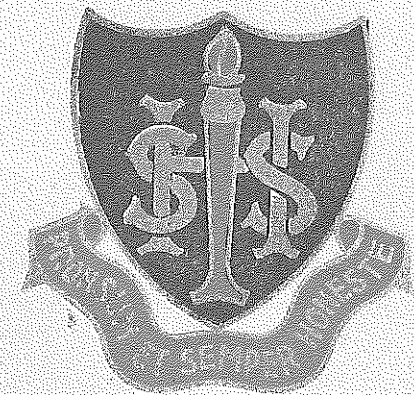


The Northern Churinga



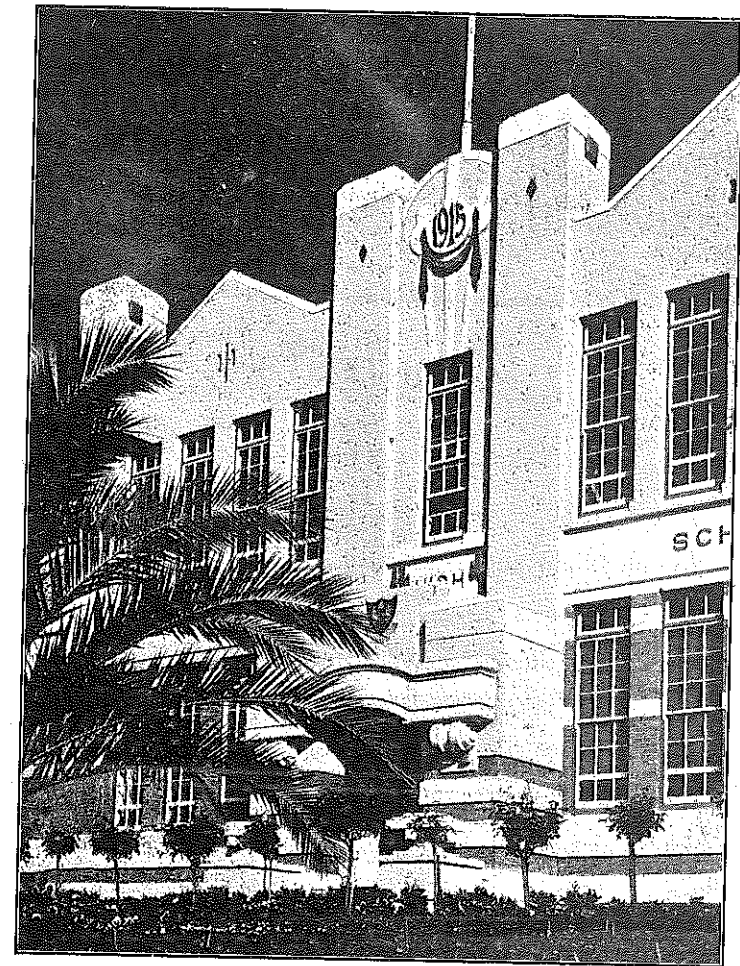
December, 1945

Launceston High School Magazine

VOLUME, XXXIV



The Northern Churinga



THE SCHOOL



Editors :

G. McCORMACK

W. THOMPSON



The Northern Churinga

VOLUME XXXIV

DECEMBER, 1945

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LAUNCESTON HIGH SCHOOL,

LAUNCESTON, TAS., AUS.

Editorial

The year 1945 has seen the end of the most bitter war ever waged on earth since the beginning of recorded history, for on May 8, the European struggle ended and on August 15, the conflict in the Pacific came to a close. This year has also seen the beginning of a new era, the atomic age, which began on August 10, when the first atomic bomb was dropped on Hiroshima.

Since this great event when more than half a city was wiped out, more dangerous and powerful bombs have been developed. With the discovery of the atom bomb comes the growing distrust among the Allies as each nation refuses to hand over its own bomb secrets and works furiously to develop more adequate protection.

If another war is to be prevented, a war fought with bombs which could wipe out cities like London in one fell swoop, we must enter into a new age—not one of nationalism, as has been the custom for past centuries, but one of internationalism. We must try to see things in a different light, try to appreciate the other man's feelings and ideas and to see his point of view. If this can be accomplished successfully, the world will be a much more pleasant place in which to live.

But where are we to start? The responsibility of this vital work is great and should be exercised right here in this School, for the school is the place where we are trained to take our positions as men and women in the world tomorrow.

At present this work is being encouraged and practised by only a few tens of people, but for entire success, millions must follow the example of these few. Is it not natural to treat those about us kindly and pleasantly? We must realise that, because the world is now such a small place, we cannot afford to waste our time in useless quarrelling, either as individuals in a small community, or as nations.

Science has moved so quickly that we have not been able to adjust ourselves to the rapidly changing conditions. Herein lies a great danger to mankind, and it will require the best brains and the best leadership in all nations to enable us to enjoy to the full, the benefits offered by science and to avoid the tragic consequences of uncontrolled use of scientific discoveries. In other words we must see that we have not in fact, created a Frankenstein.

THE EDITOR

PASSING NOTES

Early in February of this year, the School re-opened with an attendance of 540. A number of new teachers were welcomed at the beginning of the year and two new ones during the year, bringing the number of teachers on the staff to 30. Mr. Doe was again senior master.

A little later in the year, Pat Rose and Murray Columbine were elected Head Prefects and a Board of Prefects was also elected.

The publication of the School newspaper, "Outrages," was continued this year under the two editors, Geva McCormack and William Thompson. By dint of hard work work, the committee managed to produce the record number of eight copies, including holiday numbers and exam numbers and has been

commended by the editor of the "Examiner" for producing an excellent little publication.

Shakespeare's Day was aptly celebrated this year by the production of the scenes from some of his plays. "C" Class produced a scene from "As You Like It," with Nairn Scott, Janice Ingles and Janet Rogers playing leading roles. "B" Class produced portions of "Macbeth." The first was played by Tom Bailey as Macbeth and Bill Bayly as Banquo. The second scene was portrayed by Robert Coogan and Dinah Curtain, as Macbeth and Lady Macbeth. The third scene was the sleep-walking scene, played by Margaret Little as Lady Macbeth, Doug Lamb and Stephanie Hawkes.

"A" Class produced scenes from "Anthony and Cleopatra," with Pat Rose and John Wivell playing leading roles.

The winner of the senior section of the Rotarian Essay Competition was Dinah Curtain. The winner of the junior section was Lois Symonds, the subject being "Community Centres."

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

During the year we have been pleased to receive magazines from the following schools:

"Longerong Collegian," from the Agricultural College, Dooen, Victoria; "Sphinx," from the Modern School, Perth, W.A.; "Orange Pell," from the Sarah Scott Junior High, Terre Haute, Indiana, U.S.A.; "Darwinian," from Burnie High School, Tas.; "Magazine," from the High School, Adelaide, S.A.; "Uncorn," from Melbourne High, Prospect Hill Road, Canterbury, Victoria; "Devonian," from Devonport High, Tas.; "Log," from Hobart High, Tas.

AIR TRAINING CORPS NOTES

The highlights of our activities this year have been the numerous trips to Hobart. The first trip was on the occasion of the visit to this State of His Royal Highness, the Duke of Gloucester, by whom we were inspected. The next time we visited Hobart was when we went there to inspect a Mitchell bomber and to compete in the football match against No. 83, Hobart Squadron.

The Hobart Squadron then sent up a football team to Launceston to play our Squadron. This match was followed by a visit from the football, basketball and tennis teams. The northern basketball team, which was entirely composed of members from our Flight, was: J. Hawkins (capt.), K. Kidd, B. Williamson, A. Hope, S. Clark, W. Thompson. We won the match the scores being 40—35. In the tennis team we were represented by A. Hope and S. Clark.

The Burnie Squadron sent sports teams to Launceston to compete against us. Our basketball team was again successful.

While the Squadron has been waiting for the arrival of a new training syllabus, the C.O. has taken this opportunity of improving the marksmanship of the Squadron and we have made several trips to Western Junction to have practice.

WHO'S WHO

The Head Master: 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. Richardson, B.Sc. (Applied Maths., Biology, General Science); C. Limb, Dip Phys. Ed., A. Mus. A. (Music, Physical Education); A. Elliott (Cookery); W. E. Cornell (Art); D. Cooper, B.A. (English, Maths.); N. Newbon, B.A. (Maths.); J. G. Hudson, B.A. (Geography, French, Maths.); L. Paul, B.A. (English, Latin, French); H. F. Deane (Shorthand, Typewriting); J. Cleaver (Art); M. Dobbinson (French); N. Burns (English, Latin, French); L. Thraves, M.A. (Eng. Hist. Soc. St.); Mesdames F. Powell, B.A. (English, French); M. Heazlewood (Commerce, Shorthand, Social Studies); F. Crawford (Needlework); Miss A. L. Sample (Needlework), on leave; V. M. Herbert (Clerk).

Messrs. T. E. Doe, B.Sc. (Physics, Trigonometry, Chemistry); G. Rush, M.A., B.Sc. (Maths.); E. R. Sowter, B.A. (French, Social Studies); H. J. Moses, B.A., B.Sc. (Commerce, History, Economics); P. H. V. Watson, B.A. (History, Geography, English); R. R. Jordan, B.A. (General Science, Maths., Chemistry); J. H. Smith (Maths.); H. J. Shea (General Science, Trigonometry, Physics, Chemistry); P. Rollins (Social Studies, Arithmetic, Commerce, Economics, Physical Education).

Senior Prefects: Patricia Rose, Murray Columbine.

Prefects: Girls—Kathleen Morling, Gwen Street, Phylis Hudson, June Mold, Barbara Gilham, Barbara Hamilton, Joan Davey, Lesley Ingles, Marion Atkins, Dulcie Alcock, Pauline Bourke.

Boys—Bruce Rose, John Wivell, John Hawkins, Max Pullen, Don Brown, Phillip Wood, Jeff Weston, Robert Sharman, Alex Stocks, Paul Phelps, John Dean.

House Captains: Arthur—Gladstone Vertigan, June Cookman; Franklin—John Wivell, B. Gilham; Sorell—Jeff Weston, Joan Davey; Wilmot, Don Arnold, Lesley Ingles.

Sports Monitor: Don Arnold.

Captains of Tennis: Girls—D. Alcock; Coach, Miss Deane. Boys—M. Columbine; Coach, Mr. Rush.

Captain of Hockey: Eraine Crothers; Coach, Miss Blyth.

Captain of Cricket: M. Rees; Coach, Mr. Moses.

Captain of Football: M. Columbine; Coach, Mr. Jordan.

Stroke of Crew: J. Dean; Coach, Mr. D. Chapdler.

Sports Mistress: Miss Limb.

Sports Master: Mr. H. J. Moses.

Opera Producer: Mr. H. J. Moses.

Magazine Editors: William Thompson, Geva McCormack.

Library Supervisor: Miss J. Blyth.

Officers of Carlets: Capt. T. E. Doe (O.C.), Lieut. H. J. Moses (Second in Com.).

Officers A.T.C. Flight: P/O H. J. Shea.

VISITORS AND SPEAKERS

This year the following people have spoken to the School:

Soon after we resumed, Mrs. Wessel visited the School and spoken on "The Lady Clark Memorial Library."

Sister Dale, of the Sudan Mission, gave us an interesting talk on the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan.

At the end of the first term, Mr. C. McShane, Deputy State Librarian, also spoke to us about the Lady Clark Memorial Library and urged students to act as ambassadors for the Library.

Rev. N. Lade, M.A., visited us several times during the year and spoke to us on the United Nations' Association.

M. Soldatov, a member of the Soviet Legation in Australia, visited us in connection with the United Nations International Week. He gave a most interesting talk on the conditions in Russia during the war.

Rev. J. Thompson addressed the School on the topic of "China."

Mr. Morris has been pleased to receive visits from the following Old Scholars, who are members of the Forces:

Peter von Steiglitz, R.A.N.; Cpl. Peter Hewitt, A.I.F.; Peter Wood, R.A.A.F.; Ross Kestles, R.A.A.F.; Sub-Lt. H. Campbell, R.A.N.; Geoff. Radford, A.I.F.; Lt. Ken Dallas, R.N.; Max Davel, R.A.N.; Clarence Kent, R.A.A.F.; Jim Smith, R.A.N.; Leslie Petterson, R.A.A.F.; Maurice Hiscock, M.N.; Betty Read, W.A.A.A.F.; Norman Thompson, R.A.N.; Mervyn Hill, R.A.A.F.; Louis Brain, R.A.N.; Desmond Homan, A.I.F.; Allan Gough, R.A.A.F.; Lt. Rupert Ward, N.Z.E.F.; Neil Moore, R.A.A.F.; Errol Grueber, R.A.A.F.; Max Jordan, R.A.A.F. (D.F.C.); Percy Kerrison, R.A.A.F.; W/C. Geoff. Atherton, R.A.A.F. (D.F.C.); Winston Little, A.I.F.; Ray Cameron, R.A.A.F.; Rex Woodworth, R.A.A.F.; Fred Atkinson, R.A.A.F.; Scott Clark, R.A.N.; John Paton, R.A.N.; Rowland Stephens, R.A.N.; Flight-Lt. P. Macfarlane, R.A.A.F.; Ray Kelly, R.A.A.F.; Brian Booth, R.A.N.; Neil Moore, R.A.A.F.; C. Spotswood, A.I.F.; Harold Sinclair.

LIBRARY NOTES

Although some people have not been returning non-fiction books the morning after borrowing them and though some books have been damaged by careless handling, 1945 has, on the whole, been a very successful year in the library. Of a total of 317 new books added to the library this year, 257 were non-fiction, 48 fiction and 12 pamphlets.

A new catalogue, involving a system of authors' names and subject headings has been installed, all the additions to the library being catalogued in this way and it is hoped to have all the books in the library re-catalogued by next year.

Much work has been done in the reference section by students requiring material for projects and essays, but the fiction section has still remained the busiest, as many as 50 books going out, compared with 20 non-fiction.

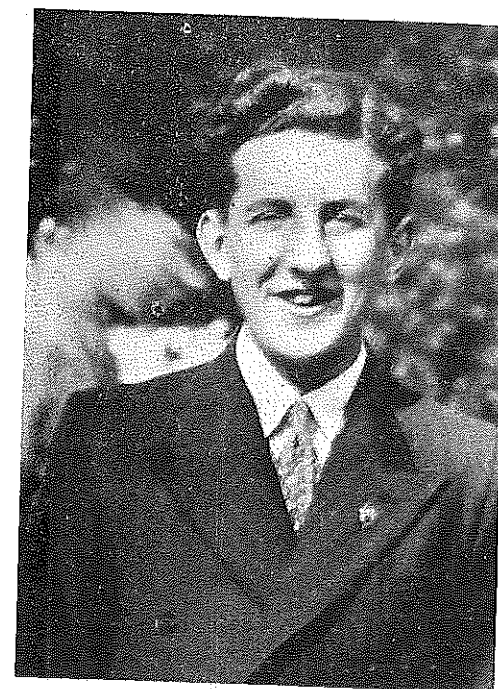
As Librarian, Miss Blyth has done excellent work and deserves to be congratulated on the smooth and efficient way in which she runs the library in which work she is assisted by B. Leary, F. Eastman and P. Howard.

B. LEARY

HEAD PREFECTS, 1945



PAT ROSE

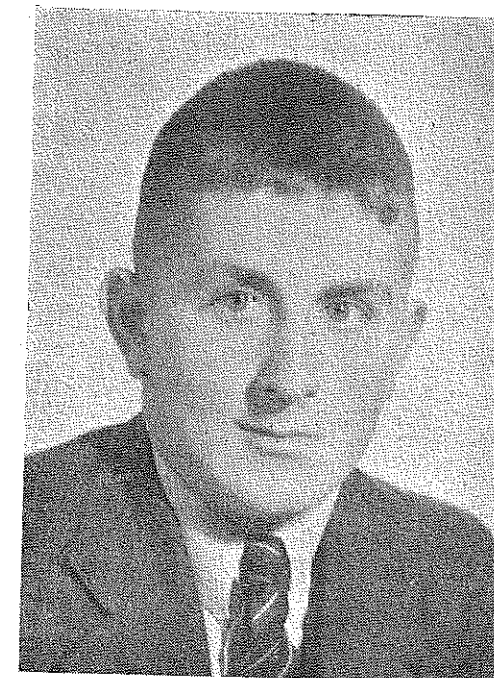


MURRAY COLUMBINE

BEST PASSES LEAVING CERTIFICATE, 1944



DOROTHY LONG, 4 Credits, 4 Passes



ROBT. GUNTON, 3 Credits, 4 Passes

BEST PASSES SCHOOL CERTIFICATE, 1944



GEVA McCORMACK, 9 Credits



TOM BAILEY, 9 Credits

HISTORICAL ENGLISH GRAMMAR

From rough perusals I have given, this book in the last 18 months, I should say it is called "Historical English Grammar" mainly because it deals with the English language and especially with grammar in a historical way. There is no doubt some other totally different explanation, but I give this for its worth.

The book begins (or as Mr. Fowler would not say, commences) with the eminently historical English Venerable Bede and works through West Saxons, South Saxons, Middle Angles, East Angles and other geometrical personages and branches for a description of the primitive Germans (all propaganda) and their well-known language, Primitive Germanic, known to the French as Indo-European. There were also some Primitive Old English (or O.E.). There were dialects e.g., Northumbrian to 1066 and Northern after that. They are distinguished by saying, "Aye laddie" and things like that (St. George for England, St. Pancras for Scotland). After some assorted Danes, Norsemen and Normans, we come to the Rise of Standard English; a Cockney dialect which explains why now we do not say, "Hoots mon, dinna ya ken," and generally talk like golf professionals in P.G. Wodehouse.

So far we have been historical, but now we show our knowledge of Grammar—though always English and definitely historical. A notable branch of this subject is phonology (from a phony sound). We now learn why it is we say and spell, though, bough, cough, enough, in a civilised manner, instead of a merely Prim. O.E. way, e.g., tho, bow, coff, enuff.

Another branch is morphology (from morphia, a dope). Although this a good thing, we leave it to pass on to the syne tax. This is paid on beer, metho, C2, H5, OH, CXY00000PQR and all other spirituous liquors within the meaning of the act. It is not grammatical, but is fully historical (Boston Tea Party, etc.). In this section we come to "sound laws" which, as their name implies, are very sound, e.g., the O.E. "bee" becomes "bear," etc., a good example of transmigration and what not. "Pea" becomes "Pear" (very confusing and only to be attempted by credit candidates). All this was done in the Russian hurry of speech—yet another example of Russia's vital achievements.

Another fine old English habit is that of slurring unstressed syllables.

M.E.	Mod. E.
Hunting, etc.	Huntin', fishin', shootin'.

Next comes analogy (from two double Dutch roots "an" and "allergy" meaning hay-fever). Bound upright is "feel-full" and "I'm a lout" (presumably because I feel full). Other examples are "damn dum" (applied to horses, girls, etc.) and "shilly-shally" ("Wishy-washy"). This law was made in Prim. O.E. days and is, therefore, out-of-date. Not a good thing. In the same class as "feel-full," is "cram-crum" (in my mouth—"I am a lout").

[The editors regret that owing to lack of space they are unable to print any more of this long and most erudite article.]

(A2, Arthur)

SPEECH NIGHT, 1944

The Thirty-Second Annual Speech Night and Distribution of Prizes was held in the Albert Hall on December 17. Mr. Morris, when presenting his annual report, asked if it was right that so many hours should be spent in travelling to and from School by pupils who lived in country districts, when, if suitable accommodation in the city could be arranged, the hours spent in travelling could be put to better use. Mr. Morris urged that this problem should not be shelved away as a post-war item, but that its need was so great and pressing that it should be attended to at the earliest possible moment.

The report also revealed that the enrolment for the year totalled 557, with an average attendance of 521. In the Leaving Examination, 27 students secured the Leaving Certificates and 13 qualified for matriculation, while a total of 89 certificates were gained by pupils in the School Certificate Examination. Mr. Morris praised the work of the Parents' Association, whose membership was nearly 500.

A musical programme was given by the School Choir under the direction of Miss C. Limb. Geva McCormack gave a violin solo and Jean Lancaster, Wilma Lay and June Mold, sang a trio. They were accompanied by Pat Rose and Marion Atkins.

The Premier and Minister for Education (Mr. Cosgrove), who presented the prizes and trophies, said in his address that he was looking forward to the time when the University would be free to all who were fitted for a university career. He said he was looking forward to the time when the school leaving age would be raised to 16 years. Mr. Cosgrove praised the work of the Parents' Association in their efforts to establish a hostel.

The Secondary School Certificates were presented to the 89 who had won them by Mr. A. L. Meston, M.A.

PRIZE-LIST

DUCES OF CLASSES

- A—Dorothy Long and Robert Gunton.
- B1—Robert Sharman and Gwen Street.
- B2—Jean Chambers.
- C1—Allison Orchard.
- C2—Thomas Bailey.
- C3—Geva McCormack.
- D1—Nairn Scott.
- D2—Morris Cropp.
- D3—Audrey Dennis.
- E1—Jill Kerrison.
- E2—Lindsay Matherson.
- E3—John Willey.
- E4—Pat Steel.
- E5—Moir Ferguson.

GENERAL MERIT

Senior School—Joan Davey and John Wathen.
Junior School—Geva McCormack and Tom Bailey.

BEST PASSES, LEAVING EXAMINATION, 1943
Gloria Rainbow and Brian Waters.

BEST PASS, LEAVING EXAMINATION, 1943
(Northern Tasmania High Schools)
Brian Waters.

BEST PASS, LEAVING CHEMISTRY
Brian Waters.

ENGLISH, "A" CLASS, 1943

Ethel Tucker.

LEAVING FRENCH, 1943

Robert Campbell.

BEST-PASS, SCHOOL CERTIFICATE

EXAMINATION (Tas. Schools' Board)

Geva McCormack and Tom Bailey.

BEST PASS CHEMISTRY, SCHOOL CERTIFICATE EXAMINATIONS, 1944

Donald Crow.

ENGLISH LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE

Bruce Rose.

COOKERY

Class C—Joyce Oakley.

D—Barbara Crow.

E—Dorothy Steel.

NEEDLEWORK

Class C—Jean McArthur.

D—Audrey Dennis.

E—Jill Kerrison.

PEGGY PEDLEY MEMORIAL PRIZE

Helen Lutwyche.

SPECIAL SERVICES RENDERED TO SCHOOL

Terry Lynd, Wilma Lay, Robert Sharman.

SPECIAL MERIT

William Thompson.

SCHOOL ACCOMPANISTE

Pat Rose.

CHOIR ACCOMPANISTE

Marion Atkins.

ATTITUDE AND INFLUENCE PRIZES

"C" Class, 1944—Pamela Penman, Kath Eastoe, Donald Crow, Joyce Oakley, Dorothy Prewer, Audrey Edwards, Joan Mann, Bernice Butterworth.

SPORTS

Swimming:

Boys—Open Championship, Robert Gunton. Under 15, Brian Dadd. Under 13, John Cullen.
Girls—Open, Dorothy Long. Under 15, Audrey Davies, Shirley Bennett. Under 13, Margaret Wheeler, Kathleen Leary and Thelma Sherriff.
Field Games—Barbara McEnnulty and Max Rees.

Football:

Best and Fairest Player for Season, Max Rees. Most Serviceable, Murray Columbine. Most Consistent, player, Donald Arnold. Most Improved Player, George Harding. Best Team Man, Ken Davis.

Athletic Sports:

Boys, Open—Max Rees. Under 15, Keith Caelli. Under 13, James Potter.

Girls, Open—Barbara McEnnulty. Under 15, Valerie Massey. Under 13, Peggy Eeles and Margaret Broomby.

LEAVING EXAMINATION, 1943

Best Passes—Gloria Rainbow and Brian Waters.

Certificates—Beth Bartlett, *Noel Atkins, Mona Badcock, Bessie Boag, *Theo Box, Alwyn Briggs, Glenda Brown, Monica Cameron, Caithlean Campbell, *Robert Campbell, Betty Chapman, Joy Coltheart, Fay Cullen, Jack Dean, *Kevin Febey, *Nina Ferguson, *Fred Gilbert, *Robert Gunton, *David Hunt, *John Padman, *Kenneth Padman, *Gloria Rainbow, *Ste-

phen Scott, *James S. Smith, *Ethel Tucker, *Brian Waters, John Wathen.

*Matriculated. †Completed qualifications for matriculation.

UNIVERSITY SCHOLARSHIPS

Literary—Gloria Rainbow.
General—Gloria Rainbow (6), Brian Waters (13), Ken Padman (20), Kevin Febey (21).
Science—Brian Waters (5), Ken Padman (9).
Sailors' and Soldiers' Memorial Scholarship—Noreen Miller (6), Ken Padman (7), Kevin Febey (13).
J. G. Hogg Scholarship.—Jean Dobbinson (2), Gloria Rainbow (6), Shirley Edwards (10).
A. I. Clark—Gloria Rainbow (3), Bessie Boag (5).
Gilchrist Watt—Gloria Rainbow (6).
Tasmanian Education Department Scholarship — Brian Waters.
Forestry Scholarship—Stephen Scott.
Sir Richard Dry Exhibition (Modern Languages)—Gloria Rainbow.
Sir Richard Dry Exhibition (Mathematics)—Brian Waters (6).
A. A. Stephens Memorial—Brian Waters (7), Ken Padman (8).

UNIVERSITY PRIZES

Federal Institute of Accountants—David Hunt.
Commonwealth Institute of Accountants — David Hunt.

BURSARIES

Senior Country—Robert Sharman.
French—Robert Campbell.
Economics—David Hunt.
Commerce—Ethel Tucker.
Naval Cadets' Examination—Bruce Rattray, Ernest Lyall.
Hemingway and Robertson Scholarship—Graeme Smith.

ASSEMBLY

When sometimes on a sultry day
The bell sounds loud and clear:
The students come without delay;
They flock from far and near.

They surge in through the great hall doors,
Pushing and shoving without a cause;
The prefects strutting up and down
Do quieten them with many a frown.

We, as seniors, sit on high,
And watch the scene below:
We see the mob and hear a cry—
The cry of Mr. Doe.

To raise his voice above the din,
He is obliged to roar:
And so we find ourselves kept in
To assemble there at four.

Then on the stage appears the staff,
We hear a murmur or a laugh;
And to our feet we quickly spring
Ready for "God Save the King."

"MARY"

THE ATHLETIC SPORTS

This year the sports were held on Friday and Saturday, April 27 and 28, respectively and resulted in a win for Wilmot House with a total of 436 points, followed by Franklin, 280; Arthur, 270 and Sorell, 249.

House competition was very keen and all runners were up to a high standard. M. Rees (W.), took the Open Championship with 26 points and P. Ockerby (A.), was runner-up with 16. With 24 points, B. Hutton (F.), won the Intermediate (under 15) Championship, D. Jarman (A.), running up with 10. C. Elliott (W.), 16 points, was under 13 Champion and D. Pitt (W.), was second with 14. The Open Field Games Championship was won by J. Weston (S.), 14 and M. Rees, 12, was second.

The Girls' Open Champion was D. Prewer (W.), 18, with S. Bennett (F.), 12, second. M. Little (S.), 18 and P. Eeles (S.), 10, were champion and runner-up respectively in the under 15. S. Terry (W.), 22, was under 13 champion with G. Boon (W.), 10, second. B. Bassett (W.), and D. Prewer, tied for Field Games Championship with 12 points.

Inter-Schools' Girls' Relay—Broadland House, 1; L.H.S., 2; M.L.C., 3.

A notable feature this year was the fact that many records were broken. Max Rees broke the half and quarter-mile records, running them in 2.10 4-5 and 55 secs. respectively. Peter Ockerby, by running 100 yards in 10 7-10 sec., clipped 1-10 sec. off the previous record. Brian Dean (W.), equalled the record of 5.0 1-5 in the mile championship. Helen Murray established the record of 4 ft. 5 ins. for the girls' under 15 high jump and S. Terry jumped 4 ft. 3 ins. in the girls' under 13 high jump.

ROWING NOTES

This year has proved a successful one for rowing. At the beginning of the year we were able to regain the Bourke Cup from Hobart. It had been in their possession for eight years. The crew was: J. Weston (bow), B. Rose (2), A. Stocks (3), J. Dean (stroke), G. Stewart (cox.).

Next year our crews will meet Hobart on the Derwent to contest the Clarke Shield. We hope that as a result of the House races, which were conducted this term, we shall be able to gather together a crew capable of defeating Hobart.

The House races resulted in a win for Franklin with 18 points, Arthur, 15 points; Wilmot, 12 points; Sorell, 9 points. The crews were:

Arthur—B. Bayly, D. Wells, D. Sutton, B. Rose (stroke), J. Crawley (cox.).

Franklin—J. Manzoney, J. Wivell, A. Stocks, J. Dean (stroke), S. Campbell (cox.).

Sorell—M. Wilson, V. Littlewood, A. Hutton, J. Weston (stroke), K. Jack (cox.).

Wilmot—A. Burns, B. Bowen, G. Bryan, D. Brown (stroke), G. Stewart (cox.).

We are at last fortunate in having both our boats in working order. Once again we are indebted to Sgt. Chandler, R.A.A.F., for giving up his valuable time to us. We would also like to thank Mr. Rollins for the interest he has taken in our crews this year and for the valuable time he has given up to help us.

SCHOOL CERTIFICATE EXAMINATION, 1944

Margaret Allen—4 Credits, 5 Passes.
Donald Arnold—1 Credit, 8 Passes.
Winifred Avery—6 Credits, 3 Passes.
Tom Bailey—9 Credits.
William Bayley—2 Credits, 4 Passes.
Donald Beauchamp—3 Credits, 6 Passes.
Mragaret Bell—3 Credits, 3 Passes.
Ada Bowe—6 Passes.
Kay Britcliffe—7 Credits, 2 Passes.
David Bruce—6 Passes.
Bernice Butterworth—7 Passes.
Keith Caelli—1 Credit, 7 Passes.
Donald Crow—8 Credits, 1 Pass.
Brian Coates—3 Credits, 6 Passes.
June Cookman—2 Credits, 7 Passes.
Dinah Curtain—4 Credits, 2 Passes.
Robert Coogan—1 Credit, 7 Passes.
John Clark—2 Credits, 5 Passes.
Betty Cooke—1 Credit, 6 Passes.
Alfred Crawford—7 Passes.
Gwenda Cox—6 Passes.
Jeanine Coates—6 Passes.
Georgina Dent—4 Credits, 3 Passes.
Nancy Dornauf—1 Credit, 5 Passes.
Trevor Emmett—1 Credit, 5 Passes.
Audrey Edwards—2 Credits, 7 Passes.
Nancy Elms—1 Credit, 8 Passes.
Kathleen Eastoe—1 Credit, 6 Passes.
Murray Elliott—7 Passes.
Ellen Fleisch—4 Credits, 5 Passes.
Blanche Farrell—2 Credits, 7 Passes.
Mary Greenhatch—8 Passes.
John Greeney—1 Credit, 6 Passes.
Derek Haigh—6 Passes.
Ava Hassell—6 Passes.
Joyce Hayes—1 Credit, 5 Passes.
George Harding—6 Passes.
Larry Killalea—6 Passes.
Dorothy Knight—1 Credit, 5 Passes.
Heather Lyne—6 Credits, 3 Passes.
Stan Lyall—2 Credits, 6 Passes.
Eunice Lyall—1 Credit, 7 Passes.
John Lees—6 Passes.
Jean Lancaster—1 Credit, 6 Passes.
Kath Lade—2 Credits, 7 Passes.
Douglas Lamb—7 Passes.
Geva McCormack—9 Credits.
John Manzoney—6 Passes.
Jean McArthur—1 Credit, 8 Passes.
Joan Mann—2 Credits, 5 Passes.
Hall May—8 Passes.
Marjorie Morgan—1 Credit, 6 Passes.
Graeme Nichols—6 Passes.
Allison Orchard—7 Credits, 2 Passes.
Peter Ockerby—8 Passes.
Joyce Oakley—2 Credits, 4 Passes.
Pamela Penman—6 Credits, 3 Passes.
Shirley Priest—1 Credit, 7 Passes.
Dorothy Prewer—6 Passes.
Beverley Prince—2 Credits, 7 Passes.
Terence Pinkard—3 Credits, 5 Passes.
Neil Pitt—9 Passes.
Barbara Page—7 Passes.
May Phillips—1 Credit, 5 Passes.
Norma Richardson—8 Passes.

Lois Roughley—1 Credit, 5 Passes.
Gwen Roberts—6 Passes.
Alf Rowberry—1 Credit, 6 Passes.
Stan Smith—5 Credits, 4 Passes.
Lola Symthe—5 Credits, 4 Passes.
Elaine Stephens—4 Credits, 5 Passes.
Shirley Sutton—4 Credits, 3 Passes.
Geoff Smith—8 Passes.
Alwyn Scolyer—6 Passes.
Mac Sloane—1 Credit, 5 Passes.
Elaine Sharp—6 Passes.
Mary Simmons—6 Passes.
Doris Sturges—6 Passes.
William Thompson—1 Credit, 7 Passes.
David Tudor—4 Credits, 5 Passes.
John Trudgian—1 Credit, 8 Passes.
Bruce Taylor—2 Credits, 5 Passes.
Geoff Thomas—1 Credit, 6 Passes.
Betty Tyson—6 Passes.
Gladstone Vertigan—4 Credits, 5 Passes.
Ken Viney—2 Credits, 6 Passes.
Gerald Waugh—6 Passes.

CADET CORPS ACTIVITIES

As the result of a recruiting drive held at the beginning of the year, it was possible to increase the corps established to 164. This allowed the formation of five platoons. Nos. 1 and 2 platoons of experienced cadets were under Cadet Lieuts. Wood and Rose. No. 3 platoon of recruits under Cadet Lieut. Wivell. No. 4 platoon, Sigs., and A.A.M.C. under Cadet Lieut. Pullen and No. 5 platoon consisting of last year's junior cadets, under Cadet Lieut. Stocks. At this stage of the year we were particularly short of junior N.C.O.'s and a number of cadets were made acting corporals.

Till Easter, all platoons carried out general training, including rifle and foot drill to prepare them for the annual camp. During the period March 29 to April 6, our detachment, together with other Launceston detachments and detachments from Devonport and Burnie was encamped at Evandale military camp.

Owing to the shortage of Army instructors, it was necessary for each detachment to carry out its own instruction and a feature of the camp was the splendid way in which most N.C.O.'s co-operated with the officers to make the training as successful as was possible. During the camp period, a platoon from the detachment competed successfully for the Hoad Trophy. This trophy, presented by the Commander Tas. L. of C. Area (Brig. O. V. Hoad, is to be contested each year by the northern detachments.

During the first terminal holidays, Cadet Officers from the detachment attended a two weeks' course at Seymour (Vic.). There, at an A.I.F. training establishment, they carried out an intensive course of training on a wide variety of weapons.

Early in the second term, a cadre was commenced for promotion to N.C.O. rank. Many of the cadets attending, displayed considerable enthusiasm for their work and should make good N.C.O.'s. Many promotions occurred as a result of the cadre.

SOFT BALL

The only match played by the whole team with an opposing team, was against Hobart. The Hobart team was successful. Our team combined and played well, but we were, unfortunately, the weaker team. The Hobart team gained a lead in the scores early in the game and we could not quite pass it. Our best players were: Dorothy Prewer, Pat Rose, Barbara Gilham.

CRITICISM OF PLAYERS

Pat Rose (Captain).—Co-pitcher and short-stop. Reliable pitcher. Ground work improved during season. Good captain.

Barbara Gilham (Vice-Captain).—Long-stop. A hard-hitting batter, a reliable fielder, and a hard worker.

Mary Greenhatch.—Co-pitcher and short-stop. A dependable pitcher and fielder and a neat batter.

Dorothy Prewer.—Back-stop. A sure catcher, with a nice sense of anticipation. Batting needs more force.

Audrey Hudson.—First base. A nice, clean player in both batting and fielding.

Beverley Prince.—Second base. Weak batter, but an excellent ground fielder.

Annie Gibbs.—Third base. Good batter, but inconsistent in fielding.

Beverley Bassett.—Short-stop. A forceful batter, a safe catcher, an accurate thrower, but weak in ground fielding.

Marjorie Morgan.—Long-stop. A little too erratic in both batting and fielding, but should develop with practice.

Norma Richardson.—Long-stop. A consistent batter and a stylish fielder.

Nancy Elms.—Emergency. A trier, but too impulsive in both batting and fielding.

Yvonne Howard.—Emergency. Nice batter, but unreliable on field.

TENNIS NOTES

At the beginning of the year, Murray Columbine was elected captain and Alan Butcher elected vice-captain. The team was unfortunate in losing four players from last year's team, but we soon settled down to solid training. We journeyed to Hobart feeling confident of success, but after a hard struggle, we were defeated five sets to four. The issue was in doubt until the last set, which we were unfortunate enough to lose. An example of how even the teams were is shown by the fact that the last match was finished at three-thirty. We would like to extend our congratulations to Hobart on winning the Inter-High Schools' Premiership.

Results of Hobart match (Launceston names first):

SINGLES

M. Columbine defeated R. Clarke, 9-7.

M. Jansson lost to A. Squires, 9-5.

A. Butcher lost to C. Rogers, 9-6.

S. Clarke lost to G. Hall, 9-8.

W. Alexander lost to J. Driscoll, 9-7.

N. Pitt defeated B. Williams, 9-7.

DOUBLES

Columbine and Jansson lost to Clarke and Squires, 6-3, 3-6, 6-5.

Butcher and Clarke defeated Rogers and Hall, 6-4, 6-5.

Alexander and Pitt defeated Driscoll and Williams.

CRITICISM OF PLAYERS

M. Columbine (Captain).—An offensive player with powerful strokes all round, his service being especially good. Has great fighting qualities and in all Inter-School matches this year, has proved himself a player of outstanding ability.

M. Jansson.—A forceful player with a good variety of strokes. He should develop into an excellent player when he learns to drive the right ball.

A. Butcher.—A most improved player with a good service and forehand. His backhand and volleying need more concentration.

S. Clarke.—A. Steady and earnest player who makes good strokes. However, he is far too slow on the court.

W. Alexander.—A player of medium standard, but needs more practice and experience.

N. Pitt.—A young player with a bright future. With practice could develop into a really good player. Has a good match temperament.

Emergencies.—T. Bailey and D. Wilson.

In conclusion the team would like to extend its thanks to the coaching of Mr. Rush, who spent much of his time with the team. We would also like to thank Mr. Jordan for accompanying us on the trip to Hobart.

FOOTBALL

Launceston High defeats Hobart High in the First Match of the Inter-High Schools' Premiership

Hobart opened well and were in front at the end of the first quarter, but after this Launceston took command of the game and won in nearly all departments of the game. Arnold was brilliant in defence and repelled all attacks, assisted ably by Caelli in the pocket back and full-back positions. Columbine played a true captain's game. He took command of play at centre half-forward and in the ruck and inspired his team-mates by his example. Vertigan dominated the centre and paved the way for many forward moves. Ockerby and Butcher roved splendidly and were a menace to the opposing backs while resting at pocket forward. Weston battled tirelessly in the ruck.

Crawford was South's best individual, while Parsons and Richardson's, South's wingsters, played well.

Final scores were—Launceston: 16 goals 4 behinds, 100 points; Hobart: 6 goals 8 behinds, 44 points.

Goalkickers—Sowell, 5; Columbine, 5; Butcher, 3; Ockerby, 2; Rundle, 1.

Best Players—Arnold (trophy for Best and Fairest), Columbine, Vertigan, Sowell, Ockerby, Butcher, Weston and Caelli.

Launceston High defeats Burnie High in Premiership Final by Large Margin

Launceston opened with a paralysing burst. A. Sowell kicked 4 goals in the first ten minutes. The Northerners showed more experience than the Coasters, by the better brand of football they displayed. Sowell was brilliant at full-forward and was responsible for six goals early in the match. Columbine was undefeated in the ruck. Vertigan was unbeaten in the centre and initiated many forward moves. In the second quarter Burnie settled down and fought back well, but in the third quarter, Launceston swept over

the Coasters and slammed on 11 goals. In the last quarter, Launceston easily kept the game in command.

Final scores—Launceston: 26 goals 16 behinds, 172 points; Burnie, 5 goals 3 behinds, 33 points.

Goalkickers—Columbine 10, Sowell, 6, Ockerby 4, Rundle 3, Pullen, Butcher and Hewitt.

Best Players—Sowell (trophy for Best and Fairest), Columbine, Vertigan, Weston, Arnold and Ockerby.

Burnie: Blackwell, Oberne, Coleman, Force and Wilson.

High Loses to Tech. in Thrilling Semi-Final in Junior Roster.

Winning in the ruck and faster to the ball, Tech. won in a fast moving game. High did not make full advantage of having the wind in the first quarter. Although High led at the commencement of the last quarter, Tech. finished strongly and won by a margin of 11 points.

Final Scores—Tech.: 8 goals 7 behinds, 55 points; High, 7 goals 2 behinds, 44 points.

Goalkickers—Rundle 3, Ockerby 2, Sowell and Columbine.

Best Players—Weston, Ockerby, Rundle, Vertigan, Crawford, Harding and Columbine.

CRITICISM OF PLAYERS

Murray Columbine (Captain).—An excellent ruckman and centre half-forward. Murray is a beautiful high mark and a good long kick with either foot. He always displays good football sense with his disposal and has been a perfect example for his team-mates to follow.

Don Arnold (Vice-Captain).—A forceful player, with sound judgment in marking and an excellent kick. In the full-back position, Don has no equal. He has uncanny anticipation, so vital to his position.

Gladstone Vertigan (Centre).—The neatest player in the side. An ideal centre player, with a good turn of speed. Gladstone has had the call over his opponents. His marking is sound, but his drop kicking needs improvement. With the experience he has gained this season, Gladstone will be in fine form next year.

Jeff Weston.—An excellent ruckman, with a tear-through style. Jeff, although lacking in height, has battled tirelessly against taller opponents. He is a sound mark, but his kicking needs considerable attention.

Alan Sowell.—The find of the season. Although not a tall player, Alan has filled the full-forward position admirably, being the leading goalkicker. He could try harder and attempt to improve his kicking.

Peter Ockerby.—Has roved well throughout the year. Although at times roving to a losing ruck, has played well. He has an excellent turn of speed which he should use to more advantage. Is an excellent kick.

Alan Butcher.—Has been change rover throughout the season. His best football has been shown while resting on the forward line, where he shows good goal sense. He must try harder and improve his marking and kicking.

Des. Rundle.—A young player who is an exceptionally accurate kick. Des has proved a valuable player on the forward line where he is very unselfish and combines well with his other forwards. He could use what weight he has to better advantage.

Keith Caelli.—Pocket back. On occasions has shown great dash in relieving his pocket, but his form is patchy.

Alf. Crawford.—Half-forward. Has shown promise during the year. Although slow, he is a good mark and kick. Should do well next year.

Bill Hutton.—Has had some success on the wing. Has plenty of pace and is a good kick. His judgment is not sound and he should endeavour to watch the ball more.

John Wood.—Half-forward. A reliable kick. Was unfortunate to injure a finger during the middle of the season.

Brian Suter.—Pocket back. A very determined player who rarely loses the ball. His kicking is poor and needs attention.

Brian Williamson.—Rugged determined follower, who lacks judgment. He has played well at times, but lacks knowledge of the game.

Max Pullen.—A speedy wingster. His dash earns him many kicks. He should learn to look for a team-mate when kicking.

Don Jarman.—Ruck and half-back. His form has been very patchy. He must learn to kick. His marking is sound.

Brian Dean.—A back player of dash. However, he lacks judgment and must learn to watch the ball.

Bruce Hewitt, Max Jansson, Geoff. Wright and Brian Rundle.—All able emergencies who had numerous games during the year.

In conclusion, the team would like to thank Mr. Jordan for all the time and energy he has put into coaching the side.

CRICKET, 1945

Captain, M. Rees; Vice, W. Allen; Coach, Mr. Moses.

Interest was again centred around the Inter-High School matches. The practice obtained in matches played with Launceston Grammar School stood us in good stead.

The first of the matches was played on the T.C.A. ground in Hobart. They won the toss and sent us in on a perfect wicket, but success was not ours, as five wickets fell for less than 50. A valuable 40 runs were added by Sowell, 26 and Allen 12. Brian Rundle batted well for 15. Our total was the respectable score of 123, Sowell, 55.

Hobart replied with 76. Rees, 5 for 33 and Arnold 3 for 28 prevented this total being larger. Our second innings at the wicket resulted in the fine score, 167 in very quick time. Vertigan was particularly fast in compiling his 31. We won on the first innings. Scores:

LAUNCESTON.—First Innings

M. Rees, b Paterson	11
P. Wood, b Paterson	6
A. Sowell, b. E. Richardson	55
D. Rundle, c Wignall, b Paterson	7
G. Vertigan, b Paterson	4
D. Arnold, c E. Richardson, b R. Richardson	8
W. Allen, b E. Richardson	12
B. Rundle, c Hardwicke, b E. Richardson	15
J. Greeney, lbw, b E. Richardson	0
C. Monaghan, b E. Richardson	0
A. Crawford, not out	2
Extras	3

Total 123

Bowling—Paterson, 4 for 42; E. Richardson, 5 for 28; R. Richardson, 1 for 17; J. Wignall, 0 for 24; Hardwicke, 0 for 7.

HOBART.—First Innings

G. Fordham, b Arnold	6
E. Richardson, b Rees	1
A. Hardwicke, b Arnold	0
H. Hudson, b Rees	12
A. Paterson c and b Arnold	2
T. Risely, b Rees	0
K. Crawford, c Crawford, b Allen	33
R. Richardson, b Rees	4
R. Linton, c D. Rundle, b Allen	13
J. Wignall, c Arnold, b Rees	0
M. Haywood, not out	0
Extras	1

TOTAL 72

Bowling—Rees, 5 for 33; Arnold, 3 for 28; Allen, 2 for 1; B. Rundle, 0 for 9.

LAUNCESTON.—Second Innings

M. Rees, c and b Paterson	24
P. Woods, c Wignall, b E. Richardson	10
D. Rundle, c Haywood, b E. Richardson	18
D. Arnold, c Rundle, b E. Richardson	11
A. Sowell, c Fordham, b R. Richardson	29
G. Vertigan, c and b, R. Richardson	31
W. Allen, c Hudson, b Linton	15
B. Rundle, c Paterson, b Linton	10
J. Greeney, run out	0
C. Monaghan, c Wignall, b Crawford	5
A. Crawford, not out	7
Extras	7

Total 167

Bowling—Paterson, 1 for 55; E. Richardson, 3 for 45; R. Richardson, 2 for 28; R. Linton, 2 for 26; K. Crawford, 1 for 6.

The following week the team travelled to Burnie for the State Premiership at West Park. We batted first and through Allen, 48; Wood, 30; Rees, 22; Arnold, 20 and Hewitt, 19 not out, we compiled 178. In reply Burnie could manage only 48. Except for one over, our bowlers were always on top. Arnold bowling with skill, secured 7 for 17, including the coveted "hat trick." Our second innings was a batting lesson and we declared with six down for 95. Burnie managed to bat out time and avoid an outright defeat. As it was, we won on the first innings. Scores:

LAUNCESTON.—First Innings

M. Rees, lbw, b Purton	22
P. Woods, b Ken	30
A. Sowell, lbw, b Cross	3
D. Rundle, lbw, b Cross	3
G. Vertigan, b Purton	2
D. Arnold, b Purton	30
W. Allen, c Ken, b Byrne	48
B. Rundle, b Ken	6
C. Monaghan, b Purton	0
A. Crawford, b Byrne	3
B. Hewitt, not out	19
Extras	12

TOTAL 178

Bowling—Purton, 4 for 54; Cross, 2 for 47; Ken, 2 for 31; Byrne, 2 for 34.

BURNIE.—First Innings

D. Boatwright, st Sowell, b Arnold	4
G. Hudson, b Rees	0
N. Purton, lbw, b Arnold	0
R. Ken, st Sowell, b Arnold	21
C. Byrne, c Rees, b Arnold	0
K. Snooks, run out	6
G. Cross, b Rees	2
K. Hudson, st Sowell, b Arnold	4
R. Jones, b Arnold	0
W. Midgley, st Sowell, b Arnold	0
T. McNab, not out	1
Extras	10

Total 48

Bowling—M. Rees, 2 for 21; D. Arnold, 7 for 17.

LAUNCESTON.—Second Innings

M. Rees, lbw, b Ken	12
A. Sowell, retired	24
W. Allen, st G. Hudson, b Purton	23
D. Rundle, b Burton	13
D. Arnold, c Midgley, b Cross	3
G. Vertigan, b Cross	0
P. Wood, not out	3
B. Rundle, not out	5
Extras	12

Total for Six Wickets (declared) 95

Bowling—Purton, 2 for 33; Ken, 1 for 24; Cross, 2 for 22.

BURNIE.—Second Innings

G. Hudson b Arnold	26
N. Purton, b Arnold	18
D. Boatwright, run out	4
R. Ken, c Crawford, b Arnold	5
K. Snooks, lbw, b Rees	6
C. Bryne, b Arnold	0
G. Cross, c Rees, b Arnold	14
K. Hudson, b Arnold	2
R. Jones, not out	12
Extras	12

Total, for 8 wickets 99

Bowling—Arnold, 6 for 46; Rees, 1 for 23.

In conclusion the team wishes to express its sincere thanks to Mr. Moses for the time he has spent with the boys. Particularly would they thank him for his instruction in fielding. As a result of which the team fielded brilliantly throughout the matches.

CRITIQUE OF PLAYERS

Max Rees (Captain).—An inspiring leader. The fastest schoolboy bowler in the island and given an early success, is unplayable. Max is a very attractive and exceedingly forceful batsman, with plenty of power in all his shots. Max can fill any position in the field with equal success.

Bill Allen (Vice-Captain).—A beautiful bat with shots all round the wicket, particularly strong on the off. All his shots have a wristy action pretty to watch. Bill is a sound field and good medium-fast bowler. He has a very sound knowledge of the game.

Don Arnold.—A most accurate and deceiving slow bowler. He varies his attack well and always gets wickets. One of the safest fieldsmen in the eleven. Don is also a powerful batsman, with a remarkable "eye."

Gladstone Vertigan.—The best field in the side. Is still a little hasty in batting, particularly on the off. A very accurate bowler, but should vary his attack more. Much is expected of him next year.

Des Rundle.—A most improved batsman. Uses his feet to advantage when driving. An improving medium-fast bowler and a sound field.

Phil Wood.—Has the desired temperament for an opening batsman. Cannot be tempted. Good field and useful change left-hand bowler.

Alan Sowell.—The "find of the season." An excellent wicketkeeper and although unorthodox, is a good batsman. Showed to advantage in inter-High matches in both spheres.

Brian Rundle.—Rapidly improving in both batting and bowling. An excellent field in the "country."

Aif Crawford.—Had good defence, but needs more experience. A safe field.

Bruce Hewitt.—Improved throughout the season, but should develop more shots. Throwing needs attention.

John Greeney.—Should learn to use his whole arm instead of wrist only. An excellent outfield.

Cyril Monaghan.—Shows marked possibilities in both batting and bowling, but needs to pay more attention in the field.

John Hays.—Enthusiastic, but lacks shots. These will come with more practice.

BASKETBALL NOTES

This year, although we had no members from last year's Firsts, we were successful in all our matches. We were fortunate in getting Margaret Little from another school, who was elected captain, with Beverley Prince as vice. The girls are all very co-operative and through their determination to win and the excellent coaching of Miss Limb, we managed to win the Island Premiership against Hobart and Burnie. For the first time, our team won the N.T.W.B.B.A., but we were defeated easily by St. Joseph's, who were a very experienced team of strong young women. I am sure every member of our team benefitted by the experience of this game. We defeated Hobart by a very small margin after an extremely exciting game. The scores were 28 to 26. The whole team played very well, but M. Little was outstanding.

Later we played Burnie with success. The scores were 36 to 10. Although the scoring was high, the game was very close. Excellent play was shown by

each member of the team throughout the match. The girls representing the team were:

Margaret Little (Captain).—Attack wing. A very pretty player to watch and is always in the right place at the right time. An intelligent and capable captain.

Beverley Prince (Vice).—Centre. Has a good knowledge of the numerous systems and although she has little confidence in herself, she plays a good game.

Nancy Elms.—Also lacks confidence, but has improved in throwing and catching. Is an accurate goal thrower.

June Mold.—Defence wing. Good player, but rather careless in throwing.

Dorothy Prewer.—Defence. Brilliant defence and always reliable to play a good game.

Beverley Bassett.—Goal-thrower. Good at her position and is very fast on her feet.

Greta Barry.—Defence. Proves to be a brilliant defence when she wakes up.

Doreen Talbot.—Although emergency, she played in most of the N.T.W.B.B.A. matches and should be a promising player with more experience.

Other emergency was Norma Richardson.

We are all very grateful to Miss Limb for giving up a great deal of her time to coach us. It is with very great regret that we will not have Miss Limb to lead us next year and our best wishes go with her.

TENNIS NOTES (Girls)

Right from the beginning of the year the team settled down to hard practice in preparation for the Inter-High School match. We played several practice matches with College, in most of which we were successful. We thank them for the practice they gave us.

Early in the season Dulcie Alcock was elected Captain and Eraine Crothers, Vice. The team is as follows:

D. Alcock (Captain).—Dulcie's game is a delight to watch. Her style is easy, strokes are well made and she possesses an excellent match temperament.

E. Crothers (Vice).—Strong player, with excellent volleying and forehand strokes.

J. Mold.—Good style and strong backhand player, with strong "will-to-win" attitude.

M. Little.—Strong forehand. Backhand and serve need attention. Good match player.

S. Hawkes.—Has sound foundation. Should develop into a strong, forceful player with practice.

S. Waldron.—Suffered from lack of experience. Should improve greatly with more match practice.

B. Craw and J. Bulman.—Emergencies.

On March 26 we played Hobart High School on "Sunnyside" courts, Hobart and the match resulted in a victory for us by seven sets (79 games) to two sets (45 games). Results (Launceston names first):

SINGLES

D. Alcock defeated B. Greenwood, 9—6.

J. Mold defeated F. Colburn, 9—4.

E. Crothers defeated B. Colburn, 9—1.

M. Little defeated R. Coombe, 9—3.

S. Hawkes defeated M. Smith, 9—4.

S. Waldron lost to V. Langridge, 8—9.

DOUBLES

D. Alcock and J. Mold defeated B. Greenwood and F. Colburn, 9—5.

E. Crothers and M. Little defeated B. Colburn and R. Coombe, 9—4.

S. Hawkes and S. Waldron lost to M. Smith and V. Langridge, 8—9.

On March 23 we met Devonport on their own courts for the Premiership match. After a very close and exciting match we defeated them by five sets (69 games) to four (62 games). Results:

SINGLES

D. Alcock defeated F. Gilbert, 9—5.

J. Mold lost to L. Gibbons, 7—9.

E. Crothers defeated T. Finlayson, 9—7.

M. Little defeated M. Hill, 9—3.

S. Hawkes defeated N. Lakin, 9—6.

S. Waldron lost to C. Dooley, 3—9.

DOUBLES

D. Alcock and J. Mold lost to F. Gilbert and L. Gibbons, 6—9.

E. Crothers and M. Little defeated L. Finlayson and M. Hill, 9—5.

S. Hawkes and S. Waldron lost to N. Lakin and C. Dooley, 8—9.

All members of the team are extremely grateful to the people of Hobart and Devonport for the kind hospitality they showed during our visit and we are looking forward to repaying it next year.

One of our players, June Mold, won the School-girls' Championship of Northern Tasmania after defeating A. Williams (M.L.C.).

The team was fortunate in having Miss Deane as coach once more and all are very grateful to her for the time she spent in coaching the team.

HOCKEY NOTES, 1945

Captain, Eraine Crothers; Vice-Captain, Pat Rose; Coach, Miss Powell.

Throughout the year the team proved very strong and lost only a few matches. The match against Hobart High resulted in a win for us by a large margin, the scores being 6—1.

Goal strikers: Eraine Crothers, 3; Stephanie Hawkes, 2; D. Alcock, 1.

The team played very well, the best players being Eraine Crothers, Pat Rose, Stephanie Hawkes, Pat Stephens.

We met Devonport High on our own ground for the State Premiership, but Devonport proved too strong, the final scores being 5—1, in Devonport's favour.

Goal striker: Eraine Crothers.

Best players: Pat Rose, Eraine Crothers, Pat Stephens, Stephanie Hawkes.

Throughout the season the team played many matches against M.L.C. and topped the roster of the Northern Women's Hockey Association as far as it was played.

The following are the girls who have represented the Firsts:

E. Crothers (Captain)—Has displayed initiative and judgment as captain. Stickwork outstanding, passing deliberate and goal-striking accurate.

P. Rose (Vice).—A thoroughly reliable centre-half who exhibits fine stickwork. Inclined to wander from position.

A. Hudson—Centre-forward. Has played well in this position and distributes play evenly.

D. Alcock—Right-inner. A player always to be relied on, uses very good strokes.

S. Hawkes—A very fast wing who passes very well and has some spectacular goals to her credit.

J. Cookman—Right wing. A newcomer to the side who has made progress. Should develop more speed.

M. Greenhatch—Left half-back. Backs her forwards well and is one of the team's most improved players, but needs a greater variety of strokes.

M. Atkins—Right half-back. Strong on the back-line, but is too erratic.

P. Stephens—Right back. One of the strongest members of the team. Stickwork is very good and places ball well.

S. Waldron—Very strong back. Has played well throughout the season, but still needs greater care when placing the ball.

F. Eastman—Goalie. Has worked well throughout the season, but needs far more practice.

F. Lehner—Plays neatly on the back-line and should make a very good player.

M. Morgan—A fast wing, but incapable of keeping ball under control.

D. Curtain—Should develop into a good goalie with practice.

In conclusion the team is greatly indebted to Miss Powell, who has given up much of her time coaching the team.

THE SWIMMING CARNIVAL

This year Arthur gained first position with 149 points. Wilmot was second with 115 points, Sorell third with 100½ and Franklin last with 82½.

Max Rees (W.) and Pat Rose (A.), were winners of the Boys' and Girls' Open Championships. The Intermediate Champions were J. Cullen (S.) and M. Wheeler (A.) N. Huxley (A.) and B. Collins (F.) were Junior Champions. Boys' names are first in each case.

Despite light showers on the day of the carnival, Wednesday, February 21, competition was keen and boisterous applause was up to the usual standard.

BE CALM WITH LIFE

When life seems dull and everything is sad,
And no light penetrates the gloom around,
When each advancing day brings sorrows drear,
And desolation takes you by the hand,
Then do not cry for respite from the ache—
Be calm and banish all the threatening tears;
A shining haze is showing through the rain—
A golden glory that will end all fears
And Life, with all its merriment and joy,
Its songs and love and bliss will come your way.
The scattered tears that fall just help to make
A brighter road to walk on through your day.
So bear with troubles till they pass you by—
Be calm with Life, or Life will pass you by.

HEATHER LYNE (B1, Franklin)



PREFECTS, 1945



CLASS "A1," 1945



CLASS "A2," 1945

THE WAY OF LIFE

Life is like a cloud of dry leaves which have fallen from an old tree and which are blown by a soft wind along the bank of a swift flowing river. Each leaf seeks to reach the top of this confused, tumbling heap, where it can travel in comparative comfort and not be open to the buffeting those forced to remain at the bottom of the pile receive. Very often, several are blown into the stream, which swiftly bears them away to the sea. Many pass perilously near the brink of this torrent and, ultimately, most of them fall to their doom, but some lucky ones are whisked away to temporary safety by the interminable breeze.

Sometimes a whirlwind arises, which tosses the leaves about and in the process puffs many into the river, while many of those that remain on the bank are torn and generally made ragged. These are easy prey for the wind, which gradually forces them into the stream, from which they can never hope to return. And always, just when the leaves are peacefully moving along, one of these whirlwinds arises and shatters their smooth pathway, while those that are left, continue their separate ways, undeterred by the loss of some. Soon the confused heap reaches a narrow tributary of the great river, into which the wind blows most of the pile and which carries them into the stream and, in the end, to the sea. Although some leaves manage to cross the tributary, very soon, they too, descend to the ever-waiting water.

Down to the sea, the river carries all those leaves which have fallen into it. Some lucky ones pass into a calm lagoon, but others, less fortunate, are borne out into the rough water, where they are beaten and

buffeted as they never had been before upon the bank. And this cycle will continue until winter comes, when all the leaves will have fallen from the great tree and when the river will be frozen over by the intense cold.

"Up the earth's centre, through the seventh gate
I rose, and on the throne of Saturn sate,
And many knots unravelled by the road,
But not the knot of human death and fate."

—Fitzgerald

TOM BAILEY (B, Sorell)

THE MOON

When the Night Fairy draws her cloak over the sleepy world,

And the huntress, Diana, draws her bow from which the stars are hurled,

And the god, Apollo, drives away in his chariot of fire.
The silver crescent of the moon rises slowly to greet the stars.

Each night she becomes more beautiful, bigger and rounder, until—

She turns her face towards the earth and shines on mount and hill.

BERNICE CROCKER (B1)

HOUSE NOTES

ARTHUR (Boys)

At the beginning of the year, Murray Columbine was elected House Captain, but upon being made head prefect, Gladstone Vertigan was elected House Captain with Bruce Rose, House Secretary.

We were successful in winning the swimming carnival which was held earlier in the year. N. Huxley gained the Junior Championship. But in the running sports we were not so successful. We finished in third position. Murray Columbine and Peter Ockerby ran well for the House. At the end of the second term, we were third in House positions.

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

Cricket.—G. Vertigan, A. Crawford and J. Hayes.
Tennis.—M. Columbine (Captain), A. Butcher (Vice), M. Jansson and D. Wilson.
Football.—M. Columbine (Captain), G. Vertigan, A. Butcher, M. Jansson, A. Crawford, D. Jarman, P. Ockerby, B. Hewitt and G. Wright.
Crew.—B. Rose.

In conclusion we would like to thank Mr. Smith, our House Master for the time and work he has put into House affairs.

ARTHUR (Girls)

At the beginning of the year June Cookman was appointed captain, to succeed Pat Rose, who was elected House Prefect and Dulcie Alcock Secretary. We were very successful in the swimming carnival, gaining first place. Outstanding swimmers were Pat Rose (Open Champion), M. Wheeler (Under 15 Champion), Vonda Rose, Lesley Read (runners-up, Under 13).

In the Athletic Sports we were not quite so successful, coming third. There were no outstanding runners.

At the end of the first term, Arthur gained second place in the House Ladder and was third at the end of the second term.

Those who represented Arthur in School teams were:

Tennis.—Dulcie Alcock (Captain), Barbara Craw (emergency).

Softball.—Pat Rose (Captain), Nancy Elms.

Hockey.—Pat Rose (Vice), Dulcie Alcock, June Cookman.

Basketball.—Nancy Elms.

Mrs. Heazlewood has once again acted as House Mistress and we thank her for her able supervision.

FRANKLIN (Boys)

At the beginning of the year, John Wivell was elected House Captain and J. Dean, Vice. In the swimming carnival we succeeded in gaining last position. However, several of our members did good work. In the Athletic Sports we were quite well represented and gained second place. Bill Hutton won the Intermediate Championship for the House. Members in the teams are as follows:

First Crew.—J. Dean (Stroke), A. Stocks (3).

First Cricket.—W. Allen, D. Rundle, B. Rundle.

First Football.—D. Rundle, K. Caelli, W. Hutton, B. Rundle.

FRANKLIN (Girls)

At the first meeting of the House this year, Barbara Gilham was elected as House Captain and Barbara Hamilton as Secretary. Miss Cooper is again the House Mistress.

Franklin has not done very well this year in any sphere of sport. In the Athletic Sports we secured second position with 280 points, but were a long way behind the leading house. Shirley Bennett was runner-up for the Girls' Open Championship and put up a good performance. In the swimming carnival we were not successful either. We were in fourth position and at the end of the second term, we were regrettably again in last position. Perhaps next year, with greater effort from every individual, we may fare better.

Members of the teams are:

Tennis.—J. Bulman.

Softball.—B. Gilham (Vice-Captain), B. Prince, J. Howard.

Basketball.—B. Prince, G. Barry.

SORELL (Boys)

Sorell, beginning the year with good prospects, took up the challenge and with the whole-hearted effort of every member of the House, we managed to gain second position in the House contest.

During the first term the swimming and athletic carnivals were held, Sorell gaining third place in both. We obtained far better results in scholastics and grade football, only through the determination of the House members.

Sorell was well represented in sport teams:

Football.—Jeff Weston, Alan Sowell, Brian Suter, John Wood.

Cricket.—Alan Sowell.

Tennis.—Tom Bailey.

At the commencement of the first term, Jeff Weston was elected House Captain and Kay Kidd, Secretary, who were aided in every possible way by the House Master, Mr. Jordan. Our congratulations go to all those in the teams and all trophy winners. Our thanks are extended to Mr. Jordan, who has shown so much interest and enthusiasm in the House affairs.

SORELL (Girls)

At the first House meeting this year, members of Sorell elected Joan Davey, Captain and June Mold, Secretary. Miss L. Russell and Miss L. Paul, to whom we extend our thanks for their helpful supervision, carried on their former positions of House Mistresses.

During the first term we did not achieve the success of the last year at the swimming sports, since only a small number of our swimmers performed. However, at the athletic sports, although we secured only fourth place, we had some good teamwork together with the Intermediate Champion and runner-up—M. Little and P. Eeles.

Our House was well represented in the various sports teams, the members being as follows:

Tennis.—E. Crothers (Vice-Captain), J. Mold, M. Little, S. Hawkes, S. Waldron.

Softball.—M. Morgan, M. Greenhatch, A. Hudson.

Basketball.—M. Little (Captain), J. Mold.

Hockey.—E. Crothers (Captain), A. Hudson, S. Waldron, P. Stevens, M. Greenhatch, S. Hawkes.

WILMOT (Boys)

Wilmot started a successful year with Max Rees as House Captain and George Harding as Vice-Captain. With Max Open Champion and George runner-up, the House came third in the swimming sports. We made up for this in the athletic sports by winning by a large margin. Max was again Open Champion and next in line for the title of Field Games Champion, being beaten by a point. The 440 yards, 880 yards and kicking the football records were broken and the mile record was equalled by members of the House. It was good to see the first three in the 880 yards and the first two in the mile wearing the House colours. Under the supervision of the Captains and Vice-Captains, we won the House parade. The Captain and Vice-Captain left during the year and Don Arnold was elected to fill the vacancy of House Captain. Scholastic achievements were much better this year.

Members in the teams:

Cricket.—M. Rees (Captain), D. Arnold, P. Wood, M. Pullen

Tennis.—S. Clark, W. Alexander.

Football.—D. Arnold (Vice), M. Pullen, B. Williamson, B. Dean, J. Loone.

We hope that the House stays at the top of the list, so work hard next year, boys.

We would like to thank Mr. Rush for his interest in the House.

WILMOT (Girls)

At the commencement of the first term, Lesley Ingles was elected House Captain and Marion Atkins, House Secretary. The swimming carnival was the first success of the year. Although we did not gain top place, we did well to gain second place.

The athletic sports were the highlight of the year for Wilmot. Dorothy Prewer took off the Open Championship very neatly with Bev. Bassett Field Games Champion and Dorothy Prewer runner-up. Shirley Terry won the Under 13 Championship with Gladys Boone runner-up. All competitors did their best for the House. The Grand House march was won by Wilmot. This is the first time a House March has ever taken place. Wilmot has had a very successful year this year and our congratulations go to those who made it the successful House for the year.

Wilmot representatives in School teams are:

Softball.—Beverley Bassett, Norma Richardson, Annie Gibb.

Hockey.—Marion Atkins and Frances Eastman.

Basketball.—Dorothy Prewer, Beverley Bassett, Doreen Talbot and Norma Richardson.

At the end of the first term, Wilmot were successful in reaching the top position and have managed to keep the top position by 34.6 points.

Miss Richardson and Mrs. Powell were House Mistresses this year and we thank them for their interest in the House.

BURSARIES

Junior Country—J. Hills, A. Goss, J. Targett, H. Bartlett, M. Pugh, W. Barnes, G. Barnes, H. Bensemann, B. Graham.

Junior City—K. Burns, D. Scott.

Senior Country—H. Lyne.

Senior City—K. Britcliffe.

A SPRING MEDLEY

Before me lies the river, glistening and tranquil in the spring sunshine. The tiny ripples travel sleepily shoreward as though they are in no hurry—but who could hurry on such a heavenly day? The works of man seem incongruous in such a beautiful setting. The white, old-fashioned mill seems stark and drab, while even the bridge looks vaguely uncomfortable as though it knows that iron and steel have no place among God's work. Even the water, elsewhere so pellucid, is here turned to a murky brown. Breaking the stillness comes the shattering roar of motor vehicles.

The sky is as blue and as clear as sapphires. Yachts and motor-boats are moored all over the river, which is almost as blue as the sky. Some cast perfect reflections in the crystal water, while others are ugly, dirty and dilapidated, and serve only to mar the beauty of the scene.

Gazing farther down the river, my eyes meet the grey war-weary cargo ships. They form a rather careworn background to the friendlier pleasure boats. From the funnels which have just regained their peacetime colours, thin, white feathers of smoke ascend lazily upward in the fascinating way smoke has. On the ships, the busy men are loading and sweating.

Framed by the dark green of a pine, and the duller lustre of a gum, the rowing shed makes a very pretty picture. The sun is shining brightly upon it and on the brown patrol boat in the foreground. Behind it, on the hill slopes of Trevallyn, the houses stand carelessly around interspersed with trees. Shaded from the sun, the Gorge is lit by the bright yellow of festooning creepers.

Glistening white seagulls are swooping expectantly among the black rigging of the five ships moored to the wharf. A wandering zephyr disturbs the rushes and my attention is drawn to hundreds of tiddies playing follow-the-leader among the green weeds.

There is just a slight breeze blowing, which seems to give the air that indescribable freshness of a spring morning. The shimmering film of warmth turns the mountains mystic and hazy. Like the dancing yachts, the dainty, pink cherry trees fringe the green lawns. Along the foreshore wild poppies are striving for an existence among the rubbish.

Across the river there are trees of pale and dark green, mingled together as only Nature can. Newly leafed willows soften the darker emerald of the elms and droop sadly over the water. Nearby, some unseen birds are voicing their delight in musical twitterings.

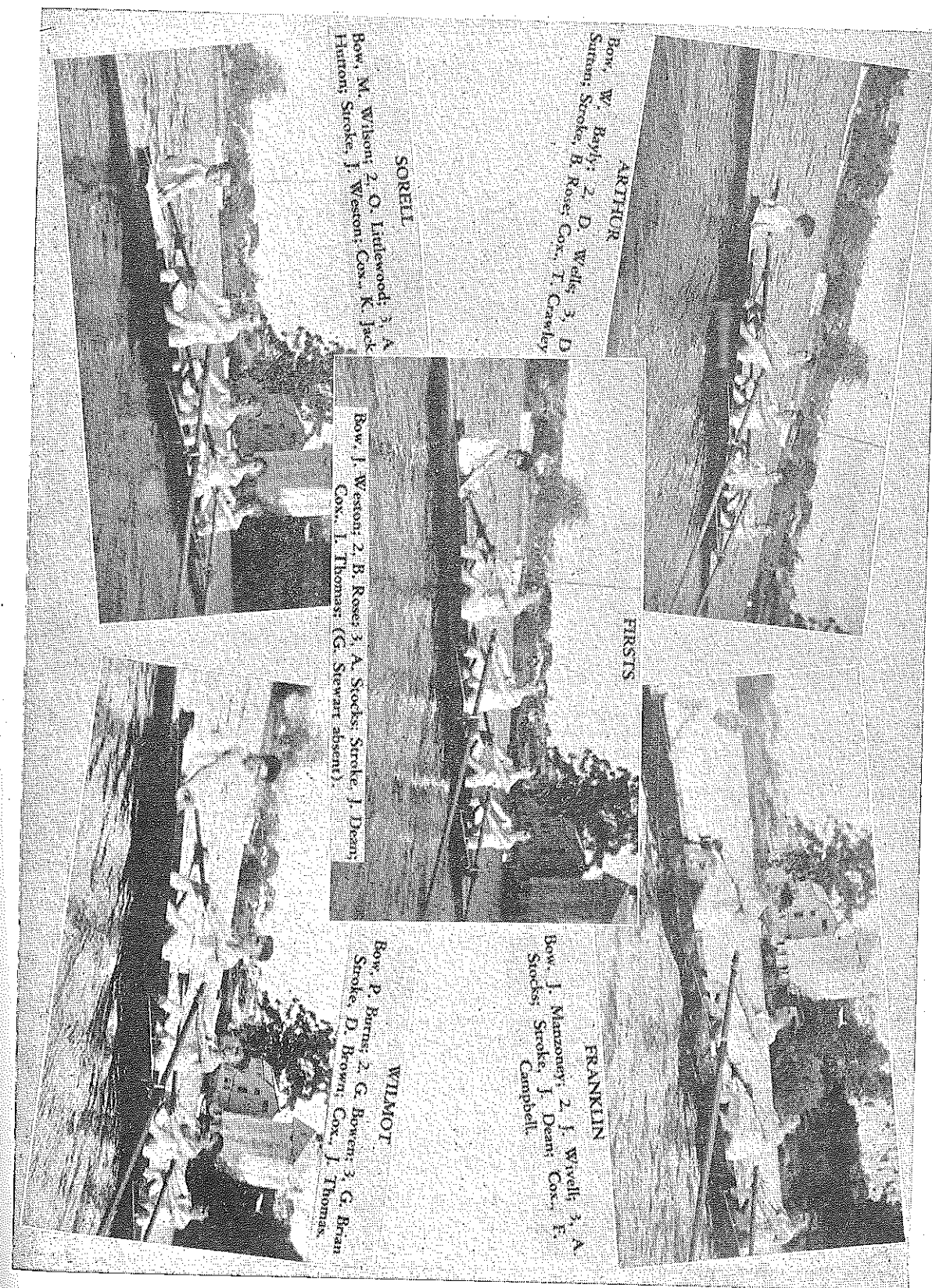
To-day is a spring day out of Paradise—so calm, glorious and lovely, that everything, from the tiny fishes to the great ships, is revelling in its beauty.

Cl.

THE SUN

One moment the distant hills are dark—
The next they are streaked with gold:
Revealing every ragged peak and fold
Because the sun, that everlasting spark,
Has risen unheralded to light the dark;
Has come unbidden to relieve the cold
And with a face that is forever bold—
Looks down on every meadow, hill and park.

S. WALDRON, B. Sorell.



THE OPERA



"Tulipart," one of the most noteworthy presentations ever received by an audience in Launceston, was yet another example of the brilliance evinced by Mr. Moses last year. It is really remarkable that in less than half a year, one man could produce such a glittering piece of wit and beauty as "Tulipart." Mr. Moses is responsible for the lyrics, libretto, melodies, vocal scoring, orchestration, production musical direction and make-up. For him, no praise can be too high.

The scenery, posters and stage decorations were tastefully executed by Miss Cornell and the Art Class. The pretty Dutch-girl costumes of pink, green and primrose worn by the chorus, were made by the girls themselves, under the direction of Miss Cleaver, who also supervised the costuming of the principals.

The story of "Tulipart" is centred in the "Tulip School of Art" in Holland. Weelda de Brusche, the principal, needing a rest badly, goes for a holiday after his daughter, Greta and Weyra, his wife, have persuaded him that the school needs new blood. This blood comes in the form of Aubrey Snog, a conceited fop. He is certain that he, Aubrey, is the embodiment of masculine perfection and in trying to be nice to everyone, becomes involved in a hopeless muddle and is forced to leave.

John Wivell gave a delightful performance as Weelda de Brusche. His foreign accent and make-up was entirely convincing and on his rare appearances he completely captured the audience.

As his wife, Weyra, Pat Stephens gave a very talented portrayal of the patient, witty spouse of the temperamental Weelda.

One of the most delightful characters in the opera, that of Greta de Brusche, was taken by Jean Lancaster. Her beautiful voice in rendering her solos will not be forgotten by the listeners for many years to come. As Greta is a very romantic young lady, she thinks that a young man around the place would be very acceptable and pursues Aubrey Snog.

This is a state of affairs which does not please Hans, the caretaker. Hans was delightfully interpreted by John Manzoney. He lived his part.

Lena, an intellectual student, although a trifle advanced in years, also fell under Mr. Snog's spell. This part was taken by Dinah Curtain. As Tina and Cleana, her "off-siders," Barbara Gilham and Janice Ingles gave extremely humorous and clever performances.

The rivals of Lena, Tina and Cleana were Sweyta, Nita and Lydia played by Blanche Farrell, Thelma Sherriff and Beverley Bardenhagen. These three were pretty girls, who were determined that, with all their beauty and experience, their representative, Sweyta, should win Mr. Snog. Blanche Farrell played her final role at school, in the part of Sweyta and her voice was never lovelier.

Pat Rose was brilliant as the pain-racked Morphia. Her make-up and quick changes were superb and she completely stole every scene in which she appeared. As well as giving a marvellous performance on stage,



she was also responsible for the supervision of the costumes and programme design, as well as devoting much time in assisting with the heavy clerical work involved in the preparation of the opera. It is hard to believe that she is actually still a schoolgirl!

Fay Gearing, appearing for the first time as a principal in the High School opera, produced some memorable songs with her lovely young voice. She was Rita, a good little student.

Paul Phelps sent the audience into gales of laughter with his portrayal of Aristotle, his make-up and costume were the cause of hundreds of relaxed face muscles.

Alex Stocks fitted in to the part of Aubrey Snog, the egotistical art tutor, with utmost ease. His acting and enunciation were perfect and his singing was charming. With never a false move, he conveyed the audience a most natural and clever piece of acting.

One of the most lovable characters in the show was played by John Hayes. His was the part of Van-de-Groote, the provisions merchant. The audience waited for his every appearance and acknowledged it with spontaneous enthusiasm.

John Cullen and Don Martin gave fine performances as Dr. Zodiac, a magician and Gagspagora, his assistant. The songs which Don sang alone and in duets with Fay Gearing, were of lilting sweetness, admirably suited to his voice.

The chorus of students was the means of rendering some delightful songs and the orchestra of two pianos, six violins, a trumpet, cornet, tenor horn and euphonium, was another medium for portraying Mr. Moses' lovely music.

I am one who will never forget the opera, nor the time and hard work devoted by all the performers. Thank you, Mr. Moses!

DINAH CURTAIN

A PREHISTORIC SWIMMING CARNIVAL

A terrific bellow rent the air—it was made by the judge, starter and sole organiser of the carnival, a truly gigantic dinosaur. Before the echoes of his yell had died away, the first race was over and won—won easily, too. One of the hundreds of ichthyosaurs

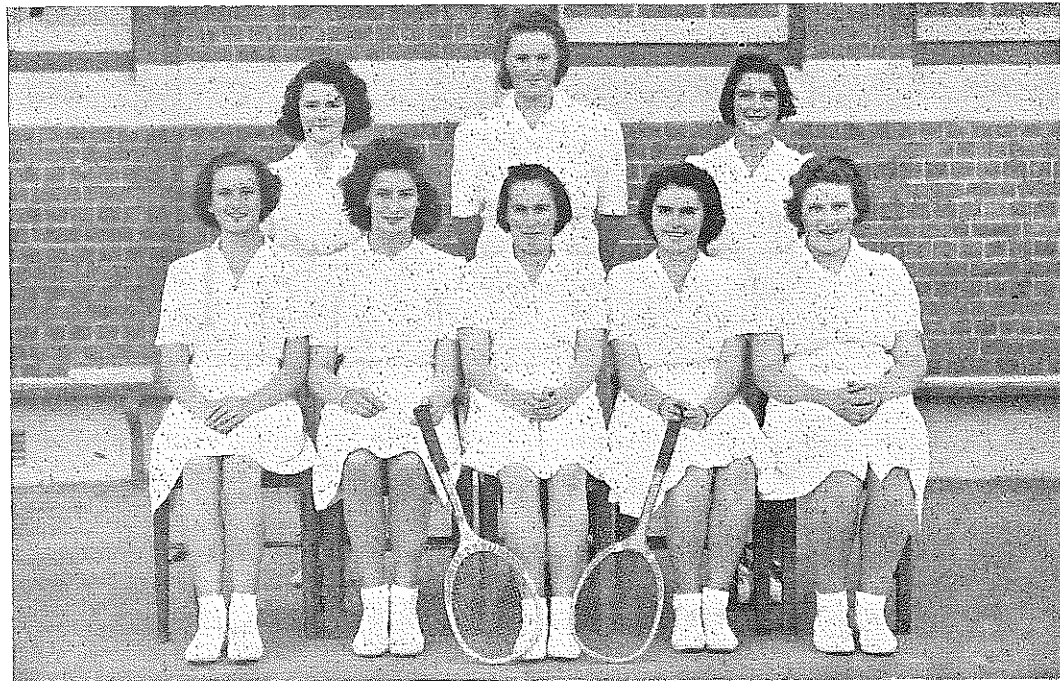
which dived into the water half-way down the course, had outswum the rest by a matter of yards. That particular "itch" received the honours of the race, for, although the judge quite realised that he was not being fair, those "itches" comprised at least three-quarters of the crowd and they would certainly know how to use their advantage if their champion was not honoured.

Ah, the babies' race was next on the list—it should be interesting. And there were the youngsters all lined up neatly at the finishing post—for, of course, you must know that prehistoric animals began at the ends of things, or, so to speak, went backwards. All their mothers were with them to give their offspring a good spring-off, while at the starting-post were their fathers ready to drag them the last few gruelling yards. All along the course were their relatives and a few chosen friends who would help them along. When all were ready, the starter's horrible din once more awoke the echoes of that ancient place, causing everyone to pop hurriedly out of his somewhat hoary hide. It was afternoon-tea time before the majority regained their composure and were able to pop in again. Although they did not know it, the baby race was won by a small sterodactyl.

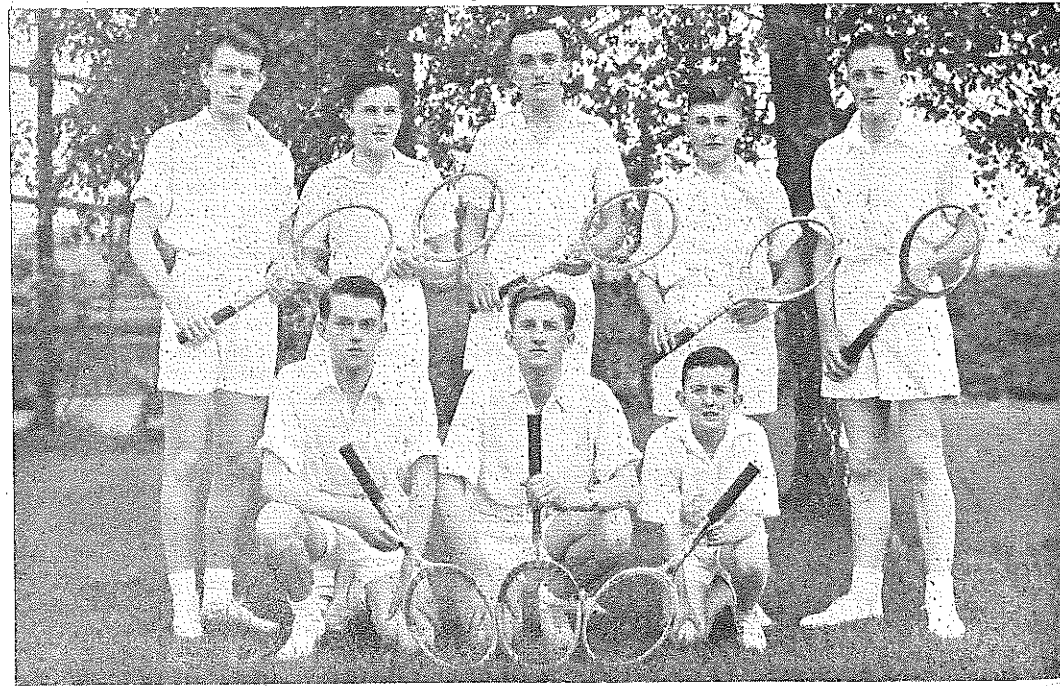
While the contestants in the carnival rested, ate and drank profusely, the crowd decided to try the water, so in they dashed. They were still in hours later when the swimmers returned, most of them quite "under the influence" and all in on state for swimming. Then, while the former contestants stood watching, the former watchers proceeded to give a most enlightening display on how to swim everywhere at once. The poor judge, hiccupping at extremely frequent intervals, raved up and down, calling out that "the show must go on." At last everyone tired of this and he was "ducked", in a very consummate manner and retired to his cave very tired, wet and bad-tempered.

After his departure, the members of the crowd began to make their various ways homewards, all convinced that it had been the best carnival in years, everyone overlooking the fact that there had been but two races.

E. GARNER (D2, Arthur)



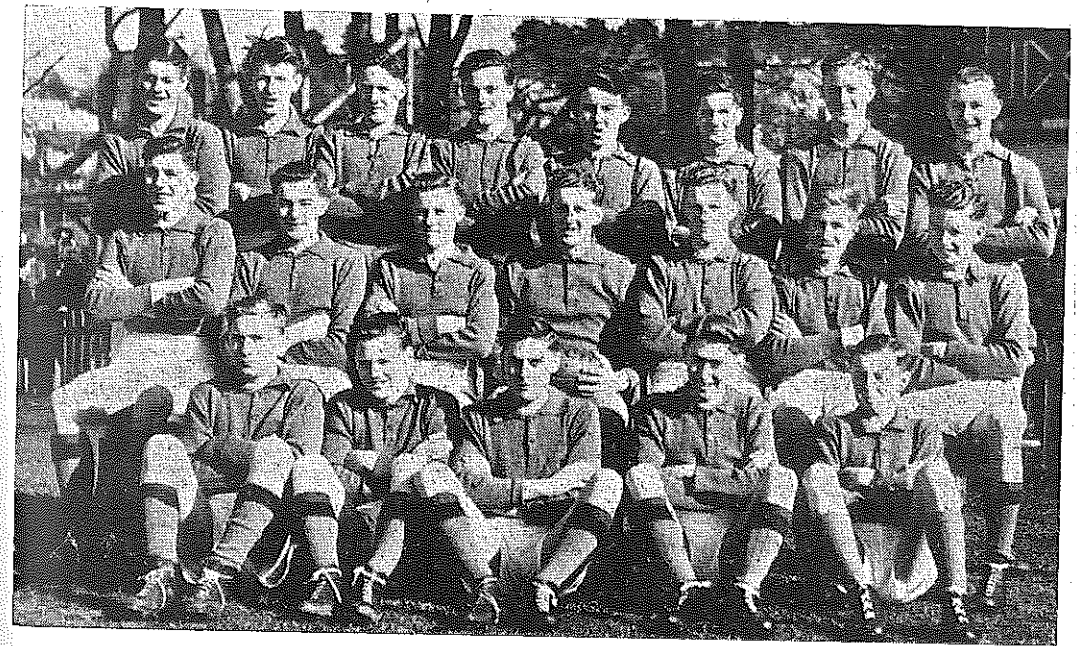
GIRLS' TENNIS TEAM



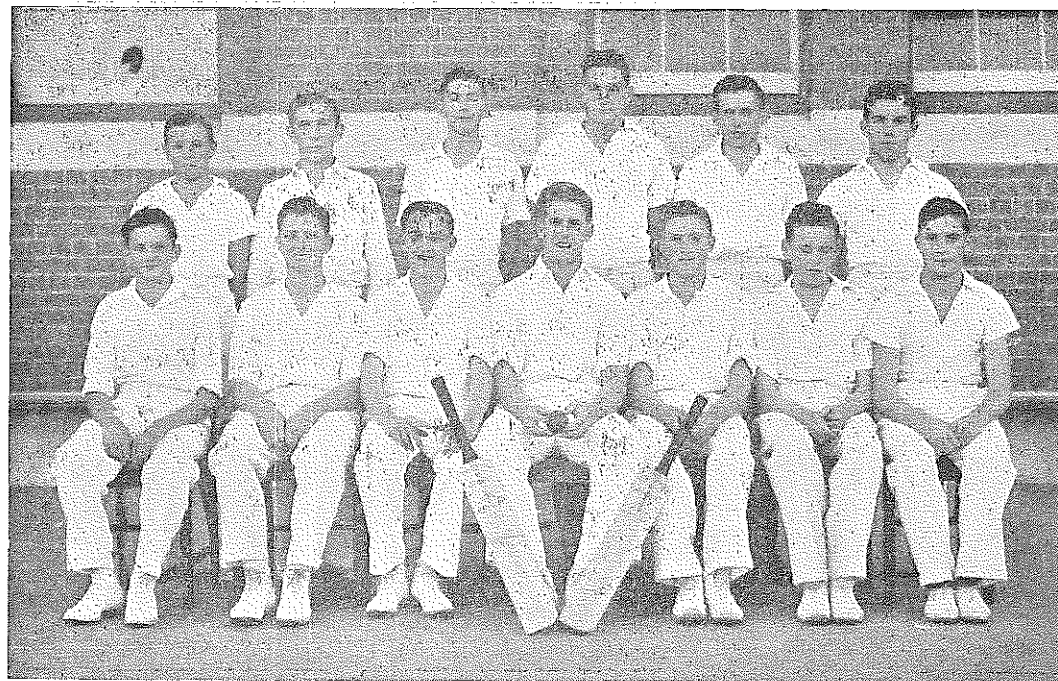
BOYS' TENNIS TEAM



SOFTBALL TEAM



FOOTBALL TEAM



CRICKET TEAM



BASKETBALL TEAM



HOCKEY TEAM

SEASCAPE

My friend and I were standing on a precipitous cliff, gazing with awe at the seething mass of water beneath us which hurled itself angrily against the rocks like a huge animal in the last agonies of death. The wind was howling about us, heightening the illusion of the dying monster and almost sweeping us down into the depths below. We decided to climb to the top of a higher rock from where we could look straight down to the sea and so we groped our way down across and on to the rock. Higher we climbed and yet higher, but still we had not reached the top and it seemed as though we could never attain our goal. Now and again we saw approaching us, a huge wave which changed in a moment from a towering wall of translucent green, to a turbulent mass of white foam. Again and again we were splashed, but at last we reached the top of the rock and lay, exhausted, on its warm surface. What a wonderful panorama was before us! The turquoise sea flecked with white, the deep blue sky ornamented with fluffy white clouds and directly beneath us, the breakers perpetually lashing themselves against the rocks. Surely here the Master Painter had excelled Himself!

Unwillingly we left this exhilarating scene and walked to the top of a nearby hillock. We were immediately struck by the contrast between the two scenes—one so full of movement and energy, the other so calm and peaceful. Here, all around us, were green trees and children playing on the velvety

grass, carpeted with daisies, while their parents looked on admiringly. It was almost unbelievable that two so different scenes could exist side by side—almost like two different worlds. Soon, we too joined the peaceful crowd and presently wended our way homeward, still speechless under the spell of the sights we had seen.

K. BRITCLIFFE (B1, Franklin)

SUNSET

All in the wondrous bush was hushed,
While here and there a bird twittered to its nest
In the mysterious west the sky was brightly flushed
And the animals slowly crawled to rest.

The wattle and wild blooms lowered their graceful
heads in content;
Little streams sleepily trickled on to the dreamy
river;

Above all lowered the giant gum trees unbent,
Around which grew the slender grass all a-quiver.

The sun sank with its fiery setting glow;
Young animals nestled to their mothers in the long
last glare
Of the setting sun and sparking night light aflow,
Dreams reigned over this beautiful land so richly
fair.

MARIE JONES (E2, Wilmot)

KEY TO PHOTOGRAPHS

PREFECTS

Back Row: D. Alcock, B. Hamilton, M. Atkins, L. Ingles, J. Mold, P. Huson, K. Morling, G. Street.

Middle Row: J. Wivell, P. Wood, J. Watson, B. Rose, R. Sharman, J. Hawkins, D. Brown, M. Pullen.

Front Row: B. Gilham, J. Dean, P. Bourke, M. Columbine, Mr. W. C. Morris (Head Master), P. Rose, A. Stocks, J. Davey, P. Phelps.

CLASS "A1"

Back Row: P. Rose, G. Street, P. Hudson, P. Bourke, B. Hamilton, J. Mold, H. Cumming, L. Ingles, K. Morling, M. Atkins.

Middle Row: K. Peter, M. Wilson, D. Rundle, A. Butcher, R. Sharman, M. Columbine, B. Rose, G. Watson, B. Gilham.

Front Row: A. Jacobson, A. Hudson, W. Allen, E. Crothers, J. Hayes, Mr. J. H. Moses (Class Teacher), J. Orwin, M. Jansson, F. Lenah.

CLASS "A2"

Back Row: B. Joseph, D. Alcock, D. Manzoney, J. Bulman, M. Pullen.

Middle Row: D. Smith, P. Wood, W. Alexander, B. Williamson, A. Hope, J. Cullen, K. Maclean, D. Brown, J. Wivell.

Front Row: J. Hawkins, J. Dean, P. Phelps, K. Kidd, Mr. G. Rush (Class Teacher), J. Davey, A. Huxley, S. Clark, A. Stocks.

PRINCIPALS OF OPERA

Back Row: T. Sheriff, D. Martin, F. Gearing, P. Phelps, B. Gilham, J. Manzoney, B. Bardenhagen, B. Farrell, J. Ingles.

Front Row: D. Curtain, J. Hayes, J. Lancaster, J. P. Stephens, J. Cullen, P. Rose.

GIRLS' TENNIS

Back Row: J. Bulman, S. Waldron, M. Little.

Front Row: J. Mold, S. Hawkes, D. Alcock (Capt.), E. Crothers, B. Craw.

BOYS' TENNIS TEAM

Back Row: A. Butcher, T. Bailey, S. Clark, W. Alexander, M. Jansson.

Front Row: N. Pitt, M. Columbine, D. Wilson.

SOFTBALL

P. Rose (Capt.), B. Gilham, A. Hudson, N. Elms, B. Basset, D. Prewer, A. Gibb, Y. Howard, M. Greenhatch, N. Richardson, B. Price, M. Morgan.

FOOTBALL TEAM

Back Row: K. Caelli, A. Butcher, B. Hutton, G. Wright, A. Crawford, B. Williamson, M. Jansson, J. Wood.

Middle Row: D. Jarman, J. Weston, G. Vertigan, M. Columbine (Captain), D. Arnold, B. Suter, D. Rundle.

Front Row: A. Sowell, P. Ockerby, B. Hewitt, M. Pullen, B. Rundle.

CRICKET TEAM

Back Row: B. Rundle, A. Sowell, J. Hayes, J. Greeney, P. Wood, A. Crawford.

Front Row: C. Monaghan, D. Arnold, B. Allen, M. Rees (Captain), G. Vertigan, D. Rundle, B. Hewitt.

BASKETBALL TEAM

Back Row: N. Richardson, D. Talbot, G. Barry, D. Prewer.

Front Row: N. Elms, B. Prince, M. Little (Capt.), J. Mold, B. Basset.

HOCKEY TEAM

Back Row: A. Hudson, S. Hawkes, F. Eastman, S. Waldron, P. Stevens, J. Cookman.

Front Row: M. Atkins, P. Rose, E. Crothers, M. Greenhatch, D. Alcock.

HOMEWORK(?)

I am sure everyone who has homework, knows the number of interesting things that are round when you turn to your homework. I give the books a cautious look—there is an English essay, an Arithmetic set and all those theorems! But before I start, I must read the first page of that book I got out of the library. Somehow I manage to get past the first page and to the end of the chapter. Meanwhile, "Time has marched on." And so it is with many regrets that I begin my essay. After much self-sacrifice I finish it.

Before going on to my theorems, I decide to do a little knitting. I'll do four rows. These done, I stretch it to six rows—when all is said and done, it will only take a few minutes. Having admired the illustrious garment, I turn to my theorems. Of course, I must listen to the wireless as I learn, so it is "I go for a ride on a trolley accompanied by — and his band" and then I am drifted off to sleep by a well-known singer (or shall I say crooner), with his lullaby. And doesn't he make Pythagoras look shabby? I return to my theorems—if Angle A = Angle B, then Angle B = —but I am interrupted, here is my favourite variety session. There end theorems.

Now, about that arithmetic. "If a train travels at 40 m.p.h. (I'll bet it's not a Tasmanian train). . . Ah! that's my favourite Strauss waltz—Ja, da da da, dum dum, dum dum . . . Blow the homework, I'll have to get up early in the morning and finish it."

JILL KERRISON (D1, Wilmot)

ANCIENT AND MODERN

Oh, did you see a boy go by
A rascally little brat—
With a pocketful of apples,
And a feather in his hat?

Yea! I did see him flying by
With apples in his pocket.
He ought be o'er the bridge by now,
He was going like a rocket.

Going like a rocket was he?
He ne'er those apples bought—
And by the time that I catch him,
He'll need a "Super-fort."

B. RATTRAY (D2)

PEGGY PEDLEY MEMORIAL PRIZE

The Peggy Pedley Memorial Prize is given each year for the best original article in prose or verse, printed in the School magazine or newspaper. In making the award, the committee takes into account the age of the writer.

This year the winner is Heather Cumming, "A," whose poem, "Iris," is printed below. Jill Kerrison, "D," is highly commended for her article, "I Know," which was published in the July issue of "Outrages" under the pen-name of "Kiluni."

IRIS



First, brown soil—
Then up through the earth they come,
Green spears—and as they come,
Lean in the sun.

Slowly they mass,
Till, where the soil was bare
Waves a green thicket,
Its blades bowed and curving.

Upwards to seek the light
Up spears the young sheath, up to the sun,
Paled to faint yellow
As it climbs, the darkness forms fair.

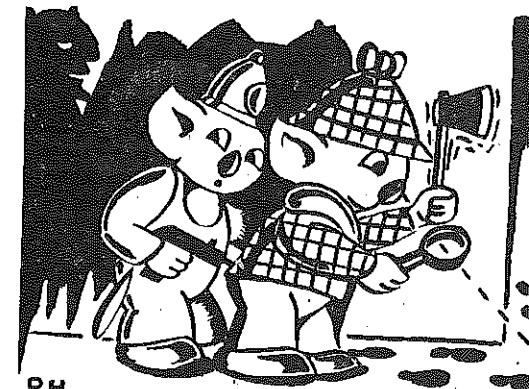
Look! There from the earth
Where there was soil, is a bud
Bluish purple, on a sun-baked stem
Born from the dark.

See! Now that sunlight is come,
Each clinging petal unfolds in the light,
Blue to the sky;
Blue-flecked with gold of the sun.

Delicate dancer;
Earth born, but free to sway;
Made free by the sun;
Sways to the wind and the sky.

H. CUMMING (A1, Sorell)

GUM TIPS ARE TEMPTING



PH

On balmy morning in spring—it must have been balmy or the incident which I am about to relate would not have occurred—at any rate, it was about six o'clock in the morning, the sun was starting to rise and shine and the bush was quiet, save for the singing of the birds. The silence was suddenly shattered by the steady "crunch, crunch"—er, that is to say, noises of appreciation, of the koala bears munching gum-tips!

It was on this morning that we find Billy (Sherlock) Bluegum, private detective of Bushland, ticking off his friend and ass—short for assistant—"Watson Wobbletrotters, the koala. It happened like this: Billy was very partial to young gum-tips and being a wise young bear, had collected some and popped them in his ice-box as a refresher after a hot afternoon's work. Watson noted the proceedings with satisfaction and his tummy having informed him of a vacant space therein, he found himself steering under full steam for the ice-box. Billy had been quite a while trying to discover the thief and had just caught Watson on his second venture to the pantry. Result?—Trouble in large quantities. "Sherlock" candidly pointed out that "Dr." Watson should act like an officer of the law and not like a pickpocket. And after hurling a few ripe and juicy adjectives at the offender, he marched off to his breakfast. Watson retreated to the backyard to sulk, but not for long, as there were other pantries and few people suspect the arm of the law.

P. HOWARD (D1, Wilmot)

MY PET AVERSION

The second Monday draws nigh! The inevitable, catastrophic day on which, with a cruel, ruthless smile, the heartless maitresse d'anglais names two or three unheard-of topics from which we have to choose one on which to write an essay. With a wry face I copy the topics down on the first piece of paper handy, place it in my pocket and forget it until Wednesday night, the night before the day on which they are to be handed in.

At 8 p.m. or thereabouts, I remember with a start and frenziedly search my pockets, but, of course, no paper is found. Racking my reluctant memory, I manage to think of one of the topics, or something approaching it and, grasping the proverbial paper, pen and ink, I scribble out two or three pages of incoherent nonsense and thrusting the hated manuscript from me, relax with a sigh of relief into a less cramped position and resume my perusal of a gruesome thriller, dismissing from my mind for a fortnight, the unpleasant thought of my pet aversion.

"ANGLAIS" (Sorell).

PERHAPS

One day as I was walking home from school, I saw a young soldier, sitting on a draught horse which was slowly carrying him up the hill.

As I watched them I began to wonder what had happened to the soldier to make him have to ride home on an old draught horse. Of course, it didn't occur to me that he might have wanted to ride the horse (they are nice to ride). I never think of anything practical.

Perhaps he had been wounded in the earlier stages of the war—perhaps he'd had a girl friend who'd—yes, that was it. She'd said good-bye to him with the tears streaming out of her eyes. He'd gone to the war sadly, wishing that they had had enough time to marry. He came back sadly, too. He'd paralysed his leg and could do no useful work. What did he have to offer her? No, he decided he wouldn't ask her. What was the use, anyway?

Perhaps at home, the girl was sadly waiting for her boy friend to return—waiting in vain for him to come and—Here I was rudely interrupted by someone who said, "My, you are slow. I'll give you a race to the top of the hill."

What's the use of dreaming? Still, I would like to know why the soldier rides home on a draught horse. Perhaps . . .

"X" (Wilmot)

I WISH

I wish I were a little rock,
A-sitting on a hill,
Just doing nothing all day long,
But just a-sitting still.

I wouldn't eat, I wouldn't drink,
I wouldn't even wash—
I'd sit and sit a thousand years,
I'd rest myself, by gosh.

JUNE CONSTANTINE (E2)

THE THOUGHTS OF GREAT MINDS

What is the quality which makes some words live for ever? What is it that makes you repeat one sentence to yourself over and over again, while another, seemingly similar, makes no impression whatsoever? I do not profess to be able to explain it, I merely wish to remark on it. Can you see what I mean in the following quotation?

"This above all, to thine own self be true" and, "It must follow as the night the day."

"Thou canst not then be false to any man." This quotation from Shakespeare's "Hamlet" needs no introduction to anyone.

"I walked along and I complained, because I had no shoes, until I met a man who had no feet." That is an Arabian proverb which I found quite delightful. There there is Tennyson's definition of prayer, from "Morte d' Arthur":

"More things are wrought by prayer

Than this world dreams of . . .

. . . For so the whole round earth is every way

Bound by gold chains about the feet of God."

And then from "The Ancient Mariner," we remember:

"He prayeth best, who loveth best,

All things both great and small;

For the dear God who loveth us,

He made and loveth all."

And from Omar Khayyam come the mysterious and fascinating lines:

"The moving finger writes, and having writ, moves on,
Nor all thy piety nor wit can call it back

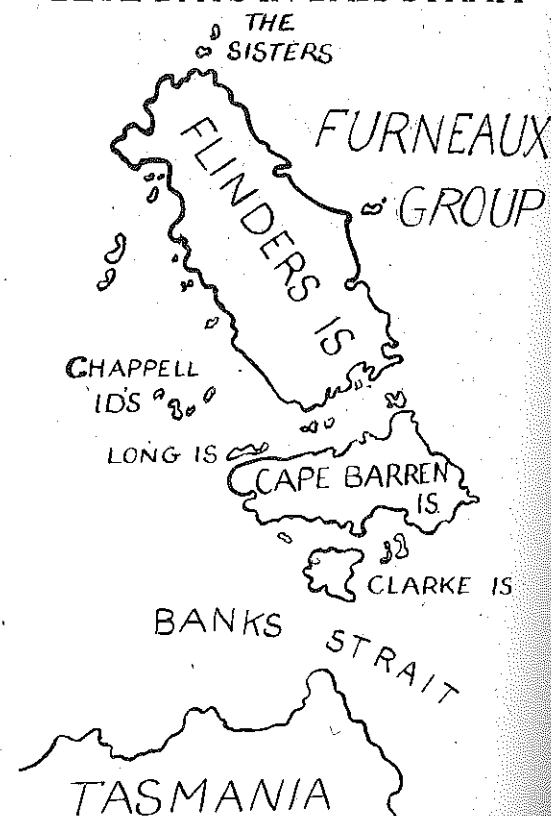
To cancel just a line, nor all thy tears

Wash out a word of it."

These are the eternal thoughts of great minds.

"MYS." (C1; Arthur)

BLUE DAYS IN BASS STRAIT



Long Island lies just off Cape Barren Island, one of the Furneaux Group which lies to the north-east of Tasmania, in Bass Strait. It is approximately 3 miles long, one mile wide and is entirely owned by the sheep farmer who lives there, except for a small patch which the Government refuses to sell. This piece is rented by the owner of the rest of the island at a cheap rate.

We were invited by the owner to spend our holidays there, so on the fixed day we were taken, along with our baggage, to the wharf by a taxi and there we boarded the "Narracoopa," a small auxiliary ketch owned by Holyman Bros.

The passage to Whitemark, which was very uneventful, took twelve hours and we arrived at six o'clock in the morning. We landed and made our way to the hotel which stands about one hundred yards up the beach. We stayed here until our host arrived in a smart, twenty-five foot yacht to take us to Long Island.

As we drew into the cove on which the house is situated, a large black dog was seen rushing frantically to and fro, barking and wagging its tail in greeting. It was Tim, the sheepdog waiting for his master to return. On the island there are hundreds of sheep, gardens and large flocks of turkey and Cape Barren geese. These are about the size of a turkey with long legs, speckled legs and strong sharp beaks. There are also wild cats, snakes, numerous varieties of sea birds and two species of large spiders, one black and the other brown. We put one of each in a small bottle and the brown one stabbed the black one with one of its legs, thus killing it.

There are seven or eight beaches on the island, each different, ranging from fine white sand to coarse shell and gravel. The cove, while an excellent swimming spot, is also a favourite haunt of stingrays, while a large fishing boat from Melbourne caught several sharks around the island and in the channel.

We stayed for several weeks, exploring caves, swimming, fishing, hiking and shearing, dipping and branding sheep. The wool was clipped off with hand shears and piled in a shed. Then each sheep was dipped and branded with the HB of the owner. A large wooden structure called a wool-press was used to pack the wool into bales, each weighing hundreds of pounds.

Each week we killed a young lamb to eat and we literally "lived on the fat of the land." Several times we went to Whitemark, Lady Barron and Emita for carnivals and sports. Then one day, as we were sunbathing on the sands, we heard a siren blow and upon looking up, we saw the "Loatta" steaming round the headland. We raced up to the house to pack and say farewell.

That night as we stood on the deck watching the sunset behind the island, we remembered the words of James Fitzpatrick of "Traveltalk" fame, and were "comforted in the hope that one day we might return."

B. LEARY (D2, Sorell)

FROM THE CLIFFS

From my position on the top of the twenty-foot cliff, I could see much. Under the broad sweep of the January sky, the sea glittered and gleamed a thousand colours under the hot sun—now deepest blue, now emerald green, now sparkling grey, and always somehow, dancing before the eyes, on every white horse that rolled in-shore were myriads of splashes of gold, as each sunbeam did his own dance on the waves.

On that vast, changing ocean, I watched the small, white fisher-boats leisurely pulling in to land, followed by the harsh screams of ravenous gulls waiting their chance. By this time, quite a crowd of bustling,

excited mothers and small half-naked children had gathered on the shore to greet the men-folk and see what they had brought.

I craned my neck anxiously as the first boat ground on the shore and glimpsed the shining, squirming cargo it carried. In a moment, two husky, sunburnt youths were hauling the boats on to firmer ground where busy housewives packed gleaming heaps into wicker baskets to be sold in the village and town.

The beach was just a mass of excited and happy humanity now, and as I left the cliffs, I was more than slightly envious of the care-free lives these people lived.

B. LONG (D2, Sorell)

AN AFTERNOON'S CRAY-FISHING AT SEAL ROCKS, KING ISLAND



After about an hour's hot riding, we left the low scrub and treacherous dirt track for the coarse, stubbly grass where the ground was so pitted with mutton-bird holes that, unless we dismounted and tried the ground first, our horses would most surely have been lamed. Tying them by the bridles behind a clump of stunted boobayalla, which afforded a certain amount of shade from the sweltering mid-summer afternoon, we proceeded the rest of the way on foot.

Having reached the top of the cliffs, I gazed with longing at the glistening blue sea hundreds of feet below and reflected that the next land across from me was South America. Then began the climb down the steep cliff, which was studded here and there with hardy rock plants. Not daring to look at the jagged rocks far below, I continued my arduous journey. Arriving at the bottom, I waited for Alma and Kath, who were not far behind me. The sea thundered and thumped against the patient rocks and often I could catch the "honk" of a seal or the splash as one leapt into the water.

We removed our riding-breeches and boots because they impeded our progress across the sharp and slippery rocks. After about ten minutes, we arrived at our destination—a "cray-hole," known, most probably, only to ourselves.

To catch a cray, usually, one needs a long piece of smooth, round, hard stick with a wire noose at the end. The crayfish is enticed from beneath the rock by a piece of ancient meat on another piece of stick, so

that having unwittingly pursued the bait, he is trapped by the never-failing noose. It is a much more satisfying experience to catch a cray in three minutes, than to wait for hours on the wrong end of a rod and line, with perhaps a "tiddler" for a reward.

On the afternoon that I visited Seal Rocks, we

caught twelve crays and took seven home. Unless you want lots of tough flesh, you must nearly always throw the large crays back. The medium-sized, dark-shelled fish are the most delicious.

DINAH CURTAIN (B1, Sorell)



AN OLD TASMANIAN HOME

The massive Georgian building stands back from the road, half hidden by tall English trees. Built of yellow sandstone, the two-storeyed facade is square and plain with tall windows. Georgian buildings are not decorated with Greek and Roman architecture as are Victorian, yet they have a beauty and grace of their own.

From the heavy iron gate, in the stone wall, a curved drive leads to the front door and sweeps on through the garden and out through the shrubbery to the road again. Huge boughs of oak, ash and elm cross high over head, so that beams of sunlight pass down through leafy tunnels to the laurels and rowan trees beneath. Patches of daffodils and hyacinths have pushed their way through the rotting leaves and bloom in the cool shade of lilac bushes. The evening sun throws lacy patterns on the stonework and all is quiet save for the occasional scuttling of a blackbird in the dry leaves. Next to the garden, beyond a row of poplars, is the orchard, its unpruned apple, pear and medlar trees grown to grand sizes, yet covered in blossom. Beyond the orchard, stretch green fields bordered with hawthorn hedges just breaking into blossom.

At the back of the house is a square courtyard surrounded on two sides by the coach house, stables and a dovecote, and on the other by the great flagged kitchens and storerooms. The walls of the house are several feet thick, all the lower windows are shuttered with wooden shutters and the heavy oak doors have thick iron bars, which could be swung into place, thus keeping the early colonists safe from both the bush-rangers and natives. Five wide stone steps lead from the kitchens to the main hall with its cedar staircase curving up to the hall above. All the doors and paneling are of oak or cedar. The high ceilings are decorated with plaster flowers and leaves, usually with a large flower in the centre, with long sprays sweeping to the corners of the room. The elaborately carved mantelpieces rise nearly as high as the ceiling and are inlaid with mirrors.

Besides the great mantelpiece, which is in itself, a piece of furniture, one of the front rooms contains a heavy, square oak table with urn-shaped legs. A massive maple sideboard stands in the corner, its white marble top surmounted by a high mirror. On top of the mirror sits an eagle with wings outspread. In the clustered leaves down the sides, sit birds, peeping at their reflections. Beneath a pair of mounted buffalo horns, hangs an engraving of Joan of Arc. She is

depicted gazing heavenwards, sitting on a white horse. All around her rages a battle, shown with horrible detail. All the space in the picture is filled either by flying arrows, or spears and battle-axes, while several knights stand unconcernedly beside her horse.

Long may these grand old Georgian homes remain, outliving the over-decorated buildings of the late nineteenth century and the ugly structures of the twentieth!

PETER SAUNDERS (C1, Sorell)

THE OLD INN

The inn stood slightly back from the road, as if it were afraid of being seen. It was surrounded by briars and brambles, which peered enquiringly through the gaping windows. Like many old inns, it was no longer required now that the motor car had displaced the coach. The sign, which had once hung creaking above the door, now lay face downwards on the ground. Although the writing was not discernable, a painted swan was still visible.

The only access to the inn was at the back, for the front door was blocked with fallen stone. The first room had probably been a cloakroom, but now the roof and walls had fallen in. The floor was covered with fallen stones and thistles and coarse grasses filled the interstices of the rocks.

The next room was not in such a dilapidated state. A long stone bench stretched round two sides of the room. A huge bare fireplace took up one end of the room.

Perhaps in olden times these walls had rung with the coarse shouts of drunken men. Perhaps these damp, dark walls had thrilled to the shouted toasts of "Long live the King." Now, however, it was very quiet, except for the frightened slithering of a lizard, as it ran quickly away from my death-bringing steps.

Across the passage that ran through the inn were the bedrooms. These could hardly be called rooms, for they were just a pile of bricks.

The kitchen was at the back of the bedrooms. This too, was only a pile of bricks, scattered here and there with rusted pots and pans. In the still-standing fireplace, a rusted pot stood crookedly. No doubt it had seen better times. I could imagine it full of stew, boiling happily.

Just as the sun was setting, I left this dreary memory of yesterday. As I stepped into the road, a car raced by. I looked back at the inn and then at the disappearing car and wondered what the future might hold.

KATHLEEN HORTLE (C1, Franklin)

THE FIRE ELVES

Flickering, flickering, climbing higher,
Dashing again to the heart of the fire;
Feebly spluttering, faintly fluttering—
Tracing out shadows upon the dim ceiling,
Singing so softly while dancing and reeling;
Presenting in colour both castles and halls,
Glorious, lovely cascades and falls,
Gardens surrounded by white marble walls,
Exotic flowers, beautiful bowers,
Witchery cast by the elves of the fire.

Leaping, leaping into the gloom,
Illuming the faces all over the room;
Flashing so brightly, mocking them slightly;
Transforming all with their luminous gold.
Exploring each crevice and every fold;
Making the panels a deep, richer hue
Burning far down in your eyes of dark blue,
Exciting me, thrilling me all the way through;
Mystic and taunting, so vaguely haunting,
Oh, how I love you, the elves of the fire!

LOIS SYMONDS (C1, Arthur)

A MOCK TRAGEDY



The night was as black as pitch, for though by the calendar a full moon was reigning over the heavens, heavy storm clouds had crossed the moonlight's path. The storm had been raging for an hour past, but now only soft rain could be heard upon the roof. The violent storm had broken many electric light wires and so the lonely house on the moor was without the light which usually softened its ghostly sullenness.

A young boy, slight in build, stood still in the darkness against the wall. His hair was standing almost on end and the muscles in his body were stiff with cold and fear. His eyes stared into the darkness trying in vain to penetrate the black atmosphere before him. His poor, tortured brain was asking the one question, "Can I do it? Can I . . ."

He extended one arm warily forward and touched something smooth and round. His fingers closed on it with a tight grip. He then raised one foot and placed it a little forward. His heart began to beat, head, moistened his lips and again his mind asked, faster and his breath came quicker. He threw back his "Can I . . . Can I?" He must attempt it.

In another instant he placed his foot upon the first step, bounded up the long stairway, darted into his bedroom, slammed the door, and grasping a match box with fingers that trembled, lit the hurricane lamp that stood on his table, and put an end to the terrible darkness which surrounded him.

VALERIE CHARLTON (D3, Wilmot)

I AM APPOINTED TO INTERVIEW NOAH

"Do your best, lad!" They were the last words I heard from my editor as I ascended the lonely hill, which was bathed in the mystic light of a full moon. It was one of those wonderful starry nights when the Milky Way, stretched like some great white river, inlaid with precious stones, across the heavens.

It was as bright as day, and as I at last arrived at the appointed place, I marvelled at its beauty under the moon. Seated beneath a huge elm tree, with the light of the moon and the shadow of leaves, which were stirred by a slight breeze, making great play on his wise face, was an old man. His large, calm eyes reflected the stars themselves, so bright and keen were they, while his long, flowing beard fell in creamy folds to his knees.

Almost immediately he began the interview, speaking in an amazingly sweet, yet grave voice:

"My son," he said, "you want the story from me, of how God, in His great mightiness, destroyed the inhabitants of the early world because they were abominable in black iniquity?" "Very well," he continued, as I nodded my head in assent. "It was when I was a young man of seven and twenty that God first employed me in His great service. One night I had a wonderful dream in which Jehovah appeared and warned me of the destruction of the people He had put on earth. Briefly, I was given instructions for preparing an ark and taking on two of every kind of animal that He had created. Next day I set about, with my brothers, sister and children, collecting the particular timber as I had been instructed. Indeed it was very wearying work, felling giants of the nearby forests and sawing them into logs and consequently I was always extremely fatigued at the close of each day.

"I have watched the world grow and realise now what primitive tools we used in our task. No wonder it took us nigh on forty years to complete the job. All our neighbours were extremely curious and I realised that it was high time I tried to convert them of their oncoming doom. Scoffs, threats, and laughter met my words of salvation, until at last I was referred to as 'Mad Noah.'

"At last, after forty years of hard toil, our task was completed. Now all that remained to do was to collect the animals. However, strangely enough, the very morning that my brethren and I were going forth to round up the animals, we found that the Almighty had been at work, for as soon as we came in the vicinity of the ark, we found all the animals in pairs, queued up, ready to go aboard.

"As soon as the last animal was safely inside, all my brethren and a few converted neighbours and I, followed. It was then that the door of the ark shut tight and the rain fell. How terrible I felt when a few miserable wretches, realising too late the truth, banged on the great door to be admitted!

"For days and days it rained and rained and at last we were afloat. I had not been instructed to build any windows, except one, which was on the roof. Day after day we saw nothing but grey, clouded sky then, after months had passed, God told me in a dream that every living thing on earth was annihilated and that I was to send a raven and a dove out and await their return. Climbing up a crude step-ladder, I threw open the window and set free a raven and a dove. The raven never returned. The dove returned with a green leaf.

"When at last we began to descend, there was great excitement on board and still greater when the ark grounded on the top of a high mountain. Within a few days we were on safe ground and began a fresh, new life, on a new, even lovelier earth. That is the end of my story," said the old man.

There was silence and I looked up at the gleaming moon and looked back again to find myself alone on a silent, golden hill. Gone was the wise, old Noah, but I had his wonderful story.

B. LONG (D2, Sorell)

THE QUESTION

As I went strolling down a dale,
I heard a fresh young maiden sing
A song or some such pretty thing—
She nearly made my heart to fail.
And then I thought as she went by;
"Will she know all the joys of life,
Or will she know the years of strife
Before the day of death draws nigh?"
When next I looked upon her face,
I knew the year of youth would stay.
Though years of woe should come before
The day of rest, she'd heed her grace,
As she did then, that morn in May,
And live in Heav'n for ever and aye.

J. LEES (B1, Wilmot)

MY COUNTRY

A land of wattles golden,
Of myrtle banks and streams,
Of graceful, towering gum trees,
The homeland of my dreams.

A land of rugged mountains,
Of blue and greyish skies,
Of bright and siver moonbeams,
Is where my home thought flies.

V.M.B. (D3, Franklin)

ONE OF THOSE LADS

He's a fellow you couldn't help liking,
He's small, but he's been great:
He's a friend in their need to his cobbles,
They're all proud to call him their mate.

His tunic is blue and above the left pocket,
Are wings that he's guarded with care.
From his head to his toes he's as spotless
As the "Lightning" he flies through the air.

He's just one of those lads who are willing
To offer his life for his land;
Where a mother back home there is waiting,
With a smile and an outstretched hand.

AILSA McINNES (D2)

FROM THE OTHER SIDE

Looking across the river, my eyes roam across the calm, rippling waters of silver hue. The images of the graceful willows are painted on the glassy surface, where a solitary rower makes his way to the shore. On the opposite side, the bank is like a mossy lawn, where a few sheep chew lazily at the grass and doze in the afternoon sun. A dreamy-eyed cow is being led home for milking, with a sleek, golden collie following at her heels.

A little to the right is the field of low trees, the pines for transplanting, the shades varying from light green to dark emerald. Nestled among the ornamental trees, an old, historical greystone house peeks from the foliage. Above its moss-covered slate roof, a flock

of sparrows make their way to rest, chirruping their evening song. The sun is spreading its multi-coloured tints on the hills and rivers and soon dies away in the west, to wait the awakening of a new day.

MONA BESSELL (D1, Franklin)

ON PLAYING TRUANT



TRUANTS.

Compiled from the Confessions of various Members of B1, who, at one time or another, have dodged School.

Everyone of us, at some time in our lives, has played truant. In many different ways one can play truant—from life, from death, from fear and from hundreds of other pursuers. The most fascinating truancy for a child is to dodge school—to escape for a few hours from the boredom of a hot room and constricting desk, to the unlimited world outside.

Since we have been students at High School for nearly four years, we do not, of course, consider "playing the wag" any more, but remember with regret, the wonderful, carefree primary school days.

One of the boys admitted a little shamefacedly that, "Yes," he had once played truant and with some other boys had hidden in a nearby cemetery for two or three hours. Personally, I would prefer school.

One of the girls then told me of the episode when she and her sister had gone out into the river, down the North-West Coast, to a little island. However, the water was very deep and they were forced to swim part of the way, thus spoiling their outlook considerably and also their exercise books. Leaving their cordial and schoolbags in a place in the rushes, they went round the island to explore. Next day they spent in bed, because they had left the cordial in the sun and everyone knows what happens when one drinks hot cordial.

Of course, in the towns, many of the school children give themselves a free afternoon from school so that they will be able to see their favourite "Western." Most of these unlucky ones are caught red-handed by their class teachers when the picture ends and they leave the theatre.

Nearly everyone in the class had a tale to tell of their juvenile "French Leave" and hardly any say that they would have preferred to have spent the time in school.

When I was still at the primary school, two or three of us would play truant once or twice every summer. After beating a hasty retreat from the schoolground, we would hurry to a secluded bay on the beach and after swimming to our hearts' content, we would emerge and roll our famous "Mintie" cigarettes. These cigarettes were composed of a strange mixture of tea leaves, crushed gum bark and pine-needles. This was made into a fat little sausage and wrapped in a "Mintie" paper.

We followed this pattern in truancy quite religiously and never regretted the hours we spent in dodging school. The "belting" we received at home and the canings at school were more than compensated for by the golden hours we spent idling in the laziness of a summer afternoon.

DINAH CURTAIN (B1, Sorell)

LEARNING TO DRIVE

I remember the first time I took over control of my father's car. Once seated, I looked in the rear-vision mirror, then through the windscreen. As I couldn't see anything coming, I thought it would be an opportunity to start. After putting in the clutch, I began to strike up a tune with the grating of the gears. Hoorah! First gear, then second, then top. I was fighting fit now, nothing could stop me. Oh no? Then came the voice of command, "Throw the clutch and apply the brake. Don't forget the hand." Ah. Full stop! Now for reverse! The gears seemed to go in with ease this time and the car began to move. The steering necessitated looking in the rear-vision mirror. Although the mirror was rather dusty, I managed to see the road. Stop again! This was becoming monotonous. Now forward! No gear scraping this time, not enough accelerator. The engine spluttered and jibbed, but by a miracle kept moving. I was O.K. now, and I went on my way without any more trouble.

"AUTO-DRIVE" (C1, Wilmot)

THE LITTLE TINY HOUSE

There was once a little house, on the top of a hill, It looked out on the world, and the world was very still;

Tall trees were all about it, to keep it snug and warm: Tall trees were all about it, to keep it safe from harm. Its roof was red and cosy, its walls were smooth as cream;

And at its feet there tinkled a little silver stream. And birds sang there at sunset and birds sang there at dawn;

The cheeky sparrows quarrelled at their breakfast on the lawn;

And night came down in quiet, as softly as a mouse, To wrap a cosy mantle round the tiny little house.

O. ANDREWS (D3)

THE ENDLESS CONFLICT

This is an historical treatise concerned with the greatest struggle man could ever conceive; namely, the continual state of hostilities existent between myself and my young brother.

Just at present I am extremely annoyed with him. You girls, I know, will sympathise with me. I have just suffered the loss of my favourite hair slide. "At least that is not quite correct, for it was not lost, but

stolen in broad daylight and from under my very nose (that is quite literal). You see, I was holding hair slides in my mouth while re-arranging my obstinate locks, when suddenly a very grubby little paw came into view in the mirror and instantly the hair slide disappeared. But what could I say? He "only wanted a bit of flat bent wire to fix the rudder of his boat."

And while on the subject of boats. Have you ever shared a bath with eight boats of varying shapes and sizes? I wouldn't advise you to try it, because it's most uncomfortable. I used to fish them out and pile them round the sides of the bath, but although most of the offending vessels merely sulked in their corners, several of the malicious ones jumped on me just out of spite. Well, that is too much for any self-respecting girl to stand for, so I made an application to Admiral Geoffrey for a complete evacuation of the bathroom, but it only resulted in all the wretched things being parked under my dressing table. Preferring to look after my own possessions without the assistance of a naval guard, I returned the barques to their former abode and have now become quite expert at manoeuvring a soaped washer over my person without becoming entangled in more than three boats at a time. The only thing which prevents me from hurling the entire crazy collection out of the bathroom window is the thought of the beautiful flowering currant bush which grows underneath it.

There is one thing you must not do in our house if you do not wish to be violently attacked and that is to let fall any term of endearment whatsoever when addressing the small son of the house. He is possessed of very definite he-man ideas and considers "dear" and "darling" to be sacrilegious terms when applied to manhood. Last night I unthinkingly added "dear" to some remark. I paid for it immediately. Ten seconds after the absent-minded and fatal utterance, I was drawn from the maze of T's and R's and logs, and the like which constituted my arithmetic homework by the arrival of a large and formidable cushion with direction, but too late to prevent a catastrophe occur—a nasty look in its eye. I clutched frantically in its ring. The contents of the ink bottle emptied themselves in an unmannerly way across the face of my arithmetic homework which died a sudden death from shock while the intruding cushion came to rest in my father's lap after making an aggressive thrust at the newspaper he was reading. Geoffrey was forcibly removed and sent to bed. Thus ended the lesson.

LOIS SYMONDS (C1, Arthur)

U.N.R.R.A.

By E.M.H.

Over there in Europe,
As everybody knows,
People will be facing
Cold and bitter snows.
We know not how they suffer,
Or how they get along—
All we know is they are staunch
And still sing many a song.
Now, it's up to us folk over here,
Who have seen war from afar,
To start collecting clothes right now
For the organisation U.N.R.R.A.

WINTER



'Tis deep in winter sharp and fierce and cold,
And 'cross the sky the purple-grey clouds race;
The wind is chill and beats at furious pace,
And o'er the world a misty mantle's rolled.
The sea roars deep and never is at rest;
The wheeling sea birds screech above the waves,
While still the ocean moans and swells and raves,
And bubbling creamy foam is on its crest.
As night lets down her lustrous thick black veil,
And shadows dance in fading, flick'ring light,
There comes the ceaseless noise of the ocean's wail,
And land and sea once more are lost to sight.
Then out from low'ring clouds, the moon sails pale,
And sheds on all a gleam of shimm'ring white.

GEVA H. McCORMACK (B1, Wilmot)

WILD WINGS

Twilight was near at hand and a little patch of tired daylight clung reluctantly to the western sky as I wandered slowly along the dusty white ribbon of road leading away from the town. As I walked, a flight of black swans flew rapidly over me and I stopped to watch them pass. While I watched, those well-known lines from Paterson's "Man from Snowy River," flitted through my mind:

"I watch as the wild black swans fly over,
With their phalanx turned to the sinking sun:
And I hear the clang of their leader crying
To a lagging mate in the rearward flying;
And they fade away in the darkness dying,
Where the stars are mustering one by one."

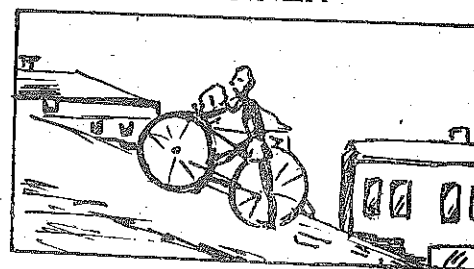
Farther to the east, an unruly flock of plovers, pursued later by a clamouring mate, followed in the wake of their more graceful brothers. Then a great company of smaller birds, seeking suitable accommodation for the night, plunged southwards.

I was walking silently along the grassy verge, when suddenly what appeared to be part of a fence post came to life with startling abruptness and whirled away—it was a mopoke on one of his nocturnal journeys.

Dusk had now enveloped the little world about me and the road was deserted, save for an occasional bush visitor, so I turned to retrace my steps. As I walked, I imagined that I was privileged to accompany those wild birds on their flights. I saw lands bathed in sunshine and sea clothed in darkness. I visited water-holes hidden by encircling reeds and I journeyed far to foreign lands. I flew high above lands in the sorrows of war and I looked down on countries in the joys of liberation. All this and more did I see; but alas, these things were not for me, for I saw the lights of the little township glimmering in the distance.

B. PINKARD (E2, Sorell)

ADVENTURES OF A PAPER-RUNNER



I had my first introduction to the newspaper world on the tenth day of the second month of this year. On the day previous to this, I applied for the position of a paper-runner for Tasmania's leading daily newspaper. On the day when I was being taught the round, I complacently sat back on the saddle of my bicycle and mentally jeered at the grunts and growls of my companion, who was complaining incessantly of the weight of the paper-bag. However, my complacency and jeers changed to self-pity and a feeling of repulsion towards the "person" who had devised the burden which lay on my shoulders and mind on that day.

At first I did the work slowly and had many complaints from the people to whom the papers were delivered, or I should say, supposed to be delivered. At the beginning, I hated the idea of rising at the early hour at which I was supposed to rise. However, I soon came to love my round as I love, or should love my brother and sisters.

In the latter part of March, or early part of April, I succumbed to the deadly "mump-bug." During my five days in bed, my brother did my round for me on the condition that on the next day and for a week after, I should rise earlier than was my custom in order to deliver nearly two hundred copies of a rival paper to some poor helpless beings who insisted on paying the sum of twopence per day per person for them. On the first day, the civil-smelling hunk of paper which I had to cart around with me had twelve large pages each. As a result of this and the fact that although my face had returned to its original shape, I was still weak from my days in bed and ill from mumps, I could hardly lift the load to my shoulder.

For about a quarter of an hour, I struggled with the bicycle, mounting in the accepted style on one side of my "trusty" steed and overbalancing and falling in an undignified manner to the ground on the other side. During this time, I had lost at least half a dozen "papers" and covered about a hundred yards distance. However, I struggled manfully on, despite the innumerable setbacks I had received. After another half hour or so, I managed to become settled in the saddle, but by the time that I had traversed an additional two hundred yards, I realised that the load was too heavy for me, so, flinging first the "papers" and then myself off my "bike," I brought my mount to the gutter.

Now this was too much, even for me, so dumping the bag, I returned to the office and told the foreman that I was incapable of continuing the round under my own steam. At this, they sent one of my brother's fellow-workers to assist me. We finally finished the round at half-past seven in the morning, after which

time I had to deliver my own papers, of which there were rather less than a hundred copies. As the week wore on, I gradually improved in the delivering of my brother's papers, although I received more complaints in a day than he had received in the past twelve months.

In the summer months, mine was a comparatively easy lot, but with the approach of the winter frosts and ice-covered water, the general aspect changed. At first I thought that I had escaped the devastating colds which I get each winter, because, although I had become wet through several times, I had no sign of the approach of a cough. I remember remarking to my mother one day that I believed the conditions to which I had become accustomed had immunised me against colds, but the very next morning, my old enemy returned in all his fury.

To conclude, I would like to say that although I work for the best paper and am the best runner working in its interests, one would never hear me boast about it.

"MODEST" (C1)

THE SEASONS

In spring the sky is azure blue,
The leaves are fresh and green,
The daffodils are of a yellow hue:
And all is bright and clean.

There isn't a cloud against the sky,
When summer comes along;
The birds sing far above on high,
And we join in their song.

The leaves turn shiny red and yellow;
The apples and the pears are ripe,
Autumn is a breezy young fellow,
And the roses are a beautiful type.

Winter is wet and icy cold,
The snow brings joy and fun,
The icicles are still in their fastened hold,
And 'tis cold when the day is done.

BETTY ARNOLD (E2)

ON BEING AFRAID

The word "afraid" means very different things to different people. It is some people's boast that they are afraid of nothing, but I think there are very few people who do not fear something, whether it is something material, such as mice or the dentist, or whether it is something spiritual, as darkness or the future. Fear in itself can be a very terrible thing, for so often it carries unhappiness in its wake.

I can remember a time when I was very afraid of what I thought was a ghost. Early in the morning I used to lie in bed and watch the walls along which shadows passed—silent mysterious shadows—and I was afraid.

Darkness has never frightened me. To me darkness is warm and friendly and I love windy darkness and gusty nights when the wind and rain are out to conquer. Some darkness, however, is not so friendly. Cold, dark cellars and the darkness of massive unused rooms seems to be forbidding, oppressive and eerie.

To many people, claustrophobia, that is, the fear of being shut in, is a very real and terrifying one. Very few people would not be afraid of being shut in a cave or a tunnel. Often when we were playing hide-and-seek I used to hide under the bed and instead of crawling out from the side which I could have done with ease, I had to crawl out from the end, I do not know why, but something in me compelled me to go out from the end, although I knew I would be very afraid that I would stick and thus be shut in. Every time I crawled from underneath that bed, I was a prey to that torturing fear and yet, somehow, I would not have dared to out from the side.

The same sort of fear haunts me in a tunnel. I cannot help being afraid that the end will fall in and those who have similar fears will realise just what it means. Often I have dreamed that I am crawling through a tiny hole set in a great brick wall. I crawl and crawl and the horror is unearthly. It seems as though I will never get through and the dream goes on interminably.

However, I have never been afraid of lizards or mice or "creepy crawlies." Going to the dentist does not frighten me, although anticipation of something that is going to happen often does. For instance, I can never knowingly cross a bridge without being afraid that it will fall and to dive under the dark, shadowy waters of a certain river near our place always fills me with a feeling akin to panic. A fear very similar to this is the fear of what is going to happen to someone else. If I see a dog run out in front of a car I am afraid, afraid that it will be killed and accidents always cause fear and consternation.

All these fears are but minor ones compared with the menacing fear of the future. Usually, the future to me is bright, happy, exciting and wonderful, but sometimes I become frightened—afraid of the vastness and significance of the future, afraid of something that seems to be black and ominous—something that is so immaterial that the fear of it is so much beyond me to explain.

You will probably have come to the conclusion that I am a coward and a funk. Maybe I am, but ask yourself what frightens you and other people and I think you will realise that fear is something you cannot be free from, something you cannot understand and something which is a dominating power in this world.

N. SCOTT (G1, Wilmot)

THE OLD SCHOOL TIE

How often you've thought as you looked at it there,
Of the days when you wore it—days free from all
care;

Except when you grappled with French or with
Maths.

Or you struggled with grammar and tried to learn
facts.

And you think of the times when you roasted the
chalk.

And when lesson bell sounded you went for a walk.
Now you put it away and say with a sigh,

"How I long for the days when I wore my school
tie."

DELMA SMITH (E4, Arthur)

WHAT SHALL I WRITE?

I was asked to write an article for the Magazine. What a task it is. I cannot compose verse, I cannot write prose, my imagination fails me.

I love horses, but when I try to describe them, all I can think of is their intelligence and beauty. I love dogs, but when I wish to describe my love of these, I can think of nothing but their faithfulness and trust. Truly, these are the greatest friends of man.

I can see the beauty in a still pool, a rippling brook, a starlit night and the glory of a sunset. And what is more beautiful than spring with the budding leaves and lambs frisking in the fields! But to describe all this, I find a quite impossible task for these beauties are in my mind alone.

(D2, Wilmot)

THE RADIO

Sometimes I drat the radio, sometimes I curse or caress it. In our house the radio's a perpetual menace. I don't mind what happens to it, whether it is on or off. My elder brother is eager to complete his homework while my younger brother at State school, has no homework and is all ears to the sometimes dreadful shows which he happens to turn on. When homework or other duties are finished, the radio is very pleasant, particularly if we can sit around the fire and enjoy a good show. But there is always a bad side, especially when both our parents are out. Sometimes my young brother plays up and insists on the radio being on. Then again there is the question of nightly serials. Usually I am against them and am in favour of an early start and hence early finish to the homework. But often my brothers want the serials, so, often I am compelled to submit to overwhelming forces and so the radio goes on and we listen.

Ah, well, the radio is on even as I write this!

R. THOMPSON (D1, Arthur)

AN EVENING IN SPRING

From birds that sought their rest

Rang out the last clear call.

Across the bay, in bell-like tones;

The cuckoo notes let fall.

Into the gold-brown dusk

The purple night appeared.

The crimson glory of the sky

Fled, as the stars appeared.

Gaunt and still, the pine trees stood,

Silent sentries of the night.

Grim and black the shadows fell,

Hiding all beneath from sight—

The river flowed like silver sheen,

The currents drawn in jet.

The boats in silver moonlight bathed,

The ropes with silver drops were flecked.

The sky of depthless indigo,

In jewelled stars was hung.

The moon, a riding pearl, alone,

Was near as bright as sun.

On she glided to her throne,

The stars flashed green and red.

The silver orb on waters smooth

A path of gold-dust led.

M. TRESIZE (C2, Franklin)

EXPLORING

We were visiting the Mersey Bluff, when someone suggested that we climb down into the Blowhole. As I had been there often, I was elected guide. It was so long since I had been there, that I had an uneasy feeling about the track which was not the best when I was there last.

However, the low opening beneath the large leafy shrub was still there and as I swung back a bough and crawled under I could smell the damp red earth. "Mind that rock," I called as I slipped on a large, wet stone and was forced to catch hold of a thick, brown, snake-like root which was exposed on the face of a bank where some dirt had slid off.

I jumped from there on to the square flat rock which guarded the entrance to the cave under the hill. Mosses were growing from the damp walls, while water dripped from the roof. With monotonous regularity it fell and I noticed a hollow in the rock which it had worn away with its constant, ceaseless dripping.

Waves rushed up the narrow channel to drench the walls of the cave with spray as they expended their force in a useless, never-ceasing struggle against the immovable boulders standing in their path.

We all stood on the flat stone and after the usual photographs and name-carvings had been taken care of, we went up a little further. Dank streamers of pale, colourless plants and mosses festooned the walls and ceiling, while the floor was wet and black and shiny. The atmosphere was oppressive and dank and when the waves receded, slimy things could be seen on the bases of the rocks.

It was very depressing and when someone remembered an important engagement, we all shivered and thought that "perhaps it was time we were getting back." As we climbed back up the steep track and out under the shrub, we all felt a little ashamed of our nervousness, but I noticed that none suggested returning.

B. LEARY (D2, Sorell)

THE CYPRESS

I am about to lose six of my greatest friends. I have known them and loved them almost all my life. Now they are doomed. They are all stronger and taller than I and of such quality that one would find difficulty to surpass them in my estimation. They are the six cypress trees which stand at the head of our path. I can remember when they were planted, small, spindly things they were, looking lost and unprotected in the big, bare garden.

I was taller than they were then, though but four years old. My sister and I danced magic dances round them, but for all our fairy charms, those trees have not led a magic life. They had a bad start. They were planted too near to each other, so near, in fact, that one tree has outgrown the others, while two have scarcely grown for years. Then they grew too near the electric light wires and so were hacked and chopped about until their green wall no longer interfered with communications. Now their roots are disrupting the underground workings of the house.

The sentence has been passed—death. So they must go. Till they were condemned I did not know how much I loved them. Their yellow dust has floated through my room and with it the fresh perfume of

the trees. Their nuts have gleamed brownly, just out of reach. And on a wet, grey morning, each tip has held its round drips of rain, bowing down the branches with its weight and preparing to drench the unwary with its clinging drops.

The thing I love best of all about those pines, is the whisper of their branches on a still night. For, however calm the night may be, there is always some sound, perhaps only a warm murmur, coming from them. In a storm they toss and sway like a Russian ballet dancer. I have often watched them against the faint yellow dawn sky, striving to free themselves from some ghostly fetters. Their weird storm-song rocks with the wind, dying and swelling with its blasts.

Whatever the season of the year, the wind from the cypress bears a light, clean fragrance and this, with the sighing and murmuring of the trees and their dancing shapes, is truly a sound, scent, and pattern symphony, perhaps a little wild and stormy, but are they not wild and stormy themselves?

They must die, but even when their glory is laid low, even when the sun shines no more on their rugged greenness, when they carry no more the songs of birds and the scents of summer, they are not ended. Their firm, brown trunks will give warmth and light and set the kettle singing on the hearth.

H. CUMMING (A, Wilmot)

SCHOOL DAYS

Each morn from cosy beds we rise
And dress reluctantly,

For well we know, no sweet surprise
Awaits not you nor me.

We get to school at "neuf moins quart,"
But sometimes late, I fear,

And if by Mr. Doe we're caught;
For lateness we'll pay dear.

We bend ourselves unto the task
Of lessons long and slow,

And everyone the next does ask,
"Why will that bell not go?"

After lessons two, outside we go
To romp and shout and play,

But recess soon goes, not half as slow,
Oh, what a tiring day!

Three lessons more and we are free
For dinner! Happy thought!

But back again, reluctantly,
Some more Maths. to be taught.

At three o'clock, a little spell,
Three minutes and no more,

Then in again to work so well
Until the bell at four.

With many joyous, happy cries,
Five hundred pass the gate,

Except the one who's kept behind
For being awful late.

And so you see a schoolboy's life
Is not a life so great,

For often there is verbal strife
And just for being late!

JOHN CULLEN (C, Sorell)

WHY MUST WE SUFFER?

This week I am rather disgusted with Miss "X." This statement may seem rather strange because there are not many things connected with Miss "X" that enable one to express disgust. It is, however, true. We have a free choice of essays. "Goody-goody," exclaim half the class, but the more far-seeing ones in the class (e.g., myself), mutter terrible things under our breath.

Miss "X," who herself is far-seeing, realising that some of us would rather have something definite on which to gain twenty marks, put some extra topics on the board to help us along, but I, and I expect many others are still disgusted and begin once more to curse. Of course, I could not curse all the time, so I decided to forget all about essays and Miss "X" until the last possible moment. I have put it off as long as possible, but can do so no longer, so I will try to think of something to write on.

"What am I going to write about?" I mutter to myself. I think of every topic possible—cats, rats, bulldogs, bicycles, school, aeroplanes and thousands of others. After scrapping half a dozen attempts at writing on "Bulldogs" and still having no idea on what to write, I decide once more to peruse the topics suggested by Miss "X." The first suggestion is "To-day"—I once more turn away in disgust and rack my brains harder than ever.

Suddenly, I don't know why, my thoughts turn to Miss "X." As suddenly as before, the word essays comes to my mind. Now why Miss "X" makes me think of essays I have not the slightest idea—perhaps you could tell me. Anyhow, I resolve to write on essays. After considerable thought on the matter, I decide that essays are really nasty things. But, nasty things or otherwise, I have quite a lot of things to unburden myself of about them, so here goes.

One of my principal objections to essays is the condition in which I receive them back after their having been corrected. The first page, which is always so carefully written, is full of scribble, with a lot of block letters scrawled all over the place. On my last essay, I saw U.P.P., the meaning of which I was given to believe by a friend, was unrelated Past Participle. Later, however, I was informed by a reliable source (i.e., Miss "X"), that it was Unrelated Present Participle.

But as I have not the slightest idea what the Present Participle is, I could not very well relate it. Even if I did know what P.P. was, I would not know to what to relate it.

Incidentally, the P.P. in my essay was rather fortunate in not having any relations because on the whole they are rather tiresome things to have. This I can say from personal experience. Most of my aunts, uncles and cousins, have birthdays and I have to write to them. This, disgraceful as it may seem, I have to be forced to do. I have, however, a young cousin called Ruth in Adelaide, and strange to say I write to her without being told.

With a "neffort" I draw myself away from the subject of Ruth and return once more to the less interesting subject of essays and Miss "X." Not meaning to say that Miss "X" is an uninteresting subject, far from it, but though it pains me deeply to say it, I would rather study Ruth than Miss "X."

I mentioned previously that my essay is returned to me with scribble on it. The only word I am ever able to pick out of the mess is "slang," which occurs pretty frequently. In a school like ours, this is a disgraceful state of affairs. I am led to believe that some irresponsible larrikin has possession of the key to Miss "X's" staff room and sneaks in there and scribbles on the essays just to give her a bad name. Giving Miss "X" a bad name, however, would be a very hard job, because it would be impossible to confuse her free-flowing hand with the disgraceful mess that appears on our essays.

H. D. COX (C1, Franklin)

TO PAN

I saw you in every new young leaf that stretched itself lazily in the sunlight. I felt you in the new heat of the sun and in the rustle of the wind among the leaves. I saw you as I walked on as I gazed from work to see the blueness of the spring's bright sky, to watch and wait and then to lose the feeling of your being, beneath the weight of Trig. or Algebra. But with the window still open, I could see and feel again in the three by six space of sky which is all that is left to us of life now that we have been caught in the tide of an omnipotent examination. To find that the delights of spring must become secondary to study is as the clipping of a young plover's wings or the wounding of a dog. This loss of freedom in the quest of freedom, to die for life, to be blinded by search for sight, this is all.

H. CUMMING (A1, Wilmot)

THE COUNTRY

I love the country! I love its solitude, its freedom its sympathy, its friendliness, yes! even its fitfulness. I love its rivers, its hills, its valleys, its plains, its forests. I love its clean, brown earth, its clear, glistening water, its warm, friendly sun. I love all these because they have been created by one Supreme Being, whom we call — Nature!

I wander along the course of a stream, the sparkling water of which have been untarnished by the grime and movement of cargo vessels, by the dirt and smoke of cities and see in their placid depths, six small, scaled, speckled perch fish, darting in a friendly manner between the numerous weeds, among which the waters find their devious and docile ways. Through the shimmering water, I can dimly discern the river's bed, covered with small, flat stones, which, through the years have been made smooth by the passage of the ever-moving water. Wishing to feel the cool transparent water over my body, I throw off my clothes and dive into the cool depths. Frightened fish hasten back to their homes, while a water-rat scurries up the opposite bank. The warm sun beats down, warming my exposed head, but the remainder of my body remains deliciously cool. Having refreshed myself, I clamber on to the bank—no sinking knee-deep in black, sticky mud, but feeling my feet on the firm, flat floor of the smooth stones.

After dressing, I wander on. I remain impassive to the quiet, diminutive murmur of the domesticated sheep, who wonder that a sane human being can be sharing the glory of Nature with them. I reach a stretch of gorse and pick my way through the clumps of bushes. Coming to a number of willows overhanging the river, I sit down and doze off to sleep with

the buzz of the dragon-flies in my ears. I awaken and immediately start thinking of a problem which has worried me of late.

Wanting the solitude of the tall, gaunt gums, I set my course for a belt of bush in the distance. Reaching it, I sit on a broken log, all the while pondering deeply. My brain becomes a turbulent torrent with the worry that is oppressing me. But I pause, hearing the sweet notes of a lark. I hear the low whisperings of the faint breeze which rustles through the grass. I feel its soft caress on my heated brow and sense its sympathetic fingers running through my hair. I notice numerous wild flowers in the undergrowth and suddenly I recall the lines of a poem I learnt at school: "I wandered lonely as a cloud

That floats on high o'er vale and hills,

When all at once I saw a crowd,

A host of golden daffodils."

All at once I cease to worry and gaze about at the beauty of the bush. Then I realise that no matter what my mood is, Nature can soothe it. If I am angry, I have only to listen to the rushing of a mountain torrent. If I am worried, I have only to seek the sympathetic solitude of the bush.

Finding it to be now dusk, I wander homeward. I pause at the doorway. Over the bed of the gorse-fringed river, I see two dark outlines of pines leading up to a light, which has just started twinkling. Behind the distant timber-clad hills which enclose this light, I note the sinking of the sun by the silvery-grey, reflected glory.

Who could fail to love the country? Who could fail to love Nature? Dear reader, try to read this through the eyes of a nature-lover.

TOM BAILEY (B1, Sorell)

SPRING REJOICING

Out in the dew-lovely paddocks,
The lambs gambol playfully round:
Their mothers are happily watching,
And the daisies shine clear on the ground.

As each yellow heart is uplifted,
The sun strikes all petals with gold.
The violets look modestly upward,
Enthroned in their green leaves, so cold.

The garden is bright with the trumpets
And all is so young and so fair,
That the song of the larks' cheerful greeting
Rings out through the clear, frosty air.

As spring is the time of rejoicing,
Let's rejoice through the livelong day.
Rejoice! Dance and gambol so gaily
And laugh all your cares away!

BARBARA GRAHAM (E4, Arthur)

BEYOND THE ROYAL PARK

I am sitting on an old ship's anchor, deeply pitted with rust and half-buried in entwining grass and sticks. Behind me stands a buoy, red with rust and grey with lichen, its great hammers, which once clanged warning to storm-tossed ships, resting still. Lying among the weeds are funnels and pieces of ships' engines covered with rust and moss.

From a heap of rotting planks a tawny cat regards me with displeasure for invading his lonely haunts—

his body tense, ready for instant flight. Outlined against the fog, the iron framework of a crane rises over the rotting planking of a wharf. Growing out of the black mud, near the edge of the river, are tall, dry bulrushes, through which run many tunnels made by native hens. Further down the river a line of willow trees, still retaining a few of their yellow leaves, fades slowly into the mist. Behind me is a misty tract of waste ground, littered with rubbish, over which screeching sea birds wheel, warning others of my presence.

The tide is half out, leaving a wide expanse of black mud and gravel, from which emerge slime-covered pieces of iron and water-logged trunks of trees, carried down by the waters in time of flood. A few deeply-eaten piles stand in the mud, or are reflected faintly in the water. On the opposite bank a small rowing boat lies in the mud, where it rests until it is gently lifted by the rising tide. Through the fog, grey warehouses and dock buildings loom. From the wharves, round the bend in the river, comes the intermittent rattle of a chain as a cargo boat is loaded.

A jumbled heap of huge anchors, half covered with grass and reeds, lies rusting a few yards away. What stories of wrecks and storms, of strange lands and wonders of the sea, these relics of the sea might tell—but I must have done with dreaming, for, in the distance, the town clock has chimed the half-hour, and if I do not hurry, I shall be late for the first lesson of the afternoon.

PETER SAUNDERS (C1, Sorell)

THE DEAD HEART

Underneath the blue and merciless sky,
The blazing sun beat down;
To meet the dancing mirage far,
And gibber stones that gleamed and stung
The burning eyes that looked thereon.
On and on, the being crawled,
His tongue was parched,
His lips were swollen, black.
Within, his spirit whispered still,
"Water's life, O water's life."
So on, and on, he went.
The cruel black crows were perched
Up in a needlewood:
"Twill not be long," they karked again.
The sand began to move and whisper,
Little feathers coiled and ran,
And far across the desert sand, a haze began
to rise.

To set, blood-red the sun went down,
And all the air was still!
But from afar there came a sigh—
Louder yet, and louder still,
With mournful cry and eerie scream,
The moving sands came fast.
A howling, mighty, rushing storm
That moved the earth and sealed the sky from
view!

Wise heads were tucked 'neath wings:
But man was doomed!
If only somewhere ran a stream,
Or waterhole lay full—
That life that's lost, may not have been.

M. TRESIZE (C2, Franklin)

MILK BAR INTERLUDE

My heart was light, my stomach was light and my pocket was in the same condition, so I decided to visit a girl I knew who worked in a milk bar. I strolled in, sat down at the counter and tried to decide what I would have since I did not have to pay.

As my eyes roved over the shelves and display cards, they alighted on a small flask of brandy. The waitress noticed the direction of my gaze and enquired laughingly if I would like a glass of brandy. I replied that I would like a little mixed with some warm milk.

The waitress mixed it up and placed it before me. I took a large gulp, then I coughed, spluttered and poured the stuff down the sink. When I could speak, she informed me that the "brandy" was the remainder of a flask of lubricating oil left behind by "the man who came to fix the refrigerator."

B. L. (D2, Sorell)

SPRING



Both age and youth alike are joyful when
Cold winter dead, the spring bursts forth new life;
Once more the earth is glad and gay; no more
The wind cuts sore as though with sharpened knife.

The birds more joyful from their nests of young
Are chirping as the velvet brown bees hum,
And as the soft, cool breezes gently blow,
They seem to whisper to the world, "Spring's
come!"

The trees break out in blossoms pink and white
That fill the clear, clean air with fragrance sweet,
And fresh spring flowers, some pale in hue, some
bright,
Light up the world, the soft springtime to greet.

The bright, glad hours of sunshine quickly fly,
And bringing with them as they come, our joys,
And smoothing out our sorrows as they pass,
They calm the restlessness of this world's noise.

GEVA H. McCORMACK (B1, Wilmot)

THE AWAKENING

The first flush of dawning fires the eastern skies,
And the countryside is waking from its sleep.
Wooded slopes are ringing with the bush birds' cries,
As down to the water-holes they sweep.

In the settler's yard the cocks begin to crow,
And blue smoke curls beside the track.
The settler's house is up and on the "go,"
As another day begins outback.

J. P. WILLEY (D2, Arthur)

LAZY BOY

(With apologies to Lewis Carroll)

"You are lazy, my boy," the mistress said,
"And your work has become very flat,
And yet you incessantly read comic strips.
Do you think you will get far like that?"

"I try hard," the boy replied earnestly back.
(But he couldn't resist just a wink
At his pretty young friend who was nearly as bad
And at this she became rather pink).

"You are naughty, my boy," the master said,
And I really won't stand much more rot—
If you don't wake up soon, I'll play a new tune
But he couldn't resist just a wink.

ANONYMOUS

WASTE

(With apologies to Wordsworth)

I wandered lonely as a cloud
Across a field just newly ploughed;
And as I wandered on I saw
A freshly-nibbled apple core.
I thought there'd be an orchard by,
So I wide open kept my eye.
But soon my patience was rewarded
With a vision awfully sordid—
Hundreds of apples on the ground;
Lay rotting there in one huge mound.
I viewed the scene with much distaste,
I plucked a ripe one from a tree
And turned so that I might not see
That awful, rotting, wasted hoard;
And cursed the "Pear and Apple Board."

TWILIGHT

When the fiery sun sends his last adieu
To the flushing cheek of a sky once blue,
And strides o'er the world's reddened rim;
Bird songs are stilled and shadows grow dim.

Far away stretches the shadowy mass of a pine-clad
hill,
And borne on the still night air the thump of 'roo,
and voice of rill.
The wild nocturnals, soft-padded, slow-footed and
wary,
Rustle through bushes, long grasses, and mountainside
airy.

For man is asleep and beast not clear to his sight,
Roam savage through forests enchanted by night.
P. PENMAN (B1, Arthur)

FOUR MEN IN TWO CANOES

By "LE QUATRIEME"



It was the last day of 1944's "B" Class. Syd,
Bruce, Jeff and I waited light-heartedly, at the Evan-
dale station for the 6.45 goods train which, not un-

naturally, arrived an hour late. The guard eyed us suspiciously in our varied apparel and said that he could not allow our fifth in our carriage unless he had a collar and lead. That was arranged by tying a piece of string around his neck.

After changing trains at Conara during the night, we were awakened from our not very deep sleep by the first light of dawn. It was a heavenly morning. As the train jerked along, we looked at the river, which by now, we were following fairly closely and wondered how we should be faring on the return journey. We arrived at Fingal about 7, had breakfast, procured some stores and set off in our canoes down the South Esk.

From Fingal to Avoca, one day was much the same as the next. Bruce and Syd. managed to tip out two or three times and we, once or twice. Once, towards evening, they capsized on a protruding snag and lost the .22 rifle which was fortunately located on the river bed. That was one of our worst adventures. The current was, by this time, quite swift and the weather was more suited to August than December. Salvaging operations were carried out in bitter cold. However, we eventually pitched the tents and were able to crawl into dry blankets. Somehow we managed to keep them dry the whole trip. At times Bruce was not quite so fortunate. He had a sleeping bag which was by no means waterproof and once he was up until midnight drying it by the fire.

I hope I have not made it appear that the venture was one endless worry, for I have never enjoyed any undertaking quite so much in my life. There was always the delightful sensation of being caught up by the current and navigating through tricky rapids. I remember the small gorge down which we had to guide the canoes carefully by means of ropes from the bank. Above all, I can still experience the feeling of satisfaction when, at the end of a day's paddling, after a hearty meal of boiled rabbit, I wrapped myself up in dry blankets to drop off to sleep immediately.

After Avoca the going was comparatively easy and we saw the welcome sight of home one week from the day of our departure. Looking across to distant Ben Lomond, we realised just how far we had come when we thought that our starting point was about half as far away on the other side.

LEGS

I suppose all you boys are wishfully thinking that I am going to discuss the rival merits of the legs of Marlene Dietrich and Betty Grable? Well, I'm not. I just want to tell you of a little incident which seems to fit the title.

One afternoon I was digging in the garden when suddenly I felt a funny sensation run up the spade. Looking down I saw a horrible creature struggling in the earth. Its writhing legs twined round the sods and clutched convulsively at the spade. It must have had hundreds of limbs—all white and fleshy and stretchy. In a moment they were only struggling feebly and some had fallen limply over the hard little shell on the creature's back. A feeling of nausea came over me and I shuddered and closed my eyes as I realised that I had committed murder.

Suddenly I was startled by my father's voice exclaiming, "Well well, I wonder how that golf ball came to be among the carnations?"

Now I know the meaning of the expression—"Ever been had?"

"ALON" (C1, Arthur)



THREE MEN OF LONDON

There were once three men of London
Who decided to visit the queen.
They found her dressed in her Sunday best,
A more beauteous sight ne'er was seen.

There was Augustus Jim, who was tall and slim,
And the second was Archibald Browne,
The third was Jack, who had just got the sack
From a job of great renown.

The queen to them spoke, but not in joke,
For she was in a fury.
"Don't you know that it's rude, on a queen to
to intrude?
I'll chop off your heads, sans a jury!"

And I'm sorry to say that you never may
Meet again these three brave men:
For their spirits left and their heads bereft,
They'll ne'er see the world again.

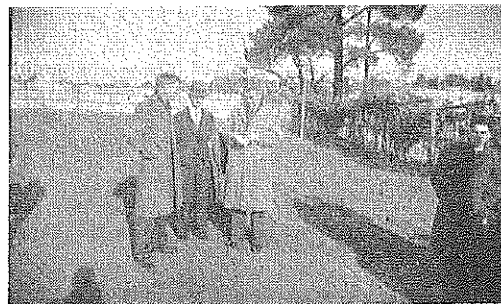
JOHN LUCAS (E2, Wilmot)

TWILIGHT TO DAWN

Shadows gather softly;
Eventide is nigh;
All the happy birds
Flit across the sky,
Joyful is their twittering
Now that night is come;
For all the tiny stars
Are gathering, one by one.

The sun is slowly rising,
The stars have gone to rest,
All joyful birds come chattering
Out of their cosy nests,
The magpies' cheerful greeting
Rings through the clear, frosty morn,
Rings as a prayer to the Father,
For the coming of the dawn.

BARBARA GRAHAM (E4, Arthur)



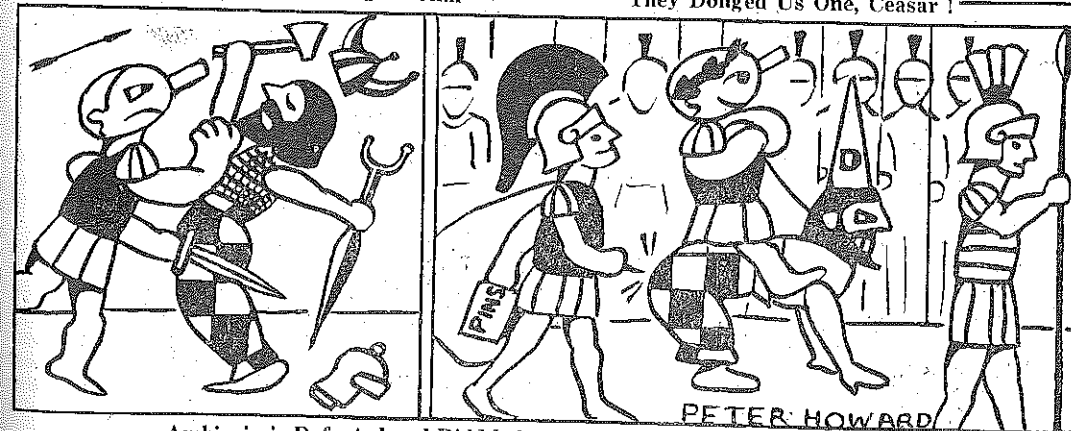
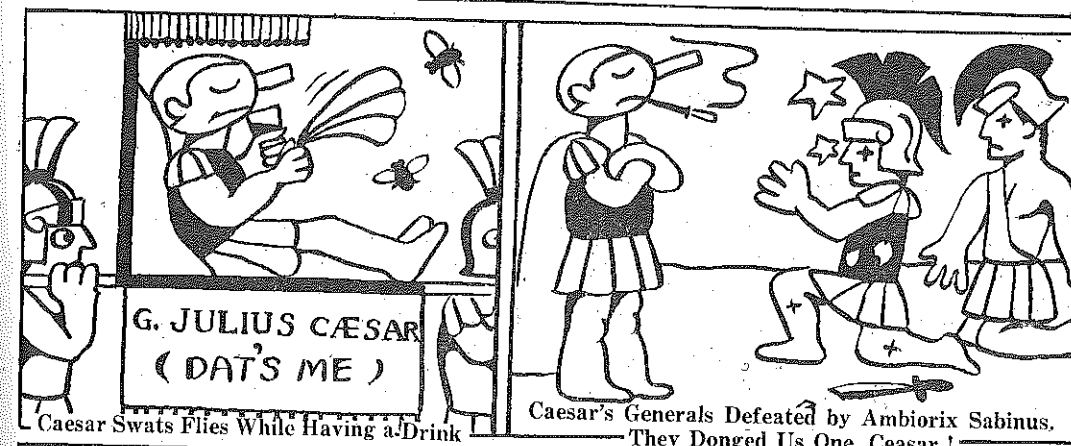
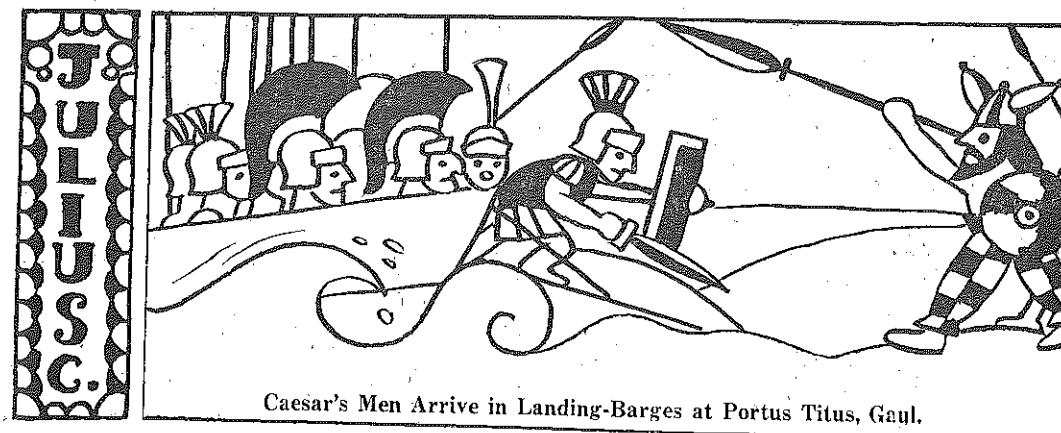
CANDID SNAPS

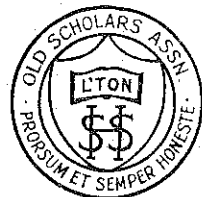
AT



THE

SCHOOL and SPORTS





Old Scholars' Column

DIRECTORY

Patron—Mr. W. C. Morris.

President—Mr. R. Pullen, c/o Invermay State School.

Joint Hon. Secretaries—Miss B. Lawrence, c/o Tas. Steamers Pty. Ltd., Cimitiere Street; Miss M. Comber, c/o Liverpool, London & Globe Insurance Co., St. John Street.

Hon. Treasurer—Miss Betty Badcock, c/o W. & G. Genderrs Pty. Ltd., Cameron Street.

Editor Old Scholars' Column—Mrs. W. Bertram, c/o Clements & Marshall Pty. Ltd., Cimitiere Street.

General Committee—Misses Gwen Beckett, Norma Ruston, Shirley Morice, Marj. Cooper, Helen Lutwyche. Messrs. Carl Waldon, Ken Foley, Charles Wilcox, Walter Rumney, Bob Cretney, Graham Smith and J. Turner.

NEW MEMBERS

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

SUBSCRIPTIONS

Considering all the students who pass through the School, our membership is very low and we feel that we should get much more support than we do at present.

Without the backing of all Old Scholars, it is quite impossible for us to continue to function in the same manner as in the past.

The subscriptions are 3/- for the first year of leaving School and 5/- for each ensuing year. These are payable to either the Treasurer or Joint Secretaries. Badges are also available at the cost of 3/6 each.

MONTHLY DANCES

We have been holding dances at the Anzac Hostel for the past eighteen months and up to date these have proved very successful and a regular source of income. They are held on Friday nights and we hope that those

Old Scholars of this year will come along and join with us, so that we can continue to run them successfully.

During the year, on the occasion of the visit of the O.D.A. and the O.H.A., we held a very successful dance in the Assembly Hall, the first for several years. It was very pleasing to older members of the Association to be able to hold the dance there, as they really become "High School" dances. This year we hope to be able to have them at the School more often, as we did in pre-war days.

CHURINGA BALL

It was with some trepidation that we held our first Churinga Ball in the Albert Hall, but we are delighted to say that it was an outstanding success, both socially and financially.

We were pleased to have as our guests, the Mayor and Mayoress, Mr. W. C. Morris, Mr. F. D. Barclay, Mr. and Mrs. H. Gunton, Squadron-Leader Stewart, Mr. and Mrs. J. Fotheringham and Mr. and Mrs. B. J. H. Lutwyche.

We were delighted to see quite a number of "older" Old Scholars present, which points to the fact that although we practically sever all connections with the School, there is always that loyalty which bobs up at times.

We would like to thank all our parents who so generously provided the supper for the Ball, as well as serving it. We venture to say that the Ball would not have been the success it undoubtedly was, had it not been for their untiring efforts.

NEWNHAM HALL

Our Association is very gratified to have a representative on the Committee of the Newnham Hall Hostel for Girls. We would ask all Old Scholars to be behind this project in all respects, as it is creating a precedent in this State, a High School Boarding School for Girls.

PRESENTATION

At the beginning of the year we were sorry to lose the services of our president of last year, Ron Horne and a presentation was made to him at our Annual Meeting by Mr. Morris, who spoke of the excellent services rendered to the Association and incidentally the School by Ron.

However, as he has now moved back to Launceston, we are pleased to welcome him once more back into our ranks.

WELCOME

We cannot say how delighted we are to be able to welcome those Old Scholars home who have been

Prisoners of War. One of these to whom we have actually been speaking, was Sgt. Fred Atherton. He is an ex-Treasurer of the Association and is a brother of one of our most distinguished members, Wing-Commander Geoff. Atherton, D.F.C.

HONOURS

We would like to extend to all those Old Scholars who have received decorations, our sincere congratulations. They have added honour and glory to an already distinguished Honour Roll.

O.H.A.'s VISIT

This year in September, we had the pleasure of acting as hosts to the O.H.A. and several members of the O.D.A.

We played the O.H.A. hockey, tennis, football and basketball and these games resulted in quite even matches.

In the evening we held a dance in the Assembly Hall which had been quite artistically decorated by members of the Committee.

We entertained all our visitors to a delicious supper, once more through the generosity of our parents, at the Cooking School, where Ron Horne, who was acting president on this occasion, welcomed the guests and Don Hill, of O.H.A., responded.

On the Sunday morning, we all walked up the Gorge, where we had morning tea and had several photos taken by the O.H.A.'s official photographer.

May we say how pleasing it is to be able to have as our guests, members of kindred association and we do hope that this practice will be continued and that the friendships that are established as a result of these visits will be firmly cemented in the ensuing years.

ANNUAL MEETING

At the annual meeting, a precedent was established by the holding of a supper party of the close of the meeting. This proved to be most successful and we hope that we will be able to continue with it next year, particularly as we have been unable to hold our annual dinner of recent years.

OUR VISIT TO O.H.A.

For the long week-end, November 3 to 5, about fifty Old Scholars chartered a train for the week-end to pay our annual visit to Hobart.

On the Saturday night, we were entertained at the Belvedere and at 12 o'clock were given a marvellous supper. On the Sunday we were taken by the ferry to South Arm for the day where the men played a cricket match against members of the O.H.A., they being the victors.

On the Monday morning we played a tennis match at Sandy Bay, here again the O.H.A. won the day, but most of the sets were very close and some good tennis resulted.

We would like the O.H.A. to accept our very sincere thanks for the way in which they entertained us and we are looking forward to seeing them again in the very near future.

ENGAGEMENTS

To the following, whose engagements have been announced, may we extend our congratulations:

Vida Parker to Theo Box.
Jean Rees to Mr. V. Towns.
Betty Kerrison to Mr. Bill Turner.
Ken Cassidy to Miss Jean Bain.
Joan Baker to Mr. J. Blake.
Beverley Roberts to Ian Wrangmore.
Tom Bonnilly to Reatha Penno.

Trevor Lee to Miss Marie French.
Rex Woodworth to Jean Hocking.
Matthew Tyson to Pat Scott.
Nina Wrangmore to Eric Tierney.
Des. Edmunds to Mary Phair.
Jean Waters to Mr. H. Bearup.

BIRTHS

To those Old Scholars to whom daughters have been born, may we send our congratulations:

Mr. and Mrs. Neil McDonald.
Mr. and Mrs. M. F. Bertram (nee Marj. Grubb).
Mr. and Mrs. Allan Wood.
Mr. and Mrs. Keith Robinson (nee Joan Crooks).
Mr. and Mrs. Jim Bain (nee Peg. Turnbull).
Mr. and Mrs. Roly Whelan.
Mr. and Mrs. R. Bugg (nee Nancy Burn).
Mr. and Mrs. M. Webb (nee Laurel Edmunds).
Mr. and Mrs. P. Goss (nee Margaret Teasdale).
Mr. and Mrs. C. Pryor (nee Melanie Holmes).
Mr. and Mrs. H. Dickens (nee Elma Rundle).
Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Langham (nee Mary Cox).
Mr. and Mrs. Fawdry Kidd.
Mr. and Mrs. Stuart Stevenson.
Mr. and Mrs. Frank Mayhead.
Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Griggs (nee Betty Norton).
Mr. and Mrs. Darrel Foster (nee Sylvia Gray).
Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Hays.
Mr. and Mrs. H. Allison (nee Bonnie Miller).
Mr. and Mrs. V. Purdue (nee Marj. Kelb).
Mr. and Mrs. Max Frey (nee Madge McGiverson).
And then there are the sons and heirs:
Mr. and Mrs. Keith Kelly (nee Peg. Searl).
Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Norton (nee Nancy Jackson).
Mr. and Mrs. L. Pickett (nee Mollie Best).
Mr. and Mrs. Lindsay Hammond.
Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Fraser-Easton (nee Joan Forsythe).
Mr. and Mrs. Les. Blair.
Mr. and Mrs. Sam Moore.
Mr. and Mrs. Irving Klein (nee Pat Hudson).
Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Orpwood (nee Marj. Gilbert).
Mr. and Mrs. Claire Best.
Mr. and Mrs. H. Burtram (nee Flo Beresford).
Mr. and Mrs. Jack Lee (nee Mary Lawson).
Mr. and Mrs. C. Lumley (nee Jean Hunt).
Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Wilson (nee Leah Thompson).

MARRIAGES

The Association extends its congratulations to those Old Scholars who have been married during the past year:

Max Brown to Miss Joy Clark.
Zetta Cocker to Mr. D. McEwan.
Allan Saville to Miss M. Allen.
Lorna Provern to Mr. N. Gerrard.
Betty Pinel to Rev. A. Cloudsdale.
Isabel Cunningham to Mr. Thomas Todd.
Tony Bell to Miss M. Totham.
Pat Denholm to Mr. A. Wolff.
Mary Wilmot to Alec Miller.
Yvonne Watts to Mr. J. Cole.
Yvonne Gertsen to Mr. A. Sinclair.
Connie Orpwood to Trevor Ikin.
Bruce Scott to June Brown.
Marj. Orpwood to Chris. Doe.
Marie Whitham to Stanley Kays.
Geoff. Grubb to Miss H. Forth.
Norm Petterson to Miss P. Linden.
Jean Proven to Ross Lovell.

AWARDS TO OLD SCHOLARS

We would like to congratulate the following Old Scholars who have been awarded decorations:

Warrant Officer Jordan, D.F.C., gained this award for gallantry while attacking the German-held Athens aerodrome. On the second run over the target, his aircraft was badly damaged, but he insisted on making another run over the target in order to drop the bombs more accurately. For this action he was highly commended and was awarded his D.F.C.

Flying-Officer Douglas Bain was awarded the D.F.C. for unusual fortitude, courage and devotion to duty over a long period of service with the R.A.A.F.

Flight-Lieut. Ronald Barclay, D.F.C., won his award while on active service in the Middle East. The citation says: "Flight-Lieut. Barclay has been engaged in operational flying since 1943 and has served both in the Middle East and Far East and throughout the retreat from Burma. A brilliant navigator, this officer's work has been of the highest standard throughout his tour of duty and his exceptional ability has materially contributed to the success of many missions."

One of three distinguished brothers, all of whom have gained the Distinguished Flying Cross, is Acting Sqd. Ldr. Leonard Parsons (A Class, 1938). This gallant Old Boy is an uncle of John Reinmuth, of D Class. This R.A.A.F. officer gained the D.F.C. under circumstances which the following citation explains.

Citation

Acting Squadron Leader Leonard Parsons won the D.F.C. for service in the Pacific.

He was mentioned in despatches when three airmen risked their lives to extricate companions, even though they were exposing themselves to the possibility of depth charges or exploding bombs.

The School is proud to add Len's name to the list of distinguished Old Scholars and wishes to congratulate him upon his well-merited award.

Among the brilliant and gallant Old Scholars who have given their lives in the cause of King and Country, none stands higher in the estimation of the School than the late Flying-Officer James Beck.

Head Prefect in 1938, Jim completed his brilliant career in this School by rendering outstanding service in this capacity. This promise of brilliance was amply fulfilled in his work in his chosen profession and then, when the call came, Jim enlisted in the R.A.A.F.

The citation issued by the Department of Air refers to his masterly handling of his aircraft and his subsequent recommendation for the D.F.C.

The School, Old Scholars and friends unite in an expression of sincere sympathy to his family.

In February, 1945, Flying Officer Beck piloted an aircraft detailed attack Wesel. On the take-off run the tyre on the starboard wheel burst, causing the axle to drag along the runway and break up. The starboard wing dropped and the aircraft swung wildly, but Flying-Officer Beck succeeded in straightening the aircraft.

On gaining height he narrowly missed a hangar and after much difficulty, part of the undercarriage which had not been ripped away was retracted and he went on to the target and bombed it.

On reaching an airfield in this country after completing his mission, F/O Beck executed a masterly landing with the undercarriage retracted.

This officer has completed numerous sorties and has invariably displayed the highest standard of skill and resolution. He is an excellent captain, whose fine qualities have been well reflected in the operational efficiency of his crew.

WE WILL REMEMBER THEM

Amongst the many gallant ex-students the School honours the late Flight-Sergeant Bramwell Barber, R.A.A.F., holds a high position. Popular with staff and students, representative of his School in tennis and endowed with sound intellectual powers, he was typical of the best product of the School.

After gaining his Intermediate Certificate, he joined the staff of the E.S. & A. Bank, where he was held in high esteem as an efficient young officer of great promise. Later he enlisted in the R.A.A.F., attained the rank of Flight-Sergeant Air Gunner and served in the European zone. He was a member of a Lancaster Squadron which made many operations over enemy territory and in the last of these his plane was shot down on June 28, 1944, over Bussus-Bussuel. To Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Barber and family we tender our sincere sympathy.

Flight-Sergeant Layton Barrett, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Barrett, Cypress Street, was an unassuming, intelligent student. The School and Staff held him in high esteem.

After gaining his Intermediate Certificate, he joined the staff of the Bank for Savings. Later he transferred to the Launceston Branch of the C.B.A., where he was held in high regard.

His career in the R.A.A.F. was full of promise, when it terminated with the loss of his plane while on an operational flight.

We tender to Mr. and Mrs. Barrett and family, the sincere sympathy of the School.

PARENTS' AND FRIENDS' ASSOCIATION

The Parents' and Friends' Association would like to take this opportunity of wishing the boys and girls of the School, every success in the examinations.

Those of you who have put your best into your work will, undoubtedly, reap the reward you deserve.

Then also, we wish you a splendid holiday from which you should return full of enthusiasm and vigour for the year 1946.

During the year we have been busier than ever on your behalf. Valuable help has been given to us by the Old Scholars' Association, Richmond Hill Parents' Association, Lilydale Parents' Association and Dilton Parents' Association. I must not forget the Junior Red Cross of St. Helens, who sent us a postal note.

A large sum of money has been raised, nearly all of which will be spent at Newnham Hall.

It will pay only a portion of the cost of furnishing the home—much more remains to be done.

The home is nearly ready for your use and we hope you will find it as lovely as you have been led to expect.

At present Newnham Hall is for the girls only. In the future we hope to be able to do as much for the boys. For the present we feel they will rejoice with us in knowing that their visitors and girl friends live beautifully.

Sometimes, girls, when you are in residence there, if you give a thought to the sacrifice the ladies of the Social Committee have made in preparing the curtains and cushions that make your lounge and dining hall so graceful and the bedspreads and curtains that make your dormitories so fresh and charming and, if you do all you can to help by co-operating with each other and with the staff, you may assure yourselves that we are more than repaid.

Old Scholars' Honour Roll

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

- Jackson, Ken., R.A.A.F.
 Jordan, Mix., 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.
 Kent, Clarrie, R.A.A.F.
 Long, O. Reg., R.A.A.F.
 Larner, Ian, A.I.F.
 Larner, Rex., A.I.F.
 Lyne, Barney, A.I.F.
 Lawson, George, A.I.F.
 Lanham, Ivo, A.I.F. (P.O.W.)
 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.
 Maumill, 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. (P.O.W.)
 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.
 Nicklason, Syd., A.I.F.
 Nation, H., R.A.A.F. (killed in action)
 Neil, Eddy, R.A.A.F.
 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.
 Parson, Len., R.A.A.F.
 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
 Phillips, Frank, A.I.F.
 Plummer, Keith, Lieut.
 Pryor, Jack, R.A.A.F.
 Rose, Kathleen, W.A.A.A.F.
 Rose, Frances, A.W.A.S.
 Ripper, Herbert, R.A.N.
 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.
 Simons, Jack, R.A.N.
 Skeggs, Olive, A.W.A.M.S.
 Swain, Hilton, R.A.A.F.
 Stephens, Roland, R.A.N.
 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.
 Sowter, Richard, A.I.F.
 Smith, James, R.A.N.
 Shields, L. S., A.I.F.
 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, Allison, 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.
 Townsend, John, R.A.F.
 von Stieglitz, Peter, R.A.N.
 von Beutouch, Don., A.I.F.
 von Bertouch, Mark, A.I.F. (POW)
 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., N.A.N.V.R. (lost sea)
 Waters, Frank, R.A.N.V.R.
 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.
 Wilksinson, 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.
 Walker, Keith, R.A.N.
 Walters, Geoffrey, R.A.A.F.