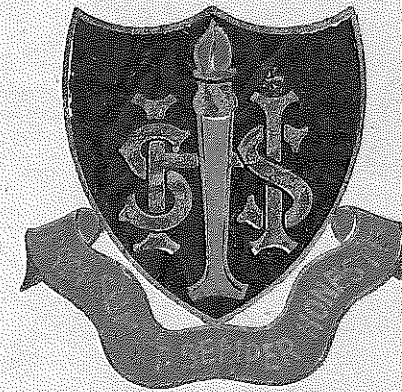


The Northern Churinga



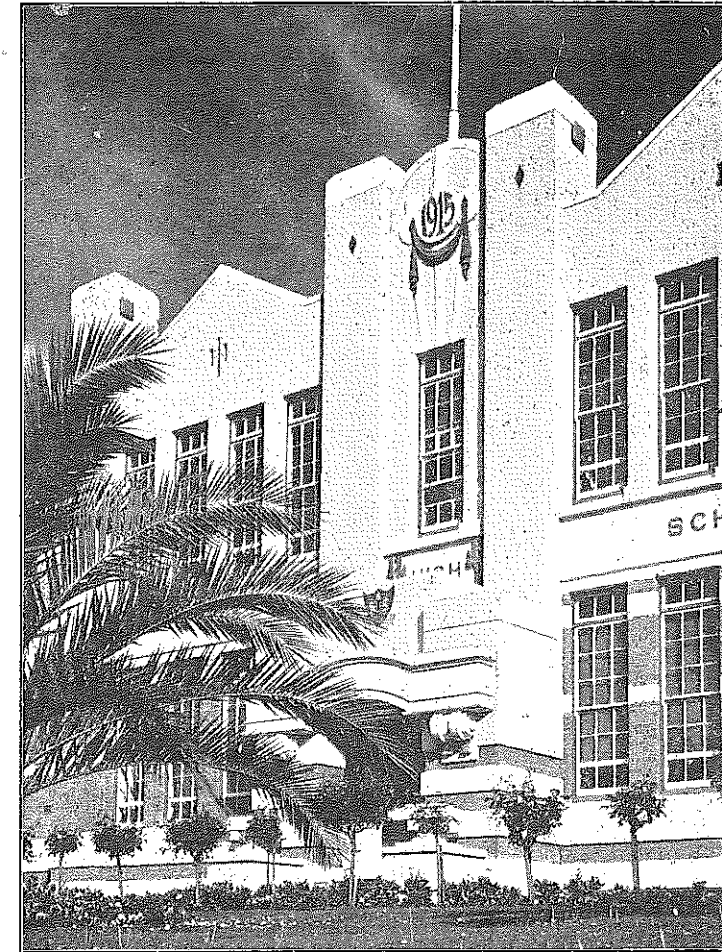
December, 1949

Launceston High School Magazine

VOLUME, XXXIX



The Northern Churinga



THE SCHOOL



Editors :

ROBERT TANNER

DERRY SCOTT

ANNETTE SOUTON



This year, 1949, marks the termination of a long school life, and we hope, a happy one. Others are just starting on the adventure of schooling, for it is an adventure if you desire it to be such, and an exciting one. If you do not want to make the effort, School can be the dreariest and most uninteresting prison possible. It is all up to you. Hard, solid work can either be a penance or a pleasure. School life brings you into contact with a number of different types of people and as a result, it ought to teach you how to mix with others congenially. Moreover, it will give you a basis in future life on which to assess people's characters. To some of us, learning and accumulating knowledge is a mere bagatelle, but most of us have to work hard to achieve anything worthwhile. While many look upon examinations with fear and trepidation, they are, unfortunately, a necessary evil that one has to face with as much equanimity as possible.

Often you will think of teachers as being nothing more than a menace and regard them with a jaundiced eye. I would not worry—the feeling is probably mutual. Just think of the many times that our crass stupidity has almost set their teeth on edge. However, we must never forget our debt to these teachers. They do more for us than we will ever realise and per-

haps more than they themselves know. Teaching is not always an easy undertaking, either for pupil and teacher.

Studies are only one section of the School curriculum, though a very important one. Sporting activities give the opportunity for many to learn how to "play the game." Always remember to act fairly and decently in the game, as well as in your everyday life and by doing so, you will be admired and respected on and off the field.

To some, all that the School signifies is four walls and a number of rooms with desks in them. There is much more to it than that. Since its inception, our School has, through the many scholars who have finished their secondary schooling there and the teachers who have worked to impart their knowledge, built up a tradition of outstanding success and achievement. By trying your very best to do well, no matter if you come dux of your class or not, you are, as well as being a credit to yourself and to your family, being a credit to your School. It is a wonderful thing to belong to an institution that has such an honoured reputation and it behoves us all, from "A" Class to "E," to comport ourselves well, wherever we may be, and whether in uniform or in civilian dress and "keep her honour yet."

WHO'S WHO

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

Staff.—Misses B. Layh, B.A., Diplome d'Etudes Francaise, Diplome de Phonétique Francaise (French); J. Blyth, B.A. (Librarian); L. A. Russell, B.A. (English); O. Bushby, M.A. (Social Studies and English); N. Miller, M.A. (English, French, Ancient History, Social Studies); G. B. Rainbow, B.A. (French, Latin, German); N. W. Alcock, B.Sc. (Chemistry, Maths., Science); H. F. Deane (Commerce, Shorthand, Typing); L. Hale (French, English); V. G. South (Art); L. A. Gall (Art); J. Amos (Phys. Ed.); B. Craw (Clerk).

Mesdames H. Holloway, B. Comm. (Commercial Subjects); N. E. Jillett, B.A. (Latin, Music, English); A. Dobson (Cookery); F. Crawford (Needlework); L. Moriarty (Clerk).

Messrs. E. R. Sowter, B.A. (Social Studies, Modern History); S. C. Morris, B.Sc., Dip. Ed. (Sciences); J. H. Moses, B. Com., B.A. (Music, Commercial Subjects); J. A. Gibson, B.A. (Latin, Social Studies, Maths.); S. R. Harvey, B.Sc. (Maths.); F. H. V. Watson, B.A. (Social Studies, English); D. K. Bewsher, M.A., Dip. Ed. (English, French); H. W. Askeland, B.Sc., Colo. Un. (Science); W. Baulch, B.Sc. (General Science, Maths.); G. Norman (Science, Maths.); E. A.

Nash (Maths.); A. Cobern (Physical Education).
Head Prefects — Rhonda Coogan and Donald Cordell.

Board of Prefects (Girls).—Pam Dewis, Pat Joyce, Margaret Kirkham, Gloria McCormack, Margaret Mitchell, Loris Pike, Merle Pugh, Janis Shields, Annette Southon.

(Boys). — Graham Barnes, Edward Barrett, Brian Carney, Bill McCulloch, Alan Parish, Brian Walsh, John Walsh.

HOUSE CAPTAINS :

Arthur.—Janis Shields and Edward Barrett.
Franklin.—Rhonda Coogan and Bill McCulloch.
Sorell.—Margaret Kerkham and Brian Carney.
Wilmot.—Pat Bowen and Peter Fleischer.

Sports Master.—Mr. J. Gibson.

Sports Mistress.—Miss J. Amos.

Sports Monitor.—Mr. A. Cobern.

Library Supervisor.—Miss J. Blyth.

Opera Producer.—Mr. J. Moses.

Officers of Cadets. — Lieutenant G. Norman;

Cadet-Lieutenant—Robert Bayles.

CAPTAINS OF TEAMS :

Basketball—Rhonda Coogan.

Hockey—Janet Gowans.

Girls' Tennis—Rhonda Coogan.

Softball—Pat Bowen.

Cricket—Brian Carney.

SPEECH NIGHT, 1948

The School's Thirty-Sixth Annual Speech Night was held in the Albert Hall on December 20, 1948, before a large audience of parents and friends.

Presenting his annual report, Mr. Morris revealed that the School had made steady progress generally throughout the year. He stated that the total enrolment for the year was 636 and that the average attendance had been 568.6. Twenty-three students had passed the Matriculation Examination and sixty-five had gained Schools' Board Certificates.

During the evening, the choir, under the direction of Mr. Moses, rendered three items, "Wandering," "Gipsy Love Song" and a medley of carols. Girls from "B," "C" and "D" Classes performed three folk dances and a brass quartette, composed of J. Walsh, B. Carney, T. Morton and K. Herron, presented "Sweet and Low." The boys' physical education display, which has gained considerable popularity during recent years, was also featured in the programme.

Before he presented the prizes, the Premier and Minister for Education, the Hon. Robert Cosgrove, M.H.A., congratulated the School on its extremely active Parents' Association. Mr. W. L. Grace, M.A., B.Ed., presented the trophies.

The general prize-list was as follows :

PRIZE FOR GENERAL MERIT

(Donated by Parents' Association)

Senior School—Anne Layh, John Willey.

Junior School—Rhonda Coogan, Alan Parish.

ATTITUDE AND INFLUENCE PRIZES

(Donated by Messrs. Ludbrooks Pty. Ltd.)

Mona Bessell, Noel Wathen.

PRIZE FOR GENERAL MERIT, "C" CLASSES

(Donated by Mr. Ron Horne)

Anne Berwick, Keith Williams.

Valma Gardner.

JOAN INGLIS MEMORIAL PRIZE

Anne Layh.

BEST PASS IN MATRICULATION EXAM.

FROM NORTHERN HIGH SCHOOLS

(Donated by Messrs. A. W. Birchall and Sons)

Kay Britcliffe (aeq.).

BEST PASS IN MATRICULATION EXAMINATION, 1947

(Donated by Parents' Association)

Kay Britcliffe, Robert Yost.

BEST PASS IN SCHOOLS' BOARD EXAMINATION, 1947

(Donated by Parents' Association)

Fay Youd, Ernest Lyall.

PEGGY PEDLEY MEMORIAL PRIZE

Peter Saunders.

PRIZES FOR SPECIAL SERVICES TO THE SCHOOL

School Pianist—Clare Lancaster.

Library—Brian Walsh.

Banking—Valma Gardner.

ATTITUDE AND INFLUENCE PRIZES

Beverley McKillop, Peter Saunders.

CLASS PRIZE LIST

DUX OF "A" CLASS

(Old Scholars' Association)

Mary Harvey, Ronald Hume.

DUX OF CLASS "B1."

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

Margaret Mitchell, Dereham Scott.

Football—Brian Carney.
Stroke of Crew—Peter Dell.
Boys' Tennis—Peter Fleischer.
Boys' Hockey—Robert Bayles.
Debating—Maurice Knight.

"A" CLASS WHO'S WHO

Betty Arnold—Class Committee. Sorell.

Ron Baker—Class Committee, Opera, Debating Franklin.

Graeme Barnes—Prefect. Sorell.

Edward Barrett—Prefect, Football. Arthur House Captain.

Ian Burrows — Cricket, Sergeant in Cadets, Opera. Vice-Captain of Franklin.

Brian Carney—Prefect, House Captain, Sorell. Captain Cricket, Captain Football ('48-'49), W.O.2 in Cadets, Field Games Champion, Orchestra.

David Clark—Class Committee. Wilmot.

Rhonda Coogan—Girl Head Prefect, Captain of Basketball ('48-'49), Captain of Tennis. House Captain of Franklin.

Don Cordell — Boy Head Prefect, Football. Vice-Captain of Sorell.

Fay Crawshaw—Dux "A" Class Girls. Wilmot.

Val Crutchett—Class Committee, Hockey, Tennis. Wilmot.

Pam Dewis—Prefect, Tennis, Basketball. Secretary of Franklin.

Peter Fleischer—Class Committee, House Captain of Wilmot, Captain of Tennis, Football, School Tennis Champion.

Magreta Gertson—Secretary of Sorell.

Tony Goyns—Sergeant in Cadets. Arthur.

Gilbert Hartley—Football, Rowing, C.Q.S.M. in Cadets. House Secretary of Franklin, Runner-up Open Championship.

Ron Hume—Dux "A" Class. Arthur.

Pat Joyce—Prefect. Sorell.

Margaret Kerkham—Prefect, a School Pianist. House Captain of Sorell.

Maurice Knight—Opera, Leader of Debating. Franklin.

Gloria McCormack—Prefect, Wilmot.

Bill McCulloch — Prefect, Football, Rowing, Sports Champion. House Captain of Franklin.

Margaret Mitchell—Prefect. Arthur.

Terence Morton—Orchestra. Franklin.

Donald Martin—Cricket, Football, Opera. Secretary of Sorell.

Alan Parish—Prefect, Football, Cricket, Opera. Franklin.

Loris Pike—Prefect. Secretary of Arthur.

Merle Pugh—Prefect. Franklin.

Kath Richards—Softball, Basketball. Franklin.

Derry Scott—Cricket. Secretary of Wilmot.

Janis Shields—Prefect, Tennis. House Captain of Arthur.

Geoff Sims—Class Committee. Sorell.

Annette Southon—Prefect. Opera. Co-Editor of Newspaper and Magazine. Arthur.

Iris Stagg — Field Games Champion (Girls), Equal Champion, Hockey, Softball. Wilmot.

Dallas Targett—Class Committee. Wilmot.

L. Wallace—Debating, Tennis, Opera. Franklin

Brian Walsh—Prefect, Librarian, Opera. Secretary of Arthur.

John Walsh—Prefect, Orchestra. Sorell.

Noel Buzaglo—Cricket, Class Committee. Vice-Captain of Arthur.

DUX OF CLASS "B2."

Rhonda Coogan, Brian Walsh.

DUX OF CLASS "C1."

(A. J. Woolcock, Esquire)

Keith Williams.

DUX OF CLASS "C2."

(A. J. Woolcock, Esquire)

Anne Berwick.

DUX OF CLASS "C3."

(A. J. Woolcock, Esquire)

Margaret Moore.

DUX OF CLASS "D1."

Douglas MacKenzie.

DUX OF CLASS "D2."

Brian Smith.

DUX OF CLASS "D3."

Noreen Eeles.

DUX OF CLASS "D4."

Dawn Mitchell.

DUX OF CLASS "D5."

Phyllis Gregory.

DUX OF CLASS "E1."

Ernest Nunn.

DUX OF CLASS "E2."

Heather Scott.

DUX OF CLASS "E3."

Peter Radford.

DUX OF CLASS "E4."

Margaret Harris.

DUX OF CLASS "E5."

Barbara Scott.

SUBJECT PRIZES**MATRICULATION EXAMINATION, 1947**

English (Telegraph Printery)

Billie Davey, Lois Symonds (aeq.).

French (Miss Mary Fisher)

Kay Britcliffe.

Chemistry (Messrs. Hatton & Laws)

Nairn Scott.

SCHOOLS' BOARD**EXAMINATION**

English Literature (Mr. A. D. Foot)

Dereham Scott.

Commerce (McKinlays)

Rhonda Coogan.

Domestic Science (Launceston Gas Co.)

Class "B"—Margaret Mitchell.

Class "C"—Avis Bryan.

Class "D"—Eleanor Arnot.

Class "E"—Barbara Scott.

ATHLETICS — Boys

Open Championship—Robert Hortle.

Intermediate Championship—Gilbert Hartley.

Junior Championship—Douglas MacKenzie.

Field Games Championship—Robert Hortle.

Girls

Open Championship—Eeverley Stuart.

Intermediate Championship—Dorothy French.

Junior Championship—Marie Potter.

Field Games Championship—Pamela Dewis.

FOOTBALL

Best and Fairest Player for Season (Mr. D.

Arnold)—Brian Carney.

Best Club Man (Mr. N. Atkins)—Cyril Monaghan.

Best and Fairest Player against Hobart High

School (Mr. P. Ockerby)—Brian Carney.

Best First-Year Player (Mr. M. Columbine)—

Clarence Boon.

CRICKET

Best All-Round Cricketer—Clifford Elliot.

UNIVERSITY SCHOLARSHIPS

UNIVERSITY ENTRANCE SCHOLARSHIPS

Nairn Scott (4), Billie Davey (9), Robert Yost

(11).

SIR PHILIP FYSH SCHOLARSHIP

Lois Symonds (1), Billie Davey (3), Kay Brit-

cliffe (4 aeq.).

GILCHRIST WATT SCHOLARSHIP

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

NELLIE EWERS PRIZE

Billie Davey and Lois Symonds (aeq.).

REV. DR. JAMES SCOTT MEMORIAL PRIZE

Helen Murray (aeq.).

JANE CHRISTINE HOGG SCHOLARSHIP

Kay Britcliffe (3), Billie Davey and Lois

Symonds (5 aeq.).

BURSARIES

Senior Country—John Cullen.

Senior City—Ernest Lyall.

Junior Country—Ron Traill.

Junior City—Gale Scott, Nancy Herbert.

EDUCATION DEPARTMENT'S**SCHOLARSHIP**

Morris Cropp.

NAVAL COLLEGE EXAMINATION

Raymond Tronerod.

ROYAL MILITARY COLLEGE, 1948

Graham Stewart, Donald Wells.

COLONEL L. M. MULLEN MEMORIAL**SCHOLARSHIP, 1948**

Ernest Lyall.

PASSES IN MATRICULATION**EXAMINATION, 1947**

J. A. Amos, K. Britcliffe, K. S. Caelli, A.

Crawford, M. A. Cropp, G. B. Davey, N. M. Elliot,

K. Hortle, H. R. Hudson, H. Murray, P. R.

Ockerby, D. M. Saltmarsh, N. Scott, L. N.

Symonds, B. Taylor, M. E. Tresize, R. T. Yost.

PASSES IN SCHOOLS' BOARD**EXAMINATION, 1948**

Allen, J. R.; Arnold, B. F.; Arnold, H. M.;

Baker, R. F.; Barnes, G. R.; Barrett, E. M.;

Barrett, J.; Barton, N. M.; Beatty, W. C.; Betts,

D. D.; Boatwright, S. F.; Briggs, K. J.; Burrows,

I. D.; Callaway, J. M.; Clark, D. J.; Coogan,

R. J.; Cordell, D. M.; Dewis, P. K.; Dowse, W. B.;

Dwyer, M. M.; Elliot, C. A.; Fell, M. D.; Fish,

D.; Fleischer, P. L.; Foley, A. C.; Fulton, D. I.;

Gall, L. A.; Graham, B. O.; Hartley, C. G.; Hurst,

R. M.; Hutton, B. M.; Joyce, P. A.; Kerkham,

M. E.; Knight, M. C.; Lancaster, C. E.; Lawson,

J. R.; Lester, A. C.; Lucas, J. W.; McCulloch,

W. G.; McKillop, B. E.; MacPherson, B. J.;

Martin, D. M.; Mitchell, M. K.; Merton, T. E.;

Neil, B. E.; Newton, M. A.; Parris, A. E.; Parry,

P. E.; Paterson, M. L.; Pennington, B. I.; Pike,

L. T.; Porter, N. R.; Priestley, J. M.; Pugh, E. M.;

Russell, S. J.; Scott, D. L.; Sharp, R.; Simms,

G. N.; Southon, A. J.; Targett, D.; Wallace, L. A.;

Walsh, B. L.; Walsh, J. J.; Whittaker, J. I.;

Wright, M. J. F.

LIBRARY REPORT

Once again this year has been a very successful

one for the Library, both from the point of view

of new additions and that of the use of the

Library.

Library. 403 new books were added to the Library and of these 267 were non-fiction and 136 fiction. Included in this total are 68 books on science added to the R. O. M. Miller Memorial Library.

During 1949 the School subscribed to 27 periodicals. Of these, one, "Canon," a periodical on music, is new, replacing "Musical News." Unfortunately, we have been forced to cancel subscriptions to "Current Biography," "School Review" and "School Arts," all of which come from America, but since the devaluation of our money, are too expensive. For the same reason we are unable to subscribe to "Popular Mechanics," for which some boys asked.

Pupils made many suggestions about books for the Library, especially for the fiction section. The books have been ordered and many have already been added to the Library. The Librarian and monitors will be glad to have more suggestions.

The School owes much to the devoted service of the Library monitors, Beryl Hillier, Joyce Bell, Marie Potter, Leila Cusick, Robert Tanner and Royce Close.

Generally, the Library has functioned very satisfactorily, the chief fault being in the lack of promptitude with which books are returned. If an improvement is not shown next year, I am very much afraid that our system of fines will have to be resorted to. Students will do well to notice this failure on their part in the future.

I would like to take this opportunity to congratulate our Librarian, Miss Blythe, on the excellent way in which she has managed to run the Library on such smooth and efficient lines. At all times she is helpful and cheerful and is held high in the esteem of the School.

BRIAN WALSH

VISITORS AND PASSING NOTES**PREFECTS FOR 1949**

At a very important Assembly on a Friday in February, Mr. Morris announced the Head Prefects for 1949. The Head Prefects, Rhonda Coogan and Don Cordell, were very enthusiastically received by the School.

During a later Assembly, the names of the Prefects were made known to the School. They are: J. Shields, P. Dewis, M. Pugh, L. Pike, A. Southon, M. Mitchell, M. Mathieson, M. Kerkham, P. Joyce, G. McCormack, P. Parry (girls) and T. Barret, A. Parish, B. Carney, J. Walsh, B. Walsh, G. Barnes, B. McCulloch (boys).

STROLLING PLAYERS

Early in the second term the School received a visit from Misses Joan and Betty Raynor, who presented to the School a delightful programme of folk songs and stories, collected on their travels from all parts of the world.

ADDITIONS TO THE STAFF

This year we were pleased to welcome to the Staff the Misses N. Alcock, G. Rainbow, N. Miller, V. South, J. Anderson, M. Petyt, and Mr. Harvey and Mr. Lonergan and Mr. Merrillees for a short time. We are very sorry that Mr. Lonergan and Mrs. Macdonald should have had to leave our Staff.

BREAK-UP ASSEMBLY

At the Break-up Assembly of the first term, the School was delighted to hear two items from their fellow-students. Yvonne Lawson recited,

"The Wind's Message," an Australian poem, and Betty Tucker played a beautiful selection by Frank Hutchins. Judging by the applause, these two items were received with great pleasure by their fellow-students.

FRENCH FILM

The Leaving and Matriculation French Classes were privileged to see the first great international film shown in Launceston. This film was "Pastoral Symphony" which was made in France and starred the great French actress, Michele Morgan. Later the Matriculation Class saw the second film, "Les Enfants du Paradis." The scenery in "Pastoral Symphony" was beautiful and the acting and handling of the script were superb. It is to be hoped that many more interesting international films will be released in this country.

ROTARY DINNER

Two members of the Debating Team, Anne Berwick and Ron Baker, each gave a ten-minute talk at the Launceston Rotary Club dinner on Wednesday, May 31, at the Metropole. Anne's speech was on "Politics in China" and Ron spoke on "Immigration in Australia." They were both thanked cordially by the president after the dinner.

MERCHANT OF VENICE

The "E," "D" and "C" Classes attended a performance of "The Merchant of Venice," on Friday June 2. The play, presented by the Church Grammar School was very well acted and was enjoyed by all the classes.

RETURNED FROM ENGLAND

Early in this term Mr. Stan Guy, an old scholar of the School, was a guest at our Assembly. Mr. Guy, who had just returned from England, presented to the School his impressions of the English economic crisis.

WOOL

Another visitor to the School this term was Mr. Sinclair Thyne. Mr. Thyne, who is an authority on the wool industry, presented to the School a lecture on the various stages of wool, from the raw wool to suiting material.

OLD SCHOLAR

Late last term the School received a visit from Mr. Alan Cordell, an old scholar. Mr. Cordell, who has just returned from England, is pursuing a career with the Royal Navy. He described the various stages of his career to the delighted School.

BY NIGHT

I wandered through the silent spaces
In a world all bathed in white,
Beneath the myriad moon-paled faces,
Which watch the passing of the night
From the faded, blue-black ceiling of the earth.

I reached the lane where poplars soared,
And slumbrous pines cast sombre shade,
And stopped to look at the shimmering sward,
Like a gossamer shroud that spiders made
And carefully laid on the sleeping earth.

But it may be that the white, pure light,
Which the moon pours down so soft and clear,
Is sent to wash the world by night,
To cleanse the wounds all raw and bare,
And soothe the deep-bruised souls of weary men.

LES WALLACE, "A," Franklin.



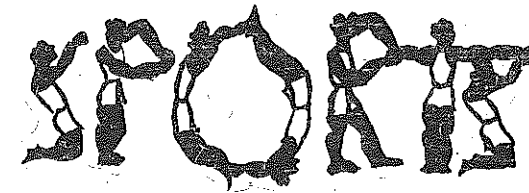
PREFECTS, 1949

Back Row : J. Shields, M. Kerkham, P. Dewis, M. Pugh.
 Second Row : A. Parish, P. Joyce, J. Walsh, M. Mitchell, T. Barrett, L. Pike, B. McCulloch.
 Front Row : B. Carney, A. Southon, D. Cordell, Mr. W. C. Morris (Head), R. Coogan, B. Walsh, G. McCormack.



"A" CLASS, 1949

Back Row : L. Wallace, R. Hume, D. Cordell, J. Walsh, B. McCulloch, D. Clark, G. Simms, T. Barrett, I. Burrows, N. Buzaglio, D. Scott.
 Second Row : F. Crawshaw, B. Carney, D. Martin, M. Kerkham, L. Pike, G. McCormack, P. Joyce, B. Arnold, A. Southon, M. Mitchell, M. Gertson, R. Coogan, T. Morton, P. Dewis.
 Front Row : K. Richards, J. Shields, G. Hartley, T. Goyns, R. Baker, B. Walsh, Miss L. Russell (Class Teacher), D. Targett, A. Parish, P. Fleischer, V. Crutchett, M. Pugh.



HOUSE REPORTS

ARTHUR — Girls

At the beginning of the year Janis Shields and Loris Pike were unanimously elected House Captain and House Secretary respectively.

In the Athletic Sports, Arthur secured second position. Dorothy French tied with Iris Stagg, of Wilmot for the open championship and Elma Belch was the under-13 champion. The House gained second position on the House Ladder at the end of both the first and second terms and we would like to congratulate Franklin on their success throughout the year.

In the School teams Arthur was well represented :

TENNIS.—L. Bowden, J. Shields, D. French and L. Grenda.

SOFTBALL—M. Maclean, J. Cowley, J. Gowans and D. McEnulty.

BASKETBALL—L. Bowden, D. McEnulty and J. Cowley.

HOCKEY—J. Gowans, D. French, C. Marriott, B. Munden and N. Atkinson.

In addition, three Arthur girls, J. Shields, D. Fish and D. French, helped represent the School at the M.L.C. swimming sports and D. French was in the running team.

We have had quite a successful and very happy year and would like to thank Mrs. Holloway and Miss Rainbow for their co-operation during the year as House Mistresses.

ARTHUR — Boys

At the beginning of the year, Ted Barrett was elected House Captain, with Noel Buzaglio as Secretary and Brian Walsh on the Committee.

In the Athletic Sports we gained second place, although we were weaker than in previous years. Nicky Hayes put up a new record for the under-13 high jump and we scored in the open championship teams' races. At the end of the second term, Arthur gained second position in the Class Ladder, which we hope to improve before the end of the year.

In the grade football and cricket, Arthur teams have maintained a good all-round position.

Arthur was represented in the School teams by the following :

CRICKET—B. Yost, L. Wing, N. Buzaglio.

FOOTBALL—E. Barrett, L. Wing, P. Wright, D. Shields.

HOCKEY—R. Bilson, T. Crawford, R. Clark, W. Lanham.

FIRST CREW—T. Crawford (cox.), T. Opie (reserve).

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

FRANKLIN — Girls

At the beginning of the year R. Coogan was elected House Captain and P. Dewis House Secretary. We would like to thank our House Mistresses, Mrs. Jillet and Miss Alcock, for their co-operation and support during the year.

Franklin again proved successful in the Athletic Sports. The winning of team events gave us a substantial lead, aided by the winners and place-getters in individual championships and handicaps. Gwen Snare, by winning all her events, gained the under-15 championship and Margaret Cossun was runner-up in the open championship.

The School was represented at School sports by an athletic team including Ruth Young, Margaret Cossun, Gwen Snare and Kath Richards from Franklin. Franklin members of the School swimming team are Pam Dewis, Marie Murgatroyd and Rhonda Coogan.

Members of School teams :

SOFTBALL—Kath Richards, Silvia Hudson.

TENNIS — Pam Dewis, Rhonda Coogan, Pat Johnson.

BASKETBALL—Silvia Hudson, Pam Dewis, Kath Richards, Rhonda Coogan.

HOCKEY—Ruth Young, Adele Salter.

FRANKLIN — Boys

At the beginning of the year Bill McCulloch was elected House Captain, Alan Parish Vice-Captain and Gilbert Harley House Secretary.

During the first term we were successful in winning the Athletic Sports by a comfortable margin. Bill McCulloch was open champion and Gilbert Hartley was runner-up. Ian Wallace was under-15 champion and Brian Mansfield was runner-up. At the end of term, Franklin was in first place in the House positions.

At the end of the second term we retained our House position due to our success in "A" Grade football and other activities.

We were well represented in the School teams :

CRICKET—Alan Parish, Clarence Boon, Ian Burrows.

TENNIS—Les Wallace, Ian Wallace, Rodney Sibbin.

FOOTBALL—Alan Parish (Vice-Captain), Bill McCulloch, Gilbert Hartley, Clarence Boon, Royce Close, Ian Wallace.

ROWING—Bill McCulloch, Gilbert Hartley.

HOCKEY—Bob Bayles (Captain), Neal Blewett (Vice-Captain), Henry Bartlett, Les Apted, Brian Dyson, Noel Atkins.

DEBATING—Maurice Knight, Ron Baker, Les Wallace, Neal Blewett.

In conclusion we wish to express our appreciation of the work done by Mr. Bewsher for the House during the year.

SORELL — Girls

The fact that we finished the year occupying fourth position does not indicate any lack of enthusiasm among the girls. We were considerably handicapped by major changes in House leaders. At the first House meeting, Pauline Parry and Margaret Mathieson were elected as Captain and Secretary respectively. However, because these girls left, Margaret Kerkham and Magreta Gertsen were elected in their places.

We were not very successful in the Athletic Sports, but our House representatives in School teams were:

HOCKEY—J. Dewis.

BASKETBALL—B. Carvel.

SOFTBALL—B. Broxam.

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

SORELL — Boys

At the beginning of the year Brian Carney was re-elected House Captain and Don Martin as the Secretary. Don Cordell was elected Vice-House Captain.

Although the House did not have a very successful year, it was not through lack of enthusiasm and with the trend of youth prevailing throughout the House, it would not surprise me if in the near future the House will be on top. In the Athletic Sports conducted in the first term, we were not very successful except for our House Captain who captured the field games championship.

We had quite a few members representing us in School teams:

CRICKET—Brian Carney (Captain), Don Martin (Vice-Captain), Harry Gooding, David Murray.

FOOTBALL — Brian Carney (Captain), Don Martin, Don Cordell, Harry Gooding.

TENNIS—W. Craw.

HOCKEY—R. McCulloch, P. Beck.

To conclude, we would like to thank sincerely Mr. Norman, who has rendered us valuable and consistent service throughout the year.

WILMOT — Girls

At the beginning of the year Pat Bowen was elected House Captain and Margaret Holmes House Secretary. Again this year there were no swimming sports, but the Athletic Sports took place as usual. Although Wilmot came only third

it did very well and some very promising juniors were discovered. Iris Stagg did very well in gaining first in the field games and equal first in the open championship.

Wilmot was well represented in girls' teams. Throughout the year there has been a very keen spirit in the House, especially in the junior School and it is hoped that they will do their best to get first place in the future.

Wilmot representatives in School teams:

SOFTBALL—Pat Bowen (Captain), Iris Stagg, Joyce Bell, Pat Robins, Joan Morling.

TENNIS—Valerie Crutchett.

BASKETBALL—Pat Bowen.

HOCKEY — Iris Stagg, Valerie Crutchett, Maureen Wilcox, Barbara Atkins.

All the House would like to thank the House Mistresses, Miss Miller and Miss Bushby, for their co-operation and helpful enthusiasm.

WILMOT — Boys

At the beginning of the year Peter Fleischer was elected House Captain, Ian Whelan Vice-Captain, with Derry Scott as the House Secretary. In the Athletic Sports the House gained third position. House teams did exceptionally well. Because Wilmot had many boys in senior teams, the House teams were comparatively weak and had to struggle for every win they gained. In a couple of years the keen House spirit of the members will bring Wilmot back "on top of the ladder."

House representatives in senior teams in 1949 were:

TENNIS — Peter Fleischer (Captain), Peter Parsons, Tony Chambers.

CRICKET—Don Pitt, Derry Scott, Jim Blackwell.

FOOTBALL—Peter Fleischer, Peter Parsons, Ian Whelan, Don Pitt, Geoff. Richardson, Jim Blackwell.

FIRST CREW — Peter Dell (Stroke), Ian Whelan, Geoff. Richardson.

SECOND CREW—Ken Herron (Stroke), Kay Furnage.

HOCKEY—Des Hayes.

We extend our thanks of gratitude to Mr. F. H. V. Watson for aiding the House in every possible way and for devoting much of his valuable time to House affairs as Master of the House.



The "A" Grade Basketball team started the season early with hard, constant practice and was in its best form for the Hobart match. This match, played on our grounds, proved the most outstanding Inter-High Basketball match for many years. The team played at its best, combining excellently, and entirely outplayed the opponents, winning, 36 goals to 25.

The Tasmanian Premiership match against Burnie was not as fast and interesting as the former and our team won decisively, 39 goals to 16.

The team is deeply grateful to Mrs. Holloway for her interest and encouragement throughout the season and wishes to thank her for the time she spent in coaching. Much of our success is due to E. Coogan, who, as captain, took early-morning practices every day throughout the season.

CRITICISM OF PLAYERS

Pam Dewis (Vice-Captain)—First goalie. Pam is very quick on her feet and plays a good position game. She knows when and how to change her style of play to beat her opponent, but her weakness in catching at times hampers her.

**BASKETBALL TEAM**

Back Row : L. Bowden, J. Cowley, K. Richards.

Front Row : D. McEnnulty, S. Hudson, R. Coogan (Capt.), P. Dewis, P. Bowen.

Lynette Bowden — Second goalie. Lynette's strong points are her speed and ability to catch and jump. However, she is too slow in changing her method of play when being beaten by her defence. She needs to learn to lead cleanly and play for position. Her defence work is strong.

Dorothy McEnnulty—Attack wing. An exceptionally strong but temperamental player who spoils her play by infringements of minor rules. Her catching and throwing are often erratic.

Kath Richards—Centre. With constant practice this season Kath developed into a speedy little player who was always able to lead the ball from the centre. Her catching and defence work need extra practice.

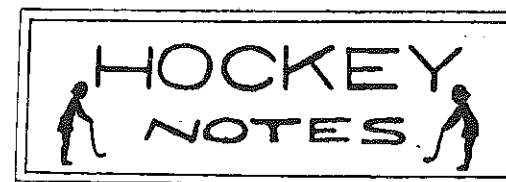
Rhonda Coogan (Captain) — Defence wing. Rhonda is a dependable player who is strong in both attacking and defending. Her game is consistent and she is able to lead the ball from the defence end, but at times needs to be a little faster on her feet.

Betty Carvel—Second defence. She could be quicker on her feet and use her height to better advantage. She sticks to her opponent with determination.

Sylvia Hudson—First defence. Does not use her height to the best advantage, but with practice in jumping, combined with her ability to guard her opponent, should become a very strong defence.

Pat Bowen—First emergency. She needs constant practice in jumping and continuous guarding of her opponent.

Jean Cowley—Second emergency. Jean proved to be a strong defence player, but a little slow in her attack play. With practice she should develop into a strong and reliable player.



This year the hockey team has been very successful both in Inter-High School matches and in roster games. We were able to annex the Island Premiership after two very hard-fought matches and we would like to thank Ogilvie and Burnie High Schools for enjoyable games. The games were won by understanding and co-operation among the members of the team, a noticeable feature during the season.

The team would like to pay tribute to Miss Bushby, who has coached and helped the team throughout the year. She has worked tirelessly and has given up much of her valuable time. Miss



GIRLS' HOCKEY TEAM

Back Row : B. Munden, B. Atkins, V. Crutchett, C. Marriott, M. Wilcox, R. Young.

Front Row : N. Atkinson, J. Davis, J. Gowans (Capt.), D. French, A. Salter, M. Kidd and I Stagg absent.

Bushby has also helped three junior teams and they would also like to thank her. We would also like to thank Miss M. Weaver for her very valuable assistance.

CRITICISM OF PLAYERS

Janet Gowans (Captain)—Left Wing. An able captain and an unselfish player who has enjoyed the co-operation of the team. She is strong in attack, has clever, neat stickwork and is a speedy winger.

Janet Davis (Vice-Captain) — Right Wing. Janet is speedy and combines well with forward line. She passes cleverly, but should tackle back more. Her dribbling runs along the wing are delightful.

Ruth Young—Right Inner. Ruth has speed, very good stickwork and is the most unselfish member of the team. She is always cool, calm and collected, even at the most excitable times.

Dorothy French—Centre Forward. Dorothy has been leading goal striker again this year. She has speed and good stickwork, but her division of play could be more even.

Iris Stagg — Left Inner. Iris combines well with other forwards and is a good goal-striker. Her stickwork is good, but her drive could be more forceful.

Maureen Wilcox—Left Half-Back. Maureen can always be relied on doing what a good half-back should do. She has an excellent roll, but her drive is a little unsure.

Cynthia Marriott—Centre Half-Back. A player with good anticipation, who has played well throughout the season. Cynthia has a forceful drive, but she should stick more closely to her opponent.

Mary Kidd—Right Half-Back. Mary is the most improved player in the team and played an outstanding game in Inter-High matches. She can outspeed her opponent, but her free hits could be put to better use.

Barbara Atkins—Right Back. Barbara is the most determined player in the team. She has a strong drive and will always fight back if she loses the ball, but she should have a better knowledge of the rules.

Nancy Atkinson—Left Back. Nancy's clearing shot has improved tremendously and this year she has been the mainstay of the back line, turning back many attacks, but she often lacks speed.

Adele Salter—Goalkeeper. With constant practice Adele has improved greatly. Her clearing shots and kicks are always put to advantage, but she should be more sure of herself.

Barbara Munden and Valerie Crutchett—Emergencies. Both have played very good games with the team, showing a good knowledge of rules and next year should be assets to the team.



SOFTBALL TEAM

Back Row : D. McEnnulty, J. Morling, P. Robins, B. Brozham, K. Richards.

Front Row : J. Cowley, J. Gowans, P. Bowen (Capt.), S. Hudson, M. McLean.

SOFTBALL

This year the Softball team was extremely successful, gaining the Island title. On March 24 we played Hobart High on Ogilvie High School's ground. This was the first time Launceston had won an Inter-High match. The game was very nerve-racking and it was team-work and understanding, plus excellent fielding, which enabled us to win. The following week (April 1) we played Devonport High at Devonport. Although it was not as fast a game as the week before, the team again showed its keen team-work and enthusiasm to advantage, gaining another victory and annexing the Premiership. The outstanding feature of the team this year is their understanding and ability to work together as a team, both on and off the field and they are a credit to their coach, Miss Anderson.

CRITICISM OF PLAYERS

Joyce Bell—Pitcher. Joyce's batting is reliable and whether pitching or fielding, she is consistent, but must remember to get off home base a little faster. Joyce is a very cool, calm player.

Iris Stagg—Catcher, Co-Pitcher. Although a new member of the team, Iris has shown herself to be an outstanding all-round player. A magnificent bat, a good throw and quick on her feet, she is a model catcher and a good team member.

Kath Richards—First Base. A good bat and a fast runner between bases. Kath has improved very much since she came to Launceston. A clean catch and fast on her feet, she has made a very good first base.

Jean Cowley—Second Base. Another member who has improved immensely. A dependable bat, Jean has taken some very good catches during the season and her ground work is also very good.

Sylvia Hudson—Third Base. A slightly nervous player, Sylvia has been very consistent, both batting and fielding, but throwing is sometimes erratic.

Janet Gowans (Vice-Captain)—Short Stop, Co-Catcher. Throughout the season Janet has been very helpful and is a cheerful and popular team member. Her batting is good and always dependable, she is fast between bases and her fielding, catching and throwing are also good. Fast on her feet she should make an excellent catcher next year.

Dorothy McEnnulty—Roving Short Stop. In the two Inter-High matches, Dorothy took some excellent catches. Her fielding and batting are both good, but nervousness must be overcome.

Margaret McLean—Left Outfield. Margaret's catching, fielding and throwing are all excellent, but her batting could be improved.

Pat Robins—Centre Outfield. Pat is another improved player. Her fielding on the whole is very good, but batting needs some attention.

Pat Bowen (Captain)—Right Outfield. Pat has been a most reliable and unselfish captain, thinking only of the team. Her catching and fielding are good and clean. Her batting is very strong and her running between bases is fast.



GIRLS' TENNIS TEAM

Back Row : L. Bowden, V. Crutchett, P. Johnson.
 Front Row : J. Shields, L. Grenda, R. Coogan (Capt.), P. Dewis, D. French.

Joan Morling and Beverly Broxham — Emergencies. Both are consistent and good triers. Next year they will be useful members of the team.

In conclusion the team would like to thank Miss Anderson for her keen interest in us and for her very useful help as our coach, a role which took up much of her valuable time. She was a big help in enabling us to gain our successes.

GIRLS' TENNIS

Although the team was young and inexperienced, the members were enthusiastic and eager to improve their play. The team was again fortunate in having Miss Deane for coach and the members wish to extend their gratitude to her. We were beaten by Hobart, on their courts, 8 rubbers to 1. We wish to congratulate Hobart on again winning the Premiership.

CRITICISM OF PLAYERS

Lynette Bowden—Lyn's tennis was of a high standard this season. She has developed a stronger service and improved her backhand considerably. When necessary, she can play an extremely hard-hitting game.

Rhonda Coogan (Captain)—Rhonda has a good match temperament and plays a consistent game. Her volleying is her strongest point and often gives her an advantage. A practised service and backhand would improve her game.

Pamela Dewis (Vice-Captain)—Pam's improved backhand shot is now one of her strongest points. Her service has improved in style, but needs

more pace. She played at her best in her singles against Hobart and was very unfortunate to lose.

Dorothy French — Dorothy's service is very weak and she is capable of only a limited number of shots. She does not play her net shots to advantage, but her whole style of play should improve with more experience and practice.

Janis Shields—Jan's play lacks confidence and winning shots. She is not consistent over a period of time and unfortunately mars an otherwise good service by not hitting the ball at a sufficient height. At times she has a strong forehand shot.

Lynette Grenda—The forehand drive is Lyn's strongest shot and all other points of her play will improve greatly with constant practice and experience.

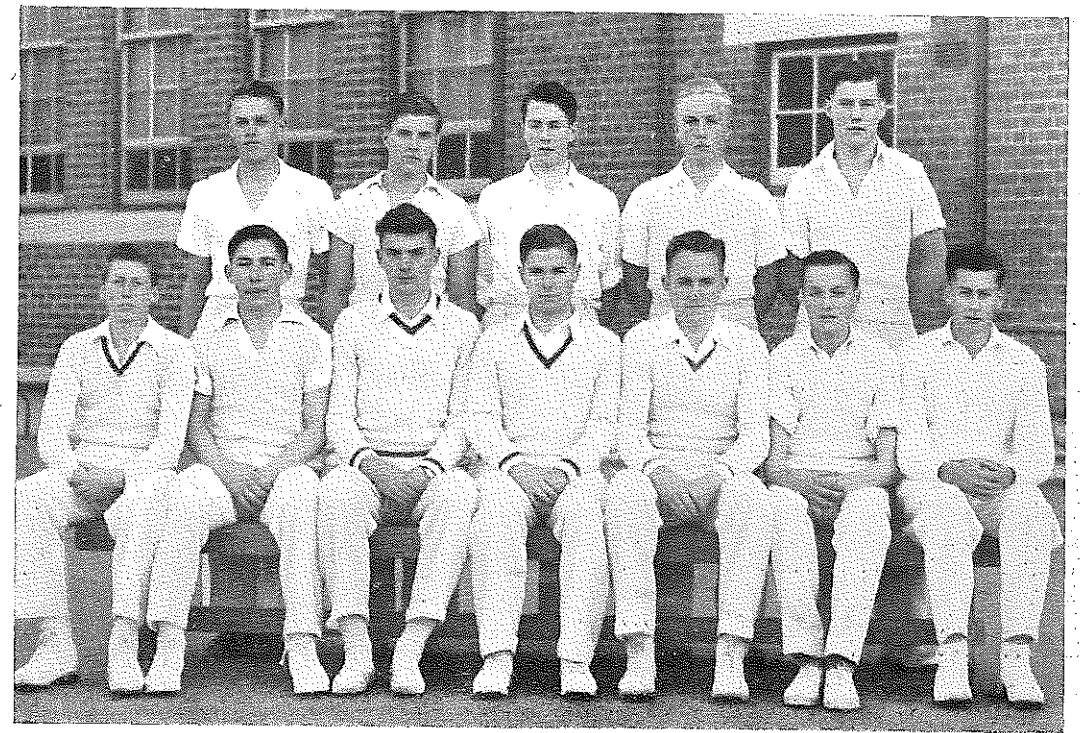
Emergencies—Pat Johnson and Valerie Crutchett.

VIGORO

Since Vigoro was introduced two years ago, it has become increasingly popular and this term the first School Vigoro teams were formed.

Unfortunately owing to the restrictions on Inter-School sport during the outbreak of poliomyelitis, no outside matches could be arranged. However, weekly practice matches were held between the two teams, all the girls being very enthusiastic and attending regularly.

The standard of play improved so considerably that next year we should have a Vigoro team worthy of entering in the Association roster.



CRICKET TEAM

Back Row : I. Burrows, J. Blackwell, D. Pitt, H. Gooding, L. Wing.
 Front Row : D. Murray, C. Boon, D. Martin, B. Carney (Capt.), A. Parish, B. Yost, N. Buzaglo. D. Scott absent.

CRICKET

The Inter-High School matches were looked forward to very eagerly by our representatives because their performances in Saturday matches had been such as to raise their hopes of a Premiership. Nor were they disappointed, although both matches were won only after hard struggles.

We defeated Ogilvie High in Hobart after a thrilling game under almost perfect conditions. Highlight of the game was the Parish-Pitt partnership.

LAUNCESTON v. OGILVIE

OGILVIE — First Innings

J. Robson, b N. Buzaglo	49
E. Rolls, lbw, b N. Buzaglo	8
R. Barling, not out	63
D. McGuire, c Boon, b S. Wing	3
D. Bower, c Carney, b I. Burrows	13
G. Read, c Pitt, b I. Burrows	2
J. Farrell, lbw, b I. Burrows	8
R. McVilley, c Wing, b H. Gooding	4
A. Buchanan, b B. Carney	5
G. Duncan, c Boon, b I. Burrows	0
G. Smart, lbw, b I. Burrows	0
Extras	13
TOTAL	168

Bowling—I. Burrows, 5 for 30; N. Buzaglo, 2 for 36; H. Gooding, 1 for 29; L. Wing, 1 for 12; B. Yost, 0 for 21; B. Carney, 1 for 27.

LAUNCESTON — First Innings

A. Parish, c and b D. Bower	88
B. Carney, b D. McGuire	1
D. Martin, c McVilley, b D. McGuire	14
C. Boon, c McVilley, b D. McGuire	0
B. Yost, run out	1
L. Wing, b D. McGuire	1
D. Pitt, b D. McGuire	34
H. Gooding, b D. McGuire	1
D. Murray, lbw, b D. McGuire	1
I. Burrows, not out	3
N. Buzaglo, b D. Bower	12
Extras	17

TOTAL 173

Bowling—D. McGuire, 7 for 80; G. Duncan, 0 for 20; D. Bower, 2 for 52; E. Rolls, 0 for 8; G. Smart, 0 for 8.

The match against Devonport was not so nerve-racking, but nevertheless it was thrilling. Conditions were perfect, except for long grass.

DEVONPORT — First Innings

H. Pinkus, b B. Carney	9
M. Brown, c Carney, b N. Buzaglo	0
C. Clements, b N. Buzaglo	3
V. Perry, c Wing, b N. Buzaglo	0
D. Jacklyn, b B. Carney	17

L. Smith, lbw, b I. Burrows	9
B. Finlayson, run out	2
M. Craigie, b N. Buzaglo	11
B. Fleming, c Murray, b L. Wing	3
B. Pearce, not out	0
B. Allan, b L. Wing	5
Extras	16
TOTAL	75

Bowling—I. Burrows, 1 for 5; N. Buzaglo, 4 for 19; H. Gooding, 0 for 13; B. Carney, 2 for 3; L. Wing, 2 for 6; B. Yost, 0 for 12.

LAUNCESTON — First Innings

A. Parish, c Perry, b D. Jacklyn	9
B. Carney, lbw, b B. Fleming	24
D. Martin, c Perry, b D. Jacklyn	2
C. Boon, lbw, b B. Fleming	1
B. Yost, c Clements, b B. Fleming	0
H. Gooding, c Finlayson, b D. Jacklyn	24
L. Wing, not out	6
D. Pitt, c Clements, b M. Craigie	0
D. Murray, not out	5
Extras	7

Total for 7 wickets (declared) 78

Bowling—B. Pearce, 0 for 9; D. Jacklyn, 3 for 27; B. Fleming, 3 for 20; B. Finlayson, 0 for 14; H. Pinkus, 0 for 2; M. Craigie, 1 for 3.

CRICKET CRITICISMS

Brian Carney (Captain)—Brian has handled the team very capably during the year. He is a steady, reliable, opening batsman, with ability to "open out" if necessary. His bowling is of a consistently good length and his off-breaks have been responsible for the breaking of many partnerships. He is an example to all in the field, particularly at first slip.

Don Martin (Vice-Captain)—Owing to a back injury, Don's cricket was limited. Previously he showed form as a medium-paced bowler. His fielding could be very good. By trying to become too stylish, his batting has deteriorated.

Alan Parish—A very sound opening batsman who punishes any loose bowling. Places his shots cleverly in all directions and runs well between the wickets. His innings of 88 against Ogilvie High showed that Alan has the right temperament. A very safe fieldsman, with an accurate return.

Jim Blackwell—A newcomer who has developed into a good slow bowler and who can turn the ball either way. A little slow in the field, but is reliable.

Clarry Boon—A safe, but lively wicket-keeper. Clarry's "taking" is very clean and some of his dismissals have been classical. However, he should limit his appealing. He disappointed with his batting and must learn to play forward.

Ian Burrows—Fast-medium opening bowler. Although sometimes erratic, Ian's hostility gains him many wickets. Concentration on length and direction would greatly improve his bowling. His fielding is vigorous, but his batting is not good.

Noel Buzaglo—Opening bowler with a "text-book" style. Always attacks the wickets and so is a dangerous bowler. He can make the ball rise a little higher at times. His fielding is fair, but his batting needs practice.

Harry Gooding—A fine all-rounder. His bowling is consistent and always dangerous. Although inclined to "slop" at times, his batting has become more subdued and shows ability. His fielding is reliable and the returns are excellent.

David Murray—Has not shown the form promised last year. His uninspiring, but effective batting will improve, but he must be more patient and call decisively when running. His fielding is still weak and will need attention.

Don Pitt—A stubborn left-handed batsman who excelled in the Ogilvie match. Don's fielding has improved with hard practice and in this he is an example to others. He excels in positions close to the bat.

Derry Scott—Derry showed promise with the bat towards the end of last season and should do well next year. A leg-break bowler of ability, but is a little slow through the air.

Laurie Wing—Promoted from the Seconds during the season, he soon adapted himself to the turf wickets. A very useful all-rounder who will improve. Possesses some very good strokes.

Brian Yost—A young all-rounder with much ability. With a little confidence he will develop into a good batsman, but he must call and back up for runs. A good leg-break bowler when he strikes a length.

The team would like to thank Mr. Gibson for the work he has done in coaching the team and also the members of the Grammar, Scotch, St. Pats and Tech. cricket teams for the many matches and the good practice.



Although the team finished fifth on the Junior Association ladder, it had improved so much that the general opinion was that if the team had reached the "four" it would have contested the finals. In the N.T.J.F.A. team which played against S.S.O.B.A. at York Park in July, Brian Carney was the School's only representative.

By defeating both Hobart and Devonport High Schools, our team won the 1949 Inter-High School Premiership.

The match against Hobart was played at York Park on July 22. Hobart, first into their stride, held a nine-point lead at the first change and a fourteen point lead at half-time. Launceston, in



FOOTBALL TEAM

Back Row: D. Cordell, D. Martin, H. Gooding, G. Richardson, P. Parsons, B. McCulloch.
 Second Row: P. Fleischer, T. Barrett, C. Boon, B. Carney (Capt.), A. Parish, D. Pitt, I. Whelan.
 Front Row: L. Wing, I. Wallace, P. Wright, G. Hartley, D. Shields. R. Close absent.

the third quarter, their best, added 5-1 and took the lead by ten points. In the last term Launceston held off a determined attack to win by five points.

Scores: L.H.S.—1-3, 2-6, 7-7, 8-10.
 H.H.S.—2-4, 4-5, 5-9, 7-11.
 Goalkickers: L.H.S.—Wing, 3; McCulloch, Whelan, Gooding, Martin, Shields. H.H.S.—Broadby, Cleaver, 2; Goodluck, Harris, Knight.

Best Players: L.H.S.—Carney, Wallace, Whelan, Shields, Wing, Cordell. H.H.S.—Cleaver, Goodluck, Spaulding, Richardson, Cashion, Conway.

Under very wet conditions Launceston defeated Devonport High at York Park on July 29. In this match the scoring was low owing to the greasy and wet conditions. The home team adapted itself better to the conditions and led by 1 goal to nil at the first change. After half-time Launceston's greater speed and stamina and better team-work gave them the advantage of 13 points at the final bell. Final scores: L.H.S., 6-8 (44); D.H.S., 4-7 (31).

Goalkickers: L.H.S.—Wing, Boon, Cordell, Martin, Carney, Parish. D.H.S.—Clements, Pearce, Aylett, Jacklyn.

Best Players: L.H.S.—Parish, Carney, Whelan, Boon, Pitt, Gooding, Shields, Martin, Fleischer. D.H.S.—Fleming, Clements, Pearce, Brown, Dodd, Aylett.

CRITICISMS

Brian Carney (Captain)—Handled his side with good, sound judgment and mostly dominated the centre position against all opponents; a little over-anxious at times and covers too much ground; however, a solid player with a good turn of speed. Must be congratulated on this year's effort.

Alan Parish (Vice-Captain)—A utility player with plenty of ability. Playing mainly on the backline, Alan's exhibitions were always examples to other players. His long, driving "torps" were a feature of his game, while his passing, marking and ground-play were all of a high standard. Never admitted defeat.

Ted Barrett—Centre-half back or half-back flanker. Solid player with a good, clearing dash. Marks well on his chest and a good spoiler overhead. Kicking needs more concentration, but is generally reliable. Ground-work is commendable.

Jim Blackwell—Forward reserve. Needs to try much harder. Inclined to hang out a little. Improvement needed in all spheres.

Clarry Boon—Rover, pocket forward. Very solid for a small person and is inclined to mix it. His kicking, marking and ground-play have become exceptionally good, but he does not use the ball to full advantage. Needs to think a little more, but has good judgment.

Royce Close—Back reserve. Not quite good enough to make the regular team. With a little more concentration his game will improve.

Don Cordell—Did sterling work as a follower and half-forward. Shows a great improvement in marking and ground-play, but his kicking and turning still need improving.

Peter Fleischer — A solid, fearless full-back, whose relieving dashes and long driving punts have repulsed many forward moves. Capable of marking and kicking better. His ground-play is good. Does not lift off the ground—gives extra aerial ability.

Harry Gooding—Vastly improved since last season. Tenacity combined with good marking, accurate kicking and very clean handling of the ball, made Harry one of the team's best players. Usually roves, but can fill the forward pocket, flank, centre or wing positions.

Gilbert Hartley—Wingman. Has plenty of speed, but does not use it effectively. His marking has improved greatly, but attention is needed to his ground-play and kicking while running fast.

Bill McCulloch—An inexperienced follower and flanker. Battles hard and uses his speed well. He must improve his kicking and marking.

Don Martin—Tall ruckman with accurate "tap." Improved much during the season. Uses effective hand-passing, but his kicking and marking need attention. Resting during a match is essential to a ruckman.

Don Pitt—A courageous pocket back. His marking and ground-work are very good, but his kicking needs practice.

Peter Parsons—A dashing, courageous pocket back. Capable of kicking and marking well. His handling of the ball and ground-work are good.

Geoff Richardson—Solid half-forward flanker. His speed and kicking could be very effective and his is good. Must learn to mark.

Doug. Shields—Although only 13 years old, Doug. has shown much ability. Usually rather timid, but he showed his capabilities in the Inter-High matches. Has a bright future if he concentrates.

Ian Wallace — A much improved wingman. Handles the ball well and always looks for a team-mate. His marking is very good, but his kicking could be a little better.

Ian Whelan—Rangy centre half-forward. Uses his speed and height to full advantage. His marking and long drop-kicking are features of his game. Also is a very accurate pass. Hard to catch when in possession of the ball. A good future is predicted.

Laurie Wing—Tall full-forward. Has the requirements to fill this position, but needs to lead faster. An exceptionally accurate punt kick and a brilliant high mark when in form. A little practice with his left foot and . . . Also has a rosy future.

Peter Wright—A solid, fearless ruckman who has rucked really well. Peter "carried" the ruck until the end of the season, when he was exhausted. His kicking and marking improved greatly, but he needs to rest more when not rucking.

B. Curran, C. Fitzpatrick, D. Hinds, I. McPherson, R. Spencer, D. Murray, R. Trail, D. Wright, and B. Yost, all played with the team and should benefit by their experiences.

The team would like to express their thanks to Mr. Cobern for the fine work he did in coaching the team and attending to their many minor injuries. Thanks also are expressed to all the parents and supporters who showed so much interest in the matches—it was heartening to the players. Also thanks to Grammar School for the many enjoyable practice matches.

BOYS' HOCKEY

The School fielded two teams in the N.T.H.A. Under-17 Competition. R. Bayles was elected Firsts captain, with N. Blewett as vice-captain. In the Seconds, L. Apted was captain and B. Dyson vice-captain. Difficulty was experienced in fielding a complete Second's team. A new set of shirts was procured by the School and were used by the Firsts, thus allowing the Seconds to use the old shirts and have a correct uniform for the first time.

The First team, playing under the name of "High Hunters," won the premiership in the competition by defeating "Tech. Tigers" in the final, 4 goals to nil. Thirteen players made the trip to Hobart to play Hobart High in the first round of the Inter-High competition. Although all players excelled themselves, we were defeated by a much heavier, older and more experienced team in a game much more interesting and close than the score, 4-nil, indicates. A trophy presented by ex-School players for best and fairest in this match was won by R. Bilson.

In conclusion, the team wishes to thank Mr. Norman for accompanying them to Hobart and for his interest shown then and throughout the season.

CRITICISMS

Robert Bayles (Captain)—Centre Half-back. Bob has the ability to take the ball on the run and pass it to his forwards with either natural or reverse stick. His knowledge of the game and his inspired leadership won many matches.

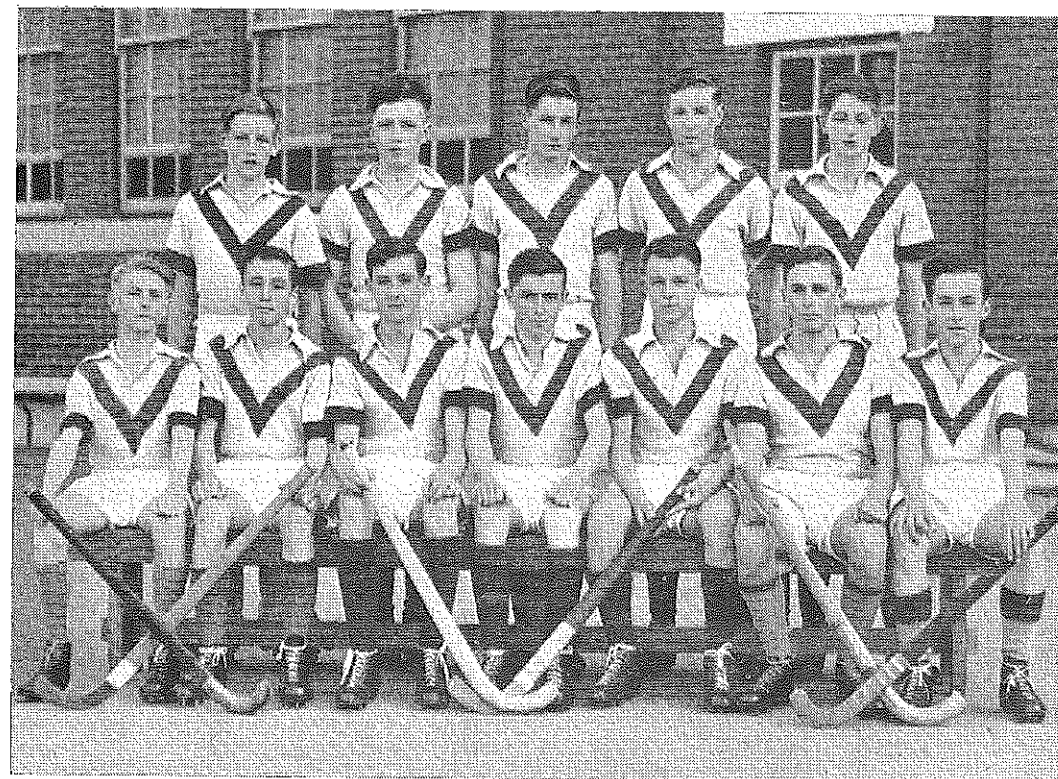
Robert Bilson—Back. A forceful back with a tremendous hitting power. His tackling throughout the season was excellent.

Des Hayes—Back. With perfect stickwork for a backman, Des continually broke up many attacks during the season and flicked the ball with great purpose.

Noel Atkins—Goalie. Noel should do well next year, but must be careful not to come right out when the opposing forwards are in position.

Peter Beck—Right Half-back. Tackled well and stopped the ball particularly well. Peter had a tendency to wander.

Leslie Apted—Left Half-back. When captaining the Seconds he was an inspiration to the younger players. He must try not to use his reverse stick so often, however.



BOYS' HOCKEY TEAM

Back Row: N. Atkins, H. Bartlett, B. Dyson, D. Hayes, P. Beck,

Front Row: R. McCulloch, D. Lanham, R. Bilson, R. Bayles (Capt.), N. Blewett, R. Clarke, T. Crawford.

William Lanham—Left Wing. Bill's flicking was quick and effective and paved the way for the rest of the forwards to work their system.

Tom Crawford — Left Wing. Combined well with Bill Lanham and, although small, always tried hard and gave his centre forward many opportunities to score goals.

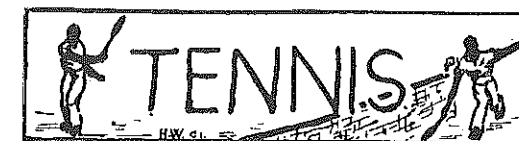
Neal Blewett—Centre Forward. Team's leading goal-striker and dribbles with dash and is always in position.

Robert Clarke—Right Inner. Is a trier, but seems unable to gain the hitting power of the other forwards. If Bob could improve this and also the control of the ball, he will do well next year.

Rex McCulloch—Right Wing. A small forward who made position perfectly and gave a tremendous number of hard passes to the other forwards.

Henry Bartlett (Res.)—Played well as a back during the season.

Brian Dyson (Res.)—Has the ability, but uses the reverse stick too much.



The team played Hobart High at Creek Road on March 25 and won by nine rubbers to nil. The results were:

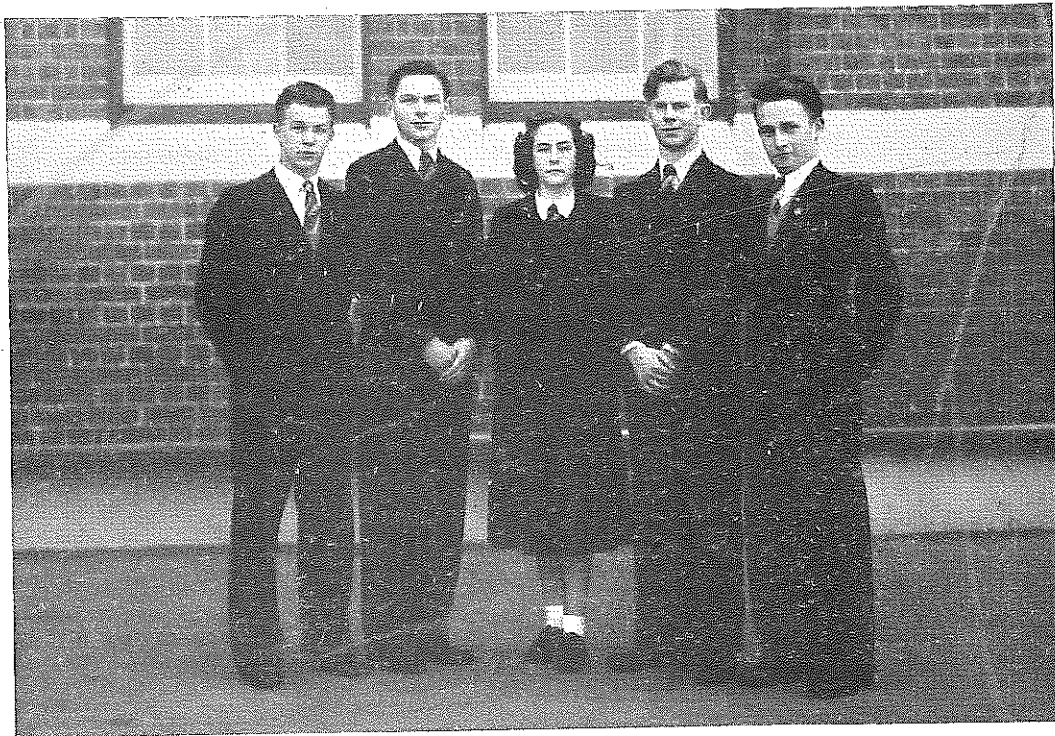
SINGLES

W. Craw d. D. Shepherd, 9-2.
P. Fleischer d. J. Broadby, 9-6.
L. Wallace d. L. McGuinness, 9-0.
I. Wallace d. J. Christie, 9-7.
R. Sibbin d. P. Turner, 9-2.
T. Chamber d. L. Ellis, 9-5.

DOUBLES

P. Fleischer and W. Craw d. D. Shepherd and J. Broadby, 6-0, 6-4.
L. and I. Wallace d. L. McGuinness and J. Christie, 6-3, 6-3.
R. Sibbin and T. Chambers d. P. Turner and L. Ellis, 3-6, 6-3, 6-3.

The team travelled to Burnie for the Premiership and we played Burnie High at the Parklands courts on April 1. Again success was achieved by eight rubbers to one. The results were:



DEBATING TEAM

N. Blewitt, R. Baker, A. Berwick, M. Knight (Leader), L. Wallace.

SINGLES

W. Craw d. J. Kershaw, 9—1.
P. Fleischer d. B. Rogers, 9—7.
L. Wallace l. G. O'Brien, 6—9.
I. Wallace d. J. Whitelaw, 9—8.
R. Sibbin d. D. Cummins, 9—6.
T. Chambers d. L. Radford, 9—4.

DOUBLES

P. Fleischer and W. Craw d. J. Kershaw and G. O'Brien, 6—1, 6—4.
L. and I. Wallace d. B. Rogers and J. Whitelaw, 6—0, 6—3.
R. Sibbin and T. Chambers d. D. Cummins and L. Radford, 6—0, 6—1.

In conclusion we would like to thank Mr. Stan Morris for his invaluable coaching and for all the time he spent in aiding the team before and during the Inter-High series. Our success may be accredited largely to Mr. Morris.

CRITICISMS

Peter Fleischer (Captain)—Peter is a splendid doubles player, with consistent ground shots, an effective service and particularly strong overhead play. In singles he relies chiefly on steadiness, consistent length and accurate placement.

Bill Craw (Vice-Captain)—Bill plays a very forceful and attacking game in singles and has powerful shots on both sides. He is an excellent doubles player, with good anticipation and court sense. He was selected as a State representative in the Linton Cup for 1949.

Les Wallace—Has sound shots all round. When serving, should throw the ball slightly more forward than he is doing. Les must learn to change his game if he is playing a losing game.

Ian Wallace—Ian has a very good match temperament and possesses great fighting qualities. He should develop his coming to the net only when he has the right opportunity. His service has improved considerably.

Rodney Sibbin—Is a very steady player. While most of his shots are very good, he must yet improve his volleying and to a small extent, his backhand and speed up his movements. Played No. 5 in the team.

Tony Chambers — Is the best tail-ender one could want in a team. Tony can always be depended upon and with match practice will gain more confidence and so keep on winning matches.

Peter Parsons (Reserve)—Peter's shots show that with coaching they will make him into a player to be reckoned with. He needs match experience and must also speed up his movements.

Geoff. Miller (Reserve)—Shows promise as a tennis player. He has a good style, but must yet develop all his shots. Geoff. must get out of the habit of standing flat-footed on a court during play. His forehand is quite good, but his service lacks "punch."

DEBATING

The Debating Team, which consisted of Maurice Knight (leader), Ron Baker, Anne Berwick and Neal Blewett, successfully represented the School at Hobart and Burnie. The first debate, "It is better to plant a cabbage than a rose," was held in the Hobart High School Assembly Hall. The Launceston team, which favoured the affirmative side, gained the victory. Professor Baker, who was adjudicator, commented upon the high stand-



1st CREW

I. Whelan (bow), B. McCulloch (2), G. Richardson (3), P. Dell (stroke), T. Crawford (cox).

ard of debating and especially praised Anne Berwick, a new-comer to the team, and Maurice Knight for their excellent presentations.

This victory entitled the team to compete against Burnie High, who had previously defeated Devonport. The Launceston team took the negative side of the debate, "Women should receive equal pay as men, for equal work." Mr. Crisp, a lawyer, of Burnie, who was adjudicator, awarded the victory to the Launceston team and commended Ron Baker and Neal Blewett for their solid and sincere performances.

The final debate for the year was held in the Launceston High School Assembly Hall and the subject was, "There should be a censorship of books." Dr. Tyson, who adjudicated, awarded the victory to the Hobart team, who took the negative side. Les Wallace, who took Neal Blewett's vacant place, showed promise for a new-comer to debating, while Maurice Knight gave his usual humorous, logical and forceful concluding speech.

The team wishes to thank Mr. Bewsher for his invaluable assistance and also the various senior students who kindly made up practice teams.

OH HORSE!

Oh horse, you wonderful thing,
No buttons to push, no bells to ring;
No licence to buy every year,
With number plates on front and rear.
Your inner tubes are all O.K.,
And thank the Lord you stay that way.
Your frame is good for many a mile,
Your body never changes style.
You've something on the auto yet,
Your wants are few and easily met.

TONY CHAMBERS, "B1," Wilmot.



ROWING COMMENTARIES

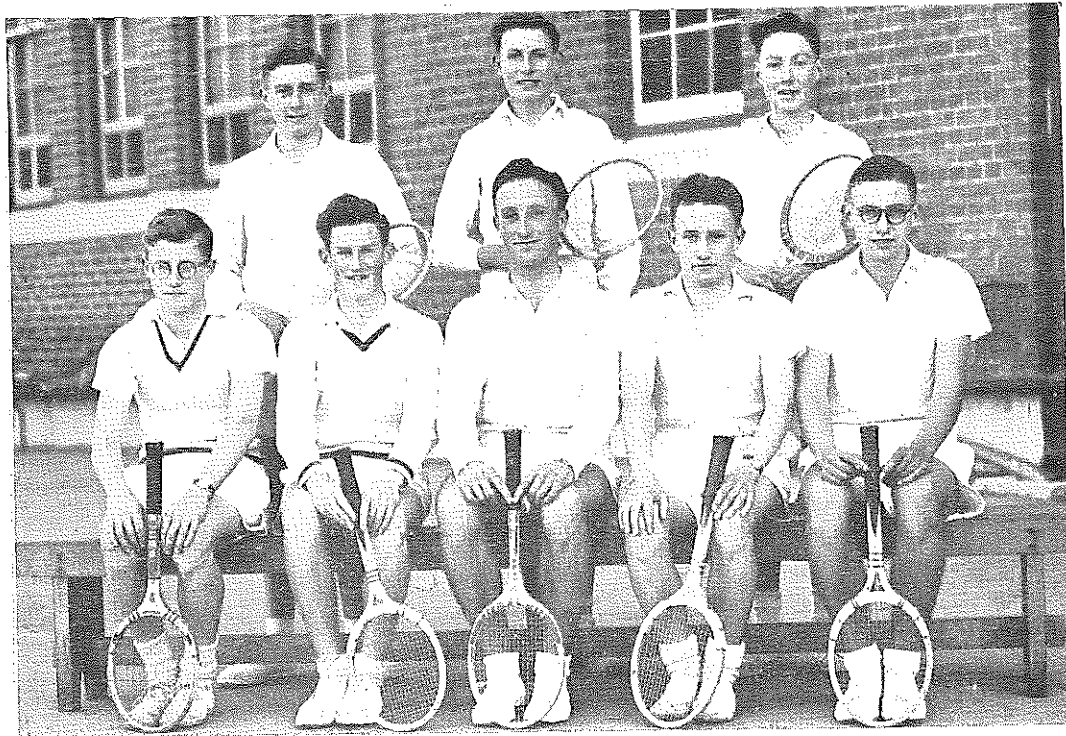
Peter Dell (Stroke)—Because of excellent form shown early in the year, Peter was selected to stroke the senior crew in the Bourke Cup Race. He was elected captain of the Rowing Group at the beginning of this season and he has done valuable work in training younger rowers.

Ian Whelan (Bow) — This rower after very short notice dropped into his place with little experience, but after expert coaching, developed into one of the most steady rowers in the crew. Always co-operative, Ian proved to be the moral support of the crew.

William McCulloch (2)—Combining experience with astute coaching, this very adaptable and pleasant rower developed a style which gave full backing to the stroke. Though Bill's record so far does not give him full credit, he should prove his worth in the future.

Geoff. Richardson (3)—Coming from another school, Geoff filled a very difficult position which combines strength with weight. Having a natural sense of rowing, Geoff with added experience and coaching should develop into a first-class rower.

Tom Crawford (Cox)—Having an instinctive knowledge of the water, Tom expertly steered his crew over a difficult course with all the assurance that a good cox needs. Unfortunately Tom's increase in weight prevents him from coxing the School crew at any future occasions.



BOYS' TENNIS TEAM

Back Row: P. Parsons, R. Sibbin, G. Miller.
Front Row: I. Wallace, W. Craw, P. Fleischer (Capt.), L. Wallace, T. Chambers.

“NORTHERN LIGHTS”

The story of “Northern Lights” centres round Olaf Jurgens, the father of a large and impecunious family who are to inherit a fortune from an aunt with whom they had had little to do.

But, to obtain this fortune, Jurgens has to train a singer to win the local village festival. A boy, who eventually proves to be the famous boy soprano, Erik Erikson, is kidnapped by two gangsters who elude a somewhat “defective” detective and “drop” the boy on Jurgens’ doorstep. Discovering this boy’s beautiful soprano voice, Jurgens decides to train him for the festival. However, before he is able to start his training, the detective arrives and Olaf finds himself arrested for “napping the kid.” He defends himself in a “court of law,” and in spite of the rather corrupt intentions of the judge, is acquitted, but is once again without a singer. However, the new singer soon arrives and Jurgens’ rather unorthodox training methods lead to his prosecution by the newly-formed “Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Singers.” Surviving this charge, Jurgens eventually succeeds in getting his singer to the festival. Unfortunately, however, the boy loses his voice. Karin, Jurgens’ daughter, in the sorrow of the moment, sings in an endeavour to comfort her father, and, quite unwittingly, wins the prize and so the fortune. This amounts to £30/3/9, which enables Jurgens to pay his debts and start life anew.

The vital role of Olaf Jurgens was played to perfection by Ron Baker, who handled the rather difficult character very competently.

Betty Tucker’s singing, as Karin, was charming and at all times delighted the audience.

Helen Stevens’ voice was at its sweetest and her duets with Betty Tucker and trio with Betty Tucker and Margaret Stirling were extremely pretty and popular.

Sylvia Hudson handled her part as Christina very ably and Yvonne Lawson, as the food-loving Lillian, gave a delightful performance and her entrances were eagerly awaited.

As Oscar, the addled-brained friend of the family, Brian Walsh gave a splendid performance and continually convulsed the audience with his antics.

As Mr. Svendik, the J.P. and Jurgens’ employer, Alan Parish gave an excellent first performance and made clever use of facial expressions.

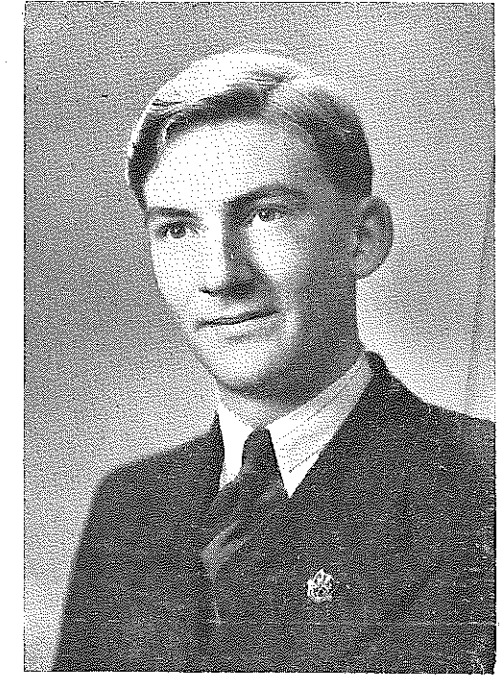
Maurice Knight, as the lawyer, Mr. Snoring, gave his customary polished performance and the part of Helga, his secretary, was handled well by Dorothy French.

As Sam, the detective, Don Martin, appearing in his fifth successive opera, gave a superb performance. His songs and his imitations of three

HEAD PREFECTS, 1949



Rhonda Coogan



Don Cordell

well-known crooners drew an encore from the delighted house and his appearances were hailed enthusiastically.

Les Wallace (Ole) produced a continual ripple of amusement with his repeated changes of rather fantastic millinery.

Annette Southon, as Mrs. Sims, gave an efficient performance, while Pauline Taylor, as Sonia, handled her part enthusiastically and well.

The two boy sopranos, Erik and Henrik, played by Brian Howard and Donald Colgrave, rendered their songs sweetly and fitted into their parts without effort.

The two gangsters (Jan Wallace and Ian Burrows) were disturbingly effective.

Mrs. Denker’s (Margaret Holmes) conversations, especially those with Oskar, caused great hilarity and Ingrid (Dulcie Klye), her daughter, handled her part competently. Margo Sydes charmed with her rendition of “Nocturne.”

The dances were capably arranged by Dulcie Klye and performed by her, in company with Sylvia Hudson and Lois Dadson.

The members of the orchestra, most of whom have been connected with the last five operas, gave splendid support to the cast and the producer. When they appeared on the stage during the finale and proved that they were good singers

as well as first-class instrumentalists, the tumultuous applause which they received was no more than they deserved.

The orchestra, consisting of Brian Carney, John Walsh, Terence Morton and Harry Gooding, was very ably assisted by the accompanist, Clare Lancaster.

The costumes, which were adversely affected by the war in past years, returned this year to give “Northern Lights” a particularly colourful and realistic background. They were designed by Aloris Beardwood and Barbara Padman. Miss V. South and the Art Class were responsible for the well-designed outdoor scenery which added considerably to the effect of the production. Derry Scott and Robert Tanner handled the lighting sympathetically.

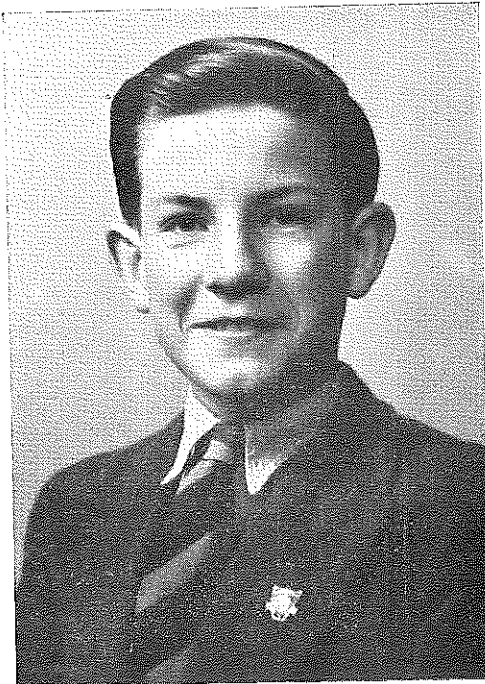
The chorus backed the soloists extremely well and always its singing was charming.

In writing both script and music and acting as producer-director of “Northern Lights,” Mr. Moses deserved even more praise than he actually received and the entire cast wishes to convey to him its deepest gratitude and appreciation of all he has done for its members in giving them the opportunity of taking part in his production and of all he has taught them. Thanks, Uncle Joe!

BEST PASS SCHOOL'S BOARD EXAMINATION, 1948

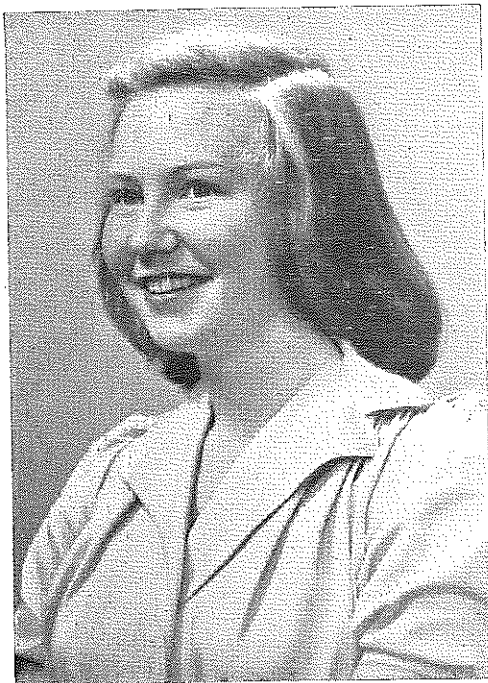


Betty MacPherson

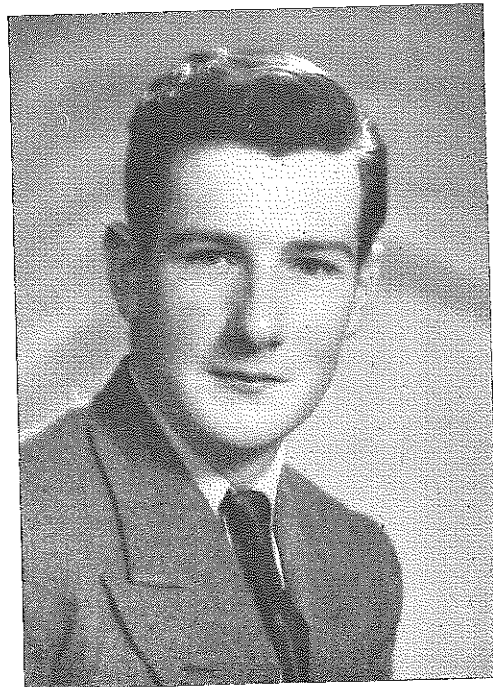


Derry Scott

BEST PASS MATRICULATION, 1948



Janice Ingles

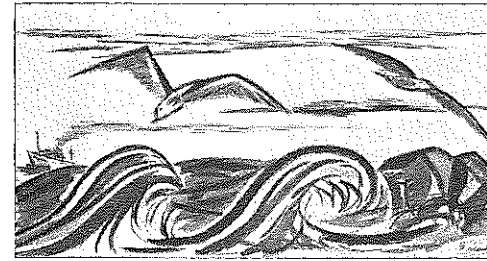


Gordon Jacques

PEGGY PEDLEY MEMORIAL PRIZE

This year the prize has been awarded to Les Wallace for his poem, "The Gulls," which is printed below.

THE GULLS



Among the tumbling waves and flying spray,
Twixt rusted rocks or on the wind-swept sand,
Or screaming, scolding in their rowdy play,
Or quivering in the wind's sustaining hand,
The gulls are whirling, skirling, long and loud,
And as I watch them squabble, bicker, brawl,
I wonder if this rustling, motley crowd
Has known of joy, of ecstasy at all.

But see them arrowing 'neath the scuttling
clouds;

Or drifting through a blue and breezy sky,
Seeming to mock the fearful ships in shrouds
Of wispy smoke, which slothfully creep by;
Behold and know; they have no griefs or fears,
No smarting wounds to bathe in frustrate tears.
LES WALLACE, "A," Franklin.

MUDDY SHOE TRACKS

At the end of the second term I found myself at a loss to decide what to do in the holidays. After casting round a little, I was given a job with the Forestry Commission. This involved some string-pulling through a neighbour, who is the Commonwealth Assistant Research Officer, but in the end I was welcomed with open arms and a full salary. The job combined a little office work with some bush work.

One fine morning I went to the home of my Research Officer friend and there he had a utility waiting. By half-past nine we left the car at a sawmill right under Mt. Arthur. Ahead lay thick bush, penetrated only by the timber-cutters. In this "desert" of trees and horizontal scrub we were to find roughly a square chain of bush on which stood at least two hundred trees of the one species of eucalypt—in this case, stringy bark, or more correctly, obliqua. This was not as simple as it seems, since we had to find a plot which had not been burnt by a bushfire and each tree had to be over four inches in diameter.

Getting into the bush is also not as simple as it seems. We had to go along shoe-tracks made by the logs as they are hauled into the mill. On the St. Patrick's River side of Mt. Arthur there are innumerable streams flowing down the side of the mountain. This water, when churned up by the horses that haul the logs, becomes one long mudhole down which some of the streams

flow. In some places mud "puddles" up to twenty-five feet long, four feet wide and three feet deep exist. At times this mud attains the texture of plasticine which sticks to one's clothing remarkably well. Therefore, in making one's way along this track, one has to be deft at leaping streams, mud-holes and even the shoe-tracks themselves. The men who drive the horses have their own track, but they don't worry about the mud, so we had to pick our own way and miss as much mud as possible.

Reaching a suitable area we set about finding a plot of stringy bark in which every tree has to be measured for diameter, checked and counted. This alone can take up to a whole day. Then six sample trees have to be felled and the diameters at different heights up the tree taken, both under and over the bark. In addition, the total height and the height to the first limb have to be measured. When this is done, every measurement has to be checked. Finally, the age of the tree and the amount of growth in the last ten years has to be taken as well as a soil sample and a description of the track to the plot. All this can take four days.

Arriving home at about six o'clock in the evening after a day in the bush, I looked like a mud-lark, with mud up to my knees and my hands blackened with gum sap. But I was much more aware of the work which the Forestry Officers have to do.
PETER DELL, "B2," Wilmot.

THE INTREPID HUNTER

No one quite knows what gave Father the idea of preying on the rabbit life of Tasmania. Let it suffice that one Saturday he resorted to an establishment known as the "Gun Club" and came back, triumphant, bearing tales of "maggies," "crows" and other mysterious animals, together with the name, "Bull-in-the-eye Gay," given to him as he did not hit a bull. Next Saturday, Father trotted down to a sports' shop, where, after much thought and consideration, he purchased a pea-rifle. From then on Father joined the ranks of the many thousands who hunt down the unfortunate rabbits of Tasmania.

Next Sunday Father set out with his very sceptical family, out Evandale way. His family was even more sceptical when he placed his gun with the barrel pointing towards his elder daughter's left ear. After much arguing and sarcasm, Father changed the position of the rifle until it pointed towards his younger daughter's left ear, her ear apparently worthy of less consideration.

By the dint of keeping the car at a steady fifty all the way, Father managed to reach Evandale in the minimum of time. After a brief halt here, in order to view a rather ancient and dilapidated kangaroo which returned our curious stares with a perpetual contemptuous twitching of the nose (this was taken as a sign by Father's very pessimistic daughters that Father was not going to catch a rabbit), we reached a place where there were gorse hedges on each side of the road. This, declared Father, was ideal rabbit country and indeed he was right, for there sitting, one on each side of the road, were two rabbits. Gently Father stopped the car, still more gently he eased himself out of the car, rest-

ing his rifle on the car door, Father took careful aim. There was a little spray of dust about ten yards from the rabbit on the right-hand side. Nothing daunted, Father took aim at the rabbit on the left-hand side of the road. This time there



was a little spray of dust about fifteen yards from the rabbit. Six times he shot alternately at those rabbits and still they sat there, looking, so we imagined, contemptuously at the car until, on the sixth shot, they rose, shook themselves and lolloped into the gorse hedge. Loud and long were the laughs of Father's very insolent daughters.

About five miles further on, Father decided to try a little stalking. With handkerchiefs stuffed in their mouths, for penalty of death threatened the first one to laugh, or make any noise, his daughters watched him carefully tip-toeing along the road. A moment of suspense came, then his gun raised to his shoulder, he took careful aim. A wild squeaking arose from the bush and Father came back with a rather sheepish grin on his face, apparently some wild turkey had fallen foul of his gun and had been forced to beat a hasty retreat into the bush.

By this time Father was rather bored with rabbits in general and so we decided to go home. It was a very interesting journey. First of all we saw a porcupine which Father insisted on trying to turn on its back. The porcupine, however, resisted all attacks and quite a battle ensued with the porcupine and Father being cheered on alternately. The rest of the journey passed without incident, except for some mysterious beast that prowled across the road and disappeared into the bush. Father didn't see it, Mother asserted it was a bear, his eldest daughter that it was a "Tasmanian Tiger" and his youngest daughter, who always was a wet blanket, that it was a dog.

Eventually we arrived home, where Father busied himself with a bit of string and his gun, explaining as he did it, that he was cleaning his gun.

JEAN GAY, "B2," Sorell.

HER ENTERTAINING CAREER

Dong! Dong! Dong! The sonorous tones of the bell sounded ominously as the cortege slowly entered the cemetery. "Ashes to ashes, dust to dust," the clergyman's words rang solemnly.

She had always been reckless about road traffic. For instance, there was the time she had attempted to race the car travelling at 70 miles an hour while on her bicycle. She was trying to manoeuvre the crossing before the car. There

were inches to spare that time and if she had been smashed it would have been the other person's fault—it always is—and she could have sued the car driver. Well, anyway, her family could have done.

She used to cross the road by stages. One rainy day she had reached the middle of the road when an amateurish cyclist threatened to run into her. Jumping to avoid him, she found herself directly in the path of a car driver who was unable to stop because of the slippery road. She executed another leap—one which would have won any school championship—and landed on the running-board of another car, clinging desperately to the arm of the startled occupant, who was just preparing to pull away from the kerb. She was driven home by her rescuer—so she rather enjoyed that adventure.

Paradoxically enough, when this last scene of her entertaining career was played, it undoubtedly was not her fault. She was crossing the road under the protecting care of the genial green light when a motorist disregarded the red light's baleful glare and swerving to avoid several other pedestrians, ran her down. She was killed instantly. Remember—"Life is so precious."

P. GILBERT, "C1," Franklin.

MISTS

A hill full,

A hole full,

And yet you cannot catch a bowlful.

This little verse came to my mind while lazily walking home yesterday. I was on top of a high hill gazing down over the landscape below. I saw blue hills in the hazy distance, nearer green paddocks and then a foamy, gossamer band of mist on the little creek at the foot of the hill.

To me there are two kinds of mist. The first kind is the mist at dusk. Then the mist has a grey-white, ethereal appearance as though the clouds, heavy with dust from the day's activities, have at last come to rest over the little creek where they can be refreshed and rise once again, light and airy to greet us again.

Then there is the mist of night, when the moon and stars make silver the earth below. That is when the mist is spread over the creek-bed like a shroud of fairy's silk. At what appears to be the top of the sheet of mist, it is snowy-white and where it touches the ground, it appears like a ghost in a shadow—tinted black.

When the sun is shining and we are enjoying the air of the high hills we can look down into the valleys below and there we see the mist bunched in between the hills like whipped cream in a basin. We feel free, for we cannot see the townships down below. For all we see, we could be the only people on earth. R. DWYER, "B2," Sorell.

THE STREAM

Where do you come from, little stream?

Out from the bush where the sunlight gleams.

Where do you go to on your way?

Past the meadows bright with hay.

Where do you come at your journey's end?

Into the ocean wide, my friend.

VIVIEN MORRISON, "E3," Wilmot.



CADET CORPS

CADET NOTES

Although this year has not been very successful, all cadets have reached a high standard of efficiency. Early in January there were four representatives from our School at Christmas Camp at South Arm. Each representative at the present time is giving valuable coaching to the cadets.

The Annual Camp, which was held at Brighton, was a great success. The range parade for each detachment in camp helped to create interest in the different types of weapons. The team which shot in the Earl Roberts Trophy did a good job, considering that they had had no open range practice this year.

The training that the cadets have received this year at School has been much more interesting than those of latter years. In this year's syllabus of training, two subjects have been added. They are the procedure of changing the guards and the mechanism and the art of throwing grenades. Although the Cadet Corp has only a small role, each cadet seems genuinely interested in the work. In concluding, I should like to thank all cadets, and N.C.O.'s especially, for their co-operation throughout the year. I should also like to thank Lieut. Norman for the interest and time he has devoted to the Corps.

R. BAYLES, Cadet-Lieutenant.

TIDDLEYWINKS

Her lovely coat of silver grey
Carefully tended every day,
Daily toilet neatly done,
She now relaxes in the sun.

Twitching ears dreams reveal
Of last night's chase when she did steal
Unobserved behind that rat,
Old, grey-whiskered, sleek and fat.

Or by that burrow crouching sly,
For baby rabbits passing by,
With pleasant thoughts of things to eat
And recent feasting now replete.

All contented, free from care,
Future prospects bright and fair,
Soon asleep upon the mat
Lies Tiddleywinks, our household cat.

JOHN COULSON, "C1," Franklin.

WHO RODE THAT ROCKING HORSE?

Lionel Holmes, the great detective, sat in his hotel bedroom, Sydney, wondering what to do. He had missed his plane to England where he had been asked to investigate the stealing of the Duchess of Knots' pearl necklace. Suddenly the door opened and in came the manager. "Mr. Holmes, while you are here, would you investigate a little mystery of ours? As you know, we have a children's playroom here and every night for nearly a month, the rocking-horse has been heard to rock at about one o'clock."

"It sounds a very simple case, but as I have nothing else to do, I suppose I'll take it on," said Lionel. "Who has heard this rocking?"

"The hall porter on duty," was the reply.

Lionel then asked see the porter so that he could question him. The porter said that each night he had heard the noise of rocking, opened

the door and switched on the light to find the rocking-horse rocking gently with no one on it. As he opened the door he heard a scuffle, but never saw anything.

Early next morning the great detective went into the playroom before anyone else and carefully examined the horse. He picked up a few hairs which he found on the horse and taking them upstairs, studied them under a microscope. Then he rushed downstairs to interview the porter again. He asked the porter to describe the playroom.

"Well, sir," said the porter, "it was just the same as usual, most of the toys put away in the cupboard. The only thing at all out of place was one of those imitation animals, which was on the floor near the fireplace."

"Ah-ha," said the great man, "describe that animal. Was it rather like a possum?"

"Yes, sir," said the porter in surprise, "although I didn't know they made 'em like that."

Next Lionel hurried off to see the manager.

"Have you a possum amongst the toys in your playroom?" he asked.

"No, I don't think so," answered the manager.

"Then the case is complete," said Lionel. "Your villain was a possum, not a toy as the porter thought, but a real one which came down the chimney and rocked away. When the porter came it jumped off, but didn't get very far before the light went on." H. REEVES, "C1," Franklin.

IT'S JUST THE FASHION

It must have been very trying to the sixteenth century woman to wear crinolines. Just think how awkward it must have been to pass through a narrow gate, board a coach, or sit down.

To illustrate this, I shall tell you of my embarrassing experience with a crinoline. I was to be a sixteenth century girl in a School play and, seeing we had not had a dress rehearsal, I had little knowledge of managing my crinoline.



In the middle of the first scene I had to sit down. The skirt of my dress gave a ping, then flew over my head, revealing long, frilly underwear and leaving me embarrassed.

I could not imagine our great-great-grandmothers' reactions if we could tell them of the customs and dress of to-day.

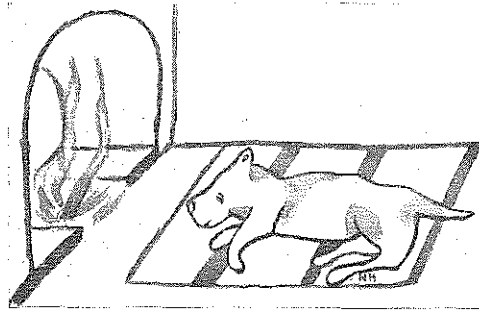
To have one's hair cut short would be crime enough, but if we were to tell them we bleach and dye our hair, I think they would recoil in disgust.

There is no adjective to describe the horror which would be shown by our great-great-grand-mamas if we could tell them that we paint our nails red, our eyelids blue, darken our eyelashes and brows and colour our complexions.

Still, we claim, "It's just the fashion!"

PAM PACKARD, "D3," Franklin.

MY DOG



He sits before the fire, gazing abstractly into the flames which edge his rusty coat with a halo of flickering gold. He seems completely oblivious of his surroundings, except that occasionally he notices me covertly watching him over my book and wags his tail almost apologetically before again becoming lost in his reflection. As he does so, his eyes change from limpid brown to fiery gold and I am again watching his incandescent profile over the cover of my portly volume.

"What a friend," I say to myself, "is a dog. He is trustful and trustworthy, faithful and faith-inspiring. He is a good conversationalist too, having one outstanding quality in this respect—that of being a good listener. But he can express his own ideas too and much better than many men. He is wonderfully sympathetic and never tactless. And how well he can keep a secret! There is no fear that any confidence entrusted to him will ever 'slip out.' Truly, as a companion and confidant, he is incomparable."

Having thus delivered a silent oration upon the merits of dogs in general, I return to my book and soon become absorbed in the riotous splendour of the French court in the excellent, though ethereal company of Athos, Porthos, Aramis and D'Artagnan. But my praises of dogs do not end here, for I am constantly supplementing them from day to day.

I am firmly convinced that there are but two ways by which a man can satisfy his need for companionship. One way is to acquire a dog and the other is to marry.

LES WALLACE, "A," Franklin.

A RAINY DAY

"Oh dear, I wish this rain would stop," I said to myself as I flicked over the pages of my library book. It was a terrible book; even the author had a silly name. There was nothing else to do but sit patiently, hoping in vain for the rain to stop. But it did not stop. It simply poured down as if an ocean of clouds had burst and had a never-ending water supply too.



Suddenly I heard the postman. There was a letter for me, with different pencil-marked addresses on the envelope. I fumbled excitedly with the seal, wondering who could have written to me and forgotten the address. The contents surprised me very much. It read, "Will you please come to my birthday party on Wednesday, at 3 o'clock?" It was signed, "A Friend." A postscript was added, "The address is 38 Smithton Street."

I looked at my watch. It was two-thirty. I got my raincoat and hat from the hall-stand and went out into the street. Around the corner there was a sweet-shop. I took five shillings out of my purse and bought some chocolates. I then made my way to 38 Smithton Street. After wandering around for twenty minutes, asked a lady if she could direct me there.

"Well," she answered with a slight accent, "I've been a-living here nigh on forty years, but I've never seen or heard of Smithton Street."

She smiled apologetically. "I'm sorry, but I hope I've been of some assistance." I thanked her and walked slowly home.

Next day I had a visitor. She was simply bursting about something so I questioned her. The whole story tumbled out, word after word. It appeared that she had sent me the message as a joke, not dreaming that I would take it seriously. I laughed heartily at her and we sat down to eat the chocolates, the only memory of my rainy day.

KATHLEEN RYAN, "E1," Arthur.

RAINY DAYS

It's all very well to rain at night
When I'm in bed, all tucked up tight,
But when it rains, like dogs and cats,
We cannot wear our Panama hats.

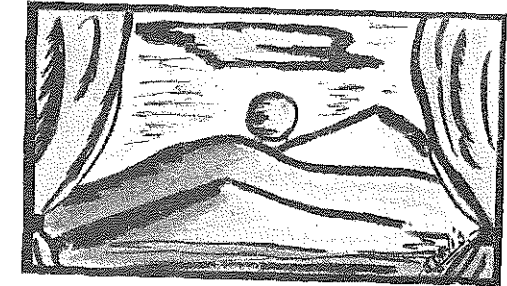
When it really pours,
I stay indoors

And watch the chimneys smoke.
I dream away

Of a sunny day

Then give the fire a poke.

JOCELYN WEIR, "E4," Wilmot.



BIRTHDAYS

Oh, how we all long for that great day to come! Our excitement first commences when we lie in bed, before anyone else has stirred, watching the sunlight fill the room with a radiant glow and whisper to ourselves, "This is my day! This is the one day of the year when people will remember me! This is the day when I become one year older! This — is — my — day!!!"

And then, after breakfast, there is that entrancing moment when presents have to be unwrapped. Oh-h-h, how lovely it is to untie the pretty ribbons, rustle the magic-sounding wrapping paper and draw out the object of many weeks' dreams. How contenting it is to read the accompanying cards, to place them gently back amidst their clouds of misty cellophane and tinsel and to have the family hovering close, laughing, congratulating you on the entrance to another year.

But afternoon brings the final excitement. The party! The visit to the pantomime with friends, to stare, amazed at the modern productions of childhood's nursery-rhymes. Returning home there is the pleasant anticipation of the feast to be. The cakes, the cordials, the meringues, are oh! so good, for, behind the pretty party frock there still lurks the thought, "To-day is my day!" Then there is the departure of the guests out into the starry night and lastly, the solemn thought as we drift into slumber: "It has been a lovely day, but before I experience another like it, I must wait a long, long time. One — whole — year —." JANET JESSOP, "E5," Arthur.

RAIN

A little girl knelt on the window-seat, watching the raindrops run races down the panes. Outside everything was bleak. The garden suggested a half-drowned kitten sheltering under the eaves from a heavy, drenching rain that had been falling for two weeks. To-morrow was her birthday. Her mother had promised weeks ago, to take her to the beach on that day. If only it would stop raining.

* * * * *

Standing in the shelter of the barn, the farmer surveyed his sodden and flattened wheat crop. This would mean that he would have to draw more money from an already dangerously over-drawn bank account. If the rain had stopped a week ago the crop would have been saved, but now it was too late.

Coming out of the theatre the young man beckoned to a newspaper boy. Turning up his coat collar he sheltered under the awning of a tobacconist's shop. The damp paper tore as he opened it and the ink, fresh from the press, had splodged over the lettering, making it practically undecipherable. The headlines stood out dark and uneven on the page: "Large Farming Area Flooded, Crops Ruined." He folded the paper as the bus drew near and stepped out into the street. The still-moving bays ran through a puddle and splattered him with water. Hastily stepping back he slipped in a patch of mud and fell forward.

At the out-patients' department, the nurses were coping with the extraordinary number of patients coming in. An ambulance drew up outside and the men hurrying through the blinding rain with their burdens, reached the doorway and handed over two more flood victims to the competent nurses.

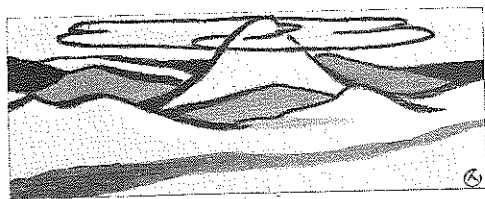
The family clutching their few pitiful belongings was hustled into the waiting boat. Five minutes later the house was completely surrounded by the brown, turbulent waters. A brown horse tangled in a mass of debris floated past. On a slight rise a haystack, still standing, rose gaunt and black against the grey rain. The rain had brought ruin.

The First-in-Command of Matters Concerning the Weather settled down in his chair with a grunt and held his head. He had an astral hang-over. With an effort he sat up and drew the bundle of to-morrow's weather orders towards him. Pausing for a moment he took out his wallet and glanced lovingly over the large wad of notes. All these were to be had for the signing of a paper! Picking up his pen he signed with a flourish, then pushed back his chair.

Next day it rained.

J. AMOS, "B2," Sorell.

THE LONELY KING



Far away over the river,
Lonely old Arthur stands.
The crown on his head is the low-lying cloud;
Boulders and rocks are his hands.

In summer, the sun shines upon him,
Berries and wildflowers bloom.
In winter winds whistle round him,
Snow falls and driving rains, too.

He has no mate anywhere near him,
Only foothills, trees and grass.
The clouds that merrily skim round his head,
And the aeroplanes that pass.

B. APTED, "D3," Franklin.

MUCH DIFFERS

Guusje and her sister, Locki, are new members of our School, having come from Holland only a few months ago. In this article, Guusje recalls some of the characteristics of her former homeland.—The Editors.

Since I have been in Tasmania I realise that although this is really a beautiful country—it misses very many things. The first thing that struck us were the miles and miles of uninhabited land. If you go outside a big city in Holland you will see only green pastures with cows and horses just grazing along, without a fence to keep them in place because instead of fences there are the ditches. In the distance you will see small villages, here and there farms and, of course, not to forget the traditional windmills.

Most of the travelling is done by bicycles. Everybody rides on bikes, old and young, mainly because it is the quickest way to get to where you want to go, partly because the land is flat and so it is much easier than it is here in Tasmania. Nearly all the streets of the towns are cobbled streets, which is very annoying when you have to ride a bicycle. Therefore, for the convenience of the bicycle-riders, little paths beside the streets are made. Next to those are the footpaths, so the streets are broad—not, however, when you come to the old parts of the city, where the streets are mostly very narrow. All the principal highways through the country are made of concrete.

I know that many of you wonder if all the people in Holland still wear their costumes and cloaks. This is not so. We lived some time in The Hague, which is not the capital. About two miles away from it lies an old fishing village. Part of it is now a famous summer resort, many people go there in the summer and spend their holidays on the beach and boulevard. The people in The Hague wear ordinary clothes, but those in that little village, as well as in all the villages and in the country, still wear their national costumes. I think that this is certainly one of the things you miss here. The costumes are different for all the provinces, some of them colourful, some of them more plain, but they give a certain touch to the country.

The men of that village come to The Hague to sell their fish, which in the summer months is specially herrings. Everybody loves them and eat them raw. Not only the fishermen come in the street, but many others sell their goods and advertise their wares, screaming every minute. Except on Saturday, then they go to the market, stall their goods and compete in yelling and bargaining.

This was all more or less the countryside of Holland. Although the houses outside the towns are friendly, some of them thatched, some of them tiled, the houses in the city are more stiff, the old ones often with little Gothic facades.

You will never find a typical Australian milk-bar, they do not exist in Holland. Instead of these we have all the little restaurants with their terraces coming out on to the streets' pavements. Specially on sunny days, they will put outside on the pavement, chairs and tables, so that the people can enjoy the sun. But as we do not have many sunny days, it is always a

kind of festival to see all those people sitting outside. And perhaps because we love the sun so much, you will never find shades or blinds in Holland. The windows are large and as open as possible. They all look very clean and inviting, with all the different kinds of flowers, put on the window-sills. Holland is a very clean and friendly country.

Although it is very small, it is very dainty.

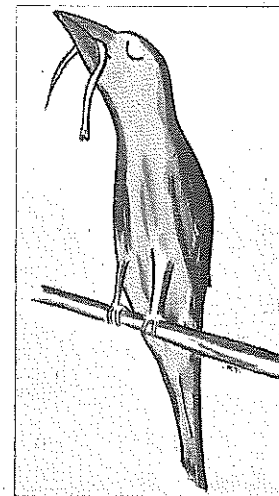
G. BROEK, "B2."

THE BOASTFUL CROW

The streamlet noisily trickled along
While the trees overhead all whistled a song,
The big setting sun made the sky all aglow
Beneath, in the tree sat a proud black crow.

His eye had been watching a tiny snake,
Which wrestled and played till he made the grass shake.

But oh, what a tea for the greedy big bird!
And he flew from his perch and his wide wings whirred.



He seized his prey with his sharp fierce claws—
For his is a nature that knows no laws—
The snake then wriggled and fought his way free,
But the crow in his anger more tightly held he.

The crow with all confidence looked proudly
around;

One moment he lifted sharp claws from the
ground—

He thought that he easily could catch him again,
But the snake had escaped and the crow looked in
vain.

This teaches us all that we should hold fast
To that which is good lest we lose it at last:
For boastfulness, selfishness, self-will and pride,
Will rob us of that which our heart most desired.

ROMA McCORMACK, "D2," Wilmot.

AN HOUR TO SPARE

It was in brilliant sunshine that I boarded a tram on the 48 route and was whisked away through Kew, Richmond and along Wellington Parade to stop at Spring Street, City. The traffic was very busy and I was rather puzzled as to

how to cross Wellington Parade, but I was, after some time, able to run across in a break in the seemingly interminable line of traffic rolling into the city. I crossed the road to where the Fitzroy Gardens, in new spring green, lay before me.

Without hesitation I plunged into the park. The asphalt paths were speckled with the brilliant sunshine which flooded the gardens and lit up the yellow green of the newest leaves at the top of the trees. One short path was bordered by poplars and reminded me very much of pictures I had seen of France. To my left was the conservatory, in front of which was a pool, surmounted by a bronze statue of Diana with two dogs.

Half-hidden among trees and hedges, I soon came upon the cottage of Captain Cook.

After exploring the cottage, I walked along several gravel paths until I came to the renowned Fairy Tree, a very old stump, the base of which has been carved into the shape of goblins, fairies, elves, spiders and webs and reptiles.

A short distance away was an enclosure, some sixty feet by thirty feet, in which was a model of a typical Kentish village. Each house was named, the words being printed in Old English letters. There was a mill, several inns, Anne Hathaway's and William Shakespeare's cottages and stocks and pillory. This model of a village was presented to the city of Melbourne by a village in England, in memory of Australians killed during the Battle for Britain in World War II.

As I had spent quite a considerable time in the Gardens, I left them and walked along Cathedral Place, past the magnificent example of Gothic ecclesiastical architecture, St. Mary's Cathedral, with its towering spire and flying buttresses, which give it a very airy appearance, in spite of its great bulk. Then I walked into the heart of Melbourne, after having spent a wonderful spare hour.

BRIAN L. THOMAS, "B2," Wilmot.

FAIRIES

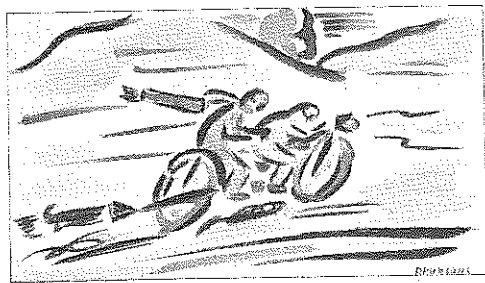
I found a truly fairy
In her violet bed one night.
Her hair was long and shiny,
And her eyes were very bright.
Her face was like a diamond—
All shiny in the night.
Don't you wish you'd seen that fairy
That I saw the other night?



ROBERTA SHAW, "E3," Sorell.

PILLION RIDING

By six o'clock we were both ready to leave, so I pulled my goggles down over my eyes, buttoned up my coat and sat on the back of the motor-bike. The sun was just setting as we started on our journey; everything around was tinted with a transparent orange hue, making the country look fragile and unreal. It was not long before we were completely out of the city; the only signs of habitation being a few lonely farm houses set in the middle of sprawling gardens, lean-to stables and cow-sheds and innumerable stacks of wood.



The road led upwards and as we climbed, the coldness of the wind, which was blowing down from the mountain, seemed to be accentuated. It whistled past us, catching at our scarves and causing them to flap in our faces. By this time the sun had set behind us and the moon had risen behind the gaunt black trees ahead. They seemed to stand out clearer than usual, etched against a golden glow. A minch called harshly to its mate and a rabbit scurried across in front of us.

Looking over the side of the road, I could see the waving tops of many trees, some of which, I was told, were over one hundred feet high. We were now on the Sideling and the road curved and twisted unceasingly as we moved onward. We wished to go as far as possible before it became too dark or too cold, but the bends we were now encountering had to be treated with respect, and our rate of travel lessened accordingly.

The headlight of the bike shone for a moment on a pair of brush opossums that were scampering along the side of the road and, further ahead, we saw a black kangaroo before it hopped off into the bush. The wind had become so freezingly cold that we decided to stop and drink from the thermos-flask of coffee I had packed in a haversack on my back.

Momentarily warmed, we again got on to the bike and many miles of road slipped by underneath us. We had hoped that the wind would have dropped with the nightfall, but it continued to whip past us, stinging our faces and numbing our hands and feet. As we rose to the crest of a hill, we could see a sprinkling of lights that represented a small township ahead of us. My brother decided that we had travelled far enough for one night, so we found accommodation for the night. Thus the first part of our journey was completed.

BETTY MORRIS, "B2," Franklin.

NAMELESS

The sun beat down on the prehistoric jungle, teeming with myriad forms of life, all warring incessantly against each other. Life was cheap in those days, for men had scarcely emerged from the level of the beasts and had not yet attempted to tame his environment, peopled as it was with ferocious sabre-toothed tigers, mammoths, cave-bears and other monsters of land, sea and air.

Suddenly a form emerged from the dense jungle. It was a man, a strange low-browed, brutish man, it is true, but indubitably a man. He was a hunter, it seemed, for in his belt of skin he carried a crude club and in his hand was a stone-tipped spear. However, he was the hunted, not the hunter now, for with a cracking and snapping of twigs, out of the jungle came a striped, tawny form, the dreaded sabre-toothed tiger! The man looked back cunningly and as the tiger leaped, he dodged and sped on as fast as his muscular legs could carry him.

The tiger bounded after him, gaining with every step, but the man kept in front until he reached the edge of a steep cliff where, moving as fast as the great cat itself, he jumped to the side and, with a swing of his heavy club, knocked the tiger off balance and toppled it over the cliff, sending it to its death on the rocks below.

But when he looked over the cliff, a terrible sight met his astonished eyes. A shapeless red creature, moving as fast as the spears of the angry gods which sometimes flashed across the sky, filling him with terror, was devouring hungrily the whole of the valley, leaving what had once been green and bountiful, desolate and bare. He fled in horror, back to his dark cave home, but in the evening crept back to the valley, terrified, yet fascinated by the wonder he had seen in the morning.

When he arrived there, the monster had gone, but it had completely laid waste the valley. He clambered down the cliffs, using footholds which would seem exceedingly precarious to us, but were like a broad stair to him. He wandered about, looking with awe at the remains left by the fire, for that is what it was.

Suddenly his attention was diverted by the sight of a particularly choice grub embedded deep in a piece of wood. He was hungry and wanted the grub, which was a delicate "bit-bit" to people of his race, but he had left his weapons at the top of the cliff, so he picked up another piece of wood and began to twist and turn it about in the first piece in an endeavour to get the grub out.

Soon the wood began to get warm and he dropped it, but after a while, when he picked it up again, it was cold, so he resumed his operations. After a few minutes it grew hot again, but he, paying no attention, went on with his job. But in a moment his composure was rudely shattered by its bursting into flame. He dropped it and it was soon put out by the bare earth, but an idea was germinating in his slow stone-age mind. He has felt the warmth which this amazing thing gave and had seen that it was not an animal, as he had previously thought, but something quite different. If he could control this miraculous force, he would be able to do many

things. He would be the chief of his tribe—he would rule the land.

And so, wrapt in his dreams for the future, with his magic-working power, we leave this unknown, nameless man, who, by discovering how to make fire, was the direct forerunner of this modern age. GEOFF. MILLER, "C1," Sorell.

STING-A-REE

(An Original Doggerel)

It's really funny to relate
(Of when in years I was but eight),
What happened just to little me
When I went swimming in the sea.

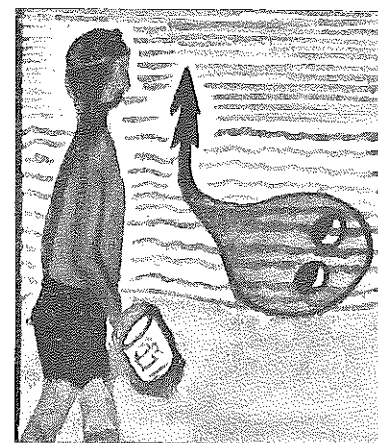
I hope that you will understand—
My hands were always on the sand,
For I could never seem to keep
Myself afloat out in the deep.

Because of this I stayed near shore,
Not dreaming just what was in store
For little me. But now I see
That my judgment was too hasty.

Suddenly, while paddling away,
And thinking, "What a lovely day,"
My hand touched something smooth and
cold—

What was this thing? My senses told
It was nothing one could ignore,
This thing that was so close to shore.

It couldn't be a common fish—
But I did not have any wish
Just then, its name to establish—
I only wanted then to vanish.



Soon as I rose through water clear,
Then I could see that I was near
A fish that was just almost round—
At that my heart began to pound.

What could it be? Then on my mind
It quickly flashed—it was the kind,
That's very well-known locally
Under the name of sting-a-ree.

I quickly through the water splashed,
Shouting as up the beach I dashed,
"Don't go again into the sea,
Because there is a sting-a-ree!"

"What is that that's frightened him?
A sting-a-ree won't spoil my swim,"
So said sister; and out she went
To see if she could just prevent
This fish (by frightening it away)
From interfering with her play.

Bravely she dashed into the sea
To where I'd seen the sting-a-ree.
Then she gave a derisive shout—
"There isn't any room for doubt
That you, you fool, will get a shock,
When I tell you it's but a rock."

Now here's the moral, girls and boys—
You mustn't swim if you've no poise,
And what looks like a sting-a-ree
Must not scare you as it did me.

D. MACKENZIE, "C1," Sorell.

THE PRIVILEGED FEW

The girls who come from Room Nineteen,
Are the very privileged few, who
May come and go, just as they please—
Which we are not allowed to do.

They are always in class on time—
They use the boys' stairs so freely—
While we other unfortunates
Must needs go round the balcony.

If I forget my English book—
Get it by that round-about way—
When I arrive, late and flustered,
"At four," the teacher will say.

But if I were in Room Nineteen,
And if I'd left my book below,
I could just go down the boys' stairs,
And be back ere teacher would know.

So you see, dear fellow students,
What a great advantage they hold—
Those few girls from Room Nineteen, who
Are never, never late, we're told.

L.R.

PALANA

Palana is not a town, it is only the name applied to a district at the very north of Flinders Island. We, mother, my sister Lois, my sister's friend, Wilma, and myself, went to the house at the very end of the road round the Palana headland. The house, which is rather large, is surrounded by a few acres of flower gardens and various outbuildings. My grandmother, Mrs. Blyth, and Aunt Myrtle and Uncle Keith live there. The house is very near the sea—only about five chains from the house is a rocky shore from which I sometimes fish, catching, however, only rock fish. Just near the road, about a quarter of a mile from the house, there is a very fine beach. The sand is very fine and the downward slope very gradual.

After re-unions and introductions, we had morning tea. Then, leaving mother to chat with Grandmother and Aunt Myrtle, Wilma, Lois and I set off up the 300 feet hill which is situated immediately behind the house. About half-way up we came upon a garden, fenced round as a pro-

tection against kangaroos. Working in the garden was Richard Smith, known affectionately as "Dicky." He himself does not know his age, but it is certain that he is well over ninety. Until a few years ago he was very active, but rheumatism is taking its toll and all he does now is a little gardening. After chatting for a few minutes, we continued on our way, leaving Dicky planting onion seedlings.

We then climbed higher until we were confronted by a sheer rock about twenty feet high. On going round it, however, we found an easy means of ascent to its summit. From there we obtained an excellent view on both sides of the hill. Below us we saw my grandmother's place nestling at the foot of the hill. About five miles from the shore we saw the two Sisters Islands. The nearer one has the shape of two segments of an orange joined by a small isthmus. Until they moved to Palana about forty years ago, Grandmother, Grandfather and their children lived on the Inner Sisters, as the nearer one is called. We could only see one end of the Outer Sisters, but that also appeared to be hilly.

On the other side of the hill we obtained a fine view of Killiecrankie "Mountain" as it is called and of Killiecrankie Bay. Around this area many crayfish are caught by local fishermen and are delivered to the fish-canning factory at Lady Barron, which is situated at the south of Flinders Island. Round this region there are also found what some fancifully call "Killiecrankie diamonds," but which are, in reality, only fine quartz.

We then followed the ridge at the top of the hill until we came to the place where a radar station had been built during the war. Now all that was left was the barb-wire round the place and a few coils of rusted barb-wire at the gate. After looking round inside, where we saw nothing but the hollowed-out ground where the foundations had been and a few tent poles, we started back down the hill.

We were now going down the northern side of the hill, which is timbered on that side. Arriving without incident at the sea, we were just in time to meet some visiting fishermen, who gave us two crayfish. We then walked along the coast back to the house, passing on the way the power houses and living quarters of the men who were stationed there during the war when the radar station was in operation.

After dinner it began to rain so we could not visit the beach as we had previously intended. Instead, Grandmother showed us her fine collection of shells. At about four o'clock we departed for home, after a very enjoyable visit to Palana.



D. MACKENZIE, "C1," Sorell.

HOW TO BE A SUCCESSFUL HOME-BUILDER

The first thing to do is to have a week's rest to build up your strength. You have had all the permits passed through? You haven't? Well, fill them in and take a year's rest. First you'll need a dozen or so pencils, one for each ear, some in the pockets and others placed in odd places about the block. Have some others on hand in a box in case none of the others can be found. You will also need a good supply of rules and measuring tapes all painted red so as they can be easily distinguished from stones, chips, timber blocks, broken glass, coats, cats, cups of tea, bits of wire, scraps of roofing iron, hats and any other things lying about.

Now for your equipment. You can buy the following cheap articles expensively at your nearest store or dealer:

Set squares, bits and braces; spirit levels (or bottles), plum(b) lines or stones, vices (easily acquired), chisels, hammers and rammers and jammers and dammers and lammers, nails and pails and flails and sails and whales and rails and bails, saws and mores and doors and floors and bores and paws. This seems sufficient for the present. Some people need a plan to build a house, but other brilliant people work it out as they go. You're brilliant? Good show! Well, then, proceed with your house.

It is usual to start with the foundations although some builders start with the roof. You won't have any. You don't like concrete as CONCRETE IS SO PERMANENT. Purchase some timber two inches by two inches and saw it irregularly in all directions for two hours. Then turn over and do the same to the other side. You feel satisfied because you have achieved something (jolly good show!) Now proceed to purchase your scantling. However, you find the yard can only supply 32.5613872% of the amount you want. Never mind. Buy this immediately and proceed with your house.

First saw the scantling up in unsuitable sizes and nail them together. At this stage it is necessary to warn you to hit the correct nail. The modern idea is to construct the side on the ground and after it has been bashed and banged and nailed together, it is ready to be erected. You are now red in the face, bathed in perspiration (sweat) and eaten alive with midges and flies and raw with sunburn and your hands covered with blisters and your nails are black and blue. Bad luck! Don't worry if you find the timber has warped as this is quite easily fixed. Call all the neighbours and they can help you lift the side to the perpendicular. Then bash and bang the warps out and remove the permanent wave which had developed. In short you must "fix it."

Now go to your store and buy some "good weather" boards. Bash these on to the wall with five inch nails and don't worry if the boards split as they can probably be patched up with putty. Now the storekeeper makes a fool of you — he sells you a window, a totally unexpected turn of events. Never mind. Just hack a hole in the wall and push the window in. You pushed too far and it went through? Bad luck! Proceed to patch up the hole again. Now having

run out of weatherboards and scantling, you beg for roofing iron, you go to your lowest level and "crawl" to the merchants and finally end up with half a dozen old scraps of roofing iron. This is nailed over a section of the side and a bed is put under to sleep on. You can then tell your friends you sleep in your own house. Then you try to buy some lining and bricks, but find the merchants haven't had any for years, as a matter of fact, they have forgotten the sight of them.

So, no bricks, no weatherboards, no roofing-iron, no floorboards, no lining, no nothing. Oh, well, no matter! In any case you're sick of the thing. Sell what you've done for £1,000 and take a nice long holiday!

JOHN COULSON, "C1," Franklin.

MYSELF WHEN YOUNG

THE BEACH

A little girl with a smock of blue,
Shoes undone and bows askew,
With hot, flushed face and doll in hand,
Carrying a bucket brimming with sand,
Coming home from the beach and very wet,
Dripping with water from a disastrous fall.
And who is this? Why, "myself when small."

CHERRIES

Playing in the garden near a laden tree,
Eating cherries is nice, when Dad doesn't see.
A rush and a scramble, climbing trees isn't hard,
Hot, feverish hands clutching fruit near at hand,
A quick scramble to the ground, now a run to shelter.

Down to the big, pine hedge, I dash helter-skelter,
Here in the green refuge accessible only to me,
With loopy, twisty caterpillars the only company
I can see,

A piny, pungent atmosphere lit by one gleam of sun,

And this was where I hid, when I was very young.

DITTY

Once he was my eiderdown of faded and tattered blue,
Until he was replaced by one of quite a different hue,

Mum tore two strips from it and tied them in the middle.

But the family received my toy with groans and grumbles and mizzles.

For my torn and tattered eiderdown of a very faded blue,

Had in this world of sorrow and joy, made a fresh debut.

When Ditty became so faded and torn,
Hanging in strips and terribly worn,
Mum went to town and bought a half-yard of blue,

Of exactly the same material and of the original hue,

But when I was presented with a Ditty so brand new,

I'm afraid I threw it to the dog to chew,
I mourned for days for my faithful toy, until

Mum, giving in,
Produced it from the rag-bag with a rueful grin.

RIBBONS

Every day Mum would tie a bow upon my hair,
And send me off without a single care,
But half an hour later she would see me over there,

Without a bow, no parting and long fringe every-where,

My bows I lost, my laces came undone,
But that was long ago when I was very young.
"ARIEL," Sorell.

A PASSING WIND

O sprightly wind, I wonder where you're going?
You seem so sure, so free of care and woe,
And lightly toss the flowers to and fro,
As on your way you joyfully go blowing.
Perhaps it's to an Eastern land you're flowing,
Where mountains high are covered white with snow.

Or rivers gouge deep valleys down below?
No matter where or why, you show no signs of slowing!

You passed so swiftly, yet so near,
That I felt your breath upon my ear,
I heard you gently call my name,
And whistle soft a sweet refrain,
Like the lilting trill of a soaring bird,
As it climbs the sky e'er we mortals have stirred.
LORIS PIKE, "A," Arthur.

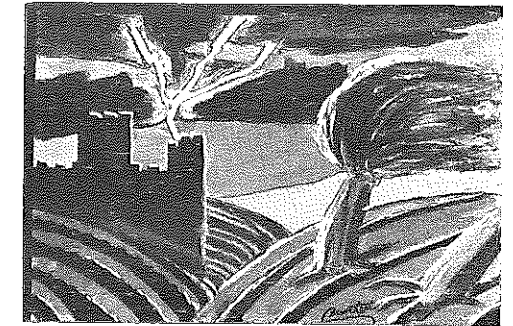
CAULDRON OF THE GODS

The world covers for the enmity
Of the gods has been garnering, brewing long;
Festering above a voluptuous shield
Of heavy, ominous clouds,
Black as the cauldron 'neath the fiend's hand,
Black as the angered mind that controls it.

The cringing darkness gives vent
To the fiendish ravages of the storm,
To the anger of the seething gods
Who dash their combined forces
Of swirling, revengeful power
On the despondent earth.

Dauntless, deriding winds wrack the frames
Of staunch forests, mock the resisting fortresses
Which humanity erects against such wrath.
Mumbling, growling low, then rising in strength,
The Voice of thunder raises the mountains
To resounding echoes of its cacophony.

Ghoulis shadows lurk spectrally
Round the forlorn forests and gardens
Like some form bent on evasion.
The evil, heartless torrents pass,
Leaving the world wind-swept, bedraggled and wet—
Barren of all beauty.



BERYL HILLIER, "B1," Arthur

THE RIVER

If you are ever near Ruseat in the County of Greshire, then go into the quaint old village and proceed along the High Street and out on to the main road. Take the turn to your left at the little grey turnstile and venture down the cool, dim lane to where the sleeping river glides between buttercupped banks and under drooping willows. Sit down there in the green ferns under the wide-spreading ash tree and see the simple pageantry of Nature.

A fish jumps, leaving an ever-widening circle of ripples, which lap contentedly about the willow roots as a vivid medley of colour dives cleanly into the stream to reveal itself a few seconds later as the kingfisher which has been busily preening itself on the moss-green stump. The unlucky bird flies off mumbling discontentedly about the big one that got away.

A few bubbles break the surface to be followed by a cautious pair of beady eyes and a water-rate glides silently to the far bank where it vanishes swiftly into a concealed hole.

Unheeding, a perky wren hops forward, seeking the crumbs of your dinner, even stealing them from your outstretched hand, only to flee precipitately if you move. Swooping lower and lower, a feeding swallow plucks the surface, setting all the mirrored reflections dancing in the stream. A surly bullfrog croaks disapprovingly, but life goes on unhearing.

Through the delicate green tracery of the leaves you can see the cloud-flecked blue and if you listen, the faint song of the skylark descends to your ears becoming louder as the bird wheels to the arth. Two hawks are floating and plunging effortlessly in the golden sunlight.

As the shadow of the ash tree creeps across the water, take your last glance at the scene and then retrace your steps to the village. Step into the "Lion and Crown" and mingle with the merry villagers who are discussing the day's cricket. The landlord will tell you of the day that Ruseat defeated Redvale and many a tale of fishing and fish. Proudly he points to the big rainbow trout over the mantel and tells you an oft-repeated story.

When you at last depart, stay a little while under a sky patterned with golden stars and remember the swooping swallow, the golden sun, the perky wren and the timid water-rat and as the moon rises slowly over the hilltops, turn homewards bearing in your heart these memories and saying to yourself—"Sometime, again."

"RUSTIC," "A."

PARENTS' AND FRIENDS' ASSOCIATION

At the close of 1949 the Parents' and Friends' Association takes great pride in congratulating you upon your outstanding achievements in the sporting field and, we feel sure, you will be just as successful in the examinations.

In co-operation with your Head Master and his staff, we have been very happy working on your behalf. As in other years the fair was our major effort. A large sum of money was raised. This helps us to provide you with such equipment as the magnificent broadcasting unit, which was

very expensive indeed.

We are always impressed with the tone prevailing at the School fair and other functions we attend. It makes us proud of you.

The Social Committee and others are disappointed at the small number of parents who attend your Annual Sports and we hope in future more will make an effort to attend.

When you have had a really wonderful Christmas and holiday, come back to School prepared to work as hard as you will have played.

IRIS GUNTER, Hon. Sec.

AWAKING

When I wake up
On a frosty day—
Nose above eiderdown
Straight away
But the rest of me snuggling
Warmly in
Comfortable bedclothes
Up to the chin.

And though there's a fire,
As I know well
And, downstairs, the loveliest
Toasty smell,
I want to stay snuggled
As warm as can be,
But that can't be done—
It's school for me!

P. J. BOWEN, "B1," Wilmot.

SCHOOLDAYS

School days are our best days—
So our parents say—
Reading and writing and arithmetic,
For seven hours a day.

Then we hurry homeward,
There's more work to be done—
Piano practice, dish-washing,
Not much time for fun.

Then when my elder brother
Is dressing for a dance:
He calls, "Hi, Joan, my darling,
Will you press my pants?"

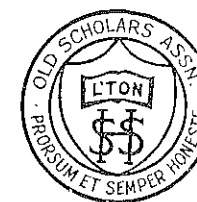
Then sister, who has left school,
Puts on her brand-new dress,
And primps before the mirror—
She's meeting her beau, I guess.

Father at the fireside
Is dozing in his chair—
While mother bathes the twins
(The precious little pair).

At last the house is quiet—
But not for me to rest—
There's homework to be done
When the sun sinks in the west.

Ah, yes, schooldays are our best days,
But it always seems to me
It's only mothers and school children,
From work are never free.

JOAN BARKER, "E4," Wilmot.



OLD SCHOLARS' COLUMN

DIRECTORY

Patron—Mr. W. C. Morris.
President—Mr. R. A. Horne, 75 St. John Street.
Secretary—Mr. P. Wood.
Treasurer—Mr. D. Campbell.
Senior Old Scholars' Representative—Mrs. S. K. Turnbull.
Staff Representatives—Miss L. Hale and Mr. Norman.
Committee—Mrs. I. Hoggan, Misses J. Cookman, B. Tyson, N. Richardson, M. Atkins, B. Atkins and B. Collins, Messrs. C. A. Allen, G. Radford, M. Wright, B. Irvine and R. Fleischer.
Editor of Old Scholars' Column—Miss B. Lawrence.

RE-UNION

Once again our Annual Re-union was conducted in March and proved an outstanding success.

VISITS AND VISITORS

Our Association was pleased to entertain members of Old Hobartian Association at the week-end of September 24. Matches, tennis, ladies' hockey and men's basketball were played.

Our own Association made a trip to Hobart at the week-end of November 5 and were entertained by the Old Hobartian Association.

BARBECUE

This was held in the grounds of Newnham Hall on Saturday, April 30. About 40 Old Scholars attended. Sing-songs and games followed a hearty meal cooked and eaten in the open air.

DANCE AT LILYDALE

In conjunction with the Lilydale Area School Old Scholars' Association, we held a dance at the Lilydale Hall on Friday, July 15, which proved a great success both socially and financially.

ENGAGEMENTS

Ron Horne to Jacqueline Westley.
Betty Tyson to Malcolm Wright.
Norman Wood to Norma Sanders.
Jean Shackcloth to Robert Fulton.
Lesley Ingles to Lindsay Dwyer.
June Brickhill to Donald Arnold.
Scott Clark to Dorothy Harland.
Felix McCallum to June Garratt.
Ross Kestles to Brenda Fletcher.
Donald Arnold to Miss J. Brickhill.

MARRIAGES

Pat Wood to Len Howard.
Elsie Smith to Ken Badcock.
Peggy Anear to Don Cleaver.
Allan Butcher to Vonda Rose.
Peggy Grinham to Bert Eastoe.
Elaine Stevens to Max Wilson.
Barbara Waugh to Bob Burns.
Marie Cordell to Geoff. Stubbs.
Shirley Morice to Ted Swinton.
David Ingles to Julie Luck.
Geoff. Thomas to Zara Lynch.
Barbara McEnnulty to Geoff. Parish.
Patsy McEnnulty to Colin Fitch.
Nancy French to Peter Henry.
Rita Summers to Norman Tilley.
Muriel Massey to Dennis Cassidy.
Eric Tulloch to Kathleen Scott.

BIRTHS

Nancy and Trevor Dennis—a daughter
Joan and Allan McDonald—a daughter.
Althea and Max Button—a daughter.
Isobelle and Mark Hughes—a daughter.
Betty and David Twidle—a daughter.
Mr. and Mrs. Milne (nee Joy Road)—a daughter
Judith and Bruce Wardlaw—a daughter.

PERSONAL

Congratulations to Alan S. Gill, B.Sc. (dux in 1923) who has been appointed to position as Superintendent of Research with the Electrolytic Zinc Co.

Mr. Gill had recently returned from a visit to England, Canada and America to study metallurgical research, organisation and activity.

Joan Bulman and Helen Lutwyche passed Pharmacy Examinations.

Donald Wells was cross-country and 220 yards champion at Duntroon.

Mrs. Jean Ride was successful in the Eisteddfod at Scottsdale, gaining 2 firsts; at Launceston, 3 firsts, 1 second and gold medal for aggregate and at New Norfolk, 6 firsts and 1 second.

Betty Westlake was Belle of the Ball at both White Hills and St. Leonards.

Doreen Fulton won the Popular Shop Assistant Contest for A. W. Birchalls.

Marion Atkins won the Piano Championship at Launceston Competitions.

Brenda McNaney won the Operatic Dancing Championship at Launceston Competitions.

Ann Bourke won the Elocution Grand Championship at Devonport.

DEGREES CONFERRED IN 1949

Dr. Norman Wood—Doctor of Dentistry.
Mr. Blannin Bryan—M.B.B.S.

B.A.—

R. C. Sharman, C. I. McLaine, Stuart Hurse.

B.A. (with Honours)—

K. J. Walker, B. Hamilton.

M.A.—

Noreen Miller.

B.Sc.—

Nancy Alcock, Colin Parker, Alex. Hope.

B.Eng.—

Brian Waters.

B.Com.—

Brian Hamilton.

UNIVERSITY EXAMINATIONS

Victoria League, Sturton Prize—Lois Symonds.
Women's Graduate Prize, English (I.), and
Latin (I.)—Nairn Scott.

Hobart Chamber of Commerce Prize for Com-
mercial Law (III.)—George McLaine.

Economics and Social Statistics — Brian
Hamilton.

Industrial Law—George McLaine.

ACCOUNTANCY EXAMINATIONS

Bankruptcy Law—Graham Alcock.

Advanced Accountancy—Frank Pinnel.

Mercantile (II.)—Terry Pinkard.

Margaret Ferguson got her Medical Degree
with Honours in Surgery and Gynaecology. Will
be a member of the Staff at the Prince Alfred
Hospital next year.

Joan Orwin passed her final Nursing Examina-
tion in Manchester, England.

SPORT

Gerald Waugh—Holder of State Title, Amateur
Sports. Won 440 yards at sports on November 7.

Bill Broad was selected to row in the Tasmanian
Eight.

Max Rees won Tasman Shield Trophy for best
and fairest player for 1949.

The following players were selected to play in
Northern combined team to play against Southern
and North-West Union teams this year: Max
Rees, Harry Styles, Gladstone Vertigan, Max
Burke, Noel Atkins and Geoff. Martin.

Ray Tilley was selected in team to represent
Australia when they visited New Zealand for Ski-
ing Championships. He won the Longlauf Long
Distance Championship.

CHURINGA SPORT TEAMS**Men's Basketball.**

Churinga Black and Churinga Red were run-
ners-up in "B" and "A" Grades respectively.
Brian Irvine represented Churinga in the Carni-
val team, played in Hobart this year. Roy Bee-
croft, captain of Gold, won trophy for best and
fairest player in "A" Grade.

Men's Hockey.

One team entered in the "B" Grade roster
matches and finished up winning the "B" Grade
premiership. They were then promoted to "A"

Grade and again won the match. Trophies won
by members were: Best and fairest, R. Cook;
most improved back man, John Howard; and
most outstanding player, Kevin Jack.

Football.

One Churinga Football team entered in the
roster and obtained fifth place. They hope to
have more old scholars interested in the Churinga
Football Club next year, especially those lads just
leaving school. Trophies won by members were:
Best and fairest, K. Caelli; most consistent
player, T. McQueen; best Club man, R. Tucker;
best utility player, L. Dwyer; best first year ex-
High School, D. Tudor; best position player, A.
Tucker; most valuable service to Club, A. Ryan;
sterling player, L. Turner; most promising player,
I. Tudor; best first year player, J. Gardner.

Women's Hockey.

One Churinga hockey team played in roster
and they obtained third place. They would like
more new members next year so they could have
two teams to enter for the roster matches. Old
Scholars who are interested in hockey please
contact Miss P. Rose, c/o. 7EX.

Women's Basketball.

Churinga Red and Churinga Gold teams played
in the basketball premiership. Churinga Green
were runners-up for premiership. The Basketball
Club had a very successful year and Churinga Red
had a dinner to end the season.

Vigoro.

One Churinga Vigoro team entered in roster
matches. They were runners-up for the premier-
ship. Julie Jacobs and Muriel McKillop were
picked in the State Team which went to Brisbane
to play.

We are very proud of the young people who
represent Churinga in the field of sport and wish
them all the very best in the coming season.

WELCOME

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

The Association is going to help keep friend-
ships which you have already made at School and
help you to keep in touch with your old School.
For a small subscription of 3/- for the first year,
you will become a financial member and be en-
titled to all the benefits of the Association.
Badges are obtainable for an additional 3/6.

To all Old Scholars who are sitting for exam-
inations, the Association wishes you the best of
luck.

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.

P. WOOD, Secretary.