barbara Ellis.
Neil McDonald to Miss Nell Batt.
Marjorie Comber to Ray Gregory.

MARRIAGES

We also have to congratulate the following Old Scholars who have recently been married:

Bernice Hutchinson to Mr. Patrick Harris.
Isla Waters and Lieut. Lionel Kerr.
Rex Hay and Miss Neena Tollner.
Amy Schramm and Mr. J. Wilson.
Victor Fitze and Miss Peggy Powell.
Winton Hudson and Miss Nan Grey.
Winnie Pollard and Sgt. Don Room.
Stan Pollard and Miss Rhoda Park.
Edna Blackburn and Jim Clark.
Edna Brooks and Mr. Ron Barber.
Alison Edwards and Lieut. Ted Porteous.
Alec Tanner and Miss Dulcie Gavitt.
Joy Austin and Mr. R. J. Parkes.
Peter Sellers and Miss Nellie Medwin.
Mysie Horne and Corporal Wilson Bertram.
Bill Gillam and Miss Alberta Sims.
Peggy Spotswood and Mr. Bert Farquhar.

Hazel Wilcox and Mr. Jack Stubbs.
Shirley Hodges and Mr. K. Chandler.
Lily Morgan and Mr. Bruce Littlejohn.
Marion Thomas and Allan Willett.
Nancy Reid and Mr. Ardley Crooks.
Betty Brewer and Mr. D. Badcock.
Jack Weatherill and Miss Phyllis Stewart.
Elaine Page and Mr. R. Newton.
Phil Gee and Miss Kath Errington.
Julian Murfet and Miss Marion Tuting.
Joan Harrington to Lieut. R. Rapley.
Bill Schier and Miss Barbara Gitsham.
Marjorie Grubb to Max Bertram.
Stan Harvey to Joan Robinson.
Jack Cox to Miss Madge Kyle.
Bob Rose to Miss Francis Bryan.
Roland Whelan and Miss Beryl Taylor.
Neil Wood and Miss Doreen Kirkham.
Clarice Jessup and Bombardier Max Stevens.
Don Churchill and Miss Leita Atkins.

BIRTHS

Mr. and Mrs. Keith Kelly (nee Peggy Searle), a son.
Mr. and Mrs. Don McDonald, a daughter.
Mr. and Mrs. John Howard (nee Helen Brown), a son.
Mr. and Mrs. Stan Guy, a daughter.
Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Parish, a daughter.
Mr. and Mrs. Robin Wood (nee Joan Anderson), a daughter.
Flying-Officer and Mrs. Royce Neville (nee Joan Scott), a daughter.
Mr. and Mrs. Ray Johnson, a son.
Mr. and Mrs. Ted Smith, a daughter.
Mr. and Mrs. Rex Lerner (nee Wendy Vickers), a son.
Mr. and Mrs. Harry Tuting (nee Gweh Maumill), a son.
Mr. and Mrs. C. Lade, a son.
Mr. and Mrs. E. Davies (nee Edith Dobbinson), a daughter.
Mr. and Mrs. A. Morton (nee Rene Anderson), a daughter.
Mr. and Mrs. Ted Triptree, a son.
Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Pitt (nee Marjorie Stringer), a son.
Mr. and Mrs. Vic Littlejohn, a daughter.
Mr. and Mrs. Creighton Johnson (nee Molly Woodhead), a son.

To the above we offer our heartiest congratulations.

COMMISSIONS

We congratulate the following Old Scholars who have gained commissions:

Flight-Lieut. Geoff Furmage.
Flying-Officer Geoffrey Atherton.
Flying-Officer Len Parsons.
Pilot-Officer Douglas MacLaine.
Flying-Officer Denis Wishaw.
Pilot-Officer Max Aylett.
Pilot-Officer Max Bertram.
Pilot-Officer Trevor Searson.
Pilot-Officer Peter Tanner.
Pilot-Officer Clifford Reeves.
Captain Dick Sowter.
Captain Ken Cassidy.
Captain Doug Gill.
Captain Bert Kaiser.
Captain Pat Gee.
Captain Jack Brett.
Captain Gordon Walsh.
Lieut. Eric Dwyer.

Lieut. Les. Howlett.
 Lieut. Rex Edwards.
 Lieut. Ken. Dallas.
 Lieut. Phil Gee.
 Lieut. John Bell.
 Lieut. Alec Tanner.
 Lieut. Phil Cartledge.
 Lieut. Fred Wilmot.
 Lieut. John Steer.
 Lieut. Jack Pullen.
 Sub-Lieut. Bob Fotheringham.
 Sub-Lieut. Guy Watkins.

SUBSCRIPTIONS

We extend to all those leaving School a hearty welcome to join our Association. Subscriptions may be paid to the Secretary or Treasurer, the subscription being as follows: First year, 2/-; under 21, 3/-; over 21, 4/-; married couples, 6/-.

It is now more than ever that we look to the younger members for their support to enable us to give the best assistance to the School.

O.S.A. DIRECTORY

Patron—W. C. Morris, Esq.
 President—Mr. N. Forsyth, c/o Yorkshire Insurance, Cameron Street.
 Hon Secretary—Miss Gwen Turmine, c/o Alfred Harrap & Son Pty. Ltd., Cameron Street.
 Hon Treasurer—Miss Betty Badcock, c/o W. & G. Genders Pty. Ltd., Cameron Street.
 Editor Old Scholars' Column—Miss Marjorie Crow, c/o Town Hall.
 General Committee—Miss Betty Lawrence and Mr. Ron Horne, assistant secretaries. Misses Mysie Horne, Marjorie Cooper, Joan Harris, Shirley Barrett, Marjorie Comber and Betty Pinel (junior members). Messrs. Layton Barrett, Walter Rumney, Tom Bonnily, Jack Pryor, Geoff Summers and Clarrie Kent (junior member).

NEW MEMBERS

We extend a welcome to the following new members and wish them the very best of luck in their new jobs: Joan Curtis, Osma Lanham, Violet Kearney, Molly Massey, Joan Jansson, Olga Morgan, Gwen Letcher, Elsie Nicholls, Betty Kerrison, Mary Wilmot, Betty and Mary Pinel, Peggy Neil, Nancy Luttrell, Nella Goldsworthy, Allan Foster, Terry Casboul, Don Betts, Eric Newman, Ross Kestles, Allan Stubbs, Harry Nicholls, Eric Tulloch, John Stewart, Harry Styles, Dennis Whelan.

O.H.A. TRIP TO LAUNCESTON

In September of last year, the Old Hobartians visited Launceston, arriving Friday night and returning Sunday afternoon. Football, hockey and tennis matches were arranged with Churinga on Saturday afternoon, followed by a dance at the School in the

evening, while on Sunday morning a bus trip was arranged for the visitors. This proved a very enjoyable week-end and Churinga would have undoubtedly made the trip to Hobart this year if normal times existed. We hope that after the war we will be able to do so.

We wish to congratulate Mysie Horne and Corporal Wilson Bertram who were married on October 3. As Committee members, Mysie and Bill have done invaluable work for the Association and on behalf of the Association, the Committee presented them with a wall mirror. We extend to them our very best wishes for the future.

Old Scholars might be interested to hear that Elsie Nicholls, who was for four years School Pianist, is now continuing her musical studies at Kew College, Melbourne.

Corrie Harvey, who recently announced her engagement to Douglas MacLaine, is at the Teacher's College at Hobart. Doug is with the R.A.A.F. in New Guinea.

BASKETBALL

We were fortunate to have two teams again for the 1942 season, although we did not win as many matches as the previous year.

Our congratulations go to Betty Branagan who has become engaged and also to Enid Rodman who was married in November, when an evening was tendered to her and a presentation made. Enid has been treasurer of the Club since its inauguration and we very much appreciate the work she has done.

We were extremely pleased to welcome Joyce Shaw back after an absence of twelve months on the mainland as she was also one of the original members of the Club.

It was very gratifying to have four new members from the School team of the previous year and we are desirous of having as many new members as possible for next season. Any intending members are asked to communicate with the undersigned or any other members of the teams known to them at an early date and we will be only too pleased to include them in our teams.

We wish to thank all those who have helped us to keep the Club going, especially thanking Mr. Morris who is ever ready to assist us and the members of the Old Scholars' Committee.

The Committee of the Old Scholars' Association wish to thank Joan Kent for her valuable assistance in preparing these notes.

NANCY M. JACKSON, Hon. Secretary,

C/o H. Jones & Co. Pty. Ltd.,

40 Charles St., Launceston.

Honour Roll

John E. Alcock, R.A.A.F.
 Geoff Atherton, R.A.A.F.
 Fred Atherton, A.I.F.
 Max Aylett, R.A.A.F.
 Geoff Arnold, R.A.A.F.
 Don Allison, R.A.A.F.
 Geoff R. Bryant, R.A.A.F.
 Jim Bell, R.A.N.
 Jack Brett, A.I.F.
 Margaret Brooks, A.W.A.S.
 John Bell, A.I.F.
 *Graham Barclay, A.I.F.
 Robt. Barclay, R.A.A.F.
 Alvin Romford, A.I.F.
 Norman Boatwright, R.A.A.F.
 Adye Bardenhagen, A.I.F.
 Monty Bardenhagen, A.I.F.
 Max Bertram, R.A.A.F.
 Wilson Bertram, R.A.A.F.
 Keith Bain, R.A.A.F.
 Neil Bain, R.A.A.F.
 Doug. Bain, R.A.A.F.
 *Robert Box, R.A.N.
 Jack G. Breheny, A.I.F.
 Brian H. Breheny, A.I.F.
 Lindsay G. Brain, R.A.A.F.
 Alan G. Bell, A.I.F.
 Roy Bates, R.A.N.
 Fred Bailey, R.A.N.
 Keith Brown, A.I.F.
 Ian Berwick, A.I.F.
 William Bowles, R.A.N.
 Bramwell Barber, R.A.A.F.
 Ramsay Bull, Prisoner of War.
 Clifford Bennell, A.I.F.
 Lloyd Carins, R.A.N.
 Lloyd Crosswell, R.A.N.
 Don Cameron, A.I.F.
 Phil. Cartledge, A.I.F.
 Jack Curtis, A.I.F.
 Alan Cunningham, A.I.F.
 Ken Cassidy, A.I.F.
 Richard Camm, A.I.F.
 Edwin Jack Curtis, R.A.A.F.
 Geoff B. Callahan, R.A.A.F.
 Harold G. Cross, R.A.A.F.
 *Stanley Coombe
 Fred Cooper, R.A.A.F.
 L. T. Collins, A.I.F.
 Albert Coates, R.A.A.F.
 Don Casidy, R.A.A.F.
 Max Camm, R.A.A.F.
 Don Churchill, R.A.A.F.
 Milton Cameron, R.A.N.
 Don Cox, R.A.A.F.
 *Ray H. Dean, R.A.A.F.
 Eric Dwyer, A.I.F.
 Geoff Dineen, A.I.F.
 Lovell Davis, A.I.F.
 *Geoff Dean, R.A.A.F.
 Marjorie Davey, A.W.A.S.
 Max Davey, R.A.N.
 John Davies, R.A.N.

William Dynon, A.I.F.
 Ken Dallas, R.A.N.
 Eric Evans, R.A.A.F.
 Grahame Davis, A.I.F.
 *Baizel Ellis, R.A.N.
 B. Edwards, R.A.A.F.
 Des. Edmunds, R.A.N.
 Geoff G. Furmage, R.A.A.F.
 Archie Flanagan, A.I.F.
 Max Fotheringham, A.I.F.
 Charles Fotheringham, A.I.F.
 Bob Fotheringham, R.A.N.
 Keith Firth, A.I.F.
 P. H. Fordham, R.A.F.V.R.
 *John C. Finlay, A.I.F.
 Robert B. Finlay, A.I.F.
 Harold G. Fletcher, R.A.A.F.
 John G. Fletcher, R.A.A.F.
 Jack Fuller, A.I.F.
 Terry Griffin, A.I.F.
 Dick Gardam, A.I.F.
 Arthur Gee, A.I.F.
 Peter Gunton, A.I.F.
 Stan Goss, R.A.A.F.
 Keith Goulston, R.A.A.F.
 Neil Gill, R.A.A.F.
 Richard Gee, R.A.A.F.
 Philip Gee, A.I.F.
 W. Gibbs, R.A.N.
 Errol Greuber, R.A.A.F.
 Stuart Hudson, R.A.N.
 Ken Hall, R.A.N.
 Brian Hughes, R.A.N.
 Les Howlett, A.I.F.
 Jim Harridge, A.I.F.
 Terry Hague, R.A.A.F.
 Max Harrison, R.A.A.F.
 Pat Hudson, W.A.A.F.
 Geoff Hudson, R.A.A.F.
 Jim Hollingsworth, R.A.A.F.
 Dick Hope, R.A.A.F.
 Robt. Hart, R.A.A.F.
 Ray Harrison, R.A.A.F.
 Lindsay Hope, R.A.A.F.
 Rupert Hayes, A.I.F.
 Terence Hughes, A.I.F.
 Alan Ingles, R.A.A.F.
 Clyde Ikin, R.A.A.F.
 Ken Jackson, R.A.A.F.
 Max Jordan, R.A.A.F.
 Harold Fulford, R.A.A.F.
 Richard Jackson, R.A.A.F.
 Allan K. Jones, A.I.F.
 Keith R. Joyce, R.A.A.
 John R. Jillett, R.A.A.F.
 Bert Kaiser, A.I.F.
 Fred Krushka, A.I.F.
 Percy Kerrison, R.A.A.F.
 Max Kerkham, R.A.A.F.
 Robt. Kiddle, R.A.A.F.
 Ian Lerner, A.I.F.
 Rex Lerner, A.I.F.
 Barney Lyne, A.I.F.

George Lawson, A.I.F.
 Alex Millar, R.A.N.
 Robert Moore, A.I.F.
 Grant MacLaine, R.A.A.F.
 Douglas MacLaine, R.A.A.F.
 Geoff McQuestion, R.A.N.
 Ron MacLaine, R.A.N.
 Peter McCord, A.I.F.
 Colin McElwee, R.A.A.F.
 Don McCord, R.A.A.F.
 Neil McDonald, A.I.F.
 *Ronald McCann, N.Z.F.
 G. W. McCabe, R.A.A.F.
 Ivo Lanham, Prisoner of War.
 William Lovell, R.A.A.F.
 Don Lovett, R.A.A.F.
 Malva Martin, A.W.A.S.
 Frank Mayhead, A.I.F.
 Ken Mayhead, A.I.F.
 Bob Morgan, R.A.N.
 Bob Maumill, R.A.A.F.
 David Munro, R.A.A.F.
 Gerald Murphy, A.I.F.
 Allan Morrisby, A.I.F.
 Geoff Manning, A.I.F.
 John Morrison, R.A.A.F.
 *D. W. McCabe, R.A.N.
 *Sergeant Huon Nation, R.A.A.F.
 Don McDonald, R.A.A.F.
 Eddie Neil, R.A.A.F.
 Syd, Nicklason, A.I.F.
 Colin Orr, R.A.A.F.
 Bruce Phillips, R.A.N.
 George Paton, A.I.F.
 Jack Pullen, A.I.F.
 Len Parsons, R.A.A.F.
 Robt. Pearson, R.A.A.F.
 Stan Pollard, R.A.A.F.
 Doug. Philips, R.A.A.F.
 Henry Padman, A.I.F.
 Clifton Parkes, A.I.F.
 E. J. Press, A.I.F.
 Derek Price, R.A.A.F.
 Ian S. Ruston, R.A.N.
 Ken Robinson, A.I.F.
 Enid Ratcliff, Nursing Division.
 Hedley Rosevears.
 Ronald Rainbow, A.I.F.
 Peter Richardson.
 Fred Rose, A.I.F.
 Clifford Reeves, R.A.A.F.
 John Steer, A.I.F.
 Harry Scott, A.I.F.
 Alan Senior, A.I.F.
 Betty Sellers, Nursing Division.
 Bill Schier, R.A.A.F.
 Lance Sales, R.A.A.F.
 George E. Swinton, A.I.F.
 Norman D. Swinton, R.A.A.F.
 Kenneth R. Simonds, A.I.F.
 Trevor Seanson, R.A.A.F.
 Herbert Scott, R.A.A.F.
 Don Savage, R.A.N.

HONOUR ROLL

Continued

Peter Tanner, R.A.A.F.
David Twidle, R.A.N.
Doug Thollar, A.I.F.
Arthur Traill, A.I.F.
Maurice Taylor, A.I.F.
Hal Taylor, A.I.F.
Max Thow, A.I.F.
Bill Tolland, R.A.A.F.
Harry Tuting, R.A.A.F.
Gordon Tucker, R.A.A.F.
Alec Tanner, A.I.F.
R. Turner, R.A.A.F.
James Tuck, R.A.N.

Muriel Thompson, W.A.A.F.
Kathleen Tidey, A.W.A.S.
Don von Bertouch, A.I.F.
Mark von Bertouch, A.I.F.
Max Viney, A.I.F.
Roly Whelan, R.A.N.
Terris Woods, R.A.N.
Lance Waldron, A.I.F.
Ron White, A.I.F.
*Tom Wilson, A.I.F.
Jack Wright, A.I.F.
Malcolm Williams, R.A.A.F.
Ray Watts, R.A.A.F.

Jack Weatherill, R.A.A.F.
Jock Walkem, R.A.A.F.
Frank Waters, R.A.N.
Denis Wishaw, R.A.A.F.
Guy Watkins, R.N.V.R.
Max Windsor, Armoured Div.
Leonard R. Williams, R.A.A.
Bruce A. Waddle, A.I.F.
Ernest Whitcombe.
Hamel Waldron, R.A.N.
Wallace Waugh, R.A.A.F.
* Killed in Action.
† Accidentally Drowned.