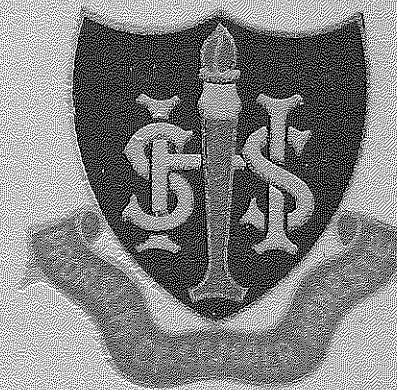


The Northern Churinga



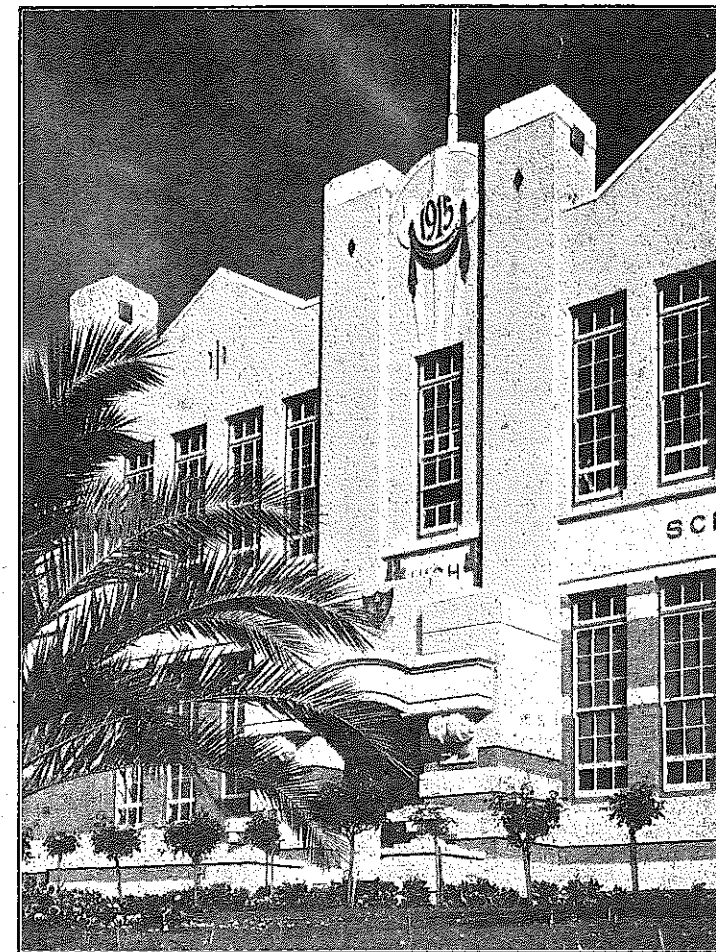
July, 1947

Launceston High School Magazine

VOLUME, XXXVI



The Northern Churinga



THE SCHOOL



Editors :
L. SYMONDS
P. SAUNDERS

Editorial

If, at sundown, you walk up a long hill which seems to lead right into the low, radiant sky and lean against a great gum tree while you breathe the cool, pure, evening air, you will feel intensely, the nearness of the Divine Presence, and you will suddenly comprehend both the immensity of the universe and the minuteness of your own being.

Many people when in this state of awareness feel that they are unimportant, become despondent, and long to be great. "Ah, foolish mortals, little do ye know your own blessedness," for if to be great is to be important, then we are all great, for we are all important to somebody. Are we not important to our parents, our brothers and sisters and our friends? We are something even better, we are necessary. We are all part of a great pattern called Life. If you are admiring a beautiful piece of mosaic paving you notice immediately if one of the intricate sections is out of place, for the most minute one has a work to do in forming the whole. Books are made up of letters; concertos are compounded of notes; and skyscrapers are built of tiny grains of earth.

It is the little people of the earth who matter. Just the thousands of families living in rows of similar houses, doing the same things year in year out. A nation is not what is contained by the coastline, it is the people who live therein. We survived the last great war, another time we may not be so fortunate, therefore, there must be no next time. If the commandment "Love thy Neighbour," is practised universally we need have no fear, for happiness, bringing in its wake, contentment, will come to the world. We cannot be too tolerant of others, nor too intolerant of ourselves. If we all realised the truth of this, jealousy, cruelty and selfish ambition will be things of the past.

The little boys who read romances of adventure and long to be like the hero, will one day learn that true greatness lies not between the pages of an autograph book, but in the hearts of many humble men. Only God knows who are the truly great people of the world, and He looks not at their medals or their titles, but at their souls.

"These things shall be—a loftier race,
Than e'er the world has known shall rise
With flame of freedom in their souls
And light of knowledge in their eyes."

PASSING NOTES

The Head Prefects for this year, Billie Davey and Morris Cropp, are assisted by a Board constituted by the following: Girls—J. Amos, N. Anderson, M. Barwick, B. Easterbrook, K. Hurtle, H. Murray, N. Scott, L. Symonds; Boys—W. Bayly, K. Caelli, A. Crawford, M. Elliot, C. Monaghan, D. Sutton, R. Yost.

The first issue of "Outrages" for this year appeared in March, and has been published every month since.

The winner of the essay competition sponsored by the Launceston Literary Society was Betty Neil.

The school's total monetary contribution to the Red Cross Appeal for relief for British Flood Victims was £20.

On July 2nd the Parents' and Friends' Association conducted a successful Fair in the School Hall. The amount raised was £250.

This year the school again celebrated Shakespeare Day in traditional manner. Members of the "C" classes presented scenes from the "Merchant of Venice," "B2" gave us extracts from "Twelfth Night," and two "A" class students rendered effectively two of "Hamlet's" soliloquies.

On March 18 Miss Chadwick, a member of the Student Christian Movement, addressed the school. On April 18 we heard an interesting talk by Miss Attwater, who is a member of the Guide International Service. Two particularly distinguished gentlemen have also spoken at our Assemblies this year, namely, Sir Claude James, who is Agent-General for Tasmania, and Dr. Goddard, the expert on China.

LIBRARY REPORT

The total number of new books added to the library, up to the writing of this report, amounts to 300. A sharp contrast is noticed between the numbers of new reference books and those of the fiction. Whereas there are 207 of the total 300 volumes reference, we find only 93 of them fiction books. That is, there are two-thirds reference to one-third fiction. But on the whole the numbers are very satisfactory and new volumes are being added continuously. So far, no check has been made on the number of books missing, but at the end of the year the figures will be published in the magazine library report for the year.

Concerning the general management of the library, I think there are a few changes worthy of mention. Peter Howard, Lex Johnson, Brian Walsh, and Robert Tanner are carrying on, as they did last year, their monitorial duties in the library. But in addition to these two more new monitors were added this year. They are Margaret Morrisby and Gladys Boone, and are fulfilling their new duties as monitors efficiently and conscientiously. During the second term other members of the school have asked to become monitors. As we are already adequately staffed, I understand that they are performing duties as relieving monitors. Incidentally there are in all about a dozen monitors, which shows the interest taken in the school library, and is very gratifying indeed.

PETER HOWARD (B2, Wilmot)

DEBATING

The Launceston High School team won, taking the negative side of "Nationalisation of Industry and Finance" is to be preferred to "Private Enterprise." The points were: Launceston, 208; Hobart, 172. Previously, the Southern teams we have met have been very experienced and confident; however, this time we had the superior team, which acquitted itself very well throughout. The adjudicator (Professor A. B. Taylor) praised our leader (Nairn Scott) and our fourth speaker (Lois Symonds).

Nairn Scott treated the subject from the angle of intellect and initiative; Norma Anderson presented the achievements of Private Enterprise very logically and clearly; John Cullen drew an effective comparison between conditions of labour under Government and Private control; while Lois Symonds pointed out the weakness of Government enterprise. On the Affirmative side Peter Evans spoke on Finance; Royena Robertson treated the system of combines; Jennifer Murray endeavoured to prove the superiority of Government enterprise

in medicine; and Rodney Wood pointed out that Private Enterprise exploits the people.

In summing up, our leader did an excellent job and all her remarks were clear and decisive. Peter Evans, as I have stated before, lacked experience and consequently faltered in his second speech.

The team would like to thank Miss Russell for her invaluable and cheerful assistance, without which they could have done very little. We are also indebted to the various members of the Senior School, who expended time and energy in preparing and presenting speeches on several occasions to give us practice.

SPEECH NIGHT, 1946

The Thirty-fourth Annual Speech Night and Distribution of Prizes was held in the Albert Hall on December 17. Mr. Morris, in presenting his Annual Report, made reference to the Newnham Hall Hostel, which had been established at the beginning of the year, and which had helped to alleviate the boarding problem for the country girls of the School.

He said that the School opened in February with a total enrollment of 578, and there had been throughout the year an average daily attendance of 96%. Sixty-eight students had gained their School Certificates, and 36 were successful candidates at the new Schools' Board examination.

Two choirs—Junior and Senior—presented altogether six numbers. Geoffrey Cullen played a cornet solo. Members of B, D and C. Classes took part in Folk Dancing, and there was an innovation in the form of a Boys' Physical Education Display.

Mr. Moses conducted the choirs, and Maureen Hoggan was accompanist. The Hon. E. R. A. Howroyd, M.H.A., gave an address and presented the Prizes and Trophies. In his address he congratulated the School upon its active Parents and Friends' Association.

The School Certificates were presented by Mr. A. L. Meston, M.A.

PRIZE LIST

DUCES OF CLASSES

- A1.—Geva McCormack and Stanley Lyall.
- A2.—Allison Orchard and Donald Crow.
- B1.—Nairn Scott and Robert Yost.
- B2.—Barbara Crow.
- C1.—Jill Kerrison.
- C2.—Paul Dudley.
- C3.—Mavis Gregory.
- D1.—Brian Walsh.
- D2.—John Cox.
- D3.—Rhonda Coogan.
- D4.—Kathleen Roberts.
- E1.—Keith Williams.
- E2.—Robert Clarke.
- E3.—Malcolm Doig.
- E4.—Olive Gorringe.

GENERAL MERIT

Senior School.—Geva McCormack and Jeffrey Weston.

Junior School.—Fay Youd, Jill Kerrison and Curzon Haigh.

ATTITUDE AND INFLUENCE PRIZES

Georgina Dent and Thomas Bailey.

BEST PASSES LEAVING EXAMINATION, 1945

Dulcie Alcock, Robert Sharman and Alexander Hope.

BEST PASS IN LEAVING CHEMISTRY

Bruce Rose.

"A" CLASS ENGLISH, 1945

Barbara Hamilton.

LEAVING FRENCH, 1945

Barbara Hamilton.

BEST PASSES, SCHOOL CERTIFICATE EXAMINATION, 1946

Jill Kerrison and John Willey.

BEST PASS, CHEMISTRY SCHOOL CERTIFICATE EXAMINATION, 1946

Paul Dudley.

BEST PASSES, SCHOOLS' BOARD EXAMINATION, FOURTH YEAR

Nairn Scott and Morris Cropp.

PRIZE FOR ENGLISH LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE

Nairn Scott.

COOKERY

Class B—June Rose.

C—Beverley Badcock.

D—Margaret Mitchell.

E—Olive Gorringe.

NEEDLEWORK

Class B—Barbara Crow.

C—Margaret Broomby.

D—Margaret Mitchell.

E—Olive Gorringe.

PEGGY PEDLEY MEMORIAL PRIZE

Nairn Scott.

JOAN INGLIS MEMORIAL PRIZE

Geva McCormack.

PRIZE FOR COMMERCE

Geva McCormack.

PRIZE FOR MERIT

Joan Hudson.

PRIZE FOR SCHOOL PIANISTE

Maureen Hoggan.

SPORTS

Swimming:

Boys—Open Championship, Morris Cropp, William Leary; Under 15, Gordon Jacques; Under 13, Warren Barnes.

Girls—Open Championship, Pat. Rose; Under 15, Kath Leary; Under 13, Pat. Campbell.

Athletics:

Boys—Open Championship, Peter Ockerby, Brian Coates; Under 15, John Ledingham; Under 13, Gilbert Hartley.

Field Games:

Jeffrey Weston, Helen Murray.

Girls—Open, Marjorie Morgan; Under 15, Shirley Terry; Under 13, Dorothy French.

Football:

Best and Fairest for Season, Don. Arnold; Most Effective Team Man, Jeffrey Weston; Best Position Player, Brian Suter; Best First-year Player, Adiel Rothwell; Most Improved Player, Brian Rundle; Best and Fairest in High Schools' Premiership, Gladstone Vertigan.

Cricket:

Best All-round Cricketer, Don. Arnold.

Cadets:

Marksmanship and General Efficiency, Harry Whybrow.

BEST PASS, LEAVING EXAMINATION, 1946

Girls—Pam. Penman.

BEST PASS, LEAVING EXAMINATION, 1946

Boys—Bruce Rose.

BEST PASS, SCHOOL CERTIFICATE EXAMINATION, 1946

Boys—John Willey.

BEST PASS, SCHOOL CERTIFICATE EXAMINATION, 1946

Girls—Jill Kerrison.

UNIVERSITY PRIZES

REV. DR. JAMES SCOTT MEMORIAL PRIZE

Tom Bailey (1).

A. A. STEPHENS MEMORIAL PRIZE

Don Crow.

COMMONWEALTH INSTITUTE OF ACCOUNTANTS PRIZE

Pam Penman.

GENERAL PAU PRIZE

Kay Britcliffe.

UNIVERSITY SCHOLARSHIPS

ENTRANCE SCHOLARSHIPS

Bruce Rose (1), Don Crow (2), Kay Britcliffe (6), Geoffrey Cullen (14), Thomas Bailey (15).

ANDREW INGLIS CLARK SCHOLARSHIPS

Desmond Rundle (2).

SIR RICHARD DRY EXHIBITION MATHEMATICS

Bruce Rose (1), Don Crow (2), Walter Alexander (6), Max Pullen (7).

SENIOR BURSARIES

SENIOR COUNTRY

Tom Bailey, Dane Sutton.

SENIOR CITY

Nairn Scott, Lois Symonds, Paul Dudley, Ernest Lyall, John Willey.

RESULTS OF THE 1946 LEAVING EXAMINATION

[*Matriculated, †Matriculated previously, **Completed qualifications.]

†Walter Alexander

Kenneth Axton

*Thomas Bailey

*Kay Britcliffe

Donald Brown

*Robert Coogan

*Donald Crow

*Geoffrey Cullen

Heather Cumming

Georgina Dent

Frances Eastman

*Murray Elliott

*Ellen Fleischer

*Douglas Lamb

*Fay Lehner

Raymond Longden

*Heather Lyne

*Geva McCormack

*Allison Orchard

*Pamela Penman

**Maxwell Pullen

**Bruce Rose

*Desmond Rundle

Douglas Smith

Stanley Smith

*Lola Smythe

*Kenneth Viney

*Geoffrey Watson

Jeffrey Weston

RESULTS OF 1946 SCHOOLS' BOARD CERTIFICATE

Judy Amos—1 Credit, 5 Passes.

Norma Anderson, 1—6.

Don. Arnold, 0—6.

Mavis Barwick, 0—6.

Jean Bolch, 0—6.

Graham Byc, 0—8.

Brian Coates, 2—5.

Gwenda Cox, 2—4.

Barbara Crow, 3—5.

Morris Cropp, 5—3.

Billie Davey, 2—4.

Audrey Dennis, 4—3.

Betty Easterbrook, 0—7.

Olive Edwards, 1—6.

Greta Farrel, 2—6.

Anne Gibb, 1—5.

Marjorie Herbert, 5—3.

Maureen Hoggan, 0—6.

Kathleen Hurtle, 2—6.

Hymen Hudson, 0—8.

Graham Irvine, 0—6.

Gordon Jacques, 3—4.

John Manzoney, 0—6.

Carol Martin, 0—7.

Don. Mitchell, 0—7.

Cyril Monaghan, 1—7.

Helen Murray, 0—7.

Shirley Priest, 0—7.

Doreen Saltmarsh, 0—7.

Nairn Scott, 8—0.

Dane Sutton, 2—5.

Lois Symonds, 4—4.

Bruce Taylor, 3—5.

Margaret Trezise, 0—6.

Jean Tyson, 1—7.

Bob. Yost, 4—4.

RESULTS OF 1946 SCHOOL CERTIFICATE EXAMINATION

Betty Atkinson, 1 Credit, 6 Passes.

Beverley Badcock, 4—3.

Huia Benemann, 5—4.

Mona Bessell, 0—8.

Gladys Boon, 1—6.

Margaret Broomby, 2—6.

Archie Brown, 0—6.

Veronica Brown, 2—6.

Geoffrey Bryan, 2—6.

Teecie Carter, 3—4.

Valerie Charlton, 6—2.

Dexter Cocker, 1—8.

George Cook, 0—6.

David Cox, 1—8.

Patricia Crothers, 2—4.

Yvonne Crothers, 1—5.

John Cullen, 3—6.

Paul Dudley, 7—2.

Bruce Durno, 1—5.

Everald Garner, 1—6.

Fay Gearing, 0—6.

Rosa Goldberg, 0—7.

Aileen Goldsworthy, 1—5.

Vivian Goodyer, 0—6.

Margaret Gregory, 3—5.

Mavis Gregory, 8—0.

Curzon Haigh, 4—5.

Mary Harvey, 2—5.

Joan Holloway, 1—5.

Brenda Hounstein, 4—4.

John Howard, 3—6.

Peter Howard, 1—5.

Joan Hudson, 3—5.

Ronald Hume, 7—2.

Junior 25 yards freestyle—B. Sanderson (S).

Handicap Events:

Open 100 yards—D. Sutton (A). Intermediate 50 yards—Parsons (W).

TEAMS' RACE—BOYS

Open—Arthur 1, Sorell 2, Franklin 3.

Intermediate—Sorell 1, Arthur 2, Wilmot 3.

GIRLS.

Open—Sorell 1, Franklin 2, Arthur 3.

Intermediate—Franklin 1, Arthur 2, Wilmot 3.

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

LIFE SAVING EVENTS

Franklin 1, Sorell 2, Wilmot 3, Arthur 4.

TENNIS

H. Murray (Captain)—A much improved player; has a good tennis temperament.

J. Gillam (Vice Captain)—A player with some very good strokes, but needs to concentrate more fully.

B. Collins—Promising player, but needs to exercise a little more care. Serve very much improved.

H. Young—A good player at times. Needs to concentrate more on the game. Has improved very much.

D. Willis—More care needed, but should do well.

B. Easterbrook—Needs to develop her strokes.

Rather slow as yet.

Emergencies—M. Rainsforth and P. Dewis.

The members of the team would like to thank their coach (Miss Deane) for the interest she has taken in them this year. Her useful advice has been very much appreciated and, we hope, digested.

CRITICISM OF PLAYERS.

Des. Wilson (Captain)—Had the distinction of being the only member of the team with previous inter-High School tennis experience. He did not appear to improve his stroke-making capacity from his standard of 1946; but he fully upheld his reputation as a formidable match player, always giving the impression that he could rise to an occasion of importance. His only defeat in his four rubbers of inter-High School series occurred after the match had been decided in Launceston's favour.

Ted Bennett (Vice Captain)—Is a sure and steady player with a good variety of strokes. His service and smash are both good. He made his debut in inter-High School tennis as No. 1 player and he acquitted himself well.

J. Fleischer—A very cool player with a good smash. His service is weak, but is improving gradually. Back-hand is also weak, but his fore-hand is good. He played No. 3 in the team.

W. Crow—Is the youngest player in the team. He is very unorthodox, using a double-handed shot on his right-hand side. His short stature weakens his service, but he is already an accomplished player.

P. Fleischer—Is the best doubles player in the School. He is very calm in a match and has also a good smash. Playing No. 5 in the team he did not lose a rubber in the inter-High School series.

I. Wallace—A very consistent player who will improve greatly. His game is slightly handicapped because of his height. Playing No. 6 in the inter-High School series he won all his rubbers.

The emergencies were: J. Allan and I. Wallace. The team would like to thank Mr. Rush for his able coaching and interest in the team. It was mainly through him that the team was so successful.

Janice Ingles, 2—7.
Kevan Jack, 3—4.
Lex Johnson, 2—4.
Betty Jones, 2—4.
Jill Kerrison, 7—2.
Don Lette, 0—7.
Barbara Long, 2—5.
Ernie Lyall, 6—3.
June Manson, 6—2.
Lindsay Mathieson, 1—6.
Ailsa McInnes, 0—6.
Margaret Morrishy, 4—4.
Marjorie Pike, 0—8.
Margaret Price, 0—6.
Bruce Proverbs, 3—5.
Beverley Reid, 1—5.
John Reinmouth, 3—5.
Neil Rowlands, 0—6.
Brian Rundle, 3—5.
George Shaw, 0—7.
Janice Shields, 3—6.
Judith Sinclair, 0—6.
Colvin Smith, 3—6.
Robert Smith, 1—7.
Gloria Spinks, 0—6.
Dorothy Steel, 1—6.
Patricia Steel, 1—8.
Doreen Talbot, 1—7.
Helen Thompson, 4—4.
Noel Wathen, 0—9.
David Watson, 2—6.
Heather Watson, 0—6.
John Willey, 8—1.
Des. Wilson, 2—7.
Fay Youd, 8—0.
Heather Young, 7—1.

THE SWIMMING CARNIVAL

The Annual Swimming Carnival was held at the Victoria Baths on Wednesday, February 19th. Arthur House won with 146½ points, Franklin was second with 143½ points, Sorell third with 142, and Wilmot fourth with 79.

Adiel Rothwell (A) and Kath. Leary (S) were winners of the Boys' and Girls' Open Championships. The Intermediate Champions were: Harry Whybrow (S) and Lexie Roughley (F). Brian Sanderson (S) and Marie Murgatroyd (F) were the Junior Champions.

Diving events were won by: I. Smythe (W), Girls' Open, and A. Rothwell (A), Boys' Open; L. Roughley (F), Girls' Intermediate, and D. Feutrell (A), Boys' Intermediate.

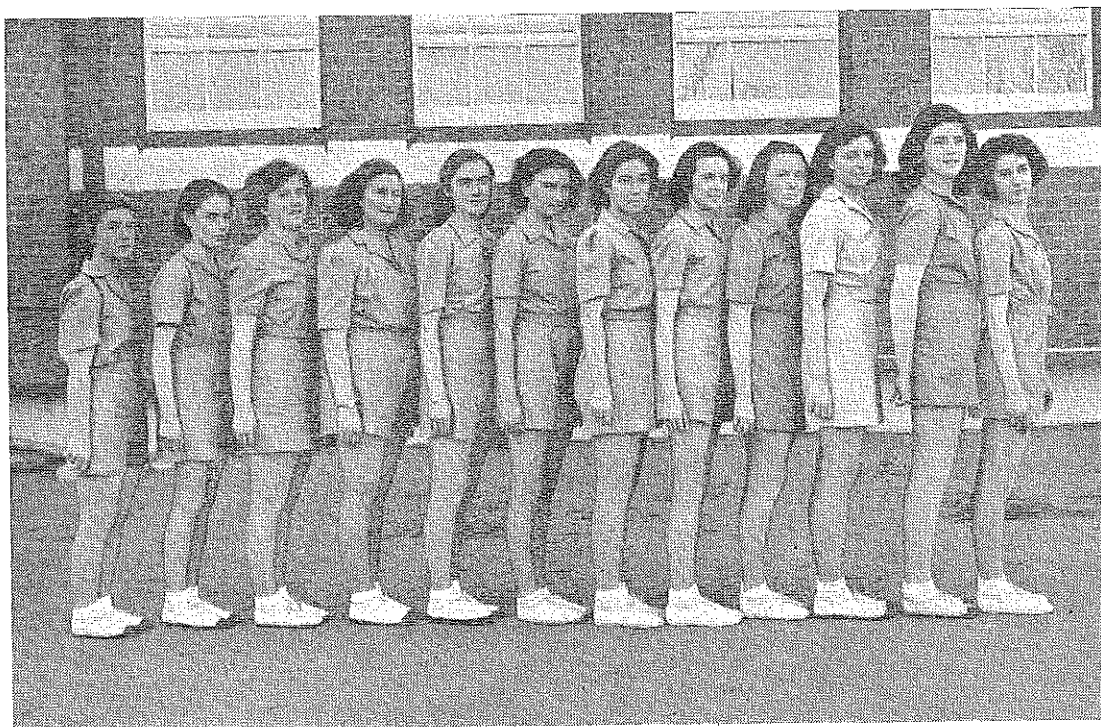
OTHER RESULTS—GIRLS

Open Championship, 50 yards freestyle—K. Leary (S). Open Championship, 25 yards breast-stroke—K. Leary (S). Intermediate Championship, 25 yards breast-stroke—L. Roughley (F). Intermediate Championship, 50 yards freestyle—L. Roughley (F). Junior Championship, 25 yards freestyle—M. Murgatroyd (F). Open Handicap, 50 yards freestyle—D. Fish (A). Intermediate Handicap, 50 yards freestyle—P. Dewis (F).

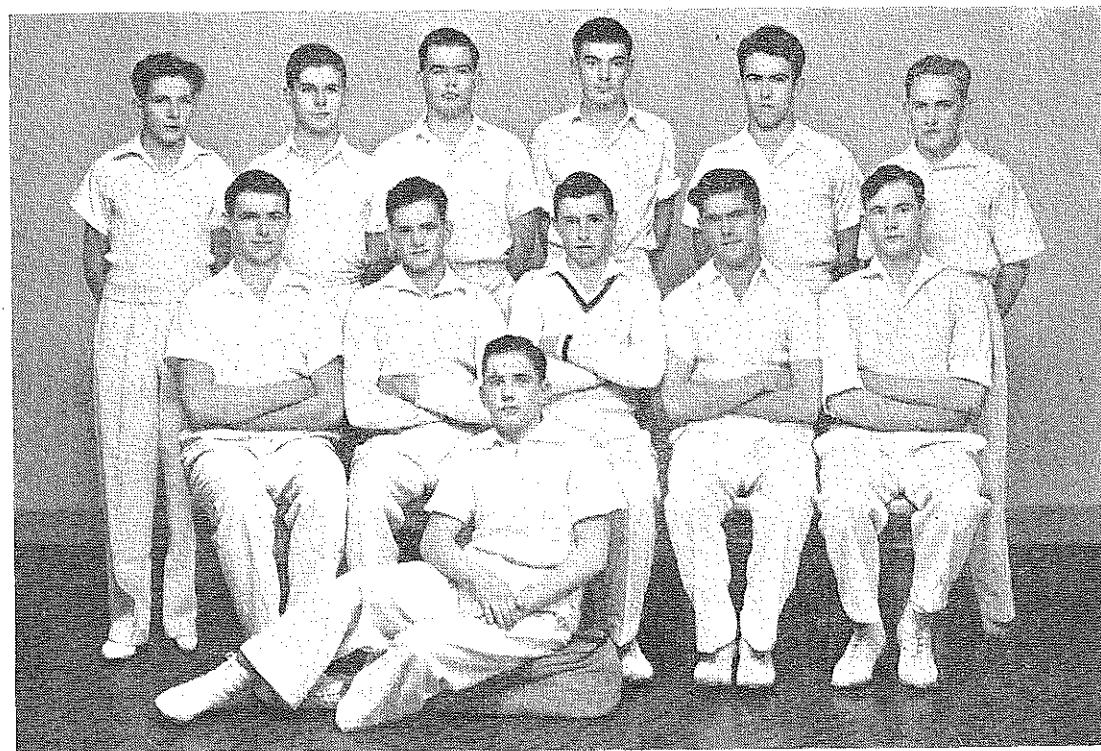
BOYS.

Championship Events:

Open 50 yards freestyle—M. Cropp (W). Open 100 yards freestyle—M. Cropp (W). Open 50 yards breast-stroke—G. Jacques (A). Open 25 yards breast-stroke—A. Rothwell (A). Intermediate 50 yards freestyle—H. Whybrow (S). Intermediate 25 yds. breast-stroke—B. Mills (A).



BASKETBALL TEAM, 1947



CRICKET TEAM, 1947

CRICKET NOTES

The Annual inter-High School Match against Hobart took place at North Hobart Oval on 14th March. Hobart won after an interesting game.

Winning the toss, Launceston batted; two wickets fell quickly, then Crawford, though not scoring, held his wicket intact, while Rundle scored steadily. Four more wickets fell in quick succession until Caelli reached the crease and the partnership of the innings followed.

Caelli played a fine, defensive game foreign to his nature; while Rundle scored freely with a variety of well executed shots all round the wicket.

Rundle was dismissed twenty minutes before lunch, after a fine Captain's innings of 63. Caelli followed with 21 to his credit. Cropp played a merry innings of 14, and the side was all out for 116—a very good score considering the poor start.

E. Richardson took 4 for 30, W. Richardson 1 for 26, Cole 3 for 41 and Campbell 2 for 7 for Hobart.

E. Richardson was by far the best bowler. K. Crawford kept wickets extremely well for Hobart.

Rain fell during lunch and the wicket was dead for the beginning of Hobart's innings.

Wickets fell with regularity, but never quickly enough to place Hobart in danger. The batting was free; Richardson and Campbell hitting particularly hard. K. Crawford played a good, defensive innings. Hobart passed our score with four wickets in hand. Richardson batted well for 61; others were: Campbell 31, Crawford 16 and Nichols 19.

Rundle bowled extremely well on a wicket which was not suitable for spin bowling. He scarcely bowled a loose ball, taking 3 for 38 from 15 overs. Shaw bowled deceptively, taking 2 for 19. Monaghan, although expensive, bowled intelligently, but without luck, taking 3 for 59.

In conclusion the team would like to express its most sincere thanks to its genial coach (Mr. Moses), who gave up much valuable time to assist the team at practice.

CRITIQUE OF THE PLAYERS.

Brian Rundle (Captain)—A fine all-rounder; has sound defence and is an almost perfect stroke-maker with every shot in the book. A left-handed, slow-medium bowler with exceptional accuracy and guile, who turns the ball both ways. A student of the game and therefore a great Captain.

Cyril Monaghan (Vice Captain)—With good footwork, a sound defence and natural aptitude for the game; is an ideal opening batsman. All his shots have a wristy action, pretty to watch. A slow, leg spin bowler with alluring flight and deceptive spin; also a brilliant fieldman. A fine, intelligent cricketer.

Alf. Crawford—A most improved batsman with good defence, but still inclined to "poke" at off-side balls. One of the safest fieldsmen in the eleven. Alf. is also a fast-medium bowler of some promise.

Murray Elliott—An excellent 'keeper, who although not stylish, is very effective. A powerful bat, with shots all round the wicket, when he cares to discard his blocking methods.

Keith Caelli—A glorious outfielder, with a deadly return to the wicket. Forceful, attacking batsman, who uses his feet to advantage. Very powerful on the "on" side.

Don. Martin—Batting has improved, but bowling still weak. Good field when he wakes up.

Brian Carney—Rapidly improving in both batting and bowling; should make good fast-medium bowler in the near future. Very sure field.

Cliff Elliott—Defensive left-handed batsman, who can, on occasions, unleash some beautiful strokes. A very safe field in slips; an improving bowler of medium spin variety.

Morris Cropp—Although batting lacks polish, he has a good eye, and can be relied upon to keep up an end when required. Good length medium spinners mark him as a bowler of promise. A good all-rounder.

George Shaw—A most accurate and deceiving slow bowler who can spin the the ball to a great extent. Batting needs attention.

Graeme Irvine—Shows some promise as a left-handed batsman. Needs to pay more attention to the field.

Bruce Pinkard—Medium-fast bowler with accurate length. However, batting is weak, and fielding not up to standard.

Allen Parish—Rapidly improving in both batting and bowling; quite a good field.

LAUNCESTON—First Innings

B. Rundle, c Richardson, b Cole	- - - -	63
C. Monaghan, lbw, b Richardson	- - - -	0
M. Elliott, b Richardson	- - - -	1
A. Crawford, c Cleaver, b B. Richardson	- - - -	2
D. Martin, c Campbell, b Richardson	- - - -	3
C. Elliott, lbw, b Campbell	- - - -	1
B. Carney, b Campbell	- - - -	4
K. Caelli, lbw, b Cole	- - - -	21
M. Cropp, b Richardson	- - - -	14
G. Irvine, stpd. Crawford, b Cole	- - - -	2
G. Shaw, not out	- - - -	2
Extras	- - - -	3

Total - - - - - 116

Bowling.—E. Richardson, 18 overs, 5 maidens, 30 runs, 4 wickets; D. Cole, 9 overs, 0 maidens, 41 runs, 3 wickets; B. Richardson, 11 overs, 2 maidens, 26 runs, 1 wicket; Campbell, 5 overs, 3 maidens, 7 runs, 2 wickets.

HOBART—First Innings

K. Nichols, run out	- - - -	19
B. Richardson, c Rundle, b Monaghan	- - - -	7
G. Allanby, c Martin, b Rundle	- - - -	13
E. Richardson, b Monaghan	- - - -	61
K. Crawford, c C. Elliott, b Rundle	- - - -	16
K. Cleaver, c Monaghan, b Rundle	- - - -	3
L. Campbell, c C. Elliott, b Monaghan	- - - -	34
P. Conway, not out	- - - -	3
R. Hall, run out	- - - -	0
D. Peacock, lbw, b Shaw	- - - -	6
D. Cole, b Shaw	- - - -	2
Extras	- - - -	2

Total - - - - - 166

Bowling.—B. Rundle, 15 overs, 2 maidens, 38 runs, 3 wickets; A. Crawford, 9 overs, 1 maiden, 37 runs, 0 wickets; C. Monaghan, 11 overs, 0 maidens, 59 runs, 3 wickets; G. Shaw, 6 overs, 0 maidens, 19 runs, 2 wickets; M. Cropp, 3 overs, 0 maidens, 13 runs, 0 wickets.

SOFTBALL

Beverley McKillop—A consistently good batter and fielder, who proved to be a quiet and efficient Captain.

Joan Barrett (Vice Captain)—Relieving pitcher. Joan has improved in both batting and fielding through consistent practice.



DEBATING TEAM, 1947

Margaret Mitchell—Fast, almost untiring pitcher. Margaret Stagg—One of the team's best players. Played an inspiring game as catcher against Hobart.

Rhonda Coogan—A steady capable player on 1st base; her pitching has improved.

Greta Barry—A good all-rounder.

Joyce Bell—3rd base. Steady player who has shown improvement.

Margaret MacLean—Excellent fielder, whose catching in Hobart match was remarkable; needs to watch the ball when batting.

Pat. Bowen—Good batter and good outfielder; needs to practise catching.

Mary Harvey—A trier whose weakness is inconsistency; has improved with practice.

Janice Ingles and Ethel Fitzmaurice—Both emergencies trained hard, but have not yet overcome weakness in batting.

ROWING NOTES

The Rowing Season this year has again been a successful one, as we managed to retain the Bourke Cup for the School. On Saturday, April 19th, our First Crew won the important race on the Tamar, leading by three lengths from Hobart High School First Crew, with L.H.S. Seconds and H.H.S. Seconds following in that order.

The winning crew was: Bow, W. Bayly; 2, A. McDonald; 3, J. Manzoney; stroke, D. Sutton; cox, J. Thomas. The L.H.S. Seconds: Bow, G. Stewart; 2, D. Wells; 3, P. Rollins; stroke, P. Burns; cox, T. Crawley.

S. Tilley, who was stroke of the Seconds, was prevented by illness from rowing in the race. His

place was taken by P. Burns, and D. Wells came into the crew.

We are indebted to Mr. A. Tynan, who gave up his valuable time to coach us. We would also like to thank Mr. Watson for the interest he has taken in us.

KEY TO PHOTOGRAPHS

CRICKET

Front Row: (left to right) M. Cropp, C. Monaghan (Vice-Captain), B. Rundle (Captain), K. Caelli, M. Elliott.

Back Row: G. Shaw, B. Carney, B. Pinkard, D. Martin, A. Crawford, A. Parish.

In Front: C. Elliott.

BOYS' TENNIS

Seated: (left to right) T. Bennett (Vice-Capt.), P. Fleischer, D. Wilson (Capt.), L. Fleischer, J. Allan.

Standing: I. Wallace, L. Wallace, W. Craw.

GIRLS' TENNIS

Seated: M. Rainsford, V. Gilham (Vice-Captain), H. Murray (Captain), B. Easterbrook, D. Willis.

Standing: B. Collins, P. Dewis, H. Young.

SOFTBALL

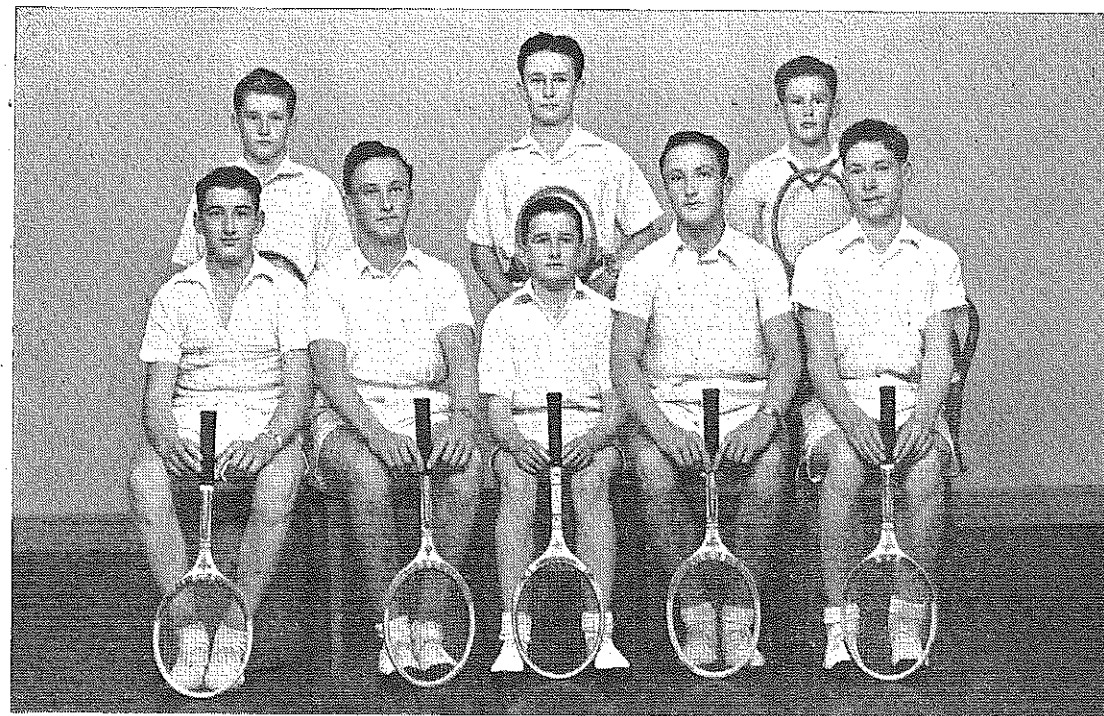
(Left to right) J. Bell, M. MacLean, R. Coogan, J. Barrett (Vice-Captain), E. Fitzmorice, M. Mitchell, P. Bowen, M. Harvey, J. Ingles, G. Barry, M. Stagg, B. McKillop (Captain).

ROWING

J. Thomas (cox.), D. Sutton, J. Manzoney, A. MacDonald, B. Bayly.

DEBATING

Seated: L. Symonds, N. Scott (Leader), N. Anderson. **Standing:** J. Cullen.



BOYS' TENNIS, 1947



GIRLS' TENNIS, 1947



ROWING CREW, 1947

ATHLETIC SPORTS

The Annual Athletic Sports were held at the Cricket Ground on Tuesday and Wednesday, May 6 and 7. The winning House was Franklin with 276 points, followed by Wilmot with 264, Arthur with 263 and Sorell with 133. Champions were:

BOYS.—Open, K. Caelli (F); runner-up, P. Ockerby (A). Under 15, B. Cleary (W); runners-up, B. Mills (A) and D. Martin (S). Under 13, B. Yost (A); runner-up, I. Wallace (F). Field Games, M. Elliott (W); runner-up, K. Caelli.

GIRLS.—Open, L. Smythe (W); runner-up, I. Westwood (F). Under 15, D. French (A); runner-up, B. Stewart (F). Under 13, G. Bishop (W) and L. Bowden (A); runner-up, N. Herbert (W). Field Games, H. Murray (S); runner-up, M. Stagg (F).

HANDICAPS, BOYS.—Open 220 yards, A. Crawford (A), 1; D. Lette (S), 2; N. Rowlands (W), 3. Mile, N. Rowlands (W), 1; K. Jack (S), 2; E. Lyall (A), 3. Under 15, 440 yards, K. Burns (W), 1; B. Lanham (A), 2; I. Whelan (W), 3. Under 13, 220 yards, A. Palliser (S), 1; R. Bushby (S), 2; L. Hodgkinson (F), 3.

GIRLS.—Open, 100 yards, M. Barwick (F), 1; J. Amos (S), 2; J. Kerrison (W), 3. Under 15, B. Padman (A), 1; E. Johnstone (W), 2; M. Cassam (F), 3. Under 13, B. Munning (F), 1; L. Grenda (A), 2.

RELAYS, BOYS.—Staggered, Arthur 1, Franklin 2, Sorell 3. 200 yards, Wilmot 1, Franklin 2, Sorell 3.

GIRLS.—Open, Wilmot 1, Franklin 2, Arthur 3. Under 15, Franklin 1, Wilmot 2, Sorell 3.

INTER-SCHOOL, BOYS.—Grammar 1, High School 2, St. Patrick's 3.

GIRLS.—Broadland House 1, Methodist Ladies' College 2, Sacred Heart College 3.

HOUSE CONTESTS.—Boys Medicine Ball Overtake Relay, Arthur 1, Wilmot 2, Franklin 3.

Girls Basketball Overtake Relay, Wilmot 1, Franklin 2, Sorell 3. Arch and Straddle, Franklin 1, Arthur 2, Wilmot 3. Hockey Dribble, Arthur 1, Franklin 2, Wilmot 3.

BEN LOMOND

We arrived at the Alpine Club Hut on Wednesday, the 22nd of January, and after tea and a discussion on future activities, we climbed into our allotted bunks and almost immediately dropped off to sleep.

After a good night's sleep we awoke at 6.30 to the startling crash of a ladle on a tin plate, wielded joyously by Kerry, while that same person implored us in a loud voice to "show a leg," "rise and shine." Breakfast ended and our duties completed, we set out on our first expedition from the 4,000-foot hut, taking the necessary equipment for our respective work.

Far above us we could make out the first snow-pole, a guide in bad weather and when snow conditions prevailed. These poles appeared every thirty or so feet as far as the summit.

Our feet stumbled on the rough path made of crushed rocks from the mountain side. This track led on up to the first snow-pole, clinging to the steep slope, now digging horizontally, now climbing sharply upward. We glanced up: away to the left loomed Mt. Misery, with its rounded summit overhanging the tree-covered plateau below. On our right the Organpipes, the weather columns, dropped vertically to the huge talus slope below.

At the expense of further energy we at last topped the grade and obtained our first glimpse of the Borrowdale Valley.

Its broad, shallow floor swept before us to where the ridges converged at the junction of the Rodway Valley. We marched steadily over the rock strewn expanse, in the burning heat of a high sun, the distance to the head of the valley seemingly growing no less.

Through unceasing tramping we broke down the distance and at last stood on a rearing knoll at the mouth of the valley.

Beneath our feet lay an amazing panorama. South-Westward, the Longford Plain flowed out to the blue immensity of the Western Tiers. To the East were Mathinna, Fingal and the valley of the South Esk. Southward, Lake Bakes flashed blue in the now waning sunlight; and to the right we could see the lighter blue of Youle's Tarn. High above them all, the ragged, precipitous sides of Stack's Bluff leapt into a paling sky.

Suddenly, coming down the valley, the mist began to fall. Rolling inexorably over the giant rocks and jutting obstructions the white billowing cloud filled up the valleys, spreading like a pall over the whole area below us.

Without waiting any longer we left our vantage point and began to retrace our steps, not wishing to be caught in the mist. We made the journey in record trip, coming to the lip of the valley after a continuous march.

As we began our descent to the Chalet, the curtain of mist rose, and, nestling among the over-bearing mountains and wooded hills Upper Blesington presented itself, swathed in wan sunlight; its outlying buildings throwing the rays of the sun in our eyes.

With the lush green slopes and the contrasting black of newly-ploughed ground this unlooked-for picture was very pleasing indeed.

About 7 o'clock we reached the hut, and soon the billy was gurgling happily on a glowing fire and tea was ready. Weary after a long trek, we lost little time in taking advantage of the inviting comfort of our bunks and speeding swiftly over the borders of the dreamy land of Morpheus.

BRUCE PINKARD (C2).

PER ARDUA AD ASTRA

The burning rays of the summer sun do not penetrate the dense foliage of the ash tree. Its leafy arms are a cool, green roof inviting one to share the protection from the solar heat. The willow auditorium rings with the butcher bird's carillon. The echoes repeat and repeat again until the air seems to be charged with music.

Imperturbably the stream surges on, defying even the sun in its way to the vast expanse of water, the sea. A kookaburra laughs as the platypus swims silently up stream, an ever-widening wake the only sign left to tell of his presence. Lazily, a crow cries in the distance and above a hawk wheels in the air, the master of the sky.

Truly a summer's day. Look!

A Dragon Fly.

A mystic hovering proof of nature's greatness in small things. Something aerie, undefined mysterious, a manifestation of Life.

The female dragon fly felt weary. All day skimming the moving waters had had its own effect but this was not all. Some new feeling, an urge, an instinct was growing. What was it? She sat upon a twig of the willow and rested. Rest was not driving this impulse. It was new!

Perhaps . . . no . . . and yet . . . yes! She left her leafy perch and flew towards the water. Her wings flashing, she carried herself to within an inch of the sunlit pool. Slowly her tail drooped until it was well beneath the surface. Together her eggs sank to the floor of the pool and her task was done. Wearily she laboured to a resting place, her debt to nature paid.

But the eggs sank into the murky waters until a plant retarded their progress and they held on. This was the home until one day the larvae hatched and filled the pool, their food mosquito and other larva.

A few moultings produced the nymphs, who have upon their backs the traces of wings. These peculiar pupae passed perhaps two years lurking in the gloomy depths until a day of awakening came.

* * *

Up the projecting plant he climbed, a dull seemingly uninteresting nymph, and rested. Slowly a cut appeared down his back and gradually it widened. Bigger and bigger it grew until from within the robes of a beggar a king emerged. With great difficulty he extricated his legs from the husk and now his body was free—but no, look! As evidence of Nature's providence minute threads held him to the outer skin until his legs became strong enough to bear his weight.

See! A new wonder is in truth, unfolding itself before me. Tiny, folded wings are very, very slowly opening. Gradually they extend until from the very small beginning so lightly folded that they looked black, comes gauzy transparent films interlaced with veins. His abdomen extended also as if competing with the wings and as these miracles happened the sun was drying his body and instilling strength into his limbs.

* * *

A movement of his wings, just a preliminary flutter, but no indication of the wonder to come. A few steps, a more rapid, regular beating, a small breeze and he simply—flew.

* * *

Once more I sit watching the limpid river surging on, and above its surface skims a dragon fly, another and another. Together they gambol until the reddened sun sinks below the hills. Then I wander home thinking of to-day's adventure and how beautifully Tennyson expressed it:

"To-day I saw the dragon fly,

Come from the well where it did lie,

An inner impulse rent the veil

Of his old husk, from head to tail,

Came out clear plates of sapphire mail.

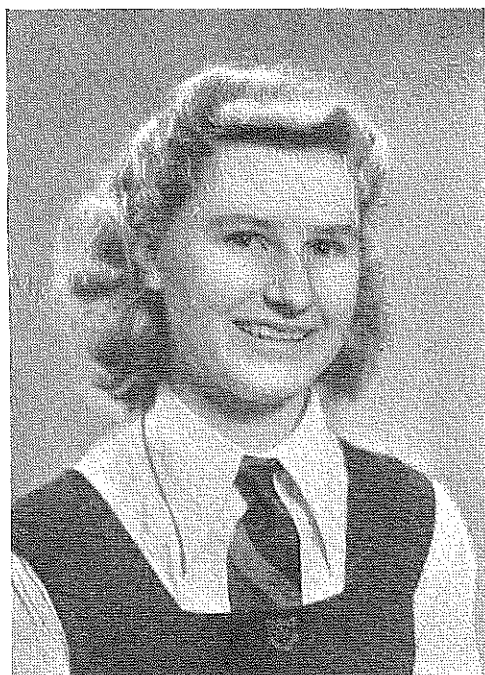
He dried his wings, like gauze they grew

Thro' crofts and pasture wet with dew,

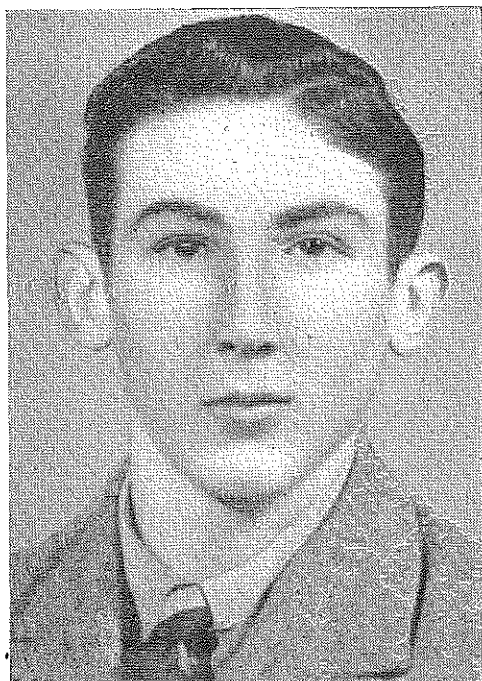
A living flash of light he flew."

DERRY SCOTT (C2, Wilmot)

BEST PASSES SCHOOL CERTIFICATE, 1946



JILL KERRISON

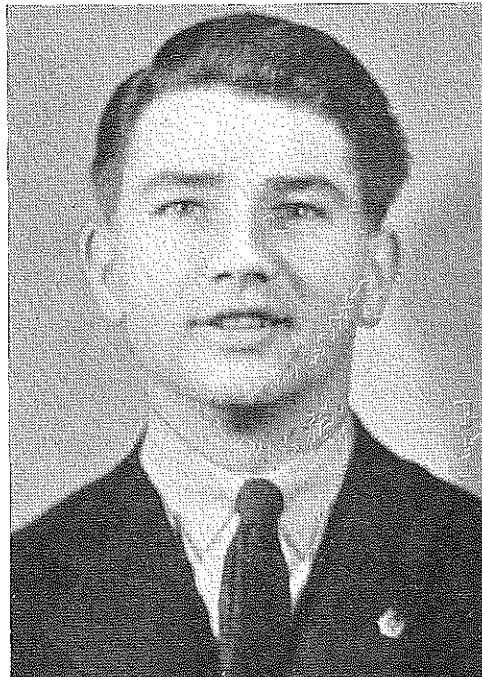


JOHN WILEY

BEST PASSES LEAVING CERTIFICATE, 1946



PAMELA PENMAN



BRUCE ROSE

ON WRITING AN ESSAY

Our charming English teacher, with a radiant smile (which foreboded unhappiness for the class), told us that as an ordeal we would have to write an essay on one of her dreadful topics. I think they're dreadful anyway, although some of the very brilliant members of the class are actually able to write two pages on her topics. But then they are clever; I'm not.

Here my wandering mind recalls what Walter Murdoch said on the subject of children writing essays. He said: "Essays can only come from the mind of a well-matured, experienced person. Children, thus, can not be expected to write essays." But then, of course, I am not a children, or rather a child. In fact, I'm neither. Oh, what can I write about? "The School Leaving Age."

"THE SCHOOL LEAVING AGE" (written in capitals after the style of A. A. Milne, who used that form for things of importance) is sixteen. That means that people must not leave School until they are sixteen; but if they want to they can stay after they are sixteen (although I don't know who would want to). That is why sixteen is the School Leaving Age. (Is that logic? Even if it isn't there's just a chance she mightn't notice when she's marking it. I wonder how many marks I'll get? Mmmm, won't be many if I go on at this rate).

"Waterways"—There are many different waterways such as rivers, canals, bays, oceans and seas. (Are sewers waterways?) They are sort of. Oh dear, and I've used that dreadful construction "such as." I'll cross it out and substitute "like." No, on second thoughts I'll start again).

"My Reading and Me"—I read books. (Well, isn't that silly? Of course I'd read books. Couldn't expect me to read hieroglyphics. How DO you spell that word? I remember we had all about them in E Class—in History. Isn't History an awful subject? I get bored stiff in History periods. I'm positive I nearly dozed off the other day. Perhaps that's why I only got 44 in the last exam. Oh dear, I'm miles away from my essay. Now let me see; how will I continue? Will I continue or start again? No, I'd better continue.

My favorite books are—(now what are my favorite books? Detective magazines would probably be called "degrading." Scientific books would only improve me scientifically and not novelly—or is it "literally?" Now, what novels have I read? "Robinson Crusoe," but then that was a long time ago. Well, I'd better tell a fib and humour our teacher). My favorite books are those by Anthony Trollop: "Barchester Towers" being my favorite. (Is Barchester Towers the right name, or is it Barchester Hills, or Mountains, or Castles?) What I particularly like about them is the way they give you that schoolgirl complexion and film star glamour. (Oh dear, now I've written down what the wireless said. Perhaps I'd better turn it off. "What did you say—turn it on for the News? Oh, all right." Now I can't write my essay while the News is on, can I? It would only disturb me. I'll read that book instead. And I can't write it after the News, because I listen to a session then. I suppose I could do an essay at the same time. What will I do the essay on? Oh, of course, I'll continue with "My Reading and Me." Why is the "me" there? What does "me" have to do with it? I have read a few books by Jules Vern. (Is that

French? I suppose it is. Glad I don't do French now). Such as (Oh dear, I've used that again, I'll put "like" instead) like "Forty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea." (Isn't that a long title? It would be shorter to say "120,000 Miles Under the Sea"). I thought it was very interesting and must not the author have a marvellous imagination? (That last sentence looks like a bad construction to me. I wonder if it is?). Others are "Around the World in Eighty Days" and "A Voyage to the Centre of the Earth. (Wouldn't it be lovely to go to the Centre of the Earth? Then I'd know more than Mr. Doe, because I bet he has never been to the centre of the earth. "I beg your pardon? What, time to go to bed? But I haven't finished my essay! But I'll never get up in time to do it in the morning. Oh, all right!" I'll never write this essay. Perhaps I'll just finish it off).

That is why I like reading.

G. BYE (Wilnot).

THE TRAIN

The mile posts flash, and the hedges stream,
While down in the hollows the rivers gleam.
The corncrips ripple, the treetops sway,
As if to wave us on our way.
Among the factories high and black
The train rushes through on its narrow track,
And people stand by the line and stare,
As if a train were a stranger there.
The station reached, at last it stops,
And clambering down, the driver mops
His brow of sweat and grime;
He has brought it through on time.

L. WALLACE (C2, Franklin)

THE RIDGEWAY HOMESTEAD

We walked in through the gate and saw a lovely old house, covered with ivy and looking every bit like the cottage of the seven dwarfs. I felt as if I was in a dream and was very scared lest I should wake up and spoil it all.

A lovely lady came and asked us if we would like to see through the garden, and a few minutes later we were walking through fairyland. There were flowers of all kinds, tall ones, small ones, quaint ones and beautiful ones. There was not a flower left out of that wonderful garden. Sweet-smelling honey-suckle wandered over a kind, protecting tree, while hundreds of lupins formed a mass of beautiful colours, that were reflected everywhere we went. There were many, many flowers with common names and strange names—names that are far too many for my memory to hold for more than a minute. Yet Mim knew them all, and not once did she fail to name a flower. At the bottom of the garden was a map of Tasmania all worked out in flowers. We walked round the coast line and read the writing in flowers at the foot of the map—Advance Australia.

Then we walked through another part of the garden, full of roses and lavender and small quaint flowers. This was the little old-fashioned part of the garden, while the other was the grand part.

We had afternoon tea and went to explore the rest of our fairyland. What had once been the first electric tramcar in Hobart was now turned into a tram tea-house. Primroses grew all over the front of it and it grew more fascinating every time I looked at it.

In front of the tramcar was the wishing tree. Three witches were sitting round a cauldron under the tree, and on a board were the words, "Run round this tree three times, wishing as you go." My wish has not come true yet, but it will in time.

As it was becoming rather late we did not have time to look at the museum, and it was the only thing I regretted in the whole day.

Mim called us then, and asked us if we would like to feed the love-birds. A few minutes later we were standing in the cage, with some beautiful love-birds eating from our hands.

I think, however, that the most fascinating part of the day was when Mim told us the stories of some of the flowers. Out of a poppy she made a dancing lady; out of a fuchsia, a ballet dancer, complete with shoes; and from a daisy, a lady in her sun-bonnet. One quaint little story was that of the rose. It went like this:

"Five brothers on one morn were born;

Two had whiskers, two were shorn;

But the one who was born the last of his race

Had whiskers only on one side of his face."

You see, the brothers were the sepals of the rose, while its whiskers were the projections from these. If you look at the rose, you will see that this is quite true.

There were many other stories, but they cannot all be told to-day, so I must leave them.

It was indeed a lovely day, and I still dream of the time when I can go back again and see the museum, as well as all the other beautiful sights.

JANICE INGLES (B1, Wilmot)

SCIENCE TELLS US

Now Science tells us many things,
Of venomous beasts with wicked stings,
Of bright, pretty creatures with fluttering wings,
Of intriguing, fanciful, fairy rings.
We read about spiders, birds, and bees,
And queer old ants with knobby knees,
About flowers and fruit, how they grow upon trees,
And of murky wonders in the depths of the seas
We learn why winter comes in June,
And how moths come from a cocoon;
We learn how the tides are caused by the moon,
And why Frankie Sinatra makes the girls swoon.
We learn how music comes from strings,
The reason why a mushroom springs,
Why fish have scales and birds have wings—
Yes! Science tells us many things.

BRENDA HOUSTEIN (B1, Wilmot)

A FROSTY MORNING IN THE COUNTRY

As I walked out into the yard I was confronted by a wonderful sight. All around me the grass was just one white carpet. My brother had been out before me, because I could see his foot marks in the frost. They made a plain track across the grass.

The sun was just beginning to throw its bright rays across this white world. It was making the drops of dew on the leaves sparkle like thousands and thousands of diamonds. But, even more beautiful was the sun shining on the frost-clad ground. I could hear the robins singing, and once I caught a glance of a fiery red breast, topped by a cheeky black and white head as it jumped on to a nearby stump.

As I breathed in and out, the great cloud of white mist escaped my nostrils and escaped into

the cold air. As I looked up into the sky I could not see one cloud upon its steel blue surface. Out across the paddocks I could see the sheep moving round. They looked exactly like the grass because their backs were as white as the grass upon which they were grazing.

Just then I heard voices and the sound of boots running on frozen ground. I looked round and saw my two brothers coming. They had been round their rabbit traps. Sad to say—or rather, fortunately for the rabbits—they had caught nothing. They were both looking very cold, and as the three of us walked into the kitchen, where there was a big log fire, I began to wonder if it really was better inside or out on a frosty morning. After much consideration I arrived at the conclusion that although it was so beautiful outside, I preferred the warmth of a big fire.

S. COLGRAVE (D2, Franklin)

"PEACE"

Slowly the sunlight fades upon the distant slopes,
The town lies quiet.

Its spires stand serene against the darkening sky.
The stark ugliness of day is mellowed to a stateliness,

And nature smiles on man.

The mountains don the royal robe of night,
The crimson clouds are overcast with grey.

A great hush steals o'er the hills,

And darkness reigns supreme.

"ARIEL" (Sorell)

I LOVE

I love many things. Some of them are material, but mainly they comprise those priceless, indefinable treasures that only exist for us because God made "all things bright and beautiful" and then gave man five senses that he might appreciate His world. Let me share with you some of my store of joys which increases daily.

My idea of paradise is to lie on my back on a fragrant pile of new-mown grass gazing up at the enormity of the blue above, and hailing each wispy white cloud drifting by. To curl up in a deep armchair in a darkened room, and allow the fire elves to dance you off through their kingdom, where you see every conceivable glowing colour, gives a blissful sensation which will calm any mood. Just in case you are beginning to think I am lazy, fly with me down a steep hill on a bicycle at night with the wind whispering all about you and tweaking your hair. Watch the beam from your lamp send the shadows scurrying off in all directions, then sing snatches of songs and laugh at your strange, gusty voice. While we are out in the night we must go for a swim. There is nothing more fascinating than diving into a black pool and sending out wave upon wave of ripples, until the whole surface of the water resembles a huge gramophone record. Like many other people, I, too, love the romantic moon. The most effective silhouette I have ever seen was that of a straight young poplar standing out starkly against the great golden harvest moon, as it swept majestically up between towering hills. When the moon is obscured by a heavy black storm-cloud, it trims the edge with silver and there you see "All that's best of dark and bright." Stand in a crowded church, with the coloured sunlight transformed by stained-glass windows filling the air, singing a great hymn of praise. The mighty organ's voice rolling out will lift your soul and carry it up to the church

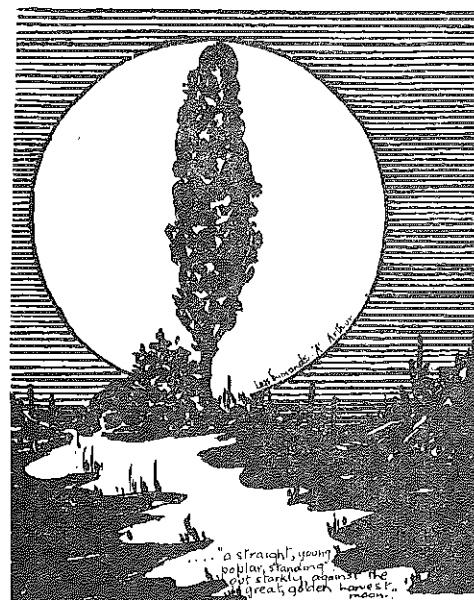
PALAEONTOLOGY AS AN OUT-DOOR ACTIVITY

"It's good to be breaking a stone,
The work now is lucky an' braw;
It's grand to be finding a bone—
A fish-bone the grandest of a'.
Hammers an' chisels an' a',
Chisels an' fossils an' a';
Resurrection's our trade; by raising the dead
We've grandeur an' honour an' al."

I am convinced that fossil-hunting is the perfect outdoor activity. It combines rock-climbing and cycling with the same thrill as treasure-hunting. Beside the outdoor part, of course, there are the pleasant evenings spent in cleaning and classifying, but this essay deals only with that part of Palaeontology carried out on windy hilltops and in dry river beds, on cliffs and in railway cuttings. To show what experience this study brings, I shall relate some of my own excursions.

I collected my first specimens when I was about ten. For months I had been seeking an elusive old quarry, where I had been told fossils could be collected. It is amazing how seemingly fool-proof directions somehow go astray, and when I at last found it—only by nearly falling into it—I found that sometimes I had been hunting for it nearly a mile away. Three of its sides were perpendicular, covered with moss and over-hung with trees, blackberries and bracken; while the fourth side looked out over a road on to the tawny, undulating Midland Hills traced with hawthorn hedges. The stone for many of the old Midland homes had come from here. As the yellow stone cracked beneath my hammer, delicate black fern-leaves like painted carvings appeared on the broken surface. I had a long walk home over stony hills, and then through unending fields with muddy ditches and thorny hedges to negotiate. I reached home late that evening, tired and hungry, with dry mud stinging in the red scratches on my legs, with corrugations in my arms from the heavy lumps of rock, but burning with excitement.

Sometimes there are disappointments in this hobby, which, however, are not caused by Nature, who formed these fossil-beds millions of years ago, but by other people, as the following experience shows. During a School term I received a letter from home telling how some of the old residents had sworn that at some cliffs on the Ouse River, about seven miles from my home, fossil birds, bats and butterflies could be collected. The rest of that term would not go quickly enough. I pictured myself becoming world famous with my fossil birds, bats and butterflies scattered through the Museums of the world. At last the end of the term arrived. Next morning the bus hardly seemed to move as it wound and climbed among the Western Tiers and Lake District, but at last as the bus descended a steep hill I saw below the spire of St. James above the pines, and the green farms of my home village. As soon as possible, having been reassured by the local people, I set out, armed with hammers and chisel. The road, which goes to the Ouse River at this point, is the worst on which I have ever ridden a bike. For about four miles it winds to the summit of "The Tiers." Near the top it is in places lost on flat sheets of rock and in others can only be followed by an irregular row of boulders, which have been rolled to the side. Go-



spire, up, up, up to heaven. Rescue a frightened child from a dog, and hold the quivering little body in your arms to comfort it. You will feel your heart beat faster and your face glow. Climb, with me, a mountain. Part the branches of the trees, and hold your breath so that we do not disturb the silent splendour of a glade full of purity. A blanket of snow thrown gently over a log makes a divan fit for a princess, and the trees with their white trimmings stand round quietly. Now that we have drunk in all the beauty, yield to the imp within and rush in wildly, roll in the snow and scatter it blindly to the four winds; then run out and close the foliage curtain. Do not look again at the glade, but go away with only those two memories of it—the first unsmirched purity and the childish glee of spoiling it all.

I love the wonderful feeling of pride, or relief or satisfaction, that is the card tucked into the parcel containing an achieved ambition. I love to laugh at myself when I push a door marked "pull," or catch the wrong tram. I love to search beneath the protective leaves to find the first violet, to inhale the fragrance of a blooming garden and listen to the chirp of crickets at sunset.

I could go on for ever in this strain. I love pearls on black velvet, beautiful music, the feeling of poise which new clothes give, frosty mornings, low stone walls, patches of petunias, white hair, candle light, giving presents, and watching people when they do not know I'm doing it. In short, I love Life.

LOIS SYMONDS (A, Arthur)

SORROW

All the reeds are sobbing,
And over the water a solitary gull
Dips and wheels with mournful cries.
From the trees the tears ooze slowly
And trickle adown the cold, drab trunks.
And I, I weep with them—
For worlds lost long ago.

"NIOBE" (Sorell)

ing down the other side, I found it even worse. Every foot or so tree roots cross the road. The earth has banked up behind them and worn away on the lower side, forming a steep, winding staircase, which is all very interesting but most unpleasant for cycling. At last I reached the Ouse, which is, at this point, a clear, rushing cataract, which sweeps between the rocky, greyish-brown hills. I found the cliffs much to my surprise, without any trouble. At their base masses of stone were lying. I attacked the nearest with fervent energy. From the shattered pieces I found several fossils—only shells. More smashing showed more shells. One would not expect to find animals in Silurian beds, I thought. Suddenly discovering some bracia-pods, I felt the awful truth dawn. These commonest-of-all-fossils had been mistaken for butterflies and with even more imagination for birds and bats.

I sat down by the river, a most dejected morsel of humanity and watched the glistening water leap by until the water stood still—and I rushed by—or seemed to. Slowly I recovered and collecting delicate sheets and lacy corals, I agreed with Euripides that :

"Happy the man whose lot it is to know
The secrets of the earth. He hastens not
To work his fellows' hurt by unjust deeds,
But with rapt admiration contemplates
Immortal Nature's ageless harmony,
And how and when her order came to be."

"FOSSIL FACE" (B1, Sorell).

SHOES

New and shiny tight shoes
Make you feel quite grand,
But when the day is over
You're hardly fit to stand.
Give me bulgy old shoes
Some folks would scorn to wear,
They mightn't look so stylish,
But my feet—well, they don't care.

IAN WHELAN (D2, Wilmot)

THE EXPRESS

A wisp of smoke curls on the distant horizon.
As I watch, it blackens, thickens, and becomes the
fiery plume of an express belching smoke and flame
far across the plain.

I let the sunlight play on my hands, and turn
my head for but a brief moment; but, when I look
again, this modern creation has crept much nearer
along its iron track, stretching from horizon to
horizon, the fixed, shining path of this iron monster
advancing across the plain. It is nearer now, and
the formerly non-existent kangaroos and rabbits
have sat up and taken notice.

A mighty scream rends the air, chasing the terri-
fied rabbits, and finally dissipating itself in the
nothingness. The train of carriages leaps, looms
up, and amid a rattling of bolts, clankety-clacking
of rails, and a puffing of steam, draws level.

From my position beside the rails the huge mon-
ster, with its mighty iron wheels and great pistons,
seems to ridicule the puny weakling who built it,
and controls and feeds it. For one fleeting instant
it is abreast of me, and I see in plainest detail the
mighty limbs and muscles of this enormous
machine.

But this enormous and complicated array of
tubes, bulbs, bolts, rods, rivets—an innumerable

list—has as its remote ancestor a simple fact—coal
(containing the energy of the sun stored up in
swampy forests countless aeons ago) is burnt, the
stored-up energy released as heat which converts
the water to steam which, expanding one thousand
six hundred and seventy times, drives the piston
forward, and consequently the whole machine. In
the early machines, after the power stroke an at-
tendant opened a valve, which admitted water into
the machine, thus condensing the steam and the
atmosphere pressure pushed the pistons back into
the resetting vacuum; but that only obtained a
pressure of fourteen pounds per square inch, so
another steam boiler was constructed to push the
piston back.

The rest of the complicated gadgets and attach-
ments are so that the engine will not require scores
of attendants to open and shut valves, and so that
the boilers will not blow up, indeed, in a few words,
to ensure smooth efficient running.

But here it passes with a piercing shriek and is
gone. Only the steely tracks remain to show the
passing of the express.

KERRY BURNS (C2, Wilmot)

FISHING NOCTURNE

The sil'ry silence of the moon
Lay on the sleepy bush,
While fluttering moths flew out alone
In the evening's tender hush,
And small bush mice crept out, to see
What lay beyond their grassy homes.
There in the warm aquatic realms,
The fishes flicked their tails and rose
To ruffle the ripples on the calm,
And set the stars and moon adance,
And make the shadows ebb and flow
In quickly moving tides.
Fishing in my boat among the shadows
Along the tree-lined shore,
I tugged at my expectant line,
And a silver streak shot down,
A fiery line of phosphorus.
It crackled round the water-line,
It turned the paddle-blades to brilliance,
And dropped like falling diamonds
Back to where it came.
The anchor-rope, a flaming rod,
Brought sparks into my boat,
Until their splendour rivalled far
That of the stars above.

M. TRESIZE (A, Franklin)

AN ATHENIAN INCIDENT

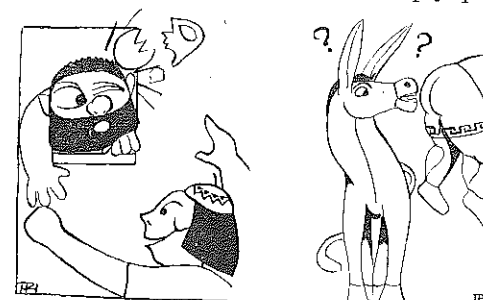
The morning dawned bright and early in the
renowned City of Athens. At about six a.m. that
strong man, Hercules, decided to take his early
morning constitutional in and about the villas of
the Athenian bourgeoisie. Oddly enough, at a
somewhat similar hour an equally renowned gentle-
man, that prince of wags, one Xanthias by name
and slave to Dionysus the Athenian, decided to
rise and shine from the arms of sleep.

By an adverse stroke of fortune Hercules came
strolling along past the Dionysus villa, warbling
songs of spring, in time to receive the contents of
a jug from a small window in an upper apartment.
If this unfortunate incident dampened his musical
forte, it certainly stimulated his ardour and im-
petuosity, for with incredible agility for one of
such surplus condition, he ascended the wall to
investigate the source of the free wash he had



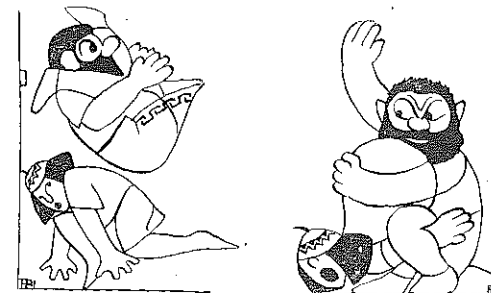
lately received. Shoving his head through the
window, he poked his nose into the grinning face
of the culprit, who was endeavouring to get a
glimpse of the effect of his handiwork.

"How, now, my fine friend, and did ye think I
had forgotten my morning wash, eh?" snorted the
offended one. On receiving an impudent reply to
the affirmative, Hercules heaved his massive form
half way through the window, but could get no
farther. He was, in fact, foremost in but hind-
quarters out. At this juncture he received a load
on his mind in the form of the empty pitcher.



Unable to resist owing to his precarious position,
he was just balancing on the window sill with a
drop of about eight feet to the ground; he was
forced to continue thus till fate intervened in a
surprising way.

A docile and inquisitive donkey on ambling by
was struck to its profound amazement at the sight
of a massive end of humanity with two masculine
and hairy legs dangling from an upper window.
Curious as to the whys and wherefores of this in-
congruous monster, donkey decided to test its re-
flex action to see if it was neuter or otherwise by
taking a well placed nip in the most imposing part
of the anatomy. The air resounded with a large



bellow, like an Ayrshire prize bull exercising its
vocal organs. The immensely athletic form of
Hercules came sailing into the atmosphere, turned

a double somersault, landed with the grace of an
elephant right into Xanthias' bedroom and right
on top of Xanthias.

For one quarter of an hour the welkin echoed
with most unearthly howls. The villa rocked and
swayed. Then, at six-thirty, amid a silent atmos-
phere, out strolled Hercules to resume his morning
walk.

Friend donkey received a bunch of juicy carrots.
Friend Xanthias received another type of present.

PETER HOWARD (B2, Wilmot)

ISLAND OF MY DREAMS

Within a sea of deep blue-green,
A rocky island lies serene;
Its golden beaches now I see,
Its tall blue mountains call to me—
The rivers wide, the water-fall
The calm deep lakes my mind enthral
The sleepy town, the grassy lane
Are all my own, my own again.

HEATHER ARNOLD (C2).

VISIT TO THE APSLEY MARSHES

On arriving at the old Apsley Homestead we
were greeted by a small boy who offered to con-
duct us across the marsh and show us Moulting
Lagoon at the mouth of the Apsley River. Here
in the nesting season, thousands of swans collect.
This lagoon is the most famous of Tasmania's bird
sanctuaries. Having taken us through half a mile
of boggy country covered with reeds that came
up to the waist, our guide treated us to a couple
of the local snake yarns. I can tell you that I
began to wish that I had not come.

After a few slight mishaps such as getting bogged
and stepping on a reed that looked like a snake,
we safely arrived at the dense belt of ti-tree which
surrounds the mouth of the river. The ground
was covered with fallen trees and branches, which
obscured the small creeks. I, of course, stepped
into one of these. Overhead the sky was obliterated
by the interwoven branches of the trees, giving the
air a gloomy look. Feathers of birds were to be
seen everywhere. When we finally arrived at the
mouth, there before us was the lagoon covered
with feeding birds—swans, ducks, pelicans and
every water-bird imaginable. So we saw one of
the most interesting and rarely seen sights of Tas-
mania.

J. AMOS (D2, Sorell)

THE FORT

Quite suddenly we came upon it. For, although
we had been searching for about ten minutes, the
scrub surrounding the sunken ruin is so thick that
the massive gates seem to rear up before you in a
place where but a few seconds ago there was
nothing. The huge spiked palisade creaked for-
lornly as we pushed it open. We passed through
and stood silently surveying our surroundings. The
fort, which is roughly semi-circular in shape, stands
upon the first headland at Bellerive. The site is
magnificent, holding as it does a commanding view
both up and down the river for miles. It would,
I think, have been an impregnable position in by-
gone days when it was necessary to defend the
colony against the French or any other unwelcome
visitors. It is built of sandstone blocks with a
cement parapet, and although much of the masonry
is crumbling now, enough of the main walls remain



to show that it must have been a very fine piece of architecture when it was in use. It consists mainly of a network of closed-in tunnels and open laneways about eight or ten feet across. Above the tunnels the earth is firm, while the grass and bushes grow in undisturbed proximity. The whole structure reaches from ground level to a depth of about ten feet. There is no upstanding super-structure. The only two comparatively open spaces in the whole place are the circular enclosures against the outer walls, about twenty-five feet in diameter, having a perfectly round stone base. This base is the only part of the paving which is still quite intact, and in the centre of it are broken metal fittings, the only remains of the cannon which once poked their gleaming barrels over the walls. In the outer walls of the gun turrets are several niches, the purpose of which is not very clear. They may have been for ammunition refills, but their size and shape suggests that they were originally intended to shelter men. However, what the circumstances were I cannot imagine. The air in the tunnels is dank and foul, but we held our breath and ventured a short distance into some of them. One leads to quite a nest of rooms, which were once probably the soldiers' quarters, set between the two gun swivels. Around the outside is a deep moat which is gradually becoming filled up with debris, and on one corner a peculiar flat-iron shaped structure juts out from the main fortifications. There is a trapdoor in its roof, and at a level round its sides are small openings for muskets, I presume.

As we left the fortress the rays of the sinking sun caught the broken glass scattered on the ramparts. The light temporarily blinded me, and I imagined for a moment that I saw the soldiers jumping one by one through the trapdoor into the flat-iron wing, which was presently bristling with gun-barrels. The cold muzzles of the cannon moved in a relentless circle, and above one of the tunnels staring concentratedly down the river through a telescope stood a lone figure. Suddenly he shouted, "Here she comes standing out into mid-stream, about three miles south." He leapt down into one of the laneways and with him went my illusion, and I saw before me only the mellow stonework of a deserted ruin. "NOLA" (A, Arthur)

THE DRUMS

I lie tossing in bed,
The door is open;
I am sweating, stifled, my head

Tortured with pain.
I hear again the drums, the drums,
The drums terrible:
Drums of the D'bami people. Noise comes
Echoing through jungle.
Maze of narrow pathways, I hear
The swish of spears,
The cries which make the great lion fear:
These come to me
As I lie awake in my bed
Tortured with memories
Of times passed by men long dead.
In native huts,
They come in the dead of night;
Yelling and screaming,
Drunk with the lust of the fight—
They killed my mates.

H. BARTLETT (D2).

HOT WATER BOTTLES

I possess cold feet, therefore, during my life I have come in contact with many hot water bottles. I have had green hot water bottles, red hot water bottles, square hot water bottles, round hot water bottles, hot water bottles with a covering, hot water bottles without a covering; in fact I am quite a connoisseur of hot water bottles.

Great writers have written on a variety of subjects, varying from "Sundials" to "On Lying in Bed," but no one has written "On Lying in Bed with a Hot Water Bottle."

At Primary School one is given essay topics, such as "The Adventures of a Common Pin" or "The Life Story of a Match Box." The latter would probably start: "Once upon a time I was part of a great gum tree" and end "But now I am going to strike." Just think how interesting it would be to read the autobiography of a hot water bottle under the title "Toes I have Tickled."

Hot water bottles, generally speaking, can be divided into two kinds: the type that leak, and the type that don't leak. The former are abominable. The only thing that is worse than waking up to find the bed full of hot water from a hot water bottle is waking up to find the bed full of cold water from the hot water bottle.

Hot water bottles can be used for a variety of purposes. The circular tin species are particularly versatile, as they can be used as a vase or as part of your armour if you are going as a Knight to a Fancy-Dress Ball. They are also very useful utensils to throw at the cat at midnight. When the rubber hot water bottles have outlived their usefulness, the rubber can be cut into strips and used for a catapult, or to mend a puncture. The effect of the latter is particularly charming if you use part of an orange hot water bottle on a pink bicycle tyre.

In order that a hot water bottle should last its allotted span and continue to bring rest and warmth to weary feet, it is best that the bottle be wrapped in some material before being put to bed. This may sound unimportant, but if a sleeper has been having a nightmare and suddenly wakes up to find something cold and clammy at his feet instead of the warm cloth to which he has been accustomed, he is quite likely to throw said water bottle out of the window, thus causing great damage to the window, his purse, and most important of all, the hot water bottle.

Finally there are some people who believe that people who use hot water bottles are degenerate.

Remember, however, that the most dramatic scene in "Macbeth" would not have occurred if Lady Macbeth had not had cold feet and, therefore, begun sleep-walking. And now, as Mr. Pepys would say, to bed.

C. COX (A, Sorell)

THE SEA

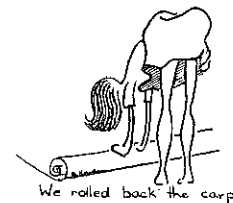
Wide and grey the brooding sea,
Beats with restless energy,
Upon the rocky shore.
Thus within its bounds confined,
It beats with fury, vain and blind,
But cannot its demesne one single inch extend.
So we, too, spend our lives thus striving
Like the heaving restless sea,
Beating with a force impatient
On the shores of destiny.

MARGARET PATERSON (C2).

LET'S CUT A RUG

One day a local yokel suggested that we should cut a rug. I looked at him askance. Cut a rug? How could he suggest that we cut up mother's best carpet? What would she say? After some explanation he at last succeeded in informing me that he merely wished to trip the light fantastic. O-o-o-h!

This seemed to me to be a strictly brush-mush proposition, for I rather like to shake a leg once in a while, so we rolled back the carpet.



We rolled back the carpet

We switched on a bright number and prepared to hop. This really was hot stuff, eight to the bar and all that. Our toes began to itch, and in a few minutes we were capering about the room waggling the latest waggie.



The yokel began to show off a step and really went to town on a Shorty-George. He invited me to turn a neat ankle, but I had cold feet because "Arthur Murray had taught me dancing in a hurry," and I didn't catch on; so we resumed our former method of shuffling in a wacky boogie routine. This called for a weird variety of distorted contortions on the part of the girl, and a great deal of weight lifting on the part of the boy.

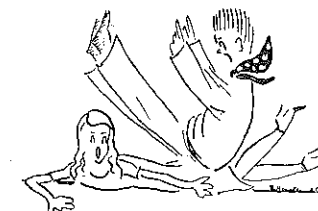
I felt myself heaved and twirled about in the air until I landed on the ground with a resounding bump!



This put an end to the shimmy shaking for a few moments, and, while he was fussing about, the brush mushiest, humdingiest rhumba began to beat its way into our brains. This rhythm proved too much for us and we found ourselves swinging it solid to the tune of "Swing it Sister with a Pickled Eel." Have you ever heard it? Neither have I.



After we had finished dislocating our spinal columns, etc., and, remembering the local's exhibition, I found it imperative to display my talents at the Highland Fling. He greeted this with the remark, "Cornny," and, as there was a juicy bit of swing being played (?), he invited me to go to town. Shuffle, hop, bash, crash! Just listen to that jive! Swing it, baby! Shuffle, bash, cr-a-a-a-a-sh!



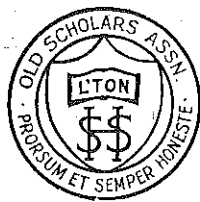
We switched off the wireless, set the carpet in the right position and the local yokel went home, regretting that he had ever suggested that we should cut a rug.

BRENDA HOUSTEIN (B1, Wilmot)

FIRELIGHT

In the flames I seem to see
Little elves that stare at me;
Some have green hats, some have blue,
Some have little costumes too.
Now the fire is getting low,
And soon my pictures all will go.
The logs begin to break and fall,
My pictures vanish, one and all.

R. O'TOOLE (D2, Arthur)



Old Scholars' Column

ANNUAL MEETING

Patron—Mr. W. C. Morris.
 Vice Patrons—Messrs. W. H. Daymond, E. R. Howroyd, A. L. Meston, H. V. Biggins, N. L. Campbell, F. D. Barclay, W. L. Grace.
 President—Mr. R. A. Horne.
 Vice Presidents—Mrs. W. C. Morris; Misses G. Turning, B. Lawrence, B. Layh, J. V. Geiger; Messrs. A. J. Woolcock, T. E. Doe, J. B. Mather, J. G. Branagan, N. S. Forsyth and R. Pullen.
 Secretary—Mr. C. A. Allen.
 Treasurer—Mr. R. L. Woodworth.
 Assistant Secretaries—Miss G. Beckett and Mr. M. Burke.
 Committee—Messrs. N. W. Atkins, D. Campbell, A. F. Butcher, P. Wood; Misses J. M. Cookman, N. Richardson, M. Simmons and B. Tyson.
 Junior Members—Miss J. Tyson and Mr. D. W. Arnold.

Editor for Magazine—Mrs. C. A. Arnold.
 Senior Old Scholars' Rep.—Mrs. S. R. Turnbull.
 Staff Reps.—Miss K. Cawthorn and Mr. S. Powell.
 Auditors—Messrs. K. Lawrence and R. Kestles.
 Since that meeting Mr. S. Powell, Mr. M. Burke (transferred to Burnie) and Mr. D. Campbell (ill health), have resigned and the Committee have filled the latter vacancies temporarily by electing Mr. D. M. Columbine and Mr. D. McDonald. The election is subject to confirmation at the next General Meeting.

During the year there have been seven meetings called, the average attendance being fourteen, which is very good when compared with previous years. From these figures you will gather that the Committee is doing the job for which it was elected, but they cannot comply with your wishes if you don't attend the General Meetings and voice them.

SPORT.

Football :

The Churinga team has a record muster this year and are fast approaching their pre-war standard. At the time of writing the team is second in the premierships ladder.

All players are training hard to catch the selectors' eye when the side to represent the Tasmanian Amateur Football League in the Carnival at Perth, Western Australia, is chosen next year. Some of the boys are away to a good start, as there were three selected to play in the North v. South Amateurs on July 12th.

Men's Basketball :

A Men's Basketball Association was formed in Launceston this year and Churinga was one of the first to field a team. Although most of the boys were new to the game they soon settled down into a forcible combination, who have to date lost only one match in seven. The response to a request for players was so great that a second team has now

been formed, so that all can have a game. The teams are known as Churinga Gold and Churinga Red.

Women's Basketball :

As was the case in previous years two Churinga teams have been formed with a good membership and the teams are well advanced towards another premiership. Churinga has the proud record of having the only two Northern girls chosen to represent Tasmania in the Carnival to be held in Hobart in August. Our heartiest congratulations are extended to Bonnie Davidson and Joan Jansson.

Hockey :

The Churinga Hockey Club was reformed this year and once again the excellent response made it necessary to form two clubs, named Apex and Churinga.

Although the girls are inexperienced as yet they are assured of a better position on the premiership ladder next year. The Churinga teams provided four players for the North v. South match, and our congratulations go to Kath. Cawthorn, who will represent Tasmania later in the year. This Club conducted the first of a series of country dances at Deddington recently, and intend to continue to hold these functions to raise funds for the Club.

Another old scholar has left his homeland and gone to the Mother Country. Our best wishes go to Wing Commander Geoff. Atherton, D.F.C. and Bar, who has taken up a responsible position in the R.A.F., in England.

We congratulate Marion Atkins, Maureen Hoggan and Max. Olding, three old scholars who recently gained their A. Mus. A.

DANCES.

The Association has conducted a series of dances in the School Hall, and although the attendances have been a little disappointing, all those present have remarked upon the excellent manner in which the dances are conducted.

BALL.

The Third Annual Ball was held on Friday, 13th June, and was a much greater success than that of the previous year. Our thanks are extended to those members of the Supper Committee who so adequately arranged that important part of the function. It was pleasing to note the co-operation which existed between the Old Scholars' Association and the Parents and Friends' Association on this occasion. Among the official guests were : the Mayor and Mayoress, the Patron of our Association (Mr. Morris), the President of the Parents and Friends' Association (Mr. F. D. Barclay), the Secretary of the Parents and Friends' Association (Mrs. H. Gunton), Treasurer of the Parents and Friends' Association (Mr. E. Burke), Alderman and Mrs. A. Hollingsworth, Mr. and Mrs. B. C. Iutwyche, as well as officers of our own Association, and also other Old Scholars' Associations in Launceston.

FAIR.

The Old Scholars' Association were pleased to conduct a Stall at the Parents and Friends' Association Annual Fair and contributed to make the function the undoubted success it was.

RE-UNION.

On March 23rd a Re-Union of Old Scholars was held in the School Hall. There was a very large attendance and all present had the time of their lives recalling the days when they were privileged to be able to say that they were pupils of the Launceston State High School.