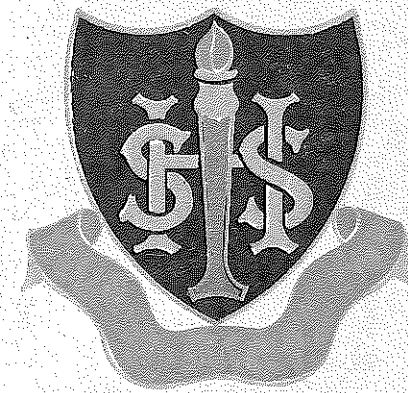


The Northern Churinga



December, 1952

Launceston High School Magazine

VOLUME, XLII

The Northern Churinga

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The School

Editorial

"Joy and woe are woven fine,
A clothing for the soul divine."—Blake.

If you can walk out of this School with a certificate to show that you have done brilliantly in the scholastic field, you have achieved something wonderful and praiseworthy. You feel that you have used your time here well; you hold the proof in your hands. You have succeeded. But if you go out with few scholastic qualifications, yet taking with you the attributes of grace, sincerity and friendliness, I feel that you have achieved something which will be infinitely more valuable in the years ahead. Success cannot teach you humility; failure and disappointment can. Some of the finest people in this School to-day have not passed their last exams. Their castles in the air have fallen and amongst the ruins they have discovered humility; they have realised already that life is made up of tears and disappointments and their lives are richer for it.

I know, because immediately after the Schools' Board Examination I felt that I had failed completely. It was strange, because my fears were not grounded or justified. But for two or three days I tried somehow to rise above a

dreadful apprehension of failure and disappointment. And during those few days I learned more than I have ever learned before. I knew then that the "joy and woe are woven fine" and I realised that if I wanted to be really happy, then I must cease to measure that happiness by success in examinations.

That is how it is with everyone. One failure will teach you more than a hundred credits can and one broken hope will mean more to you in the long run than a dozen realised ambitions. It is while you are here in this School that you mould the basis of your character, and it is better that you should learn to be humble than proud, to be earnest and diligent than to be insincere and indolent, living on what you feel are the laurels of a wonderful success that is going to The moment you cease to aspire because you think you have reached your goal, you have failed in carry you through life easily and effortlessly. this whole wonderful business of living. That, and that alone, is real failure.

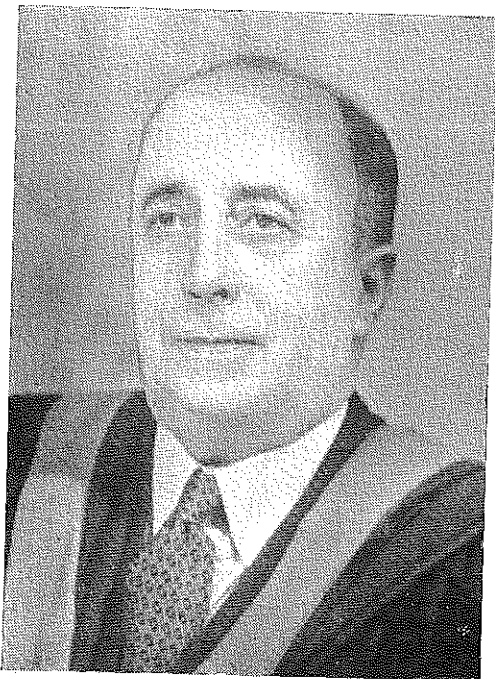
"... to travel hopefully is a better thing than to arrive; and the true success is to labour."
—R. L. Stevenson

Editors:

Janet Jessop

Stuart Cripps

VALEDICTORY



Mr. W. C. MORRIS, B.A.

At the end of this year we must regretfully say farewell to our Headmaster, Mr. W. C. Morris, who is retiring from the Education Department after many years devoted service.

His first headship was at Sheffield in 1921. From there he went on to open the Scottsdale

High School and, when he left there in 1931, the High School was thriving, the school farm and the plantation were already a source of pride to the residents. From Scottsdale he went on to Devonport, where he saw the school grow in size and importance for six years.

Since 1939 Mr. Morris has been Headmaster of this School. During this time, over two thousand pupils have passed through the School, leaving it with feelings of real affection for one to whom, and by whom, everyone of them was known and loved, sometimes beyond his deserts. Parents and students alike came to rely on his sympathetic and practical understanding of their problems and many a wayward child sent to the "Head" for an interview came away feeling that he was not a hopeless miff, but someone with capacities he could and would use to justify the faith shown in him.

Much of Mr. Morris' sympathy with harum-scarums and model students alike comes from a natural geniality and warmth of disposition. But this is reinforced by his educational philosophy which he has never allowed to become routine and uninspired. His interest in experimental education led him to form the first branch of the New Education Fellowship in Launceston. As a result of this in the last ten years, three N.E.F. Conferences have brought world-famous speakers here to lecture to parents and teachers on modern aspects of education.

From each of these and from many other sources there has come into the School some modification or enrichment of the curriculum and activities which has helped towards his aim of providing every girl or boy with some opportunity to express and develop his personality for the ultimate benefit of the whole community.

To Mr. and Mrs. Morris, who has shown an unflinching interest in all our activities, we wish a long and very happy retirement.

WHO'S WHO

Principal: Mr. W. C. Morris, B.A.
Staff: Misses B. Layh, B.A., Diplome d'Etudes (French); L. A. Russell, B.A. (English); N. Miller, M.A. (French, English, Social Studies); O. Bushby, M.A. (Social Studies, English); N. E. Newbon, B.A. (Maths.); N. W. Alcock, B.Sc. (Maths., Chemistry, Gen. Sc. B.); E. Penizek, Ph.D., Dip. Ed. (German, French); H. F. Deane (Typing, Shorthand, Commerce); J. Blyth, B.A. (Librarian); P. J. Penman, B.A. (English, Social Studies); A. Honeyset (Physical Education); A. Adams (French); G. Smith (Clerk); G. McCormack (Art, French); F. Aplin (English, French).

Mesdames H. Holloway, B. Comm. (Shorthand); A. Dobson (Cooking); F. Crawford (Needlework); H. Hudson (Clerk).

Messrs. M. Poulter, Ph.D., M.A., B. Comm., Dip. Ed. (Economics, Geography, Commerce); E. E. Sowter, B.A. (Social Studies, Modern History); S. R. Harvey, B.Sc. (Maths.); S. C. Morris, B.Sc., Dip. Ed. (Physics, Gen. Sc.); J. H. Smith, B.A. (Maths.); F. H. Watson, B.A. (English, Social Studies); R. Fleming (Typing, Commerce, Shorthand); H. Askeland, B.Sc., Cola. Uni. (Gen. Sc.); N. H. Campbell, B.A. (English, Social Studies); J. A. Gibson, B.A., Ph.D. (Social Studies, Maths.,

Latin, English); A. C. Stubs (Music, Maths., Science, English); E. A. Nash (Music, Maths., Science); H. A. Hudson, B.Sc. (Gen. Sc.); T. Bailey, B.A. (French); J. A. Brinkhoff (Art); W. Milburn (Physical Education); W. Phillips, B.Sc., Dip. Ed. (Science).

Head Prefects :: Gale Scott and Peter Radford.

Board of Prefects: Girls—Marie Brodie, Eunice Farthing, Helen Gall, Roma McCormack, Barbara Scott, Pauline Taylor. Boys—James Cartledge, Barry Cook, Bruce Gourlay, Anthony Hart, Bryan Mansfield, Ronald Traill.

HOUSE CAPTAINS:

Arthur—Peggy Hutton and Doug Shields.
Franklin—Helen Gall and Bryan Mansfield.
Sorell—Pauline Taylor and Ron Traill.
Wilmot—Roma McCormack and Bruce Gourlay.
Sports Master: Mr. J. A. Gibson.
Sports Mistress: Miss Honeyset.
Sports Monitor: Mr. Milburn.
Library Supervisor: Miss J. Blyth.

CAPTAINS OF TEAMS:

Basketball—Peggy Hutton.
Hockey—Gale Scott.
Girls' Tennis—Kay Johnson.
Softball—Peggy Hutton.

Cricket—Graham McTye.
Football—Doug Shields.
Stroke of Crew—Peter Radford.
Boys' Hockey—Stuart Cripps.
Boys' Tennis—Geoffrey Stevens.
Debating—Pauline Taylor.

SPEECH NIGHT, 1951

The School's thirty-ninth annual speech night was held in the Albert Hall on December 1, 1951, in the presence of the Minister for Education, Hon. Robert Cosgrove, M.H.A., and Mr. W. L. Grace, M.A., B.Ed.

During the evening the choir, directed by Mr. Stubs, gave two groups of songs. The first, sung in unison were "Land of Mine," "He Shall Feed His Flock" and "Cherry Ripe." The second group was part songs. They were "The Writter Song," "She Walks in Beauty," and "The Rising of the Lark." There was a physical education display by both boys and girls and solo items were presented by Lynette Holloway (violin) and Roma McCormack (pianoforte).

Mr. Cosgrove presented the prizes and Mr. Grace, the trophies. The prize list follows:

GENERAL PRIZE LIST

PRIZES FOR GENERAL MERIT, MATRICULATION CLASS

Judith Begent, William Crow.
PRIZES FOR GENERAL MERIT, SCHOOLS' BOARD CLASSES

Cynthia Marriott, Peter Radford.
ATTITUDE AND INFLUENCE PRIZES
Shirley Munroe, Hugh Reeves.

SPECIAL MERIT, "B" CLASS

Anthony Hart.

PRIZES FOR GENERAL MERIT, "C" CLASSES

Margaret Morrison, Roxley McCormack.

JOAN INGLIS MEMORIAL PRIZE

Neta Orr.

BEST PASSES, MATRICULATION, 1950

Judith Begent, Dereham Scott.

BEST PASS IN SCHOOLS' BOARD EXAM, 1950 FROM NORTHERN HIGH SCHOOLS

Douglas MacKenzie.

BEST PASS SCHOOLS' BOARD

EXAMINATION

Gale Scott, Douglas MacKenzie.

SPECIAL SERVICES, 1951

Pianiste: Roma McCormack.

Magazine Editors: Douglas MacKenzie and Patricia Wrightson.

CLASS PRIZE LIST

"A"—Gale Scott, Hugh Reeves.

"B1"—Barbara Scott, David Cartwright.

"B2"—Vonnice Dangerfield, David Wilson.

"C1"—Ronda Mullen.

"C2"—Geraldine Ryan.

"C3"—Kathleen Ryan.

"C4"—Margaret Reid.

"D1"—Phyllis Burness.

"D2"—Margaret Pullen.

"D3"—Rita Lockett.

"D4"—Wendy Jenkins.

"D5"—Barbara Morrisby.

"E1"—Mary Schramm.

"E2"—Nancy Stokes.

"E3"—Maureen Sutton.

"E4"—Pamela Haas.

"E5"—Brereton Flood.

ATHLETICS

BOYS

Open Championship—Brian Fleming.
Field Games—Brian Fleming.

GIRLS

Open Championship—Gwen Snare.
Field Games—Josephine Berwick.
Football—Brian Fleming, Peter Parsons.
Cricket—Brian Fleming.
Tennis—William Crow.
Hockey—John Ryan.

SUBJECT PRIZES

MATRICULATION, 1950

English—Jean Gay.
History—Jean Goldsmith.
Chemistry—Leslie Apted.
French—Auguste Broek.

SUBJECT PRIZES

SCHOOLS' BOARD EXAMINATIONS, 1951

English Literature—Phyllis Hayes.

Commerce—Vonnice Dangerfield.

BURSARIES

Sen. Country—Doug. MacKenzie, Bruce Beaton.
Senior City—Hugh Reeves, Geoffrey Miller, Gale Scott, Brian Smith, Neta Orr.

Junior Country—Gillian Murdoch.

Junior City—Mark Bewsher, Helen Cox.

UNIVERSITY SCHOLARSHIPS AND PRIZES, 1950

Open (Tas.)—Dereham Scott, Leslie Apted, Alan Parish.

COMMONWEALTH SCHOLARSHIPS

Graeme Barnes, Denis Howroyd, Alan Parish, Dereham Scott, Keith Williams, Brian Walsh.

TASMANIAN GOVERNMENT SCHOLARSHIPS

Physiotherapy—Patricia Joyce.

Dentistry—Keith Williams.

Forestry—Graeme Barnes.

ARTHUR AUGUSTUS STEPHENS MEMORIAL PRIZE

Dereham Scott.

R.S.L. MEMORIAL SCHOLARSHIP

Ronald Hume.

JES MULLENS MEMORIAL SCHOLARSHIP

Geoffrey Miller.

J. A. LYONS MEMORIAL SCHOLARSHIP

Hugh Reeves.

SCHOOLS' BOARD PASSES, 1951

D. M. Allen, J. L. Arnold, W. J. Baily, G. E. Baker, G. N. Beatty, D. E. Beck, R. C. Bessell, D. J. Best, E. L. Bolch, V. M. Brodie, M. E. Brown, M. L. Button, A. L. Caelli, A. J. Callaway, E. M. Carter, J. M. Cartledge, D. J. Cartwright, L. A. Cole, G. M. Cox, J. L. Crawford, D. L. Dangerfield, E. A. Farthing, B. Fleming, H. M. Gall, B. J. Gourlay, B. J. Groome, J. W. O. Harris, A. G. Hart, B. A. Hayes, P. J. Hays, B. M. Jack, C. A. Marriott, S. A. Marsden, E. B. Morrisby, R. E. McCormack, E. K. Nunn, A. B. Opie, M. E. Palliser, P. D. Radford, B. J. Scott, M. J. Sheehan, M. P. Sheehan, G. V. M. Smith, P. M. Stebbings, J. L. Stevenson, D. Targett, R. D. Traill, J. A. Walker, D. B. Wall, M. D. Whittle, D. J. Wilson, J. R. Wiltshire, B. E. Wing.

MATRICULATION PASSES, 1951

K. B. Beaton, E. M. Beswick, S. C. Cripps, B. M. Dyson, P. A. Gilbert, P. C. Goffon, T. D. Howroyd, D. E. MacKenzie, B. E. Mansfield, W. G. T. Miller, B. J. Munden, L. D. Orr, P. J. Parsons, L. H. D. Reeves, G. Scott, P. B. Smith, G. D. Snare, R. J. Tanner, C. J. Wilkinson, J. H. Begent.

IN MEMORIAM



The late Mr. A. L. MESTON, B.A.

By the death of Mr. A. L. Meston the School lost the fostering care of one who, as Master, Headmaster, and Education Officer, so generously spent his great talents and fine intelligence in its service.

Those fortunate enough to attend the School at that time remember him as the very successful coach of cricket and football teams and the dashing captain of the Cadet Corps, but much more vividly as the inspired teacher who could lend zest to Latin grammar, who could arouse and sustain eager interest in the broad stream of history, whose insight and delicate appreciation made the study of English literature an exquisite experience.

In 1932, after an absence of several years, Mr. Meston returned to the School as Headmaster. Staff and pupils at once became aware of a very stimulating personality. He encouraged, even provoked free discussion which brought great mental alertness even if his Puckish tactics in debate were exasperating at times. He guided the School lightly, yet firmly. He encouraged the development of the individual teacher and pupil by his faith in their ability and desire to do their work without constant supervision. Yet he had an uncanny knowledge of what was happening in the School and the sight of the quick, angry stride, billowing gown and flashing eyes brought discretion to the thoughtless.

His fine scholarship was an inspiration to the School which was very proud of its Headmaster's attainments, his wide interests, his great knowledge of Tasmania, his skill in bushcraft and the respect in which he was held by the Community.

As Education Officer in charge of High Schools, Mr. Meston won great respect and admiration for his idealism, his breadth of vision, his appreciation of the motives and efforts of teachers and pupils and his firm grasp of essentials. He never allowed his clear vision of ends to be obscured by the means to attain them.

All High Schools, especially Launceston High School, have suffered a grievous loss.

"A" CLASS, 1951

Walter Bartlett. — Matriculation course at Technical College.

Bruce Beaton. — Arts course at University.

Judy Begent. — Science course at University.

Elain Beswick. — Arts course at University.

Bob Bilson. — Murray's.

Bill Crow. — J. L. Crow, the drapers.

Pixie Gilbert. — Arts course at University.

Pat Gofton. — Arts course at University.

Terry Howroyd. — Hobart High.

Douglas Mackenzie. — Engineering course at University.

Geoff. Miller. — Arts course at University.

Barbara Munden. — United Ins. Company.

Shirley Munro. — Physiotherapy, Launceston General Hospital.

Neta Orr. — State Library.

Peter Parsons. — Accountant.

Hugh Reeves. — Science course at University.

Brian Smith. — Medical course, first year at University of Tasmania.

Gwen Snare. — Bank of New South Wales.

Robert Tanner. — Sc. Course at University.

Ian Wallace. — Murray's.

Colin Wilkinson. — Sc. course at University.

John Coulson, Stuart Cripps, Bryan Mansfield, Gale Scott and Pauline Taylor — could not bear to leave the "Best School of all."

THE STUDENTS' COUNCIL

Although the School may not realise it, the School's Junior Council has been in operation for two years now and does a good work in the School. However, some of us feel that there is a lack of interest in the Council because the meetings have not been very well attended.

During the year the School has supported two appeals by the selling of badges. The collection for the Students' Relief Fund was £12/4/3. The Council decided that we should have a School Ball, but the Prefects decided against it because we could go to other balls if we wished to. The Council decided that if a representative missed two consecutive meetings he would no longer be a member. Class teachers are to be notified so that a new representative might be elected. The Council also decided that another person besides the representative should attend the meeting, but would not have a vote.

The Council's attention was drawn to the condition of the stage. The prefects suggested the complete renovation of the paper across the front, and curtains.

Because the girls' common room has been turned into a class room and the girls have nowhere to put their hats and coats, the Council asked if hat-pegs could be placed on one wall of every class-room. This matter is being considered.



"A" CLASS

Back Row : J. Madden, G. Baker, O. James, R. McCormack, B. Scott, H. Gall, B. Wing, M. Brodie, B. Cook, R. Traill.

Centre Row : T. Hart, D. Best, S. Cripps, J. Cartledge, J. Callaway, D. Cartwright, E. Nunn, B. Gourlay, J. Coulson, G. Shotton, B. Mansfield, P. Radford.

Front Row : T. Opie, G. Scott, P. Taylor, L. Cole, M. Sheehan, J. Arnold, Mr. Harvey, C. Wright, M. Sheehan, M. Brown, E. Farthing, J. Crawford, A. Cartledge.

CRUSADERS

Throughout the year the Crusaders have been meeting at 4 o'clock every Monday afternoon in Room 5. In spite of some disappointments there has been much to encourage and we look forward to another profitable year during 1953. During the year some of our meetings have been marked by special features such as suitable films and interesting speakers. Each week we endeavour to have different speakers so as to give us a wider outlook on various fields of Christian endeavour and experience.

In this way we have been able to supply occasions where Christian fellowship and experience can be shared by those students who feel that their devotion to Christ draws them together in this way. We extend a warm invitation to others who would care to attend our meetings next year.

JUNIOR RED CROSS

At the first meeting of the Junior Red Cross the following office-bearers were elected: President, Jennifer Reeves; secretary, Pauline Barwick; committee—Carleen Williams, Marylyn Harding and Janet Jessop. Miss Miller consented to be our leader again this year.

Our first big effort resulted in £3/8/- being handed in for bushfire relief in New South Wales. As a result of a tuck shop, £2/6/- was collected for barley sugar to be sent to sick children in England.

In conclusion, we would like to thank Miss Miller for the interest she has shown in the Circle this year.

J. Reeves, President.

LIBRARY REPORT

This year the School owes a great debt to Mrs. Edwards who so willingly came to our aid when we would have been without a librarian for the first few months. Although we were sorry to lose her, this in no way lessened our pleasure to see Miss Blyth back behind her desk.

87 fiction books and 130 non-fiction have been added this year. Some of the most popular fiction books are: "One Pair of Hands" and "One Pair of Feet," by Monica Dickens and "Up Country," by Brent, of Bin Bin. Among the non-fiction, a set of 10 "Modern Science" are most pleasing to the boys, while Ogrizek's "The Paris We Love" and "The Provinces of France" are very helpful to "A" and "B" Classes.

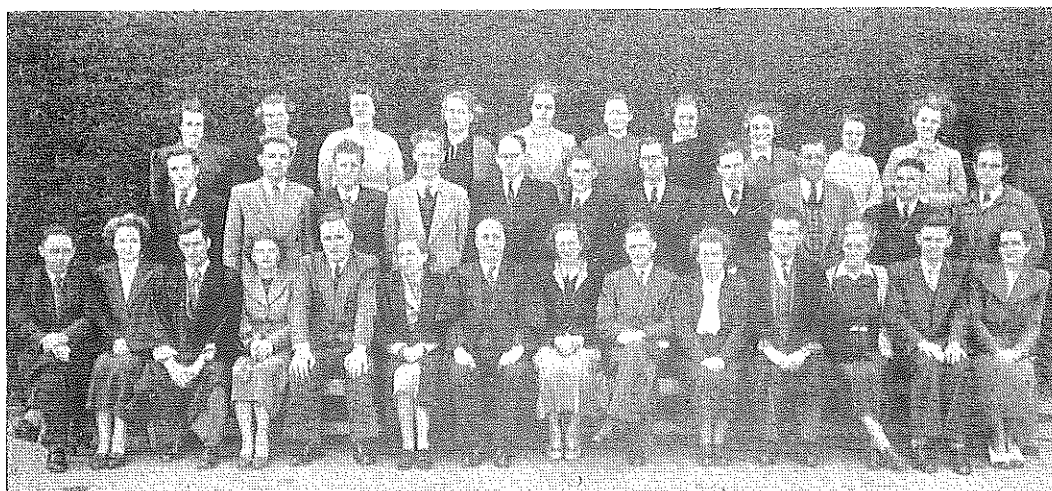
This year Heather Purse, Beryl Watson, Jennifer Reeves, Bruce Schramm, Gwen Scolyer, Margaret Morrisson and Ronda Mullen have been library monitors and already some "C" and "E" Class girls are showing interest in the library work.

MOONLIGHT

The little frogs croaked merrily
In the shimmering pond below;
And high in the sky, the majestic moon
Sent down her silvery glow.

The slender gums, with smooth white trunks,
Bowed low to that great queen;
For the moon's pale light, as it shines in the night,
Is the most beautiful thing I've seen.

GERALDINE PORTER, "E4," Sorrell.



STAFF

Back Row : Miss Newbon, Miss Bushby, Mrs. Dobson, Mrs. Crawford, Miss Penman, Miss Adams, Miss Honeyset, Dr. Penizek, Miss Alcock, Miss McCormack.

Second Row : Mr. Bailey, Mr. Milburn, Mr. Nash, Mr. Campbell, Mr. Stubs, Mr. Smith, Mr. Askeland, Mr. Hudson, Mr. Gibson, Mr. Fleming, Mr. Brinkhoff.

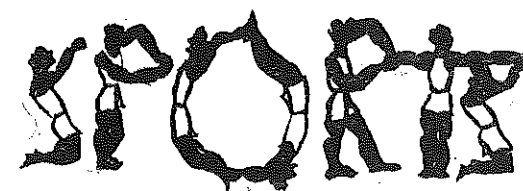
Front Row : Mr. Watson, Miss Miller, Mr. Morris, Mrs. Holloway, Dr. Poulter, Miss Layh, Mr. Morris (Headmaster), Miss Russell, Mr. Sowter, Miss Blyth, Mr. Harvey, Miss Aplin, Mr. Phillips, Miss Deane.



PREFECTS, 1952

Back Row (left to right) : B. Scott, B. Mansfield, E. Farthing, B. Cook, M. Brodie, T. Hart, H. Gall, B. Gourlay.

Front Row : P. Taylor, R. Traill, G. Scott, Mr. Morris, P. Radford, R. McCormack, J. Cartledge



ARTHUR Girls

At the beginning of the year, Peggy Hutton was elected house captain, and Loekie Broek, house secretary.

We would like to extend our sincere congratulations to Sorell, who came first. In the Athletic Sports Arthur was very successful and we won by a comfortable margin. We would like to thank Mrs. Holloway for the keen interest and willing services which she has shown in the House.

This year the support given to the School teams by the Arthur girls was as follows :

Tennis—Elaine Hudson, Ruth Giblin.

Basketball—P. Hutton (capt.), B. McArthur, M. Deavin.

Hockey—B. Wing, M. Gee, B. Watson.

Softball—P. Hutton (capt.), B. McArthur, M. Johns.

Boys

This year Arthur has had to be content in being runners-up to Sorell, to whom we extend our warmest congratulations.

In the Athletic Sports Arthur gained a meritorious win over the other houses. In the under-13 division Graeme Mills annexed the championship by winning the 100 and 75 yards respectively.

Scholastically the House has shown steady capabilities. In this division John Olding gained many points for his House.

Our congratulations also go to Geoff Stevens for his convincing win in the Pardy Shield, the trophy for the all-Tasmanian Schoolboys' Tennis Tournament.

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

Football—Daryle Chellis, Murray Brown, Ian Shields, Doug. Shields.

Cricket—Murray Brown (vice-capt.), Ian Shields, Doug. Shields.

Hockey—B. Howard, T. Opie, G. Stevens.

Tennis—G. Stevens (capt.), D. Chellis.

Rowing—G. Symonds, T. Opie, J. Cartledge.

Prefects' Board—Jim Cartledge.

Debating—Jim Cartledge.

Finally, Arthur wishes to extend their sincere thanks to Mr. Harvey for his interest and enthusiasm concerning the House.

WILMOT Girls

At the beginning of the year, Roma McCormack was elected House captain and Barbara Scott, House secretary. Wilmot was well represented in the girls' teams and throughout the year there has been an enthusiastic spirit of co-operation in the House. There are many junior athletes in Wilmot House who, it is hoped, will take a keen interest in house competitions in future years.

The following are the representatives in the teams :

Softball—Roma McCormack, Ellen Fenner, Josephine Berwick.

Tennis—Jennifer Champion, Gale Scott, Joy Dawes.

Basketball—Ellen Fenner, Janet Scott.

Hockey—Janice Stocks, Gale Scott (capt.).

The House would very much like to thank Miss Bushby for her interest. Throughout the year, Miss Bushby has always given a fine example of keen co-operation and enthusiasm.

Boys

At the first House meeting, Bruce Gourlay was elected house captain, Roxley McCormack, vice-captain, with Kerry manse as the house secretary.

Although weaker than in previous years, Wilmot gained third place at the Athletic Sports, great credit being due to the enthusiasm of its participants. The House teams did exceptionally well. The football team won the premiership and the cricket team acquitted itself with flying colours. Although Wilmot was third on the House Ladder at the end of the second term, the keen House spirit of its members should account for some improvement in this position by the end of the year.

The Head Prefect, P. D. Radford, is a member of Wilmot and congratulations are due to Roxley McCormack, who captained the State Schoolboys' Hockey Team and was selected for the Australian team.

House representatives in senior teams in 1952 were :

Cricket—B. Gourlay, R. McCormack, G. Shotton.

Football—G. Shotton, D. Skeggs, B. Gourlay, J. Houston, L. Richardson.

First Crew—P. Radford (stroke), J. Callaway.

Hockey—R. McCormack, R. McNeal, O. Atkins.

The members of Wilmot House would like to thank Mr. Nash for his consistent and valuable service throughout the year.

SORELL Girls

Pauline Taylor was elected house captain this year and Joan Gibson house secretary.

Last year's scholarships gave us a starting advantage, which we have retained and increased over other houses.

Sorell came second in the Athletic Sports, with Jennifer Evans gaining the Junior Championship, Kathleen Turner the Under-Fifteen high jump and Pat Walker several places as runner-up in the open section.

Energetic interest was shown in teams this year and we were represented in these as follows :

Basketball—Dawn Barker.
Tennis—Dorothy Gardiner.
Softball—Dawn Barker, Pat Walker.
Hockey—Jean Reinmouth, Pauline Taylor.
Debating—Pauline Taylor.

We hope that the swimming results will keep us in place as the top house this year and would like to wish next year's house members even better success than we have had this year. Miss Miller has given us great encouragement and assistance and we wish to thank her for giving us so much of her time.

We expect that our scholastic attainments tary. Once again Sorrell has been the top House previous years and gain points for next year's members.

Boys

At the beginning of the year Ron Traill was re-elected house captain and Anthony Hart secretary. Once again Sorrell has been the top House and a pleasing feature of the year has been the keen interest shown by members in the House activities.

Sorrell's athletes gave a more impressive showing at this year's sports and again the House has gained high marks for scholastic achievements. Stuart Cripps is a magazine editor and Peter Mullen and David Cartwright were the champion athletes of the School in the Under-16 and Open sections respectively.

Many members of the House were in the First Teams for 1952. These representatives were:

Football—R. Traill, A. Hart, G. McTye, J. Hart, P. Mullen, D. Cartwright, I. Lancaster, A. Cannon.

Cricket—G. McTye (captain), R. Traill, A. Hart, K. Mathews, J. Hart.

Tennis—S. Cripps, D. Best, A. Cannon.

Hockey—S. Cripps (captain), D. Best.

Rowing—D. Cartwright.

Debating—D. Cartwright.

In conclusion we would like to thank Mr. Askeland for his interest in our House.

FRANKLIN—Girls

At the first meeting of the House this year, Helen Gall was elected house captain and Kaye Johnson house secretary.

We wish to thank Miss Alcock for her co-operation and help throughout the year.

Although we did not win the Athletic Sports, some major events were won. The basketball relay team, which represented Franklin, gave a brilliant performance to win their event and the hockey dribble team gained second position in their event. Helen King was successful in under-15 handicap events.

Franklin was again in fourth position at the end of the second term, but next year, with greater effort, we may improve our position.

School teams were well represented by our girls in both summer and winter sports, the members being:

Softball—Helen Gall (vice-captain), Brenda Partridge.

Tennis—Kaye Johnson (captain), Jennifer Pedley.

Hockey—Helen Gall (vice-captain), Beverley Apted, Verna Klye, Maureen Sheehan, Margaret Sheehan, Frances Caelli, Beryl Watson.

Basketball—Brenda Partridge.

Debating—Jennifer Reeves.

Boys

At the beginning of the year Bryan Mansfield was elected house captain and David Nobes, secretary.

Although Franklin has a low position on the House Ladder, it has not had an entirely unsuccessful year. Unfortunately we failed in summer sports and this handicapped us greatly.

In the Athletic Sports our juniors fared badly but our open division held its own, scoring one hundred of the total two hundred points gained by the House. Our open relay team won this event in easy fashion by 20 yards. We figured in close finishes in all the individual open events with Barry Cook, John Madden, Allen Cartledge, Geoff Baker and John Cocker running convincingly. Bryan Mansfield tied for first place in the Field Games Championship, with Franklin scoring well in these events.

We would like to thank Mr. Campbell for his help throughout the year and we hope he will see our House on top in the near future. We were well represented in first teams those who represented us being:

Football—Barry Cook, John Madden, Bryan Mansfield, John Cocker.

Hockey—Allen Cartledge, John Coulson, Austin Hudson, John Bird, Roger Ryan.

Cricket—John Madden, John Ryan, Eddie Thomas.

Tennis—Derek Sibbin, Barry Cook, Bryan Mansfield.

OVER THE HAZARDS

After I awoke, I lay listening to the sounds around me. We had made our camp the previous day in lovely surroundings and now the rush of the stream and the sounds of birds were part of this open-air life which I loved.

To-day we were going to hike along the valley that ran between the Hazards, walking until we glimpsed Wineglass Bay and on until we reached the blue water and white sand of which we had heard so much.

As soon as we had breakfasted we set off. The Hazards looked very mysterious in the early morning light. Our path lay in the shadows but the sun was touching the peaks which towered above us, bathing them with a warm pink light. At our feet were many kinds of wild flowers. Here, the valley was carpeted in a velvety pink studded here and there by white, star-like flowers.

Although our path was now leading up a short incline, our feet were winged; we were so happy in our comradeship with each other. Laughter and song were on our lips.

How good the coffee and sandwiches were when we paused for refreshments. With renewed vigour we climbed talking less now, as the way was harder. Boulders had to be straddled and footsteps taken more carefully. We were breathing heavily now, but the summit was in sight. I was the first in the party to reach the top of the rise and gaze down on the loveliness that is Wineglass Bay. The whiteness of the sand, the blueness of the water has to be seen to be believed. I held my breath, so struck was I at the scene before me.

As the day wore on, we decided to go back to the camp. So we began a weary trek back again after seeing one of the most unbelievable and beautiful sights imaginable.

MICHAEL MIDDLETON, "E1," Arthur.



GIRLS' BASKETBALL

Back Row : A. Hanson, J. Scott, M. Pullen, B. Partridge.

Front Row : P. Newman, E. Fenner, P. Hutton (capt.), J. Berwick, D. Barker.



BASKETBALL

We would like to thank Mrs. Holloway, whose enthusiasm and valuable coaching have made it possible to win the Inter-High premiership. The team played three matches, defeating Devonport, Hobart and Burnie.

Peggy Hutton (Capt.).—First goalie. Much of the success of the team is due to Peggy's capable leadership. She was untiring in taking early morning practices. She marks the ball very well and is quick in making position.

Ellen Fenner (Vice-Capt.).—Defence goal. Ellen is an experienced player who uses her height to advantage. She played good defence in each of the Inter-High matches.

Janet Scott.—Second goalie. Janet is a reliable player. Her goal-throwing is very accurate.

Josie Berwick.—Attack wing. Josie is a very fast player. Her ability to jump frequently gained her the ball. She makes position well.

Brenda Partridge.—Centre. Brenda is a very cheerful member of the team who plays a very good defence in the centre. Her passes from centre are very accurate. She formed a solid link between defence and attack.

Dawn Barker.—Dawn has a great deal of experience. She uses a very solid throw. She was a valuable team minister.

Margaret Pullen. — Margaret entered the team just after the beginning of the season. She has become a very strong player. Throughout the season her play was very consistent and she overcame her tall opponents by her jumping ability.

Ann Hanson and Pauline Newman—emergencies.

A LAMENT

I have to write an essay,
And I don't feel energetic.
I have to write a poem,
And I do not feel poetic.
My case it is a sad one,
It's really quite pathetic.
This homework acts upon me,
Like a very strong emetic.

These teachers—they are sadists,
And they take unholy joy
In piling up the homework,
For every girl and boy.
It doesn't do us any good,
They do it to annoy,
And keep us all from doing
The things we would enjoy.

My sister's making toffee—
A thing that makes her glad.
My father's gone a-fishing
With someone else's dad.
My brother's making toffee
So he's a happy lad.
But I am doing homework—
A task which makes me mad.
GILLIAN MURDOCH, "C1," Franklin



GIRLS' HOCKEY

Back Row : J. Reinmuth, M. Gee, B. Watson, B. Wing, J. Stocks, V. Klye.
Front Row : B. Apted, M. Sheehan, H. Gall, G. Scott (capt.), P. Taylor, M. Sheehan, F. Caelli

GIRLS' HOCKEY

The standard of play improved greatly during the year until the team was playing clean, open attacking games at the end of the season.

We played Devonport High School at the Elphin Showground in the first round of the Inter-High matches. Although Devonport was the superior team because of their speed, the Launceston team fought back with determination. We congratulate Devonport on winning this match 5 goals to 3 and on afterwards gaining the premiership.

The team was more successful in the "A" Grade roster matches. We finished the season with 5 wins and 3 defeats. The match against M.L.C. for the right to enter the semi-finals was the most exciting of the season. At the end of a very closely fought game the score was 3 all. During the five minutes of extra play, however, M.L.C. struck another goal.

We would like to thank Miss Alcock very much for the interest she has shown in the team throughout the year, for it was because of her coaching and encouragement that we had such a successful and happy season.

CRITICISMS

Gale Scott (Capt.).—Centre half-back. As captain Gale has been an inspiration to her team. Her play as centre half-back shows much promise both from point of view of position play and ability. Determination shown in matches was responsible on many occasions for changing a defensive into an attacking team. "We wish her success in hockey in the future.

Verna Klye.—Right wing. Verna is a fast wing who keeps her position well. Her passes are well directed, but sometimes a little late.

Helen Gall (Vice-Capt.).—Right half-back. Helen improved greatly during this year. She has developed into a hard-hitting, reliable defence, with the speed necessary for such a position.

Janice Stocks.—Right inner. A very fast inner who opens up the play with good passes. Drives accurately for goal, but should learn to use other strokes.

Beverley Apted.—Centre forward. Bev. distributes the play evenly, but she must practice keeping well up with the forward line when she is not in possession of the ball.

Maureen Sheehan.—Left inner. Dribbles and tackles very well and follows the ball in when shooting for goal. She must learn to pass in to the centre after the twenty-five yards line and not play a half-back game.

Beryl Wing.—Left wing. Beryl runs quickly when she has the ball and passes cleanly. She could improve her receiving of passes by stopping the ball on her stick side.

Margaret Sheehan.—Left half-back. Stops the ball well but tends to get out of position. She could use her strong hits to better advantage if she took time to direct them more accurately.

Frances Caelli.—Right back. Very improved player. She is a very solid defence who was driving hard and stopping well, especially at the end of the season, but she must watch her position. Work is good. She has a hard drive and her position is good.



SOFTBALL

Back Row : B. Partridge, M. Johns, E. Fenner, J. Berwick, D. Barker.
Front Row : E. McArthur, H. Gall, P. Hutton (capt.), R. McCormack, P. Walker.
Absent : L. Gibson.

Pauline Taylor.—Left back. Pauline's stick play is much improved. She must remember to keep on tackling right into the goal circle.

Jean Reinmuth. — Goalkeeper. A young player who has shown good style this season. She needs to practice clearing the ball quickly, getting both feet to the ball so that she does not fall over.

Beryl Watson (defence emergency) and Margaret Gee (forward emergency) have played well and supported the team throughout the season. They should both be valuable members of the team next year.

SOFTBALL

We would like to thank Miss Honeyset for her valuable coaching. This year the team was successful in winning two premierships; the Northern Tasmanian Women's Softball Association and the Inter-High School premiership. The team played exceptionally well together throughout the season.

Peggy Hutton.—Captain and short stop. Peggy led the team well throughout the season. She is a sound bat and on the field she is outstanding, particularly in her throwing to first base.

Helen Gall.—Vice-Captain and third base. Helen is a forceful bat, which enables her to get many home runs. She throws well and is sure at catching.

Betty McArthur.—Pitcher. Betty is a young member of the team who should be an excellent player next year. Her pitching is accurate and her batting good.

Brenda Partridge.—Catcher. Brenda's catching is excellent, she hardly ever misses. Her throwing to the bases, especially second, is brilliant.

Ellen Fenner.—First base. Ellen is a consistent player whose throwing and catching are a great asset.

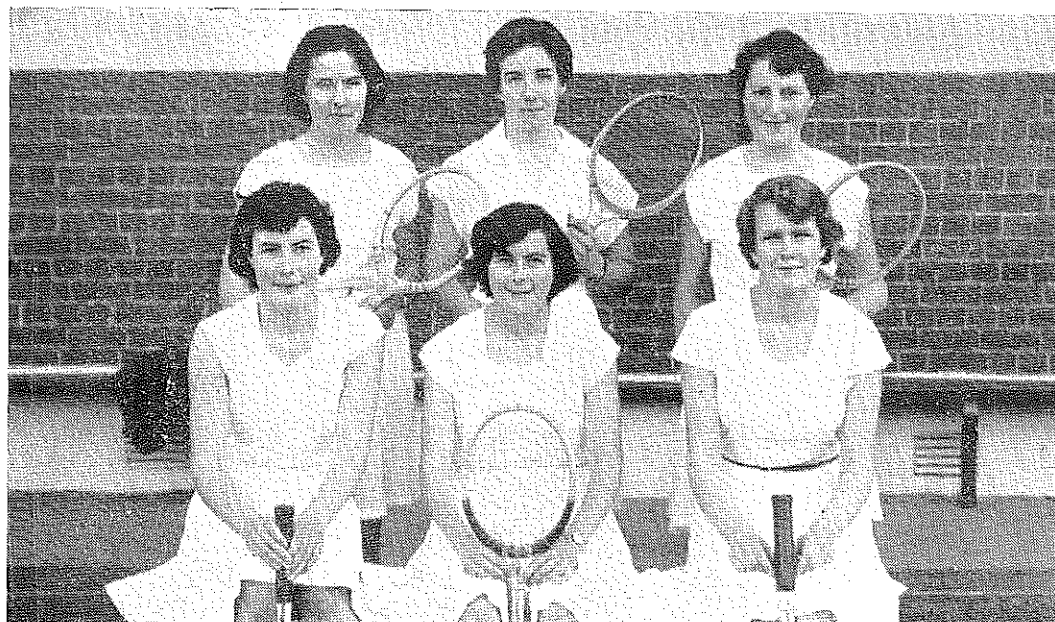
Roma McCormack.—Second base. Roma is a good team member. She should overcome her nervousness in the more important matches. Her batting is reliable.

Dawn Barker.—Left outfield. Dawn has a brilliant throw from the outfield into first base. Her batting is very good.

Pat Walker.—Pat took many good catches in Inter-High matches. She is a very quick player who usually has a good hit.

Josie Berwick.—Right outfield. Josie, a left-handed batter, hit some brilliant home runs in the Inter-High matches. She was very quick in the field, sometimes having to cover infield and outfield work.

Emergencies. — Lorna Gibson and Madge Johns.



GIRLS' TENNIS

Back : J. Pedley, G. Scott, J. Dawes.
Front Row : D. Gardiner, K. Johnson (capt.), J. Champion.



GIRLS' TENNIS

Kaye Johnson.—Captain. Kaye has very consistent strokes. Her service and volleys are very good. She would gain a great advantage if she hit her strokes harder and placed them better.

Dorothy Gardiner.—Vive-Captain. Dorothy has very strong drives on both sides. Her service is very strong and she plays a consistent stroke.

Joy Dawes.—Joy has a strong forehand drive and her service is improving. Her backhand is steady and should improve with practice.

Elaine Hudson.—Elaine has a strong service and forehand. She played well to win all but one of her sets in the three Inter-High matches.

Jennifer Pedley.—Jennifer's forehand stroke is quite good, but her backhand is weak.

Jennifer Champion.—Jennifer has a good forehand and a strong forehand. She could develop into a very good player, but she needs to concentrate more on the game.

Emergencies.—Gale Scott and Ruth Giblin.

RAILWAY TRACK

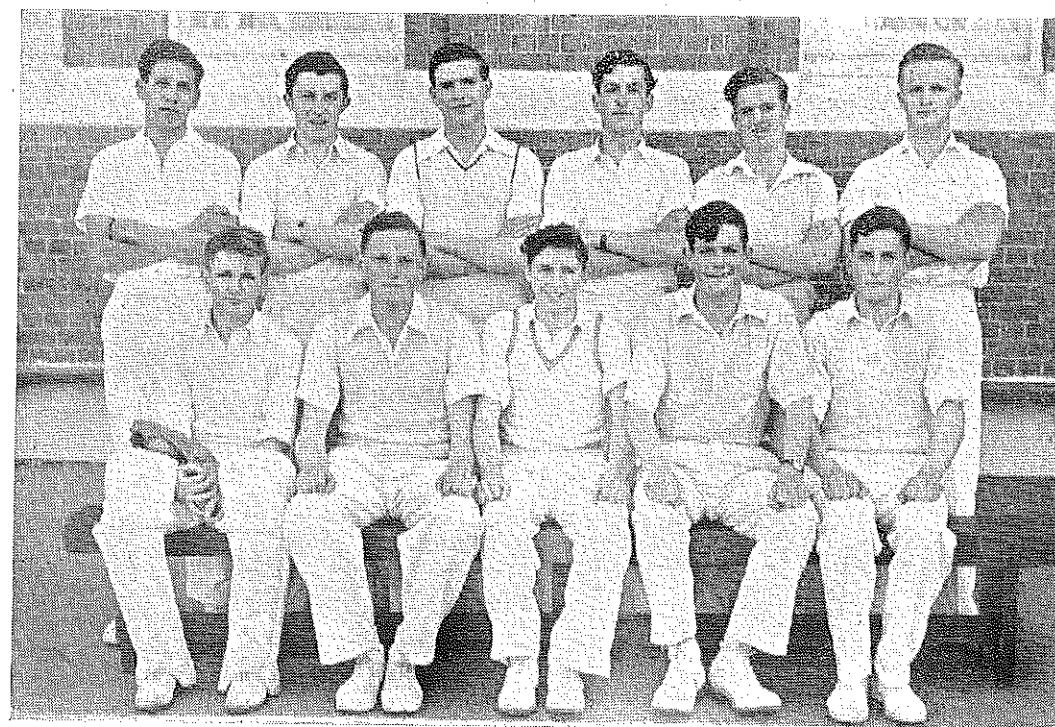
It runs on forever, in monotonous sameness
Two straight lines which never really meet,
Yet seem to unite;
Then round the bend as if to avoid the sun.

The railroad seems as though it led
Direct
To that unattainable goal of many,
To Nature's symbol of human striving,
That meeting-place of earth and heaven
Which poet's name Horizon.

Perhaps it reaches that goal
For it is able, yet we cannot,
Save dare we aspire on the wings of the morning,
Or touch the heavenly fire.

As I stood gazing
In to the blue beyond,
A roar, a shriek, a flash of steel—
Then all is gone.

Mary Schramm, "D1," Franklin.



CRICKET TEAM

Back Row : E. Thomas, J. Madden, B. Gourlay, D. Shields, R. Traill, G. Shotton.
Front Row : J. Ryan, R. McCormack, G. McTye (capt.), T. Hart, J. Hart.

CRICKET CRITICISMS, 1952

G. McTye.—Led the XI capably throughout the season. Developed well as a medium pace bowler, but batting was marred by lack of restraint at the beginning of his innings.

M. Brown.—Left arm spin bowler who turns the ball both ways and has an excellent "wrong 'un." A right-hand bat who is difficult to remove after settling down. Murray is a great asset to the team.

D. Shields.—Settled down quickly this year and has developed into a solid right-hand bat. His fielding is a feature. Can also be used as a wicket-keeper.

J. Ryan.—Opening batsman who has a wide variety of strokes and is at times brilliant. Is the team's No. 1 keeper who has kept well throughout the season, but is still a little weak on the leg side.

E. Thomas.—Relief slow left-arm bowler, who when used to advantages can change the whole outlook of the game.

J. Madden.—A newcomer to the School this year. Although a nervous beginner, he bats well when settled in. Is a slow spin bowler, turning the ball both ways. Excellent field.

R. Traill.—Left-hand batsman who has shown great promise. Can be used as a spin bowler if needed. Is a good field, his returns to the wicket are a feature.

B. Gourlay.—Opening left arm swing bowler who has bowled intelligently throughout the season. He is always dangerous and not expensive. Improving batsman. Fielding has improved out of sight.

T. Hart.—Opening batsman. Can be relied on to keep his end up, but feet are not used to advantage when moving forward to play a stroke. Fielding is good, although returns to wicket are often erratic.

R. McCormack.—Has shown great promise during the year. Is a right arm medium pace bowler, well above average. Can be relied upon to keep a good length. Batting is not in his line. Should be an asset to the team next year.

K. Matthews.—A boy who has shown promise. Batting has improved. Fair field.

G. Shotton.—Right hand batsman who takes time to settle down. Bowls intelligently, keeping a good length. His fielding is first class.

J. Hart.—Spin bowler who is rather erratic. Batting has improved and fielding is quite good. Should be an asset to the team next year.

Youngsters who have shown promise and should be in the team next year are : G. Green, J. Houston, G. Elliott, I. Shields, J. Delanty, F. Sutherland.

In conclusion the team would like to thank Mr. Gibson and Mr. Phillips for their expert coaching, both on and off the field.



BOYS' HOCKEY TEAM

Back Row : R. Ryan, J. Byrd, J. Coulson, A. Hudson, B. Howard, J. Ryan, O. Atkins.
Front Row : D. Best, A. Cartledge, S. Cripps (captain), A. Opie, R. McCormack.

BOYS' HOCKEY

Although defeated in the Inter-High match at Devonport, the team has had a very successful season, during which it won both the "A" and "B" grade rosters in the Schoolboys' Association.

We congratulate R. McCormack, who gained the position of the Tasmanian schoolboys' team and who also gained selection in the all-Australian team. We also congratulate A. Atkins and R. McNeil, who gained positions in the Tasmanian team.

CRITICISMS

S. Cripps (Capt.).—Centre forward. Stuart has led the team in a capable and decisive manner. His passing and tackling are good, but his goal shooting became erratic towards the end of the season.

R. McCormack.—Centre half-back. Roxley is very good, both in defence and attack. His tackling and stickwork are near perfect.

J. Ryan.—Right inner. John played well through the season. His stickwork is excellent, but he is inclined to be selfish. Unfortunately, John was unable to accompany the team to Devonport.

B. Howard.—Right wing. Brian receives passes well. He centres well. Brian is one of the leading goal-shooters of the team.

D. Best.—Right half-back. Don stops, hits and tackles well, but must learn to watch his opposing wing player and not wander.

A. Opie.—Back. Tony started erratically this season, but settled down towards the end of the season. He must make more use of free hits and overcome his awkward stickwork.

R. McNeil.—Left wing. Bob was changed from back to forward at the beginning of the season. He intercepts passes well, and evades his opposing half-back. Must learn to control the ball better.

G. Stevens.—Left inner. Geoff had a successful first season at hockey. His hitting and stopping developed well, and his passes to his wing are good. Tackling and cross-field passes must be improved.

A. Cartledge.—Back. Alan's tackling, hitting and placement of free hits are very good. To be consistent, however, he must stop the ball before hitting it.

A. Atkins.—Left half-back. Owen's stopping and hitting are good, but his tackling is weak. He must watch his wingman more closely.

A. Hudson.—Goalkeeper. Austin made many miraculous stops this season. He should certainly continue playing hockey.

Emergencies.—J. Byrd, R. Ryan, J. Coulson.

These players are inclined to be nervous. Tackling and hitting must improve. John Byrd replaced John Ryan in the Devonport match.



DEBATING

P. Taylor (leader), J. Cartledge, J. Reeves, D. Cartwright.

DEBATING NOTES

The preliminary round of inter-High School debates took place in June in the School Hall. The subject under debate was, "That the post-war immigration policy is in the best interests of Australia." Our team took the negative side of this question, but owing to a general lack of "polish" and the fact that some of us read our speeches too obviously, we lost the debate to Devonport the scores standing at 164 points to 148.

The encouragement and help we received from Mr. Campbell during the season did much to make the score a close one. The co-ordination of arguments reflected careful and considerate team work and the general standard of debating was high.

Pauline Taylor was elected leader at the beginning of the debating season and proved an able and enthusiastic focal point of encouragement. Her opening speech was efficient and clear, but like most members of both sides she lost points for over-lapping the allotted time and for reading part of her speech.

Jennifer Reeves' arguments were clever and the most carefully thought out of them all. Experience in variation and pitch of voice should improve Jennifer's presentation and bring out the full force of her arguments.

Jim Cartledge spoke well on the question; presenting a logical argument forcefully, clearly and humorously. Jim should learn to moderate his gestures and control the pitch of his voice.

David Cartwright's speech showed efficient preparation and presentation. He highlighted his points with free use of gesture and humour.

While he delivered his arguments well, David could still improve by modulating his voice even more carefully.

Our leader's summary was clear, corrective and forceful and gained points over the opposition's summary.

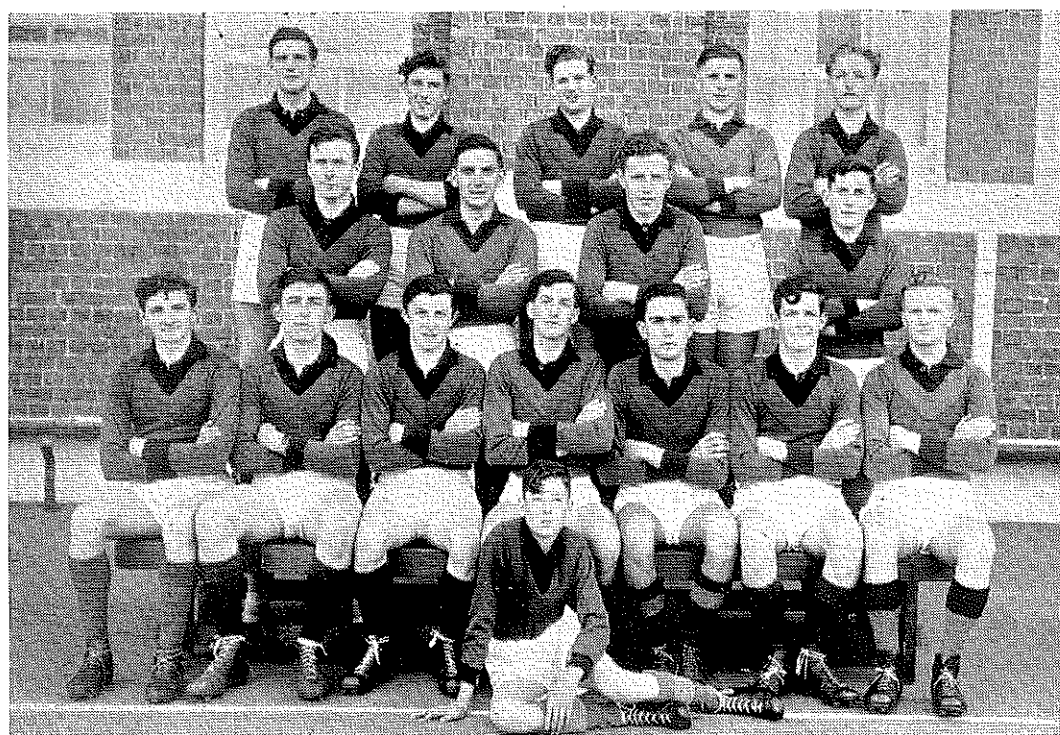
We suggest that if the debating team is to be more successful, that members be chosen earlier in the year. This will give them ample time to gain experience in presentation and research and enable them to give more polished speeches than they would give if they were rushed.

Debating should be raised to the level of other teams and should prove either equally, or more interesting, as a pastime. If this hope became a reality, debating would stimulate wide interest in a variety of topics and give those interested an opportunity to develop poise and logic from experience in public speaking. In conclusion, we would like to wish next year's members more success than we achieved and just as much enjoyment.

IN PRAISE OF THE VINE

Living fount, spraying forth the blood of Bacchus,
Aye, purple blood, that intoxicates the sense
And dulls the brain, spread forth thy leaves to the sun.

There, on sunny hillsides, absorb light and warmth,
And expose thy grapes to the ripening orb.
Let thy tendril-threads cling to the pruned trees,
And, beneath thine elegant foliage, yield
Thy harvest of fruits. PHILLIP COWIE, "B2"



FOOTBALL

Back Row : B. Gourlay, G. McTye, R. Traill, A. Cannon, D. Chellis.

Second Row : B. Mansfield, D. Cartwright, J. Houston, J. Hart.

Front Row : D. Skeggs, P. Mullen, J. Madden, D. Shields (capt.), I. Lancaster, T. Hart, G. Shotton, I. Shields.

FOOTBALL NOTES

During this season the 1st. XV111. have played games with Scotch College, St. Patrick's College, Grammar School, Launceston Technical School, plus inter-high games against Devonport and Hobart.

Early in the season the team did not function successfully—injuries were high; but towards the end of the season—the most important time—co-operation and understanding in play were becoming apparent. Being a light, small, team open play on football was essential.

By the two inter-high matches the team had reached its peak, this was admirably illustrated in the game against Devonport, when in the last quarter, outplaying Devonport in every division of the game, it kicked 7 goals 4 behinds and held the visitors scoreless.

Final Scores :

Launceston High 11 goals 9 behinds.

Devonport High 9 goals 4 behinds.

Best Players :

D. Chellis, D. Shields, G. Shotton, B. Mansfield, B. Cook, J. Madden, L. Richardson.

Against Hobart High we were unsuccessful, their long kicking, high marking rugged game disorganised us in the quarter. Undoubtedly inaccuracy in front of goal where six shots failed to score cost us the match.

Final scores :

Hobart High 11 goals 20 behinds.

Launceston High 9 goals 8 behinds.

Best players :

D. Shields, D. Chellis B. Mansfield, M. Brown, B. Cook, J. Madden.

D. Shields.—Very useful loose man on forward line; good kick and mark; tends to run with the ball too much. As captain, Doug inspired the team in the Inter-High matches.

J. Madden.—Vice captain. Played consistent football throughout the year. On overcoming nervousness, John gave drive from the centre. Earlier disposal of the ball would help the team.

B. Cook.—Very consistent at centre half-back. Uses speed in clearing. Watch that man very closely!

B. Mansfield and G. Shotton.—Rucked tirelessly, often against heavier and taller opposition. Each sets a fine example, Brian of concentration and willingness, Grahame of cool-headedness.

J. Houston.—John's high-marking, long kicking game gave drive from a forward flank; he plays excellent position, but must train harder and move faster.

I. Lancaster.—At centre half-forward, Ian has met severe opposition from the centre half-back, yet he is always ready to try again. More confidence in movement will increase Ian's power. A very unselfish player.



BOYS' TENNIS

Back Row : D. Chellis, A. Cannon.

Front Row : D. Best, S. Cripps, G. Stevens (capt.), B. Mansfield.

D. Chellis.—Daryle Chellis has played outstanding football during the year. His willingness to learn and hence accurate and intelligent disposal of the ball gave the team many opportunities to score. An unselfish player. Daryle won the trophy for the School's Best and Fairest Player for 1952.

Because space is unavailable, comments on the remainder of the team have been omitted.

In conclusion the team would like to express their sincere thanks to their coach, Mr. Hudson, for the interest he has taken in the team. Without Mr. Hudson's efforts the team would have not reached the high standard it did.

Our thanks also go out to Mr. Phillips and Mr. Milbourne.

BOYS' TENNIS

During the year Mr. Stan Morris has given very valuable coaching and we thank him for his assistance.

We congratulate Geoff Stevens, the captain of the team, on his success in the August tournament, when he won the Pardey Shield. This is the first time a member of this School has won this shield.

1. Geoff Stevens (Capt.).—Geoff has very forceful strokes on both sides and these explain his success. He excels at singles, but is also very successful at doubles, however, his volleys sometimes are not very strong.

3. Stuart Cripps (Vice-Capt.). — Stuart's drives are strong on both sides. His service and smash are quite powerful, but his volleys must be improved.

2. Derek Sibbin.—Derek has left the School and is now attending an Adelaide school.

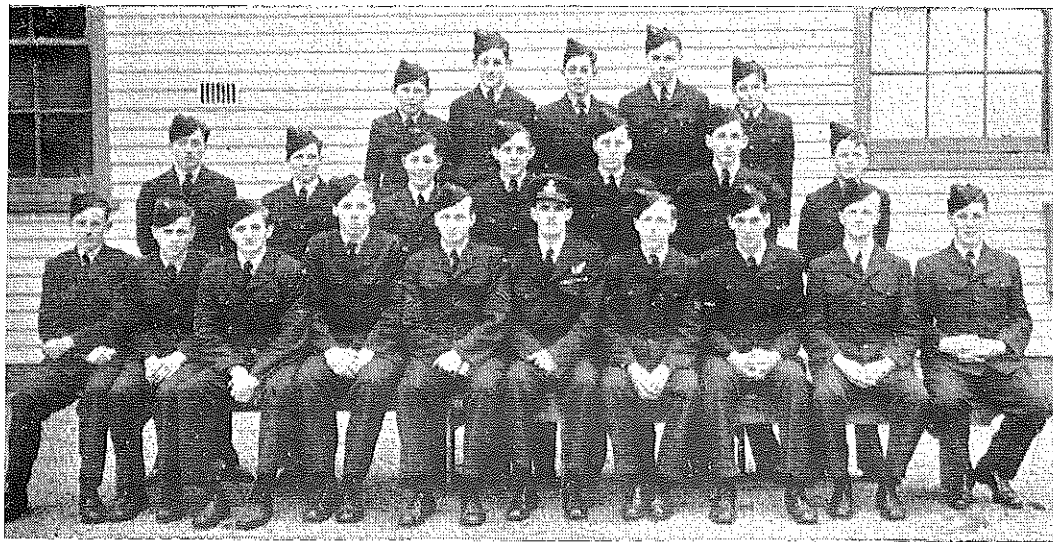
4. Daryl Chellis.—Daryl has reasonably good drives, but must endeavour to stand side-on to the net, instead of facing it. His game would benefit if he used top-spin instead of slicing the ball.

5. Barry Cook.—Barry has a very powerful service, but his forehand and backhand are merely defensive strokes. His match temperament is a great asset.

6. Don Best.—Don's game has improved considerably this year. He is a better doubles than singles player. He must also learn to place his shots during matches.

Arnold Cannon. — Arnold is a very keen player, whose consistency is a noticeable factor. Greater control of his drives is necessary.

Brian Mansfield.—Brian's service and volleys are good, but his ground strokes are inclined to be erratic. He improved greatly throughout the season.



A. T. C.

Back Row : Flood, L.A.C. Gibney, Hobson, Duhig, L.A.C. Symonds.
 Middle Row : Woods, Parish, Handley, L.A.C. Howard, Duguid, Hill, Large.
 Front : L.A.C. Olding, Bishop, L.A.C. Skeggs, L.A.C. Opie, Cpl. Nobes, W.O. Bladen, Cpl. Nunn, L.A.C. Widdowson, Shotton, Evans.

A.T.C. NOTES

No. 6 Flight of the Aid Training Corps, Launceston High School has strengthened its numbers during the past year although it is still a comparatively small flight. It consists of 20 members, 10 being senior cadets and the other 10 being junior cadets. There are two N.C.O.'s in the flight and 7 L.A.C.'s. Congratulations are extended to Cpl. Nobes on being promoted to this rank at the beginning of the year.

Subjects studied this year by cadets during weekly lectures are drill, armament, aircraft recognition, service knowledge, airmanship, radio and theory of flight.

During the year cadets from this flight have attended camps on the mainland and at Port Direction, Hobart, during School vacations, where they have had a taste of Air Force life. At Easter Cpl. Nobes was selected as a member of a State rifle team to participate in an interstate competition in Sydney. He represented No. 6 Flight.

Throughout the year 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.

Also during the year all senior cadets received 1½ hours flying instruction with the Tasmanian Aero Club at Western Junction. The flying consisted of 1 hour navigation instruction during flight and half hour practical flying during which cadets were in control of the aircraft.

All cadets have done well this year in their various subjects. Cadet Parish, K. J., was the most improved junior cadet for the year. Cadets Duhig, B.E.; Evans, D. C.; Handley, P. H. have also shown much promise during the year.

No. 6 Flight is one of the most efficient A.T.C. Flights in Tasmania. It is only a small flight and the competition is very keen amongst cadets. Its efficiency is also due to the good team spirit and comradeship among cadets. Cadets would also like to thank W/O Bladen for the way in which he has assisted them in their year's work. His work among the cadets has materially assisted in the high standards attained by the cadets.

The Flight has only been small during the past few years and next year we would like to see an increase in the enrolments to make it a Flight of at least average strength. The work is very interesting and is enjoyed by all those in the A.T.C. and we hope that there will be many more boys take an interest in the A.T.C. in the future.

MIRROR

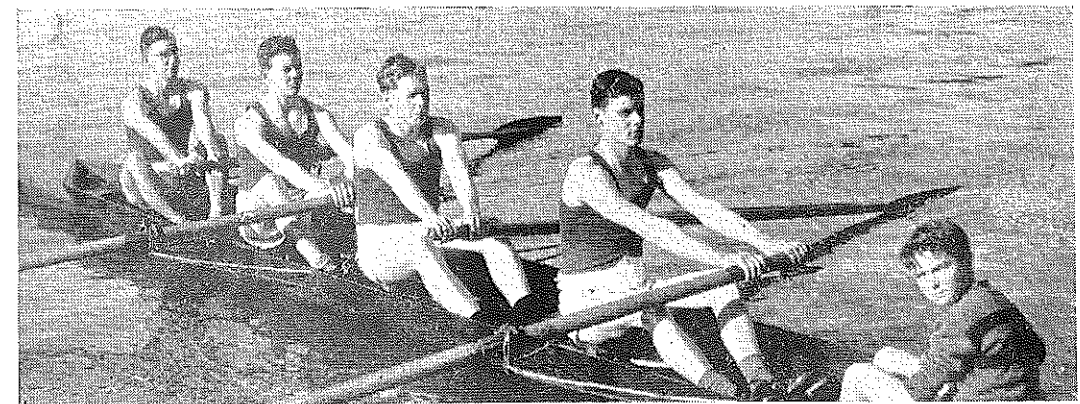
The mirror world's a lovely world
 Or so it seems to me;
 My father says he's thirty-four,
 The mirror, forty-three.

The mirror shows me what's outside,
 Outside though I don't look,
 For in the mirror's shiny face
 I see the neighbour's brook.

And then—what's even stranger—
 I see the apple tree,
 Right up against Miss Thompson's fence,
 Where cow-sheds ought to be.

The mirror world's a lovely world,
 If I could find a way,
 To enter and be back to front,
 I'd go there right away.

BARBARA JEFFREY, "E4," Arthur.



FIRST CREW

D. Cartwright (bow), J. Cartledge (2), A. Opie (3), P. Radford (stroke), G. Symonds (cox)

ROWING

Once again, rowing has this year taken its place as a major sport in the school. Once again also, training has been seriously hampered by the lack of suitable equipment, the two new shells on order having not yet arrived. However, in addition to our own clinker, we are able to use a boat made available to us by the Tamar Club.

We are fortunate in that we lost only one rower from last year's crew. Jim Cartledge, last year's second's stroke, was promoted to fill the position, while Geoff Symonds was enrolled as cox.

After a two year's' absence, the school crew returned to competitive racing. At the Henley on Tamar Regatta, the crew raced with six crews from Launceston and Hobart schools, for the Henley Shield. We gained fourth place, Hobart High's crew taking the honours. The crew then competed for the inter-secondary school's competition, the Clark Shield, rowed on the Derwent three weeks after the Tamar Regatta. Hobart High again won a hard, closely contested race. Our crew was rowing in second position up to a hundred yards from "home", when it got into difficulties, lost several lengths and finished fourth.

Unfortunately we lost most of our first's crew at the end of the year. Through the year we have also lost three members of the second crew. Consequently, there will be many vacant positions in the crews next year. We suggest that C and D Class boys in particular, who are interested in rowing, should give their names to Mrs. Askland early in 1953.

The first crew for 1952 was :

David Cartwright (bow), Jim Cartledge (2), Tony Opie (3), Peter Radford (stroke), and Geoff Symonds (cox).

The second crew was :

Ian Duguid (bow), Nick Hayes (2), John Traill (3), Joe Callaway (stroke), Jim Kempton (cox), and Paul Johnstone (emergency).

COMMENTARIES

Peter Radford (stroke). As stroke of the crew and captain of the rowing club, Peter, with

his four year's experience, has been the mainstay of rowing in the school. Apart from his outstanding ability as an oarsman and skill as stroke, he has been almost entirely responsible for training the younger boys.

Tony Opie (3). For the third year, Tony has occupied (3) position in the crew. He is one of our strongest and most reliable rowers, and will do well in the sport if he continues it when he leaves school.

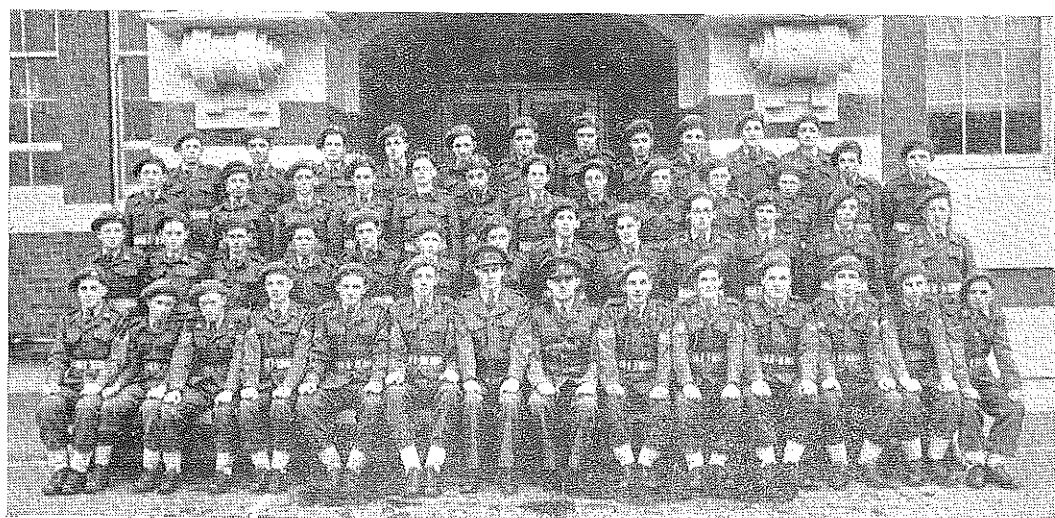
Jim Cartledge (2). Jim settled into his new position, and greatly assisted in forming the crew into a well-balanced combination. It would be unfortunate for the school if Jim were to leave this year, for with his experience, he has become an ideal type for stroke.

David Cartwright (bow). David is another stalwart of the crew. He has given repeated displays of the good anticipation so necessary in a bow-man. A very versatile rower, David, who is vice-captain of the club, has greatly assisted in training the younger rowers.

Geoff Symonds (cox). The crew was very fortunate to enlist Geoff's services this year. He is now an excellent cox, and with experience gained this year, he will in future play a major role in the first crew.

Joe Callaway (emergency). Stroke of the second crew, Joe was also No. 1 emergency for the firsts. An ideal build for a rower, Joe would have been a mainstay in the 1953 crew had he not changed to athletics. It is to be much regretted that he has done so.

The Club wishes to express its deep gratitude to Mr. Askland and Mr. Fleming, who have supervised training and racing. It is largely due to these gentlemen that rowing has regained its status as a foremost School sport. We also wish to sincerely thank Mr. David Tudor, who has given a great deal of time as our coach this year. His preparation of the first crew for racing in such a short time, was a splendid effort on his part and we appreciate it very much.



CADET CORPS

Back Row : Atkins; Ockenby, B.; Grant, D.; Bird, J.; Nobes, K.; Baker, J.; Haas; Curbishly, Paul K.; Johnson; Murfett.

Third Row : Hardy; Sutherland, W.; Ratcliffe; Bishop; Kempton; Fleming; Jones; Hodgman; Williams; Reinmuth; Crothers; Blackburn; Wagner.

Second Row : Nichols; Hooper; Stanley; Cowie; Witt; Burns; Cleary; Beardwood; De Jersey; Room; L/Cpl. Tilley; L/Cpl. Kerrison.

Front Row : L/Cpl. Hart, J.; L/Cpl. Knight; Cpl. Richards; Cpl. Hodgkinson; Cpl. McCormack; Sgt. Cartledge; Lieut. Radford; Lieut. Stubbs; Sgt. Cartwright; Sgt. Hart, J.; Cpl. Cartledge; Cpl. Mullen; Cpl. Butler; L/Cpl. Huett.

N.B.—All down to Tilley are Cadets.

CADET NOTES

Once again this year our Cadet Unit has not had full support from the boys of the School and our fifty-odd cadets have had to compete with over 150 from other Schools. Against these odds, teams from our unit have very little chance in competitions against the larger units, but with more recruits we could be far more successful.

The School Cadet Unit is a valuable addition to school training. First-year cadets learn discipline and precision from exercises in elementary foot drill and rifle drill, as well as the correct methods of using his own service rifle and the Bren light machine gun. The cadet is taught the value of camouflage and how to use it most effectively, the way to observe a sector of the battlefield and many other interesting army sidelights.

During their second year of training, cadets receive instruction in specialised subjects. This stage is probably the most interesting part of school cadet training, as cadets choose the subject in which they are most interested. Artillery, signals, stores, Vickers machine gun and three-inch mortar are a few examples of the lines along which the cadet may proceed.

After their first 12 months, cadets are eligible for promotion, and in January of each year a course of instruction for non-commissioned officers is held during the last 10 days of the School holidays at Brighton Camp. Cadets attending these courses learn the principles of instruction and are given a thorough background knowledge so that when they return to School they are competent instructors.

The unit is run by these N.C.O.'s themselves, under supervision of a member of the Staff and its efficiency depends largely upon its N.C.O.'s and officers.

As a result of this year's N.C.O. course, Corporals McCormack, Mullen, Hodgkinson and Butler, and Lance-Corporals Knight and Nichols received their promotions. Lieutenant Stubbs, Cadet-Lieutenants Radford and Cook, Staff Sergeant Cartwright and Sergeant Cartledge, were also at the camp.

In August the annual camp was held at Brighton. At these camps instruction is supervised by warrant-officers of the Regular Army, and at the end of camp, mock battles between schools enable the years' training to be borne out in practice. The infantry platoon, supported by artillery fire and kept in communication by the signals section, use their knowledge of field craft, fire power and tactics to attack and dislodge their temporary enemy.

During the camp the schools competed for the Hoad Trophy and Commander's Cup. Our congratulations go to Hutchins School and Scotch College respectively for these two drill awards. The School Unit was only 2 points in 200 behind Hutchins in the Hoad Trophy.

Several rifle shooting competitions were held during the year, of which we won the Empire-wide Lord Forster Cup for cadets under 14, gained second place in Tasmania in the Governor's Cup and third in the Earl Roberts' Trophy, which were held early in October at Brighton, while our Vickers' team attained third place in their shoot.

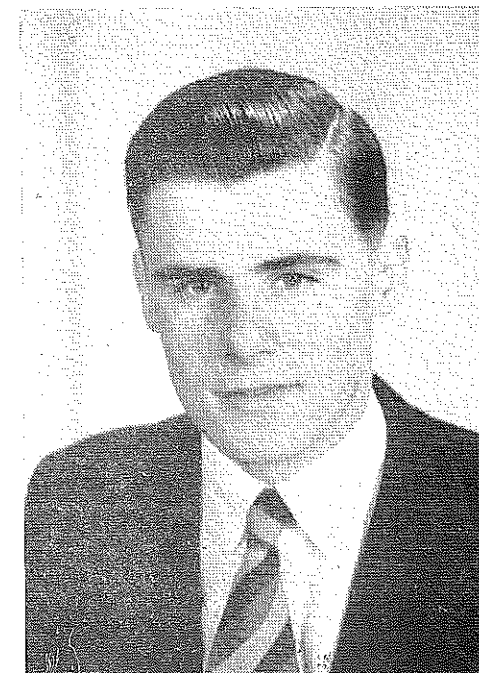
From this you can see that the School Cadet Unit has had a lot of near misses this year, as was the case last year, but with more boys, our unit could be much more successful.

At present we are virtually living on a reputation built up by boys who have gone before, so what about it, boys?

HEAD PREFECTS, 1952



Gale Scott



Peter Radford

BLACK SWANS

Wild nature undisturbed—the black swans dipping,
Crying, wheeling over a river of blue,
Beneath the dome, separated from the waters
By an uneven line of green
Like the dividing wall between two worlds
That unite on their far horizons.

The broad river is bridged at its narrowest neck—
An intrusion of men's steel into nature.
But the birds still sport themselves in sweet content,

They care not for these ugly things of men,
For the bridge which carries trains.
They care not for the trains, which rush and
roar and shriek and clatter,
Claiming nature's own dominion
Intruding on the happy peace of earth created.

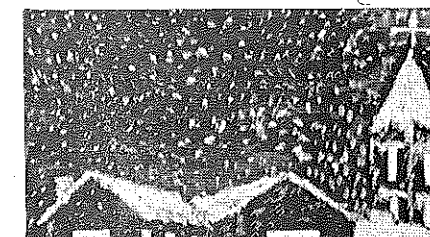
And when the trains rush by,
The birds but cease their crying,
Floating calm upon the tranquil waters,
Their small dark eyes aflame with the deep enquiry
For what they cannot understand.

Mary Schramm, "D1," Franklin.

LES SYLPHIDES

The curtain rises!
Spellbound we gaze
At the wistful beauty of the ballerina.
Which attracts our eyes more?
The background—
Green trees and a sulky moon—
Or those white dreams of the Poet?
Flitting about the stage, like
Butterflies over a meadow.
The Prelude changes to a Mazurka,
And the Poet dances with the Ballerina.
PATRICIA SWANN, "D2," Franklin.

SNOWSTORM



P.H.

Shrill winds rend the silks of the bleached vale;
Fairy fingers, laid with glistening moss,
Tumble free their burden 'gainst the gale.
Forceful, frantic, frightening, beaten gloss
Of turmoil'd choked waves, unleashed, unkept,
Blunder bilious, toss'd in sunken trough.
Elements are raging, wrestling 'bove our concept
Of force Almighty M. SHAW, "B1," Wilmot



Gale Scott



Hugh Reeves

BEST PASS SCHOOL'S BOARD, 1951



David Cartwright



Barbara Scott

OUR SILLY ANIMALS

Periodically, Tinker, a little terrier belonging to my cousin, appears at our place in the afternoon and will not go home. He stays to yap and scratch all night, disturbing our sleep; in the morning, when Dad goes outside, Tinker appears in front of him, on his back with feet waving about in the air, frankly entreating Dad to pat him.

Daddy ends by picking him up and laughing reluctantly at his antics; we can't help not smack him, because he looks so dismal and woe-begone, grovelling in the dust(?), when scolded, by behaving like a simpering female, when "in favour."

Almost as often, my cousin appears, looking resignedly for Tinker, for when he disappears from his own place, he invariably turns up at our place.

Our own dog, Gyp(sy), though not nearly as silly, has his own particular peculiarities—in his case, sly little ways which I'm sure he didn't inherit from any of us! When Mummy goes to town, he follows her until sternly ordered back, then slinks away with his tail between his legs; later, he turns up at the door of the shop or house to which Mum was going, having followed at a safe distance all the way, keeping just out of sight.

Dogs are sly, aren't they?

Possum, our cat (so called because of his long, furry tail, which sticks straight up in the air) has rather uncomfortable likes and dislikes—for instance, he hates being picked up and clings with his claws for dear life if he is, growling and bristling. Therefore, unless Poss. has just eaten a meal, we do not venture to pick him up. When he is reasonably happy, Poss. rubs his neck and back on our feet—or whatever part of our body that happens to be nearest—indeed, he rubs so hard, that if we happen (accidentally) to take ourselves away, Poss. nearly falls over. Generally there are at least a few scratches on us somewhere to remind us of his sharp claws, which he seems to be always sharpening, to our destruction!

MARGARET COX, "D1," Wilmot

POLAR SNOW

A thick white blanket descends from the heavens:
From nowhere.

It falls continuously, in one fine, bleached sheet,
to the ground—

To nowhere.

It goes on and on falling through the air—
Through nowhere.

It hides the landscape while 'tis falling—
Hides nothing.

It cools still cooler the frigid air around—
Cools nothing.

Its monotony rests the weary eye and brain—
Rests nothing.

It ceases, and the vision fades—
Fades never.

The day doth end, but the sun sinks not—
Sinks never.

The earth goes on, and the night still sleeps—
Sleeps ever.

M. SCHRAMM, "D1," Franklin.

THE POND

The sun was hidden behind the mountains, but although no one else was astir in the house, there was quite a crowd outside the back door. Tim, our collie, and Possum, the cat, were waiting on the doorstep and both were watching me with mild curiosity because Dad was usually first up. I am last as a rule.

Collecting all the paraphernalia necessary, I set out for the pond with my two companions, Tim and Possum following. It was only two minutes' walk from the road which runs between Lalla and Lilydale. There were a few native hens running around in and out of sags when we arrived, but they soon vanished at the sight of Tim, who ran about with his nose to the ground, giving short excited yaps. Much to his disgust I tied him up to a young pine tree and then scrambled down the bank to where the creek was walled in by a dense wall of blackberries. Kicking off my shoes, I put on gum boots and finding a way through the blackberries, left Possum meowing pitifully near the edges.

Behind this blackberry wall was a little pool—my pool—fringed with tall reeds that waved their slender green spikes and brown heads in the wind. Here dwelt the native hens, rails, snipe and, last but not least, the numerous citizens of the pond itself. Frogs' eggs in the form of small jelly rafts were moored along the edges of the pool. These transparent blocks had taken up all the wharfage space among the reeds and some were clinging to weeds that grow in the middle of the pond.

Small tadpoles swam through the water looking for food, then came up to the surface to breathe, wriggle and disappear again. Mosquito larvae or wrigglers moved with a jerky motion, propelling themselves through the water, while the ugly monsters—the water-beetles, occasionally rushed out from behind some weeds to gobble up unfortunate wayfarers. Overhead dragon-flies twisted their gleaming bodies in graceful circles. There were no mosquitoes and I was very thankful because they seem to have a peculiar liking for me.

But now who comes bringing ruin and disturbance to the pool? The birds fly in terror and the heavy gum boots churn up mud, worms and tadpoles as their weaver sploshes through the shallow pool after specimens. Once again the harmless citizens of the quiet pool find themselves squashed, buried or flung aside as I proceed with my jars for capturing and storing victims. Even the water-beetles, the bullies of the pool, flee in terror as the high tides caused by the gum boots sweep over the jelly barges and tear them away from their moorings.

I step out again with my specimens and collect the shoes. Then I let Tim off the rope and plod up the track with water squelching out of my gum boots and carrying another jar of unwilling captives for the aquarium.

"BOB," "C1," Franklin.

PEGGY PEDLEY MEMORIAL PRIZE

The Peggy Pedley Memorial Prize has been awarded to Janet Jessop for her article printed below.

"WAYS AND MEANS"

I have been receiving pocket money regularly now for four years and during that time prices have dropped and risen and the basic wage has followed suit. However, I have now ceased to cherish the idea that my allowance might rise accordingly. It won't. Not that this has not its compensations, because it will be an advantage during the next depression. I dread to imagine the consequences if my weekly two-and-sixpence should fall in accordance with the Commonwealth budget. I might even in such a crisis, be driven to writing a short explanatory note to Mr. Fadden.

Every other Thursday I receive five shillings and every other Thursday I put that five shillings straight into a little cardboard box behind the clock on the dining-room mantelpiece, where it swells the amount with which I probably hope to buy some shoes, material, or some wool. Wool! Angora wool! About six weeks ago I began to suffer from the desire that an Angora jumper would possibly increase and beautify the rather diminished jumper section of my wardrobe. My mother agreed to my suggestion, on the condition that I paid every penny myself. The jumper needed seven balls of Angora wool. Angora wool costs five and fourpence a ball. Well, you cannot altogether blame the woolgrowers—I mean the rabbit breeders, because they must have money to buy fencing to keep the little fluffy bunnies in the restricted area and really, the woolen mills must be paid compensation for the excess bulk of fluff which their employees, not their market, must consume during the process of spinning the yarn.

I soon realised that finance was going to be a big problem if the jumper (a delightful blue) was ever going to be finished and worn. Realising that I must swell the little cardboard coffer, I came to an agreement with my aunt that I should help her with the housework for two hours each Saturday, at the very reasonable charge of four shillings, because I am not an established and licensed charwoman. However, I may be one day if I lose my job in the next depression. But of course, that will not happen, because I am going to be a teacher—in a Government school.

My mother offered to give me one and fourpence each Saturday morning, so I thought the arrangement most satisfactory. Aunt paying me four shillings to take me into her house, Mother proffering one and fourpence to keep me out of hers. Total earnings on Saturday morning now five and fourpence, in other words, one ball of Paton's fuzzy-wuzzy Angora, in a deep blue shade was mine!

This money, plus my pocket money, plus all spare pittances from visiting aunts, and the pennies received from Father when he realised that a few coins jingling in his pocket might fall out while he cleaned the fowl-house, all went into wool. I remembered that the five shilling piece given to me by an uncle would have come in very handy, but unfortunately I pawned that to the baker when I was in similar drastic financial circumstances a few months ago.

For three weeks I did hardly anything but knit, I brushed nothing but long blue hairs from my clothes and every meal was garnished with this wonderful fluffy substance which seemed to stick to everything. It still does. At dancing-class my dark suited partners are branded quite mercilessly.

The jumper has been finished now for quite some time. I paid a woman I know five shillings to knit the bands by machine, but I didn't begrudge this amount because I told her of my drastic position with regard to money in the hope that she would under-charge me, which she did. Besides, private enterprise is different, isn't it? She has to live.

Now for a little harmless speculation. When my photo appears in the "Parliamentary Monthly," if there is such a publication, with a caption below to the effect that I wrote an informal letter to the chivalrous Sir Arthur, enquiring after the state of his treasury and suggesting that the furthering of Angora rabbiting as a Government concern could be made very profitable, I shall wear that jumper, not with the intention of causing the photographer to sneeze and thus render my image unrecognisable, but because it will be stimulating to my morale and also to the morale of the depressed primary producers who see the photo, to realise that although the Government sends prices soaring sky-high, we still come off best!!

JANET JESSOP, "B1," Arthur.

TWENTY YEARS FROM NOW

Twenty years ago our parents had to work about fifty hours a week, but with the advance of science everything around us has been speeded up so that people to-day attend employment for forty hours in every week. It is possible, even probable that twenty years hence we will enjoy a twenty-five hour working week.

As a direct result of this, we will have more time to spend as our fancy thinks fit and sports and hobbies will have to change so as to warrant the extra time given to them. In such things as horse-racing the human element will be avoided by having the jockey replaced by a robot, so that a race will be a true test of the horse and results will probably be surprising.

Sport generally will need to become more scientific and most of the whims of Lady Luck banished. Such pastimes as model car, boat and aeroplane racing will provide entertainment as well as assisting the industries associated with them.

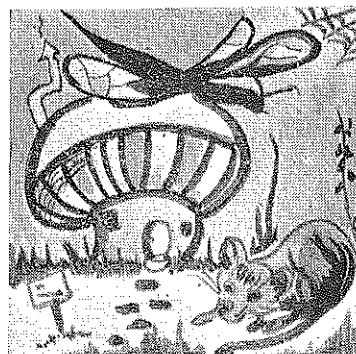
Each week-end the roads are thronged with holiday-makers, but in twenty years, instead of going to a shack down the river, you and I may hop into our family space ship on Thursday evening and cruise off to Venus or Mars for a week-end's dinosaur hunting, and return on Monday night.

Schools will need to modify their scopes so that children can be educated to use their spare time profitably after they leave school.

These, then, are a few ideas to start the machinery between your ears clanking for a while, for people to-day are very lazy mentally as well as physically, and you will probably jump to some rather more startling conclusions than I have, although some of them may not stand printing.

David Cartwright, "A," Sorell.

HOUSE TO LET



JJ.

In a glade one afternoon
I saw a little house;
It must have belonged to a dragon-fly,
Or p'raps a little mouse.

The little windows were so small!
I opened wide the door,
And then I tip-toed softly in,
And stood upon the floor.

But there was no one to be seen,
The rooms were light and airy;
Surely that little house belonged
To some wee elf or fairy.

So if one day you chance to see
A fairy cold and wet,
Tell it that there in yonder glade
Is a fairy house to let.

BEVERLEY KAY, "E1," Wilmot.

TIGHT SHOES

"Hurry, Sis. We're waiting for you," called my sister from the car. Well, I had no choice, I would have to wear my new shoes as there was no time to clean my others and I could not wear them dirty when we were trying to make such a favourable impression with my sister's employer. So, walking very sedately (as though I was walking on ice, as my sister bitingly remarked), I went out. During the ride in the car I convinced myself that the shoes were not so very tight and that after a few minutes they would feel as comfortable as my old ones. Our hostess greeted us pleasantly and we eventually found ourselves seated in armchairs in front of a blazing fire. There were several other people there (for that I was intensely relieved as I had been under the impression that we were to be the only guests), and everyone soon became quite talkative.

Gradually, I could feel my left foot getting numb, and then my right one and my toes began to cramp. I tried to put my feet under the chair but found that it was solid right to the floor. Seeing a lady sitting on a straight-backed chair and in a very good position behind the table, which had a floor length cloth, I offered her my chair near the fire as I said I was getting hot. Lifting my feet high off the floor as though they had springs in them, I changed my place. By now there was no feeling at all in them and I had to lift them high to know that I was moving them at all. Safely hidden behind the tablecloth, I eased off my shoes. There was a sharp pain and the feeling began to creep back into my toes.

With a sigh of relief I settled back comfortably in my chair. The other guests were amazed at the rapidity with which "that girl lost her shyness and became friendly." The rest of the afternoon passed pleasantly and then came the time to go home. My shoes simply would not go back on! I pushed and pulled, but no! My heels just wouldn't go in. I became panic-stricken and wished fervently that I had taken Mum's advice and bought the pair in a large size instead of the pair in the smaller size that I liked better. Ignoring the signs my sister was making, I waited until all the other guests had gone and then, hoping that the hostess wouldn't notice, I pressed down the back of the shoe and walking with my toes pressed into the foot, made my way to the car. But, of course, they flopped and as I was climbing into the car I caught the heel of one on the running-board and fell, landing half in and half out of the car with one shoe sitting conspicuously in the middle of the pavement and the other dangling from the end of my toes, both of them with the backs flattened and not accidentally. With a very red face and bruised dignity, I scrambled into the car and received both shoes (the other had fallen off) from the hostess.

Never again will I buy a pair of tight shoes, even if I have to buy clogs instead.

GWEN SCOLYER, "B1," Wilmot.

I DISLIKE

—comics, chewing-gum, gabby women, maths, English grammar, yesterday's joint (cold), busybodies, washing-up, sloppy films, jazz, swing, hill-billies, Tchaikovsky, surrealist art, crowds, dry hockey fields, dirty jokes, old wisecracks, sulphur fumes, wearing caps, tight collars, mushy radio programmes, very sweet cakes, colds, some medicines, bullies, bossy people, know-alls, old blotters, inaudible and boring speakers, long periods, smoky fires, camping in close proximity to shops, detentions, home-work, declensions, parsing, first period on Monday, ignoramuses, copy-cats, music practice, public speaking, vile stench, flies, women drivers, swearing; Phew!!

What do I like? I have nearly filled this book so far and my nib's almost "had it," so I will confine myself to one subject only. But what is it to be?

Brainstorm!! I will talk on the gentle subjects of my dislike in music. In addition to that mentioned above, I dislike Strauss, modernised classics, art songs, Benjamin Britton, Spike Jones, dance bands, Hawaiian music and many others. To show that I do like some music, I will say that I like Handel, Chopin, Haydn, Rhinsky-Korsakov (when I'm in a good mood), Hayden-Wood, Frederick Curzon, Beethoven and many others (mainly classical or romantic).

Strauss, for some indefinable reason, just riles me; modernised classics are just ruination their graves. Art songs annoy me, because the and would make their original composers turn in tunes find a hard time fitting to the words, Benjamin Britton is an ultra-modern composer who manages to make a horrible howling noise with such bizarre combinations as a trombone, a tenor horn, a tenor and an orchestra. "Spike Jones and Co." can be fun, but their recent records are absolutely atrocious. Dance bands and Hawaiian music are sufficient to put me in a rage for a week.

ERIC RATCLIFFE, "D1," Wilmot.

CHOPPING THE WOOD

As the wood pile was looking less like a wood pile than it ever had before, my father decided it was time that we made a journey to the bush and brought back a lorry-load of wood.

We set off with the wedges, axes, saws, and ropes. My sister and I had been considered 'probably useful,' and were allowed to go. When we reached the desired location, we stopped the lorry at the turn-off on the main road and my eldest brother went ahead on foot to examine the road and to see if the bridges were safe after the recent rains.

Going to the top of the hill about a quarter of a mile away from the bus, he waved. Slowly the Ford was driven into the heart of the fire-blackened, rain-washed bush. "This'll do!" shouted my father and the slow procession came to a halt. We leapt off the back of the truck, and the boys grabbed their tools and started to pick their trees.

In the middle of a burnt clearing there stood a tall, leafless, white skeleton of a tree. It was scared about the trunk by bushfires and was good burning wood.

Warning Noelene and me to keep clear for the time being, the men proceeded to saw through the tree. Noelene and I went a few hundred yards away examining some bush flowers and keeping a wary eye on the doomed tree.

"O.K." from someone in a voice that rang through the trees.

"Let her go," from another.

A loud crack sounded. The stately tree trembled. More sounds like rifle shots, and the tree fell crashing through the foliage to the ground which shook under the impact. I felt the same pang of regret I always feel when a tree is felled.

"Anything we can do?" I asked.

"Yes. Get to work with the axes on those smaller spars," answered my father.

We eagerly set to work. After two minutes we both threw off our cardigans, then set to work again. After five minutes the strokes of our axes became slower and fewer. We stuck at it for an hour, but refused to give in to the men's knowing winks and smiles at each other—until we were forced to.

"I didn't know that wood chopping was so hard," I gasped. A grunt from Noelene as she flopped down on the ground fanning herself with a switch of gum leaves, was my only answer as I joined her.

"What? Tired already?" my father queried in tones he tried hard to make sound surprised.

"Yes," we answered shamelessly. He laughed, then pointed to the truck.

"Get our dinner ready then." After a rest we did so, then sat on the truck watching the men until they came and joined us for dinner after a wash in a nearby creek. I thought they looked dirtier after the wash than they had before!

Later in the afternoon they felled two more trees and split them up. After that they started to load the truck. Suddenly one of them began to dance around, holding his leg. Noelene and I gazed on him in surprise.

"Bull ants," stated the afflicted victim, evidently in pain. On his boot were three or four large blue-black insects with horrid looking fangs. That was enough for me. I made a bee-line for the truck, Noelene running a close sec-

ond. A roar of laughter greeted our display of distaste. We ignored it and sat in the truck watching their puffing, grunting, perspiring figures toiling back and forth from the truck.

Noelene rubbed her ankle then gave a yell. "Leeches!"

Those two words, "Leeches" and "Bullants" made me vow for life never to go wood-cutting again. My father applied a lighted match to the fat, dark brown leech fastened on Noelene's ankle and she squirmed with pain. At last the truck was fully loaded and we thankfully set off home with black faces and weary grins.

RITA LOCKETT, "C3," Wilmot.

ISLAND HOME

Like a little baby tea-leaf in the middle of some tea,

The island of Tasmania is surrounded by the sea.

The big lakes are so blue and the paddocks are so green,

They really look as if they have been reared up for a queen.

The people are so friendly. If you don't know what to do,

And someone is in trouble, they are always helping you.

But the insects, I regret to say, are not so very nice,

So please don't go a-meddling with them—that is my advice.

ANN CORNELIUS, "E4," Sorell.

OCTOBER



J.J.

Spring fades; upon the earth in pale pink piles

The limpid flames of loveliness lie still.

The cherry blossom weeps, her wedding wiles

Are wasted now, in tears of tulle and frill

Of shrivelled sorrow. All the first wild joy

For the new season vanished. Winds arise,

And in a cruel confusion break and buoy

In emerald ecstasy their new-born prize.

This is the month of shadows of the spring,

Of temporal tears; soon, soon steals on the time

When drowsy heralds will arise and sing

A lullaby of love, till from the mound

Wafts the warm breath of summer to confound

My thoughts, the broken blossoms on the

ground.

JANET JESSOP, "B1," Arthur.

BY OLD FATHER THAMES

It's hushed now, except for the winter wind blowing lustily along the wide, deserted promenade and stone beach and the half-tide waves lapping around the wheels of the "Westcliffe Belle's" mobile landing-stage which stands on the beach where the trip-boat used to operate. Alan and I lay on our stomachs, kicking heels and throwing small stones and shells into the shallow brine.

Only four or five months previously the warm sun had bathed South Essex's stony beach and her black, but healthy mud at low tide. I sat up, leant back on a wooden post, gripped my arm around my legs and rested my chin on my knees; and mentally, visualised the summer month of August.

"Cockles, winkles, they're lovely!" "South-end Rock! Stamped right the way through!" "Ere y're, ladies, this lovely china halsatian only 10/11 to you. I'd charge anyone else 11/-!" Really these Alsatian ornaments are simply awful, but they seem to be bought by our London visitors all the same.

This seaside resort is very much favoured by Londoners because of its proximity to that city. The pier, of which we Southenders are very proud, is a mile and a half long, the girls, who sell "Ross" ice-cream, the smell of sea-weed, the yells of the salesmen selling peppermint, rock, funny hats, souvenirs and shell fish of all shapes, sizes and varieties, and of course, jellied eels, are things I loved, but all these things, I think I loved the boats best of all.

The "Belle" was a shapely little vessel and it held about fifty people. My younger cousin, Alan, and I, used to go on the trips round the pier or sit on the landing stage watching the people sitting in deck-chairs at 3d an hour or (with head shade), 4d an hour. The poor children crying because of their red backs, and the little Cockney arguing with deck-chair attendant over his 3d an hour, are to me part of Southend.

In the summer the pier was quite "a hive of industry," the busy turnstyle at the foot was open all day and evening. In the Pier Pavilion shows were performed. On the end of the pier there was dancing, movies, deck games, such as deck tennis and quoits. Then once a day the larger boats would make trips to Calais via Margate. Most of the boats were paddle steamers, but there were one or two newer craft.

Of course, far more wonderful than all these were the odd fishing boats, barges and occasional naval craft, all on their way to London and the big liners going only as far as Tilbury.

JILL READ, "C1," Wilmot.

THE FIR-TREE

The fir-tree stood in the bottom corner of the garden and had, according to my father, been there for many years. Tall and stately it grew against the blue sky, its flat boughs thick and green.

It was a familiar meeting place for my brother and the two boys next door. There they would meet after school and each with a small tin lined with cotton wool, climb the tree and disappear in search of birds' eggs from the numerous nests scattered about it.

My father had warned my brother and his friends not to climb the tree as the boughs though thick and strong-looking were in reality dry and brittle and liable to snap off beneath their weight.

On my return from school one afternoon, my attention was attracted by shouts coming from the vicinity of the fir-tree. I hurried down towards it and saw my brother pointing excitedly towards a bough some fifteen feet above the ground. Crouching on the end of the bough and mewing pitifully was our small black kitten, which had climbed there in fright to escape an intruding dog.

Forgetting my father's warning, I put down my school case, took off my shoes and began to climb the tree. At last I reached the bough and edged my way cautiously towards the kitten. Only then did I remember the danger my father had pointed out. My weight was proving too heavy for the bough, for it began to crack in an alarming fashion. Looking down I saw my brother's upturned face, I began to feel giddy and frightened. I cried out to him to go quickly for my father to help me down. And then — darkness and the ground.

LESLEY MONKHOUSE, "E1," Franklin

QUEER FISH

"Queer Fish! Why, I've never seen any queer fish!" I remarked angrily as I settled down to my week-end essay. "How can I write about something I've never seen," I added to myself, frantically chewing the end of my stubby pencil. Timidly I asked the family for help. "Who's supposed to be writing this essay, anyway? How should I know?" and "Be quiet! I just missed a good joke!" were typical comments from my helpful family. "I saw some very queer fish on the Barrier Reef—," begins my aunt, but is interrupted by my anguished cry of, "I've never been there, though."

"Think!" bellows my father, "if you can."

I decide to follow his advice.

Many years ago, my family went for a holiday at Cowrie Point, near Stanley. One evening, just at sunset, we went for a walk along the beach. On the wet, golden sand, I saw what appeared to be a broad pink ribbon. It was only when I stopped to pick it up I discovered that it was a fish. The ribbon fish, as it is called, is pink in colour, with shining, silver scales on its underside. Lying on the sand the fish sparkled and shone, but when I picked it up, it became dull and lifeless. My father said the fish was rather rare and he would take it to Smithton the next time he went.

Last year Chris and I decided to walk along the beach to Middle Island. We paddled across many little rivulets and waded through thick, black mud, before we came to a strip of firm sand. Lying in the middle of this patch of sand was a skeleton. It measured at least three feet across and four feet in length. Judging by the long boned tail, we decided that it must be a stingray. I was very glad that I had not come across the creature when it was alive, because men stung by a ray have died or gone mad from the pain.

"Well," said Dad, "how's your essay going?" I looked up, "Finished," I said and grinned with relief.

"I knew you could write about 'Queer Fish,'" my brother murmured as he edged towards the door, "seeing as you're one yourself!" The door banged behind us as I chased up the passage to revenge myself.

ANN BRODIE, "C1," Wilmot.

THE RESCUE

One afternoon at four o'clock, Margaret, Barbara and I were playing ball outside Mr. Morris' office window. We had just had sport and nearly everyone was going home. Suddenly a gust of wind blew along and, as often happens, my green School beret which was lying on the seat, blew away over the boys' yard. I ran after it and as I restored it to the seat which runs around the School, I heard a peculiar noise. This noise sounded like a cat in pain. I called Margaret to come and listen but the sound did not come again. We resumed our game but a few minutes later I heard the noise once more and so did Margaret.

We all went over to the office window, the sound seemed to come from the wall. Barbara pressed her ear to the wall and listened.

"It sounds like a cat," she said. Quite a crowd gathered around, wondering what all the fuss was about.

"Maybe it is somebody playing tricks on us," suggested a bright young person.

After the sound had come a few more times, I bent down and listened at the grating. A paw shot out and nearly caught my ear. Then we knew what it was! A cat was behind the grating under the office window!

I stuck my fingers through the grating and felt soft fur and then as I drew my finger out, sharp teeth caught me. Some girls went and got sandwiches which they had left over from lunch, than one of them had her fingers scratched and

I went in and told Miss Smith at the office to look and while she was doing so, several prefects joined the crowd. Miss Smith sent me to get Mr. S. Morris and he brought a few teachers with him.

They poked these through the grating and, more than that a cat was behind the grating, she came out bitten as the cat devoured the food.

Nobody could understand how the cat had got there. There were no holes in the walls and a thorough search by the teachers failed to reveal any other crevices. Mr. Morris might ring up the architect, we were told, and everyone seemed to want to knock a hole in the wall, when a heartless person said that the cat would have to stay there.

People were now kneeling on the ground, feeding the cat and attempting to stroke it. The weather had been wet and the grating being beside the dust-bin, made the ground wet and dirty. This did not stop prefects, teachers and pupils kneeling in it! The cat was freed eventually, when Mr. S. Morris broke the grating with an axe. Poor animal, it nearly went mad when it got out. We had been expecting a kitten, but this was a fully-grown cat. A girl wanted to take it home and she wrapped it in her blazer to go. She had gone a few steps when suddenly the cat jumped from her arms and going fast enough to beat a greyhound, it shot around the side of the School. This was the last anyone saw of the cat, although I heard a loud meowing coming from the bicycle shed a few minutes later.

HEATHER FAIRBAIRN, "E4," Arthur.

SO MANY THINGS

There are so many things to do,

There are so many things to see,

That e'en if each one took his share,

There'd still be plenty left for me—

A shadow's flick, a thistle's prick,

A blackbird's trill at morning,

A mountain blue, a chicken new,

The soft grey glow of dawning.

There are so many things to think,

There are so many things to find,

That if the wise thoughts flew away,

There'd be much better ones behind.

A wavelet's crest, a robin's nest,

An apple tree in blossom,

A kitten's purr, a bee's wing's whirr,

A wee warm baby possum.

From earth below to sky above,

There are so many things to love!

JANET JESSOP, "B1," Arthur.

THE LAST STRAW

The old train grunted in protest as it chugged slowly and painfully up the steep hill. Huge billows of black smoke puffed spasmodically from an aged funnel, turning the once-clean windows into screen through which the passing scenery appeared to the inside observer as blurred images floating indiscernably by.

Amid great clankings and protestations, the train conquered the hill and slid triumphantly down the other side. True, it cost it a greater effort now to mount such a steep incline than it had in the train's far-distant youth, when such a hill would have been mere child's play. How many hills it had conquered in that life-time! How many miles it had eaten up! How many different people it had transported to their destinations.

It continued on down the slope, its rhythmic song ringing out among the trees. It sounded very placid and content; at peace with the world. Suddenly, as it approached a crossing, a shrill whistle rent the air. Confronted with a red signal, the startled train was obliged to jam on its brakes to give way to an inferior locomotive belonging to the younger generation. The offending train roared past with a last shrill blast of its whistle and a clanking of its inferior wheels.

In a less jubilant frame of mind, the train started up again and, snorting indignantly at the smoke left in the wake of the offending party, it rattled on. Past small towns it roared, glancing at them haughtily and disdainfully and not even bothering to stop.

A small girl traced a pattern on the misty window with her finger. Removing her grime-covered hand, she was able to catch fleeting glimpses of the speeding countryside, but there was still a thick layer of dirt on the outside of the window, so she was really not much better off. Turning round, she sank once more into the seat. It was uncomfortable, and the springs hurt her, so she fell to scratching her initials on the seat in front of her, while her unwary parent nodded behind a newspaper, her head keeping up the momentum built up by the train.

After a quick glance at the oblivious parent, the small girl secured a pocket knife from the dim recesses of her apparel and proceeded to

BIRD PHOTOGRAPHY

Being very interested in ornithology and bird photography, I was very keen recently to take some good photos of the spur-winged plovers common to this particular district. Therefore, when I found a nest with eggs, I was overjoyed at the prospect of procuring some good shots of spur-winged plovers and their eggs.

As I entered the paddock, which was bare except for some stunted, forlorn ti-tree and a few deformed, ghost gum, the "Old man plover," began diving at me with protesting squawks of abuse, at the same time warning the hen plover to lure me away from the eggs. However, knowing where the nest was, I made straight for it.

The nest was in an open patch on a small mound on to which pieces of dead grass had been raked to form a somewhat primitive cradle. In the nest were four bottle-green eggs, blotched with black—they were blotched thicker at the larger end. I measured to as near to four feet away from the nest as possible and adjusted my lens with much precision and then mounted my camera on my ancient tripod and focused it. Everything being adjusted, I pressed the shutter and unmounted the camera.

The next thing to do was to hide. For the purpose of making a "hide," I had brought with me a ground-sheet and some chaff bags. First I laid the ground-sheet down and set up my camera five feet from the nest and focussed it carefully. Then I lay still, my eyes on the female plover. All the time I had been busy, she was watching me from a nearby paddock with keen interest—so was the male, but he was some distance from his mate and I didn't take any notice of him. The hen came zig-zagging toward the nest with quiet squawks which were answered by the male. She kept running away and then turning round and hopping nearer to the nest, nodding her yellow-wattled head and squawking quietly to the male.

She kept this up for fully ten minutes and then began her zig-zagging again which kept her fully occupied for about five minutes. Then she began to hop once more towards the nest. When about a foot away from her goal, she would stop, nod her head, blink unexpectedly, start a furious squawking and begin to walk towards the "hide" with a look of sheer curiosity in her eyes. She stopped about two feet away from me—the closest I had ever seen a matured plover.

Carefully I turned the focus ring to three feet and pressed the shutter. The plover jumped as if she had inner springs in her toes, hopped away a little distance, and then came back. I then wound the film and adjusted the focus ring to the original four feet and waited for her to go on to the nest. She started her squawking again and advanced towards the nest, sick of the nonsense and anxious to get back to her eggs to protect the yet embryo young. Again she ceased her squawking and hopped on to the nest, folding her long leg like a concertina. She was in the exact position for a superb photo. I pressed the shutter and jumped up with a whoop of joy, satisfied and hoping the photo would develop successfully.

PHYLLIS BELLCHAMBERS, "E5," Sorell

carve her name on the windowsill. The knife led her to attempt a little enlargement of the lettering on the carriage door, but a sudden jolt caused her parent to awake from a happy slumber and to call her offspring back to her seat.

The train was becoming more and more vexed at the indignities and it was beginning to snort in anger once more as it jolted along. Suddenly, right in front of it on the track appeared a fallen tree. Really! This was the last straw. The train, losing all patience, stopped in its tracks, and refused to budge an inch. The startled passengers unloaded themselves from the train and were obliged to wait until a special came to pick them up.

As far as I know, the train is still lying on the tracks—exhausted in spirit and exhausted in body.

KATH RYAN, "B2," Arthur.

LAMB'S DELIGHT



J.A.

Three tugs, now a butt!

Bubble rounded from hard gums, rise
Bubbling through the sweet sticky prize
Won by tireless bleats.

Butt! a misfired hit!

Warm milk streams finely down my shirt.
Impatient hooves stamp prints in dirt,
Damp with spring rain.

He sucks, blissfully bewitched,

Lulled to peace by present pleasure.
The sweet life-stream flows to measure;
One pint of happiness.

But what is this?

Chubby cheeks frothy, body bloated,
Stumpy stilts totter 'neath their woolly-coated
Load. He is satisfied.

RONDA MULLEN, "B1," Arthur.

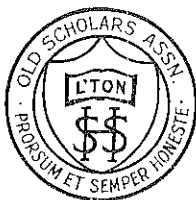
COMING TO AUSTRALIA

I stand alone 'neath the swelling sails,
Watching the play of the drafting foam,
My mind drifts back to those good old days,
And all the things I've left at home.

In the great South Land I'm going to,
I'll be all alone in an alien land,
Strange things around me ever new,
Great rolling plains on every hand.

In that great land 'neath the Southern Cross,
There'll be foamy seas on sandy shores,
Strange new animals everywhere,
Huge green forests, rocky tors.

CORALIE HINGSTON, "E5," Sorell.



Old Scholars' Column

DIRECTORY

Patron—Mr. W. C. Morris.
 President—Mr. M. Wright.
 Chairman—Mr. W. C. Allen.
 Joint Secretaries—Mrs. M. W. Bonser and Mr. K. Jack, Box 454 P.O.
 Treasurer—Mr. B. Irvine.
 Committee—Messdames T. Turnbull, I. Hoggan, B. Wood; Misses B. Atkins, B. Brown, M. Wilcox, M. McKillop, G. Meade; Messrs. M. Burke, M. Columbine, J. Lucas, D. Warren, L. Caelli, L. Lynch.

ACTIVITIES

Dinner—Approximately 60 member attended the Buffet Dinner held at High School on Saturday, March 22. The dinner was followed by the re-union. During the evening a cheque from the Association was handed to Mr. Morris to purchase books for the library in memory of Mr. A. Meston, a former headmaster of the School and vice-patron of the Association. A photo of Mr. Meston has been placed in the Assembly Hall. This was donated by Mr. Johnston, one of our old scholars.

Donations.—During the year the Association has also purchased two sports rolls which are on display at the back of the Assembly Hall and during the month of December, a new Honour Roll will be unveiled in memory of Old Scholars who gave their lives in World War II.

Trips.—During the Easter vacation, the Association entertained the Essendon High School Ex-Students Association. Old Scholars. Tennis matches were played, resulting in an easy victory for Churinga.

The Old Hobartian Association were guests of our Association in September. Owing to inclement weather, the tennis was cancelled, but Churinga won both the football and the basketball. A barn dance was held and on Sunday, a trip to Swan Bay was arranged.

During the long week-end in November, members of our Association travelled South and were entertained by Old Hobartian Association. Highlight of the week-end was the all-day ferry trip to Barnes Bay.

Barbecue.—About 40 members attended the barbecue held at Distillery Creek.

Dances.—In response to many requests the Association has introduced monthly dances at the High School. The dances have proved very successful and we hope to continue them next year.

Our last dance of the year will be held on Saturday, December 13 and we extend an invitation to all "A" Class students to be our guests for the evening.

DEGREES CONFERRED

Bachelor of Science—Curzon Haigh.
 Bachelor of Engineering—Morris Cropp, 2nd Class Honours; William Alexander, 2nd Class Honours.

Bachelor of Arts — Robert Hortle, Peter Saunders, Heather Watson, Noel Wather, Kathleen Hortle, Elizabeth Pollard, Hector McLennan, Douglas MacLaine, Georgina Dent (1st Class Honours).

Bachelor of Medicine (Adelaide)—Dorothy Long.

Diploma of Education—Lois Symonds, Helen Murray, Thomas Bailey.

Certificate of Education—Joan McCarthy.
 J. A. Johnson Memorial Prize—Neal Blewitt.
 Finals in Accountancy—Bruce Proverbs.

SPORT

Churinga Association is represented in many fields of sport and we would like to congratulate spheres of sport outside the Association :

Nancy Alcock—Tasmanian Hockey Team.
 Rhonda Coogan, Marion Bonser—Intrastate Softball Team.

Janet Gowans—Tas. Touring Hockey Team.
 Julie Jacobs — "B" Grade Championships, West Australia.

Terry Lind—Tasmanian Surf Team.
 Max Rees — Captain and Coach Cornwall Football Team.

Lynette Bowden — Tasmanian Basketball Team.

Don Murray — Tas. Badminton Championships.

Paddy Martin—Captain and Coach Launceston Football Team.

Representative Games — Paddy Martin, M. Columbine, K. Caelli, M. Burk, H. Styles, I. Westell, M. Rees.

June Whybrow—Tasmanian Vigoro Team.

PERSONAL

Congratulations to Betty Tucker who has done very well at the Melbourne Conservatorium. Betty just recently won the Clarke Memorial Scholarship. We wish her continued success.

Max Olding is continuing his successful career in the music world. He has been appointed one of the examiners on the A.M.E.B. Board.

Congratulations to Mac Sloane, Australian champion cyclist, who has just returned from France.

We wish to welcome Mr. and Mrs. Orchard back to Launceston. They have just returned from a tour of the European Continent. We also wish to welcome back Miss J. Blyth.

Congratulations to John Hawkins, captain of Melbourne University Rifles, who lead his team to victory in the Venour-Nathan Shield Shoot.

ENGAGEMENTS

Nancy Elms to George Balaclava.
 Pat Bowen to John Freeland.
 Betty Smythe to Max Abbott.
 Nancy Atkinson to Trevor.
 Brian Irvine to Gwen Dawe.
 Vonnice Brown to Murray Columbine.

MARRIAGES

Marion Atkins to Len Bonser.
 Phil Wood to Betty Goldsworthy.
 Pat Rose to James Muir.
 Moureen Hoggan to Harold Pollard.
 Margaret Rundle to Geoff Luck.
 Bev. McCulloch to Geoff Rundle.
 Kay Keogh to Peter Shepherd.
 Barbara Gee to Gerald Dutton.
 Eulie Hutton to Roy Brain.
 Lola Smythe to Ken Hawksford.
 Marjorie Feutrill to Gordon Bonner.
 Barbara Crow to Tom Boon.
 Betty Lawrence to Tom Hughes.
 George Harding to Kay Mantach.

BIRTHS

Shirley and Ted Swinton—a daughter.
 Judy and Tom Hudson—a daughter.
 Jacqueline and Ron Horne—a daughter.
 Kath and Beven Cairns—a son.

REPORTS ON CHURINGA SPORTS TEAMS

Women's Hockey.—This year was a highly successful one for the team. Only two matches were lost during the roster. The final match between Students' Training College and Churinga resulted in premiership honours to Churinga. Outstanding players for the season were Pat Muir, Joyce Campton and Barbara Atkins. In the intrastate matches Churinga gained 10 places out of 13.

New players contact Betty Radford, c/o. Police Station.

Women's Softball.—Recently two teams were formed to enter in the "A" Grade and "B" Grade roster and so far neither team has lost a game. We wish these two new teams success. New players contact Pat Bowen, c/o. A. C. Ferrall.

Vigoro.—It was a big disappointment to our Club last season when we lost six of our players, all of whom were chosen the previous year in the State Team.

Although the team did not reach the finals, they accredited themselves very well. We would like to congratulate our captain, June Whybrow, who was chosen to play in the State Team at Brisbane.

Basketball.—There were two women's basketball teams again this year, Churinga Red and Churinga Green. Both teams did quite well, Churinga Green competing in the first semi-final, which they won, but were unfortunately unable to compete again owing to lack of players.

We would like to congratulate Worth's Basketball Team on their winning the premiership for the fourth year in succession. New players please contact Mrs. M. Wright, 60 St. John Street.

Men's Hockey.—Although not as successful as last year, our "A" Grade team did well to reach the preliminary final before going down to the ultimate winner. Our "B" Grade team also reached the semi-finals of its competition. Kevin Jack, John Howard and Bob Bilson were selected in the State Team, with Kevin Jack captain and manager.

New players contact Kevin Jack, c/o. E.S. & A. Bank.

Men's Basketball.—This year Churinga won the men's basketball from seven other teams in the Association. They also annexed the State title. The team showed excellent form during the season and eclipsed it with a grand performance in the final. It is hoped that boys leaving school will take an interest in this sport and keep Churinga on top.

Football Team.—The senior team experienced a lean year, but are hopeful of better things next year and approach the standard of past glories. It is disappointing that the interest shown by recent Old Scholars has been so poor when it is remembered that it was once harder to get a game with Churinga than a team playing on York Park.

New player contact David Tudor, c/o. Standard Insurance.

Junior Team.—The team has had a very successful year and ended up winning the premier-ship.

It rests with the students just leaving School whether these teams can continue and do as well as in previous years. If you are interested in sports, contact the secretaries of the various clubs and you will receive a very warm welcome.

FAREWELL

It is with regret that we say farewell to the headmaster of the School and Patron of our Association, Mr. W. C. Morris.

Mr. Morris has been of great assistance to the Association and at all times has been ready to help and advise us. To our patron, who knows each and everyone of us, we would like to wish, on the eve of retirement, many happy days and continued good health.

Mr. Morris leaves a place in our hearts which we will find very hard to fill. In order that we may say farewell to him in a fitting manner, a dinner has been arranged in his honour.

WELCOME

To the boys and girls who are just leaving School to take up their life in the business world, we would like to extend a hearty welcome. Many of your friends have joined the Association and for the sum of 3/- you too can become a financial member and at the same time keep in touch with your friends. Badges may be obtained for 3/6.

THIS IS YOUR ASSOCIATION.

MARION W. BONSER,
 KEVIN JACK,

Joint Hon. Secs.

C. A. ALLEN, Chairman.
 M. W. WRIGHT, President.

