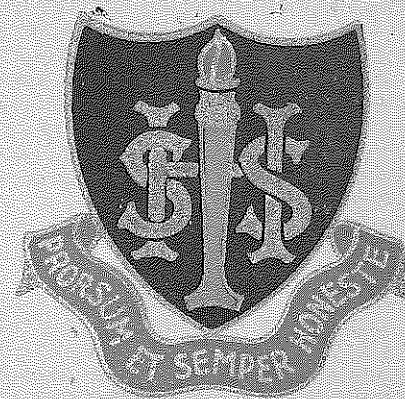


The Northern Churinga



December, 1944

Launceston High School Magazine

VOLUME, XXXIII



The Northern Churinga



THE SCHOOL



Editors:

W. LAY

R. SHARMAN

Editorial

I can conceive of no lasting peace after this war, unless such peace is based upon complete toleration of all forms of political, economic and religious thought. This does not mean that all extremists are to be encouraged and aided by the community, but it does mean that each and every nation must co-operate to see that the exponents of every school of thought have free play to express their ideas.

Along with the adoption of a tolerant outlook upon all, we must drop our biases against things old and our prejudices against things new. Our mode of living is not the only way and not necessarily the best way. We are too accustomed to regard ourselves as models for the "uncivilised" world; we think of our legal practices, our social customs, our economic schemes and our system of government, all as being superior to those of foreigners. Though we think of our method of worship as infallible, it is no more so in the eyes of the Moslem or the Hindu than are theirs in our eyes.

The expressing of a narrow, bigoted outlook, the demonstration of an "I'm not interested in you" frame of mind towards the other fellow lead invariably to ill-feeling. We have lived too long regarding the other fellow with a contemptuous grin, and only too often have we found that even the savage has something to teach us.

The ill-feeling that our intolerance breeds is the fundamental cause of all war. Once one nation feels resentful towards another, the Hitler or the Mussolini of the piece sees his chance. He writes a book, or makes a lot of speeches, playing upon this international animosity and portraying himself as a suffering martyr for the nationalism of the country. He meets with popular support, so he gradually assumes power and becomes the supreme dictator of the country and, more often than not the idol of the people. Once he has gained this position it takes a devastating war to shift him. It costs the lives of thousands of the finest young manhood of the world to thwart the ambitions of this tyrant, whose power was born of your narrow-mindedness.

This is the fundamental problem that will confront our peace-making statesmen, that of reconciling the former belligerents and of abolishing ill-will between them. For here is the underlying principle, simple though it is, upon which we must rebuild our shattered world. Let us carry our tolerant outlook into our homes, our schools, our churches and all our meeting places. This is the least that the ordinary lay-man can do to make the discontinuance of hostilities that will follow this war, a lasting, equitable peace.

—THE EDITOR.

WE URGE . . .

By the Editors

Having obtained the opinions of many students in the School upon certain matters concerning the timetable and other activities, we should like to suggest a few alterations to those who draw up the arrangements for next year's bell times, sport, etc.

The first amendment that we urge strongly is the abolition of the daily assemblies. We fully appreciate the original religious and patriotic grounds for these regular assemblies, but we must not delude ourselves into thinking that the mere repeating of the Lord's Prayer has any but the slightest moral effect upon the students. This prayer and the singing of the National

Anthem soon become mechanical to us and we no longer think of the words we are uttering. The reading from the Scriptures is all very well, but we are afraid that fewer and fewer of us really listen to it these days. These are our grounds for recommending that one or perhaps two assemblies be held per week; perhaps the best days would be Mondays and Fridays.

As for the recorded classical music, this is an important subject that could be given more suitable stress. It would be much more advantageous to the School if at the first weekly assembly, a short talk on the piece to be played; and on its composer could be given by one of the teachers and then the record played and at the other weekly assembly, we could hear the piece as played by the School pianist and then hear the recorded version again. I am sure, that in this manner, we could develop a much better understanding and a much higher appreciation of the only good music there is.

With the time thus gained, we suggest that the School have longer class periods. Most of our School activities are on a class basis. Appeals, War Savings Certificates and literary work are but a few of those things which depend upon the class, apart from examinations, attendance and such obvious matters. Yet we do not so much as have enough time to tidy our classrooms in our class periods, the bell for which is only too soon followed by the dismissal bell. It is far easier to build up a high morale among the pupils of a class than among those of a School as large as ours, and far more effective, as each class will compete with the other in attempting to develop a finer "esprit de corps."

On the girls' side of the School there is a second hockey team and a second basketball team, etc. But why should the boys not have second cricket and football teams? At the beginning of the year we won the State Premiership in cricket with less than a score of cricketers in the School. On both sides of the School pupils are losing interest in competitive House sport and in the "E" classes there is a startling drift to tennis and swimming. This may be partly due to laziness or from pure ignorance of what are the best games, but we can lay most of the blame upon the fact that junior players have so little chance of becoming members of sports teams, who share all the limelight. They will never learn to play hockey, basketball, cricket, football or softball unless they learn young, so let us give them an opportunity and an impetus by forming second and even third teams in these sports next year.

Finally, we would suggest that the afternoon upon which cadets are held, be changed from Friday to an earlier day in the week. For a long time this has been a source of annoyance and inconvenience to the country boys. Those who travel home on buses or trains between 4 and 5 p.m. on Friday, must not only miss part of their training, but also they must carry their School clothes home in their cases or bags and, on the Monday morning, must carry their uniforms back to their boarding-houses. Surely this is an unnecessary inconvenience to the boys who form a large percentage of the detachment.

Before concluding, we would like to recommend that the system of ringing two bells with a two-minute interval be continued next year, as it has proven most successful.

WHO'S WHO

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

Staff.—Misses B. Layh, B.A., Diplome d'Etudes Francaise, Diplome de Phonetique Francaise (Senior French); J. Blyth, B.A. (Librarian); L. A. Russell, B.A. (English French); J. W. Richardson, B.Sc. (Science, Mathematics); C. Limb, Dip. Phys. Ed. (Physical Education, Singing); E. W. Cornell (Art); A. Elliot (Cookery); D. Cooper, B.A. (English, Maths.); M. Balchen, B.A. (French, German, Latin); N. Newbon, B.A. (Mathematics); B. Bradmore, B.A. (History, Geography, French); L. A. Paul, B.A. (Latin, English, French); J. G. Hudson, B.A. (Arith., Geog., History, French); L. Thraves, M.A. (History, English, Social Studies); A. L. Sample (Needlework); P. Richardson (Maths., Science); H. Deane, Secretary (Shorthand and Typewriting); M. Dobbinson (Geog., French, English); B. Boag (Art); V. Herbert (Clerk). Mrs. M. Heazlewood (Commerce, Shorthand, English). Messrs T. E. Doe, B.Sc. (Senior Science); B. C. Brook (Senior English); G. Rush, M.A., B.Sc. (Senior Maths.); H. J. Moses, B.Com. (Senior Commerce, Economics, History); S. C. Morris, B.Sc. (Science and Maths.); J. H. Smith (Mathematics).

Senior Prefects.—Joan Davey, John Wathen.

Prefects.—Dulcie Alcock, Margaret Flood, Mary Hales, Betty Lancaster, Dorothy Long, Helen Lutwyche, Barbara McEnnulty, Pat Morley, Elizabeth Owens and Gay Weston. Lewis Bardenhagen, Murray Columbine, Kelvin Cox, Jack Dean, Robert Gunton, Geoffrey Martin, Algy Page, Graeme Smith, John Wivell and Philip Wood.

House Captains.—Arthur, B. McEnnulty and M. Columbine. Franklin, E. Owens and G. Smith. Sorell, D. Long, G. Martin. Wilmot, W. Lay, M. Rees.

Sports Captains.—Tennis, E. Owens and G. Smith; coaches, Miss Deane and Mr. S. C. Morris. Hockey, Elaine Crothers; coach, Miss J. Richardson. Basketball, Barbara McEnnulty; coach, Miss C. Limb. Cricket, Geoff. Martin; coach, Mr. Moses. Football, Max Rees; coach, Mr. Moses. Softball, Patsy McEnnulty; coach, Miss C. Limb. Stroke of Crew, Peter von Stieglitz; coach, Mr. D. Chandler.

Sports Mistress.—Miss C. Limb.

Sports Master.—Mr. H. J. Moses.

Opera Producer.—Mr. H. J. Moses.

Magazine Editors.—Wilma Lay, Robert Sharman.

Library Supervisor.—Miss J. Blyth.

Officers of Cadets.—Captain T. E. Doe (O.C.).

Lieut. H. J. Moses (2-I.C.).

Officer A.T.C. Flight.—Flight-Lieut. S. C. Morris.

SCHOLARS' WHO'S WHO

Alcock, D.—Prefect, vice-capt. tennis, hockey.

Bardenhagen, L.—Prefect.

Columbine, M.—Prefect, House capt., vice-capt. tennis, football.

Cox, K.—Prefect.

Crothers, E.—Capt. hockey, tennis team, sports monitor.

Davey, J.—Head Prefect.

Dean, J.—Prefect, Cadet lieutenant.

Flood, M.—Prefect.

Gunton, R.—Prefect, football team, open champion, swimmer, cadet lieutenant, School dux.

Hales, P.—Prefect.

Lay, W.—Acting Prefect, House captain, vice-capt. basketball, co-editor newspaper and magazine, School banking, softball team.

Lancaster, B.—Prefect.

Long, D.—Prefect, House captain, open champion swimmer, basketball team, dux of School.

Martin, G.—Prefect, House captain, capt. cricket, vice-capt. football.

McEnnulty, B.—Prefect, House captain, capt. basketball, tennis team, open champion athletics, open champion field games.

Morley, P.—Prefect.

MOLD, J.—Acting Prefect, tennis, basketball teams.

Lutwyche, H.—Prefect, tennis team, hockey team.

Owen, E.—Prefect, House captain, capt. tennis, basketball.

Page, A.—Prefect.

Pullen, M.—Acting Prefect, football team, sergeant-major in cadets.

Rees, M.—Acting Prefect, House captain, capt. football, vice-capt. cricket, runner-up open swimming champion, open athletics champion, open field games champion, Ugly Man No. 1.

Rose, P.—Acting Prefect, vice-capt. hockey, softball team, School pianist.

Sharman, R.—Editor of School Magazine and Newspaper, dux of "B" Class.

Smith, G.—Prefect, House capt., capt. tennis.

Wathen, J.—Head Prefect, cadet lieutenant.

Weston, G.—Prefect.

Wivell, J.—Prefect, rowing team.

Wood, P.—Prefect, cricket team.

OBITUARY

During the year, the School was deeply grieved to learn of the death of Fiona Morris, our Headmaster's daughter and an ex-Prefect of the School. Our sincerest sympathies are extended to Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Morris upon her untimely passing. Those of us who knew Fiona can bear eloquent testimony to the breadth of her interests, to the conscientiousness and diligence and to the singular beauty of her character.

Gentle in her ways and delicate in health, Fiona was nevertheless, endowed with infinite courage. The tremendous fight against the wearying and painful illness from which she suffered for many months, has a lesson in patience and fortitude for us all. She leaves in the School, the most fragrant memories.

LIBRARY NOTICES

Owing to the carelessness of some of the people who use the Library, we regret to say that, in the last eighteen months, approximately one hundred books have been lost. However, on the whole, I think I can say that it has been a successful year.

"B" Class has donated to the Library, fifty books and we would like to express the gratitude which, I am sure, we all feel for this generous gift.

They are now trying to raise a further amount for new books and we would like to take this opportunity to ask the rest of the School to give them every possible support.

Also we would like to thank three girls who did a great deal of hard work in the Library before they left at the end of the second term. They are Dulcie Hills, Nancy Broomhall and Dorothy Dennis.

Besides those donated by "B" Class, we have had 482 new books put in the Library this year.

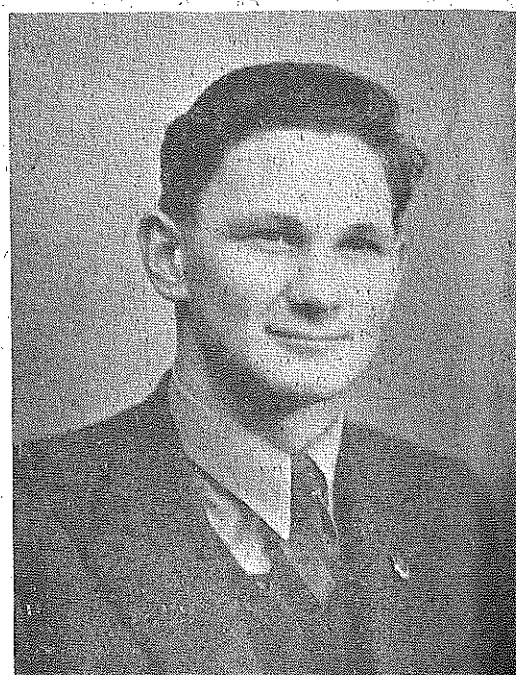
This figure includes 110 fiction, 372 reference. Making a grand total of 532 new books for the year.

F. EASTMAN, Wilmot.

HEAD PREFECTS, 1944

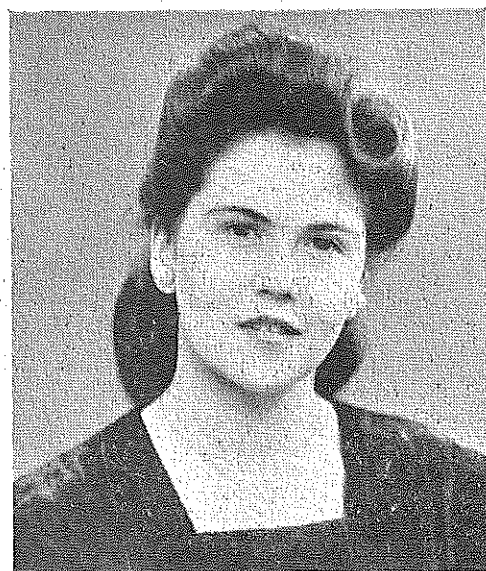


JOAN DAVEY



JOHN WATHEN

BEST PASSES LEAVING CERTIFICATE, 1943

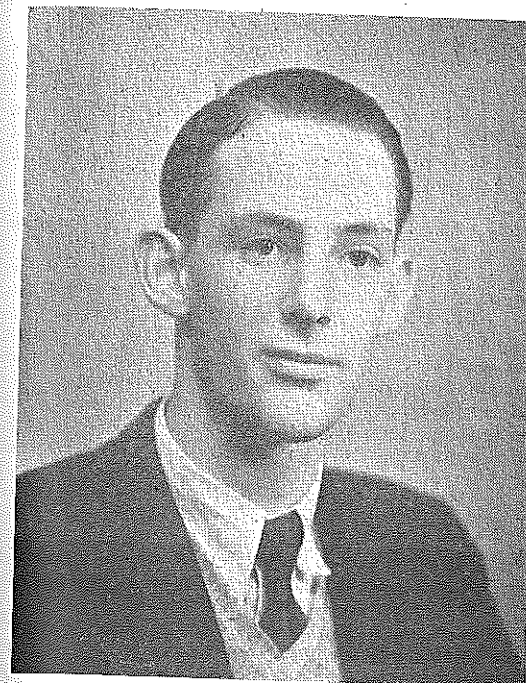


GLORIA RAINBOW

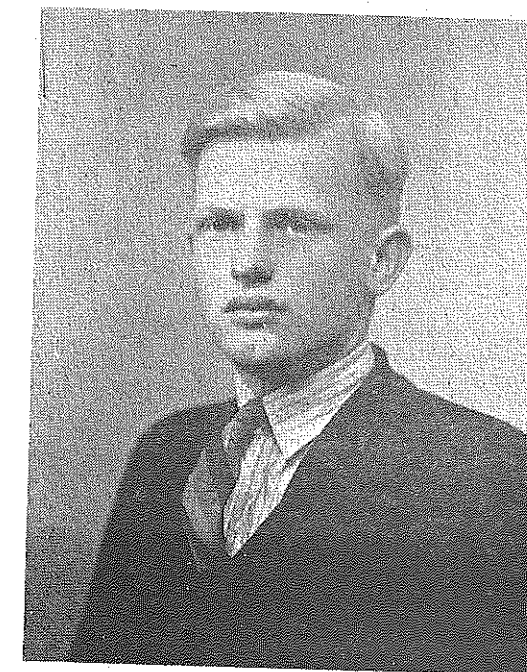


BRIAN WATERS

BEST PASSES SCHOOL CERTIFICATE, 1943



ALAN HUXLEY, 9 Credits



ROBERT SHARMAN, 9 Credits

BOY READING

Up the hills and down again, and round the dome
of Kent,
Then to smiling Sussex by the sea
O'er blue terranean waters when the summer day is
spent
And spicy winds blow in from Tartary.

Across the fabled Aegean in quest of golden store
And thence to China on a pirate boat.
To Mandalay, where temple bells call softly from the
shore.

Now on the placid southern seas afloat.

Before a biting winter blast, through ice floes to the
Poles,

Where sleepy, squatting penguins staidly stare,
A magic carpet takes us to our goal
Across the burning sands of Africa.

Where yellow wattle scents the air, 'neath sunny
Austral skies,

And ripened fields make glad the heart of man,
Where kookas call at crack o' dawn, and bell-birds
serenade

Down the bush green vales where cattle graze and
roam.

Up the hills and down again and round the dome of
Kent,

All out for high adventure on the sea;
But this south land, this fair land—of all the rest I'd
choose

Australia, home of youth and liberty.

AUDREY HALL (Class B1).



MARGUERITE WESLEY, 8 Credits, 1 Pass

HOCKEY NOTES, 1944

This year we were fortunate in having five of our last year's team. Early in the season Eraine Crothers was elected captain of the team, with Pat Rose as vice-captain. The team throughout the year has played well. Although we lost the Inter-High School match against Hobart, it was a very even game. The scores were 5-2 to Hobart. The goalstriker for Launceston was Stephanie Hawkes and one was put through by Hobart defence. All the team played well.

The most interesting match of the season was probably the match played against the Staff. The match resulted in a draw. Goal-strikers: Staff, Mr. S. Morris, Mr. Smith; School, Eraine Crothers (2). Best players: Staff, Mr. Morris, Miss Richardson, Mr. Doe; School, Eraine Crothers, Pat Rose, Dulcie Alcock, Shirley Waldron.

The Seconds have played many matches against M.L.C. this year. They were more successful towards the latter part of the season. Their most important match was against a team from Scottsdale High. Although Scottsdale won, it was a very even game, the scores being 2-1.

Goalstriker, Launceston, Barbara Scott.

Best players, Launceston: B. Scott, M. Atkins, E. Stevens, J. Cookman.

CRITICISM OF PLAYERS

E. Crothers (Capt.)—Fast, confident and reliable left-inner. At best in goal circle, using varied strokes with quick and decisive precision.

Pat Rose (Vice-Capt.)—Dashing centre-half, clears ball with strong, clean strokes. Clears very well in circle and backs up forwards well.

Audrey Hudson.—Reliable centre-forward, with nice, clean strokes. Should pass ball quicker.

D. Alcock.—Strong right-inner. Does good work in the circle, but needs to hold position better.

I. Johns.—Fast right wing. Passes well to centre.

S. Hawkes.—Fast wing, but not fully accustomed to position. Passes very well.

H. Lutwyche.—Right half-back. Slow, but does some good stick-work.

M. Greenhatch.—Left half-back. Backs up forwards very well. Uses stick well, but should use lunge more freely.

S. Waldron.—Very strong back. Hits well, but sometimes the ball is badly placed.

D. Dennis.—Right back. Slow, but places ball well. Uses good strokes.

D. Hills.—Goalie. With practice could do very well in this position.

M. Atkins.—Has had varied positions during season. Plays with one hand too frequently, but will not give up.

M. Watson.—Has played frequently as a wing. Shows promise, but gives up far too easily.

This year the team has been fortunate in having such an experienced coach as Miss Richardson, who has devoted much time to the team.

FOOTBALL, 1944

THE PLAYERS

Max Rees (Captain).—An inspiring leader, whose ability to handle the team has often saved it from defeat. He is a beautiful high mark and exceptionally long kick. He also has a phenomenal goal-kicking record and this season he never had an equal.

Geoff. Martin (Vice).—Rover and forward. His form improved greatly this season and was always

one of the side's best players. "Paddy" kicks well and is now using his greater height to advantage.

Murray Columbine.—One of team's outstanding players. A ruck player with great determination. He marks brilliantly and is a match winner on his day.

Don Arnold.—Most improved player in the side. Don has earned the reputation of being the best junior full-back in Tassie. His play does not appear brilliant, but his anticipation is uncanny.

Vic. Watkins.—A solid rover, with tons of speed and a perfect drop pass. His dash gives forwards many goals.

Ken Davis.—An outstanding wingster. Despite his smallness, Ken's evasion, speed and brains make him unbeatable.

George Harding.—Centre half-back. Easily the best first year player. Marks well, but his wide turning is his definite asset. Kicking needs attention.

Gladstone Vertigan.—Wing. Another junior who showed fine form this season. Has plenty of speed, kicks and marks well and always places ball to best advantage.

Jeff. Weston.—Ruck and half-back. Rugged type of player and very unselfish. His kicking and judgment need more attention.

Rex Warmesley.—A player who has been placed in many positions this season and has been successful in all. A safe mark, but could try harder.

Edwin Carter.—Pocket back. On occasions he shows great dash, could be more reliable. Good punt kick.

Peter Ockerby.—Forward. A player of great ability, but could use it to greater advantage. Much is expected of him next year.

Syd. Smith.—Ruck. A newcomer to the side who has improved during the season. Is fearless in the crushes, but lacks judgment.

Bruce Campbell.—Rugged, determined follower. Shepherds well, but lacks knowledge of the game. Poor kick.

Bob Gunton.—Ruck and half-back. His form this year has been patchy. Could take more interest.

David Tudor and Max Sloane.—Two small pocket forwards who sometimes are invaluable as rovers. Both mark well, but their kicking needs improvement.

Don Dolbey.—Half-back. Late-comer to the side. A long drop kick, but has not enough interest to mould himself into a good player. Should do well next year.

Arthur Boyce.—Forward. A player who should be more dangerous than he is. Is very slow, but marks and kicks well.

Alan Butcher.—A player who was unfortunate (not only for himself, but also the team), in breaking his wrist early in the season.

John Greeney, Max Pullen, Neville Wilson and Alf Crawford.—All able emergencies who played numerous matches during the season. Should gain permanent place in the side next year.

Captain: Max Rees. Vice: Geoff. Martin. Coach: Mr. Moses. Games played: 25. Won 20, lost 5.

AVERAGES OF TEAM

Height, 5 ft. 7 in.; Weight, 9 stone, 12 pounds.
Age: 15½ years.

LEADING GOALKICKERS

Max Rees	137
Rex Warmesley	25
Vic. Watkins	20
Arthur Boyce	19

Murray Columbine	13
Geoff. Martin	12
David Tudor	12

At the beginning of the season, it was evident that we would lack big players and because of this, the team had many changes. However, once we settled down, we developed into a very fast side and the losses we suffered were caused mainly by absentees.

INTER-HIGH SCHOOL MATCH

With the resumption of the Inter-High School competition, we travelled to Hobart on July 14. Although beaten by two points, it was evident both from the scores and play that we should have won by a fair margin. We were the smaller side and we had most of the play on our forward line but the kicking was too erratic. However, we congratulate Hobart on their win and also on winning the State Title.

In the first quarter, we were first away, but we could manage only three points from deliberate shots. Hobart, with more accuracy, had scored two goals and only for the brilliant work of Harding, they would have been farther ahead. Play transferred to our end, where Rees, who was dominating the forward line, goaled from a long way out. Play was mainly on our forward line, but inaccurate kicking brought only points. Quarter scores:

Hobart, 2 goals 3 behinds, 15 points.

Launceston, 1 goal 6 behinds, 12 points.

Rain was falling at the beginning of the second quarter. Harding was still playing well, aided by Arnold on the back-line. Watkins and Martin were roving effectively, while Columbine had command of the centre. We were winning everywhere and had more than our share of the game. However, Hobart were still finding the target and through Pennicott, they added two more goals. Sloane goaled for us, making 1-4 from 8 shots. Half-time scores:

Hobart, 4 goals 4 behinds, 28 points.

Launceston, 2 goals 10 behinds, 22 points.

In the third quarter, Hobart revealed their best form. Their accuracy in front of goal was the telling factor. Our forwards continued to kick badly, Rees having hit the post three times. Martin goaled near the end of the quarter, to make our deficit 17 pts.

Hobart, 7 goals 7 behinds, 49 points.

Launceston, 3 goals 14 behinds, 32 points.

Play zig-zagged across the centre for the first few minutes until we broke away and Rees, passing to Watkins, goaled. We came again and from a high mark, Rees goaled. The difference was now five points. Play had been on our forward line for fully fifteen minutes. Hobart attacked and scored two points. Players followed the ball on to our forward line, where Columbine marked but could only manage a point. Rees again hit the post and Watkins missed a vital goal. Marking above the pack, Rees goaled, to make us 4 points in front. Hobart turned up and forcing the ball around the boundary, kicked it through off the ground to give them a victory by 2 points. Final scores:

Hobart, 8 goals, 9 points, 57 points.

Launceston, 6 goals 19 points, 55 points.

Goalkickers: Rees, 3; Martin, Sloane, Watkins, 1. Best players: Rees, Harding (best on ground first half), Columbine, Watkins, Martin and Arnold.

PATRIOTIC FINAL

High School v. Old Technical Collegians.

Once again we entered the Junior Patriotic Association and won the Premiership for the second consecutive year.

Max Rees won the trophy for the Best and Fairest Player in the Association and he was also elected captain of the combined Northern Junior Team. Others selected for that side were Geoff. Martin, Murray Columbine, Ken Davis, Geoff. Weston, Don Arnold and George Harding.

On September 30 we met Old Tech. on York Park in the final. The quarter scores were:

First Quarter

High School, 4 goals 1 behind, 25 points.
Old Tech., 4 goals, 1 behind, 25 points.

Second Quarter

Old Tech., 5 goals, 5 behinds, 35 points.
High School, 5 goals, 2 behinds, 32 points.

Third Quarter

High School, 9 goals 4 behinds, 58 points.
Old Tech., 5 goals 5 behinds, 35 points.

Final Scores

High School, 10 goals 5 behinds, 65 points.
Old Tech., 8 goals 5 behinds, 53 points.

Goalkickers: Rees, 5; Columbine, 2; Ockerby, 2; Warmesley, 1.

Best Players: The team as a whole played brilliantly and it would hardly be fair to individualise the players. Rees was outstanding at centre half-forward and with Ockerby, formed a great combination. Columbine was brilliant in the ruck, especially in the third quarter. Davis and Vertigan were unbeaten on their wings, while Arnold, Harding and Martin played safely and outstandingly on the back line.

In conclusion, we would all like to thank Mr. Moses for the effort and time that he put into coaching us through a very successful season.

BASKETBALL NOTES

At the beginning of the season, Barbara McEnnulty was re-elected captain and Wilma Lay vice. Betty Tyson and Lois Roughley were elected captain and vice respectively of the Seconds before they were promoted to the Firsts. Most of last year's team were retained and with the addition of Dorothy Long and Beverley Lloyd, the team started off to combine rather well. But there were some changes before the Hobart match and because of bad weather, practice was impossible. However, at Hobart, the team played its best and fought for every pass. In the first quarter, we were leading, but Hobart dominated the second and third. Our last quarter rally was insufficient to make us the Premiers but it did decrease Hobart's lead. Final scores were:

H.H.S. defeated L.H.S., 26-23.

Best players were: B. McEnnulty, W. Lay, D. Long. Many matches have been played against the public schools, particularly M.L.C., with varying success. In the N.T.W.B.B.A., we defeated only Churinga, but many matches were fought to the last, often the scores being even to three-quarter time.

Most consistent players in all the matches were Barbara McEnnulty and Wilma Lay, who have never missed a match.

At the end of the second term, a "C" Class team was selected, captained by Betty Tyson, to play Scottsdale. This resulted in an overwhelming victory for us, the final scores being:

L.H.S. defeated S.H.S., 46-5.

Best players: P. McEnnulty, B. Tyson, L. Roughley. The following are the girls who have represented the Firsts:

Barbara McEnnulty (Captain).—Attack wing. Fast and reliable. Holds play together well and directs

play of the team. Consistent and follows the ball in the centre. Experienced in first-class basketball.

Wilma Lay (Vice).—Defence wing. Consistent and reliable. Good attack player and leads well from defence end. Very fast and quick to find position. High throwing is just a little wild.

Dorothy Long.—Defence. Very spectacular in catching and jumping. Very consistent and sticks to her opponent. The most improved player, she has become one of the best.

Beth Owens.—Defence. Suited better to centre position. Jumps and places herself and the ball rather well, but lacks enthusiasm. Has become experienced in matches.

Valda Whitford.—Centre. Reliable and sure of her position. Has developed into good centre, with a knowledge of centre passes. Used the sideline to advantage and was always there when wanted.

Beverley Lloyd.—Goal-thrower. Very accurate in goal throwing, but needed more experience in actual playing. Kept behind the defence too much, but was reliable in matches.

Patsy McEnulty.—Goal-thrower. Good player, but inclined to be erratic in the goal circle. Unreliable to turn up for matches, but an excellent player when she did. Very quick on her feet and throws well.

Betty Tyson.—At first emergency, but later promoted to Firsts. Good wing player, but excellent as goal-thrower. Catches splendidly and will develop into one of the best goal-throwers the School has seen. Cool and capable player. Combines well with all players.

Lois Roughley.—Defence. Emergency, but later promoted to Firsts. Jumps and throws well. Has good judgment and with a little more experience will be a best player.

June Mold.—Emergency. Has helped Firsts in filling centre position for important matches. Combines well and has a good knowledge of the game.

Miss Limb was again coach this year and it is due to her that the girls are not only good at sport, but good "sports" as well and this has enabled them to take defeat and victory.

AIR TRAINING CORPS NOTES

On May 26 this year, for the first time, an Air Training Corps flight of ten members, fell in beside the Cadets. The unit which has since grown to twenty-six cadets, is commanded by Mr. S. C. Morris, with the rank of Flying Officer. G. Smith is Flight Sergeant and until he left to join the Navy, P. von Steiglitz was corporal.

During Friday parades, cadets study Algebra, Trigonometry and Morse with periodical lectures in aircraft recognition. Cadets also attend Saturday squadron parades.

In the second term holidays, a number of cadets visited 7E.F.T.S., Western Junction for a camp and course of instruction. The cadets were given instruction in signalling, aircraft recognition, range practice, navigation, construction of aero engines and frames and drill.

Seventeen cadets have done the Stage I. course and all but two have done the Preliminary course.

Flight-Lieut. Bargoo, D.F.C., a veteran of the Malta and Middle East campaigns, visited the flight and gave a lecture on his experiences.

Next year we shall be without N.C.O.'s, but judging by the amount of practice at taking the flight S. Smith and J. Hawkins are getting, we expect that next year they will fill the vacancies. W. THOMPSON.

VISITORS AND SPEAKERS

During the year the School has been honoured by visits of several distinguished Australians. Prominent among those who spoke at Assembly were:

Mr. A. L. Meston, M.A., Education Officer, who spoke on the impressions he gained whilst attending the Geneva Conference. He was accompanied by Mr. G. Brett, B.Sc. also an Education Officer.

Captain W. A. Townsley, recently a teacher at the School, now in the Army Education Service, who spoke on the potential resources of Northern and Central Australia.

Rev. Basil Tyson, old scholar of the School, now a missionary, who spoke on India.

Miss McCrae, of the Victorian Education Department, who spoke on education in Russia.

Miss Frances A. Paton, the Travelling Secretary of the Students' Christian Movement, who addressed the Upper School upon the activities of the movement.

Mr. T. E. Doe, B.Sc., of the Staff, who gave a talk on opera, with particular reference to "Il Seraglio."

Mr. H. C. Barnard, M.H.R., who spoke on his experiences at the recent I.L.O. Conference held in the United States.

Rev. Norman Lade, M.A., B.D., who spoke on the foundations of post-war international relations.

Mrs. Mary Grant Bruce, prominent authoress, who also spoke on international relations in the post-war world.

Captain J. D. Valentine, who spoke on the Northern Territory.

Rt. Rev. G. Cranswick, Bishop of Tasmania, who spoke upon India, with special mention of the school children there.

Mr. S. Coen, Publicity Officer of the University Commission, who spoke to the Senior School upon financial assistance to university students.

We would like to express the gratitude of the School towards the ministers who have visited the School during the year to take the pupils in religious instruction. Those who have visited each Wednesday morning are: Rev. F. S. Souter (Presbyterian), Rev. N. E. Lade (Methodist), Rev. Barnard (Baptist), Rev. P. C. Bennett (Baptist), Rev. May (Anglican), Major G. Watkinson (Salvation Army) and Rev. Wallace (R.C.).

Mr. Morris was pleased to receive visits from the following Old Scholars in the forces this year: Layton Barrett, R.A.A.F.; Stanley Green, R.A.N.; Leslie Petterson, R.A.A.F.; Ron Mainwaring, A.I.F.; Sgt. Eric Tulloch, R.A.A.F.; Sgt. Hilton Swain, R.A.A.F.; Flight-Lt. Douglas MacLaine, R.A.A.F.; Betty Read, W.A.A.A.F.; Lieut. Don von Bertouch, A.I.F.; Sgt. M. Martin, A.W.A.S.; Cpl. D. Gee, A.W.A.S.; Joy Geiger, W.A.A.A.F.; Marie Witham, W.A.A.A.F.; Max Viney, A.I.F.; Cpl. Roger Snow, A.I.F.; Donald McKenzie, R.A.A.F.; Ray Kelly, R.A.A.F.; Brian Hamilton, R.A.A.F.; Geoffrey Waters, R.A.A.F.; Sgt. Phil Macfarlane, R.A.A.F.; John Colson, A.I.F.; Bruce Pickett, R.A.N.; Malcolm Wright, A.I.F.; Lieut. Alex. Tanner, A.I.F.; Flight-Lieut. Peter Tanner, R.A.A.F.; Hal Wyatt, R.A.N.; Cpl. Robert Moore, A.I.F.; Sub-Lieut. Hugh Campbell, R.A.N.; Chris Spottiswood, A.I.F.; Geoff. Summers, R.A.A.F.; Jack Pryor, R.A.A.F.; Laurie Turner, R.A.A.F.; Derek Fumage, R.A.A.F.; Lieut. T. Lee, R.A.A.F.; Flight-Lieut. Max Bertram; Sgt. Roger Weston, A.I.F.; L.A.C. John Davis, R.A.A.F.; L.A.C. Adye Bardenhagen, R.A.A.F.



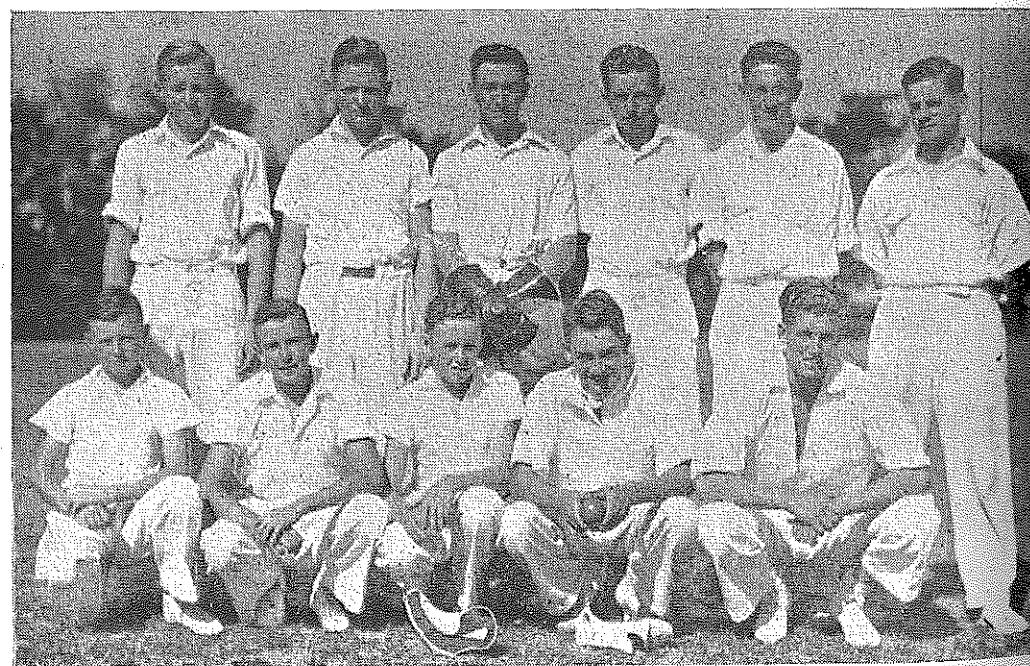
HOCKEY TEAM, 1944



FOOTBALL TEAM, 1944



BASKETBALL TEAM, 1944



CRICKET TEAM, 1944

TENNIS NOTES—Girls

Hearing that the Inter-High School matches were to be resumed this year, we settled straight down to serious practice. We were fortunate in having the majority of last year's team back and with the addition of Helen Lutwyche and Margaret Watson (emergency), we were successful in winning the Premiership.

During the season we had several matches against Wilga and M.L.C. Before we played Hobart, Beth Owens was elected captain and Dulcie Alcock vice.

The team is as follows: Beth Owens (capt.), Dulcie Alcock (vice), June Mold, Barbara McEnnulty, Eraine Crothers, Helen Lutwyche and Audrey Davies and Margaret Watson as emergencies.

On March 1 we played Hobart High on our courts and after a hard and exciting match we defeated them by 6 rubbers to 3. The scores were (Hobart names first):

DOUBLES

B. Smith and B. Greenwood lost to E. Owens and D. Alcock, 4—9.

B. Goldburn and J. Goggins lost to J. Mold and B. McEnnulty, 2—9.

F. Goldburn and R. Coombe lost to E. Crothers and H. Lutwyche, 7—9.

SINGLES

B. Smith defeated E. Owens, 9—3.

B. Greenwood lost to D. Alcock, 6—9.

B. Goldburn lost to J. Mold, 2—9.

J. Goggins lost to B. McEnnulty, 0—9.

F. Goldburn defeated E. Crothers, 9—8.

R. Coombe defeated H. Lutwyche, 9—5.

The following day was travelled to Burnie and again won, thus winning the Premiership. The scores were (Burnie names first):

DOUBLES

E. Bell and B. Aiton lost to E. Owens and D. Alcock, 5—9.

B. Linford and J. Morris lost to J. Mold and B. McEnnulty, 2—9.

B. Chambers and B. Lawson lost to E. Crothers and H. Lutwyche, 5—9.

SINGLES

E. Bell lost to E. Owens, 2—9.

B. Aiton lost to D. Alcock, 5—9.

B. Linford lost to J. Mold, 6—9.

J. Morris lost to B. McEnnulty, 6—9.

B. Chambers lost to E. Crothers, 7—9.

B. Lawson defeated H. Lutwyche, 9—5.

The team is grateful to Miss Deane for her able coaching again this year and wishes to thank her for the time and energy she gave us.

Boys

The 1944 season commenced with the assurance that Inter-High School matches would be resumed after the lapse which occurred during the more serious years of the war. Consequently the team settled down very early to earnest practice with the object in view to obtain the State Premiership.

Early in the season, Graeme Smith was elected captain for the third successive year and Murray Columbine was elected vice-captain.

The team is as follows:

G. Smith (captain).—A very effective player, with good shots on both sides. Service and overhead work particularly severe.

K. Cox.—Is moulding into a very steady and determined player.

M. Columbine (vice-captain).—A very forceful player with excellent service, forehand and volleying strokes.

M. Jansson.—Steady and earnest player who attacks with good determination.

N. Wilson.—With plenty of practice, has the ability to become quite a sound player. Backhand needs attention.

E. Carter.—Has a sound foundation to all his strokes and the temperament to do well for himself.

Emergencies.—A. Butcher and S. Clarke.

On March 26 we played Hobart on the Royal Park courts and the match resulted in a victory for us. The contest was very enjoyable, as our matches with Hobart always are and we are looking forward to next year, when we shall once again meet. Scores:

SINGLES

G. Smith lost to G. Drew, 9—4.

M. Columbine lost to R. Vernon, 9—1.

K. Cox defeated R. Wyatt, 9—7.

M. Jansson lost to R. Clark, 9—6.

N. Wilson defeated C. Rogers, 9—6.

E. Carter defeated A. Squires, 9—4.

DOUBLES

Smith and Columbine defeated Drew and Vernon, 6—3, 6—4.

Cox and Jansson defeated Wyatt and Clark, 6—5, 0—6, 6—1.

Wilson and Carter defeated Rogers and Squires, 6—3, 6—2.

Having defeated Hobart, the following day we travelled to Burnie to contest the State Premiership. However, to our disappointment, the results were not quite so favourable as before, Burnie defeating us by 8 rubbers to 1. We extend to Burnie our congratulations on winning the Premiership and we wish to thank them for the very cordial reception they gave us. Scores:

SINGLES

G. Smith lost to F. Hudson, 9—4.

M. Columbine lost to M. O'Berne, 9—4.

K. Cox lost to E. Foster, 9—8.

M. Jansson lost to P. Rudge, 9—1.

N. Wilson lost to W. Hammond, 9—2.

E. Carter lost to K. Downie, 9—6.

DOUBLES

Smith and Columbine lost to O'Berne and Foster, 6—5, 6—2.

Cox and Jansson lost to Hudson and Rudge, 6—3, 6—1.

Wilson and Carter defeated Hammond and Downie, 6—5, 4—6, 6—0.

The team desire to thank their coach, Mr. S. C. Morris for the time he spent in helping the players.

SOFTBALL NOTES

The first softball team formed at High School has proved very successful and although softball has not yet been recognised as a State Premiership game, it should not be long before it is. With Patsy McEnnulty elected captain and Elaine Stevens vice, the team played their first match on the Cornwall ground against Hobart, resulting in a win for us, scores being 23 to 17. The game was very even, but, after the 7th innings, Launceston shot ahead.

Best players: Patsy McEnnulty, Elaine Stevens and Pat Rose. This game was the first important one that our team had played and as a result, we went to Devonport for another friendly game. Here we were again

successful, the game being more enthusiastic and exciting, every run being risked on each side, although the scores were high from our team. Scores were 24 runs to 9.

Best players: Patsy McEnnulty and Betty Tyson, with Joy Parry scoring most runs.

The team wishes to heartily thank those boys who gave up their afternoons after School and Saturday mornings to give the girls extra practice.

Those who have represented the team are:

Patsy McEnnulty (captain).—Catcher. Batting good. Reliable and often a brilliant catcher. A good director of play.

Elaine Stevens (vice-captain).—Short-stop. Fielding and batting good. A player always to be relied on.

Betty Tyson.—Pitcher. Bowls well and has confidence with good batsmen. Good fielder and reliable hitter.

Margaret Kerrison.—First base. Catching good, also fielding, but needs more confidence when batting.

Joy Parry.—Second base. Good catcher and fielder. Throwing shows accuracy. Shows skill when hitting.

June Cookman.—Third base. Hitting and throwing not very confident. Needs more experience. Improving player.

Pat Rose.—Short stop. Fielding very good, but throwing is inaccurate. Bats well and is reliable player.

Lois Roughley.—Long-stop. Hitting very good, but throwing very inaccurate. Fields well.

Marjorie Morgan.—Long-stop. Good catcher, but throwing needs more practice. Hitting reliable. Improved player.

Yvonne Prince.—Long-stop. Hitting could improve. Good fielder and should develop into an improved player next season.

Norma Richardson.—One of the emergencies. Has played on third base at Devonport match. Good fielder and developing into a good hitter. Reliable player.

Wilma Lay.—The other emergency. Has not played a match yet, but has given outstanding support at practices and should develop into a steady player.

Our thanks are due to our coach, Miss Limb, who has undoubtedly been the reason for the team's success, for without her untiring enthusiasm and inspiring words, the team could not have been as successful as it was.

KEY TO PHOTOGRAPHS

CRICKET

Front Row (left to right).—B. Rundle, K. Davis, D. Rundle, G. Martin (captain), M. Rees (vice).

Back Row.—G. Vertigan, D. Arnold, V. Watkins, P. Wood, B. Allen, R. Walmsley.

FOOTBALL

Front Row (left to right).—A. Butcher, A. Boyce, M. Columbine, M. Rees (captain), G. Martin (vice), G. Harding, V. Watkins.

Middle Row.—D. Tudor, N. Wilson, E. Carter, J. Greeney, J. Weston, S. Smith, R. Walmsley.

Back Row.—A. Crawford, M. Pullen, R. Gunton, D. Arnold, G. Vertigan, D. Dolbey, M. Sloane, P. Ockerby.

OPERA PRINCIPALS

Front Row (left to right).—Helen Lutwyche, Jean Lancaster, Blanche Farrell, Marian Atkins, Graeme Smith, Mr. Moses (Composer-Producer), Pat Rose, Diane Goodger, Valda Whitford.

Back Row.—Alce Stocks, Dulcie Hills, Lewis Bardenhagen, John Wivell, Pat McEnnulty, Geoff. Martin, Robert Priestley, Beverly Lloyd, John Wathen, Laurie James.

BOYS' AND GIRLS' TENNIS

Front Row (left to right).—B. McEnnulty, K. Cox, D. Alcock (vice-captain), G. Smith (captain), E. Owens (captain), M. Columbine (vice-captain), J. Meld.

Second Row.—E. Carter, E. Crothers, N. Wilson, H. Lutwyche, M. Janson.

Back Row.—A. Davis, A. Butcher, S. Clarke, M. Watson.

HOCKEY

Back Row (left to right).—Dorothy Dennis, Mary Greenhatch, Stephanie Hawkes, Miss Richardson (coach), Audrey Hudson, Dulcie Alcock, Dulcie Hills.

Front Row.—Helen Lutwyche, Pat Rose (vice-captain), Elaine Crothers (captain), Phyllis Johns, Shirley Waldron.

SOFTBALL

Back Row (left to right).—Marjorie Morgan, Wilma Lay, Lois Roughley, Joy Parry, Yvonne Prince, Margaret Kerrison, Norma Richardson.

Front Row (left to right).—Pat Rose, June Cookman, Patsy McEnnulty (captain), Elaine Stevens (vice-captain), Betty Tyson.

PREFECTS

Back Row (left to right).—D. Alcock, D. Long, H. Lutwyche, G. Weston, E. Owens, M. Flood, P. Hales.

Second Row.—J. Wivell, A. Page, K. Cox, L. Bardenhagen, G. Smith, M. Columbine, G. Martin.

Front Row.—B. McEnnulty, R. Gunton, B. Lancaster, J. Wathen, Mr. Morris, J. Davey, J. Dean, P. Morley, P. Wood.

"A" CLASS

Back Row (left to right).—R. Gunton, K. Kidd, E. Carter, P. Phelps, K. Cox, L. Bardenhagen, G. Smith, M. Columbine, G. Martin, B. Williamson.

Second Row.—D. Alcock, P. Morley, D. Long, M. Watson, H. Lutwyche, E. Owens, B. Lancaster, B. McEnnulty, N. Barrett.

Third Row.—J. Wathen, F. Jarritt, J. Dean, J. Davey, J. Wivell, M. Dazeley, P. Stevens, P. Hales, N. Wilson.

Front Row.—T. Davey, B. Callaway, S. Clarke, G. Weston, A. Page, Mr. Rush, M. Flood, P. Wood, M. Montgomery, R. Priestly, B. Bird.

ROWING

B. Hewitt (cox.), J. Wivell, J. Dean, M. Wilson, A. Stocks. Inset—P. von Stieglitz.

BASKETBALL

Standing.—V. Whitford, B. Lloyd, J. Mold, D. Long.

Seated.—P. McEnnulty, W. Lay (vice), B. McEnnulty (capt.), L. Roughley, E. Owens.

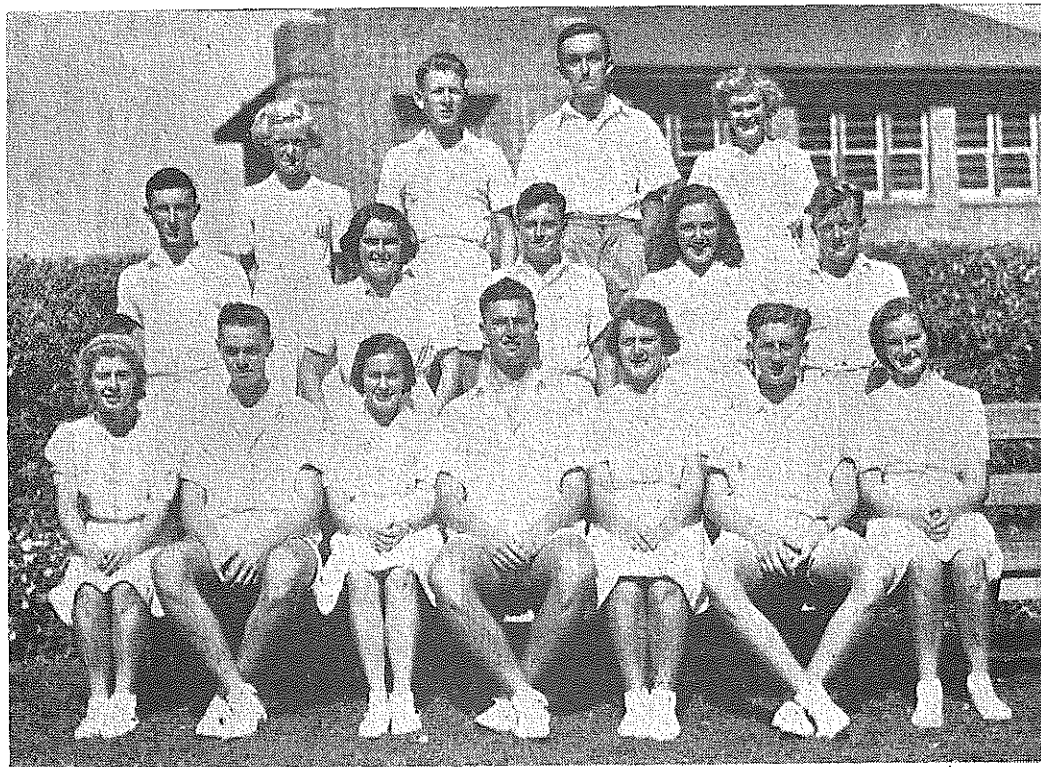
In Front.—B. Tyson.



PREFECTS, 1944



"A" CLASS, 1944



TENNIS, 1944



ROWING CREW, 1944

CRICKET NOTES, 1944

Captain: G. Martin. Vice-Captain: M. Rees.
Coach: Mr. Moses.

This year, with the resumption of Inter-High School matches, the interest shown by the team was increased considerably. Prior to the matches we secured several matches against Grammar, which were greatly appreciated.

In the match against Hobart High, we won the toss and elected to bat on a perfect wicket. However, the side collapsed, except for Geoff. Martin, who compiled a classy 26 and Vic. Watkins, who made a plucky 20. At this stage, our chances did not seem at all bright. But thanks to the devastating bowling of Max Rees, who secured 6 for 11 and the brilliant fielding of the whole side, especially Don Arnold's we were able to dismiss Hobart for 51.

With the game slightly in our favour, we went in for the second innings, determined to remain there till stumps. However, Hobart maintained the high standard they had set in the first innings and only through a determined stand by Ken Davis, who made a bright 51, and Philip Wood, 14, we were able to stall off the Hobart team to win on the first innings.

LAUNCESTON.—First Innings.

G. Martin, c Dennis, b Pattison	26
M. Rees, c Smith b Penticott	1
W. Allen b Penticott	4
K. Davis, c Richardson, b Pattison	3
V. Watkins, c Dennis, b Pattison	20
D. Rundle, b Penticott	0
G. Vertigan, b Pattison	2
D. Arnold, c Fyle b Wignall	14
R. Warmsley c Hudson b Smith	1
B. Rundle, not out	3
P. Wood, b Smith	1
Sundries	4

Total 77

Bowling: Pattison, 4 for 18; Penticott, 3 for 43; Smith, 2 for 9; Wignall, 1 for 6.

HOBART.—First Innings.

Fordham, c Arnold, b Rees	14
Smith, b Martin	1
Shugg, b Rees	4
Penticott, c Rees, b Martin	0
Hardwicke, c Arnold, b Martin	0
Hudson, b Rees	3
Fyle, lbw Davis	10
Richardson, not out	15
Dennis, b Rees	0
Pattison, b Rees	0
Wignall, b Rees	0
Sundries	2

Total 51

Bowling: M. Rees, 6 for 11; G. Martin, 3 for 21; K. Davis, 1 for 7.

LAUNCESTON.—Second Innings.

G. Martin, c and b Penticott	16
M. Rees, b Penticott	0
W. Allen, b Penticott	0
P. Wood, b Fyle	14
K. Davis, b Penticott	51
V. Watkins, lbw Pattison	1
D. Rundle, b Richardson	7
G. Vertigan, c Hudson, b Richardson	15
D. Arnold, b Richardson	0
R. Warmsley, c Fordham b Richardson	2
B. Rundle, not out	1

Sundries 1

Total 108

HOBART.—Second Innings.

Fordham, c Davis, b Allen	13
Shugg, b Allen	32
Penticott, not out	23
Smith, run out	1
Richardson, lbw Allen	4
Hudson, not out	4
Sundries	12

Total for 4 wickets 89

Bowling: M. Rees, 0 for 30; G. Martin, 0 for 30; W. Allen, 3 for 17.

The following day the team travelled to Devonport to play the State Premiership. The weather was fine, but the wicket was rather damp and again winning the toss, we sent Devonport in to bat. Making rather a poor showing, Devonport made only 33, Max Rees being the most destructive bowler, taking 6 for 11, while G. Martin took 3 for 19.

We went in to bat and thanks to Max Rees, 41, Don Arnold, 15 not out and Geoff. Martin, 14, we compiled the respectable total of 94.

Devonport went to the crease again and could make only 54. Geoff. Martin wrecked Devonport's hopes with a brilliant piece of bowling, finishing with 8 for 23, while Max Rees took 2 for 30. Thus we won the State Premiership by an innings and 5 runs.

Throughout these matches the fielding of the team was outstanding.

SUMMARY OF PLAYERS

G. Martin.—A polished and forceful batsman with stylish strokes all round the wicket. A heady slow bowler who flights the ball and uses changes of pace intelligently. A brilliant fieldsman and a shrewd captain.

M. Rees (Vice).—A fine all-rounder, who had a particularly good season with the ball. Was outstanding in Inter-High matches. An excellent slip field.

K. Davis.—A promising young player who has a great knowledge of the game. Possesses a fine variety of shots and has invariably broken up long partnerships with his tricky bowling. Has bright future.

W. Allen.—A useful batsman and a fair change bowler. A very safe field.

D. Arnold.—Has a fine temperament and is a brilliant fieldsman, though his batting is a little weak.

D. Rundle.—A young player who has variety of shots, though he can improve on the on side.

P. Wood.—One of mainstays against Hobart High. Can bat quietly for as long as wished, though as yet has not a good variety of strokes. A left-hand bowler.

R. Warmsley.—Can generally be relied upon to get a few runs, but needs to concentrate more on stroke-making. As a bowler, is a little erratic.

V. Watkins.—For a first year wicket-keeper, has developed remarkably. Was a great success, particularly at Devonport. He is a forceful batsman, though inclined to be a little impulsive.

G. Vertigan.—Did not improve as much as was considered. Probably due to fact that he is inclined to score off the first few balls. A very sound fieldsman.

B. Rundle.—Though a junior, has made good progress, both with bat and ball. Has nice style in batting and if he does not try to bowl fast, he will become a useful change bowler.

In conclusion, the team would like to thank Mr. Moses for the interest he has shown towards the team.



SOFTBALL, 1944

THE DESERTED HOUSE

I dismounted and opened the gate. The "crazy" pathway was covered with weeds and the garden was over-grown. I climbed up the crumbling sandstone steps on to the verandah. The broken shutters hung from boarded windows; the paint was peeling off the walls and one window which was not boarded up was covered with a lacy film of cobwebs and dust.

I opened the front door, which nearly fell over, as it was supported on only one hinge. I opened the first door I saw and it shrieked as if in protest of the invasion of its solitude. The room had evidently been a lounge. The remains of a glass chandelier hung from the ceiling, which had fallen down in places, revealing the narrow strips of wood and the plaster from which it was made. The wall paper, which showed bunches of roses on a background that had once been white, was peeling off, bringing to light more paper of different patterns underneath.

There was a doorway between this room and the next, which I entered, but backed out hurriedly as I saw a large rat scurry across the room to a hole in the floor. The whole room gave evidence of its inhabitants. The paper was chewed off the walls, the skirting-board was covered with teeth-marks and there were large holes in each corner of the room.

The rain had by now settled down to a steady drumming beat and I wandered into the kitchen. An old stove in a corner with one leg missing and a coating of rust was trying to look dignified. The stove pipe lay in several sections on the floor, dotted with rusted holes. Through the open doorway I saw two large wooden tubs covered with snail slime, a brick copper stand and a copper laying on the floor covered with soot. A large brick wall showed where the yard ended and the bush began. The remains of the clothes-line lay in ruins on the ground. A few

stray flowers struggled for existence among the rank grasses and thistles which covered what had once been a garden.

I looked up and saw the sun smiling brightly from the edge of a cloud and a rainbow near it. Then a gay carol of the starlings and sparrows that lived in the roof welcomed the sun and I walked back to the verandah. I took my bike from the verandah and wheeled it over the wet "crazy" path. Only then did I see the "Trespassers Prosecuted" notice, which had fallen over and now lay under the hedge.

W. LEARY (Class D2).



CONCERNING CONTRIBUTIONS

We have no complaints as to the number of articles submitted this year. We received ready support from all sections of the School. The great majority of pupils in the School submitted articles; with this in mind, you, who have looked in vain for your contribution, will understand why it was not printed.

But at the same time, astonishingly many of the articles reflected lack of care and absence of enthusiasm. Perhaps this was because our efficient committee and the obliging staff forced articles from you. But I think it is more because of a certain peculiar attitude that overcomes some of you when requested to write a magazine article. You think that something different is required for the magazine and you will not submit the type of thing you write for an English essay. By doing this you often lose your style and the article becomes worthless.

It is about time that would-be artists realised that their drawings cannot be accepted unless they are done on cartridge-paper in Indian ink and unless they are original. We are not infallible in telling whether or not a drawing is traced, but we can do it more easily than decide if a poem is original or not.

It is also about time that contributors realised that, unless they are of exceptional standard, rhyming class alphabets and such-like, including those sadly mis-named "Class Stories," will not be printed.

CADET CORPS NOTES

The Corps has carried out a very successful year's training. We have had only two officers, Captain Doe and Lieutenant Moses, to direct the training Mr. Orchard having been transferred. A training school held at Milford from January 10 to 21, was attended by two officers and seven other ranks from our detachment. Captain Doe was in charge of officers' training, whilst training of N.C.O.'s was carried out under army instructors. Instruction covered signalling, Bren, Owen and Lewis machine guns, field training, range procedure and a wide scope of lectures. All N.C.O.'s gained good reports and a high standard was reached. This was the first training school held in conjunction with Southern detachments and it was pleasing to find that in many phases of training, our N.C.O.'s were of a higher standard than the Southern representatives.

As usual, we commenced the year with three platoons. No. 1 platoon, under Cadet Lieut. Gunton, has carried out advanced training, involving automatic weapon training and aircraft recognition, held in conjunction with the School Flight of the A.T.C. No. 2 platoon has received signalling instruction from Cadet Lieut. Dean and Sgt. Martin, with assistance from W.O. Welch. No. 3 platoon, the recruit section, has worked under the supervision of Cadet Lieut. Wathen and Sgt. Rose. Instruction on the Owen sub-machine gun has been given by Staff-Sgt. Wood.

The usual annual camp was held at Mowbray, over the Easter holidays. Captain Crosby, S.O.S.C., was camp commandant and a staff of Army instructors was present. Training of our detachment was carried out under our own officers and N.C.O.'s with the assistance of the instructors. Signalling, under W.O. Welch and Cadet Lieut. Hay (Hutchins), and A.A.M.C. work under Sgt. Christian, received special attention. Field training under new Army training methods and new parade ground work were introduced.

At the end of the first term, an N.C.O. training centre was commenced. The instruction, carried out by the Cadet officers and senior N.C.O.'s, covered a wide scope including automatic weapons, rifle, field and parade ground training. Three corporals and nine lance-corporals were appointed as a result. The test, carried out by Army officers, was highly satisfactory in all aspects. Many of the N.C.O.'s appointed are of particularly high standard and have a great enthusiasm in their work.

Range parades have been carried out under our officers and good shooting has resulted. Platoon competitions have been arranged and matches with V.D.C. have been fired. Great interest has been aroused with shooting at two-second exposures, introduced at V.D.C. matches.

A new addition to the Detachment was the creation of a junior platoon. Consisting of boys of 13 or over, they are receiving training in rifle and parade ground work. Instruction is carried on by the N.C.O.'s attached to No. 3 platoon. The knowledge which the boys gain this year will be of great assistance when they transfer to the Detachment next year.

A miniature range is being constructed on the School grounds and this will prove an immense asset in the weapon training of the Detachment.

We regret the loss of our S.O.S.C., Captain W. T. Crosby and desire to express our thanks for the interest and enthusiasm which he has shown in the training of our Detachment. His position has been filled by Captain A. White, who has already made personal contact with members of the Detachment and who is greatly interested in the Cadet movement. We are looking forward to further association with him in our training next year. (Another instructor who has guided much of our training, is W.O. Colman, who is Instructor for Cadets in Southern Tasmania. He was Camp Sergeant-Major both at Milford and Mowbray and we have gained much from his wide experience and knowledge. W.O.2 Holbrook, Instructor of Cadets, Northern Tasmania, has again proved an invaluable source of energy and knowledge. We owe him much for the assistance he has given us in the training of the cadre and all training throughout the year. Thanks are also due to our O.C., Captain Doe, and Second-in-Command, Lieutenant Moses. The work they put in in the preparation of the training syllabus and management of Cadet Corps affairs can not be fully appreciated. Besides this, they have both taken an active part in the training of the Detachment. Mr. Doe, in map reading and numerous other aspects and Mr. Moses in Bren gun training.

SPRING

"Spring—ah," we utter the word, and then allow a deep sigh of satisfaction to escape us. After the hard, cold, cruel winter has taken its departure, we visualise fresh, green, green fields, spangled with tiny, delicate, star-gleaming daisies—beauties that lovingly caress the heedless, trampling feet of wanderers.

Early, sweet, pink clusters of peach blossoms tell of Lady Spring's visit too. Everywhere, everything shows the very essence of life and loveliness. Birds wake at the first light of dawn, singing songs of pure ecstacy to the clear, blue heavens—praising God for all His goodness—what a world to live in.

B. LONG (Class E2)

ARTHUR HOUSE NOTES

Girls

This year, Barbara McEnnulty was re-elected Captain and Pat Rose, Secretary. Although Arthur did not do so well in the swimming carnival, gaining fourth place, the girls did more than their share. Best performers for the House were: P. McEnnulty, P. Rose, J. Cookman, M. Smith and M. Wheeler (equal under 13 champion).

However, we did much better in the athletic sports, being beaten only by nine points for top position. Barbara McEnnulty was the most outstanding for the House, winning the Open Championship and the Field Games as well. Other good performers were B. Page (runner-up for the Open), P. Rose, P. McEnnulty, E. Stevens, J. Cookman and V. Whitford.

At the end of the first term, Arthur gained second position in the House ladder and was third at the end of the second term. Arthur has been well represented in the sports teams as follows: Tennis, D. Alcock (vice), B. McEnnulty; softball, P. McEnnulty (capt.), E. Stevens (vice), P. Rose, J. Cookman; hockey, P. Rose (vice), D. Alcock; basketball, B. McEnnulty, P. McEnnulty, V. Whitford.

The House Mistresses this year have been Mrs. Heazlewood and Miss Ritchie, who left early in the year.

Boys

At the beginning of the year Murray Columbine was elected House Captain, with Algy Page, Secretary and Kelvin Cox on the Committee.

At the swimming carnival we were very unsuccessful and hope to do a little better next year. Brian Dadd won the under 15 championship.

We were a little more successful in the athletic sports, coming second to Franklin. We had no champions on the boys' side. However, Neville Wilson was runner-up in the Open Championship. We were successful in the mixed relay and this reflects credit on the House.

Members of the teams from Arthur are as follows:

Tennis—Murray Columbine (vice), Kelvin Cox, Max Jansson, Neville Wilson, Alan Butcher.

Cricket—Gladstone Vertigan, David Tudor.

Football—Murray Columbine, Gladstone Vertigan, David Tudor, Peter Ockerby, Sydney Smith, Alf Crawford.

Rowing—Bruce Hewitt (coxswain).

This year Mr. Smith was our House Master and our thanks go out to him for his interest and enthusiasm.

FRANKLIN HOUSE NOTES

Girls

At the first House meeting this year, Beth Owens was elected Captain with Barbara Gilham vice.

At the swimming carnival we were again successful in obtaining first place, which we have held for three years. Shirley Bennett tied for the Under 15 Championship and Thelma Sherriff tied for the Under 13 Championship.

We were also successful in winning the athletic carnival, thus making us top House. Although we had no champions on the girls' side, we gained many points, mainly from House contests. Barbara Webb was runner-up in the Under 15 Championship.

Members of the teams from Franklin are as follows:

Tennis—Beth Owens (capt.).

Softball—Lois Roughley, Yvonne Prince and Margaret Kerrison.

Basketball—Beth Owens, Lois Roughley (emergency).

Hockey—Dorothy Dennis, Phyllis Johns.

Miss Cooper and Miss Bradmore were House Mistresses again this year and we thank them for their able supervision.

Boys

J. Padman was elected House Captain at the commencement of the first term, but on his leaving, Graeme Smith was appointed to the position. Mr. Brook again acted as House Master this year. The boys' swimming team was very successful at the carnival in the first term, B. Gunton again obtaining the Open Championship. At the athletic sports, although not outstanding, all Franklin competitors ran well.

This year also Franklin has been well represented in the School sports teams. Graeme Smith was captain of the tennis; B. Gunton, R. Warmley and E. Carter played with the first football team; D. Rundle, B. Allen and R. Warmley in the cricket team and J. Wivell and P. von Steiglitz in the crew.

It is regretted that such little interest is taken in House competitions by many members of the House. Despite this, however, Franklin House secured top position in the House contest, both first and second terms.

SORELL HOUSE NOTES

Girls

At the first event of the year, Sorell girls upheld the tradition of the House very well. When the results of the swimming carnival came out, Kath Leary was one of the Junior Champions, Audrey Davies the Intermediate Champion and D. Long the Open Champion.

In the athletic sports we did not actually deport ourselves with such brilliance as to warrant particular attention. However, all the jumping competitions were carried away by girls from Sorell. The Massey sisters, Muriel and Valerie, won the Open and Intermediate jumps and long-legged Pat Eeles broke the junior record. But some unlucky fate watched over us that day, because Joy Parry, on whom all our hopes were centred, fell ill and could not carry on.

Out of the twelve girls who won their bronze medallions, four were Sorellians, D. Long, J. Mold, B. Jones, M. Watson; J. Amos and S. Priest being too young, obtained only their Intermediate Certificates.

Teams: E. Crothers, J. Mold (M. Watson and A. Davies, emergencies), were in the tennis team.

B. Tyson, D. Long (J. Mold, emergency), in the basketball team.

B. Tyson, B. Jones, J. Parry, in the softball team. S. Hawkes, E. Crothers, A. Hudson, S. Waldron, M. Watson, M. Greenhatch in the hockey team.

D. Long, House Captain and J. Mold House Secretary, in place of M. Massey, who left half-way through the year.

Boys

At the beginning of the School year, the following were elected: Geoff. Martin, House Captain; Vic. Watkins, Secretary; and Mr. S. Morris, Master.

The swimming carnival was held as usual in the first term and we were fairly well represented. We were second in the mixed relay.

Unfortunately we did not do very well in the athletic sports, but the House should do well next year.

as there are younger ones who look like developing into good athletes.

Members from Sorell House who have done well in the teams are:

Rowing—M. Wilson (emergency).

Football—Vic. Watkins, Geoff. Martin (vice-capt.), Ken Davis, G. Weston, B. Campbell, Don Dolbey.

Cricket—Geoff. Martin (capt.), Ken Davis, Vic. Watkins.

Our congratulations go to these boys and our thanks are also extended to Mr. S. Morris, who, as House Master, assisted us in every possible way.

WILMOT HOUSE NOTES

Girls

House Mistresses: Miss Richardson, Miss Balchen. House Captain: Wilma Lay.

In the swimming carnival, Gwen Wise gained the position of runner-up in the Open Championship, but hers was the only individual triumph. Several other girls did very well in swimming this year and gained their bronze medallions. These were Diane Goodger, Gwen Wise and Dulcie Hills.

In the athletic sports, though here again we had only one individual win, the Under 13 Championship by Margaret Broomby, we did much better and were just beaten out of second place.

House basketball was introduced this year for the first time and in these matches we took top place. The Seconds' team, captained by Fay Rees, won each of their 3 matches, but the Firsts won only one.

Wilmot representatives in School teams are:

Hockey—Helen Lutwyche, Marion Atkins and Dulcie Hills.

Basketball—Wilma Lay (vice-captain).

Tennis—Helen Lutwyche.

Softball—Norma Richardson and Wilma Lay.

Boys

House Master: Mr. Rush.

House Captain: Max Rees.

In the first event of the year, the swimming carnival, Max Rees was runner-up in the Open Championship and Morris Cropp won the Under 15 Championship.

Max Rees, as usual, doing more than his fair share for the House, in the athletic sports, won both the Fields Games and Open Championships. Jim Potter won the Under 13 Championship.

Wilmot members in teams are as follows:

Cricket—Max Rees (vice-capt.), Don Arnold, Philip Wood, John Greeney, Max Pullen.

Football—Max Rees (capt.), Don Arnold, George Harding, Max Pullen, John Greeney, Arthur Boyce, Mac. Sloane.

THE HIGH SCHOOL GIRL GUIDE MOVEMENT

This year the Girl Guide Movement in the School has not been very progressive, owing to the small number of members. We realise of course, that our meetings have been interrupted by our holidays, which unfortunately don't come at the same time as our captain's.

On November 11, there is to be a Girl Guide concert, in which every company is expected to do an act. Despite our few numbers, we are practising hard to prepare a screen show.

Six of our members are progressing well with their Second Class. We have had several hikes over Trevallyn and have passed things for our Second Class.

It is hoped that some of the "E" Class girls will join our company. It is disappointing for some of the bus and train people who would like to join, but cannot because of the inconvenience of the time.

A. GIBB (Class D3).

PARENTS' ASSOCIATION

The Parents' and Friends' Association has grown so in numbers and strength, that it is with satisfaction we are able to report a year of greatly increased interests and activities.

At the American Tea held in the Assembly Hall in October, the excellent sum of £92 was raised.

The particular feature of 1944 has been the numbers of fascinating and instructive talks given by the following guest speakers:—Mr. G. V. Brooks (Director of Education), Mr. W. C. Morris, Mr. John Hands, M.C.H., Mr. T. Doe, Mr. Valentine, Rev. N. Lade.

At the conclusion various ladies served suppers, giving an opportunity for discussion and enabling parents to meet members of the staff.

The Association has installed a fine urn capable of supplying hot soup, milk, coffee or tea.

Parents are pleased to learn from the Hon. the Premier, Mr. Robt. Cosgrove, that the completion of the science block and the urgently needed gymnasium are to be put in hand immediately.

We are planning an ambitious undertaking—that of providing a hostel for our country children. We desire it to be a home that will satisfy the many needs of the adolescent child away from home, giving them comfort, well-prepared and nutritious meals, and care and supervision in their "prep" and leisure periods.

We anticipate considerable support and backing from our surrounding and country districts.

I. GUNTON, Hon. Secretary.

THE ATHLETIC SPORTS

The Inter-House Athletic Sports were held at the Cricket Ground on the 13th and 14th April.

House competition resulted:

Franklin, 290; Arthur, 281; Wilmot, 247; Sorell, 203.

Many records were broken.

N. Wilson (A) broke the 880 yards boys' open record, his time being 2 min. 12 sec. P. Eeles won the 50 yards girls under 13 in 7½ sec.; under 15, high jump, girls, H. Murray (S), 4 ft. 3½ in.; open high jump, girls, M. Massey, 4 ft. 3½ in.; open 75 yards, girls, B. McEnnulty (eq. record); under 13, high jump girls, P. Eeles and M. Broomby, 4 ft.

CHAMPIONS

Girls.—Under 13, M. Broomby and P. Eeles; under 15, V. Massey; field games, B. McEnnulty; open, B. McEnnulty.

Boys.—Under 13, J. Potter; under 15, K. Caelli; field games, M. Rees; open, M. Rees.

DUCES—TERM II., 1944

A Class—Bob Gunton (72.3%).

B Class—Robert Sharman (81.1%).

C1 Class—Kay Britcliffe (80.3%).

C2 Class—Tom Bailey (86.6%).

C3 Class—Geva McCormack (78.9%).

D1 Class—Nairn Scott (93.6%).

D2 Class—Morris Cropp (81.9%).

D3 Class—A. Dennis (80.6%).

E1 Class—Jill Kerrison (87.4%).

E2 Class—Teecie Carter (78.9%).

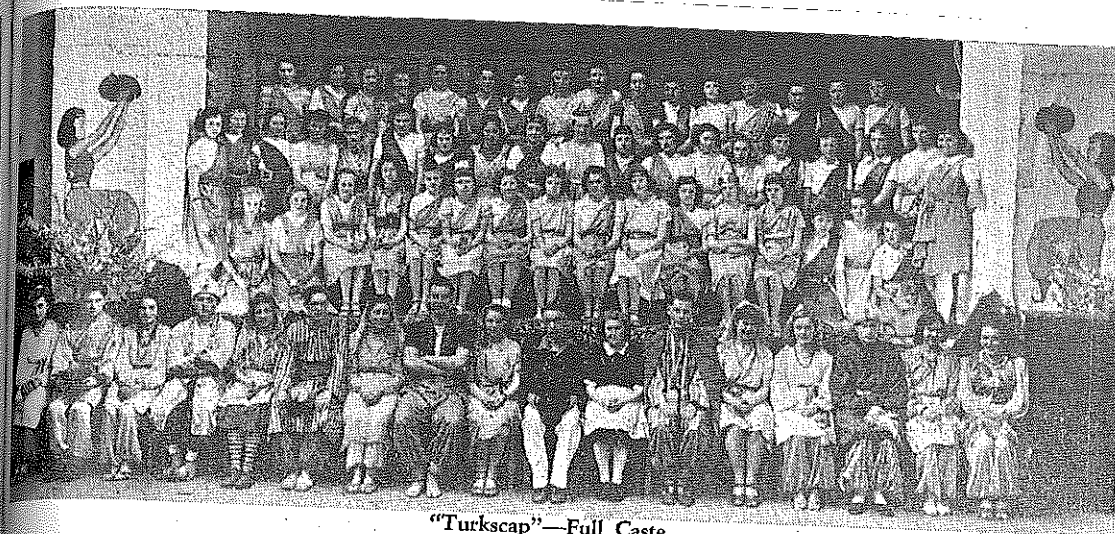
E3 Class—John Willey (85.6%).

E4 Class—Fay Youd (87.9%).

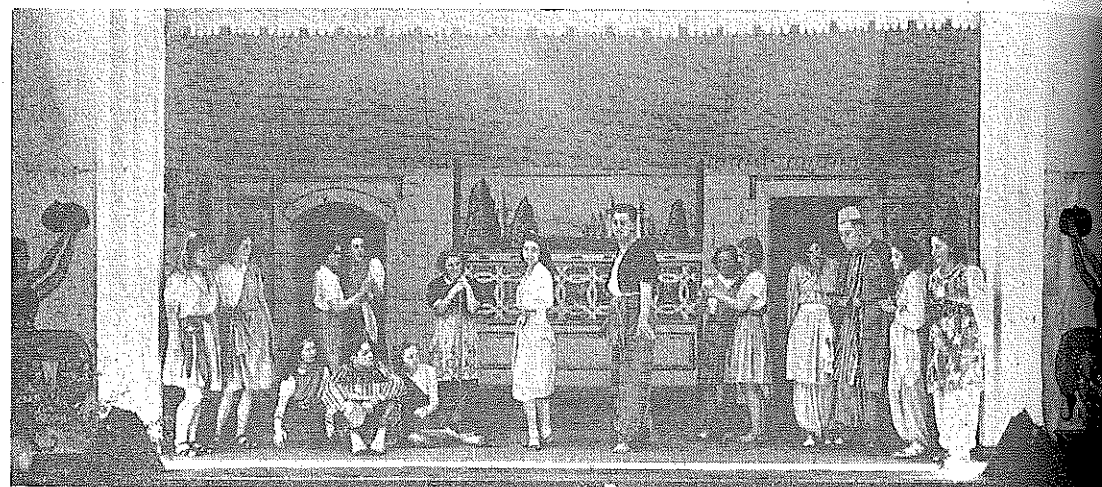
E5 Class—Moira Ferguson (84.2%).



The Principals



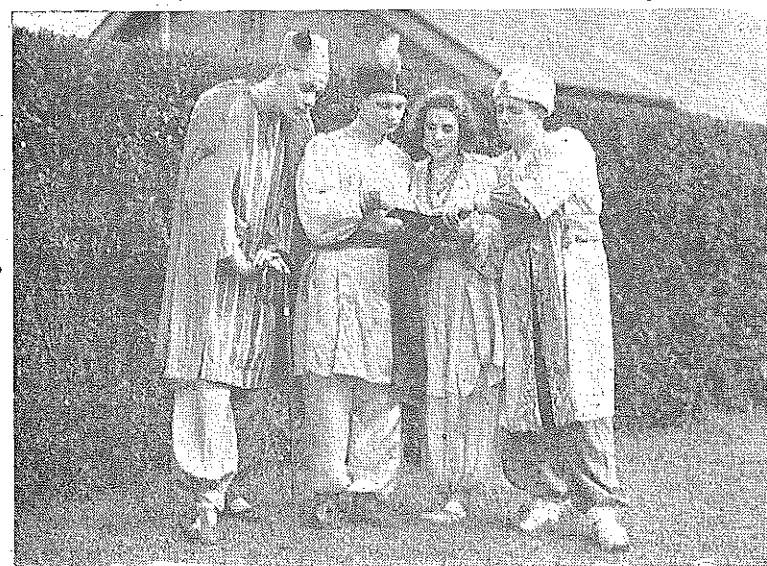
"Turksap"—Full Caste



The Waltz



The Fishwife Scene



The Sultan, Grand Vizier, Prince and Jean D'Ice



The Queen and Princesses



The Dolerul Companions

THE OPERA

I entered the High School Hall with some trepidation. Would a show produced by just one teacher and with the entire caste children, be worth listening to? I stood just inside the door for a few moments lost in admiration for the colourful scene. Flowers in abundance reposed in every conceivable corner; picturesque posters adorned the wall, and the curtain was emblazoned with many coloured lettering. The delightful appearance of the hall reflected great credit on the Art Mistresses, Miss Cornell and Miss Boag, and their helpers.

Just then an immaculate young usher showed me to my seat and a pretty young girl in a scarlet costume persuaded me to buy an artistic programme which has been designed by Pat Rose. I had scarcely begun to peruse it, when the curtain rose and displayed the brightly-dressed chorus girls against a beautiful background (more credit to the School artists). By my programme, I discovered that the so very attractive costuming was due to the work of the Sewing Mistress, Miss Sample. No greater tributes could be paid to her than the admiring comments passed by the audience. Let it suffice to say she did a grand job.

For the next two hours I laughed more than I had done for months. The cleverly written script was splendidly interpreted by the young actors and actresses.

Paddy Martin, as the self-assured auctioneer (Rohelle Bohelle) gave a remarkable performance. It was obvious to all that he was living in his part and his enthusiasm was so infectious that the audience welcomed—even waited for—his every appearance. He never went out of character for a single moment and his songs were particularly amusing.

As the big giant Nubian slave Loofer, Graeme Smith gave a most comic performance. Graeme's far from school-boyish proportions proved a valuable asset to him in his role. He needed no artifice to build himself for it. Every scene he appeared in was hilariously funny.

Pat Rose was brilliant as the garrulous fish-wife. Her antics were indescribably amusing and she stole every scene in which she appeared. Her songs, delivered in an adenoidal voice, were highlights of the show. Pat did a marvellous job all round, for as well as being the best performer on the stage, she was also assistant composer, director, script-writer and official accompanist!

Marian Atkins (who was accompanist for the Fishwife's songs) was the charwoman. She interpreted her part perfectly, never making a false move all the way through. Her duet with Alec Stocks was delightful. Incidentally Marian serves as an example to show us what good troupers the High School pupils are. The show must go on whatever happens. On the third night of the show, she danced apparently without effort, but actually she must have been in considerable pain, for that day she had received a hard knock on her ankle.

Rohelle Bohelle's general manager, Pichan d'O's, was played by Lewis Bardenhagen. Most of his scenes were with the auctioneer and he proved an excellent foil for that volatile personage. His songs were sung in a rich tenor voice.

Alec Stocks, self-important as Hass Bineer, the Grand Vizier of Numonia was excellent. He handled his difficult role well and sang in a pleasing voice.

The part of Ether, the haughty Queen of Neuritis, who eventually lost her heart to her man Loofer, was particularly well taken by Laurie James. Her performance was made all the more delightful by the song she rendered in a clear soprano.

Diane Goodger, as Concertina, a slave girl, was romantically interested in Pichan d'O's. One of their scenes together, the waltz scene, was declared by many to be the loveliest scene of all. Diane's singing was most charming.

As Priscilla, another slave girl, Blanche Farrell seemed to always be involved in quarrels with the Grand Vizier. Her part, which required the ability to register the more violent emotions, was played very cleverly. Her songs were sung in a very lovely soprano voice.

Patsy McEnulty, the concluding member of the trio of slave girls, played her minor role well and was invaluable in the part songs.

John Wivell, as Hassan Ben Haroun, the Sultan of Numonia, was very capable. His dislike of his first wife Jean d'Ice, led to many amusing situations. His whole performance was very finished.

Dulcie Hills was Jean d'Ice, and as the haughty, sarcastic female, acted in a very polished fashion.

As the Sultan's son, John Wathen was very amusing. His well-bred, inane character caused much hilarity.

Jean Lancaster and Helen Lutwyche, as the two undutiful daughters of Queen Ether, and Valda Whitford and Beverley Lloyd as the dutiful daughters, played their small parts well, while Robert Priestly as Prune, the Queen's insipid son, was very amusing.

The man who was responsible for, as the programme states, libretto lyrics, melodies, music direction, stage management and make-up was Mr. Moses. The amount of work he put into his opera is nothing short of remarkable. No praise can be too high for him.

We are inclined to attach too much importance to the principles and disregard other positions which are less in the limelights, but no one could fail to appreciate the many and varying positions taken by Mr. Moses.

SPEECH NIGHT, 1943

The 31st Annual Speech Night and Distribution of Prizes was held in the Albert Hall on the 14th December, 1943. Mr. Morris, in his annual report, urged that educational reform and experiment be made matters for immediate, not post-war, consideration. Mr. Morris also stated that such matters as provision of boarding establishments for country scholars and taxation redemption for children attending school up to the age of 18 should receive immediate attention.

Mr. Morris said that the enrolment for 1943 was 514; the School had deposited £700 in the School Bank, contributions totalling £142 had been raised for patriotic funds, and £426 was the amount the students had deposited to purchase War Savings Certificates during the year.

The vocal items included several songs by the Girls' Choir, conducted by Miss C. Limb; a solo by Blanche Farrell, and a double quartette. Pat Rose and Marian Atkins played a delightful pianoforte duet.

The Governor (Sir Ernest Clark) presented the prizes and trophies. His Excellency, in his address,

said the pathways of life were sincerity, hard work and unselfishness, all of which helped to make a good citizen.

PRIZE LIST

Dux of Class A (Girls), Gloria Rainbow (presented by Old Scholars' Association); Dux of Class A (Boys), Brian Waters (presented by Old Scholars' Association); Dux of Class B1 (Girls), Dorothy Long; Dux of Class B1 (Boys), Kelvin Cox; Dux of Class B2, Fay Wilson; Dux of Class C1, Gwen Street (presented by Mr. A. J. Woolcock); Dux of Class C2, Robert Sharman (presented by Mr. A. J. Woolcock); Dux of Class C3, Marguerite Westley (presented by Mr. A. J. Woolcock); Dux of Class D1, Heather Lyne; Dux of Class D2, Donald Crow; Dux of Class D3, Geva McCormack; Dux of Class D4, Pamela Penman; Dux of Class E1, John Cullen; Dux of Class E2, Morris Cropp; Dux of Class E3, Lois Symonds; Dux of Class E4, Nairn Scott.

Prize for General Merit, Senior School (presented by Mr. T. G. Johnston.—Girl, Elizabeth Bartlett; Boy, Noel Atkins.

Prize for General Merit, Junior School (presented by Parents' Association).—Girl, Margaret Westley; Boy, John Dean.

Prize for Outstanding Service to the School.—David Hunt.

Best Pass, Leaving Examination, 1942 (presented by Parents' Association).—Girl, Noreen Miller and Shirley Edwards, aeq.; Boy, Max Burke.

Best Pass in Chemistry, Leaving Examination, 1942 (presented by Hatton & Laws).—Donald Frost.

Prize for English, A Class, 1942 (presented by Telegraph Printery Pty. Ltd.).—Jean Dobbinson.

Prize for Leaving French, 1942 (presented by Miss Mary Fisher).—Shirley Edwards.

Best Pass, School Certificate Examination (Tasmanian Schools' Board, 1943), (presented by A. W. Birchall & Sons).—Girl, Marguerite Westley; Boy, Robert Sharman and Alan Huxley, aeq.

Best Pass in Chemistry, School Certificate Examination, 1943 (presented by Hatton & Laws).—Alex. Hope.

Prize for English Language and Literature (presented by Mr. A. D. Foot).—Dorothy Long.

Prizes for Cookery (presented by Launceston Gas Company).—Class C, Pauline Bourke; Class D, Elaine Stevens; Class E, Janet Rogers.

The Peggy Pedley Memorial Prize.—Robert Sharman.

School Accompanist.—Pat Rose.

Accompanist (Choir).—Marion Atkins.

Prize for Gardening.—John Wivell.

Special Prize for Music (presented by Mrs. S. V. Tilley).—Shirley Priest.

TROPHIES

Athletic Sports.—Girls: Under 13 Champion, Margaret Clark; under 15 Champion, Dorothy Prewer; Open Champion, Barbara McEnulty. Boys: Under 13 Champion, William Hutton; under 15 Champion, Peter Ockerby; Open Champion, Noel Atkins; Fields Games Champion, Theo Box.

Swimming Carnival.—Girls: Junior Champion, Pat Greig; Intermediate Champion, Pat McEnulty; Open Champion, Dorothy Long (presented by Mr. H. Guy). Boys: Junior Champion, Morris Cropp; Intermediate Champion, George Harding; Open Champion, Robert Gunton.

Football.—Best and Fairest Player for Season (presented by Mr. H. A. Arnold), Max Rees; Best First

Year Player (presented by Mr. E. Burke), Brian Waters.

Best Players in State Premiership.—Noel Atkins (presented by South East Football Club), Brian Waters (anonymous donor).

Cricket.—Century in Inter-High School Match, Max Rees.

Prize for Marksmanship (presented by Lieut.-Col. W. Fotheringham), Cadet Penman, D. C.

BURSARIES

At the end of the year three L.H.S. scholars were successful in the examinations conducted by the Bursaries Board. They were:

Dulcie M. Alcock (Senior City).

Robert C. Sharman (Senior Country).

Robert Yost (Junior City).

PASSING NOTES

Early in February this year, the School opened with a record attendance of 540 pupils and, despite the abnormal predominance in numbers of female over male teachers, with good prospects of a successful year. Owing to the transfer of Mr. Orchard to Scottsdale High School, Mr. Doe was appointed senior master. Early in the year Joan Davies and John Wathen were elected head prefects and a Board of Prefects was also elected.

During July, the "A," "B" and "C" classes were invited to attend a special matinee performance of the Boranasky Ballet, held in the National Theatre. The performance was watched with considerable interest on the part of our students, many of whom had never been to a ballet previously. Comments on the ballet were many and varied, but most of the students were unanimous in the view that we have not had the chance we should like, to see this great art demonstrated by professionals.

The A.B.C. orchestral concert was held again this year in the Albert Hall. Members of "E" and "B" classes and girls from the "D" classes attended the concert. The items were well received on the whole and those who attended the concert were able to widen their knowledge of the composition of an orchestra, and of orchestral music.

This year the publication of "Outrages," the School newspaper, was continued and proved a success. Editions were not as regular as was hoped, because of interruptions to School routine, such as exams. and holidays. This year an editorial committee, consisting of Pat Rose, Wilma Lay, Bob Sharman and Kev. Peter was elected by the Newspaper Committee, instead of the usual two editors. Lesley Ingles was secretary to the Committee.

The Victoria League History Essay Prize, open to all students of Northern Secondary Schools aged 15 or over, was won by Pat Rose. The subject set was "Why I am proud to be a member of the British Empire." The judge made most favourable comments on the fluent style of the writer and on the maturity and soundness of the sentiments expressed.

The Rotary Club's Senior Essay on "The Australia of the Future" was won by Robert Sharman. His brilliant thesis was fully reported in the press and its thoughtfulness and far-sightedness aroused much favourable comment. Dinah Curtain won the junior section with her essay on "A Visit to the Ballet."

SENIOR SECTION WINNER OF THE PEGGY PEDLEY PRIZE, 1944

Age

When all the best that I have known has gone,
And I no longer take delight in all
Those things I now hold dear, yet life goes on;
Though all my dreams have passed and shadows fall.
And when the eager feet that ran with mine
Have faltered, paused, or weakly slipped away,
And I go on alone; all that was fine
And sweet in life will pass, that bitter day.
Oh! then I think I'll know beyond all doubt,
That I am old, and nothing else is left
To me, but memories of those sweet days
Of careless youth, and I shall feel bereft
Of all—or shall I? Age is strangely wise,
And how should I know, looking through youth's eyes?

H. LUTWYCHE (Class A)

FORTY YEARS ON

To us, now, forty years ahead seems to be centuries and centuries. At the present moment it seems hard to think of ourselves as grey-haired ladies of fifty-seven years of age.

In forty years' time we shall be able to look back on our "golden youth," which, in war-time, is not very golden, and laugh about our small-large troubles and the things which constitute the greater part of our present daily lives.

Perhaps we shall not live to see the world "Forty Years On." When we blithely sing these words at Assembly, I am sure it does not occur to us that we may not be on this earth then. We are young and most of us have had little or no acquaintance with Death. But in times of war—who knows?

So much for ourselves. The world in forty years' time will be very different from the one we know to-day. Forty years ago, back in the year 1900, who but the great dreamers of the day would have visualised the aeroplanes, for instance, with which we are so familiar? In forty years what will we be seeing that is unheard of to-day? The changes which we hope it will be our pleasure to see, will come about gradually, as every other change has. We will not notice anything peculiar in them. My father was eight, and my mother three years of age forty years ago and I do not see them going about in wide-eyed wonder at the things they see.

The mechanical world will not be the only one to change. With the great scientific research being done, it is probable that in 1984 we may know why it is that a hen's egg hatches into a chicken and not into a frog, for instance.

Fashions, too, will change. Ladies may prefer dark and unpretentious clothes and men may return to the elaborate costumes formerly the pride of their sex. Let us hope that ladies do not continue to discard more of what are to-day considered to be the absolute necessities, or what will they be wearing? I dare not think.

Then too, I think that people's mental outlook will have widened. By that I mean that ordinary people will know more about the real world in which they live, and the biological factors which make life what it is.

When I am fifty-seven, I hope I will not be gaping in wonder at an advanced world, but that I will see a world at peace, not torn by the ravages of war, a world very different from the world to-day, but nevertheless pleasing both in ideas and ideals.

BETTY LANCASTER (Class A, Sorell).

THE ANALYST

I am an analyst. At least, that is what I have been told I am by people who ought to know. It doesn't mean that I'm always working in a laboratory with test tubes and retorts and things. Nor does it mean that I spend my time breaking up sentences into clauses. In fact I'm not quite sure whether it is the right word to describe what I really am, but it looks well and so I shall continue to use it.

When I say that I am an analyst, I mean that I pick things to pieces. The only trouble is that I never know what the thing is that I am picking to pieces. I break problems into parts without getting the hang of what the problem itself is about. The only thing I can remember about the last lesson I listened to, is that the teacher had a new dress and that she spent the last half of the period tapping the desk with a ruler. In trying to conjure up the face of a person I know, I can never recall anything except the fact that she has a mole on her left cheek.

I know all the notes of a piece of music without having the faintest notion of the idea behind the whole piece. I can learn off by heart, a sheet of notes on the Renaissance, but when I am asked what the significance of the period is, I just black out.

But if there is a smudge on the sheet of notes, I notice that all right. Oh yes! and if one of the thousand notes in the piece of music is a bit discordant, I notice that, too. Or if a person with an otherwise saintly character has one tiny fault, I haven't the faintest difficulty in picking that. That's the sort of person you are if you're an analyst, or whatever it is I am. You can't see the wood for the trees and it irritates you when you know you can't and that you ought to be able to.

I don't think I like being an analyst. It is not, as Sellars and Yeats would say, a good thing.

P. ROSE, Arthur.

THE WORLD'S GREATEST MAN

The great men of the world are not to be looked for among kings and princes, but among the ranks of those who, despite the sarcasm of their fellows and the adversity of conditions, have worked for their ideal, achieved it and asked neither fame nor monetary reward as recognition.

But the answer to that tantalising question, "Who is the most outstanding man who has lived since historical times?" must lie among familiar names, for we have not sufficient data concerning any but these to give an unknown name as a reply. I shall not attempt to answer the question for you, however, as so much depends upon the interpretation of the question and upon the opinions of the reader. I shall merely suggest a few names to you, that you may gain some impression of whom I consider really great.

The name of Christ comes to our mind perhaps first when we are looking for great men. He proved himself to be capable of living a sin-free life, of understanding humanity thoroughly and of striving ceaselessly for an ideal. But, in the Christian interpretation of His life, Christ was a god, as well as a man. This fact may influence our decision; because Christ, having

been submitted to the same trials and temptations that we are facing even to-day, was able to withstand them, because of His divine power.

However, we will pass on to one more great name in history; that of Shakespeare. Here we have a really great man in that he had a command of the English language that has never been equalled the world throughout, and an almost infinite facility in writing beautiful poetry. The fact that his plays have been translated into many languages stands on its own as proof of his genius. At the same time, Shakespeare, too, had an excellent knowledge of human nature and the moral problems that face us all.

Let us retreat into history for about one century from Shakespeare's age. The outstanding figure of the Renaissance was Leonardo da Vinci's, the Florentine artist, sculptor, scientist and inventor. Leonardo was an all-round genius; he believed that man should not have just one interest, but many, and he certainly lived up to his ideas. He is chiefly remembered for his artistic masterpieces, the chief of which are, "The Last Supper" and the "Mona Lisa." But he is also credited with inventing the wheel-barrow and attempting to fly!

While I am on the retrograde in history, I must go right back thousands of years before the European Renaissance, to the age of Confucius, the great philosopher of the Chinese. Confucius was a very wise man and to this very day his sayings are repeated by Chinese scholars, who recognise the great wisdom in them. We should be heartily ashamed of the fact that to-day we only associate his venerable name with a stupid comic song and even more stupid jokes. The name of Confucius means to the Chinese much the same as Christ does to the Christians.

I could prolong my list of great names almost indefinitely, now that I have begun. Perhaps you would have me mention Moses, Charlemagne, Julius Caesar, Columbus, Erasmus, Isaac Newton, Napoleon, Lenin, Pasteur, Lincoln or Bismarck. Perhaps the names of our great contemporaries, Einstein, Churchill or Roosevelt would come to your lips. For surely those last names have almost the claim that at least three of the first ones had. However, you must admit that it is indeed difficult to choose between these names, which are spread so generously throughout the centuries. But surely there is one man among these greater than the rest? Perhaps we shall never know.

R. SHARMAN (Class B1, Franklin)

THE FIELD

From my window I can see many things. The blue sky, bordered with grey shadowed clouds stretches all round. Touching it and fading into blue mist are the mountains, grey purple in the sunlight and deep blue in the shadows. The higher foothills are brown and flecky gray with trees, growing sparser as the hills lose their steepness. Below the rougher land comes the more cultivated part. None of the paddocks are the same. One slopes back, a green expanse, to the tree-covered hills. In it there is nothing—nothing visible, at least, except two dark trees.

Further to the right is a brilliant green crop, below which is a treed slope in which nestle a few houses, each surrounded by ploughed or cropped paddocks.

Below this again is the patchwork of the Chinese gardens, with the newly dug earth ginger brown and a peas crop blue-green. To the left of the group of houses is a hill paddock, down the middle of which is a perfect letter Y. It is always there, summer and winter, though sometimes more marked than others.

It is formed probably by an old creek bed and stands out brown against the cropped soil.

Above the "Y" paddock, as it is called, and separated from it by a belt of dark trees, is the gem of the whole picture. Surrounded as it is by varied greens, it lies, a gleaming wedge of yellow—the lucerne field.

H. CUMMING.

TEACHERS ARE TOO MUCH WITH US

Teachers, you're too much with us, morn and noon,
Reading and writing we o'ertax our powers;
Little we see in learning that is ours,
You have given us work to do, a sordid boon!
This page that bares its errors to you—soon
To be adorned with crosses, welcome (?) dowers;
Marks to be up-added now with angry frowns;
For this, for everything we're out of tune—
It moves you not? Great Scott! I'd like to be
A power on earth (though all the world might scorn);
So might I, standing near this Southern sea,
Stop lessons—that would make me less forlorn—
Blow up the class rooms and class "A,"
And lesson-less, laze idly on the lawn. P.H., Sorell.

MUCH TWADLE ON McTWIRTLE

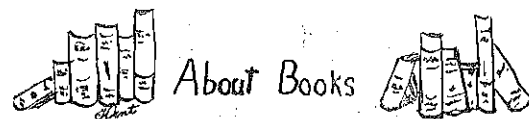
Two years ago Sandy McTwirtle was a very self-assured, but, nevertheless, charming young man of sixteen. Now he is a charming, but, nevertheless self-assured young man of eighteen! Why his name should be Sandy I have no idea, for nothing about him suggests sand, unless you go against his grain—then he gets a trifle gritty.

Well, to get back to our muttons, as a certain member of our highly esteemed Staff would say, Sandy being "at that certain age," and very brave, has been called up in that service which allows only one girl to each port. To our charming young man, this presents only one difficulty, whether or no he will have to return the numerous presents from his numerous friends if he does not pass his final medical.

He pondered on his solitary problem for a whole six hours (or was it ten?) travelling to the capital of the Little Apple Isle. As people came and went and went and came, he watched them, disgusted that they should be so lacking in sympathy for a person with such an immense problem to face. "Why! People ought to be taught a lesson in sympathy!"

Having spent a restless night in the prima donna of all cities, except Launceston, Sandy made his way to the very trim naval headquarters. Amid a motley crowd of tall-dark, short-fair, fat, thin young men, he was ushered into the anticipation room, the room where so many hopes and dreams are built—to be shattered or strengthened in the room the other side of the doctor's surgery. As I said before, Sandy was a very brave young man, but was yet to be proved still healthy. His heart was in his mouth and his problem in his thoughts as he went to face the great judge. The suspense was terrible! At last, having delivered a lecture on how much the navy had deteriorated since he joined it, the white-coated monster, with a countenance "more in sorrow than in anger," admitted, rather ungraciously, that he would have to accept the charming, self-assured Sandy.

His relief was tremendous. Now he could keep all his presents. Yes, Sandy was a brave young man, with the high ideal of fighting for something or other "together with remembrance of" himself. "A" and Arthur.



"A good book is the best of friends, the same to-day and forever."—Martin Farquhar Tupper.

As I take up my pen to write about books, I feel overwhelmed by their unlimited extent and the equally boundless wealth of themes suggested by them, for conversationalists and essayists such as I. There are books and books! But I maintain that they can be divided into two broad categories, more peculiarly distinct from one another by first the place of and secondly the reason for their usage. To the former class I assign in my mind, all books pertaining to learning; so the irksome textbooks are familiarly characteristic of them, those inky volumes, usually minus a cover and worse for long contact with the floor which belong to the schoolroom.

Wild Westerns, romances, intrigues and murders, which form fiction, are the "sum and substance" of the latter category. How often have we sought and been richly rewarded, a pleasant hour with a book. Stories have the power to reduce the reader to utter gloom, even tears, but on the other hand can raise one's spirits to highest ecstasy or most violent excitement. Strange the power a book has!

JOAN BULMAN (Class B1).

A DIRGE

Oh dear! Oh dear! What have we here?

It's made of bone and skin;

It seems to be a girl to me—

But why so pale and thin?

This splash of red upon the head?

I really cannot think;

My brain is dead, my thoughts have fled,

Is it a splash of ink?

Why does it lie with, ne'er a sigh,

In such an attitude?

It does not try to move a fly,

Its hair like string is chewed.

Alack! Alack! turned on its back,

We see its sorry fate;

Its brain has crashed, it is, in fact,

A worn-out candidate!

P.H., Sorell.

A SONG

O! There's spring in the air,

And laughter so gay,

Under trees that were bare

When we last came this way.

The hawthorn's in leaf

And the wet grass is green,

And sad winter's grief

Might never have been!

O! the wind is so soft,

And the air is so sweet

With the perfume of flowers,

Wafted upward to greet

The joyous bird's son,

As he sits on the bough,

That I'm dancing along

To a faery tune now!

H. LUTWYCHE (Class A).

JUST ANY DAY

Five o'clock and not as warm as it might be. I dress quickly in my oldest, take Dad's gun and the dozen cartridges that I've managed to hide from him and go. My clobber is waiting on the corner seat. He rides up alongside me and we cross the town. There are, no policemen, no traffic, no people. The streets are damp with dew and our tyres hiss and buzz pleasantly. We put our hands in our pockets, but take them out because the sense of freedom more than makes up for the slight chill. Out of town and climbing away from it and the river. The eastward sides of the clouds are already golden. While we watch the sun whisks away the impenetrable, smoky, blue of shadowed Tasmanian bush from the tops of the town's highest hills.

The first decent downhill stretch. The buzz changes to a thin, snapping whine. Our eyes water, but of course we wipe them and pretend that they didn't. We climb from the valley's gloom to the smile of the crest. The sun on our backs seems like a myriad of tiny hands pushing us and urging us over and on.

As we come back to the river again a couple of black ducks explode from the water and pitch heavily, five yards beyond the range of my left hand. Anyway, it's not the duck season. Sour grapes! We ride on, telling each other what we would have done had they been closer. That is what we would have done had it been the duck season. Right wheel and we are at the farmstead.

"Don't leave your bike in the sun, moonstruck."

We uncase our guns and the day's shooting lies before us. The first mile is through thick, sodden undergrowth. I come out wet through, my clobber quite dry. He always swears it's the other way round. Suddenly, as always in the bush, we come across a new fence, the droppers still pale yellow, wires so tight that when hit they give out a deep thrumming sound. In a patch of sags we start our first 'roo. After I miss Dan'l Boone comforts me with the thought that even the best do it sometimes and goes on to tell me about the time he missed. Feel the sags. Let one run through your fingers. Feels as though you could shave with it. In the gullies the trees seem to be awaiting the vitalising touch of the sun. Their trunks are cold, their heads sombre. Strangely enough the earth around seems full of energy. Let a handful of its brown richness crumble from your hand. It seems warm and cold at the same time.

Afternoon and we turn back. The bush is now at its loveliest. The gullies, for a short while, are teeming with bird and insect life. The trees have assumed the dignity of staid old philosophers. We come across one with its trunk at a low angle. The clown! We hear the harsh cry of a wattle bird. Once the ringing laugh of a kookaburra. As though repenting their brief burst of joyous life, the gullies quickly take on their state of suspended animation.

Back at the bikes again. Clean and recase the guns. My clobber has now missed three times. Twice to-day that I've seen and the once that he confessed to. It's duck now. White tails in a green patch, and the mad cry of the native hen. A crescent moon gleams from the road and plays "I spy" from behind the trees. Riding downhill the air rushes past in a wave of black, velvety nothingness. Our mouths are hot. We stop at an orchard. The coolness of the apples is almost pain.

Now we can see the city lights and away on our right the sinuous silver of the river. The city is quiet again. Near the corner seat my clobber and I part. They laugh kindly at my empty bag, but wasn't it worth it?

R. GUNTON (Class "A," Franklin)

ATHEISM

The word atheism is the negative of theism, which, broadly speaking, means belief in a god or gods. Theism, however, has come to mean a belief in certain rational philosophies, e.g., Christianity. Atheism therefore, means disbelief in these philosophies and nothing else. But the word has somehow acquired other shades of meaning and is synonymous in many people's minds with Communism. Conceivably the early Christians were called atheist by the Roman or Greek polytheists. After all, they denied far more gods than they acknowledged. Atheism has been defined as:

- A denial that there is any one supreme object of reverence.
- A denial that this object is also the all-inclusive reality.
- A denial that there is any one all-inclusive reality at all.

Surely that is straight-forward enough. The cannibal, the Japanese, the Hindu, or the Moslem is not an atheist; in many cases very much the reverse. They may be heathens to western eyes, but they are certainly not godless. Most ideologies suffer from a plurability of gods, goddesses and other intangible beings.

In the first case, it must be understood that the number of professed atheists in this country is absurdly small. This was ascertained by a census some years ago, in which two hundred people so described themselves, and those few probably more from boastfulness than anything else. It would appear then, that all the scathing attacks, the dull, earnest polemics and the ironic criticisms frequently and vociferously repeated, about a subject which hardly exists are so much "hot air."

"Atheism" has become a "cant-cry," almost a nickname used by the unscrupulous to stigmatise the non-church-goer. The percentage of the community attending church is small. If a person does not attend church he is tacitly agreeing to atheistic principles, so we are told, and this is probably so. But many of these people would be most bellicose if told that they were atheists. They would invoke God to show how very Christian they really were to show that they were law-abiding, industrious citizens. But that argues a belief in the long arm of the law or the Taxes Department, or what you have, not in any Deity.

To sum up, atheism does not appear to be a great danger to civilisation. Its avowed numbers are few, and its tacit members, while many, generally hold to most Christian principles—charity, kindness, truthfulness, mercy and, perhaps a desire for new knowledge. It has, and still does, rid the world of much hypocrisy and has generally enabled clearer thinking on fundamentals. Till now, at any rate, its great sin has been in pulling down the old idols and not replacing them.

A. HUXLEY (Class B).

THE AUSTRALIAN BUSH

What a wonderful place Australia is, and how very lucky we are to be here! One of the many things which make Australia such a beautiful country, is the Australian bush.

Do you, who live where the bush is only walking distance away from your homes, realise how wonderful it really is? Who could go into the bush and wander slowly, anywhere, without having a sudden, thrilling feeling of contentment—and pride? No true Australian could; try it and see. Unless you go with blind eyes and deaf ears, you will never, whatever your nature, be able to think of any unfriendly thoughts.

Those who come here from other countries, fall in love with Australia as soon as they step into the bush. A feeling of envy creeps over them, a feeling that their own country could never be quite perfect without some "Australian Bush."

Go in the bush on a sunny spring day, look up at the sky and see if you can imagine the perfect peace broken by many aeroplanes dropping cruel bombs; then you should feel that you would do your utmost to help Australia, to keep her free, and to keep her happy. If you do not feel that, you are not a true Australian.

Perhaps you are not impressed as much by the bush as I am; for I am not an Australian.

"LASSIE FROM LANCASHIRE," Arthur.

MUSIC IN THE SCHOOL

It is the proud and justifiable boast of the Launceston High School that in the sphere of music it leads all other Tasmanian schools. The fact that music plays so large a part in our school life is due largely to the encouragement of all branches of music and musical appreciation given by the Headmaster.

In the recent competitions, the School was represented by two choirs, one taken by Miss Limb and the other by Mr. Moses and the judge's comments reflected great credit to the School. Many individual scholars of the School brought away prizes in the pianoforte and vocal sections of the competitions.

The playing of records at the morning assemblies which was introduced last year, was continued this year. The selections of records have been delightfully varied. We have heard recorded excerpts from Handel's "Messiah" as well as renditions by a number of Launceston's leading vocalists. Music by both old and modern composers is now played as the School assembles.

The outstanding musical achievement of the year was the presentation by the School of its own "Turkcap," wholly written and composed by Mr. Moses with Pat Rose. The music was "catchy, modern and well presented." The 24 compositions included choruses, sung by a choir of 60, of four, three and two parts, while the principals sang quartettes, duets and solos.

The Girls' Speech Night Choir, under the supervision of Miss Limb, is hard at work preparing items for the 1944 Speech Night.

THE SWIMMING CARNIVAL

Close competition and extravagant applause were the two most striking features of this year's inter-house swimming carnival held at the Victoria Baths on the first of the month.

Dorothy Long (Sorell) walked off with the well-earned Girls' Open Championship. Her 22 points were gained by wins in the 100 Yards Championship,

the 50 Yards Freestyle, the 50 Yards Breast Stroke and the Underwater Race, and seconds in the Girls' Open Dive and the 25 Yards Dog Paddle. Gwen Wiese (Wilmot) was runner-up, scoring places in the 100 Yards Championship, the 50 Yards Breaststroke and the Girls' Open Dive.

For the fourth time in succession and by a greater margin than was expected, Bob Gunton (Franklin) won the Boys' Open Championship. He came home first in the 100 Yards Championship, the 50 Yards Backstroke and the 50 Yards Freestyle; second in the Boys' Open Dive and tied for third in the 50 Yards Breaststroke with his runner-up, Max Rees, who also came second in the 100 Yards Championship, in the 50 Yards Backstroke and in the 50 Yards Freestyle.

Audrey Davies (Sorell) and Shirley Bennett (Franklin) were the Girls Under 15 Champions. They exchanged places of first and second in the Girls Under 15 Dive and in the 50 Yards Championship; Shirley also won the Girls Open Dog Paddle. By winning the Boys Under 15 Dive, B. Dadd (Arthur) was declared Boys Under 15 Champion. The runners-up, Morris Cropp (Wilmot) and Geoff. Smith (Franklin) tied for first in the 50 Yards Championship.

M. Wheeler (Arthur), K. Leary (Sorell) and T. Sherrif (Franklin), the Under 13 Girls Champions, gained places in that order in the 25 Yards Championship and in the reverse order in the Girls Under 13 Dive.

The Boys Under 13 Champion was John Cullen (Sorell), winner of the 25 Yards Championship, and the Boys Under 13 Dive. Runners-up were C. Haig (Franklin) and R. Jack (Sorell).

The Boys' Open Dog Paddle was indeed a novelty, in more ways than one. During this most interesting race three of our star swimmers, one of whom even finding it necessary to have a rest, showed the competency at duck-diving, swimming under water and, incidentally, at being disqualified. Despite this, an interesting race was swum, the positions of first, second and third going to three "E" Class boys, P. Burns, P. Dadd and R. Jack.

John Padman (Franklin) won the Boys' Under water Race by swimming twice the length of the baths—i.e., 50 yards—under water. The places of second and third went to Brian Dean and Alan Butcher, respectively.

We congratulate Peter von Stieglitz, who, despite his very serious handicap, almost beat Alf. Rowberry in the 100 Yards Boys' Open Handicap. We would also like to congratulate Laurie James (Franklin) and Brian Clark (Sorell) upon their diving in the Girls and Boys' Open Dives, respectively.

Very good swimming and co-operation was demonstrated in the teams' race, the results of which were as follow:—

Girls' Open.—Sorell, 1; Arthur, 2; Franklin, 3.
Boys' Open.—Franklin, 1; Wilmot, 2; Arthur, 3.
Girls, Under 15.—Sorell, 1; Arthur, 2; Franklin, 3.
Boys, Under 15.—Franklin, 1; Wilmot, 2; Arthur, 3.
Mixed Open.—Franklin, 1; Sorell, 2; Wilmot, 3.

Franklin carried the day easily with 166 points. Sorell came second with 141, and Wilmot got 112 and Arthur 95.

JUNIOR SECTION

SUB-EDITORIAL

The year 1944 is rapidly drawing to a close. What has it meant to you? Has it given you a shining mark in the book of the Great Scorer? Very soon To-day, which is the only part of Time belonging to you, will join the ranks of Yesterday, which are gradually fading away and will soon be obscured by a mist. Will you go forward to To-morrow with renewed vigour, fresh hope and keen determination to succeed in life? If you do not, this School has no place for you. Wonderful opportunities are offered to the students of to-day by the "Best School of All," and it merely asks in return, that we, the pupils, do our best, in work and play, to build up our characters and tradition of the School.

The expression of talent plays an important part in character building, and the "Northern Churinga" and "Outrages" present openings for any literary works of the pupils. Contributing to these papers is a vital part of our education, as the literature of To-morrow must be written by the young authors of To-day.

The culture of a nation is measured partly by the quality of its literature, and it is the task of the schools to improve and encourage the writing talents of the young people. Each one of the thousands of scholars who has entered and worked his way up in the School, has left his mark upon the unwritten records. There are some, who have achieved renown, whom we think will never be equalled; but, in time, others rise up to fill their places. Some of our fellows will be leaving this year. They have set a good example in the way they have carried on the activities of the School. We hope that those of us who are still in the Junior School, may be worthy to take their places. We feel sure that they will be successful in their careers, for they have attained a high position in a School which sets a high standard.

LOIS SYMONDS (Class D1).

A SUMMER NIGHT

Insects wildly buzzed around,
Petals softly fell on ground
That was warm and damp with dew.
But not one knew of the starry view,
Glittering in the sky that night,
The moon looked down in white-faced piety,
On all the splendid earthly gaiety—
The glittering dewdrops on the grass,
The elfin people dancing fast,
Whirling round and round till spent,
Then resting on fresh petals rent,
From the mother flower in its finest hour.

On the hill-top haunted,
Lived the ghosts of trees once flaunted
In lazy green against the sky
Tinted with sunset's golden dye.
And by the singing river,
That made the moonbeams quiver,
As they reflected bright upon the brush,
Where silent were the joyful songs the thrush
Sang in the early dawn,
When first the sunbeams did adorn,
The shady boughs with light
And soothed away the purple night,
The dewdrops fell and danced unseen.

MARGARET TREZISE (Class C2, Franklin)

CHANSON TRISTE

With kindly tread he enters in the room
And spreads him on the mantel's polished oak.
Then sighs a lingering breath among the lilac's purple
blossoms,
And delivers a lecture in a dim lethargic tone.
"Within this class I note with grave concern,
That many have forgotten the dignity that labour
holds
And they've forsaken toil for riotous life. These
Have I noticed when I enter on the threshold of this
room.
The trouble with Australian youth is that
It relies implicitly on one who is long-suffering
And sadly overworked. But study harder now,
because
The certificates awarded this year will be fewer than of
yore
And it does not worry me how many fail—
It rests with you. There sounds the bell."

DINAH CURTAIN (Class C1)

CATS WERE NEVER COMMON

From the earliest known records of their existence, cats have been regarded with mystery. The Burmese believed (they still do), that their sacred cats enshrine the spirits of the dead, offering being made to them in gilded cages in the temples.

The possible origin of the sacredness of the cat is attributed to the fact that when asleep, it forms a circle, thus symbolising to the primitive mind, the Eternal or Complete, and also to its changeable eve, which was thought to resemble the sun.

The Egyptians mummified cats. Recent research has revealed thousands of such mummies and at one place, an Egyptian accidentally discovered a cat cemetery, consisting of hundreds of thousands of mummies ranged in order on shelves. The inhabitants of neighbouring villages turned up in force and burnt or buried large numbers of the mummies, whilst antique dealers took possession of many more to sell to tourists. But the supply still far exceeded the demand. At last, an Alexandrian speculator, saw a way to turn the corpses into money by offering them as manure. He shipped tons to England. A cargo, consisting of 180,000 mummified cats, was landed in England and disposed of by auction. The unimaginative salesman actually used one of the corpses as a hammer and knocked down the strange lot at the price of £3/13/9 a ton, less than a single specimen would fetch to-day.

With the dawn of Christianity, the ancient gods came to be regarded as devils and so their sacred animal, the cat, became symbolic of evil, and was popularly believed to be the spirit of witches.

In 1590, a labourer was attacked by three huge cats which he wounded in self-defence. An hour later he was arrested and charged with maltreating three well-known ladies of the town. It was found that the ladies were suffering from the identical wounds he had inflicted on the "cat." There is another story of a man, who at midnight, chopped off the ear of a black cat which was bewitching his cattle. In the morning it was a woman's ear with an ear-ring still in it.

In the superstitious Middle Ages, cats were sacrificed to propitiate the powers of darkness. When a part of Westminster Abbey was being re-built, the shrivelled corpse of a cat was discovered between the walls, suggesting that the animal had been walled-in alive, as a sacrifice.

H. LYNE.

I WALK IN THE CITY

I am a bootmaker known as Michael Tink, and I live in Broad Street in a parish near the Thames, in London. At present a dreadful catastrophe has overtaken our parish and the city in general—the dreadful plague is killing scores of people every day.

This morning, having risen early and partaken of a rather meagre breakfast, I decided to walk over to my brother's house and see if all was well with my relations.

Accordingly, I bathed my face and arms in vinegar, dressed myself up warmly and set out through the streets. Owing to the dismal surroundings, the streets were like graveyards, and a deathly silence reigned over all—broken now and then by a hideous shriek as some poor, delirious human being rushed out of a narrow doorway and went stumbling down the street with the blanket flung over his shoulders flapping behind.

A sight, which was also very common, was the chalked cross on the doors of many houses. In one street I passed through, out of the fifty-six houses, only four were free from that dread sign. Occasionally, I would pass the house of a Jewish merchant or trader, and on the door beside the cross would be many other weird signs and words.

As I was turning into Bell Alley, a casement violently opened above me, and a woman gave three frightful cries, "Oh! death, death, death!" in a tone that caused my very blood to chill and my spine to creep and tremble.

At last, however, after passing through many agonising scenes, I reached my brother's home. My joy at seeing them all well, can hardly be imagined. Over the dinner I heard stories of a few more of the many incidents which were occurring all over the town. In this manner dinner passed.

Then to satisfy my insatiable curiosity, I betook myself to the pit which was used in our parish to bury the dead. A place more sombre and forbidding could not be found in any civilised part of this world. To call the place a pit was like calling an elephant an ant, for this hole was literally a yawning gulf—yards and yards wide and very deep.

Now, as I write all down in my diary, the scene stands as plainly before as if I were again at the people's graveyard. Everything I saw to-day will be stamped upon my memory forever. The clock tells me that it is nearly eleven o'clock, and I pen these closing lines for to-day. A sound comes to me through the inky blackness. I pause to listen, and on the sighing wind echoes the sound of that mournful cry, "Bring out your dead!"

NAIRN SCOTT (Class D1).

LILAC

It hangs in pendulous bunches over walls
Of neatest brick or rotting wood.
It grows near hovels and near halls
So that rich and poor alike, know spring is here.
The cool sweet smell which wafts of the whispering
breeze

Wipes away cobwebs from befuddled brains,
Which lay all dormant during winter months.
It cleanses better than the sweeping rains
Of hoary, heartless winter. For in the golden light,
Of a vernal sun, it breathes eternal spring
And when the soft blue moonlight on the blooms
Touches the small mauve flowers, its beauty fills the
night.

DINAH CURTAIN (Class C1, Sorell)

TEMPER

I wonder what kind of an ugly dwarflike fiend Temper is? Is he one of Merlin's bat-winged forefathers, or is he one of Pluto's fiery henchmen? Sometimes, I think, he shows the qualities of both demons, for, with some folk, he works in silence, like the evil men from the mountain and with others, he displays tempestuous demonstrations, like those men of the underworld. He is a swift worker, dispelling sunshine, with clouds, in seconds.

The effects of Temper's handiwork is evidenced by many scars in various parts of our home. The piano, that most patient of household possessions, bears my exasperated onslaughts with only a noisy, discordant shriek, when, despairing of ever being able to master my Bach, I attack the keys viciously. I think banging things about relieves one's feelings beautifully and sends Old Man Temper on to his next victim, chuckling happily.

Our bathroom has been the scene of many a one-sided battle. Often I come racing into the bathroom, with only ten minutes in which to bathe and dress, only to find the bath filled with cold, cold water and several strange-looking crafts riding at anchor in many truly astonishing positions. Some are upside down, some seem to think the bottom of the bath is a place for a ship to lie, others are so strange to look at, that in my irritated frame of mind, I am never quite sure whether they are submarines floating upside down, or some miniature, prehistoric animals trying to climb up the sides of the bath. I pull out the plug and toss the boats on to the floor, thereby endangering the lives of any unwary visitors to that room. I take my bath in five minutes (the other five being spent in the contemplation and removal of my brother's navy), leap over the pile of shipwrecked galleons and strike my toe against the wall. Seeing his chance, Sir Temper hurries up and urges me to go and coldly request of the admiral, that he make a complete evacuation of his fleet from the bathroom. A hard fought battle with my brother ends, in what seems at the time, a satisfactory peace treaty. However, a little later, I am startled by my door being uncerimoniously shoved open (my brother considers knocking unnecessary) and several of the battered barques come hurtling into the room, accompanied by the comment, "As you're so interested in the boats, you can keep a couple of 'em in YOUR room, 'cos there aren't enough places to put 'em in mine." As I weakly regard the proud battleships, I am sure I see them smirk. "PADDY" (Arthur).

MEMOIRS

The mist which veils my dimmed eyes
Slowly gives way to memories
Which, like the golden-hued butterflies,
Flit before my wakened mind,
Like Jason.
I rejoice on finding hidden secrets
Written on the yellowed pages of my memory.
Time has healed the sorrows,
Which once I bore with burdened soul;
So now I smile, with misty eyes,
And thus recall those darkened days
Of pain.
Life indeed was then one long,
And wearisome road of toil,
But now my mind drifts on
To thoughts of happy days,
In a new world.

M. BELL (Wilmot).

A VIEW OF THE CLASS

We were just in the middle of a Maths. lesson. The day was very hot. I left my seat to join a number of members of the class learning to do mensuration at the table.

Two girls sat in the front desk, gazing into the ink well as if seeking some hidden treasure; another girl sucked a pencil with much more energy than she had used all day. My neighbour's eyes were staring out of the window to the far off hills; great dreams shone on her face as she dipped her pen now and again in the ink well with the force of a knight driving his sword into a lion.

My interest in the view grew deeper as I counted the number of pupils who were working and to my surprise found there were only five. I can now see why teachers rarely laugh at our feeble jokes when they have such humorous scenes before their eyes all day.

B. MURFETT (Class D3, Franklin).

PLUTO

(With apologies to Tennyson's "Lady of Shalott.")

On either side of Pluto lie,
Haughty girls she'd like to fry,
Girls that laugh and girls that cry,
And all the time the days slip by,
To the hateful Inter. exam.

And poor old Pluto plods along,
And in her heart she sings a song,
For she knows she can't go wrong,
If she keeps on keeping on,
To the hateful Inter. exam.

But in her work she still delights,
To learn of Germany's "magic sights,"
And often through the silent night,
She still works on by candle light,
For the hateful Inter. exam.

Sometimes she learns of Hottentots,
Of rust on wheat, of moulds and rots,
Sometimes she learns of Chinese pots,
Of jig-a-mar-oos, and mad what-nots,
For the hateful Inter. exam.

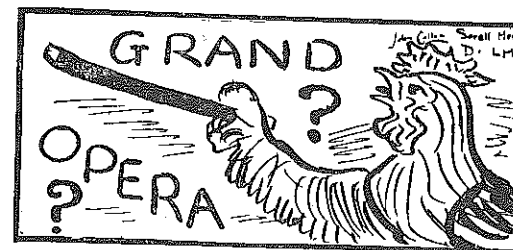
Sometimes a ball with music gay,
A social, or a hiking day,
Sometimes these pleasures come her way,
But she still works on without delay,
For the hateful Inter. exam.

There she works by night and day,
For she has heard a whisper say,
That the price she'll dearly pay,
If by chance her work gives way,
In the hateful Inter exams.

And of her fate she'll ne'er complain,
Although all day she'll work her brain,
She works mid sunshine and mid rain,
And soon she'll be downright insane,
Through the hateful Inter. Exam.

And when she fades from the human race,
Her teacher will muse a little space,
And say, "She had a lovely face,
God in His mercy lend her grace,
Poor Pluto, of C2!"

B. COLTHEART (Class C2).



Strutting out before the large, admiring audience, to the accompaniment of loud applause on the part of the spectators, he raised his arms in a picturesque gesture, stretched his neck, swelled his chest proudly and burst into song with his opening notes: "Cock-a-doodle-doo."

JOHN CULLEN, Sorell.

WHEN THE WAR IS OVER

When the war is over
And the boys come home again;
There'll be hearts of joy and sorrow
When their loved ones meet the train.

When the war is over,
And the world is free from greed;
The boys will help their fathers
Till the soil they nobly freed.

When the war is over,
And ships freely sail once more
With no fear of lurking dangers;
Nor terrors from the shore.

When the war is over
And the Motherland is free
From flying bombs and aeroplanes,
Which come across the sea.

Then let us strive in earnest,
So that wars ne'er come again;
And the sacrifice and sorrow
Will not have been in vain.

WILLIAM ROBINSON (Class E5)

PARODIES

1.—Early Summer

When summer breezes lightly blow,
The limpid waters gently flow,
And cotton dresses garb the brave,
And hats are trimmed again (to save),
When brightly coloured flowers grow,
Then gaily thinks the swimming slave,
"Hurrah!"

"Hurrah! Hurrah!" (But we can guess
How cold he feels in bathing dress).

2.—Theorems

There is a girl with empty head,
Who often to herself has said,
"What use are theorems now to me?
I positively cannot see."
Such silliness is really sad,
I often think that she is mad.
For surely anyone can see
It is imperative that we
Learn something in geometry.

JANET ROGERS, Sorell.



O wild William Smith is come out of Tassie,
In an out-of-date Ford, with a rusty chassis;
On the cinder race tracks his bold broadside it shone,
He drove fearlessly and he drove all alone.
So dauntless in racing (he seldom had spill);
There never was driver like our boisterous Bill.

He stood not for cars and he stopped for no one;
He swept all before him as he thundered on—
But ere he arrived at the race track's wide gate,
The race had commenced, our hero came late,
And some other dumb driver, not so good by half
Was to win the gold cup, leaving William to chaff.

But he gritted his teeth and swept through the gate
And the spectators laughed, "Go back, you're too late!"
T'other cars were ahead, good five lengths, sure no less;

So he let out the throttle of old "Rattling Bess,"
And shot up the straight as ne'er seen before—
Like a streak of greas'd lightning, making eighty or more.

He gained on his rivals, passed and outpaced 'em,
Gained, passed and outpaced 'em, beat 'em and raced 'em!

There was racing and chasing on the race track just then;

And Bill won the race from the other crack men.

This is the story told now near and far—
How Bill won the race in his battered old car.

JOHN CULLEN, Sorell.

MURDER

He stood on the edge
Of a perilous ledge,
While the stormy wind howled in the trees.
He gazed at the sky,
Where the dark clouds rolled by;
Then down at the moaning seas.

He held in his arms—
With numorous qualms,
A bundle that wriggled in fright.
He took a last look,
And his whole being shook

As he thought of that terrible height.

With an effort he flung
The "something" which clung,
To his arms with a weakening hold.
A sickening blow,
A splash from below,
And it sank 'neath the waters so cold.

And now I will tell
Of the bundle which fell
With a series of horrible dives—
It was fluffy and fat—
The gentleman's cat,
'Twas the last of its fatal nine lives.

M. BELL (Class C3, Wilmot).

TO-DAY

How fast time goes! Soon to-day will be yesterday and to-morrow to-day, but I shall not see to-morrow, for with five others I am to be shot at half past eleven to-night. I do not mind for myself, but there are Pierre and Jeanne. Who is to look after them until the Allies liberate France? Last night a German sentry was stabbed outside the town and, because of this, I will never see my children again. If only I could send word to my husband, Henri. But I have had no word from him for two years and I think the Germans must have killed him.

This morning Madame Marvin told me that a German sentry had been killed last night and that there would be reprisals, but I did not think that I should be shot. I thought the Germans would not think of me, but they think of everyone. They are cruel.

There was a frost last night, and this morning when I went to church to pray, the grass was like a carpet of silver. In the church the sun shone through the stained glass windows, making different coloured patches on the stone floor. The little stained glass angels with their crooked halos seemed to smile at Pierre and me—Pierre, my little son, whom I shall never see again.

Jeanne is in the choir; she has a good voice, so clear and sweet. I can see her now, her long, brown hair curling round her face, her clear blue eyes and full red lips. Pierre has fair hair and a mischievous face and his ears stick out from his head like "little cabbages." I can always tell when he has not washed behind them because they stick out so.

For dinner we had potato stew, which Jeanne had cooked. Ah! She is a good cook and a good girl. She will look after Pierre as long as she can, unless the Germans shoot her, too. As we finished, there was a knock at the door and some Germans came in. They pulled me from my chair and one hit Jeanne when she tried to help me. Pierre was too frightened to do anything and when I kissed him he said, "Mamma, you will come back by my birthday, or by Christmas?" Poor Pierre, he does not realise he will not see me again!

There are five of us in this cell. Madame Bonnard has three children; two of them, Madeline and Robert, are with her. Madame Chanipan is old; she does not mind dying. Her daughter has a son in England. She would have liked to have seen him again. So we sit in this cold cell with five more hours to live. We hope the end will be swift and painless. But if it is not we will not mind, for we are dying for France, the world, and the brighter to-morrow, which will dawn over the world but which we will not see.

JANET ROGERS (Class D1).

QUICK THINKING

Have you ever been thinking, when suddenly, you wonder how you got on to the subject which was passing through your mind at that moment? Now, the other afternoon, we had an American Tea at School and, when I came home, I began to think about it. My thoughts ran like this:

Didn't we have some fun at the American Tea this afternoon? Those peppermint sweets did look nice, but they didn't taste very nice! I wonder if the person who made them put a wrong ingredient in? Oh, wasn't it awful that time my sister put icing

sugar in the porridge instead of salt—and two or three tablespoons at that! Gosh! That was last Christmas holidays! Won't it be good when exams are over and the holidays come round again? I am looking forward to the swimming and rowing and fishing! Oh! Remember the time I fished for one and a half hours and didn't get a single bite and then almost fell over the side of the boat pulling in a gummy shark! Uncle Steve said in his letter the other day that he saw one ten feet long (not a gummy, of course). Poor old uncle, mustn't it be awful in New Guinea in that heat? Oh! But won't it be wonderful when he comes home again and the war is over? How I'd love to show Hitler what a horrible creature he is for starting this war.

So you see, when I got to Hitler, I suddenly wondered where I had started and found it was from the American Tea. Fancy getting from an American Tea in Launceston, to Hitler on the other side of the world in a few seconds!

I think the mind is the most wonderful thing in the world, don't you?

GEVA McCORMACK (Class C3, Wilmot)

WHAT A LIFE!

"This must be where I live. Thought it was back that way. Well, it looks like my house anyway. Mustn't make a noise. That wife of mine could hear anything. Heavens, what's she let loose in the garden? Pink elephants! Nonsense. No such thing. Somebody must have painted them. Fool things they do now-a-days. Ye gods, they're on my cabbage patch! Good cabbages they were. Still, I can't do anything about them now.

Too much noise. Now, where's that door? Ah, yes, there it is. What's that? One of those vile animals curled up on the door mat. Going to stay there for the rest of its life by the looks of it. Well, it's the window for me. Now, where's that gone? Over there? This house has certainly changed. Now to open the thing. Must be careful. Ah, got it. Now to get in. By gosh, what a noise that infernal cat makes. Always meant to drown it. Darn thing 'll wake the wife. Fancy sleeping under the window, anyhow. . . . A thousand curses; here she is. She's armed! A rolling pin! Looks hard too. Oh, to be in bed asleep. Asleep? Well, I will be soon. Look at her eyes. And that face. How did I ever marry her. What's that? Right behind her. One of those elephants. That may help me. . . . Now she's done it. Two birds with one stone sort of business. Hit it over her shoulder, now me. Call me a louse would she. Oh! I say, she hits hard. Didn't know she packed that sort of punch.

Think I'll have to use the window again. Now where is it, jumping round from one side of the house to the other. Ouch! That wall's hard. Cat again, huh? I'll fix it after if I'm not fixed first. Ah, out at last. The woodshed might do to sleep in. It'll have to, anyhow. Might be a few bags about. Hope there's none of those elephants in there. Circus ought to look after their animals. Ah! The woodshed. Strange it's in the same place as it was this morning. And there are some bags. All this just because I met a few of the boys. The world's unjust. Especially to me. What a life . . . snore!

T. EMMETT (Class C2).

BOTH SIDES OF THE PICTURE

They scribble quite a lot about the "joys" of country life—
Of "dim hazes" and "grim valleys" and the "absence of all strife"—
Its "bronzed men"—its "winding trails"—the "simple life" they lead.
That's one side of the picture—and it's very nice indeed;
But—every picture has two sides. And when it rains all day,
On dripping—yes, and damper—they their appetites must stay;
They're a hundred miles past nowhere and a smoke they are denied;
Because the "weed" is soaking wet. Well, that's the other side.
The bushlands are about them and their atmospheres are sweet—
Bird-songs may awake them every morning and, my, how they do eat!
Their hands are big, their shoulders broad, they get up with the sun,
Oh, sure enough—the picture is a really pleasant one.
But— all those pretty lambs they have, make butchers' meat in town
And they're always in a panic when the sliprails are let down;
And peace from droughts and fires and floods, they ever are denied.
They're in a crazy landscape—for they're on "that other side."

BLANCHE G. FARRELL (C3, Wilmot)

THE AMERICAN TEA

Stalls were here and there,
Stalls were everywhere,
People were here and others were there;
Buying goods from the stalls that were everywhere.
The tea-room was always a popular place,
And the teacups were "read" in every case
By Madame la Zonga, in garb so gay;
(For every cup read, there was threepence to pay),
Our Miss Layh was there, with her usual precision,
So she helped all she could and kept the things whizzin'.
Miss Richardson too, buying cakes of Lux soap,
With which she was going to bathe (I hope).
Mr. Doe was efficient,
His look was sufficient
To stop scholars who jostled and shoved.
They received a detention,
Too sad for to mention
And one needless to say, that they loved.
Our Headmaster, too, was doing his bit,
By talking to parents of "this, that and it."
The ice creams and drinks were a welcome feature,
But the stall was so crowded 'twas hard for us to reach 'er.
The Staff and the pupils were doing their share
To make a success of our 'merican fair.
So here's to the parents, who worked with a will;
And here's to us scholars, who can spend money still;
But now I must end and I'm so glad to say;
Our 'merican Tea was a success, to-day.
J. SHIELDS (Class B4, Arthur).

A GOOD GHOST STORY

After years of dipping into "the unknown," I have come to the conclusion that a ghost story should leave the reader with a chilling, prickling feeling at the base of the spine. Also it should make one think, "That could happen to me."

However, the spine-freezing that a person usually associates with a ghost story went out with crinolines. Gone forever are the clanking chains and Elizabethan ladies who "walk the tower with their heads tucked underneath their arms." Nowadays the ghosts take a material form and can become wickedly human, as anyone can understand if they have read Wilkie Collins' tale, "Dream Woman."

These modern ghosts do not always float round as a white vapour, but can exist in the mind of the unfortunate haunted one. This occurs as the little black monkey which haunted the curate in "Green Tea." Now this man went through frightful mental torture, which he could explain to no one, in case he should be called mad.

Often, a ghost has some message to convey. Some have a warning. Charles Dickens' story of "The Signalman," illustrates this. This is not a frightening story, but very sad and understandable.

Personally, I like a demon or two and perhaps a lovely Egyptian princess in the stories I read. I have heard of a competition held by one of England's leading newspapers. This was held with a large prize for the most concise ghost story. The following is the successful entry.

"Two men sat behind their newspapers in a train travelling to London. After awhile one felt in a conversational mood, so he determined to sink his teeth in a controversial subject.

"I read here that there is a prize for the shortest ghost story."

"Did you?" enquired the other, not removing his paper.

"I don't believe in ghosts of course," remarked the man confidentially.

"Don't you?" said the other, and vanished."

DINAH CURTAIN (Class C1)

INVISIBILITY

What an advantage it would be to be invisible during the war. When you laddered your stockings, why take out your ration book and sorrowfully count your coupons? Why open your purse and hopelessly count your money? All you need to do, is walk into a shop and help yourself. Even if you were a little dubious about this, then it wouldn't matter. Unless you were cold-blooded, why wear stockings at all? No matter if your legs were white, for who would see them if you were invisible? Think of all the tea and sugar you could take from the neighbours' cupboards!

It would be a great advantage to be invisible at any time. You would have the opportunity to indulge in more luxuries than usual by going to pictures and concerts free. Although, mind you, you would have to be very careful not to be sat on! What practical jokes you could play! Imagine the fun of riding a horse through the streets of a town. Someone would be sure to follow, thinking it was a runaway. You could never be caught playing truant from school nor would you have to put collection in the church offering, or buy a drivers' licence. Of course, I won't mention the many disadvantages, or you would become too disheartened.

VENGEANCE

A hot wind scavenged the dirty streets. I tried to read, but my thoughts wandered. In desperation I slipped the dog's leash over my hand and went into the street, the dog at my heels. Passers-by threw me curious glances, probably thinking that only a fool would begin a walk with a storm brewing. I agreed, but anything was better than boredom. I made my way to the seashore. The sea, it seemed, was bored also. The waves were grey and appeared restless and undecided. On the cliffs the wind was fresher and my boredom slipped from me. I unleashed the dog, who dashed off in vain attempt to capture a seagull. Daunted, he began a furious hunt for an imaginary rabbit and soon disappeared behind a cliff. I wandered on, regardless of time and distance and always with the sea beside me and its delicious freshness about me.

Then the storm broke. The sky was torn by flash after flash of lightning. The wind rose and the waves beat harder and more cruelly against the cliff. Peals of thunder competed with the distant boom of blowholes across the bay. The waves became more and more terrifying, as white-crested, they hurled themselves on to the rocks at the headlands. The wind, encouraged by the sea's efforts, became boisterous. The trees bowed before it and were conquered, having for their funeral march, the triumphant crashes of the sea against the land.

Then the rain came. Torrent after torrent fell on the already weary earth. The drops plunged like bullets on the heaving sea, making white spurts on the black waters. From my shelter behind the rocks, I was the only spectator in this burst of fury. It seemed as I watched the wind, the sea and the rain were venting the rage of centuries on the futile earth.

It watched, and suddenly I saw the overwhelming beauty concealed in the fury. I was no longer a criticising spectator, thinking sentimental thoughts about the weather, but I seemed to leave the earth and become part of the raging seas and the roaring wind. My soul was carried high on the crests of the waves and my spirit soared with the furious wind.

I felt a wet object against my leg. I looked away from the sea and the wind and the spell was broken. I was once more a human, very wet and very tired, standing beside a drenched dog, waiting for the rain to cease.

GWEN HOMAN (Class E3)

ALL ABOUT PIES

Once, at a fair, I found myself on the inner side of a circle of people which had been formed around a table on which reposed ten inoffensive little pies. In front of each pie was placed a chair and just as I arrived, a voice was addressing the audience, saying, "Ladies and gentlemen, you are about to experience one of the most tickling performances that you have ever seen!!!" I began to wonder what in the world a "tickling performance" was. I had not long to wait, however, because the voice continued, "Will competitors for the pie-eating competition please come forward?"

Ten sheepish-looking men shuffled forward and after much fussing, took their seats.

With many blushes, nervous jokes and twiddling of thumbs, the men waited. Clang! Clang! the starting bell rang out purposefully. Ten necks thrust out of collars, ten pairs of shoulders hunched forward and ten pairs of hands flew behind the backs

of the competitors. Ten heads flew from side to side as they chose the most advantageous position, long heads, bald heads—in fact, every kind of head seemed to be represented.

One poor fellow immediately in front of me seemed to be getting very discouraged, because every time he attempted to take a bite of his pie, he would munch his long moustache. Finally he stood up and walked away, saying, "I will not improve my digestion by eating moustache, nor will I improve my appearance, so I think I had better withdraw." Simultaneously, two men, who had been tantalised for some time by their pies continually slipping away from their teeth, "accidentally" knocked their pies off the table, and with ill-concealed satisfaction, bemoaned the fact of being disqualified.

Soon, to the huge enjoyment of the spectators, a small fat man took a grip of his pie in his teeth and expertly threw his head back and swung the pie over his face; he nibbled it for some time, but suddenly a great catastrophe occurred—the juicy meat slipped and oozed out over his face. Oh! I was nearly convulsed at the comically bewildered expression on the little man's florid features.

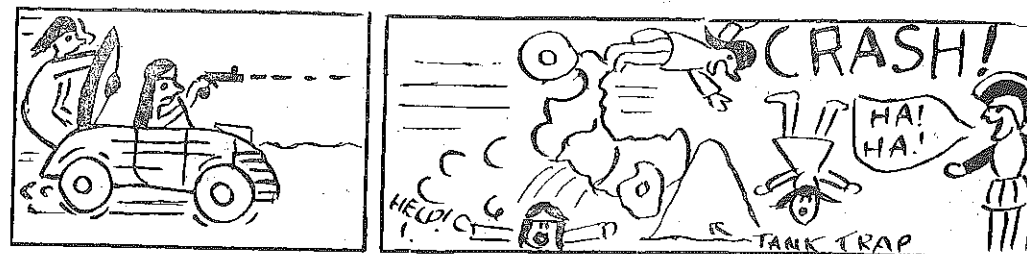
Suddenly, a very weedy, modest-looking little business man, who was very obviously beside himself with joy, came bounding on to the platform yelling triumphantly, "I've finished, I've won!!!" Immediately, the judge rang the bell and lifted from a small side-table, a small tin, on which was attached an enormous placard. The excitement of the little man had visibly abated by this time and as he read the placard and saw the tin, his jaw dropped. With a flying leap, he was off the platform and with bewildering speed he fled from the circle and was immediately swallowed up by the crowd.

A murmur arose from the audience which was quickly replaced by an explosion of laughter as they saw the tin of De Witt's Ant-Acid Powder and read the placard on which was written four words, "You will need it."

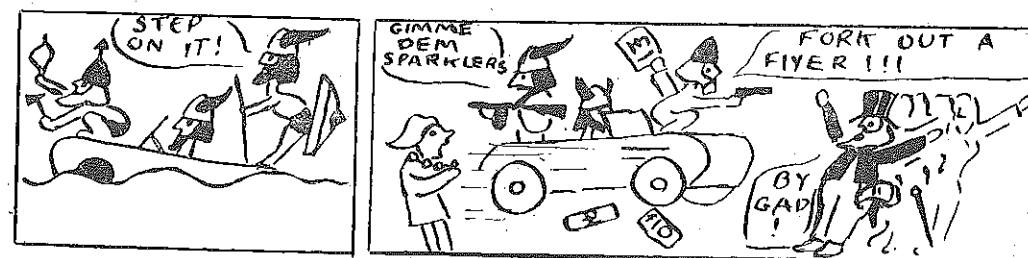
N. ANDERSON (Class D2, Wilmot).



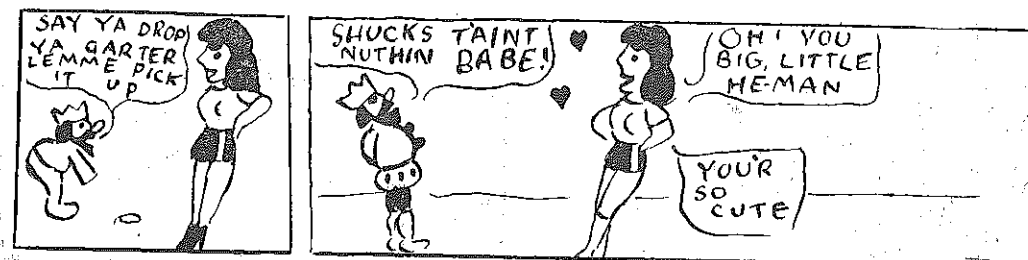
— IF — BY RETE



IF QUEEN BOADICEA WENT TO WAR IN A MOTOR CAR



IF THE DANES HAD AMPHIBIOUS JEEPS, TAKA LOOK



A MODERN VERSION OF THE ORDER OF THE GARTER



IF CATHERINE OF ARAGON WAS A MODERN WOMAN



IF OLLY CROMWELLS 'IRONSIDES' LIVED TODAY

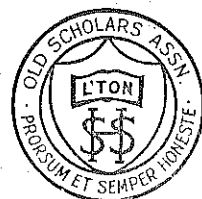


ROWING NOTES

For the first time since rowing was instituted in the School, we had winter rowing this year. It proved quite successful and we have a promising crew with which to commence the summer. Last April we rowed against Hobart High at Hobart for the Carke Shield. Owing to the fact that neither of the crews finished inside the buoy, we had to row another race in which we were beaten by five lengths.

The crew consisted of Peter von Steiglitz (stroke), John Wivell (3), John Dean (2), Alex. Stocks (bow) and Bruce Hewitt (cox.). Max Wilson was emergency. Our thanks are due to Mr. Smith, who is the master-in-charge, for going to Hobart with us and

assisting in many ways. We are also very grateful to Mr. Chandler, who gives up his time to train us very ably. This coming season we hope and are fairly confident, that we will beat Hobart and make things seem like old times again.



Old Scholars' Column

THE DIRECTORY

Patron—W. C. Morris, Esq.
President—Mr. R. A. Horne, c/o Clements and Marshall Pty. Ltd., Cimitiere Street.
Joint Hon. Secretaries—Miss Betty Lawrence, c/o Tasmanian Steamers Pty. Ltd., Cimitiere Street and Miss Marj. Comber, c/o Liverpool & London & Globe Insurance Co. Ltd., St. John Street.
Hon. Treasurer—Miss Betty Badcock, c/o Genders Pty. Ltd., Cameron Street.
Editor Old Scholars' Column—Miss Joan Kent, c/o "Examiner" Office.

General Committee—Messrs. Carl Waldon and Tom Bonnilly, Joint Assistant Secretaries, Mrs. Bertram, Misses M. Cooper, G. Beckett, G. Letcher and S. Morice, (Junior Member); Messrs. S. Clark, W. Rumney, D. Whelan, R. Woodworth and G. Bain (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 subscriptions are 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. To those members who are away, we wish them a safe and speedy return.

We have run a series of dances this year, once a month for many months now, all being most successful.

Dancing class held every Monday night for the younger members was well supported and we hope to be able to carry on again next year.

Once again we are indebted to our Patron, Mr. W. C. Morris, for the use of the School and for his interest and valuable help given us during the past year.

O.H.A. TRIP

On the week-end of September 22 to 24, we had a visit of about 75 members of the Old Hobartian Association. Teams of basketball, tennis, hockey and football were among those who made the trip. The weather was kind to us and some interesting and enjoyable matches resulted. The visiting party was entertained at a jolly dance at the Anzac Hostel on the Saturday night and on Sunday morning were taken to the Gorge Cliff Grounds for morning tea.

About twenty members of our Association had a most enjoyable week-end when we were entertained by the Old Hobartian Association on November 11 and 12, 1944. On the Saturday evening we went to a dance at the Belvedere and at the conclusion we were their guests at supper. Mr. Reynolds of the O.H.A. welcomed us and Mr. R. A. Horne responded on our behalf. On Sunday morning we were taken down to Kingston by bus and had morning tea, which was greatly enjoyed. After a pleasant hour or so in which the opportunity was taken to further our acquaintance with the Southern members, we returned and in the afternoon we boarded the train to come home.

We are looking forward to the time when we can make another trip and we take this opportunity of expressing our thanks to the O.H.A. for their kindness.

ENGAGEMENTS

We wish to congratulate the following old scholars who have announced their engagements:

Betty Coe to Gunner G. E. Hall, N.S.W.
Valerie Farmilo to Mr. Maxwell Hughes.
Hazel Woodhouse to Mr. Douglas Muffett.

Marjorie Cooper to Max Viney.
Max Sluce to Miss Betty Terry.
Thora Botcher to Lieut. Tom Cleary.
Malcolm Glennie to Miss Mary Biggs, Hobart.
Connie Orpwood to Trevor Ikin.
Allan Dale to Miss Zelda Curtis, Melbourne.
Betty Read to W.O. Russel Cullen, R.A.A.F.
Verna Cox to Lieut. Terry Cashion.
Len Axton to Miss Verna Wilson.
Joyce Jackson to Mr. Frank Collatz, Melbourne.
Jack Addison to Miss Norma Lloyd.
Roy Bates to Elsie Nicholls.
Pat Denholm to Flight-Lieut. Arnold Wolfe.
Yvonne Watts to Jack Cole, R.A.A.F.

MARRIAGES

Best wishes are extended to the following old scholars who have recently married:

Marie Lee to John White.
Geraldine Tabart to Lieut. L. M. Williams.
Marjorie Webster to L.A.C. Eddie Rainbow.
Beverley Dowie to Lieut. Reg. Dell.
Flo. Berresford to L.A.C. W. H. Bartram.
Phyllis Cassidy to Major Arthur D. Johnston.
Ross Oliver to Miss Hazel Wilson, W.A.A.F., Eng.
Trevor Guy to Miss Pauline Wade.
Maurice Taylor to Miss Poppy Myer.
Muriel Kiddle to Lindsay Brain.
Nancy Davey to Lieut. Max Branagan.
George Paton to Miss Betty Percy.
Nancy Thompson to Mr. W. A. Axton.
Dulcie Davey to Lieut. Peter Green.
Barbara Meston to Dr. Ostberg.
Ian Lavner to Miss Betty Philp.
Neil McDonald to Miss Nell Batt.
Phil Welsh to Miss Barbara Swifte.
Roy Beecroft to Miss Joy Lucas.
Cliff Thomson to Yvonne Hodges.
Layton Barrett to Joyce Taylor.
Rita Gilliam to Mr. Brooks Wilkinson.
Max Oliver to Miss Florence Wyatt.
Anne Sharman to Mr. Harry Tiffin.

BIRTHS

News has been received that:

Mr. and Mrs. Keith McPhail, Ramsay Street, have a son.
Capt. and Mrs. Fred Rose, have a daughter.
Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Littlejohn (nee Lily Morgan), Nile, have a daughter.
Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Playsted have a son.
Mr. and Mrs. G. T. Stanley (nee Bonnie Frost), Avoca, have a son.
Flying Officer and Mrs. Doug. MacLaine (nee Corrie Harvey) have a son.
Lieut. and Mrs. R. L. Rapley (nee Joan Harrington) have a son.
Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Tiffin (nee Anne Sharman), a daughter.
Flight-Lieut. and Mrs. P. Tanner, have a daughter.
Stoker and Mrs. Ivan Harper (nee Gwen Park), have a daughter.
Mr. and Mrs. Colin Pemberton (nee Jean Kiddle), N.S.W., have a daughter.
Lieut. and Mrs. Phil Gee have a daughter.
Mr. and Mrs. Robert Kiddle have a daughter.
Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Harris (nee Bernice Hutchin-son) have an infant.

To the above we offer our heartiest congratulations.

Five years of war have taken toll upon the manhood as well as the resources of our people and the School—proud of those gallant ex-students who are in the fore-front of the struggle—extends its sincere sympathy to all anxious relatives. During this period of heart-breaking anxiety, of prayerful hopes and proud grief, our thoughts go out particularly to the friends of men and women languishing as prisoners of war or posted as missing. Our prayer is that soon they might be restored to their own folk.

Those who have fallen, their task nobly done, their lives an inspiration to those still left, call us to greater service. We must not fail—we dare not.

Richard Camm, A.I.F., saw service in the Middle East and was with his father, Capt. R. Camm, when the latter was killed in Syria. Later he was transferred to the Pacific zone and was reported prisoner of war. Recently he was posted as "Missing, believed killed." Richard attended the Launceston High School from February 1936 to December, 1937.

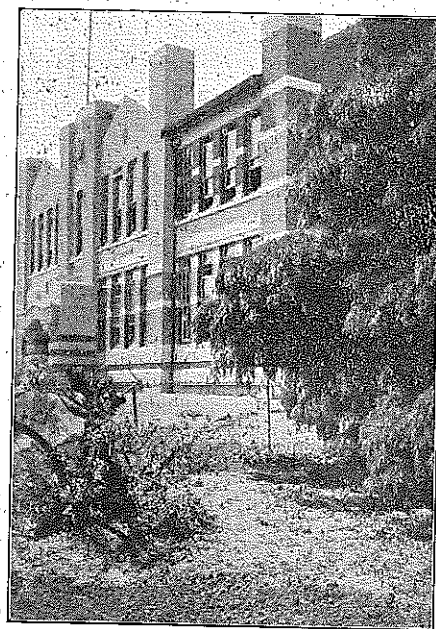
H. Nation, Sergeant in R.A.A.F., lost his life in the Middle East while on operational work.

Geoffrey Suter, a Flight-sergeant in the R.A.A.F., died at a base hospital in the Middle East after a short illness. Geoff. attended this School from February, 1928, till October 1931, when he left to take up a position in the "Examiner" Office.

John Mitchell, R.A.A.F., who attended this School for 4 years, was accidentally killed while on duty.

Guy Watkins, Lieut. in the R.A.N., has been lost at sea. Guy had a distinguished record in the School, notably on the athletic side. Naturally a leader, he soon gained rank in the R.A.N.

Capt. Les Howlett, A.I.F. Since our last magazine, we have received news of the death on active service of Capt. Les Howlett, A.I.F. Les came to this School from Scottsdale in 1929 and distinguished himself by being dux of the School in 1930.



HIGH RANK

We cannot let this magazine go to press without some mention of the splendid service carried out by an old scholar, Geoff. Atherton, who is attached to the R.A.A.F. Geoff. was recently promoted to the high rank of Wing Commander. He is at present again serving in New Guinea as a fighter pilot. As well as having been mentioned in despatches, he has been awarded the D.F.C. 'Wing Commander' Atherton is the son of Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Atherton, Mary Street. His brother, Fred, is a prisoner of war.

WAR CASUALTIES

We extend our sincere sympathy to the relatives of all Old Scholars who have been reported killed, wounded or missing on active service.

We also regret to hear of the accidental death of Jack Brett while on active service. Jack was a commissioned officer in the Militia at the outbreak of war. He joined the A.I.F. in May, 1940, and was attached to a signals school in the Middle East. He was serving in New Guinea at the time of his death.

It has been learnt that Flying Officer Peter Richardson failed to return from a raid on Stettin, Germany, on August 30, and has been posted as missing. Peter joined the R.A.A.F. over four years ago and was aged 22. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Eric A. Richardson, St. John Street, Launceston. Flying Officer Richardson has since been reported prisoner of war.

SYMPATHY

We extend to our Patron and Principal, Mr. W. C. Morris, and Mrs. Morris, our sincere sympathies in the death of their youngest daughter, Fiona. Fiona, who was a High School scholar, died after a long illness. When at School she endeared herself to her fellow scholars and to all members of the staff. Again do we offer Mr. and Mrs. Morris our deepest regrets.

Old Scholars' Honour Roll

- Alcock, J. E., R.A.A.F. (reported missing)
 Atherton, G., R.A.A.F.
 Atherton, F., A.I.F. (P.O.W.)
 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., R.A.A.F.
 Bell, Jim, R.A.N.
 Brett, Jack, A.I.F. (killed on active service)
 Bell, John, A.I.F.
 Barclay, G., A.I.F. (killed in action)
 Barclay, Robt., R.A.A.F.
 Bomford, Alvin, A.I.F.
 Brain, Louis, R.A.N.
 Barlow, Geoffrey, R.A.N.
 Booth, Brian, R.A.N.
 Boatwright, Norman, R.A.A.F.
 Bardenhagen, Adye, R.A.A.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. (missing)
 Breheny, Jack G., A.I.F.
 Breheny, Brian, H., A.I.F.
 Brain, Lindsay G., R.A.A.F.
 Bell, Alan G., A.I.F.
 Bates, Roy, R.A.N.
 Bailey, Fred., R.A.N.
 Brown, Keith, A.I.F.
 Berwick, Ian, R.A.N.
 Bowles, William, R.A.N.
 Barber, B., R.A.A.F. (missing)
 Brooks, Margaret, A.W.A.S.
 Boden, Ray, R.A.A.F.
 Burke, Athol, R.A.A.F.
 Bock, Alan, R.A.A.F. (missing)
 Beecroft, Roy, R.A.N.
 Barrett, Layton, R.A.A.F.
 Branagan, Jack, R.A.A.F.
 Bull, R., A.I.F. (repat. P.O.W.)
 Bennell, Clifford, A.I.F.
 Bayles, Ian, R.A.N.
 Baird, Charles, A.I.F.
 Coulson, Eric, R.A.A.F.
 Clephane, Clarence, A.I.F.
 Cox, Arthur, A.I.F.
 Carins, Lloyd, R.A.N.
 Crosswell, Lloyd, R.A.N.
 Cameron, Don., A.I.F.
 Cartledge, Phil., A.I.F.
 Curtis, Jack, A.I.F.
 Cunningham, Alan, A.I.F.
 Cassidy, Ken., A.I.F.
 Camm, Richard, A.I.F. (missing, presumed killed)
 Curtis, Edwin Jack, R.A.A.F.
 Callahan, Geoff. B., R.A.A.F.
 Cross, Harold G., R.A.A.F.
 Cooper, Fred., R.A.A.F.
 Collins, L. T., 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.
 Cox, Don., R.A.A.F.
 Coombe, Stanley (killed in action)
 Cox, Joan, W.A.A.A.F.
 Coe, Elizabeth, A.W.A.S.
 Chatwin, Gwen, W.A.A.A.F.
 Campbell, Hugh, R.A.N.
 Cash, Robin, Paratroops
 Cordell, Desmond, R.A.A.F.
 Colton, Jack, A.I.F.
 Colbeck, Geoff., R.A.A.F.
 Croft, Charles, R.A.N.V.R.
 Cox, Harold H., R.A.N.
 Cassidy, Max, R.A.A.F.
 Clarke, J. V., R.A.N.
 Colson, John, A.I.F.
 Dean, R. H., R.A.A.F. (killed in aircraft accident)
 Dwyer, Eric, A.I.F.
 Dineen, Geoff., A.I.F.
 Davis, Lovell, A.I.F.
 Dean, Geoff., R.A.A.F. (accidentally drowned)
 Davey, Max, R.A.N.
 Davies, John, R.A.N.
 Dynan, W., A.I.F.
 Dallas, Ken., R.A.N.
 Davey, Marjorie, A.W.A.S.
 Davis, Grahame, A.I.F.
 Davey, Dulcie, A.W.A.S.
 Dwyer, Lindsay, R.A.N.
 Davis, Wesley, R.A.A.F.
 Damon, Barry, R.A.A.F.
 Daymond, Edward, R.A.N.
 Edwards, Keith, A.I.F.
 Evans, Eric, R.A.A.F.
 Ellis, Baizel, R.A.N.
 Edwards, B., R.A.A.F.
 Edmunds, Des., R.A.N.
 Elms, Ron., R.A.N.
 Elliston, Neif
 Furmage, G. G., R.A.A.F.
 Flanagan, Archie, A.I.F.
 Fotheringham, Max, A.I.F.
 Fotheringham, Charles, A.I.F.
 Fotheringham, Bob, R.A.N.
 Firth, Keith, A.I.F.
 Fulford, Harold, R.A.A.F.
 Fordham, P. H., R.A.N.V.R.
 Finlay, J. C., A.I.F. (killed in action)
 Finlay, Robert Ballard, A.I.F.
 Fletcher, Harold G., R.A.A.F.
 Fletcher, John G., R.A.A.F.
 Fuller, Jack, A.I.F.
 Furmage, Bruce, R.A.A.F.
 Furmage, Derek, R.A.A.F.
 Forsythe, Norman
 Gill, Douglas, A.I.F.
 Griffin, Terry, A.I.F.
 Gardam, Dick, A.I.F.
 Gee, Arthur, 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
 Gibbs, W., R.A.N.
 Greuber, Errol, R.A.A.F.
 Goulston, Keith, R.A.A.F.
 Geiger, Joy, W.A.A.F.
 Glennie, Malcolm, R.A.A.F.
 Gregory, Ray, R.A.A.F. (missing)
 Gourlay, Wm., R.A.A.F.
 Gough, Alan, R.A.A.F.
 Green, Stan., R.A.N.
 Gourlay, Don, A.I.F.
 Gill, Phyllis, W.A.A.A.F.
 Goldberg, R. S., A.I.F.
 Gee, Dorece, A.W.A.S.
 Graham, Stuart, R.A.N.
 Hudson, Stuart, R.A.N.
 Hall, Ken., R.A.N.
 Hughes, Brian, R.A.N.
 Howlett, Leslie, A.I.F. (killed on active service)
 Harridge, Jim, A.I.F.
 Hague, Terry, R.A.A.F.
 Harrison, Max, R.A.A.F. (missing)
 Hudson, Geoff., R.A.A.F.
 Hollingsworth, Jim, R.A.A.F.
 Hope, Dick, R.A.A.F.
 Hart, Robt., R.A.A.F.
 Harrison, Ray, R.A.A.F.
 Hope, Lindsay, R.A.A.F.
 Heyes, Rupert, A.I.F.
 Hughes, Terence, A.I.F.
 Hudson, Pat, W.A.A.A.F.
 Horton, Connie, A.W.A.S.
 Hammersley, Vonda, A.W.A.M.S.
 Hinds, Geoffrey, A.I.F.
 Houstain, Hedley, R.A.A.F.
 Honey, S. G., A.I.F.
 Holmes, Percy, R.A.A.F.
 Hamilton, Brian, R.A.D.A.R.
 Hamilton, Audrey, A.W.A.S.
 Hope, Ron., R.A.F.
 Hewitt, Peter, A.I.F.
 Hall, Reg., R.A.A.F.
 Hughes, Davis, R.A.A.F.
 Hogg, Ken., A.I.F.
 Harrison, Fred., A.I.F.
 Hammond, Lindsay, A.I.F.
 Heath, William, R.A.A.F.
 Hogg, Tom
 Ingles, Alan, R.A.A.F.
 Ikin, Clyde, R.A.A.F. (missing)
 Jones, Lloyd, R.A.A.F.

OLD SCHOLARS' HONOUR ROLL—Continued.

- Jackson, Ken., R.A.A.F.
 Jordan, Max, R.A.A.F.
 Jackson, Richard, R.A.A.F.
 Jones, Allan K., A.I.F.
 Joyce, Keith R., R.A.N.
 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, Robt., R.A.N.
 Kestles, Ross
 Kelly, Ray, R.A.A.F.
 Knott, Harry, R.A.N.
 Kitto, Keith, R.A.N.
 Long, Reg., 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, A.I.F. (prisoner of war)
 Lovell, Wm., R.A.A.F.
 Lovett, Don., R.A.A.F.
 Lovell, Ross, R.A.A.F.
 Lawson, Gordon, R.A.A.F.
 Lee, Trevor, R.A.A.F.
 Lyne, Lois, A.W.A.S.
 Mayhead, Arch., R.A.A.F.
 MacLaine, George, A.I.F.
 Mayhead, Frank, A.I.F.
 Mayhead, Ken., A.I.F.
 Morgan, Bob, R.A.N.
 Maunmill, Bob, R.A.A.F.
 Munro, David, R.A.A.F.
 Murphy, G., A.I.F. (prisoner war)
 Morrisby, Allan I., A.I.F.
 Manning, Geoff.
 Morrison, John, R.A.A.F.
 Millar, Alex, R.A.N.
 Moore, Robert, A.I.F.
 Martin, Malva, A.W.A.S.
 Mulligan, G. P. R., R.A.A.F.
 Mitchell, John, A.I.F. (accident-ally killed)
 Mallinson, Ray, R.A.A.F.
 McCallum, Felix, A.I.F.
 Mainwaring, Ron., A.I.F.
 Mold, David, A.I.F.
 Macfarlane, Philip, R.A.A.F.
 Moore, Neil, R.A.A.F.
 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, Ron., N.Z.R.Bn. (prisoner of war, deceased)
 McDonald, Neil, A.I.F.
 McCabe, G. W., R.A.F. (prisoner of war)
 McCabe, D. W., R.A.N. (missing)
 McDonald, Donald, R.A.A.F.
 MacLaine, Grant, R.A.A.F.
 McKenzie, Donald, R.A.A.F.
 Neil, Eddie, R.A.A.F.
 Nicklason, Syd., A.I.F.
 Nation, H., R.A.A.F. (killed action)
 Oliver, Max, A.I.F.
 Orr, Colin, R.A.A.F.
 Ockerby, Viv., R.A.A.F.
 Page, Ray, R.A.A.F.
 Pike, Percy, A.I.F.
 Phillips, Bruce, R.A.N.
 Paton, George, A.I.F.
 Pullen, Jack, A.I.F.
 Parsons, Len., R.A.A.F. *1941*
 Pearson, Robt., R.A.A.F.
 Pollard, Stan., R.A.A.F.
 Phillips, Doug., R.A.A.F.
 Padman, Henry, A.I.F.
 Parkes, Clifton, A.I.F.
 Press, E. J., A.I.F.
 Price, Derek, R.A.A.F.
 Petterson, Alfred, A.I.F.
 Pinel, Frank, A.I.F.
 Pullen, Don., R.A.A.F.
 Petterson, Les., R.A.A.F.
 Petterson, Norman, R.A.N.
 Pickett, Bruce.
 Rose, Kathleen, W.A.A.A.F.
 Rose, Frances, A.W.A.S.
 Ripper, Herbert, R.A.N.
 Pryor, Jack, R.A.A.F.
 Rees, Clive, A.I.F.
 Ruston, Ian S., R.A.N.
 Robinson, Ken., A.I.F.
 Ratcliff, Enid, Nursing Div.
 Rosevears, Hedley, A.I.F.
 Rainbow, Ronald, A.I.F.
 Rose, Fred., A.I.F.
 Richardson, Peter, R.A.A.F.
 Reeves, C. W. B., R.A.A.F.
 Roberts, David, R.A.A.F.
 Radford, Geoff., A.I.F.
 Read, Betty, W.A.A.A.F.
 Rudd, Roy, R.A.A.F.
 Rose, R. G., A.I.F.
 Steer, John, A.I.F.
 Scott, Harry, A.I.F.
 Senior, Alan, A.I.F.
 Sellers, M. L., Nursing Div.
 Schier, Bill, R.A.A.F.
 Sales, Lance, R.A.A.F.
 Swinton, George E., A.I.F.
 Swinton, Norm. D., R.A.A.F. (missing)
 Simonds, Kenneth R., A.I.F.
 Searson, Trevor, R.A.A.F.
 Scott, Herbert, R.A.A.F.
 Savage, Don., R.A.N.
 Scott, Keith, A.I.F.
 Simmons, Jack, R.A.N.
 Skeggs, Olive, A.W.A.M.S.
 Stephens, Roland, R.A.N.
 Swain, Hilton, R.A.A.F.
 Styles, Harry, R.A.A.F.
 Summers, Brian, A.I.F.
 Sinclair, Harold, R.A.N.
 Sutton, Gerald, R.A.N.
 Summers, Geoff., R.A.A.F.
 Shepherd, George, R.A.N.
 Spotswood, Chris., A.I.F.
 Shegog, Joyce, W.A.A.A.F.
 Scott, Alf., A.I.F.
 Summers, Garth
 Smythe, Ken., R.A.A.F.
 Suter, G. J., R.A.A.F. (died illness)
 Snow, Roger, A.I.F.
 Savage, Harry, R.A.N.
 Tanner, Peter, R.A.A.F.
 Twidle, David, R.A.N.
 Thollar, Doug., A.I.F.
 Traill, Arthur, A.I.F.
 Taylor, Maurice, A.I.F.
 Taylor, Hal, A.I.F.
 Thow, Max, A.I.F.
 Tolland, Bill, R.A.A.F.
 Tuting, Harry, R.A.A.F.
 Tucker, Gordon, R.A.A.F.
 Tanner, Alex., A.I.F.
 Turner, Robt., R.A.A.F. (missing)
 Tuck, James, R.A.N.
 Thompson, Muriel, W.A.A.A.F.
 Tidey, Kathleen, A.W.A.S.
 Tulloch, Alison, A.W.A.S.
 Tullock, Eric, R.A.A.F.
 Turner, Laurie, R.A.A.F.
 Tilley, Norman, R.A.A.F.
 Tilley, Raymond F., R.A.A.F.
 Townsley, Wilfred A., A.I.F.
 Townend, John, R.A.F.
 Waters, Frank, R.A.N.V.R.
 von Stieglitz, Peter, R.A.N.
 von Bertouch, Don, A.I.F.
 von Bertouch, Mark, A.I.F. (prisoner of war)
 Viney, Max, A.I.F.
 Viney, John, R.A.A.F.
 Viney, Cyril, R.A.A.F.
 Weston, Maurice, A.I.F.
 White, Ron., A.I.F.
 White, Fred., A.I.F.
 Whelan, Roly, R.A.N.
 Woods, Terris, R.A.N.
 Waldron, Lance, A.I.F.
 Wilson, T., A.I.F. (killed in action)
 Wright, Jack, R.A.A.F.
 Williams, Malcolm, R.A.A.F.
 Watts, Ray, R.A.A.F.
 Weatherill, Jack, R.A.A.F.
 Walkem, Jock, R.A.A.F.
 Whishaw, Denis, R.A.A.F. (killed in aircraft accident)
 Watkins, G., R.A.N.V.R. (lost, sea)
 Windsor, Max, A.I.F.
 Williams, Leonard Roy, R.A.A.
 Waddle, Bruce A., A.I.F.
 Whitcombe, Ernest, R.A.A.F.
 Waldron, Hamel, R.A.N.
 Waugh, Wallace, R.A.A.F.
 Whelan, Jack, R.A.N.
 Wilkinson, Wm., R.A.A.F.
 Wood, Peter, R.A.A.F.
 Wyatt, Hal, R.A.N.
 Wyatt, Lance, R.A.A.F.
 Williams, L. R., A.I.F.
 Wright, Malcolm, A.I.F.
 Walters, Geoffrey, R.A.A.F.