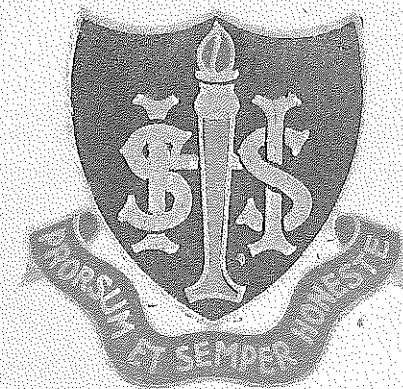


The Northern Churinga



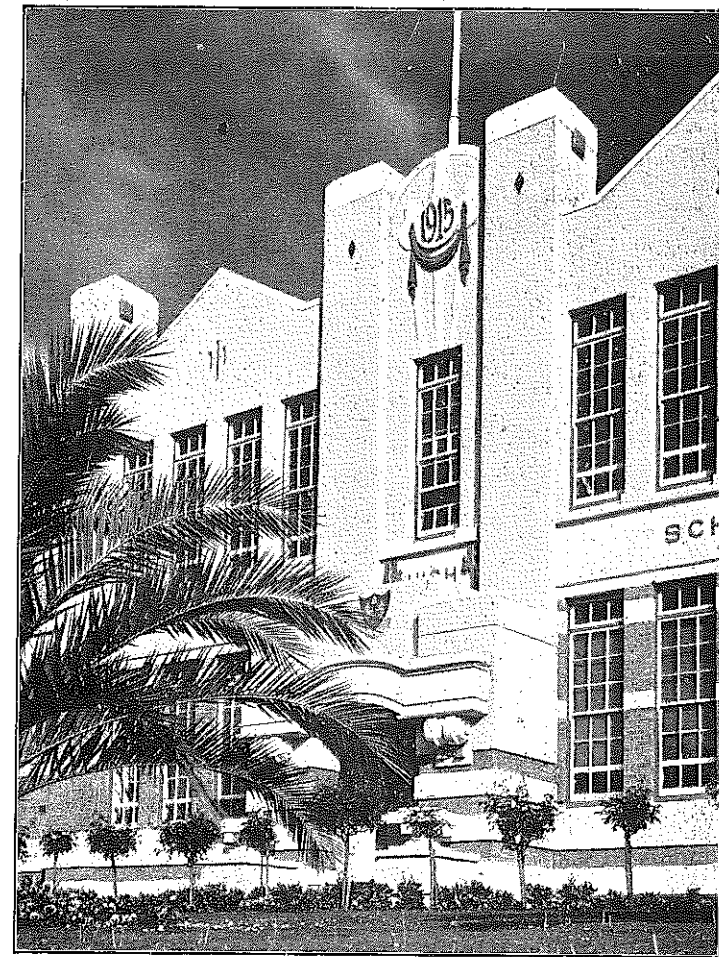
December, 1946

Launceston High School Magazine

VOLUME, XXXV



The Northern Churinga



LAUNCESTON HIGH SCHOOL
Launceston, Tas., Aus.



Editors :
N. SCOTT
G. BYE



Dedication

This issue of our Magazine is dedicated to the memory of the Old Boys of the School who gave their lives in the cause of freedom.

The wastage of youth is at once the glory and the tragedy of war—glory in that it inspires such gallant self sacrifice to the ideal of service; tragedy in that it should often arise out of the prejudices and mistakes of people who may not be mortally affected by it.

It is for you, the readers of this Magazine, the "citizens of to-morrow," to ensure that no prejudice, no slackening of standards on your part—or ours—shall cause another such tragedy.

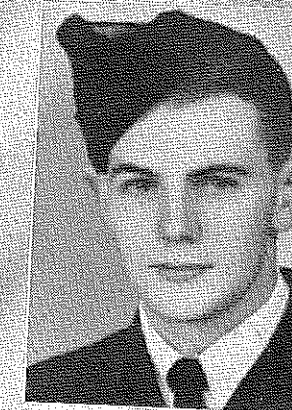
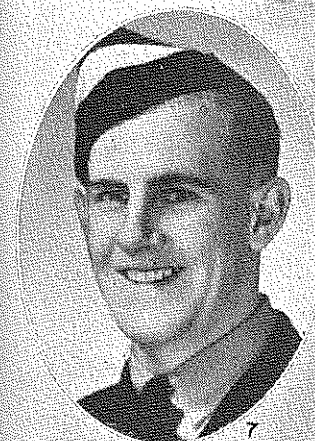
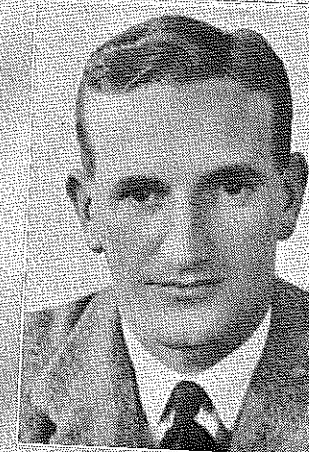
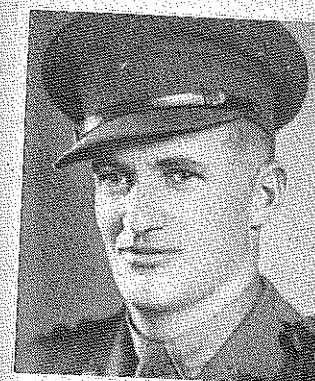
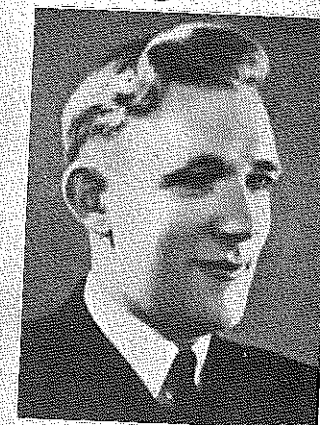
To the parents and loved ones of these splendid boys we offer our grateful sympathy.

Home, School and community are the poorer for their passing.

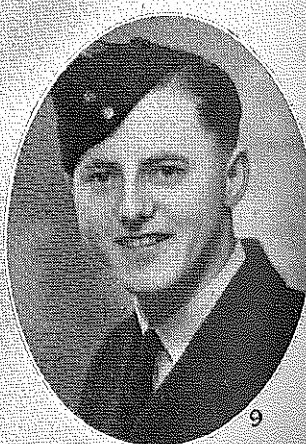
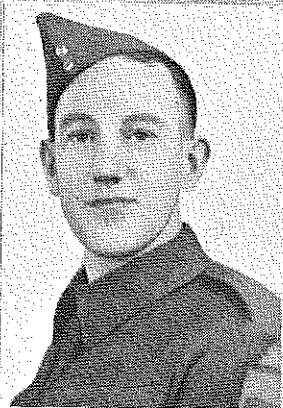
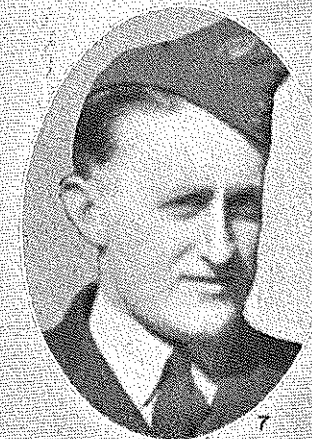
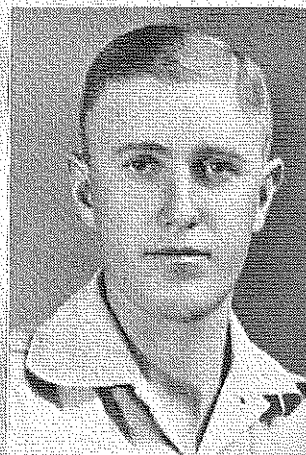
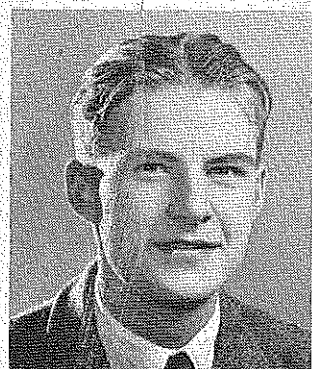
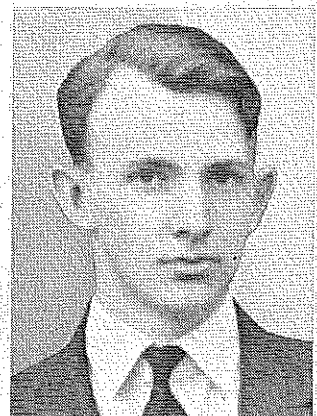
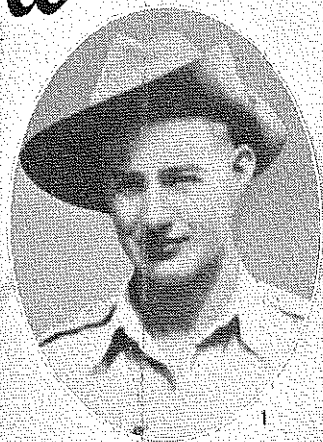
The School recognises the responsibility of preparing other young men and women to live wisely so that they may repair the loss the community has suffered.

W. Morris

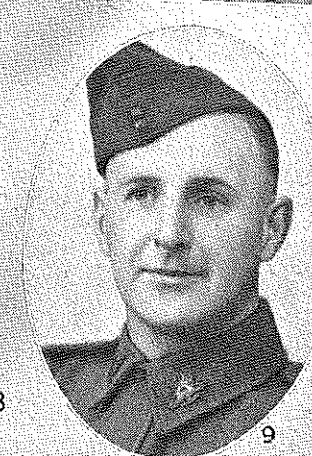
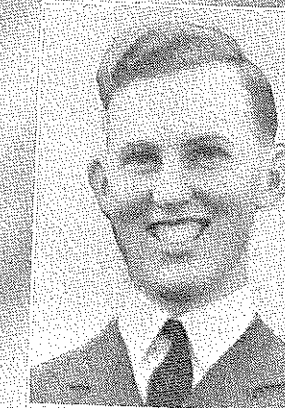
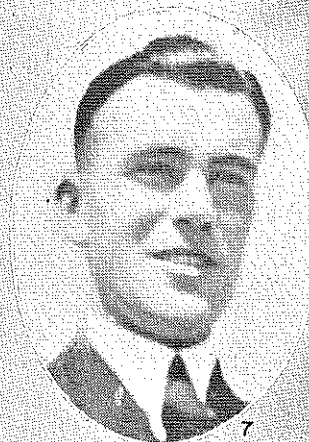
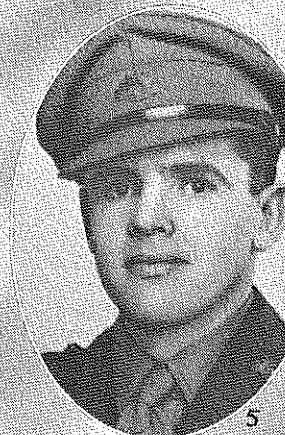
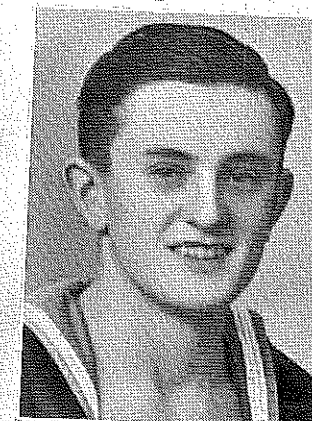
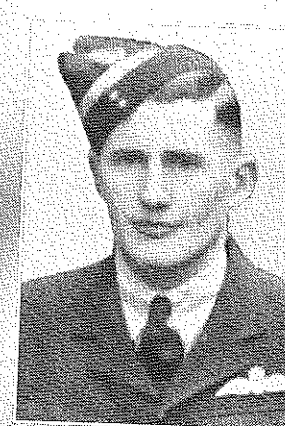
"We will remember them"



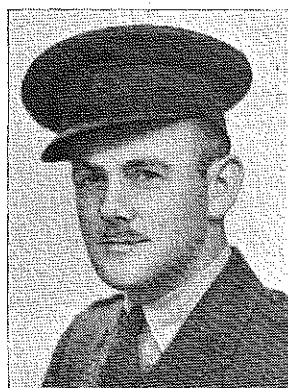
"We will remember them"



"We will remember them"



"We will remember them"



Page 3. 1.

[1931-1935]

FLIGHT-LIEUT. JOHN EDWARD ALCOCK, R.A.A.F.

A sincere and brilliant student, dux of 1934 B Class, John gained his Leaving in 1935. He was awarded the Hatton and Laws Chemistry prize, Hemingway and Robertson Bursary, and qualified for admission to Commonwealth Public Service. Later he continued his studies at University of Tasmania. A keen cadet, he was ranked as leading shot in Tasmania in 1935, and also gave fine service to School on Board of Prefects.

He joined the staff of the Bank of N.S.W., but upon the outbreak of war enlisted in the R.A.A.F. His operational work included eight months over Timor and Kepang. He left Darwin on 1st October, 1942, and was posted "missing." Later he was reported as "missing, presumed dead."

Eldest son of Mrs. Alcock and the late Mr. J. R. Alcock, The Needles, Dairy Plains.

Page 3. 2.

[1936-1938]

SERGEANT LESLIE NEIL BAIN, R.A.A.F.

Member of noted sporting family, members from which gained prominence in scholastic and sporting life of School, Neil, naturally, entered with enthusiasm into school activities. In rowing—doubtless inspired by example of his father a noted oarsman and coach of crew for some years—Neil became cox of the winning crews 1937 and 1938, when his crew annexed the Bourke Cup on Tamar, and Clarke Shield on Derwent.

Neil enlisted in the R.A.A.F. on his 18th birthday, and, following upon successful training, took part in operations over England, the Continent, Malta and North Africa. He was reported as missing on 19th April, 1943, during night operations, upon enemy drome at Solomon South; subsequently, it was known that he had lost his life.

The youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. L. G. Bain, Trevallyn.



Page 3. 3.

[1938-1940]

FLIGHT-SERGEANT BRAMWELL BARBER, R.A.A.F.

Popular with staff and students, representative of School in tennis, endowed with sound intellectual powers, and having lofty personal standards, this student was typical of the best product of the School.

After gaining his Intermediate he joined the staff of E.S.A. Bank, and enlisted in R.A.A.F. where he attained the rank of Flt Sergt. Air Gunner, and saw service over England and the Continent. He was a member of a Lancaster squadron which completed many operations over enemy territory. In the last of these his plane was shot down over Bussuel Bussuel on 28th June, 1944.

Only son of Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Barker, Launceston.

Page 3. 4.

[1929-1931]

LIEUT. GRAHAM MAXWELL BARCLAY, A.I.F.

A fine athlete, member of School crew, Graham, after gaining his Intermediate enrolled at Dookie Agricultural College where he gained his Diploma of Agriculture.

Enlisting at the outbreak of war, he saw service in the Middle East, was wounded in Syria and returned to Australia. Later he saw service in New Guinea on the notorious Kokoda Pass, and lost his life at Ioribaiwa in 1943.

Page 3. 5.

[1934-1938]

F.O. JAMES ARTHUR GORDON BECK, D.F.C.

In 1938 Jim completed a brilliant scholastic career with his Leaving and made an outstanding contribution as Head Prefect. Subsequently, he enhanced his reputation by his progress in accountancy.

His enlistment in R.A.A.F. was followed by rapid progress and promotion. Training in England and operations over Continent were performed zealously. His C.O. wrote: "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."



The D.F.C. was awarded for his "masterly handling of his aircraft during an expedition against Wesel" in February, 1945.

During the night of 4/5th April, 1945, while on operations, his aircraft was lost as a result of a collision in mid-air.

Son of Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Beck, Trevallyn.

Page 3. 6.

[1925-1929]

LIEUT. DAVID JAMES BARCLAY, R.E.

One of the most distinguished students and athletes amongst ex-scholars, David passed his Leaving with 5 credits and 3 passes, gained a brilliant Science degree, was selected as Rhodes Scholar in 1935. At Oxford he gained the M.Sc., was awarded his "rowing" blue. Then he gained an advanced degree at the Institute of Technology, Massachusetts.

Returning to England, he enlisted in R.E. and early in the war was selected for special engineering work in connection with manufacture of aeroplanes in Australia. On the journey home, in 1941, his ship was torpedoed and all on board were lost.

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[1938-1940]

FLIGHT SERGEANT LAYTON C. BARRETT, R.A.A.F.

At completion of three years' fine effort and steady progress, Layton gained his Intermediate and after a short period with a firm of Accountants transferred to C.B.A. He was a keen Scout, being Acting Scoutmaster of St. Johns Troop, and a keen committeeman of the Old Scholars' Association.

In December, 1942, he enlisted in the R.A.A.F., gained his Observers Wings with rank of Flt. Serg. and went to England via America. Further training followed until on 6th February, 1945, he was reported missing on a non-operational flight over England. Death was presumed in December, 1945.

Elder son of Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Barrett, Launceston.

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[1936-1939]

SGT. AIR GUNNER ALLAN J. H. BOCK, R.A.A.F.

Having reached Intermediate standard, Allan joined the staff of Patrons and Baldwins Ltd.

Enrolled in A.T.C. in 1941, joined R.A.A.F. in May, 1942, and on completion of training was posted to England where he was stationed at a bombing school in Surrey. He was presumed to have lost his life by enemy action over the Irish Sea on 22nd July, 1943.

Son of Mrs. Mary G. Bock and the late Mr. Bock.

Page 3. 9.

[1934-1939]

ROBERT BOX, R.A.N.

After passing his Intermediate Bob spent twelve months in B Class and then joined the clerical staff of City Motors.

He enlisted on 18th September, 1940. Having completed his training he was drafted to the H.M.A.S. Sydney in September, 1941, and was on board when that gallant ship and her gallant complement were lost.

He was the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Box, Newnham.

Page 4. 1.

[1936-1937]

RICHARD CAMM, 2nd PIONEER BATT., A.I.F.

After completing his second year Richard went poultry farming in Victoria.

On his 18th birthday he enlisted; three weeks later sailed for the Middle East with a unit commanded by his father, Captain Richard Camm. The latter was killed in action against the French in June, 1941. In 1942, following service in Syria, Richard's unit was transferred to Java, where, after fighting in the hills, his Coy. was captured. Work on roads in Burma followed. In 1944 the survivors were being shipped to Japan when transport was torpedoed by a U.S. Cruiser and Richard was lost.

Only son of Mrs. Grace Camm and the late Capt. R. Camm.

Page 4. 2.

[1937-1938]

COLIN CAMPBELL FRENCH

Having passed his Intermediate at Scottsdale High, Colin enrolled at L.H.S. where he gained his Leaving with distinction, passed for Commonwealth Public Service, and received appointment to Canberra.

He enlisted in A.M.F. and A.I.F., saw service in New Guinea, and was one of 90 boys to survive the Kokoda Trail. He contracted swamp typhus, and after a period in hospital in 1945, was again posted to New Guinea where he was killed at Aitape on 26th February, 1945. His eldest brother, Sgt. Douglas French was killed at Tobruk in 1941.

Youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Alan French, Scottsdale.

Page 4. 3.

[1935-1938]

GEOFFREY REGINALD DEAN, R.A.A.F.

Admitted to the L.H.S. after gaining a studentship from the Launceston Technical College in 1934, Geoffrey spent three years here, gaining his Leaving Certificate in 1938. He was a member of the Board of Prefects, rowed in 1937 crew and was stroke of the 1938 crews.

He enlisted in the R.A.A.F., training as a pilot at Somers, Western Junction and Point Cook where he lost his life in a drowning fatality.

Eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Dean, Evandale.

Page 4. 4.

[1939-1940]

SGT. PILOT RAYMOND HARRY DEAN, R.A.A.F.

Ray was enrolled at L.H.S. after gaining his Intermediate Certificate at Junior Technical School. A keen oarsman he was a member of the first crew in 1939 and 1940.

Enlisting in April, 1940, he trained as a pilot at Somers, Western Junction and Point Cook. After a successful Instructor's course at Camden he was posted to Western Junction as flying instructor in July, 1941. He lost his life in a flying accident in February, 1942.

Second son of Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Dean, Evandale.

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[1929-1934]

CAPTAIN JOHN WILLIAM BRETT, A.I.F.

Leaving school upon completion of his Leaving, Jack joined the advertising staff of "The Examiner," and was associated with the advertising and printing departments.

Upon the outbreak of war, he enlisted in the A.I.F., saw service in the Middle East—Palestine and Syria. After return to Australia he was seconded to Signals as Instructor; later, was posted to New Guinea, took part in the Owen Stanley campaign and was mentioned in despatches. Mrs. R. A. Brett received the following intimation:—"The King has been graciously pleased to give orders for the publication of the name of Capt. J. W. Brett, who has been mentioned in Despatches as having rendered gallant and distinguished service in the South-West Pacific Area."

While returning to duty after leave, he was accidentally killed.

Son of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Brett, Launceston.

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[1926-1927]

STANLEY MURTON COOMBE, 1st RAND INFANTRY, SOUTH AFRICAN FORCES

After leaving Tasmania, Stanley joined the staff of the "News" in Adelaide. In 1928, he returned to Johannesburg where he was employed by a firm of stock brokers. Prior to enlisting he transferred to the office of one of the famous Rand gold mines. He was a keen and successful tennis player.

He saw service in North Africa and during the campaign in Libya was killed in action on 7th June, 1942.

Youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Coombe, Johannesburg.

Page 4. 7.

[1927-1931]

SERGEANT NEIL STEWART GILL, R.A.A.F.

A student of unusual merit, Neil matriculated at the early age of 16 years and was employed in the commercial printing department of W. R. Rolph and Sons Pty. Ltd. at time of enlistment in August, 1940.

Joining the R.A.A.F. he graduated as a Wireless Air Gunner with the rank of Sergeant and saw service in the Pacific campaign. He was killed in the action of the Mersing River (during Battle of Endau), Malaya, on January 26, 1942, the day before his 26th birthday.

Youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Gill, Launceston.

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[1924-1928]

CORP. RONALD McCANN, N.Z.R. Bn.

An able and ambitious student, dux 1926 "C", matriculated 1928, gained his B.A. Ron was appointed to the staffs of Elizabeth St., Campbell St. Practising Schools and then Claremont. In 1936 entered teaching profession in N.Z. and was senior master at Wairoa High School.

He saw service with the N.Z. Rifle B'de in Middle East and in Greece. Here, he was taken prisoner of war and died 12th July, 1941.

Son of Mrs. H. E. McCann and the late Mr. McCann.

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[1934-1935]

FLIGHT SERGEANT RAYMOND TREVOR GREGORY, R.A.A.F.

After two years at the School, Ray accepted a position on the staff of P. O. Fysh and Co., and later he joined his brother, Oliver, in business on Invermay Road. He was associated with the Invermay Methodist Church, where he was pianist for the Men's Brotherhood Society.

He enlisted in the R.A.A.F. in 1941, and graduated as a Wireless Air Gunner, and was selected for service over Europe. Arriving in England, March, 1943, he was soon engaged over enemy territory and was killed in action over Berlin, 3rd September, 1943.

Youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Gregory, Invermay.

Page 5. 1.

[1934-1936-1940]

FLIGHT SERGEANT GRANTHAM MACLAINE, R.A.A.F.

Apart from manly qualities which endeared Grant to students and staff, his beautiful voice and outstanding performances in two of our Operas will be a happy memory. After completing his Leaving, he entered the firm of Wise, Lord and Ferguson, then enlisted in the Army and R.A.A.F.

Successfully completing his training in Australia, Grant proceeded to England where further training qualified for promotion to W.O. Later he contracted a rare, dangerous illness from which a gallant fight failed to save him.

Son of Mrs. H. G. Salier and Mr. G. S. MacLaine,

Page 5. 2.

[1932-1933]

SERGEANT PILOT HUON NATION, R.A.A.F.

Winner of Senior Country and Hawkesbury College Bursaries at S.H.S., Huon then enrolled at L.H.S., where he distinguished himself scholastically and as a member of the first cricket and football team. He entered the Forestry Department; at date of enlistment, January, 1941, was Forestry Officer on King Island.

His Spitfire Squadron saw service with the R.A.F. in raids over France and Germany and from June, 1942, played an important part in the Tunisian Campaign. While returning from a raid, a damaged Hurricane he was flying crashed and he was killed on 23rd October, 1942.

Youngest son Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Nation, Scottsdale.

Page 5. 3.

[1935-1938]

SIGNALLER ALFRED HENRY NOTT, R.A.N.

After leaving School Harry joined the firm of D. and W. Murray, and enlisted in A.M.F. in December, 1941. Transferred from A.I.F. to R.A.N.R. in September, 1942 He saw service on H.M.A.S. "Coomba" and "Toowoomba," the latter doing convoy duty between Admiralty Island and Milne Bay. He was with a minesweeping flotilla off the coast of China, and while returning to Australia in 1945 he took ill. Despite special efforts of a Catalina he reached Darwin in a dangerous condition, and died on 1st December, 1945, from peritonitis.

Younger son of Mrs. Nott and the late Mr. F. R. Nott.

Page 5. 4.

[1929-1932]

W.O. GEOFFREY JOHN SUTER, R.A.A.F.

Enrolled in 1929 Geoffrey, after completing course to sub-Leaving, joined the literary staff of the "Examiner." At the time of enlistment, he was cables sub-editor and aviation editor. He contributed articles to aviation journals, and was a member of the Tasmanian Aero Club, and editor of "Plane Tongue." His articles upon Tasmania were published in the "Christian Science Monitor" and other papers.

He enlisted in the R.A.A.F. in March, 1942, trained in Australia, Canada and United Kingdom. Later, he was sent to an Operational Training Unit at Ein Shemen and completed a course with high distinction.

He died of illness on 1st November, 1944.

Son of Mr. and Mrs. A. Suter, East Launceston.

Page 5. 5.

[1930-1931]

CAPTAIN LESLIE W. HOWLETT, A.I.F.,

MENTIONED IN DESPATCHES

Dux of Scottsdale High in 1929, Leslie also had a brilliant career at L.H.S. being dux in boys in 1932 with 5 credits and 2 passes. He gained his B.A. at the Tasmanian University and joined the Education Department. In 1935 he entered services of New Guinea Administration; was stationed at Buka Passage, Keita and Buin and became Patrol Officer of the Sepit River.

Ultimately granted leave to enlist, he sailed with the 9th Division. He saw service in Middle East, in Greece and Crete, where he was wounded. In October, 1942, he was seconded to A.N.G.A.U. for service in New Guinea. After service described by General Blamey as "most outstanding and of great service to the Allied cause" he was mentioned in despatches. He met his death on 21st June, 1943, through the treachery of some natives betraying him to Japanese ambush.

Younger son of Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Howlett, Scottsdale.

Page 5. 6.

[1924-1926]

MARCUS BRADFORD VON BERTOUCHE, A.I.F.

Unassuming intellectual "Mark" gained a meritorious Intermediate in his third year and then joined the staff of the E.S. & A. Bank where he was highly esteemed as a promising officer. He held position in Launceston, Longford, Hobart and Brisbane branches. In Queensland he met and married Miss Olive B. Lloyd in 1938.

On the outbreak of war he enlisted in the A.I.F., and with his unit took part in the Malayan campaign.

Eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Victor von Bertouch.

Page 5. 7.

[1935-1939]

SUB-LIEUT. GUY WATKINS, R.A.N.R.

Enrolled in 1935, Guy early made his mark as an industrious student and fine athlete. In 1937 he was runner-up, in 1938 and 1939, the Open and Field Games Champion. He represented School in cricket and football for four years and was captain of cricket in 1939. In this year he captured 7 wickets for 30

and scored 90 n.o. in the State Premiership. He accepted a position with Caltex Oil Coy.

He served with the R.A.N.R., rising to rank of Sub-Lieut. and saw service upon H.M.A.S. Canberra, Manoora and Ping-wo. He was serving with the H.M.A.S. Matabele when the ship and its complement were reported missing on July, 1944.

Elder son of Mrs. Watkins and the late Mr. C. Watkins, Pipers River.

Page 5. 8.

[1939-1941]

FLIGHT LIEUT. DENIS WHISHAW, R.A.A.F.

A fine student and a highly esteemed one, Denis, immediately after his Leaving enlisted with R.A.A.F.

His operational work consisted of escorting shipping off the East Australian Coast, where his crew was credited with sighting and attacking a submarine. They were also credited with locating a life boat from a ship which had been sunk, with the result that all were saved. Later, while undertaking night flying his plane crashed and all on board were lost.

His Wing Commander wrote "Denis was one of the most popular officers in the squadron, as well as being one of the most efficient."

Elder son of Mr. and Mrs. D. Whishaw, Carrick.

Page 5. 9.

[1926-1929]

SERGEANT ARTHUR THOMAS R. WILSON, A.I.F.

Remembered for his talent as a flautist, his studious habits and his prowess at cricket. Tom was held in such esteem that he was made a Prefect. When he enlisted he was accountant at C. H. Smith's.

He saw service in the Middle East, Palestine, Syria, Egypt, and was killed on 16th July, 1942, at El Alamein.

Only son of Mr. A. and the late Mrs. Wilson.

Page 6. 1.

[1928-1929]

LIEUT. KEITH RAYMOND BROWN, A.I.F.

After completing sub. Intermediate, Keith was employed at Collinson's Shoe Store; then joined staff of Mutual and Citizens Life Assurance Co. As a cadet won A.N.A. gold medal for rifle shooting. He was a prominent amateur wrestler and member of Launceston City Band. His experience as Sergeant in the Militia stood him in good stead, when, on the outbreak of war, he enlisted.

He saw service in Palestine, North Africa—notably Tobruk—and, later, was sent to New Guinea where he took part in the Owen Stanley campaign. He was killed in action on 7th September, 1942.

Second son of Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Brown, Launceston.

Page 6. 2.

[1931-1933]

FLIGHT SERGEANT ROBERT CAMPBELL TURNER, R.A.A.F.

During his third year at High, Robert accepted a clerical position with a city firm, and later joined the literary staff of the "Examiner." Upon the death of his father, he took over the latter's business, remaining in charge until his enlistment with the R.A.A.F.

Having completed his training in Australia, he was sent to England, via America, and took part in extensive operations over Italy, France and Germany. His Squadron Leader wrote: "Your son was a most valued member of his crew and his enthusiasm was a stirring example to the rest of the Squadron."

He lost his life on 20th December, 1943, when the Lancaster was destroyed by enemy action during a bombing attack upon Frankfurt.

Only son of Mrs. Louise and the late Mr. A. T. Turner, Elphin Road.

Page 6. 3.

[1938-1940]

L.A.C. JOHN MITCHELL, R.A.A.F.

Endowed with ability above average, John completed his Intermediate course in his 3rd year at High School. He then entered the services of Australian General Electric. Upon attaining the age of 18 years, he enlisted with the R.A.A.F.

A few weeks after enlisting he became involved in an accident which caused his death.

The only son of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Mitchell, Longford.

[1922-1924]

JOHN CLAUDE FINLAY, A.I.F.

A sincere and ambitious student, John completed his course to Intermediate standard, then he entered a Government Department as a clerk.

He enlisted in the A.I.F., saw service in the Middle East, where he was amongst the beleaguered garrison at Tobruk. He was killed in action.

Son of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Finlay, Waratah.

[1939-1941]

FLIGHT SERGEANT MAX CASSIDY, R.A.A.F.

A brilliant and popular student, holding N.C.O. rank in School Cadets, Max, upon leaving school became an active and valuable member of the A.T.C., whence he graduated to the R.A.A.F.

Upon completion of training in Australia, he was selected—under the Empire scheme—for extended training in Canada, where a promising career was brought to an untimely end by a training crash.

Son of Mr. and Mrs. E. Cassidy, Westbury.

EDITORIAL

"All the world's a stage and all the men and women merely players . . ." Thus did the wise Shakespeare voice his sentiments through his character Jacques in "As You Like It."

After the warm glow of infancy has passed and the carefree times of childhood have been replaced by the more serious period of youth, we should settle down in earnest to make our lives useful and noble. Like the overture to a play, our youth and childhood sets the atmosphere for the real task ahead—to become good citizens. During the first act of our youth we should really work to make a firm foundation on which to base our life's performance. When the spotlight falls upon us, we should be careful that the prominence does not make us forget our humble position in this large universe.

The first serious act has, as its setting, the Launceston High School. Here, against its picturesque backdrop, we decide on our future careers. Soon, sooner than we realise, the first act is over and we have to face the grimmer realities and the colder criticism of the second act. For in this strange and eventful play of life, we write the second act while we play the first. Whatever the setting in which we find ourselves, it is imperative that we make the best of it and that we should always act competently the part we are cast for.

We may find that as "we strut and fret our life upon the stage," someone may selfishly try to steal the scene which we may selfishly think was set for us. Although he may hear the applause, he may later find that he has no friends in the dressing-rooms, for there the make-up and the false beards do not cover up our vanity and selfishness as they do on the glittering stage.

Finally, we will approach the last scene of our existence and here we should review our performance. If we are satisfied, we will still be able to make a happy exit. If not, our life will become a tragedy in spite of its fair and happy beginning. Let us all enjoy the first act and at the same time make certain that the following acts will be just as honourable.

THE SCHOOL FAIR

The School Fair was held in the Assembly Hall on July 3. Approximately £300 was raised in aid of School Funds. The fair was opened by the Minister for Education (Mr. E. R. Howroyd, M.H.A.) who is an old scholar. A large crowd attended the fair in the afternoon, but the attendance in the evening was rather disappointing. The principal stalls, the produce, fancy, flower, jumble, cake and sweet stalls were all well stocked. The main attractions for the school were the sideshows, the hoop-la; hot dog and cordial stalls were particularly well patronised. Afternoon tea was served by members of the Parents' and Friends' Association and members of the school gave short concerts in the afternoon. In the evening films were shown by Mr. Sowter, and an Arts and Crafts exhibition, arranged by Miss Luckstone and Miss Cleaver attracted many people. The Railway Junior Silver Band, conducted by Mr. V. McMahon, kindly assisted in the evening by rendering several selections. We should like to thank those members of the Parents' Association who worked so hard to make the fair a success.

PASSING NOTES

The Newnham Hall Girls' Hostel was opened on March 23rd. Mr. Morris gave the opening speech, Mr. Barclay traced the progress of the building, and Mr. Madden gave a short address. Mr. Fletcher, Mr. Meston and Mr. Grace were also present. Stalls were managed by ladies of the Parents' and Friends' Association and afternoon tea was served. Visitors were shown through the rooms of the Hostel.

As usual the school entered a choir in the annual Launceston Competitions. Pat Rose conducted the choir, which sang a bracket of two numbers, Handel's "O Lovely Peace," and Schubert's "Cradle Song." With 175 marks out of a possible 200 the choir gained first place.

Members of the Competition Choir were entertained at lunch by members of the Rotary Club. After dinner the choir sang the competition numbers, Geva McCormack played an item on her violin, Pat Rose gave a piano item and Fay Gearing and Marjory Feutrill gave solos.

Several members of the school attended the production of "Blithe Spirit" at the National. Judging by the comments we can definitely say that the play was greatly enjoyed.

Another event of interest to the School was the United Nations' Pageant, held in the Albert Hall. Mrs. Powell arranged the group of England and her colonies, which was made up almost entirely by students. Other groups were the French group, arranged by Miss Burns; and Swedish and Russian dancing groups, arranged by Miss Cawthorn. In the same week the students who had taken part held a small procession and gave performances during Assembly.

One Friday evening in the last term, the "B" Class girls were invited to tea at Broadland House. We all had a very very nice time and thoroughly enjoyed the discussion, held after tea, regarding careers. We would like to take this opportunity of thanking the staff of Broadland House for their hospitality.

The 1945 school picnic was held at the First Basin on a glorious December day. Fun was fast and furious, but a great many people paid the price with sunburnt bodies.

During the third term when the gramophone was out of order, the school heard vocal and instrumental renditions by students of selections from Schubert, Chopin, Handel and Bach.

Four girls from the school were chosen to go to Western Junction to see Lady Mountbatten when she visited Tasmania. These girls represented the discipline, sport and music, literature and other activities of the school.

At the Assembly on September 27th, Geva McCormack made a presentation, on behalf of the School, to Miss Elliot in appreciation of three years' service. With the gift we extended our wishes for future happiness to Miss Elliot who was married the following day, and has now returned to take up duties again.

The school attended a screening of "King Henry V." and was delighted by the colour and atmosphere of the film. To give the students a little background for this entertainment John Manzoney read Henry's speech before Harfleur, and Miss Russell explained several points which were likely to confuse those who had not previously studied the play.

WHO'S WHO

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

Staff: Misses B. Layh, B.A., Diplome d'Etudes Francaise, Diplome de Phonétique Francaise (Senior French); J. Blyth, B.A. (Librarian); L. Russell, B.A. (English, Art of Speech); K. Cawthorne, Dip. Phys. Ed. (Physical Education, English); M. Luckstone (Art, Music); N. Newbon, B.A. (Mathematics); P. Hickman, B.A. (Latin, Social Studies); H. Deane (Shorthand, Typewriting); J. Cleaver (Art); M. Dobbinson (French, Geography); N. Burns, B.A. (English, Latin, French, Music); Mesdames F. Powell, B.A. (English, French); L. Grecian, B.A. (French, English, Latin); H. Holloway, B.Com. (Commerce); A. Dobson (Cookery); F. Crawford (Needlework); Mrs. Moriarty (Clerk).

Messrs. T. Doe, B.Sc. (Senior Physics and Chemistry); G. Rush, M.A., B.Sc. (Mathematics); R. Sowter, B.A. (Mathematics, Social Studies); J. Moses, B.A., B.Sc. (Commerce, History, Economics, Music); F. Watson, B.A. (History, Geography, English, Social Studies); R. Jordan, B.A. (Mathematics, General Science); D. Merrilees, B.Sc. (General Science, Chemistry); D. Bewsher, M.A. (English and French); H. Askeland, B.Sc. (Biology, Chemistry, General Science); J. Smith (Mathematics); M. Burke (Physical Education).

Senior Prefects: G. McCormack and J. Weston.

Prefects: B. Craw, B. Davey, E. Fleischer, M. Little, E. Lyall, H. Lyne, M. Morgan, A. Orchard, P. Penman, P. Rose and S. Sutton. D. Arnold, T. Bailey, D. Brown, D. Craw, M. Cropp, G. Cullen, P. Ockerby, M. Pullen, B. Rose, A. Sowell and A. Stocks.

House Captains: Arthur—P. Rose and G. Vertigan; Franklin—B. Bardenhagen and D. Rundle; Sorell—M. Little and A. Sowell; Wilmot—E. Fleischer and D. Arnold.

Sports Mistress: Miss K. Cawthorne.

Sports Master: Mr. R. Jordan.

Opera Producer: Mr. J. H. Moses.

Library Supervisor: Miss J. Blyth.

Officers of Cadets: Captain T. E. Doe (O.C.), Cadet-Lieutenant A. Stocks (2-I.C.).

LIBRARY NOTES FOR 1946

This year the reference section of the Library has been greatly added to and this has necessitated the transfer of all the fiction section to the shelves at one end of the library, the former fiction shelves at the other end being occupied by the History and Dictionary sections. By the end of October, 385 new books had been added to the library.

Throughout the year, several new features have been incorporated into the library, namely, wall brackets for displaying the very popular magazines, new chairs to complement those we already had, and a new set of catalogue files. These additions have been greatly appreciated by both students and staff.

During the latter months of the year, a fines system has had to be instituted as students have not been complying with library rules and returning books at the date. Those guilty of this offence have been fined one penny for every day the books are overdue, and the money is used to buy new books.

It is hoped at some time in the near future to extend the library, possibly to the south, over the boys' and girls' common rooms. This is very necessary

as the accommodation problem has become very acute as regards both students and books.

B. LEARY (C2, Sorell)

VISITORS TO THE SCHOOL

During the year the staff and scholars have been very pleased to welcome to the school many visitors. All the scholars would like to thank particularly the ministers who came on Wednesdays for religious instruction, so needful in school life. We are greatly indebted to them for the time and energy they gave to us. Other visitors included the following:—

Rev. A. F. Thomas spoke to the school about the U.N.O. Previous to his address to the whole school, Rev. Thomas spoke to A and B French classes. He spoke in French and everyone found the address very interesting.

Miss Jean Porter spoke to us at a special assembly, held instead of Scripture. She spoke to us about the Bible and issued pamphlets and magazines for distribution through the school.

Mr. Valentine emphasised the need for supporting the Chinese Relief Fund.

We have had two visits from Mrs. E. C. Tilley. She played on the piano some very popular selections from great composers. Selections included some of the works of Chopin and Rachmaninoff.

The Director of Education, Mr. Fletcher, with Mr. Long paid us a visit.

Mr. Rose gave an interesting talk based on his experiences on board ship during war.

The school was very interested in the visit of Professor and Mrs. Chau. The cordial welcome that they received from the school showed how they were appreciated. Professor Chau spoke on China.

Madame Le Gal-Taylor visited the school and sang to us some French songs and she also favoured us with some French poetry.

DEBATING SOCIETY

A Debating Team was selected this year to compete against teams from other schools. After a meeting held one dinner hour, the following people were chosen for the team—Dinah Curtain, Lois Symonds, Nairn Scott and Stan Lyell. Nairn Scott was later elected leader. Before we met the Hobart team we had practices at School and we would like to thank those people who gave up their time to make opposing teams.

Our first trial was against Hobart during the summer term. The subject was "Should We Adhere to the White Australia Policy?" And we had the affirmative side. After a great deal of discussion, Mrs. McIntyre gave the decision in favour of Hobart.

The following term we travelled to Hobart where we were defeated by a narrow margin. This time the subject was "Is War Inevitable?" and again we had the affirmative side. We would like to congratulate Hobart on their success and thank them for their hospitality and Miss Russell for her invaluable assistance.

UNITED NATIONS ASSOCIATION

This year a branch of the U.N.A. was started at the School with Miss Blyth in charge of the group. Frances Eastman was elected president, and Lois Symonds, secretary. Although the numbers of the Association are small we have had many interesting meetings and talks from people outside the school. Those who spoke to us on various occasions were: Mr. H. C. Barnard, M.H.R. and Rev. G. T. Inglis.

ANN LAYH (C1, Wilmot)

SPEECH NIGHT, 1945

The Thirty-Third Annual Speech Night and Distribution of Prizes was held in the Albert Hall on Monday, December 17.

When presenting his report, Mr. Morris discussed the new Schools' Board Examination and the effect it would have on existent and future courses. The report also revealed that the enrolment for the year totalled 594, with an average attendance of 536. In the Leaving Examination, 1944—21 students secured their Leaving Certificates and 14 qualified for Matriculation, while a total of 62 certificates were gained by pupils in the School Certificate Examination, 1945. Mr. Morris praised the excellent work done by the Parents' Association throughout the year, especially in the matter of furnishing and equipping the new Girls' Hostel at Newnham Hall, which opened this year with 37 inmates.

The School Choir, conducted by Miss Limb, presented a musical programme. A trio composed of Jean Lancaster, Fay Gearing and June Mold sang two numbers and John Wood rendered two trumpet solos.

"C" Class girls presented three folk dances.

Hon. J. L. Madden, M.H.A., gave an address and presented prizes and trophies and Mr. W. L. Grace, M.A., B.Ed., presented School Certificates.

PRIZE LIST

DUCES OF CLASSES

- A1.—Audrey Hall and Robert Sharmar.
- A2.—Alex Hope and Dulcie Alcock.
- B1.—Donald Craw and Geva McCormack.
- B2.—Winifred Avery.
- C1.—Nairn Scott.
- C2.—Morris Cropp.
- C3.—Audrey Dennis.
- D1.—Jill Kerrison.
- D2.—Ronald Hume.
- D3.—Fay Youd.
- Remove.—Kathleen Leary.
- E1.—Ronald Baker.
- E2.—Donald Cordell.
- E3.—Kerry Burns.
- E4.—Barbara Graham.

GENERAL MERIT PRIZES

Junior School.—Nairn Scott and Morris Cropp.
Senior School.—Patricia Rose and Murray Columbine.

ATTITUDE AND INFLUENCE PRIZES

Joan Davey and John Dean.
BEST PASS, LEAVING EXAMINATION, 1944
Dorothy Long and Robert Gunton.

BEST PASS IN CHEMISTRY, LEAVING EXAMINATION, 1944

Edwin Carter.
PRIZE FOR ENGLISH, "A" CLASS, 1944
Dorothy Long.

PRIZE FOR LEAVING FRENCH, 1944

Dorothy Long.
BEST PASS, SCHOOL CERTIFICATE EXAMINATION, 1945
Nairn Scott, Morris Cropp and Dane Sutton.

BEST PASS IN CHEMISTRY, SCHOOL CERTIFICATE EXAMINATION, 1945

Nairn Scott.
PRIZE FOR ENGLISH LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE
Dinah Curtain.

PRIZES FOR COOKERY

- Class C—Barbara Craw.
- D—Joy Pattison.
- E—Barbara Talbot.

PRIZES FOR NEEDLEWORK

- Class C—Audrey Dennis.
- D—Joan Hortle.
- E—Loris Pike.

THE PEGGY PEDLEY MEMORIAL PRIZE

Heather Cumming.

SPECIAL SERVICES RENDERED TO THE SCHOOL

Eraine Crothers, William Thompson, Geva McCormack, Brian Walsh.

PIANISTS

Patricia Rose, Marion Atkins, Clare Lancaster.

PRIZE FOR SPECIAL MERIT

Robert Boscoe.

BEST BEHAVED TRAIN GIRL

Shirley Moles.

TROPHIES

Swimming:

Boys—Open Champion, Max Rees; Under 15 Champion, John Cullen; Under 13 Champion, Noel Huxley.

Girls—Open Champion, Pat Rose; Under 15 Champion, Margaret Wheeler; Under 13 Champion, Beverley Collins.

Athletics:

Boys—Open Champion, Max Rees; Intermediate Champion, William Hutton; Junior Champion, Cliff Elliott; Field Games, Jeffrey Weston.

Girls—Open Champion, Dorothy Prewer; Intermediate Champion, Margaret Little; Junior Champion, Shirley Terry; Field Games, Beverley Bassett, Dorothy Prewer equal.

Football:

Best and Fairest for Season, Murray Columbine. Best team man, Don Arnold. Most consistent, Jeffrey Weston. Most serviceable, Gladstone Vertigan. Best first year player, Keith Caelli. Best and fairest in premiership matches, Alan Sowell. All-round sportsman, Des. Rundle.

Cadets:

Marksmanship and General Efficiency, Cadet-Lieut. P. D. Wood.

LEAVING EXAMINATION, 1944

Betty Lancaster, Helen Lutwyche, Margaret Montgomery, Algernon Page, Robert E. Priestley, Brian Williamson.

MATRICULATE

Dulcie Alcock, Lewis Bardenhagen, Betty Callaway, Edwin Carter, Kelvin J. Cox, Joan B. Davey, Jack C. Dean, Robert J. Gunton, Dorothy M. Long, Frieda M. Jarritt, Barbara L. McEnulty, Elizabeth Owens, Graeme M. Smith, Peter G. Stevens, John F. Wathen.

UNIVERSITY SCHOLARSHIPS

General—Dorothy Long, Robert Gunton.
General Pau Prize—Dorothy Long.
Sir Richard Dry Exhibition—Robert Gunton.
Forestry Department Scholarship—Edwin C. Carter, Jack C. Dean.
Cadetship to Duntroon—John Wathen.

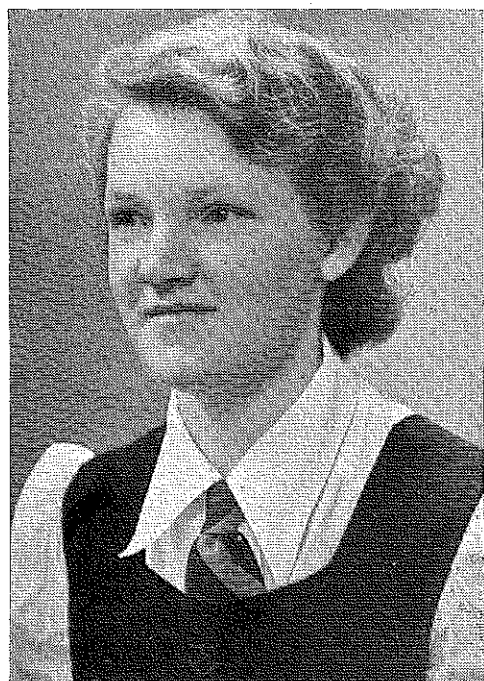
PRIZES

Nellie Ewers—Dorothy Long.
Tasmanian Education Department Scholarship—Robert Gunton.
Hemingway and Robertson Scholarship—Robert Sharmar.

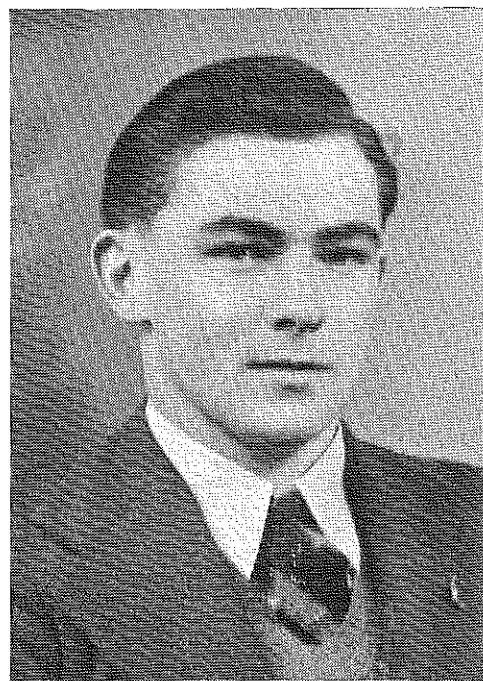
BURSARIES

Senior—City, Kay Britchffe; Country, Heather Lyne.
Junior—Thina Bersemann.

HEAD PREFECTS



GEVA McCORMACK

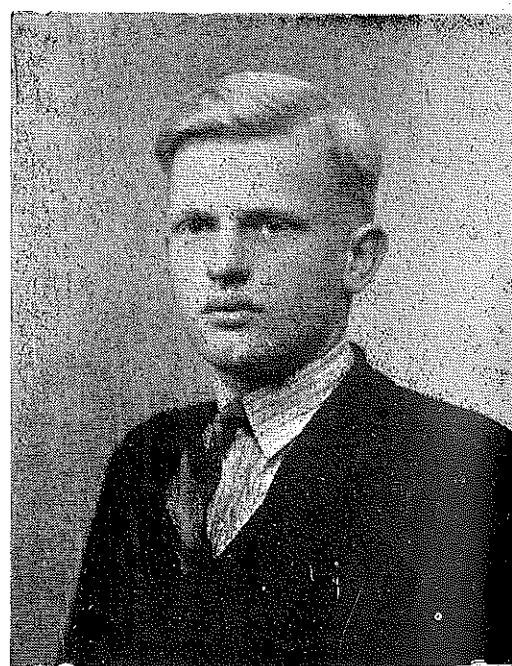


JEFF WESTON

DUCES OF LEAVING, 1945

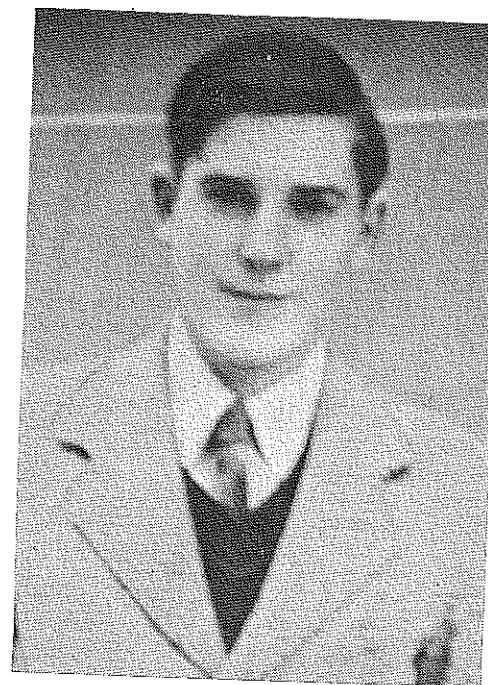


DULCIE ALCOCK, 3 Credits, 4 Passes



ROBERT SHARMAN, 5 Credits, 3 Passes

BEST PASS IN LEAVING



ALEC HOPE, 5 Credits, 3 Passes

BEST PASS IN SCHOOL CERTIFICATES

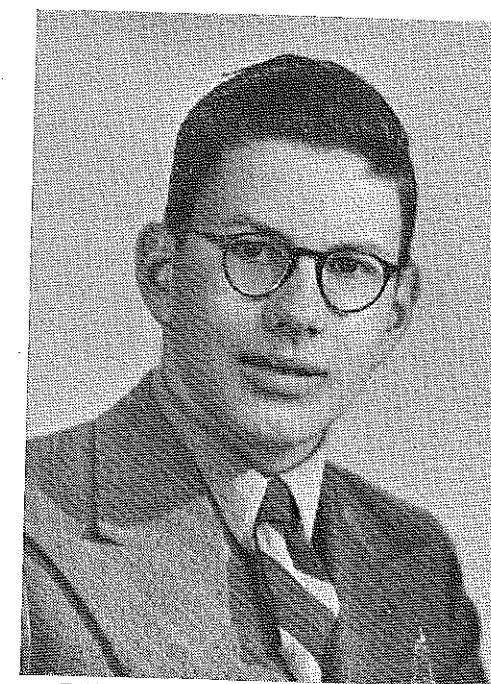


NAIRN SCOTT, 8 Credits, 1 Pass

BEST PASS IN SCHOOL CERTIFICATES



MORRIS CROPP, 7 Credits, 2 Passes



DANE SUTTON, 7 Credits, 2 Passes

HOUSE NOTES

ARTHUR (Girls)

At the beginning of the year Pat Rose was elected as House Captain and Shirley Sutton as secretary.

At the end of the first term Arthur gained first place in the House ladder. During this term, also we were fortunate enough to win the Swimming Carnival. Some of the best swimmers were Pat Rose, Dorothy French, Margaret Wheeler and Pat Campbell.

In the Athletic Sports, Arthur was not quite so successful, gaining second place.

Until quite late in the year, Mrs. Heazlewood was House Mistress, and we thank her for her two and a half years of able supervision. Her place is taken by Mrs. Holloway, whom we are sure will be of equal value to us in House affairs.

Members of the teams are:—

Tennis.—Barbara Craw, Valerie Gilham.

Softball.—Pat Rose, Joan Barrett, Margaret McClean.

Hockey.—Pat Rose, Eunice Lyall, Faye Lehner, Valerie Gilham, Pam Penman (emergency).

Debating.—Lois Symonds.

ARTHUR (Boys)

As last year's House captain and secretary, Gladstone Vertigan and Bruce Rose, were back this year, they filled the same positions. Alf. Crawford was elected as committeeman.

We were successful in winning the swimming carnival by the large majority of 38 points. Gordon Jacques won the Under 15 Championship and Adiel Rothwell the Open Dive.

We put up a creditable performance in the Running Sports, by finishing second. Peter Ockerby was our outstanding runner and tied with B. Coates for the Open Championship. He broke the record for the 100 Yards Open Championship, running it in the excellent time of 10 2.5 seconds.

At the close of the first term Arthur was in first place in the House positions. Members of the teams are:—

Cricket.—G. Vertigan (Vice), A. Crawford, D. Jarman.

Football.—G. Vertigan, A. Crawford, D. Jarman, P. Ockerby, S. Lyall, A. Rothwell, W. Bayly.

Tennis.—D. Wilson.

Crew.—First: B. Rose (stroke), D. Sutton. Second: W. Bayly (emergency).

Debating Society.—S. Lyall.

In conclusion the House would like to thank Mr. Moses and Mr. Smith, our Housemasters, for the time and energy they have put into House affairs during the year.

FRANKLIN (Girls)

At the beginning of the year Beveley Bardenhagen was elected House Captain and Heather Lyne, House Secretary. Miss Newbon is the House Mistress.

Again this year Franklin has not done very well in sport. We were fourth in both the Swimming Carnival and the Athletic Sports, but we are hoping for success in the future. We were also bottom on the ladder in the House contest at the end of the first term. Members of the teams are:—

Basketball.—L. Roughley, M. Stagg, G. Barrie, M. Mitchell.

FRANKLIN (Boys)

During the year, the fortunes of our House were presided over, first by Mr. Edwards, and then, upon his departure, by Mr. Bewsher and Mr. Askeland.

We would like to take this opportunity of thanking these gentlemen for the interest they have taken in the affairs of the House. They were assisted by Des. Rundle, who was elected House Captain for the year, Alex Stocks, the House secretary, and a committee of five.

We faced the Swimming Carnival, the first event of the year, decidedly lacking in outstanding swimmers, and as a consequence we finished fourth in the contest. However, we were by no means disgraced.

We also finished fourth in the Athletic Sports, but in this case we were only 30 points behind the winners, an achievement due mainly to good team work and to the outstanding performance of Gilbert Hartley, who won all four Under 13 Events.

Franklin boys were well represented in the school teams. Representatives were:—

Cricket.—K. Caelli, B. Rundle, D. Rundle.

Rowing.—A. Stocks (1st crew), J. Manzoney (2nd crew).

Football.—K. Caelli, B. Rundle, D. Rundle.

Tennis.—S. Smith.

SORELL (Girls)

Sorell, beginning the year with bright prospects and the determination to fight, has had quite a successful year by gaining second place.

The members elected Margaret Little as Captain, and Marjorie Morgan as Secretary.

Our success in the Swimming Sports was due mainly to July Amos, Helen Murray, K. Leary (Under 15 Champion), besides others.

In the Athletic Sports we were well represented in the Championships with M. Morgan (Open Champion), M. Little (Runner up), and Helen Murray (Field Games Champion), M. Little (Runner up).

Sorell is well represented in the teams also.

Tennis.—M. Little (Captain), S. Waldron (Vice), S. Hawkes, H. Murray, A. Orchard (Emergency).

Softball.—M. Morgan, M. Harvey.

Basketball.—M. Little (Captain).

Hockey.—S. Hawkes, S. Waldron, J. Amos, J. Hudson, D. Curtin, A. Orchard, H. Murray.

Debating Team.—Dinah Curtain.

SORELL (Boys)

Under the leadership of Mr. Sowter and Mr. Merrilees, Sorell House had a very successful year. As Jeff Weston, House Captain last year, was elected Head Prefect, his place was taken by Alan Sowell. Max Wilson was elected to the position of House secretary and Geoff. Watson, Don Craw and Tom Bailey to the House Committee.

Sorell was well represented in the swimming carnival held early in the year and gained second position. B. Leary tied with M. Cropp as Open Champion, and G. Barnes was under 13 Champion.

The Athletic Sports were closely contested and there were only thirty points between the first and the last House. Sorell had no individual champions and gained third position.

Sorell representatives in school teams are as follows:—

Cricket.—Alan Sowell, Don Martin.

Tennis.—T. Bailey (Captain), B. Suter, G. Watson, D. James.

Rowing.—First: J. Weston. Second: M. Wilson.

Football.—J. Weston (Vice-Capt.), A. Sowell, B. Suter, T. Bailey, G. Hiscock and D. James.

In conclusion we would like to thank our Housemasters for the time and energies they have devoted to the running of the House.

THE NORTHERN CHURINGA

WILMOT (Girls)

At the beginning of this year Ellen Fleischer was elected House Captain, and Loia Smythe Secretary. The house was very honoured by having Head Prefect, Geva McCormack, as a member.

The results of the Swimming Sports did not equal those of last year, for we gained third position; but the Athletic Sports came fully up to our expectations, Wilmot gaining first place after close and exciting competition. Shirley Terry carried off the under 15 Championship, giving a fine display of sportsmanship. We were sorry not to have the House march this year, but hope that one will be held next year, as they are always so successful. Wilmot did very well in team events, a sign that the team members all did their best, and combined well.

We would like to thank Mrs. Powell, our able House Mistress, who helped our House considerably throughout the year.

Members of the School teams for Wilmot are:—
Softball.—Bev. Bassett (Vice), Ellen Fleischer, Bonnie Atkins, Ann Gibb, Margaret Bolton, Margaret Clark.

Basketball.—Bev. Bassett, Doreen Talbot, Margaret Bolton.

Hockey.—Janice Ingles

Tennis.—Nairn Scott (emergency).

Debating.—Nairn Scott (Captain).

WILMOT (Boys)

At the beginning of the year Don Arnold was elected House Captain and Max Pullen, Secretary.

In the Swimming Carnival, held early in the year, we obtained third position. We made good our failure by winning the Athletic Sports by a narrow margin. Our congratulations go to Morris Cropp and Brian Coates who were senior swimming and athletic champions respectively.

The House was represented in sport by the following members:—

Cricket.—D. Arnold (Captain), M. Elliott, C. Monaghan.

Football.—D. Arnold (Captain), M. Pullen, W. Alexander, J. Loone, C. Monaghan.

Crew.—G. Stewart (cox).

It is our sincere hope that next year the House will regain and retain pride of place.

In conclusion, we wish to express our appreciation of the interest taken in the affairs of the House by Mr. Rush and Mr. Watson.

LIBRARY HELPERS

During the past year a small band of voluntary workers has given splendid service to the School by its constant attendance in the Library. Lex Johnson and Peter Howard of C1 have worked every day at all out-of-school times. They have been given much help by Brian Walsh, Robert Tanner, Bill Leary, Derry Scott, Errol Johnston, L. Hodgkinson.

Some girls from E4 undertook the hard and unpleasant work of keeping the shelves tidy and free from dust. Maureen Walsh, who organised the work and worked every morning, and June Hanson, gave wonderful service.

GIFT TO THE LIBRARY

Three excellent books have been added to the music section of the Library by members of a School choir trained and conducted by Pat. Rose. The choir won first prize in the last Launceston Competitions and bought books with the prize money. The books are:

Stringham: "Listening to Music Creatively." Purdy: "Stormy Victory" (story of Tchaikovsky). Erskine: "Song Without Words" (story of Mendelssohn).

We appreciate such thoughtfulness and generosity and thank the girls very much for their gift.

CADET NOTES

During the first and second terms this year, the training of our Cadet Corps has been interrupted by other engagements on Wednesday and Thursday afternoon, and consequently the all-important training has been reduced to a minimum. With the membership standing at about fifty officers and men, the training has not been as seriously affected as would have been the case last year when the membership was about one hundred and fifty.

During the Victory Day Celebrations our corps took part in the grand parade through the streets of the city. We were honoured by a visit from Col. Chapman, from Headquarters in Hobart, during the second term. He inspected the parade and also saw individual cadets at work.

During the September holidays, the corps held its annual camp at Brighton. Personally, I thoroughly enjoyed the camp, and from what I saw and heard, I think everyone else also enjoyed themselves. Of course, there were the usual grumbles, about food and picquets mainly, but otherwise everything was good. (By the way, ask Bruce, Alex and Bill how they slept the last night).

Now that it is drawing near to the end of the year everybody is thinking of coming back. I do hope we have many more recruits. We certainly need them.

ARTHUR.

MY LITTLE DOG

I have a little mongrel dog;
He's really very sweet;
He has a little, curly tail
And tiny little feet.

He has short ears and shiny nose—
His colour it is brown;
And if he is a kind, good dog,
I'll take him into town.

He'll chase my ball and bring it back,
I've taught him many a trick;
And one of them, to my delight,
Is fetching back a stick.

Wherever he is by day or by night,
He's such a naughty scamp;
He wanders round, all through the house
When his feet are dirty and damp.

Although he's very, very small
And isn't very old;
I could never, ever part with him—
He's worth his weight in gold.

B.M.



PREFECTS, 1946



CADETS, 1946



A CLASS, 1946



A2 CLASS, 1946



GIRLS' TENNIS TEAM, 1946



BOYS' TENNIS TEAM, 1946



SOFTBALL TEAM



CRICKET TEAM

FOOTBALL NOTES

INTER-HIGH MATCH

On July 26 we played Hobart High on the North Hobart Oval, which was in a very boggy condition. Hobart adapted themselves better to the shocking condition of the ground and led throughout. Although we made a determined effort in the final stages of the match, we failed to bridge the gap and when the final bell rang, we were 9 points down, thus giving Hobart the victory.

The outstanding player on the ground was G. Vertigan, who won several trophies for his brilliant exhibition in the centre. He was never beaten and although he was in everything from beginning to end, his play never showed any sign of weakening. It was a grand performance. Jeff Weston battled tirelessly in the ruck all the time and was always prominent in the many duels. His drop kicking with the wet, heavy ball was a feature of his good all-round performance. D. Arnold and D. Rundle—with his two goals at the critical stage—played good football and were prominent throughout.

JUNIOR ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL

At York Park we defeated Tech in the final of the Junior Association after defeating Youth Club in the semi-final the previous week.

Playing excellent football, which some critics considered as good as, if not better than that played by the senior clubs, throughout the final series we defeated Youth Club and then in the final and grand final, we defeated Technical College. By winning these matches we became Premiers of the Association for 1946 and so won the Dulling Cup outright, having won the premiership twice in earlier years.

The game against Tech. in the final was won by excellent co-operative teamwork where every player in the team did his job well. Allan Sowell and Don Arnold, well fed by Gladstone Vertigan at centre, were right on their top form and did not do a thing wrongly. The fact that we had control of the centre and centre-half forward all day was a big factor in our victory. Allan Sowell won the trophy for the "Best and Fairest" for the match. The co-operation of the backmen when in trouble, was exceptionally good.

One piece of work when the ball travelled the length of the "Park" without touching the ground or an opposing player, was perfect football for the best of teams and fully deserved the full points when at the end of the passes a goal was registered.

As Tech. were Minor Premiers, we had to play a grand final and although a little off form for the first half, we revealed out best in the final half to go away to a comfortable lead till the final bell, after kicking five goals in the last ten minutes of the third term. This burst was continued and both teams scored several goals after good play on both sides. Keith Caelli was prominent with his dashing saves from full-back and was awarded the "Best and Fairest" trophy.

The next week we travelled to Hobart to decide the State Premiership honours, which went to Buckingham after a very exciting finish. Being a heavier side, they upset our lighter players with their hard-hitting tactics till about five minutes after the third term commenced. Then after that, their heavier players began to feel the effects of their sometimes unnecessary vigour and their pace slackened considerably. In the final term we dominated play and when

we were within three points of State honours, the bell was rung as Brian Rundle turned after picking up the ball twenty yards from an open goal.

Allan Sowell was always in the picture when the ball was up forward and received the "Best and Fairest" award. Brian and Des Rundle combined well on the forward line, while Jeff Weston and Don Arnold were always in the play. Glad Vertigan and Cyril Monaghan were more noticeable in the second half when their stamina stood them in good stead.

The scores of the matches are as follows:

	G.	B.	Points
Launceston v. Hobart High	3	5	23
Final, High v. Tech.	6	9	45
Grand Final, High v. Tech.	10	9	69
State Premiership, High v. Buckingham	9	4	58

CRITIQUE OF TEAM

D. Arnold (Captain).—Don has shown himself to be a footballer of outstanding promise. He is equally at home in any part of the field and possesses the great asset of being able to pass accurately with both feet. As captain, he has handled his team exceptionally well and his play is always an inspiration to his team mates.

J. Weston (Vice-Captain).—Jeff is an untiring follower with amazing stamina. He has played excellent football throughout the season and this good form has been seen in all his matches. When resting at half-back he often comes through in daredevil manner. Jeff is a good, long kick, a good mark and is always up with the ball.

G. Vertigan.—A centreman who has class printed in every movement. His handling of the ball leaves nothing to be desired and his kicking, marking and ground play are faultless. With plenty of pace, his brilliant dashes gave him many opportunities to score. Gladstone has everything required of a good centreman and his passing is no exception.

A. Sowell.—A very elusive full forward and with his ability to snap accurately either foot, causes opposing backmen to be on their toes all the time. An excellent mark and a good, accurate shot for goal, Allan has shown his best form towards the end of the season. His ground play is very clean.

D. Rundle.—A tall player with an asset in his ability to kick well either foot. His marking is generally good and when within range is a very accurate shot for goal. As usual with tall players, Des is not quite at home when the ball is "grounded," but when he gets the ball, he uses it to the best possible advantage.

B. Rundle.—Having his first year with the Firsts, Brian showed that he has no weakness whether roving or resting forward. He is another of the several players who are adept with either foot. Always looking for his man, he is a very effective player who has judgment out of the ordinary. A sure mark, a good kick, he should be outstanding next year.

T. Bailey.—Tom is another rover-forward. He has plenty of pace and is a good kick while on the run. He always steadies himself when shooting for goal and as a result, he gets many an acute-angled goal. While roving he shows his pace to advantage and is always looking for a team-mate.

J. Loone.—A young pocket-forward who gets out of a lot of trouble with his left foot turn. Usually an accurate kick when in range, he gives his full-forward plenty of room to move about, but is ready to run in to goal when needed. He has taken freakish marks several times.

P. Ockerby.—Peter has had bad luck this season as he has suffered several injuries while off the field. With a great amount of pace he seldom extends himself to show this fact. A very powerful kick and a high mark for his inches, he gives a lot of drive to the ruck when roving and his presence can always be felt when resting forward.

A. Rothwell.—A wingster who showed good form in his first year with the team. A nice kick on the run, he has plenty of pace and has played many a sterling game. His marking is good and his ground play is of a high standard.

M. Pullen.—A very pacy wingster with a usually good disposal. Max is a very dashing player. These dashes often bring him under notice as he brings the ball from the centre to past the half-forward line. Max is a weak mark, but his ground play counteracts this weakness.

M. Cropp.—A very solid half-back. He has a lot of pace for a big player, although it may not be noticeable at a distance. Morris is a good mark and kick. He has shown good form for a first year player and is very cool when the pressure is on.

G. Hiscock.—Another first year player with a good season to his credit. He has had some very hard knocks, but always gave everything he had. Geoff is an extra good mark and often brings down marks in the crowded pack. His left foot kicking makes a lot of openings when he is in trouble.

D. Jarman.—A ruckman who has improved greatly. He is a high mark and has a lot of pace. He is always in good condition and plays with great vigour. Don must try to improve his kicking before he does anything else. He should do well in later years if his kicking can be improved.

C. Monaghan.—A half-forward who has played several good games with the team this year. He is an accurate pass and always places the ball to good advantage. Cyril is a good mark for his size and he is a good ground player.

W. Alexander.—Wally has played several matches as half-forward this year. He is a good kick, but his marking is a little erratic. His ground play is fair, but he does not play with enough vigour. He could develop into a good player with a little confidence and concentration.

D. James.—A much improved player who played a few matches at half-forward and half-back and was never a weakness. His marking and kicking will improve with practice, while his ground play needs little attention.

A. Crawford.—An excellent backman who is rarely beaten. Although not a high mark, he is often seen to mark in the pack because of his sound judgment. A natural right-foot kick, his ability to pass left foot is an asset. His ground play has no flaw. He has played good, brainy football throughout the season.

K. Caelli.—Keith has filled the full-back position for a greater part of the season and he is an ideal backman. His fearless dashes have often taken the ball past the half-back line to the centre. A good, long kick and his marking ability make him a prominent player when anywhere near his form.

B. Suter.—A stumbling-block for all opposing pocket forwards to worry about. His sure judgment often leads him away from his opponent, who finds him sitting under a mark on the goal line. His kicking could be strengthened, but his play throughout the season cannot be criticised.

S. Lyall.—Being a first year player, Stan did not settle down till after a few matches, but his opponents never had many charity kicks in the forward pocket because of the dashing and bustling, if erratic, nature of his play. His kicking and marking need attention, but his persistency in keeping the ball in front of him often counteracted the weaknesses.

B. Carney, G. Shaw and T. Whitchurch have all played one match this year and they showed definite promise. It was only the high standard of play by regular members that kept them out of the team. They will be handy players next year.

In closing we would like to thank our coach, Mr. Jordan, for the manner in which he has helped us to a most successful year. The credit must be his and it is certainly well-deserved.

We would also like to thank Hobart High and its billetes for the manner in which they looked after us when we were in Hobart.

And to all those interested in the football team: We would like you to know that we are very grateful for your support and interest which has been a marvellous help throughout the season.



BASKETBALL NOTES

We were very unfortunate this year in that we had no teacher to coach the team. Nevertheless, our captain, Margaret Little, did splendid work in coaching and leading the team.

We were defeated by Hobart by 35 goals to 19. Congratulations Hobart for winning the Island Premiership. Each member of the team displayed some brilliant work throughout this match. The team was represented by the following girls:—

M. Little (Captain). Attack wing.—A very fast wing player with an excellent knowledge of the game.

Bev. Bassett (Vice). Goal.—Very fast player and accurate goal thrower. Combines well with her attack wing.

Lexie Roughly. Defence Wing.—Good player on the defence, but needs to take more care with her throwing.

Margaret Stagg. Goal.—A good high mark, but lacks confidence in her goal throwing.

Doreen Talbot. Defence.—A brilliant defence at all times.

Margaret Bolton. Centre.—A good centre player, but lacks concentration and interest in the game.

Greta Barry. Defence.—At times she is outstanding, but at other times very slow.

Emergencies were M. Mitchell and R. Coogan.

D CLASS TENNIS TOURNAMENT

A committee of six was chosen at the beginning of the tournament.

1st Round—

- R. Baker d. K. Briggs, 4-6, 6-3, 6-3.
J. Allan d. G. Campbell, 6-2, 6-0.
P. Fleischer d. B. Pinkard, 6-3, 6-3.
D. Pitt d. I. Broomby, 6-3, 6-4.
J. Fleischer d. E. Dent, 6-0, 6-0.
D. Harrex d. J. Ledingham, 6-4, 6-2.
L. Wallace d. D. Cordell, 6-0, 6-2.
A. Parish d. C. Boon, 6-5, 3-6, 6-4.
R. Hibbs d. T. Whitchurch, 3-6, 6-5, 6-3.
D. Betts, a bye.

2nd Round—

- R. Baker d. D. Harren, 6-3, 6-3.
J. Allan d. D. Pitt, 6-0, 6-2.
J. Fleischer d. R. Hibbs, 6-2, 6-1.
P. Fleischer d. L. Wallace, 6-3, 6-2.
J. Parish d. D. Betts, 6-1, 5-6, 6-0.

3rd Round—

- A Parish d. J. Allan, 2-6, 6-2, 6-5.
J. Fleischer d. R. Baker, 6-2, 6-4.
P. Fleischer, a bye.

Quarter-Final—

- P. Fleischer d. J. Fleischer, 6-3, 6-3.
A. Parish, a bye.

Semi-Final—

- J. Fleischer d. A. Parish, 6-1, 6-1.

Final—

- J. Fleischer d. P. Fleischer, 6-5, 6-5.
C. Elliott is to play J. Fleischer in a grand-final.
(Wilmot)

D1-D3 CRICKET MATCH

D1 played D3 cricket on November 5 and 12 at Ogilvie Park. Tuesday, November 5.—D1 won the toss and put their team in. Play started at 4.30 p.m. and continued until 6 p.m. C. Elliott and D1's captain made a noteworthy 73 not out. At 6 p.m. D1 had 6 wickets for 145 (declared). Huxley had been the most notable bowler by taking 3 wickets, the others falling to Newton, Whitchurch and Caelli.

The following week D3 batted, making a total of 56 not out. Whitchurch made the highest score of 20 not out. Pinkard bowled well for D1 and 4 wickets for very few runs. M. Newton captained D3. The end of the match resulted in a win for D1.

CRICKET

By winning the toss and electing to take first use of the wicket on March 22, 1946, at the Cricket Ground, we had a definite advantage over Hobart, who had to use a wet ball because of the heavy dew the previous night.

Our first innings total of 129 was a good score as the ground was very slow. This is shown by the fact that only two fours were hit in the whole innings. D. Rundle scored 21 in very quick time before he was bowled by E. Richardson. D. Arnold joined G. Vertigan, who was batting attractively, and the pair took the score to 57 before the latter played over a " Yorker " from E. Richardson who was bowling accurately. Batting aggressively, D. Arnold, with B. Rundle, took the score to 74 before Brian was out l.b.w. after batting very confidently for 20 minutes. With the score at 96, J. Parsons bowled D. Arnold for 46, most of which came from well executed square and late cuts. He was at the crease for 67 minutes and his 46 included 8 threes. C. Monaghan was

batting stylishly and with M. Elliott, who also showed good form, added 26 runs for the 8th wicket. Cyril was bowled for 21 and Murray had 10 n.o. E. Richardson, with three wickets for 26 runs off 12 overs, three of which were maidens, was the only impressive bowler. K. Spaulding took 3/41 off 6 overs. The innings lasted 148 minutes.

Hobart's innings opened disastrously with 2 down for 7 runs, however, good partnerships by G. Fordham and K. Hudson, K. Crawford and A. Hardwicke brought the score to the very respectable total of 4 for 85. C. Monaghan was brought on and following his good batting, took 4 wickets for 8 runs off 3 overs to complete a fine double for the match. The last 6 wickets fell at the cost of 10 runs. G. Fordham scored 40 runs after 2 hours at the crease. C. Monaghan captured 4 for 8 off 3 overs, and D. Arnold took 4 for 30 off 13 overs with one maiden. The innings closed after 152 minutes.

Launceston won on the first innings by 31 runs and so qualified to meet Devonport Hight at Launceston to decide the Inter-High School Premiership for 1946.

DEVONPORT v. LAUNCESTON

On April 12 we met Devonport on the Cornwall Ground. The match resulted in a win for us by 8 wickets. Although a win by 8 wickets seems an easy victory, it was not so by any means. Devonport had a good total of 101 at the close of their first innings, B. Hallam being top scorer with 38 runs to his credit. Wickets were taken by D. Arnold, 4 for 39; D. Rundle, 2 for 12; B. Rundle, 2 for 12; and C. Monaghan, 2 for 22.

When we followed on, although we lost a valuable wicket early, runs came freely from D. Rundle and G. Vertigan, until the former lost his wicket and several batsmen went cheaply until C. Monaghan and M. Elliott became associated in an excellent fighting partnership which took the score from 7 for 55 to 8 for 81 when M. Elliott mistimed a shot and the ball rolled slowly to the wicket to dislodge the bails. He was at the wicket for 38 minutes for his 7 runs. The innings closed at 92, leaving us 9 behind Devonport's score. A great hand was played by C. Monaghan who was unconquered in 103 minutes at the crease for a well made 29.

Devonport began their second innings at 4.25 p.m. and were all out at 5.17 p.m. for 21 runs. This collapse was due to the magnificent bowling of D. Rundle who bowled 8 perfect overs for 6 wickets, 4 runs being scored off 2 overs and the other 6 being maidens. It was a fine effort. The determination of all the team played a large part in the collapse as the running out of two batsmen showed. Several appeals against the light were dismissed during Devonport's innings.

With 31 runs to get in 33 minutes we went to the crease at 5.27. The light was weakening and the batsmen went for the runs in do or die fashion. The runs came in 15 minutes and we declared with 37 runs for 2 wickets. D. Arnold scored a fast 22 n.o. by powerful hitting.

This win gave us the Inter-High School premiership, which was thoroughly deserved by the members of the team who practised every night for several weeks under the very good coaching of Mr. Jordan, who is noted for the good fielding teams he has moulded. We would like to thank Mr. Moses for his coaching advice.

LAUNCESTON—First Innings

A. Sowell, c Crawford, b Maddox	4
D. Rundle, c Holmes, b Maddox	17
G. Vertigan, b Lord	20
D. Arnold, lbw, b Lord	2
B. Rundle, c Punshon, b Maddox	0
C. Monaghan, not out	29
A. Crawford, c Milbourne, b Lord	0
D. Martin, lbw, b Punshon	2
M. Elliott, b Maddox	7
K. Caelli, b Maddox	2
D. Jarman, b Lord	1
Extras	3

Total 92

Bowling.—J. Maddox, 11 overs, 1 maiden, 36 runs, 5 wickets; K. Lord, 13, 0, 28, 4; R. Punshon, 6, 0, 15, 1; B. Hallam, 4, 0, 5, 0.

DEVONPORT—First Innings

H. Lord, c Crawford, b Arnold	7
P. Marquis, c Elliott, b Arnold	1
J. Maddox, c Elliott, b Arnold	13
D. Holmes, c Caelli, b Monaghan	14
B. Hallam, std. Sowell, b Monaghan	38
D. Crocker, c Jarman, b Arnold	0
B. McClanaghan, b D. Rundle	6
R. Punshon, b D. Rundle	0
G. Crawford, c Sowell, b B. Rundle	4
I. Pierce, lbw, b B. Rundle	1
K. Milbourne, not out	9
Extras	8

Total 101

Bowling.—D. Rundle, 9 overs, 3 maidens, 12 runs, 2 wickets; D. Arnold, 15, 2, 39, 4; C. Monaghan, 5.5, 1, 22, 2; B. Rundle, 3, 0, 12, 2.

LAUNCESTON—Second Innings

D. Rundle, lbw, b Lord	0
D. Arnold, not out	22
G. Vertigan, b Lord	8
A. Sowell, not out	3
Extras	4

Total for 2 wickets (dec.) 37

Bowling.—J. Maddox, 2.5 overs, 0 maidens, 17 runs, 0 wickets; H. Lord, 2, 0, 16, 2.

DEVONPORT—Second Innings

H. Lord, b D. Rundle	4
P. Marquis, run out	4
J. Maddox, b D. Rundle	0
D. Holmes, b Arnold	5
B. Hallam, run out	2
D. Crocker, b D. Rundle	1
B. McClanaghan, lbw, b Arnold	0
R. Punshon, not out	1
G. Crawford, c Monaghan, b D. Rundle	1
T. Pierce, b D. Rundle	3
K. Milbourne, c Crawford, b D. Rundle	0

Total 21

Bowling.—D. Rundle, 8 overs, 6 maidens, 4 runs, 6 wickets; D. Arnold, 7, 2, 17, 2.

CRITICISM OF PLAYERS

Don Arnold (Captain).—A very forceful batsman with powerful wrists and a remarkable eye. Square cuts with terrific power. One of the best slow bowlers seen in schoolboy cricket for many years. A first-class all round fieldsman with safe hands, and a fast accurate return. A thoughtful and popular captain.

Gladstone Vertigan (Vice-Captain).—A brilliant field both on ground and when catching. Good change bowler, bowling an awkward off spinner. His batting is very aggressive having excellent drives and a beautiful hook shot. An excellent all-rounder.

Des. Rundle.—An excellent field and a very safe catch. The team's fast bowler who keeps an excellent length and uses height to good advantage. When batting uses his feet well to execute good shots all round the wicket. The most polished bat in the team.

Alan Sowell.—An excellent 'keeper who, although not stylish, is very effective, having the best average in the team. He is very powerful with shots all round the wicket.

Cyril Monaghan.—Very sure field and safe catch. Slow spin bowler above average with a well-concealed "wrong 'un." He is easily the most improved bat this season and now has perfectly executed shots all round the wicket. Uses feet and wrists well.

Brian Rundle.—Left hand medium pace bowler, keeps a good length ball and flights ball well. Excellent point fieldsman. When batting is very solid and can always keep an end up when required.

Alf Crawford.—A very safe field with an excellent return to the wicket. Can bowl with accuracy if required. Not a fast scorer, but is solid, being more at home against fast bowling.

Murray Elliott.—Although slow in the outfield is a brilliant catch close to the wicket. Does not use feet enough but can always get runs at the right time as shown by his performances in Inter-High matches.

Don Martin.—A safe field, a good catch and has a nice return to the wicket. His bowling is improving, but should not hit at a good length ball.

Keith Caelli.—A very safe field with good hands for the outfield. His batting could be developed as he has a good eye and is a powerful hitter.

Don Jarman.—A much improved player. Good outfield with a very powerful throw. His batting could be improved with concentration. Is very powerful when hitting.

Brian Carney.—In the field he is very safe and is a good catch. His batting is weak, but should improve when he does not try to hit everything.

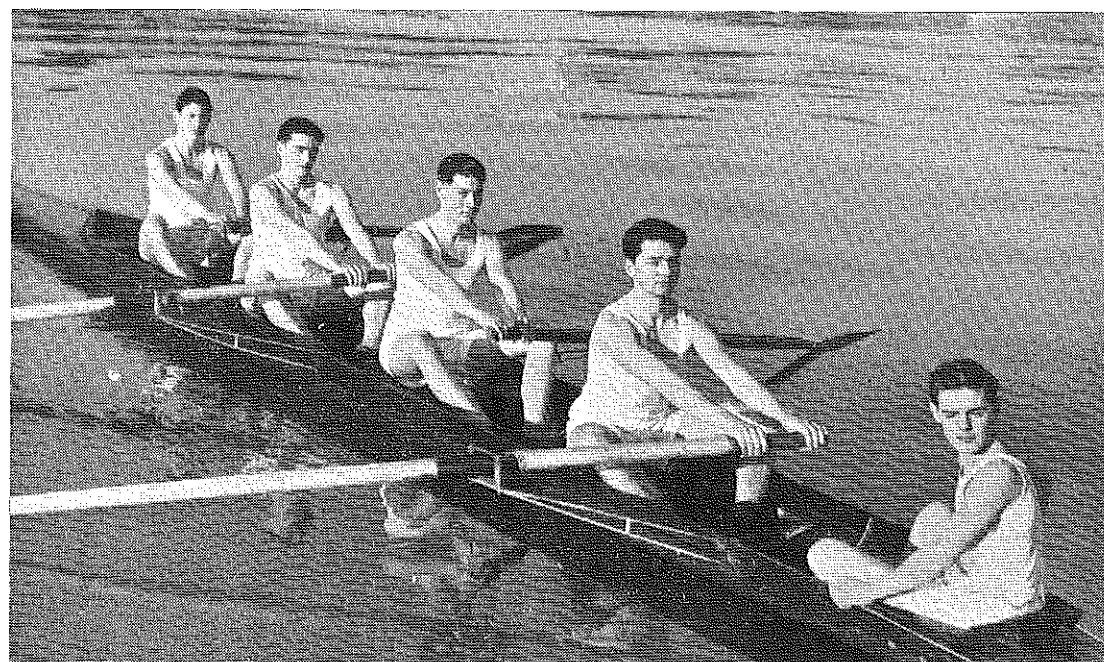
Bruce Durno.—A very improved field and catch. His batting will improve with confidence. At present does not use his feet enough.

"CRICKETER," Sorell D1.

IN A GARDEN AT EVENING

Moonlight,
Long shadows,
The path glimmering wet.
Roses,
Faint perfumes.
A cool evening wind,
Rustling—
Soft sighing.
Birds stir in the trees.
Trickling
And murmuring
Is wandering stream.
Grasses
Are whispering
A story of love,
Beauty,
And peace.
The garden at night.

JUDY AMOS (B1 Sorell)



FIRST CREW



SECOND CREW



FOOTBALL TEAM



HOCKEY TEAM



DEBATING TEAM

ROWING

Our crews were successful again this year, when our first crew defeated the Hobart High School in a hard fought race for the Clarke Shield. Thus this school is now the leader of High School rowing, because we now have both the Bourke Cup and Clarke Shield in our possession for the first time in thirteen years.

Apart from the hard training which the crew did, the victories have been entirely due to the work of our coach, Mr. D. Chandler. To him we extend our sincere thanks, because without him, neither of the trophies would have been won.

Members of the first crew are Bruce Rose (stroke), Dane Sutton, Alex Stocks, Jeff Weston and Graham Stewart (cox). In the second crew which also gave a very good performance against Hobart, the rowers are Don Brown (stroke), Peter Burns, John Manzoney, Max Wilson and John Thomas (cox).

THE ART EXHIBITION

During November much interest was shown in the Children's Art Exhibition at the Victoria Museum. The judges were pleased with the standard and number of entries. Because of lack of space, only the best entries were able to be exhibited, but these showed the great variety and originality of the work.

Several Art students from High School entered successfully. Outstanding among these was Geva McCormack, who received high praise for her water colours. She won both the prize for the water colour section and that for the best work in the 14 to 16

year's section. Pam Penman was also highly commended for her pastel and pencil drawing. Among other prize winners were Lynette Gall, Barbara Padman, and Brenda Houstain.

A.T.C. NOTES

At the beginning of the year it was thought that an A.T.C. Flight would not be formed as there were not enough boys interested, but when a talk was given on A.T.C. activities by W.O. Suter and Squadron Leader Stewart, a Flight was formed with a membership of 20 cadets.

During the Easter holidays a number of cadets took part in the Easter Camp which was held at Western Junction. At the camp, instruction in Morse, aeroplane construction and drill was given. Each cadet attending the camp was taken for a flight in the Aero Club's Tiger Moths.

The School Flight parades every Thursday afternoon, with the cadet detachment and during the course of the year they have been lectured in navigation, aero engines and armory, consisting of the Thompson sub-machine gun and the Smith and Wesson revolver, while one afternoon a lecture was given on radar.

As the war has been over for more than a year, the Air Training Corps is becoming smaller and so boys between the ages of 16 and 18 years are urgently needed to join the ranks of the corps. They will find the instruction gained during their enrolment as a cadet, most helpful and extremely interesting.

WILMOT.

V.A.D. NOTES

This year was the second year that the school had a detachment. We are still the only school detachment in Australia, and very proud of the fact. A large number of the older members left at the beginning of the year, but many new, junior members were enrolled. Half-way through the year we all received uniforms. The highlight of the year was an inspection by Lady Binney, at the Anzac Hostel. Several of the girls gave an exhibition of First Aid, after which afternoon tea was served. At the conclusion of the afternoon we were all personally introduced to Lady Binney. We would very much like to thank Mrs. Courtney who very kindly gave up many Thursday afternoons to instruct us. The members are:—Gwenda Cox, Margaret Trezise, Ailsa McInnes, Joy Patterson, Marie Wright, Adele Salter, Shirley Wing, Dorothy Motley, Betty Westlake, Phyllis Walsh, Elsa Johnson, Lorna Mathews, Lorna Stevenson, Dorothy Murrell, Irene Leigh, Pam Milbourne, Shirley Moles.

MARGARET TREZISE (B1, Franklin)

SOFT BALL

The work of the soft ball team, on the whole, was excellent. Their co-operation and team work in the matches they played were very good, except, at times, when excitement got the better of them. This was shown in the Inter-High match with Hobart. Their scores up to almost the end of the match were close to those of Hobart, but in one innings, because of Hobart's particularly good batting and our disconcerted fielding, we lost the match. Scores:—

Hobart—44.

Launceston—29.

On both sides in our match with Scottsdale there was excellent individual and team work. The team played consistently throughout the match, while the Scottsdale team, although younger and less experienced, made a good score. Scores:—

Launceston—36.

Scottsdale—16.

We would like to thank the Scottsdale team for inviting us to play them. All enjoyed the visit very much.

CRITICISM OF PLAYERS

P. Rose (Captain).—Catcher. Pat's standard of play was always exemplary. As captain she was an inspiration to her team.

B. Bassett (Vice-Captain).—Right Outfield. At times an outstanding player. The strength Beverly could put behind throwing and hitting balls never ceased to amaze the team.

A. Gibb.—Pitcher. A good fast pitcher whose reliability as a fielder and a batter made her one of the best players in the team.

M. McClean.—First Base. Although only in E Class, Margaret held the important position of first base. Her work in all the matches showed her to be the most promising player in the team.

A. Dennis.—Second base. Another reliable player with an especially pretty style of fielding. Audrey could always be depended on to do her best.

E. Fleischer.—Third base. Although not quite fast enough on her feet, Ellen is an excellent example of a "tryer."

J. Barrett.—Short-stop. Another tryer, but not nearly fast enough.

M. Bolton.—Roving Short-stop. Margaret is another very promising player. Her fielding is clean

and quick, but in batting she is inclined to hit the ball up too much.

M. Clarke.—Left outfield. A neat batter and fielder, although she needs more fielding practice to make her faster.

M. Morgan.—Centre outfield. A neat batter and fielder although she needs more fielding practice to make her faster.

M. Harvey.—Emergency. Mary was one of the most improved players in the team, and if she keeps on practising she can be even better.

B. Atkins.—Emergency. A neat little fielder and batter. Her great tendency to hit foul after foul was a source of much amusement to herself and the team.

HOCKEY NOTES

The hockey team has had, in many ways, a very pleasing season. Although success did not come their way, the effort and enthusiasm which they showed had quite an effect on their standard of play. Poor stick-work and lack of team play were the chief weaknesses, but showed improvement. When they played Hobart, they were beaten by 5 goals to 2 after a very close time.

The team would like to take this chance of thanking Miss Cawthorn for her able coaching.

P. Rose.—An excellent captain who held her team together and gave them a great deal of help and encouragement. Standard of play could always be relied on.

S. Hawkes.—Was chosen for the Northern team. Has much natural ability, but must remember that hockey is a team game.

S. Waldron.—A steady, reliable player who uses her head. Represented Northern Tasmania.

E. Lyall.—Supported Shirley on the backline. Should get back into position much faster when beaten to the ball.

F. Lehner.—A reliable team member—much improved.

V. Gilham.—Should improve very much with experience.

J. Amos.—Stick work needs improving. Tries hard.

H. Murray.—Needs more confidence and initiative in the circle.

A. Orchard.—Has speed, but needs to improve stick work.

J. Ingles.—Very enthusiastic, but should improve stick work.

D. Curtain.—A very promising goalie.

AS MEN EVER WILL

A saddened youth sought counsel

From a lad he'd known at school—

He asked how he could propose

So as not to be thought a fool.

His friend, who'd always been a sheikh

Said, "If you say this she'll thrill.

"Fair lady when I watch your face,

All time for me stands still."

Next day the two men met again,

The lover had two black eyes.

"Oh dear," thought the other, "what's he said

To get him a face that size?"

So the sheikh said in a voice of awe,

"However did you get that knock?"

He cried, "I said what you told me:

"Woman, your face would stop a clock."

"ESKI" (B1, Sorell)



OPERA PRINCIPALS



OPERA CHORUS

SCHOOL OPERA

This year marked the tenth anniversary of the productions of operas in this School. If one of the present-day scholars had gone to the presentations of "The Mikado," he would not have been able to enjoy it for five nights or hear the orchestra. During the years the productions have been enlarged, until now we have a sparkling comedy written in the School and shown on five nights. The scenery is now painted by members of the School and the girls make their own costumes. Over 1,000 members of the School have taken part.

As for Mr. Moses, it is hard to find anything to say. Perhaps it is sufficient to say, "by his deeds ye shall know him." The principals would like to thank him for the cheerful, friendly enjoyment they had throughout the whole performance.

Operas in future years will sadly miss the talented and versatile services of Pat Rose, who is now working with 7EX. Pat's association with the operas began in D Class, when she was accompanist for "Ruddigore." She played again for "The Yeomen of the Guard," and since then her opera activities have covered an increasingly wide field. In the last three years she has played the comic lead, in the last two she has been responsible for costumes and this year she took over the scenery. Her programme designs have been used since 1942. We often wondered how she found time to do all these things and still gather so many laurels in the athletic and scholastic spheres.

"SNOWSTAR"

The presentation of "Snowstar," the third opera to be produced entirely within the School, was an outstanding success and reflected great credit upon the writer-producer, Mr. J. H. Moses. The costumes were picturesque and the scenery was delightful. Pat Rose and her willing helpers are to be commended on the colourful effect achieved.

Alex Stocks as the owner of the chalet, gave a very convincing performance and managed his songs well. As his wise and gentle aunt, Nairn Scott really lived her part and her last speech was stirring and spoken with extreme feeling. Don Brown, as the financial friend of Franz, the chalet-owner, played his part exceptionally well and proved that he had good singing ability.

Maureen Hoggan, as the beautiful and worldly sister of Catherine and Madeline, gave a spectacular performance. Fay Gearring and Marjorie Feutril as her sweet little sisters, played their parts well and their singing was exquisite. Particularly delightful were Fay's rendition of "The Moschelle in the Valley" and Marjorie's haunting solo, "Evensong." Janice Ingles as Lisa, Paula's fellow-tourist, gave a colourful and vigorous representation of a hardened business-woman.

The Star Girl, Claire Lancaster, gave a delightfully sweet performance in her song, "Twinkle Little Star." She stole the hearts of her audience. Her composition of "Moschelle in the Valley" was a surprise to everyone and its lilting beauty was a credit to its composer. Claire is also to be congratulated on her able piano accompaniment throughout the opera.

Dinah Curtain, as the romantically-minded housekeeper, gave a really professional exhibition and Pat Rose, as the practical and cynical cook, gave her usual fine performance. Together, these two comediennes provided one of the highlights of the show.

Also doing fine work as comedians were the husky mountaineers, John Cullen and John Manzoney and the timid mountaineers Graham Bye and David Watson. The mountaineers really added the rollicking vigour of the outdoors to the entertainment and played their parts superbly. Their "Exercise" song was an immediate success. Don Martin, the impishly officious page boy, made a useful contribution to the show and Graham Stewart adopted a convincing blasé manner which fitted his part as creditor.

The housemaids, Lois Symonds, Billie Davey, Beverley Bardenhagen and Frances Eastman, adopted just the right amount of hauteur for their parts and acted them exceptionally well. Good work was also accomplished by Pat Campbell, who played the part of a very downright little housemaid.

Brenda Houstain, Ethel Fitzmaurice, Joan Mansfield, and Dianne Fish danced beautifully and the chorus sang well.

The orchestra gave a very finished accompaniment which added to the atmosphere and enjoyment of the opera.

THE WANDER LUST

Believe it or not, one of our B Class students has got the "Wanderlust." He has travelled practically the length and breadth of Australia in the last six weeks.

Firstly, this youth obtained several sheets of important-looking forms, filled them in and posted them. On the following Monday, just a week later, he disappeared suddenly from our midst. After the lapse of a week he reappeared and promptly described to some of his bosom companions (male), the marvellous week he had spent at the Government's expense. Apparently jeeps and staff cars are not for officers only!

After the lapse of a fortnight, this noble youth sallies forth one Friday morn and ambles down Tamar Street to the railway station and goes south again. Again he returns and in due course, a fortnight later, to the envy of all, he goes away again—destination unknown, but presumably Hobart.

Well, now things seemed to be at a standstill. But a week later, if anyone had been on the Launceston Railway Station on Sunday afternoon, he would have observed our hero board the train with the utmost confidence. But that was not all. Next day our friend rose at 4.30 a.m. and journeyed to Cambridge to board the 6.30 a.m. plane for Melbourne. Well, to top everything, on the 5 p.m. plane back from Melbourne comes our friend, quite a hardened traveller. This report is probably incomplete, but good luck, Don, anyway.

A FRIEND (B1, Arthur)

ILS CHANTENT

The mopeke by the river, the cuckoo up the hill,
A speck'd thrush in the wattle, a 'burra in the gum,
The seagull on the water, the crane down in the mud,
With robin in the grasses and sparrow in the hedge,
Of spring and sunshine, sing, with showers in between.

The bluebells toss their heads, the daffodils reply,
The rose smiles at them sweetly from her stately height;
While the bright eyes of the daisy gladden all she sees
And hawthorns stand together like soldiers in the snow,
Of spring and sunshine, sing, with showers in between.

MARGARET TREZISE (B1, Franklin).

FROM WINTER TO SPRING

The doors they creak,
The shutters they squeak
In the wind that is 'most a gale;
The shrubs crash down,
The grey skies frown,
As they pour on man rain and hail.
But soon bright skies will dawn,
The plants will no more mourn
For the loss of some evergreen.
Light breezes will blow,
Where the gales now go,
Causing havoc where they have been.
Soft winds shall waft the trees,
Stirring them in the breeze
As they slowly rise and fall.
The flowers will sway
In the sun all day,
Bowing to graceful poplars tall.

J.B.H. (C3, Sorell).

RESULTS OF SCHOOL
CERTIFICATE, 1945

Judy Amos—3 Credits, 6 Passes.
Norma Anderson—6 Passes.
Bonnie Atkins—6 Passes.
Mavis Barwick—3 Credits, 6 Passes.
Beverley Bassett—2 Credits, 4 Passes.
Jean Bolch—2 Credits, 4 Passes.
Margaret Bolton—1 Credit, 6 Passes.
Joan Boon—6 Passes.
Robert Boscoe—4 Credits, 5 Passes.
Geoffrey Bowen—6 Passes.
Keir Brown—1 Credit, 6 Passes.
Graham Bye—2 Credits, 5 Passes.
Gwenda Cox—3 Credits, 6 Passes.
Barbara Craw—4 Credits, 5 Passes.
Morris Cropp—7 Credits, 2 Passes.
John Cullen—1 Credit, 5 Passes.
Audrey Dennis—7 Credits, 2 Passes.
Olive Edwards—3 Credits, 5 Passes.
Greta Farrell—2 Credits, 7 Passes.
Dawn Foley—1 Credit, 7 Passes.
Ann Gibb—7 Passes.
Kath Good—6 Passes.
Freda Harris—6 Passes.
Marjorie Herbert—3 Credits, 6 Passes.
Maureen Hoggan—2 Credits, 7 Passes.
Kathleen Hortle—9 Passes.
Robert Hortle—1 Credit, 5 Passes.
Brenda Houstain—1 Credit, 5 Passes.
Hyman Hudson—2 Credits, 6 Passes.
Graeme Irvine—1 Credit, 5 Passes.
Marta Klempfner—6 Credits, 3 Passes.
Jean Lancaster—3 Credits, 6 Passes.
Vivian Littlewood—6 Passes.
Ernest Lyall—7 Passes.
Pat McFarlane—2 Credits, 5 Passes.
John Manzoney—1 Credit, 8 Passes.
Don Mitchell—2 Credits, 7 Passes.
Cyril Monaghan—1 Credit, 8 Passes.
Corrie Mufet—8 Passes.
Donald Murray—7 Passes.
Helen Murray—4 Credits, 5 Passes.
Donald Pickett—1 Credit, 5 Passes.
Lesley Read—3 Credits, 4 Passes.
Audrey Reid—1 Credit, 8 Passes.
June Rose—6 Passes.

Margaret Rundle—1 Credit, 5 Passes.
Ruth Salter—3 Credits, 3 Passes.
Doreen Saltmarsh—8 Passes.
Nairn Scott—8 Credits, 1 Pass.
Colin Spencer—2 Credits, 5 Passes.
Graham Stewart—1 Credit, 5 Passes.
Dane Sutton—7 Credits, 2 Passes.
Lois Symonds—4 Credits, 3 Passes.
Stan Tilley—7 Passes.
Lois Tolland—1 Credit, 5 Passes.
Margaret Tresize—1 Credit, 7 Passes.
Jean Tyson—1 Credit, 7 Passes.
Ian von Bibra—6 Passes.
Donald Wells—6 Passes.
Lois Welsh—6 Passes.
Des Wilson—6 Passes.
Dennis Wivell—6 Passes.
Robert Yost—6 Credits, 3 Passes.

PASSES IN LEAVING
EXAMINATION, 1945

*Dulcie Alcock—3 Credits, 4 Passes.
Walter Alexander—7 Passes.
William Allen—1 Credit, 5 Passes.
Marion Atkins—6 Passes.
*Joan Bulman—6 Passes.
*Stuart Clark—3 Credits, 3 Passes.
Douglas Columbine—8 Passes.
Geoffrey Cullen—1 Credit, 6 Passes.
*Beverley Davey—3 Credits, 3 Passes.
*Johnson Dean—6 Passes.
Doris Gilham—5 Passes.
*Barbara Hamilton—4 Credits, 2 Passes.
*John Hawkins—2 Credits, 6 Passes.
*Alexander Hope—5 Credits, 3 Passes.
*Phyllis Hudson—8 Passes.
*Alan Huxley—2 Credits, 4 Passes.
*Lesley Ingles—5 Passes.
Audrey Jacobson—1 Credit, 6 Passes.
Maxwell Jansson—7 Passes.
*Basil Joseph—1 Credit, 5 Passes.
Kay Kidd—3 Credits, 4 Passes.
*Doreen Manzoney—5 Passes.
*Joan Orwin—5 Passes.
Keverall Peter—5 Passes.
Paul Phelps—1 Credit, 6 Passes.
*Donald Rose—2 Credits, 6 Passes.
Nancy Rose—1 Credit, 4 Passes.
Desmond Rundle—1 Credit, 5 Passes.
*Robert Sharman—5 Credits, 3 Passes.
Gwendoline Street—1 Credit, 5 Passes.
Geoffrey Watson—1 Credit, 4 Passes.
* Matriculated.

TWILIGHT HOURS

The windows creak a dismal goodnight,
A mouse goes scampering by,
A lone owl hoots in the pale moonlight
As the time for repose draws nigh.
The soft breeze whispers to swaying boughs,
The cricket its song renders loud,
For the silence is deep in the cool twilight hours
When the moon hides behind silver clouds.
Then out on the world the moon's quiet radiant ray
Is turned like a full cheery smile
The world is at rest, 'tis preparing for play,
For the moon's ray does rest best beguile.

B. O. GRAHAM (D1, Arthur)

THE SWIMMING CARNIVAL

The annual Swimming Sports were held at the Victoria Baths on Wednesday, February 20. Arthur and Sorell competed very keenly in the House Competition, only for Arthur to draw away and win with 175 points. Sorell gained 137, followed by Wilmot with 85 and Franklin 80.

Pat Rose (A), swam well to gain the Girls' Open Championship. In the Boys' Open section, competition was very keen, but by winning the 100 and the 50 yards free style, M. Cropp (W), tied with B. Leary (S), who won the 50 yards breast stroke and the 25 yards back stroke. K. Leary (S), swam brilliantly to win the Girls' Intermediate Championship and G. Jacques (A), by winning the dive and the 25 yards breast stroke, became Boys' Intermediate Champion. The Junior Champions were: (Girls), P. Campbell (A); (Boys), W. Barnes (S).

The Novelty—Dog Paddle—events were won by J. Shields (A) girls and J. Cullen (S).

Diving Events were won by P. Rose (A), Girls' Open and A. Rothwell (A) Boys' Open; M. Wheeler (A), Girls' Intermediate and G. Jacques (A), Boys' Intermediate.

OTHER RESULTS—BOYS

Intermediate Championship, 50 yards free style—J. Cullen (S). Intermediate Handicap, 50 yards free style—N. Huxley (A). Open Handicap, 100 yards free style—G. Cullen (W).

GIRLS

Open Championship, 50 yards free style—P. Rose (A). Intermediate Championship, 50 yards free style—K. Leary (S). Open Handicap, 50 yards free style—N. Scott (W). Intermediate Handicap, 50 yards free style—J. Shields (A). Intermediate Championship, 25 yards breast stroke—K. Leary (S). Open Championship, 25 yards breast stroke—L. Roughley (F).

TEAMS' RACES—BOYS

Intermediate—Arthur 1, Sorell 2, Franklin 3.
Open—Wilmot 1, Franklin 2, Sorell 3, Franklin 4.

GIRLS

Intermediate—Arthur 1, Franklin 2, Sorell 3.
Open—Sorell 1, Arthur 2, Franklin 3, Wilmot 4.
Mixed Teams' Race—Sorell 1, Arthur 2, Franklin 3.

THE ATHLETIC SPORTS

The Athletic Sports were held at the Cricket Ground on Friday and Saturday, April 26 and 27.

We were fortunate in having two beautiful days for this event and a large gathering of parents attended.

The competition was keen throughout and the scores very close. On Friday, Franklin led with 126 points, Wilmot was second with 121 points, Sorell 106 points and Arthur 105.

Each House led in turn, but finally ended in a win for Wilmot—249 points, Arthur second, 234 points; Sorell third, 223 points and Franklin 219 points.

The individual champions were:

Boys.—Open: P. Ockerby, B. Coates (tied). Under 15: J. Ledingham. Under 13: C. Hartley. Field Games: J. Weston.

Girls.—Open: M. Morgan. Under 15: S. Terry. Under 13: D. French. Field Games: H. Murray.

We would like to extend our thanks to all those who assisted in any way to make the sports such a success.

TENNIS NOTES, 1946

With no players from last year's actual team back this year, the team, at the beginning of the first term, settled down to hard practice, in preparation for the match against Hobart High School. Although comparatively young and inexperienced, nevertheless, the team acquitted itself well in all games contested this year. As well as the annual match against Hobart High School, numerous games were played against teams from St. Patrick's and Scotch Colleges. In the main match of the year, at the Royal Park courts, Hobart defeated us by six rubbers to three. Although it was, to many members of the team, the first competitive match in which they had participated, everyone showed commendable fighting spirit and excellent sportsmanship. The team is as follows:—

Tom Bailey (Captain).—Was unquestionably the strongest player of the School team of 1946, both in singles and in doubles. His strength lay mainly in an aggressive cross court forehand drive backed up by an excellent match temperament. His backhand though awkward looking, proved sound. The advance he made from 1945 when he was one of the two emergencies to the school team, was really remarkable. Unfortunately this improvement did not include the development of a reliable slower paced second service, and it was this that proved his Achilles' heel in the singles struggle with the strong Hobart No. 1 player who was good enough to hit clean winners from anything easy. In the closely contested and highly spectacular doubles contest with Hobart, Bailey was the most effective of the four players.

Brian Coates (Vice-Captain).—Excellent forehand drive and good, though somewhat unreliable, service. Backhand needs improvement. Plays well when opposed to a hard-hitting opponent, but does not seem able to manage the slow ball.

Des Wilson.—Best doubles partner in the team. In spite of the handicap of small stature, has been most consistent and reliable in all doubles matches played this year. Service and singles game are, of course, hampered by small size.

Cliff Elliott.—Extremely young lad in his first year of tennis. Has the strokes, style and match temperament essential to assist his developing into a first-class player.

Brian Suter.—Although unorthodox in his style, looks like developing into a sound player. Fast, controlled service, good forehand and volley, but needs to pay a little attention to his backhand. Next year, should be one of the leading players in the team.

Geoff Watson.—Sound, reliable player both in doubles and singles. Should concentrate on an easier style in serving and getting more pace into his shots. With a good match temperament, has been most reliable in all matches this year.

Emergencies.—David James and Stan Smith.

In conclusion, on behalf of all the members of the team, I should like to thank Mr. G. Rush for his able coaching of the team this season. As well as spending a great deal of time with the firsts earlier in the year, Mr. Rush has also promoted, in the Junior School, a great deal of interest in the game. Few people realise that, in organising tournaments of the D and E classes, and also regular Saturday morning practices, Mr. Rush has sown the seeds of a plentiful crop of good, young players, which should be harvested, with great benefit to the firsts, within the next year or two.

SORELL.

KEY TO PHOTOGRAPHS

PREFECTS

Back Row: E. Lyall, A. Orchard, M. Little, H. Lyne, B. Craw, P. Penman, S. Sutton, M. Morgan, P. Rose.

Middle Row: D. Arnold, D. Brown, A. Sowell, M. Cropp, D. Craw, T. Bailey, M. Pullen, P. Ockerby.

Front Row: A. Stocks, E. Fleischer, B. Rose, G. McCormack, Mr. W. C. Morris (Head Master), J. Weston, B. Davey, G. Cullen, G. Dent.

"A1" CLASS

Back Row: J. Lees, P. Penman, H. Lyne, S. Waldron, D. Curtain, B. Bardenhagen, L. Smythe, P. Ockerby.

Middle Row: K. Axton, D. Fogg, D. Lamb, G. Watson, S. Smith, D. Rundle, G. Vertigan, M. Wilson, A. Crawford, S. Lyall.

Front Row: S. Hawkes, F. Lehner, P. Rose, E. Fleischer, Miss L. Russell (Class Teacher), G. Dent, M. Little, G. McCormack, K. Britcliffe.

"A2" CLASS

Back Row: M. Pullen, E. Lyall, M. Morgan, F. Eastman, S. Sutton, A. Orchard, M. Elliott.

Middle Row: D. Brown, B. Bayley, R. Coogan, D. Craw, G. Cullen, A. Sowell, W. Alexander.

Front Row: J. Weston, B. Rose, A. Stocks, K. Caelli, D. Smith, R. Longden, K. Viney.

GIRLS' TENNIS TEAM

Back Row: N. Scott, B. Craw, E. Lyall, H. Murray, A. Orchard.

Front Row: S. Hawkes (Vice-Captain), M. Little (Captain), S. Waldron.

BOYS' TENNIS TEAM

Back Row: C. Elliott, D. James, S. Smith, B. Sutor, D. Wilson.

Front Row: B. Coates (Vice-Captain), T. Bailey (Captain), G. Watson.

CRICKET TEAM

Back Row: C. Monaghan, K. Caelli, D. Jarman, B. Durno, M. Elliott, B. Rundle.

Front Row: D. Martin, D. Rundle, D. Arnold (Captain), Mr. J. H. Moses, G. Vertigan (Vice-Captain), A. Sowell, A. Crawford.

SOFTBALL TEAM

Back Row: M. McClean, M. Morgan, A. Gibb, E. Fleischer, J. Barrett, M. Harvey, M. Bolton.

Front Row: B. Bassett, B. Atkins, P. Rose (Captain), A. Dennis, M. Clark.

CADET CORPS

Back Row: B. Carlson, R. Benseman, R. Phelps, J. Willie, N. Rollins, G. Stewart, J. Good, J. Thomas, T. Crawley.

Middle Row: J. Cox, E. Lyall, A. Bird, K. Jack, H. Whybrow, B. Rattray, N. Wathen, J. Cullen, S. Tilley, D. Cocker, D. Mitchell, A. Hutton, R. Yost.

Front Row: D. Cox, E. Barrett, D. Arnold, J. Manzoney, J. Weston, A. Stocks, Major Barker, Captain T. E. Doe, B. Rose, Sergeant W. Ellis, W. Bayly, D. Wells, B. Durno, D. Jarman.

FOOTBALL TEAM

Back Row: J. Loone, S. Lyall, M. Cropp, G. Hiscock, K. Caelli, B. Rundle.

Middle Row: A. Sowell, G. Vertigan, J. Weston, D. Arnold, D. Rundle, A. Crawford, D. Jarman.

Front Row: A. Rothwell, P. Ockerby, B. Suter, T. Bailey, M. Pullen.

HOCKEY TEAM

Back Row: S. Hawkes, P. Penman, H. Murray, D. Curtain, A. Orchard, J. Hortle, J. Ingles.

Front Row: F. Lehner, E. Lyall, P. Rose, V. Gilham.

FIRST CREW

D. Sutton, J. Weston, A. Stocks, B. Rose (Stroke), G. Stewart (Cox).

SECOND CREW

M. Wilson, P. Burns, J. Manzoney, D. Brown (Stroke), J. Thomas (Cox).

DEBATING TEAM

D. Curtain, L. Symonds, S. Lyall, N. Scott.

TENNIS NOTES

The matches were all keen games and the decision was not reached until we had won the last set in the Premiership Match against Hobart.

DOUBLES

M. Smith and B. Colburn defeated M. Little and S. Waldron, 9—4.

M. Ponsonby and R. Huxley lost to S. Hawkes and V. Gillam, 8—9.

V. Langridge and R. Woods defeated H. Murray and B. Craw, 9—8.

SINGLES (Launceston Names First)

M. Little defeated B. Colburn, 9—3.

S. Hawkes defeated M. Smith, 9—2.

S. Waldron lost to M. Ponsonby, 7—9.

V. Gillam defeated R. Huxley, 9—6.

B. Craw defeated K. Woods, 9—6.

H. Murray lost to V. Langridge, 2—9.

Having defeated Hobart by 5 sets to 4, we played Devonport, who defeated us by 6 sets (74 games), to 3 sets (52 games). Results (Launceston names first):

DOUBLES

M. Little and S. Waldron lost to N. Lakin and L. Finlayson, 2—9.

S. Hawkes and V. Gillam defeated P. Alomes and F. Douglas, 9—5.

B. Craw and H. Murray lost to P. White and B. Woolley, 8—9.

SINGLES

M. Little defeated N. Lakin, 9—6.

S. Hawkes defeated L. Finlayson, 9—5.

S. Waldron lost to P. Alomes, 2—9.

V. Gillam lost to L. Douglas, 5—9.

H. Murray lost to P. White, 6—9.

B. Craw lost to B. Woolley, 6—9.

The girls representing the team were as follow:

Margaret Little (Captain).—A strong player, with good match temperament and good command of her strokes.

S. Waldron (Vice).—Excellent net player and strong forehand, but serve and backhand need improvement.

S. Hawkes.—Good match player. Style has improved very much. Her backhand and volleying need more concentration.

N. Gilham.—A most improved player with a good service and forehand, but she is rather erratic during matches.

B. Craw.—Suffers from lack of experience, but should improve with more practice.

H. Murray.—Backhand and serve need attention. Should improve with more practice.

THE PEGGY PEDLEY MEMORIAL PRIZE

Each year this prize is awarded to the best article of prose or poetry published in the School Magazine or Newspapers. The winner for 1946 is Nairn Scott whose article appears below.

Highly commended is Billie Davey's "Through a Glass, Darkly," printed below the winning entry.

ON TRIVIAL THINGS

It is doubtful whether anyone really knows just which things are trivial and just which ones are not. Let us stop to consider whether a toadstool is trivial. It is, perhaps, insignificant and unimportant and yet there is more symmetrical beauty in the delicate gills than in the outline of the grandest aeroplane. The art galleries of the world contain pictures of untold value, pictures whose beauty everyone admires and yet, there is less beauty in one of those than in one group of tiny flowers.

It has been said that "one swallow does not make a spring." However, when we see a swallow, our hearts are glad, for although it cannot make a spring, it can mean one. From time immemorial, trivial things have been the foundations of much greater things. Columbus might never have discovered America but for the fact that he saw a few seagulls. Robert Bruce was saved by a spider's web and James Watt harnessed steam as a result of seeing a kettle boil.

Little things have a decided fascination for me. I often wonder as I walk along a road, whose foot-prints are those moving past mine—whether the owner was happy or sad, an alderman or a beggar. Why does that tram ticket look so dirty and crushed? I think it must have been held in a childish hand. Even the very trivial things have round them some air of romance, beauty and mystery. They must have, or why do we keep that lock of hair or that silly photograph which is, after all, the worst in our large collection?

We have in Launceston, many lovely parks and yet it seems that the Punch Bowl is to become a well-laid out, well-ordered reserve with ponds and lawns. The trivial thought that it is at present a happy playground for children does not seem to matter. We fail to realise that the children are happier and more free there, among the beauties of the grasses, rocks and wild flowers, than in the most expensive park where everything is perfection and garden flowers and neat rockeries provide beauty. In such a place we can not climb over rocks and run where we please. We can not even boil the billy. Enjoyment is planned for us. Personal freedom, it seems, is becoming a trivial thing.

I like trivial things. I like to get into a bed with clean, soft sheets, to go into a newly-polished room, to hear sausages alive in a pan, or to touch the softness of moss. I often remember little things about people—odd sayings, the way they walk, the way they shake hands or the stray curl by their ear.

Gradually we are losing the power to notice trivial things. A person will stand and gaze for hours at grand cars and boats, but would fail to notice the deep light in the water, or the heath by the roadside. We are growing too proud to be taught by trivial things. "Go to the ant, thou sluggard. Consider her ways and be wise." Who would stop to take an object lesson from the ants or the bees? Pooh! — trivial things.

Emergencies.—Nairn Scott, Eunice Lyall and Allison Orchard.

The team was fortunate in having Miss Deane to coach it again and we are all very grateful to her for the time she has spent coaching the team.

THE PLAYS THE THING

During the year a number of plays have been performed to audiences of varying sizes. Early in the year B Class recussitated their last year's performance of "The Admirable Crichton." This play, though rather too ambitious for performance on the small stage in the Assembly Hall, revealed much talent, some of which the school Opera later made use. Perhaps one should mention that B Class read "Macbeth" one night in the first week of the year. This was an experiment—a not entirely successful one—to help those who were to study it to think of it as a play rather than only as fine literature.

Early this term E4 put on "Arise, Sir Walter," a little play which delighted the audience of junior school and friends of the players. These young players showed great enthusiasm and had gone to much trouble to obtain, and in many cases, make the period costumes which they wore.

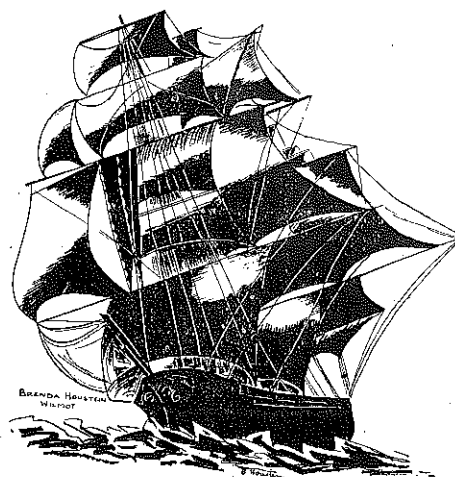
In November the B Art of Speech Class gave two plays, "Shivering Shocks" and "Women at War," before a small audience who showed great appreciation of the two plays which this group rather diffidently produced in public.

Later three of the D Classes produced plays on the same evening—"The Crimson Cocoon" (D4), "Great Aunt Jemima" (D2), and "A Distant Relative" (D1). This time they had quite a good audience to laugh at their jokes and show their appreciation of some of the really good acting which they saw. The distant relative, himself, gave a first-class performance.

At the time of this article's going to press, we have not seen the plays which D3 are to give us—"Under the Skull and Bones," and "Seeing the World."

BURSARIES

Senior City—N. Scott, Allison Orchard, Robert Yost and Lois Symonds.
Senior Country—Tom Bailey.



Man is so full of his own self that the once trivial things have assumed unlimited importance and personal beliefs, in short, individuality, have crept back to share life with the toadstool.

Often it is the small, seemingly insignificant things which make a life. Without the added beauty and detail of these little things, life is a glorious rose without its softness, a shore without its pebbles, or a shoe without its shine.

"DOITS" (B1, Wilmot)

THROUGH A GLASS, DARKLY

Breathlessly I gaze
While a whole world rolls from underneath my feet,
And gives me a glimpse of the dew-sown fields below:
And clearly, at last, I see the world I knew—
My country, home, all that is life to me—
With eager eyes, that yet, while noting all
The dear familiar things of old with joy,
Are those of strangers—clear, unveiled and bright—
Viewing a country wild and unexplored.

God grant I see always with stranger's eyes
The beauty of my land.

B. DAVEY (B1, Sorell)

OH, MY HAT!

Hats off to hats! They have provided me with a subject for a magazine article.

A general definition of a hat is that it is something that can be worn on the head. Nowadays women's hats are used for a variety of purposes. Some look just like wastepaper baskets, while others look just like waste paper. My wife has one that would make a splendid ashtray. I know, because I once saw it on the arm of a chair and used it as one.



Others look just like
Waste-paper



Some look just like
Waste-paper baskets

My wife was looking through one of those fashionable magazines whose sole purpose seems to be in illustrating advertisements for seductive clothing.

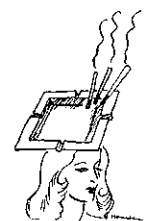
(I hereby make a note to write to the daily paper tomorrow to start a movement to have these magazines legally banned.)

The result of her perusal was to force me to accompany her to a shop in an arcade in the city.

The shop was a French establishment, going under the name of "Chapeaux pour Madame." The large shop window was very tastefully decorated with one hat that sat coyly on a large sheaf of tissue paper in the middle of the window.

After having suppressed a desire to bid my wife farewell and after having duly quailed under her resolute eye, I meekly followed her up the stairs to the brightly lit showroom on the first floor. Here we were greeted by an efficient salesgirl who asked if Modom wished to purchase a hat. My wife said, "Yes." Whereupon the girl asked whether Modom

would step this way, where Modom would be shown some, which, she hoped, Modom would buy. I hastened to assure my wife that, although I was an adoring husband who did not begrudge his wife any little thing, I was not a millionaire.



My wife has one
that resembles an
ash-tray

Women are extremely marvellous creatures. Here was my wife going into a exclusive French shop for the first time, and, not knowing a scrap of French, was acting as if such outings were quite common and almost boring, while I sat on a settee and felt extremely insignificant.

As I sat there, I had time to ponder on the intricate subject of hats. One, in particular, looked so much like a garden salad, that I was tempted to examine it closely. As I gazed at it, the words of Shakespeare came into my mind:

"Is this a salad I see before me
The carrot towards my eye,
Or is it a lady's hat?"

To be, or not to be, that was the question. However, as salads are not in the habit of straying into French shops and parking themselves on hat stands, I decided that this was indeed a hat.



The carrot towards
my eye

I glanced at my wife, who to my horror had affixed to her left ear, apparently by suction, a black inverted soup plate. The salesgirl, after gazing at my wife said rapturously, "Eh bien Madame—l'aimez vous." My wife, not getting the gist of the conversation, said, "Yes, I'd love to."

Another hat my wife had, was a large red object whose rear had ejected a cascade of blue feathers that fell gaily down her back. The salesgirl said, "It is a June model Madame." My wife, who is terribly fastidious (nice) at times, said, that as this was December, she couldn't possibly wear anything so old fashioned.

Here I reflected and wondered why hats were ever deemed necessary. Every woman is born with hair, which, if allowed to grow naturally, ably performs its intended function—to protect the head from the weather—why then, should civilisation demand that people should cut their hair into all sorts of queer

SONG OF THE BEES

Up upon the hillside,
Among the murmuring trees,
I heard a sweet voice singing,
A song about the bees.
It was then I glimpsed the singer,
Singing about the bees;
Like some woodland fairy
Flitting among the trees.
She sang about their honey;
Of their comb of golden brown;
Of their funny, runny honey
And their ceaseless humming sound.

JUNE BONNEY

ALL ALONE

Dusk had fallen, and the moon was hidden behind some over-hanging clouds. Somewhere outside a dog howled mournfully. Tom shivered, an unpleasant feeling occurred near the base of his hair. He wished he had made the trip to town for the day with the others, instead of staying in the house alone. The drip, drip, drip of water from the eaves got on his nerves, while the incessant rattling of windows and doors, combined with the sound of wind howling through the trees made his hair stand on end.

He threw another log on the fire, as a gust of wind blew down the chimney, making the flames flicker. Suddenly the light went out. The light of the fire made grotesque shadows on the walls. Tom stared round with wide eyes. The shadows seemed to be alive and moving, while the red tongues of fire reflected on the walls, danced up and down, seeming to reach out for him.

He stepped further away from the windows, fancying that at any moment a hand would reach out from the curtains. Just then the piano started playing different chords, as unknown to Tom, the cat stretched himself after waking from a nap. As he drew away, something cold touched his face. He sprang backwards tripping over a stool on the floor, and striking his head on the fender as he fell. The room seemed to close in on him. He knew no more till he was revived later by his friends, who found him unconscious when they returned home.

Sorell D1.

PATIENCE

Three carthorses looking o'er a gate,
The black one said, "I think we ought to wait."
The white one said, "No, let's go right away,
I see no reason why we ought to stay."
The brown one said, "Perhaps he's only late."
But as he said it, they leapt across the gate.

Three carthorses on the other side,
Close to the paddock where the hay was dried,
Were just about to take a mouthful each,
When up came their master and led them out of reach.
The brown one said, "We go without tonight."
And the master said, "I think it serves you right."

Moral:

The three carthorses looking o'er the gate,
Were tempted to do something not quite straight.
And if ever you are tempted by Dame Fate,
Remember all comes to those who wait.

B. LEARY (C2, Sorell)



A red object with
feathers cascading
down the back

shapes and sizes and designs and then to place, as if as a crowning glory, an absurd hat on top of all this topiary art? Such things are inexplicable.

My wife finally found a hat she liked, but when viewed in the less glamorous setting of our bedroom, she decided that she liked the hat box better—so now she wears that.



She liked the
hatbox better.

GRAHAM BYE (B1, Wilmot)

MUSIC HATH CHARMS

So full of feeling I cannot express—
Of peace and sadness and contentedness;
A sweet, sad mingling of pride and of fear,
So strange and so new, I feel I can't bear
To suppress the emotions that will arise
And refuse to be bound by such earthly ties
As quivering voice and stuttering tongue.
Somehow they must from me now be wrung.

Such weak things as words will not suffice—
My feelings are worth far more than that price.
I would fail to pay out an amount so great:
Of beautiful phrases and words that would rate
As high as the ebb of the thoughts in my heart,
That leap and swell and mingle and dart;
And will out, whatever the end may be;
They refuse to be kept a secret in me.

And paint would refuse to produce, I know,
A work of such colours as in me glow—
The colours of love and despair and bliss,
Yes, something would sure to be greatly amiss
If by painting I tried to say what I felt.
The shades of feeling, they dwindle and melt,
And then spurt out in sparks of brilliant flame.
Oh, what can I do this strange spirit to tame?

But a calm now reigns in my once-tossing soul,
And silently, ceaselessly over me roll
The emotions that once were bursting and glowing.
In an ocean of notes my feelings are flowing,
For music has brought me sweet peace at last—
And all my soul's turmoil seems quite in the past.
No more shall disturb me my spirit's alarms;
For now I have proved that "music hath charms."

G. McCORMACK (A1, Wilmot)

EPITAPHS

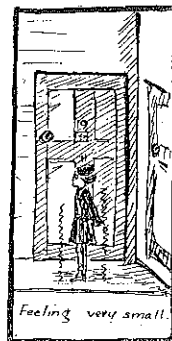
Epitaphs have always fascinated me. I find it very pleasant indeed to wander through a graveyard on a sunny afternoon, idly glancing at the inscriptions on the stones. The gardens of the dead have a certain mystic loveliness about them which is reminiscent of the unknown days of old. Who were these people who sleep their last sleep here in these pleasant surroundings—what were they like? The pretentiousness or simplicity of the monument erected to them may give some scope for imaginative speculation but, more often than not, this merely indicates the number of relations and friends these people had in life. No our only real link with these unknown slumberers is by their epitaphs. Usually it merely tells you the name and the dates of birth and death. If the dates are very close together your heart is filled with pity and you say, "Poor little fellow, I wonder what happened to him?" This thought is followed by a vivid picture of a curly-headed child, breathing its last tearful breath, in the arms of grief-stricken parents. We romanticists like to picture it that way. Then again, if the dates are separated by many years, we wonder whether the old lady was quite happy to the end of her days. Were her children loving, and tolerant of the wandering mind of a ninety-year-old, or were they selfish and impatient with her when she seemed not to be moving with the times? We like to imagine a handsome, white-haired lady sitting, knitting socks, in a rocking-chair, by a cheerful fire surrounded by her grandchildren who listen with rapt attention to one of "Grandma's stories." Passing on by the neat privet hedge, we find a stone set up by a loving husband in memory of his wife and baby. Poor man, we do hope that he is comforted now, and not spending a miserable life in a lodging-house.

These epitaphs give full scope for the imagination, but there are others which are more enlightening. One inscription which I always liked, when I was a child, stood out boldly upon a glazed stone across which cut three white wickets. The covering of the grave was a shining, green, tiled surface and between a bat and a set of pads either side of the wicket-headstone, was a red cricket ball. The inscription read, "He won the toss, but didn't make his century." The cricketer had died at twenty-five. Another strange epitaph I saw some years ago commemorated a little baby girl. There was no name or date given, but a single line carved upon a tiny marble cradle gave a tug to the heart. "She should have died hereafter." I was only about eight when I read this, and thought it strangely beautiful, but since I have learned the context of the quotation, I have wondered whether this epitaph is meant to stand alone with its wistful surface meaning, or whether it has the added significance which attaches to it in the play of "Macbeth." However, I hardly think this is feasible and I hope not anyway, for the sake of the baby girl.

Finally, two epitaphs I have read which greatly impressed me, are quite different from each other. One, rather an amusing one, I found in a very old magazine. It was dedicated to a farmer of Wessex who lived in about the tenth century. It was written in very old English which I will not attempt to reproduce, and it said, in effect, "Here lies Sod, who grew the best turnips for miles around." I don't know, but perhaps in those days that was a high distinction for a man to have. However, I did think that those few words, which to us seem quite incongruous, suggested that Sod was a happy farmer, who was well loved

by his friends, and whose one great accomplishment had, at least, been recognised. That wonderful scholar of ancient Greece—Socrates—had a curious epitaph dedicated to him. It is very short—a mere ten words—but it summarises Socrates' life and death more accurately than any other phrase I have ever heard applied to him. "Here lies Socrates, who was killed—for making men think."

LOIS SYMONDS (B1, Arthur)



THE FRENCH ORAL EXAM.

(A TRUE STORY)

The great day had arrived. No one could eat any breakfast that morning. Although by no means anxious to face the ordeal, we were earlier than usual. At 9.30 we were all assembled in the library. Some paced the room, while others made feeble efforts at jesting. One or two fumbled feverishly with huge French dictionaries. T— had been in there hours, it seemed. What had happened? At last he came, smiling rather weakly. "Number 53 next," he said. That poor soul stumbled to the dread room. "Good luck," we all said. They all grouped around T—. "What was it like? How did you get on?" He told us. It made us feel worse.

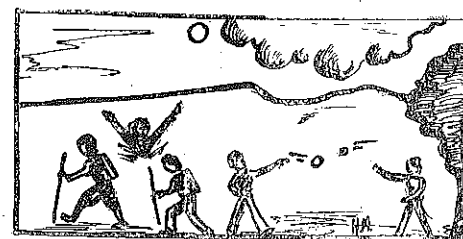
One by one they went in their turn. Finally there were three of us left. "My turn next," stammered G—. "Good-bye, you won't see me again." The door opened. "This is it!" But it was only Mr. Doe. There were two false alarms after that, but at last she went. We waited with bated breath for about seven minutes. My turn at last. Shaking like a jelly, I approached the door, feeling very small. I entered nervously, banging the door in my confusion. It wasn't so bad now, but it wasn't over. That Person in there learnt from me that the plough was being drawn by cows instead of bullocks. I forget what else I said. Perhaps it is just as well. And so ended the French Oral Exam.

M. MALLET (Sorell).

LOST

Lost 'mong lonely mountains;
'Mong crags and dew-wet flowers;
Where springs are nature's fountains
I spend my happiest hours.
Lost to the world and its people—
I wander alone among ferns:
The mountain-top is my steeple—
'Midst clouds it is hard to discern.
I drink from a rippling stream
That goes to a plain far below;
But there it no longer doth seem
Alive in its onward flow.

E.M.H. (B1, Sorell)

L'ADVANCE A LA MONTAGNE
OR
THE HIGH SCHOOL ASCENDS
MOUNT BARROW

With cries of glee the twenty-four charged (in a manner slightly reminiscent of the Light Brigade) up the snowy wastes. With one accord we sat ourselves down upon the iciest of icy slopes and let go—six pairs of trousers snagged on submerged rocks, and six embarrassed students hastily donned overcoats.

But there was no hanging back to repair the damage! "Advance," yelled our leader, and remembering that "Ours was not to question why," we stumbled onwards (as you sticklers for facts would have it—"into the valley of death").

After trudging for some time we called a halt, partly to extricate the snow from our collars, where someone with a misguided sense of humour had placed it, and partly to count the flock.

One, two — twenty-three, who's missing? Where's Brown? As Brown was not forthcoming we turned about and retraced our steps.

After hours of wading about, we came upon our hapless member safely ensconced in a snow drift, where, he informed us, he had been rapidly freezing to death. We had no spare sympathy left for him by this time, and deciding we had had enough of "La Montagne" descended thankfully to the fire, and hot dogs that awaited us below.

"ONE OF THE TWENTY-FOUR WOULD-BE MOUNTAINEERS" (Sorell).

A JOURNEY WORTH WHILE

At St. Marys we detrained. A bitter wind accompanied the drizzling rain, making our first impression of the old town unpleasant. We spent little time there, as the day was far advanced and we had twenty-five miles to ride before nightfall. Out on the road we met with sunlight, glinting on the moist leaves and grass in the clear air.

Gradually, as we rode, scene after glorious scene, garbed in the dazzling robes of summer, unfolded itself. Curtain after curtain fell back from the mysteries of Nature. Never had we seen the beauties of the East Coast in such splendour.

Soon the road began to rise steeply to Elephant Pass, and occasionally a little cottage would present itself for inspection, nestling among pastures and market gardens.

After a ceaseless uphill grind, we entered Elephant Pass. There, a thousand feet below was the sea. A shimmering blueness in the rays of the declining sun crawling up the white beach, only to slip back into the advancing foam. Still further away we saw the wide sweep of the Denison River beach.

Refreshed by a glimpse of our goal we began the descent through the Pass. Steep, snaking bends, over-

looked on one side by a huge precipice and bordered on the other by a deep gully, dropping five hundred feet below, slipped away behind us. At one point we stopped to view the imposing magnificence of the descending gully. From far down below, stately eucalypts found our level and stubby manferns clung to the slope. Here and there the ugly scars of a recent bush fire defiled the otherwise perfect panorama unveiled before our admiring eyes. As I look back on that trip, nothing impresses me more than the grandeur of Elephant Pass.

After an arduous six miles, we were almost to sea level and again the vista changed. Broad flats, brooding hills and a greying sea—these replaced the tree-clad slopes of the Pass.

The sun deserted the sky in a blaze of glory, sliding softly below the rim of the eternal sea. Vivid tints crept among the tumbled pillars of cloud, while where no clouds were, a beautiful blended shade of emerald, saffron and soft blue, hung in the sky. Soon the clouds evidenced a steely blue and we knew twilight was near at hand.

This spurred us to greater efforts and the dusty ribbon of highway slid from under our wheels. Here and there we passed an isolated cottage, a lazy coil of smoke lifting from the chimney and the customary evening activity, noticeable around the outbuildings.

We reached the Douglas River just as the night rode over the land and we wasted no time in preparing the evening meal. It was a cheery meal, with the firelight capering in the wind and a young moon smiling down at us.

Just after sun up next morning, we were on the road again and rode without a break until the Denison River was reached. Here we stopped to inspect the beach. Rolling sand hills, spiked with grass, gentle waves washing the beach, which swept in a shimmering arc around the bay, was our reward.

After a brief rest, we were off on our last stage, and in a short time entered the sleepy little village of Bicheno.

Then began a paradise of cycling, fishing and rambles into the encroaching countryside. Far from the noisome activities of town life, scholastic worries lost in the placid backwater of that East Coast town, we spent our vacation. Those days, when not a moment of the day was lost, will live forever in my memory and it was with sad hearts we turned reluctantly citywards, each one of us expressing the silent hope that some day we might return to that blissful little corner—Bicheno.

B. PINKARD (D1, Sorell).

ON MY DULLNESS

(With Apologies to Milton)

When I consider how my days are spent,
In cold High School that is known far and wide,
I have no talent, but I have defied
Those who called me useless, for I am most intent
To please always my teacher and present
The true answers, and I have almost cried,
When he exacts detentions, recess deny'd.
I do my task, my ashamed head is bent,
I present it and they do not even read
My careful work. They like those who best
Do Algebra and Trig and French, that I do hate
As Chemistry. Hours and hours I did not heed
The world as I pored over Hedgecock without rest
And now my nerves are strained as I wait my fate.

"ESKI" (B1, Sorell).

IN THE FUTURE

A most extraordinary thing occurred last night, I had a strange dream. I know now it must have been a dream, but at the time it was very realistic. This is what happened: I suddenly found myself in a strange city. Everything appeared to be very bright and shining. On the long, smooth, white roads, superbly streamlined vehicles, with plastic roofs and luxuriously padded seats, sped swiftly to their destinations.

Slowly I turned my gaze to the houses and buildings. The houses had flat sun-roofs, with flowers growing in boxes all around them. These houses were beautiful creations of architecture and I wished I could have seen the inside of them as well. Suddenly my wish was granted—a small boy dressed in some sort of flexible shining material in the form of very brief shorts and shirt, beckoned me into the house. Beautiful furniture consisting of chairs with steel tubing as a frame and padded tops, were in a room which looked like a living-room. Also in this room was a magnificent glass-topped table, on which were various plastic ornaments, a small plastic-framed radio set and gramophone, while on the floor was not a carpet, but something which made me feel as if I were walking on clouds and yet the covering looked like a carpet! The windows also were covered with a soft plastic draping. These plastics were variously coloured. In this room, for instance, they were a pale green.

Then the strange boy spoke for the first time. "Would you like to see our helicopter?" he said. I gulped. "Your helicopter?" I repeated. "But surely your family hasn't its own helicopter!" "Oh yes," he said. "Come this way." He led me into a very clean garage, pressed a button and the roof rolled back. The helicopter would seat five persons comfortably and was very beautifully furnished. It also contained a miniature radio.

The boy led me out again to the street and bade me good-bye. For a time I wandered the streets, looking at the high-powered trains, buses and extraordinarily dressed people. They seemed to take no notice of me whatsoever, so I walked up to one man and asked him boldly what year it was. He looked at me queerly, then answered sharply, "1958, of course." 1958! I was astonished, as I thought I should be living in the year 1946. Gradually I found myself sinking and the next minute I was lying in my own bed.

I came downstairs next morning feeling very dazed. Could this really be a vision of the future? I wonder!

W. DOWSE (D1)

"POTS"

Shiny pots upon the shelf,
You look so clean and bright.
Surely you are polished by a busy elf
Working through the night.

Or have you just come from the shop?
Where everything is clean.
For I am sure that you could not
Much dirt have ever seen.

The shine upon your matching hat
To get, what pains you took;
But soon your pride will be in the fat,
For alas, here comes the cook!

NANCY M. BARTON (D3, Franklin)

"MEMORIES"

From the dripping eaves, the dewdrops fell
Onto the mossy doorstep underneath,
The rotting boards were wet with rain,
The chimney crumbling down, onto the roof
Of buckled, rusty iron, that screeched
Against the rafters, in the wind.
The crazy path that led up to the gate,
Which hung on hinges bent and wrenched
From out their sockets of crumbling wood,
Was half o'er grown with grass and clover.
The beds of flowers, that are not now,
Like wildernesses, dead so long ago
That nought remains but grass
Around a standard rose with briar-like
Leaves and buds of hectic red,
Range beside the grassy path.
The whispering tree, that brushed the cobwebs
From off a window pane, was heard to say,
"Where have those dear kind faces gone,
That cared, and loved this little house
O, Memory, why dost thou pester me?"

MARGARET TREZISE (B1)

A GARRULOUS OLD LADY

The address on the special delivery packet coincided with that of the house and, opening the heavy, wrought iron gates, I entered. There was a bright shining knocker on the heavy oak door, and as the echoes of the knock died away, I heard a high voice squeak "Coming," and I heard some one come pitter patter down the stairs.

The chain creaked, the heavy lock turned and the ponderous door swung open. A wrinkled, apple face, with a pair of bright blue eyes and a mop of white hair was poked round the door and said "Come in." I stepped into the musty thick-carpeted hall and was bade to go to the kitchen as "I don't use the house much, there's only me here now."

As I sat down to a cup of tea and a plate of biscuits, the white-haired lady settled herself in a chair opposite and I recognised the gleam in her eye which had been puzzling me; she was a gossip, a type with which I have frequently come into contact. She was dressed in a black silk dress, black stockings and elastic-sided boots. I was supposed to be telling her all about my job as a special delivery messenger, but I hardly got a word in edge-wise.

First she told me the history of her family for the last three generations, the history of the gloomy, deserted house and when I happened to mention that I had met a funeral on the way down, she revealed the fact that she loved funerals. It seemed that every day she scanned the "funerals" column of the newspaper and went to all those near her home.

She gabbled on and on about all the funerals she had seen, all the death-bed and graveside prophecies she had seen fulfilled and all those she hoped to see. The bunch of artificial flowers in her dress vibrated as her tongue wagged ceaselessly.

After I had had three cups of tea—and very good tea it was—and had eaten a plate of biscuits, and looked pointedly at my watch several times, she said that she must not keep me any longer. "But just wait till I open the parcel," she said and I did so. Imagine my surprise, when after taking off wrapper after wrapper, she held up a little casket and cried, "Ah! just what I wanted. Dear Charlie's ashes!"

B. LEARY (C2, Sorell)

A "B" CLASS DRAMA

Scene—A Schoolroom.

ACT I.

(Enter class teacher. Pupils sit down and prepare for the first lesson. All goes peacefully for a time.)
9.30 a.m.—Enter Gordonus Snorkus.

Teacher—Sirrah! You are late!

Gord. S.—If it please you, sir, my worthy steed had a puncture in the back wheel. I had, perforce, to walk.

Teacher—To your seat, unreliable knave (he sits down).

10.15 a.m.—Enter Donawski Wellski.

Teacher—What is this audacity mine eyes perceive? Worthless varlet! How now! Is this your usual hour of arrival at this historic pile?

Don W.—It grieveth me to tell you, my dear teacher, that the varlet who calls himself a driver, failed to hasten his steed. Hence I have missed my Trig. lesson, a fact which causes me much bitter grief.

Teacher—Prevaricator! Knave! Unworthy, shameless pupil! Have I not heard that fabrication a hundred—nay, a thousand times? Miss Primleigh, who travels by your bus, has arrived this past hour! To thy seat. Prefect, down with his name!

(Bell rings. Exeunt and rush for Benda's.)



ACT II.

Lesson—English

Teacher—If any student has neglected to do this essay, I command him to stand up.

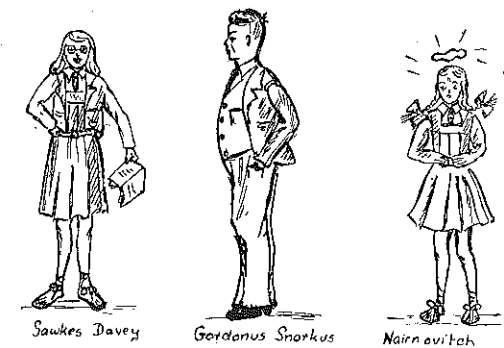
Adielis—It grieves me, teacher, to render you an excuse, but this merry forenoon, while wending my weary way toward the seat of learning, I beheld a fair and beauteous damsel rushing downhill to destruction. Modesty forbids me to tell exactly how I rescued her, but upon going back to recover my books, which I had dropped in the middle of the road, I found that an unscrupulous varlet had misappropriated my private property.

Teacher—That's the second rescued damsel this week, Adielis. I need not ask, of course, whether you did your homework, Leslida! Why, pray, did you not do the exercise?

Leslida—Well you understand, teacher, it happened in this manner. As I was on my way along the high road, a poor beggar asked help of me. The vices of the milk-bar had deprived me of my cash and I could help him in no other way than by selling my books to give him money. So I sold them and gave the churl the proceeds.

Teacher—Indeed! A noble sacrifice! But, Leslida, that is the fourth churl you have helped in as many days. It behoves you to compose a new story. That one is becoming rather antiquated methinks. Name, prefect!

(The bell rings. Exeunt for lunch.)



ACT III.

Scene—Afternoon School.

(Enter class, followed by French teacher.)

Mlle.—Montez-moi vos devoirs.

Master Soapope—Please, Mlle., I have had the misfortune to leave my homework at Bye-Bye Castle.

Mlle.—Zee three times after ze hour of quartre!

Saintly Lady—Please, Mlle., I left mine at Newnham Hall.

Mlle.—Come to my room apres school! Jean, sit up, vill you! Methinks your appearance is like unto a sack of wheaten flour which has been molested by marauding rodents. (Exeunt for chemistry.)

ACT IV.

Scene—Chemistry Laboratory.

Master—Now, my pupils, I am about to complete a very interesting experiment. One grain too much arsenicum and we will be forcibly precipitated through the ceiling. Come as close as you can, boys, while I explain more fully.

Nairnovitch—I like not the idea. No, I think not. Master—By the way, my studious pupils, have I done that most interesting experiment for the preparation of carbon?

Class (en masse)—No, sir, methinks you have not! Nairnovitch—Please sir, you have done it of yore.

(3.45 p.m.—Fawkes Davey arrives, crawls under desks and gains the seat without attracting attention.)

Master (turning from board)—I have not seen you before the afternoon. Is that correct?

Fawkes Davey—I'm here all right, sir.

(At this moment Nairnovitch mixes something, the properties of which she is ignorant and an explosion occurs. Nairnovitch falls out in fright. Various ejaculations resound from the class, almost drowned by Gordonus Snorkus' guffaw.)

(The bell rings, the class is dismissed and an exceptionally quiet and uneventful school day comes to an end.)

J.A. (B, Sorell).



WHAT A PITY!

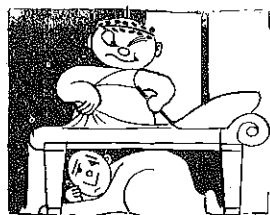
Alas! We must admit the sad fact that the aloof superior A Class, has, among its noble ranks a set of people who suffer untold agonies in winter. These people sit in assemblies and literally shudder, not at the profound words of wisdom coming from the stage, but at the arctic temperatures coming from the stairs.

Is it true that the authorities, with the welfare of A Class at their hearts, have planned to establish a set of footwarmers and radiators along the balcony? Certainly they would be more comfortable than sitting in overcoats.

To the glorious institutions of "The Snail Watchers," "Rocking Horse Spotters," and "Hot Cross Bun Engravers," we now add another name—"The A Class Shiverers."

As I probably shall incur the wrath of A Class, I shall consider discretion the better part of valour and coyly hide under a

NOM DE PLUME.



XANTHIAS

Xanthias was not, in the modern sense of the word, a slave. An Athenian domestic slave had no relationship whatsoever to the unfortunate "Uncle Toms," galley slaves and "Sambos." Xanthias, for example, had his work to do as any slave, but apart from that, he was in general, treated as "one of the family"—an indispensable tool, rather like a prized pocket knife. He was in fact very familiar with his master.

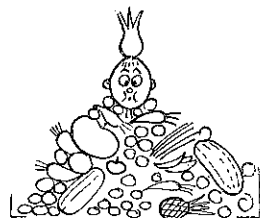
In view of the above fact, it is not surprising that Xanthias proved to be an example of the "licence" in "liberty and licence." His genial master, Dionysos, was moderately indulgent with him as he was his master's highly valued "serviceable friend," whose "friendliness" exceeded his "serviceability," I fear. Xanthias was overlord of "Taking in" the damsels frequenting the market place in favour of the eatables he was sent to procure. It might be interesting to note, in passing, that on more than one occasion he also "took in" certain of the eatables before he arrived home. Needless to say, his master wonders to this day, just where the fruit for tea disappeared to and why Xanthias wasn't hungry that night. Xanthias was partial to a good "all in" street brawl, and where a fight was to be found, we may be certain that there Xanthias was to be found also.

One day in his master's absence, he donned his superior's dinner-gown and reclining on the couch, called the other slaves to serve him his dinner, which they did, enjoying the joke. However, as fate willed it, the august Dionysos returned home from town earlier than expected. In complete ignorance as to who the caller would be, Xanthias instructed the door-boy to receive the stranger and bring him to him. On seeing who the "stranger" was the door-boy hurriedly resumed his former household status and Dionysos opened his door to find Xanthias rolling

in peaceful bliss on his prized couch and telling him, mind you—"You may come in now, my good man. What can I do for you?" The next five minutes of suspense ended with Xanthias crouching under the couch, making feeble endeavours to conceal himself. Dionysos affably replied that he had no wish for anything to be done for himself, but that he would do everything to Xanthias.

After he could sit down safely without a cushion strapped to him, Xanthias did his usual morning market shopping. He, however, encountered an irate market woman who tried to tell him, mind you, that vegetables at her stall were worth such and such, when Xanthias knew quite well that they were only worth so-and-so. Needless to say, her stall was "accidentally" upset, and so was she she and, to add to the ensuing chaos, two opposing sides of Xanthias and market women decided to fight it out. Xanthias won—he received vegetable and more vegetables. He was later extricated from a pyramid of assorted green-grocery and escorted, under guard, to his master's dwelling. The day ended with Xanthias "taking pains" not to repeat again his little market "act."

PETER HOWARD (Cl, Arthur)



MY READING AND ME

Having invented an aircraft capable of overcoming the gravitational attraction of the earth, I publicly announced my intention of attempting a flight to the moon and, should that be successful, a flight to the planets according to their distance from the sun. My machine was to be essentially powered by atomic energy, which was to be produced by the decomposition of uranium atoms in a reaction chamber by means of ten Rolls-Royce Merlin engines specially constructed for the purpose. On April 1, 1999, accompanied by my faithful assistant, Rufus Crow, I prepared to take off from the huge air field at Abooka, which was packed with people from all over the world. Glancing condescendingly at the terrific, seething, murmuring crowd, I carefully set the machine in motion.

Spitting showers of electrons out its tail, which cut a furrow ten feet deep in the concrete tarmac, the gigantic space-ship slowly began to move; then, swiftly gathering speed, it rose sharply and climbed rapidly into the air. The huge engines were working perfectly as we climbed through the normal atmosphere of the earth. While passing through a highly electrified area, the electrons being evolved were seen to react with the rarified air to form a white, flaky substance. At great danger to his personal safety, Rufus collected a sample of this which, when analysed, proved to be dehydrated uranium-nitrogen-peroxide. Owing to the presence there of water vapour and to the absence of any external electrical charge, I conjectured that on reaching the normal atmosphere, this substance was possibly converted to snow or hail. This surmise was, however, merely problematical.

Everything passed smoothly till we reached the point where the final pull of the earth had to be overcome. With all ten motors powered at full speed, the huge ship balked for a moment, then with a terrific speed, it shot five hundred miles into space.

When I had slowed down to ten thousand miles per hour, a loud shouting drew my attention to the fact that my assistant had been thrown into the exterior compartment of the reaction chamber where he would undoubtedly have perished had he not had the presence of mind to grasp a wire carrying a current of three thousand amps which thus counteracted the electron flow. Having been extricated, Rufus, feeling a little weak from his experience, poured himself a glass of water from the container. No sooner had he placed the glass to his lips than the water completely disappeared. This was due, apparently, to the fact that the radio-activity of his body dissociated the water into its gaseous constituents, hydrogen and oxygen. In other words, the process of electrolysis had occurred. Grasping the situation at a glance, I threw Rufus a rubber suit which he was forced to wear until any electrical reaction in his body had ceased.

Glancing at my instruments, I noticed that we were now about fifty thousand miles from our destination. Feeling the pull of the moon, I switched off the forward motor and applied the lever which operated the rear machinery. This acted as an effective "brake" or rather as a retarding system. As we were now close to the surface of the moon, it was evident to me that it would be quite impossible to land without first circling the satellite two or three times. This procedure was, of course, necessitated by the same influences which cause a comet to circle the sun. It was quite a novel experience to have both day and night three times within eight hours! This proved definitely that the moon does not rotate on its axis.

Having glided safely down to "earth," we found that even in the spacious cabin, which was built after the principle of a thermos-flask, it was terrifically hot. In order to don our asbestos suits and oxygen masks, we were thus obliged to take refuge in the refrigerator where even there the temperature was 120 deg. Fahr. We then attached our safety lines and stepped out of the air-ship. But our first step had a startling effect! We immediately shot up into the "air" and floated round to the length of our harness ropes.

From this elevation we saw a panorama of wide, barren waste, the only reliefs of which were high, pointed mountains and deep, yawning craters, while the uneven ground gave the appearance of being only superficial and having deep chasms covered by thin crusts, which reminded me of the area surrounding the South Pole. Not a trace of water nor vegetation could be seen. I could see no sign of any life, whether human or animal. There was no atmosphere, no clouds, no wind. The place had an eerie, even sinister, atmosphere. To the left I could see the planet Venus, to the right Mars, while in between these two, surrounded by a halo of blue light, was the earth.

After making these observations, we swarmed down our ropes and entered the space-ship. Since we considered it too dangerous to disengage ourselves from the ropes, there was nothing left to do but to return to the earth. Soon we had taken off and were heading for the round, blue thing which we called "home." Nothing peculiar happened till we reached the normal atmosphere of our planet when we gathered speed rapidly and, in the same manner as a meteor, the ship became red-hot, due to the friction of the

air, burst into flames and, at the speed of twenty thousand miles per hour, plunged headlong towards the earth...

I awoke with a start, shivered a little, yawned, glanced at the clock and then retrieved from the floor my copy of that most superb work of penmanship and philosophical ideas ever devised by the mind of man—"Buck Rogers!"

NOTE.—All characters in this story are entirely fictitious and any reference to any living person is definitely not accidental. (This, of course, is added for the benefit of our Head Prefect.)

TOM BAILEY (A2, Sorell)



"ACROSS THE MOUNTAIN LIES..."

We have paid heavily for climbing the mountain—it has been a difficult road to tread and many of the travellers will not return. Storms, cruel and unforeseen, have lashed their fury to the end and now we stand at the end of a six-year journey, at the top of the mountain—but clouds party obscure our vision. We stand uncertain, but determined that we can make the new land that stretches ahead, a better land than the barren sides of the mountain.

The dazzle of victory has faded and a vision of peace presents itself as we face the question, "What kind of world can we build?" Blueprints of fine cities and planned towns are not sufficient! First we have to overcome the frightening aftermath of war—crime-waves, inflation, black marketing, the readjustment of returned men to civil occupations and strikes. These things have come to be considered as natural, after a war, but they are certainly not natural for a world at peace.

Yes, we have reached the top of the mountain; but are we going to descend to the rank marshes with brooding stormclouds lying low, or will we find ourselves in a spring-draped valley of sunshine where one hears nothing more formidable than the rustle of trees and the coo of doves? Well, the answer rests in your hands as well as mine. If we really want to make this world of peace a reality, we can; but we must be able to say with absolute truth, as John Addington Symonds did—

"These things shall be! A loftier race
Than ere the world hath known shall rise,
With flame of freedom in their souls,
And light of knowledge in their eyes."

NORMA ANDERSON (B1, Wilmot)

MY RELATIONS

The most outstanding creature in the bevy of so-called human beings that I have unhappily to call, "my relations," is my Auntie X. Auntie X has a loud gushing voice, a hyena laugh and false teeth. When she performs what she happily thinks is a smile, she exposes to view about fifty-seven of the above-mentioned dentals to all and sundry who have not had the opportunity of viewing them before.

One Sunday night I went to my Grandma's place for tea, and there I had the chance to see most of the relations all at once. The relatives having that true clannish spirit, all rallied round and made a terrible row, and altogether quite enjoyed themselves being catty to each other. There were about a score of them (more or less) and much pro- and confusion.

Before tea Uncle Y caught hold of his baby daughter P and jovially started throwing her up in the air—while Susie squeaked with ecstasy (Susie is another aunt). Then Auntie Z danced round the floor with P, until P's mother caught hold of the poor blighter and continued to thrust her at intervals behind the curtain—each time she reappeared Auntie X gave vent to a noisy view halloo—while Susie squeaked with ecstasy. Then Grandad kissed P while Susie squealed—she had burnt her finger on the stove.

I wandered outside to find Uncle T scrambling about on the roof of the laundry. He said that he was cleaning out the spouting. I said "What's that?" He said, "This thing here." Well just as he said that, "this thing here" sort of came unput, so to speak, with the result that the thing which, of course, now wasn't there, went sliding gracefully down into the abyss at the back of the laundry. I hurried round to watch further developments, and was just in time to see Uncle T fall as the gentle rain from heaven upon the petunias beneath.

I left Uncle T who was sitting among the petunias, muttering strange barbaric oaths and rubbing the more vulnerable portions of his anatomy which had made contact with the ground a little too forcibly.

When inside I found that Susie had corked herself up for the rest of the evening. When anyone addressed her she uncorked herself long enough to titter in an inane way then corked herself up again. This fascinating corking and uncorking process was performed by the simple feat of putting her finger in her mouth and sucking same—her finger not her mouth.

During tea she did not speak once from start to finish—Oh yes!—once when I asked her to pass the salt and she passed the pepper and I said, "I meant the salt," and she said, "Oh, really?" and passed the mustard. I remember once when uncle T came home from work, and Susie said, "Oh darling, tea's going to be different to-day—I just found out that I have to add water to the dehydrated vegetables."

Well while Susie was devoting the rest of her energy to saying nothing, the two other aunts were exchanging unpleasanties at the far end of the table. Meanwhile Susie was concentrating on balancing the green peas on her knife. Grandad who was sitting up at the other end of the table talking to himself (he was under the illusion that he was the centre of rapt attention) suddenly brought his fist down forcibly on the table. The silly ass might have known he would upset the milk.

After tea I thought I would escape the tumult and the shouting which seemed to show no signs of dying, by adjourning to the lounge. However, I found it impossible to read on account of the wall paper. It had been conceived in a jovial spirit by someone who held that the human eye, resting on ninety-five pink birds perched upon ninety five blue rose bushes, could not but be agreeably stimulated and refreshed.

I came back into the dining room to find that both Auntie X and Auntie Z appeared to have something to say and they were saying it simultaneously and fortissimo. I saw that uncle T was having a snack. "Are you starting another tea?" I asked. "R," he replied. T is a man of few words and these were then somewhat impeded by potatoes and bread.

I then left my relations.

WILMOT

THE HAUNTED HOUSE

(With apologies to the inhabitants of N-w-h-m H-1.)

Some distance from the road it stood,
An ancient, edifice of wood,
With creaking door, and rusty lock,
And rotting boards and ghostly knock.

A ghostly figure clad in white,
Was sighted one November night,
So three adventurers, very bold,
Resolved that awesome ghost to hold.

In outside shed they lay in wait,
The hours wore on, 'twas very late,
When round the corner of the shed,
Came echoes of a ghostly tread.

Shivering, shaking, quivering, quaking,
Trembling, fainting, steadily retreating,
Nearer, nearer, it's very close now,
Around the corner, walked—the cow.

GWENDA COX (B1, Sorell)

A RIVER TRIP

During the Christmas holidays, a certain group decided to hold an outing at the small pleasure resort of Scamander, situated on the East coast of Tasmania, at approximately 46 miles from Avoca. In order to convey the people there, two of the group decided to take their motor lorries. Although our own car was going up, my sister and I decided to travel by one of the lorries, thus making room for two old people in our car, we, not unnaturally, thinking that we would enjoy ourselves better on the lorry.

Although intermittent rain had fallen the previous night, the pre-appointed day dawned bright and clear. My sister L— and I hurriedly dressed ourselves and then hastened down the street, our object being to gain a good position on the lorry. However, even at that early hour, both lorries were crowded and, though L— procured a seat inside the tarpaulin which covered the truck, I was forced to remain at the back.

Upon arrival at Scamander, everyone dashed down to the beach to watch the breakers rolling in. The sea was very rough. As far as the eye could see, flecks of foam covered the heaving and rolling of the water. When I reached the shore, a tremendous wave rose, hung suspended for a moment like a huge bird of prey gloating over its victim, then with a rumbling and a groaning, it plunged down, dashing its spray in my face, while the foaming water rushed scud-dingly up to my feet but just as quickly receded, washing back with it piles of weed and kelp which could be seen tossing and heaving in the turbulent, watery mass, like a troubled bosom.

After lunch, L—, her girl friend J—, Jim and I decided to hire a boat and row up the Scamander River a couple of miles to a place which we knew was ideal for beam fishing. Having procured the boat, hooks, lines and bait, we began to row leisurely up the river. After the expiration of about 20 minutes, we arrived at the spot, but no sooner had we baited up and cast our lines than the rain came. Seeing no shelter on either bank, we had no alternative but to lay to our oars and hope to reach the jetty as soon as possible.

The icy rain, beating down upon us, soon wet us to the skin. At irregular intervals a sharp flash of lightning stabbed like a knife through the grey haze of the rain. This was always preluded by a terrific clap of thunder, which was reiterated by the distant, timber-clad hills. Then, with a rumbling and a grumbling, the thunder would start again and be echoed and re-echoed by the surrounding countryside. Suddenly, round a bend in the river came the sea! Right down to the mouth of the river and across the sand bar I could see the mountainous waves rearing up, like shaggy lions and dashing themselves upon the defenceless sand. It seemed to me almost as if the whole might of the ocean was attempting to crash through the sand bar and destroy us and our little craft. But now the jetty was here and we all scrambled out and hurried up the path to shelter.

I am once again on the back of the lorry. I am clothed in only a pair of trousers, a sports coat and an overcoat—the only dry clothes which I brought with me. L— and J— have already passed us in the car. I have not the slightest idea where Jim is. Water is dripping through the tarpaulin and down my back. It is bitterly cold. The back wheels are throwing mud at me from the unsealed road. Someone is vainly trying to make light of the matter. But no one feels exceptionally cheerful if he is cold and water is dripping down his back. After what seems an age, we arrive at Avoca. Right at the depth of dejection, I take a bath and vow never again to travel on the back of a motor lorry while I can be accommodated in a car.

TOM BAILEY (A2, Sorell)



A CRICKET MATCH

The summer sun blazes upon the green turf, its red-hot rays reflect from the galvanised iron roof of the cool grandstand. Nearby the dazzling white pavilion stands, the centre of all eyes. Amid the buzz of conversation, one sits and watches the birds and wishes for wings. In one's thoughts are the dim green depths of a distant river. Constantly your eyes wander to the door of the pavilion, waiting expectantly for something.

Two white-coated figures emerge from the doorway and hurry towards the wicket. One quick inspection of the turf and they place the bails. They return to the pavilion, where they are met by the captains of

the contesting teams. A coin is tossed. "Heads!" The party retire to the pavilion and soon the fielding team streams out, followed by the two umpires. The captain consults his bowler and places his field. As the bowler measures his run, yet two more white figures carrying bats stride across the field. They reach the crease, the batsman facing the attack, takes block, examines the field and prepares to do or die. All is quiet. "Play!" The bowler commences his run, reaches the crease and delivers the ball. It is carefully played back.

The batsmen have made their stand, but the bowler has worked havoc with their ranks and the last wicket has fallen. The position is reversed. The former bowler becomes a batsman. He is ready to play the bowling of the batsman whom he bowled. Again the game starts and again the summer sun blazes upon the green turf. Any wonder one of the spectators went to sleep?

"UMPIRE" (D1, Wilmot)

"PASSING"

I passed a gorge on a black, cold night,
When the moon had turned its face,
The stars were lost in the murkiness,
And their paths no one could trace.
Heaven seemed so far away.
I stood a moment there and watched,
And as I watched, I dreamed,
Imagined that between Peace and me
Rolled a cloud as black as night.
I couldn't pass thro', it held me back—
So helpless, I felt my plight.
Then thro' that cloud of misery
Came a star of golden fire,
It gave me hope that heav'n was near,
I walked and I did sing—
My fear had vanished with that falling star
"O, Death now where is thy sting?"

E.M.H. (B1, Sorell)

SAID ST. QUENTIN TO LILLE

"I went to Paris, lovely Paris. Everyone was in love—even the birds—only the river was Seine!"
"Don't Loire (lower) yourself."
"Did you think of that on your Rhone?"
"Oh Gironne with you."
"Did I tell you the riddle about Marseille (my sailor)? No? Well, what two towns in France resemble a sailor's trousers?"
"I don't know."
"Toulouse and Toulon."
"How Nice."
"You took that Lyon down."

LOUIS (Franklin)

STORM MUSIC

So stalwart and still, they were standing there;
Not a whisper, a murmur, disturbed the air;
Then up soaring and whining thro' the trees,
Hundreds and thousands of demons let loose
Were lashing their tongues, strong with abuse.
Ripping and tearing, breaking the trees.
Smiting their trunks with spiteful snaps:
Thunder, echoing, re-echoing with vibrating claps,
Deafened shrill cries from fear-stricken birds
Flying wildly, blindly, lost and scared.
Blinded by flashes, distraught, wild-eyed
Soft, furry creatures, huddled in herds
Bedraggled and wet.

MARJORIE MORGAN (A2, Sorell)

ONE AFTERNOON

It was the last full day of our holiday, and we were determined to do something special. Contrary weather prevented boating, fishing or swimming and the only alternative was walking. So with our camera we set out to follow the old train line to Beaconsfield.

The ground under our feet was now a track varying in width from three to ten feet. All the rails had been pulled up long ago and the only signs that remained to tell curious people what had been there, were deep black scars left by the sleepers. On either side, nature was taking back again what man had so ruthlessly stolen, and dainty white ti-trees and sword-like rushes grew in the edge of the gravelly soil. In some places, the bushes formed a barrier, which, like unwanted people, had to be trodden down or pushed aside.

From time to time we saw more recent labours of men, and once we had to go under a little wooden bridge which was much to close to the line to allow a train to pass underneath. Further on we crossed a backwash by means of a causeway of rocks. Although the water here was only a few feet wide, it spread out a little way further inland into a great lagoon, and there, so few miles from men's homes, was one of the loveliest scenes on this island.

As we walked along, the scene, like a film, was continually changing. At first we had pushed our way through ti-trees and clinging vines, while moss and weeds squelched underfoot. A few minutes later and the low scrub gave way to great gum trees. Birds were singing, and every now and then came a long, monotonous creak from a gum as it bent complaining limbs before the wind.

Sometimes we passed by orchards where prosperous fruit trees bore laden branches, which, although supported by stout poles, bent under the weight. In one place the track became quite blocked, and we had to make a detour round tress, over logs and under branches before we came once more into the comparative clearness of the path.

Turning a corner, we came upon a little sea-side shack. It was closed and no one was about, but it looked snug and cosy, and bright flowers grew round the walls. Close by was an old carriage—part of the train which had once puffed along the line. It was long and thin with funny little windows, in some of which the glass had been replaced by boards. It squatted there on its stupid little wheels, an incongruous and humorous relic from past days. A baby tank painted bright red squatted beside it.

In the middle of a little glade, where the trees hung low over the track, and the sun, coming through, made patches of sequin light on the grass, we saw a goanna. He was big and fat and made no movement as we passed by except to dart his purple tongue in and out. He seemed to be sick or lazy, although he would probably have moved very quickly if we had gone nearer him. I wonder whether he resented the intrusion upon his privacy. Probably we were the only human beings who had passed through the quiet solitudes for some time. We passed on and left him to his meditation. However later on we found something which was decidedly antagonistic, and that was an inchman which nipped one member of the party severely. We applied the juice of a young fern root and this proved to be a useful remedy.

When we were only a short way from Beaconsfield, the track widened and the scrub grew less dense.

Rubbish heaps gave evidence of a town and one pile of Listerine tooth-paste cartons made a colourful patch of blue and white. To complete the tonings, beautiful shrubs covered with little blue bells grew among the gorse bushes. So we came to Beaconsfield.

NAIRN SCOTT (B1, Wilmot).



TASMANIA'S WHITE MOUNTAIN

Frenchman's Cap, Tasmania's White Mountain, is found about thirty miles from Queenstown in a south-easterly direction. It is one of Tasmania's most spectacular mountains.

When I was asked to join a party to the white mountain, I accepted. Thursday, the eighteenth of April, 1946, found my friends and I at the Old Jane River Dump, I, with a sinking feeling in my heart as I watched the bus roll away. A few minutes later found us shouldering our packs as we made our way over the first of many hills. The weather was misty, but nevertheless, we were a joyful little party as we started on our adventure. The country, mighty and majestic, was different from any I have ever seen. We camped at the Loddon River that night.

Next morning we started off as gay as crickets, but this state of being did not last long owing to button grass plains. Travelling over button grass is difficult and what is worse, monotonous. We lunched at Philips Creek and after this we met our first sign post. We were now out of the button grass and entering the cool, sweet, refreshing atmosphere of a beech forest.

At a little after five we, a very tired and bedraggled company, stumbled onto the camping site at Lake Vera.

The next morning we awoke to find a mist obscuring the other side of the lake above which towered rugged, mighty outcrops of quartzite. We left Lake Vera at nine, and two hours later, after a difficult ascent we reached the Barron's Pass. Before us stood our goal. It stood there in proud majesty, the whiteness of its quartzite dazzling us. At three that afternoon we arrived at Lake Tahune, dark and forbidding from the path above it, enchantingly lovely from its banks. On its surface was reflected the images of the pines and pandani that fringed its banks.

Towering two thousand feet above us was our goal, framed by the dark green of pines and the grey drabness of mudstone at the bottom and at the top by the azure blue of the sky. Here, we made ourselves really comfortable. At night with moonlight reflecting from the quartzite and the bluish, purple sky above it, Frenchman's Cap presented the most imposing picture I have ever witnessed.

The next morning we started on the ascent to the summit. It was a steep climb to the North Col. When the summit was reached at 10.30, we looked

over to the Barron's Pass and remembered the struggle we had had there. We looked down to Lake Tahune and could just distinguish our tents. Around the foot of the Cap were five lakes which shone like diamonds in the morning sun.

Our journey back passed in comparative ease and on our sixth day from home as we were bouncing along the Queenstown road and took our last look at the White Mountain, I think we all felt it was worth it.

"JACKIE" (Franklin).

TWILIGHT IN WOODS

Cloudy half-light rises from the depths of the stream
And veils the vermillion berries
Stained by the flowing blood of the dying sun,
Then dipping once more beneath the waters,
Mellows the golden gleam of the pebbles.
The dusky tree-phantoms move—
Close shadows from the Land of Silence;
And the manly, courageous boles of the trees
Fade into the trembling aisles of the far-away.
Above, the blue eye-lids of Heaven lift
And roguish eyes shine merrily
Sleep, from the Land of Immortals, descends to the
tree-tops.
Peace slips from the clinging embrace of folding
petals
And unfurling her garments of darkened softness
Floats slowly upward.
Sleep and Peace, hand in hand,
Fly out towards the fields;
The wood is left behind—Twilight reigns.

"DRYAD" (B1, Wilmot)

COLOUR

Colour is one of God's greatest gifts to this world—a gift that, while it is so often taken for granted, is one of the greatest influences on our lives in this world; a gift so great that it is included even in our thoughts.

It has often been said that "Variety is the spice of life," and this, I think, can be well applied to colour, in that colour is variety. It can be beautiful and ghastly, soft and harsh, vivid and delicate, all in a moment. What would this world be without colour? Just a dark, empty void—a monotony of black and white. Colour is the life of the world.

I love colour and revel in it—vivid splashes of red and the delicate tonings of the paler tints. I love the saffron of sunset clouds, the delphinium of distant pearl-crowned mountains; and the emerald of fenceless hillsides sprinkled with flowers that lie, like fallen stars, with their faces upturned. "Way up high, the azure cloak of the sky reflects the sapphire of the sea below and the curving sands, yellow as sunburnt wheat, that border it, are earthly clouds. The faint tinges of mauve that haunt the eastern sky at dawn are no more delicate than the frail blossom of the wild lilac waving on the hillside; the golden glow of sunrise is but a reflection of the glory of a marigold flower and many there are who worship at the shrine of another fleeting sunrise—the glowing heart of a gilded rose.

What beautiful colours there are in precious stones! The bleeding rubies and sunset-hearted opals; cool green jade and brilliant sapphires; the tawny blaze of topaz and amber. The soft lustre of a pearl is a summer twilight, caught in a bed of mother of pearl; and winking diamonds are bright tears.

The gaunt, grey rocks that rise upward from the emerald sward beneath are beautiful too, in their stately, aloof way and are fit companions for the calm;

silver stream that meanders round their feet in a glistening coil and reflects the many palaces of white clouds that pile themselves in feathery masses above the apricot-flushed mountain pinnacles and amethyst slopes. Deep in the heart of the buhland is a fire that is fanned by every wind into a vivid flame—the flower of the Waratah; and round some evil-smelling scrub pool, there are pools of blood—bulbous, ghastly crimson marsh orchids that are coloured with the blood of slime-trapped animals.

Have you ever noticed the colour of the stars? They are not all that silvery grey they appear to be at a first glance. Some are ruby-red; some a sunrise yellow; others, a silver-blue. The greens are cool and soft and soothing to tired eyes as they glimmer faintly against the velvet sky and above them, riding high in her silver chariot, is the pale, stately moon, a fickle ball of golden, fairy light.

Colour is so beautiful. No words can paint it in all its loveliness and splendour, its light and shade. It is a heritage which can never be taken from us, for it lives always in our hearts.

"Thanks be to God, Who gave this gift of colour,
Which, who shall seek, shall find.

Thanks be to God, Who gives me strength to hold it
Though I were stricken blind."

B. DAVEY (B1, Sorell)

PARENTS' AND FRIENDS' ASSOCIATION

Although our activities have not been so far reaching this year, we have reason to be proud of continued service to the School.

Our Social Committee, under the able leadership of Mrs. Burke, served a delicious afternoon tea and conducted a successful stall at the opening of Newham Hall. To see our girls in residence at this lovely, historic home, was indeed the realisation of dreams. We wish all country parents could visit the Hostel and feel that it is theirs to be interested in and to continue to work for.

Mrs. Damon, of 7LA, told me, that, when she conducted a concert party round the country districts, she was struck by the gratitude of country mothers who were happy and peaceful in the knowledge that their daughters were enjoying all the facilities of boarding school, and its careful supervision.

Now it gives us pleasure to tell them we have Mrs. Macmichael as Matron.

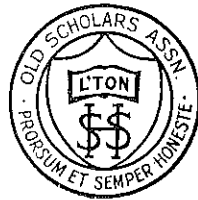
Afternoon tea, served by the same ladies, helped to make the School Sports an enjoyable function. The staff and students would like to see more parents taking an interest in the Sports Carnival, and the weekly winter sports, basket ball, hockey and football. It is not enough to send food, the presence of parents is very stimulating.

Again the annual fair was the means of raising the very large sum of over £300.

In straight-out giving the response of the parents is wonderful and greatly appreciated. This money is the means of producing all manners of benefits, from prizes and library books to gymnasium equipment.

Once again, I feel it necessary to stress the fact that too few of our new parents have come forward to play an active part in our activities. We can promise them the happiest of association with other parents and the staff, and great satisfaction in the knowledge that, they too, are contributing to the life of this great School, that does so much for their children.

IRIS GUNTON, Hon. Sec.



Old Scholars' Column

DIRECTORY

Patron—Mr. W. C. Morris.
 President—Mr. R. A. Horne, 75 St. John Street.
 Hon. Secretary—Mr. Ken Foley, c/o. Bank of Australasia.
 Acting Hon. Secretary—Mr. G. N. Smith, c/o. Stewart's Agencies Pty. Ltd., George Street.
 Hon. Treasurer—Mr. Carl Waldon.
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 General Committee — Misses B. Lawrence, G. Beckett, S. Morice, H. Lutwyche, M. Simmonds, N. Ruston, Messrs. W. Rumney, D. Campbell, G. Smith, W. Allen.

APPEAL

An appeal to all scholars leaving School this year. Will you give us your support and joint the Old Scholars' Association?

Our Association is going to help keep friendships which you have already made at School and help you to keep in touch with your old School. A sincere welcome is extended to you all. We have various clubs, such as tennis, football, social, basketball, hockey and if we get the necessary support, we will start new ones. For a small subscription of 3/- for the first year, Old Scholars, you will become a financial member and entitled to all the benefits of the Association.

Send the undersigned your name and address and thus keep in touch with the Association.

To all Old Scholars who are sitting for examinations, the Association wishes the very best of luck and look forward to receiving the support of all scholars who leave School at Christmas.

RON HORNE, President.

SUBSCRIPTIONS

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

BLAZERS

Old Scholars' blazers are now available at McKinlays. They are particularly attractive and have the Association badge on the pocket and may be obtainable on application to the Secretary.

ANNUAL DINNER

Our Association held its annual reunion dinner at the Lounge, Brisbane Street, on August 24. 101 Old Scholars were present. The toasts were: "The King," president; "Returned Old Scholars," Mr. G. Smith and reply by Mr. G. Paton. "School and Staff," Mr. F. Stebbings, reply by Mr. T. Doe. "Association," Mr. Doe, reply by the president. "Guests," Mr. M. Burke, reply by the Mayor. "Kindred Associations," Mr. K. Foley, reply by Mr. Howroyd. Mr. T. Doe was deputising for Mr. Morris. There was a dance at the Bellevista afterwards.

CHURINGA BALL

On September 13 we held our Second Annual Ball at the Albert Hall. This was not attended as well as we had hoped it would be, but there were several other balls during the same week, which accounted for the smaller attendance at ours. We would like to thank Mesdames Morley and Newey and the parents of our Committee members for the support with the supper.

DANCES

We have been running a series of dances at the Bellevista, but these have now been reluctantly discontinued, as the support we had hoped for was not forthcoming from Old Scholars. Now there is more man-power available, we intend running them at School.

O.H.A. VISIT TO NORTH

Members of the Old Hobartian Association made their annual visit to Launceston in September.

Tennis, football and basketball matches were played, Launceston winning the tennis and football and Hobart the basketball.

In the evening we held a dance at the Bellevista to entertain our visitors and entertained them at supper afterwards. Ron Horne welcomed the guests and Don Hill, of O.H.A., responded.

On the Sunday morning we made a round trip of Launceston by bus and had morning tea at the Gorge Tea Garden.

May we say how pleasing it is to be able to have as our guests, members of kindred associations 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.

LAUNCESTON VISIT TO O.H.A.

At the beginning of November, we made our annual trip to Hobart, 75 members making the trip.

On the Saturday night we were entertained at the Belvedere and at 12 o'clock were given a marvellous supper. On Sunday we were taken by ferry to Barnes Bay where the men played a cricket match, Launceston winning the day.

On Monday morning we played a tennis match. Some close sets were played, but O.H.A. won overall.

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

GENERAL MEETINGS

We have held a series of general meetings during the year, which have resulted in Old Scholars getting to know each other.

CLUBS

The Basketball and Football Clubs have functioned during the year. It was particularly pleasing to have the Football Club back in operation again after the break during the war and we congratulate them on being runners-up in the premiership.

The Tennis Club is at present having growing pains and we hope to be in full operation before long.

It was with regret that we accepted the resignation of our Secretary, Mr. Ken Foley, who has been transferred to Stanley, but we wish him all the best in his new sphere.

We are extremely sorry to accept the resignation of Mrs. Bill Bertram, Miss Helen Lutwyche and Mr. Walter Rumney, after several years of valuable service on the Committee.