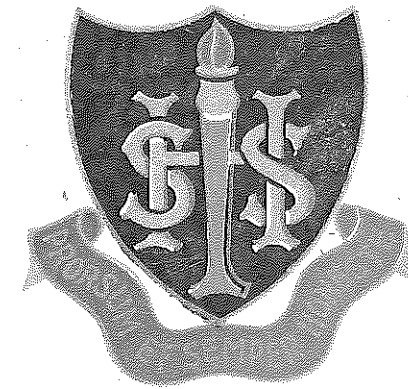


The Northern Churinga



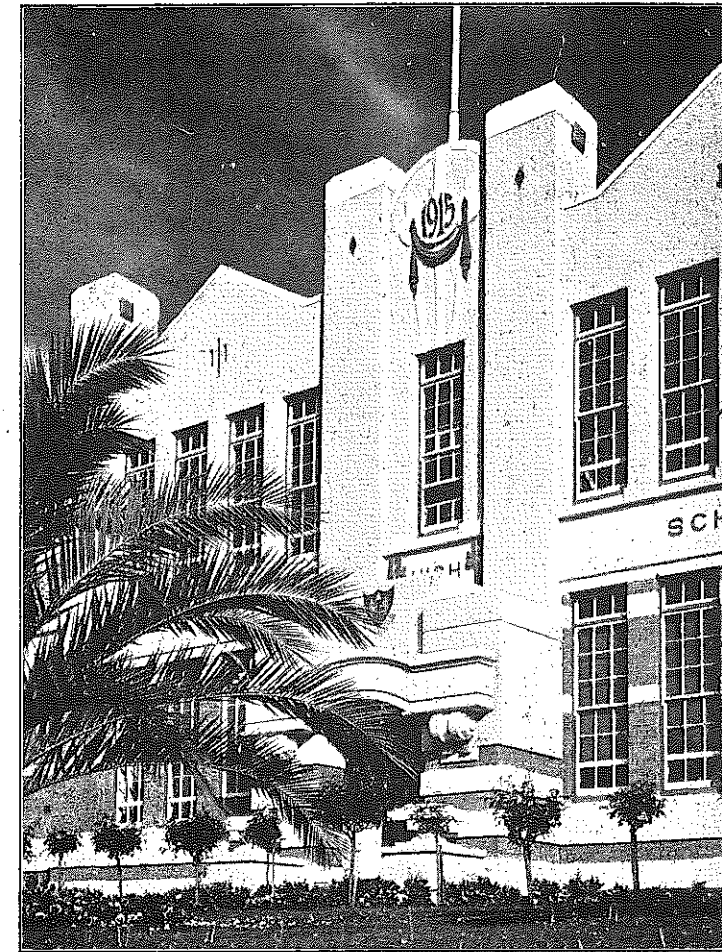
December, 1950

Launceston High School Magazine

VOLUME, XL



The Northern Churinga



THE SCHOOL



Editors :
JUDY BEGENT
GEOFF MILLER



"When duty whispers low, 'Thou must,'
Then youth replies, 'I can.' —Emerson.

As we feel our way along the path of life we are faced with decisions important to us—as world citizens, as servants of our country or as members of a family unit. We may have to decide what to do with our future; we may be faced with a less important crossroad. To murder and to steal are offences punishable by law, but what is to stop us condemning a neighbour or refusing help to a friend? We must listen to duty's dictation, to the prickings of our conscience, to the voice of God or whatever you may like to call that force that prompts us to do right and defy the wiles of the devil.

The youth of to-day, as we are so often told, are the men and women of to-morrow and when to-morrow dawns we must be ready to take our place as politician, theologian, educationist or what have you. "The hope that youth brings" is ours and we must decide whether our future will be inspired and the thought of fulfilling that hope or whether the dreams of the young man will be forgotten and we will be unable to see the vision of the old man who has done all that he came into the world to do.

To many of us it seems a fair enough proposition to exert all our energies in the pursuit of pleasure and the more worldly occupations. After all, so we agree, we may as well "eat, drink and be merry," for it is inevitable that we die and become nothing more than a heap of dust or a

pile of ashes. But, on the other hand, we who reply, "I can," to the pleading voice of pity as she cries, "Thou must," realise that life has a purpose, that we can give something in return for the life we have received, that we do have some future and that "dust thou art, to dust returneth, was not spoken of the soul."

Some of us will find it easy to follow duty's call; for others of us it will be a struggle. Sometimes we may be left to writhe under the smiles of a non-duty bound group which has no aim in life but to fill its own pocket and satisfy its own requirements; while at other times we may be admired for our courage and determination. Or again, if duty seems to call us to a comfortable job, a happy love-filled home and the laughter of friends, if we are certain we were made for an armchair existence, how sweet life will be. But if we are called to Europe, if duty demands, "Go and help the starving children of a wanting and unhappy country where parents watch their children starve and a child pulls the last piece of bread from the fingers of a physically weaker brother." Can we then say, "I can."

Let us go from School into life with determination in our hearts. Let us resolve to follow duty's call wherever it may lead us—to the forests of Africa, to the desk of a city office and there let us live as our Creator would have us live. Let laughter, tolerance and peace fill our hearts and expand to fill the world with light so that to-morrow may dawn bright and clear—a new era, a renewed hope.

WHO'S WHO

Principal — Mr. W. C. Morris, B.A. (Gen. Science, Mathematics).

Staff.—Misses B. Layh, B.A., Diplôme d'Etudes Française, Diplôme de Phonétique Française (French); J. Blythe, B.A. (Librarian); L. A. Russell, B.A. (English); O. Bushby, M.A. (Social Studies and English); N. Miller, M.A. (French, English, Geography, Social Studies); G. B. Rainbow, B.A. (French and Commerce); N. W. Alcock, B.Sc. (Mathematics and Gen. Science A.); H. F. Deane (Typing, Commerce and Shorthand); F. Docking (Social Studies, French, English); F. Norton (Physical Education); L. Gall (Art); B. Craw (Clerk); B. Morris (Clerk).

Mesdames H. Holloway, B. Comm. (Typing, Commerce, Shorthand); N. E. Jillet, B.A. (Music, English, Latin); A. Dobson (Cooking); F. Crawford (Needlework).

Dr. Penizech, Ph.D., Dip. Ed. (French, German, Music).

Messrs. E. R. Sowter, B.A. (Social Studies, Modern History); S. C. Morris, B.Sc., Dip. Ed.

(Physics, Gen. Science); J. H. Moses, B. Com., B.A. (Economics, Music, Commerce); S. R. Harvey, B.Sc. (Maths.); D. K. Bewsher, M.A., Dip. Ed. (English, French); F. Watson, B.A. (English, Social Studies); J. H. Smith (Maths.); W. Baulch, B.Sc. (Gen. Science, Chemistry, Maths.); H. Askealand, B.Sc., Colo. Uni. (General Science); J. A. Gibson, B.A. (Social Studies, Maths., Latin, English); S. Evans, B.A. (Social Studies, English, Maths.); E. A. Nash (Maths. and Gen. Science); A. L. McIntyre (Art); A. Coburn (Physical Education).

Head Prefects—Beryl Hillier and Alan Parish.

Board of Prefects—Girls: Jenny Amos, Aloris Beardwood, Judy Begent, Avis Bryan, Guusje Broek, Jean Cooper, Pat Joyce, Jean Goldsmith, Betty Tucker. Boys: Graeme Barnes, Neal Blewett, Peter Parsons, Bill McCulloch, Derry Scott, Bill Craw, Peter Dell, Tony Goynes.

House Captains—Arthur: Aloris Beardwood Laurie Wing.

Franklin: Ruth Young and Bill McCulloch.

Wilmot: Betty Tucker and Peter Parsons.

Sorell: Jenny Amos and Bill Craw.
Sports Master—Mr. J. A. Gibson.
Sports Mistress—Miss F. Norton.
Sports Monitor: Mr. A. J. Coburn.
Library Supervisor: Miss J. Blyth.
Officers of Cadets: Lieut. Baulch, Cadet-Lieut. Bayles.

CAPTAINS OF TEAMS

Basketball—Lyn Bowden.
Hockey—Ruth Young.
Girls' Tennis—Lyn Bowden.
Softball—Dorothy McEnulty.
Cricket—Alan Parish.
Football—Alan Parish.
Stroke of Crew—Peter Dell.
Boys' Hockey—Neal Blewett.
Boys' Tennis—Bill Craw.
Debating—Neal Blewett and Robert Tanner.

SPEECH NIGHT, 1949

The School's Thirty-Seventh Annual Speech Night was held in the Albert Hall on December 20, 1949, before a large audience of parents and friends. Presenting his annual report, Mr. Morris said the School had had a very successful year. In 1948, 23 students had matriculated and three had won bursaries. He drew attention to the outstanding performance of the School and its old scholars in sporting competitions.

During the evening the choir, directed by Mr. Moses, gave three items, "The Arkansas Traveler," "Count Your Blessings," and a Medley of Carols. "B" and "D" Classes gave a folk dancing display and John Walsh gave a trumpet solo. Helen Stevens sang "Laughter Land" and the boys' physical education display was also very popular.

The Hon. J. L. Madden, M.H.A., presented the trophies and delivered a short address while Mr. C. E. Fletcher, M.A., Director of Education, presented the prizes. The prize-list follows: General Prize List.

PRIZES FOR GENERAL MERIT

Senior School—Rhonda Coogan, Donald Cordell.
Junior School—Anne Berwick.

"C" Classes—Ruth Young, Bruce Beaton.

ATTITUDE AND INFLUENCE PRIZES

Senior—Loris Pike, Alan Parish.
Junior—Eleanor Arnot, Geoff Miller, Michael Porter.

JOAN INGLIS MEMORIAL PRIZE

Margaret Mitchell.

PEGGY PEDLEY MEMORIAL PRIZE

Leslie Wallace.

BEST PASS IN MATRICULATION EXAM,
1948 FROM NORTHERN HIGH SCHOOLS
Janice Ingles.

BEST PASS IN MATRICULATION EXAM, 1948
Janice Ingles, Gordon Jacques.

BEST PASS IN SCHOOLS' BOARD EXAM, 1948
Betty Macpherson, Dereham Scott.

PRIZE FOR SERVICES TO THE SCHOOL
Library—Brian Walsh.

CLASS PRIZE LIST

DUCES:

A—Fay Crawshaw, Ron Hume.
B1—Beverley Stewart, Keith Williams.
B2—Jenny Amos, Peter Parsons.
C1—Douglas Mackenzie.

C2—Eleanor Arnot.
C3—June Edwards.
D1—Barbara Scott.
D2—Jennifer Crawford.
D3—Dorothy Wall.
D4—Heather McLennan.
D5—June Button.
E1—Jennifer Reeves.
E2—Donald Colgrave.
E3—Margaret Morrison.
E4—Betty Williams.
E5—Mary Murdoch.

SUBJECT PRIZES

MATRICULATION, 1948:

English—Janice Ingles.
History—Janice Ingles.
Chemistry—Gordon Jacques.

SCHOOLS' BOARD EXAMINATION, 1949

English Literature—Neal Blewett.
Commerce—Beverley Stewart.
Best Student in H.A.C.—Eleanor Arnot.

ATHLETICS

BOYS' CHAMPIONSHIPS:

Open—W. McCulloch.
Intermediate—I. Wallace.
Junior—N. Hayes.

Field Games—B. Carney.

GIRLS' CHAMPIONSHIPS:

Open—I. Stagg and D. French.
Intermediate—G. Snare.
Junior—E. Bolch.

Field Games—I. Stagg.

FOOTBALL:

Best and Fairest for Season—Peter Wright.
Best Club Man—Donald Cordell.
Best First Year Player—Peter Parsons.

CRICKET:

Best All-Round Cricketer—Brian Yost.

HOCKEY:

Best and Fairest against Hobart—Robert Bilson

BURSARIES

Senior City—Dereham Scott and Donald Cordell.
Junior City—David Cartwright.

NAVAL COLLEGE EXAMINATION

Donald Hodgkinson.

UNIVERSITY PRIZES

William Giblin Scholarship—Janice Ingles (3).
Forestry Scholarship—John Willey.
Physical Education Scholarship—Janice Ingles.

NELLIE EWERS' PRIZE

Janice Ingles.

PASSES IN 1949 SCHOOLS' BOARD EXAMINATION

Amos, Jennifer; Apted, Leslie; Atkinson, Nancy; Bartlett, Henry; Beasley, Gwen; Bell, Joyce; Berwick, Anne; Bilson, Robert; Blackwell, James; Blewett, Neal; Brock, Auguste; Bryan, Avis; Cameron, Cecily; Clarke, Robert; Colgrave, Sheila; Davis, Janet; Dell, Peter; Dyson, Brian; Goldsmith, Florence; Gowans, Janet; Gay, Jean; Hill, Barbara; Hillier, Beryl; Holmes, Margaret; Hudson, Sylvia; Johnson, Eyril; Johnston, Elsa; Kidd, Mary; Maclean, Margaret; Mead, Lauris; Millar, David; Moore, Margaret; Morris, Elizabeth; Padman, Barbara; Parsons, Peter; Pinkard, Elizabeth; Robertson, Jean; Rushby, Evelyn; Sharman, Clare; Spencer, Raymond; Stewart, Beverley; Tanner, Robert; Tucker, Betty; Watson, Yvonne; Williams, Keith.

MATRICULATION PASSES, 1949

Baker, Ronald Frederick.
 Barnes, Graeme Roderick.
 Carney, Brian William.
 Cordell, Donald Maxwell.
 Crawshaw, Bernice Fay.
 Crutchett, Valerie Adele.
 Dewis, Pamela Kathleen.
 Fleischer, Peter Lothar.
 Hartley, Charles Gilbert.
 Hume, Ronald Albert.
 Joyce, Patricia Ann.
 Kerkham, Margaret Eris.
 McCormack, Gloria Anne.
 McCulloch, William Geoffrey.
 Mitchell, Margaret Kathleen.
 Morton, Terence Ernest.
 Parish, Alan Edward.
 Pike, Loris Trenouth.
 Pugh, Edna Merle.
 Richards, Kathleen Faith.
 Scott, Dereham Lloyd.
 Shields, Janis Ellery.
 Wallace, Leslie Arkin.
 Walsh, Brian Lawrence.

LIBRARY REPORT

The Library has had a very successful year, 400 books having been added since October, 1949. 112 of these books were fiction books and the rest non-fiction. Of the non-fiction books, many valuable additions have been made to the Science Section of the Library.

Book Week was also very successful this year. The Art Classes did excellent work in the preparation of book covers and lino-cuts for the Book Week display. Several books were given to the Library during this week by students and old scholars. Mr. Begent, our acting headmaster at the time, set the School a magnificent example with his presentation of a book written on the subject, "Invertebrate Paleontology."

The Library Monitors: P. Dawson, D. Colgrave, M. Morrison, D. Rose, F. Goldsworthy—have been really helpful in the Library this year and Brian Walsh was greatly missed when he left half-way through the year. Some other students—B. Schrumm, D. Colgrave, R. Mullen, D. Rose, C. McCarthy, F. Ferguson, M. Morrison, R. Barnes, M. Murdoch, F. Goldsworthy, J. Pedley, B. Cole, L. Brock, O. Fieldwick, A. Jones and O. Atkins—did excellent work in mending books. They sacrificed much of their spare time, mending over 120 fiction books and nearly as many non-fiction books and are to be highly commended for their work.

The School should be very grateful to Miss Blyth for the excellent work she does in keeping the work of the Library running smoothly. She is always ready to help in the choosing of books and holds a high position in the respect of the School.

But perhaps the School is not as grateful as it could be. It is certain that it would be of great assistance to Miss Blyth and the monitors if students would always return books promptly.

CRUSADERS

The word, "Crusader," originated in the Middle Ages when pilgrims were prevented from going to the Holy Land by the Turks. These pilgrims

formed themselves into bands and fought for the right of the Christians. They wore a cross upon their breasts and it is from the French word "croix," meaning cross, that the word Crusader was derived.

We have taken this name because we are fighting for these same aims in the present day. Those students who forget the word of God are really doing the same as the Turks of old. We aim to help them and show them how to uphold the name of Christ with trust and love for Him.

Toward the end of last year a Christian movement was revived in the School, but it was not until this year that we joined up with the Crusader Movement. Early this year the group was very small but as a result of the interest taken by Mr. C. Rodman, Mr. M. Bushby and some members of the Staff, there is now an average attendance of about 30. We meet each Monday afternoon in Room 5 at four o'clock and the programme consists of choruses, a Bible-reading and an interesting address.

We have had some very interesting speakers this year, some of whom were Miss Rees, a missionary from the Belgian Congo, Harry Lui, of China; Mr. F. Renich, late missionary of China and Mr. Whitehouse, of Egypt, who told us of the beliefs of the Moslems.

Miss Grace Atkins, who is now serving God in the Tibetan border, gave us a testimony for Christ. Other interesting speakers were Mr. Col. Haynes, of the World-wide Evangelistic Crusade and Mr. Clack, of the Y.M.C.A. These are only a few of the men and women who have imparted their knowledge to us through Crusaders.

Two very enjoyable end-of-the-term socials have been held this year. We must thank Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Young for opening their home to us for these purposes. The boys have held two holiday camps this year, one at the Third Basin and the other at Longford. Both were thoroughly enjoyed by all present and more are forthcoming, both for boys and girls.

A hearty welcome is extended to all scholars who would like to join with us in Christian witness and fellowship.

NOTEWORTHY NAMES

During the year some students of this School brought great honour upon themselves and the School, though not in the direct line of School activities. Here I would like to bring them to your notice.

BILL CRAW.

This year, for the second time, Bill gained selection in the Linton Cup team to represent Tasmania. The Linton Cup competition is between junior tennis players under eighteen from all States and only three players were sent to the mainland this year and Bill was one. This selection capped some very fine tennis by Bill and by his excellent play and sportsmanship wherever he goes he provides a very fine advertisement for Launceston High. We wish Bill the best of luck in all his future tennis.

HUGH REEVES.

At the end of last year, Hugh, although then only in "C" Class, sat for the Senior Bursaries exam, which is really for "B" Class. However, he was so brilliant that he obtained the second

position for the State and won the J. A. Lyons' Memorial Prize, for the best result in the exam by a student. The holder of the first place in the exam was ineligible for this. To obtain these bursaries was a phenomenal feat for a "C" Class student and is a fitting tribute to Hugh's all-round ability.

DOUG. SHIELDS.

In the sports in which all Tasmanian schools took part on October 7 in Hobart, Doug. won the under-15 100 yards and 220 yards races. This was a remarkable effort for Doug. and justly reflects his great ability. We hope in years to come, he will win more laurels for the School.

MICHAEL PORTER.

Michael, who is at present a sergeant in the Cadets, was judged at a mid-year camp, to be the best cadet in Tasmania. He has always been a model for the younger members of the Corps and he has always tried to help them along. In every phase of Cadet duty, Mick is at the top and this award is the pinnacle of his outstanding career.

BETTY TUCKER.

By her singing, Betty brought great credit to the School. She won the semi-finals of the Australia-wide P. & A. Parade in her section. Betty is not only skilled in singing, but she is also the School pianist and her high standard has never faltered during the year. Betty, with music, has made a great contribution to the School.

THE ATHLETIC SPORTS

This year the Sports were held on Thursday and Friday, April 13 and 14 and resulted in a win for Franklin House with a total of 348½ points, followed by Arthur, 299; Wilmot, 213½; and Sorell, 212.

The Sports were, perhaps the most successful held for several years, House competition being very keen and all running of a very high standard. Bill McCulloch (Franklin), took the Open Championship with 26 points and Brian Fleming was runner-up. The Under-15 Championship was won by Doug Shields (Arthur), with 16 points and Warner Clifton (Wilmot), was runner-up with 14 points, while the Under-13 Championship title was won by B. Hooper (Sorell), with 10 points.

The Open Field Games Championship was won by Brian Fleming (Arthur), who gained 21 points and Max Swain was runner-up with 14 points.

The Girls' Open Champion was Gwen Snare (Franklin), who, with 16 points narrowly out-pointed Margaret Cossun (Franklin), who gained 14 points. Josie Berwick (Wilmot) and Margaret Tacey (Sorell), were Champion and runner-up respectively in the Under-15 section. N. Westwood (Wilmot), was the Under-13 Champion. Margaret Cossun (Franklin), won the Field Games Championship.

Conditions were exceptionally good on both days. There was very little wind and the weather was warm. As a result, many records were broken.

Bill McCulloch broke the half and quarter-mile records, running them in 54 3-10 and 2.9 3-5 secs. respectively. A very outstanding performance was registered by Doug. Shields, who ran the Under-15 100 in 11 1-5 secs and the 220 in 25 3-5 secs. Warner Clifton won the Under-15 75 yards in the record time of 8 4-5 secs.

The girls also did their share in record-breaking. Margaret Tacey ran the Under-15 100 in 13 1-5 secs. Gwen Snare won the Open 220 in 29 2-5 secs and 75 yards in 9 4-5 secs. I. deJersey ran the Under-13 75 yards in 10 secs.

The School wishes to thank Mr. Moses and the other members of the Staff who so capably organised the meeting. We also wish to thank the ladies of the Parents' Committee for their work with afternoon tea and refreshment stalls.

HOME-COMING

Alighting from the panting train with my suitcase clutched in my hand, I looked about me with interest. The old station had not changed in the four years I had been away. I walked out to the front of the building and looked up the white gravelled road. I had not sent the family a telegram because I wanted to surprise them, yet the thought of the walk wearied me.

Picking up my bag, I started up the long road which held so many memories. As I walked I travelled away from the small township which was situated on the opposite side of the station. Further ahead of me stretched wild bush scrub and tall peppermint gums. The distant hills were a hazy blue, with low-lying cottony clouds drifting about them. The sun beat down relentlessly and the white road dazzled my unaccustomed eyes.

As I walked, landmarks brought memories to me. That tree by the small, meandering creek—many a time had I hidden in its concealing foliage while an enraged schoolmaster had hunted for truants who had gone fishing. The creek, with its swimming-holes, watering holes and most important to all of us as children, the fish-holes where four-inch mountain trout could be caught, was in a shady glen and offered excellent hiding-places.

Such were my memories as I walked, thinking of things I had done and meant to do, as I saw the familiar landmarks. At last I reached that lone white gate, with its inscription, "Redbanks." I walked slowly up the track to where the red brick house nestled among trees. Voices and pipe smoke reached me from the verandah and as I came in view, I dumped my suitcase on the ground to attract attention. My father dropped his pipe as he ran to me. "Son," he cried, "how are you, stranger?"

BEV. APTEED, Franklin, C2.

AFTER THE RAIN

Wet gum leaves dripping from the branches through

Leaf by leaf, to the steaming earth below;
 Yellow sunlight filtered by the rain now clearing
 To the west, where, twixt slow, lumbering,
 storm-clouds, pale blue streaks now show.

The rain now gone, a silence settles slow among the trees,

Leaves turn a shining olive, grass bright and green once more.

Above, a double rainbow brightens up the darkened sky

And in the valley, lagging mist drifts o'er the sodden floor.

LINDSAY MILLER, B1, Arthur.



PREFECTS, 1950

Back Row : N. Blewett, D. Scott, B. McCulloch, P. Parsons, T. Goyns.
 Second Row : J. Begent, J. Amos, G. Brook, B. Tucker, J. Goldsmith, L. Beardwood, P. Joyce.
 Front Row : P. Dell, A. Bryan, A. Parish, Mr. W. C. Morris (Headmaster), B. Hillier, B. Craw, J. Cooper.



"A" CLASS, 1950

Back Row : G. Brook, L. Mead, J. Cooper, P. Gofton, J. Begent, A. Bryan, J. Gay.
 Second Row : M. Swain, D. Millar, H. Bartlett, J. Blackwell, L. Apted, R. Clarke, D. Beswick, H. Blewett, P. Parsons, K. Williams, R. Tanner.
 Front Row : J. Amos, D. Scott, B. Tucker, B. McCulloch, J. Haas, A. Parish, Mr. S. Harvey (Class Teacher), B. Hillier, P. Dell, P. Joyce, D. Clark, J. Goldsmith, T. Goyns.



HOUSE NOTES

ARTHUR (GIRLS)

At the beginning of the year, Aloris Beardwood was elected House Captain, while Guusje Brook was made House Secretary. For their valuable and willing services as House Mistresses, we would like to thank Mrs Holloway and Miss Rainbow.

In the Athletic Sports, Arthur gained second place. Congratulations, Franklin, on your success. Elma Bolch (Arthur), is the 1950 Junior Girls' Champion.

Although at the conclusion of the first term Arthur was in second position on the House ladder; by the end of the second term it was leading by a narrow margin. We hope to maintain this position.

This year the support given to the School teams by Arthur was pleasing, representatives were as follows :

Tennis.—L. Bowden (capt.), , L. Grenda (vice-capt.), C. Marriott.

Softball.—D. McEnnulty (capt.), B. Hillier.

Basketball.—L. Bowden (capt.), L. Grenda (vice-capt.), B. Hillier, D. McEnnulty, P. Hutton.

Hockey.—M. Wilcox, C. Marriott, M. Whittle, B. Munden, E. Carter.

ARTHUR (BOYS)

At the beginning of the year Brian Walsh was elected Captain; Peter Wright, Vice; and Tony Goynes, Secretary. When Brian and Peter left School, Laurie Wing was elected Captain, Tony Goynes, Vice and Bryan Fleming, Secretary.

Arthur gained second place at the Athletic Sports. Doug. Shields did very well in winning the Under-15 Championship and breaking several records. Brian Walsh also gave a very creditable performance in winning the open mile.

In the "A" Grade football competition, Arthur gained first place by quite a big margin. In the "A" Grade cricket competition, Arthur came equal first with Sorell.

At the end of the second term Arthur, due to its good school studies, was on top of the ladder and we are confident we can hold this position.

Tony Goynes is Arthur's only Prefect, but Robert Bilson and Brian Smith are provisional prefects.

Our representatives in the School teams are : Football.—L. Wing, P. Wright, B. Fleming, D. Shields, B. Yost, D. Wright and T. Crawford.

Cricket.—L. Wing, P. Wright, B. Fleming, M. Brown, L. Millar and B. Yost.

Hockey.—R. Bilson and R. Clarke.

Rowing.—D. Millar, T. Opie.

Debating.—R. Clarke.

In conclusion, we would like to thank Mr. Harvey for his co-operation and advice during the year. He has been most helpful, both in and out of House meetings.

FRANKLIN (GIRLS)

At the beginning of the year, Ruth Young was elected House Captain and June Edwards, House Secretary. We are very grateful to Mrs. Jillet and Miss Alcock who, throughout the year, have given much assistance and advice with House matters.

Franklin was again successful in the Athletic Sports, winning from Arthur by nearly 50 points. Gwen Snare won the Girls' Open Championship, while Margaret Cossam and Ruth Young came second and third. Margaret also won for us the Field Games Championship. In the Under-13 Championship, Isobel de Jersey tied with another girl for first place.

The House teams, because of enthusiastic practicing, were successful in winning the Arch and Straddle and Open Hockey Relays.

The House is really proud of the way in which the girls volunteered so readily to enter events and we thank those who contributed in any way to the success of the House.

The following girls represented Franklin House in the School teams :

Hockey.—Adele Salter, Ruth Young, Barbara Cox.

Tennis.—Pat Booth, Pat Johnson, Gwen Snare, Ruth Young.

Basketball.—Gwen Snare.

Softball.—Shirley Allanby.

FRANKLIN (BOYS)

Franklin began a fairly successful year with Bill McCulloch as House Captain, Alan Parish, Vice and Ian Wallace as House Secretary.

The Athletic Sports were the highlight of the year for Franklin and we won by a comfortable margin. Bill McCulloch was Open Champion. Max Swain put up a good show in the Field Games and was runner-up to B. Fleming (Arthur). Other members of the House scored well, especially in team events.

However, after occupying the position of leading House for several years, it appears unlikely that we shall retain this position, as our results in grade cricket and football have been disappointing and scholastic results have not been of the same standard of previous years.

We were very well represented in the teams : Cricket.—A. Parish (Capt.), M. Swain, R. Bayles, K. Caelli.

Football.—A. Parish (Capt.), W. McCulloch, I. Wallace, K. Caelli, L. Caelli, M. Swain, R. Bayles, B. Mansfield.

Tennis.—I. Wallace, H. Reeves.

Hockey.—N. Blewett (Capt.), H. Bartlett, B. Dyson, R. Bayles.

We should like to thank Mr. Bewsher for his interest in the House.

SORELL (GIRLS)

At the beginning of the year, J. Amos was elected House Captain and J. Davis, House Secretary.

We did not do very well in the Athletic Sports, finished in fourth position, but Sorell has some enthusiastic young runners who should ensure future success. The marks Sorell earned this year closely challenged Wilmot's total and with more effort, the positions could be reversed next year.

Sorell representatives in School teams:

Basketball.—D. Barker.

Softball.—B. Broxham, D. Stevens, D. Barker, R. Dwyer.

Hockey.—J. Amos.

We wish to extend our thanks to the House Mistress, Miss Miller, for her co-operation throughout the year.

SORELL (BOYS)

At the beginning of the year Bill Crow was elected House Captain and Ron Traill, Secretary.

Although the House did not have a very successful year, it was not through lack of enthusiasm. As most of the House members are young, it would not surprise me if, in the near future, or even next year, Sorell House was on top instead of holding fourth position.

In the Athletic Sports conducted at the Cricket Ground in the first term, we were not very successful, but the younger under-age runners performed creditably against stiff opposition.

In the House cricket matches, both "A" and "B" Grade at the beginning of the year, Sorell gave a creditable performance by gaining equal first place with Arthur in the "A" Grade roster.

In the House football matches, there was only "A" Grade, as the members available in the majority of Houses could not make it possible for two teams. Sorell, with the young, small football team, did well in gaining third place.

We were reasonably well represented in the First Teams for 1950, the Sorell members representing us were as follows:

Tennis.—W. Crow (capt.), S. Cripps, G. Miller, P. Beck, and J. Gardner.

Cricket.—I. McPherson.

Football.—R. Traill, I. McPherson and W. Crow.

Hockey.—P. Beck and S. Cripps.

Debating.—G. Miller.

The Editors of the School Newspaper and Magazine, Geoff. Miller and Judy Begent, are also members of Sorell.

To conclude, we should like to thank sincerely, Mr. J. H. Smith, who has taken a great interest

in the House activities and rendered us valuable and consistent service throughout the year.

WILMOT (GIRLS)

At the first House Meeting of the year, Betty Tucker was elected House Captain and Joan Morling, Secretary. In the Athletic Sports, Wilmot was once again third, but the keen team spirit was shown by our winning the Open and Under-15 Relay and the much-coveted Basketball Relay.

There are many enthusiastic juniors who show great promise and with training and the will to win, Wilmot should be nearer the top next year. One of our newcomers, Norma Westwood, tied for the Under-13 Championship and equalled the Under-13 School record for 50 yards.

Sports teams were well represented this year, and the Wilmot basketball team, though unplaced in the "B" Grade Women's Association, was by no means a disgrace to the House. In the Firsts Sports Teams, Wilmot was well and ably represented by:

Softball.—Judy Blair, Bev. Wadley, Joan Morling, Roma McCormack, Eileen Mahnken.

Tennis.—Betty Tucker.

Basketball.—Joan Morling, Eleanor Arnot, Betty Tucker.

Hockey.—Maureen Wilcox (vice-capt.), Gale Scott, Gay Mead, Zelma Haas.

In conclusion, the members of the House would like to thank Miss Bushby, our House Mistress, whose enthusiasm and interest set a fine example for all.

WILMOT (BOYS)

At the beginning of the year, Peter Parsons was elected House Captain, Derry Scott Vice-Captain and Peter Dell, as the House Secretary.

In the Athletic Sports, Wilmot gained third place, while House teams did very well in their respective competitions. Throughout the year there has been an exceptionally keen spirit, which has helped greatly in the achievements of the House. We hope this spirit continues to prevail and bring the House to the top.

Wilmot was represented in the senior teams by the following:

Football.—P. Parsons, J. Blackwell, D. Beswick, D. Targett.

Hockey.—D. Hayes (vice-capt.), R. McCormick, B. Thomas.

Tennis.—P. Parsons.

Cricket.—J. Blackwell, D. Scott.

First Crew.—P. Dell (stroke), P. Radford.

We would like to extend our sincere thanks to Mr. F. H. V. Watson, for his co-operation and valuable assistance throughout the year as House Master.



The Basketball Team has had a very successful season this year. We won the Schools' State Premiership and were runner-up in the "A" Grade Northern Premiership, which was an achievement worth mentioning because our opponents were much older and more experienced

than we were. We were defeated in the final by 25 goals to 20. Throughout the season the girls have practiced hard and improved steadily. We owe our win in Hobart to our regular practice because we just had the extra stamina needed to win the match by three goals. Although Devonport made a very strong bid for the lead after half-time in the State Premiership match we again finished strongly to win by 5 goals.

In conclusion we would like to thank Mrs. Holloway for her services and interest which were greatly appreciated.

CRITICISM OF TEAM

LYN BOWDEN (Captain), First Goal. — As captain, Lyn deserves congratulations for the good coaching she gave her team. Her goal-throwing is, on the whole, excellent. She relies too much on her skill at high jumping and needs to come forward more.

LYNETTE GRENDA (Vice-Capt.), Defence. — If Lyn were to use her height to its full advantage, she would become an excellent defence. Although her throwing is not strong enough to have much speed, she can usually direct it to some member of the team. In the Devonport match she held the defence end together extremely well and stopped many Devonport thrusts.

JOAN MORLING, Defence. — Joan is a strong player. Her catching is good. Although strong, her throwing is, at times, erratic. She played a good game against Hobart and can usually be relied upon to do so.

DAWN BARKER, Defence Wing. — Dawn is a new player to the team and a more thorough knowledge of the game and of the systems would help her considerably. She has a strong throw, but unfortunately there is no one in the centre who can catch well enough to take it. Her catch-

ing is good. With this year's experience, Dawn should be an outstanding player in the future.

BERYL HILLIER, Centre. — Beryl is by far the most improved player in the team. Her catching and throwing, which were weak at the beginning of the season, are now quite good. She has a good knowledge of the systems and forms a good link in the centre.

DOROTHY McENNULTY, Attack-Wing. — Dorothy is a strong player and adds much drive to the centre. Her defending is good, but her throwing is at times very erratic. She does not get rid of the ball quickly enough and should come forward more.

GWEN SNARE, Goal. — Gwen is a reliable member of the team. Her speed has been very helpful. Her goal throwing improved well towards the end of the season.

ELEANOR ARNOT. — At the beginning of the season Eleanor played several games with the Firsts. She is a very reliable player. Her catching and throwing have improved. She should be an asset to the team next year.

PEGGY HUTTON. — Peggy has not had much experience with the team, but her goal-throwing is excellent. She practiced hard when there was a possibility of her playing in the Hobart match. Although throwing is not her strong point, her catching is good.

BETTY TUCKER. — At the beginning of the season Betty showed considerable promise, but as it was not possible for her to give as much time as was necessary to practice, she did not make the team.

**BASKETBALL TEAM**

Back Row : B. Hillier, P. Hutton, L. Morling, B. Tucker.

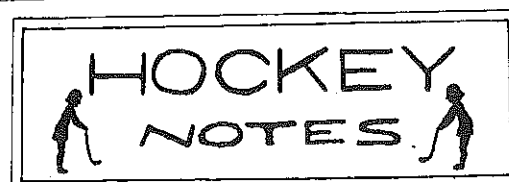
Front Row : G. Snare, D. Barker, L. Bowden (Capt.), E. Arnot, D. McEnnulty.

Absent.—L. Grenda.



GIRLS' HOCKEY TEAM

Back Row : G. Meade, H. Gall, G. Scott, F. Carter, M. Whittle, B. Munden.
Front Row : J. Amos, A. Salter, C. Marriott, R. Young (Capt.), M. Wilcox (Vice-Capt.), B. Cox, Z. Haas.



The hockey team, though not successful in the match against Hobart, performed very creditably and next year. When the younger players are more experienced, it is more than likely that we shall regain the premiership. In the Launceston Women's Hockey Roster, the team did well to gain third place. The team thanks Miss Norton for her practical help in coaching us throughout the year and for her real interest in our progress.

RUTH YOUNG (Captain).—Ruth has been an efficient and enthusiastic captain and has encouraged the team by her own example of good stick-work and tenacious play.

MAUREEN WILCOX (Vice-Capt.).—She is consistent at backing up her wing and inner and takes her free hits well. At times her stopping is at fault.

ADELE SALTER.—A very dependable goal-keeper who by her ability to stop and clear the ball, has saved the situation many times. Her play would improve still more if she went out to meet the ball.

CYNTHIA MARRIOTT.—Cynthia is determined in her defence work, clever at tackling

back and in placing free hits. She should not wander so much, but keep to her position.

JENNY AMOS.—As left-wing, Jenny has been satisfactory. She keeps in line with the forwards always. However, she is a little slow at intercepting passes.

GALE SCOTT.—Gale, though in her first year in the team, has shown by her play, the judgment of a veteran. She has been most consistent throughout the year, but she could be more careful about crowding the goal.

BARBARA MUNDEN.—Barbara is one of the most improved players in the team. Her stick-work and passing are well developed and she was excellent on the field at Hobart. She is sometimes slow at intercepting long passes.

ZELMA HAAS.—A satisfactory centre who can receive passes well and make good use of them when shooting for goal.

HELEN GALL.—Helen keeps to her position well and backs up the attack reliably. She needs to vary the direction of her free hits and roll-ins more.

ENID CARTER.—A fast inner who has excelled at following and striking goals. She crowds her wing too much, but keeps her position well otherwise.

MARGARET WHITTLE.—A young player who shows tenacity in tackling back, but who should try to develop the habit of stopping the ball before hitting.

Emergencies. — **BARBARA COX** and **GAYE MEAD.**



SOFTBALL TEAM

Back Row : D. Stevens, J. Blair, D. Barker, B. Broxam.
Front Row : R. McCormack, R. Dwyer, J. Morling (Vice-Capt.), D. McEnnulty (Capt.), B. Wadley, S. Allanby, B. Hillier.

SOFTBALL

The team this year was comprised mainly of young and inexperienced players who were all eager and enthusiastic to improve their play. On March 24 we played Hobart High on Cornwall Ground and were very unlucky to lose. We congratulate Hobart High on winning the Island Premiership.

The team would like to thank Miss Norton for giving up so much of her valuable time to coaching us.

DOROTHY McENNULTY (Captain).—Roving short stop, co-pitcher.—Dot has been a reliable and hard-working captain. Her quick fielding and excellent catching have saved the situation many times. She has shown herself to be a good all-rounder, but her batting, which is good, could improve if she varied her direction of hitting.

JOAN MORLING (Vice-Capt.), Centre Outfield.—Joan is a very valuable member of the team. She has a strong hit and her fielding throughout the season was good.

JUDY BLAIR, Pitcher.—Judy's fielding is consistent and she is a cheerful member of the team. Her pitching is good and she has a forceful bat.

DAWN BARKER, Catcher.—Dawn's batting and fielding are reliable and with more experience she should develop into an excellent player. Her play in the Inter-High match was commendable and she is a good team member.

BERYL HILLIER, First Base.—At times Beryl's fielding is excellent, but she needs to concentrate more on her batting, which is her weak point. Beryl's play in the Inter-High match was exceptionally good.

RITA DWYER, Second Base.—Rita is a good trier and although inexperienced, she played well throughout the season. Constant practice improved her batting immensely.

BEVERLEY BROXAM, Third Base.—With the experience gained throughout last season Bev. has developed into a good player. Her batting and fielding are dependable and her play in the Inter-High match was outstanding.

DORA STEPHENS, Shortstop.—Dora is a competent shortstop. Her batting is poor, but she overcomes this by leaving her base smartly.

SHIRLEY ALLANBY, Left Outfield.—Shirley joined the team late in the season and proved to be a cool, consistent player, although she is handicapped by a tendency to hit catches.

EILEEN MAHNKEN, Right Outfield.—Eileen's fielding in the Inter-High match was good, but her batting is very weak and needs a lot of attention.

BEVERLEY WADLEY, Emergency.—Bev's fielding and batting are good and she is a keen player.

ROMA MCCORMACK, Emergency.—Another keen player, whose play improved greatly with constant practice.

These two players will be valuable members to the team next year.



GIRLS' TENNIS TEAM

Back Row : G. Snare, P. Booth.
Front Row : B. Tucker, R. Young, L. Bowden (Capt.), P. Johnston, C. Marriott. Absent : L. Grenda

GIRLS' TENNIS

As in many previous years, the tennis team this year has been most fortunate in having Miss Deane for its coach. Miss Deane gave much of her time to the team and her interest and encouragement were greatly appreciated. The team won its matches both against Methodist Ladies' College and Broadland House, but unfortunately we lost against Hobart. However, all the girls practised enthusiastically throughout the season.

CRITICISM OF PLAYERS

LYN BOWDEN (Captain).—Lyn is an outstanding player and has a good command of all strokes. She won the distinction of being Northern "B" Grade Champion in the N.T.L.T.A.

LYNETTE GRENDA (Vice-Capt.).—Lyn played exceedingly well, both in the singles and doubles against Hobart. Her backhand improved throughout the season, but her stroking is rather cramped.

BETTY TUCKER.—Betty's backhand is strong and her strokes are well made, but her footwork needs attention.

PAT BOOTH.—Pat does not concentrate fully on the game. However, her serving is quite good and with more practice and concentration she could be an exceedingly good player.

PAT JOHNSON.—After last year's experience Pat should have been in a higher position in the team. She has an extremely good forehand when she is in a close position to the ball.

CYNTHIA MARRIOTT.—Cynthia is a player who is improving steadily. Her strokes are improving in strength and she is most enthusiastic. Emergencies. — RUTH YOUNG and GWEN SNARE.

CRICKET

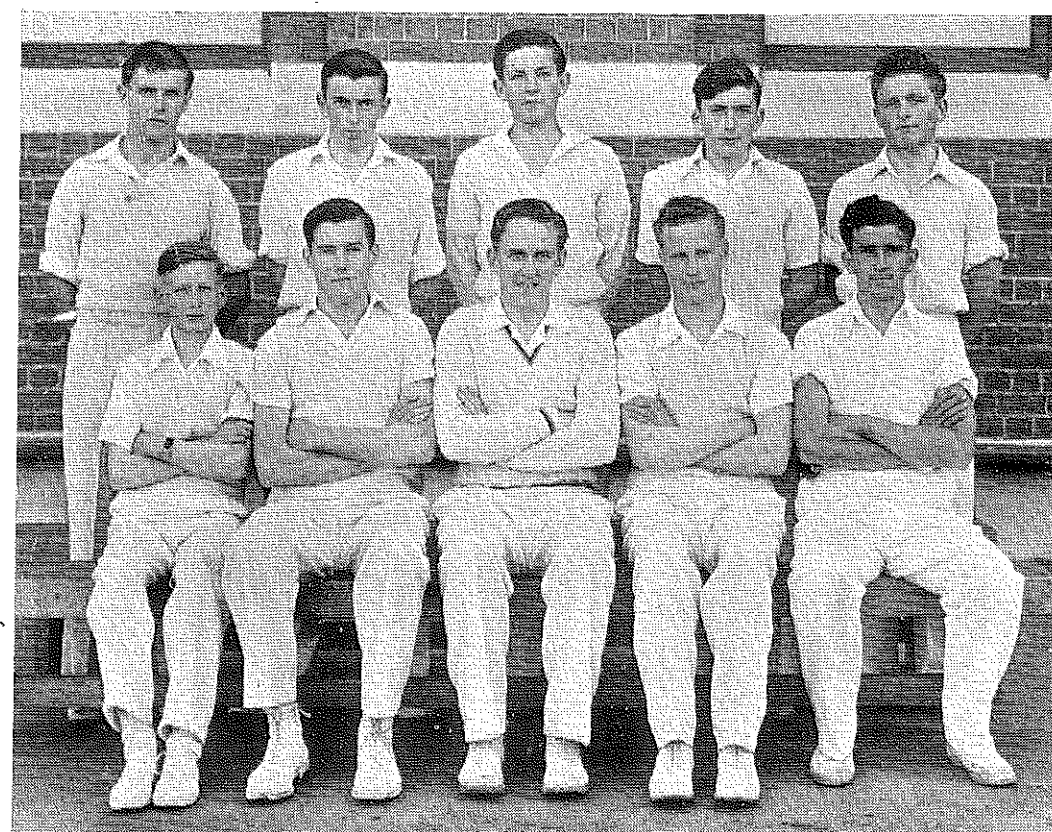
During the first term we had many enjoyable matches against Scotch and Grammar. In the first match against Scotch, Alan Parish scored 114 (ret.), Ian McPherson 31 and Brian Fleming 28. Laurie Wing took 3/29 and Bob Bayles 3/27. Murray Brown took 5/16 in the second innings. We won this match outright, 224 and 6-for 62 to 194 and 89.

Our next match, against Grammar, resulted in a draw, Grammar scoring 118 to our 6 for 84. Top-scorers were Laurie Wing and Brian Yost with 25 each. Bob Bayles took 4/17.

We then played Scotch again and defeated them outright, 204 and 1 for 8 to 145 and 63. Alan Parish scored 55 and Brian Yost 38. Peter Wright took 3/21 and Brian Fleming 3/25. In their second innings, Brian Fleming took 3/1 and Bob Bayles 3/11.

Then in a time match against Grammar we were defeated 109 to 104. Brian Fleming scored 42 and took 2/26, while Laurie Wing took 2/32. A week later we were again defeated by Grammar, 4 for 125 to 7 for 88. Laurie Wing took 36 not out and Murray Brown took 2/22.

In our last match before the State Preliminary



CRICKET TEAM

Back Row : J. Blackwell, R. Bayles, D. Scott, S. Miller, I. McPherson.
Front Row : M. Brown, L. Wing, A. Parish (Capt.), K. Caelli, B. Fleming.
Absent : P. Wright, B. Yost, M. Swain.

Final, we defeated Scotch by 450 to 165. Brian Fleming scored 151, Alan Parish 110 and Derry Scott 38. Brian Fleming 4/45, Laurie Wing 2/9 and David Beswick 2/4 were our best bowlers.

Our match against Ogilvie High was a day of fluctuating fortunes. Winning the toss we batted on an easy, slow wicket. Openers Brian Yost (41) and Brian Fleming (47) gave the team an excellent start, 81 runs being on the board before Yost was run out. However, the team then slumped, the only other players to reach double figures were Peter Wright (23 not out) and Bob Bayles (16).

Ogilvie then went in to bat and in his first over, the second of the day, Peter Wright took a very nice catch to dismiss E. Rolls. R. Barling and D. McGuire then carried the score to 69 when Brian Yost caught Barling off Laurie Wing's bowling. McGuire and C. Mason then carried the score to 112, when Laurie Wing took a nice catch to dismiss McGuire off Max Swain's bowling. When Alan Parish neatly stumped Mason off Murray Brown and Brian Fleming caught and bowled J. Farrell, we still had a chance. However, good batting by A. Buchanan carried Ogilvie's score past our score, thus giving them the victory. Details :

LAUNCESTON HIGH—First Innings	
B. Fleming, c Read, b McGuire	41
B. Yost, run out	47
I. McPherson, c Buchanan, b McGuire	4
A. Parish, lbw, b Rolls	1
L. Wing, c Bonnitcha, b Rolls	2
D. Scott, c Barling, b Rolls	0
M. Swain, c Buchanan, b McGuire	1
P. Wright, not out	23
K. Caelli, c Farrell, b McGuire	4
R. Bayles, c Henri, b McGuire	16
M. Brown, c Mason, b Rolls	4
Extras (5 byes)	5

TOTAL	148
Bowling : D. McGuire, 5/58; C. Mason, 0/5; E. Rolls, 4/45; A. Buchanan, 0/23; I. Lucas, 0/13.	

OGILVIE HIGH—First Innings	
D. McGuire, c Wing, b Swain	63
E. Rolls, c and b Wright	0
R. Barling, c Yost, b Wing	28
C. Mason, stp Parish, b Brown	11
A. Buchanan, b Fleming	32
J. Farrell, c and b Fleming	4
J. Lucas, c Fleming, b McPherson	5
L. Read, lbw, b Brown	30
D. McVilly, b Fleming	0

A. Henri, b Wright 3
 E. Bennitcha, not out 1
 Extras—5 byes, 4 leg-byes, 2 no balls 11

TOTAL 188

Bowling : K. Caelli, 0/23; P. Wright, 2/25; R. Bayles, 0/15; L. Wing, 1/19; B. Fleming, 3/30; M. Swain, 1/29; M. Brown, 2/23; I. McPherson, 1/2; D. Scott, 0/12; B. Yost, 0/2.

CRICKET CRITICISMS

A. PARISH (Captain).—Alan has handled the team with discretion and ability. He is a polished right-hand opening bat. He has a very solid defence, but hits all loose balls very hard with well-placed shots all round the wicket. Alan is also the team's wicket-keeper and has kept wickets well this year.

L. WING (Vice-Captain).—A fine all-rounder. Medium pace bowler who swings the ball well from the off. Using his long reach to advantage, he moves down the wicket to punish any loose bowling. His drives are superb. An excellent field.

R. BAYLES.—Slow swing bowler, with potentialities. Bowls intelligently, using the condition of the pitch to full advantage. Batting will improve with practice and more concentration. Fields well.

J. BLACKWELL.—Has not shown the improvement expected. Tries hard, but bowling lacks variety and batting lacks concentration. His fielding is quite good.

M. BROWN.—A young and most promising spin bowler. With careful coaching and the stabilisation of his run up, he will develop into a match winner. In his batting he shows advanced concentration and determination. A very bright future is predicted.

K. CAELLI.—Opening bowler. Keeps a fairly good length and deserved more success. Attacking batsman, whose fielding is fast, but returns sometimes erratic.

B. FLEMING.—Good all-rounder. Slow spin bowler who turns ball both ways. Opening batsman who has turned in some good scores. His fielding in covers is a lesson to young players.

I. MCPHERSON.—Promising young batsman with good defence. Flicks too much at balls outside the off stump and running between wickets needs improvement. Fielding good when awake.

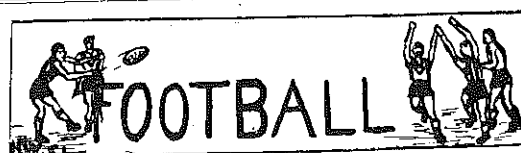
L. MILLAR.—Promising batsman and possibly the team's best field. Next year Lindsay should be one of the mainstays of the team. His bowling also has possibilities.

D. SCOTT.—Stylish batsman who has improved by studying the game and by hard practice. His fielding is usually good.

M. SWAIN.—Effective bowler who obtains much lift from the pitch. A punishing batsman, he has met with some success, but at times attempts to hit good balls. Good field.

P. WRIGHT.—Opening bowler. Bowls many good balls, but is often erratic. Unorthodox batsman who gets runs. A good field with a sure catch.

B. YOST.—Patient opening batsman. Brian has filled this position well, mixing patience with experience. His bowling has not shown any improvement, mainly due to his concentrating on batting. Neat field.



During the year we played matches against Grammar, St. Pats and Tech. and we thank these teams for the good practice they gave. We had no trouble in defeating St. Pats and Tech., but the matches against Grammar were all very close. Grammar won the first two matches but the week before we went to Hobart, we defeated them.

The match against Hobart was played under a cloudy sky in warm weather. We won the toss and kicked to the river end. Although the ball was on our forward line for most of the first quarter, we could only manage a point while Hobart kicked 1—1. The second quarter was all Hobart and they ran away to lead 6—5 (35) to 1 point at half-time. After half-time we were a different team. Holding Hobart in the third term we attacked continuously in the last term, but the bell rang too soon, leaving Hobart the winners 9—8 (62) to 6—2 (38). Goal-kickers : Wing (5), Wallace.

Best Players : Parish, Wright, Wing, Wallace, Fleming, Targett.

In N.T.J.F.A. representative teams which played the S.S.S.O.B.A., the School was represented by Laurie Wing, Peter Wright and Alan Parish.

Many members of the School Team also played with Churinga Juniors in the N.T.J.F.A. The team was very successful, finishing second on the ladder and being beaten by Tech., a much older team, in the grand final by only 5 points, the winning goal being kicked 4 minutes before the bell.

FOOTBALL CRITICISM

A. PARISH (Captain).—Has handled the team well this year. He is a utility player who can play either in defence or attack. Alan is a very reliable high mark and has a long, driving, accurate punt kick, but is also a good pass; while his ground play is also good and well controlled. A player who is a model for young players.

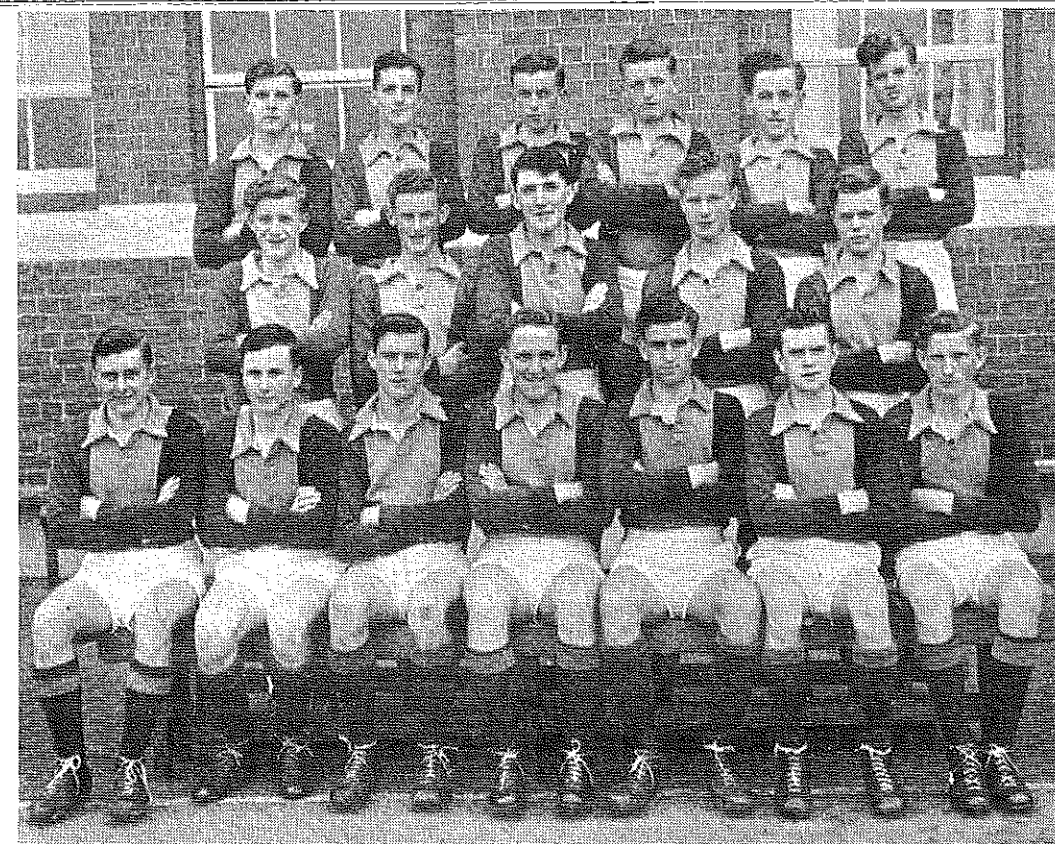
L. WING (Vice-Captain).—Laurie's ability to take high marks and his good ground play make him an excellent full forward. Leading goal-kicker for the second year in succession, he sets a fine example on the field.

P. WRIGHT.—Pete has shouldered the ruck this year. He has been an inspiration with his solidness and fearlessness. A very sure mark, he uses handball effectively, but his kicking could improve.

P. PARSONS.—Peter was unfortunate to break his wrist early in the season. Nevertheless, at the end of the season he showed that he has not lost any ability and will be a force to be reckoned with next year.

W. McCULLOCH.—A most improved player. Bill's marking and kicking have improved through constant and hard practice. Bill uses his speed to advantage and is invaluable in the wet.

K. CAELLI.—Kevin is a dashing full-back or centre-half who is a good spoiler. He covers his



FOOTBALL TEAM

Back Row : J. Blackwell, D. Shields, R. Bayles, I. McPherson, T. Crawford, R. Traill.

Second Row : I. Wallace, W. Craw, W. McCulloch, K. Caelli, D. Targett.

Front Row : P. Parsons, B. Mansfield, L. Wing, A. Parish (Capt.), B. Fleming, D. Beswick, L. Caelli. Absent : P. Wright, B. Yost, D. O'Neill, D. Wright.

ground well, relieving with long driving kicks. Could dispose of the ball a little quicker.

D. BESWICK.—A good mark and a good kick. David has played mainly on the wing, from where he disposes well to the forwards. He could use his size to better advantage.

J. BLACKWELL.—James is a solid and consistent wing half-back who never admits defeat. He is a reliable mark and kick and trains well.

L. CAELLI.—A young player with all-round ability who has improved considerably this year. He has done good work in the second ruck and by speeding up he could develop into a good player.

T. CRAWFORD.—Although a small player, Tom is an accurate kick. His ground play is good and he uses his speed well. Has good goal sense.

B. FLEMING.—Good high mark who can kick with either foot. Feeds forwards well with neat, well-directed passes. Wanders a little too far.

I. MacPHERSON.—A good kick and a reliable mark. Has a bright future if he remembers that to succeed you must train hard.

B. MANSFIELD.—A very keen young player who should do very well next year. His kicking

has improved, but ground work needs improvement. Brian has the determination to succeed.

D. O'NEILL.—A fast player whose ground play is good and whose kicking has improved. Must not stand flat-footed.

D. SHIELDS.—A good kick with either foot. His ground work is good and he uses his speed well. However, he must change more often when roving and dispose of the ball much more quickly.

D. TARGETT.—A very promising pocket-back who has a good kick, but must remember not to look behind. A bright future is predicted.

E. TRAILL.—A young player who, with a little concentration, can improve his kicking and marking. Should play well next year.

I. WALLACE.—A fairly reliable mark and good on the ground. If he is to do well in future years, he must improve his kicking which, at the moment, is not too good.

D. WRIGHT.—A fair, left-foot kick and a good mark. His ground work is good, but he must dispose of the ball more quickly to keep out of danger. Makes position well, although at times hampers the forwards.

B. YOST.—A very good high mark and a good kick. Should improve with age, when, no doubt, he will overcome his timidity.

W. CRAW.—A left-footer who trains exceptionally well, but falls down in a match.

R. BAYLES.—A good kick, but must improve his ground play. Sticks well to any opposing forwards.

M. SWAIN.—Although Max didn't play in Hobart, he gave services which were invaluable during the year. An excellent mark and long driving kick, he covers a little too much ground.

L. APTED.—An unpredictable player who may have been playing out of position.

W. CLIFTON.—An extremely young player, too slow and inexperienced for first football at the moment, but will be an asset in future years.

T. GOYNES.—Showed early promise, but did not improve because of lack of solid training.

In conclusion, we would like to thank Mr. Cobern for all the hard work he has put into coaching the team during the year.

We would also like to thank all our supporters who travelled to Hobart, for the support they have given the team, both practically and materially.

BOYS' HOCKEY

This year our hockey teams had their most successful season since boys' hockey became a recognised School sport four years ago. In the N.T.H.A. Under-17 competition, High School Blues, captained by N. Blewett, went through the season undefeated and thus gained the F. J. C. White Shield for the second successive year. Runners-up on the premiership ladder were High School Fawns, captained by Des. Hayes.

The clash against Hobart will, as our acting headmaster put it, "live long in the memories of all who saw it." Though Hobart was generally superior in stickwork and the finer points of the game, the dogged determined resistance of our backs and the never-give-in attitude of all our players, enabled us to draw with Hobart, 1 goal all, after 200 minutes of play in a game chiefly distinguished by the fine sportsmanship displayed by both sides. Deciding the game on penalty corners, Launceston went down 4 corners to 5—a truly magnificent defeat.

In conclusion the team would like to thank all members of the Churinga Men's Hockey Team, in particular K. Jack and G. Wiltshire, whose untiring efforts did much to make us the team we were.

CRITICISM OF TEAM

N. BLEWETT (Captain), Centre-Forward.—By improving the team's standard of play, Neal proved to be a capable and encouraging leader. On the field he was the mainstay and spearhead of the forward line. His determined and speedy play is an inspiration to the rest of the team. Neal has excellent control of the ball and a powerful shot for goal.

D. HAYES (Vice-Captain), Back.—Able assisted his captain on and off the field. A solid and reliable player, Des possesses sound stickwork, hard hit and general hockey ability and was the most consistent player in the School team.

H. BARTLETT, Goalie.—Henry is an excellent goalie, possessing courage and determination, allied with initiative. However, he must improve his kicking, which is an important feature of goal-keeping.

R. BAYLES, Left Half-Back. Another solid player, whose fine stickwork, combined with his practical knowledge of hockey tactics developed during his season with Churinga "A" Grade, made him one of the stalwarts of the School team.

P. BECK, Centre Half-Back.—Ideal player for this position as he has brilliant stickwork, a good stop and a hard, direct hit, but must learn to avoid wandering and also his over-use of the dribble.

R. BILSON, Back.—Third member of best back line that the School has produced. Bob is a forceful player with a very powerful hit, a strong determined tackle and clever stickwork. He must overcome his tendency to give "sticks" if his hockey is to progress.

R. CLARKE, Right Wing.—A speedy and clever dribbler, Bob paved the way for many of his team's successes. His passes, however, lack power and there is room for great improvement in this sphere.

S. CRIPPS, Left-Inner.—Promoted late in the season to the forward line, Stuart's powerful hit earned many goals. He has a good reverse stick but must use his head more if he is to profit from his clever stickwork.

B. DYSON, Left Wing.—Another late addition to the forward line who though lacking the finesse of forward play, displayed a die-hard attitude in all his matches.

B. MARSHALL, Reserve.—A young player who shows great promise. With age he will develop greater hitting power, while his stickwork has improved rapidly throughout the season.

R. MCCORMACK, Right Half-Back.—A last-minute inclusion in team to play Hobart. Roxley surprised all by his dogged, determined and courageous hockey. Must speed up his movements.



On March 24, Hobart High tennis team met our team at the Association Courts, Hart Street. Hobart High being the victors by five rubbers to four after a very keen contest. Incidentally, Hobart High went on to win the 1950 Premiership, after Launceston High had held it for three consecutive years. The results were:

SINGLES

W. Craw defeated D. Shepherd, 9-5.
I. Wallace lost to J. Broadby, 3-9.
S. Cripps lost to J. Christie, 1-9.
G. Miller lost to I. Hocking, 8-9.
P. Parsons defeated R. Cherry, 9-7.
P. Beck defeated I. McGuinness, 9-5.

DOUBLES

W. Craw and I. Wallace lost to D. Shepherd and J. Broadby, 6-2, 3-6, 4-6.
P. Beck and S. Cripps lost to J. Christie and I. Hocking, 3-6, 3-6.
P. Parsons and G. Miller defeated I. McGuinness and R. Cherry, 6-5, 4-6, 6-4.

In conclusion, I would like, on behalf of the team, to thank Mr. S. Morris for his very keen



BOYS' HOCKEY TEAM

Back Row : R. Bayles, H. Bartlett, P. Beck, R. McCormack, B. Thomas.
Front Row : R. Clarke, R. Bilson, N. Blewett (Capt.), D. Hayes, S. Cripps.
In Front : J. Ryan.

interest in the boys' tennis and his invaluable coaching throughout the season.

CRITICISMS

BILL CRAW (Captain), No. 1.—Bill is probably the most forceful tennis player who has ever represented the School. He is a very shrewd and effective doubles player and by his powerful shots on both sides, has always dictated the type of play in his singles matches. As captain of the team, he has at all times set a high standard of sportsmanship and has shown a keen interest in the improvement of junior players.

IAN WALLACE (Vice-Capt.), No. 2.—Ian has improved considerably this season, bettering his position in the team from No. 4 to No. 2. His service is very good, but he must concentrate in the future on giving his volleys more "punch." Ian's ground strokes are quite good, but he is inclined to push his backhand instead of driving it. Ian also is a good retriever when on the run.

STUART CRIPPS, No. 3.—Stuart is a newcomer to the team and is very keen to improve. His shots are quite good, especially for doubles, being short and low. In future Stuart must endeavour to concentrate on his temperament as he is inclined to get a bit "rattled" and this naturally affects his game. He should develop into a good doubles player. His service is good, and carries plenty of force.

GEOFF MILLER, No. 4.—Geoff, who was a reserve last year, did not improve as was expected this year, but this is due to lack of match practice and not to his strokes, as they are good. Geoff's style is very fluent, but occasionally he slices his forehand. He is very keen on tennis and if he concentrated more on the court, he would improve considerably. His service is good and strong enough to rush the net in doubles, as is necessary in tennis to-day.

PETER PARSONS, No. 5.—Peter, who incidentally was the only member of the team to win both his Inter-High matches, wants to concentrate mainly on his service, which is erratic. Peter was also a reserve in last year's team. He hits his shots with plenty of power, but must learn to move to the ball faster and hit it "on the top." With plenty of solid play he should make a sound singles player.

PETER BECK, No. 6.—Peter is, perhaps, the keenest player in the team and, as a newcomer, is very eager to improve. He is a very steady player, being a better doubles player than singles. Peter is good in the air, but must give his backhand more "punch" if he wants to get far in tennis. With good coaching on his ground strokes Peter should develop into a good tennis player.

HUGH REEVES, No. 1 Reserve.—Hugh is a very steady player and has a very good match temperament. This quality is a fine asset as it



BOYS' TENNIS

Back Row : G. Miller, P. Parsons, H. Reeves.
Front Row : J. Gardner, I. Wallace, W. Craw (Capt.), P. Beck, S. Cripps.

can easily win a close match when the nervous tension is great. Hugh is also a newcomer to the team and if he obtained professional coaching, he would improve considerably. He needs to give his service more concentration, developing an action so as to get more power. He has a good forehand and his backhand is quite steady.

JOHN GAEDNER, No. 2 Reserve.—John, who is the youngest player of the team, is very keen and with plenty of match play should develop into a good player. His strokes are quite good, and he is a good lobber, which is an asset for doubles. He must, however, speed up his movements on the court and also must not take any notice of the gallery, as this causes lack of concentration on the ball.

DEBATING

The summer debating team, consisting of Neal Blewett (leader), Pauline Taylor, Robert Clarke and Robert Tanner, competed against Hobart in the School Hall, Launceston, on Thursday, March 22. The subject for debate was, "That another depression is inevitable within the next decade," the Launceston side taking the affirmative. Alderman Edwards adjudicated, while Alan Parish officiated as chairman. Putting generally, more force and effectiveness into their arguments, the Launceston team were successful in defeating their opponents in an interesting and keenly contested debate.

Neal Blewett opened the debate and clearly and logically outlined Launceston High's main argument in a forceful speech, which was marred somewhat by mistakes in pronunciation. Pauline Taylor, though speaking fluently and clearly, lost points through lack of logic and sequence in her arguments. Robert Clarke gave a fine performance, being especially commended by the adjudicator for his speech and presentation, while Robert Tanner's humorous and cleverly illustrated arguments were extremely convincing. Neal Blewett gave a well thought-out, but unfortunately hasty summing-up, which amply illustrated the flaws in the opposition's arguments and briefly outlined the basic points of Launceston's debate.

All members of the debating would like to thank members of the Staff, who gave up their own time to help us in the preparation of our debates and especially our coach, Mr. Bewsher. Due to some of the summer team being engaged in other teams, the winter team to visit Devonport for the premiership consisted of R. Tanner (leader), J. Gay, G. Miller and N. Orr. The debate was held in the school assembly hall, the school and staff being present. Rev. H. A. Jerrim was the adjudicator and the subject was, "We deplore the worship of tradition." Having the affirmative, Launceston opened the debate with an impressive speech by our leader, Robert Tanner. Second to speak for Launceston, was Jean Gay, who spoke very well about the historical side of their argument. Geoff. Millar spoke third, with a well-delivered speech, while Nita Orr spoke fourth, she having a very sound speech, which was delivered with keen force. Nita was the best speaker of the debate. Launceston's leader was pressed for time and failed to deliver a forceful summary of their arguments in the final speech. It was through this that they lost the debate by a very narrow margin, the points being 77 to 70.

During 1950 the rowers have had little or no opportunity to give evidence of the amount of time they have spent in training. It was unfortunate that a crew was not able to represent the School in the challenge race for the Clarke Shield rowed on the Derwent early this year. This was due mainly to a rather crowded first term and difficulty in obtaining a coach in sufficient time before the race. This, however, allowed time

for the younger rowers to gain some much-needed experience.

During the winter season an opportunity was given to boys, particularly from the "C" and "D" Classes to take up rowing for the first time. Operations were, however, hampered by a shortage of boats, the School having sold one of its two clinker fours.

This state of affairs continued into the consequent summer season and prevented the formation of a combination to contest next year's Bourke Cup race early in the season. It is expected, however, that the two new boats which the School has on order will arrive late in 1950.

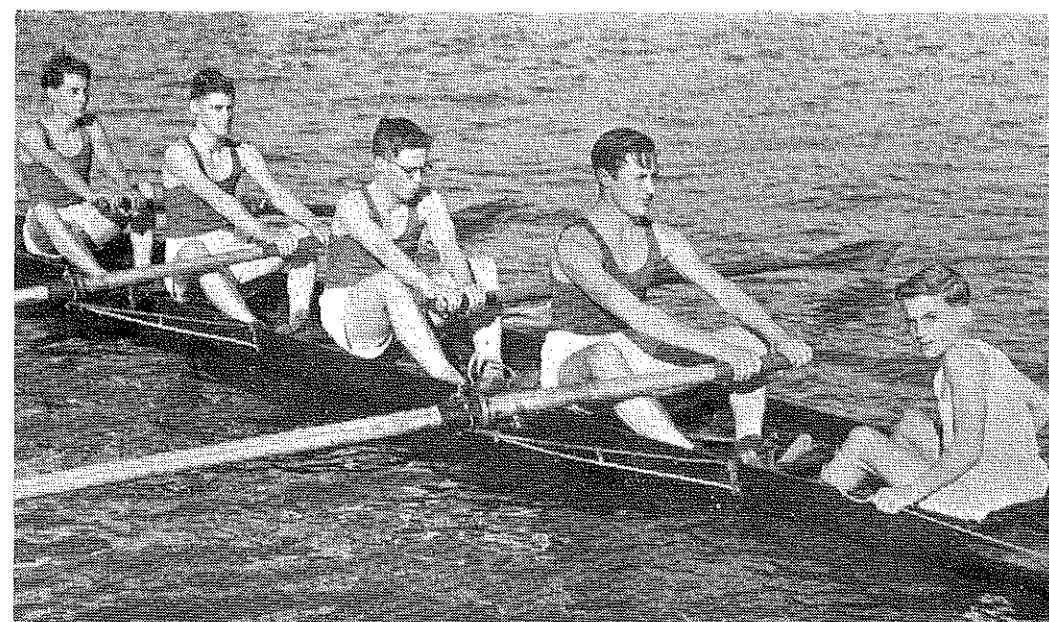
The School has, at present, a group of good potential rowers who, with the necessary training, should prove serious contenders for both the Bourke Cup and the Clarke Shield. The first crew for 1950 was as follows: Peter Radford (bow), David Millar (2), Tony Opie (3), Peter Dell (stroke), John Bird (cox.) and Michael Porter (emer.).

COMMENTARIES

PETER DELL, as stroke of the First Crew, has been consistent, conscientious and a fine example to the rest of the crew. He is to be commended on keeping up the interest of all rowers during a year filled with such disappointments as the late arrival of the new boat and the cancelling of the race in Hobart.

P. RADFORD (bow).—A versatile rower, who with the little training he received, showed promise of excellent form. Peter has a good rowing physique and should, in the next year or two, make an excellent stroke of the First Crew, a position in which he now shows promise.

D. MILLAR (2).—David has had little opportunity to show any good form, though he showed



1st CREW

Rowing

During 1950 the rowers have had little or no opportunity to give evidence of the amount of time they have spent in training. It was unfortunate that a crew was not able to represent the School in the challenge race for the Clarke Shield rowed on the Derwent early this year. This was due mainly to a rather crowded first term and difficulty in obtaining a coach in sufficient time before the race. This, however, allowed time



CADET CORPS

Back Row : J. Gardiner, J. Hart, N. Hayes, J. Kerrison.
 Middle Row : B. Graham, D. Cartwright, J. Longden, A. Upton, G. Lappage.
 Front Row : P. Radford, L. Apted, R. Clarke, R. Bayles, M. Porter, J. Cartledge, T. Hart.



DEBATING

Back Row : G. Miller, N. Orr, P. Taylor, R. Tanner Front Row : N. Blewett, J. Gray, R. Clarke.

definite signs of becoming a good 2-man and a useful rower.

T. OPIE (3).—The School has in this rower, one who will be an asset to School crews for a number of years. Like Peter Radford, Tony is still only in "C" Class and yet both can fill positions in the First Crew which are usually held by "A" or "B" Class boys. These two will form the backbone of First Crews for two years at least if both remain at School.

J. BIRD (cox.).—John has the capability of becoming a good cox, but as yet lacks confidence and experience.

M. PORTER (emerg.).—Like most members of the First Crew, Michael has had very little opportunity of showing any good form, but if he remains at School, will become a reliable bowman.

All the 1950 rowers wish to express their appreciation of the time devoted by Mr. Askeland to all rowing matters this year, especially as he took over the position of rowing-master with little or no experience.

P. DELL, Club Captain.

CADET NOTES

This year the Cadet Corps was small, but its members made up for this by their keenness and high standard of efficiency. During the May holidays, eight cadets attended a N.C.O. course at Brighton. These cadets distinguished themselves by their excellent results in the examinations held at the conclusion of the camp. As a result of these examinations the following promotions were made: Cpl. Clarke promoted to Sgt. acting C.Q.M.S. and Cpl. Porter to Sgt. At the same time Sgt. Apted was promoted to S/Sgt., acting C.S.M. The experience gained by these N.C.O.'s is proving valuable in training the other cadets.

The annual camp, held at Brighton in August, was made more interesting this year by the additional instruction in Vickers, Artillery and Signals in addition to the usual infantry work. Another innovation this year was the diversion of the 34th Cadet Battalion into companies for the purposes of drill. In addition to this, every member of the unit was taken to the rifle range to fire the Bren L.M.G. and to witness a demonstration of all infantry weapons. At the conclusion of the camp, a mock battle, in which the 34th Battalion was opposed to the 33rd Battalion. Unfortunately the unit was forced to withdraw from the Hoad Trophy due to sickness of many members. This was keenly felt, as we were conceded a good chance of winning the trophy.

In conclusion, on behalf of the unit, I should like to thank Lieut. Baulch and Cadet-Lieut. Bayles for the work they have put into making the Cadet Corps the efficient body it was and for the enthusiasm which they displayed at camp.

R. J. CLARKE, Sgt.

BICYCLES AND BLACKBERRIES

One spare Saturday, which miraculously happened to come my way, for I usually had to run some errand, or visit a sick aunt or something, my friend, John, suggested that I borrow a bike

and that both of us go for a ride. After asking our mothers to cut some lunch for us, we called upon a boy whom we knew to see if he could lend me a bike as he had two. Luckily, he was able to lend me one, so we called back to collect our lunches. We packed our food in haversacks and started off.

We had decided to cycle out to Western Junction and watch the planes coming in and then return by by-roads home, stopping by the roadside for our lunch at some suitable spot. After riding for a while, we stopped at a shop to buy an ice cream, then continued non-stop to our destination. When we arrived we left our bikes beside a hangar and walked on to the 'drome just as a large Skymaster came in to land. Like an enormous bird, the huge plane "touched down" and taxied to a halt near the far end of the runway, then turning, trundled back to discharge its passengers. Fascinated, we watched the large planes coming and going until a glance at my watch told me it was time to go. We rode along a side road for a while and stopped by a small creek to eat our lunch, then continued in a roundabout fashion homewards. Speeding down a hill, we were overtaken by a low-slung sports car which, roaring past us, forced John off the road. His front wheel hit a large stone, with the result that he turned a complete somersault over the handlebars and disappeared over the fence. Stopping hurriedly, I hastened back to see what fate had befallen my friend. Peering over the fence, I saw my unfortunate comrade trying to extricate himself from a clump of tenacious blackberry bushes.

After prolonged efforts, I managed to help him out. He was scratched all over and for the remainder of the journey, rode very slowly, a sorry sight to behold with his scratched face.

JOHN OLDING, D3, Arthur.

FIVE MINUTES' BIRD WATCH

I sat on the grass,
 Beside the cool stream,
 Beneath the wild cherry,
 To watch birds and dream.

A cranky-fan zoomed up
 And sat on a twig,
 Then dived to the water
 And perched on a sprig.

A wren came to bathe there
 With his colours, blue, fawn—
 He frisked and hopped gaily,
 As if it were morn.

High up in a gum tree
 A diamond bird said,
 "Pick it up, pick it up,"
 And flew far ahead.

With its dull shades of green,
 A tiny white-eye
 Looked inquisitively up
 And then hurried by.

EUNICE FARTHING, C2, Sorell.

HEAD PREFECTS, 1950

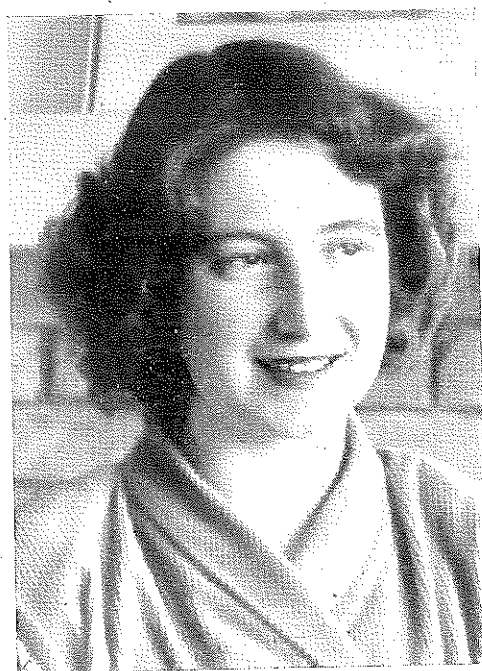


Beryl Hillier

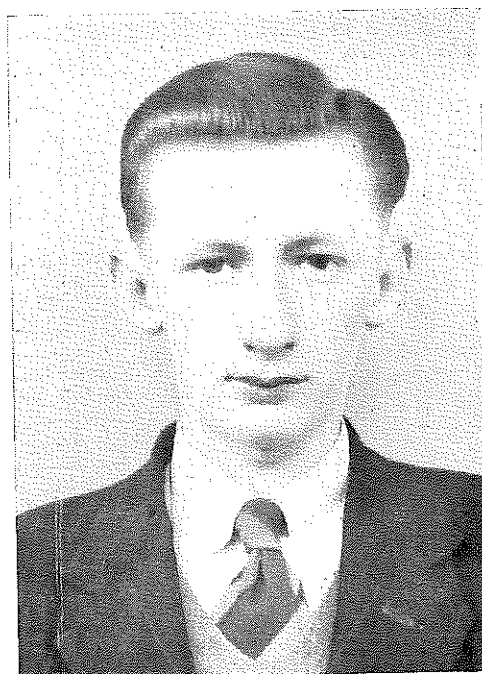


Alan Parish

BEST PASS SCHOOL'S BOARD, 1949



Beverley Stewart



Keith Williams

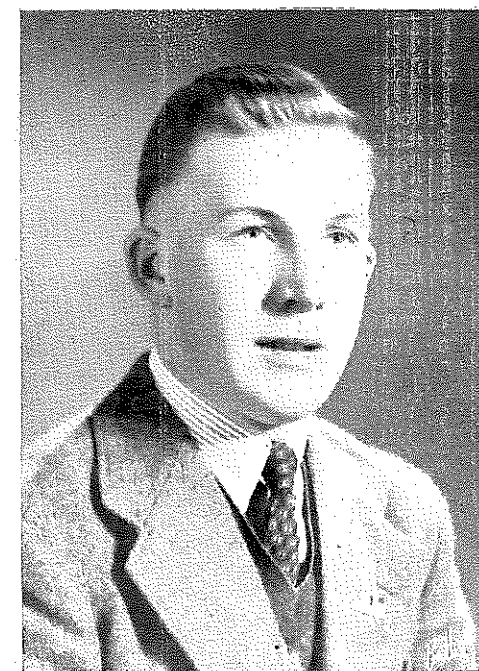
BEST PASS MATRICULATION, 1949



Fay Crawshaw



Val Cruchett



Ron Hume

PEGGY PEDLEY MEMORIAL PRIZE

This year the prize has been awarded to Douglas Mackenzie for his poem "Twilight at Home," which is printed below.

TWILIGHT AT HOME

A silence has come,
More absolute for a mosquito's whirring
And a cow's mellow mooing
For its motherless calf:
For the pig's mollified slurping
And the penned horse's hopeless neigh.
The windmill has stopped turning;
The last woolly red has died to grey.
There, on two sides of my home,
Strzelecki and Darling stand, dark, gaunt
guardians.
A coldness,
As sweet and stealthy as sleep,
Has come upon me.
But, as I slowly walk with the cow's frothy bounty
To the yellow-lit square called home,
I feel the elation of the night,
The nocturnal tingling of delight,
The inner, powerful surging of pure ecstasy:
The night is mine,
This home is mine,
The whole world is mine,
I stumble over the fire-break;
And pass by the blacker blackness of the brood-
ing hedge
Of prickly box and pine.
Nobby barks his joy and laps his milk;
I pat his head and click the gate.
Then, up closer, I still more slowly walk
To the yellow-lit square —
My home.

D. MACKENZIE, Sorell.

AND THE OTHER?

George and Ellie Clarke had lived peaceably together for over 40 years away back at Logan's Creek. George had once been a trapper and, though he still did a little trapping, he now kept his home going with the small revenue from his rabbit skins, supplemented by the produce of his garden, fowls and three Jersey cows. Ellie, too, was far from young but, between her attacks of rheumatism, she kept the cottage moving at her own speed. They saw little of anyone else, except on their fortnightly trip to Regan's store to sell their rabbit skins and fowls' eggs and to purchase provisions in exchange.

One day, however, a diversion came in the form and person of Hawker Joe, who brought something which almost caused a complete breach between George and Ellie.

George was slowly hoeing his lettuces when he heard Hawker Joe's horse and trap rattling down the mile and a half track separating the cottage from the road. Joe soon made known his profession, and later, over a cup of tea in the kitchen, he learned of scissors, knives and axes which needed sharpening and several other repair jobs which George wanted doing.

On Joe's invitation, the old couple went out to the cart and eagerly examined the articles which he brought out for their inspection. Ellie

would occasionally put something to one side and indicate to George that she wished to buy it. George soon became interested in a strong-looking clasp-knife, but what fascinated him most was an oblong, wooden-framed, shiny object. He extracted it from the assorted jumble and looked into it. What he saw almost made him drop it in surprise, for what he had seen in the mirror was, as he later confided to Ellie, "the dead image of my old father who's been gone these last 40 years." Quickly he replaced this marvellous object (marked "6d."), and hurriedly went inside to "see to the fire."

Once inside, George, at first greatly perturbed, slowly came to his conclusions. One thing was certain—he must not tell Ellie. And another thing—he must buy the mirror before Joe went. Then he went outside to ascertain the position of the mirror, for such the miraculous thing was. In ten minutes, after much laborious calculating and adding of prices by Jocs and slow checking by George and Ellie, the sum of 15/9 changed hands in return for a heap of varied articles and, while Ellie took her purchases inside, he went off with Joe to the gate. When they were out of sight and hearing of the house, George produced the mirror from his pocket and after explaining the reason for his secrecy to the amused Joe, handed over the sixpence and bought it.

When the visitor had gone, George hid his purchase at the bottom of a drawer in his work-room. During the next few days, Ellie noticed him uneasily going off in the direction of the work-room and when he returned from these short visits, he always appeared mystified, as if there was something he could not understand.

So a few days later she asked him, "What is it that is troubling you, George?" George, caught unawares, jerked around to her. "What are you meaning, Ellie?" he queried uncertainly.

"Well, George," said Ellie, "in all our married life I haven't seen you acting so strange. I am almost thinking you've got a bad conscience about something."

"Ah, don't worry over me, my dear," said George, relieved to find she did not know after all. "Things have never been better."

But Ellie was not satisfied and became determined to find the cause of "her man's" unrest. So, one day, when George was shaking his head over "the dead image of his old father, who had been gone these last 40 years," she watched him replace the strange object in the drawer. Later, when she was alone in the house, she drew the mirror from its hiding-place and with bulging eyes, looked into it.

"So that's what he's been looking at," she said grimly. "I might have known there was a woman in it. A regular old cat, she is, too!"

For, like her husband, Ellie had never before seen a mirror and had taken her own reflection to be the picture of some other woman. Purposefully she returned to the kitchen and placed the offending "picture" on the mantle-piece, and awaited the return of her spouse.

She was sitting near the fire when George came in and greeted him with, "Well, my man. At last I've found your trouble. You ought to

be downright ashamed of it!" And she pointed to the mirror on the mantle-piece.

"But Ellie, it's only natural for me to be interested in it," said George, realising all had come to light. Then, holding it in front of her, he said more enthusiastically, "Isn't it the living image of my old father?"

Looking at the woman's face she saw, Ellie was about to reply, but the scornful words died on her lips, as suddenly she caught sight of a man's face above her own.

The man—George. And the other?—Herself.

"NARCISSUS," Arthur.

I WONDER WHY

I wonder why
I sigh?
And once in a while
I smile?
I wonder why
I die,
And why I'm born.
Moments forlorn typify my life
And all the strife.
Ah! 'Tis no mystery
That through history
Examples of folk who fail
Prevail.
I sigh—
Harold fell with an arrow in his eye;
The cakes were burnt by Alfred
So a poor husband was not fed.
Joan of Arc
Was a bright spark,
But the stake
Was the only place she could make.
Teddy Windsor wanted a wife—
That gave him a lot of strife.
Henry the Eighth had domestic trouble too—
Of wives he had none too few.
Ah sweet mystery of life—
Why should a man want a wife?
A wife brings trouble—
Kids make it double.
What with home and bills and rates and all
A man is sure to fail.
A man is born not because he wants to be,
It's someone else's plan you see.
He lives by the law of the land,
Made by someone else's hand.
He dies, not of his own accord
And in life buys more than he can afford.
Do you wonder why
I sigh?

ARTAN 10, Wilmot.

OUT ON THE FARTHEST BRANCH

One day Mum came home from town, carrying carefully a large brown paper bag.

"What's in the bag?" asked Dad. Mum proudly displayed what she called a hat. It was just a bit of ribbon, a couple of flowers and a bit of tulle.

"What is it?" asked Dad.

"It's the perkier little model I've seen this season," said Mum, putting it on her head.

Dad laughed loudly, but he soon changed his laugh to a scowl, when Mum told him the price.

"What," he cried, "four pounds for that bit of nonsense?"

"You don't judge a hat's worth by what it costs," said Mum. "You judge it by what it does to a woman's morale," and she carried the hat triumphantly to her bedroom.

The next day when I got home from school, Mum was nowhere to be found. To find out whether she had gone to town, or was chatting to a neighbour, I looked in the wardrobe to see what she had worn. The hat seemed to wink at me from the shelf.

I took it out and put it on my head. While I was primping, I heard my friend whistle outside. I ran to the window and as I stuck out my head, a little gust of wind caught the hat and carried it over the fence into Mr. Grouse's place.

"Oh dear," I moaned and rushed outside. I climbed on the fence and looked over and there was the hat, on the farthest branch of Mr. Grouse's favourite cherry tree.

Hurriedly I explained about the precious hat to Judith. "Climb over the fence and poke it down with a stick," she said.

"No," I replied, remembering that Mr. Grouse's favourite pastime was sitting in his favourite armchair watching his favourite cherry tree grow.

I felt anything but bold, as I approached the front door followed by a reluctant Judith. I knocked and nothing happened. "Ah!" I thought, "nobody at home."

So grasping a stick we went around the house and were busily trying to get the hat when, unheard by us, Mr. Grouse came around the house.

"What are you doing there?" he said in his most unpleasant voice.

We spent the next ten minutes trying in vain to explain about the hat and the cherry tree. George Washington had nothing on us.

But he would not listen and sent us home empty-handed.

After I had explained ruefully to Mum, she went and rescued the hat herself and I was a sadder and a wiser girl.

DOREEN BARKER, E4, Wilmot.

WHAT A LIFE

I'm late,
Ran quick;
Bell gone,
Feel sick.

Dash in—
Scrambled rush.
Teacher glares;
Frightening hush.

Excuses given,
Not enough—
Strap applied,
Life's tough.

"ANON," Sorell.

THE FALL OF NIGHT

As I walk through the sea-weeded sea
That laces the neck of the land,
After swimming in the warm, amber water
beyond;
I feel the gravel,
As rough and hearty and resilient as friendship,
Beneath my feet.
I sit with the others on the beach,
And look about me.

The water, like a petulant child,
Wilfully pushes and slaps against
The unyielding legs of the jetty,
The jetty with its cattle-race and shed
And excavated boat-hole.
There, in the warm water,
A sinuous stingray wings on.

Now slowly the sea steals up the strand,
With a soft splash and a murmuring rumble of
pebbles.

Then, as I eat and drink my tea;
I see God's teacup being filled
By His white-aproned waitress, the moon;
And when God's teaspoon, tempest, stirs
The tea-leaves, the seaweed and kelp,
Rise and float at the rim.

And now,
The sun's yolk slips from the shell of day:
There's a twilight,
Cool, salted, satisfying;
The waves settle in slumber,
With only a restless twitching at the water's
edge.

Too soon,
A furtive mist of darkness moves around us,
Envelopes us,
Blinds us—
And night is come.

D. MACKENZIE, Sorrell.

POOR SNOWY!

For a long time I had a pet rabbit which I
used to feed every day with thistles and milk.
This rabbit was an Angora, with beautiful white,
glossy fur. To satisfy my brother, I called him
Snowy. Snowy turned out to be a very interest-
ing rabbit.

His cage had two little compartments—one was
a cosy little place in which he used to sleep; the
other one was a kind of verandah with a little
door and the front was sealed with wire-netting.
Much to our consternation, the four cats seemed
to take a very great interest in him.

One day we heard a terrific squeal from the
direction of his cage. Hurriedly I ran up to it
only to find one of our cats pulling him through
the wire-netting by the ears. This happened
again twice, but after being punished a few times
the cat desisted for a while.

It was after I had finished feeding him one
day that I forgot to latch the door properly. The
next thing I heard was one of those squeals and
when I ran out, I found that I had arrived too
late. Our cat had just made a satisfying meal of
Snowy.

RUTH GIBLIN, E5, Arther.

THOUGHTS BENEATH THE
MOON

The embers of my camp-fire are dying fitfully
but slowly. The mystic radiance of the moon out-
lines the tall, sparse gums against the sombre
blackness of the sky and gives a pallid beauty to
the short ferns, which the day's harsh light
denies. Tongues of silvery flame leap across the
surface of the tiny stream, where a jutting rock
or trailing branch mars the serenity of the water.

Glancing from this scene, bathed in the dim
rays of a distant world, I gaze upon the river
of all this midnight glory. In ancient Greek
mythology, Diana the Huntress, the representa-
tion of womanly perfection, was goddess of the
moon and all those countless lovers who have,
since the dawn of time, pledged their troth be-
neath the moon's ethereal light, must acknow-
ledge the aptness of the Greek's choice. There
is something so womanly in its tender touch, some-
thing so graceful in its slender shafts, that it
recalls the feminine charm of Diana.

Beyond the moon my eyes rest upon the
myriads of visible stars and my mind thinks of
all the astronomical wonders on which my vision
will never light. I am teased by the thought
that the earth is but a minute world in a
galaxy of stars and man but a microscopic dot
upon the surface of a revolving speck. How
useless is all mortal striving, all mortal desire
when the insignificance of puny man is realised!
My hands clench and my eyes close as my
thoughts overwhelm me. An image of the earth
in its youth floats before me. I see a crouching
cave-man staring, above trees of bewildering
stature and mighty serrated fronds, at the moon
and stars that shine upon his infant world. The
vision passes, but my mind retains the picture of
his bestial, primitive face. Did he too, confront
the challenge of the universe? Did he compre-
hend the enormity of this challenge or was his
simple brain capable of thinking only of the
events of the morrow?

Awakening from this reverie, I challenge my
previous convictions. Man might appear con-
temptible when his short span of years is com-
pared with the aeons of time through which these
celestial bodies will shine upon the earth, but we
must remember that man is the perfection of all
creation. He has the spirit and the vitality to
live and to love, which is denied to those cold,
lifeless bodies that exist for all time.

As my weary lids are closing, I espy a burnt,
withered tree upon the brow of a nearby hill.
The moon's rays strike it in such a way that rising
into the heavens I see the crowning symbol of
mankind—a cross of wood.

I sleep and dream of Diana of the Greeks, the
embodiment of womanly grace and then of Jesus
of the Jews, who offers to mankind, not the aim
of attaining physical beauty, which fades like
summer roses, but of creating a beautiful soul,
which will last through all eternity.

N. BLEWETT, Franklin.

COUNTRY HOME

This is the very centre of our world,
This is where we shall live and love and die,
Here, in this little farm-house on the ridge,
Close to the good earth and the eternal sky.
Such a tiny house and so very old,
With grey, dead walls of time-sapped young trees,
The floors all mellow yellow with years,
The windows, water bright with silver light,
Polished to this by many loving hands.
Of day and sun and dew on the grass,
Of rain on dust and flowers beneath the moon,
Of all good wholesome things and happiness,
Here in this cottage we shall weave the strands
Of these, our lives, and those who follow on
Shall feel the atmosphere and say:
"This house was loved!"
As we feel now, peace and joy and echoes of past
laughter—
May it be so for ever after.

JOEIE BERWICK, E4, Wilmot.

A MYSTERY

One afternoon, at four-thirty, Jane ran out of
the class room. She hurried around the balcony,
glad to have finished the homework (that she
should have done two days before), and bounced
downstairs, two at a time. Alas! In a few sec-
onds, she was sitting on the floor at the foot
of the stairs, amid piles of books. Resentfully
she picked herself up and having made sure that
she had broken no bones, walked to the common-
room to collect her hat and gloves and ran to the
tram-stop. How late she always seemed to be!

That evening, as she was doing her homework,
Jane noticed among her books, a slip of paper
with some writing on it: "Room 47, 4 p.m., Sat.
next," it read.

She wondered how it had got into her case.
Then she remembered that she had fallen and
must have picked it up with her books, somehow.
But who had written it? Who wanted to meet
in her own classroom during the week-end. Ob-
viously someone who knew a great deal about
the School was concerned. Thoughts of thieves
and other criminals ran through Jane's mind, but
commonsense conquered her imagination and she
realised that it was probably some harmless per-
son practicing a play, or some such thing. Still,
the affair savoured of mystery!

It was three-fifty when Jane walked into the
School, alone, the next Saturday. As nobody
was about, she crept into the Assembly Hall. How
loudly her footsteps rang through the empty
building! She shivered slightly in excitement
and nervousness. Her hands felt damp and
sticky. As she gained the stairs, she laughed
shakily at herself for being so foolish. The sun
shone dully through the windows, making the
surroundings more eerie. Her footsteps rang out
from the stone steps (she should have worn her
sandshoes, she thought). The silence and emptiness
of the building were maddening. She felt an im-
pulse to run back to the basketball players out-
side, but checked it, though she regretted that
she had come alone.

She reached the balcony, peered in the window
of Room 47 and, seeing no one there, entered the
room, which was rather dim as the blinds were
down. Peering about in the half-dark room,

Jane saw the same things that she saw every
day, but how different they looked! It was now
five to four and, not wishing to be discovered by
any mysterious persons who might arrive at any
moment, she sat on the floor beside the outside
window so that she was hidden by the desks. She
was glad that she had worn old clothes, as the
floor was far from clean.

"Good afternoon, Jane!" A voice broke the
silence. It came from behind Jill's desk. Jane
screamed. Her face was as white as a freshly-
laundered Speech Night frock. Her hands were
trembling like leaves in a hurricane. The next
moment she was laughing hysterically, while one
of her friends, Ann, regarded her apologetically.

"I, er, I'm so sorry, Jane," she said, "I'm
afraid we've been, well, er, rather inconsiderate."

"Why?" said Jane dazedly.
"I may as well begin at the beginning and tell
you everything," replied Ann. "Last Thursday,
when you had that detention, we made a plot
in the common-room after school. We had a
friendly argument. Some of us said that you
couldn't resist a mysterious message, and others
said that you didn't care a bit." She sat on a
desk, carefully straightening her hair.

"Go on," said Jane impatiently, having quite
recovered from her shock.

"We waited at the foot of the stairs and
when we heard you coming, we put that piece
of paper at the foot of the stairs and hid, hoping
you'd pick it up. Well you 'fell for it' true
enough and picked up the paper without knowing
it. It was arranged that I should come here to
see if you had 'swallowed the bait.' You know
the rest yourself."

"It almost cost me my life!" laughed Jane.
"But it didn't," replied Ann. "Come on, I'll
show you to a milk shake."

"Please yourself," said Jane. "I'll race you to
the shop."

BARBARA SCOTT, C1, Franklin.

THE SEASHORE

Oh, of course, it is in summer that the beach
is in demand,
With its donkeys and its kiosks scattered out
across the sand,
And the wheeling gulls and surfboards skimming
o'er the rippling waves
To be viewed by crowds of tourists swarming
through the pools and caves,
And the sand dunes topped with ti-tree rise
above the peaceful grove,
Where the sea is like a sapphire and the beach
a pallid smooth.

But it's grand to watch the billows on a really
stormy day,
With their foaming crests of fury torn and
shattered by the spray.
Hear the ceaseless thud of breakers lashed to
pieces by the rain
First to crash upon the beaches, swell and then
roll back again
To the eddying pools and currents thundering
with a mighty roar
Till their echoes pierce the fathoms and they
shake the ocean floor.

JANET JESSOP, D2, Arthur.

THE STRANGER

His name remains a secret, so I shall have to introduce him as "the stranger."

I have often wondered why he chose to come tramping along our road several months ago. Nobody seems to care for walking this road, they usually pass in cars, but he came to our house on foot. He was covered in dust and appeared weary and hungry, so I offered him some food which he readily accepted. Although he did not seem inclined to conversation, I gathered from his appearance that he was a "rolling stone." He was thankful for the food, but appeared to be ill at ease and, consequently, he did not stay for long. As he was leaving, I noticed that there were bloodstains on his coat, but I did not think that it was my place to ask questions.

The following morning I was surprised to see him coming along the road once again, because I thought he would have continued on his journey. When he approached, he indicated to me that he had decided to remain in the district for a while and he hinted that he would like to work on our poultry farm.

I decided to employ him, because at that time of the year we needed as much help as possible. His work did not amount to very much, but helped to lessen the amount which the regular farm hands had to do. His main work was catching near the nest boxes, but he had other minor duties as well. He was pleased to be occupied, and he only required food as payment.

All went well for the first few days and I seldom saw him, except at meal times, so it was with surprise that I found him fighting with a farm-hand a few days later. After the fight, I reprimanded him and threatened that he would have to leave if he behaved in such a manner again. Enquiries, which I made afterwards, showed that at previous places where he had worked, he had caused disturbances because of jealousy. If he had fought, as he fought with the farm-hand, at other places, I could understand the cause of the blood on his coat when he first came to work on the farm. Even after the incident he plainly showed that he was jealous of the farm-hands and spat at them in an insulting manner and generally proved himself to be a nuisance.

I could not allow this state of affairs to continue and although he was doing his work thoroughly, I had to get rid of him. The farm-hands were showing signs that they intended to leave and one had already left to work elsewhere. He did not seem perturbed about leaving and acted as though he were used to these happenings.

The farm soon settled back to the normal routine, except for one trouble, we were again being infested by rats, which I had thought that the stranger had successfully exterminated. The farm-hands were too busy to do anything about them and I had to find a satisfactory method to rid the farm of them as quickly as possible. I made enquiries in the district and found that the stranger had not managed to obtain any work to do and was willing to return and work on the farm. . . . and that is the reason why we still have the stray black cat!

P. WRIGHTSON, C2, Wilmot.

WET NIGHT

As I gazed out of the window, liquid missiles of rain splashed against the glass and slid slowly down to the sill—transforming shapely trees into distorted ugliness. Launceston, mysterious and forsaken, was veiled by grey, misty twilight which stole quickly over house and street.

In the streets lamps shone on black puddles which reflected back the soft, yellow glow. Cars swished through miniature lakes of red mud and dirty water, leaving turbulent eddies of indignant slime in their wake.

As a white blanket of fog spread thickly over the streets, fear began to grow, presenting itself around every corner and lurking in each dark recess. Jack the Ripper walked on nights like these. Vague, dark shapes disappeared and reappeared as people, walking to and fro, heard their own footsteps echo coldly and solitarily on the hard, wet pavements and stopped to listen.

A cat slunk, cowed, into a dim alley, to reappear a moment later, terrified and leaping, in the street. A sudden series of fierce shrieches shocked the silence with shattering shriek. Eyes, yellow and baleful, glared full of hate from the darkness.

Oppressive and menacing, in closed the fog with soul-chilling coldness.

When morning came, pearl globules glistened tremblingly on flower and leaf, while freshly-washed street dried under the bold, blue sky.

PAULINE TAYLOR, B1, Sorell.

"ASTURIAS"

I have travelled in a ship which has been almost completely under water for eighteen months.

The ship is the "Asturias," 22,000 tons, which served as an armed merchant cruiser during the last war.

One day a submarine attacked her with torpedoes: the first one went past her bows, the second hit her in the boiler room, killing all the men there. The men in the next room forward, escaped up the ladders, but the two men working in the tunnel were at the end of the propeller shaft, right at the stern and were shut in with no ladders to escape by, so they plugged up the holes around the propeller shaft to stop the water from coming in. Eventually they were rescued.

The engines had stopped; the ship was drifting round off the coast of West Africa. There were 10,000 tons of water in the ship. A third of the under-water space was flooded. After two hours, two corvettes came alongside and pumped some of the water out, then they towed the ship back to Freetown Harbour; at 4 knots it took them six days.

She stayed afloat all night, then sank. There was 40 feet of water in the engine room before she sank.

She was on the bottom for 18 months, then compartments were cemented in and filled with air, she was brought to the surface, towed to Gibraltar in 19 days, then to Belfast in 8 days.

At Belfast she was dry-docked and was 15 months under repair. "Asturias" is now used to bring migrants to Australia.

BRENDON BAILS, D2, Arthur.

THE RIVER

Onward, ever onward, the oily river seems to flow,
an eternity of water,
Onward, ever onward, thick with city grime and
shrouded in a curling mist;
Onward, ever onward, until at last the broad
blue sea receives it to its bosom,
And it is taken in and cleansed.

Does it know the blackened steamers that ply
along its course?
And does it know of love, of misery, remorse?
Or is it just a dead thing which has no life or
name,
That knows not where it's going or from where
it came?

Onward, ever onward, in sunshine, rain or snow,
the river wends its way,
Onward, ever onward, lapping on the mudbanks,
and showering clouds of spray.
Onward, ever onward, until the deepening dark-
ness obscures it from our view
And all the world about it falls asleep.

I. WALLACE, Franklin.

THE SUPERNATURAL IN LITERATURE

The supernatural, or the occult, has intrigued Man from time immemorial. It probably frightened the mind of the primitive cave-man, if he could contemplate it. It intrigued the ancients, men like Pythagoras and his followers. Through the centuries it has interested men like Mathew Arnold and Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. It is curious to note that the men who were really interested and investigated the occult thoroughly, not just dabbling in it, were intellectual giants. They were also men of literature and have left some wonderful, though perhaps rather fanciful literature behind them on the supernatural and the unseen.

Literature of all nations abounds with stories of the supernatural. Englishmen, Americans, Germans, French, Austrians, Italians and many others have written weird and yet, interesting stories of the supernatural. The stories of the Central European authors concentrate on were-wolves, while Englishmen and Americans mix vampires and elementals with gay abandon. Today, there is a somewhat different trend, but that will be dealt with later. Frenchmen mix their imagination and folk-lore in grisly and yet highly interesting novels.

The literature of the supernatural has changed down the ages. Shakespeare, in "Macbeth," was contented to use such simple things as the three witches. Coleridge, in the "Ancient Mariner," was more modern, bringing into his poem phantom ships, ghostly women who played dice for the lives of the sailors and mysterious spirits. Mathew Arnold, in "Dr. Faustus," first introduced Lucifer or the devil. Conan Doyle, in his "Tales of Twilight and the Unseen," started the trend,

towards vampires, which culminated in "Dracula" and his weird friends. Mr. Rider Haggard used a grim passage in his "Cleopatra," which paved the way for the moderns and which reeks of African and in particular, Egyptian, mythology. In this story the priest falls asleep and is taken to the other world, where he meets several of his gods and is shown "the truth."

The really modern trend is just being ushered in. This trend has as its champion, the English author, Dennis Wheatley. In his rather macabre novels, Wheatley introduces us to the supernatural which the modern author visualises. In Wheatley's novels we meet modern devil worshippers. We meet evil presences from Hades, which take on the shape of the Devil himself, strange forms with evil emanations and are taken through their evil abodes. We are taken to the Astral Plane, where only men's spirits exist. At the same time Wheatley gives us involved explanations of his theories and tells us how the evils are exorcised. In this modern author's work we read of Black Magic as it is practiced to-day and of strange beings which take shape at the will of a Master. Wheatley interprets the supernatural in the light of modern knowledge. He persuades us that were-wolves and many other weird happenings, which we previously thought impossible, are possible.

The whole literature of the supernatural tends to prove that elementals do go abroad at night and that the Devil goes about on Walpurgis Nacht. As Shakespeare wrote, "There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamed of in your philosophy."

The supernatural has taken its place in literature along with detection and its exponents are men like Sherlock Holmes, Ellery Queen, Philo Vance, Peter Wimsey and Hercule Poirot. The present-day literature on the supernatural is growing, as is its reading public. Through the ages, the supernatural has been feared, but now it is read with interest. Who knows, but the Devil may really go abroad on Walpurgis Nacht; that spirits and elementals may really exist as Harry Price has shown us poltergeists do?

BOB CLARK, A, Arthur.

SUNDAY AT PALANA

Let's see a bay in summer's kindly heat!
In its deep calm a fishing-boat lies still,
Secure; the idle waves break sweetly there
On sand—now stretching out intricate laces.
Now rolling up, another pattern comes,
Surely the sun she will be satisfied
This day! But no—she calls for more designs.
The languid sea complies to demands of the
Silently querulous sun. Other waves,
In Sisyphean toil, dash 'gainst the rocks.
The motor-boat chugs from the ship, around
The crayfish pots—oh harsh cacophony
On this so peaceful day!
And the restful heat pervades the bay.

"SHE-OAK," Sorell.

THE FUTURE

Ever since time began, people have been wondering about the future. Before the development of science they consulted the stars or the arrangement of tea-leaves, but we have outgrown that. Nowadays there is still much interest in the future, but the emphasis is on carefully thought out predictions or purely imaginative writing. The disadvantage of the first is that predictions can only be based on known facts which are constantly being added to and of the second that it does not even try to be accurate. However, here are my predictions for the future.

In the political field, the present conflict with Russia seems likely to continue without any important changes. Several new Koreans will occur, but on the whole Russia will probably slowly advance. Finally, however, either war or revolution must come. Revolution by one of the satellite states with assistance from U.S.A. is quite a strong possibility. War, if it came, would be disastrous, since neither Russia nor America would hesitate to use the atomic bomb. This might be a blessing in disguise, since it would be left to the smaller countries to re-build the world. Russia, Europe and America would almost cease to exist. In any case, the world of the next 30 years is not likely to be a very happy place to live in with increasing war-mongering and regimentation of people.

From other points of view, the prospect is very much brighter. Science will inevitably continue to advance and may in some way provide a solution to some of our other troubles. The prospects of using atomic power are fairly bright and this alone should overcome much of the industrial unrest. Jet-propelled airliners and flying-boats are expected in the next few years and in ten years the piston engine will probably be obsolete for all but light aircraft. Piston-engined cars will be hard to displace, but the gas-turbine car appears to have definite advantages.

Medically we seem to have very good years ahead as more and more new drugs are developed. The scourge of tuberculosis is nearly overcome now and before long even cancer may be cured.

On the whole, the prospects of the next half century are bright from the scientific viewpoint, but all that may be ruined by political events.

H. REEVES, B1, Franklin.

GRASS

Green speargrass, softly threatening a new,
Dry irritation ere summer's over :
With flowers of sad yellow, the burr clover :
The musk, perennial rye for cows to chew;
Canadian prairie grasses that, when dry,
Seed pointed inuendoes, as we pass,
To our embarrassed legs. On all this grass,
On this uncouth and patient grass I lie.
As I, too, chew the yielding innerstem
(Of all the grasses, 'cepting Patrick's emblem),
I drink the sun; and roll in this great feast
Of hopeful green; turning towards the east
I lie to wonder, on my ageless bed,
Why man is given this until he's dead.

D. MACKENZIE, Sorell.

A THUNDERSTORM

The sun blazed down unmercifully on the red soil road, making it seem to quiver and wobble. Gums lining the side of the road drooped their dusty green foliage listlessly. The stillness of the parched afternoon air was broken only by the steady drone of insects. A little down the road a lizard left a wavy sinuous furrow, as it crossed the hot, dry soil. Then a cloud of red dust appeared in the distance. As it slowly grew nearer, the noises of cattle, mingled with occasional short staccato barks, became audible. The cows plodded wearily along the road, red dust rising from each step and covering them with a thick film. Straggling behind them came a small, dusty, bare-footed boy, who occasionally whistled or called out through cracked lips to his three dogs, who, with their tongues lolling out, endlessly trotted and wheeled in and out between the cattle.

There was a strange tenseness in the air. The sun was still beating down fiercely, but now even the insects had fallen silent and the queer, intangible tension of the air increased. Abruptly, the sky darkened, a cool breeze sighed through the trees. Then the first distant grumble of thunder was heard; approaching closer, the reverberating echoes pealed louder as the thunder rolled about the sky. As the first booming echo died away, the cattle, forgetful of their weariness now, started forward and began a slow trot, while one of the dogs whined and cowered against the boy's bare, dusty legs.

About half a mile further on, the boy could see his destination, an old wooden gate, greyed by the weathering of many seasons, standing open ready for the herd. The boy began to run to keep up with the cows, who were making more quickly, now that it was in sight, for their home pasture. A few heavy drops spattered in a quickly rising crescendo of sound. Then, as though suddenly released by a flood-gate, a torrent fell, churning the dusty red road into thick red mud, which squelched and sucked as the cattle ploughed through it.

Within a few minutes, the boy was drenched to the pelt by the heavy, warm drops which soaked the parched and thirsty land and streamed off to form large, muddy pools at the side of the road. After driving the cattle through and fastening the gate, the lad ran quickly up the paddock through the blinding rain towards the large old weatherboard building, that for him, spelled shelter and comfort.

ANONYMOUS.

A STORM

Lightning rent the sky asunder,
I could almost feel the thunder !
The surging, singing, hissing rain,
Came at the door again, again !
A howl like that of a stolen soul,
Swelled from the woods near the dingo's hole,
My sad soul echoed the mournful sound
Of the heavy rain flooding the sodden ground.

LOIS COLE, C2, Arthur

INKY, THE CAT

The children and their mother and father had gone to the pictures, so Inky had the house to himself. Tired of playing on the roof, sliding down the red paint and hunting for balls in the gutters, Inky went inside. It was cool there and the refrigerator was humming softly to itself. The window blind flapped enticingly and he went over to it. He pretended it was a rat and when the blind cord swayed away from him, he sprang.

Later Inky explored the cupboards and found some cake in the big biscuit tin. It was lovely and he enjoyed it.

"I'll have a look in Jimmy's bedroom," said Inky to himself, "and see if he's put those parakeet feathers in his hat." Inky liked Jimmy's room for it had so many interesting things in it. There was the clockwork mouse which had belonged to Jimmy's father. It was fun to watch when Jimmy wound it up and it ran along the floor, just like a real mouse. Inky would pounce and try to bite it, but it was too hard. Then there was Jimmy's bed, which had lovely springs and when Inky bounced up and down, it would shoot him in the air.

When he came into the room, he heard a fluttering just outside Jimmy's window overlooking the porch. "I'll bet it's the swallows," said Inky. "I hope they're building a nest." He sprang up to the window and found he was right. The swallows were flying here and there, carrying pieces of mud and stick to build their home, which was nearly finished on a corner of the porch. Inky jumped down on the bed and bounced up and down. He heard the door slam and rushed outside to greet his master.

"Have you been good?" said Jimmy, as Inky rubbed round his legs. But Inky only gave a contented purr and leapt into his arms. Later the halo slipped from Inky's head when the cake was found.

GAY THOMPSON, D3, Sorell.

GATHERING SHEEP

The day was a weary one as the sun was shining brightly down on the hills. Dad and I were on our horses, riding down the hill to the Nile Run. The sheep were wandering about in the flats on the far side of the run. The horses moved along at an easy lope as we paced along the river bank to the flats. I rode around one side of the sheep which consisted, I should say, of a few Merino ewes and two or three rams. There were also a few Corriedales and Border Leicesters. The rest were Merino wethers. Altogether, there were seven hundred and ninety.

As you know, sheep gather in a mob for protection and all we had to do was gather some strays. We stopped at the side of a cast sheep.

"Dad, what's wrong with it?" I queried.

"The fly, I think, I'll have to clip him," was Dad's reply.

After a while it was on its feet again, trailing the mob. The bridge was about two miles away. The day was drawing to a close and we had to hurry the mob along. Now we were moving along the ridge. We turned the mob down the slopes, driving them through the sags and down to the

bridge. They were across in about five minutes and down the track.

As I turned round, I saw Dad had lifted the "Winchester" to his shoulder to shoot a rabbit. Bang ! It fell in a crumpled heap. We put the sheep in a paddock and rode home.

JOHN BAKER, E5, Franklin.

HIGH PLACES

To be in high places seems to be almost one of the primary aims of man. Every summit seems, by its very serenity, to throw out a challenge to us. Can we overcome its rocky strongholds and reach the summit? Have we the stamina and skill to climb safely to the top? The calm hauteur of a supercilious mass of rock intimates that we cannot overcome, no matter how hard we try and have not the necessary qualities, no matter how well we are endowed.

Everest still throws out its challenge. Most other mountains have been climbed by men of stout heart and constitution, but the highest point of our globe has not yet been reached, except, of course, by air travel. However, this method does not answer the challenge.

Man always tries to answer a challenge because of the personal satisfaction he feels when he triumphs. Many men have died in an effort to gain the satisfaction of answering Everest's challenge. But she still stands aloof from us petty men with a smile of superiority on her face. Someone will, eventually, answer the challenge. One secondary sense of triumph for him will be the knowledge that he is the first of all men to answer the challenge. He will triumph over men and matter.

When I climb to some high place, turn, and gaze about me, many thoughts and feelings stir within me. I gain a feeling of superiority over the scurrying hoi polloi below. Their petty darting hither and thither amuses me. I feel important, because there, away from all the rest, I feel like one omnipotent, guiding the people below. Then, when I gaze upon the landscape itself, a wave of poetry washes over me. The wide, majestic views inspire me to write some appreciation of them. But, as I cannot express myself, the wave recedes. Surely someone of genius could write superb poetry on a mountain top.

"MOUNTAINEER," Sorell.

DAY NOISES

The earth was still and the sky was dark,
And the birds were twittering in the park.

The swallows were flying,
The starlings were spying,
Ready to catch enough for a meal,
Or ready to follow a sparrow and steal.
Then came a loud noise that broke this quiet scene

And made all the little birds twitter and scream;
It was a motor bus rushing along
With its engine singing a very loud song,
Then the motor bus passed the little birds by
And the scene was lost, which made me cry.

LESLIE BISHOP, E5, Wilmot.

TAKING THE PLUNGE

It is a warm, sunny day and you are feeling hot and rather disgruntled with life in general. You look down to the beach and see that the tide is high. Then you realise a cool swim is what you are needing and you find the rest of the family to ask them to join you. They say that the water will be much too cold, but eventually sister Ann agrees to come with you—but not to swim, she states emphatically.

Gathering up towels and bathers, for you take Ann's too, in case she changes her mind when she sees how much you enjoy it, you run down to the cottage near the beach. Having changed, you step out of the cottage, clutching your towel tight around your shoulders. Arriving at the beach, you take off your shoes and hobble painfully across the pebbles to the water's edge. You look apprehensively at the clear, smooth water which sparkles in the sunlight and put one foot in, but you decide that one is not the right one to start with, so you put the other one in, instead. But it feels just as freezing as before. There is a scornful laugh from your sister and, clenching your teeth, you go slowly forward. The water deepens very slowly so that your agony is prolonged.

At last it is deep enough and, with a triumphant look at our mocking sister, you plunge in. After swimming a few yards, you stand up and shout to Ann that the water is just the right temperature and that she must be very weak-minded to refuse to come in.

MARIE BRODIE, C1, Wilmot.

MY KITTEN

Of all my prides and curios
The one with which I'm smitten
Is one who's just as bad as I,
A pampered little kitten.

With coat as black as ebony
And eyes alert and green,
He really is the sweetest cat
That you have ever seen.

Although his diet's chiefly milk,
His fancies rather trite,
He loves a piece of buttered bread,
Spread thick with "Vegemite!"

To-day he caught a mouse, but this
He did not choose to eat,
So laid the paltry mangled corpse
Before my honoured feet.

But there remains one awful fact,
I'll never cease to wail,
My darling is a Manx cat
And hasn't got a tail!

JANET JESSOP, D2, Arthur.

SPRING

From my window each day I see,
A lovely flowering apple tree,
White arms outflung against the blue
As if the clouds it wished to woo.

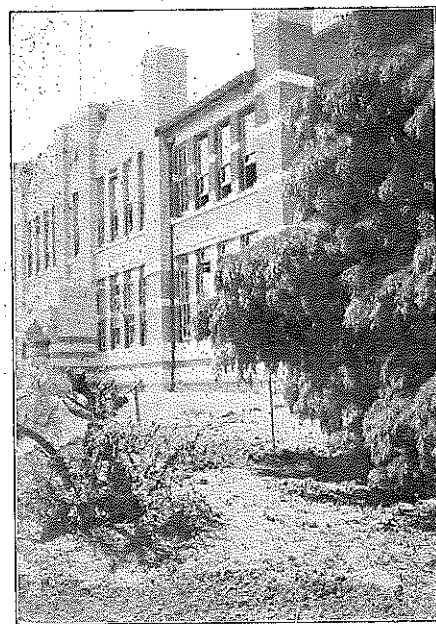
The merry magpie makes his call
From its branches towered and tall.
His bright notes call and throb and sing
To tell the world that it is spring.

M. SEYMOUR, E3, Wilmot.

THE SWAN

A radiant white upon the water black,
A swan glides on beneath the willow strands
Of hair; and ripples spread on either hand
To wash the tiny, floating driftwood back
Away towards tree-hung grassy banks,
A floating gondola, a shimmering band
Of unsoiled snow! All other graces dimm'd
By one fair sculpture on the rippling beak.

MALCOLM CAEN-MOR, B1, Wilmot.



Side View of the School

Lest We Forget

LIEUT. JOHN WATHEN

The School and Old Scholars' Association mourn the loss on active service of the late Lieut. John Fowler Wathen. He is the first Old Scholar to die in an international cause.

Lieut. Wathen was a son of Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Wathen, of 108 Frankland Street, Launceston and was formerly a pupil at the Launceston High School. He was an excellent student and became Head Prefect and an officer in the High School Cadet Corps. He was an outstanding member of the School opera cast.



Lieut. Wathen was the only selection from Tasmania in 1944 for the Royal Military College at Duntroon, which he entered in 1945. He had a brilliant course there and graduated with his commission in 1947.

In 1948 Lieut. Wathen served with the B.C.O.F. forces in Japan with the 65th Battalion. He was intelligence officer with the 1st Battalion, Royal Australian Regiment, at Ingleburn in 1949-50 and at the outbreak of the war in Korea went back to Japan to join the 3rd Battalion of the Royal Australian Regiment.

From Japan he went to Korea with the Australian unit in the United Nations Forces. He was a platoon commander in "A" Company.

The Minister for the Army (Mr. Francis), in informing Mr. and Mrs. Wathen of their son's death, expressed the sympathy of the Government.