

The Northern Churinga

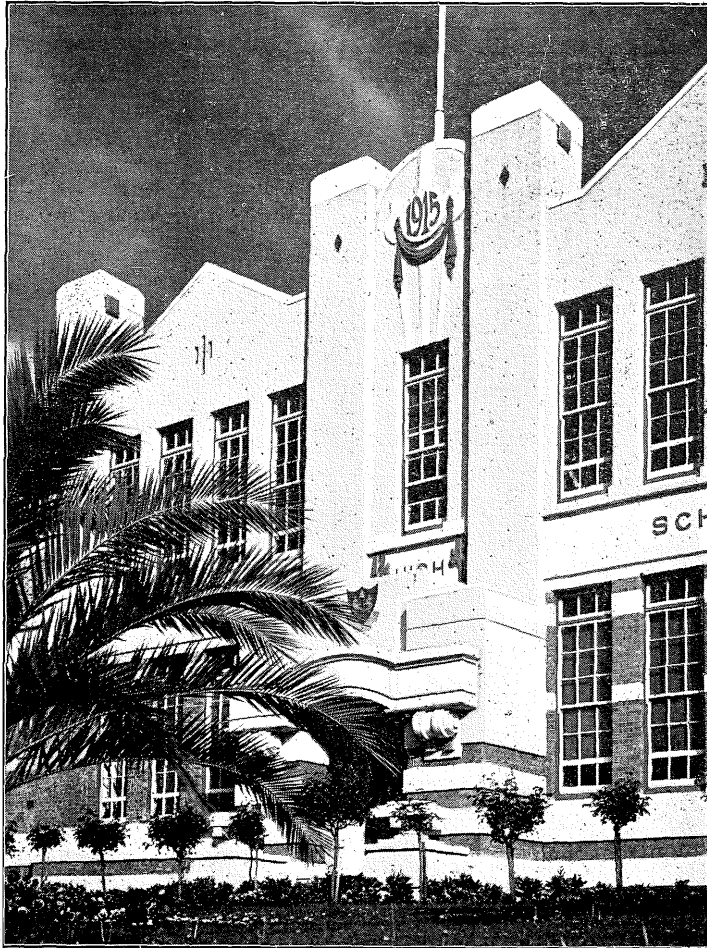


December, 1948

Launceston High School Magazine

VOLUME, XXXVIII.

The Northern Churinga



THE SCHOOL



Editors :
ANN LAYH
DERRY SCOTT

Editorial

What do we come to School for? (Perhaps one reason is to learn when to use a preposition to end a sentence with.) There is really no answer to this question. There are a number of answers and most people can tell, will tell, and are with difficulty stopped from telling, you some of them. Now we do not undertake, within the short compass of an editorial, to put you, lad, and you, lass, right, entirely, irrefragably right, about education. But we do call to your attention one main reason for attending school, a reason the high importance of which is only too often overlooked.

We come to school so that we may become aware of, and may affiliate ourselves with, the great body of traditional knowledge, skill, and wisdom of the human race. Before we can hope to do anything worthwhile ourselves, we must be initiated into the tribe. As soon as he has passed the native equivalent of Mr. Fletcher's Ability Test, the Australian aboriginal boy is formally received, with appropriate ceremony, into the adult community. He is made free of his people's intellectual and moral inheritance: to him there are now entrusted, for pious preservation and transmission to the next generation, the sacred legends, the conventional rituals, the recognised skills, the broad treasure of spiritual and practical wisdom of the Arunta or the Wor-gaia. Nor does his education end with initiation. Far from it: for him there is no school-leaving age of sixteen; but all through his life he pursues a cultural programme, and is led to drink more and more deeply of the inexhaustible spring of tribal lore.

And it is, or should be, with us. There are innumerable things to be known; and each one of us will wish to choose, from all the various fields, his own particular plot to till. This kind of knowledge we may indeed touch lightly upon at school; but the proper time for its determined acquisition is later. Before us stretches a whole lifetime in which to indulge our individual bent for enquiry or performance. But while we are at school, let us learn above all, what the school alone can give us. Few among us, it seems, aspire to follow the aboriginal ideal of a lifelong active communion with the lore of inherited human achievement: let us drink deep, therefore, while we may, at the noble fountain of tradition. And if any man asks you why you learn Algebra ("when," as he will go on to say, "you forget it all as soon as you leave school") tell him you study Algebra, first, because it has a certain practical usefulness (but this is a minor matter); secondly, because it provides an admirable training in ordered thinking; and, possibly most important of all, thirdly, because since Diophantus first clearly expressed the spatial generalisations of his great geometrical predecessors in literal symbols, the power of formulating thought algebraically, has been a natural attribute and dignity of the human mind.

PASSING NOTES

On February 6, Major Fred White, an Old Scholar of the School, was a guest at our Assembly. He is the representative of the Men's Hockey Association and he came on its behalf to present a trophy to the Blue Hockey Team, who were Premiers for 1947. Noel Wathen, the captain of the team, then presented the trophy to the School.

The Cadet Corps was honoured by the visit to the School of the Tasmanian Commandant, Brig. Dollery, Lt. Keogh and W.O. Ellis. The purpose of the visit was to present trophies won for rifle shooting in a recent contest, the Governor-General's Shield to the team with the best average in Australia and the Tankard Cup for the best in Tasmania. Cadet-Lt. Wathen accepted the trophies and presented them to Mr. Morris on behalf of the Cadets.

Visitors to the Assembly during this year have been Mr. McCallum, travelling secretary for World Student Christian Movement; Dr. Penizek, who spoke on conditions in Germany; Mr. McShane, organiser of "Save the Children Appeal"; Mr. Beamish, Traffic Officer; Mrs. A. Thomas, who spoke briefly in French; Miss Hayman, of the Guide International Movement; Frank Clune, noted Australian author; Mr. Rahman, International Delegate from Pakistan; Rev. L. S. Dudley, speaking on Hyderabad; and Mr. Marshall, from Calcutta.

During the year we were unfortunate in losing three members of the Staff. In July, a farewell assembly was held for Miss K. Cawthorn, who had been our Physical Education Mistress for three years. Mr. Morris, in expressing the gratitude of the scholars, wished her every happiness in the future. On behalf of the School, a presentation was made by Ann Layh. Mr. K. Smith, who had been on the Staff for four months, was transferred to Burnie High School. Tribute was paid to the work of Mr. Smith in connection with classes and the Cadet Corps. At the end of the second term, a presentation was made to Mr. P. MacFarlane by the Head Prefects, Ann Layh and John Willey. Mr. MacFarlane left to take up missionary work in Torres Strait.

On September 23 the School had the unique privilege of being entertained in the Assembly Hall by the Tasmanian Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Murison Bourn. Before the commencement of the concert Mr. Murison Bourn explained programme was as follows: "A Manx Overture"—Haydn Wood; Song by the School—"Shenandoah"; Minuet from "Berenice"—Handel; "I am a Friar of the Orders Grey"—Reeve and "Tally-Ho"—Leoni, sung with convincing gusto by the bass, Alan Eddy; Entr'acte from "Rosamunde"—Schubert; Song by the School—"The Lincolnshire Poacher"; Fourth Movement from Symphony No. 1 in C Minor, Op. 68—Brahms. The appreciation of the School was ably expressed by Ann Layh and John Willey.

In the competition conducted under the auspices of the Alliance Francaise, the School did particularly well in all sections. At a social evening held at the School, prizes were presented by Miss B. Layh.

WHO'S WHO

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

Staff: Misses B. Layh, B.A., Diplome d'Etudes Francaise, Diplome de Phonétique Francaise (French); J. Blyth, B.A. (Librarian); L. Russell, B.A. (English); N. Newbon, B.A. (Mathematics); M. Dobbinson, B.A. (French, Music); O. Bushby, M.A. (Social Studies, English); N. Miller, B. Comm. (French, Social Studies, Commerce, Mathematics); L. Hale (English, French, Latin); J. Cleaver (Art); H. Deane (Shorthand, Typing); A. Stephenson (Art); B. Craw (Clerk).

Mesdames H. Holloway, B. Comm. (Commerce, Shorthand, Mathematics); N. Jillet, B.A. (English, Latin, Music); J. McDonald (Mathematics, General Science); A. Dobson (Cookery); F. Crawford (Needlework); L. Moriarty (Clerk).

Messrs. G. Rush, M.A., B.Sc. (Mathematics); E. R. Sowter, B.A. (History, Social Studies); J. H. Moses, B.A., B. Comm. (Music, Commerce); S. C. Morris, B.Sc., Dip. Ed. (Physics, Chemistry, Biology, General Science); D. K. Bewsher, M.A. (English, French, Mathematics); J. A. Gibson, B.A. (English, French, Latin); H. Askeland, B.Sc. (General Science); F. Watson, B.A. (English, Social Studies); L. Howard, M.A. (English, Social Studies); J. H. Smith (Mathematics); K. Smith, B.A. (French); P. H. MacFarlane, B.A. (English, Music, Social Studies); B. Cobern (Physical Education).

Head Prefects: Ann Layh and John Willey. Board of Prefects: Girls—M. Bessell, R. Coogan, B. Easterbrook, J. Ingles, C. Lancaster, B. McKillop, J. Shields, H. Watson. Boys—B. Carney, D. Cordell, P. Dudley, C. Haigh, C. Monaghan, C. Smith, D. Sutton, N. Wathen.

House Captains: Arthur—B. Easterbrook and R. Hurtle. Franklin—R. Coogan and C. Haigh. Sorell—H. Watson and B. Carney. Wilmot—J. Ingles and C. Monaghan.

Sports Master—Mr. B. Cobern. Sports Mistress—Miss J. Amos. Library Supervisor—Miss J. Blyth. Opera Producer—Mr. J. Moses. Officers of Cadets—Lieutenant G. Norman, Cadet-Lieutenant Wathen, W.O. Cocker. Captains of Teams: Basketball, R. Coogan; Hockey, J. Ingles; Girls' Tennis, B. Easterbrook; Softball, B. McKillop; Cricket, C. Monaghan; Football, B. Carney; Stroke of Crew, D. Sutton; Boys' Tennis, D. Wilson; Boys' Hockey, N. Wathen; Debating, M. Knight.

SPEECH NIGHT, 1947

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

Mr. Morris, in presenting his annual report, made reference to the brilliant results of the 1946 Matriculation Class. He read the exceedingly long University Prize List.

The report also revealed that the School had commenced in February with a record enrolment of 610.

Among the Staff changes was the appointment of Mr. T. E. Doe, B.Sc., to the staff of the University of Tasmania.

"The School recognises," said Mr. Morris, "the permanent importance of character and an aware-

ness of those eternal virtues, without which no school can become great. Our aim is the building of the complete man. Students are inculcated with the ideals which make self-respect, self-discipline and self-control their watchwords."

The School Choirs, conducted by Mr. J. H. Moses, presented between them, six numbers. These were: "Gentle Night," "Vespers," "The Wassail Song," "Sleep, Holy Babe," "Don't be Cross" and "She Walks in Beauty." A brass trio consisting of Brian Carney, John Walsh and Terence Morton rendered two numbers. Girls from "C," "D" and "E" classes took part in Folk Dancing and the boys presented a Physical Education Display.

Mr. T. E. Doe delighted the audience with his rendering of "Onaway, Awake Beloved."

The Hon. E. R. A. Howroyd, M.H.A., gave an address and presented the trophies. The prizes were presented by C. E. Fletcher, Esq., M.A., who also addressed the gathering.

PRIZE LIST

DUCES OF CLASSES

"A" (Girls)—Kay Britcliffe (presented by Old Scholars' Association).

"A" (Boys)—Robert Yost (presented by Old Scholars' Association).

"B1" (Girls)—Jill Kerrison.

"B1" (Boys)—Ernest Lyall.

"B2" (Girls)—Fay Youd.

"B2" (Boys)—Paul Dudley.

"C1"—Donald Cordell (presented by A. J. Woolcock, Esq.).

"C2"—Brian Walsh (presented by A. J. Woolcock, Esq.).

"C3"—Kathleen Roberts (presented by A. J. Woolcock, Esq.).

"D1"—Keith Williams.

"D2"—Robert Tanner.

"D3"—Margaret Moore.

"D4"—Valma Gardner.

"E1"—Brian Smith.

"E2"—Hugh Reeves.

"E3"—Brian Mansfield.

"E4"—Gale Scott.

"E5"—Geoffrey Miller.

GENERAL MERIT

Senior School—Billie Davey and Morris Cropp. Junior School — Rhonda Coogan and Brian Walsh.

ATTITUDE AND INFLUENCE PRIZE

(Presented by Ludbrooks Pty. Ltd.)

Nairn Scott and Robert Yost.

BEST PASSES, LEAVING EXAMINATION,

1946 (Presented by Parents' Association)

Pamela Penman and Bruce Rose.

BEST PASS IN CHEMISTRY, LEAVING

EXAMINATION, 1946 (presented by Messrs.

Hatton & Laws)

Bruce Rose.

PRIZE FOR ENGLISH, "A" CLASS, 1946

(Presented by Telegraph Printery)

Thomas Bailey.

PRIZE FOR LEAVING FRENCH, 1946

(Presented by Miss Mary Fisher)

Kay Britcliffe.

BEST PASS, LEAVING EXAM, 1946, NORTH-

ERN HIGH SCHOOLS

(Presented by A. W. Birchall & Sons Pty. Ltd.)

Donald Craw.

PRIZE FOR ENGLISH LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE (presented by Mr. A. D. Foot)
Ernest Lyall.

COOKERY (presented by Launceston Gas Co.)

Class "B"—Margaret Gregory.
Class "C"—Margaret Mitchell.
Class "D"—Avis Bryan.
Class "E"—Nancy Barranger.

NEEDLEWORK

Class "B"—Margaret Broomby.
Class "C"—Margaret Mitchell.
Class "D"—Barbafa Miller.
Class "E"—Eleanor Arnot.

PEGGY PEDLEY MEMORIAL PRIZE

Billie Davey.

JOAN INGLIS MEMORIAL PRIZE

Norma Anderson.

PRIZE FOR COMMERCE

(Presented by McKinlays)

Bruce Proverbs.

PRIZE FOR MERIT (presented by Ron Horne)

Edward Barrett.

PRIZE FOR SCHOOL PIANISTE

Clare Lancaster.

COMMONWEALTH INSTITUTE OF

ACCOUNTANTS' SCHOLARSHIP

Bruce Proverbs.

SPECIAL SERVICES TO SCHOOL

Beverley McKillop.

Janet Targett.

EDITORS OF MAGAZINE AND NEWSPAPER

Lois Symonds and Peter Saunders.

PRIZE FOR LIBRARY WORK

Margaret Morrisby.

PRIZE FOR SCHOOL BANKING

Lesley Read.

TROPHIES

Swimming—Boys :

Open Champion—Adiel Rothwell.
Under 15 Champion—Harry Whybrow.
Under 13 Champion—Brian Sanson.

Girls :

Open Champion—Kathleen Leary.
Under 15 Champion—Lexie Roughley.
Under 13 Champion—Marie Murgatroyd.

Athletics—Boys :

Open Champion—Keith Caelli.
Intermediate Champion—Brian Cleary.
Junior Champion—Brian Yost.
Field Games Champion—Murray Elliott.

Girls :

Open Champion—Lola Smythe.
Intermediate Champion—Dorothy French.
Junior Champions—Gwen Bishop and Lynette Bowden, equal.

Field Games Champion—Helen Murray.

Football :

Best and Fairest for Season (presented by Mr. D. Arnold)—Brian Rundle.

Best and Fairest in High School Premiership (presented by Launceston Football Club)—Peter Ockerby.

Best and Fairest in Inter-High School Match (presented by Launceston Football Club) — Edward Bennett.

Best Club Man (presented by Mr. N. Atkins) — Alfred Crawford.

Most Outstanding Back Man (presented by Mr. and Mrs. Crawford)—Keith Caelli.

Best First Year Player (presented by Mr. M. Columbine)—Brian Cleary.

Most Improved and Consistent Player (presented by Mrs. V. Emms)—Adiel Rothwell.

Cricket :

Best All-Round Cricketer (presented by Mr. G. Martin)—Brian Rundle.

Cadets :

Marksmanship and General Efficiency (presented by Mr. J. C. Dean)—Thomas Williams.

RESULTS OF THE 1947 MARICULATION EXAMINATION

*Matriculated

*Amos, Judith N.
Anderson, Norma H.
Barwick, Mavis E.
Bayly, William J. S.
*Britcliffe, Kay
*Caelli, Keith S.
Cox, Gwenda M.
*Crawford, Alfred L.
*Cropp, Morris A.
*Davey, Given B.
Easterbrook, Betty R.
*Elliott, Norman M.
*Hortle, Kathleen
*Hudson, Hyman R.
Jacques, Gordon
McDonald, Alan P.
Manzoney, John D.
Martin, Carol R.
Monaghan, Cyril T.
*Murray, Helen E.
*Ockerby, Peter R.
*Saltmarsh, Doreen M.
*Scott, Nairn
Sutton, Dame K.
*Symonds, Lois N.
*Taylor, James B.
*Trezise, Margaret E.
*Yost, Robert S.

UNIVERSITY SCHOLARSHIPS

ENTRANCE SCHOLARSHIPS

Nairn Scott (4).
Billie Davey (9).
Robert Yost (11).

SIR PHILIP Fysh SCHOLARSHIP

Lois Symonds (1).
Billie Davey (3).
Kay Britcliffe (4).

GILCHRIST WATT SCHOLARSHIP

Nairn Scott (1).
Kay Britcliffe (2).

JANE CHRISTINE HOGG SCHOLARSHIP

Kay Britcliffe (3).
Billie Davey (5) and Lois Symonds (5), equal.

UNIVERSITY PRIZES

NELLIE EWERS PRIZE

Billie Davey and Lois Symonds, equal.

REV. Dr. JAMES SCOTT MEMORIAL PRIZE
Helen Murray.

RESULTS OF 1947 SCHOOLS' BOARD CERTIFICATE

Bath, Graham. 2 Credits, 3 Passes.
Bessell, Mona. 1 Credit, 7 Passes.
Boon, Gladys. 1 Credit, 6 Passes.
Broomby, Margaret. 2 Credits, 6 Passes.
Brown, Archie. 2 Credits, 4 Passes.
Carney, Brian. 1 Credit, 3 Passes.

Cocker, Dexter. 1 Credit, 6 Passes.

Crothers, Yvonne. 8 Passes.

Crowden, Ronald. 1 Credit, 8 Passes.

Cullen, John. 1 Credit, 5 Passes.

Dudley, Paul. 4 Credits, 4 Passes.

Goldberg, Rosa. 1 Credit, 6 Passes.

Good, Samuel. 7 Passes.

Gregory, Margaret. 1 Credit, 6 Passes.

Haigh, Curzon. 4 Credits, 5 Passes.

Harvey, Mary. 2 Credits, 4 Passes.

Hortle, Robert. 2 Credits, 6 Passes.

Houstein, Brenda. 4 Credits, 4 Passes.

Howard, John. 2 Credits, 6 Passes.

Hudson, Joan. 2 Credits, 6 Passes.

Hume, Ronald. 4 Credits, 5 Passes.

Ingles, Janice. 1 Credit, 6 Passes.

Jack, Kevin. 1 Credit, 7 Passes.

Kerrison, Jill. 5 Credits, 3 Passes.

Layh, Ann. 7 Passes.

Lette, Donald. 7 Passes.

Lyall, Ernest. 8 Credits, 1 Pass.

Lynch, Trevor. 5 Passes.

McCarthy, Joan. 6 Passes.

Mathieson, Lindsay. 2 Credits, 7 Passes.

Morrisby, Margaret. 1 Credit, 7 Passes.

Parsons, Gladys. 6 Passes.

Proverbs, Bruce. 3 Credits, 5 Passes.

Read, Lesley. 2 Credits, 6 Passes.

Rothwell, Adiel. 1 Credit, 6 Passes.

Rundle, Brian. 3 Credits, 3 Passes.

Saunders, Peter. 1 Credit, 7 Passes.

Shields, Janis. 1 Credit, 8 Passes.

Smith, Colvin. 2 Credits, 7 Passes.

Smith, Robert. 7 Passes.

Stewart, Graham. 1 Credit, 5 Passes.

Talbot, Doreen. 1 Credit, 7 Passes.

Tilley, Stanley. 1 Credit, 7 Passes.

Wathen, Noel. 8 Passes.

Watson, Heather. 2 Credits, 6 Passes.

Wells, Donald. 2 Credits, 5 Passes.

Willey, John. 5 Credits, 3 Passes.

Wilson, Desmond. 6 Passes.

Youd, Gena. 7 Credits, 2 Passes.

Young, Heather. 3 Credits, 5 Passes.

THE SCHOOL FAIR

The Annual Parents' and Friends' Association Fair held in the School Hall on Wednesday, June 2, was opened by the Premier and Minister for Education (Mr. Cosgrove). Other members of the official party were Dame Gertrude Cosgrove, the Minister for Agriculture (Mr. Madden) and Mrs. Madden, the Headmaster (Mr. Morris) and Mrs. Morris, the chairman of the Parents' and Friends' Association (Mr. F. D. Barclay) and the Secretary (Mrs. Gunton).

The customary stalls—fancy, cake, produce, savoury, sweet, ice cream, grocery, flower and jumble—were well stocked and well patronised. A delicious afternoon tea was served by members of the Ladies' Committee in the art room.

In the quadrangle, hoop-la, darts and other games of skill were ably managed by masters and senior boys. In Room 5, many good performances were given throughout the afternoon.

The Committee of the School Walking Club presented a new and novel display. Members dressed in full walking gear prepared and served hot dogs, billy tea and coffee. Around the walls of the room were many articles taken on hikes

and descriptions of all walks were well illustrated by photographs.

The function was continued in the evening and in all it realised more than £200. We wish to express our sincere thanks to those helpers who gave up their valuable time to make the fair the success that it was.

LIBRARY REPORT

During the absence of Miss Blyth on sick leave, Mrs. Grecian, a past teacher of the School, deputised for her. Our thanks go to her for her very good work.

The additions to the Library have not been as many this year as in previous years—only 270, compared with 550 for 1947, being added. Next year an in succeeding years it is hoped that the number of new books will be greater.

Several students have given valuable help in running the Library—the work of Brian Walsh has been outstanding. Other hard-working and efficient helpers are Robert Tanner, Ida Watling, Beryl Hillier, Royce Close and Arthur Solomon, who have done sterling work in attending to the actual filing of cards. Special mention must be given to the "E5" girls—M. Potter, S. Walker, B. Luttrell, P. Sundercombe, J. Crawford, M. Lewis, P. Wrightson, S. Bowen, J. Clayton, P. Robins, S. Rootes, P. Packard, B. Bradford, M. Lee, B. Apted, M. Brown, B. Scott, M. Allan and D. McEnnulty—who, under the supervision of Phyllis Hayes, undertook the arduous task of dusting the Library. The list of supporters would not be complete without the names of the girls who repair books during Activity Period—M. Lawes, F. Barker, H. Tolland, T. Tulloch, B. Hill, D. Jacobs, G. Beasley, S. Patterson, M. Turner, M. Murgatroyd, N. Clark and B. Groom. To all these students the Librarian extends her thanks.

Although students receive much help from the Library, many of them give little help in return. There are several small ways in which they can assist. One is by returning all books within the time allowed. If every student does his or her best to comply with this and other rules, then the coming year will be a very successful one for the Library.

PARENTS' AND FRIENDS' ASSOCIATION

The Parents' and Friends' Association, a strong, keen, active body, has enjoyed a year of activity in your interests.

It has given us much pleasure to help and to provide afternoon teas at functions and to support and subsidise some of your sporting features.

In the not so distant future we plan to give you two rowing boats. They will be the finest boats and you will be proud to own them.

We know you will appreciate the broadcasting system we have installed and feel you will derive a great deal of enjoyment from the material presented to you over it.

Next year we will not have to spend a large sum of money at Newnham Hall. That will enable us to provide other material for your use. We hope the girls will continue to be very happy there, that the new year will bring to all of you good health, success and happy working days.



PREFECTS, 1948

WHAT'S HEAVEN?

"'Tis expectation makes a blessing dear,
Heaven were not heaven if we knew what it
were."
—Suckling.

Probably the most widely accepted idea of the next world is that it is a wonderful place where—if we lead a reasonably good life—we go to live in luxury and ease for ever and ever.

I know that our reasoning powers are strictly limited, just as are those of a dog. Although Carlyle was prepared to seek "Truth, though the heavens crush me for following her," we must remember the words of Young

"Humble love,

And not proud reason, keeps the door of heaven
Love finds admission where proud science fails."

Such questions as, "What was there before there was anything?" "How did God make Himself and everything out of nothing?" completely baffle the greatest brains. It is like a dog trying to solve the mystery of an intricate machine, except that the dog probably has more chance.

"The idea of unending space and time,
Makes my poor head ache again
I've scratched it so."

If it is hard for us to imagine ourselves passing into another world, separated from our bodies, how much harder is it for us to imagine ourselves not existing anywhere—just nothing? Could the clumsy caterpillar ever imagine itself in its later beautiful form, when it will effortlessly flutter high above the ground?

I cannot believe that after this short time on Earth we will spend the rest of eternity in luxury, no matter how "good" we have been. Heaven, though, I believe to be a place of reward, because the further we develop here, the more fully we will be able to enter heaven. As Shelley says,

"When the power of imparting joy
Is equal to the will, the human soul
Requires no other heaven."

"A," Sorell

LIFE IN THE GORSE PATCH

Spring comes to the gorse patch. The clump which has been a dull green during the winter awakes and puts on its new golden coat to welcome spring. The gorse patch is alive with activity. Rabbits scurry in and out of their sandy burrows. Small heads pop up and bright eyes peer out from the gorse bush which provides them with a friendly home. Some courageous bunnies frolic on the fresh, green grass which grows by the clump. A little blue wren darts out from the golden bloom to find a tasty morsel for the hungry little chicks that a chirping in the little cup-like nest hidden among the bushes.

Plans are being made in the gorse patch for a long and happy summer, while on the hillside the farmer looks down and sighs, "We must burn out that useless gorse and plant some potatoes."

"SQUIRMY," "D1," Wilmot



"A" CLASS, 1948

KEY TO PHOTOGRAPHS

PREFECTS

Back Row (left to right): Brian Carney, Clare Lancaster, Cyril Monaghan, Rhonda Coogan.

Second Row: Heather Watson, Colvin Smith, Betty Easterbrook, Curzon Haigh, Janice Ingles, Dane Sutton, Beverley McKillop, Noel Wathen.

Front Row: Donald Cordell, Mona Bessel, John Willey, Mr. W. C. Morris (Head Master), Ann Layh, Paul Dudley, Janis Shields.

"A" CLASS

Back Row (left to right): Desmond Wilson, Robert Hortle, Janice Ingles, Colvin Smith, Betty Easterbrook, John Cullen, Joan McCarthy, Dane Sutton, Ronald Crowden.

Second Row: Brian Carney, Graham Bath, Dexter Cocker, Carol Martin, Peter Saunders, Mona Bessel, Stanley Tilley, Janis Shields, Paul Dudley, Lindsay Mathieson, Curzon Haigh.

Front Row: Ronald Hume, Cyril Monaghan, Betty Pollard, Noel Wathen, Mary Harvey, Mr. D. K. Bewsher (Class Teacher), Gordon Jacques, Heather Watson, Robert Smith, Ann Layh, John Willey.

GIRLS' TENNIS TEAM

Back Row (left to right): L. Bowden, J. Shields, P. Lewis, B. Collins.

Front Row: H. Watson, B. Easterbrook (Capt.), R. Coogan.

BOYS' TENNIS TEAM

Back Row (left to right): L. Wallace, R. Sibbon, I. Wallace.

Front Row: J. Allen, P. Fleischer, D. Wilson (Capt.), J. Fleischer, W. Craw.

GIRLS' HOCKEY TEAM

Back Row (left to right): B. Munden, B. Atkins, M. Wilcox, D. French, R. Young, N. Barton, J. Gowans.

Front Row: N. Atkinson, J. Davis, J. Barrett, J. Ingles (Capt.), M. Innis, E. Smith, Y. Planck.

BOYS' HOCKEY TEAM

Back Row (left to right): T. Williams, R. Bayles, R. Crowden, R. Hibbs, G. Pettman.

Front Row: B. Mills, D. Sutton, D. Wilson, N. Wathen (Capt.), L. Mathieson, S. Tilley, N. Blewett.

BASKETBALL TEAM

Back Row (left to right): L. Bowden, P. Lewis, B. Collins, D. McEnnulty.

Front Row: V. Garner, M. Harvey, R. Coogan (Capt.), S. Hudson, B. McKillop.

SOFTBALL TEAM

Back Row (left to right): I. Watling, V. Gardner, J. Ingles, J. Bell, E. Fitzmaurice, S. Terry, M. Maclean.

Front Row: J. Gowans, M. Harvey, B. McKillop (Capt.), P. Bowen, J. Barrett.

FOOTBALL TEAM

Back Row (left to right): R. Hortle, C. Elliott, J. Cullen, P. Broomby, D. Betts, P. Wright.

Second Row: C. Boon, L. Wing, J. Willey, P. Fleischer, J. Fleischer, A. Parish, C. Haigh, H. Gooding.

Front Row: D. Cocker, G. Jacques, B. Carney (Capt.), Mr. B. Cobern (Coach), C. Monaghan, J. Allen, D. Martin.

CRICKET TEAM

Back Row (left to right): D. Scott, D. Murray, H. Gooding, I. Burrows, C. Boon, B. Yost.

Front Row: D. Betts, D. Martin, C. Elliott, C. Monaghan (Capt.), B. Carney, A. Parish, D. Pitt.

FIRST CREW

C. Haigh (bow), S. Tilley, J. Lawson, D. Sutton (stroke), J. Thomas (cox.).

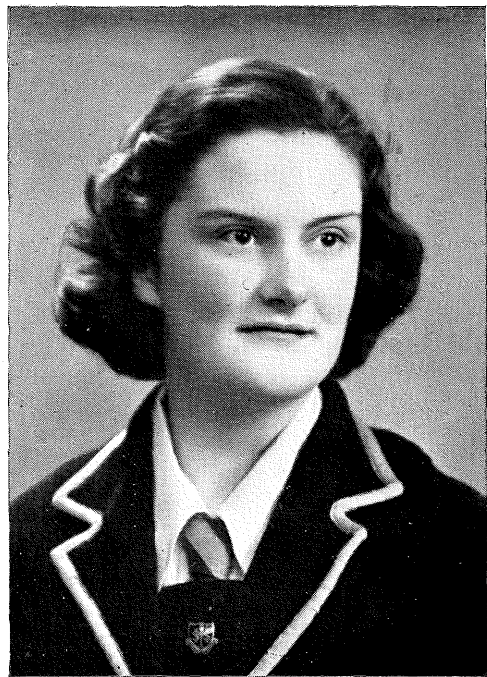
SECOND CREW

C. Smith (bow), J. Willey, G. Jacques, J. Cullen (stroke), J. Thomas (cox.).

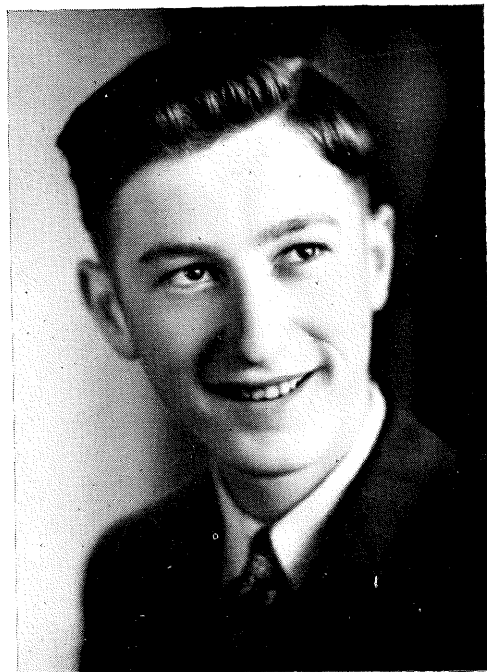
DEBATING TEAM

Left to Right:—P. Dudley, M. Knight, B. Pollard, R. Baker, J. Cullen.

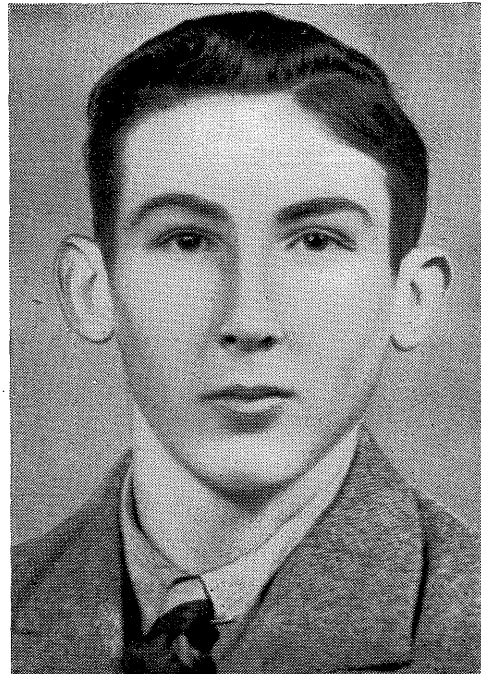
HEAD PREFECTS



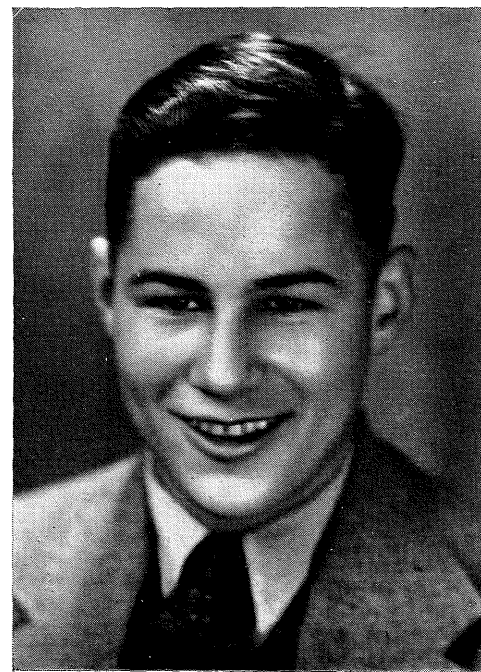
ANN LAYH
BEST MATRICULATION, 1947



ROBERT YOST



JOHN WILLEY
BEST PASS SCHOOLS' BOARD, 1947



ERNEST LYALL

A MAN'S REACH

Mankind is possessed of the strange habit of setting itself impossible tasks and what is stranger still, accomplishing those tasks. This is nothing more than progress; for what more is progress than the achievement of something hitherto considered impossible? We must remember that impossibility is based on past experience, the future holding in store anything which Man's unpredictability allows.

In the dark jungles of pre-history there lived a puny, defenceless creature surrounded by all the terrors of that savage time and he was our ancestor. As his intelligence grew, this early man contrived crude instruments with which he was able to ward off his enemies and obtain the sustenance necessary for his survival. In this triumph over a ruthless environment, mankind scored its first victory over the apparently unconquerable and as history records, the struggle with the impossible has continued through the centuries till the present day.

The world is undergoing a metamorphosis and in almost every field of human endeavour, huge and radical transformations are apparent. Undoubtedly some of these would better have remained unborn in the minds of their perpetrators but the majority herald a new era of prosperity arising from the shambles of war. Consider but one example, that of modern science. Although so great an ocean of scientific knowledge exists as to remain forever unplumbed by mere men, the men of science continue unabashed to delve into its depths, devising cures for supposedly incurable diseases, compounding new substances for man's enjoyment and generally contributing much to the welfare of all peoples. Who would bid these men cease their quest for seemingly unattainable goals?

Of course, when for his exclusive betterment, a man reaches for powers not ordinarily bestowed upon mankind, nothing but disaster can eventuate. The war-monger, his thirst for power aroused by some small initial success, vents his lust for domination on a peace-loving world, only eventually to spring the trap of his own destruction.

There has always dwelt in man's heart a restless spirit ever urging him onward to duel with danger on unknown seas and in forbidden lands. So great has this desire to conquer the unconquerable been that little remains on the Earth's surface for him to vanquish. Symbolic of these last dauntless defenders is the great mountain, Everest, whose mist-shrouded ice-cap still remains unsmirched by mountaineers' ice-pick. Though many men before have perished, suffocated by storms, crushed by avalanches, or frozen in their sleep, more will follow—adventurers, bright with the hope of glory and conquest, trudging towards the goal. And when it is reached—what then?

Will the quest for the new, the dangerous, cease and mankind become fettered in the bonds of a mechanical humdrum existence, enclosed within a sphere of convention and ease? No! I think not, for after Everest, the entire Universe lies waiting, inviting our investigation. Remember, impossibility belongs to the past.

JOHN WILLEY, "A," Arthur

A ROLLING STONE GATHERS NO MOSS

I am asked whether I agree with the statement, or rather, proverb—"A rolling stone gathers no moss"—or not. After turning it round in my mind, I decide I do not.

A tramp is often classed as a rolling stone and people look down upon him when he comes begging for work, or, in some cases, food. In tales about farms and country life, the tramp is usually the villain of the story, who wanders about setting fire to haystacks and barns. People do not seem to realise that tramping, as an occupation, has advantages that office work has not. An Australian tramp might, in his lifetime, see the whole of the continent, whereas a clerk in a large office rarely leaves his own State. Perhaps a tramp may never be rich—that is, in the sense of money—but he receives far more from life than the richest person in the world.

Robert Louis Stevenson considered himself a tramp. He travelled through the Cevennes with his donkey and pack and later wrote the book he called "Travels with a Donkey." I can remember reading an extract from his book while still at the primary school. We were told what a great man and writer Stevenson was and no one even considered applying the old proverb to this man.

Another person who should be mentioned is the Australian authoress, Ernestine Hill. This now famous lady spent five whole years travelling around Australia. She spent a day here and a day there and a day somewhere else—she seldom stayed in the same place very long. Yet one cannot say that she gathered no moss. Mrs. Hill gathered plenty of moss—in fact, the moss she gathered became "The Great Australian Loneliness."

Yet two more authors who travel all the time to obtain their particular "moss" are Ion Idriess and Charles Barrett. We meet Idriess at Broome with its pearling industry and then with the Flying Doctor in Queensland. It is the same with Barrett, whom we find on the summit of Cradle Mountain and then among the birds of Victoria. It is quite ridiculous to say that these rolling stones gather no moss.

What could be more beneficial to anyone's health than to live in the open air? I can think of no better life than wandering round Australia, visiting small outback towns and stations and observing all the different types of people who live in this vast continent of ours. We must see the lakes and tarns, button grass plains and mountain peaks of our own Tasmania.

ANN LAYH, "A," Wilmot.

SWIMMING

Because of the demolition of the large pool at the Victoria Baths, the Swimming Carnival could not be held this year, much to the disappointment of the School.

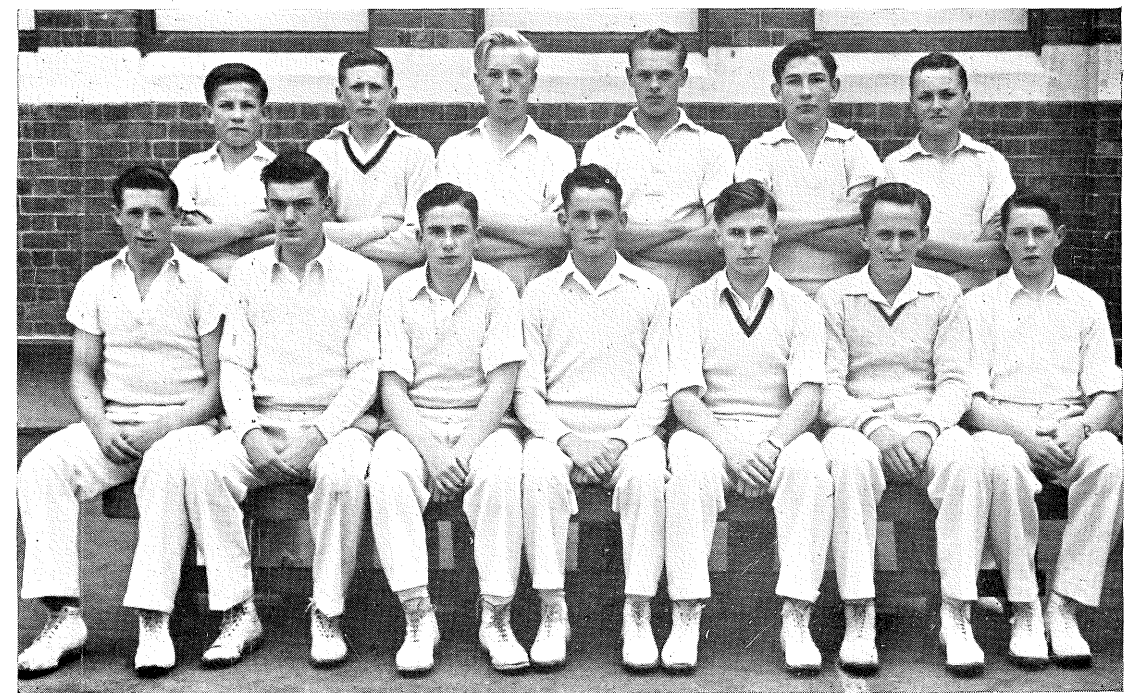
However, a swimming team, consisting of John Cullen, Gordon Jacques, Curzon Haigh and Dane Sutton, represented the School at the Launceston Church Grammar School Swimming Carnival in April. In a thrilling Inter-School relay race, our team finished a close second to the home team, Grammar. The teams competing were Grammar School and the Launceston High School.



GIRLS' TENNIS TEAM



BASKETBALL TEAM



CRICKET TEAM



FOOTBALL TEAM

ATHLETIC SPORTS

Only one record was broken during the School Athletic Sports held on April 1 and 2, that was the girls' open 220 yards, which Onie Pritchard (Franklin) ran in 29 4-5 secs. However, Robert Hurtle, of Arthur, was outstanding in the boys' events, winning over sprint and middle distances. He gained the Boys' Open and Field Games Championships. Franklin led on points at the end of the first day and maintained its position to win the sports with 317 points; Arthur, 301; Wilmot, 217; Sorell, 157.

Individual champions were: Open, Bob Hurtle, Betty Stewart; Intermediate, Gilbert Hartley, Dorothy French; Junior, Douglas McKenzie, Marie Potter; Field Games, Bob Hurtle, Pam Dewis.

The Mile and 100 Yards Champions were Dennis Betts and Graham Pettman respectively. Betts also won the High Jump Championship and except for these three events and the Cricket Ball Throw (won by D. Martin), Bob Hurtle was victorious in all Open Championship events, gaining 48 points for his House.

Betty Stewart won the Open Girls' 75 and 100 Yards sprints and with a third in the 220 Yards, became Open Champion. In the Girls' Field Games Championship, a second in the High and Long Jump entitled Pam Dewis to the honour.

The School would like to thank all those who assisted in any way to make the sports such a success.

FOOTBALL

Largely owing to the inexperience of most of the players—only five remained from last year's team—and because it was opposed to older, heavier and more experienced teams, our School football team did not have a very successful season. Although playing under muddy conditions, our boys performed creditably against Hobart High at the Queensborough Oval in July. Gordon Jacques won a trophy, presented by Alf Crawford, last year's vice-captain, for the most effective Launceston player in the match. In the N.T.F.A. Junior Association competition we won only three matches and finished fifth. In the N.T.S.F.A. v. S.S.O.B.A. match played at York Park this year, Brian Carney and Dennis Betts represented the School.

The team played many games against the Church Grammar School team this year and would like to congratulate them on their very successful season. Playing against such a team, our boys gained much invaluable experience and look back with happy—if rather humble—memories on the hard games they enjoyed. Thank you, Grammar.

CRITICISM OF PLAYERS

BRIAN CARNEY (Capt.).—Brian handled the side with judgment throughout the season. Playing in the all-important full-back position, he was an inspiration to his team mates, with his forceful and tenacious tactics. Further evidence of his ability as a footballer was his position as runner-up in the umpires' vote for the best and fairest player in the Northern Tasmanian Junior Football Association.

CYRIL MONAGHAN (Vice-Capt.). — Moves well with the ball and is a force on the forward

line or in the centre. Good mark for his inches and his ground play and passing are both clever and reliable. Has been an invaluable member of the team.

JOHN ALLAN.—Ruckman and half-forward flanker. Does not use his height to full advantage and therefore his "tapping" and marking are not what they could be. With an improvement in his kicking and ground play, his play would be more effective.

DENNIS BETTS.—Centre and centre half forward. Handling of the ball, kicking, marking and ground play are of high quality. His ability to kick with either foot gets him out of much trouble and he starts movements for the forwards with his accurate passing. Football sense, combined with speed, has made Dennis one of the best players in the team.

CLARRY BOON.—Diminutive, vigorous rover and pocket forward. Judgment and his speed have made Clarry a clever player. Accurate in kicking to a man or for goal. Should concentrate more on playing the ball.

PETER BROOMBY. — A wingster who has shown promise. Although young, Peter has shown more determination and dash than many of his team mates. With a little more speed and strength, Peter should develop into a very effective player. Good mark, ground play very clean.

DEXTER COCKER. — Solid ruckman who battles hard. Uses height and marks well. Kicking has improved greatly. A strength on the half-back flank. Should concentrate on ground play and disposal of the ball.

DON CORDELL.—Should have been better this year as he played several games last season. Slow in all movements and an improvement is necessary, especially in his ground play.

JOHN CULLEN.—John has developed into a rather good wingman. Has shown good judgment in marking. Kicking and ground play have improved. Should concentrate on turning and play the ball more.

CLIFF ELLIOTT. — A solid pocket player. Makes up for his slowness by good judgment and combines well with the full-forward. Accurate kick for goal.

PETER FLEISCHER.—Played some good football on the backline. Height enables him to mark in the packs and his relieving kicks travel well downfield. Peter wants to speed up and add more dash to his play.

JUERGAN FLEISCHER.—Juergan does not use his weight to advantage and has a tendency to pull out. From the half-forward flank he has kicked some good goals. Disposal of the ball needs attention.

HARRY GOODING. — Marking, kicking and ground play are exceptionally good. His play is marred by his slowness and lack of stamina which must be overcome to enable him to use his ability to the full.

CURZON HAIGH.—An inexperienced follower who plays a useful game. Kicking and ground play need attention. Knowledge of the game would improve his play considerably.

BOB HORTLE. — An entirely inexperienced rover and pocket-forward. Speed is his main asset. Handling of the ball and marking are reasonably good, but he must improve his kicking.

GORDON JACQUES.—A consistent centre-half back of stamina. Opposed to good players all the season, he has learned much from his battles with them. Marking and long driving drop kicks are features of his game. Can improve by using his weight more, concentrating on ground play and handling and disposal of the ball.

DON MARTIN.—Most improved player this year. Good ruckman. Marking and kicking good; concentration will help him. Used in moderation, his "staging" is effective.

ALAN PARISH.—An elusive full-forward or centre half-forward. An accurate snap and deliberate kick with either foot. His leading and high marking are faultless at times and his passing is excellent. Alan's ability to gather the ball from the ground and his quick disposal have given confidence to the other forwards.

DON PATERSON. — Dashing pocket back. Clever ground play. Should try to think of what he is doing as his play is marred by stupid mistakes.

IAN WHELAN.—Ian joined the team at the end of the season after being captain of the Seconds. He has shown ability and should do well later.

JOHN WILLEY. — Tall ruckman. Marking good; needs to concentrate on kicking and ground play. Good spoiler.

LAURIE WING.—Good half-forward flanker except that he holds out a little. He shows plenty of promise.

PETER WRIGHT.—A greatly improved pocket back, who uses his weight in a fearless manner. With concentration on his ground work, he should be a valuable player next year.

TED BARRETT.—A useful backman. Good mark and kick.

KEVIN CAELLI.—Slow and apparently uninterested.

ALLAN PALLISER.—Has shown ability on the wing and when roving.

DES. WILSON.—A small but brainy pocket forward, with clever ground play and passing.

BRIAN YOST. — The youngest player this year with a promising future as a forward.

We would like to express our appreciation to our coach, Mr. Coburn, for his untiring work in connection with the team. We appreciate the interest shown by some parents and supporters, especially Mr. Crawford, who arranged for the oranges each week.

CADET NOTES

Although this year has not been as successful as last year, all cadets have reached a high standard of efficiency. At the end of last year we were unfortunate in losing the services of Capt. Doe, who had been with the Cadet Corps since its inauguration. We were also unfortunate enough to lose the services of Lieut. K. Smith during the year, but Lieut. Norman has taken the position as O.C. of our detachment. During the past 12 months the Corps has been honoured by two visits of the State Commandant (Brig. E. M. Dollery), who presented to the School trophies won by the Corps during the year 1947.

The Annual Camp, held at Brighton, was, in some ways, a great success, but in other ways,

very disappointing. For the first time cadets enjoyed the comfort of hot showers, pillow-slips and movie films. For the first time also, a range parade was conducted with the use of Bren automatic machine guns and Vickers machine guns, during which the cadets gained great experience of these weapons. A highly illustrative demonstration of mortars, E.Y. rifles, hand grenades, and Austen machine guns was witnessed by all cadets, while everyone will remember, with a smile, the complications that arose from the night compass march and lantern raid. The School was eliminated from the Hoad Trophy through lack of numbers, but it is probable that with sufficient numbers, the trophy could have been won.

The team which shot in the Earl Roberts' Trophy deserves commendation. They were forced to shoot on the day after they had arrived in camp, with no practice or knowledge of the rifles they were using and this alone was sufficient reason for failure. In concluding I would like to thank all Cadets and N.C.O.'s especially, for their ready and willing co-operation throughout the camp.

A recent recruiting drive held in the School resulted in 24 new Cadets and these will form, together with the other Cadets, the nucleus of a very efficient detachment.

CRICKET

Although we did not win the State Premiership, our team was well up to standard, containing considerable cricketing ability. Mr. Rush's organising of junior teams has done much in unearthing and developing young talent.

We defeated Ogilvie High at Invermay Park. Our innings of 187 featured a fine 81 by C. Elliott. Youngster Brian Yost made a confident 34 and D. Betts 19.

Ogilvie High made only 53. B. Carney was the best of our bowlers, taking 4 for 15. C. Elliott 2 for 4 (including 8 consecutive maidens), D. Martin, 2 for 15 and D. Betts 2 for 7, all bowled well.

The tale of the Burnie match is a less happy one. Burnie batted first on a soft, but easy wicket. Our bowlers could not keep a length and were roughly treated. By hitting hard, Burnie compiled 151 (Cross 54). Martin took 3 for 31, Elliott 4 for 41 and Carney 3 for 41.

None of our batsmen really settled down and we were all out for 93, with Betts 18 and Parish 19, top scorers. Burnie's Ray Rocher took 5 for 23.

CRITICISM OF PLAYERS

CYRIL MONAGHAN (Capt.).—Ideal opening batsman with sound defence and pleasing wristy strokes. Slow leg-break bowler of fluctuating length and fortune. His attitude to the game, thoughtfulness and his nature, make him a very popular captain.

CLIFF ELLIOTT (Vice).—Left-handed opening batsman. Very sound defence with an ability to hit the right ball hard make him a most promising batsman. Medium-paced bowler, not very hostile, but has excellent control. Good slips field.

BRIAN CARNEY. — Stylish right-hand bat with flowing style. Tries to force pace too early in innings. Fastish medium bowler who bowls well at times. Side's best field.

DON MARTIN.—A nervous beginner, but a good batsman. Lack of concentration usually dismisses him. Fast-medium bowler and the spearhead of the attack. Fair field.

DENNIS BETTS.—Developed into good turf bat, moving forward well and displaying patience. Slow medium off-spinner of promise. Good outfield.

ALAN PARISH.—Though a little unorthodox, did well with the bat in Inter-High games. Hits hard. Good field.

CLARENCE BOON.—Smart wicket-keeper. Stubborn left-hand bat, often defying opponents' efforts to dislodge him.

BRIAN YOST.—Quickly became accustomed to turf. Now a remarkably accomplished batsman for one so young. Bowling developing.

DAVID MURRAY.—Youngster with good defence. Should develop into a good bat. Fielding could be improved.

HARRY GOODING.—Junior who bowls quite well. Batting was disappointing. For success in good cricket, a more serious attitude is needed.

ALAN PALLISER.—Lad displaying matured ability with bat. Uses feet well. Off-spinners very useful if better controlled. Unfortunately has indolent attitude towards practice, particularly fielding.

DON PITT.—Batting improved and shows promise. A hard trier in the field, his keenness deserves success.

DERRY SCOTT.—Slow leg-spinner. Finds it hard to keep a good length, but spins ball well. Batting lacks power. Fielding weak.

In conclusion the team would like to thank the coach, Mr. Gibson, for the time and energy he has spent with them.

SOFTBALL

The softball team is unfortunate in that it has had only one real match during the season—that being against Hobart High School. All the girls practised hard and did their best to make the score against Hobart High more even, but their team was far superior to ours in both fielding and batting and consequently we were easily defeated.

We would like to take this opportunity of congratulating Hobart High on their success and also of thanking our coach, Miss Cawthorne, who helped with our training.

CRITICISM OF PLAYERS

BEVERLEY McKILLOP (Capt.)—Catcher. A fine catcher who directed the team's play very efficiently. She is a brilliant left-hand batter and has developed a very accurate and forceful throw to second base through consistent practice.

MARY HARVEY (Vice-Capt.)—Pitcher. A fast and steady pitcher with a swift, accurate throw. Mary is quick on her feet and has taken some brilliant catches. She has displayed a great interest in the team and has been very helpful at practice.

VALMA GARDNER.—First base. A capable player on first base and a strong right-handed hitter.

JOAN BARRETT.—Second base. Has an exceptionally good hit and a very capable fielder.

JOYCE BELL.—Third base. A steady, competent player who played well as co-pitcher during the Hobart match.

JANET GOWANS.—Short stop. An exceptionally good short stop and a strong batter.

JANICE INGLES.—Roving short stop. A clean fielder with an accurate throw. Has developed into a forceful batter.

MARGARET MACLEAN.—Left outfield. A brilliant catcher in the outfield, with a forceful throw. Margaret played an inspiring game against Hobart.

SHIRLEY TERRY.—Centre outfield. An excellent fielder with an accurate catch and strong throw.

PAT BOWEN.—Right outfield. Pat is swift to the ball and has developed into a good catcher. Her hitting is reliable.

Emergencies—Ethel Fitzmaurice and Ida Watling.

BASKETBALL

Unfortunately the first team comprised mainly new players, but despite this, the girls managed to keep a fast, systematic combination. The match against Hobart was played in exceedingly bad conditions. The School team was overwhelmed by the more experienced Hobartians in the first quarter and although we managed to hold them in the second and third quarters, we lost the game. The scores were 40 goals to 21. Congratulations to Hobart High for winning the Island Premiership.

CRITICISM OF TEAM

RHONDA COOGAN (Capt.)—Defence Wing. A consistent player with a good knowledge of the game. A capable and popular captain.

MARY HARVEY (Vice-Capt.)—Defence Goal. Mary is an enthusiastic member of the team and has good knowledge of the systems, although a little more speed would improve her consistency.

BEVERLEY McKILLOP.—Defence Goal. Experienced player whose ability to jump frequently gave her the ball. Beverley played a fine game in the Hobart match and was commented on by the umpire.

VALMA GARDNER.—Centre. A reliable centre with a good knowledge of the numerous systems. Although high passing is a little erratic and her jumping rather weak, Valma formed a good link between defence and attack.

LYNETTE BOWDEN.—Attack Wing.—A young player whose catching is excellent although throwing is often erratic and too hard. Very quick on her feet. With greater concentration on the game, Lynette could become an outstanding player.

BEVERLEY COLLINS.—First Goal. A good player with a sound knowledge of the systems. Goal throwing is good. Although her catching needs practice, Beverley proved a valuable team member.

PAMELA DEWIS.—Goal. Pam is quick on her feet and a good goal thrower. However, her throwing, in play, needs practice. Pam and Beverley have developed a fine combination and played well against Hobart.

Emergencies—Sylvia Hudson and Dorothy McEnnulty.

The team would like to thank their coach, Miss Miller, whose enthusiasm and valuable coaching has developed the team.



GIRLS' HOCKEY TEAM

FIFTEEN FEET ABOVE THE GROUND

It was a dull, uninteresting day, so my companion and I made our way towards the Deviot gravel pits. We reached the lower end, where a small creek trickled over the gravel. The gravel was held in a pit not unlike a pie-dish. At the lower end, which I mentioned, was a small wooden dam to prevent the gravel from going down the creek. At the bottom side of the dam was a drop of about four feet.

Then again, above this, held between banks, was a pole about eight feet long. The pole would be about 11 feet above the gravel which was dammed up against the wood. My companion was sitting on the log held by the banks. I said, "Jump down on to the bottom gravel."

"No, it's too far to jump. That gravel's hard, I may break my leg. No, you jump," he answered. "All right, wait while I climb up," I replied.

I climbed up, but up there, the height seemed considerably greater than on the ground. I then and there decided not to jump. Then I said, determined to retain my lost dignity, "I'll walk along the pole backwards."

"What. Don't be so silly!" exclaimed my companion.

Anyhow, with my mouth closed firmly, I cautiously felt my way along the pole, trying to keep my eyes off the ground. Then I came to some wood which had been chipped off and stumbled. I was not helped by the laughter of my companion, who was now watching eagerly. However, I reached the other end grinning and streaming with perspiration.

DAVID WILSON, "E," Sorell

MY READING

When the above topic is given as the subject of an essay it is announced in such a charming way that not only does one have to look delighted with the prospect of having to write on such an interesting subject, but genuinely believes that it is, if anything, a topic slightly less impossible than usual. However, in the cold light of the evening before, or the same morning as it has to be passed in, it appears less and less promising. There are, of course, ways of avoiding this topic. For example, it is quite possible to write a treatise on "The Habits of Sarcopsylla," or anything—except "My Reading and Me"—cross your fingers and hope it isn't noticed. Then again I could follow one of those trains of thought like the one where one starts thinking about the dead moth by the reading lamp and as one watches, insects in general, Bruce's spider, early English history, King Arthur, the Knights of the Round Table, ancient legends in general and the Norse gods, until one ends by giving a stirring rendition of Greig's "In the Hall of the Mountain King." If an innocent moth, faintly waving its feelers can lead to Greig, "My Reading and Me" should lead anywhere. The only difficulty is that the last state may be worse than the first, so to be original I shall write on the topic set.

I have been told many times by various people how important it is what we read, but I find where we read to be just as important.

The worst places to read are in bed, in a bath and in a train, tram or bus.

Reading in bed is one of the most exasperating and fatiguing occupations I have yet undertaken. In no way is it possible to combine comfort with

practicability. If the book is left to stand on my chest by itself so that I can warm my frozen hands, before long my whole printed world looms forward and I receive a nerve-shattering crack on the forehead and usually I wake near midnight, having difficulty with my breathing, to find the book closed on my nose.

Reading in the bath is quite pleasant except that the water always get colds. It is possible to leave the hot water tap running a little, but the noise is rather distracting, the bath is liable to overflow after a while and if a toe is absent-mindedly allowed to wander beneath the source of warmth, all concentration is rudely shattered. Another drawback is that other members of the family, with their usual unreasonableness, expect you to be able to have a bath in less than an hour and are likely to come enquiring if you have drowned yourself or not after a while. There is, however, little concern in their enquiry.

I need not dwell on the torture of chasing animated words all over a page and having to read the same line half a dozen times before you can contrive to get on to the next, when trying to read in a tram or train. In any case there is a much more vivid and exciting story passing the window, whether you are in a tram in Brisbane Street or in a train in the heart of the country.

The best places to read are on a front lawn, on a beach or in the bush.

A lawn is a very pleasant place to read if the grass is long and soft. Such interruptions as your dog coming and sticking his cold nose down your neck, or your cat coming and sitting just where you were reading, are not unpleasant. The family of wrens in the honeysuckle and the people passing the gate at the bottom of the garden are pleasant diversions which do not intrude but which are vague items to watch as you are thinking about what you have read.

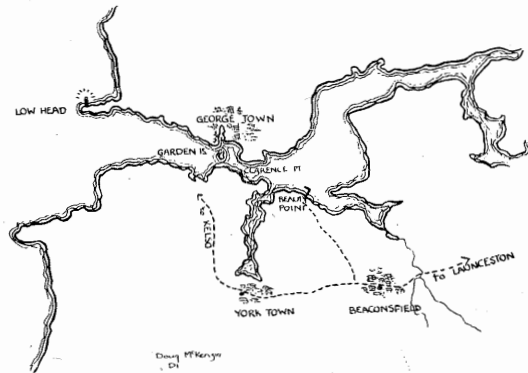
No doubt you have been with a party to a beach—one of those affairs from which everyone comes back with sunburn, sore eyes, matted hair, sand in their singlets and short tempers. It would have been much more pleasant to take several books and choosing some wind-hollow in a high, warm sand dune, where the wind has traced circles with the bent reeds and where small black and white birds run and crouch, alternately read and watch the waves and birds.

The third, and probably the best place to read is in the bush. Here reading really consists of a pleasant way of filling in the intervals between studying subjects of greater interest. It occupies your time between such diversions as a pair of wrestling goanas, which come crashing over the bark and sticks, a bandicoot snuffling and scratching for roots and a lizard springing and tumbling after a low-flying moth or wasp, out of whose wings he has already taken several bites and which he presently bears away with only a wing showing from each corner of the mouth.

Writing an essay is like spending an evening with a friend. The formal beginnings are difficult, but as it progresses, the evening becomes more natural and enjoyable so that when it is time to leave, you think of many things you meant to say. I proposed to say that I like biographies, because by reading them we live many lives; travel, because they let us see the

world cheaply; foreign translations, because they help us to understand the other peoples of the world and plays because they cut out all that is unnecessary; but my host has come to the door with me and I have already kept him too long.

"ME," "A," Sorell



I LIVE AT YORK TOWN

On the 4th of November, 1804, Capt. Kent, commanding His Majesty's ship "Buffalo," which was bringing Lieut.-Col. Paterson and some of his people to the Tamar, arrived off Port Dalrymple. The "Buffalo" came to anchor that evening a mile below Green Island (now Garden). On the 11th Paterson officially took possession of North Tasmania. On the spot where he first landed in George Town, there stands a monument, unfortunately now very much ill-used. At George Town a temporary settlement was established until a better site could be found.

Scouting parties returned with the news that a very suitable place was at the end of Western Arm. After two inspections he decided that it was the place for a settlement. It had a good water supply (good enough for the small colony). Paterson stated that it was a good port (it must have deteriorated considerably in the last 144 years), the soil was (and still is), extremely rich and there were deposits of limestone and sandstone which could be used for building.

Immediately the party arrived they set about building quarters to protect them from the terrors of a Tasmanian winter. Government House was built, homes for the settlers, barracks for the soldiers and prisons for the convicts were erected. Gardens were laid out and roads made. Paterson's dreams of making a city out of York Town (maybe he had such dreams), were all for nothing when a much better location was discovered on the North Esk. To here nearly all the settlers moved in 1806. So after two years of glory, York Town was practically abandoned. The gardener and his family stayed and he and his descendants managed to make a living out of the place until the latter part of the last century. The first gardener was a Mr. Barratt and his great-great-grandson is still living in Beaconsfield. He can still remember the time when he, his mother and sisters and brothers were sheltering in their house which was suddenly attacked by the blacks. The children made their escape but their mother was killed, speared by the natives who also set the house on fire.

During her husband's term of office, Lady Franklin did much to bring York Town back to its original glory. She had the gardens re-laid and planted several apple trees which can still be seen. Every year a beautiful crop of golden daffodils appears which show that there was a garden there. A couple of hundred yards from the road is a hole which is said to be the cellar of the Government House. That is all that remains. Till a few years ago there stood at York Town a quaint old cottage completely covered with ivy. I am sure that it stood a long, long time, but unfortunately it perished in a bushfire.

Present day appearances of York Town would not suggest to anyone that it was there where the settlement was made in Northern Tasmania in 1804. About a mile from the main road there stands the homes of Bowen Bros., who own the nearby orchard which is one of the finest on the West Tamar.

Through all this and through many previous centuries, the creek has stayed. It runs all the year round, whatever the weather and has never been known to dry up during the 144 years that it has been known. It provides excellent drinking water. Unfortunately trees have been cut down and allowed to fall into the creek and as time has gone by they have rotted, leaving ugly grey trunks making the creek grotesque and unseemly.

BRUCE BEATON, "D1," Sorell

A FALL FROM GRACE



Mr. Gumblegree took down his hat
With a slow, decisive movement that
Boded evil for someone—something,
For, that very morning, with lowering brows
and ferocious mien,
Entering the kitchen, he had seen
A rat.

So now with coat and rusty bowler
He strode along angrily passing many a
stroller,
For he was going to the shops to look around
For the place where rat-traps did abound,
And he was going to catch the hungry
marauder
By stealth, toasted cheese and, if things were
in order,
Catch that rat, the pestilent thief!
That he dared to intrude was beyond belief.

Into Coles' he puffed and wheezed,
For coming down the hill there had been quite
a breeze,
Which had blown him backwards into a shop

Where a fast-talking salesman sold him a
strop;
Growling and grumbling with a menacing look
At a poor little student who promptly shook.

"Now where do I go," he said with a frown,
"To get a rat-trap? For I want to keep down
A huge family of rats which eat my ham,
My bologna, my spaghetti, my stilton and my
jam."

The lady on the jewellery counter said,
"I don't know, I think perhaps you had better
go to Holmes' instead."

Mr. Gumblegree with a timid step,
For the atmosphere of antiseptics startled
him a bit,
Shook his ancient umbrella that was musty
and steaming,
And walked past the scales all shining and
gleaming
Which winked a malevolent eye at his figure,
And said, "Come on, you can't escape me,
You know last time you weighed fifteen stone
three."

With a clink and a rattle the penny went down
And the shiny, black needle slipped slowly
around
Like the fangs of a cobra prepared to strike,
With hooded head reared and scales gleaming
bright.

Cold, baleful eyes that told him his fate,
Because now, to his horror, he was fifteen stone
eight.

Down the busy street he wandered entranced,
Passing the Majestic with a wistful glance.
Then he came to Monaghan's, that den of iniquity,
With mien ashamed, a look of stealth,
He viewed George Adams with dreams of wealth.
Slowly he stumbled into a world dark and wicked,
Tight clasped in hand, he held —
The ticket!

Up the hill and along the street
He tripped along with winged feet.
Arriving at home he quickly went in
With dreams of the thousands he would win.

* * *

In the pale, wan light of the early morn,
A family of rats rested in rags all torn.
Slowly they rose and swiftly they ran,
Free from the devices invented by man.

JENNY AMOS, "C2," Sorell





SCHOOL CREW



SECOND CREW

BOYS' TENNIS

Early in the year Des Wilson was re-elected captain, with Juergan Fleischer as vice-captain.

The team played Hobart High in Launceston and won by nine rubbers to nil. The next day we travelled to Devonport to play them for the State Premiership. We started disastrously and at lunch-time had lost the three doubles matches. In the afternoon, however, we won five out of the six singles matches and we therefore retained the State Premiership, which we won last year.

Results of the Hobart matches were:

J. Fleischer and P. Fleischer defeated Lincoln and Evans, 6-2, 6-1.

D. Wilson and J. Allan defeated Shepherd and Broadby, 6-3, 4-6, 6-4.

W. Crow and L. Wallace defeated Harrison and Smithies, 6-2, 6-2.

D. Wilson defeated Lincoln, 9-8.

J. Fleischer defeated Evans, 9-7.

W. Crow defeated Shepherd, 9-1.

P. Fleischer defeated Harrison, 9-5.

L. Wallace defeated Broadby, 9-7.

J. Allan defeated Smithies, 9-8.

Launceston, 9 rubbers, 12 sets, 94 games. Hobart, 0 rubbers, 1 set, 56 games.

Devonport results were:

J. Fleischer and P. Fleischer lost to Williams and Cowans, 6-3, 4-6, 5-6.

D. Wilson and J. Allan lost to Wilson and McKendrick, 1-6, 5-6.

W. Crow and L. Wallace lost to Howie and Eade, 4-6, 6-1, 4-6.

D. Wilson lost to Williams, 3-9.

J. Fleischer defeated Cowans, 9-2.

W. Crow defeated McKendrick, 9-1.

P. Fleischer defeated Howie, 9-7.

L. Wallace defeated Wilson, 9-4.

J. Allan defeated Eade, 9-7.

Launceston, 5 rubbers, 7 sets, 83 games.

Devonport, 4 rubbers, 7 sets, 70 games.

CRITICISM OF PLAYERS

DESMOND WILSON (Capt.).—By his victory over J. Fleischer and his hard battle against E. Bennett in last year's Schools' Singles Championship, Des earned the right to be No. 1 player. Throughout his long school tennis career he has consistently produced his best when, and only when, the occasion has required a special effort.

JUERGAN FLEISCHER (Vice).—A very consistent player who has an excellent variety of strokes. His service and smashes are very good.

WILLIAM CRAW.—Billy is by far the most improved player in the team. His service and smashing, which were weak last year, are now good. He should go a long way in the tennis world.

PETER FLEISCHER.—A very steady player who has a good service and smash. His volleying is his weak link and he should try to improve it.

LESLIE WALLACE.—Les. has not improved greatly on his play of 1947. He is serving better but his backhand is very weak and he must strive to improve it.

JOHN ALLAN.—Only newcomer to the team. John played well for the School in all his matches. His ground strokes are consistent, but his service and smashing must improve.

Emergencies—Ian Wallace, Rodney Sibbon.

The team was fortunate in again having Mr. Rush as the coach and it was mainly through his efforts that the team was so successful.

TENNIS

We were very unfortunate in losing the services of Miss Deane as a coach, but Mr. Stan Morris took her place and gave us some very valuable coaching. The team was defeated by Hobart High mainly because of our weakness in the doubles matches. Hobart was, however, a more experienced and stronger team and well deserved the Island Premiership.

CRITICISM OF PLAYERS

BETTY EASTERBROOK (Capt.).—An aggressive cross-court forehand drive, combined with her steady temperament, makes Betty a capable player. A strong feature of her game is her volley.

DOREEN WILLIS (Vice-Capt.).—Doreen has a strong service which wins her many points, but her tendency to cut balls minimises the strength of her forehand and backhand shots. Doreen, unfortunately, was handicapped by a fall during the doubles match against Hobart.

LYNETTE BOWDEN.—A new player who did very well to gain No. 1 position in the team. Her match temperament is outstanding and was partly the reason for her success against her more experienced Hobart opponent in the Inter-High School match.

BEV. COLLINS.—Plays a forceful game, but sometimes lacks concentration. In the Hobart match, however, Bev. played an outstanding game and well deserved her win.

RHONDA COOGAN.—A very steady player, with a good service and a good match temperament. Her forceful shots are well placed. She won her singles against Hobart in a very convincing manner.

PAM. DEWIS has a strong backhand, but play is weak owing to her tendency to cut balls. Should try to improve her service.

Emergencies — Heather Watson and Janis Shields.

ROWING

On Wednesday, April 7, the two crews, accompanied by Mr. K. Smith and Mr. A. Tynan, travelled to Hobart to compete in the Annual Inter-High School rowing events. The crew which rowed for the Clarke Shield was stroked by Dane Sutton, whose experience and leadership were inspiring to all the rowers. The crew was C. Haigh (bow), S. Tilley (2), J. Lawson (3), D. Sutton (stroke), John Thomas (cox.). Mr. Alec Tynan coached this combination.

The other crew was formed later in the season and though inexperienced, showed great improvement when Mr. Bob Carter took charge of it. Friendly rivalry existed between the crews throughout the season and it is perhaps unfortunate that a race could not be arranged in order to prove which was the better crew. Mr. Carter's crew comprised C. Smith (bow), J. Willey (2), G. Jacques (3), J. Cullen (stroke), Tony Crawley (cox.). Much of the credit for the crew's success is due to Tony, who, with judgment and tact born of experience, kept the crew under an "iron hand" during training and coxed exceptionally well during the race, when his psychological remarks to the Hobart crew upset their morale considerably.

On the trip, a persistent southerly wind combined with rain, kept the two crews off the water. The conditions on the morning of the race, how-

ever, were similar to those of the Tamar; the rowers were fortunate to strike a lull in the bad weather.

Both crews made a good start in the race for the Clarke Shield, but Hobart, taking advantage of the current and rating faster than the Northerners, gained the lead, maintaining it to win by the considerable margin of nine lengths.

At the start of the second race, the Hobart crew were first off the mark, but before the half-mile was reached, Launceston had moved to the front. Urged on by the indomitable Tartar-like cox, the crew settled down to a long, steady stroke and drew away to win easily by a comfortable margin of three or four lengths.

Both crews wish to express their appreciation for the services given by Messrs. Tynan and Carter as coaches and to Messrs. K. Smith and F. H. V. Watson for the interest and patience which they displayed in all rowing matters.

Two new boats are on order and the School hopes to receive these by the end of 1950. These boats will do much for rowing in the School and it is fitting that the School should make progress in a sport which is rapidly regaining popularity.

BOYS' HOCKEY

Although this is only the second year since the inauguration of boys' hockey into the School, great achievement has been reached. Hockey is not yet recognised as a School sport, but all hockey boys look forward to the time when it will be a major sport.

Two teams, under the names of High Green and High Blue, played in a weekly roster, the Greens only losing two games during the season. Several social matches played during the season include three games against Methodist Ladies' College, one against the football team, two against our own girls' hockey team and one against South Launceston "B" Grade. In all these games the team was undefeated.

This year we played Hobart High in Launceston and we were defeated by four goals to one. The game was of a high standard and we would like to congratulate Hobart on their victory.

The Premiership of the N.T.J.H.A. resulted in a win for Tech. Red, who defeated High Green by one goal to nil.

In conclusion the team would like to thank Mr. White, Miss Bushby and the many old scholars who have given us valuable coaching throughout the season.

CRITICISM OF PLAYERS

NOEL WATHEN (Capt.).—Noel's forceful drive, excellent variety of strokes and good "hockey sense" have made him an invaluable centre-half. A capable captain, his tenacity of purpose, and ability to hold the team together, have been one of the main reasons for the team's success. Noel was captain of the N.T.J.H.A.

DESMOND WILSON (Vice).—A diminutive centre-forward. A sure, powerful shot for goal, Des was the leading goal-striker in N.T.J.H.A. Sets an example to and inspires the rest of the forward line.

RONALD CROWDEN.—Accomplished goalie. A forceful sweeping hit and has vigorous attack-

ing qualities. Best man on the ground against Hobart.

LINDSAY MATHIESON.—Left-inner. Lindsay has valuable experience which he uses to support the forward line. Lindsay needs more speed and concentration on shooting for goal.

BRIAN MILLS.—Solid half-back with valuable hitting power. Brian's services have become indispensable to the team.

GRAHAM PETTMAN.—Accomplished wingman whose speed and flick passes make possible many scoring shots. His control of the ball when dribbling needs improvement.

TOM WILLIAMS.—Tom played as a back last year, but this year he developed into a valuable wingman, whose speed and centre passes baffle his opponents. He must learn not to wander.

DANE SUTTON.—A powerful back who uses his weight in tackling and hitting. His excellent anticipation helps to overcome his inaccuracy.

NEIL BLEWETT.—A determined forward who never gives in. He needs to tackle and drive the ball with more consistency.

ROBERT BAYLES.—A newcomer to the team who always plays a consistent and determined game as a back.

ROBERT HIBBS.—Robert can play a very good game, but he is very inconsistent. He is inclined to wait for the opposition to come to him.

STANLEY TILLEY.—Captained the Blue team for part of the season. Although inexperienced, Stan is a hard hitter and tackles well.

GIRLS' HOCKEY

In spite of many handicaps the team practised enthusiastically and, although we were not very successful this year, the nucleus of what should be a winning team next year has been formed. The team was defeated by Hobart High School, 4 goals to nil after a fast game, and they wish to congratulate Hobart hockey team on winning the Island Premiership, which has been held by Devonport for many years.

The team was unlucky to lose the excellent coaching of Miss Cawthorne during the season, but was indeed fortunate in having Miss Bushby to coach in her place. The team also wishes to pay tribute to Miss Bushby for the way in which she has encouraged and trained the younger hockey players. Three junior teams were formed from new players who, under Miss Bushby's able coaching, have made remarkable improvement.

CRITICISM OF PLAYERS

JANICE INGLES (Capt.).—Janice is a capable and inspiring captain and mainstay of the team. The weakness caused by her inability to play in the Inter-High match contributed largely to the defeat of the team.

JOAN BARRETT (Vice.).—With good stickwork and ability to "stick to her opponent," Joan has been the mainstay of the back line. Her strong, clean drive and clever variety of stickwork has changed the direction of the ball many times.

NANCY ATKINSON.—A tenacious player, who, with more speed and experience should be very good. Nancy is very steady with her good stickwork, although her clearing shot could be improved.

MARGARET INNIS.—A capable goalkeeper, but more concentration is needed. Has a strong drive and places the ball well.

NANCY BARTON.—As right half-back Nancy has played well this season and was outstanding in the match against Hobart High.

ELEANOR SMITH.—Eleanor has good stickwork, with hard drive and excellent lunge. Needs more speed for this position.

MAUREEN WILCOX.—Played well throughout the season and has proved a most reliable player.

JANET DAVIS.—Janet played capably in all matches. Although stickwork is good, more control of the ball is needed when dribbling.

RUTH YOUNG.—Ruth is an unselfish player. She has speed and her stickwork is most reliable and a delight to watch.

DOROTHY FRENCH.—A keen, steady player who was leading goal-striker this year. As centre-forward she needs to divide her play more evenly and needs more control of the ball.

JANET GOWANS.—A fast, elusive wing, with good stickwork, although passes to centre could be more forceful.

BARBARA MUNDEN.—Played left inner in the Inter-High match. Barbara is a reliable player whose stickwork is good.

Emergencies.—Barbara Atkins and Yvonne Planck.

ARTHUR HOUSE (Girls)

At the first House Meeting of the year Betty Easterbrook was elected Captain and Janis Shields, Secretary. Arthur gained second position in the Athletic Sports, losing to Franklin by several points. The Under 15 Championship was again won by Dorothy French. At the end of the first term Arthur held first place in the House competition and retained the same position at the end of the second term.

Our House was well represented in the School teams, our representatives being:

Tennis, B. Easterbrook (Capt.), D. Willis (Vice), L. Bowden and J. Shields (emergency). **Softball,** J. Barrett, M. Maclean, J. Gowans. **Hockey,** J. Barrett, J. Gowans, E. Smith, D. French, B. Munden, N. Atkinson and N. Barton. **Basketball,** L. Bowden and D. McEnulty.

We would like to thank Mrs. Holloway, Miss Dobbins and Miss Bushby, who acted as House Mistresses at different times through the year and would like them to know that their help was much appreciated.

ARTHUR HOUSE (Boys)

At the beginning of the year John Willey was elected House Captain, but when he was honoured by being made Head Prefect, his duties were taken by Robert Hortle, with Des. Wilson as secretary and Dane Sutton on the committee.

Arthur representatives in the School teams were as follows:

Cricket, D. Betts. **Tennis,** D. Wilson (Capt.). **Football,** D. Betts, R. Hortle, G. Jacques, J. Willey, L. Wing, P. Wright. **Hockey,** D. Wilson (Vice), B. Mills, T. Williams, D. Sutton. **First Crew,** D. Sutton (Stroke), J. Lawson. **Second Crew,** J. Willey, G. Jacques, T. Crawley (Cox.). **Swimming,** D. Sutton, G. Jacques.

In the Athletic Sports we gained second place, being very successful in the Open Section, where R. Hortle gained both the Open Championship and Field Games Championship. At the end of the second term Arthur gained first position in the class ladder and we are confident that we will hold the same position at the end of the year.

Throughout the year Mr. Smith has rendered valuable service as House Master and we would like to thank him for the time and energy he has devoted to House affairs.

FRANKLIN HOUSE (Girls)

Early in the year Rhonda Coogan was elected House Captain and Pamela Dewis House Secretary.

We wish to extend our thanks to the House Mistresses, Miss Newbon and Mrs. Jillet for their co-operation throughout the year.

Through good team work Franklin House again secured first place in the Athletic Sports. Also many individual championships were gained which helped considerably to make the final total. Championships were awarded to the following: Betty Stewart, Open Championship; Pamela Dewis, Open Field Games Championship; Marie Potter, Under 13 Championship.

Many of the girls gave excellent performances in sportsmanship and were a credit to our House. The following girls represented Franklin House in the School teams:

Tennis, Beverley Collins, Rhonda Coogan, Pamela Dewis. **Basketball,** Rhonda Coogan, Pamela Dewis, Beverley Collins, Sylvia Hudson. **Hockey,** Ruth Young and Yvonne Planck.

FRANKLIN HOUSE (Boys)

At the beginning of the year Curzon Haigh was elected House Captain and Noel Wathen Secretary.

The prospects of the House appeared bright when Franklin won the Athletic Sports. Gilbert Hartley secured the Under 15 Championship, while other members of the House performed creditably.

Franklin House was well represented in the various teams:

Swimming, C. Haigh. **Football,** J. Allan, A. Parish, L. Caelli, C. Haigh and C. Boon. **Tennis,** J. Allan, L. Wallace, J. Wallace. **Cricket,** A. Parish, C. Boon. **Rowing,** C. Haigh, W. McCulloch. **Hockey,** N. Wathen (Capt.), R. Bayles, N. Blewett.

Franklin House achieved little success in the Grade Football, while points gained from other activities placed Franklin in third position at the end of second term.

Throughout the year Franklin House has received able support from the supervising masters, Mr. Bewsher and Mr. Askeland, and we wish to express our gratitude to them. Although Franklin House has not been as successful this year as in past years, the House is confident that it will make amends next year and will once again be the leading House in the School.

SORELL HOUSE (Girls)

At the beginning of the year Heather Watson was elected House Captain and Clare Lancaster Secretary.

We did not do very well in the Athletic Sports, finishing in fourth position, but Sorell has some enthusiastic young runners who should ensure future success. These were Merle Anderson, June Button, Bev. Groom, Dorothy Wall, Beverley Broxam and Mary Lewis.

Representatives in the teams were:

Tennis, H. Watson (emergency). Softball, M. Harvey (Vice-Capt.), I. Watling. Hockey, M. Innis, J. Davis. Basketball, M. Harvey (Vice-Capt.).

The House would particularly like to thank Miss Russell and Miss Hale for their interest in House activities.

SORELL HOUSE (Boys)

At the beginning of 1948, Brian Carney and John Cullen were re-elected House Captain and Secretary respectively. Don Martin and Don Cordell were chosen as Vice-Captain and committeeman.

Mr. K. Smith, who was House Master, left halfway through the year and Mr. H. Askeland filled the position.

Although the year was not very successful, Brian Carney represented the House as captain of football, John Cullen stroked a School rowing crew and Don Martin won the School table tennis championship. D. MacKenzie won the Under 13 Athletic Championship.

House representatives were:

Football, B. Carney, J. Cullen, D. Martin, D. Cocker, H. Gooding, D. Cordell. Cricket, B. Carney, D. Martin, H. Gooding, D. Murray, A. Palliser, D. Cordell. Rowing, J. Cullen. Swimming, J. Cullen. Tennis, W. Craw. Hockey, R. Crowden, L. Mathieson, B. Hibbs.

WILMOT HOUSE (Girls)

At the beginning of the year Janice Ingles was elected House Captain and Brenda Houstain Secretary. When Brenda left School, Beverley McKillop was selected in her place.

We were not very successful in the Athletic Sports, finishing in third position. The House teams did very well, gaining first place in the Basketball Relay and Hockey Dribble. At the end of the second term we were second in the House competition.

Wilmot girls were very well represented in the teams:

Softball, B. McKillop (Capt.), E. Fitzmaurice, J. Ingles, P. Bowen, J. Bell, V. Gardner. Basketball, B. McKillop. Hockey, J. Ingles (Capt.), M. Wilcox, B. Atkins. Debating, B. Pollard.

The House would particularly like to thank Miss Cleaver and Miss Miller, who greatly helped with the organisation of House activities.

WILMOT HOUSE (Boys)

In second place at the end of the second term, Wilmot has had a good year. Cyril Monaghan was elected House Captain with Stan. Tilley Secretary and Cliff. Elliott third committee man.

We came third in the Athletic Sports, but did well in House matches and scholastic achievement.

We were well represented in the School teams:

Cricket, C. Monaghan (Capt.), C. Elliott (Vice), D. Pitt, D. Scott. Tennis, J. Fleischer (Vice), P. Fleischer. Football, C. Monaghan (Vice), C. Elliott, P. and J. Fleischer, P. Broomby. First Crew, S. Tilley (2), J. Thomas (cox.). Second Crew, C. Smith (bow). Hockey, S. Tilley, I. Whelan.

The House would like to thank Mr. P. MacFarlane for his assistance before leaving the School.

DEBATING

The School Debating Team met the Hobart team in two vigorous and exciting debates this year. The first debate, which was held in the Launceston High School Assembly Hall in March, was won by the Hobart team by one point. The Hobart team, which consisted of Rodney Wood (leader), Greg. Taylor, Fay Pearsall and Fay Williams, took the affirmative side, the subject being, "That the World of the Future will be Influenced more by Asiatic than by Western Nations." The Launceston team consisted of Maurice Knight (leader), Ron Baker, Betty Pollard and John Cullen. Paul Dudley had been given a place in the team, but through ill-health, was unable to participate.

Mr. J. R. Orchard, M.A., who was adjudicator, stated that the debate was one of the best juvenile debates that he had heard. He congratulated both teams and awarded Hobart 90½ points and Launceston 89½ points. Our Head Prefect, Ann Layh, acted as chairwoman.

Maurice Knight, Ron Baker, Betty Pollard and Paul Dudley took the affirmative side in a very interesting debate at the Hobart High School in July. The subject was "That Modern Society is Decadent" and John Evans, the Hobart Head Prefect, was chairman. The Hobart team, which was the same as in the previous debate, took the affirmative side. Rev. A. F. Thomas, who adjudicated, gave Launceston a victory with 300 points to Hobart's 292.

The members of the team co-operated well and acquitted themselves favourably under the helpful supervision of Mr. Bewsher, whom they would like to thank for his ever-ready assistance.

A VISIT TO MARS

I journeyed up a stairway,
Hung with brilliant stars;
I travelled up through planets small
Until I came to Mars.

Then I alighted to get a drink,
But could I find a tap?
I couldn't, though I hunted far,
So I put on my thinking cap.

Suddenly I saw an angel,
Who told me where to drink,
I liked the holy vision,
So I will stay (I think).

PAM PACKARD, "E5," Franklin.



DEBATING TEAM



SOFTBALL TEAM



"SOMETHING OLD"

"Something Old," the School's hilarious musical comedy for this year was essentially "different." It was divided into two sections, each of which presented a similar plot in a nineteenth and twentieth century setting.

The fact that Father Time wished to take a holiday caused the centuries to become mixed and an irate nineteenth century squire vied with a twentieth century businessman for the privilege of producing their dramas. The intervention of Father Time settled the dispute amicably and it was decided to produce these dramas consecutively.

The first act, "Something Old," was a humorous skit on a typical nineteenth century melodrama with its artificial characters and the unconvincing treatment of its plot. Hilary, the handsome hero, fell in love with Prunella, the demure eldest daughter of a poor widow. However, Hilary's uncle, Montague Montmorency Smith, the wickedest squire in all the world, forbade the marriage because once he had asked Prunella's mother, Corinella, to marry him and had been rejected. To avenge this insult to his pride, the squire ordered Dan, his bailiff, to throw Prunella and her family "violently into the snow." For the sake of her daughter, Corinella and her four children humiliated themselves by pleading with the squire for the happiness of Prunella. Helped considerably by the yokels' pitchforks, the hard-hearted squire relented to such an extent that he proposed again to Corinella and was accepted, thus concluding the drama with the traditionally happy ending.

In "Something New," the second act of the musical comedy, this same plot was humorously treated with an ultra-modern twist. Prue, a typical modern miss and Boscoe, an exceedingly modern young man whose main aims in life

were to ignore tradition and emulate any extreme modern tendency, wished to marry. Bullion, Boscoe's father, a capitalist, objected to the match. A dramatic conclusion was staged by Prue and Boscoe when they poisoned Cora and Cedric, Prue's mother and brother and lastly themselves. Bullion, threatened by the mysterious voice of the "Shadow," also took poison and died.

Horrified at this unsympathetic handling of the original plot, the squire from Part One entered and scorned the play which the twentieth century characters had presented. Bullion miraculously came back to life and disputed this, ridiculing the Squire's own presentation. Once again the intervention of Father Time, who pointed out that there was no real difference between the centuries, prevented a sustained argument. With a return of the entire cast, both centuries joined in a happy finale.

Paul Dudley, as Father Time, the link between the two parts, fitted naturally into his part. His easy stage manner and infectious laugh made him a popular character.

As Corinella, Anne Berwick filled her part capably and was a charmingly graceful figure. Her rendition of "The Well-Bred Girl," was delightful. Sylvia Hudson was the demure Prunella, sustaining well her simple, effective charm.

The parts of Corinella's other four children were delightfully played by Dulcie Klye, Margaret Blackburn, Rodney Bushby and Ray Watson. In acting and dancing the two little girls were very sweet, whilst Rodney and Ray delighted the audience with their song, "Have You Seen a Butterfly?"

John Cullen, the squire, was impressive in acting and singing. He ably interpreted his part and was welcomed by the audience at each ap-



pearance. Dane Sutton lent himself admirably to a comical character part as the bailiff. His plaintive song was well received as was that of Hugh Dell, who took the part of Roy. This impish little character made a popular entrance into musical comedy work and is a promising comedian.

As the simpering Hilary, Maurice Knight was superb. His character was well sustained and his humorous lines caused much amusement.

The villagers, Margaret Holmes, Dianne Fish and Ann Layh all deserve commendation, whilst Curzon Haigh and Brian Walsh were a comical pair of yokels and gave a spirited rendition of the popular "Yokel Song."

In the second part of the musical comedy, Janice Ingles and Betty Neil, as Cora and Prue respectively, took their parts with success. Their portrayal of a modern mother and her daughter captured the artificial sparkle of present-day life. Les Wallace played the mischievous Cedric with appropriate actions.

The difficult part of Boscoe was interpreted to perfection by Ron Baker. The red tie was coupled with excellent characterisation and gestures which are accepted as being typical of an avid Communist.

With his usual good acting and gifts as a comedian, Don Martin, as Bullion, convulsed the audience. A feature of the opera was his song, "As Long as I'm Blue," in which he fully displayed his talents.

Part Two was interspersed with several bright little songs to which Dianne Fish did justice. Dianne was also responsible for the dancing routines which were a memorable feature of the opera.

Much of the gaiety and sparkle of the musical

comedy was contributed by a chorus of 50 selected voices. Their rendition of the "Opening Chorus," gave the atmosphere of the opera and prepared the audience for an evening's light-hearted entertainment. At all times the support of this happy band of villagers was welcomed by principals and audience alike.

The catchy little introduction to Part One was written by Paul Dudley and orchestrated by Clare Lancaster who also wrote and orchestrated the introduction to the Second Part. This talented pianist deserves the highest commendation for her excellent work in this connection. The band, which consisted of John Walsh, Brian Carney, Terry Morton, Ken Herron and Harry Gooding, contributed to the success of each musical number.

Yet another feature of the opera were the costumes, and Ann Layh is to be congratulated for her taste in designing them. The very effective scenery, programme and other decorations were the work of Miss Cleaver, to whom much credit is due. During the four years which Miss Cleaver has been associated with the School, her help has been invaluable.

The high standard of this musical comedy is mainly due to the untiring work of Mr. Moses who wrote the songs and the script and produced the show in a month. The happy spirit of co-operation which pervaded the rehearsals was a tribute to his talent and ability as a producer. An innovation this year was the inclusion of some members of "E" Class, who were helped by the older members of the company and gave very creditable performances. The audience was delighted with a production which reached the high standard that Mr. Moses' other four original musical comedies have attained and on which he is to be congratulated.



BOYS' TENNIS TEAM
IN MY WORKSHOP CLIMBING LIKE A CAT

When I haven't anything to do (which isn't very often) I like to bury myself in my workshop.

There, surrounded by tools, shavings and finished and half-finished models, I feel as though I have company—not company in the sense of having a companion with me, of course. But there seem to be faces and feelings in the tools and models. While I'm there, I do not worry about time, meals or worldly things. To me there are just the tools and models and I living in a world of our own.

It requires a world of thought, concentration and industrious work to produce the models which carry your thoughts over the seven seas, into the farthest corner of the world which no vessel manned by men can hope to reach.

In these far away places, away from the rest of the world, like a bat in some unknown cave away from places known by man, I meditate over things past, present and to come.

Then just as I am becoming engrossed in my wanderings, a terrible wail fills the air—like the bellow of the mariner who, in the crow's nest of the vessel, seeing a cyclone rapidly approaching, shouts his warning to prepare the ship. I spring up, looking around for the approaching storm, only to hear another bellow, fiercer than before. It is only then that I realise I am home in my workshop, with my mother calling me to tea.

PETER PARSONS, "C2," Wilmot

Cats have a habit of climbing something rather high and then being too frightened to come down again, as you probably know. That was what happened to our cat.

We had a cat which was not very old and which was a very timid animal. One morning, during my school holidays, my mother and I were cleaning up the house. I went to the back door to shake the mop, but I did not see Tibby, who was sitting on our steps and while I was shaking the mop, the handle became dislodged from the other end. The mop fell on Tibby, who, with both an angry and frightened look on his face, ran down the steps as fast as his legs would carry him and on to the garage roof.

I went inside, thinking that he would soon come down, but he did not. After about half an hour he was still up there and Mother and I could see he was too frightened to come down again.

The garage was about fifteen feet high and I knew that Dad, who was at work, had a ladder seventeen feet high, so I informed Mum I would go up and get Tibby. At first she wouldn't allow me, but in the end she agreed and between us we managed to carry the ladder out of the shed.

By now the cat was crying pitifully. We set the ladder firmly against the side of the garage and I began to ascend. Mummy stood below, watching closely, as she had always been afraid of heights. When I reached the top of the ladder, I stopped and looked round me.



BOYS' HOCKEY TEAM

From here I could see the roofs of the houses round us and the hills and mountains could be seen clearly, without any houses blocking out the view.

I was picking up Tibby, who scratched and bit me with fright, when Mummy called out, "Betty, how are you going to come down the ladder with Tibby in your arms?"

"I'll manage somehow," I answered and tried to quieten the very frightened cat. I came down the ladder very slowly and when I reached the bottom, Tibby was no longer trembling, but was actually purring.

I think that little adventure did Tibby a lot of good, as he isn't nearly as timid as he used to be.

BETTY WALLACE, "E3," Franklin

THE VALUE OF THE SCHOOL LIBRARY

Ever since my first entering this School, the library has been of great value to me.

When a small "E" Class boy with short trousers and concertina socks, I found the library an invaluable place of refuge, either from the beastly mob who, for some unearthly reason, were bent on immersing my head in the sink or from the equally heartless prefects who prowled round ready to press small boys into their service and make them carry the Assembly Hall forms which bark their shins and push them backwards down the common-room steps. The breathless rush up the stairs to the library door had to be followed by an as self-controlled and dignified entry as could be mustered—and it is hard to do this with someone hanging on the back of one's

braces. Safe inside, it was necessary to select the largest book in reach and then try to get back one's breath and equilibrium behind it.

In "D" Class such emergencies occasionally still arose, but the library now became invaluable pre-eminently as a warm place in which to gather to talk and to read the comic strips in the magazines on cold days; and I must not omit to say how invaluable the library proved to be when we had forgotten—until the last minute—to do our history or geography projects. A few minutes spent in copying some involved matter from an encyclopedia and then we could look the world in the face again with our project done.

In "C" Class the pleasant social gatherings continued, and with more experience, we were less seldom turned out. We automatically felt the entrance of authority and, leaving the word half said, without moving a muscle became immersed in an upside-down edition of higher maths, or Latin verse until the conversation could be taken up again. Pleasant lunch-hours could also be spent in looking at pictures in magazines and encyclopaedias—the latter, together with Webster's handy pocket dictionary, as we called it—were also an unfailing source of amusement. You don't see why? Then you have never seen an unsuspecting person banged on the head with one.

Then came "B" Class. We were now in the Upper School and, although it was with no conscious idea of setting an example to the Lower School—that rabble so infinitely far beneath us—I found the library becoming of new value.

Odd moments at recess or lunch-time I now spent to advantage in reading interesting short articles in such magazines as "John O' London."

I now found the library valuable in giving me a background to my School lessons, so that names in geography and history were no longer just names to be learned, but real persons or places; and similarly in English and other subjects.

If exams were not too near and if I felt like a "break" from School subjects, I could take down a book on a subject which I had never studied and about which I knew almost nothing. Even when reading about totally new subjects I often found them connected with School subjects and at last the library proved its chief value to me when I began to realise that all books are but chapters in what might be called "The Book of the Universe." Some chapters are almost worthless, many are duplicated, but a few contain the important parts of the main plot and despite all the written chapters, the main ones have still to be written.

"STUDENT TYPE," "A," Sorell

THE CREEK



The creek murmured to itself happily as its discoloured water swirled round the stones. I marvelled as I thought of what this small creek must have seen happen on its banks. Along the path which I had just been walking must have passed the ancient black inhabitants of the land. There, the first white settlers must have brought their horses and cattle to drink. Kangaroos, wombats and other native animals must have drunk of its waters. These willows, which look so ancient, are only taking the place of the old gums that once cast their shade over its water.

RUTH HURST, "B1," Franklin

JUST LOOK!

Look at the ink! Look at my face!
Look at the scratches all over the place!
Look at the dust! Look at the dirt!
Ever considered that scratches hurt?

Please look at my legs, all kicked and dusty,
Look at my hinges, broken and rusty!
Look at my inkwell, shattered and worn!
No wonder that I feel forlorn!

Look at the books, so roughly thrown in,
Don't you think it's a terrible sin?
Ink and dust and dirt and scratches!
Even the inside dirtiness matches!

Well, I've decided not to worry,
They won't throw me out in a hurry!
They've had some of my friends for 30 years,
So I've plenty of time before I shed tears.

BARBARA SCOTT, "E5," Wilmot

THE DARK LINE

I wonder what the attitude of one of our own aborigines, an untamed myall, free from any previous contamination by the white man, would be upon coming into contact with our civilisation for the first time. I personally would not condemn him if it were one of complete disdain.

A dictionary defines civilisation as "reclamation from barbarism." If this is so, then in the light of the events of the past decade, many so-called civilised people have been operating under a pseudonym. The most barbaric savage would be hard-pressed indeed to duplicate the atrocities perpetrated by "civilised" races during the last war. Yet it is this civilisation whose system is still ridden with the venom of hatred and greed which many people are too eager to foist on our aborigines.

Unfortunately it is not disdain but rather a childlike curiosity which prevails and the majority are soon enveloped in the coils of a life which they do not understand. Forsaking forever their former carefree existence, they fall easy prey to unscrupulous exploitation.

Admittedly, many of our dark-skinned brethren are potentially talented and possess a keenness of perception born only of a ceaseless conflict with their wild environment. But how few rise to fame! Opportunity is denied, they fall victim to so-called "civilised" pleasures, don alien raiment, are disclaimed and where possible, forgotten. One of the few who rose to fame, Albert Namatjira, is a fine product of the tolerance and perseverance of a white friend. His new and forceful depictions of the land which he knows so well have compelled critics to recognise the excellence of his art.

The relentless and irresistible surge of settlement has swept back the aborigines from the shores of the Southern Ocean, almost to the tropics. Left behind, mute memorial to their ancient dominion, are the corroboree trees, the fish traps and the stone implements. That which is their rightful heritage, the land we now call our own, has been taken from them.

It is nature's inexorable law which decrees that the peaceable, unobtrusive forms of life must be ousted from their haunts by creatures of a higher plane of development. Thus did the dingo, a highly specialised killing machine, cause havoc amongst the marsupials of its adopted country and so too is white civilisation apparently depriving the aborigines of their birthright. We are not ruthless killers, moved only by instinct, but beings capable of coherent, independent thought. As such, we must strive to obtain for the aborigines an acceptable status in the life of the country, for though by our standards they may belong to a low plane of development, they are human beings.

Their natural mode of life is so permeated with mysticism and ritual that no effort should be made to cause them to forsake their ancient ceremonies. Still, being people of a most primitive order, their age-old ceremonial provides a homeless outlet for emotions which might otherwise be ill-directed. Should their introduction to civilisation become inevitable, it must take a most gradual and easily digestible form. Well-meaning, but nevertheless misguided people are too

apt to impose the benefits of their life on to an unfortunate native who finds them quite impossible to assimilate.

So beware, dusky warrior, as you view from afar the glittering lights of the white man's life! Think before you discard spear and nulla-nullah, before you leave the sweet-scented campfire where droning didjeridoo and stamping corroboree sound deep into the night! Remember the exhilaration of the hunt, the glory of battle, the feasts of victory! These are joys which have been long lost to the white man and after all his civilisation, unlike his modern furniture, is highly polished and ornate? Yet when the thin veneer is scratched away, there is revealed the common wood beneath. This is your land, dusky warrior, and has been since the "dream-time" of your legends. Remember this and may we, too, remember it.

JOHN WILLEY, "A," Arthur

BEWARE OF A LIGHTHOUSE

While I was on holiday down at Low Head, something happened that gave me quite a scare. The day was very bleak, with a keen wind blowing in from the sea. Pat and I were walking along the path that led to the jetty, when Pat suggested we go and look in one of the lighthouses.

As we strolled along towards the lighthouses I had a funny feeling that something was going to happen. We arrived at the lighthouse safely and went in. The lighthouses have very winding steps and as we slowly ascended the staircase, I knew something was going to happen quite soon.

When we had reached the height of about fifteen feet, I looked down and suddenly felt dizzy. My head was just whirling around and I could hardly see a thing. Pat was very wise and did not look down. Instead she took me over to a small window or inlet in the lighthouse so that I could get some fresh air. As I looked out across the water I noticed that the waves were fairly high and made a roaring noise as they dashed against the rocks. Pat then said that we had better go down and at that moment I wasn't feeling too well, as we descended the winding staircase.

When we were only about halfway down, I tripped and went tumbling down about five or six steps. Pat helped me up and we continued the rest of the way without an accident. But after that, no one could entice me to go into a lighthouse again.

PAM LEMIN, "E3," Franklin

SNAILING

After our garden had been transformed into a quagmire by spring showers more closely resembling torrential rains, my father found it necessary to indulge a little in his favourite after-noon sport—snailing. As usual when fathers have a job they want to do, he required an assistant. Unfortunately, I had disposed of my accumulated homework before the snails had decided to take the air, so I was ordered to take up my torch and "begin snailing."

Having donned an old pair of my brother's boots, I proceeded carefully down the garden path. Silvery trails greeted me everywhere as I flashed my torch along the ground. Viciously

I brought my foot down upon two unwary snails which came into my line of vision. I picked three more from the rock embankment. Crunch! Squash! "Three more redskins bit the dust."

As father crossed my path, he flashed his torch behind me where I had blazed a trail of death.

"I've killed more than you, Dad," I said, my chest visibly expanding.

"Just look at the mess you have made on the path, though," came the disheartening reply.

"The rain will wash that off," I answered and added under my breath, "I hope."

But this time I remembered to dispose of my victims in unnoticeable places. My enthusiasm grew as I advanced along the path, my torch light picking out many more snails from amongst the rocks.

A slight mishap brought about by the remains of a particularly juicy snail left in the middle of a step by my father, only had the effect of injuring my dignity and extinguishing my torch. Apart from this I found that half hour in the garden to be most invigorating.

NANCY BARTON, "B2," Arthur

THE OLD HOUSE

I went back to-day to the old house where we played as children, happy together in the open tree. Our "summer" house we had called it, for sunny it had been to our carefree hearts, even on wet days when the leaves of the figs dripped musically on the breathing earth. These last days have not been so happy but, as I came upon the wired gate and broke away the berry fastenings to look in, it seemed that the little wired-in garden that had been our playhouse, took on its old form and once again I saw our laughing faces as we picked berries from our very roof.

We first found the garden when we were exploring the old orchard. It was much as I had come upon it to-day, with the grass grown again and berry and bracken climbing helter-skelter among the netting that made a cover for the two or three fig trees within. We had mended the gaps where the birds came through to steal the fruit, cut the long, rank grass and made the door swing more freely on its hinges. The uncontrollable creaking had been a grievance to us, but there were many compensations, for we had cultivated a few wild flowers and the blackberry vines and fig trees bore their fruit each year. Somehow the figs never seemed to ripen completely. On days when the sun shone too warmly for activities we lay in the shade of the trees to eat semi-ripened fruit. There were days, too, when the wistaria blooms hung in long teardrops, swaying precariously in the light breeze while we spun tales as unending as the blue roof above us.

But there are no traces of our loving care now; the grass has grown to touch the "low branch," moss has thickened upon the dear old limbs. Overhead the honey-eaters fly in to rob the branches of their fruit, likewise the bees to hover over the wistaria dreamily, unhastened. The blackberries grow in profusion throughout the little enclosures, partly hidden by the grass, partly clinging and creeping up the honeycomb netting. The gate is forever open, pinned back by the trespassing new plants that grow over the threshold peering in to the intended haven. By

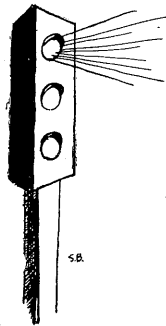
the briar bush lies a newly-coated copper, sleeping while a shivering breeze sings a dirge through the fairy flowers.

Perhaps the garden is happy, as happy as we were once. If so I do not regret that it should lose a little of its cultivation for a new-found loveliness. For it is indeed lovely. It has now a soul of its own, created to its own fashion and inspiration to replace the life that we lent it. Our hands could never have fashioned what lies there.

I closed the gate and replaced the entanglement about it, leaving the old place to run riotously in its freedom, filled with sunshine, maturity and memories.

JOYCE BELL, "C3," Wilmot

THE RED LIGHT—AND THE GREEN



When you've pressed along life's highway on a course you thought was true,
Toward a goal that once was distant, but then almost came in view;
When you've nearly reached the signal that you thought would point ahead—
Lo, suddenly, instead of green, the stop light turns to red!

Then you gasp in consternation — just cannot believe your eyes!
So you stop your little motor and you cringe in dread surprise;
For you never dreamed of danger, you were sure you ruled the road;
But your engine now is silent, 'twill not pull its heavy load.

Jesus thought of others and forgot about the shame,
Why could you not serve your fellows, striving now to do the same?
So you face the red light bravely, as a prayer of faith you say,
And you do your best to help those weary travelers on life's way.

While you work your faith grows stronger, and you know you'll carry on,
Though life's troubles still oppress you and the red light has not gone;
Yes, like this you may be waiting—long, yes, long the light is seen,
Till at last you get the signal, and the red light turns to green.

RON BAKER, "B1," Franklin

THE PEGGY PEDLEY MEMORIAL PRIZE

This year the prize has been awarded to Peter Saunders for his poem, "Much Learning."

MUCH LEARNING

By my window in its niche, the taper burns,
Far on the mountain tops the pink snow fades.
Blue shadows from the valley, like a tide,
Rise to enwrap our sloping walls
Where high on towering pinnacle they rise,
Long trails of mist wreath round the mountain crags,
Like some fair hand that softly does caress
An old man's wrinkled face!

The swallows in their flocks fly down to rest
On many turrets, battlements and walls,
Where never snow but always sunshine reigns.
Before they on their way continue south
From courtyards far below I hear the priests,
Yellow robed, as sonorous they chant
To mellow notes of horns and silver bells
In silent mountain air.

Now in the even time, when Winter kind
Compels all outside labours to cease,
Is time for me to read a little while,
And learn a little more before I die.
I know not in the future world if we
Shall know all truth, or if we shall still strive
To know from whence we came and where we go
And why we came to be.

I, who for four-score years and five have read
The sacred writings of these Eastern lands,
Once, when these snows had gone and gentians blue
Gave to these slopes a fragrant misty hue—
When lamas travel forth to teach and heat—
I journeyed far to western lands and sought
For truth. For I had heard they
Knew much that we know not.

Dressed in my yellow robe, with shaven head,
In streets they stopped to look askance at me
A few kind friends I found among them
I searched their store of learning for my ends.
I found much learning that I did not prize,
Often they learn and know not why they learn
Except perhaps as learned to appear—
For that they value much.

Above all things I found their Book of Books,
And as I read its fundamental truth,
I wondered if our great Gautama came
With greater glory than he came to us
For in their Book are greater teachings found.

But they read not their Book of Books,
While in eternal spacious solar dust
Motes whirl and while we know all learning is
But naught, we have but dimly caught a glimpse
O truth—their little learning, which they think
Is much, has truly made them mad!

PETER SAUNDERS, "A," Sorell

CAREERS FOR WOMEN

Only fifty years ago, almost every woman was dependent upon some man for a home, money for her needs and for protection from the spiteful gossips who looked upon the desire of any woman to be independent as sinful. Fathers, and later, husbands, or brothers were the providers and guardians of women in a world that believed the female a less intelligent and more irresponsible and incapable creature than the male.

In such a society many unhappy marriages must have taken place. A girl eagerly accepted the first man who asked her to marry him, because of her desire not to be left unprotected. Even where there was affection between husband and wife, the husband, by the superior position he held, was usually able to impose his will upon the family. It is true that a few women rebelled and became the first doctors, nurses and office workers, but they were the exception.

The position to-day is much better. Any woman with normal talents, health and willingness to work, can find a place for herself in the community. Many different types of employment give her an opportunity to support herself by work that will make her life full, interesting and rich in the satisfaction that comes from independence and self respect. This freedom to live independent lives has made possible the "career women" we read of, see on the films and occasionally observe in real life. To them, their work and ambition has become the only thing that matters, and when they marry, their home life is only of secondary importance. Most men have this attitude towards the home, so there is no reason why wives with careers should not behave in exactly the same way.

Most women still prefer the oldest career of all that is open to them. They like to marry and set up house-keeping and find that the management of a house and family, with its problems of the family budget and the planning of meals, is a full-time career. They must be skilful as a financial manager, a dietitian, a nurse and a home decorator.

With the coming of better planned homes and more and better electrical servants to lighten the housework, many housewives will find some hours of the day are empty and tedious. For them the satisfaction of family life can be widened by the fuller experience of mixing with people in a part-time career.

From whatever point of view it is seen, it must be considered that the emancipation of women from the narrowness of the past and the opening up of new spheres of useful employment is better for women, better for the community and better for the homes of the future.

RUTH HURST, "B," Franklin



—AND THEY ALL WENT CAMPING

Three heavy haversacks, one tiresome tent, two lumpy loaves, three select sleeping bags and a package of perfect patties (meat) were all bundled into the Bridport bus. Three suitably attired girls then scrambled in and secured the back seat. For the next half hour we proved a source of amusement for one small girl, who simply could not take her eyes off us.

After stopping at the local store, we crossed the sodden recreation ground and deposited our gear on a picnic table. The next three hours were spent in looking for a suitable camp-site, but we finally decided on the one we had first inspected. With much difficulty, we managed to distinguish the top of the tent from the sides. Pegs gathered from a wide area aided us in pitching the tent most successfully (we bravely disregarded blisters contributed by the tomahawk in response to our vigorous hammering). N— impressed on us the necessity for digging a trench so, lacking better implements, we chopped the ground and scooped out the earth with our hands. When she had completed the top end, N— tired, and the arduous task was taken over by A—, who laboriously burrowed down the northern side. The good example set impressed M— to scrape out a not-so-straight trench on the southern side.

Our belated dinner was rationed out by A—, who would allow us only one slice of dry Scottsdale bread. This sustaining meal, our first at Bridport, gave us strength to view the local attractions. Along the picturesque bush tracks, wildflowers presented a profusion of colour. We each gathered a handful of the flowers, which were tastefully arranged in a sardine tin to take pride of place at the head of the tent.

Meditating round the camp fire after tea, we realised that we had not softened the ground where we were to sleep, so with torches and blistered hands, we spent half an hour pulling bracken. Before retiring to our sleeping bags, we chopped hip and shoulder holes, hoping to make the ground bear some resemblance to our own beds.

All was quiet for a few moments, until a scuffling from the far side announced that A— was being troubled by hard ground and roots of bracken. M— and N— suffered in silence while the tomahawk was employed in scattering debris about the tent.

Several hours later, rain, without asking our permission, visited us. Without a word, three figures, pocket knives in hand, rushed from the tent. Calico food bags swinging from the ridge-rope, fell to the ground with one sweep of the knives. After enduring rain trickling down our necks for some time, we were forced to seek shelter elsewhere. The verandah of a shop provided temporary shelter. But tiring of sitting on cold, hard cement, we squelched our way to the recreation ground shelter. This proved more uncomfortable still as we were forced to sit with our feet in mid-air because of the swamp beneath us. About 4.30 a.m., the weather had cleared, so we returned to the tent to continue our night's rest.

On Sunday we had visitors for dinner and A—decided to concoct a boiled pudding, which to the amazement of all present, proved quite edible. In the afternoon cameras were disentangled from our packs and various photographs of the camp, ourselves and Bridport were taken. After the visitors had departed we realised it was again time to eat. Our larder offered a cube of pea soup, which, combined with powdered milk, salt, butter and water, proved to be scarcely better than dishwater. No one knows how well we and the ants slept that Sunday night.

Monday dawned. An early walk along the foreshore revealed to us many of the beauties we had previously overlooked. The sand stretched for miles and beyond that we could see the faint pencilled outline of various islands. The sea looked enticing, but after dabbling our fingers, we decided it was too cold, even to paddle. Delicate shells were scattered over the sand, so we stopped to gather some of the perfect specimens. We clambered over a reef of rocks and then through the bush to the winding grey road. This afforded us a marvellous panorama of the bay.

Back at camp we ruefully dismantled the tent and packed our belongings. Three heavy haversacks, one troublesome tent, three select sleeping bags, three suitably attired girls bundled into the Bridport bus, which was to bear them homewards.

M.A., Class "A," Franklin and Wilmot



When the news came that the Tasmanian Orchestra was visiting the School and that all students were expected to attend, Max and Tony groaned inwardly, for they did not like concerts. They were afraid they would hear classical music and expected to be bored before the programme was over. They even thought of taking comics into the hall and secretly enjoying the further exploits of Superman. However, I

managed to persuade them to give up that idea. Finally they agreed that chewing gum to suck would while the time away. I did not mind that as I can resist chewing gum, but not Superman.

When the orchestra took their seats they craned their necks to get a good view of the players and their instruments. The rolling of the drum and the clanging of the cymbals attracted their attention. Contrary to expectations, they enjoyed the tunes played by the violin, viola and the instruments which made up the orchestra. They laughed uproariously at the antics of the trombone players, who staged a little comedy for the benefit of the juniors, although, I suspect, the seniors enjoyed it too.

Fortunately the School had a chance to sing. It sang "Shenandoah." Max and Tony joined in the singing heartily, if not tunelessly. At times the School raced the orchestra, but eventually both agreed on the time, and, consequently, the last verse ended with the orchestra. As I was singing and enjoying it, I did not notice that Tony was singing in a key lower than he should have been. Max confided in whispers that could be heard along the row, that he kept in tune because I did.

Then we had a real treat. Allan Eddy, who had come all the way from Melbourne, sang to us. His eyes twinkled as he sang. Ripples of laughter came from the girls as he took a low note and held it for many seconds. The School burst into applause at the end of the song. He repeated the last verse and chorus. As he sang, his eyes popped in and out and the expression on his face changed continually. Everybody was sorry that he did not sing an encore. When he had left the hall, I heard queer sounds on either side of me. Max and Tony were trying to imitate him, but without success.

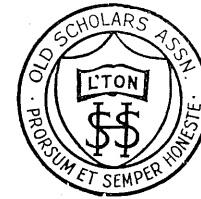
Suddenly a hush descended over all. Ears were strained to catch what the announcer was saying in his quiet voice, for the second half of the programme was broadcast. Max and Tony jabbed me in the ribs many times and I was quite annoyed about it, because I wanted to listen to the orchestra.

At last we had a chance to stretch our legs. We sang the next song with gusto, for it was a chance to forget being good and delight in the carefree life of a poacher. Max and Tony chuckled over the song and fairly roared out the chorus which they had learned during the singing.

When we sat down, the orchestra played another selection. As it was the last on the programme, Tony clapped and clapped, even after the others had finished. I scowled at him. He grinned and whispered, "It's only twenty past three. If we keep on clapping we might hear another long piece and it will be too late for another lesson."

But Tony need not have worried, for we were dismissed from the hall and allowed to go home half an hour earlier than usual. Even Tony likes concerts now.

RODNEY BUSHBY, "D1," Sorell



Old Scholars' Column

DIRECTORY

Patron—Mr. W. C. Morris.
President—Mr. R. A. Horne, 75 St. John Street.
Secretary—Mr. M. Burke.
Treasurer—Mr. D. M. Columbine, c/o Commonwealth Bank.

Senior Old Scholars' Representative—Mrs. S. K. Turnbull.

Staff Representative—Miss N. Miller.

Committee—2-year term: Misses M. Hoggan, M. Cooper; Messrs. G. N. Smith (Assist. Sec.), D. Hunt and C. A. Allen. 1-year term: Misses J. M. Cookman (Assist. Sec.), N. Richardson, B. Tyson; Messrs. G. N. Thomas and R. L. Woodworth.

Committee Juniors—Miss G. Barry and Mr. J. Ledingham.

Editor of Old Scholars' Column—Mr. P. MacFarlane.

During the year we were sorry to lose the following members of the committee—Misses Hoggan and Cooper and Messrs. Hunt, Burke, Woodworth, MacFarlane. These were replaced by Mrs. Hoggan and Messrs. H. Styles, D. Campbell, B. Irvine and E. Saggars. Mr. Allen was appointed Secretary.

RE-UNION

One again the Annual Re-union was conducted in March and again proved an outstanding success.

VISITS AND VISITORS

During the year our Association visited Devonport and Hobart where they were entertained by the Old Devonians and Old Hobartians respectively. Tennis, men's basketball and women's hockey matches were played against the Old Hobartians.

Our Association was pleased to entertain members of the Old Hobartian, Old Devonian and Old Darwinians (Burnie High School) Associations. Again matches were played against the Old Hobartians.

ANNUAL CONFERENCE

The Annual Conference of Tasmanian Old Scholars' Association was held during our visit to Hobart, matters of general interest being discussed. It was regrettable that owing to transport difficulties, Burnie and Devonport were not represented.

SPORT

Women's Hockey.—The two Churinga teams again functioned this year and finished third and fourth respectively. Four members of the teams gained selection in the combined teams.

Women's Basketball.—Both the Churinga teams improved their position this year, finishing second and fourth in the competition. Churinga

Green made a visit to Hobart and two members were selected in the combined teams.

Vigoro.—The newly-formed Churinga Vigoro team performed excellently in their first season and won the "B" Grade competition.

Football.—The team finished third in the premiership. We congratulate Mr. Sutton on his selection in the Tasmanian Carnival team as well as the players who played in the North v. South matches. We also desire to congratulate the other Old Scholars who were chosen in the Tasmanian team and in particular the captain, Max Rees.

Men's Basketball.—Three Churinga teams were fielded this year and all performed creditably—Gold winning the "A" Grade, Red being third in "A" Grade and Blue fourth in "B" Grade.

All the teams are congratulated on their performances and we wish them every success next season.

It is with pleasure that we have to announce that a Men's Hockey Club has been formed and will be functioning next season.

All students just leaving School are invited to join the respective clubs and for their information, as well as that of all Old Scholars, a list of the various secretaries is enumerated below:

Women's Basketball—Miss N. Elms, c/o Agricultural Department, George Street.

Women's Hockey—Miss P. Rose, c/o Radio 7EX, Charles Street.

Vigoro—Miss N. Statton, 210 York Street.

Football—Mr. J. V. Clark, c/o Wilcox Mofflin Pty. Ltd., St. John Street.

Men's Basketball—Mr. G. N. Smith, c/o Stewarts Agencies Pty. Ltd., George Street.

Men's Hockey—Mr. M. Wathen, c/o Wathen, Jeweller, Charles Street.

ANNUAL DINNER

Arrangements are at present being finalised with a view to conducting the Annual Dinner very soon. Details will be circulated when arrangements are completed.

PERSONAL

Our congratulations are extended to Mr. D. B. (Bruce) Rose on winning the Nautical Architecture Scholarship made available by Phillips Electrical Industries of Australia, enabling him to attend the Glasgow University for three years.

To the following Old Scholars we extend our congratulations:

ENGAGEMENTS

Gwen Letcher—John Dwyer.

Shirley Morice—Ted Swinton.

*Rita Summers—Norm. Tilley.

*Marion Atkins—George Harding.

Muriel Massey—Dennis Cassidy.

Barbara Waugh—Bob Burn.
 Marie Cordell—Geoff. Stubbs.
 *Peggy Bonner—Jack Coulson.
 Nancy French—Peter Henry.
 Shirley Elms—Roy Strochnetter.
 Bob Cretney—Mavis Evans.
 June Edwards—Marcus Manders.

MARRIAGES

Margaret Roe—Bob Shepherd.
 Molly Massey—Noel Mundy.
 Judy Bertram—Bruce Wardlaw.
 Max Jordan—Betty Hulcombe.
 Jack Pryor—Kath Crompton.
 *Beth Bartlett—David Hunt.
 Old Scholars names first. * indicates both Old Scholars.

BIRTHS

Mr. and Mrs. Bill Bertram (nee Horne), a daughter.
 Mr. and Mrs. Reg Reid (nee Andrews), a daughter.
 Mr. and Mrs. Jim Hollingsworth, a daughter.
 Mr. and Mrs. Bob Burston, a daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. Ken Cassidy, a son.
 Mr. and Mrs. Roy Beecroft, a son.

WELCOME

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

The Association is going to help keep friendships which you have already made at School and help you keep in touch with your old School. 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. Badges are obtainable for an additional 3/6.

To all Old Scholars who are sitting for examinations, the Association wishes you the very best of luck and may you do justice to your ability.

In conclusion we would like to thank our Patron, Mr. W. C. Morris, without whose advice and guidance we would find it difficult to carry on.

R. A. HORNE, President.
 C. A. ALLEN, Secretary.

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