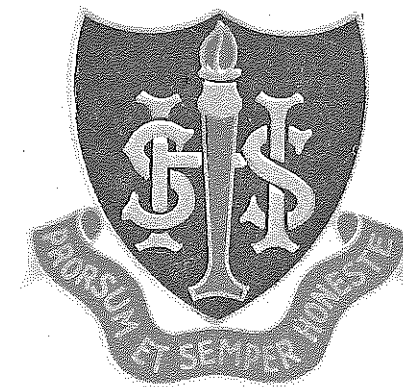


The Northern Churinga



December, 1943

Launceston High School Magazine

VOLUME, XXXII



The Northern Churinga



We are living in a world which is in a chaotic condition. We are at war. However, when a country is at war, it arouses the dormant fire of patriotism which is inherent in most of us. In peace-time, we would be very indignant if anyone accused us of being unpatriotic, but in times of war, this feeling becomes more active and men are consumed with a burning love for their country which leads them to make the "Supreme Sacrifice."

The national spirit, which emerged during the Reformation and the Renaissance, has been growing in strength and intensity, until to-day it is one of the most dangerous forces in the world. I mean dangerous, in that it makes men who are usually calm, turn into men consumed with hate and a desire to kill those who dare to criticise their much-loved country. It is this spirit, coupled with the insane ambitions of a madman, which has transformed our colourful, peaceful world into a grim, tumultuous place, which seems to all of us, like some horrible nightmare from which there is no awakening.

We are yet too young to do what others are doing, so we continue to groan inwardly, smile outwardly and vow to do our utmost to make the world a better place at the end of this struggle than it was at the beginning.

Before we leave school, we hope that the war will be over and that we will be able to turn our patriotism

to peace-time activities, where it will assume less belligerent proportions. In peace-time, patriotism should mean more than just loving our country so much that if the need arose, we would die for it. It should mean more than "Love thy neighbour," if we limit the meaning of "neighbour" to the person next door. It should mean taking an interest in the conditions of the world and public affairs in general.

In the years following the war there will be things for us all to do if we wish to relieve the conditions of the people of our land. During the war, we have been fired by the desire to see our country emerge victorious, but victory must be followed by a rebuilding. Why shut our eyes to the misery which must inevitably follow a struggle such as this?

I think that we will turn our attention to world affairs in general, but more particularly to the things which are important, not to Australia, or even Tasmania, but to Launceston.

We must take an interest in the little things which are so important to the people of our respective towns, such as looking into the problems of housing all our people adequately. There will very probably be the usual depression and many of us who have steady incomes will have to sacrifice some part of them for those who have no steady work, but we should not mind this. It will be one peace-time way of showing the true meaning of patriotism.



PREFECTS, 1943



A CLASS, 1943

PASSING NOTES

In 1943 our School opened with much better prospects of remaining open than in the previous year, when we did not return until March. We hope that when we open next year, the situation will have improved 100 per cent. on this year's opening. The Staff has changed considerably from last year and we particularly notice the few men who sit at Mr. Morris' right hand at Assembly.

Miss Blyth left us rather early in the year to take a librarian's course, but her work in our own library has been carried on effectively by Miss Hudson.

We were also sorry to lose Miss Aplin, who left us to take up a position with the Education Department in Hobart.

Visitors to the School during the year included M. Brenac, the head of the Free French in Australia, who told us about the activities of his organisation here.

Paymaster Sub-Lieutenant Roy Bates, an old scholar, also visited us and told us about his experiences while attached to the Royal Navy. Another interesting visitor was Dr. McLaren, who has spent some time in a Japanese prison since the outbreak of war, but merely for political reasons. He entertained us with stories of his work in Korea and answered questions put to him.

Members of "B" and "D" classes attended a picture show at the Star Theatre organised by the Rotary Club. The main feature was a film entitled, "Through the Centre," dealing with a motor trip through Central Australia. Dorothy Long won the prize at our School for the best essay written on the film.

Most of the School attended a showing of "The Younger Mr. Pitt" at a concession matinee. This film gave a complete story of the life of William Pitt and was of particular interest to history students.

Two girls' choirs under the direction of Mr. Moses and Miss Limb competed in the Competitions. Miss Limb's choir won by a very narrow margin and devoted the prize money to the purchase of gramophone records which were presented to the School by June Mold on behalf of the girls.

Members of "B" and "D" classes attended the annual orchestral concert held in the Albert Hall by the A.B.C. Symphony Orchestra. After hearing the conductor explain the work of the different instruments in the orchestra, we enjoyed a musical programme ranging from songs to overtures.

Something new has been introduced by the literary minded people in the School. That is, a School newspaper. This paper, which was to have appeared monthly, but which was delayed by paper shortages, is called "Outrages."

As a result of class collections and functions throughout the School, a total of £142/5/10 has been collected for Patriotic Funds this year.

The amounts for the various organisations were: A.C.F., £14; Allies, £14/13/7; Fighting France,

£1/11/3; A.C.F. Hampers, £26; Chinese Relief, £9/16/10; P.O.W., £9/10/6.

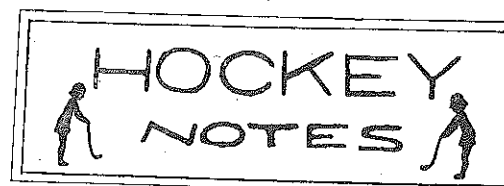
The amount donated to the Red Cross and P.O.W. funds from the proceeds of the opera, "Yeomen of the Guard," was £66/13/8.

A total of £700 has been deposited in the School Bank throughout the year and 507 War Savings Certificates have been bought. The School banking is superintended by Mr. Moses with the help of some of the girls.

Two improvements to School procedure came as rather a shock to most of us. In the third term it was decided to abolish set homework and to let the student work at his own pace, keeping a diary of all he did. The second development was the abolition of detentions. The alternative is that each class has a book in which all offences are noted.

"PASSING ROUND"

(R. Brown, Sorell)



The team for 1943 is as follows: Margaret Rowe (captain), centre; Betty Chapman (vice-captain), right back; Bessie Boag, left back; Yvonne Spotswood, right half-back; Pat Rose, centre; Marion Atkins, left half-back; Muriel Massey, right wing; Dulcie Alcock, right inner; Braine Cruthers, left inner; Peggy Grinham, left wing; Dulcie Hills, goalie. Emergencies: Audrey Hudson (centre), Helen Hensby.

During the season the team played several matches in the roster with varying success.

The match against Burnie was fiercely fought to the end. Our team did not score until the second half, but the game was closely contested, deciding finally in Burnie's favour. The final score was, Burnie 3 goals, Launceston 2. The goals were struck by Eraine Cruthers and Muriel Massey.

The best players mentioned in the press were: Bessie Boag, Eraine Cruthers, Pat Rose, Muriel Massey and Betty Chapman.

On account of the wet weather, the match against Devonport was played on Saturday morning. The lower goal was under water and the field was not marked out. The game, with its ups and downs (mostly downs), was very amusing to the spectators. The final score was Devonport 4 goals, Launceston 1.

Eraine Cruthers struck the goal. The best players were Bessie Boag, Muriel Massey, Betty Chapman, Pat Rose and Yvonne Spotswood.

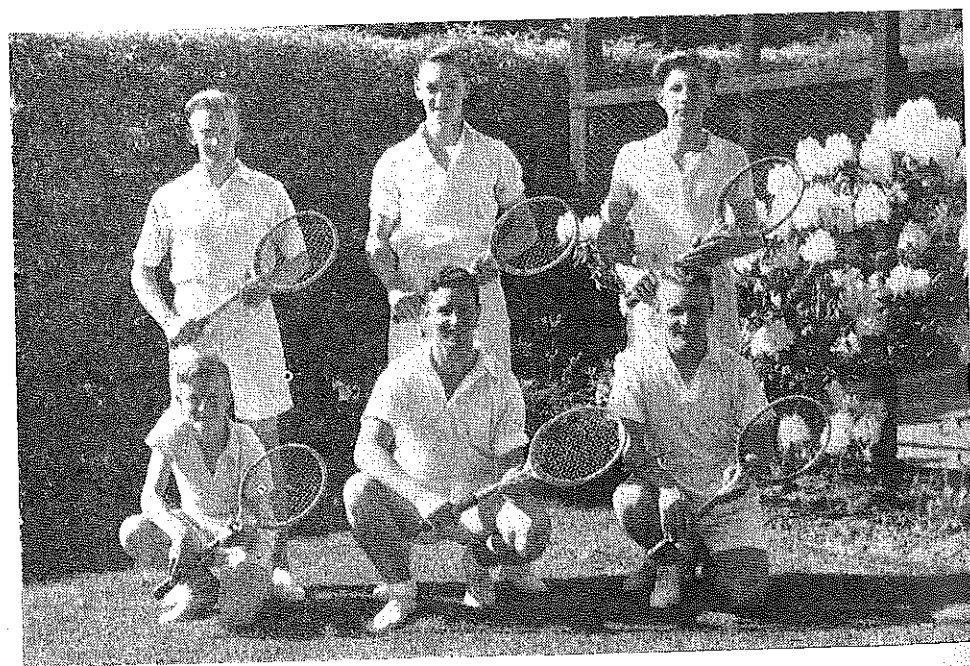
The team, this year, was young and suffered chiefly through lack of experience; better results are expected next year.

The best players for the season are as follows: B. Chapman, B. Boag, E. Cruthers, M. Massey, Y. Spotswood and P. Rose.

Our thanks are due to Miss Richardson, under whose careful coaching the team greatly improved during the season.



GIRLS' TENNIS TEAM, 1943



BOYS' TENNIS TEAM, 1943

GIRLS' TENNIS NOTES

The opening of the 1943 season was greeted with enthusiasm by all members of the team. This enthusiasm was in no way diminished by the heartening news that a match with the Burnie High School team was likely to be played.

The team is as follows:

BETH BARTLETT (captain) — A particularly strong player, having a good command of all strokes and possessing the temperament necessary for a successful tennis player.

BETTY CHAPMAN (vice-captain) — Very good style with strong service, but a little more concentration is needed on backhand.

BETH OWENS — A player who has shown considerable improvement all round. Shows promise of becoming a very sound player.

JUNE MOLD — Has shown marked improvement and proved herself to be a good match player.

DULCIE ALCOCK — Very earnest player who has shown keenness at all times and merited just improvement.

BARBARA McENNULTY — Promising player with a good variety of forceful strokes.

Emergencies: Audrey Davies and Eraine Crothers. Early in March, the team travelled to Burnie and for the first time in the history of the schools, the Burnie and Launceston High School teams met.

We were successful in defeating the Burnie team by nine sets to nil.

Our thanks are due to Burnie for the hospitality given during our visit, which was thoroughly enjoyed by all.

The matches played were as follows (Launceston names first):

DOUBLES

B. Bartlett and B. Chapman defeated E. Bell and B. Aiton, 9—1.

B. Owens and J. Mold defeated B. Lingford and J. Movis, 9—4.

D. Alcock and B. McEnnulty defeated B. Chambers and B. Addison, 9—2.

SINGLES

B. Bartlett defeated E. Bell, 9—0.

B. Chapman defeated B. Aiton, 9—2.

B. Owens defeated B. Lingford, 9—2.

J. Mold defeated J. Morris, 9—6.

D. Alcock defeated B. Chambers, 9—6.

B. McEnnulty defeated B. Addison, 9—1.

Miss Dean has again rendered invaluable service to the School in coaching the team and our success is a fitting reward for her able coaching.



This year we were fortunate in retaining four members of last year's team. At the beginning of the season, Barbara McEnnulty was elected captain and Beth Bartlett vice. Miss C Limb was the coach instead of Miss Paul, who had satisfactorily coached the teams for two years. Norma Ranson and Valda Whitford were elected captains of the Seconds and Thirds respectively.

Although there was no N.T.W.B.B.A., the teams had many matches against the public schools, with

varying successes. The two most important matches were played against Devonport and Burnie High Schools. We were successful in both matches. The scores were:

L.H.S. defeated B.H.S., 51—18.

Best players: B. McEnnulty, B. Bartlett, W. Lay.

Although the scores against Burnie were so uneven, the game was hard and fast. The team was at its best, both in team work and individual play. B. Bartlett threw 32 goals and F. Cullen 19 goals.

The match against Devonport, probably due to the holidays preceding it, was not so hard or as interesting as the Burnie match, the scores being:

L.H.S. defeated D.H.S., 34—12.

Best players: B. McEnnulty, P. McEnnulty, B. Bartlett.

The team is as follows:

BARBARA McENNULTY (captain), Attack Wing — A brilliant player. Can always be relied on for a high standard of play. Never lets her own individual ability blind her to the necessity of teamwork.

BETH BARTLETT (vice-captain) — Accurate goal thrower. Reliable in her catching and throwing. Always plays well.

FAY CULLEN — Goal thrower. Very accurate, but inclined to be careless in catching and throwing.

SHIRLEY MORICE — Centre. Knows her position well and is experienced. Accurate in throwing.

WILMA LAY — Defence Wing. Good and fast player. Catches well, but throwing needs more practice. Can play when she wants to.

BETH OWENS — Goal defence. Jumps and throws rather well. Still needs more experience, but is developing into good player.

PATSY McENNULTY — Defence. Quick on her feet. Catching and throwing very accurate. Needs more confidence when playing against experienced players.

Valda Whitford, who played a good and steady game in the match against Devonport and Lois Roughley, are first and second emergencies respectively.

The teams wish to heartily thank Miss Limb for the time she has given up in coaching them, also for her encouragement, consistency and unfailing energy.

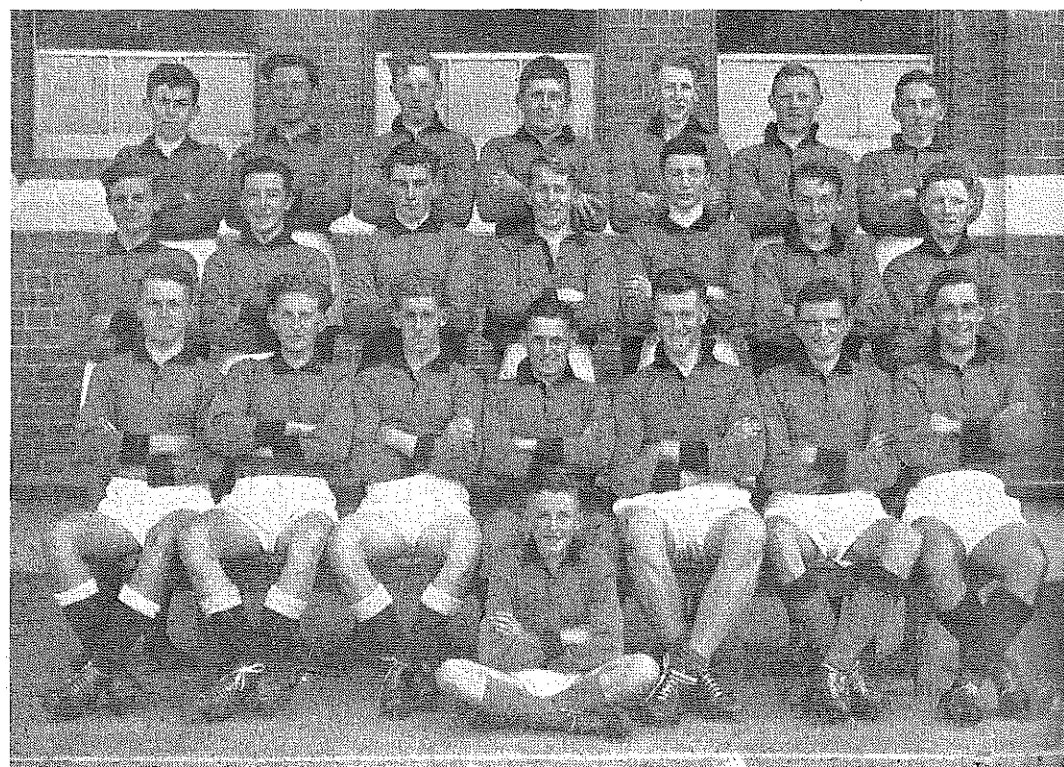
THE SCIENCE CLASS

During the Activities Period on Friday afternoon, we hold what was originally to have been a radio class, but which now studies all branches of science. For the last few weeks we have been preparing and studying gases.

For some time we studied the workings of an old radio set and succeeded in rigging-up a simple telephone during another period.

At the end of the period we held a general discussion and inspection of interesting exhibits brought along by members of the class. Two of the outstanding exhibits were an electric motor and a powerful set of magnets. It is at this time that we sometimes hold a small auction sale for any material at hand. The bidding is usually very brisk, but the supply of saleable articles seems to have been exhausted.

THE ROVING REPORTER,
(D2 Arthur)



ATKINS (Captain).—A very clever rover and centre half-forward. Fast and tricky. A sure mark and a long kick with either foot. Has a remarkable knowledge of the game, using handball particularly well.

REES (Vice-Captain).—A first-rate follower and forward, an exceptionally high mark and long kick and very adept at evading the opposing backs. Wins many matches, often kicking six or seven goals a match. A brilliant future is predicted for him.

HUNT.—A solidly built centre half-back, with exceptional pace, who clears the backline with a long, driving kick. He plays the game hard and vigorously, but unscrupulously fair. Should develop into a dashing centre half-back.

SMITH.—A fast, big, full-back, who takes many high marks over tall forwards. Clears the goal mouth admirably, but only twice during the season did he reproduce his true form.

BROWN.—A very vigorous centre player who is never beaten. A good position player, sure mark and fair kick and always places the ball to the best advantage.

BADCOCK.—A solidly built full forward, making good position and often taking very high marks. At present he does not realise his power or his kicking ability.

WATERS.—A very determined follower and defender, who is a sure mark. His excellent position play is supported by clever evasion. Always helps his team mates out of trouble by backing up.

WATKINS.—A tenacious rover, who plays very determinedly. A good mark and a very neat kick, he scores many goals while roving or resting at the centre half-forward position.

BOX.—A greatly improved follower, who defeated the rucks from Burnie, Devonport and Hobart. A feature of his play is his capability of tapping the ball over his head to the rover. Although a big man, he is very unselfish and plays the game scrupulously fair. Many of our victories are attributed to his excellent rucking.

COLUMBINE.—One of the best players in the team. Is a very valuable utility player, who, whether playing forward or back, plays clever and determined football. His kicking, marking and ground work are very safe.

MARTIN.—A very cool wing player who makes excellent position to receive handball. Good marking and kicking, combined with sure ground play, endeavour him to drive the ball well up to the forwards.

ARNOLD.—A very solid half-back. A seemingly slow mover, his pace is very deceptive. All his actions are very deliberate, while his coolness, stab-kicking and marking are definite assets.

WALMSLEY.—A serviceable pocket back who backs the full back up admirably. Saves many goals through his marking ability and excellent anticipation.

DAVIS.—A diminutive, but very fast wing man. His slight build enables him to be very evasive and to turn quickly. Although a youngster, he employs handball like a veteran.

PARKER.—A small rugged pocket back who, at times, takes some freakishly high marks. Should learn to kick the ball more quickly.

SCOTT.—A solid ruck, who plays the game hard and is never beaten. Although having his first year with the Firsts, he has developed into a good team man.

TUDOR.—A small pocket forward, who plays brainy football. A very safe mark and never misses when shooting for goal.

IRVINE (19th Man).—A half-back who is a good mark and kick. Very cool and unselfish, but not vigorous enough.

VERTIGAN.—A small half-forward. A good mark and kick who drives the ball well up to the full forward. Would play much better if he were not to give up so easily.

Although our team was very small, we had a very successful year, winning the Premiership of the Junior competition and defeating decisively both Burnie and Devonport.

In the State Premiership, against North-West, Old Boys of Hobart, we were without the services of Rees, Watkins and Martin, Smith, Badcock and Walmsley. This necessitated a re-shuffling of the team. Despite this, our team played excellently, every man doing his share. With Waters dominating the centre and Box and Atkins the ruck, and Arnold the full-back position, our team went very close to defeating North-West.

We attacked continually, but most of the attacks were smashed in front of the goal.

Scores: North-West, 6—7 (37); H.S., 2—9 (21).

Best Players: Atkins, Waters, Brown, Columbine, Arnold, Davis.

Goalkicker: Columbine, 2.

THE BURNIE MATCH

In the first quarter, Burnie, by superior system and understanding, definitely played superior football to us, but from then onwards our more experienced players overwhelmed them. Stokes and Leary played great football for Burnie, while Rees, Hunt, Martin, Walmsley and Atkins combined well for us.

Scores: L.H.S., 19—12 (126); Burnie, 5—11 (41).

Best players — Rees (best on ground), Martin, Walmsley, Waters, Watkins, Atkins and Hunt.

Goalkicker—Rees, 6; Badcock, 4; Columbine, 3; Atkins, 2; Tudor, 2; Watkins and Box, 1 each.

DEVONPORT MATCH

Owing to the wet weather, the cricket ground was almost under water and the match was postponed from the Friday afternoon to the Saturday morning.

As our side was much smaller than Devonport, our small men benefitted by the greasy conditions. From the commencement, our team appeared to have the game in hand. Rees kicking two goals, Atkins 1, Badcock 1 and Watkins 1 in the first few minutes. Devonport rallied and finished strongly in the last quarter. Parker, however, intercepted many attacks by clever anticipation, while Atkins and Rees drove the ball up to the forwards.

Final scores: Launceston, 10—6 (66); Devonport, 5—6 (36).

Best players: Atkins, Rees, Columbine, Watkins, Waters, Hunt.

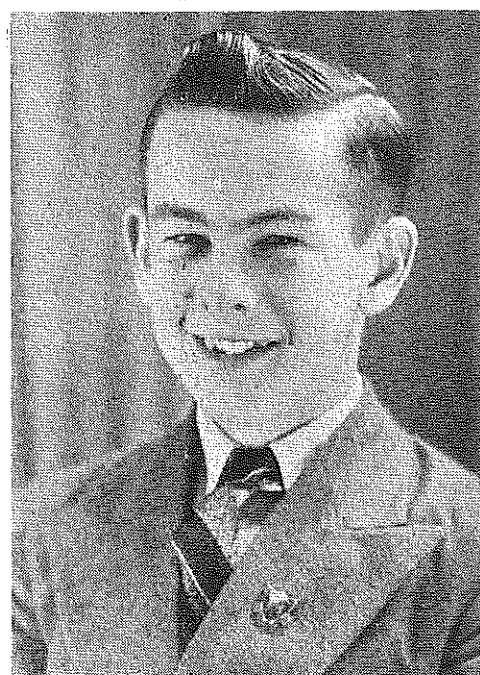
Goalkickers: Rees, 5; Atkins, Badcock, Tudor, Vertigan, Columbine, 1 each.



SHIRLEY EDWARDS
Best Leaving Pass, Girls, 1942



BETH BARTLETT
Senior Prefect, Girls



MAX BURKE
Best Leaving Pass, Boys, 1942



NOEL ATKINS
Senior Prefect, Boys

HIGH SCHOOL v. TECHNICAL SCHOOL (Final of Junior Competition)

This was our most important match of the year as Tech. had defeated us in the previous match. However, everything went well for us and we had a six goal lead at half-time, mainly due to the excellent understanding between Box, Atkins and Rees. Tech. rallied, but were unable to reach our score.

Final scores: High School, 11-9 (75); Tech., 5-8 (38).

Best players: Rees, Atkins, Box, Columbine, Waters, Watkins, Arnold.

Goalkeepers: Rees, 7; Atkins, 2; Columbine and Watkins, 1 each.

LEADING GOALKICKERS

M. Rees	52
K. Badcock	24
M. Columbine	13
N. Atkins	8
V. Watkins	8
G. Martin	5

The football and cricket teams would all like to thank Mr. Moses for the amount of time and energy he has put into coaching the teams.

SPEECH NIGHT

The substantial contribution which students, in co-operation with the teachers, had made to war funds, were detailed by the principal (Mr. W. C. Morris) when presenting his annual report at the speech night. During 1942, £648/10/- had been raised for war funds. This included £150 subscription to the war loan and purchase of war savings certificates valued at £376. Since war began the School had raised £1,679/14/-.

Prizes and trophies were presented by the Assistant Minister for Education (Mr. James McDonald, M.L.C.), and Mr. P. Hughes, B.A., presented School certificates.

A musical programme was presented by the School choir, conducted by Miss C. Limb. Pat Rose, Beverley Rumney and Marion Atkins played a piano-forte trio and David Hunt sang a solo. Pat Rose and Marion Atkins were accompanists and Mr. A. R. Gee organist. The prize list was:—

DUCES—Class A (Girls), Shirley Edwards; Class A (boys), David Hunt; Class B1 (girls), Bessie Boag; Class B1 (boys), Kenneth Padman; Class B2, Loris Richards; Class C1, Dorothy Long; Class C2, Barbara McEnnulty; Class C3, Vera Box; Class D1, Gwen Street; Class D2, Betty Halligan; Class D3, Robert Sharman; Class D4, Wilma Lay; Class E1, Thomas Bailey; Class E2, Kay Britcliffe; Class E3, Geva McCormack; Class E4, Avis Brown.

General Merit, Sernior School.—Joan Wilkinson and Brian Booth. General Merit, Junior School.—Vera Box and Kelvin Cox. Best pass, Leaving Examination, 1941—Girl, Joan Scott; boy, Brian Hamilton. Best pass, Leaving Examination, 1941, Northern Tasmania High School—Brian Hamilton. Best pass in Chemistry, Leaving Examination, 1941—Desmond Ellis. English, A Class, 1941—Philip Macfarlane. Leaving French, 1941—Joan Scott. Best pass, School Certificate Examination, Girl, Barbara McEnnulty and Dorothy Long, equal; boy, Peter Stevens. Best pass in Chemistry, Schools Certificate Examination, 1942—Barbara McEnnulty. English Language and Literature

—Bessie Boag. Cookery—Class C, Patricia Morley; Class D, Nancy Broomhall; Class E, Elaine Stevens. School Accompanist—Pat Rose.

TROPHIES

Sports: Girls Championships—Under 13, Marjorie Wilson; under 15, Patsy McEnnulty; open, Peggy Williams. Boys' Championships—Under 13, Peter Ockerby; under 15, Kelvin Cox; open, Leslie Petter-son, Colin Parker, equal. Field Games Champion—Colin Parker.

Swimming: Girls' Championships—Junior, Blanche Farrell; intermediate, June Mold; open, Shirley Morice. Boys' Championships—Junior, Geoffrey Smith and Larry Killalea, equal; intermediate, Scott Clark; open, Robert Gunton.

Football—Brian Booth, Max Burke, Ian Westell, Noel Atkins, Lindsay Dwyer and Max Rees.

LEAVING EXAMINATION, 1941

Best Passes—Girls, Dorothy Joan Scott; boys, Brian Hamilton. Leaving Certificates—*Mollie J. Blackburn, *Raymond M. Boden, *Blannin G. Bryan, *Patricia M. Coe, *Jean F. Dobbison, *Desmond G. Ellis, *Mavis E. Green, *Brian R. Hamilton, *David L. Ingles, *Philip H. Macfarlane, Elizabeth M. Pinel, *Dorothy Joan Scott, *Christopher L. Spotswood, *Mary E. Sullivan, *Mavis E. White, *Marion P. Wood, *Isobel E. Kerrison, Glory E. Oliver, *Vida M. Parker, *Alan Spubs (matriculated only).

*Matriculated.

University Scholarships — Science, Desmond G. Ellis (8); general, Brian Hamilton (11) and Desmond G. Ellis (13). Sir Philip Fysh Scholarship—Brian R. Hamilton (2). Gilchrist Watt Scholarship—Jean F. Dobbison (1).

University Prizes—Geography, Brian Hamilton; commercial practice, Brian Hamilton; Latin, Jean Dobbison, General Pau Prize—Pat Coe; Federal Institute of Accountants' Prize, Brian Hamilton; Commonwealth Institute of Accountants' Prize, 1941, Ethel Tucker.

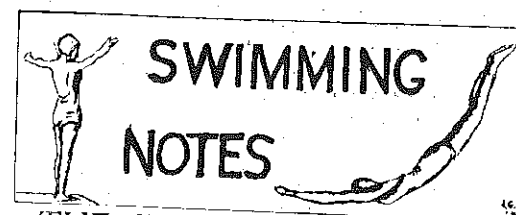
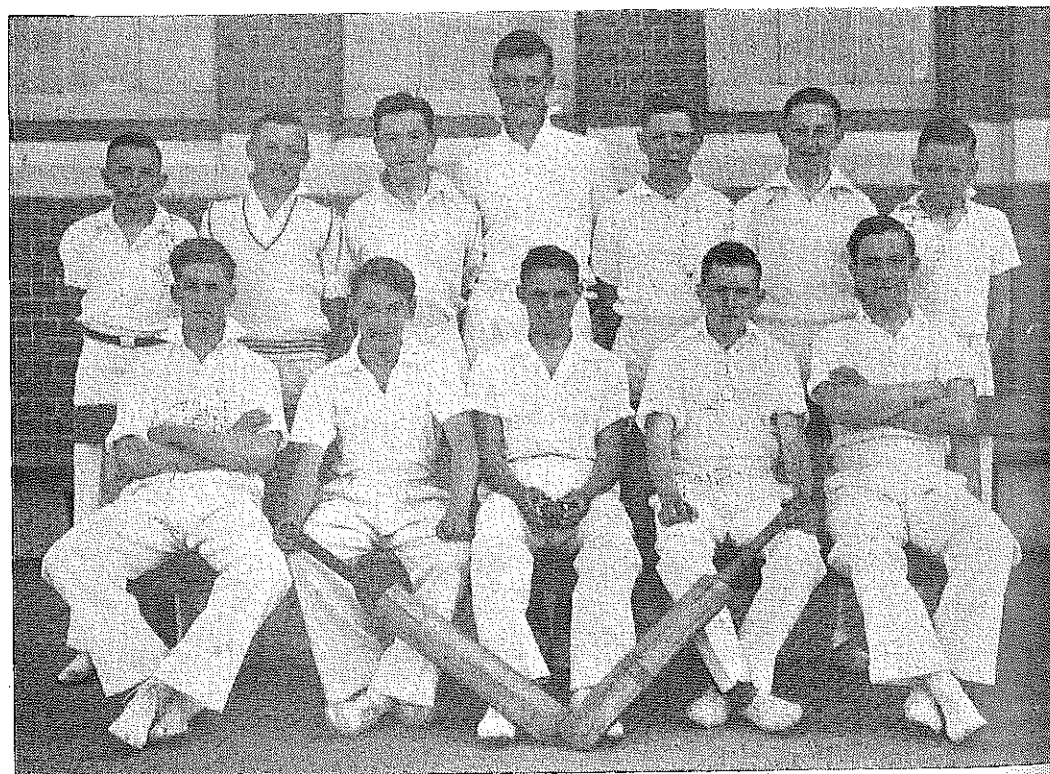
Tasmanian Education Department Scholarship — Desmond G. Ellis. Public Service Examination, Brian R. Hamilton. Naval Cadets Examination—Desmond Rundle and John Snow. Hemingway and Robertson Scholarship, 1942—Shirley Edwards. Bursary Winners, 1942—Senior City, Shirley Edwards, Noreen Miller, Bessie Boag, Brian Waters, Kenneth Padman, Robert Campbell. Senior Country, Montagu Towns. Junior City, Alison Orchard and Kay Britcliffe. Junior Country, Thomas Bailey.

THE ART EXHIBITION

The exhibition, which was the second to be held in Launceston, was sponsored by the City Council. The work displayed was that of the pupils of the Practising School, St. Mary's Convent, Technical School, High School, Glen Dhu, Invermay, Trevallyn and West Launceston State Schools and the Saturday morning art class.

The exhibition consisted of a diversity of art work, including imaginative drawing and painting, representational drawing, design, colour, lettering and craft work. Sections represented were pre-school and infant school, primary schools and secondary schools.

Miss E. Cornell convened the exhibition, which was managed by a committee consisting of Misses E. Cornell, I. van Gooch, C. McKinley, M. Forrington, R. Adams and Mrs. G. Camm.



THE SWIMMING CARNIVAL

The annual swimming carnival was held at the Victoria Baths on Wednesday, March 10. The results were as follows:—

- Girls' Open 100 Yds. Championship.—D. Long (S.), 1; S. Morice (W.), 2.
 Boys' Open 100 Yds. Championship.—R. Gunton (F.), 1; M. Rees (W.), 2; J. Padman (F.), 3.
 Girls' Under 13 25 Yds. Championship.—P. Greig (W.), 1; J. Amos (S.), 2; L. Reid (A.), 3.
 Boys' Under 13 25 Yds. Championship.—N. Cropp (W.), 1; J. Cullen (S.), 2; D. Cox (F.), 3.
 Girls' Open 50 Yds. Handicap.—M. Massey (S.), 1; M. Watson (S.), 2; R. Goyns (S.), 3.
 Girls' Under 15 25 Yds. Handicap.—E. Stevens (A.), 1; S. Bennett (F.), 2; V. Bradley (W.), 3.
 Boys' Open 25 Yds. Backstroke Championship.—R. Gunton (F.), 1; M. Rees (W.), 2; J. Padman (F.), 3.
 Girls' Under 15 25 Yds. Championship.—P. McEnnulty (A.), 1; J. Krushka (F.), 2; A. Davis (S.), 3.
 Girls' Beginners' Race.—K. Brown (F.), 1; K. Good (A.), 2; W. Avery (S.), 3.
 Girls' Open 25 Yds. Breaststroke Championship.—D. Long (S.), 1; S. Morice (W.), 2; L. James (F.), 3.
 Boys' Under 15 50 Yds. Championship.—G. Harding (W.), 1; D. Tudor (A.), 2; J. Greeney (W.), 3.
 Girls' Under 15 Dive.—G. Wise (W.), 1; B. McEnnulty (A.), and L. Roughley (F.), dead-heat, 2.
 Boys' Open 100 Yds. Handicap.—B. Cretney (F.), 1; B. Furnage (F.), 2; J. Paton (W.), 3.
 Boys' Beginners' Race.—E. Bakes (A.), 1; D. Sutton (A.), 2.
 Boys' Under 15 Dive.—L. Killalea (S.), 1; G. Harding (W.), 2; D. Tudor (A.), 3.
 Boys' Open 50 Yds. Championship.—R. Gunton (F.), 1; M. Rees (W.), 2; D. Armitage (A.), 3.
 Girls' Open 50 Yds. Championship.—S. Morice (W.), 1; D. Long (S.), 2; B. Gilham (F.), 3.
 Girls' Under 15 Teams' Race.—Arthur, 1; Sorell, 2; Franklin, 3.
 Boys' Open 50 Yds. Breaststroke Championship.—R. Gunton (F.), 1; J. Padman (F.), 2; M. Rees (W.), 3.
 Boys' Under 15 Teams' Race.—Wilmot, 1; Arthur, 2; Franklin, 3.
 Girls' Open Dive.—D. Long (S.), 1; M. Massey (S.), 2; Y. Spotswood (A.), 3.
 Boys' Under 15 50 Yds. Handicap.—G. Vertigan (A.), 1; A. Rowberry (W.), 2; B. Hewitt (A.), 3.
 Girls' Open Teams' Race.—Franklin, 1; Arthur, 2; Sorell, 3.
 Boys' Open Dive.—A. Parker (W.), 1; J. Padman (F.), 2; B. Irvine (S.), 3.
 Boys' Open Teams' Race.—Franklin, 1; Wilmot, 2; Sorell, 3.

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

The School Champions are:—

Girls' Open Champion, D. Long (S.); Intermediate Champion, P. McEnnulty; Junior Champion, P. Greig (W.).

Boys' Open Champion, R. Gunton (F.); Intermediate Champion, G. Harding (W.); Junior Champion, N. Cropp (W.).

House Competition resulted:—

	Points
Franklin	138
Wilmot	128
Arthur	100
Sorell	97

THE ATHLETIC SPORTS CHAMPIONS

Girls.—Under 13, M. Clarke; under 15, D. Prewer; open, B. McEnnulty.

Boys.—Under 13, B. Hutton; under 15, P. Ockerby; field games, T. Box; open, N. Atkins.

Records created were: Kicking the football, M. Rees, 65 yds., 2 ft., 10 ins. Throwing the cricket ball, N. Atkins, 108 yds., 1 ft. Under 13 high jump, B. Hutton, 4 ft., 10 in. (equals record). The House competition was won by Wilmot House with 325 points. The other results were, Arthur, 275½ points, Franklin 228, and Sorell 149½.

An inter-school relay race between the four secondary schools resulted, Grammar 1, High School 2, St. Patrick's 3, Scotch College 4. An inter-school teams' race for girls resulted: Methodist Ladies' College 1, Broadland House 2, and High School 3.

RESULTS

- House hockey contest: Franklin, 1; Sorell, 2.
 Medicine ball contest: Arthur, 1; Wilmot, 2; Franklin, 3.
 Shooting for goal: F. Cullen (W.), 1; L. Roughley (F.), 2; B. Lloyd (F.), 3.
 Arch and straddle relay, under 15: Arthur, 1; Wilmot, 2; Sorell, 3.
 Girls' senior relay: Arthur, 1; Sorell, 2; Wilmot, 3.
 Boys' Senior relay: Sorell, 1; Wilmot, 2; Arthur, 3.
 Girls' relay, under 15: Franklin, 1; Arthur, 2; Wilmot, 3.
 Boys' junior relay: Arthur, 1; Wilmot, 2; Sorell, 3.
 Tug-of-war: Arthur, 1; Wilmot, 2; Franklin, 3.
 Open mile teams' race: Wilmot, 1; Franklin, 2; Sorell, 3.
 Long jump: J. Dean (F.), 1; N. Atkins (W.), 2; D. Hunt (W.), 3.
 Putting the shot: T. Box (A.), 1; J. Padman (F.), 2; D. Hunt (W.), 3.
 Hop, step and jump: K. Cox (A.), 1; R. Cretney (F.) and N. Atkins (W.), 2.
 Girls' junior relay: Arthur, 1; Sorell, 2; Wilmot, 3.
 Open mile, championship: N. Atkins (W.), 1; B. Waters (F.), 2; J. Dean (F.), 3.
 Open mile, handicap: B. Hutton (F.), 1; B. Irving (S.), 2; K. Feby (A.), 3.

High jump, under 13: B. Hutton (F.), 1; N. Elliott (W.), 2; B. Rundle (F.), 3. Under 15: G. Waugh (W.), 1; P. Phelps (F.), 1, dead heat; D. Wivell (F.), 3. Open: R. Cretney (F.), 1; J. Dean (F.), 2; N. Atkins (W.), 3.

Hurling the discus: T. Box (A.), 1; N. Atkins (W.), 2; J. Padman (F.), 3.

Throwing the cricket ball: N. Atkins (W.), 1; K. Badcock (F.), 2; R. Cretney (F.), 3.

Kicking the football: M. Rees (W.), 1; D. Hunt (W.), 2; N. Atkins (W.), 3.

Under 15 high jump (girls): D. Prewer (W.), 1; M. Wilson (W.), 2; V. Massey (S.), 3.

Under 13 high jump: H. Murray (S.), 1; B. Peters (A.), 2.

Open high jump: M. Massey (S.), 1; J. Hayes (F.), 2; F. Cullen (W.), 3.

Three-legged race: F. Cullen and J. Lindsay (W.), 1; P. Addison and T. Thomas (A.), 2; D. Prewer and M. Wilson (W.), 3.

HANDICAPS — BOYS

Under 13, 75 yds.: B. Durno (A.), 1; R. Kimberley (A.), 2; R. Parker (F.), 3.

Under 13, 100 yds.: B. Durno (A.), 1; R. Kimberley (A.), 2; D. Watson (W.), 3.

Under 15, 100 yds.: B. Coates (W.), 1; D. Brown (W.), 2; D. Dolbey (S.), 3.

Under 15, 220 yds.: B. Coates (W.), 1; D. Brown (W.), 2; K. Viney (A.), 3.

Open, 100 yds.: K. Foley (F.), 1; M. Rees (W.), 2; V. Watkins (S.), 3.

Open, 440 yds.: M. Rees (W.), 1; M. Wilson (A.), 2; L. Bardenhagen (F.), 3.

Open, 880 yds.: B. Waters (F.), 1; B. Hutton (F.), 2; B. Irvine (S.), 3.

Under 13, 220 yds.: B. Durno (A.), 1; K. Bailey (A.), 2; B. Leary (S.), 3.

Under 14, 440 yds.: B. Coates (W.), 1; K. Viney (A.), 2; J. Lees (A.), 3.

Open 220 yds.: K. Foley (F.), 1; M. Rees (W.), 2; L. Bardenhagen (F.), 3.

CHAMPIONSHIPS — BOYS

Under 13, 75 yds.: B. Hutton (F.), 1; M. Jordan (F.), 2; R. Hortle (A.), 3.

Under 13, 100 yds.: B. Hutton (F.), 1; M. Jordan (F.), 2; R. Smith (S.), 3.

Under 15, 100 yds.: P. Ockerby (A.), 1; K. Peter (A.), 2; K. Barber (W.), 3.

Open, 100 yds.: D. Hunt (W.), 1; N. Atkins (W.), 2; B. Easterbrook (S.), 3.

Under 15, 220 yds.: P. Ockerby (A.), 1; K. Peter (A.), 2; K. Barker (W.), 3.

Open, 880 yds.: N. Atkins (W.), 1; J. Dean (F.), 2; J. Dean (W.), 3.

Under 13, 220 yds.: M. Jordan (F.), 1; B. Hutton (F.), 2; R. Hortle (A.), 3.

Under 15, 440 yds.: K. Barker (W.), 1; K. Peter (A.), 2; P. Ockerby (A.), 3.

Open, 220 yds.: N. Atkins (W.), 1; D. Hunt (W.), 2; B. Easterbrook (S.), 3.

Open, 440 yds.: J. Dean (F.), 1; B. Easterbrook (S.), 2; N. Atkins (W.), 3.

HANDICAPS — GIRLS

Under 13, 75 yds.: M. Dawson (W.), and N. Anderson (W.), dead-heat, 1; N. Scott (W.), 3.

Under 13, 100 yds.: M. Dawson (W.), 1; N. Anderson (W.), 2; P. Crothers (S.), 3.

Under 15, 75 yds.: J. Bird (F.), 1; R. Bingham (A.), 2; D. Whitford (A.), 3.

Open, 100 yds.: L. James (F.), 1; P. Fisher (W.), 2; B. Owens (F.), 3.

Open, 75 yds.: P. Fisher (W.), 1; N. Broomhall (A.) and L. James (F.), dead-heat, 2.

Under 15, 100 yds.: H. Lutwyche (W.), 1; R. Bingham (A.), 2; V. Whitford (A.), 3.

CHAMPIONSHIPS — GIRLS

Under 13, 50 yds.: M. Clarke (W.), 1; E. Barwick (A.), 2; H. Murray (S.), 3.

Under 13, skipping: E. Barwick (A.), 1; H. Murray (S.), 2; M. Clarke (W.), 3.

Under 15, 75 yds.: D. Prewer (W.), 1; M. Wilson (W.), 2; P. McEnnulty (A.), 3.

Under 15, skipping: P. McEnnulty (A.), 1; B. Page (A.), 2; D. Prewer (W.), 3.

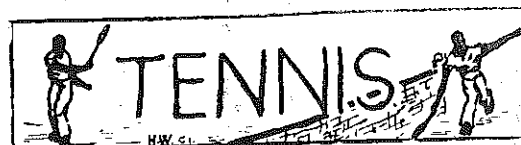
Open, 100 yds.: B. McEnnulty (A.), 1; J. Parry (S.), 2; J. Lindsay (W.), 3.

Open, 75 yds skipping: B. McEnnulty (A.), 1; M. Morgan (S.), 2; J. Parry (S.), 3.

Open, 75 yds.: J. Lindsay (W.), 1; J. Parry (S.), 2; B. McEnnulty (A.), 3.

Under 13, 75 yds.: M. Clarke (W.), 1; J. Amos (S.), 2; A. Gibbs (W.), 3.

Under 15, 75 yds.: D. Prewer (W.), 1; P. McEnnulty (A.), 2; E. Stevens (A.), 3.



With the commencement of the 1943 season, the team settled down to serious practice with the hope that the Inter-High School matches would once again be played. However, that could not be arranged, but we were very pleased to accept an invitation by the Burnie High School to play them on their courts.

At the beginning of the season, Graeme Smith and Bob Cretney were once again elected captain and vice-captain respectively.

The team is as follows:

1. G. SMITH (captain)—An excellent stroke maker with severe overhead shots. Needs only to develop determination to win in place of "happy-go-lucky" temperament in matches, to become a really outstanding player.

2. R. CRETNEY (vice-captain)—Strong, forceful player, with good execution of his strokes and strong in volleying.

3. M. COLUMBINE—Vastly improved and now plays a forceful game. Has a good "fighting" temperament.

4. B. IRVINE—An improving player with a good style. Needs experience and more confidence.

5. K. COX—A new player with a deep forehand drive. Service and backhand needs improving.

6. M. JANSSON—Steady and earnest player. Needs experience. Bright prospects, but must speed up his game.

Emergencies: R. Campbell and A. Butcher.

Our visit to Burnie was a very enjoyable one indeed, although we were successful in only one rubber. We extend our congratulations to Burnie upon their victory and thank them for the wonderful time they gave us. Scores:

SINGLES

G. Smith lost to J. Stokes, 9—4.

R. Cretney lost to F. Hudson, 9—7.

M. Columbine lost to M. O'Berne, 9—7.

B. Irvine lost to E. Foster, 9—5.

K. Cox lost to P. Rudge, 9—2.

M. Jansson lost to Hammond, 9—1.

DOUBLES

G. Smith and B. Irvine lost to J. Stokes and F. Hudson, 6—3, 6—4.

R. Cretney and M. Columbine defeated M. O'Berne and E. Foster, 6—3, 6—1.

K. Cox and M. Jansson lost to P. Rudge and Hammond, 6—3, 6—0.

The team desire to thank the coach, Mr. J. R. Orchard, for the time he spent in helping the players.



N. ATKINS (Captain) — An excellent opening bowler and a useful left-hand bat. Has, by far, the best bowling average in team and is a very sure field.

G. MARTIN (Vice-Captain) — A first-class all-rounder, a great stylist at the wicket, who has sound defence and good scoring shots. An excellent field and slow right-hand bowler.

K. BADCOCK—One of the mainstays of the side. Forceful bat, fast bowler and a safe wicket-keeper. In "A" grade matches in the N.T.C.A. roster, he has proved himself a player with a promising future.

M. REES—One of the few schoolboys to score a century in an inter-High School match. A very fine opening bat and is also a safe field and good bowler.

K. DAVIS—The most promising junior in the side, who has beautiful timing with his shots, while his left hand slow bowling has proved highly successful.

V. WATKINS—A sound left hand bat, who scored several fine scores against other schools. An excellent field and a very successful change bowler.

T. BOX—A very fine bowler who uses his height to good advantage, making the ball rise considerably. Can bat and field reliably.

D. ARNOLD—Though only taking on slow bowling last year, his figures are particularly fine. Bowling very well against Burnie. Sure field and has made several scores with the bat.

D. HUNT—Although a newcomer to the game, he shows signs of developing into a particularly forceful batsman, with powerful off-shots.

G. VERTIGAN—One of the promising first-year cricketers. A fine bat and a very tricky slow bowler, who often captures several wickets.

W. ALLAN—Should develop into a first-class batsman, having very stylish shots all round the wicket. Also a useful spin bowler.

D. RUNDLE—Although a young cricketer, he already shows signs of developing into a neat batsman and useful slow bowler.

P. WOOD—A useful all-rounder, who should become a fine cricketer with a little more practice.

During the season we played Grammar School four times, suffering two defeats and gaining two victories. This year our team travelled to Burnie, where we were highly successful. Several of our players are to be congratulated on playing "A" grade cricket. They are, Atkins, Badcock, Rees and Martin.

CADET NOTES

1943 has been a highly successful year for our cadets. Eight days at Easter were spent very successfully in a camp at Gowrie. The main part of the training included some very useful practical tactics.

Several open and miniature range parades were held during the year and a very high standard of efficiency was gained, many high scores being obtained.

The detachment was greatly praised by Col. Alderton, Director of Cadets for the Commonwealth, when he inspected us late this year. He stated that ours was one of the finest cadet corps that he had seen in Australia.

An N.C.O. cadre held recently by W.O. Holbrook, brought promising results. The promotions resulting from this cadre are:—

L/1058 Wivell, J. D., promoted to Corporal.

L/1042 Brown, R. O., promoted to Lance-Corporal.

L/1081 Campbell, G. B., promoted to Lance-Corporal.

L/1098 Irvine, B. A., promoted to Lance-Corporal.

L/1100 Cretney, R. J., promoted to Lance-Corporal.

L/1105 Armitage, D. L., promoted to Lance-Corporal.

L/1108 Broomby, J. W., promoted to Lance-Corporal.

L/1125 Walmsley, R. D., promoted to Lance-Corporal.

L/1133 Phelp, P. A., promoted to Lance-Corporal.

L/1139 Stocks, A. F., promoted to Lance-Corporal.

L/1148 Rose, D. B., promoted to Lance-Corporal.

A camp will be held in January next year, to train instructors for 1944. This will be attended by ten N.C.O.'s and officers from our detachment.

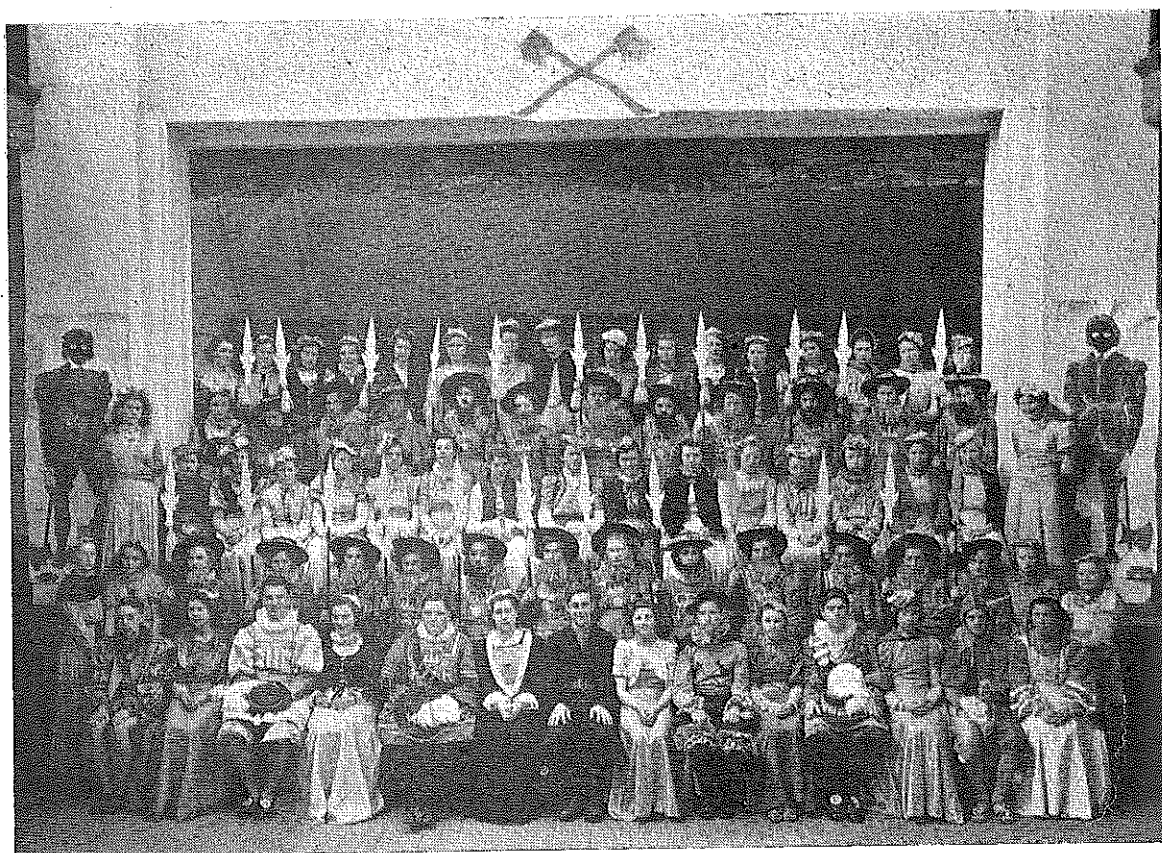
Specialist sections have been trained in signalling, and in the use of Spandau, Owen, Sten, Hotchkiss, Lewis and Bren automatic weapons.

ROWING NOTES

Under the supervision of Mr. Doe, we resumed the rowing club this year, but we were very unfortunate in not being able to arrange a race. However, our former coach, Mr. Chandler, has continued to give us some training and if a race could be arranged, I think we could boat a fairly good crew.

Bruce Furnage, who was our captain at the beginning of the year, has now joined the R.A.A.F. and on behalf of the rowers, I would like to extend to him our best wishes for his future success.

CAPTAIN.



THE OPERA

It is evening. The lights at No. 8 Lanoma Street burn low. Outside naught can be heard save the melancholy hoot of the owl and the lowing of the Agapanthus as it calls to its mate. Inside all is gloom and depression. Three people, later to be known as the "Night Trio," sit disconsolately round a table mournfully perusing a copy of Gilbert's original libretto of the "Yeomen of the Guard" and trying to persuade each other to laugh at the two jokes in it. Supper is served in the form of pies and it is to these pies, in a way, that the new "Yeomen" owes its origin. Their effect on the senior member of the trio is startling. A glaze comes over his eyes, he abstractedly pours tomato sauce on his pen and seizing a pie and dipping same in the ink, he begins to write scene 4 in act 1. When asked the not unreasonable question why he did not begin writing scene 1 in act 1, he mutters something about fools who didn't know that you never wrote the first scene till after the finale and with one interruption (when he began scene 5 in act 2), he continues to labour on the aforesaid act 1, scene 4. Such were the circumstances and such the setting in which the revised version of the "Yeomen of the Guard" was born.

The only resemblance between the characters in Gilbert's "Yeomen of the Guard" and the characters in our "Yeomen of the Guard" was that some of them had the same names. An orthodox Gilbert and Sullivan fan would have had some slight difficulty in placing five of the characters who did not appear in

the original version. The same fan would have experienced even more difficulty in trying to identify the other characters, as none of them spoke more than a few words of Gilbert's script. Anyway, as they appeared, here is our opinion of them.



David Hunt

The brunt of the work of the opera was borne by Dave Hunt, whose characterisation of Wilfred Shadbolt was outstanding. The part required the singing of many songs, an appearance in almost every scene in the play and the expenditure of a terrific amount of energy in the production of a throat-skinning voice and mighty sweeping gestures.

His songs were sung with vigour and zest and he infused into every scene in which he appeared, a refreshing and boisterous vitality which swung the play effortlessly along from laugh to laugh. He was president of the "Dawn till Dark" movement and was apparently indefatigable. When everyone else was exhausted, Dave was still roaring and bellowing like a bull and his energy was infectious. No one could loaf or plead tiredness in a scene with "Shaddy." He just didn't understand the meaning of those words. On the last night his voice had a crack in it three feet wide and he had a bruise on his chest the size of a pineapple, the result of Killer's deadly backhand reverse left hooks.

Equal contender for the honours of the show was Killer Diller, whose part was taken by Killer Padman. (We believe that he once had some other name, Ken, or Len, or something, but he wouldn't answer to it now anyway.) Every appearance that Killer made, shook the house, every word that he said, made it wobble precariously, every exit brought it down and every re-appearance dragged it up again. Killer's voice has become part of him; he's forgotten what his own voice is like. One day he'll use it by mistake and he, and everybody else will die of shock. Never has there been an actor with such eloquent and expressive legs, arms and index fingers. His antics broke up at least three rehearsals every day. He and Shadbolt worked hand in glove and their scenes together were riots. Killer's finale was the supreme moment of a good show and his hat should be mentioned as one of the principals, for we are convinced that he could make it talk if he wanted to.



Ken Padman

The part of Phoebe Meryll was convincingly played by Blanche Farrell, who ran through the whole gamut of emotions in what was a most exacting role. Her many songs were beautifully sung in a voice of singular clarity and sweetness.

The portly Sergeant Meryll, whose attempt to escape wedlock, was one of the highlights of the show, was played by David Armitage. He is the fortunate possessor of a most expressive face and fluent gestures, and his comical capers contributed greatly to the success of the show.



Wilma Lay

We used to tell the time by the rings under her eyes. When they crept down past her mouth, we knew it was 6.45 p.m. and nearly time to go home. She gave a talented and polished performance. Some of her scenes were gems, particularly those in which she played opposite Dave and Killer. She sang several solos in a delightfully clear voice.

In most of the Gilbert and Sullivan productions, there is an elderly lady and the filling of these parts has always been a problem to the producer. There was no problem this year. The part of the amorous Dame Carruthers (somewhat remodelled) fitted Marcia Pennicott like a glove. She acted with great dignity and with suitable coyness as the occasion demanded. She also revealed herself as the possessor of an unusually fine contralto voice and rendered her songs in a pleasing manner. She and Dave Armitage were well matched and their scenes together raised many a laugh.



Marcia Pennicott

Fred Gilbert was landed with the part of the pathetic and somewhat ineffectual Point. He gave a spirited rendition and figured prominently in many excellent scenes. His duets with Dave were features of the play and he gave valuable support in many part songs. His ability to produce an A flat at any hour of the day or night with or without piano, led to his being dubbed with the honourable title of "Pitch Pipe Pete"—a nickname by which he will be known in a certain circle for all time.



Fred Gilbert

Ken Foley's portrayal of the Lieutenant was, perhaps, the most finished in the play. He acted throughout with commendable gravity and restraint and was most effective whenever he appeared. He was a sane oasis in a desert full of lunatics.

Graeme Smith took the role of the romantic lead, Colonel Fairfax. It is difficult to play a straight role and Smithy had his troubles, but he came through with flying colours and cut a very imposing figure on stage in all of his many and varied costumes.



Paddy Martin

Paddy Martin, a late arrival on the cast, played two scenes with his usual chirpy liveliness. His running commentaries and his assistance to the producer, in the matter of laying bets and getting into touch with prominent mainland footballers at great inconvenience to himself, were very much appreciated.

Laurie James was written into the play only a few days before the show and she stole nearly every scene she was in with a vivacious rendering of the part of the garrulous Kate.

Helen Lutwyche and Patsy McEnnulty, as the "odds and ends," were effective and gave commendable and versatile support in innumerable songs.

Jean Lancaster was the second member of the cast to be invested with the title of "Pitch Pipe" (Fred Gilbert was the first) and richly did she deserve it. The ease and truthfulness with which Jean rendered the most difficult alto and tenor parts at first sight, were constant sources of admiration and wonder to the rest of the cast.

There were two choirs—a yeomen's choir and a villagers' choir. Their costumes, particularly those of the yeomen, bespoke volumes for the untiring and unselfish work of those long-suffering and patient ladies, Miss Sample and Miss Cornell. When the choirs were lined up on stage, they certainly added colour to the performance. The girls sang difficult unison and part songs with obvious enthusiasm and enjoyment. Their work was of the highest quality throughout and won universal praise.

A great part of the credit for the success of the performance must go to Pat Rose, whom the programme described as "the accompanist." It is a fact that at odd times she played the piano. When you come to think of it, at some time—probably in the grey hours of the dawn—she must have practiced the twenty-three odd pieces of music in the opera—pieces, incidentally, which were rendered easily and flawlessly on the nights of the show. It is also true

that she attended and played at every choir practice and every principals' practice, so, we suppose, there was some justification for calling her "the accompaniste." But she did a lot more than play the piano. She was assistant script writer, deputy producer and associate musical director. At one time or another she was understudy to every character in the play, every line and note of which she knew backwards. She acted at various times as prompter, emergency soprano, alto, tenor and bass, chief critic, audience, 19th man, umpire and general stooge. In addition, she designed the best programme seen in Launceston for many a day, painted some of the Tower of London and shared with Beth Bartlett and the producer, the tiring job of making up on the nights of the show. The presentations she received were only a very slight indication of the gratitude and appreciation of every body connected with the show.

The magnitude of those tasks the producer had to perform cannot be given in one futile paragraph, but we all know that every scrap of originality and talent reflected in the opera, was due to only one man—Mr. Moses—and that whatever credit given to any part of the opera must eventually be reflected on that sole person.

Many people contributed to make the presentation the outstanding success it undoubtedly was, and this opportunity is taken to thank them. Miss Cornell devoted a great deal of time to the designing of costumes and the painting of the scenery. The task of making the costumes was undertaken by Miss Sample. Some idea of the magnitude of her work can be assessed when it is recalled that there were 60 separate pieces in each Yeoman's costume. In this work, she and Miss Cornell were assisted by a willing band of student helpers. Space prevents us from thanking in detail, the innumerable band of helpers from the School and Staff—ushers, ticket-sellers, curtain attendants, call boys, light men, backstage supervisors, etc.

The principals would like to thank Miss Limb and Mr. Doe, whose ability to laugh at the weakest jokes and to listen to the worst possible singing and call it first-class (even when their musical souls must have been writhing in torture) was the cause of their being dragged down at all hours to revive the flagging spirits of the weary company with their encouraging lies.

Our thanks are due to our Head Master, Mr. Morris, for his unfailing encouragement and for the generosity with which he met every one of the many requests that were made to him for assistance.

A LETTER RECEIVED FROM A FRIEND EARLY IN THE HOLIDAYS

Dear—,

This contemplation of the celebration of my vacation finds me already in anxious expectation of the expiration of my absention and the anticipation of making a congratulation after so long a separation, is pleasing.

The organisation and diversification of recreation for our consideration during the vacation, will, without hesitation, meet your approbation and co-operation and be, I hope, a source of gratification. A kind relation has promised to make a peregrination to the termination of this, our insular home, in a conveyance suitable to my station, in which, without degradation, I can make a perambulation to your habitation, which is my destination.

Though this communication may have the appearance of mystification, yet believe my asseveration, that it is the emanation of cogitation and due deliberation and if your arbitration leads your inclination to acceptance of this complication without more solicitation, you will, without affectation or dissimulation, confer an obligation upon,

Yours,

With Animation.



KEY TO PHOTOGRAPHS

PRINCIPALS OF OPERA

Back Row (left to right).—J. Lancaster, P. McEnnulty, D. Armitage, G. Smith, S. Martin, L. James, M. Pennicott.

Front Row.—F. Gilbert, B. Farrell, D. Hunt, J. Moses (producer), P. Rose (pianist), K. Padman, H. Lutwyche, K. Foley.

FOOTBALL

Back Row (left to right).—A. Crawford, Brown, A. Parker, R. Gunton, A. Butcher, G. Vertigan, D. Tudor.

Second Row.—R. Walmsley, V. Watkins, G. Western, S. Scott, E. Carter, G. Martin, D. Arnold.

Front Row.—B. Irvine, M. Columbine, M. Rees, N. Atkins, T. Box, B. Waters, D. Hunt, K. Davis.

CRICKET

Back Row (left to right).—K. Davis, G. Vertigan, V. Watkins, T. Box, D. Arnold, W. Allen, D. Rundle.

Front Row.—M. Rees, G. Martin, N. Atkins, P. Wood, D. Hunt.

GIRLS' TENNIS

Front Row (left to right).—A. Davies, B. Chapman, B. Bartlett, J. Mold, D. Alcock.

Back Row.—B. McEnnulty, E. Owens, E. Crothers.

BASKETBALL

(Left to right).—B. McEnnulty, W. Lay, V. Whitford, P. McEnnulty, L. Roughley, E. Owens, S. Morice, B. Bartlett, F. Cullen.

HOCKEY

Front Row (left to right).—B. Boag, Y. Spotswood, B. Chapman, M. Roe, M. Massey, E. Crothers, P. Grinham.

Back Row.—D. Alcock, D. Hills, A. Hudson, P. Rose, M. Atkins.

BOYS' TENNIS TEAM

Back Row (left to right).—R. Cretney, K. Cox, M. Columbine.

Front Row.—M. Janson, G. Smith (captain), B. Irvine.

"A" CLASS

Back Row (left to right).—Fred Gilbert, Betty Chapman, Algy Page, Gloria Rainbow, Robert Campbell, Glenda Brown, John Padman, Margaret Hemphill, David Hunt, Monica Cameron, Jack Dean.

Middle Row.—Brian Waters, Stan Tilley, Ray Burnes, Beth Bartlett, Jim Smith, Ethel Tucker, Theo Box, Fay Cullen, Kevin Feebey, Mona Badcock, Ken Padman, Alwyn Briggs, Lewis Bardenhagen.

Front Row.—Bessie Boag, John Wathen, Caithleen Campbell, Bob Gunton, Mr. B. C. Brook, Joy Coltheart, Steve Scott, Margaret Ferguson, Noel Atkins.

PREFECTS

Back Row (left to right).—S. Scott, J. Padman, M. Hemphill, E. Tucker, B. Waters, G. Brown, D. Hunt, Monica Cameron, J. Dean.

Front Row.—F. Cullen, J. Wathen, B. Boag, N. Atkins, the Head Master, B. Bartlett, F. Gilbert, B. Chapman, T. Box.

OBITUARY

GEOFFREY WOOLNOUGH

The School was deeply grieved to learn that on Monday, November 8, Geoff Woolnough passed suddenly away. Geoff had attended the School for five years and intended sitting for the Leaving Examination at the end of this year. A quiet, unassuming boy, he had, nevertheless, an ability much above the average,

a sparkling sense of humour, a kindness of heart and a diligence in doing kindnesses that won him the esteem and affection of all who knew him. To his sorrowing relatives, particularly his father and mother, we extend our deepest sympathy in their sad loss.

BEVERLEY PRICE

Early in the year we were saddened by the death of Beverley Price, one of our "E" Class girls. Beverley's tragic death at the First Basin, robbed us of a bright personality who had already gained popularity among her former schoolmates at Beaconsfield.

PARENTS' AND FRIENDS' ASSOCIATION

The membership of the Association has increased to over 400 members, with record attendances at all the committee meetings. The committee has been responsible for the following activities and undertakings:

1. When built, the parents intend to equip the gymnasium. A considerable sum of money has been raised, the land purchased and plans drawn; but no further progress has been made, much to the disappointment of students and parents.

2. We had the pleasure of supplying cooking equipment for the convenience of the Staff.

3. Interesting and instructive addresses have been given to the committee by Mr. Morris, Miss Russell, Miss McKenzie and Mr. Welsh. I would suggest, that if more parents had heard one of these valuable talks, our committee would be even larger than it is.

4. The net proceeds of an American Tea, held in November, were £53/4/5. This was gratifying, but the committee expressed disappointment at the very small attendance of parents and friends at the afternoon. It is not enough to send goods and money by children, we would like to meet the other parents.

LIBRARY NOTES

FICTION.—Aldrich, Bess, "The Lieutenant's Lady," Baum, "Wizard of Oz," Christie, Agatha, "Dumb Witness," Field, Rachel, "And Now Tomorrow," Gunn, Mrs. Aeneas, "Little B'loved Princess of Never Never," Lancaster, G. B., "The World is Yours," Steinbeck, John, "The Moon is Down," Stern, Phillip van Doren, "Drums of the Morning," Lin Yutang, "Moment in Peking."

SCIENCE.—"Science for the Citizen," J. F. Horrabin; "Road to Modern Science," H. A. Reason; "Everyman's Wireless Book," F. J. Camm.

LITERATURE.—"What Shall I Read?" Edward Albert; "The Face is Familiar," Ogden Nash.

GEOGRAPHY AND TRAVEL.—"One's Company," Peter Fleming; "Cruises and Caravans," Ella Maillart; "Russian Families," Pearl Binder.

BIOGRAPHY.—"My Henry Lawson," Bertha Lawson; "Sex Reforms, Sex Physicists," John Walton; "Microbe Hunters," Paul de Kruif; "Heroic Lives," Rafael Sabatini.

HISTORY.—"Years of Endurance," Arthur Bryant; "India," by Raman; "United States," Allan Nevins; "Ourselves and the Pacific," Crawford.

CURRENT AFFAIRS.—"Passport to War," Edward Beattie; "Russians Don't Surrender," Alex Poliakoff; "Assignment to Berlin," Harry W. Flannery; "Only the Stars are Neutral," Quentin Reynolds; "That Day Alone," Pierre van Passen.

VALEDICTORY



pepped up the memories of his class, opened pages of closed text-books for them and led them to pronounce triumphantly formulae which were threatening to escape them.

In 1928, he was made an inspector and after that time visited the School only two or three times a year. One of his pleasures on these visits was to recognise, unaided, the son or daughter of a previous student of the School. In recognising them, he lived again his long, happy years of hard work and service to the School he still loved.

LATE R. O. M. MILLER
MEMORIAL FUND

At a meeting of some of the 1913 students held in Launceston on November 24, it was resolved to inaugurate a fund to provide a fitting memorial to the foundation Head Master of the Launceston High School.

It was felt that all Old Scholars who had passed through the School during Mr. Miller's headmastership, that is, between 1913 and 1928, would like to contribute to such a memorial fund. It was decided to compile a list of all scholars admitted to the School during those years with the idea of calling a meeting of all such Old Scholars early in 1944 to discuss the form of the memorial and elect a committee to control the fund.

As it will be difficult to trace the whereabouts of so many people in so short a time, the temporary committee would be very appreciative if all Old Scholars who read this notice would communicate, of their own accord, with the School, giving their present name (and maiden name in the case of married women) and address.

WILMOT HOUSE NOTES

This year the fortunes of the House were presided over by Miss Aplin, Miss Richardson and Mr. Rush, and directed by their lieutenants, the House Captains, Shirley Morice and Max Rees. When Shirley left, her duties were carried on ably by Fay Cullen.

Honours were strewn liberally on the House this year. Both the Head Prefects, Beth Bartlett and Noel Atkins were members of Wilmot House. We were also well represented in the Firsts Teams. Wilmot footballers are Noel Atkins (capt.), Max Rees (vice), Dave Hunt, Des. Brown, Don Arnold, Max Sloane, Alan Parker and George Harding. Cricketers: Noel Atkins (capt.), Max Rees, Dave Hunt, Don Arnold and Philip Wood. Hockey: Dulcie Hills, Marian Atkins. Basketball: Beth Bartlett (vice), Fay Cullen, Shirley Morice and Wilma Lay. Girls' tennis: Beth Bartlett (capt.).

M. Rees finished second in the Open Championship Swimming and the under 15 and under 13 were won by George Harding and Morris Cropp respectively. Shirley Morice was runner-up in the girls' open and Pat Greig won the under 13.

Noel Atkins was athletic champion and Dorothy Prewer, the under 15 champion and were important factors in the win of the House, which was not only tops in sports, but also has been leading House on points during the year.

Max Rees, who finished up the year with sundry bats, balls, cups and trophies protruding from odd corners of his person, was M.C. at the House Social, which was his traditional success.

There died on August 22 in Hobart, the first head master of our School. Raymond Orlando Maurice Miller, affectionately known to his hundreds of students as "Rom," came to Tasmania from South Australia in April, 1906, and was chosen as the first head master of the Launceston State High School when it opened in 1913, with its 120 students in three rooms at the Charles Street School. Even before the new School in Paterson Street was completed, with his students housed in three separate places, Mr. Miller set about building up that intangible thing we call school spirit. His particular conception of school spirit meant something compounded of persistency—"stick-at-edness" as he called it with his own twist of humour—grit and honesty. His students were often reminded that the School motto, "Prorsum et Semper Honeste," had to be adopted by everyone in the School before it could become an epitome of the school spirit.

Under his guidance, the School gained distinction in the world of sport and scholarship; it became, too, a school where there has always been a very real love of singing given to it by one who invited the girls' choir every Friday, to ask, "Who is Sylvia?" Perhaps, too, to his appreciation of the "not just," the School owes the fact that much can be forgiven "Sissy McGuffie," even in her laziest moments, if she can juggle adroitly with her verbal "bottles of tomato sauce."

Many science students will remember Mr. Miller as a brilliant teacher of chemistry, whose confidence

ARTHUR

Mr. Orchard was again House Master and Mrs. McKenzie and Miss Ritchie, House Mistresses. Theo Box was elected House Captain with Kevin Febey and Steve Scott on the committee. Barbara McEnnulty was elected Captain of the girls and Mona Badcock Secretary.

At the swimming carnival, we gained third place. P. McEnnulty was Intermediate Champion of the girls and D. Tudor runner-up in the Intermediate Championship of the boys.

However, we did a little better at the athletic sports, gaining second place and three champions and two runners-up. In the boys, T. Box was Field Champion, P. Ockerby and K. Peter, champion and runner-up in the Under 15 Championship respectively. In the girls, B. McEnnulty was Open Champion and P. McEnnulty runner-up in the Under 15 Championship. With the points gained from sport and school work, we filled second place at the end of the first term. The House Social was a great success, being a credit to the committee. Murray Columbine was a competent M.C.

The following have represented the House in the winter and summer teams:

Cricket—T. Box, G. Vertigan.
Tennis (girls)—D. Alcock, B. McEnnulty; (boys)—M. Columbine, K. Cox, M. Jansson, A. Butcher.
Crew—D. Armitage, S. Scott.
Basketball—B. McEnnulty (captain), P. McEnnulty, V. Whitford.
Hockey—D. Alcock, Y. Spotswood, P. Rose.
Football—T. Box, M. Columbine, S. Scott, G. Vertigan, D. Tudor, A. Butcher, A. Crawford.

FRANKLIN HOUSE GIRLS'
NOTES

At the first Franklin House meeting this year, Betty Chapman was re-elected House Captain and Barbara Hamilton was elected secretary.

Early in the year the House maintained its honour by winning for the second year in succession, the Swimming Carnival. The girls showed excellent teamwork.

Franklin gained third position in the School Athletic Sports, but better results are looked forward to next year.

The House Social held early in the year, was a great success and enjoyed by all. It was well organised by the committee, to whom we give thanks. Invitations were extended to all members of the Staff and also to several boys of the Lower School. The net proceeds of 10/- were handed in for patriotic funds.

The members in the various teams are as follows:
Tennis—Betty Chapman, Beth Owens.

Hockey—Betty Chapman, Helen Hensby (emergency).

Basketball—Beth Owens, Lois Roughley (emergency).

SORELL HOUSE NOTES

House Master and Mistress: Mr. Doe and Miss Russell.

House Captains: G. Martin and J. Davey.

At the commencement of the year, M. Roe was elected Girls' House Captain. However, at the beginning of the second term, when she left School, J. Davey filled her place.

We were well represented in the sports teams with K. Davis, V. Watkins, B. Irvine, P. Campbell, G. Martin for the boys; while M. Roe (hockey captain), D. Long (swimming champion), E. Crothers, P. Grinham, G. Hudson, B. Boag, D. Hills, J. Mold, A. Davies and M. Massey brought the girls well to the fore.

The annual House Social was well attended and it proved a great success.

In conclusion we would like to thank Miss Russell and Mr. Doe for their able supervision.

MY PET AVERSION

If I were asked to name the five things which appear most repugnant to me, I should answer, without undue hesitation, "Women, communists, idealists, relations-by-marriage and astrologers." Of these, women undoubtedly take pre-eminence over all the others. I shall endeavour to outline my reasons hereunder.

How often are such qualities as forbearance, patience and tact regarded as being purely feminine, and how often is the very reverse proved in practice! Conversely, how often are such uncomplimentary epithets as arrogant, stubborn, impatient and callous, used to qualify members of the other sex? It is, therefore, somewhat paradoxical that we meet so many likeable men and so few really bearable women.

If this were my only cause of complaint, mine would indeed be a trivial grievance; but when I consider other aspects of the situation, my mind merges into a state of desperation. Owning the reputation of being angels of virtue—erroneously, it is true—one would think that women would be content to live quiet, secluded lives in the homes of their spouses. But no, they insist upon taking up positions in the social, commercial, industrial life and even in the politics of the nation.

Having been the recipients of chivalrous and devoted consideration on the part of us males for centuries, they now seek to oust men from his superiority in outside affairs—and have partially succeeded in doing so. All around us are to be seen women who are taking up positions in business, in industry, in politics and even in the defence forces. Weak, hysterical, changeable women are being used to wage war!

If the situation develops any more seriously, the white race will consist of a host of puny, domesticated men and over-bearing Amazonian women. I can even foresee a time when the "weaker" sex will reject the responsibility of bearing and rearing children. There is one solution to this pressing problem—that is, prevention. We must seek out the exponents of this dangerous creed, subjugate, and if need be, liquidate them and so reverse conditions that women will once more be the slave, and not the overlord of mankind.

But my aversion is not limited merely to the radical section of the female community; I equally despise the conservative. I regard all the species, from the society dame, with her fur-coat and poodle, to the girl who walks up Brisbane Street in slacks, with the utmost contempt.

There is another fault I feel it my duty to find with the other sex—namely, they have no originality. They must emulate us in such purely masculine habits as smoking, they must wear our clothes, or clothes modelled upon ours and they must adopt our forms of

sport. They grow tired of their own amusements and habits, and, not being able to think of something original, they must copy us.

It would not be difficult for me to sum up the many faulty traits in the character of an average woman, but it would be nevertheless fatiguing. Let it suffice to say that for inconsistency, unscrupulousness, insincerity and persistence, woman is unexcelled.

It is for these reasons, and perhaps partly because I was "jilted" by one of their number recently, that I am a firm and determined misogynist and have written this essay, expounding some of my deepest convictions. I have not dared to express myself as fully as I should have liked, lest those same female warriors take offence and taking my own advice, liquidate me. I can only hope that women, despite their faults, are a little tolerant, or I am afraid I shall be rendered hors de combat.

R. SHARMAN.

THE SELECTION COMMITTEE

Saint Peter, Saint Paul and Saint Pat;

They put all the names in a hat,

Said Peter to Paul,

"Now draw out them all

And we'll make our selections on that."

Saint Peter, Saint Pat and Saint Paul

Were grouped round a desk in the hall,

Said Saint Paul to Saint Peter,

"Could you have a thing neater
Than this little sketch of us all?"

Saint Paul, Saint Pat and Saint Peter

Read out a verse of fine metre;

Said Saint Paul to St. Pat,

"I really like that.

How's that for the magazine Peter?"

"ARPIE"

DI. CLASS ALPHABET

A is for Ava, who sits next to Dinah,
B is for Bruce, never a lad finer;
C is for Coogan, which I shall pass by.
D is for Dinaric Alps, ever so high;
E is for Eastoe, a gal who talks art;
F is not fair, it has spoilt a good start;
G is for Good, a word for this class;
H is for Hudson, who might just pass;
I is not in so it must be left out;
J is for John, a silly big lout;
K is for Ken, who is often asleep;
L is for Lamb, no, not a sheep;
M is for me, the composer of this;
N is for Noel, whom no one can miss;
O is for Olding, who often comes late;
P is for Pat, we all know her fate;
Q is for question, which has no answer;
R is for Rex, who is a good dancer;
S is for Sharp, which is otherwise blunt;
T is for Thompson, who sits near the front;
U is for under when you can't swim;
V is for Viney, who kicks up a din;
W is for Wilson, Walmsley and Willie;
X won't rhyme and I call it silly;
Y is for Young, which is not old;
Z is for Z and my rhyme is told.

"ME," Wilmot.

MODERN TORTURES

When I speak of "Modern Tortures," I am not referring to instruments which inflict physical pain, but to people and inventions which inflict mental pain. The modern world of our generation has experimented in almost every direction, and with much success, but unfortunately, there have been people who have pursued their ideas with such fanaticism that a perfectly good idea has had ludicrous consequences.

When the modern world produced the camera, and the motion picture, which could depict on paper in a split second, a scene, which a good artist would take a week to paint, artists were at a loss for something to paint. Then some ingenious men discovered forms of painting which photography could not rival. These were given such imposing titles as "Futurism," "Cubism," and "Impressionism."

When I first looked at a Futuristic masterpiece, I could define the picture only as a pot of purple paint thrown at a piece of canvas with a few red and pink spots daubed here and there for good measure. I was amazed to find that the picture was called, "A Woman's Face." How can our modern world, with all its boasted commonsense, produce such tortures as these men, who paint pictures little better than those painted by five-year-olds and who call themselves masters of modern art and get away with it?

When I was in the primary school, a teacher with modern ideas occasionally gave us a lesson on hygiene. From her, my young mind was led to believe that to be perfectly healthy, you should live in rooms made of perfectly clean white tiles, which were washed twice daily with some antiseptic solution and in addition, before you made contact with another person, you should be expertly sterilised lest you should infect the other person with your particular breed of germs.

I shall never forget the day when she said, "Have you any idea of the number of germs there are on the surface of the human body? It runs into billions. You"—she fixed us with her steely eyes—"each one of you at this present moment, is one mass of microbes." Without knowing it, she had begun a reign of torture for me through these well-meaning words. It formed in my mind an odd kind of anthropomorphic image of a germ. I pictured it as a squat, thick-set man of cruel nature and stealthy movements, who sneaked up on you when you were not looking and did unpleasant things to you. He selected as the time for his attacks, those nights when you had allowed your attention to wander while saying your prayers. A germ, I decided, hates light and prefers to do his scoundrelly work when it is dark. As a result, I was constantly terrified of the darkness and it was not until I had been fully convinced by the teacher that germs were not like my conception of them, that the reign of torture ended.

One can go on enumerating the tortures and tortures which we moderns are inflicted with. There are, for example, symphony concerts, which one listens to in big, dusty halls in the middle of a sweating mass of fellow-sufferers from your own and other schools. There are the speeches of people who have decided overnight that it is their mission to reform the world. There are fanatical communists, fanatical fascists and worst of all, fanatical Christians.

PAT ROSE (C2, Arthur)

UNIFORMS AND UNIFORMITY

I go to school and wear a uniform—you will go to work, but will you wear a uniform? Wherever there is a uniform, there is sure to be uniformity; that is the reason why uniforms are worn. But those who make us wear uniforms assume that uniformity is good, whereas this opinion is quite wrong, because uniformity represses the individual far too much. "Uniform," said a teacher, "makes children much more solemn and sedate and therefore we have more studious pupils." But the poets, including myself, don't agree—

For the good are always merry,
Save by an evil chance;
And the merry love the fiddle,
And the merry love to dance;
But not, you'll note, in uniform,
Or in the regulation pants.

Many people in the world to-day think, and I agree, that the unrest before the war and the war itself, are due largely to over-regimentation. And we, by having to wear uniforms, are being regimented before we even reach our teens.

The leaders of educational thought agree that school work should be a pleasure, not a penance; but to me, and to many others, I have no doubt, learning is nothing but a penance when done, day after day, in the same old, dull, depressing uniform, especially in those long, funereal, black stockings

Lenin—you have heard of the city named after him—said, "The old form of discipline which spoils the whole life and development of the child, cannot be maintained in the school of labour. The progress of labour itself develops this internal discipline, without which, collective and rational work is unimaginable"—so he commanded, "Abolish school uniform."

To the sincere regret of those who believe in the idea of non-uniformity and the importance of the individual, this policy has been totally reversed under Stalin, who, on September 14, 1935, published a decree that included this order, "Establish a single form of dress for pupils of the primary, semi-secondary and secondary schools." This brought about a vast change for the worse in the educational system of Russia.

Now let us turn to America—the home of the free. Do children there go to school in uniform? No, certainly not—in a school of a thousand pupils, there are a thousand individuals, and at least nine hundred and ninety-nine different patterns of dress. No regulation school uniform for these children, but a dress or suit of their own fancy. No dark, black uniforms, but gay and bright dresses of all colours imaginable. And America's educational system, I may remind you, is used as an example for the world.

All the great people of the world who do the most worthy things—the great musicians, painters and scientists—owe their greatness to their marked individuality. The object of uniforms is to repress individuality (believe me, those black stockings)! So, I think one of the first and most desirable alterations to be made in the educational system of the Commonwealth is—the abolition of school uniforms.

"SUFFERER" (E4)

A JAZZ PARTY IN THE CRINOLINE AGE

One night when I came home from school I happened to look at my great-grandmother's photo, which was hanging on the wall. Then I decided to look through her old clothes which I had kept for parties or dances. The first thing I took out was a crinoline, a wire arrangement on which to put her dress, then a black dress which she wore to her first party when she was twenty-one. I decided then to read her diary, which I had also kept and here I found an account of the party. This was what she had written:

"With my crinoline billowing round me, I floated into the ballroom with my escort. He wore his new pink slippers with big green bows on the heels and toes. His satin stockings matched the bows of his slippers. My underclothes consisted of drawers down to my knees and my petticoat was seven yards from side to side. My slippers were black, with lace bows on them.

"I was dancing the new waltz from Vienna, when somebody trod on my toe. I looked around and saw it was Jeremiah Perkins smiling at me through his black beard. He said to me, 'Do ye like my beard, had it specially curled for the occasion, I did?' I smiled and went on dancing. The next dance was a polka. I danced with a youth of twenty-two. He could dance very well, but was a bit too fast for me. The floor was very slippery and I tripped over. My crinoline came right up and people could see my stockings. The other people were shocked, but I only laughed and I knew my partner did not mind. I got up and went on dancing. Luckily I had no more accidents that night. I thought it was a beautiful party and in spite of my fall, I enjoyed myself intensely."

I then realised the story had ended and that I was nearly asleep in my chair.

GRETA FARRELL (E3, Wilmot)

BOWLED!

"It's a nice day for the match, sir,
And that's my School side in—
It's getting quite exciting now,
We need ten runs to win."

"Come on McBain, old man,
Come, show how you can play,
Just get us those ten runs we need,
And you'll have saved the day."

"What's that you say?" "the last man in?"
"Oh, yes, but he can bat.
If he can't get us those ten runs,
Why, sir, I'll eat my hat."

"Ah, now look at the stand of him,
Don't you, sir, like his style?
Even when he's so intense,
He keeps that carefree smile."

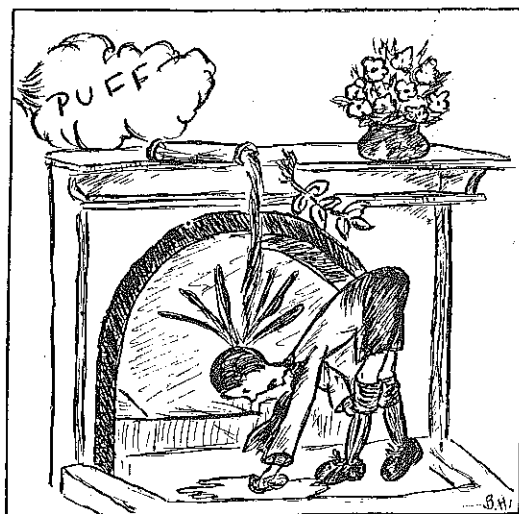
"Come on, McBain, now that's the man—
Oh jove, what rotten luck,
I'm supposed to eat my hat now, sir,
He only made — a duck."

BRENDA McNANEY (Arthur)

THE ILLUSTRATED NEWS

Scene—An E classroom on a hot afternoon. A French lesson was in progress and the never very nimble-witted students were feeling more sleepy than usual. Try what she may, the mistress could not make headway with the lesson. The pupils just would not see that "mes bottines sont usées" meant you had to begin the shoe-repairer hunt again. At last, with martyr-like courage, she requested that the small boy in the front seat should repair to the platform. Our admirable teacher then lifted the foot of the model (who nearly collapsed into the fireplace) and—Voilà! how could we be so stupid. (No, she did not succumb to the fumes—we still have French.)

For some weeks, our budding scientists had cherished a water-culture experiment which took up its place of abode on our unfortunate mantelpiece. Then came the disaster. One afternoon when the plant was about a foot high, the wind rushed in and over went the gas-jar, emptying its contents over the length and breadth of the mantel. The owners, assisted by a well-known E class nuisance, began to effect repairs. While owner No. 1 was searching for a dry duster, owner No. 2 proceeded to remove several cubic inches of the chemical solution. But the constituents of same had their own ideas about removing and finally landed with a splash on the elevated rear of the class nuisance. (We are still anxiously watching for symptoms.)



We often have visitors at our assemblies, but did you hear about the silent visitor who was also uninvited?

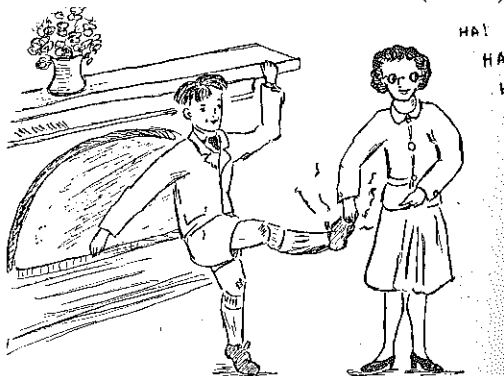
All heads were bowed and the strains of the Lord's Prayer were floating into the atmosphere when, "pad, pad," went four feet as their owner came stalking down our "grande salle." Of course nobody noticed that Miss Limb's friend had become bold through his regular visits to Phys. Ed. lessons and had decided to investigate the interior of our establishment. And of course, nobody noticed Mr. Orchard come tripping down from the platform to assist our visitor in his progress down the central aisle and out into the cold,



cold world again. It was a very interesting little performance, with a musical background.

How do I know all this? Oh, I was just one of the 500 somebodies who did a little noticing out of the corners of their eyes.

L.N.S. (Arthur)



THE FIRST PRIMROSE

Last week I wandered through a wood,
The trees were black and bare.
Though winter on wild wings had fled,
No flowers bloomed anywhere.

Then all at once, I came on one,
A primrose with its golden gleam.
It shone up from its mossy bed,
Beside the rippling stream.

A week—I wandered there again,
And many more bright flowers had burst,
Though they were sweet, I love the one,
That trusted spring and came up first.

"PRIM ROSE"



THE COMMON COLD

When I came home for lunch one day, my eyes were running so badly that I nearly went in at the next-door gate. Mother met me at the kitchen door and was very concerned over my sneezing and sniffing. It was not long before I was packed into bed, with hot-water bottles at my feet and eucalyptus at my nose, awaiting the arrival of the doctor.

Of course, I thought, it was probably just a cold, although cold had never before attacked me in this way. So I fell to thinking of all the things it *might* be and horrified myself at the awful list. Some of them, I knew, had no cure, and I began to feel terribly sorry for myself. I then imagined myself as being in all sorts of predicaments, ranging from being an invalid in bed for life, to a heroine on her death-bed with numerous admirers standing tearfully around the beautifully-draped four-poster.

I must have imagined myself to sleep, for the next thing I knew was that the doctor was peering at me out of his dark little eyes, while his spectacles, instead of resting on his nose, were perched on his bald crown. I tried to smile at him, but I was not very successful.

"Good avyerdood (sniff) Dogder Beaubond," I managed, a little stiffly.

"Mm," he mumbled, after feeling my forehead. "Stay in bed for a few days—that'll fix you. Just a case of coryza," with a smile that was almost a leer.

"Goryza," I echoed, aghast, suddenly half-rising out of the bed. What could this mean? I must be something new, even to the medical world—it certainly had not been on the list which had seemed appalling enough to the one who had made it—but "coryza!" It must be something horrible. I felt a little annoyed at the doctor, smiling at me as though it were just a common cold that I had. Then, remembering that I must not appear as ignorant before this learned gentleman, I lay back distrustfully on my pillow and said, "Oh yez, goryza."

The following day I despatched mother to the library for a copy of the Encyclopedia Dinkum, as to dol. I waited for her to return impatiently, pummelling one of the hot-water bottles with my clammy feet, until presently I heard the gate click and footsteps come to the front door. At last, the moment had almost arrived. Coryza! I thought contemptuously. But, the moment had not almost arrived, because it was the postman and not mother.

Eventually, when my nerves were keyed up to their highest pitch, I heard what really was mother. My heart was thumping like a sledge-hammer as I snatched the volume from her. How calm it looked in its wine-coloured cover, in comparison to myself. With eager fingers I opened it. Through page after page I turned—cas, ceb, cin, cap.

I must know my fate, I must know my fate, I must know my fate, I mumbled, noting that the sound was like that of train wheels approaching their destination. For a split second I hesitated, remembering the doctor's smile, as he told me the fatal word—then I came upon "cor" sitting boldly on the top of the page. Holding my breath, I slid my fingers down the page. There it was, right on the bottom line.

"CORYZA," I read. "Technical term for the common cold."

RHYTHM IN C3

MISS R. Who Wouldn't Love You?

ALAN Why Don't We do This More Often?

GEOFF S. O, You Beautiful Doll.

DES. Praise the Lord, and Pass the Ammunition.

JOHN High in the Clouds.

BILL Little Man You've Had a Busy Day.

MAX In the Mood.

GEOFF B. Good-night Ladies.

BARNEY Scatterbrain.

BEVAN Beautiful Dreamer.

JEAN Mister Five by Five.

YVONNE SP. Chatterbox.

VALDA Cry, Baby, Cry.

GWEN Freckle-Face.

SELMA A-Hunting We Will Go.

MARGARET K. Saucy Little Redhead.

RUTH Boogey-Woogey-Piggy.

JOAN I'm Dreaming of a White Christmas.

NANCY Roll Out the Barrel.

DOROTHY M.

DOROTHY D. } Three Little Sisters.

DOROTHY Mc.

MARGUERITE O, Johnny!

DULCIE Crosstown.

RONDA What are Little Boys Made Of?

BEVERLEY It Ain't Gonna Rain No More.

MILLE } Playmates,

MARGARET } There's a Boy Coming Home on Leave

PHYLLIS J. Blues in the Night.

PHILLYS E. Here Comes the Bride.

EULIE Moonlight Becomes You.

RAE Melancholy Baby.

WINNIE Chatanooga-Choo-Choo.

BRENDA You Must Have Been a Beautiful Baby.

PAT I. Lazybones.

MARY One Day When We Were Young.

YVONNE ST. Sleepy Lagoon.

BETTY Catch That Tiger.

"I Know Why and So Do You" (Arthur)

END OF LEAVE

She stood upon the crowded wharf,
With a sad and heavy heart,
And gazed through the mist of her tear-dimmed eyes
As she watched the ship depart.

To whom did she wave so ardently,
On that ship just setting sail?

'Twas her soldier son of the A.I.F.
Standing beside the rail.

His ten days' leave had seemed so short
With the mother he adored.

How peaceful were the joys of home
After his two years abroad.

Both mother and son choked back their tears,
And smiled for all to see;

But in her heart she said this prayer,
"God, send him back to me."

BRENDA McNANEY (Arthur)

MY VOYAGE TO AUSTRALIA

In January, 1939, six months before the war, my family decided to go to Australia. My father was in Holland. We had to fly from Berlin to Amsterdam to be examined by a consul and receive our visas, giving us permission to travel to Australia.

We reached Amsterdam late at night. The next afternoon we caught the Dutch boat, one of the cleanest and most comfortable I have ever seen. Three hundred Malaysians were part of the crew, the other one hundred being the Dutch captain, officers and stewards.

Leaving Amsterdam, we sailed for a day without incident, till we reached Southampton, to be welcomed by rainy and cloudy weather. As the weather was bad, I didn't go ashore.

Sailing from Southampton, we passed through the Bay of Biscay, around Gibraltar and into the Mediterranean. Our next port of call should have been Algiers, but as the sea was too rough, it was impossible to land. We then landed at Villefrance in France and Genoa, where we looked at the beautiful churches. Before passing through the Straits of Messina, we sighted the volcano on Stromboli and saw the smoke and flames come out of the crater. We stayed at Port Said for a day. At every step we walked, some Egyptian would stop us, asking us to come into his shop or offering his goods. A magician and a diving swimmer came on the boat. The diver went part of the way through the Suez Canal with us, collected money and dived off the third deck, with his mouth full of money and swam back to Port Said. We then sailed on through the Suez Canal, where there was a space of about five yards on either side of the 25,000-ton ship.

In Colombo we stayed for two days in the biggest hotel. Every bedroom had an enormous bathroom and the beds were all covered with mosquito nets. We weren't allowed to drink any fresh water because of the danger of diseases.

We then boarded an English ship on which were many Italians bound for Australia. We arrived in Perth in March. From there we made our way to Launceston.

The first thing I noticed in Australia, was that the houses were all low, the European ones usually being four stories high. I now feel at home in Launceston, but I still miss the snow which used to be just on our doorstep.

ELLEN FLEISCHER (D3, Wilmot)

THE PEGGY PEDLEY
MEMORIAL PRIZE

This prize has been donated by one who prefers to remain anonymous, in memory of Miss P. Pedley, whose favourite subject was English. The donor is not an old scholar of this School, but has made the gesture in memory of her close friend, Miss Pedley.

The prize of one guinea is awarded for the most original article, prose or poetry written during the year.

A DISTURBED ENGLISH
LESSON

Sh! Sh! It's English now,
Please don't make such a row,
The door will open and in she'll stride
The same as any blushing bride.

The bell's been gone for quite a while,
And now our classroom's in some strife
With pap'rs and chalk all over the floor,
Wow! Here she is, right at the door.

The boys stand up in the usual way,
One by one, they take all day.
The teacher stands and stares at us,
Then flies to the door with a great big rush.

She slams it shut in our faces,
We just sit still in our places.
Because we were in a playful mood,
Our English teacher thought we were rude.

Her head is poked inside the door,
"I think you'd better tidy the floor!
Then learn the poem of the river cool
And I'll take this lesson after school!"
"ONE OF THE CLASS" (Arthur)

THE OPEN LIFE

Country life is most interesting. It is much more healthy than life in the town and is as good as a holiday. Perhaps it is hard work, but strong lads like me can stand that. If it wasn't for the farmers, many people of the town would suffer greatly. Nowadays the government is looking after everybody except the dairymen—milk is most essential for the town and yet we get no superphosphate to top-dress the pastures and when we sow the grain, it won't grow half so well.

Oh! it is a glorious life; you can go hunting rabbits or go picking wild flowers or riding ponies far and wide. When you rise out of your bed in the morning, you smell straightaway the beautiful morning air and see a beautiful clear sky without a cloud. Then the sun rises and casts its rays on the golden grain and another busy day is ahead.

"HANK" (D3 Arthur)

CRUSADER NOTES

At the beginning of the year we were pleased to welcome Mr. W. H. Brice as our leader. This year the meetings were held in Room 26 at 1 p.m. every Wednesday and they have proved helpful to all. The attendance has been about 30 at each meeting and we would welcome any newcomers next year.

In September we held a social in the King's Hall. It was a great success and with the proceeds, we were able to purchase some more chorus books.

We are indebted to Captain Gale, Miss E. Matthews and F/O Bewsher, who have addressed us at various times and also to Mr. Bill Bushby, who has taken meetings. Mr. Brice has been unable to. We also extend our sincere thanks to Mr. Brice, who has so splendidly conducted most of the meetings this year.

EVOLUTION

Listen now! By the Word of our Lord (Who was with the Father in the beginning), man has a physical body, a mind ut putet, a will to decide his own destiny, and in his heart, the spirit of life. Perhaps the last two rate the same; who knows?

When primitive man first came into being, he was little more than a beast, conscious only of the needs of his body, and the turbulent passions of his heart. Little by little, as his intellect developed and his body lost his ape-like slouch, he became dimly aware of that third part of him, his soul. By this time he had become a nomadic shepherd, living in a world which was nearing the last stages of crustal hardening. At intervals, boiling lava and hot ash would pour down the smoking mountains and obliterate him. The sea would surge up the plains in a great tidal wave, carrying all before it, or again, while thunder boomed in reverberating crashes across a lurid sky, man would watch the earth open before him to engulf his flocks, his family and himself.

And when the elements were quiet, pestilence and fever would creep up on the hot night air from the swamp lands, and man, in the agony of death, would cry, "Why do I suffer? Why am I here?" Even so was religion born.

When the elements rose in anger to annihilate him, man, witnessing something entirely beyond his understanding, conceived the idea of an all-powerful Being, whom, in some way, he had offended. To appease this thundering God, he offered sacrifices of sheep, goats and, at last, human beings.

It was an infantile conception of God, but it could not have been otherwise, for, as yet, both physically and mentally, man was still in the embryonic stages. Perhaps it was then that the Messianic hope was born. Man began to hope for a humane, godly deliverer who would relieve him of his burden of sin and suffering. It is nothing short of staggering to realise how far humanity has advanced in 300,000 years. From a primitive, wild creature, bowing down before the violence of the storm, man's spirit has widened and developed to such a degree, that, understanding now the Laws of Nature, he can believe in a God of Love, Whose gift to men is Eternal Life through Jesus Christ, our Lord.

D. LONG, Sorell.

"REDIBIMUS"

And when the time comes, then shall we return
To the dear, lovely spot that haunts my dreams
And waking thoughts, because to me it seems
We shall find healing there. Our hearts that yearn
For comfort, shall be comforted there. For there
Beneath a sunburnt sky of cloudless blue,
Are all those dear, familiar things we knew
And loved so well. To me, the very air
Is sweet. The river, ruffled by the gentle breeze
Is infinitely dear. And the tall gums,
Sweeping unbroken to the water's edge,
Where green ferns lie embowered 'mid lesser trees,
Are sentinels to challenge each who comes
Unbidden, to this earthly paradise.

H. LUTWYCHE

E4.

A is for Audrey, a friend of the boys;
B is for Beverley, fond of making a noise.
C is for Cullen, she is improving they say;
D is for Dawn, who is quite often away.
E is for Evans, whose voice is quite loud;
F is for Fays, of whom there's a crowd.
G is for Gearing, whose life's full of song;
H is for Helen, who wears her hair long.
I is a nuisance, it simply won't rhyme;
J is for Jean, who is always on time.
K is for Killalea, whom we have to mention;
L is for Lesley, who does not pay attention.
M is for Margaret, the girl I cannot race;
N is for Norma, who has a very pleasant face.
O is for Olive, a bright-hearted lass;
P is for Pat, who hasn't been long in the class.
Q is for Queer, which describes our class well;
R is for Richardson, who never thinks of the bell
S is for Stone, who always comes by train,
T is for Thomas, who never gets the cane.
U is for Uniform, which we have to wear;
V is for Victory, which we hope to win by air.
W is for Williams, who goes to bed by the moon
X is for Xmas, which we hope to come soon.
Y is for You, whom we now have to lose;
Z is a letter which can do as it chooses.

"TWO BEGINNERS"

ALEXANDER RETURNS TO
EARTH

As I wandered listlessly along the sandy beach, I suddenly became aware of a cave which had never been there before. Being curious, I wandered in and found ancient pottery and metal vases, as well as weapons. A door suddenly loomed ahead and opening it, I entered into a chamber in which all sorts of curious apparatus were strewn about. As I ventured further, I found a queer, coffin-shaped box on which were a number of different levers. Having succeeded in opening the box, I was suddenly petrified, for a figure rose from the box, who was unmistakably Alexander the Great.

As he got out of the box, he seemed to be awakening from a dream and on seeing me, asked the date. On being informed, he looked at me as though I were mad, but looking at some dials, he saw that I was correct. Suddenly a terrific shouting echoed through the cave, a noise that was made by attacking head-hunters. Alexander picked up a sword and axe and advanced upon the yelling horde. I took my sub-machine gun and advanced with him. We fought like demons, but were soon captured. By a stroke of luck, a scouting plane had alighted on the beach, frightening the savages away, which gave us a chance to escape to the plane.

When we arrived in civilisation, Alexander saw a band playing, so he made up his mind that he would have a band, only slightly different. He soon established a band and took a craze for jazz, so his band came to be known as Alexander's "Rag-Time" Band.

GRAHAM STEWART (E3, Wilmot)

KING ISLAND

King Island is a large flat island in the group of islands to the north-west of Tasmania. It is reached from the mainland and Tasmania by the daily air service and a steamer which plies the turbulent waters of Bass Strait weekly. The climate is equable, except during the equinoctial gales which blow during the spring and autumn equinox.

These gales, called locally, "The Roaring Forties," with years of constant blowing against the coastal hills, have made many sand blows. On these sand blows have been found many fossilised bones of prehistoric creatures. Here too, has been found the proof that once King Island was inhabited by blacks, for many old stone implements known to have been used by the natives. There is not much wild life on the island now, because hundreds of years ago, there was a great fire on the island. It killed nearly all the animals and the natives escaped to the other islands.

The districts to the north, south, east and west are nearly all given up to dairy farming. In the south, in the grassy district, there is a large scheelite mine. Two cheese factories and two butter factories provide means for the farmers' milk and cream to be made into butter and cheese.

King Island is the ideal holiday resort, providing sport and relaxation all the year round. There is a comfortable hotel and a few guest houses. Tennis courts and a golf course are close to the town of Currie and King Island's undulating country provides almost perfect riding paths. Pheasant, duck and kangaroo hunting bring many sportsmen to the island.

King Island was discovered by Robins, who was very audacious and skipped into Naracoopa Harbour under Baudin's nose and raised the flag under the name of Governor King. It has become famous for its many wrecks, which were very frequent in the days of sailing ships. Admiral Beach has been named after the "British Admiral" which was wrecked with all hands. A monument has been erected on the beach in memoriam of the tragic event.

DINAH CURTAIN (D1)

A SONNET

I shall not bow my head, but I shall tread
Gaily along Life's way, and none will know
How hard the road, for I shall go with head
Held high, uncovered to the winds that blow.

And I shall fill my mind with lovely dreams
And thoughts of things that I shall always love,
Sweet music, fragrant flowers and rippling streams,
The quiet woods, the radiant moon above.

And suddenly I shall wake and find
That all these things are one with happiness.
O busy heart, this was your gift to me—
That I should learn all that I lacked before
In life, and be content with loveliness.
I had not known. I was too blind to see!

H. LUTWYCHE.

A VISIT TO MATHEMATICS LAND

It was such a strange sensation, flying through the air, on a cloud, at sixty miles an hour with only the sea beneath me. Suddenly, low hills appeared on the horizon. As they came closer, I saw a large town built on the seashore. Apparently this was my destination; for the ground rushed up to meet me and I came to earth with a bump.

Picking myself up, I looked about with interest. A hundred yards away were the city gates—but how strange!—they were composed entirely of the four signs of mathematics: plus, minus, division and multiplication. Out of the town a man came running, shouting something about a passport. I walked towards him and still questioning loudly, he led me into the capital of Mathematics Land.

Once inside, my friend explained that as I had no passport, I must pay the penalty, which was to pass a test in Algebra, Geometry and Arithmetic. Now, although I was already very interested in the town of Algeomrith, the thought of the test simply appalled me, for maths. was ever my worst subject. However, by a stroke of good fortune, I just gained half-marks and was permitted to pass on into the city.

What an amazing place it was! I decided to visit the museum first, and followed a signpost in the shape of a triangle, to that particular building. But what was my surprise to find all the museum seemed to contain, was a collection of amazing arithmetical problems and the names of their inventors. Also, there were many busts of Euclid and several other geniuses on whom I had vowed revenge in my school days.

As the museum was so distasteful to me, I next wandered off to the botanical gardens which were laid out in geometrical figures with hypotenuses and question marks all complete. This also was very disheartening, as even the flowers seemed to be maths-minded.

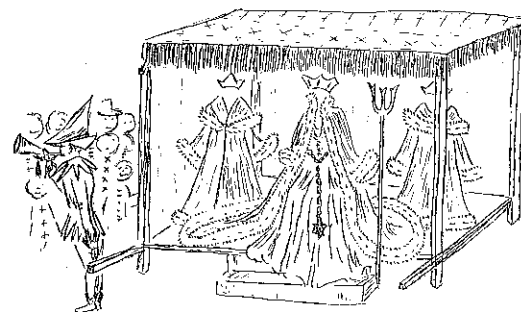
My next call was at a milk-bar, but here I was most intrigued to hear that King X was to parade through the streets at mid-day. This interested me immensely, as I had wondered several times what the ruler of this unique land was like. At twelve o'clock exactly, a blaring of trumpets heralded the approach of the king. Pushing my way through the crowd, I took up a position in the front rank, just as the procession came round the corner. Immediately a little fat man cried, "Long live King X." But to my intense surprise, all I could see in the position fitted for royalty, was a large empty suit of clothes with a crown suspended above it and two smaller suits in a similar condition, seated on either side. "I say," I gasped to my neighbours, "I can't see the king or anyone else, I can see only empty suits of clothes."

"Of course you can't see the king," snapped my neighbour. "You don't know anything about 'X', do you? 'X' is unknown."

I felt absolutely foolish at this rebuff; but at last managed to pluck up enough courage for another question. "Please sir," I said timidly, "I'm most awfully sorry to bother you, but who are the other two suits of clothes?"

"Why, the stupidity of some people!" exploded my informer. "They are his son and grandson, 'X2' and 'X3'. Who did you think they were?" This was too much, I felt quite weak, so finding a restaurant, I went in to rest while I was eating my dinner.

After a few moments, a waiter came up and handed me a menu which, to my dismay, was set out entirely in Algebraic equations! But the waiter was very kind, and prevented me from making such fatal mistakes as ordering mint sauce with my pudding. Of course, all the dishes were in geometrical shapes, but they were very tasty. After disposing of a cup of coffee



in the orthodox fashion, I called for my bill. But I found that all I received was a pen, ink, paper and a list of prices. I had to work out my own bill.

While I was concentrating on my task, the voices about me grew into a confused burble until one, loud and insistent, predominated, saying, "John, John, get up at once. You will be late for work." It was my sister waking me and all my amazing visit was but a dream (or perhaps a nightmare), following a long day of account making at the office.

LOIS SYMONDS (E3, Arthur)

BY PLANE TO FLINDERS ISLAND

I was seated in the waiting room at Western Junction, while a north-west gale howled mournfully outside and the rain came in shuddering squalls. Outside, mechanics were overhauling the De Havilland in which I was going to be a passenger to Flinders Island.

A bell rang and my two fellow-passengers (who were two young ladies) and myself, took our seats. As the pilot entered, he told us it would be advisable, if we kept our safety-belts on, as it is a "little rough upstairs." I had taken my seat well in the nose of the plane so that the wings would not obstruct my view.

The chocks were removed. The engines roared and we taxied down to the southern end of the drome. The plane turned sharply. The engines gave a final roar and we soon became air-borne.

I quite enjoyed myself, as we climbed steadily to about three thousand feet. But when I began to view the scenery from first one side and then the other, I did not feel exactly comfortable. A bad gust threw one side of the plane up to what seemed an angle of 75 degrees. My belt came undone and I went flat on my back on the floor. But worse still, a small parcel I was carrying with me, slid under a seat where someone had lost their breakfast the trip before and it was a work of art retrieving it without an unhappy

encounter. At length both parcel and seat were secured. The plane must have run out of breath, for we had a brief lull, till we reached the coast.

We had left our beloved Isle and we were over the sea. But our troubles were not over. I think they became worse. The first act was an air-pocket, for we dropped suddenly for what must have at best, been twenty feet. I hit the roof and came to earth on the floor of the plane. Just as I stood up to regain my seat, the plane's nose was thrown violently upward, I was again caused to take a sudden seat on the floor and slid in an ungainly manner into the tail of the plane, where I became part of the luggage. Having extracted myself from this new predicament, I started a laborious crawl back to my seat. As I passed my two fellow-passengers, I noticed that paper-bags were being used very frequently. I was not surprised, for they had spent a good half-hour eating chocolates as well as smoking, but they were apparently regretting it.

Once again I took my seat and settled down for a very life-like nightmare. No one can say that it is not a nightmare when one sits for an hour and a half and has his stomach thrown up into his throat, knocked against his ribs and rubbing a hole in his back, as well as in many other positions which I have not the knowledge or language to describe. The waves of a dirty, green sea flecked with white, looked upon us hungrily, causing visions of the plane-crash on this very route to come back to me. All these

At last my nightmare was on its last act, for we were above the aerodrome on Flinders. The plane came down for what I thought was a perfect landing, but the wheels no sooner touched the ground, than we were thrown into the air. This was indeed a nightmare, the cursed thing had sprouted legs and we were jumping around the drome. This was twice repeated and I discovered its cause was due to the exceptionally high wind catching under the wings and throwing us upwards. At last either by the pilot's skill, or just good luck, we managed to stay on our native element. So ended my first plane trip. I think you may guess of my opinion of a plane's stability in the air. Just like sitting in an armchair! So they say!

MAX WILSON (C2, Sorell)

THE MOONLIGHT HIKE

As the long shades of the day drew out and the moon's beams slowly drifted through the trees, the first stage of the moonlight hike, about which everyone had been dreaming for weeks, started. Cries of ecstasy and laughter broke the silence of the night as we drifted along the old bush track, through cleared paddocks. A thing that I had never seen before happened at regular intervals as we walked. A part of an explosive set in a tin went off and the noise rang through the night. Someone told me it was destined to frighten birds away in the daytime. Soon we got into closer bush, alive with rabbits' holes and cries of the curlew away near the river. Arriving at our destination, "Stinking Creek," otherwise known as "The Valley of Fragrant Perfume," we found that thoughts were prompted by a rolling, dipping, crazy plane, which I now despised and hated from the very bottom of my heart.

we were expected to walk across it, on a very narrow and treacherous piece of timber. After the advance guard had passed, some very naughty boys moved the plank, holding up proceedings. However, every one arrived without mishap and in high spirits. The evening's entertainment consisted of items which were few. Some fan of Bing Crosby's crooned that "He Didn't Wan to Set the World on Fire," and two small boys persisted in crying in a loud voice, that "This House is Haunted," which resulted in their both being captured by a ghost. Chops were cooked over a huge fire and the hike ended in our all arriving home at midnight for a well-earned sleep.

DEREK HAIGH (D2, Franklin)

L' ESPOIR

When the west is pervaded with darkest of night
And the moonlight in shafts sends a shimmering
gleam,
The sun in the east has achieved her great height
And in fulness of brilliance the day is supreme.

When with gust of the tempest and breath of the blast,
The earth is enshrouded by mantle of woe—
Then faintly at first, ere the fury be passed,
O'er the heavens in majesty stretches the bow.

When the waves are retreating, with hollow refrain,
And sands are deserted by ocean so wide,
The sea with its sucking, advances again;
For the lowest of ebb, is the turn of the tide.

J. COLTHEART, (A, Sorell)

D2. CELEBRATES

A is for Alvyn, now here is a dream;
B is for Bayly, he makes us scream;
C is for Coltheart, she is a shrimp;
D is for Don, he's an imp;
E is for Emmett, a talker is he;
F is for Freda, a flirt is she;
G is for Gerald, the other name's "Egg";
H is for Harding, who likes his bed;
I is for Iris, her hair's all curls;
J is for John, he likes the girls;
K is for Killalea, we call him a flea;
L is for Lancaster, a bomber is she;
M is for Murray, who likes the river;
N is for Neil, who makes us quiver;
O is for Ockerby, who is fleet as a deer;
P is for Prewer, who has a bunged ear;
Q is too hard, so I'll leave it alone;
R is for Reid, not a swat, I'll own;
S is for Sloane, who's very bad;
T is for Tom, our brainy lad.
U is for useless, it won't rhyme here;
V is for victory, which is very near;
W is for William, with a permanent wave;
X is for Xmas, for which we all save;
Y and Z, I can't rhyme these;
So I'll close this rhyme if you'll please.

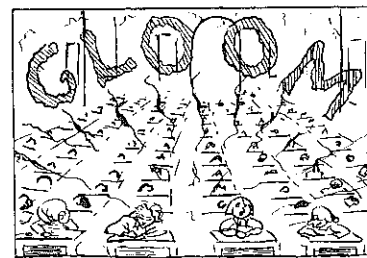
"J.G." (D2, Wilmot)

TIME

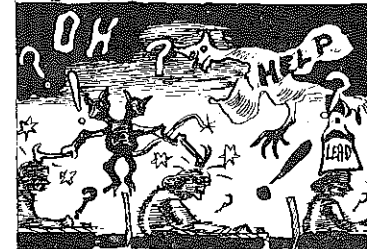
A SONNET

Ceaselessly, untiringly, ne'er still,
The wheels of Time speed by with little thought
Of what the passing day has lost or wrought,
Or if to-morrow will fly by as nil.
Respects no person nor obeys his will,
Nor stops to mourn at sorrow's cup distort,
Nor slackens pace for hours of pleasure short,
But hastens forward ever as a ceaseless rill.
Oh endless Time, that alters pace for nought,
Nor spares not moments brief for recreation—
As in thy tireless pace thou often ought—
Thou, in thine onward haste destroys a nation
As in they speed thou can't be stopped or caught
What is thy distant goal, and destination?

JOY COLTHEART (A1)



My Impression of the Intermediate



My Impression of the Leaving

LIFE-SAVING GROUP

A very necessary and useful group has been added to the hobby groups on Friday afternoons. It is scandalous to think that our L.S.H.S. has not had a Life-saving Group before. Miss Limb has made this first effort, with the result that there are now in training about 30 girls who hope to gain their bronze medals (the first credential), before the end of the season. This training includes methods of release and rescue, land drill and artificial respiration. For the first test, the girls have to swim 100 yards breast stroke and 50 yards backstroke. Their first attempts at rescue were rather strange. They managed to release themselves from the grip of the would-be drowning one and, having clutched them firmly round the head as prescribed in Rule 1, they began the arduous task of tugging them the 100 yards back. First, in their efforts to keep their victim afloat, they submerged themselves in the splutter of sneezes, coughings, they finished drowning their already half-drowned victims.

Nevertheless, we hope the girls will succeed, and that the Life-Saving Group will become a tradition in



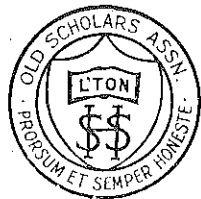
ARAB



BRAZIL
DINAH CURTAIN
L.H.S.
1903



BINAH CURTAIN
L.H.S.



O.S.A. DIRECTORY

Patron—W. C. Morris, Esq.
 President—Mr. R. Horne, c/o Clements & Marshall Pty. Ltd., Cimitiere Street.
 Joint Hon. Secretaries—Miss Marjorie Comber c/o Liverpool, London and Globe Insurance Co., St. John Street and Miss Betty Lawrence, c/o Tasmanian Steamers Pty. Ltd., Cimitiere Street.
 Hon. Treasurer—Miss Betty Badcock, c/o W. & G. Genders Pty. Ltd., Cameron Street.
 Editor Old Scholars' Column—Miss Joan Kent, c/o "Examiner" Office.
 General Committee—Mr. Jack Pryor, Assistant Secretary, Mrs. W. Beifram, Misses Marjorie Cooper, Joan Harris, Shirley Barrett and Gwen Letcher (junior member); Messrs. Geoff Summers, Walter Rumney, Jack Addison, Phyl Welsh and Denis Whelan (junior member).

SUBSCRIPTIONS

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

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.

Many of the older members of the Association are on Active Service and we would appreciate the interest and support of the younger members.

We have not held as many dances as we would have liked this year, but on the whole, we have had quite a satisfactory year.

Every Monday night, for many months, we have had dancing classes for the younger members of the Association. This proved to be very successful and we trust and hope it will have their support next year.

We take this opportunity of thanking our Patron, Mr. W. C. Morris, for the use of the School and for his interest and valuable help given us during the year.

ENGAGEMENTS

Engagements have been announced between:—
 Max Lohrey and Val Kent.
 Clive Sadler and Pte. Dorothy Perkins.
 Ron Walker and Miss J. Gibson.
 Gwen Playstead and Bill Ramsay.
 Phyllis Cassidy and Captain Arthur Johnston.
 Lorna Gilbert and Flt.-Sgt. J. Howshipp.
 Congratulations to our erstwhile energetic secretary, Joy Geiger, who, on service with the W.A.A.F., has now formed a link with our American Allies, by becoming engaged.

MARRIAGES

The Association extends its congratulations and best wishes to all Old Scholars who have recently been married. Marriages have taken place between:—

Ron White to Miss Marjorie Whyman.
 Joe Atherton to Miss Nell Littlejohn.
 Pat Killalea to Sgt. Francis Neasey.
 Mysie Horne to Bill Bertram.
 Pat Hudson to Sgt. Irving Klein (U.S. Forces)
 Frank Clark to Marie Mead.
 Margaret Jinks to Sgt. Geoff Moore.
 David Munro to Miss Marjorie McDermott.
 Don Turnbull to Miss Hazel Ellis.
 Clem Barnard to Sgt. Keith Heeney.
 May Dean to Mr. David Jones.
 Gwen Rigney to Mr. Bob Gladow.
 Marjorie Kelb to Mr. Vince Purdue.
 Bill Wilkinson to Miss Mary Gerrard.
 Peter Tanner to Miss Laurel Watterson.
 Norman Guy to Miss Irene Ralph.
 Bob Kiddle to Miss Hazel Bird.
 Betty Webster to F/O Edward Harding.
 Nancy Jackson to Mr. Ernest Nortin.
 Ron Green to Miss Eileen Oliver.
 Stan Witt to Miss Gwen Park.
 Alice Munro to Bill Browne.
 Joyce Sturges to Mr. G. T. Baxter.
 Lily Morgan to Mr. Bruce Littlejohn.

BIRTHS

News has been received of the birth of a daughter to Mr. and Mrs. Jack Stubbs (she was Hazel Wilcox) and we extend congratulations to the following:—

Sgt. and Mrs. Ken Tregear (nee Maureen Harris), a daughter.
 Sgt. and Mrs. Stan Pollard, a daughter.
 Mr. and Mrs. Tom Doe, a son.
 W/O and Mrs. Jack Weatherill, a daughter.
 Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Booth (nee Shirley Houstain), a son.
 Mr. and Mrs. Peter Goss (nee Margaret Teasdale), a daughter.
 Mr. and Mrs. Ron Tuting, a daughter.
 Lieut. and Mrs. Lionel Kerr (nee Isla Waters), a son.
 Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Croft, a son.
 Capt. and Mrs. G. A. Walsh, a son.
 Mr. and Mrs. Bob Reader, a daughter.

HONOURS

We extend our heartiest congratulations to Lieut. Charles Croft, who distinguished himself admirably by winning the M.B.E. Charles is attached to the R.A.N.K. and the citation stated that he displayed great bravery and steadfast devotion to duty.

Another Old Scholar who has distinguished himself in the field of battle, is Ray Watts, who was awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross for gallantry during air operations over Germany. Ray was a keen footballer for the Association and later joined a League team in Melbourne.

Geoff. Atherton, who is now an acting Squadron Leader, has been mentioned in despatches for good work against the Japs in New Guinea during the past few months.

Old Scholars' Honour Roll

Alcock, J. E., Flt.-Lieut.
 Atherton, G., Sqdr.-Ldr.
 †Atherton, Fred, A.I.F.
 Aylett, Max, R.A.A.F.
 Arnold, Geoff, R.A.A.F.
 Allison, Don, R.A.A.F.
 Alcock, Graham, R.A.A.F.
 Atkinson, Fred, R.A.A.F.
 Bryant, G. R., Sgt.-Observer
 Bell, Jim, R.A.N.
 Brett, Jack, Capt. (accidentally killed)
 Bell, John, A.I.F.
 †Barclay, Graham, Lieut., A.I.F.
 Barclay, Robert, Sgt.-Gunner, R.A.A.F.
 Bomford, Alvin, A.I.F.
 Boatwright, Norman, R.A.A.F.
 Bardenhagen, Adye, A.I.F.
 Bertram, Max, R.A.A.F.
 Bertram, Wilson, R.A.A.F.
 Bain, Keith, R.A.A.F.
 Bain, Neil, R.A.A.F. (missing)
 Bain, Doug., R.A.A.F.
 Box, Robert, R.A.N.
 Breheny, Jack, Cpl., A.I.F.
 Breheny, Brian, A.I.F.
 Brain, Lindsay, R.A.A.F.
 Bell, Alan G., A.I.F.
 Bennett, Ross, R.A.A.F.
 Bates, Roy, R.A.N.
 Bailey, Fred, R.A.N.
 †Brown, Keith, A.I.F.
 Brown, John, R.A.N.
 Berwick, Ian, R.A.N.
 Bowles, William, R.A.N.
 Brooks, Margaret, A.W.A.S.
 Barber, Bramwell, R.A.A.F.
 Boden, Ray, R.A.A.F.
 Burke, Athol, R.A.A.F.
 Bock, Alan, R.A.A.F. (missing)
 Beecroft, Roy, R.A.N.
 Bennell, Clifford, A.I.F.
 †Bull, Ramsay
 Carins, Lloyd, R.A.N.
 Crosswell, Lloyd, R.A.N.
 Cameron, Don, Cpl., A.I.F.
 Cartledge, Phil, A.I.F.
 Curtis, Jack, A.I.F.
 Cunningham, Alan, A.I.F.
 Cassidy, Ken, Capt., A.I.F.
 Curtis, Edwin Jack, Sgt.-Observer
 Camm, Richard, A.I.F.
 Callahan, Geoff Bryan, R.A.A.F.
 Cross, Harold, Sgt., R.A.A.F.
 Cooper, Fred, R.A.A.F.
 Collins, L. J., A.I.F.
 Coates, Albert, R.A.A.F.
 Cassidy, Don, R.A.A.F.
 Camm, Mac, R.A.A.F.
 Churchill, Don, R.A.A.F.

Cameron, Milton, R.A.N.
 †Coombe, Stanley
 Cox, Don, R.A.A.F.
 Cox, Joan, W.A.A.A.F.
 Coe, Elizabeth, A.W.A.S.
 Campbell, Hugh, R.A.N.
 Chatwin, Gwen, Sgt., W.A.A.A.F.
 Cordell, Desmond, R.A.A.F.
 Colton, Jack, Sapper, A.I.F.
 Colson, Jack, A.I.F.
 Dean, Roy, A.I.F.
 Dwyer, Eric, A.I.F.
 Dineen, Geoff., A.I.F.
 Davis, Lovell, A.I.F.
 †Dean, Geoff., R.A.A.F.
 Dean, Ray, R.A.A.F. (accidentally killed)
 Davey, Max, R.A.N.
 Davics, John, R.A.N.
 Dynan, William, A.I.F.
 Dallas, Ken, Lieut., R.A.N.
 Davey, Marjorie, A.W.A.S.
 Davis, Grahame, W.A.I.F.
 Davey, Dulcie, A.W.A.P.
 Dwyer, Lindsay, R.A.N.
 Evans, Eric, R.A.A.F.
 Ellis, Baizel, R.A.N.
 Edwards, B., R.A.A.F.
 Edwards, R., A.I.F.
 Edmunds, Des., R.A.N.
 Furmage, G. S., Flt.-Lieut.
 Flanagan, Archie, A.I.F.
 Fotheringham, Max, Major, A.I.F.
 Fotheringham, Charles, Capt., A.I.F.
 Fotheringham, Bob, R.A.N.
 Firth, Keith, A.I.F.
 Fulford, Harold, R.A.A.F.
 Fordham, P. A., R.A.F.U.R. (also 1st A.I.F.)
 †Finlay, John, A.I.F. (killed at Tobruk)
 Finlay, Robert, Lieut., A.I.F.
 Fletcher, Harold, Flying Officer
 Fletcher, John, Cpl., R.A.A.F.
 Fuller, Jack, A.I.F.
 Furmage, Derek, R.A.A.F.
 Griffin, Terry, A.I.F.
 Gardam, Dick, A.I.F.
 Gee, Arthur, Capt., A.I.F.
 Gunton, Peter, A.I.F.
 Goss, Stan, R.A.A.F.
 Gill, Neil, R.A.A.F. (missing)
 Gee, Richard, R.A.A.F.
 Gee, Philip, Sergeant
 Gibbs, W., R.A.N.
 Greuber, Errol, R.A.A.F.
 Goulston, Keith, R.A.A.F.
 Geiger, Joy, W.A.A.A.F.
 Glennie, Malcolm, R.A.A.F.
 Gregory, Ray, R.A.A.F. (missing)

Gourlay, William, R.A.A.F.
 Hudson, Stuart
 Hall, Ken, R.A.N.
 Hughes, Brian, Surgeon, R.A.N.
 †Howlett, Les, Capt., A.I.F.
 Harridge, Jim, A.I.F.
 Hague, Terry, R.A.A.F.
 Harrison Max, R.A.A.F.
 Hudson, Geoff, R.A.A.F.
 Hollingsworth, Jim, R.A.A.F.
 Hope, Dick, R.A.A.F.
 Hart, Robert, R.A.A.F.
 Hope, Lindsay, R.A.A.F.
 Heyes, Rupert, A.I.F.
 Hughes, Terrence, A.I.F.
 Hudson, Pat, W.A.A.A.F.
 Horton, Connie, A.W.A.S.
 Hammersley, Vonda, A.W.A.M.S.
 Ingles, Alan, R.A.A.F.
 Ikin, Clyde, R.A.A.F. (missing)
 Jackson, Ken, R.A.A.F.
 Jordon, Max, R.A.A.F.
 Jackson, Richard, R.A.A.F.
 Jones, Alan Keith, Gnr., A.I.F.
 Joyce, Keith R., A.I.F.
 Jillett, John R., R.A.A.F.
 Kaiser, Bert, A.I.F.
 Krushka, Fred, A.I.F.
 Kerrison, Percy, R.A.A.F.
 Kerkham, Max, R.A.A.F.
 Kiddle, Rob., R.A.A.F.
 Lerner, Ian, A.I.F.
 Lerner, Rex, A.I.F.
 Lyne, Barney, A.I.F.
 Lawson, George, A.I.F.
 †Lanham, Ivo
 Lovell, William, R.A.A.F.
 Lovett, Don, R.A.A.F.
 Lovell, Ross, R.A.A.F.
 Mayhead, Frank, Lieut., A.I.F.
 Mayhead, Ken, A.I.F.
 Morgan, Bob, R.A.N.
 Maumill, Bob, R.A.A.F.
 Munro, David, R.A.A.F.
 Murphy, Gerald, A.I.F.
 Morrisby, Alan, A.I.F.
 Manning, Geoff
 Morrison, John, R.A.A.F.
 Miller, Aleck, R.A.N.
 Moore, Robert, A.I.F.
 Martin, Malva, A.W.A.S.
 Mulligan, Ralph, Wing Commdr.
 Mitchell, John
 MacLaine, Doug., R.A.A.F.
 McQuestion, Geoff, R.A.N.
 MacLaine, Ron, R.A.N.
 McCord, Peter, A.I.F.
 McElwee, Colin, R.A.A.F.
 McCord, Don, R.A.A.F.
 †McCann, Ronald
 McDonald, Neil, A.I.F.

OLD SCHOLARS' HONOUR ROLL.—Continued.

†McCabe, G. W., R.A.F.	Schier, Bill, R.A.A.F.	Viney, Max, A.I.F.
McCabe, D. W., R.A.N.	Sales, Lance, R.A.A.F.	Waters, Frank, R.A.N.V.R.
McDonald, Donald, R.A.A.F.	Swinton, George, E., A.I.F.	*Whishaw, Denis, R.A.A.F.
Maclaine, Grant, R.A.A.F.	Swinton, Norman D., R.A.A.F.	Whelan, Roly, R.A.N.
Nicklason, Ryd, A.I.F.	(missing)	Woods, Terris, R.A.N.
*Nation, Huon, R.A.A.F.	Simonds, Kenneth, A.I.F.	Waldron, Lance, A.I.F.
Orr, Colin, R.A.A.F.	Searson, Trevor, R.A.A.F.	White, Ron, A.I.F.
Phillips, Bruce, R.A.N.	Scott, Herbert, R.A.A.F.	*Wilson, Tom, A.I.F.
Paton, George, A.I.F.	Savage, Don, R.A.N.	Wright, Jack, A.I.F.
Pullen, Jack, A.I.F.	Scott, Keith, A.I.F.	Williams, Malcolm, R.A.A.F.
Parsons, Len, R.A.A.F.	Simmons, Jack, R.A.N.	Watts, Ray, R.A.A.F.
Pearson, Rob, R.A.A.F.	Skeggs, Olive, A.W.A.M.S.	Weatherill, Jack, R.A.A.F.
Pollard, Stan, R.A.A.F.	Stevens, Roland, R.A.N.	Walker, Jock, R.A.A.F.
Phillips, Doug, R.A.A.F.	Swain, Hilton, R.A.A.F.	Watts, L., A.I.F.
Padman, Henry, A.I.F.	Tanner, Peter, R.A.A.F.	Waters, Frank, R.A.N.
Parkes, Clifton, A.I.F.	Twidle, David, R.A.N.	Watkins, Guy, R.N.V.R.
Press, E. J., A.I.F.	Thollar, Doug, A.I.F.	Windsor, Max, Armoured Divn.
Price, Derek, R.A.A.F.	Trall, Arthur, A.I.F.	Williams, Leonard, R.A.A.F.
Pettersen, Alfred, A.I.F.	Taylor, Maurice, A.I.F.	Waddle, Bruce, A.I.F.
Plumber, Keith, A.I.F.	Taylor, Hal, A.I.F.	Whitcombe, Ernest
Pinel, Frank, A.I.F.	Thow, Max, A.I.F.	Waldron, Hamel, R.A.N.
Ruston, Ian, R.A.N.	Talland, Bill, R.A.A.F.	Waugh, Wallace, R.A.A.F.
Robinson, Ken, A.I.F.	Townend, J., R.A.F.	Whelan, Jack, R.A.N.
Ratcliff, Enid, Nursing Division	Tuting, Harry, R.A.A.F.	Wilkinson, William, R.A.A.F.
Rosevears, Hedley	Tucker, Gordon, R.A.A.F.	Weston, R., A.I.F.
Rainbow, Ron, A.I.F.	Tanner, Alex, A.I.F.	
Rose, Fred, A.I.F.	Turner, R., R.A.A.F.	* Killed in Action.
Richardson, Peter	Tuck, James, O.A.N.	† Prisoner of War.
Reeves, Clifford, R.A.A.F.	Thompson, Murial, W.A.A.F.	‡ Accidentally Drowned.
Steer, John, A.I.F.	Tidey, Kathleen, A.W.A.S.	
Scott, Harry, A.I.F.	Tullock, Allison, A.W.A.S.	
Senior, Alan, A.I.F.	von Bertouch, Don, A.I.F.	
Sellers, Betty, Nursing Division	‡von Bertouch, Mark, A.I.F.	

WAR CASUALTIES

It is, indeed, difficult to keep in touch with the activities of many of our Old Scholars and especially with those who are scattered in different parts of the world with the fighting forces. Occasionally we hear, with great sadness, of those who have paid the Supreme Sacrifice, or those who have been posted as casualties and we extend to their relatives and friends, our sincere sympathy in their time of stress and worry.

To Mrs. Jack Brett and her two small children, we extend our sympathy on the death of her husband, Captain Jack Brett, A.I.F., who was accidentally killed in Northern Australia.

We also heard that one of our brightest members, Ray Gregory, failed to return from a raid over Germany, and has been reported missing, believed killed. May we express our deep sorrow to Ray's parents and to his fiancée, Marj. Comber, who is now joint secretary of the Association with Betty Lawrence, and one of our most enthusiastic workers.

After many months of anxiety, Mr. and Mrs. Tas. Atherton, of Mary Street, will be somewhat relieved to know that their son, Fred, who was reported missing after the fall of Signapore, is now reported to be a prisoner of war. Fred is a sergeant in the A.I.F., and before enlisting was one of the best players in our Churinga football team.

Ted and Jim Harridge, who were also reported missing after the Malayan campaign, have now been

reported prisoners of war, and also Marcus von Bertouch and Sam Shegog.

One of our keenest workers and a one-time energetic secretary of the tennis club, Clyde Ikin, is reported missing from air operations over New Guinea. Clyde is a sergeant in the R.A.A.F.

Another grave loss to our ranks occurred through the death of P/O Wishaw (Bill), who was killed in an aircraft accident. Our sympathy is extended to his parents and to his fiancée, Audrey Hamilton.

No further news has been received about Flight-Lieutenant John Alcock, who was reported missing during 1942. We express the sincere sympathy of members to Mrs. Alcock and family in their time of anxiety.

AN OLD SCHOLAR ABROAD

News comes from England of an Old Scholar, Jack Townend, who is serving with the R.A.F. as a flight-sergeant. Jack is happily married and is looking forward to settling again in Tasmania as soon as hostilities cease. Before the war Jack was employed as a designer in a spinning mill in Huddesfield. Jack's father, who took a great interest in the School, recently passed away after an operation.