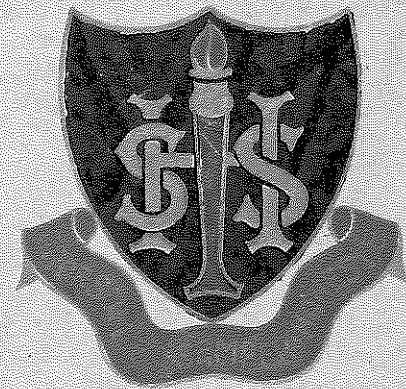


The Northern Churinga

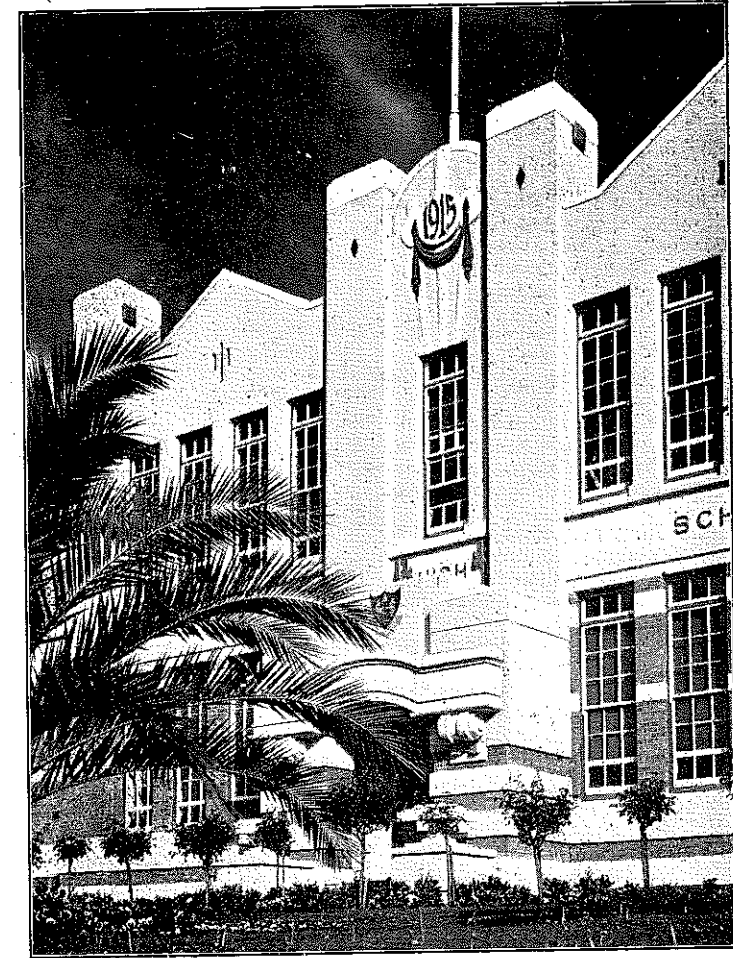


December, 1951

Launceston High School Magazine

VOLUME, XLI

The Northern Churinga



THE SCHOOL

Editors :

PAT WRIGHTSON

DOUGLAS MACKENZIE



"Blessed is he who has found his work; let him ask no other blessedness."—Carlyle.

Some time in the future some of us who are at this School this year, will occupy a leading position in Australia's professional world. It is very likely that many of the leading doctors, engineers, lawyers, statesmen and other leaders in the community of the coming age will come from among us. Each of us has some special ability which can be best developed in doing some particular type of work. We can only hope that we will be able to "find our work," as soon as we leave school. Some of us will, no doubt, discover that the work to which we find ourselves most adapted, does not bring us fame or wealth; instead it might appear insignificant, compared with that of someone else. We will realise, however, that our work is as necessary as another's in our interdependent social system and that we can serve the community best by doing that work for which we are best fitted.

When we have found our work, it is our duty to see that we do it as well as we are able. I do not think that we will find it a drudgery to do a thorough job. Older people tell us that our

work will become almost a hobby with us; we will find that we do not mind devoting that extra energy to it.

I think we have another duty, to ourselves and to the world-wide community, to discharge as we pass through life. Briefly, it is for us to do our share in trying to promote peace and happiness throughout the world. Whether we become diplomats or politicians or not, we can do something to further this ideal. If all the people of this country did something, instead of just talking vaguely or not even thinking about the question at all, there would be greater hope for a lasting peace than there is now. If all the people of the world did something, lasting peace and security would be assured.

It is while we are still at school that we begin to discover our hidden talents. It is a tragedy if we cannot discover our one great ability and be able to use this ability for the benefit of the community as well as for our own satisfaction in doing well a job we enjoy. We must try to find what we are best suited for now before we "take a job" and start into the joys and responsibilities of adult life.

WHO'S WHO

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

Staff: Misses B. Layh, B.A., Diplome d'Etudes (French); L. A. Russell, B.A. (English); N. Miller, M.A. (French, English, Geography, Social Studies); O. Bushby, M.A. (Social Studies, English); M. Dobbinson, B.A. (French); N. E. Newbon, B.A. (Maths.); M. W. Alcock, B.Sc. (Maths., Gen. Sc. A.); E. Penizek, Ph.D., Dip. Ed. (German, French); H. F. Deane (Typing, Commerce, Shorthand); J. L. Frick, B.Comm. (Librarian); F. Docking (Social Studies, French, English); P. J. Penman, B.A. (English); L. Lyons (Physical Education); A. Adams (French); G. Smith (Clerk). Mesdames: H. Holloway, B.Comm. (Typing, Commerce, Shorthand); A. Dobson (Cooking); F. Crawford (Needlework); H. Hudson (Clerk). Messrs. E. R. Sowter, B.A. (Social Studies, Modern History); S. C. Morris, B.Sc., Dip. Ed. (Physics, Gen. Science); S. R. Harvey, B.Sc. (Maths.); D. K. Bewsher, M.A., Dip. Ed. (English, French, W. Baulch, B.Sc. (Gen. Science, Chemistry, Maths.); J. H. Smith (Maths.); J. A. Gibson, B.A. (Social Studies, Maths., Latin, English); H. Askeland, B.Sc., Colo. Uni. (Gen. Science); R. H. Fleming (Commerce, Typing, Shorthand); A. C. Stubs (Music, Maths., Science, English); E. A. Nash (Music, Maths., Science); H. A. Hudson (Gen. Science).

Head Prefects: Judy Begent and Bill Crow.

Board of Prefects: Girls—Elaine Beswick, Pat Gofton, Shirley Munro, Neta Orr, Gale Scott, Gwen Snare. Boys—Robert Bilson, Douglas Mackenzie, Bryan Mansfield, Geoff. Miller, Peter Parsons, Brian Smith.

House Captains: Arthur—Barbara Munden and Brian Fleming. Franklin—Gwen Snare and Ian Wallace. Sorell—Shirley Munro and Ron Traill. Wilmot—Pat Gofton and Peter Parsons.

Sports Master: Mr. J. A. Gibson.

Sports Mistress: Miss Lyons.

Sports Monitor: Mr. R. Wilson.

Library Supervisor: Miss Frick.

CAPTAINS OF TEAMS

Basketball: Dawn Barker.

Hockey: Barbara Munden.

Girls' Tennis: Cynthia Marriott.

Softball: Judy Blair.

Cricket: Brian Fleming.

Football: Peter Parsons.

Stroke of Crew: Peter Radford.

Boys' Hockey: Robert Bilson.

Boys' Tennis: Bill Crow.

Debating: Robert Tanner.

SPEECH NIGHT, 1950

The School's Thirty-Eighth Annual Speech Night was held in the Albert Hall on December 19, 1950, in the presence of His Excellency, the Governor, Admiral Sir Hugh Binney and Lady Binney.

During the evening the choir, directed by Mr. Moses, gave three items: "Flow Gently Sweet Afton," "My Heart and I," and a medley of carols. The girls and boys each gave a physical education display; Betty Tucker sang, "Waltz Song" and Roma McCormack gave a piano solo.

His Excellency the Governor presented the trophies and delivered an interesting address and Lady Binney, with an amusing address, presented the prizes. The prize list follows:

GENERAL PRIZE LIST

Prizes for General Merit

Senior School.—Beryl Hillier, Alan Parish.

Junior School.—Eleanor Arnot, Bill Crow.

Attitude and Influence Prizes

Senior.—Judith Begent, Neal Blewett.

Prizes for Special Merit, "C" Classes

Dorothy Wall, Peter Radford.

Joan Inglis Memorial Prize

Shirley Munro.

Peggy Pedley Memorial Prize

Douglas Mackenzie.

Best Pass in Matriculation Exam., 1949, from Northern High Schools

Ronald Hume.

Best Pass in Matriculation Exam, 1949

Ronald Hume.

Best Pass in Schools' Board Exam, 1949

Beverley Stewart, Keith Williams.

Attitude and Influence Prizes

Hugh Reeves, Michael Porter.

CLASS PRIZE LIST

Duces

A.—Judith Begent, Alan Parish, Dereham Scott.

B1.—Gale Scott, Douglas Mackenzie.

B2.—Phyllis Gregory, Des. Hayes.

C1.—Barbara Scott.

C2.—Jennifer Crawford.

C3.—Shirley Martin.

D1.—Margaret Morrison, Ronda Mullen.

D2.—Jennifer Reeves.

D3.—Kathleen Ryan.

D4.—Frances Carey.

D5.—Gillian Treloggen.

E1.—Mark Bewsher.

E2.—Margaret Pullen.

E3.—Wendy Bryan.

E4.—Pam McGee.

E5.—Athol Hookway.

SUBJECT PRIZES

Matriculation, 1949

English.—Loris Pike.

History.—Ronald Baker.

Chemistry.—Dereham Scott.

Schools' Board Examination, 1950

English Literature.—Geoffrey Miller.

Commerce.—Noreen Eeles.

ATHLETICS

Boys' Championships

Open.—W. McCulloch.

Intermediate.—D. Shields.

Junior.—N. Marriott.

Field Games.—B. Fleming.

Girls' Championships

Open.—G. Snare.

Intermediate.—J. Berwick.

Junior.—M. Westwood, I. de Jersey.

Field Games.—M. Cossom.

FOOTBALL

Best and Fairest for Season.—P. Wright.

Best Club Man.—W. McCulloch.

Best First Year Player.—D. Targett.

CRICKET

Best All-Round Cricketer.—Brian Fleming.

BOYS' TENNIS

Open Singles Championship.—William Crow.

BURSARIES

Senior City.—Dereham Scott, Hugh Reeves, Alan Parish, Robert Clarke, Geoffrey Miller, Keith Williams.

Junior City.—Eve Ritchie.

Senior Country.—Douglas Mackenzie, Leslie Apter.

Junior Country.—Jennifer Pedley.

UNIVERSITY SCHOLARSHIPS AND PRIZES

Open Scholarship.—R. Hume (first). Fay Crawshaw (second).

NELLIE EWERS' PRIZE

Loris Pike.

SIR RICHARD DRY EXHIBITION

Ronald Hume.

TASMANIAN EDUCATION DEPARTMENT SCHOLARSHIP

Ronald Hume.

Dr. JAMES SCOTT MEMORIAL PRIZE

Leslie Wallace.

PHYSICAL EDUCATION SCHOLARSHIP

Judith Amos, John Cullen.

PHYSIO-THERAPY SCHOLARSHIP

Patricia Joyce.

SCHOLARSHIP—KEW KINDERGARTEN

Annette Southon.

SCHOLARSHIP — EMILY McPHERSON COLLEGE

Margaret Mitchell.

J. A. LYONS MEMORIAL SCHOLARSHIP
Hugh Reeves.

* * * *

PASSES, SCHOOLS' BOARD, 1950

E. Arnot, A. E. Beardwood, J. G. Beattie, K. B. Beaton, P. V. Beck, R. W. Bilson, B. F. Brown, K. J. Caelli, A. J. Cooper, J. O. Coulson, W. L. Crow, S. C. Cripps, P. E. Crothers, B. P. Dawson, M. A. Dwyer, D. J. Edwards, N. M. Eeles, K. Gatenby, P. A. Gilbert, P. J. Gregory, A. D. Hayes, N. Herbert, D. O. Klye, Y. R. Knowles, D. E. Mackenzie, B. E. Mansfield, L. D. Millar, W. G. Miller, M. D. A. Mitchell, J. E. Morling, S. D. Munro, B. J. Munden, S. J. McGuinness, N. D. Orr, M. B. Porter, L. H. D. Reeves, M. O. Robertson, A. L. Salter, G. Scott, P. B. Smith, Thomas, J. A. Viney, I. G. Wallace, M. A. Wilcox, L. E. Wilson, M. R. Young.

PASSES, MATRICULATION, 1950

J. C. Amos, L. C. Apter, G. R. Barnes, H. A. Bartlett, J. M. Begent, D. G. Beswick, J. M. Blackwell, N. Blewett, A. E. G. Brook, D. J. Clark, R. J. Clarke, J. F. Cooper, J. S. Gay, F. J. Goldsmith, B. J. Hillier, D. J. Howroyd, P. A. Joyce, W. G. McCulloch, L. M. Meade, A. E. G. D. Snare, R. G. Spooner, P. M. Taylor, B. L. Parish, D. L. Scott, K. McD. Williams.

OPEN ATHLETIC SPORTS, NOVEMBER, 1951

Owing to the poliomyelitis outbreak, the Athletic Sports were not held in the first term. However, the championship events were held on November 16 and 20. Gwen Snare won the Girls' Open Championship and Brian Fleming won both the Boys' Open and Field Games Championships. The following is a list of the results:

220 Yards, Boys.—W. Clifton, 25 3-5 sec.
220 Yards, Girls.—G. Snare, 30 4-5 sec.
High Jump, Boys.—N. Hayes, 5 ft. 1 in.
Softball Throw, Girls.—D. Barker, 155 ft. 3 in.
Mile, Boys.—W. Craw, 5 min. 14 sec.
75 Yards, Girls.—G. Snare, 9½ sec. (record).
100 Yards, Boys.—I. Wallace, 10 4-5 sec.
100 Yards, Girls.—G. Snare, 12 3-5 sec. (equalled record).
Shot Putt (12 lbs.), Boys.—B. Hayes, 33 ft. 6½ in. (record).
Cricket Ball Throw, Boys.—B. Fleming, 88 Yards, 2 ft.
Hop, Step and Jump.—B. Fleming, 36 ft. 11 in.
440 Yards, Boys.—B. Fleming, 59 3-10 sec.
Broad Jump, Girls.—J. Berwick, 13 ft. 5½ in. (record).
Broad Jump, Boys.—B. Fleming, 17 ft. 2½ in.
Girls' Hockey Ball Dribble (75 yards).—B. Munden, 12½ sec.
880 Yards, Boys.—B. Fleming, 2 min. 25 9-10 sec.

LIBRARY REPORT

This year the Library has been run very competently by a newcomer to our staff, Miss Frick, during Miss Blythe's well-earned holiday and although we will be very sorry to lose Miss Frick, we will all be pleased to see Miss Blythe back in her place again on April 1.

During the year there have been 227 popular and useful books added to the Library: 165 non-fiction and 62 fiction. Among these was the "Kontiki Expedition," by Hyerdahl, which is now in constant demand. Although we have cancelled one magazine, we are subscribing to "An Australian Literary Magazine" and "Women's Hockey and Field," making the total of periodicals, 25.

The Library owes much of its success to the monitors: Colleen McCarthy, Betty Williams, Margaret Morrison, Ronda Mullen, Beryl Watson, Faye Goldsworthy, Don Colgrave and Bruce Schramm.

The monitors have been disappointed by the poor condition in which books have been returned and the neglect of some students to return their books on time and are looking forward to more care in the future.

THE HI-Y CLUB

The Y.M.C.A. HI-Y Club started its second year on a better footing than the previous year, when many problems and difficulties of running a new club had to be surmounted.

In the second and third terms, programmes were printed and distributed, members being thus informed of the varied activities to come.

The Headmaster, Mr. Morris, is an honorary member and was presented with the first HI-Y Pin received by the Boys' Work Secretary, Mr. Irvine.

Community service was rendered by the club in the form of a rag drive on August 11, while an area behind the School was cleared in preparation for a new tennis court.

In the A.Y.C. Sports on September 13 the Club obtained third place in the Intermediate Section as against first position in the Junior Section last year.

The Y.M.C.A. camps at Badger Head are open to all members of the Club.

Inter Hi-Y Cub games competitions are an important feature in good fellowship amongst clubs.

Club Officers are: Dennis C. Rose (president and club prefect); Les Bishop (vice-president); John Tilley (secretary); Geoff. Robinson (treasurer); Kerry Mance (club prefect); Austin Hudson (club captain).

The Club meets every Thursday at 4.15 p.m. and your presence is welcome.

"A" CLASS, 1950

Jenny Amos—Department of Social Service.
Les Apted—Science Course at University.
Henry Bartlett—Arts Course at University.
Neal Blewett—Arts Course at University.
Avis Bryan—Department of Agriculture.
Bob Clarke—Arts Course at University.
Jean Cooper—Kindergarten Work at University.

Peter Dell—Agricultural Department and National Service Training.

Jean Gay—Bank of Australia and New Zealand.

Jean Goldsmith—Teaching at Mowbray State School.

Zelma Haas—Teaching at Scottsdale State School.

Beryl Hillier—Arts Course at University.

Pat Joyce—Physio-therapy Course at Melbourne University.

Alan Parish—Course at University.

Derry Scott—Course at University.

Max Swain—Plaza Taxi.

Betty Tucker—Melbourne Conservatorium.

Keith Williams—Dentistry Course at Melbourne University.

Judy Begent, Brian Dyson, Pat Gofton. Peter Parsons, Robert Tanner.—Need we tell you?

ATOMS AND ANTS

There is a definite possibility that we are part of say, a gigantic ant's leg. Most people know that our solar system consists of a number of planets revolving at widely differing radii around a common centre, the sun. Not so many people know that an atom, the smallest portion of any substance able to exist individually, consists of a number of electrons revolving at different radii around a common centre, the nucleus.

Between the constituents of our solar system and between the parts of an atom is space. Between solar systems and between atoms is space, so that our solar system resembles very closely an atom.

So it is possible though perhaps improbable that the stars one sees on a clear night are part of an ant's leg of dimensions beyond our imagination. Alternatively, we might consider that on the seventh electron of the ninety-seventh atom of your eyebrow third from the right, live 2,000,000,000 people!

D. Cartwright, B1.



"A" CLASS

Back Row: S. Cripps, H. Reeves, T. Howroyd, W. Craw, P. Parsons, B. Beaton.
Middle Row: D. Mackenzie, B. Smith, B. Mansfield, C. Wilkinson, W. Bartlett, B. Dyson, R. Tanner, J. Coulson, G. Miller, I. Wallace.
Front Row: B. Munden, G. Scott, G. Snare, S. Munro, E. Beswick, Miss L. Russell (Class Teacher), J. Begent, P. Gilbert, N. Orr, P. Taylor, P. Gofton.

WHO'S WHO IN "A" CLASS, 1951

Walter Bartlett.—Class committee, hockey.
Franklin. Four years Launceston Tech.

Bruce Beaton.—Class committee, crew. Sorell.
Judy Begent.—Head Prefect, Prefect '50, editor '50, dux '50, basketball. Sorell. Four years

Queenstown High.—Head Prefect, captain tennis, captain basketball.

Elaine Beswick.—Prefect. Wilmot. Four years Scottsdale High. Prefect.

Bob Bilson.—Prefect. Hockey '48, '49, '50, '51 (captain). Cricket. Secretary Arthur.

John Coulson.—Class committee, debating. Franklin.

Bill Craw.—Head Prefect, Prefect '50, tennis '47, '48, '49, '50, '51 (captain '50, '51), football '50, '51. Sorell.—captain '50.

Stuart Cripps.—Class committee, tennis '50, '51, hockey '50, '51. Sorell.

Brian Dyson.—Class committee '50, '51, hockey '49, '50, '51. Franklin.

Pat Gilbert.—Class committee. Franklin.

Pat Gofton.—Prefect, Class committee '50. Wilmot captain. Four years Scottsdale High. Prefect.

Terry Howroyd.—Class committee, football. Sorell. Four years Scottsdale High.

Douglas Mackenzie.—Prefect, editor, best pass Schools' Board '50, hockey, junior sports champion '48, dux D1, C1, B1. Sorell.

Brian Mansfield.—Prefect, football '50, '51, dux E3. Franklin Secretary.

Geoff Miller.—Prefect, editor '50, debating '50, tennis '49, '50, '51, hockey, dux E5. Sorell Secretary.

Barbara Munden.—Class committee, hockey '48, '49, '50, '51 (captain), tennis. Arthur captain.

Shirley Munro.—Prefect, tennis, basketball. Sorell Captain.

Neta Orr.—Prefect, debating '50, '51. Sorell Secretary.

Peter Parsons.—Prefect '50, '51, tennis '49, '50, '51, football '49, '50, '51 (captain), dux B2. Wilmot Captain '50, '51.

Hugh Reeves.—Class committee, dux, debating, tennis '50, '51, dux E2. Franklin.

Gale Scott.—Prefect, dux, best pass Schools' Board '50, hockey '50, '51, dux E4. Wilmot Secretary.

Brian Smith.—Prefect, dux E1, D2, C1 (Hobart High). Arthur.

Gwen Snare.—Prefect, tennis '50, '51, basketball '50, '51, intermediate sports champion '49, open '50. Franklin Captain.

Robert Tanner.—Class committee '50, '51, editor '49, leader debating '50, '51, dux D2. Wilmot.

Pauline Taylor.—Class committee, debating '50, '51, hockey. Sorell.

Ian Wallace.—Class committee, tennis '47, '48, '49, '50, cricket, football '49, '50, '51, intermediate sports champion '49. Franklin Secretary '50, Captain '51.

Colin Wilkinson.—Class committee, cricket, football. Sorell. Two years Scotch College—tennis, cricket, football.



STAFF

Back Row : Mr. Gibson, Miss Frick, Mr. Hudson, Miss Penman, Mr. Nash, Mrs. Dobson, Mr. Brinkhoff, Miss Lyons, Mr. Traynor.
 Middle Row : Miss Alcock, Miss McCormack, Mr. Wilson, Miss Deane, Mr. Fleming, Miss Dobbinson, Mr. Baulch, Miss Newbon, Mr. Stubbs, Miss Bushby, Miss Docking, Mrs. Crawford, Miss Adams. Inset : Mr. Askeland.
 Front Row : Mr. Smith, Miss Miller, Mr. Harvey, Miss Russell, Mr. Sowter, Mr. Morris (Headmaster), Miss Layh, Mr. Morris, Mrs. Holloway, Mr. Bewsher, Dr. Penizek.



PREFECTS

Back Row : P. Gofton, B. Smith, S. Munro, G. Miller, G. Scott, D. Mackenzie, G. Snare.
 Front Row : B. Mansfield, E. Beswick, W. Craw, Mr. Morris (Head), J. Begent, P. Parsons, N. Orr. Absent : R. Bilson.



ARTHUR — Girls

At the first house meeting this year, Barbara Munden was elected House Captain and Cynthia Marriott, House Secretary. We would like to thank Mrs. Holloway for the sincere and keen interest which she has shown in the House this year.

We all regret the cancellation of the Athletic Sports this year due to the polio. However, we hope that next year the keen runners in this House may be able to show their prowess.

In the House basketball roster, Arthur attained second place. Congratulations, Sorell, on your success.

This year Arthur has been quite well represented in the sports teams. It is to be hoped that in the future the interest in sport will be even greater. This year's representatives are :

Hockey — B. Munden (Capt.), C. Marriott (Vice), B. Wing, L. Holloway, M. Whittle, E. Bolch, E. Carter.

Basketball—P. Hutton.

Tennis—C. Marriott (Capt.), B. Munden.

Softball—P. Hutton, L. Moir, M. Jones.

Boys

This year Arthur has been unable to head Sorell in the House competitions. Unfortunately there have not been any athletics this year and the House lost one of its greatest avenues for obtaining House points.

Scholastically, the House has shown steady capabilities. The following helped to contribute to House points by meritorious scholastic work : N. Hayes, B. Smith and P. Wright.

In winter and summer sport, the House has been particularly well represented :

Football—Shields, Wright, Fleming, Beatty, Broadby. Hockey — Bilson, Opie, Forward. Cricket—Brown, Bilson, Wright, Fleming, Beatty. Tennis—Wiltshire.

Arthur is represented on the Prefects' Board by E. Bilson and B. Smith.

Finally, Arthur wishes to very sincerely thank Mr. Harvey for his work and enthusiasm concerning the House and wish the members of Arthur remaining at School, the very best of luck.

FRANKLIN — Girls

At the beginning of the year Gwen Snare was elected House Captain and Helen Gall House Secretary. We have had little to do this year and so less interest has been taken in the Houses than in previous years. However, a House basketball team was picked and the girls played enthusiastically. They gained third position in the Roster. Jenny Pedley was nominated captain and carried out her position very capably.

The girls picked for teams include :

Basketball—G. Snare. Tennis—G. Snare, K. Johnson. Hockey—V. Kelly, H. Gall. Softball—Helen Gall, Brenda Partridge.

I'd like to congratulate the girls on their achievements. I would also like to thank those who did not obtain positions in teams for their co-operation throughout the year.

We would like to extend our thanks to Miss Heath, our House Mistress, for her willing help.

Boys

Because of the absence of senior boys in Franklin House, we have not had a very successful year. It seems a pity that the Senior School is so unevenly divided, although Franklin will reap the benefit within the next few years. House Captain and Secretary, Ian Wallace and Bryan Mansfield, are confident that next year Franklin will again top the list. Another reason for our low place on the ladder this year is that the athletic sports championships were not held. Franklin has held this championship for the last four years. We thank Mr. Bewsher for his attention and advice throughout.

As previously, Franklin failed in Grade Football and Cricket. However, in examination and dramatic work we held our own. Although not so strong as in previous years, we were also well represented in the inter-School teams :

Football—I. Wallace (Vice-Capt.), L. Caelli, K. Dwyer, B. Mansfield. Tennis—H. Reeves, D. Sibbin. Cricket—J. Ryan, I. Wallace, L. Caelli. Hockey—J. Ryan, B. Dyson, W. Bartlett.

SORELL — Girls

At the first House meeting of the year, Judy Begent was elected House Captain and Neta Orr House Secretary. However, Judy was elected Head Prefect of the School and to refill the vacated position, Shirley Munro was elected as House Captain.

We have done extremely well this year—House studies were exceptional and after a long struggle our efforts have been rewarded and we are now at the top of the House competition; a position which we hope to maintain.

In Girls' House Basketball matches Sorell has excelled, losing only one game.

This year the support given to the School teams by Sorell was very pleasing; representatives were as follows :

Basketball—Dawn Barker (capt.), Judy Begent, Dorothy Gardiner, Anne Hanson and Shirley Munro. Hockey—Pauline Taylor. Tennis—Dorothy Gardiner, Shirley Munro. Softball — Dawn Barker, Pat Walker. Neta Orr and Pauline Taylor were our representatives in the debating team.

Sorell House was also well represented in the School's Dramatic Group, "The Ponderable Players."

In conclusion we would like to thank our House Mistress, Miss Miller, for her invaluable support and encouragement throughout the year.

Boys

At the beginning of the year Ron Traill was elected House Captain and Geoff Miller Secretary. This year Sorell has become top House for the first time in many years. As most of the members are in the Junior School, Sorell seems certain of holding this top position on the house ladder, or at least of not falling back to the bottom position which it has occupied for so many years.

In "A" grade football Sorell finished equal second and in "A" grade cricket the team also filled a top position.

We were well represented in the First Teams for 1951, the representatives being as follows:

Football—C. Wilkinson, W. Craw, G. McTye, T. Howroyd, K. Mathews, I. Lancaster, D. Wilson, R. Traill. Tennis—W. Craw (Capt.), S. Cripps, G. Miller. Hockey—S. Cripps, G. Miller, D. Best, D. Mackenzie. Rowing—B. Beaton, D. Cartwright. Cricket—C. Wilkinson, G. McTye, T. Hart, R. Traill.

The Head Prefects, W. Craw and J. Begent and one of the magazine editors, D. Mackenzie, are also members of Sorell.

In conclusion we would like to thank Mr. Aske-land for his interest in our House.

WILMOT — Girls

At the beginning of the year Eleanor Arnot was elected House Captain and Gale Scott House Secretary. When Eleanor left, Pat Gofton was elected to take her place. Wilmot was well represented in the girls' teams. Throughout the year there has been an enthusiastic spirit of co-operation in the House. It is hoped that the junior

athletics will be an asset to the House in future years.

Wilmot representatives in School teams: Softball—Judy Blair (capt.), Bev. Wadley, Ellen Fenner, Josephine Berwick. Tennis—Jennifer Champion, Joy Dawes. Basketball—Ellen Fenner. Hockey—Gay Mead, Janice Stocks, Gale Scott.

The House would like to extend its thanks and gratitude to Miss Bushby and Miss Docking who have helped the House on every occasion throughout our very successful year.

WILMOT — Boys

At the first House meeting Peter Parsons was re-elected House Captain. Des Targett was elected Vice-Captain and Bruce Gourlay House Secretary.

In the "A" Grade football roster Wilmot gained first place, not being defeated throughout the season. The "A" grade cricket team did well to gain a place.

Throughout the year there has been a very keen spirit in the House. It has helped greatly in the achievements of the House and we hope the junior members will carry on this spirit and bring the House to the top.

Wilmot was represented in the First Teams of 1951 by the following:

Football—P. Parsons (Capt.), Des. Targett, B. Goulay. Tennis—P. Parsons (Vice-Capt.). Cricket—D. Targett, B. Gourlay. Hockey—J. Londen, R. McCormack. First Crew—P. Radford (stroke).

We would like to thank Mr. E. Nash for his interest and co-operation as House Master throughout the year.

civilisation and promise of food and rest.

Beverley Apted, B1.

IT MADE MY FLESH CREEP!

It was a hot, sultry day when my cousin and I decided to go to the pool for a swim. The pool was about half a mile from the house and it was part of a stream. Two of the sides were built up high and a plank went across the middle of it. From this we could jump or dive into the pool.

We had nearly reached the pool and I was just climbing through the old wooden fence when I saw it. It slithered across to a log and I, of course, was curious and had to follow. I was just going to step over the log when it poked its head out. I stood there fascinated with one leg still suspended in the air. It made my flesh creep. It was a snake. It was a thick-bodied snake about two feet long with a short flattish head. My cousin, who had by that time, scrambled through the fence came over to see what I had been staring at and when she saw it she screamed and ran immediately home, while I still stayed there as if hypnotised.

Not long after, my grandmother came armed with a gun, matches and a tattered and torn bundle of newspapers. By that time the snake having looked about with little, beady eyes, had receded back into the old hollow log. We set alight to the log and watched to see if the snake came out, but we missed him or he stayed in the log and was burned. I'm glad I had my eyes on the ground because we had to pass the old hollow log and I don't fancy the snake would have taken too kindly to my treading on him.

Carleen Williams, C1, Arthur.



BASKETBALL

Back Row : J. Begent, S. Munro, D. Gardiner, E. Fenner, J. Scott.
Front Row : G. Snare, D. Barker (Capt.), P. Hutton. Absent : B. Harvey, A. Hanson, J. Berwick.



A great interest has been taken in basketball this year. Teams have played in the "A" and "B" Grade rosters and in a house roster.

"A" GRADE

Two teams played in the "A" Grade roster—the Greys (captained by Dawn Barker, vice-captained by Gwen Snare) and the Greens (captained by J. Blair). The Greys did exceedingly well and led in points for most of the season. They reached the semi-finals.

"B" GRADE

The Reds (captained by Jeanette Keep) and the Golds (captained by Shirley Tilyard), played in the "B" Grade roster.

HOUSE MATCHES

A series of House matches were played with great enthusiasm during the year.

In the inter-school match against Ogilvie High we were unsuccessful, after a hard-fought match.

We should like to thank Miss Lyons for coaching us and Mrs. Holloway for the keen interest she has taken in the team this year.

MUSHROOMING

We rode two miles on our bicycles before we left them leaning against a fence of four rows of wire. After scrambling between the wires, we found ourselves in a semi-cleared paddock with a few scrub bushes. To the left were four gums, dark and sombre, silhouetted against the sky which was now becoming clearer. The ground was damp and, as we pushed through the long grass, the blades brushed us, wetting our legs. Thinking I could see a mushroom, I ran towards a white object at the foot of a small half-grown wattle tree. It was only a pebble.

Twice I was deceived and then to my delight, I found the first mushroom. Clustered around it, were several more. So our search for mushrooms began. Sometimes we were deceived by stones, at other times by leaves. It was eight o'clock before our baskets were filled. The resounding notes of a butcher bird and a deep-throated chuckle of a kookaburra farewelled us, as we turned towards the fence on the far side of the paddock, on our way home.

Dorothy Wall, B2, Sorell.

EGGS FOR TEA

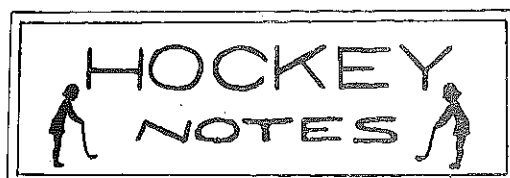
The table is laid, ah, what do I see?
To-night there'll be eggs and toast for my tea!
What delicate flavours their white shells do hide!
I wonder if they will be soft poached, or fried?
If boiled, I'd like mine nicely done—
Not hard, but so the white won't run.

Janet Jessop, C1, Arthur.



GIRLS' HOCKEY

Back Row : E. Bolch, V. Klye, J. Stocks, H. Gall, G. Mead, L. Holloway.
Front Row : P. Taylor, M. Whittle, C. Marriott, B. Munden (Capt.), E. Carter, G. Scott, B. Wing



Although we were unsuccessful in the inter-High match against Ogilvie, we gave a very creditable performance. Although we only gained fifth place in the Launceston Women's Hockey roster, we played some very good games. There are many young players in the team who, with experience, should present a formidable force. We hope that in future years hockey will be received well and that many of the juniors will take up hockey as a sport.

The members of the team would like to thank Miss Alcock for her untiring and enthusiastic support of the team. Her coaching was very valuable.

CRITICISMS

B. Munden (capt.)—Right Wing.—Barbara has been a very enthusiastic captain and has shown a keen interest throughout the season. Her stickwork is very good, but she should develop the habit of passing more quickly.

C. Marriott (vice)—Centre Half.—Cynthia is a strong, consistent player. Throughout the year she has maintained a high standard of play. Her tackling is good, but she should try to keep her position.

L. Holloway—Goalie.—Lynette has been a very dependable goalie. She has shown a strong,

steady nerve necessary for this position. However, she must try to come out to meet the ball more and try kicking to the sides.

G. Scott—Right Back.—Gale is a very strong player who has been a valuable member of the team. She has a very forceful drive and her clearing and tackling are good.

M. Whittle—Left Back.—Margaret is a keen player, but her play is not consistent. Her tackling and clearing is good, but she must learn to stop the ball before driving.

H. Gall—Right Half.—Helen is a keen player who has a hard hit and she follows up well. However, she must try and tackle back and must take care with her roll-ins.

V. Klye—Left Half.—Verna is a fast, persistent player. Her stickwork is neat, but she has not the experience of an older player. She must try not to wander from her position.

E. Bolch—Left Wing.—Elma is a very speedy player who should pass quicker. After some more experience she should be a very good player.

E. Carter—Left Inner.—Enid was our main goal striker who has played a fast, consistent game throughout the year. However, she must try not to crowd her wing.

G. Mead—Centre.—Gaye is a keen player who passes well and whose stickwork is good. But she must try to improve her bullying and she would do well to follow through more in the circle.

J. Stocks—Right Inner.—Janice is a keen and quick player who is very reliable. She must try to pass quicker and more frequently.

Emergencies.—P. Taylor and B. Wing played well throughout the season.



SOFTBALL

Back Row : H. Gall, L. Moir, E. Fenner, G. Trellogan, P. Hutton.
Front Row : R. McCormack, D. Barker, B. Wadley, J. Blair (Capt.), L. Gibson, J. Berwick, B. Partridge.

SOFTBALL NOTES

Judy Blair (capt.)—Judy has a very strong hit. She is a safe catch and a reliable pitcher. Throughout the season she has proved an enthusiastic and capable captain.

Lorna Gibson (vice-capt.). — An enthusiastic team girl, Lorna has a hard throw and good hit. Throwing needs practice.

Ellen Fenner.—A brilliant fielder, Ellen must try to keep up her batting standards.

Bev. Wadley.—Bev's batting has improved and fielding is good. She must learn to move more freely off her base.

Helen Gall.—Helen is a brilliant field and is the most consistent bat in the team.

Peggy Hutton.—Peggy's fielding has improved and with a little practice her batting will be good.

Brenda Partridge.—Brenda is an enthusiastic little player. With general play improved, and nervousness overcome, Brenda should do well in the inter-High match.

Dawn Barker.—Dawn is a consistent and reliable player, but she will improve if her general play is quickened up.

Josie Berwick.—Josie is our most improved player. Her catching is very good, but when batting, she should try to keep the ball from first base.

Lorraine Moir.—Lorraine should try to keep both her throwing and batting down. Fielding is good.

Roma McCormick.—A good team girl. Roma is a quick field and reliable bat.

Pat Walker.—Pat's fielding is good and batting has improved.

The team would like to thank Miss Lyons for her co-operation and assistance during the season.

A CLOSE SHAVE

A hair-raising incident happened to me while I was on my holidays last Christmas. I was playing with my friends on a high cliff one afternoon when I happened to notice a ledge several feet below. We had some rope so I volunteered to go down. I tied the rope round my waist and started to descend but was only about 10 feet above it when the rope (which was old) broke. I plunged downwards and was momentarily dazed then I felt myself rolling towards the edge, where I had luckily fallen. I clawed desperately at the edge, managed to hold myself there until I was able to think clearly.

Then also to my horror I saw a small cave at the mouth of which was a snake coiled around three or four eggs. I could not back away, so I had to stand there very still till help arrived. After ten minutes of suspense help did arrive and I was hauled to the top, wet with my own sweat.

Tony Craw, C2.



GIRLS' TENNIS

Back Row : B. Munden, D. Gardiner, J. Champion, S. Munro.
Front Row : J. Dawes, C. Marriott (Capt.), K. Johnson.

GIRLS' TENNIS

This year the team is comprised of many young players. The whole team has practised enthusiastically and should do well in the inter-High School matches.

We would like to thank Miss Deane for giving so much of her time to the team and for her valuable coaching.

Cynthia Marriott.—Cynthia has played a consistent game throughout the year. Her ground strokes are very sound, but her play is undeveloped. She is an enthusiastic captain.

Dorothy Gardiner.—Dorothy is one of the strongest members of the team. She has a strong forehand and backhand and a consistent service.

Kaye Johnson.—Kaye's backhand is excellent and can always be relied upon. Her service is not very strong, but she rarely serves a double fault.

Joy Dawes.—Joy is the youngest and most enthusiastic member of the team. Her backhand is not very strong, but is improving steadily. She is inclined to put too much effort into her shots and consequently tires easily.

Gwen Snare.—Gwen was emergency last year and has improved gradually this year, but she needs to put more effort into her game.

Jennifer Champion.—Jennifer is another young player who should be an asset to next year's team. Her backhand and forehand are quite

strong, but she tries to hit the ball too hard and consequently her shots are sometimes erratic.

Barbara Munden.—Barbara has improved very much during the year. Her net play is excellent, but her forehand and backhand are rather cramped.

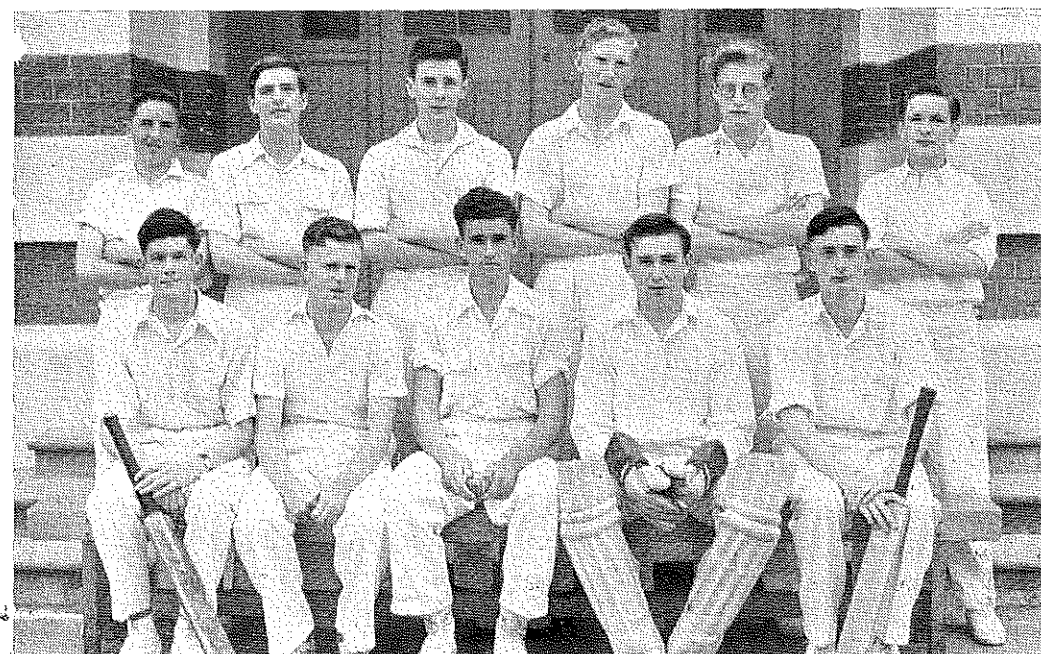
Shirley Munro.—Shirley is another player who has improved this year and her drives are gaining in strength.

CRICKET NOTES

This year school matches have been limited to two with Grammar School. In both of these matches, the School Eleven were successful. Thanks to Robert Bilson (42) and M. Brown (27), we were able to overtake Grammar's total by seven runs. In the second match, Colin Wilkinson (79) was mainly responsible for a big first innings lead against the opposition. The bowling of Bruce Gourlay in this match was a feature.

We are confident of winning the High Schools' Premiership this year. This side is particularly strong, three players having played senior cricket this season. The selectors will find their task difficult in selecting the final team.

Finally, on behalf of all cricketers in the School, I would like to thank Mr. Gibson for his energetic work and expert coaching in all cricket matters.



BOYS' CRICKET

Back Row : G. McTye, B. Gourlay, G. Beattie, L. Caelli, I. Wallace, J. Ryan.
Front Row : T. Hart, D. Targett, B. Fleming (Capt.), D. Wright, C. Wilkinson.
Absent : D. Shields, R. Bilson, R. Traill.

TEAM CRITIQUE

B. Fleming (Capt.)—Should develop into an excellent captain as his knowledge of the game is based on outstanding skill with bat and ball. Will add to his practical leadership. Has excellent all-round potentialities.

D. Targett (Vice).—Good medium pace bowler who has pace off the wicket. Capable of scoring runs quickly when needed. Safe fieldman.

C. Wilkinson.—Accurate left arm spin bowler. Troubles best of batsmen. Forceful left-hand batsman who has scored particularly well this season. Excellent field.

R. Bilson.—Forceful right-hand batsman. Needs to strengthen his defence of leg stump. Good field.

I. Wallace.—Defensive batsman. Could use feet to better advantage. Reliable field. Can take turn at wicket-keeping if needed.

J. Ryan.—A left-hand batsman with a wide variety of clean and sparkling strokes. Capable change bowler and energetic field.

B. Gourlay.—Slow left arm swing bowler. Always dangerous and inexpensive. Could add more variety to bowling. Scores runs freely with the bat. More energy needed in the field.

L. Caelli.—Right arm medium pace bowler. Accurate, but does not swing the ball as well as he could by using his body better. Good field. Batting is improving.

G. McTye.—Determined cricketer. Good all-rounder. Bats freely. Often causes a quick succession of wickets by bursts of good medium pace bowling. His returns to the wicket are a feature.

D. Wright.—Team's wicket-keeper. His cricket

is reliable and steady. Can be depended on to make a good score or as a capable change bowler.

M. Brown.—Talented all-rounder. A left-arm spin bowler who spins the ball both ways off a good length. His bowling is a great asset to the team. Opening batsman with a wide variety of shots and stubborn defence. Keen, alert field.

G. Beattie.—Left-arm swing bowler. Needs to be more accurate. Batting needs improving. Fielding shows lack of energy and attempt.

R. Traill.—Left-hand batsman who defends well. Needs experience on turf. Fielding is keenest in the team.

T. Hart.—Right-hand batsman who can play a good straight bat. Must use feet correctly and concentrate on defence. Fielding is keen, but not steady.

D. Shields.—The team's hard-hitting batsman who can be expected to force the issue. His fielding is energetic and his catching sound.

THE HILL

In the evening its dome-shaped summit
Stands silhouetted against the blood-red setting
sun.

Then in the morning, the first light of dawn
Spotlights its beauty
Telling us a new day has begun.
The shadows of the hill grow smaller
As the morning starts to wane.
Later when the shadows lengthen
We know evening has come again.
So it goes on living, its head towards the stars,
Watching every day, not missing one.

A. Frost, E1.



BOYS' HOCKEY TEAM

Back Row : J. Ryan, W. Bartlett, R. McCormack, B. Dyson, D. Mackenzie, B. Howard.
Front Row : G. Millier, A. Opie, R. Bilson (Capt.), S. Cripps, D. Best. Absent : J. Longden.

BOYS' HOCKEY

Boys' hockey is thriving in the School and this season has been particularly successful, despite a failure in the inter-School contests. Two teams were fielded in the Northern Junior Hockey Roster and they played off the grand final after finishing the roster games in first and second positions. The Grey Team won the final after a very interesting game.

The first inter-High School game against Burnie was played in Launceston on August 3 and, despite the ankle-deep mud, which gave Burnie's small team an advantage, Launceston won by 2 penalty corners. The final against Hobart, who had previously defeated Devonport, was played in Hobart some weeks later. Launceston was first to settle down and led 1 nil at half time, but could not withstand the last half effort of Hobart High, who eventually won, 4-1.

Bob Bilson won a trophy for Launceston's best and fairest for the third successive year. Scores : Launceston, 1 defeated Burnie, nil. Best: Ryan, McCormack, Bilson.

Hobart, 4, defeated Launceston, 1. Goal : Cripps. Best: Bilson, McCormack, Ryan.

Eight players from the School were chosen in the Northern Junior team which took part in a carnival prior to the selection of the State Junior Team. Six of these gained selection in the State Carnival Teams, but owing to domestic circumstances, School captain and State vice-captain,

Bob Bilson was unable to take his place. The six were: J. Ryan, R. McCormack, S. Cripps, D. Mackenzie, D. Best and R. Bilson.

CRITICISM OF TEAM

Robert Bilson (Capt.).—Left back. During the year, Bob proved an inspiring leader for the team. His dash and powerful hitting when on the backline and his speed and excellent stickwork when playing forward enabled him to strengthen any position in which a weakness was apparent. However, a tendency to give "sticks" must be curbed.

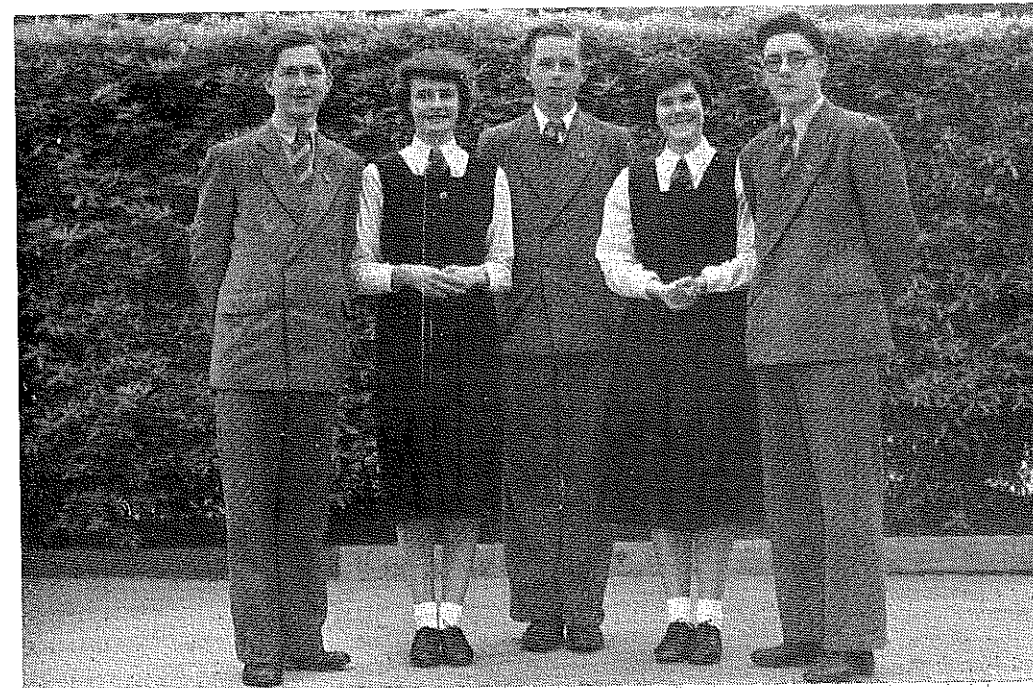
John Ryan—Right Inner.—Played excellently throughout the season. John's stickwork is very good, but he must learn to pass before he is tackled.

Brian Howard—Right Wing.—A small, tenacious forward who sent in many passes. Brian must learn to pass before he reaches the circle before he can be really good.

Stuart Cripps—Centre Forward.—Stuart played some really good games, but to improve he has to follow the ball into the net. His backhand shots for goal were little short of marvelous.

John Longden—Left Inner.—Jack played well on the forward line, where he sent in many passes to the other forwards. Playing on the backline, Jack also did well; it was here that his hitting was seen to the best advantage.

Douglas Mackenzie—Left Wing.—A fast wingman who made position well and followed in



DEBATING

R. Tanner (Leader), N. Orr, J. Coulson, P. Taylor, H. Reeves.

DEBATING

At the time of writing, only one debate has been held this year and that was unsuccessful. We visited A.G. Ogilvie High School in August and had a pleasant trip, but lost the debate by two points, the scores being 70 to 72. All members of the team debated well, but lost points for a tendency to read the speeches rather than say them.

Robert Tanner, the leader, opened with a more or less introductory speech concerning the subject, "That the Influence of the Cinema on Modern Life is Pernicious," of which we had the negative side. Robert referred to his notes too much and at times lacked force. Pauline Taylor gave a forceful speech which was marred by

smartly. However, Douglas did not always take the ball cleanly and was apt to get offside. When he remedies these faults, he will do better.

Geoffrey Miller—Left Half. Geoff. did very well for a first year player and played some splendid games. A tendency to roam has almost been overcome. His temperament improved with his stickwork.

Roxley MacCormack—Centre Half. — Apart from his slowness, Roxley has everything a hockey player should have and when he learns to pay more attention to the opposing centre forward, he will be first-class. His stickwork and stopping compare favourably with anyone's.

Donald Best—Right Half.—Don was one of the most improved players. However, there is still room for much improvement. He must learn

delivery from the table at which we were seated, instead of going to the speaking desk. Neta Orr was our best speaker and gave a quiet and penetrating speech without undue reference to notes. She may have been perhaps a little too quiet at one time. Hugh Reeves gave a good speech, bringing out some important points, but he might have had a little more variation of voice. Our summary by our leader was reasonably good, which, in our opinion, corrected many of the opposition's points. It was a very close debate, but it was just our misfortune that when the scores were totalled, we were two points behind Ogilvie. The members of the team wish to thank Mr. Bewsher for his generous help during the year and look forward to successes by next year's team.

not to roam and also to shadow his wingman more closely. Don's hitting was very good.

Brian Dyson. — Right Back. — Brian played roundly all the season and his tenacious tackling broke many attacks. A little attention to stickwork and hitting should make Brian a much better player.

Anthony Opie—Goalie.—Tony played well, but was not up to the high standard set by previous goalies. Some of his saves were good, but sometimes he missed very easy ones. Practice in stopping and clearing is needed badly.

W. Bartlett, J. Kearnan—Reserves. — Both played some good games and were unlucky not to make the grade. They should do well next year.

BOYS' TENNIS

At the end of last year Bill Crow won the Singles Championship of the School by defeating Ian Wallace in straight sets in the final. So far this year, owing to polio restrictions, the Inter-High tennis has not been played. However, a carnival for summer sports, including tennis, has been arranged to take place at Hobart in December.

This year our tennis team is quite strong and should have a good chance of winning the premiership at the December carnival. The team has obtained some good match practice by playing two matches against St. Pats. We thank them for their co-operation and vital match practice.

It is also very pleasing to note that the two School courts have been re-surfaced this season.

In January this year, Bill Crow was again selected to represent Tasmania in the Linton Cup Tennis Team which played in Sydney. The Linton Cup is an interstate tennis competition in which boys under 19 years of age compete. Teams of either three or four are selected each year and the Linton Cup competition is played in conjunction with the Australian Tennis Championships in either Adelaide, Melbourne or Sydney.

Also it is pleasing to see that two Launceston High representatives were selected to play in the annual North v. South at Hobart in the November long week-end. Bill Crow was selected to play in the Men's "A" Grade team and Ian Wallace in the junior team.

Throughout the year Mr. Stan Morris has taken a great interest in the boys' tennis team and has given valuable assistance by his coaching.

Bill Crow, the boys' tennis captain for the last two years, has been in our team for five years. During this time he has developed into one of the best players in schoolboy tennis in the State. He has had the distinction of twice playing for Tasmania in the Linton Cup Team. I believe that this is the first time that a member of the School has been in this team.

As this will be Bill's last year at school and in view of his wide experience, we have asked him to note down some hints for other players. These notes should be of use to all tennis players in the School, from those who are in the team to those who have just commenced playing the game this summer.

BOYS' TENNIS HINTS FOR TEAM

1. When receiving fast, deep drives, swing sooner so that your weight is forward on your front foot instead of being forced on your back foot. This swinging too late is a common complaint and if you concentrate on this and always lean forward, your strokes will become stronger and more accurate.

2. Another extremely important point to watch is your feet position. When playing all strokes, you should be side-on to the net and not front-on. Always keep on your toes and move into position for the stroke quickly and hit the ball at the top of its bounce.

3. When volleying, you should have a short back-swing and a short, deliberate "punch" forward. Always get as close as you can to the net

so that you are volleying down instead of up. A volley is not a drive, but a short deliberate jab.

4. Of course, one of the major rules of tennis is to keep your eyes on the ball continually. Furthermore, tennis is a game of brain rather than brawn.

5. Finally, and perhaps most important is the necessity of competition and match practice. If you are to improve and learn the finer points of tennis such as anticipation and tennis tactics, you must get as much match play as you can so that you play against better players and see them in action.

BOYS' TENNIS CRITICISMS

Bill Crow (Capt.).—Bill is a hard-hitting player with excellent control and court-craft and very fluent strokes on both backhand and forehand. His slight weakness overhead is fully compensated by his speed and anticipation. Bill excels in doubles in which his crisp and effective interception is a match-winning feature of his play.

Peter Parsons (Vice-Capt.).—Peter has improved this season generally, but still needs to concentrate on his service, which he is inclined to hit too soon. Peter has a forceful forehand drive, especially in the cross-court direction. His volleying is quite strong, but he must learn to "block" instead of drive low volleys.

Geoff. Miller.—Geoff. has also advanced considerably this year and has quite a powerful, fluent serve. His game is adapted mainly for singles and with more match experience should develop into a forceful singles player. His forehand and backhand drives are quite strong, but he must also learn to swing sooner and lean into the ball when receiving deep shots.

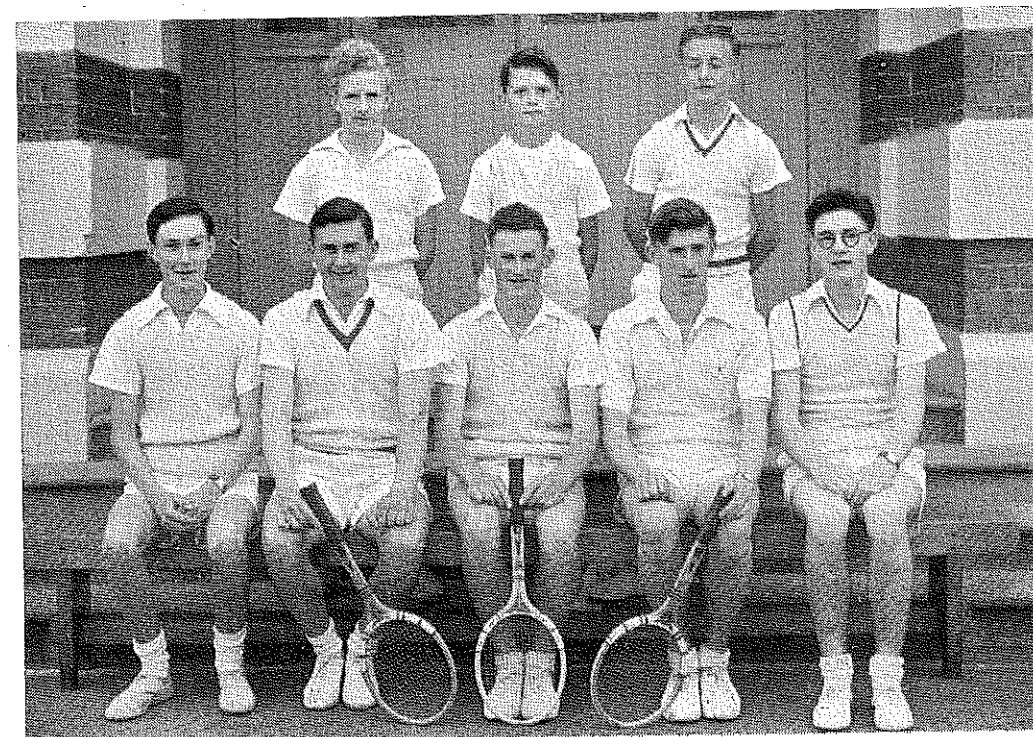
Stuart Cripps.—Stuart has strong drives on both sides, but must give great attention to his volleys, which are weak. Stuart has a strong smash and his serve also possesses power, but he is inclined to rush his second delivery at times.

Hugh Reeves.—Hugh has good tennis sense and uses it to advantage. He is a better doubles player as his strokes are of a defensive nature and also because he has a very effective lob. However, Hugh will have to speed up his movements on the court and put more power into his strokes if he wants to develop his singles game. Hugh is very keen and with regular play should develop into a consistent player.

Derek Sibbin.—Derek, who is a young newcomer to the team, possesses good all-round strokes on which to build. He has a very good tennis brain and is suited mainly for doubles. However, Derek must learn to get in closer to the net for volleying.

John Wiltshire.—John is also a newcomer to the team and is very keen to improve his game. He is a consistent player, but must concentrate on hitting his shots side-on to the net instead of front-on. He must also learn to be more deliberate with his volleys and watch the ball more closely.

Darrel Chellis.—Darrel is another diminutive newcomer to the team and has reasonably good drives. However, he must endeavour not to slice his drives so much, but try to top-spin the ball. Darrel must also keep on his toes and move about the court faster.



BOYS' TENNIS

Back Row : J. Wiltshire, D. Sibbons, D. Chellis.

Front Row : G. Miller, P. Parsons, W. Crow (Capt.), S. Cripps, H. Reeves.



CADETS

Back Row : B. Wagner, F. Curbishley, J. Bird, B. Nicholls, B. Johnson, R. Cleary, K. Knight, K. Huett Jones.

Middle Row : F. McCarron, P. Johnstone, T. Ritchie, P. Mullens, G. Crew, R. McCormack, P. de Jersey, H. Room, R. Murfett.

Front Row : L/Cpl. Richards, L/Cpl. Rose, Cpl. Gardiner, Sgt. Hart, Sgt. Cartledge, Cdt./Lieut. Radford, S/Sgt. Cartwright, Cpl. Barnard, L/Cpl. Hodgkinson, L/Cpl. Kerrison, J. Hart.

CADET NOTES

Although the major part of this year's Cadet Unit has come from the Lower School and "E" Class cadets are prevented from attending parade until 4 o'clock, the detachment has been quite successful in competitions this year. However, with a little more support from the School, our Corps would be much better, since we have the quality, but not the quantity of cadets needed to carry off the various trophies.

In January of this year eight cadets from our School attended a course of instruction for non-commissioned officers at Brighton Camp and the certificates they gained were presented at an assembly early in the year. As a result of this camp, Corporal Peter Radford was eventually promoted to Cadet Officer. As a sergeant, he represented our Cadet Detachment at the Jubilee Opening of Commonwealth Parliament.

During the second term a rifle team from this School fired in the Earl Roberts' Trophy, but owing mainly to insufficient practice, were unsuccessful.

Several weeks ago a selected number of cadets competed in the Hoad Trophy. We made a very commendable effort, but our congratulations go to the Scotch College and Smithton High Units which beat us. Again in the Commander's Cup we were defeated by Scotch College.

After much hard training a team from the School led by Corporal Barnard, won the Northern Division of the Vickers' Medium Machine Gun Competition.

Throughout the year all cadets have attended miniature range parades where they use service rifles with .22 inch barrels and open range parades where they fire actual service rifles and Bren light machine guns and basic training learnt at School is put to good use.

Unfortunately National Service trainees occupied Brighton Camp so we were unable to hold the annual camp where, in the last School week of the second term, first year cadets normally learn field-craft and basic infantry training and second and third year cadets specialise in signals, Vickers or artillery work. At this camp all the theoretical work learnt at School through the year is put into actual practice.

Training learnt as cadets stands in good stead for anyone that enters National Service and leads to rapid promotion since most of the work taught in the National Service camps has already been learnt as cadets.

Next year, with more support from "D" and "C" Classes, we hope to raise our numbers to a hundred. This is quite possible since in the years immediately after the war, practically every boy in the School volunteered to join the Corps. It was during this period that the School's Cadets gained the reputation we are now living on.

A.T.C. NOTES

The High School Flight of the Air Training Corps has a record to be proud of and one that is unique among all A.T.C. Flights in the Commonwealth. Through the foresight and personal energy of the headmaster, Mr. W. C. Morris, the Launceston High School was the originator of

School Flights for the Air Training Corps. Since the inauguration of the Flight at the School, many boys have passed through the A.T.C. and later served with distinction in the R.A.A.F. during the war.

No. 6 Flight of the Air Training Corps, Launceston High School, is to-day a comparatively small flight of 17 members. It is, however, a very keen and efficient flight and holds a record of achievement which may well be envied by many a larger flight. The spirit and work of the flight compare more than favourably with the traditions of the A.T.C. and the cadets are to be congratulated on their teamwork and results.

During the past year No. 6 Flight has been trained under the supervision of W.O. Bladen (Permanent Air Force) and has reached a high standard of proficiency in its syllabus. The following subjects have been covered and the flight as a whole has attained the required standard demanded by the R.A.A.F.: Drill, airmanship, service knowledge, aircraft recognition, armament, radio and theory of flight.

A number of cadets joined No. 6 Flight at the beginning of the year and have shown during that time that they have the same high quality and spirit of the older cadets. The overall standard of No. 6 Flight is extremely high and the cadets of this flight can well be proud of their achievements. The number of promotions gained by No. 6 Flight during the year is, perhaps, the highest average of any flight in the Commonwealth, for out of 17 members, 7 qualified for and received promotion. Congratulations are extended to Cadet Wiltshire who was promoted to N.C.O. rank of corporal early in the year.

Cadet Symmonds, a recent enlistment in the A.T.C. has gained top place as the most efficient cadet for the year, having gained an average of 86 per cent. in all subjects. Corporal Nunn is also to be congratulated for the manner in which he has assisted W.O. Bladen in the training of cadets. The example set by this cadet has materially helped in No. 6 Flight becoming efficient and an asset to the R.A.A.F.

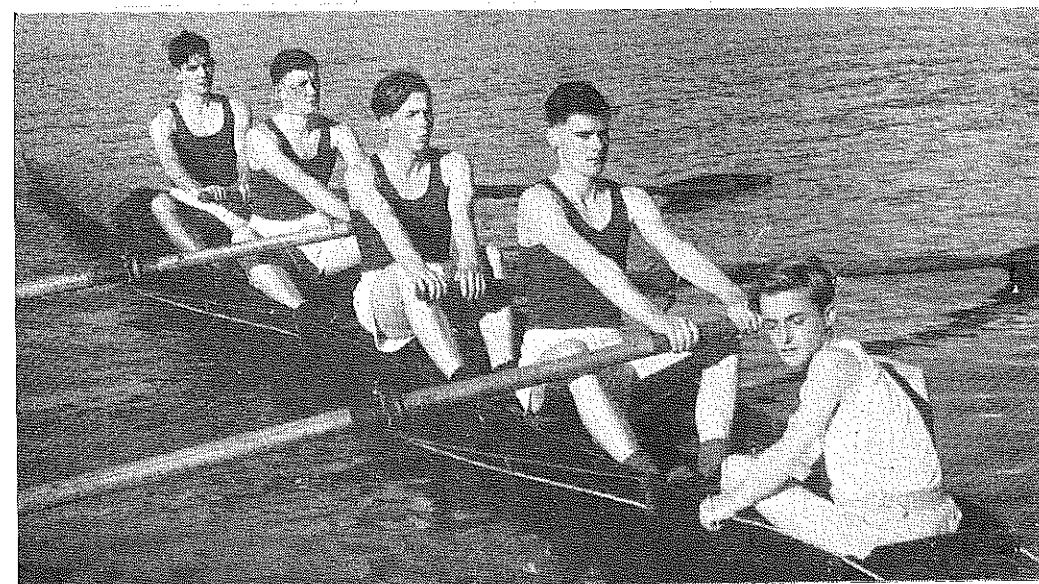
During the year cadets from No. 6 Flight have also attended camps during the year at R.A.A.F. Station, Point Cook and Fort Direction, Hobart, during the School vacation, where they have had a taste of Air Force life.

Cadets have also acted in an official capacity at Western Junction Aerodrome during air pageants and the like and have, wherever possible, been taken for flights in R.A.A.F. aircraft.

Several cadets from No. 6 Flight tried to obtain R.A.A.F. Flying Scholarships earlier in the year by which they will be taught up to private pilot licence standard. Two cadets from this School obtained this scholarship and we must congratulate L.A.C. Nobes and L.A.C. Wright on their achievement.

It is to be hoped that in the coming year the High School Flight will expand considerably and help to place it again among the top ranking flights in Tasmania, not only in its achievements, but also in its number of members.

The cadets of No. 6 Flight would also like to thank W.O. Bladen for his untiring work in raising the standard of the flight to a higher level. It is only his untiring efforts that have put the flight back on to a firm footing.



FIRST CREW

D. Cartwright (bow), B. Beaton (2), A. Opie (3), P. Radford (stroke), J. Bird (cox.)



There has been a considerable increase in the number of boys taking rowing this year. Unfortunately, with only one School boat at their disposal, rowers were only able to receive limited training. They are all to be congratulated on the high standard that they have attained under such conditions. The non-arrival of two new boats expected towards the end of 1950, added to the difficulties of the club.

Owing to the epidemic of poliomyelitis during the first term, the Burke Cup, normally rowed on the Tamar each alternate year, was cancelled. However, this provided an opportunity for members of the first and second crews to gain experience and to become accustomed to their positions.

During the winter season, younger rowers had an opportunity to improve their rowing. This practice of rowing in the second term is a recent one and has been very successful in extending the experience of younger rowers.

Rowing is becoming ever-increasingly popular in the School and this year the first and second crews have developed into sturdy combinations. It is expected that few rowers will be leaving school this year and that consequently the crews for 1952 will be almost the same as for this year.

The first crew for 1951 was as follows: David Cartwright (bow), Bruce Beaton (2), Tony Opie (3), Peter Radford (stroke) and John Bird (cox.).

The second crew was: Jack Longden (bow), Robert Tanner (2), Joe Callaway (3), Jim Cartledge (stroke) and Mark Bewsher (cox.).

COMMENTARIES

Peter Radford (stroke).—As stroke of the first crew and club captain, Peter has shown a nice balance of tact and firmness in his handling of the rowing and of club organisation. Peter's versatility is shown by the fact that he has rowed both bow and stroke equally well in the last two years. He has a good grounding in rowing technique and has been, in fact, responsible for training and coaching during most of the year.

David Cartwright (bow).—With little experience, David has developed into a very good bow man. He has attained a standard of rowing as high as any member of the crew and if he remains at School, he will add steadiness to new crew members.

Bruce Beaton (2).—Being one of the most experienced members of the crew, Bruce is also one of the most reliable members. He has been a great asset to the Firsts this year.

Tony Opie (3).—Tony has borne much of the heavy work of the crew this year. Like Bruce Beaton, Tony is both experienced and reliable and he will play a major part in the 1952 crew.

John Bird (cox.).—For the second year John has been the crew's cox. He is now a year older in experience since last year and has become more confident in the handling of the boat.

Club members deeply appreciate the time and effort that Mr. Askeland has devoted to rowing during 1951. He has been constantly helping to improve facilities for the rowers and to this end he has been untiring in his efforts.



FOOTBALL

P. Parsons (capt.), W. Craw, D. Shields, J. Wiltshire, L. Caelli, D. Chellis, B. Fleming, D. Wright, D. Targett, K. Matthews. G. Broadby.



During the year we played matches against Grammar, St. Pats and Scotch College. We defeated St. Pats and Scotch easily, but Grammar beat us by three matches to two. We would like to thank the teams for the practice they gave us.

Our first match was against Burnie on the Wivenhoe ground. Burnie won the toss and kicked with the off-sea breeze. Launceston was slow settling down, but Wright and Targett on the back-line turned Burnie's thrusts, while Caelli was excelling in the ruck. Our first goal resulted from nice handball between Shields and Wilkinson.

The second quarter was even and goals by Parsons and Wallace gave us a 13-point lead at half time. In the third quarter, despite continual drive from the centre line, inaccurate kicking by the forwards cost us several goals. Our lead was reduced to 1 point.

The last quarter began with Burnie taking the lead with a goal. But Launceston, playing faster, systematic football and with two goals by Shields finished strongly to win by 17 points.

Scores, Launceston, 7.7 (49); Burnie, 4.8 (32).

Goalkickers for Launceston: Shields (2), Wallace, Parsons, Wilkinson.

Best: Parsons, Shields, Wallace, Wright, Caelli, Wilkinson, Wiltshire.

The final against Hobart was played on York Park some weeks later. Hobart won the toss and kicked against the wind. They were a bigger and faster side and settled down quickly to gain a lead which Launceston did not make up. Brian Fleming played well in defence and then kicked two goals in the last quarter. Dale Wright, ably supported by Targett, saved many goals.

Launceston finished well, but were unable to make up Hobart's lead. Hobart won by 26 points.

Scores: Hobart, 6-10; Launceston, 3-2.

Several members of the School team played with Churinga Juniors in the N.T.J.F.A. and Brian Fleming and Douglas Shields were selected in the N.T.J.F.A. team to play the S.S.S.O.B.A.

The team would like to express their thanks to Mr. H. Hudson for his fine work as coach and for the interest he took in the team. We would also like to thank our supporters who did so much to help us throughout the year.

CRITICISMS

P. Parsons (Capt.).—Must concentrate on accurate passing; played very well in centre position whether attacking or defending; combines pace and weight to advantage. Team control could be improved by more talking on the field.

I. Wallace (Vice-Capt.).—Ian leads well in full forward position. His marking is good, but kicking is inconsistent. Makes full use of speed to get out of difficulties and played with determination.

B. Fleming.—Good kick with either foot, but when marking is inclined to take too much liberty

with apparently easy situations; weight used to advantage. A strong player at either centre half forward or centre-half back.

C. Wilkinson.—Colin's good ground work and reliable passing make him a promising forward. He is inclined to cover too much ground and is often caught out of position. Uses hand pass effectively.

D. Shields.—A fast player who uses his speed and judgment to get out of too much trouble. But he must change more often when roving and realise that he has the rest of the team to help him. Doug. is a good kick with either foot and is a reliable mark.

D. Targett.—A dashing backman who has played consistently throughout the year. He has a long, driving drop kick and clears the ball well. Des could improve his game by speeding up his movements.

D. Wright.—Dale is a utility player who is a very sure mark, but must develop a reliable drop kick. He played exceptionally well in both inter-High matches, but his game is often spoilt by lack of self control.

L. Caelli.—A much improved ruckman who has shouldered the ruck this year. He is a reliable mark and can be a good spoiler, but his kicking must improve.

B. Mansfield.—Brian is an unpredictable player who could improve very much if he trained harder and concentrated on his kicking. He marks well and has good anticipation.

B. Craw.—Bill kicks well and his marking has improved this year. Although he has played some good games, his timidity spoils his game.

R. Traill.—With more determination, Ron could be a good player. He has improved greatly this year and if he trains hard, will be a force to be reckoned with next year.

B. Gourlay.—Although Bruce relieves with long driving kicks, he must learn to use his weight and speed up his disposal of the ball when in trouble.

P. Radford.—Peter is a solid backman who al-

ways watches his man. Although he marks well, his kicking is very weak.

J. Wiltshire.—A very fast, solid winger who always trains and plays well, in either wet or dry conditions. He played very well against Burnie, but an injured thumb prevented him playing against Hobart.

D. Wilson.—A newcomer who defended very effectively this season. Needs to watch his man more and improve his marking and disposal of the ball.

W. Clifton.—Warner was invaluable in the ruck this year and promises to be a good player. He must concentrate on the game and not wander out of position.

G. McTye.—Graeme is a young and clever player who plays well on the wing or in a forward pocket. He uses his speed to advantage, but often loses his man when playing on the wing.

K. Dwyer.—Kevin should improve with age and training. His play lacks determination and vigour and he does not make full use of his good kick and mark.

I. Lancaster.—His kicking and marking are very good, but his slowness is his main failing. Ian must realise that a forward should get the ball and dispose of it quickly and to the best advantage.

F. McCarron.—Fred trains impressively, but falls down in a match; which is probably due to his inexperience. He has a good mark, but must develop a sure pass.

T. Howroyd.—Terry is an accurate shot for goal and is a good high mark. His slowness on the ground spoils his game.

K. Mathews.—A very keen young player who kicks and marks well. But he must train harder and more seriously if he is to succeed.

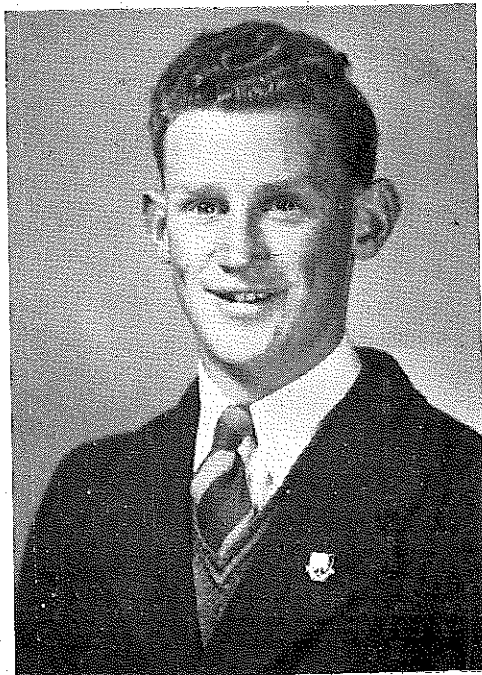
G. Broadby.—Graeme has a good kick, but his



HEAD PREFECTS, 1951

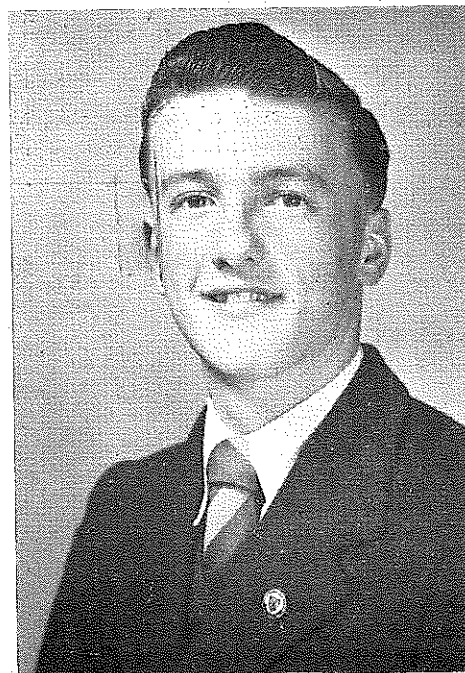


Judy Begent



Bill Craw

BEST PASS SCHOOL'S BOARD, 1950



Douglas Mackenzie

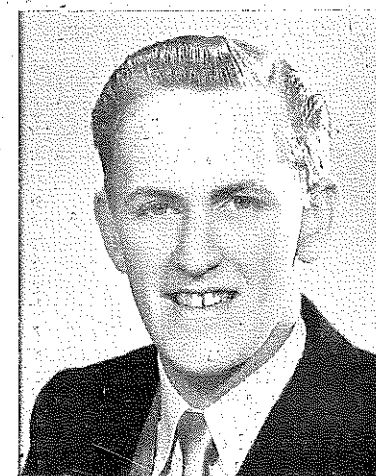
BEST PASS MATRICULATION, 1950



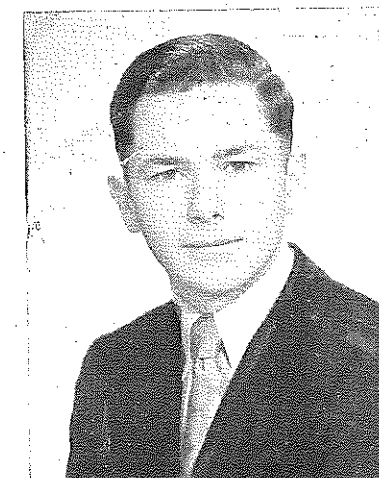
Beryl Hillier



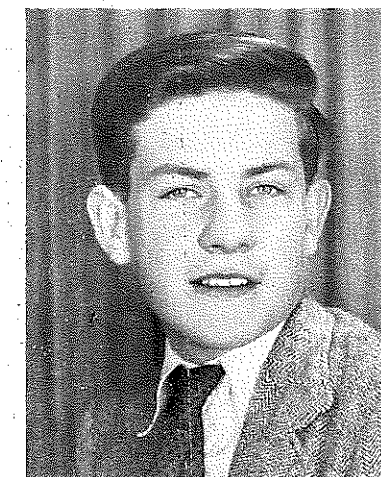
Judy Begent



Alan Parish



Les Apted



Derry Scott

HIDDEN

Does beauty flourish in this waste?
 Regard this scrubland—stunted, mean!
 See how the twisted bushes green
 Retreat to far blue hills in haste.

Look on each dark spot set in grey
 Of last year's grass that's dead and dry.
 "There's no beauty here," you cry,
 "For Desolation passed this way."

But walk among the tussocks dry—
 This scrub is not an empty space!
 It is October! See the grace
 Of wildflowers both small and high.

Purple and gold and blue they rise;
 Others are like the flame of dawn,
 Orchids are dewy lamps each morn—
 Young grass is green; blue are the skies.

You saw not what dull surface hid:
 You had but to investigate:
 You thought the scrub was desolate,
 And then you found a mauve orchid.

You did not think of sweet, green sward;
 You only saw that shrivelled grass.
 So friend, look close before you pass
 Again. Your search will bring reward.

B. Scott, B1.

Maureen Sheehan and Christine Heller are both New Australians, though they have been living here for some time now. We should not let ourselves take our interesting newcomers too much for granted, or we shall miss some of the colour and difference they can give to our lives. Maureen writes about the Guy Fawkes Day Bonfire, part of her life in England that she will miss here. Christine writes of the little town of Hyeres, in Southern France, where she lived for ten years and about which Joseph Conrad wrote in "The Rover," that we study in "A" Class.—Editor.

HYERES

I come from a town called Hyeres, which is in the South of France. I was born in Vienna, Austria, but I lived in France for ten years. Hyeres is a small town of about thirty thousand inhabitants.

Hyeres is situated at a bottom of a hill. The biggest industry is wine-making and olive growing. The climate is very hot in Hyeres, so it is suitable for vegetables. Oranges and mandarins are also plentiful. No weatherboard houses are to be seen.

The children are dressed the same as Australian children, except at great feasts, when they wear national costumes, which are very colourful.

At the school I went to in Hyeres (primary), we did not wear uniforms. School is very much different, we learned more and worked much harder than here. School started at eight o'clock and finished at half past four. Very often we had pictures which were mostly educational.

Because of the lack of space we did not have very much sport. The most popular games were soccer and marbles.

I have been in Australia already two years and am enjoying myself.

Christine Heller, D2.

GUY FAWKES' NIGHT

It was six o'clock and darkness had fallen very rapidly in the English village I lived in before I came to Tasmania a year ago. From out of the stillness of the night slight explosions were heard, every now and then. It was Guy Fawkes' Night again and according to the tradition of November 5, fireworks were being let off all over England. Guys were sitting on top of the bonfires whilst the flames licked around their feet. Children also were dressed as guys, with soot covering their faces and they wore old clothes which had long ago been cast aside as useless.

Lots of fireworks were being let off. Rockets soared high into the sky and they disappeared in a shower of stars. Children were holding hand fireworks and shrieks of delight escaped from their lips as millions of stars came rushing from the fireworks. A boy lit a firework which was called "Jack in the Box" and he waited for it to explode, then with a bang and stars rising from it, the firework rose about a foot from the ground and then it went bouncing on its way.

Roman candles, diamond sprays, emerald cascades and many others, stood on walls and fences and the stars and sparks coming from them seemed to light up the whole of the sky, changing the earth into a fairyland of lights.

Boys were throwing squibs, pom-poms, little demons and other fireworks that exploded with a loud bang among the crowds of people. The timid shrieked in terror and jumped nearly out of their skins when the fireworks exploded behind them. Witches' cauldrons, dragon's breath and many others were let off, from which came green, red, and many other coloured lights, which brought cries of delight from the children.

The bonfires were now blazing and men and boys were throwing paper and wood on the flames. The guy looked a sorrowful sight now, as the flames licked around it. Fireworks were also coming out of the fire and they went on their way, leaving stars behind them. The heat from the fire was terrific and most of the crowd were retreating to a cooler distance.

All too soon the children were called into bed by their mothers. Guy Fawkes Day was now drawing to a close and the bonfires would still be burning the next day. As the children went to sleep, visions of fireworks and fires would come into their minds and this night would be remembered for months and months to come.

Maureen Sheehan, B1.

THE LIGHTHOUSE

By the ever-changing sea,
 Where the waves roll wild and free,
 In its solemn majesty,
 Stands the towering lighthouse.

Like a sentinel, stern and grey,
 Shedding out its warning ray,
 When dark night blots out the day.

This is little Marie's home,
 Where the wild waves toss and moan,
 Underneath the sky's vast dome,
 Round the towering lighthouse.

No fond schoolgirl friends has she,
 There to keep her company,
 For her home is solitary.

What does little Marie dream,
 When the moonlight's silvery gleam,
 Makes a pathway with its beam
 Far across the ocean?

Or the rainbow, stretching far
 To a land where treasures are,
 Or the restless evening star?

Do they beckon her away,
 To a school where children play,
 Where the world is bright and gay,
 Far across the ocean?

Phillip Cowie, C1, Franklin

THE ROCKPOOL



Ever since I was quite a small child, one of the things which has delighted me most has been the small rockpools which are found in great profusion at low tide just off the shores of George Town. As I have gazed into the shallow waters of these tranquil little havens, I have become acquainted with the bounty of marine life sheltering there. To tramp across wet sand, with the sea breeze in your hair is an experience exhilarating and satisfying in itself, but to find a rockpool during your walk and to settle on a rock nearby to watch it, is to feel that something very special is waiting just for you. As I regard a rockpool as one of nature's most wonderful creations, I will endeavour to describe one which I watched during my recent holiday at George Town.

At first all appeared calm and tranquil. The smooth patch of sand showed clearly through the sun-glazed surface of the pool. Brilliant sprays of red seaweed stretched their graceful arms about a patch of small purple mussel shells and a great green profusion of sea lettuce clustered over a small, grey rock. Scarlet sea anemones broke the surface as they moved their searching tentacles and gold and black periwinkles lay

securely attached to an unfortunate whelk, whose curved spiral shell protruded from beneath the seaweed. Soft, slimy orange-tinted sea-worms moved silently across the mussel-covered rock and in the far corner a daintily marked pale pink sea urchin moved gently up and down with the rhythm of the water. Coral, pink and white and shells of every description lay embedded in the sand and as the sun touched their pearly surfaces, they shone with a soft luminous glow. I thought how silent and beautiful everything was and I was quite unprepared for the disturbance which followed.

Quite unexpectedly a crab appeared from behind the sea-lettuce. As he moved, the little pool became clouded and when the water cleared, I could see an orange sandworm working his way across the stretch of sand. Slowly, with the determined air of a killer who is sure of his prey, the crab advanced within half an inch of the curving back of the sandworm. Then, quick as a flash, the old crab shot out one of his massive front nippers and gripped the worm securely and silently. Extending his other nipper beneath the sand, he brought it out on the other side of the captive. "Oow strange," I thought, "that a crab should want to eat a sandworm." But I was not prepared for what ensued. With a terrific tug, the crab tore his prey in two and made off with one half. The broken end waved in pain and quite aroused my sympathy.

Suddenly, from beneath the rock, a small eel about two inches long appeared, closely followed by a silvery baby cod of the same size. Dancing and leaping in their play, they churned the little pool into a whirl of confusion. And then, as his lithe body turned towards the sand, the cod caught sight of the other half of the sandworm. With his tiny gills heaving with the effort, the fish dragged the near-dead orange thread from its sandy refuge. At this moment the eel interrupted, caught the other end and tugged hard. Snap! the victim broke in two for the second time. Each contented with his prize, the baby fish swam to the far end of the pool. Here, a most unexpected tragedy occurred. A baby octopus, with a pink body as big as a threepence, appeared from the sea-lettuce. With one swipe he caught the eel in his firm, terrible grasp and twisted the life from the little body. The cod swam away, the octopus withdrew and the miniature drama I had just witnessed came to an end. The victim's body lay stretched lifeless in the centre of the pool and a piece of pink sea weed floated across it like a curtain drawn at the end of the play.

The purple sea urchin moved its many-pointed legs and made its slow path across the bed of the pool. A scarlet anemone closed up and squirted a shower of water across the surface. The red snail came out of the whelk shell and the old brown crab peeped from behind the growth of seaweed. Slowly, oh, so slowly, a small white cloud drifted across the azure sky above and the snowy reflection showed in the mirror of the rock pool. With a reluctant sigh I rose to go and the last thing I gazed upon was the mottled back of a small green starfish.

Janet Jessop, C1, Arthur.

CREATION

On worn hessian I slipped,
When diving into melodic waters—
A river rush which gurgled or roared as season
varied.
No one has dived to the bottom of this stream
Which carried me,
Oblivious,
Away from the trampled bank.

A gentle pattering of feet,
Slapping down on a gravel beach, awoke me.
As I drowed into full consciousness,
The beating became louder, clearer,
More imperious.
As someone else,
I rose,
And walked across the gravel to the trees
Which promised food—
For I had already drunk.

On and on I toiled, until I topped
The peak; then, inarticulate, I stopped
To learn the wonder of what I saw,
To see, to love, to own, to re-explore.

Below, amidst realms of variegated green same-
ness,
Was a wooded river bend—
The rocks and grass and trees
So differently arranged
That it was like a glimpse of a further world
Of divine, bewildering beauty.
Framed by two trunks and an overhanging bough
It was like a portrait in oils,
Found, unexpectedly,
Amongst a bundle of crayon sketches.
Yet it was not a portrait,
But an everlasting expression of a soul.

D. Mackenzie, Sorell.

LAND GIRLS

The day after we arrived home, that is Friday,
at about four o'clock, a call came to Barbara
and me from the tractor-shed.

"Hullo," said Barbara, "what does Dad want?"
We started to walk over at a leisurely pace,
when suddenly we heard the sound of the tractor
starting. The leisurely pace was no more and
there was a rush to gain the coveted position
beside the driving-seat of the tractor.

"Barbara," said her father, "you'll have to come
over and help me load up."

"All right then. As long as you make Shirley
work too, considering she never does anything."

Because of our positions, I could do nothing
to revenge myself immediately, as was the cus-
tom, so I reserved my revenge for some future
time. Arriving at the barn door, we began jiggling
up and down the dray, while waiting for the hay.
The ground around the barn is extremely muddy
and very, very dirty, and naturally we had to
step carefully.

Loading the hay kept us busy for about half an
hour and then came the job of spreading it. From
our precarious seat "on top of a load of hay" we
had a lovely view of the countryside. We saw
the blooming wattle, the patches of red and white
heath, the fresh green of the paddocks with small
white dots of sheep and smaller ones of lambs
and the silvery blue ribbon which was the South

Esk River. We were rudely awakened from our
reverie by an extra large bump. The dray having
no springs, a ride on it is not exactly smooth.

"Shirl, I think I'm going to be sore to-morrow."

"You're not the only one," I ruefully replied.

Suddenly we heard a "moo" close at hand and
Barbara and I jumped, for we had not noticed
the cows appearing round the corner after their
tea.

"O.K. Barbara," said her father, "up you go
and drive."

"Me?" gasped she, ungrammatically, very dis-
mayed at the prospect of driving the big tractor.

"Of course!" Come along, quickly now!"

"Oh, Shirley, I'm scared. I'll probably end up
in the river."

"Don't be silly! I'll come down too, and give
you some moral support."

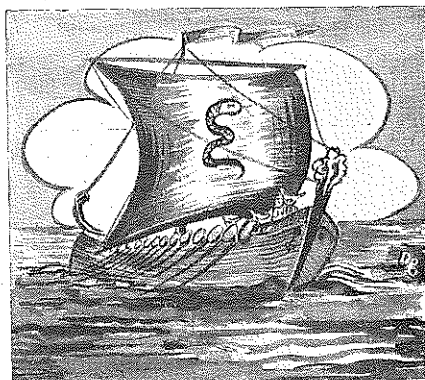
Having no other alternative, Barbara slid more
or less gracefully, down from the hay, to find
herself face to face with Benjie, the bull, a very
ferocious creature, who for once, decided not
to chase us. Still it was enough!

As Barbara drove the tractor slowly round
the paddock, her father threw sheaves of hay
to left and right, the sixty-seven cows following.
They sniffed each sheaf as it fell, then discarded
it and ran off after the tractor again. I
thoroughly enjoyed myself, being a "back-seat"
or rather "side-seat" driver to Barbara, who at
last, thoroughly exasperated, told me to get off
and drive myself—which I promptly did.

Soon, however, we were homeward bound again
with the tractor in "road" gear and the sharp
invigorating wind in our faces.

Shirley Martin, B2, Wilmot.

THE VIKINGS OF THE NORTH



Their sails, as black as a starless night;
Come moving on with a sullen might;
Rows of gleaming shields they hung,
Over the gunwales in order slung;
And the broad, black banners fluttered and flapped
Like ravens' pinions that dipped and lapped,
The Vikings' galleys as they slipped along.

Every Viking had a hauberk on—
And glittering gold, how each robber lord,
Waved in the air his threatening sword.
One long swift rush through surf and foam;
And they leapt ere the rolling wave had gone
On our Saxon shore their new-found home.

Alex Scott, E1, Wilmot.

MODERN METHODS OF TORTURE

It is a popular belief that torture as a lasting
relic of the middle ages has at last died out. Not
merely is this belief wrong, but instead of being
confined to the unfortunate few, torture is now
the daily portion of everyone. Of course methods
have changed; no longer are the thumbscrew and
rack used to extort secrets, but instead more
modern methods are used, frequently for no
particular reason at all.

The foremost torture affecting young people
is the necessity for going to school. This is
similar to the adult torture of going to work, but
it is actually far worse since for the schoolboy,
it is not an economic necessity, which can some-
times be avoided, but a legal necessity which
can never be avoided. The mere fact of compul-
sion, while a mild torture for some, does not
seriously affect many. However, attendance at
school is not sufficient. Once arrived one is com-
pelled to listen to and sometimes even answer,
if one can, hordes of prosy, droning teachers,
many of whom might well have Torquemada as
their second name. Of course, Torquemada him-
self, may have been quite agreeable, similarly
most teachers are probably quite pleasant, but the
subjects they teach make them seem very differ-
ent. As if this was not sufficient, twice a week
one must make oneself look idiotic, prancing
about with basketballs, hoops and springboards.

The authorities, realising that the wonderful
joys of going to school should not be confined to
children, have instituted Adult Education. This
form of torture, while not, on the whole, worse
than going to school, is more unpleasant in that
the teachers are often fairly ignorant of their
subject and sometimes ignorant of the simplest
teaching methods.

There is only one other form of torture com-
parable with going to school as a pupil and that
is going to school as a teacher. Presumably this
has its compensations since otherwise teachers
would have to be conscripted by government press
gangs.

Another modern form of torture affecting a
great many people is daily bus or tram travel.
Although merely cold, bumpy and generally un-
pleasant during the morning, in the evening this
frequently resembles one of those gnomes of
"Kick the Man Down," which, we are told, were
so popular during the Middle Ages.

The wireless and the many forms of noise
which pass under the name of music, are well
known tortures, but many people have become so
blase about the hoots, drones, rattles, creaks
and squeals which constantly assail the, so-called,
civilised ear that they endure them without flinch-
ing.

Hugh Reeves, "A," Franklin.

RIVER IN FLOOD

Our house is safe from floods because it is
built on a hill, but in flood time it is almost sur-
rounded by water like a castle with a moat.
Along the south we have a river which turns near
the corner of our boundary and then runs up the
east side of the house, on the west side is a
swamp, and on the north side a lagoon. Because

my father was more afraid of isolation than the
flood, he drove into town to bring back supplies.

On the ninth day the river started rushing
and swirling with a maddening speed and on the
tenth day we could not hear ourselves shout within
three hundred yards of the fall which is situated
about a quarter of a mile to the east of the
bend in the river. The lagoon was no longer
sleepy, but more like a whirlpool as it slapped
the water on the trunks of the trees which sur-
rounded it and sticks, limbs and debris were
tossed amid the swirling waters.

The rain continued to fall and after the
twelfth day the water was still rising. The
lagoon flowed over into the swamp which was
by now more like a river as it washed up over the
"slips," a ten-acre paddock which runs down the
west side. The water was only two hundred
yards from the house and all outside connections
had been broken by the vicious storm.

Friday was a day that I will never forget.
The morning was grey, sultry and humid,
although the rain had abated, but the water was
only one hundred feet from the home buildings.
At three in the afternoon it had crept up past
the barn, past the stable and was now only
fifty yards from the house.

Thankful that the rain had ceased, we
started to prepare in case of emergencies, but
Dad did not think that we would have to try to
escape by means of the motor boat because since
the rain had ceased, the water had been slower
in rising and in the last two hours it had risen
about a yard.

All that night we slept in our clothes, but
Dad kept awake as he sat by the windows to
watch for further developments. The following
morning the water had receded about thirty yards
and for the first time in thirteen days, the sun
came out.

Now that the danger was over it was hard
work to try and clean away the debris and dig
small ditches to drain the water from the main
paddocks. At the end of the week the water
had turned into its natural course although the
river was still swollen.

C. McCarthy, C1, Sorell.

AT THE DOCKS

Right alongside the busy quay,
Ships from oceans, ships from sea,
Are moored by hawsers to the quayside,
Over which white seagulls glide.

In the river, like a queen,
An ocean liner here is seen—
A massive ship, a floating town,
She dwarfs the tugs which fuss around
To tow her to her berth in dock,
Hitting the wall without a shock.

Immediately, she's firmly moored,
And burly dockers climb aboard.
As soon as she is loaded up,
"Blue Peter" flies at the foremast top.
And soon she starts a voyage new
With passengers and cargo, too.

George Gibney, C1.

ON A SUMMER'S DAY

We three lay on the green bank that followed the bend
Of the river, where we were enjoying the crime
Of unauthorised absence from school, just to spend
The day here, without thought of our teacher or time.

We'd been splashing about in the water before—
We now lay in the sun there with nothing to do,
While our thoughts, like a butterfly keen to explore,
Around all the bright leaves of experience flew.

Then Richard jumped up, he suggested, "Come on!"

Let's race to the rapids ahead there—I'll lead."
We jumped to our feet—I said, "Hurry! Begone!
Or I'll be there long before you've hit top speed."



We plunged in the river and started the race;
I stroked at my hardest, Stan swam at his best,
Still Richard maintained his original place,
But, as we came nearer, we all came abreast.

So strong was the current, we went near the side;
We panted all effort was put in that burst—
We spurted, we struggled, we strained 'gainst the tide—

With Richard behind me, Stan reached the rock first.

Then we climbed on the rock and sat down for a while
To recover our breath; we discussed what we'd do.

And at last we decided to climb to a pile
Of smooth rocks in midstream—we set out with that view.

We were near the mid-stream when we met a small space:

Before us, no rocks for at least three yards more,

We plunged over, a smooth rock I tried to embrace—

But I slipped, was washed off in the water's dull roar.

When at last I could swim up the stream, I saw one
Then the both of the others nearby—they'd slipped too—
We were back where we started, our goal was not won;
It was time to go home, so we quickly withdrew.

"Ever and Anon," Sorell.

LAST NIGHT IN CAMP

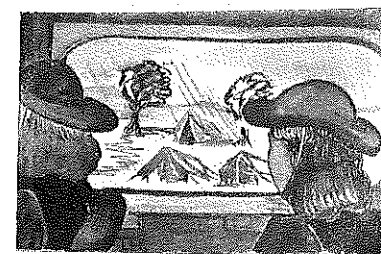
Lights Out was easy that night, for the next day was going to be a very busy one, with packing and striking the tents. We were all feeling just a little sad, so we had a little sing-song in our own tent and I finished ceremoniously by playing on my mouth organ, "God Save the King" (the only song I can play). As everyone scattered in different directions to her own tent, Camp commandant told us to tighten the guys and to hammer the pegs in more firmly as a gale had blown up.

The wind was very strong—so strong that it seemed to be a person trying his hardest to bring the tent down, pushing first on one side, then on another. We could hear the guys straining and once someone had to spring out of bed, mallet in hand as the door flap, with its trailing peg, was torn from the ground. This was the supreme test. Was our pitching of "Buck" good enough to withstand the wind? We had our doubts. The ridge-pole developed a lean downhill and, poking my head out the back of the tent, I discovered the uprights corresponded.

Suddenly the wind dropped. The silence was startling in comparison, but was broken a few minutes later by the steady and uniform sound of rain on the fly sheet, increasing in volume every minute. The rain descended in torrents, the heaviest I think I have ever heard in my life. It was a peculiar sensation to hear the rain falling at such a rate and force only a few feet above one's head, expecting at any moment to feel its coldness on one's face.

The wind began to blow again with its previous fury and all hands were called to mallet swinging. Anything that would keep the water out reasonably well was hastily donned over our pyjamas and we dashed through the blinding rain in the direction of the mess tent, where several lights were hovering. After an exhausting struggle, we managed just in time to save two marquees from being blown across Devonport and the pelting rain did not make it any the less difficult. There was little sleep for us that night, for rain and wind continued with the same fury till three o'clock the next morning, when some of us managed to sleep till six.

A scene of destruction greeted us at dawn. The wash-cubicles lay on their side at the bottom of the field (there were a few Guides happy to see that), but we were proud to say that was our only catastrophe. The next field did not get off so lightly, as four tents were blown down and a fly-sheet ripped to pieces. The colour ceremony was held by hoisting only one flag, the other two poles having fallen. Owing to the weather, the tents could not be struck, so until our buses arrived, we kept to them, only coming out be-



tween the showers to do the remainder of our duties. As the bus wound its way down the road, across the white bridge and on to the town and the station, we could see the tents flapping in the breeze, bidding us farewell.

Eunice Farthing, B2, Sorell.

TO THE UNKNOWN

And now the dark has come.
The starry multitudes stray wide.
Unherded by the pearly moon
On a gentle breeze they ride.
For though she shines on many nights,
On fountain, tree and grass,
To-night she rests, and at no place
We now may see her pass.

The silhouettes of houses show
And beacons flash afar.
A cricket calls aloud for rain.
A star falls where you are.
There seems not time enough in life
To find the charms of night,
Nor can the dawn of another day
Move yesterday from sight.

For through the night, with inky pen,
Our God inscribes the past.
The main events of the day gone by
Are in the mind made fast,
Until we carry in our hearts
A pool of limpid tears
Of happy, glad and laughing hours,
Of gripping, stifling fears.

Now as the cock crows,
And light returns once more,
I feel the chill of morning
Whispering round my door.
I doubt not that the day will bring
More folly, pain and things to rue,
But, God be kind, this day may yet
Be the day that brings me you.

I. G. Wallace

MEN OF THE "COMET"

A crowd of wildly excited people fought for a glimpse of a weird craft perched in a mighty steel scaffolding. The mighty craft was pointing towards the dark starlit heavens above. It was shaped like a bullet with short stubby fins projecting from the sides near the tail. At one end, three huge tubes projected slightly. Suddenly a mighty roar went up, flames of every vivid colour belched from the tubes. Smoke poured out, hiding the ship for a moment. Then as the clouds cleared the ship could be seen quivering like an arrow in a taut bow. Then, slowly at first, but gathering

speed at every second, the great ship rose majestically from her scaffolding and roared off into the night.

So, at midnight on the 18th day of March, 1980 another page of the world's history was written.

This great ship named the "Silver Comet" was the result of years of work by the great scientists of the world some of whom did not live to see the result of their work. Built by the British Government with assistance from the United Nations, the "Comet" was the first crew-carrying rocket ship to attempt a flight to our satellite and closest universal neighbour—the moon. Since the beginning of time, men have stared at this ghostly body and wondered what was there. Now they were going to find out.

The journey was scheduled to take twenty days—ten there, ten back. The ship had reached the moon. This had been established by the astronomers at several observatories, but twenty days had elapsed and the ship was not back. The critics now standing on solid ground said, "I told you so." Others turned to the government for explanations. Figures had proved the "Comet" should be back.

Twenty-five days! Thirty! Forty!

Then one day a report came through from Australia stating that the "Comet" had crashed twenty miles north-east of Alice Springs in desert country. Soon the ship, which was extensively damaged was cut open by oxy-acetylene torches. Inside the ship they found the bodies of the crew with faces painfully contorted. Beside the body of the commander, Martin Withers they found his diary which briefly ran: "We arrived at the moon successfully. It's uncanny up here, I can't explain it. Dark and desolate—not a movement—utterly stark and desolate."

"Eleven days—Something went wrong in the take-off, must have underestimated moon's gravity. Used a terrific amount of fuel. We must go slow on the return or we'll run out of fuel."

"Twenty days—We are coming along slowly, but surely."

"Thirty days—Progress as good as it could be, but I'm worried about our oxygen. We're on emergency supplies."

"Thirty-five days—Oxygen position is very bad, earth is close."

"Thirty-nine days—Earth is very close, only five hundred miles. I'm the only one left . . . I'm very weak . . . hardly write . . . I don't think I . . ."

G. Symonds, C1, Arthur.

SUMMER SEA

The summer sea's a lovely thing,
It fascinates the eye.
On shell-strewn sands it seems to sing
A lilting lullaby.

It wears a thousand peacock hues,
That sparkle diamond bright.
And on the shining sand it strews
Small treasures that delight.

All placid in the sunset light,
Like glass it seems to lie,
A distant rim of golden bright,
That blends with the rosy sky.

John Lamb, E1.

OUR BUS

There are many delightful folk on "our bus." There is the portly gentleman sitting at the back. He is clean shaven, but his bushy eyebrows, which have a remarkable habit of standing up like question marks when anything unusual happens, belie this fact. He habitually wears tweeds and a broad-brimmed hat which hides a mass of chestnut hair, greying at the temples, greased until it gleams. Although he invariably uses his companion, a subdued elderly man in a neat navy suit, as an ash tray, he is in reality, the essence of kindly good humour.

By the door is a lady dressed in black, whom the casual observer might classify as "frowsy." Her three string bags literally ooze parcels at each step. Her heart, however, is as large as her burden, for as she gets off the bus she offers to carry some of her neighbour's parcels home.

A five-year-old boy is eagerly telling his companion, a secondary school lad, of the latest adventures of his pup, "Wuffy." Both boys follow Peter's hands as they fill in the details his tongue and eyes omit. Peter has soft fair hair which is for ever falling toward his misty blue eyes and a sprinkling of freckles on the extremity of his tilted nose. His companion is rather a contrast as his hair is dark and curls tightly on his head, never venturing over the broad, olive brow toward the heavily marked eyebrows or the velvety-brown eyes which can still build glorious castles in the air. They are still talking as they leave the bus. Peter's tiny feet run in the effort of keeping pace with the grey clad legs beside him, but even so he dimples with delight at the remembrance that his companion is the greatest cricketer ever to play for the High School.

Silver-white hair, rosy cheeks and a complexion so flawless as to be the envy of many younger women, are the possessions of the sprightly seventy-six year old lady is speaking to the bus driver as she leaves. She always has a cheerful word for everyone, even though her husband is ill in hospital at present. Her basket is empty now, but when she went to see him it held the choicest flowers—red roses—from her garden. After fifty-eight years she loves to take a gift to her husband.

These are merely a few of those who travel on "our bus." There are many others. There is me. We are an interesting group and delightful company too. And—we live in every suburb in nearly every city. Dorothy Allen, B1.

HEADACHES

Lights, flashing, dazzling bright!
Mirrors whirring round!
The brain begins to beat
With a steady pounding sound.

Sounds! unbelievable and loud!
Quiet needed here.
Faces here and there
With eyes that seem to peer.

Smells! horrid, piercing, sour!
Then it starts to rain.
Headaches ease a bit
But soon they start again.

W. Sutherland, D2, Arthur

SEASONS

She was so beautiful,
When she was dressed in autumn's soft maturity.
She had warm, red leafy lips
And golden hair, wind-combed.
Her eye sparkled in a sunny raindrop
On a blue gum, evergreen.
Her dresses were large crinolines
Of soft yellows, browns and reds,
Blended in the mellow wisdom of experience.
She was so motherly,
So lovable.

Now autumn's gone,
Whisking the model bare of all her fragile railments,
Which seemed so everlasting.
What use to her the coins,
That are piled up at her feet?
Unloved,
Can hope of a future life
Alleviate her loneliness?
Forgotten,
Can she remain proudly aloof
Until life is no more?

D. Mackenzie, "A," Sorell

AFTER FOUR DAYS

The rain had been falling steadily for four days. Now those people who had praised its timely appearance were gazing skyward, hoping to see some change. Those who were more superstitious were not raising their eyes.

"It had rained on Saint Swithin's Day hadn't it? Very well then, we must be resigned to forty days and nights of rain."

But those who lived near rivers, especially small ones with large catchment areas and reputations for rapid risings were anxiously scanning both the skies and the newspapers for tidings of changed weather. None came.

On the seventh day the Supply River flooded. Great sheets of water covered the flat country and the roads were impassable that Sunday night. "I hope it's still up in the morning," said my brother, "then we'll have to go round the long way to reach Exeter and we'll miss the first buses."

"Don't you worry, my boy," said Dad, giving me a wink. "I'll harness Barney into the float and take you in that rather than see you miss school."

However, next morning the water had dropped a little and, by driving the truck, Dad was able to take us out the five miles to meet the bus. We were not affected by the floods, but many lives were.

When the flood had been at its peak, the strident lamentation of the native hens had filled the air. Their nests had been ruined. Their precious eggs which they had already begun to warm were now as cold as stone. They themselves, were crowding on to some of the higher mounds of earth. They were not alone in their wailings of grief. The plovers, who had already begun chasing all intruders from the paddocks in which they had their nests, were similarly affected, except that they could fly to safety.

But perhaps the most pitiful of all the sufferers were the rabbits, those little animals whom I, for one, never know how to regard. I

see them so often, timid pretty little creatures playing amongst themselves with no thoughts of harming anyone. Then, when I mention their charm, someone delights in quoting to me lists of damages that such pests cause to the farmers.

To-day the farmers were revenging themselves. They were wading, sometimes waist-deep to the little island sanctuaries on which hundreds of homeless rabbits were huddled and gathering literally sackfuls of the poor little half-drowned creatures. Some rabbits managed to elude the hunters by struggling from one island to another but they were usually caught in the end, or drowned in their efforts.

The farmers, however, should not be accused of lack of feeling as perhaps they are working out of their systems thoughts of the acres of seed carried away by this no longer good servant, but terrible master, the river.

Ronda Mullen, C1, Arthur

THE LITTLE GREEN SHACK



In the heart of the bush
There's a little green shack
Where I lived for a while.
My thoughts go back
To the times when I watched the birds by the
score
Come hopping right up
To the wide open door.
There were fire-tails, robins and little blue
wrens;
And even a possum
Once came to make friends.
He would swing from the tree-tops
And drop to the ground
And I'd watch quite quietly and not make a
sound.

A. Birchman, "D," Sorell.

BY HEC!

Have you been to Bronte Park? It was late January when I was there and the days were long, serene epochs. Bronte Park—a small place only important as the centre of a large area of the Hydro-Electric Commission's vast projects. Yet it is surely the home of Mercury, Zeus and of Venus.

The speed and precision of Bronte Park is something far beyond the imagination of the city dweller. There everything runs with the same surety a spring used to follow winter. At five to eight a fleet of about twenty buses falls in

near the workers' huts. At eight o'clock a whistle shrieks and the workers run to their respective buses. At five past eight Bronte Park is almost empty.

Here the wonders of the geared world display their splendour—from the tiny intricate mechanism of the automatic telephone to the huge five-yard scoop. The Ruson-Butsaurus scoop is the largest ever seen in Tasmania. Bronte Park has two of them, really immense instruments which thunder across freshly exposed ground and yet they are delicate and need the constant attention of experts with years of experience. I was fortunate enough to be shown over one while it was in operation. On entering the cabin, a room about the size and shape of the School Library, the visitor is greeted by the roar of engines, enormous in both power and noise. The driving of this giant is also most interesting—behind this ogre there lies a long tail, long enough to reach the nearest main and transfer two thousand two hundred volts A.C. to a large engine. This motor drives a generator which produces one thousand one hundred volts D.C. which in turn drives an electric motor which drives the machinery as well as smaller motors for various minor mechanisms. This is done because A.C. will travel along wires with less drop than D.C., but a D.C. motor is more efficient than an A.C. motor for driving machines. Yes, here certainly is the home of Zeus.

But Bronte Park is not all mechanical marvel—it possesses a beauty rarely surpassed. The natural surroundings of this town are low-running hill, with an occasionally deep gorge and many fern fronds cooling the streams which contain large numbers of the introduced trout. In the middle of the year, Bronte Park is purified by a covering of the best Tasmanian snow. The many nations move around in their own caps and coats which so easily distinguish them and the whole countryside takes on a new and happy outlook.

Bronte Park is a township of marvels. It is something to shake the complacency of its many visitors.

Artan ½ y, Wilmot.

SPRING WITHOUT

The windows rattled but the room was still;
The dying embers flickered in the hearth;
A bird outside the casement sang his trill
To wind-swept blossoms lying on the path.
The newborn snowdrops raised their dainty heads
To listen, when the bird began his note.
And all the violets in their leafy beds,
On round, green-crested wavelets seemed to
float.
But we within the walls were not so bright;
The scene was dreary in the afternoon,
With greying clouds to give a dismal light.
We could not see the golden daffodil,
But we could hear the echo of the tune,
That issued forth to greet us o'er the sill.

Janet Jessop, C1, Arthur.

THE SNAKE

The noon was hot and dusty,
The landscape dim with haze,
And I was tired and breathless,
Red with the sun's hot rays—
When all at once a rustle
I heard—for goodness sake,
I turned and looked—oh horrors!
I saw a large black snake.

His body, lithe and supple
Slipped through the short, dry grass,
I stared at him with terror,
Withdrew and let him pass.
His tail, a whip of blackness,
At last was gone from view
And I continued on my way
To tell this tale to you.

Janet Jessop, C1, Arthur.

OLD TOM

Old Tom lifted his head from the newspaper
and then shivered.

"Autumn's here, winter'll be on us before we
know where we are."

He lay back in his chair and pulled at his pipe.
Every year when the air was noticeably chillier,
Tom's thoughts ran in the same channels.

"I won't be able to swim down at the waterhole
soon. Have to wash at the tank. That means
heating the water once a week in the copper.
That'll need repairing."

"There'll be good money in skins this year.
Might be able to persuade the cannery to accept
some rabbit carcasses. The traps will need check-
ing: better repair them to-morrow, else there
won't be time!"

Then Tom rose from the chair. He walked to
the door and looked at the two old oaks, which
were beginning to shed their leaves.

He thought: "Those leaves would be handy
for the garden next spring, better put them in
the compost heap."

The sheep which were grazing in the creek
paddock would have to be moved to the mountain
run, as the creek would flood the paddocks in
autumn. The sheep would be worth a bit next
summer. Better move them next week.

As he watched the dying fire, he remembered
that two days would have to be set aside to cut
the big gum, and drag it to the hut. That meant
using the horses which would need shoeing, as
the rocks would cut their feet.

"Well! Might as well take them down in the
cart to-morrow."

The next morning Tom harnessed the horses
to the cart and clattered down the road towards
the township. Leaving the horses at the black-
smith's, he entered the store, with a crumpled
list, on which a rabbit trap figured with a bag
of flour. Remembering the chilly weather and
the dead gum to be cut, Tom bought a pair of
blankets and an axe handle.

Then he went down to the forge, paid the smith
and returned to the store with the cart and
loaded it with his purchases. Then lighting his
pipe, he touched the horses with the rein and
drove slowly up the hill, his mind at ease. No
more worries, the old bushman's autumn prepara-
tions were complete.

D. Wilson, B2, Sorell.

IN OUR BUSH

The sun sank slowly behind the hills, casting an
orange glow over the sky. The sudden shriek
of a bell-bird re-echoed over the tree-tops. Then
all was quiet, until another bird burst out into
song. I was reclining in a deck chair when, with
a stifled yawn I got up and strode across the
verandah and out into the peaceful garden. Be-
yond the garden was the bush, into which I
strode. I was surprised at first, to come in contact
with such a ghostly silence. All the birds had
stopped and only an occasional croak from a frog
disturbed the stillness.

After walking for seemingly endless miles, I sat
down beside a stream. Eventually all the night
creatures added their untuneful songs to the
occasional hoot of a bird. After a while I felt
something crawling drunkenly across my leg, I
promptly squashed it and also, promptly re-
gretted that action. The smell that arose was
not one that one would call delightful. It was
one of those horrible little ants. They say in
books that scent is obtained from skunks and
other horrible creatures and if a skunk smells
anything like that beastly little ant, it is beyond
my comprehension how scent could possibly,
under any circumstances, be obtained from such
a creature. Luckily there was that small stream
gurgling past and I was able to wash my hand
and then I hurriedly moved farther up the stream,
to where there were more rocks and where I was
likely to rest without disturbing any more ants.

After I had settled down I again noticed that
stilled silence. Gradually, the night creatures
came in again, with their inharmonious chorus.
Rabbits suddenly scuttled across a clear patch of
ground. Suddenly a small lizard ran over the
rocks, evidently rather late in getting home. I
picked it up and much to my surprise I found
that it did not squirm through my fingers, as
most lizards do. It just sat there, hardly moving
its tail. Eventually I let it go.

I was just thinking about going home, when I
saw a small number of insects flitting about. A
minute later I felt a razor-like prick and upon
looking down, I saw a wretched mosquito. My
feeling for mosquitoes was not generous, so
slowly and deliberately, I squashed it, hoping
there was not an ant in the vicinity. Upon seeing
other mosquitoes who intended me for their vic-
tim, I hastily got up and made my way home-
ward.

Tony Hogg, E5, Sorell.

I WONDER WHY

There's a land where the gums and the wattles
blow,

By dried up rivers that seldom flow,
A land where all is parched and dry
With its gaping mouth against the sky.

It quivers and blurs in the noonday sun,
And cools a little when day is done,
Dawn in the scrub the billabongs dry heat,
Crack in the heat, and the rushes sigh.

I wonder why I love this place,
With the scars of battle o'er her face,
A battle that's fought from year to year,
And helps to us this land endear.

Lois Cole, B2, Wilmot.

Lest We Forget

PILOT OFFICER GEOFFREY INGRAM STEPHENS, D.F.C., A.M.

The School and Old Scholars' Association mourn the loss on active service of
the late Pilot Officer Geoffrey I. Stephens.

P.O. Stephens was a son of Mr. and Mrs. I. W. Stephens, Erina Street, Laun-
ceston and was a student at the L.H.S. He gained his Schools' Board Certificate with
three credits and six passes, was an outstanding member of the School Flight of the
A.T.C.

After leaving School he maintained his association with the A.T.C. and then
enlisted in the R.A.A.F. and was the outstanding member of his School.

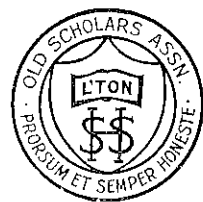


Included in his service with the U.N. Forces in Korea were 74 combat missions.
He was promoted to commissioned rank as from November 2, 1950. He was killed
in an operations over Korea early this year when his plane crashed while on a recon-
naissance mission with a full load of rockets and ammunition.

The award of the D.F.C. and Air Medal—two distinct decorations—was made
by the President and approved by the King.

The citation on the award of the D.F.C. stated that he performed an act of
exceptional achievement while flying over enemy territory in Korea, November 20, 1950.
Through adverse weather and over extremely rugged terrain he made repeated devas-
tating passes and personally destroyed three anti-aircraft positions and two supply
trucks.

The citation on the award of the Air Medal stated that he had shown ability,
initiative and courage in the course of 10 operational flights between July 7 and
August 19, 1950.



OLD SCHOLARS' ASSOCIATION

DIRECTORY

Patron.—Mr. W. C. Morris.
 President.—Mr. M. L. Wright.
 Chairman.—Mr. C. A. Allen.
 Joint Secretaries.—Misses M. Atkins and M. Hoggan.
 Treasurer.—Mr. B. Irvine.
 Senior Old Scholars' Representatives. — Mesdames S. Turnbull and I. Hoggan.
 Committee.—Mrs. M. Wright, Misses B. Atkins, B. Goldsworthy, N. Jansen, R. Coogan, L. Bowden, B. Brown, M. Wilcox; Messrs. D. Lucas, M. Columbine, K. Campbell, B. Lanham, T. Moreton, D. Warren.
 Editor of Old Scholars' Column.—M. Atkins.

RE-UNION

Once again our Annual Re-Union was conducted in March and proved very successful. We would like to see a few more Old Scholars along at this function.

VISITS AND VISITORS

Our Association was pleased to entertain members of the Old Hobartian Association at the week-end of September 23. This year, basketball was the only sport played, resulting in a win for Churinga. A dance at the Anzac Hostel followed by a trip to Notley Fern Gorge wound up a very successful week-end. Our Association made a trip to Hobart during the November long week-end and were lavishly entertained by O.H.A.

SQUARE DANCING

Our Association formed a square dancing class at the beginning of winter to fulfil our younger members' needs. This was a great success, but unfortunately, owing to the changing to various nights, the membership became smaller and the club was wound up during September.

STREET STALL

A very successful street stall was held in August, resulting in a profit of over £25.

DANCES

Last year we conducted a Christmas dance at the High School and it proved one of the most successful dances ever given by the Association. Features of the evening were the floor show and the Christmas Carols at the conclusion of the dance. This year another dance will be held to wind up this year's activities.

A dance was conducted at Perth on Friday, November 16 and we were very pleased with the co-operation we received from members of the Association who made the trip.

MOUNTAIN TRIP

During September our annual trip to Mt. Barrow took place. Despite the cold, wet day, 3 participants successfully struggled to the top of the mountain.

PICNIC

The Association is conducting its annual picnic at Longford on December 9 and the new Old Scholars will be very welcome.

BARBEQUE

We are commencing the new year with a barbeque which we have planned for the last Saturday in January. With this activity we intend to commence an active year's work.

ENGAGEMENTS

Ian Burrows to Judy Plumber.
 * Bonnie Atkins to Bill Allen.
 Marjorie Feutrill to Gordon Bonner.
 Judith Scott to Peter Brothers.
 Yvonne Charlton to Bill Dalton.
 Bev. Robinson to Brian Gibson.
 Brian Irvine to Gwen Dawe.
 * Vonnice Brown to Murray Columbine.
 Eulie Hutton to Roy Brain.
 * Betty Goldsworthy to Phil Wood.
 Nancy Elms to George Caluay.
 Margaret Little to Don Krushka.
 John Wivell to Joan Stancombe.
 Paul Phelps to Margery Becket.
 Betty Lawrence to Tom Hughes.
 Lola Smythe to Ken Hawkesford.

MARRIAGES

Mary Simmons to David Bendall.
 * June Cookman to John Padman.
 Shirley Elms to Roy Strochnetter.
 * Bev. Prince to David Mold.
 * Lorna Brown to Brian Dean.
 Gwen Street to Max Jones.
 Shirley Waldron to Lloyd Cook.
 * Joan Newman to Dennis Wheelan.
 Fay Lehner to Peter Botcher.
 Dorothy Dennis to Stan Wood.
 Judith Coogan to Tom Hudson.
 Vic Watkins to Bev. Cute.
 * Betty Tyson to Malcolm Wright.
 Shirley Clark to Jim Andrews.
 Eraine Crothers to Stan Dyson.
 * Denotes both Old Scholars.

BIRTHS

Dorothy and Wal Collingsley (daughter).
 Pat and Arnold Wolff (daughter).
 Betty and Peter Brown—a son.
 Barbara and Lloyd Badcock—a daughter.
 Shirley and Ray Strochnetter—a son.
 Shirley and Ted Swinton—a daughter.
 June and Ralph Brown—a son.
 Marion and Brian Boot—a son.
 Gwen and Ron McIntyre—a son.
 D. Norman and Vonne Wood—a son.
 Jean and Harry Bearup—a daughter.
 Graeme and Beth Smith—a daughter.

PERSONAL

Whilst in America, Ken Cassidy obtained his Doctorate in Dentistry.

Bruce Rose completed his training at the Edinborough University with honours.

Tom Bailey has returned from France after completing his studies there at the University.

John Hawkins is middleweight champion of the Melbourne University and also Captain of the University Rifle Club.

OBITUARY

It is with sincere regret that we have to refer to the untimely death of Geoff, Stephens on active service in Korea. Geoff will ever be remembered for his services to the School, particularly with the A.T.C. and also for his keen sense of humour. His courage earned the high recommendation of his superior officers in the R.A.A.F. and will be a glorious example for all who are serving in the United Nations Forces in Korea.

DEGREES CONFERRED IN 1951

M. W. Atkins—B.A.
 Helen Murray—B.A.
 Kay Bricliffe—B.A.
 Nairn Scott—B.A.
 Billie Davey, B.A.
 Geoffrey Watson—Dip. Ed.
 Ken Viney—Dip. Ed.

ACCOUNTANCY

Bruce Proverbs—Advanced Auditing.
 M. Jansen—Law.
 R. Elms—Finals.

SPORT

Paddy Martin—Tasmanian Cricket Team.
 Brian Booth—Tasmanian Cricket Team.
 Julie Jacobs, Lynette Bowden, Margaret Little, Margaret Stagg, Beverley and Muriel McKillop—State Vigoro Team.
 Terry Lynd—State Surfing Team.
 Noel Atkins—Captain-Coach N.T.F.A. Premier-ship Team.
 Kevin Jack, Brian Mills—State Hockey Team.
 Men's Basketball.—Two teams entered in the Y.M.C.A. competition. Churinga Red came third in "A" Grade and Churinga Black runners-up in "B" Grade.
 Football.—One Churinga team entered in the Amateur roster and accredited themselves admirably. The Club would like to see more younger Old Scholars taking an active interest in this

Club. Secretary, L. Turner, of Humphrey Bros.

Women's Hockey.—One Churinga team played in the roster and reached the finals, but were eliminated by East Launceston. During the year, a match was played with Sandy Bay, resulting in a win for Churinga. A trip to Devonport with the Churinga Men's Hockey Club concluded the season. All new players please contact M. Atkins of G. V. Brooks Community School.

Women's Basketball.—Two teams were entered in the basketball roster this year, Red and Green. Churinga Reds played off for the premiership with Worths, who defeated them. New players please contact Mrs. M. Wright, of Record & Tre-gaskis.

Men's Hockey.—After being last on the ladder in 1950, Churinga Men's Hockey Team not only won the Northern Premiership, but also annexed the State title. Men's "B" Grade team, comprising mostly schoolboys, did well to gain fifth position on the premiership ladder. We expect great things from them next year. All new players please contact Kevin Jack, of E.S. & A. Bank.

Women's Vigoro.—One Churinga team entered in roster matches and reached the finals, but were eliminated by Miller & Murr's. Congratulations are extended to the six girls who gained State honours from this team. New players contact B. Atkins.

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

WELCOME

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

The Association intends to keep friendships which you have already made at School and help you to keep in touch with your old School. Help us to help you. For a small subscription of 3/- for the first year, you will become a financial member and be entitled to all the benefits which can be derived from the Association. Badges are also obtainable at 3/6.

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

AUTOGRAPHS

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E. R. Fowler	W. L. Norris	B. Layh.
J. Dagnor.	J. G. Docking	M. R. Dobbinson
	C. E. Newbon	
R. H. Fleming		Alan. G. Dabbs
L. Russell.	D. K. Bewsher	J. G. Dabbs
S. P. Baulch	L. B. Lyons	A. G. Dobson
J. H. Smith.	H. Sheband	J. Crawford
M. Harvey.	N. W. Alcock.	G. McCormack
M. Ash.	R. Wilson	J. L. Fricks
		M. Holloway
N. A. Hudson.	A. J. Deane	C. Bushby.
P. Morris.	P. O. Dunning	P. Penman
M. J. Miller.	J. Gibson	R. H. Penizels