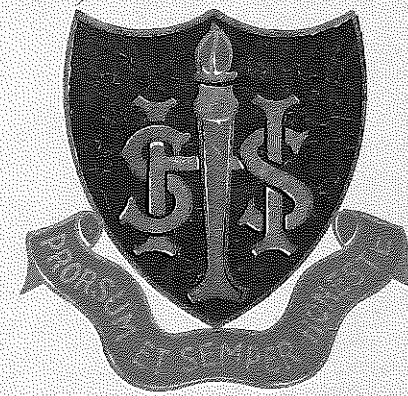


The Northern Churinga



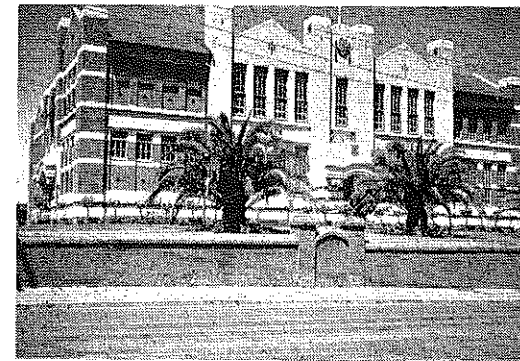
December, 1953

Launceston High School Magazine

VOLUME, XLIII



The Northern Churinga



The School

Editorial

"I have seen dawn and sunset on moors and windy hills,
Coming in solemn beauty like slow old tunes of Spain."—John Masefield.

Beauty is something which perhaps can never be truly defined. It is something intangible, something for which a human being must seek all his life. To have lived and not cared for the beautiful things of life, but to have pursued rather, the cold, meticulous pathway of material success, is to have failed in the great task of living. To some, perhaps, it seems that by knowing and understanding all the mechanism beneath it, one can more fully appreciate the beauty of an object, such as a stone, or a prettily coloured stone, but I think that once a purely intellectual approach to anything is developed, much of the fanciful, fascinating magic and mystery surrounding it must be lost.

To sit indoors and pursue an intellectual problem is perhaps an absorbing thing to do, yet I would say that to gaze out of the window at the fleeting white clouds draped in wisps over an azure heaven and enjoy the beauty of it all is infinitely more satisfying. Dreams are stuff that artists, poets, writers and musicians have been made of since the beginning of time.

Perhaps our civilisation is not altogether built on dreams, but our culture is and the

pageant of Australian literature and painting which is at last beginning to evolve is due largely to the men and women who dream of beauty.

Scholastic achievement is not everything, and schools are not established for the sole purpose of turning out flocks of intellectual geniuses. If at the end of the year you leave the School not having passed your examination and yet remember that in early October, when the elm tree in the park was covered with tiny buds which veiled so beautifully those bare, black branches, you became secretly excited, then you have caught the spirit of beauty which is essential to the full realisation of life. If you have done this, you have not failed; perhaps succeeded rather where those who carry home the prizes have failed.

Beauty is an elusive thing, something to be found in a daisy petal, in a ray of sunlight, or a rain puddle; something that is heard in the song of the first spring cuckoo, or felt in the velvety softness of the first snowflake.

It lies in the small things of life just as much as in the big, in the poignancy of failure as much as in the exultation of success. Beauty is the intangible thing which can be touched, the invisible thing that can be seen, the very essence of a man's soul. It was a man such in experience who wrote:

"I, being poor, have only my dreams,
Tread softly, because you tread on my dreams."

Editors:

Janet Jessop

Tony Ritchie

WELCOME, Mr. L. E. AMOS, B.A.



Mr. AMOS

As this is the first issue of "The Churinga" since Mr. Amos became Headmaster, we should like to welcome him to the School and to wish him happiness in his position.

Mr. Amos is well known in Launceston where as the Headmaster of the Technical High School for a number of years he made a wide circle of friends, not only in the School, but in the community. After a year as Head of the Devonport High School, he has returned and has already shown in our School the vigour and enthusiasm which marked his work in his other schools.

WHO'S WHO

Principal : Mr. L. E. Amos, B.A. (Geography, Social Studies).

Staff : Misses B. Layh, B.A., Diplome d' Etudes Francaise, Diplome de Phonetique Francaise (French); L. A. Russell, B.A. (English); N. Miller, M.A. (English, French, Social Studies); O. Bushby, M.A. (English, Social Studies); H. F. Deane (Commerce, Shorthand, Typing); J. Blyth, B.A. (Librarian); A. Honeysett (Physical Education); F. M. Aplin (English, French, German); H. Murray, B.A., Dip. Ed. (English, Social Studies); E. Tucker (Commerce, Shorthand, Typing); R. Royle, B.A. (English, French); G. Douglass, Mus. Bac. (Music); G. B. Davey, B.A., Dip. Ed. (English, French); J. Maslin (clerk); M. Crack (clerk).

Mesdames H. Holloway, B. Comm. (Shorthand); A. Dobson (Cooking); F. Crawford (Sew-

ing); E. Sutherland, B.A. (English, Mathematics). Messrs. M. Poulter, Ph.D., M.A., B. Comm., Dip. Ed. (Commerce, Economics, Geography); E. R. Sowter, B.A. (Modern History, Social Studies); S. R. Harvey, B.Sc. (Mathematics); S. C. Morris, B.Sc., Dip. Ed. (General Science, Physics); J. H. Smith, B.A. (Mathematics); F. H. Watson, B.A. (English, Social Studies); H. Aske-land, B.Sc., Col. Uni. (General Science); J. A. Gibson, B.A., Ph.D. (Latin, Mathematics); H. A. Hudson, B.Sc. (General Science); T. Bailey, B.A., Dip. Ed., Diplome de Civilisation Francaise (French); W. Milburn (Physical Education); W. Phillips, B.Sc., Dip. Ed. (General Science); N. Wathen, B.A., Dip. Ed. (English, Social Studies); S. Damien (French, German); J. Haywood, Dip. Art, Teachers' Dip. Art (Art); J. Timmermans (Art); W. ten Broeke (Mathematics, General Science); I. Tongs, B.A., B. Comm., Dip. Ed. (Mathematics, Commerce).

Head Prefects: Rondâ Mullen and John Traill.

Board of Prefects: Girls—Pauline Barwick, Pamela Bowen, Thelma Cox, Ann Hanson, Janet Jessop, Verna Klye, Margaret Morrison, Mary Murdoch, Jennifer Reeves, Marian Shaw, Patricia Wrightson. Boys—John Beattie, Joseph Calloway, Daryl Chellis, Barry Cook, James Hart, Ian Lancaster, Roxley McCormack, Peter Mullen, David Cartwright (who has now left school).

House Captains:

Arthur — Girls, Margaret Morrison; Boys, Daryl Chellis.

Franklin—Girls, Verna Klye; Boys, Barry Cook.

Sorell—Girls, Dawn Barker; Boys, Ian Lancaster.

Willmot — Girls, Josephine Berwick; Boys, Roxley McCormack.

Sports Master—Mr. J. A. Gibson.

Sports Mistress—Miss A. Honeysett.

Sports Monitor—Mr. W. Milburn.

Library Supervisor—Miss J. Blyth.

Captains of Teams:

Basketball—Josephine Berwick.

Hockey—Verna Klye.

Girls' Tennis—Joy Dawes.

Softball—Betty McArthur.

Debating—Jennifer Reeves.

Cricket—James Hart.

Football—Barry Cook.

Stroke of Crew—Jeffrey Stephens.

Boys' Hockey—Roxley McCormack.

Boys' Tennis—Daryl Chellis.

ATHLETICS

GIRLS

Open Championship—Josephine Berwick.

Under-15 Championship—Isabelle de Jersey.

Under-13 Championship—Jeanette Evans.

Field Games Championship—Josephine Berwick.

BOYS

Open Championship—David Cartwright.

Under-15 Championship—Peter Mullen.

Under-13 Championship—Graeme Mills.

Field Games Championship — Bryan Mansfield, Nicholas Hayes.

Football—Daryl Chellis.

Cricket—Murray Brown.

Tennis—Geoffrey Stevens.

Hockey—Roxley McCormack.

Cadet Rifle Shooting—Alan Cartledge.

SPEECH NIGHT

The School's 40th Annual Speech Night was held in the Albert Hall on December 17, 1952, in the presence of the Premier, the Hon. Robert Cosgrove, M.H.A., Minister for Education and Mr. W. L. Grace, M.A., B.Ed.

The choir, in which for the first time our boys were represented, was conducted by Mr. A. Stubbs. It presented two groups of songs. The first group was composed of "Marching Through Georgia," "The Lorelei," "Aloha Oe," and "Land of My Fathers." The second group was a set of four Christmas Carols. There was a physical education display by both boys and girls.

"Awake, the Morning is Here," was presented by the trio, Margaret Morrison, Jillian Keats and Janice Langworthy. A special choir sang a number of German songs. A new School song, "Ode to the School," was sung. The music was composed by Mr. C. R. Morris, M.B.E., L.L.C.M. and L.A.B. and the lyric by one of our own students, Phillip Cowie.

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

GENERAL PRIZE LIST

PRIZES FOR GENERAL MERIT,

MATRICULATION CLASS

Gale Scott, Peter Radford.

PRIZES FOR GENERAL MERIT, SCHOOLS' BOARD CLASSES

Ronda Mullen, Gillian Treloggen, John Traill.

ATTITUDE AND INFLUENCE PRIZES

Roma McCormack, Bryan Mansfield.

PRIZES FOR GENERAL MERIT, "C" CLASSES

Margaret Pullen, Donald Cole.

JOAN INGLIS MEMORIAL PRIZE

Eunice Farthing.

BEST PASSES IN MATRICULATION EXAMINATION, 1951, IN NORTHERN HIGH SCHOOLS

Hugh Reeves.

BEST PASSES IN SCHOOLS' BOARD EXAMINATION, 1951

Barbara Scott, David Cartwright.

PEGGY PEDLEY MEMORIAL PRIZE

Janet Jessop.

SPECIAL SERVICES, 1952

Library: Ronda Mullen.

Magazine and Newspaper: Janet Jessop, Stuart Cripps.

Pianiste: Roma McCormack.

CLASS PRIZE LIST

"A"—Gale Scott, Graham Shotton.

"B1"—Ronda Mullen, Bruce Schramm.

"B2"—Gillian Treloggen, John Olding.

"B3"—Pamela Bowen.

"C1"—Phyllis Burness.

"C2"—Margaret Pullen.

"C3"—Barbara Morrisby.

"C4"—Kathleen Turner.

"D1"—Mary Schramm.

"D2"—Pamela Haas.

"D3"—Pauline Bennet.

"D4"—Maureen Whittaker.

"D5"—Shirley Meed.

"E1"—Max Wilson.

"E2"—Peter McGee.

"E3"—Lola Powell.

"E4"—Heather Fairbairn.

"E5"—Coralie Hingston.

"E6"—James Read.

SUBJECT PRIZES

MATRICULATION, 1951

English—Gale Scott.

History—Robert Bilson.

Chemistry—Hugh Reeves.

French—Gale Scott.

SCHOOLS' BOARD EXAMINATION, 1951

English Literature—Jennifer Reeves.

Commerce — Pam Bowen and Jillian Treloggen.

SHORTHAND AND TYPING

Jillian Treloggen.

UNIVERSITY SCHOLARSHIPS

AND PRIZES, 1951

UNIVERSITY ENTRANCE SCHOLARSHIPS

Hugh Reeves (1), Gale Scott (5), Douglas Mackenzie (10), Patricia Gilbert (12), Bruce Beaton (13), Brian Smith (14).

JANE CHRISTINE HOGG SCHOLARSHIP

Gale Scott (3).

GILCHRIST WATT SCHOLARSHIP

Geoffrey Miller (1), Gale Scott (3), Patricia Gilbert (3).

SIR RICHARD DRY EXHIBITIONS

English, French and German—Gale Scott (2).

Mathematics "A" and Mathematics "B" — Hugh Reeves (1).

NELLIE EWERS PRIZE

Gale Scott (1).

ARTHUR AUGUSTUS STEPHENS' MEMORIAL PRIZE

Hugh Reeves.

GENERAL PAU FRENCH PRIZE

Gale Scott (aeg. 1).

COMMONWEALTH SCHOLARSHIPS

Hugh Reeves, Douglas Mackenzie, Geoffrey Miller, Brian Smith, Colin Wilkinson, Bryan Mansfield.

TASMANIAN EDUCATION DEPARTMENT SCHOLARSHIP

Hugh Reeves.

NEW KINDERGARTEN SCHOLARSHIP

Jean Goldsmith.

HEALTH DEPARTMENT MEDICAL

SCHOLARSHIPS

Judith Begent, Brian Smith.

SCHOOLS' BOARD PASSES, 1952

B. A. Apted, D. R. Bailey, A. E. Bamford, P. B. Barwick, N. J. Bellchambers, P. E. Bowen, J. L. Brock, J. H. A. Butler, A. C. Cannon, M. A. Case, D. O. Chellis, B. M. Cole, D. C. Colgrave, P. K. Cowie, M. E. Crack, I. C. de Jersey, P. J. de Jersey, K. J. Elson, C. E. Fenner, G. R. Gibney, J. Gibson, L. E. Gibson, E. M. Gill, J. M. Grandfield, L. A. Hanson, J. E. Harris, J. R. Hart, A. Hudson, P. A. Hutton, J. M. E. Jessop, M. C. Jones, J. A. Keats, N. J. Kerrison, M. Klimeck, V. J. Klye, R. K. Knight, I. A. Lancaster, R. W. McCormack, M. O. McQueen, H. K. Mance, G. M. Mann, G. T. Mansfield, M. R. Morrison, V. Morrison, P. G. Mullen, R. J. Mullen, M. J. Murdoch, P. A. Newman, B. M. Nichols, D. K. Nobes, J. E. Olding, J. J. Pedley, J. M. Reeves, M. R. Reid, W. R. J. Richards, C. H. Room, S. I. Roots, A. G. Ryan, K. Ryan, R. M. Schramm, G. M. Scolyer, M. R. Shaw, D. E. Shields, J. A. Stanwix, G. C. Symonds, V. Taylor, J. Thompson, J. S. Traill, J. H. Treloggen, J. Vertigan, J. M. Walker, B. M. Watson, M. C. Williams, R. E. Wilson, P. H. Wrightson.

BURSARIES

Senior City—Brian Smith, Gale Scott, Terence Howroyd, Barbara Scott, David Cartwright.
Senior Country — Bryan Mansfield, Stuart Cripps.

Junior City—Mary Schramm.
Junior Country—Robin Pedley, Pauline Bennet, Audrey Fieldwick.
C.T.A. Mem. Scholarship—Shirley Andrews.
Naval Cadets' Examination—David Rose.
Teacher Studentships : B. Beaton, E. M. Beswick, B. M. Dyson, P. Gilbert, P. Goffon, R. J. Tanner.

PASSES, MATRICULATION, 1952

J. L. Arnold, D. J. Best, J. M. Cartledge, D. G. Cartwright, S. C. Cripps (Q.P.), B. Gourlay, R. E. McCormack, J. L. Madden, B. G. W. Mansfield (Q.P.), E. K. Nunn, B. J. Scott, G. Scott (Q.P.), J. M. M. Sheehan, G. H. Shotton, R. D. Traill, C. R. Wright.

JUNIOR RED CROSS

The first meeting for the year was well attended. Jennifer Reeves was elected President and Janet Jessop, Secretary. Miss Bushby consented to be our leader. Unfortunately, Janet felt that she must resign as the work entailed as editor of the Magazine would not allow her to give her full attention to the Circle. Dorothy Reeves was then elected Secretary.

Members volunteered to knit garments for Korea during the May holidays. During the second term, a working-bee was held every Tuesday lunch-time. Members brought along their knitting and any other Red Cross work which they had. We all enjoyed the sessions very much and a great deal of work was done.

Two of our members, Dorothy Reeves and Enid Sager attended a Junior Red Cross camp at Bellerive in the September holidays. At the camp, which they both enjoyed, they learnt handicrafts, resuscitation, as well as square dancing and first aid. They were able to pass on some of the knowledge which they gained.

In conclusion we would like to thank Miss Bushby for the very great interest which she showed and for the help which she gave. We hope that next year will be just as pleasant for Circle members.

THE STUDENT CHRISTIAN MOVEMENT

The S.C.M. is an international movement found in most universities, colleges and schools throughout the world. It aims to unite students in the fellowship of the Church and by a critical study of the implications of the Christian way of life to find a sound basis for experience and a satisfactory purpose for life.

The Launceston High School Group has struggled into existence this year with a fluctuating membership of about 20. Early in the year the School was visited by the Travelling Secretary of the A.E.C.M., Miss Pat McGrath, B.A. and her visit was the occasion for a Chapel Service in the Paterson Street Methodist Church and a hike to the Gorge via the Third Basin.

The Group has this year studied "St. Luke's Portrait of Jesus," an A.S.C.M. publication. Other activities have included square dancing, a hike to snow-capped Mt. Barrow and sundry other hikes, all equally exhausting.

"A" CLASS, 1952

Janice Arnold—Nursing at Launceston Gen. Hospital.

Muriel Brown.—Arts course, Hobart Technical College.

Don Best.—Science course, University.

Marie Brodie.—Home, Rowella.

Geoff. Baker.—Accountant, Record, Newton, Tregaskis.

Lois Cole.—Veterinary Laboratory, Agricultural Department.

John Coulson.—Science course, University.

Stuart Cripps.—Arts course, University.

Barry Cook.—"A" Class, 1953.

Jim Cartledge.—Science course, University.

Allan Cartledge.—Board Mills, Launceston; R.A.A.F., 1954.

David Cartwright—Science course, University.

Joe Callaway.—"A" Class, 1953.

Jenifer Crawford—Teacher, Trevallyn Primary State School, Launceston.

Eunice Farthing.—Arts course, University.

Helen Gall. — Commercial course at Launceston Tech.

Bruce Gourlay. — Gourlay's Sweets Shop, Launceston.

Tony Hart.—Accountancy, B. M. Cocker.

Olive James.—Arts course, University.

John Madden.—Science course, University.

Bryan Mansfield.—Science course, University.

Ernest Nunn.—Science course, University.

Peter Radford.—Arts course, University.

Barbara Scott.—Arts course, University.

Gale Scott.—Arts course, University.

Maureen Sheehan.—Arts course, University.

Margaret Sheehan.—Arts course, University.

Graeme Shotton.—Economics course, University.

Roma McCormack.—Singing teacher, Launceston primary schools.

Ron Traill.—Arts course, University.

Pauline Taylor.—Arts course, University.

Beryl Wing.—Arts course, University.

Tony Opie.—H.E.C., Hobart.

Coral Wright.— ? ?

LIFE

Ne'er be a vagrant leaf

That, listless o'er the road

Wanders at the will o' the wind,

And has no fixed abode.

Ne'er be a fading flower,

That, only one short day

Wastes its perfumes o'er the breeze,

And in death withers away.

Ne'er be a feathery down

That no true substance gives;

But be the song that issues forth

From beautiful throat, and lives !

Be not the leaf, but be the tree—

Strong, steadfast and sure;

Be not the worthless, with'ring flower,

But stand upright ! Be pure !

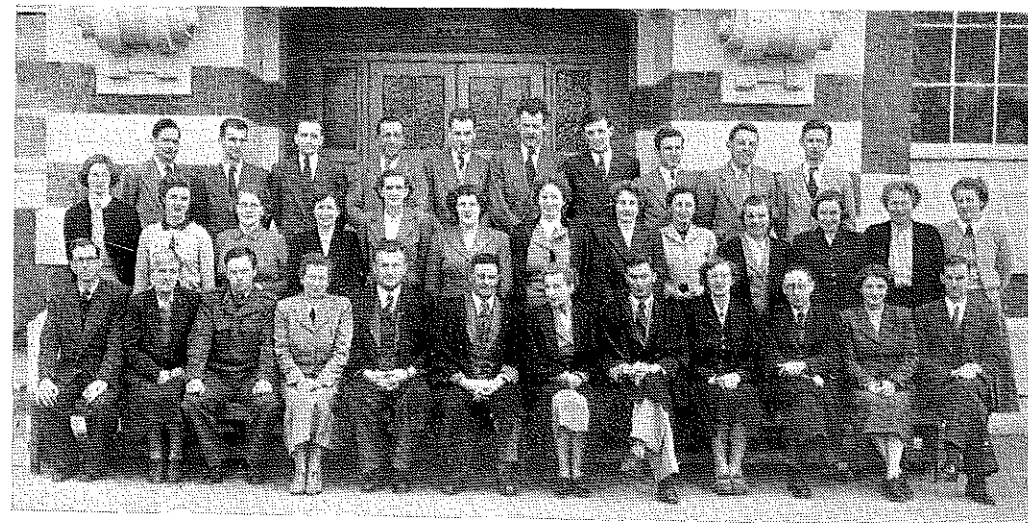
Let thy life be fruitful,

Constant and sincere,

And then, wise brother, you shall be

'Till doom remembered here !

PHILLIP KENNETH COWIE, "A," Franklin.



STAFF

Back Row : Messrs. Damien, Haywood, Tongs, Gibson, ten Broeke, Timmermans, Wathen, Bailey, Milburn, Phillips.

Second Row : Miss Davey, Miss Douglass, Mrs. Crawford, Mrs. Dean, Miss Deane, Mrs. Dobson, Miss Royle, Miss Miller, Mrs. Sutherland, Miss Bushby, Miss Honeysett, Miss Murray, Miss Tucker.

Front Row : Mr. Askeland, Miss Aplin, Mr. Hudson, Miss Blyth, Mr. Harvey, Mr. Amos, Miss Layh, Mr. Morris, Miss Russell, Mr. Watson, Mrs. Holloway, Mr. Smith.

LIBRARY REPORT

The Library has had a very successful year, with the addition of 133 books, 106 of which were non-fiction and 27 fiction.

The Library Monitors are very disappointed in the poor condition in which the books are being returned and also in the lack of promptitude.

The School owes much to the devoted services of the Library Monitors this year. They are Robyn Abel, Margaret Cartwright, Cynthia Casbault, Jenifer Hudson, Patsy MacIver, Marie Mann, Margaret Rose and Pauline Tennant.

Congratulations are due to our Librarian, Miss Blyth, for the smooth and efficient way in which she runs the Library.

SCHOOL COUNCIL

Attendance at Council meetings this year has been very disappointing. Those representatives who miss two consecutive meetings will have to resign from the Council and elect new members from the respective classes; and next year perhaps we can make these meetings really worthwhile.

Suggestions have been made about improvements to the stage, such as a new curtain, new canvas across the top of the stage and a suitable cloth for the table. There are several ways by which we could raise funds for this purpose, by class tuck shops and concerts.

There has been a complaint from "D" Classes that "C" Classes have been occupying their balcony seats in Assembly. Keep your own seats, "C" Class.

SOMEONE

He slumps in his chair,

Long, lean and thin—

He smoothes back his hair,

And—throws up a din.

Of mumbling and grumbling
And fumbling and tumbling
And humming and stumming
And rummaging in his desk !
Giggling and wriggling,
Fingering and lingering—
Eating, speedily, greedily,
Sighing and prying
And trying to fly.

Oh my !
Wrenching and clenching—
Bumping and jumping

Slip-pping, trip-pping
And hiccupping all over the floor !

He throws up a din—
And smoothes back his hair,
Long, lean and thin—

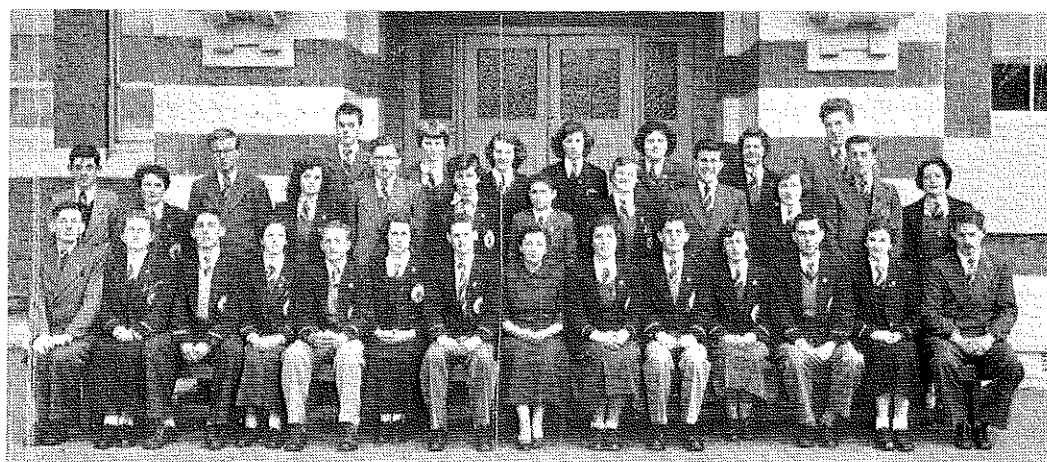
He slumps in his chair.

SYLVIA BUTLER, "D2," Franklin.

THE WINDS

The winds are whistling in the willows
On the river bank
Near the river bend—
Not waiting for the sun,
Not waiting for the clouds,
But hurrying with the showers,
For the leafy boughs
Are withering in the cruel sun.

SUZANNE DELL, "E5," Sorell.

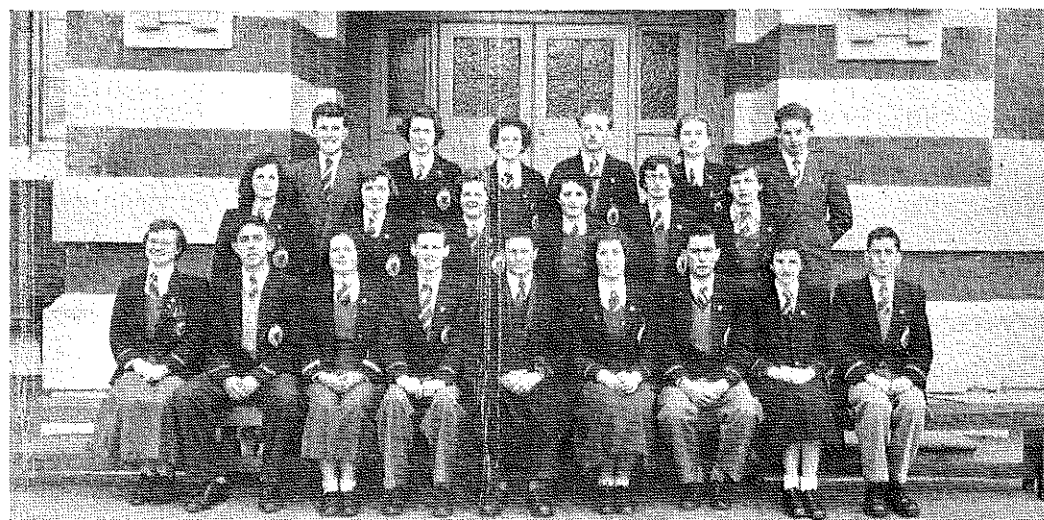


"A" CLASS, 1953

Back Row : K. Coote, B. Richardson, M. Klimick, G. Scolyer, J. Jessop, B. Schramm.

Second Row : G. Gibney, V. Klye, J. Mansefield, A. Hanson, J. Beattie, M. Murdock, J. Symonns, T. Cox, B. Cook, S. Rootes, D. Colgrave, M. Shaw.

Front Row : P. Cowie, P. Wrightson, P. Mullen, M. Morrison, D. Chellis, P. Bowen, J. Traill, Mrs. Sutherland (Class Teacher), R. Mullen, J. Hart, P. Barwick, I. Lancaster, J. Reeves, J. Calloway.



PREFECTS

Back Row : B. Cook, P. Bowen, M. Morrison, D. Chellis, P. Wrightson, J. Calloway.

Second Row : A. Hanson, S. Rootes, J. Jessop, V. Klye, P. Barwick, M. Murdock.

Front Row : T. Cox, P. Mullen, M. Shaw, J. Traill, Mr. Amos (Headmaster), R. Mullen, I. Lancaster, J. Reeves, J. Hart. Absent : J. Beattie.



ARTHUR GIRLS

At the beginning of the year Margaret Morrison was elected House Captain and Ruth Giblin House Secretary. Although we were unsuccessful in the swimming sports held early in the year, we remedied our position on the house ladder by winning the athletic sports by a very comfortable margin. We would like to thank Mrs. Holloway and Miss Murray for their help in this success.

The house has been well represented in School teams this year. Softball : Madge Johns, Betty McArthur, Winsome Moore, Janet McEnnulty. Basketball : Madge Johns, Betty McArthur. Tennis : Elaine Hudson, Ruth Giblin, Beth Healey. Hockey : Ruth Giblin, Janet McEnnulty, Margaret Gee. Vigoro : Sue Geappin, Geraldine Hay, Joan Purse.

BOYS

At the beginning of the year Daryle Chellis was elected Captain; Mac Beardwood Vice-Captain; and Geoff Symonds, Secretary.

This year Arthur won the athletic sports. One of the main factors in this win was superiority in team's contests. John Waldron was successful in the under-13 championship, winning the 220, 100 and 75 yards and gaining second place in the high jump.

So far this year we have had to take second place to Sorell on the ladder and we congratulate them on their success.

Arthur was represented in School teams by the following : Football : D. Chellis, P. Underwood, W. Bishop, M. Beardwood, J. Delanty. Cricket : L. Sutherland, G. Moore. Tennis : D. Chellis (capt.), M. Wilson, D. Read. Hockey : W. Sutherland. Rowing : P. Underwood, G. Symonds. Debating : D. Colgrave. Prefects' Board : D. Chellis.

In conclusion we would like to thank Mr. Harvey for the interest he has taken in House affairs throughout the year.

WILMOT GIRLS

At the beginning of the year Josie Berwick was elected House Captain and Pam Bowen House Secretary. In the Junior House, Barbara Bessell was elected Captain and Margaret Campton Secretary.

A co-operative spirit has existed in the House throughout the year, due mainly to the encouragement of Miss Tucker and Miss Bushby.

Wilmot was well represented in the girls' teams and with a little more practice the athletes should bring the house up considerably.

Finally, we would all like to thank Miss Tucker and Miss Bushby for their help and encouragement during the year.

Teams—Tennis : Joy Dawes (capt.), Josie Berwick. Softball : Judy Woolley. Basketball : Josie Berwick (capt.), Margaret Pullen (vice-capt.). Hockey : Barbara Langmaid.

BOYS

At the beginning of the year Roxley McCormack was elected House Captain and John Tilley, Secretary.

The House was unlucky at the athletic sports. After holding second position at the end of the first day, the second day ended with the House in third position. However, all participants displayed their best. Congratulations are due to R. McNeill, who won the under-15 championship and R. McCormack, who won the field games championship.

In the swimming sports early in the year, the House did well in gaining second position. However, the House consists mainly of juniors, so should display its best next year.

Congratulations are also due to R. McNeill and O. Atkins, who gained selection in the Tasmanian schoolboys' hockey team. R. McNeill was vice-captain of the team and was named as one of the State's best at the carnival.

House representatives in senior teams for 1953 were : Cricket — R. McCormack (vice-capt.), J. Tilley, J. Houston, R. McNeill. Football — D. Skeggs, J. Houston, J. Tilley, D. Grant. Hockey — R. McCormack (capt.), R. McNeill (vice-capt.), O. Atkins, L. Hastie. School Crew—R. Cleary.

Members wish to thank Mr. Askland for his interest in the House this year.

SORELL GIRLS

Due to the increasing number of members, Sorell was split into two houses, the Seniors and the Juniors.

At the first meeting of this year, Dawn Barker was elected Captain and Jalna Cartwright Secretary for the Senior House. In the Junior House, Patricia Edwards was elected Captain and Jill Hobbs Secretary.

We have done extremely well this year.

During the first term the swimming carnival was held and due to the enthusiasm of the house members, we achieved success. In the athletic sports we were well represented and gained a good position. Judith Pearce gave a brilliant performance in the swimming. Throughout the year there has been an exceptionally keen spirit, which has resulted in Sorell House gaining top position.

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

Tennis : Jalna Cartwright; Basketball : Anne Hanson, Betty French, Shirley Matthews, Jill Hobbs, Dawn Barker; Hockey : Pat Blyth, Janet Davies, Marilyn Harding, Janet Jordon; Softball : Janet Davis, Dawn Barker, Shirley Matthews, Jill Hobbs.

We wish to extend our thanks to Miss Miller and Miss Davies for their encouragement and valuable assistance throughout the year as House Mistresses.

BOYS

In the first term Ian Lancaster was elected House Captain. Jim Hart Secretary and Peter Mullen, the other committeeman. We did very well this year and, as most of the members are in the lower classes, the future looks bright for Sorell.

With our success in the swimming sports, we gained a commanding lead over the other houses. However, we could only run second to Arthur in the athletic sports.

Sorell had six boy Prefects this year, including John Traill, who is Head Prefect.

The representation in teams was very good. Football: I. Lancaster, J. Hart, J. Beattie, P. Mullen, A. Cannon, K. Coote, G. Elliott. Cricket: J. Hart (captain), G. Elliott. Tennis: A. Cannon (vice-captain), J. Beattie, I. Lancaster, N. Armstrong. Rowing: G. Stevens (stroke). Hockey: A. Birchmore, B. Duhig.

Finally, we wish to thank Mr. Bailey for his active interest and encouragement.

FRANKLIN

GIRLS

At the beginning of the year the House was divided into two parts—A. B. and C. (Senior); D and E. (Junior). Verna Klye was elected Captain and Jenny Pedley Secretary. In the Junior House, Margaret Cross Captain, and Jull Buckingham Secretary.

In the swimming sports at the beginning of the year Yvonne Quinn won the Open Championship, but the combined effort of the House was only good enough to secure third position. In the athletic sports later on in the year, Valerie Burns won the under-15 high jump championship. Congratulations to you both.

House roster matches were played during second term and our basketball team filled No. 1 position and junior hockey team, No. 3 position.

Our volley ball team was on top with wins over Arthur and Wilmot.

We were represented in first teams this year by the following: Hockey—Verna Klye (capt.), Marlene Bracy, Mary Bartlett, Cath Jones, Sandra Fowler. Tennis—Jenny Pedley, Verna Klye. Softball—Isabel De Jersey. Vigoro—Verna Klye (State Team).

BOYS

The House this year has a total strength of 45 members, the House Master being Mr. Wathen. Barry Cook and John Cocker were elected as House Captain and Secretary respectively.

This year Franklin has participated with a fair measure of success in all School activities.

John Cocker proved to be one of the most outstanding members of the House in that he was successful in establishing two new records at the School athletic sports: 880 yards and mile and also became a member of the First Eighteen and First Eleven.

Barry Cook, at the beginning of the football season, was elected captain of the First Eighteen and Darryle Chellis, of Arthur House, being elected vice-captain.

Barry was also successful in becoming School athletic champion.

Kevin Manzoney and George Green were successful in making the ranks of the First Eighteen and Eleven—both of these boys gave

valuable service to the football team during the season.

Geoff Mansfield was included in the First Tennis Team and Iain Duguid and Ken Arnold in the Rowing.

Although some members of the House have received specific mention, it should not be forgotten that the majority of the House, who have received no such mention, are extremely important members in that by their participation in weekly House competitions, are continually building up points in the Inter-House Competition, it can therefore be seen that the services of these people are invaluable and we sincerely hope that they will carry on the very excellent work.

CHERRY PIE!!!

I lazily flicked through the pages one by one. The magazine was not very interesting and besides the warm sun made me sleepy. About halfway through the book an article caught my eye. It was an account of a mammoth pie-eating competition and the pies were filled with cherries. Cherry pie! Oh boy, my favourite form of nourishment.

The book dropped out of my hand and I closed my eyes. Ah, if only I had been there! I could have really enjoyed myself.

Then all at once I was surrounded by crowds of people who were cheering me as I was being jostled along in a queue. A gentleman wearing a badge on which was printed "Official," came up to me and asked in a bored voice, "Name, age, country?"

I was dumbfounded at first until my eye caught a sign, "Cherry-Pie Eating Competition." Then it dawned on me and I filled in the particulars on the blue form which the official handed me.

I took my place on a raised dais behind a long table with the other competitors. Waitresses placed trays of pies in front of us and on each tray there were a dozen pies. The judge shouted, "Go" and I crammed pie after pie into my mouth. Oh, they were lovely! I finished a dozen and up came another tray.

After the fourth tray the pastry seemed as hard as nails and the cherries went down my throat like marbles. My jaws ached and my throat was red raw. But the worst of it was that my stomach bulged and ached.

Competitors were carried off on stretchers as they fainted. When I was halfway through my seventh tray there was only one other man on the platform and even as I looked at him, his stomach grew to an enormous size and he had to be carried off.

The judge crowned me the winner, but I could not stand up to acknowledge the cheers of the crowd. The prize was brought forward and I waited anxiously for the giant cover to be removed.

I gaped with astonishment. It was a giant cherry pie—six feet in diameter. I took one look and then fell backwards off my seat. My head hit the floor with a bang.

I stood up and looked around to see my deck chair folded up on the ground. Then I realised it had only been a dream and I rushed inside to tell my parents. But I could not stay, for they were sitting down to a dinner of cherry pie!!

PETER HANDLEY, "C2," Wilmot.



Back: B. French, P. Bellchambers, S. Matthews, A. Hanson, B. Macarthur.
Front: J. Hobbs, M. Pullen, J. Berwick (Capt.), M. Johns, D. Barker.



BASKETBALL

The First Basketball Team played its first Inter-High School match on August 7 against Hobart. We established a lead in the first quarter, but early in the second quarter, J. Berwick was badly injured and had to be withdrawn. Her place was taken by P. Bellchambers, whose goal-throwing was remarkably accurate, 14 goals from 14 shots for goal. After a hard and closely contested game we were defeated, 27—25.

The Second Team had an easy win against Scottsdale High.

In the N.W.T.B.B.A., the "B," "C," and "D" Grade teams played off in the finals for their respective grades, the "C" and "D" Grades winning the Northern Premiership and playing off against Hobart in very close matches for the Island Premierships.

Miss Honeysett is to be congratulated on her success as coach of these junior teams.

CRITIQUE OF PLAYERS

J. Berwick (Capt.). A very good captain and as a player should go a long way in basketball in the future. Her goal-throwing is most accurate.

M. Pullen (Vice-Capt.). Margaret's defence has been consistently good throughout the season.

D. Barker. Is a most valuable member of team. Her position play keeps the centre court clear. Dawn took over the calling for her team after Josie's accident and had the complete confidence of the team.

A. Hansen. Played very well in the inter-High match. She showed great improvement as the season progressed.

B. French. Youngest member of the team. She played consistently in all her matches.

M. Johns. Has the ability to jump well. She combined very well with Margaret and saved many goals.

Betty McArthur. As centre shows considerable promise. She played exceptionally well in the inter-High School match in spite of a bad knee injury.

P. Bellchambers. Is a good, reliable goal-thrower, who combines well with the team.

S. Matthews. Has played well as attack wing throughout the season.

THE SUMMER SEA

The summer sea is a lovesome thing,
It fascinates the eye.
On sunny shores it seems to sing
A lilting lullaby.

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

And still 'neath twilight's tender wings,
In roseate afterglow
Its muted murmurs vespers sing
With gentle ebb and flow.

JOHN LAMB, "C2," Wilmot.



Back Row : Barbara Langmaid, Ruth Giblin, Janet Jordan, Sandra Fowler, Pat Blyth, Janet McEnnulty, Marlene Bracey.

Front Row : Janet Davis, Mary Bartlett, Verna Klye (Capt.), Margaret Gee, Marylyn Harding, Cath Jones.

GIRLS' HOCKEY

Verna Klye (Capt.) (centre forward). Sets a fine example to her team. Stickwork has improved greatly. Has amazing control of a hockey ball. Short passes to inners in the circle may increase number of opportunities for goal striking. Has shot some very good goals.

Margaret Gee (Vice-Capt.) (centre half). A most dependable player. As centre half distributes play well. Anticipation is a feature. Gives forward line a great deal of drive.

Janet Davis (left wing). Has developed speed as the season progressed. Short passes to left-inner could be used more often to prevent difficult angle passes across field.

Janet McEnnulty. Passes cleanly. Combines well. Remember to keep out on the sideline.

Janet Jordan (left inner). Speed in the circle often enabled her to strike difficult goals. Watch position when receiving ball from behind.

Marlene Bracey (right inner). Picks up and passes ball speedily. Has good anticipation, hence combines well. Also watch position when receiving ball from behind.

Barbara Langmaid (wing half). Has good judgment. Position play is very good. Dependable.

Pat Blyth (wing half). Has improved a great deal since playing defence. Fights back always. Could follow up forward closer.

Marilyn Harding (back). A natural defence player. Combination with Ruth an outstanding feature.

Ruth Giblin (back). Control of ball is excellent. Combination with Marilyn an outstanding feature.

Mary Bartlett (goalie). Shown much improvement this year. Eye is much keener. Should try to clear ball to side just a fraction quicker.

Kath Jones (right wing). Her keenness is admirable. With more experience will be a good forward.

Sandra Fowler (centre half). Has developed power. A dependable, hard-hitting defence player.

THE TRAIN

The engine and the coiling train,
The plumed head, the snake,
Hissed at the crossrails tongues of bane,
Uncertain which to take.

Struck sudden by the signal's eye,
It slowed, then slid to speed
Past enemy and enemy,
A thing half-tamed, no breed.

The monster screamed and surged ahead,
Flame spitting from its mouth.
The fields cowered back from the rushing form
On its savage way down south.

A shudder ran through all its length,
It had given of its best,
Lulled in the cradled station's side,
A baby—due to rest.

WALTER SUTHERLAND, "C22," Arthur.



GIRLS' SOFTBALL

Back Row : M. Campton, W. Moore, J. McEnnulty, S. Matthews.

Front Row : I. de Jersey, D. Barker, J. Hobbs, R. McArthur (Capt.), M. Johns, J. Davis, J. Wooley.

SOFTBALL CRITIQUE

Betty McArthur (Capt. and short stop). Rather erratic player, but usually has a good bat and strong throw to first base.

Jill Hobbs (Vice-Capt. and first base). A very calm player with a sound bat.

Shirley Matthews (pitcher). Shirley did excellent work as pitcher this season. She also has a strong bat.

Janet McEnnulty (catcher). A sound player with very accurate throw to first, second and third bases.

Margaret Campton (second base). A very agile fielder with accurate throw to other bases.

Janet Davis (third base). Safe fielder and at times has a strong bat.

Dawn Barker (left outfield). Dawn is a very valuable member of the team. She has a good bat and is a very sound fielder.

Winsome Moore (centre outfield). A most reliable fielder with a strong bat.

Madge Johns (right outfield). Erratic batter, but a very strong player in the field.

Judy Woolley, Isobel de Jersey (emergencies). Both have quite sound bats, but are a little weak on the field.

HIDDEN BEAUTY

Hidden away among the trees lies one of the district's prettiest beauty spots. A large number of sightseers go there every year as the "Liffey Falls" are well known to all.

In the spring-time the wattle trees along the track are covered in fairy-like blossoms, filling the air with their sweet scent.

The falls are not an immense height; in fact they are rather small, but very beautiful.

To get to the base of the falls it is necessary to scramble down a steep, rugged path, with the help of overhanging branches of tree and then walk across a fallen log, which is covered in pale green moss and a reddish brown fungus.

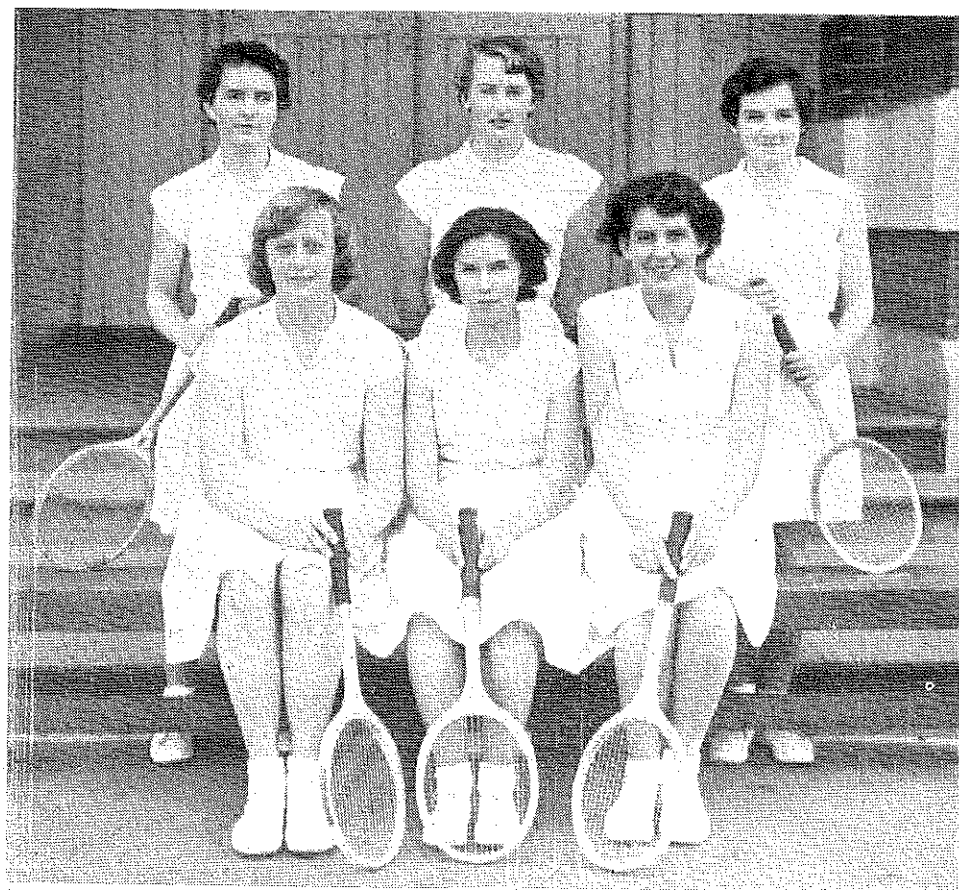
The falls empty their water into a deep pool, which is surrounded by rocks of all sizes. Some of these rocks make ideal resting-places, where one can sit and gaze at the crystal clear water.

Pretty wild flowers and dark green ferns nestle in the crevices of the rocks on either side of the falls, and clusters of small wild violets may often be found hidden away in some small hollow.

Shrubs, massed with yellow flowers, border the dense scrub at the back of the falls. Bright crimson berries peep out of their thorny homes, while on some of the rocks lizards loll lazily in the warm sunshine.

Of all the many beauty spots in our district, this one is my favourite.

JANICE LING, "B3," Franklin.



GIRLS' TENNIS

Back Row : V. Klye, B. Healey, R. Giblin.
Front Row : J. Berwick, J. Pedley, J. Cartwright.

GIRLS' TENNIS

This year we won the inter-High Premiership for the second successive year. Our team was an extremely even one. Our thanks for our success are due to Miss Deane for her help throughout the season.

Elaine Hudson. Elaine plays a very strong, hard-hitting game, though a little unorthodox. She is a reliable doubles player, placing her shots well at the net.

Joy Dawes (Capt.). Joy plays a steady game, always powerful at the net, but she needs more concentration.

Jennifer Pedley (Vice-Captain). Jenny has an extremely powerful forehand and a reliable volley, but her backhand needs more practice.

Jalna Cartwright. Jalna has a well-developed style. With confidence she would be more active and her strokes would have more power.

Josie Berwick. Extremely consistent doubles and singles player. She uses her head and is always ready to run on the court. More practice will strengthen her game.

Ruth Giblin. Ruth lacks confidence at the net during a match, but plays a good, solid, backline game. Her serve is improving.

Beth Healey. Hard-hitting, but she has an erratic backhand. Powerful serve.

Verna Klye. Has a consistent game. Her strokes need more power and to be better placed.

DESCENDING NIGHT

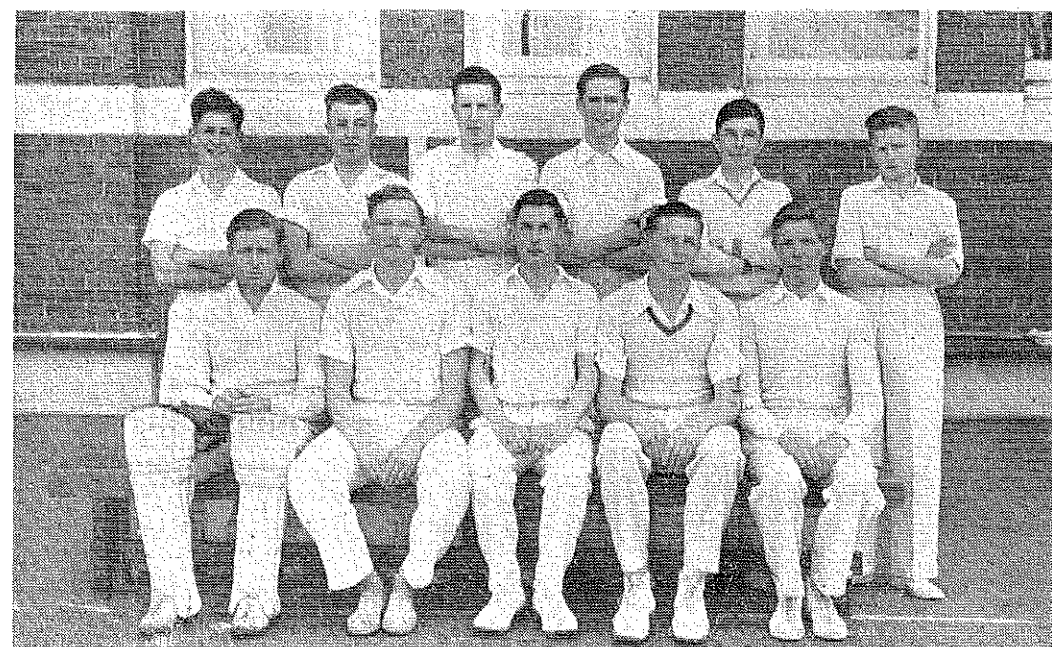
See, the sun is sinking in the west,
A glorious ball of fire,
With pink clouds drifting
From it, higher, higher.

Wattle bloom on the high green hill,
A yellow gold dust soon,
So pale beneath
The rising, blood-red moon.

Stars come out to light the world
For us. Perhaps we see
Them there and wonder
What these lights can be.

Are they but stars that shine?
The red ball but the moon?
No, they are the emblems of night
Which comes on us so soon.

CORALIE HINGSTON, "D1," Sorell.



CRICKET TEAM

Back Row : R. McNeal, G. Green, G. Moore, J. Cocker, L. Sutherland, D. Jones.
Front Row : G. Elliott, R. McCormack, J. Hart (Capt.), J. Houston, J. Tilley.

MUSIC FOR ALL OCCASIONS

Many people these days despise music, saying that it is a waste of time and a useless succession of strange sounds. My agreement with this increases proportionately (in most cases) according to the "degree of modernity" of the work.

But music has functions and this is a less obvious one that I have found from my experience.

Music sets the pace.

When you are running for the bus, clear your mind completely and try whistling, humming, buzzing or thinking the "Scilian Tarantella." If you don't know it, the easiest way to learn the tune roughly is to ask for it on a request programme. Some idea of its rhythm can be taken from the name if you can speak fast enough.

The "Tarantella" has failed and you have set out on a long walk through the town. Don't just tramp along and kick every cat you see—just think of a march—and not a military one. If you really want to go places, try "Pomp and Circumstance" ("Land of Hope and Glory"), "Whitehall," "Knightbridge," "March of the Bowmen," by Curzon (which I consider to be one of the finest modern orchestral pieces), or even the "Wedding March."

If you are staggering along at top speed with one large suitcase, try a good Australian composition (it doesn't sound like it), Arthur Benjamin's "Jamaican Rhumba." If you end up in the gutter, don't blame me. When I have two

cases, I will usually be found whistling something entirely inappropriate, like "Greensleeves," Vaughan Williams' Folk Song Suite, Handel's "Water Music," or even "I Know that my Redeemer Liveth," from Handel's "Messiah."

But if you are not yet persuaded that there is nothing like music, you should save your breath. One important thing—never sing, and most of all, never worry about whether you are in tune.

E.R., "C1," Wilmot.

COME WITH ME

Where the gums are darkly looming,
Where the wattles gold are blooming,
Where the swallows gay are zooming
To the sky,

Where the air is blue and shining,
Where the clouds have silver lining,
Where the river is reclining
Lazily.

There in laughter and in madness,
And in loving and in sadness,
I shall take you all with gladness
By and by.

O' with dancing light, entrancing,
In the realms of my romancing,
With your eyes so gaily glancing
Come with me!



BOYS' HOCKEY TEAM

Back Row : B. Hodgman, R. Ryan, G. Atkins, A. Birchmore, D. Jones, W. Sutherland.
Front Row : L. Hastie, R. McNeal, R. McCormack, D. Street, P. Handley.

BOYS' HOCKEY

This year the boys' hockey started off with many newcomers to the team but during the season, these boys formed two very keen and intelligent hockey teams. It is very pleasing to see the younger boys of the School taking up this sport and it augurs well for the future of hockey in the School.

The two teams competed in weekly roster matches and scored noticeable successes during the year. Neither team entered their grade finals, but from a raw beginning they had progressed rapidly during the season. By the end of the season we were playing on our own ground at Royal Park, which had been marked and goals erected by our own boys in co-operation with boys from the Technical School. One of our big successes of the year was the playing of the Inter-High School match against Hobart on this ground. The School was also successful when B. McNeal and O. Atkins, two stalwarts of the "A" Grade team, gained inclusion in the Tasmanian schoolboys' team which played in Melbourne during the last vacation.

CRITIQUE OF THE TEAM

R. McCormack (Capt.). An intelligent hockey player whose stickwork is delightful to watch. As captain and centre-half, Roxley's strength and stamina gives the team invaluable service.

B. McNeal. A very fast and intelligent centre-forward who is dangerous when in goal-shooting distance. Stickwork is developing soundly.

O. Atkins. Suffered several changes of position during the season, but has now proved an excellent backman. Owen has a keen sense of hockey and has a forceful drive.

A. Birchmore. An inner who shows a good knowledge of the game. Neat, crisp flicks and passes always mark Alan's game.

R. Ryan. Roger tries very hard and is now developing as an inner. Experience will teach him the ins and outs of the game.

B. Duhig. As goalie, Brian is developing a hard, forceful kick and is now showing good goalie anticipation.

L. Hastie. A solid backman who has a hard, forceful drive. Other aspects of his game will come with experience.

P. Handley. A newcomer to hockey, who immediately showed promise as a wing man. Needs to practice a strong "centre" hit.

W. Sutherland. A most determined young winger whose lack of experience is made up by his stamina and intestinal fortitude.

B. Hodgman. Another young determined player who will develop into a good half-back.

N. Jones. Also suffered a change in position, but now seems firmly entrenched as a half-back.

D. Street. Another newcomer to hockey, whose stamina gives drive to the backline.



DEBATING

Marion Shaw, Donald Colgrave, Janet Jessop, Jennifer Reeves (Leader)

DEBATING

The Club was formed under the leadership of Miss Miller. Jennifer Reeves was elected president and Don Colgrave, secretary. Several debates were arranged and all members were given a chance to show their abilities as debaters. The debating team was picked for the visit to Devonport.

Following this visit, the Club was reorganised to become a discussion group. It had been decided that in future the inter-High School debates would be a discussion rather than a prepared debate. The discussions were well attended and everyone did justice to their own ideas, as well as attempting to disprove other people's theories.

We are grateful to Miss Miller for her interest in the Debating Club. Those of us who are leaving School, wish the remainder every success next year and hope that they will continue to attend the discussions.

Jennifer Reeves. As leader, Jennifer outlined the team's arguments fully and introduced the topic well. She spoke clearly, using logical statements although occasionally her voice lacked emphasis. Her refutation of the opposition's arguments was sound, covering a wide field.

Donald Colgrave. Donald spoke extremely well, using forceful arguments which were arranged in good sequence. He spoke very sincerely, giving a sound summing up of his case in conclusion. He spoke too fast at times, but his posture and use of emphasis were good.

Janet Jessop. Janet's arguments were soundly worked out and well illustrated. She spoke composedly, thoughtfully and with humour, although at times in too rushed a manner. Her voice was well modulated and used effectively while the conclusion to her case was excellent.

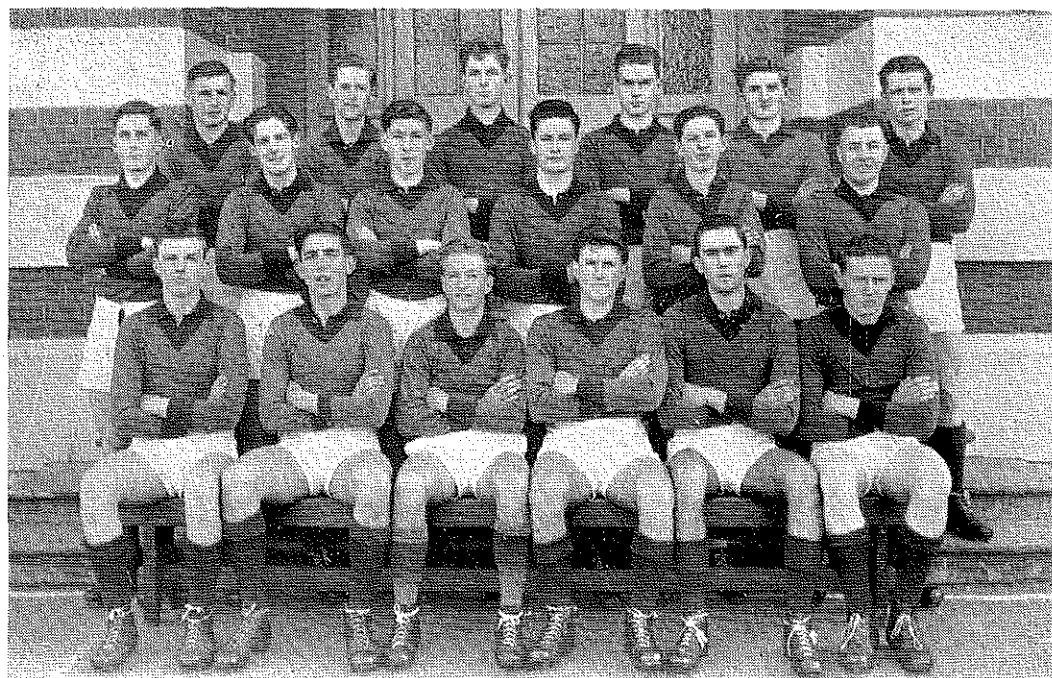
Marion Shaw. Marion's material was good and she excelled in refuting the opposition's arguments. Her sincerity and enthusiasm were pleasing and, although she spoke fast, her diction was clear. She captured the audience with her vigour and personality.

THE LIGHTHOUSE

On the last great shoulder of the perilous reef,
Above the restless sea and jumbled rocks,
The lighthouse reared, a pillar of fire,
Invincible, unconquered by the hurricane's
shocks,
And beneath this king, his subjects, the waves,
Approached, lay prostrate and withdrew, as
slaves.

For years, uncounted, he had watched and given
warning,
Through the fog's veiling pall, the hail's sting-
ing lash,
Through the still summer night, under crystal-
line stars,
Through the wild, rising wind and the thunder's
great crash.
A flash, a sudden brilliance bursts forth through
the night,
The mariners see it and give praise for the light.

MARGARET ROSE, "B1," Wilmot.



FOOTBALL

Back Row : A. Cannon, J. Cocker, J. Beattie, K. Coote, D. Skeggs, W. Bishop.
 Second Row : J. Hart, M. Beardwood, K. Manzoney, D. Grant, J. Delanty, G. Green.
 Front Row : P. Underwood, P. Mullen, D. Chellis, B. Cook (Capt.), I. Lancaster, J. Houston.

FOOTBALL

Barry Cook (Capt.). A dashing centre, who never gave up. An inspiration to his side.

Daryle Chellis (Vice-Capt.). A more than useful utility player. Lifts his game to a high standard when the occasion demands.

Ian Lancaster. Despite a lack in weight, showed outstanding ability and ball control in the ruck.

Jim Hart. A handy rover and forward.

John Beattie. A really good defender — plays close and hard. Revels in the hard game.

Peter Mullen. A good player with a poor kick. Whether rucking or in defence he was a tower of strength.

Kevin Coote. No. 1 of the "shock" troops. Has weight and used it well to cover lack of pace.

Doug. Skeggs. A dashing defender with pace and good ball control. Allows his forward a little too much latitude.

John Houston. A young player of much promise. Performed well at full forward.

Arnold Cannon. Always produced a reliable game on the wing. A great trier.

Bill Bishop. In his first season distinguished himself by his tenacity and latent ability.

John Cocker. A fast winger with a surprising spring. His play-on tactics served the team well.

Peter Underwood. New to Australian Rules he displayed plenty of grit and promise of improved ability in the ruck.

John Delanty. Although small in size, his dodging and turning ability made his roving very effective. Played his best games when things were going against the side.

John Tilley. Revealed patches of good form on the half-forward line. Must remember that movement is vital to the game.

Duncan Grant. Another relative new-comer to the game. Gave indications of great games to come, with dashing play on a half-back flank.

Kevin Manzoney. Baby of the side. His effective scouting in the forward pocket resulted in many goals being scored.

Mac Beardwood. Played effectively on the ball or half-forward line, but likes to keep the ball too long.

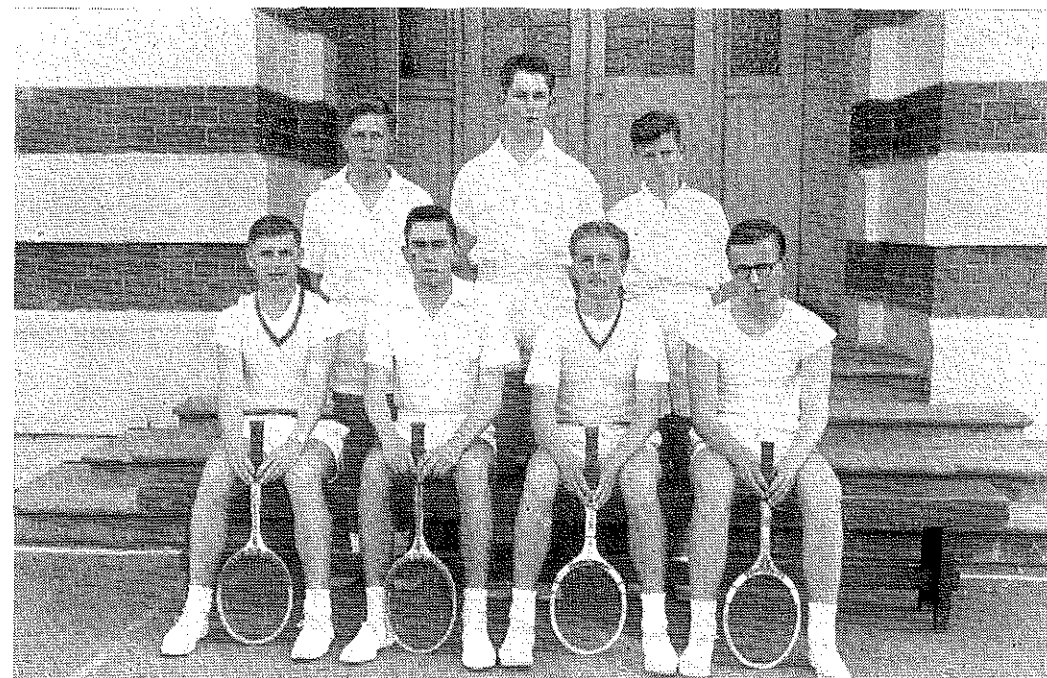
George Green. Calm and unruffled in the back pocket. He turned many opposition attacks.

Fred Curbishly. A wingman who makes position very well, but needs to speed up his disposal.

THROUGH A WINDOW

Through a window,
 Stained with tears and hardship,
 Made dark by greed and lust of selfish men,
 The past we see.
 But looking forward—
 Through a window, bright with faith and hope
 Our future lies, a challenge to us all to make
 A peaceful world.

DON COLGRAVE, "A," Arthur.



BOYS' TENNIS

Back Row : D. Reid, J. Beattie, M. Wilson.
 Front Row : A. Cannon, I. Lancaster, D. Chellis (Capt.).

BOYS' TENNIS

During the tennis season Mr. Stan Morris has given his valuable time in assisting the members of the team to improve their tennis. We all appreciate his untiring interest and expert advice.

Daryle Chellis (Capt.). Daryle has a reliable backhand, but his volleying needs more accuracy.

Arnold Cannon (Vice-Capt.). Arnold is a consistent player, but needs more force in both his service and backhand shots.

Maxwell Wilson. Max is a very forceful player who places his shots to the best advantage. He will be an asset to the team next year if he continues to improve as he has done in the last year.

John Beattie. John is a very tenacious player, but must endeavour to control his drives and volleys. More experience will improve his game.

Ian Lancaster. Ian has a strong service and uses his height to advantage. His backhand and volleys have room for improvement.

Geoffrey Mansfield. Geoff's play has improved considerably this year, but he must endeavour to control his shots.

Noel Armstrong. Noel is a very keen player who has not had much experience, but he must learn to control his drives and stand side-on when playing his shots. More control of his racquet would improve his play.

Don Read. Don is another keen player whose consistency is also noticeable.

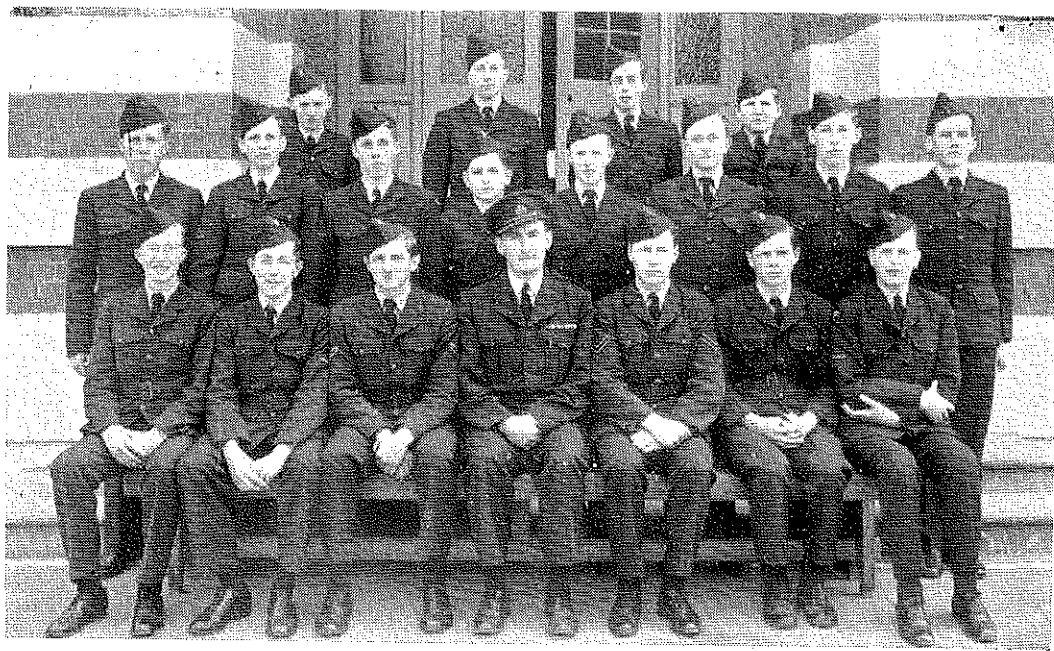
NEW MAGIC

The apple-blossom trembles on the bough,
 The silken cobwebs twine among the leaves
 In trellised tapestries
 Of honeysuckle dewdrops.
 Now the perfume of the rose
 Embraces all the magic breath of spring
 And laces it to earth.
 In every 'prisoned sunbeam shooting through
 The poignant arches of the silver air,
 A promise of the summer glows.
 The lucid lilac tears in purple fountains,
 Spill and scatter, now we feel
 A softened, mellow, sweet, maturing spring.
 The tender smile of tiny buds
 Has swelled to laughter of the full-blown rose,
 And in the chuckling leaves the first red spark
 Foretells the glorious embers of the autumn.

This is the time of gentle sounds
 Of tiny crickets singing in the showers
 That bathe the newest tufts of sweet November,
 And in the misty twilight of a won'dring eve
 The sweet rose-petals murmur secrets to the
 moon,
 And wind their whispers round a fleeting breeze
 To reach the shining orbits of the stars.

And all earth-fairies flutter to the sky
 While morning angels round the flower-pots fly.

JANET JESSOP, "A," Arthur.



Back Row : E. Wise, M. Sharpe, S. Hobson.

Second Row : D. Read, L.A.C. T. Parish, W. Tiffen, Cpl. G. Symonds, I. Tilley, P. McGee, K. Manzoney, D. Deavon.

Front Row : I. Totham, L.A.C. P. Handley, Cpl. D. Skeggs, Sgt. R. Chisholm, Cpl. I. Duguid, L.A.C. J. Large.

A. T. C.

This year No. 6 A.T.C. Flight, Launceston High School, began with a rather poor mustering, but new members from the junior school increased the Flight to the strength of 25. At the beginning of the year 4 cadets gained promotion to the rank of L.A.C. The annual camp was held at Fort Direction during the May holidays. At the camp the cadets received practical instruction in many R.A.F. musterings.

Members from No. 6 Flight were included in two guards of honour for Air Vice-Marshal from Melbourne. At this camp L.A.C. Skeggs was promoted to the rank of corporal. In mid-June this year, W.O. Bladen was farewelled by members of the Corps. In the three years he was stationed at Launceston, he did much to improve the status of the Corps here. His place was filled by Flight Sergeant De Verteuil, who was posted here from No. 38 Squadron in Korea.

Late in the second term, L.A.C. Duguid and L.A.C. Symonds were promoted to the rank of corporal. Through the year cadets have maintained the very high standard of efficiency, particularly in examinations.

A TRIP TO "ENTALLY"

On Easter Sunday we went for a drive to "Entally" so that Grandpa could see the house, which we had seen before. At "Entally" we made a discovery. The Post Office at Trevallyn is called for some obscure reason, the Nyllavert Post Office. At "Entally" was a letter written by a little girl to her father, in eighteen hundred

and something and the address at the top was Nyllavert!

Some of the furniture at "Entally" is very beautiful, but I don't think I would like to sleep in the four-poster bed, or ride the penny-farthing bicycle. But the thing I would most dislike using would probably be the little tin bath! There is a long covered space for the user's legs to fit into and it looks like a coffin with a hole in the top!

After we had looked through the house we had a luscious morning tea consisting mainly of cream cakes. There was only one thing wrong with that meal—it couldn't last forever. But perhaps it's just as well that it didn't, as I might get bored eating cream cakes for ever, although I'm quite sure I could do so quite happily for about ten years! When we left "Entally" I remembered that I still had half an Easter egg at home and that made the trip back much more pleasant.

ROSEMARY ROBINSON, "D1," Sorell

THE BUNYIP

There is a lake, near Woolamoo,
Where strange things happen, and maybe you
Have, in the inky black of night,
Experienced, with growing fright,

A head, and following fast, two hands,
And then body of hairy strands,
Rising quickly from the lake,
Causing you to shiver and shake,
And there before you in the storm,
A grotesque, shrivelled, devilish form,
Which most men call the Bunyip.

G. LOCKHART, "D3," Arthur.



FIRST CREW

R. Cleary (bow), I. Duguid (2), P. Underwood (3), G. Stevens (stroke), G Symonds (cox.)

ROWING

Rowing is now becoming a fairly popular sport, but training facilities are inadequate. We have the use of two obsolete clinkers (ours and Tamar's), but these are in a bad condition and it seems a pity that our order for two new boats has been cancelled. We rowed in four races last season, but only succeeded in winning the lightweight fours at the Tamar Rowing Club's regatta at Longford. We borrowed boats for all the races except the Henley-on-Tamar, where we used our own and were forced to retire because two of the slides came off the runners. The crew that rowed in the Tenley was Joe Calloway (bow), David Cartwright (2), Peter Underwood (3), Jeff Stephens (stroke) and Geoff. Symonds (cox.), but Joe and David resigned and their places were filled by Bob Cleary (bow) and Iain Duguid (2).

All the present crew except the cox. were new to competitive rowing last season and being a very light crew, we row at a disadvantage against the heavier crews.

It was seen in the Bourke Cup that the 1 1-8 mile course is too far for us. Over the first half mile, when our rating was about 40 strokes per minute, the crews were fairly close together, but over the remaining 5-8 mile both Launceston Technical High and us could not keep up the rating and we began to drop back, leaving the three Hobart crews to fight it out.

Our crew was rearranged several times and in the short time before the Bourke Cup, our coach, Mr. David Tudor, did a wonderful job.

COMMENTS

Bob Cleary (bow). Bob's rowing is good, but his timing could be a little better. He should do better next season.

Iain Duguid (2). Iain's style is good, but for a No. 2 man needs perhaps a little more weight on the oar.

Peter Underwood (3). Peter is a very consistent rower, having good style, rhythm and power and will be a valuable member of the crew this season.

Jeff Stephens (stroke). Because of excellent form shown early this year, Jeff was chosen as stroke though he is only in "C" Class. He made the change from bow easily. Heavy responsibility for training and organisation has been cheerfully accepted.

Geoff. Symonds (cox.). Geoff is a good cox. and did a fine job in the race. We thank him for his care and skill.

The crew would like to thank our coach, Mr. Tudor and Mr. Askeland, who have supervised the rowing this year.

FANTASY

Ah! the hearts of sorrow—
Ah! the hearts of love—
Ah! the longing silence
That lies o'er all the grove!

Shadows on the meadows;
Golden amber eyes!
Flying feet, that to
The azure heavens rise.

Mirrors on the ocean—
Fleeces on the skies—
"Give to me your beauty,"
The yearning watcher cries.

For all its glorious brilliance,
The burning butterfly
On palest flowers resting,
Thinks of the soft blue sky.

Singing, ever singing—
Dancing on the breeze—
The wedding bells are ringing;
Silver through the trees!

High on wings of passion,
Of longing and desire;
Flies the heart of one who
Is aching and on fire.

ROSEMARY ROBINSON, "D1," Sorell



Back Row : Cdts. N. Jones, R. Sutherland, A. Birchmore, B. Bishop, L. Sutherland, P. Burns, L. Hardy, R. McNeal, L. Bishop, K. Arnold, A. Hookway, W. Haas, B. Scott, G. Lockhart, G. Martin, R. Reinmuth.

Second Row : Cdts. B. Hodgman, D. Stanley, D. Atkins, G. Moore, J. Forward, J. Cole, J. Baker, I. James, J. Beattie, G. Ayling, M. Hooper, F. Curbishley, J. Reid, D. Morling, T. Crothers.

Front Row : Cdt. D. Jones, Cdt. W. Sutherland, L/Cpl. B. Cleary, Cpl. D. Street, Cpl. B. Ockerby, Cpl. A. Jones, Sgt. D. Huett, S/Sgt. R. McCormick, W.O.1 P. Mullen, Lt. H. Hudson, Lt. B. Cook, Sgt. H. Room, Sgt. J. Tilley, Cpl. D. Grant, Cpl. J. Hart, L/Cpl. J. Cocker, L/Cpl. M. Beardwood, Cdt. A. Waters.

FROM TUSSOCK TO TUSSOCK

When somebody is in the middle of a marsh, he looks for tussocks to step on and finds his way out. I am not in a marsh like that, but a different one : the marsh of school-time.

I started kindergarten when I was four, and I was very shy. I never dared to look at the teacher and I always sat near the window to see when my mother would come.

Gradually I got over my shyness and I began to enjoy school quite well. There were games, in which I was awfully clumsy. I remember once we learned to dig in the sand-bin and I trod it all hard again with my feet. The teacher felt quite hopeless for me.

After about two years I left kindergarten and stepped on to another tussock—primary school. The first day we learnt nothing. Nearly all the children were crying; and so was I (of course). The teacher was very nice. She soon comforted us; and when the first week was over, we had learned the first letters of the ABC. I was very proud to be in the first grade, and to be able to work out a hard sum as : two times two. Nevertheless, I thought the children of grade six were very big and I dared not speak to them.

I had some little friends (mainly boys!) and we played together. They sometimes quarrelled about whom I was to marry, but I said I'd see.

Gradually I stepped from one tussock to another, until I arrived in grade six. Then it happened! Our whole family did a great big step, and I stepped from a Dutch tussock on to an Australian one. My word, that was a big step!

I had to learn to speak the language first of all. On the very first day at my new school they taught me to say "shut up" and I, not knowing what it meant, went around saying it to

everybody until I found out the meaning of it. I wasn't very pleased, I'll tell you!

The first few weeks I had dozens of friends. On the playground I had big groups of girls pushing and shoving around me, all trying to find out something about Holland or some Dutch words.

I could not understand them all, but the little bit of English which I had learned in Holland has helped me a lot.

The work was not very difficult, but I couldn't stand mental arithmetic. The money sums were a muddle. I didn't know how many pence to a shilling and how many shillings in a pound. The yards and miles and inches were also a puzzle. And then the weight measurements! I'm glad there was a list of them at the back of my book, otherwise I'd never have worked them out! Then there were the dictations. Every morning we had one. First I only copied them from another girl, but soon I did them myself. I got many mistakes and silly ones too. The biggest number of mistakes I had was somewhere about twenty and then to think we had to write them out fifty or a hundred times each!

At the end of the year I had to do the examination for High School. I'm sure it was awful, and I didn't do half as well as I might have. What a surprise it was for me to find that I had passed!

So, after the Christmas holidays I stepped to my next tussock—High School.

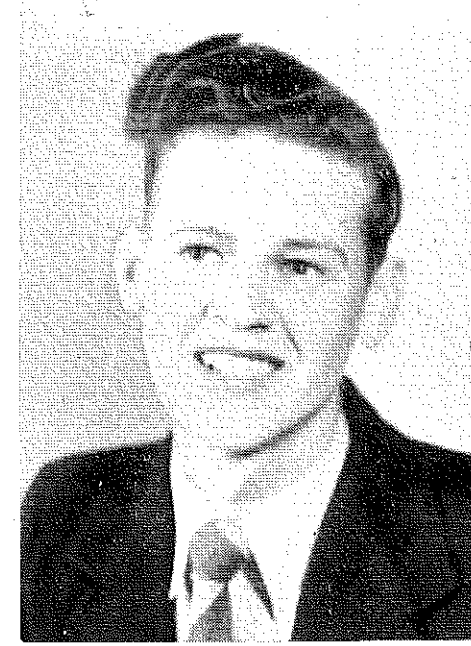
Actually I went by bus. I found myself some friends and I am quite happy. The subjects are very interesting and after having stepped on every tussock which I still have to tread, I hope to arrive on safe ground.

NETTY BOER, E4, Franklin.

HEAD PREFECTS, 1953



RONDA MULLEN



JOHN TRAILL

"WATER, WATER EVERYWHERE - - -"

It was raining hard outside; all the gutters were full. There was an inch deep torrent racing past the house towards the drive gates, where it formed a most inconvenient lake. The lawns were like sloppy-sloppy marshes; and—I had never seen the weeping-willow weep so much, poor thing, crying as if its wooden heart would break!

Everything was so wet and watery that I left the washing up to wash up itself!

A cold shiver ran down my spine as I heard someone slip on the now slippery path. Crash! There goes the chickens' dinner, and—when I looked out of the back-door, I saw that the clay container had gone too. Gloom.

It was just my bad luck that I should trip over my little sister's pusher, over went everything, books, dolls, bricks, toys, balls, pencils, and poor me. The next thing I knew was that my sister had declared war and was already bombarding me with cushions. I hastily pulled on my raincoat, flung on my "Wellington" boots and started out in the rain with the intention of getting to the inside of our garage without drowning.

When I sat down sadly on the bench, I became suddenly aware that something was sticking into me. A splinter? A tin-tack? A screw? A piece of freshly cut tin. Or a small nail . . . or a big nail . . . ? Ouch! it hurts anyway.

As I leaped off the bench I heard a r-r-r-rip! I immediately clutched at the seat of my slacks; I could feel a lot of loose material and I dare not

pull in case it tore all the more. Finally I venturing to twist myself around to see what had torn and how much. I took my hands away because I saw a piece of fawn material and I was not wearing any fawn at all! Then a large piece of ragged fawn material fell to the garage floor. Relief quite overwhelmed me; my slacks had not one single tear or hole!

Mother had just called me, so I had to go, back out into the rain, over the sloshy lawn; on the slimy path, under the dripping eaves and finally into the dry indoors.

SYLVIA BUTLER, "D2," Franklin.

THE GHOST ARMY

Down the dimly lighted street,
Darker for the rain,
I hear the beat of marching feet—
Tramp! and tramp again!

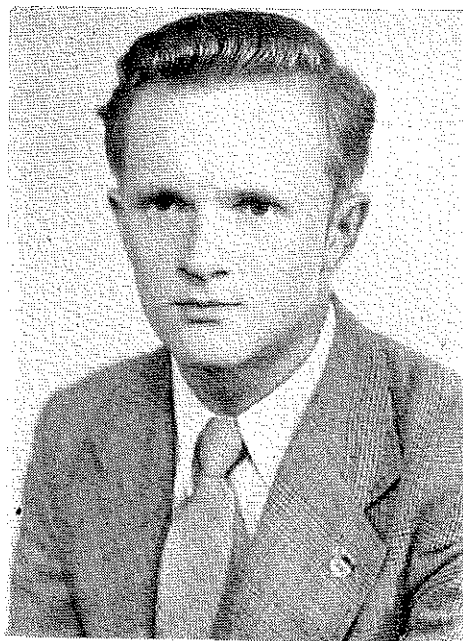
Louder, fiercer, roars the wind;
Faster drives the rain,
Through the dismal, dreary night—
Tramp! and tramp again!

Marching, ever marching on,
Up the street, in vain,
For they have neither roof nor rest—
Tramp! and tramp again!

There is no roof, no rest, for ghosts,
Marching through the rain,
Cold spirits have no place with men—
Tramp! and tramp again!

ROSEMARY ROBINSON, D1, Sorell.

BEST PASS MATRICULATION, 1952



Grahame Shotton

BEST PASS SCHOOL'S BOARD, 1952



Bruce Schramm



THE EDITORS

Janet Jessop and Tony Ritchie

THE PEGGY PEDLEY PRIZE

This year the Peggy Pedley Memorial Prize has been won by Rosemary Robinson for her poem printed below:

GOLDEN DREAMS

Here in my heart there is loving and light,
Falling from stardom, both morning and night.
Little one, lovely, light-hearted and sweet,
Come walk on my hand with your gentle soft feet.
Fly on the wind with an airy light grace,
And high over sunset and mountain-tops race.

The days were bright wherein I'd roam,
And winy clouds were topped with foam.

The lights have shot out with a glimmering gleam;
Breaking around like a golden bright dream.
Heart of my heart, we are wand'ring again
In the land where our bliss was co-mingled with pain.
Land of the velvet nights, sparkling with stars—
Land where my life is unchained from its bars.

Our hearts flamed high, as on we ran—
As children are, since life began.

A great shining, silvery, burning white stone
Was firing the sky-tops; as redly they shone.
Great golden bugles were sounding on high—
My soul leaped to answer, in joyous reply.
My heart far was fluted, on fluttering wings;
My eyes drank the love that the angel-song sings.

From golden streams my voice did flow—
My golden star was Scorpio.

My face felt the brush of the butterfly's kiss—
There never was such a mixed moment as this!
There never was colour so lovely as blue;
But my heart, in this moment, had happiness too.
I heard the bright wishes with song bubbled o'er;
My life was astride me—enchantment no more!

My life has fallen away from me,
To the valley of beautiful snow.
My heart has found a wand'ring-place,
In the land where the sunsets glow.

ROSEMARY ROBINSON, "D1," Sorell.

IT'S A BARGAIN

According to my dictionary, a bargain is "an advantageous purchase." I have made several bargains which were certainly not advantageous.

Long ago, when I was young and inexperienced, some rich friends invited me to a swimming party at their home. The invitation threw me into a panic. What could I wear? My ever-helpful mother gave me a ten-shilling note and sent me off to a bargain sale to buy a sun-frock. A gaudy red and yellow affair caught my eye at once. The price? Only 7/6. What a bargain!

That afternoon, after a riotous fight on the edge of the swimming-pool, I departed homewards in a borrowed frock. I carried a dripping parcel which contained a wet, shrunk, brown-coloured mess which had been my bargain sun-frock.

Another type of bargaining which mothers do not favour is sandwich-swapping.

My mother, having read that kiddies love sandwiches made with K— cheese, provided me with them for lunch for a whole term. After the holidays she still gave me cheese sandwiches. Some friends of mine who liked cheese sandwiches, started swapping with me. Everything went fine for a while. Then my friends tired of cheese sandwiches and would only give me one of



theirs for about four of mine. I must have looked thin, for Mummy made enquiries. When she found out that my lunch for the past month had consisted of two sandwiches per day, she decided that her kiddy did not like K— cheese and altered the fillings.

There is one kind of bargain, however, which I will never indulge in. That is, joining the pushing, pulling, shouting, screaming, tearing mob of women at the spring sale. But now I must leave to get that pair of nylons, sheer, and only 2/6 at Coles. I'd better take my umbrella in case Joan Smith gets there first.

HEATHER FAIRBAIRN, "D1," Arthur.

THE SNOWY RIVER

The swift old Snowy River
Sweeps through the mountain range,
Passing in its hurry, things
Beautiful and strange.

Past cattle lying in the shade
And rabbits at their play.
Past white men cutting timber
And blacks who hunt all day.

On past golden wattles,
Past blue gums, straight and tall,
It sees the dainty bell-birds
And hears their tinkling call.

Past a lonely homestead
It goes its perilous way;
Past farmers in the paddocks,
Gathering in the hay.

The Snowy River could tell
Of families who found at hand
Far from their own dear countries—
A wide and prosperous land.

"POET," "D1."

WHITE MYSTERY

[Donald Colgrave has written a recollected version of the story which won the Under-18 Section of the Sesquicentenary Competition for Tasmanian Schools.]

It was almost dark and the tribe was settling down for the night. The fires were burning low and the hum of voices had ceased. Everyone was hungry because the drought had made it almost impossible to find any bush animals. Shellfish, even, were gradually disappearing out to sea and the tribe was faced with an acute food problem. Maroubra, the finest hunter of them all had been away for two days now trying to find something to bring back for the tribe to eat. He should be home that night, at the latest, the next morning.

Meanwhile two little wooden vessels were creeping up the treacherous D'Entrecasteaux Channel. They were the "Marquis de Castries" and the "Mascarin," the two ships of Marion du Fresne. It was the year 1772 and he was investigating the southern oceans for some likely country for a French colony. He was also studying the plants and animals of the places he touched. His destination at this moment was Frederic Henry Bay.

Maroubra did return that night, empty-handed, but instead of finding a sleeping camp, he found the people standing in groups, muttering and peering into the darkness, across the bay.

Yourah, his betrothed, came to him and told him all that had happened. Old Waubedebbar, the elder of the tribe had dreamed of a great curse fallen on the tribe, brought by a great white bird. He had woken the rest of the tribe and young Bigoara had noticed that a strange, white shape was floating on the bay. They could only see a faint white blur, but it was enough to fill them with fear and foreboding. They huddled together around the dying embers of the fires and talked of this great mystery. They could not sleep, but waited only for morning when they could view the bird more closely.

When morning came they all gathered on the sea shore to watch the ships, for they found there were two. It wasn't long before they realised that there were men on the white birds and it was with some fear that they watched a small boat, not unlike their own tiny craft, pull away from the larger of the two birds. The natives hid themselves as the men came ashore, but they could see that the men were white with their bodies all covered. Who could they be? Were they really evil spirits as Waubedebbar's dream suggested?

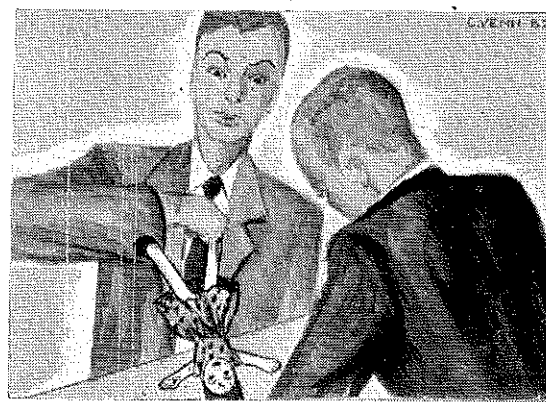
Maroubra stepped on to the beach, holding his spear aloft. One of the men shouted something in a foreign tongue at him and pointed a long, black stick into the air. On seeing this, Maroubra prepared to throw his spear, but a great thunder burst from the white man's stick. Maroubra screamed and fell in the sand. The tribe fled to the hills as fast as they could, without looking back and forgetting all about Maroubra.

The white men went aboard the main bird just before dark. Several of the tribesmen crept to the sea shore to find Maroubra, but he was dead when they came to him.

That night the tribe wailed not only for a dead warrior, but for a lost tribe, a dying people, a doomed race.

"THEY?"

From my childhood they have adorned my bedroom. They were all over the place then—under the beds, in the drawers, under mats, and they would even prove to be hard lumps under cushions when visitors came to tea. They removed them as soon as Mum retreated from the room. Dad used to be very, very annoyed when he found one accompanying him to the breakfast table, or secreting itself behind the folds of his handkerchief when he went to work. Of course, the result of this was that he pulled it out at the critical moment when the boss was interviewing him. I can now just imagine him seeing a little pink object fall to the floor, trying hastily to re-



trieve it before the boss saw it and remaining uncomfortable and inattentive until the talk concluded. He would be in a raving temper all the rest of the day and would be preparing to expostulate with his wife the minute he arrived home.

However, as soon as he saw his wife waiting with a delicious tea already prepared for him, his heart would melt and he would think, "Oh, well, it wasn't her fault. She probably did not know anything about it."

The next minute, daughter in a clean frock and hair all spruce, would appear with a dozen or more of these detestable pink things in her hands. Dad's mouth would open—but the words would never be spoken.

Originally a set of eight was the gift of my aunt for my first birthday. Each year the number was added to for birthday and Christmas by friends and relatives. By my seventh birthday I had the extremely large collection of thirty-two. Mum described the state in which they were given to me as indecent, so they were quickly made decent by the addition of some gaudy colours. Each day a little neighbour came in to see them. Although many arguments and many pulled out hairs were experienced, I often condescended to let her have some for the night. (A mercy for Dad, I think.)

Through the years, as I have grown up from extreme childhood, gradually and reluctantly, the little pink things have kept their place with me. All other toys have been thrown out, or put downstairs or preserved for the next young ones, but the little pink things line the top of the wardrobe where they sit among the "gods."

What are they? Miniature dolls, of course!

JALNA CARTWRIGHT, "B2," Sorell.

AN EGG FOR TEA

Sitting in an old sheoak tree in the far corner of the paddock, in the long shadows of the early dawn is a black jay. His mischievous eye is intently fixed upon a young pine tree where a female goldfinch is sitting upon her eggs, while the male bird keeps a twinkling eye on the look out.

The goldfinch is a very small and bright coloured bird. Its throat and forehead are bright gold, its tail and front of the wings are black. On its wings is a large patch of yellow.

All day long the black jay sits on the pine tree waiting for a chance to steal the eggs. Sometimes the male bird flies away and brings back a lovely fat, juicy grub for his wife.



Gradually the sun sinks below the horizon, illuminating the clouds with the vivid colours of sunset. Slowly the colours fade away, turning the clouds to grey once more. Just then the goldfinches left their nest to go and seek their evening meal.

As soon as the goldfinches were safely out of sight, the wicked black jay flew straight for the nest. Stealthily peering into the nest, to his delight, he saw four eggs lying side by side. Greedily he cracked open the shells and devoured what was inside, leaving just the shells behind. Flapping his wings, he flew away, feeling very pleased and proud of his eggs for tea. When the goldfinches returned and peered into their nest, the female was sad and grieved at the loss of her eggs and flew sadly away. INEZ SCOTT.

HIDDEN BEAUTY

Behind the cold, unwanted stillness

Of a swamp deserted long.

Is a magic since forgotten

From the days of mirth and song;

Beneath the grey-green muddy dullness,

There's a tint of pink and blue,

And the beauty which is hidden,

Is beauty through and through.

The grasses whistle in the wind,

The sound seems hard and cold,

But there's a haunting melody

Which is neither new nor old.

Behind the curtain of cold silence,

Is a song of sweet refrain;

And it is always present—

In sunshine or in rain.

JANICE POWER.

NO BREAD FOR BREAKFAST

By way of an introduction to this extract from my own essay book, I would like to make it clear that this subject is not one of my own choosing, as all C—munities will understand.

No bread for breakfast is a calamity comparable with the sinking of the "Titanic" or a declaration of war. It is invariably the predecessor of a bad day's work on the part of every member of the family and a common cause of strained relationships concerning the marmalade and milk.

No wonder the oat-eating Scots look down on the English and we who are derived from them with despision (which is abstract noun derived from the verb "to despise" and if there is not such a word in the English language, there most certainly should be. My dictionary says in its disconnected manner—"Despise" (—z) v.t. to look down on.—despicable d. base, contemptible, vile.—despicably adv.—despite n. scorn; illwill, spite.—prep. in spite of; despitable a. but not "despision") because we know how to make a most enjoyable breakfast without the painful necessity of charring bread, vernacularly (I am not quite sure of that word either), known as toasting.

To digress for one moment—I think that the words in parenthesis in the first part of the last sentence should put up some claim for a record in holding the breath.

Let us take all the foregoing, with the possible exception of those words outside the brackets and of my opening remarks, as read (more deep breathing exercises, otherwise known as clumsy or cumbersome sentences) and continue to discuss, in whatever space is left to us, a most painful and regrettable experience caused by a paucity of the staff of life during the morning meal.

The absence of bread is, of itself, not a particularly inconvenient occurrence, but when one, by using all his powers of reasoning, realises that bread is one of the more important constituents of toast, the magnitude of his dilemma immediately becomes apparent. The converse of this predicament is the complete or partial refusal of the toaster to undertake its appointed task. Who can possibly enjoy yesterday's clammy remnant, uncharred, on a cold and frosty morning? Of one thing I am certain, I cannot!

But again—better no toast than a cold, black substance and a numb lump of adamant butter which will disintegrate the aforementioned black substance in a highly provoking manner. When such a calamity as this occurs, one may be absolutely certain of a very bad first period's study.

Now for the lighter side. If your toast is burnt or cold, liberal applications of marmalade or beef extract should be highly beneficial.

Cold toast or yesterday's bread can be very enjoyable if made into small pieces for use in the soup at lunch or dinner. Or with the soup. (Excuse the lack of a verb in the last sentence, but I consider that if one were inserted, much of the emphasis and exact shade of meaning would be lost forever.)

ERIC RATCLIFF, "C1," Wilmot.

MICKEY

When he came home from the war he was unhappy and he tried to adjust himself to the new life and new friends, for all the old ones were gone. His nerves were shattered, his sight was dimmed and his spine had been injured, and yet the poet and the artist in him cried out once more for what was beautiful and young and happy. He searched and after eighteen years, he married and the dream world began to dawn again, for all the old fears had nearly disappeared.

Mickey was born on their wedding day. A soft, brown ball of fluff, he lay on a pile of straw in the woodshed. He didn't join in with his brothers and sisters as they rolled about in the straw and the mother cat knew this and gave all her attention to the other little blind kittens. But Mickey lay on the straw and peeped out at the new warm December day. He lay and watched the soft white clouds as they floated about in the sky. And then, all of a sudden, one of the lovely white clouds had drifted right down to him and a lovely face smiled down at him from the midst of a great white mass of tulle. He had never seen a cloud so close before, in all the short five hours since he was born and he thought how lovely the world was when the cloud bent down and stroked his head.

"This one is by far the prettiest," said the cloud. "We will have him for our very own when we come back, won't we, darling?" A tall black cloud behind the white one chuckled and nodded his head, but then the peace was broken and a shrill voice cried, "A bride in the woodshed! What a thing to do on your wedding day, you silly girl! You'll tear the frock! Quickly, the car is here! Oh, your poor mother!"

In a month's time they came home and settled into their own home. They came for Mickey one day and carried him away in a basket. He was a proud Persian kitten who could walk now and he knew that his clouds were really human beings. The three of them were very happy in the new house, especially at night time when they sat around the fire. Mickey would curl up on the man's knees and purr until his whole tiny body was vibrant with the joy of living. Sometimes he would climb on to the shelf which encircled the room and step daintily among the little plates and vases that the lovely lady had arranged there. When he did this, the man would walk underneath with his hands ready to catch any of the treasures that were knocked down. The lovely lady would jump about and give little frightened shrieks, but she was never angry. When he tired of the game and jumped down, she would hug him and lay him in his tiny basket. He wished sometimes that he could have a new basket as he grew older, because when he stretched, his little pearly claws caught in the wicker of the basket, and he felt rather cramped.

After the winter had passed, however, she didn't seem sad any more, in fact, she was happier than she had ever been. At night time her merry laugh would ring through the room as she spoke to the kind man.

Then one night, something wonderful happened to Mickey. They brought a new cream

basket into the room and the lady put a frill around it. She was laughing, she was so happy that even Mickey felt warm and sort of shiny when he looked at her. At last they had made him a new basket! He bounded on to the table and jumped on to the spotless white pillow.

But the lovely lady stopped laughing and pushed him out of the basket and lifted up the pillow and brushed it where his paw had touched it. It was then that Mickey knew. He crept away from the warm room.

That night, when the fire had gone out, the lovely lady went to the door and called to Mickey. Her tinkling voice rang into the quiet stillness and the light from the kitchen cast a warm glow into the blackness. The leaves of the berry tree shivered and the shadows under the stars were very eerie and strange. She called again, with a frightened note in her voice, but Mickey was gone.

Three years later, when the chubby, curly-haired child had been tucked into bed, her father and mother sat by the fire and listened to the heavy rain beating down on the roof. The kind father was restless, for the rain always made him feel insecure and unhappy. It had rained in France, drenching, bleak rain that filled the trenches and made the noise of the shells more horrible than ever. In the middle of the night, when the sky was bright as day with the horrid green-blue glow, the rain had still poured, relentless, unceasing, maddening.

"Listen!" said the child's mother, starting from her chair, "there is something thudding at the back door."

They went to the door together and opened it wide. On the doorstep was a huge, drenched animal, its eyes gleaming like a tiger's. It leaped into the kitchen and purred about their legs. It threw its mighty body upon the hearth and stretched there, contented.

"Mickey," they whispered, "after three years." They put him outside the back door that night, even though it was raining, for they knew that if it was Mickey he would be there in the morning. He was.

The baby daughter loved him. Each day she carried him around and listened in wonder as her mother told her how the cat had gone away and then after three years, had come back. "He has been well looked after," she said, "look at his thick, shiny coat. Someone has loved him, but he has come home again."

Each night Mickey would lie on the hearth-rug. He wouldn't purr, however, and he buried his great soft head in his paws because he knew that they loved the child best now and they would rather nurse and cuddle her than him.

His lovely lady did not laugh very much now; she only smiled in a placid kind of way. Mickey wished she still had that "shiny" look, but he remembered that his mother had not "shone" when he was in the straw, so he supposed that all ladies, however lovely they are, lose that liting, merry air when they become mothers. It made him sad.

As the years went on, the lovely lady smiled less and less and her golden hair was touched with grey. Mickey knew that he was growing older too and wondered what was happening when he found it hard to chase the child in her play. One day another baby came, a little son

MY FIRST DAY AT HIGH SCHOOL

It was 8.30, but the day was already hot. I stood on the pavement where the bus had left me and looked over the building which was to be my new school. The hot asphalt gave a desire for the cool shades behind me in the Royal Park.

The elevated cream and red building in its neat setting of green lawns, palms and green flowers, which during the school holidays had looked friendly, seemed terrifying.



I hurried forward, anxious to see my school-mates and entered the bright and spacious Assembly Hall. The opening by Mr. Amos was very impressive and helpful. The whole day was spent "settling in" and no school work was done.

At 4 p.m. I still did not know the school motto, but thought of my own—"I strive even unto the stars"—and went happily home through the now friendly gates.

RON TARR, "E1," Franklin.

AT NIGHT

At night the blackness turns to gold.
The green to silver-blue.
And the many ferns and grasses,
Are of every different hue.
Beyond the dull green-greyness,
Lurks a light one never sees;
And the watchful birds are wheeling,
Around the shining trees.

The noisy parrots have gone to rest,
The nymphs are sunk in sleep,
And the flowers' heads are nodding,
As the evening shadows creep.
The beauty of the swamp is clear,
As the silver moon glides by,
And the swamp land is reflected
In the shining silver sky.

JANICE POWER.

this time and Mickey knew just how the girl-child felt. One afternoon, when the kind father was nursing the baby son, and gazing at it very tenderly indeed, Mickey found the girl-child crying in the garden. In a vague kind of way he knew what was the matter.

Ten years later, when the children were both at school, Mickey was sleeping in the long grass by the gate. He felt very dizzy and weak as he lay in the hot sun, his fur hanging matted from his thin body. A van drew up at the gate and suddenly a strange hand leaned over the fence and roughly picked him up. The stranger had a bag in his hand. The old cat looked up at the windows of the house, for he was too feeble to struggle and saw the lovely lady peeping from the white curtains. She was crying.

"My cloud is weeping," thought Mickey. "clouds shouldn't weep. They must always stay lovely and bollowy and white. The shiny ones are the best."

When the family came home they found their mother was very sad. "The vet. came," she said, "Mickey's gone."

"It is so cruel," wept the girl-child, "why did he have to go?"

"He could never have survived the winter," said the kind man, his arm about his lady's shoulder. "He was old and he suffered."

That night they took the little cream basket with the torn frill away from the hearth, and the lady wept once more.

"He didn't like his new basket," she said. "I don't know why, because the children have slept in it."

Nobody knew, because mortals can never know everything. But the clouds know, however, especially the very young ones, that float about in the mild December sky, and shine as they pass between the sun and the earth.

JANET JESSOP, "A," Arthur.

LAST GLIMPSES

It is nearly a year and three months since my family and I left Scotland and migrated to Tasmania.

The weather was perfect the day we left home and through the window of the compartment of the train, the sun was shining on the water of Loch Linnhe, giving it a star-like, twinkling effect. Approximately one mile from the line we caught our last glimpse of Ben Nevis, heavily capped in snow and the little village of Inverlochry nestled at the foot of it, like a chicken finding refuge under its mother's wing. A little farther to the west we saw for the last time the British aluminium factory, where my father was previously employed.

Passing over Spean Bridge, Roy Bridge, Bridge of Orkey, Rannoch Moor, where we saw herds of stags and deer, we also saw two stags fighting. After passing many other stations we finally pulled up in Queen's Street Station, Glasgow.

We boarded a bus which was "Coatbridge" bound, because we were going to spend a few days with my grandmother before leaving on the Edinburgh to London express.

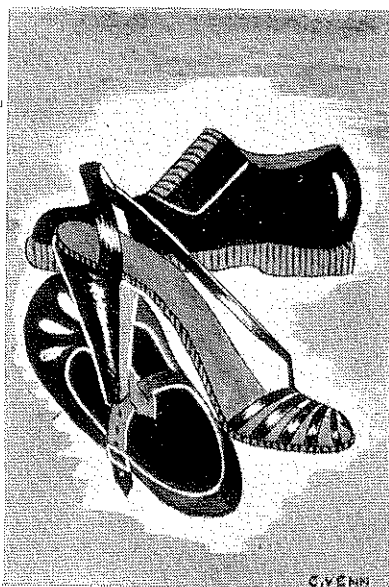
It was ten o'clock on Monday evening when the train steamed out of the Edinburgh Station, bearing us swiftly towards London and Southampton, where we boarded the "Asturias" for Australia.

MARGARET REECE.

BOOTS AND SHOES

It was raining as I dodged the puddles along Brisbane Street. With my eyes firmly planted on the ground, I looked at shoes and then at faces. It is easy to judge a person and their character by their shoes.

Coming towards me paced a pair of brown leather golf shoes—sensible girl. Like her shoes, she wore a raincoat and her face was healthy, not painted. Vainly trying to keep their footing were a pair of those flimsy, high-heeled, red shoes. They were suitable only for dancing, but perhaps she was like me when I have a new pair, wearing them whatever the weather. Her dress was flimsy too, in a light cotton and it was drenched. With her were a small party of girls, all in light court shoes, all with their frocks drenched, but all bubbling over with life and energy.



Stopping to pause and then to quickly walk on, were a pair of squelchy rubber wedgy shoes. Yes, they belonged to a very dubious New Australian. He clutched his two bags even tighter as he passed me; lonely and with a stiff lip, but a look of intense pride framing his face. Only this morning he had left the Tarooma, ready to be exported to Bronte and the cold. I think he realised what he was going to, but at least he was free from the Underground and starvation.

Joyfully plodding along were two gumboots. A little boy owned them. All I could see of him under his father's raincoat and his rain hat that delighted in dripping rain on his nose, was a curly wisp of ginger right in the middle of his forehead and ginger was painted on his nose too. He was happy as he was returning home from swapping marbles, collecting tadpoles, playing "Cowboys and Indians," or just getting dirty in his friend's home.

Around the corner came a pair of hob-nailed boots. They had been cleaned, but under the layer of nugget was ingrained clay and mud. He was a farmer and did not intend to dress up just for me to see him. He was cloaked in a massive woollen coat and on his head was the customary "cocky" hat. Outwardly he was serious, but in his eyes there was a twinkle. This morning his wife had been victorious as he bought and paid for a "frig." out of his tractor money. What a sacrificer. As he passed by I think he knew that I had been reading his thoughts and he smiled and raised his hat. Yes, she really does deserve it.

I looked up as I saw Mum's shoes in front of me. She was laden with parcels and still shopping, so I left my characterisation to be a business woman.

It is true that even by our shoes we show our character.

R. PEDLEY, "C1," Franklin.

A DEDICATION

What stirs within my narrow soul?

Some ancestral longing, rising from ancient lawlessness

Some far-forgotten memory of liberty sweet set free,

Some shame at duels forfeited, hence lost.

(Oh, had I but the faith I might have won),

Some impulse from the days before the dream

When man was beast and life was love

Some echo in a once ill-gotten cave,

Echoing through a dark, transparent night,

Some unabandoned horror at things to come

Some hope of forgiveness for things undone.

Of these I am servant. I am but one

Small voice arising out of the desolations of the sun.

Now I dream some relic dream of days before I had my mind—

A dream of sunlit lands where man has never trod
Nor ever will.

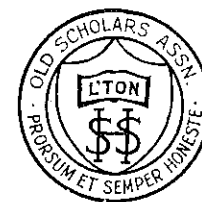
Is this a dream prophetic? These are the lands
of God;

Unaltered by shadows of time, untouched by
ravages of years

Where man has never trod—

Nor ever will.

MARY SCHRAMM, "C1," Franklin.



Old Scholars' Column

DIRECTORY

Patron—Mr. L. Amos.

President—Mr. C. A. Allen.

Chairman—Mr. M. Burke.

Secretaries—Miss M. Wilcox and Mr. K. Jack.

Treasurer—Miss G. Mead.

Senior Old Scholars' Representatives — Mesdames I. Hoggan and N. Shegog.

Committee—Misses B. Atkins, G. Snare, J.

Amos, B. Brown, K. Ryan, Mrs. M. Cocker.

Messrs. L. Lynch, D. Warren, J. Lucas, L. Caelli,

D. Cocker, W. Craw, T. Hart.

Editor of Old Scholars' Column — Mrs. M. Bonser.

VISITS AND VISITORS

Members of our Association once again had the pleasure of entertaining the Old Hobartian Association during the week-end of September 26. Sports matches were not played, owing to the inability of the visitors to field full teams.

A "Gala" dance was held at the School on the Saturday evening and the visitors were taken to the Fish Hatcheries, Corra Lyn on Sunday morning.

We were invited to spend the long week-end in November as guests of the Old Hobartian Association. About 30 of our members availed themselves of the opportunity and were very warmly received by O.H.A.

MONTHLY DANCES

The main activity of the year has been the functioning of monthly dances which have been very successful. We would like to see more first year Old Scholars at these functions.

Presentations

The Old Scholars' Association are to present photographs of Messrs. W. C. Morris and H. V. Biggins to the School. These photographs are to be placed in the Assembly Hall near the photographs of previous headmasters.

At the end of last year, the Association's Reunion Dinner was held in conjunction with the Association's farewell to Mr. W. C. Morris. Many members spoke of the great debt we owed to our past patron. A wallet of notes was presented to Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Morris.

Two Sports Rolls were presented to the School and an Honour Roll was unveiled in memory of Old Scholars who gave their lives in World War II.

PERSONAL

We extend our congratulations to the following people who have brought credit to the School and the Association:

Max Olding returned to Launceston to give a pianoforte recital before leaving for abroad to continue his studies.

Jean Ride featured in the Tasmanian Musical Festival Society's opera, "Iolanthe." Dorothy French was also one of the principals in "Iolanthe."

ENGAGEMENTS

Brian Carney to Beryl Hillier.

Betty Radford to Bill Rimmer.

Ken Davis to Viv. Tuting.

Janet Stowans to John Goldsworthy.

Brian Clarke to June Whybrow.

MARRIAGES

Eric Dineen to Joan Williams.

Gwen Honan to Arthur Artis.

Lois Cleaver to William Robinson.

Ava Hasell to Andrew Smith.

Gwen Terry to Rex Taylor.

Yvonne Crothers to Bruce Jeffries.

Bruce Hewitt to Mary Wivell.

Nancy Atkinson to Trevor Bomford.

Nancy Elmer to George Calverley.

*Vonnice Brown to Murray Columbine.

Julie Hutton to Roy Brain.

Brian Irvine to Gwen Dawe.

*Mary Harvey to Dexter Cocker.

BIRTHS

Brian and Kath Caswell—a daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Bearup—a son.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Betts—a daughter.

Bob and Mavis Cretney—a son.

Doreen and Peter Kelly—a daughter.

*Cleo and Geoff. Manning—a son.

Olga and Frank McElwee—a son.

*Betty and Malcolm Wright—a daughter.

Miles and Audrey Coates—a daughter.

*Marion and Len Bonser—a daughter.

*Bev and Terry Cashion—a son.

*Roger and Beryl Weston—a daughter.

Pat and Jean Muir—a daughter.

Maureen and Harold Pollard—a daughter.

*Betty and Phil Wood—a son.

*Bev and David Mold—a daughter.

* Denotes both Old Scholars.

DEGREES CONFERRED

B.A. (with honours) — Lewis Bardenhagen, Maurice Knight.

B.A.—Max Burke, Brian Carney, Geoff. Colbeck, Pam Dewis.

B.Sc.—Ron Hume.

B. of Applied Sc.—Bob Yost.

B. of Engineering—Geoff Cullen, Neil Moore.

Bach. Economics—Don Brown.

Diploma of Education—Len Bonser (Melb.).

Robert Hortle, Noel Wathen, Geoff Watson.

Eric Jeffrey Prize.—Geoff. Miller.

Tas. Women's Graduates' Prize.—Geoff. Miller.

Thomas Monmoyle Prize (Engineering) — D. Reeves.

Intermediate Accountancy.—Bill Allen, Lindsay Dwyer.

Dr. of Philosophy—Don Crow. Also awarded Fellowship National Research Council, Ottawa, Canada.

Dr. of Engineering.—Alex Hope.

SPORT

Brian Irvine, Ray Jinks—State Men's Basketball Team.

Max Burke.—Amateur State Football Team.
Janet Gowans, Cynthia Marriott — Tasmanian Women's Hockey Team.

Lyn Bowden, Jan Levis—Tasmanian Women's Basketball.

K. Jack, D. Cocker, D. Parker—Senior Tasmanian Hockey Team.

W. Lanham, P. Beck, R. Bayles—Tasmanian Colts' Hockey Team.

Noel Atkins—Captain and coach of Launceston Football Club.

Paddy Martin — Vice-captain of Launceston Football Club.

Noel Atkins—Vice-captain Tasmanian Football Team.

CHURINGA SPORTS TEAMS

Men's Hockey.—The "A" Grade Team had another very successful season, being defeated in the final by South Launceston. Our "B" Grade side had its best season to date, being defeated by Robins in the Preliminary Final. State representatives were: Senior—K. Jack, D. Cocker, D. Parker. Colts—W. Lanham (vice-capt.), P. Beck, R. Bayles.

Prospective player contact Mr. K. Jack, c/o E.S. & A. Bank, Launceston.

Softball.—Two teams were entered in the newly formed Softball Association, "A" and "B" Grade. The "A" Grade team was unfortunate in losing some of its members early in the season after the Christmas break. The "B" Grade team was runner-up. Pat Bowen was elected captain. The Club is urgently requiring new players who should contact Pat Bowen, phone Launceston 140.

Women's Basketball—Two teams were again fielded in the "A" Grade competition. Honours went to the Churinga Green side which, captained by Lynette Bowden, took the Northern Premiership for the first time for many years. O.H.A., however, in the State Premiership, Churinga being defeated in a hard-fought game.

Several of our members, Lyn Bowden, Barbara Harvey, Norma Statton, Jan Levis and Janice Cordell gained selection in the Northern side, and we extend our congratulations to Lyn and Jan, who were selected in the Tasmanian Team.

Our felicitations also go to Muriel McKillop, Barbara Harvey and Kath Ritchards, who announced their engagements during the year.

Intending players for next season are asked to communicate with any of the present members, who will be only too pleased to welcome them to our Club.

Women's Hockey.—This year was not as successful as last year. We reached the semi-finals only to be defeated by Apex, 2 goals all, Apex winning on corners.

Four of our players represented the North in the intrastate matches, namely: Nancy Atkinson, Peggy Carter, Jo Easterbrook and Janet Gowans, who was also in the State Hockey Team. Cynthia Marriott, an Old Scholar, now at Smithton, was also in the State Team.

Any girl leaving School this year and who is interested in hockey, please contact Miss Betty Radford, c/o. Police Station.

Football Club.—The club suffered a blow early in the season when coach-captain, ex-Carnival player, David Tudor, had to retire from the playing field permanently with an injured leg.

The captaincy was taken over by rugged utility player Len Jinks, who gave the club great drive from the packs throughout the season.

However, even with the brilliant play of Trevor Whitechurch at full back and the fearless roving of David Parker, the Club suffered humiliating defeats in most games played, mainly due to scarcity of numbers and lack of training by some players.

With the addition of promising young players this season and more support from those leaving School, the Club hopes to acquit itself more creditably in the coming season and eventually regain the standard of play which once made Churinga a famous name in amateur football circles.

BRIAN CLARK, Hon. Sec.

Men's Basketball—Throughout the 1953 season, the "A" Grade team, led by Ray Jinks were hampered by injuries and although the team which carried off the 1952 "A" Grade State Premiership, played well, they managed only third place on the Northern Roster, going down to the eventual premiers, Vikings White, who were led by Old Scholar Brian Irvine.

Both Ray Jinks and Brian Irvine had successful seasons, Brian captaining the successful Northern representative team against the South and both players being selected in the Tasmanian State Team to play against the Victorian Premiers.

The "B" Grade team led by Brian Clarke, were unfortunate to lose veteran player Phil Wood, who has retired from the game and although they were not successful in reaching the finals, did produce two promising players in John Allen and Michael Newton, who reveal bright prospects for the future.

Tennis Club.—Endeavours are being made to re-form the tennis club and new members from School will be most welcome.

Badminton Club.—Any members who are interested in forming a badminton club should contact members of the committee.

WELCOME

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

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

Remember—This is YOUR Association now and we need your support.

In conclusion we would like to thank our Patron, Mr. L. Amos, who is at all times most co-operative and helpful.

C. A. ALLEN, President.

M. BONSER, Editor.

Autographs of Staff

B. Lough.

L. E. Chinn.

E. H. Fowler.

M. Harvey.

J. Watson.

Wenda Douglas.

E. Sutherland.

A. Bell.

John H. Wood.

L. A. Russell.

A. Spelman.

F. M. Aphin.

J. Dean.

T. Bailey.

L. E. Doyle.

J. B. Lyle.

J. B. Dancy.

C. F. Kane.

A. D. Allen.

E. Tucker.

A. Honysett.

W. L. Brock.

L. L. Tong.

H. Holloway.

H. A. Hudson.

J. J. J. J.

S. J. J.

H. J. J.

H. J. J.

C. Bushby.

A. J. J.

J. J. J.

M. J. J.

J. J. J.

J. J. J.

J. J. J.

W. J. J.

J. J. J.

R. J. J.

School Autographs