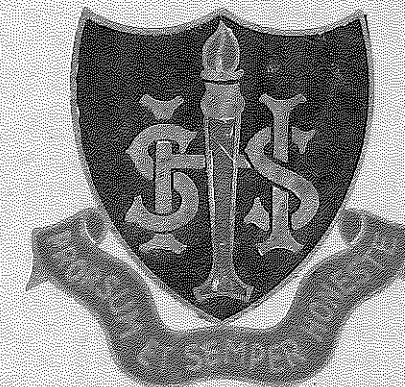


The Northern Churinga



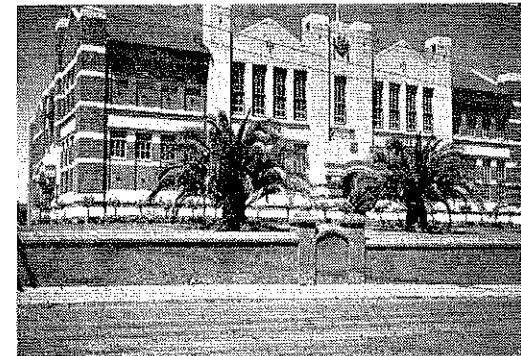
December, 1954

Launceston High School Magazine

VOLUME, XLIV



The Northern Churinga



The School

Editorial

"We live in a changing world." We must realise that changes are occurring not only in the material world, but also in the beliefs of men. We can all clearly see the two ideologies, differing to a frightening degree, which the U.S.A. and the U.S.S.R. represent. On the material surface of pessimism and propaganda, a reconciliation or even the promise of peace between these two ideologies seems to be quite impossible. Yet between the people approving of them there is a connecting link.

The beliefs of men may change as they are called on to face different environments and circumstances, but human nature is the same all over the earth. All human beings have been endowed with a sense recognising the beauty of things. An Eskimo might find beauty in the unusual shape of a block of ice; a Hottentot in the warmth of the sun. Both exercise the same sense.

In the civilised world we find beauty in material things and we can successfully seek it in art, music, literature and in all pursuits in

which we seek for what is permanent and really satisfying.

Here lies the answer to the problem—the solving of the equation: America versus Russia equals what? It does not have to equal atomic warfare; instead it can equal two ideologies co-existing through a mutual love for culture and the toleration which comes from this.

This, then is the remedy to apply. "But what can we do?" We can work hard at our studies. We may see the beauty of a flower or a glorious sunset; but we must seek and find the beauty of culture. We must realise the joy to be gained from the study of Shakespeare and Archimedes and the Ziggurats. By so doing we set an example in our School for the rest of the world to follow and we leave School perhaps not with prizes, but with a developed sense of beauty, to take our places in the community with minds able to penetrate the roof of worldly things and with a sympathy towards those of different creeds. This is absolutely essential to peace in our continuing civilisation.

Editors:

Mary Schramm

Tony Ritchie



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

Staff: Misses B. Layh, B.A., Diplome d' Etudes Francaise, Diplome de Phonetiques Francaise (French); L. A. Russell, B.A. (English); J. Blyth, B.A. (Librarian); F. M. Aplin (French); O. Bushby, M.A. (Social Studies, English); E. H. Penizek, Ph.D. (French, German); R. E. Royle, B.A. (English, Social Studies, French); E. Tucker (Commerce, Maths., Shorthand, Typing); M. B. Record, B.A. (Social Studies, English, French); H. F. Deane (Commerce, Shorthand, Typing); G. Douglas, Mus. Bac. (Music); A. Honeysett (Phys. Ed.).

Mesdames H. Holloway, B. Comm. (Commerce, Maths., Shorthand); E. Sutherland, B.A. (Maths.); A. Dobson (Cooking); F. Crawford (Sewing); F. M. Deane, B.A. (Social Studies, English); J. MacLaine, Dip. Phys. Ed. (Phys. Ed.); J. McDonald (Science).

Messrs. E. R. Sowter, B.A. (History, Social Studies); S. R. Harvey, B.Sc. (Maths.); S. C. Morris B.Sc., Dip. Ed. (Gen. Science, Physics, Chemistry); F. H. Watson, B.A. (English, Social Studies); J. H. Smith, B.A. (Maths.); J. A. Gibson, B.A., Ph.D. (Latin, Maths.); H. A. Askeland, B.Sc. (Science); T. J. Bailey, B.A., Dip. Ed., Diplome de Civilisation Francaise (French, English); J. Haywood, Dip. Art., Teachers' Dip. Art (Art); A. L. Crawford (Commerce, Maths.); W. ten Broeke (Maths., Science); R. Baker, B.A. (Honours), Dip. Ed. (English, Social Studies); D. A. Williams, B.A., Dip. Ed. (English, Social Studies); S. Damian (French, German); J. Timmermans (Art); T. Ward (Phys. Ed.).

Head Prefects: Margaret Pullen and Arnold Cannon.

Board of Prefects: Girls—Leta Aulich, Wendy Bryan, Phyllis Burness, Jalna Cartwright, Helen Cox, Gayle Davis, Ruth Giblin, Cath. Jones, Verna Klye, Gillian Murdoch, Mary Neale. Boys—Bill Bishop, John Cocker, Iain Duguid, Robert McNeil, Bruce Ockerby, Linstead Sutherland, Peter Underwood.

HOUSE CAPTAINS:

Arthur—Ruth Giblin, Geoffrey Symonds.
Franklin—Verna Klye, John Cocker.
Sorell—Jalna Cartwright, Jeffrey Stephens.
Wilnot—Wendy Bryan, John Houston.
Sports Master—Mr. W. Phillips.
Sports Mistress—Miss A. Honeysett.
Sports Monitor—
Library Supervisor—Miss J. Blyth.

CAPTAINS OF TEAMS:

Basketball—Margaret Pullen.
Girls' Hockey—Verna Klye.
Girls' Tennis—Jalna Cartwright.
Softball—Shirley Matthews.
Cricket—John Tilley.
Football—Arnold Cannon.
Stroke of Crew—Jeffrey Stephens.
Boys' Hockey—Bob McNeil.
Boys' Tennis—Arnold Cannon.

SPEECH NIGHT

The school's 41st Annual Speech Night was held in the Albert Hall on Monday, December 14, 1953, 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, conducted by Miss Douglass, and accompanied by Margaret Morrison, sang a group of songs, "Creation Hymn," by Beethoven; "Hark to the Echoes," by Piccini; and "Time, You Old Gypsy Man," by Greenhill. The boys gave a phys. ed. display, and the girls danced a German and a French folk dance. The school orchestra, appearing for the first time, played Handel's "Largo," conducted by Mr. A. Riley.

Mr. Cosgrove presented the prizes, and Mr. Grace the trophies, each with an address. The prize list follows:

GENERAL PRIZE LIST

PRIZES FOR GENERAL MERIT

(Given by Mr. T. G. Johnston)

Ronda Mullen, John Traill.

PRIZES FOR GENERAL MERIT, SCHOOLS' BOARD CLASSES

(Given by Parents' Association)

Ruth Giblin and Margaret Pullen, Lin. Sutherland.

ATTITUDE AND INFLUENCE PRIZES

(Given by Messrs. Ludbrooks Pty. Ltd.)

Janet Jessop, Daryle Chellis.

PRIZES FOR GENERAL MERIT, "C" CLASS

(Given by Mr. R. A. Horne and Mr. L. Garrett)

Dal Wilson, Don Read.

JOAN INGLIS MEMORIAL PRIZE

(Given by Mr. G. Hutchinson)

Ronda Mullen.

BEST PASS IN MATRICULATION EXAMINATION, 1952

(Given by Parents' Association)

Gale Scott, Grahame Shotton.

BEST PASS IN MATRICULATION EXAM, 1952 IN NORTHERN HIGH SCHOOLS

(Given by Messrs. A. W. Birchall & Sons Pty. Ltd.)

Gale Scott.

BEST PASS IN SCHOOLS' BOARD EXAM, 1952

(Given by Parents' Association)

Ronda Mullen, Bruce Schramm.

BEST PASS, SCHOOLS' BOARD EXAM, 1952, IN NORTHERN HIGH SCHOOLS

(Given by Messrs. A. W. Birchall & Sons, Pty. Ltd.)

Ronda Mullen.

PEGGY PEDLEY MEMORIAL PRIZE

(Given by Mrs. T. Taylor)

Rosemary Robinson.

PRIZES FOR SPECIAL SERVICES TO THE SCHOOL

Library: Cynthia Casbault.

Magazine and Newspaper: Janet Jessop.

Pianiste: Margaret Morrison.

CLASS PRIZE LIST

"A"—Ronda Mullen, Bruce Schraam.

"B1"—Phyllis Burness, John Witt.

"B2"—Margaret Pullen, Anthony Ritchie.

"B3"—Heather McLennan.

"C1"—Priscilla Smith.

"C2"—Malcolm Hooper.

BURSARIES

Senior City—George Gibney, Bruce Schramm, David Cartwright, Margaret Morrison, Jennifer Reeves.

Senior Country—Ronda Mullen, Geoffrey Mansefield, Donald Colgrave.

Junior Country—Janice Exton.

J. A. Lyons—Ronda Mullen.

MATRICULATION PASSES, 1953

J. A. Butler, D. C. Colgrave, T. M. Cox, J. Callaway, P. Cowie, A. Hanson, J. Hart, J. Jessop, I. Lancaster, R. McCormack, M. Murdoch, R. Mullen, M. Morrison, B. Richardson, J. Reeves, B. Schramm, I. Traill, P. Wrightson.

PASSES IN SCHOOLS' BOARD, 1953

L. A. Aulich, J. E. Baker, V. Y. Barnes, M. F. Bartlett, T. M. Beardwood, L. B. Bishop, P. Blyth, A. C. Brodie, W. L. Bryan, P. M. Burness, M. Burns, S. R. Campbell, A. C. Cannon, C. I. Casbault, J. M. Cartledge, J. Cartwright, J. A. Clark, C. R. Cleary, R. J. Cocker, D. C. Cole, R. E. J. Cooper, H. W. Cox, M. F. Crawford, T. J. Crothers, J. M. Davis, I. C. de Jersey, I. C. Duguid, G. I. Duncombe, S. M. Gaepfen, R. Giblin, I. E. Gorringer, R. E. Grandfield, I. Harrison, L. M. Hastie, G. E. Hay, A. N. Hookway, S. M. Horder, I. James, C. M. Jones, J. A. Jones, J. M. Jordan, M. E. Jordan, B. M. Langmaid, I. M. Ling, R. M. Lockett, H. McLennan, R. D. McNeil, B. Morrisby, E. J. Mundy, G. R. Murdoch, E. B. Ockerby, K. J. Parish, J. J. Pedley, Y. E. Preece, K. D. Proctor, M. E. Pullen, D. E. Reeves, A. Ritchie, J. H. Room, M. R. Rose, J. M. Rosevear, M. J. Scott, M. P. Seymour, A. G. Spencer, J. Stacey, F. L. Sutherland, D. Thompson, K. L. Turner, P. G. Underwood, M. M. Wadlington, E. A. Walkden, S. C. Weeks, N. E. Westwood, J. D. C. Witt, J. Woolley.

"A" CLASS, 1953

Pauline Barwick—Commercial Bank.
John Beattie—Boyer Paper Mill.
Pam Bowen—Nursing.
Joe Callaway—Science, Univ. Tas.
Daryle Chellis—Pharmacy.
Don Colegrave—Arts, Univ., Tas.
Barry Cook—Commercial Bank.
Kevin Coote—Boyer.
Philip Cowie—Arts, Univ., Tas.
Thelma Cox—Arts, Univ., Tas.
George Gilmev—Insurance.
Anne Hanson—Arts, Univ., Tas.
Jim Hart—Architecture.
Janet Jessop—Art, Hobart Tech.
Mavis Klimeck—Gordan & Gotch.
Ian Lancaster—Arts Course, Univ., Tas.
Roxley MacCormack—Science, Univ., Tas.
Jeff Mansfield.
Margaret Morrison—Arts Course, Univ., Tas.
Rhonda Mullen—Science Course, Univ., Tas.
Peter Mullen—Tech.
Mary Murdoch—Physiotherapy.
Ann Murfet—Teaching.
Jennifer Reeves—Arts, Univ., Tas.
Beverley Richardson—Arts, Univ., Tas.
Sonia Rootes—Arts Course, Univ., Tas.
Bruce Schramm—Medicine, Univ., Tas.
Gwen Scolyer—Arts, Univ., Tas.
Marion Shaw—A. C. Ferrall's.
John Traill—Arts, Univ., Tas.
Pat Wrightson—Arts, Univ., Tas.

"C3"—Maureen Whittaker.

"C4"—Gillian Bryant.

"C5"—Noelene Brown.

"D1"—Coralie Hingston.

"D2"—Rudolph Plehwe.

"D3"—Peter McGee.

"D4"—Pat Ryan.

"D5"—Bonnie O'Sign.

"E1"—Geoffrey Viney.

"E2"—Gwynneth Rees.

"E3"—John Morgan.

"E4"—Nettie Boer.

"E5"—Maureen Baker.

"E6"—Ian Ripper.

GENERAL SUBJECT PRIZES

MATRICULATION EXAMINATION, 1952

English—Gale Scott.

History—Grahame Shotton.

French—Gale Scott.

Chemistry—James Cartledge.

SCHOOLS' BOARD EXAMINATION, 1953

English Literature—Anne Walkden.

Commerce—Heather McLennan.

Shorthand and Typing—Heather McLennan.

ADDITIONAL GENERAL PRIZES

Attitude and Influence Prizes — Margaret Morrison, Joe Callaway.

Special Attitude and Influence Prizes—Robin Pedley, Nancy Stokes, Priscilla Smith.

ATHLETICS

GIRLS

Open Championship—Betty MacArthur.

Under 15 Championship—Jeanette Evans.

Under 13 Championship—Kaye Webber.

Fields Games Championship — Josephine Berwick.

BOYS

Open Championship—Barry Cook.

Under 15 Championship—Robert McNeil.

Under 13 Championship—John Waldron.

Field Games Championship — Roxley McCormack.

Football—Barry Cook.

Cricket—John Houston.

Tennis (Boys)—Daryle Chellis.

(Girls)—Josephine Berwick.

Hockey—Roxley McCormack.

Cadet Rifle Shooting—Barry Cook.

MATRICULATION EXAM PASSES, 1952

Janice Arnold, Donald Best, Allen Cartledge, James Cartledge, David Cartwright, John Coulson, Jennifer Crawford, Stuart Cripps, Bruce Gourlay, Roma McCormack, John Madden, Bryan Mansfield, Ernest Nunn, Dudley Radford, Barbara Scott, Gale Scott, Maureen Sheehan, Grahame Shotton, Ronald Traill, Coral Wright.

UNIVERSITY SCHOLARSHIPS AND PRIZES, 1952

University Entrance Scholarship—Gale Scott
Nelly Ewers Prize—Gale Scott.
Goethe German Prize—Gale Scott.
Gilchrist Watt Scholarship—Gale Scott.
Andrew Inglis Clark Scholarship—Grahame Shotton.

Sir Richard Dry Exhibition—Gale Scott.

COMMONWEALTH SCHOLARSHIPS

Allen Cartledge, James Cartledge, David Cartwright, Ernest Nunn, Gale Scott, Grahame Shotton, Coral Wright.

JUNIOR RED CROSS

This year our members have exceeded the half century mark, and at the first meeting of the year the following officers were elected:

President, Mary Neale; vice-president, Enid Sagaar; secretary, Judith Clark; vice-secretary, Sandra Wade; committee, Barbara Denman, Dianne Williams, Suzanne Dell, Inez Scott.

Our first task of the year was the completion of knitting and tray-cloths for the old people's home at Cosgrove Park, and, due to the eager co-operation of our members, particularly those of the junior classes, these articles were quickly finished. We received a letter of thanks from Mrs. Amos.

Our bank being lacking somewhat in funds, we held a concert early in the year to raise money. Several members gave items, and the takings amounted to £1/18/3.

Many of our members enjoyed a hike to Punch Bowl during the second term. Towards the last few weeks of second term we also visited St. Gile's Home, where several of our members entertained the crippled children there. The members of the Junior Red Cross extend their thanks to all those non-members who also gave up their time to come and visit the children.

Miss Bushby has proved an untiring leader to us this year, and we are very grateful to her for the time she has given to the management of this group.

CRUSADERS

Prior to the May holidays, a Crusader movement was commenced in the school. One meeting was held to arrange suitable times for a weekly meeting, which was to be taken by John Petman, but owing to his leaving school, the meetings were placed in charge of Max Bushby, and later, Mr. Lincoln.

At the moment our leader is Mr. Keith Browning, whose messages in both words and song have proven very helpful. Our numbers have increased from three to over twenty members and we pray that they will continue to do so. A movement such as this one is both beneficial and necessary in a school in which only a half hour of religious instruction a week is given and we feel that if we are taught the things of God while we are young, we will find our whole lives are greatly influenced by our knowledge and that indeed, the world will be a better place for our having fought for truth and righteousness.

I would like to thank all those who have helped us to establish this movement, especially our speakers and those who have given up their entertainments to learn more of God. Keep up the good work, Crusaders!

Although the attendances are increasing each meeting, I am sure the numbers could be increased to double the attendance now. Our meeting is on a Thursday afternoon from four o'clock till a quarter to five in Room 5.

Many will laugh at this invitation to come along, but remember the old proverb, "He who laughs last, laughs best."

To you who laugh, I can only say, "beware of God."

LIBRARY REPORT

This year has been another successful year for the Library with the addition of 142 fiction books and 222 non-fiction books, making a total of 364 books. With the money collected from overdue library books, 11 books have been purchased. Two of the books worthy of mention are "The Royal Tour of Australia and New Zealand" and "While History Passed," which was written by Sister Simons.

There is not enough room in the Library for the books, but it is hoped that in the near future there may be an additional room.

During 1954 a number of books have been added to the two memorial libraries within the School Library.

The Old Scholars' Fund provided books for the R. O. M. Miller Memorial.

Books on Australian history and books for research in English enlarged the A. L. Meston Memorial.

Mrs. Meston endowed the School with a fund to provide books every year for the A. L. Meston Memorial.

There have been 10 Library Monitors this year. They were Robyn Abel, Elizabeth Callaway, Margaret Cartwright, Shirley Casbault, Rosalyn Fish, Jill Hopwood, Jennifer Hudson, Marie Mann, Elizabeth Walsh and Maureen Whitaker.

PUT ON YOUR OLD CLOTHES

It was a few days before Christmas and the family decided to start their holidays. We packed until all the cases were full and brimming; not forgetting to put in our old clothes, in case of any accidents that might happen. We were going to stay at Kelso, which is on the waterfront, and intended to do a lot of swimming and fishing.

The journey was a pleasant one going along the picturesque River Tamar and through the small townships. These towns are very quaint with their tiny little gardens in front of the prettily painted houses.

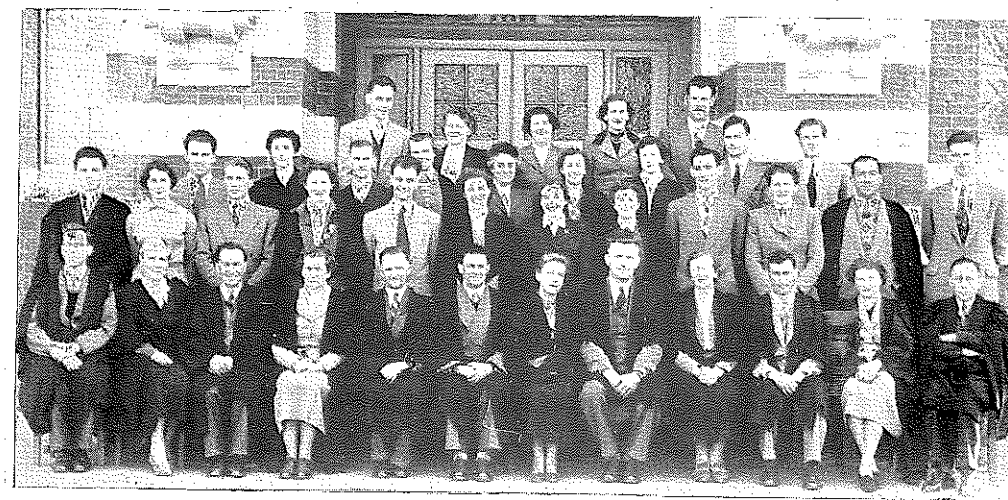
As soon as we arrived, we noticed that a swarm of bees had settled on a tree stump in our garden. My brother decided to try and put the bees in a box, so that we could get some honey.

When it was dark he got into all the old clothes he could find to cover himself up. He put some curtains around his head and a pair of socks over his hands and bound his legs up from the bottom with old rags.

With the box ready underneath the tree and a long stick in his hand, he began knocking the bees off the stump. Unfortunately, instead of going into the box, they all began buzzing around my brother. With a yell, he began to run and he went so swiftly the bees soon gave up the chase. I began running also, but because I was not covered up like my brother, three large bees hopped on my hand and stung me as hard as they knew how to.

The bees settled back on the stump and my brother was told to leave them there. I went to bed with a blue bag on my hand and wished I had been dressed in old clothes like my brother.

Rosemary Marsh, "E6," Arthur.



STAFF

Back Row: Mr. ten Broeke, Mrs. Crawford, Mrs. Dobson, Miss Dean, Mr. Timmermans.
Second Row: Mr. Crawford, Mrs. McDonald, Mr. Smith, Miss Bushby, Dr. Penizek, Mrs. Sutherland, Miss Record, Mr. Damien, Mr. Bailey.
Third Row: Mr. Baker, Mrs. MacLaine, Mr. Ward, Miss Royle, Mr. Hayward, Miss Douglass, Mrs. Deane, Mr. Williams, Miss Tucker, Mr. Gibson, Mr. Phillips.
Front Row: Mr. Askeland, Miss Aplin, Mr. Clark, Miss Blyth, Mr. Sowter, Mr. Amos, Miss Layh, Mr. Harvey, Miss Russell, Mr. Morris, Mrs. Holloway, Mr. Watson.



"A2," 1954

Back Row: B. Bishop, J. Cocker, J. Chick, D. Cole, I. Duguid.
Second Row: G. Symonds, A. Hookway, R. McNiel, L. Hastie, A. Cannon, L. Sutherland.
Front Row: V. Klye, R. Giblin, G. Davis, Mr. Smith (Class Teacher), H. Cox, M. Bartlett.



PREFECTS, 1954

Back Row: L. Aulich, B. Bishop, P. Burness, P. Underwood, J. Cartwright, I. Duguid, M. Neale.
 Second Row: G. Davis, C. Jones, L. Sutherland, G. Murdoch, H. Cox, R. Giblin.
 Front Row: J. Cocker, W. Bryan, A. Cannon, Mr. Amos, M. Pullen, R. McNiel, V. Klye.



"A1," 1954

Back Row: J. Beswick, T. Ritchie, P. Underwood, B. Ockerby.
 Second Row: A. Walkden, P. Burness, M. Jordan, J. Cartwright, M. Neale.
 Third Row: L. Bishop, J. Clark, M. Pullen, J. Hine, C. Jones, A. Brodie, D. Thompson, G. Murdoch, J. Baker.
 Front Row: W. Bryan, B. Best, S. Weeks, Miss Aplin (Class Teacher), I. de Jersey, J. Rosevears, L. Aulich.



FRANKLIN

Girls

At the beginning of the year Verna Kyle was elected House Captain and Cath Jones House Secretary. Frances Jarman and Annette Marquande were voted Captain and Secretary of the Junior House. We would like to thank our Mistresses, Miss Blyth and Miss Royle for the interest they have shown in the House this year.

Our first report is on the Swimming Carnival, which was held first term. Although we had outstanding individual success, the combined effort of the House gained us only third place. Special congratulations must be forwarded to Lynette O'Connor, who won the Open championship and tied for the Under 15 Championship. We must also mention J. O'Connor, R. Dewis, B. Burns and L. Boer, who gave willing support. The House was also successful in winning the Open and Junior Life-Saving events.

In the Athletic Sports we gained third place. Outstanding competitors were H. King, V. Burns, A. Johnson and S. Fowler (who was runner-up for the Under 15 Championship). The Under 13 teams, because of enthusiastic practicing were successful in winning their teams' races. The most noticeable piece of teamwork displayed by our Hockey Dribble Team, which won very decisively from the other teams.

Our House Hockey Team can be commended in reaching the semi-finals of the "B" Grade roster and we thank the Captain, Jill Murdoch for the encouragement she gave the girls.

Both Senior and Junior House Volley Ball Teams did well in the dinner-time roster, tying with Wilmot for second place.

We must congratulate our captain on winning the Badminton Tournament Finals.

Members of School teams:

Hockey: Verna Klye (capt.), Cath Jones, Marlene Bracey, Mary Bartlett, Maureen Blewitt, Dawn Campton, Sandra Fowler (Seconds' capt.).

Tennis: Annette Marquande, Verna Klye, Barbara Best.

Softball: Isabel De Jersey.

Boys

At the beginning of the year, John Cocker was elected House Captain and Barry Hodgkinson Secretary. The House has a total number of 49 members. Mr. Haywood is our House Master and we would like to thank him for the encouragement he has given us.

This year the boys have participated in sporting activities with a fair measure of success and have all played well for their various teams.

We competed with a fair deal of success in the Athletic Sports, with John Cocker being Open Champion, the very promising junior, Ron Tarr, Under 13 Champion and Kevin Manzoney doing exceptionally well in the handicaps. Other members of the House also performed well.

Our representatives in the Firsts' Teams are:

Football: J. Cocker, J. Beswick, B. Hodgkinson, R. Nobes, K. Manzoney, I. Duguid.

Cricket: J. Cocker, J. Beswick, B. Hodgkinson, R. Nobes and D. Walkden.

Hockey: R. Ryan and S. Evans.

Rowing: I. Duguid, K. Arnold.

WILMOT

Girls

At the beginning of the year Margaret Pullen was elected Senior House Captain and Wendy Bryan Senior House Secretary. These positions were filled by Wendy Bryan and Ann Brodie respectively when Margaret became Head Prefect. Captain and Secretary are Kaye Fawdry and Barbara Brown.

We had little success in the Swimming Sports, but congratulate Arthur on their win. However, we did gain first place in the Athletic Sports and the performances, particularly from the juniors, were very promising. Gwyneth Rees was the Under 13 Champion and Kaye Webber the Under 15 Field Games Champion. We are sure these juniors will bring still more credit to the House in the future.

The House Hockey Team reached the semi-finals in the "B" Grade Hockey roster and gained first place in Inter-House matches.

Our representatives in First Sport Teams are:

Softball: M. Pullen, M. Campton.

Basketball: M. Pullen (Capt.), M. Campton, K. Fawdry.

Hockey: W. Bryan.

Discussion Group: J. Surridge.

On the Prefects' Board we are represented by M. Pullen (Head Prefect), W. Bryan, H. Cox.

The House wishes to thank Miss Tucker and Miss Bushby for their interest throughout the year.

Boys

At the first House meeting John Houston was elected House Captain, Doug Skeggs was elected 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. Congratulations must go to all the participants and persons concerned in our win. B. De Santo was the dual Under 15 Champion. D. Skeggs was Field Games Champion.

House representatives in senior teams for 1954 were:

Football: J. Houston (vice-captain), J. Tilly, D. Skeggs, D. Grant, P. McGee, F. Curbishley, J. Forward, B. Moring.

Cricket: J. Tilly (captain), J. Houston, R. McNeil.

Hockey: R. McNeil (captain), L. Hastie (vice-capt.), L. Hardy, P. Handley.

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

ARTHUR Girls

In the beginning of the year Ruth Giblin was elected House Captain and Dal Wilson House Secretary. In the Junior House, Anne Harrington was elected Captain and Jill McEnnulty Secretary.

We achieved success in the swimming sports held early in the year. Congratulations are due to Joan Purse, who tied for the Under 15 Champion. We came second in the Athletic Sports and would like to congratulate Wilmot on their well-earned success. Anne Harrington and Diane Williams both did extremely well in gaining the positions of Under 15 and Under 13 Field Games Champions. Members of Arthur House in the Under 15 and open relays gave outstanding performances and gained success. Congratulations to you all.

The Junior Arthur House Hockey Team, captained by Janet Peck, showed very keen spirit and were narrowly defeated by Community School in the semi-finals.

The House has been well represented in School Teams this year by the following members:

Tennis: Ruth Giblin, Beth Healey, Lyn Holloway.

Softball: Betty Frankcombe, Shirley Redshaw.

Hockey: Ruth Giblin, Gayle Davis, Dal Wilson, Beth Healey.

Basketball: Lyn Holloway, Betty Frankcombe, Jill McEnnulty, Helen Easter.

In conclusion we would like to thank Mrs. Holloway and Mrs. Deane for their encouragement and enthusiasm shown during the year.

Boys

At the beginning of the year Geoff. Symonds was elected Captain, Bill Bishop Vice-Captain, and Don Read, Secretary.

This year Arthur, although not winning the Athletic or the Swimming Sports, have regained their position on top of the House Ladder. We would like to congratulate Wilmot on their fine success in the Athletic Sports.

We would also like to thank Mr. Crawford for the interest he has taken in the House during the year.

Arthur was represented in School teams this year by the following:

Football: W. Bishop, P. Underwood, L. Sutherland, R. Sutherland, J. Delanty, D. Read, G. Moore.

Cricket: L. Sutherland, R. Sutherland, J. Sagar, G. Moore, G. Waldron, M. Middleton.

Tennis: M. Wilson (vice-capt.), D. Read, G. Symonds, W. Bishop.

Hockey: W. Sutherland.

Rowing: P. Underwood.

Prefects' Board: P. Underwood, W. Bishop, L. Sutherland, B. Ockerby.

SORELL

At our first meeting this year, Jalna Cartwright was elected House Captain and Shirley Matthews House Secretary, with Patsy Edwards and Jill Hobbs re-elected as Junior House Captain and Secretary respectively. Sorell has done well throughout the year. Although we did not

win many points for teamwork in the Athletic Sports, several of our girls did well individually. Jeanette Evans broke two School records to win the Girls' Open Championship, while Marylyn Shaddock won the Open Field Games Championship. We congratulate Wilmot on winning the Sports.

At the Swimming Sports, after being well behind the other houses in the first half of the events, Sorell finished strongly in the teams' races, to finish only a few points behind the leading house, Arthur, whom we also congratulate. We finished top of the House Volley Ball Ladder, being defeated only once. Our representatives on the Prefect Board were Leta Aulich, Phyllis Burness and Jalna Cartwright, while our representatives in School teams were:

Basketball: Shirley Matthews (vice-capt.), Jill Hobbs, Betty French.

Hockey: Val Munro, Marylyn Shaddock.

Tennis: Denise Barber, Jalna Cartwright (capt.).

Softball: Shirley Matthews (capt.), Jill Hobbs (vice-capt.), Betty French, Jacqueline Robinson, Marylyn Shaddock, Kaye Matthews.

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

Boys

At the start of the year Arnold Cannon was elected House Captain, with Geoff. Stephens as Secretary and Alan Birchmore as the other committeeman. After this Arnold was elected Head Prefect. Following traditional procedure, Arnold resigned from his position as House Captain. Geoff. then became Captain, Alan, Secretary, with Arnold remaining as the third committeeman.

During the year we were most successful in the swimming carnival, Sorell gaining second place to Arthur, who we congratulate for their win.

We had entries in all events at the Athletic Sports and although we did not score many points we consider that we contributed to its success. We congratulate Wilmot on their success here.

In Sport we were represented by:

Football—Arnold Cannon (capt.).

Hockey—Alan Birchmore, Bryan Duhig, Stewart Hobson, J. Chick, R. Hodgman.

Tennis—Arnold Cannon (capt.), Gerald Bernard, Noel Armstrong, Michael O. Callaghan.

Rowing—J. Stephens, G. Richardson.

Rifle Team—A. Birchmore (capt.).

Cricket—R. Bailey.

EVENING CALM

The rushes by the pool are still,
And not a breeze disturbs the rill.
Sunset glow has tipped the hill,
And quiet peace broods on the land.

Comes faint the swish of duck in flight,
With creatures settling for the night.
The beauty of the fading light,
Brings joy and happiness to me.

INEZ SCOTT, "D2," Arthur.



GIRLS' BASKETBALL

Back Row: H. Easter, B. Frankcombe, K. Fawdry, J. Hobbs, B. French, M. Compton.
Front Row: J. McEnulty, S. Matthews (v.-capt.), Mrs. Holloway, M. Pullen (capt.), L. Holloway.

BASKETBALL NOTES

The Basketball Team this year was again successful in winning the Inter-High premiership. In the first match played in Hobart against Hobart High, Kay Fawdry played a fine game as defence in place of the captain, Margaret Pullen, who was ill and Shirley Matthews captained the team well. The fine teamwork shown by the girls helped Launceston to win. The next match was against Devonport, whom we defeated rather easily. The final against Burnie, played under terrible conditions, was a very close game, but the determination of Launceston in the last quarter proved too much for Burnie, who lost by three goals.

In the N.T.W.B.A., our results were not so good, but as the season progressed, our team improved, playing better systematic basketball. Although we were not in the finals in our last match, we defeated Churinga Green, who were premiers this year.

The Seconds played well in "B" Grade and the "C" and "D" Grade teams won their respective sections in the Association.

We would like to thank Mrs. Holloway for the interest she has taken in us this year. Her coaching was invaluable for without her we would not have been able to win the premiership.

Margaret Pullen (defence goalie)—An excellent captain and a very good defence. Margaret was untiring in her efforts to make the very young into a good "A" Grade team. She succeeded as in the last match of the season it defeated Churinga Green, the northern premiers in "A" Grade.

Shirley Matthews (vice-captain). — Shirley did a splendid job as attack-wing, both in getting the ball to the goalies and in helping them in their play. Her handling of the ball was spectacular and she did a fine job calling for the team. In M. Pullen's absence she captained the team well at Hobart.

Jill Hobbs (goal-thrower)—Jill's throwing was good and her passing accurate. She used her height to advantage to beat her opponents.

Jill McEnulty (goal-thrower) — Her goal throwing was very consistent throughout the season and with more experience will be an asset to the future team.

Betty French: (centre) — Her passing is good, risks her jumping ability to advantage, is quick to make position and by good, consistent play held the centre court together.

Lyn Holloway (defence wing) — As Lyn gained more experience, she became a very valuable defence wing both her defending and attacking were good.

Betty Frankcombe (defence)—Betty was the youngest member of the team, but her defence work was good. Her jumping was good and she was quick to make position.

Margaret Campton—Margaret is a strong centre player with a very good pass. She makes position well and is very consistent in her play.

Helen Easter—Helen is a good goalie who makes position well. A good, reliable girl.

Kay Fawdry — Kay with more experience will develop into a strong defence. In the match against Hobart she combined well with Betty to defeat the southern attack.



GIRLS' HOCKEY

Back Row: Cath Jones, Marilyn Shaddock, Maureen Blewett, Mary Bartlett, Dal Wilson, Dawn Campton, Wendy Brown.
Front Row: Gayle Davis, Beth Healey, Verna Kyle (captain), Mrs. MacLaine (coach), Ruth Giblin (vice-captain), Marlene Bracey, Val Munro.

HOCKEY NOTES

The Hockey Team displayed a very good standard of hockey this year and won every match in their roster games. They won the Reserve "A" Premiership by defeating M.L.C. 3-1, but the standard of play was not particularly high.

In the Inter-High School match played at Hobart on July 9, Hobart High defeated our team 2-0. Strong defence by backs of both sides prevented any score in the first half. Only after 20 minutes of play in the second half did Hobart break through and score their two goals. Ruth Giblin was the outstanding player on the field that day.

The team would like to pay tribute to Mrs. MacLaine, who has coached and helped the team throughout the year.

The Seconds Hockey Team, also coached by Mrs. MacLaine, did exceptionally well in their match against Scottsdale High, being narrowly defeated, 1-0. The low scoring was mainly due to good defence work by Mary Schramm, Carol Banks and Isabelle De Jersey.

All the Junior teams would like to thank Miss Bushby very much for her sterling work and for the encouragement given them. Because of Miss Bushby's tireless interest, the School will have many promising juniors for its future senior teams.

The junior teams were made up from Houses this year and High Arthur was unfortunate to lose a close final game of the "B" Grade premiership.

CRITICISMS

Verna Klye (centre forward)—A speedy and intelligent player with good stickwork. An excellent captain.

Ruth Giblin (back)—Very strong and reliable defence player. Vice-captain.

Marilyn Shaddock (centre half-back)—Excellent stickwork and shows great promise.

Marlene Bracey (inner)—Very fast and combines well with other forwards. A good goal shooter.

Gayle Davis (inner)—Good stickwork and always reliable.

Wendy Bryan (back) — Steady player with good clearing shots. Combines well.

Cath Jones (win) — Very fast player with good control of the ball.

Beth Healey (wing)—Untiring player, combines well with inner.

Mary Bartlett (goal)—Steady goal-keeper and clears well.

Dal Wilson (half-back)—Valuable member of team, always reliable and tackles persistently.

Valerie Munro (half-back)—Has improved immensely this season. Reliable player.

Maureen Blewitt (emergency)—Shows promise of being valuable half-back. Stickwork needs improvement.

Dawn Campton (emergency)—Will develop into good centre-forward.



SOFTBALL

Back Row: Betty Francombe, Jacqueline Robinson, Marilyn Shaddock, Margaret Faulkner, Margaret Pullen, Isabelle de Jersey.
Front Row: Kay Matthews, Shirley Matthews (captain), Miss Honeysett, Jill Hobbs, Margaret Campton.

SOFTBALL TEAM

Shirley Matthews (captain and pitcher)—An inspiring captain and most reliable player. She is an excellent fielder and has a very powerful hit.

Jill Hobbs (vice-capt. and first base) — A great asset to the team as she is always very calm and level-headed. Is an excellent batter.

Betty French (catcher)—Always reliable behind home plate. Most accurate thrower, particularly to second base.

Margaret Campton (second base)—A good all-round player. One of the safest fielders in the team.

Margaret Pullen (third base)—A very enthusiastic member of the team.

Jacqueline Robinson (short stop)—A good all rounder, particularly good at infielding.

Marilyn Shaddock—Left outfield. A good player in all positions. Is a very safe catcher and has a powerful throw.

Shirley Redshaw (centre outfield)—A capable member of the team. A reliable fielder.

Margaret Faulkner (right outfield)—A very dependable player. An excellent fielder.

Isabelle de Jersey—a most consistent player.

Emergencies — Kay Matthews and Betty Frankcombe — With a little more experience should make excellent players.

THE MURDER

As he sat there he reflected morosely on the matter. Jumbled words and phrases fumbled their way through his head . . . Justification . . . Could it have been helped? . . . Self-esteem?

His heart thrilled, then turned to icy horror as he lived the whole episode over again.

He had been watching for it for several weeks. He called it "it" because he could no longer bear to think of it as anything but abstract. For weeks now its coming had been eagerly awaited. He remembered the feeling of frustration when the date passed and it had not come. Then, two days too late, it had come!

He remembered now his struggle with his conscience as to whether he should kill it. He glanced down to the gun resting against his thigh. The weapon of murder!

His very being shrank from the word, but that is all it was, murder!

Suddenly he reached his decision. Grasping the gun tightly, he made his way to the police station. The officer in charge glanced up as he entered.

"Yes?"

"I — I, killed it!"

"What, exactly, did you kill?"

"I — out of season — a duck!"

B. Duhig, "B1"



GIRLS' TENNIS

Back Row: Beth Healey, Lyn Holloway, Annette Marquand, Denise Barber.
Front Row: Verna Klye, Jalna Cartwright (captain), Miss Dean (coach), Ruth Giblin (vice-captain), Barbara Best.

TENNIS NOTES

This year our first inter-High match was played under shocking conditions at Devonport and we were unlucky to lose, 5 rubbers to 4. We congratulate Devonport on winning the premiership. We would like to thank Miss Deane, who once again has given us much help and encouragement throughout the year as our coach.

1. Jalna Cartwright (capt.) — Jalna has a very strong backhand and forehand. Her play at the net is reliable and her serve is consistent.

2. Denise Barber.—Denise plays a good, solid game, although her service is erratic at times. Has an excellent backhand.

3. Ruth Giblin (vice-capt.)—Ruth has a good forehand drive and her service has improved throughout the season. Plays a steady baseline game, but would benefit from more practice at the net.

4. Beth Healey—Beth could develop into a good player, but at times she has a tendency to hit the ball too hard. Played well to win both Inter-High matches.

5. Annette Marquand—Annette is one of our most promising players and should be a mainstay to the team in future years. Has a well-developed style and hits the ball well. Service could become more consistent.

6. Verna Klye—Verna places the ball well. Has a consistent serve, but must overcome the

desire to "run round" her backhand. Also played well to win both Inter-High matches.

7. Lyn Holloway—Lyn is the youngest member of the team and her service is admirable. Plays a consistent game and her backhand is improving.

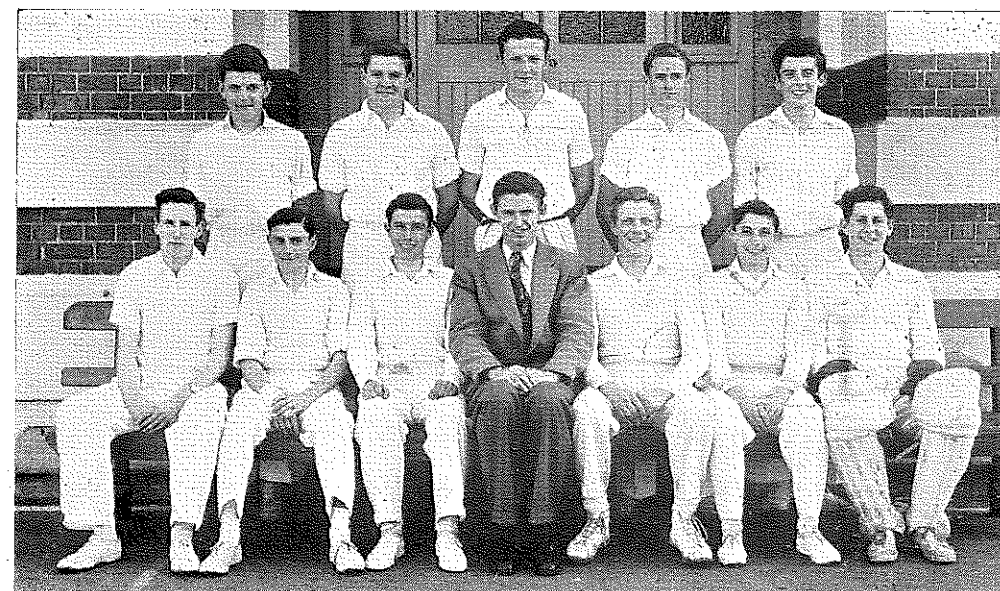
8. Barbara Best — Barbara has improved throughout the season. Her service is not very strong, but she rarely serves a double fault.

THE RACE

Ready, set, go! All the children opened their mouths very wide and tried to bite at the apples which hung, round and rosy, tied to some monkey bars. They joyfully dodged out of the way and seemed to laugh at the children as each one attempted again and again to bite into the shiny cheeks of the apples.

Suddenly the shrill blast of a whistle broke the tense silence. The race was over and to everyone's surprise a little boy had won it. He stood there, his eyes shining as he received his prize. The air was getting cool and dusk was rapidly closing in. Everybody departed and soon only the crickets playing their chirping music broke the stillness.

K. Plehwe, "E4," Arthur.



CRICKET TEAM

Back Row: Michael Middleton, John Beswick, John Houston, John Cocker, John Sagar.
Front Row: Graham Moore, Robin Sutherland, Lin Sutherland, Mr. Phillips, John Tilley (captain), Walter Sutherland, Bob McNiel.

CRICKET NOTES

J. Tilley (Capt.)—Conscientious and able in his position. Safe opening batsman with good strokes. Always keen to help the younger members.

L. Sutherland (V.-Capt.)—The "sheet-anchor" of the batting, displaying great concentration and determination. Covers his lack of power by well-timed cuts and glides.

J. Houston.—Very effective fast bowler and hard-hitting batsman. Sometimes his batting is a little too daring, but always an inspiration. Tireless in his efforts.

R. Sutherland.—Spin bowler and competent batsman. Shows steady improvement in both spheres, and has indications of a bright future.

R. McNeil.—Wicket-keeper. Developed very rapidly in this activity. Quick on feet and safe catch; usually reliable in scoring some runs.

J. Cocker.—The occasion made his all-round game of a high standard, particularly his batting. Improved concentration could result in much improved standards.

W. Sutherland.—Brilliant fieldsman and useful bat. Needs to practice against fast bowler.

M. Middleton.—Fast bowler. Accurate and swings ball well. Opening overs are most effective.

J. Waldron.—Brilliant slip field. A useful bowler with a promising future.

G. Moore.—Slow medium bowler; very effective on a wicket that suits him. His accuracy makes him very useful in long spells of bowling.

J. Sagar.—Shows great improvement and promise with the bat. A very reliable mid-team batsman.

J. Beswick.—Hard-hitting batsman and fast, safe fieldsman. His difficulty was overcoming old habits.

R. Bailey.—One of the younger members who has benefited from help of older players. At present an all-rounder, but probably would benefit by specialisation.

SPRING SONG

The sun is bright this day of early spring,
The wattles are alight with singing gold,
Beneath the trees the shadowed grass is cool,
And all life is a beauty to behold.
Gay Spring is calling with a joyous song,
The wind is waving softly through my hair;
Oh, I must go wherever beauty calls—
And beauty is abundant everywhere.
Two little lambs, with heads together, graze,
The old sheep lie beneath the spreading trees;
Two other lambs are racing, chasing now,
The tall brown grass is rippled by a breeze.
The hills stretch upward to the shining sky,
With clumps of yellow gorse, and white-stemmed gums;
The distant mountains smile with curves of blue,
Their glory paler than when Summer comes.
I want to do a thousand mad-cap things,
I long to follow beauty everywhere.
I love this life, the loveliness it brings,
And love the breeze that whispers through my hair.

ROSEMARY ROBINSON, "C1," Sorell.



BOYS' HOCKEY TEAM

Back Row: Lindsay Hardy, Bryan Duhig, John Chick, Llewyn Evans, Alan Birchmore, Robert Hodgman.

Front Row: Stuart Hobson, Walter Sutherland, Bob McNiel (captain), Mr. Haywood, Lyn Hastie, Roger Ryan, Tony Jones.

BOYS' HOCKEY

This year for the first time, we entered three teams in the Hockey Roster. "A" Grade, "B" Grade and a second team in "B" Grade composed entirely of "E" Class boys.

In "A" Grade we were defeated only once in the roster matches. This was by Grammar School in the third round. In the final, which was played on a sodden ground, we defeated Technical School two goals to one. Although the scores were close, High was the superior team throughout. This was mainly due to the excellent teamwork displayed.

CRITICISMS

R. McNeil (capt.)—Bob was enthusiastically elected captain at the commencement of roster matches; a position he has very ably upheld in practice as well as on the field. From his position at centre-half he has consistently rallied our defences and given impetus to the attack. None of his hockey technique needs criticism.

L. Hastie (vice-capt.)—Lynn played well throughout the season as a back. He tackles and hits well and his game is sound in all departments.

L. Evans—Llewyn has made an ideal partner for Lynn and has improved considerably since the beginning of the season. His stickwork needs improvement.

L. Hardy—Lindsay's play has been energetic, but at times slightly erratic. His overall play is good, with flicking and pushing needing improvement.

W. Sutherland—Wally's play has been erratic this season. At times he has been invaluable on the wing, but stick work will need definite improvement.

R. Ryan—Roger's play has been very patchy and he is rather slow. His positional play and stick work are good, but a quicker disposal of the ball is necessary.

A. Birchmore—Alan has been the most prolific goal scorer in the Association this year, scoring 17 goals. His play is sound, but more understanding of team work on his part would benefit both himself and the team.

S. Hobson—Although Stuart is a newcomer to hockey this year, he has played solidly and should be of great value to the School next year.

P. Handley—Peter is a reliable and conscientious team player, but needs to improve his acceptance and disposal of the ball.

B. Duhig—Bryan has played an excellent game as goalie. His consistence in defence has allowed a very few goals to be scored against us.

J. Chick—John's play was poor at the start of the rosters but he has improved. Considerable improvement in teamwork and a control in hitting is needed.

T. Jones—Tony's play is of an even standard and he has been noted for his determination. Knowledge of tackling technique and stickwork will improve his position play.

R. Hodgman—Robert has improved very little this year. With more determination in stickwork he should be an asset to future teams.

I wish to thank Duncan Grant for the valuable help he gave us in the final. The best players



DISCUSSION GROUP

Mr. Bailey, Mary Schramm, Jill Surridge, Eric Ratcliffe, John Chick, Mary Neale.

throughout the season were R. McNeil, B. Duhig, L. Hastie.

In "B" Grade, G. Richardson captained his team up to the finals against Community School. Promising players in his team are G. Barnard, M. Wilson and H. Townsend.

The "E" Class team acquitted themselves very well in the roster with A. Evans as captain. Promising players in his team are G. Barnard, M. Wilson and H. Townsend.

IT ISN'T EASY

When writing an article the first thing is to think of a suitable subject. Several subjects flash through our mind—a short story on teachers, maybe? No, they wouldn't print that! Let's turn the clock round half an hour and you have thought of a subject and are just beginning when a shout from Dad tells you that you have volunteered to mow the lawn. You feel a spark of anger light up, but it quickly dies. You mow the lawn. As you settle down again to write, there is a call for tea.

The spark is ignited into flame. You count to ten very slowly and then gently put your books on the sideboard. You go to tea. After tea you try, try, try again. Maybe this time it is a bath; anyway, whatever it is, I advise you to count to twenty (slowly).

After this you give up and when your mother asks why you haven't done your homework and explains you've had all the afternoon, you just control yourself and manage not to cry.

Roger Nobes, "D2," Franklin

INTER-HIGH DISCUSSION

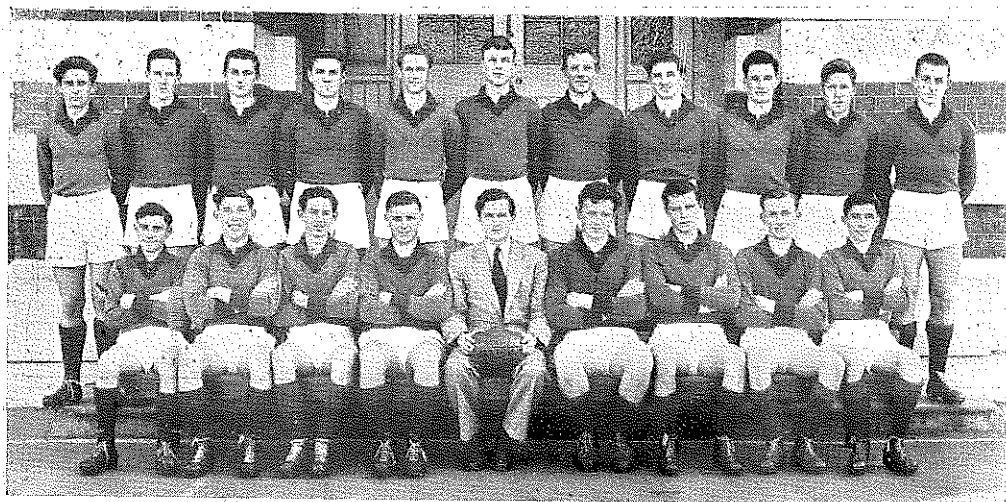
Early in July our discussion team left for Hobart to take part in the discussions held there between schools from Burnie, Devonport, Launceston and Hobart.

This year a new scheme was introduced. Previously, teams had debated on a competitive basis, which did not give those debating a very good chance to express their own views on a subject. In July, our discussions took the form of round-table talks, which were non-competitive and which gave every person a chance to give their own views and to speak as often as they liked. We all agreed that this scheme is excellent and hope that in future this pattern of discussion will be continued.

Altogether our team acquitted themselves very well. The first discussion was between the two senior members from each school and we were represented by Mary Neale and John Chick. The topic was, "Is the scientist a blessing or a curse?" No actual decision was made, but many interesting views were expressed. In the second discussion, Mary Schramm and Eric Ratcliffe were our representatives and their topic was "Child delinquency." Jill Surridge was our emergency. On the whole, the second discussion seemed to be better than the first, as the members did not spend so much time finding a definition of their subject and consequently had more time to give to specific details.

As the actual discussions were held in the morning, we were all taken on a tour of Battery Point during the afternoon. Miss Rowntree, who has written two books on this most interesting section of our capital, conducted us and we spent a very enjoyable afternoon in which we learnt many intriguing tales of the convict days and the early settlement of Hobart.

Apart from scripture, the Crusaders is the only movement in the School associated with Christianity.



FOOTBALL

Back Row: Fred Curbisley, Graham Moore, Roger Nobes, John Beswick, John Cocker, Peter Underwood, John Tilley, Dugald Skeggs, Duncan Grant, Don Read, Barry Hodgkinson.
Front Row: Robin Sutherland, Kevin Manzoney, John Delanty, Arnold Cannon (captain), Mr. Bailey (coach), John Houston, Bill Bishop, Peter McGee, Lin Sutherland.

FOOTBALL

Arnold Cannon (capt.)—Very strong, fast rover, who gives great drive round the packs. Ability to turn and kick well with either foot makes him an elusive and dangerous pocket-forward. Tenacious play and psychological balance make him an inspiring and sympathetic captain.

John Houston (vice-capt.)—Has been one of the driving forces behind the ruck this year. Has played many good games and will be an asset to the team next year.

John Beswick — Has played exceptionally well in the centre during the year. Plays much better when opposition is strong. Won the award for best team man in match against Hobart.

Bill Bishop—Best back-flanker in side, but his strength was needed in roving division after first few matches.

John Cocker—Played some very good games at centre-half back. Uses speed and ability to "fly" to best advantage.

Don Read—Rather small for a full-back, but proved himself very capable. A little more speed would be an asset.

John Tilley—Played well at full forward this year. His evading has improved throughout the year and towards the end was marking and kicking particularly well.

Duncan Grant.—Duncan's switch from centre half-back to centre half-forward proved a wise one. As a forward he must learn to mark the ball and direct his tap-out.

John Delanty—Shows great ability as a rover. His blind turning is a feature.

Roger Nobes.—A young player who shows great promise. Must learn to direct his tap-out to rovers if he wants to improve his ruck work.

Fred Curbisley.—Keen player who needs more experience. Has good stab-kick, but must learn to turn on either foot to be an effective forward.

Robin Sutherland.—Although the smallest member of the team, shows great courage and ability as a wingman. Should be an asset next year.

Kevin Manzoney.—Played much better when moved from the flank to the wing. His best match was against Hobart, where he proved he will be a valuable team member next year.

Dugald Skeggs.—Was very handy on the back-line and in the ruck. Congratulations on winning school's best and fairest award this year.

Peter Underwood.—Has benefited from experience in last year's team. Vigour around packs was well used.

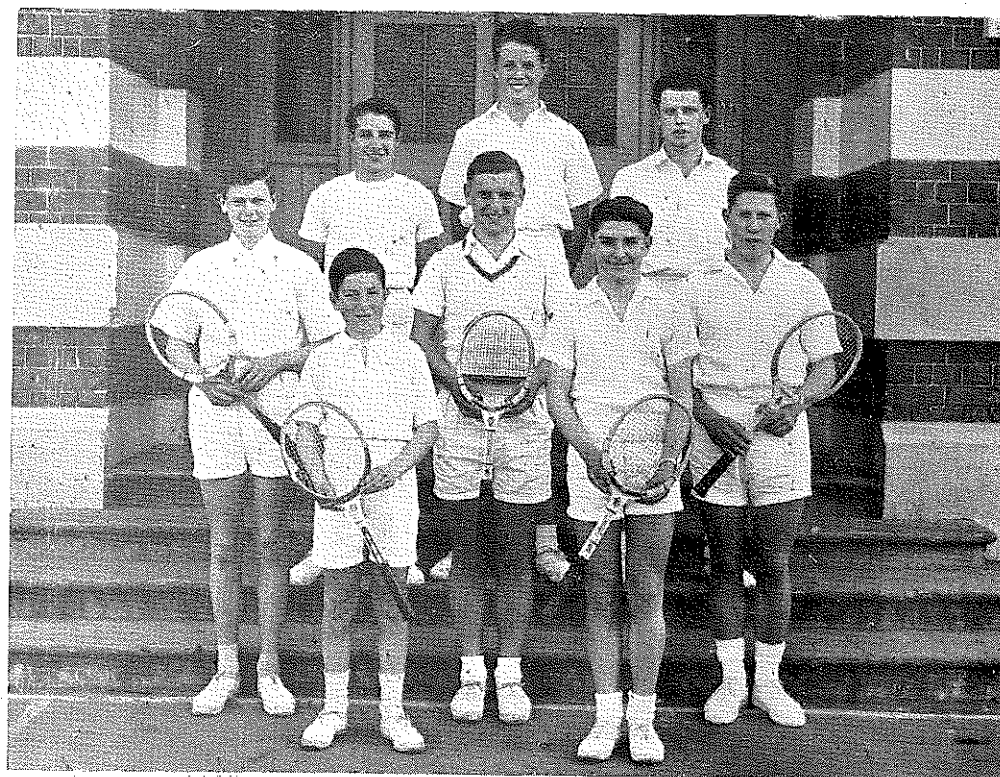
Peter McGee.—Some of his clearing dashes were well timed. Needs more experience; kicking could improve.

Barry Hodgkinson.—Backed Don Read well. Keeps the ball in front of him; this enables him to play well in the back pocket.

Graham Moore.—Uses height to advantage. Has good long clearing kick, but is a little slow off the mark.

Lin Sutherland.—Very good player with good pass. Is a little slow, however.

Brian Morling.—Another keen player. Uses speed to advantage. Should improve kicking.



BOYS' TENNIS

Back Row: Gerald Barnard, Noel Armstrong, Bill Bishop.
Second Row: Max Wilson (vice-capt.), Arnold Cannon (captain), Don Read.
Front Row: Michael O'Callaghan, Geoff Symonds.

TENNIS

Arnold Cannon (Captain).—Arnold has developed a very sound style, and strokes confidently on both sides. He plays an intelligent blending of steadiness and initiative in match play.

Max Wilson (Vice-Captain).—Max has some very good strokes. Both his backhand and forehand are reliable. A little more speed would be an asset.

Gerald Barnard.—Gerald has improved remarkably this year. He was very unlucky at Devonport, but will be an asset to the team next year. Must learn to settle down quickly and concentrate on his tennis when playing a match.

Don Read.—Don has a good serve and forehand. Uses speed on court to best advantage. Volleying needs more improvement.

Geoff. Symonds.—Geoff. has a good serve, forehand and backhand. His smashing and volleying could improve.

Bill Bishop.—Some of Bill's shots are very good. His lobbing has improved greatly during the year. More concentration on his service and backhand is needed.

Michael O'Callaghan.—Mike is a very keen player. Should be an asset next year. Service needs more attention.

Noel Armstrong.—Noel has not improved as expected this year. Must pay attention to all parts of the game, especially his volleying.

The tennis team would like to thank Mr. Morris for the valuable coaching he has given us during the year.

ENCHANTED SONG

The night sky shone so darkly blue,
The stars were twinkling tears;
The music held that spell, that charm,
That comes but once in years.

If I had closed my longing eyes
And listened to the song,
I should have found another world—
Alas, the time was wrong.

In all the deep and lovely night
I, only, could not go
Where waited dreaming, magic lands—
The lands I longed to know.

And so I lost that loveliness,
The melody made lain,
And memory will aye bring grief—
I seek the dream in vain.

ROSEMARY ROBINSON, "C1," Sorell.



FIRST CREW

Ian Tilley (cox), Jeff Stephens (stroke), Peter Underwood (3), Iain Duguid (2), George Richardson (bow).

ROWING

This year's rowing season was unsuccessful. The only race we had was Henley, in which we failed to complete the course owing to the fact that the stroke's oar came apart from the rigger when we were within thirty yards of the line. It was intended to race for the Clarke Shield at Hobart, but, as we were unable to obtain a coach and get the required amount of training, it was decided not to race.

Rowing has now officially been stopped because of financial reasons. It seems a pity that this traditional sport should be stopped just as interest is increasing, both in this school and in the North of the State. This year's crew contained three of last year's—Iain Duguid (2), Peter Underwood (3), Jeff Stephens (stroke), and two new members George Richardson (bow) and Ian Tilley (cox).

The crew wish to thank Mr. Askeland for the interest in rowing he has shown in this and previous years.

UNDER A BERLIN ROOF-TOP

My mother's brother and his wife were saved from persecution by the Nazis by a small circle of friends. Although these people were risking their lives and the lives of their children, they still helped my uncle and his wife.

When the day came that they were in danger, Uncle Werner decided that they would not go to work next day. In order to avoid members of the Nazi units, he travelled on trams. As Berlin is a large city, one can travel on a tram for hours, just going from one terminus to another. As soon as a member of the S.A. stepped on the tram, Uncle got off and went to another. Thus he travelled all day, going from east to west and north to south, avoiding dangers. My aunt did not have to do this as she did not look very Jewish and would not be in too great a danger of being recognised.

That night Uncle Werner and his wife were taken by some kind people and put into a base-

ment cellar. They could not move out of the house in day time for fear of being discovered. During this time they got very little to eat, for everybody had only very meagre rations and it was from these rations that their food was provided. They were there only for a few days because they heard that the house was being watched. Consequently one night they left the house. However, before they left, my Uncle was advised to meet some friends of those people who had just looked after him.

Before Uncle Werner went there, he got in touch with his wife by telephone. By recognising his voice she found out who he was. They could not speak to each other by their names because all the telephone lines were tapped. His new hiding-place was the space between the roof and the attic of a house. There was a little food because the people sheltering him had two small sons. His aunt met his wife on the railways, which ran right around Berlin in a circle. As I said before, my aunt was able to go about with a fair amount of liberty. On this railway, Uncle Werner's aunt gave food to his wife, who by some arrangement managed to give it to him. Other friends gave him a small amount of food from their own rations; sometimes as much as loaf of bread a week.

Uncle Werner spent twenty-seven months in this hiding-place. Always he was haunted by the worry that if the house should be bombed and the occupants should live, he would be discovered and the kind people would be shot on the spot—even the children, who did not know that he was there. Besides being worried all the time, he was extremely uncomfortable, for there is not much space between a roof and the attic. As there was no proper ventilation it was very hot in the summer and extremely cold in the winter and he was very hungry.

However, in April, 1945, Uncle Werner was freed. Of course, it took a long time before he was nursed back to health and able to live a normal life, thanks to the people who risked their lives for a fellowman.

Zilla Abrams, "C1," Arthur.



A.T.C.

Back Row: Cdt. W. Button, L.A.C. S. Hobson, Cdt. B. Easter, Cdt. I. Johnson.
Second Row: L.A.C. E. Wise, Cdt. R. Thompson, Cdt. R. Tarr, Cdt. R. Edwards, L.A.C. P. McGee, Cdt. M. Sharpe, Cdt. B. Flood.
Front Row: L.A.C. J. Large, Sgt. I. Duguid, W.O. Reynolds, Cpl. D. Skeggs, Cpl. P. Handley.

A. T. C.

Although the establishment of No. 6 Flight, A.T.C. (Launceston High School) has been below standard this year, the cadets have excelled themselves in all fields of training, which is no doubt due to our instructors to whom we extend our thanks.

At the beginning of the year two cadets attended promotion courses at Point Cook, Victoria. They were Sgt. I. Duguid, who passed the Cadet Pilot Officers' Course with credit and Cpl. P. Handley, who was injured in an athletic sports meeting and did not complete the course.

During the Easter break the Flight was represented in the State Rifle Team at the annual shoot in N.S.W. by Cpl. D. Skeggs.

The annual camp at Fort Direction near Hobart was well attended and cadets gained experience in service life and routine as well as receiving practical instruction in various service musters and topics such as armament, aircraft recognition, aero engines, theory of flight, etc. A mock battle was successfully held against Sea Cadets who attempted to attack the beach under cover of Southern Aero Club planes, which bombed the defending forces with flour bombs.

Promotions were received during the year by Cpl. I. Duguid, who was promoted to sergeant, and L.A.C. P. Handley, who received the rank of corporal. The following cadets were promoted to Leading Air Cadet: Cdt. Deavin, Hobson, McGee, Manzoney, Read, Tilley, Totham, I, and Wise.

CAUGHT IN THE ACT

The house was shrouded in darkness and a deadly silence hung formidably over everything. The night was dark and gloomy, the result of the absence of the moon. The grey-black of the sky, without even the stars to light it, was a forewarning of the gathering thunder clouds which told of the threatening storm. No sound could be heard on the still, breathless air. No mouse stirred. Nothing disturbed the quiet stillness—until suddenly a shadow passed abruptly over the path and this was followed by a slight scraping noise. The shadow flitted cautiously up to the front door, the light of the lamp, which stood on the corner, swelling the shadow to gigantic proportions.

Stealthily the man moved to a window and peered in. What he saw apparently satisfied him for he returned to the door and quietly let himself in. He moved from room to room, trying to pierce the gloom of the darkened house. He sat down to remove his shoes in order that he might move about less noisily.

Moving up the stairs with his shoes in his hand, he held his breath as he heard the occupant of the room tossing and turning. He moved forward, but that proved his undoing. The stair creaked ominously and he inwardly cursed as a light was switched on.

"Is that you, John?" came his wife's voice. "Yes, dear," he resignedly sighed. What was the use? It was just bad luck that the one night that he was really late, his wife should waken.



CADET CORPS



RIFLE TEAM

Winners, Governor's Cup. Back: Cpl. J. Forward, Sgt. D. Grant, L/Cpl. J. Ayling. Front: Sgt. A. Jones, Mr. Ayling (coach), S/Sgt. A. Birchmore.

A MIDSUMMER DAY'S DREAM

It was a peaceful day and so comfortable lying on the lawn. At times the heat seemed unbearable, but just as that moment came, a little breeze played among the trees. A cloud moved restlessly and suddenly one charged down from the sky at lightning speed, but to my amazement it changed quickly to a colourful Persian rug and seated on it was a huge white cat, which bowed and said in a throaty, but musical voice, "Where do you wish to go?"

"Everywhere," I returned sarcastically, making a mental note to visit an optician the very next day. "Well—all aboard then," said this startling apparition cheerfully, apparently miss-

ing the obvious sarcasm. To my surprise, when I sat on the rug it floated gently heavenward, dodging to and fro among the clouds to the accompaniment of an invisible symphony orchestra playing, "Waltz of the Flowers." Without warning, or any noticeable break, the music changed to a throbbing of drums and I could see that we were passing over a remote area in New Guinea. As the carpet swept lower, we saw, gathered in a clearing, some savage looking natives in full war-paint completely engrossed in something on the ground.

"Let's give them a scare," chuckled my unusual travelling companion. I had my own private opinion about who was to do the scaring, but I said nothing. As we swept lower, the natives abruptly left their game of marbles and reverently bumped their foreheads against the ground. As we flew over the Cape of Good Hope the cat stood up, threw its paws up and proclaimed dramatically, "May I double the Cape tonight even if afterwards I sail the seas forever." His voice trailed off and I grabbed his tail, which was fast disappearing over the edge. While the orchestra played a lively version of the "Dead March," my near lost friend had time to regain his composure.

When some panthers were seen, he stuck his small pink nose in the air, waved his paw indifferently in their direction and volunteered loftily, "Distant relations of mine—inferior class of course and much below our social standards."

As we passed up the coast of Africa we saw the marvellous kaleidoscope of jungle life as it fled in terror from a monster which had destroyed their homes and food — fire — and which now threatened their very lives. Behind them crackled the fire and in front of them lay freedom and their every instinct told them to run!

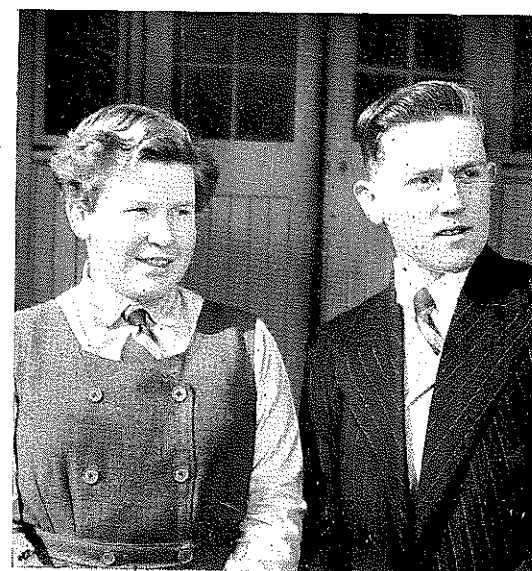
We were going to drop in at the Kremlin and pay Malenkov a late afternoon visit, but we afterwards decided that discretion was the better part of valour and so we returned home in a sadder state of mind.

Lorraine Wagner, "C4," Wilmot.



PONRABLE PLAYERS, GROUP I

"The Map," produced by Miss Record. Heather Fairbairn, Zilla Abrams, Garry Cox, Frank Stanistreet (foreground). Absent: Walter Sutherland. Competed in the Tasmanian Youth Drama Festival.



EDITORS:

MARY SCHRAMM

TONY RICHIE



PONRABBLE PLAYERS, GROUP II

"The Prince of Perfection." Produced by Miss Russell.

John Large, Bryan Dubig (kneeling), Barbara Glover, Mary Schramm, Nancie Stokes, Margaret Cox (kneeling), Peter Brown, Valerie Court. Absent: Fred Curbishley.

Winners, Junior Section, Tasmanian Youth Drama Festival.

BACKSTAGE AT THE BALLET

Her Majesty's Theatre in Melbourne is made up of two different worlds and the first belongs to the audience. This is the plush and gilt of the auditorium with its tiers and "boxes" and its air of opulent dignity. The theatre's other world stretches between the iron safety curtain and the stage door. This is not the world of critics, stallholders, and gallery enthusiasts but the world of hard work and effort, that of the people whom the audience never see, the backstage hands.

It was a few minutes before the curtain went up on the Borovansky Ballet Company's performance of "Les Sylphides" at Her Majesty's Theatre.

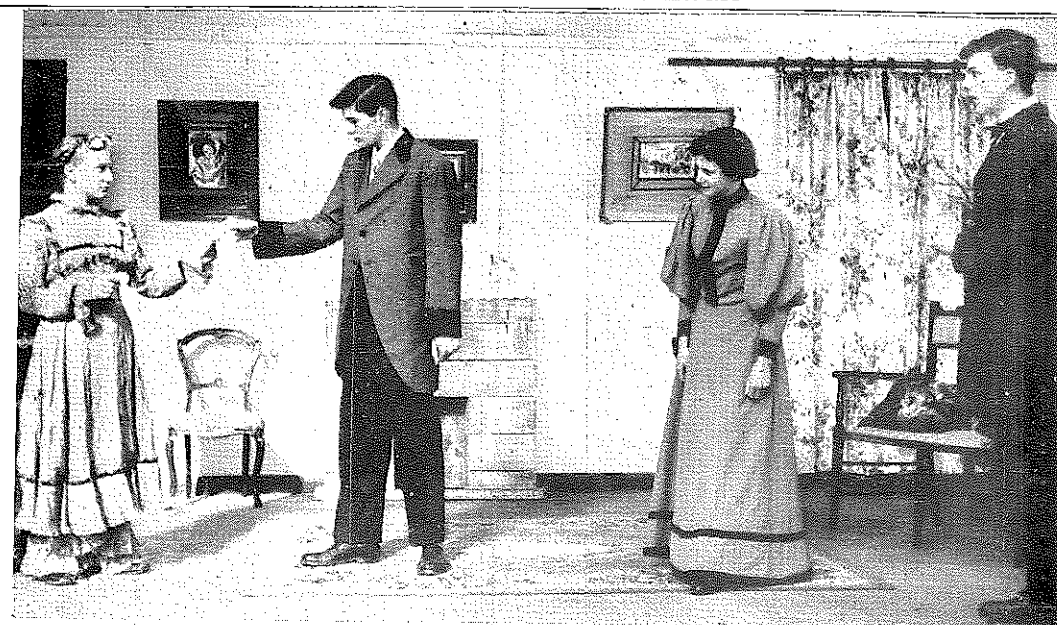
There was a continuous stream of ballet dancers in white, frothy, billowing, romantic "tu-tus," the costumes of "Les Sylphides," coming out of the dressing rooms and assembling in the "wings" waiting for the overture to begin. Everyone seemed too busy to notice me. Occasionally I was bumped and a little dancer said "Excuse me," as she pushed past to shuffle the points of her shoes in the resin box, her dress rustling as she lifted the numerous underskirts carefully to avoid the dust on the "wings."

"Overture and Beginners," cried the call-boy as the last of the dancers assembled in the wings. A hush settled over the gathering, stage hands left the stage and the overture began. The first bars of Chopin's haunting music came to me, sending a thrill down my spine. The stage was suddenly bathed in a pool of mysterious blue light and then the curtain rose. The show was on. I watched enthralled as the dancers weaved intricate patterns to and fro.

Now the only male dancer, dressed in a black velvet and white linen costume and white tights, lifted his partner, effortlessly it seemed. The male dancer now executed some "entrechats," now "gand jete's"; seeming to soar through the air like a bird. As I gazed at the wondrous scenes, I saw, not just ballet dancers, but haunting images in the mind of the fevered composer (the male dancer). The music became louder and louder as the ballet drew to an exciting finish, leaving the last bars of the "Grande Valse Brillante" ringing in my ears.

The curtain dropped; there was a short silence and then the roaring applause started.

GARRY COX, "D3, Sorell.



SCHOOL PLAY

"Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire," by Sir James Barrie.

Janice Power (Amy Grey), John Chick (Colonel Grey), Valarie Munro (Mrs. Alice Grey), Peter Underwood (Stephen Rollo).

Scene taken from Act II, when Colonel Grey discovers Amy's glove in Stephen Rollo's apartment. Also in cast: Loris Munro (Grey's nurse), Robin Sutherland (Cosmo Grey), Anette Marquand (Grey's maid), Janice Langworthy (Amy's friend, Ginevra), Heather Fairbairn (Rollo's daily help).

Produced by Miss Royie.

LADY WITH THE SILVER HAIR

She has a house, a husband, a cat, eight fowls, a green utility, a small dinghy and many friends who "drop in" during the week-end. Her house is a picturesque little home, the garden of which is a maze of flowers, paths and fruit trees. Her husband is jovial, bald-headed and active and whistles in mournful tones by the fire-side every evening. The cat, which I gave her when it was a small kitten, has grown into a beautiful specimen of feline grace. It is aloof and dignified and has a coat of thick ginger fur. Her eight fowls are likewise pampered and fed to a definite schedule every morning and evening. The green utility, once cream, is small and has lately developed rattles, whereas the dinghy, which is equally as old, is in good repair and although it tips dangerously sometimes, it has never capsized.

Hardly a week-end passes without a car-load of friends come to afternoon tea. In the earlier days, when the cement-mixer stood in the drive, a group of happy children played with a sandy Pomeranian and laughter could be heard everywhere.

The house is full of happy memories for me. I would run up the bank, wet and dripping from my swim and change into warm clothes, then hurry up through the house to fill my pockets with apples for the rest and back down to the children

to sit and watch the elders swimming and diving. Those were happy days. I can smell the sweet smell of roses and apple blossom even now.

But things have changed a little now. At times when I visit them, the house seems lonely. We go for long walks, my grandmother and I, through the heath-covered paddocks we used to cross when I was only seven and eight years old. But somehow the paddocks have changed, my grandmother has changed, I don't know why. The sand Pomeranian is dead now and we have no four-footed friend with us on our walks because the cat is lazy and won't walk with us.

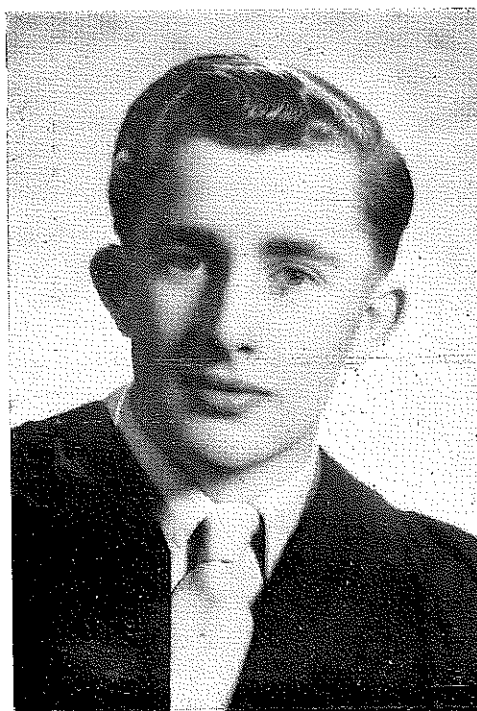
When at last we reach home, we sit by the fire and have a cup of tea. My feet burn and the room is almost dark except for the flicker of the orange fire. In the room are many small things that are dear to me. The smell of Eau de Cologne from my grandmother's handkerchief lingers in my mind while the brown light of dusk and fire and the strong aroma of tea take second place. The smell of Eau de Cologne reminds me that my grandmother is growing old gracefully and the room and smell of tea, remind me that, in their old age, my grandparents are finding peace and happiness.

When at last my holidays there are over, I catch the bus and leave Blackwall rather regretfully. Blackwall with the river, the jetty, the wiry grey-headed post-mistress and everything else that goes to make up a happy memory.

Maureen Ride, "C1," Arthur.



ARNOLD CANNON.—Head Prefect, 1954



JOHN WITT.

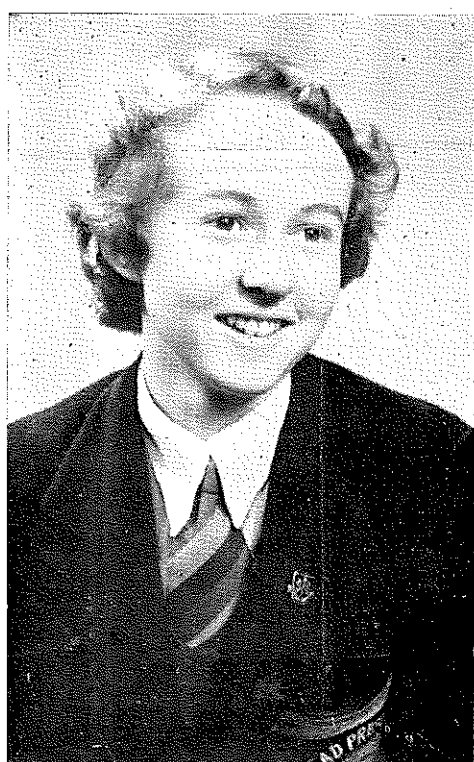
Best Pass in Schools' Board, 1953 (boys)

MARGARET MORRISON

Best Pass in Matriculation, 1953 (girls).

DONALD COLGRAVE

Best Pass in Matriculation, 1953 (boys).



MARGARET PULLEN.—Head Prefect, 1954.

Best Pass in Schools' Board, 1953 (girls).

PEGGY PEDLEY MEMORIAL PRIZE

The prize for an article submitted for the Magazine or Newspaper has been awarded this year to Maureen Ride, for her article printed below.

IN THE NIGHT

A knock on the door was the beginning. A telegram! I saw my mother's hands tremble and her face grow white. I was only young; nine years old, I think. Without much ado they both packed a bag. Then Daddy took the car from the garage and put the luggage in the boot. Mummy put on her coat and scarf and collected the toothbrushes. I knew then for certain that we were going away.

She did not say much and as I was rather young I did not understand. She said to me, "We are going to see Nanna and Pop. You are tired. I will make you a little bed in the back seat." But I did not want a bed, I wanted to sit up and watch the car greedily swallowing the miles and miles of road and watch Daddy skilfully steering the car along the dark band of velvet.

The three doors banged and the little car roared in protest at having been wakened up at such an hour. The stars, suspended in the inky night, blinked merrily and a cold rush of wind came through the open window on my father's side and bit at the open pores of my warm skin.

Suddenly I felt no more excitement as I heard the low, worried voices of my parents. I leaned back on the leather seat and felt the coldness eating through my clothes until a shiver quivered down my back.

The quick beating of my heart lessened until I was sick at heart. My wonderful, mysterious journey was ruined because of something present in the air. A coldness perhaps? No, a tenseness. I looked out of the window, which had a thick crack across it. I thought of the crack. How annoyed Daddy had been when I had banged the nose of the hose on it! I could remember the crack dart across the window and the look on my father's face.

Looking beneath the crack I saw the shops of Moonah spinning past. I was wondering why we were going to Launceston so suddenly and I realised I would miss school next day if we did not come straight back. This worried me because we would be having our play rehearsal next day and I had been chosen to play the part of "Cinderella" and if I wasn't there for the rehearsals, Rosalie Smith would get the part and I would have to be one of the old mice and they only had to have a long, brown tail, whereas, as Cinderella, Mummy said she would make me a new dress and a tiny tiara. I thought of the golden coach Cinderella was to ride in and sure enough it whizzed past us. I jumped up and looked out the back window. I was sure it was her coach.

"Mummy, did you see Cinderella go past in her golden coach just then? It had lights and everything on it." Mummy managed a smile and said, "That was just a picture theatre lit up, dear."

"But Mummy —? So it was." I knew Mummy was worried about something, so I sat back and watched the ghostly skeletons of trees silhouetted against the moon.

And all the time the car was racing northward, with the steady rhythm of the wheels numbing my brain until at last, wrapped snugly in the rug, I fell into an untroubled sleep. But the car raced on, plunging deeper and deeper into the silent bosom of the night, like a tiny mechanical mouse zig-zagging at the curves and gathering speed on the straights, driving northward, ever northward in the night.

Maureen Ride, "C1," Arthur.

THE LITTLE DANCER

"The wide brown land for me!" Yes, but what had Selina seen of a "wide brown land?"

She had arrived in Tasmania from Scotland a week before and had found everything to be very different. She felt it was strange that in so short a time, she could be away from friends, not knowing anyone and feeling so utterly miserable.

It was spring, but no wild heather scented the air, no blue bells rang out through the woods. Why, there weren't even any woods! Here they called them "bush" and they seemed full of dead grass and ugly rocks. The houses where she was were rather new and the wild flowers on the plain looked very uninteresting. The second day she had been there she had seen, far off beside a fence, some white heather! She ran and ran until she almost fell over it, but to her disappointment it had only been young heath, growing in coarse clumps around the posts.

Once she had felt quite excited at the prospect of coming to Australia.

"You'll meet lots of new friends and see hundreds of kangaroos and things," her friends had told her. But all she could see were houses, new houses with white roofs. Children had laughed when she and her sister had worn their long, brown socks and when they spoke, people gave them a funny stare.

Why wouldn't her mother let her unpack the rest of the luggage? In the middle of the blue case was her favourite possession. Her grandmother had given it to her for her birthday a long time ago. It was the picture of a kilted dancer. Dressed in MacGregor tartan, it was strangely fascinating to Selina. The red and green tartan seemed to dance with the twinkling feet and the pleated skirt seemed to swish to and fro.

She went to school that day feeling gloomy and dejected. But when she passed the pond where the ducks were swimming and the willows whispered softly to the water, she began to feel more at home.

When she passed the children in the street on her way home, they were playing hop-scotch, or "peevers." She remembered how she used to enjoy kicking a block up and down the streets in Scotland. It had been fun! She ate her tea in better spirits and did her homework before she went to bed.

She climbed sleepily into the little pink bed and saw the blue case half-open on the floor. Some of her clothes were strewn out on the table and there, on the wall, was her picture. She turned out the light. The moon peeped curiously through the window. Everything was wonderful — and the little kilted dancer smiled softly down from the shadowy wall.

Janice Power, "D2," Sorell.

SMALL BOYS

To-night my "microscopic eye" is turned on small boys as this is a subject I am most familiar with. In fact, I have had ample opportunity to observe every detail of this form of recreation. (Thanks are due to my young brother and his friends!)

The average member of this species seems to me to be a most peculiar animal and very complex. Some of his characteristics are a bottomless stomach, an ingenious brain, an innocent expression and a desire to annoy. (Especially to annoy Big Sister!) These things, when added to a vigorous, small and seemingly undamageable (is there such a word?) body; go to make up an exceedingly dangerous animal. Such dangerous inventions as the catapult and the booby-trap are generally attributed to the evil brain of the small boy!

But is he really evil? Perhaps it is because he is a world unto himself and has a great love of mischief, that the world has deemed him evil. ("Naughty" is the term in common use, I believe. It seems to indicate a lesser sort of evil than is generally understood by the word "evil" itself. Not all his mind and time are used for sinister purposes! He spends a great deal of time and ingenuity in making things. (That is a very vague word, but the only one possible.) "What sort of things?" you ask. Let me give you a few examples.



Usually he is unconcerned and carefree, sufficient unto himself; but sometimes he is earnest, serious and pre-occupied. This is usually because he is thinking of a new thing to make, or a new way of making it. Although, physically, he is what he himself describes as "tough," his feelings can be easily hurt—more easily than one imagines. When his feelings are hurt, his usual reaction is to "sulk," whether he means to do so, or not. This sulking does not often last for long and he has soon forgotten about it and is concentrating on the problem of how to put a new hand-brake on his trolley. Sometimes, though there are deeper hurts which stay at the back of his mind for years.

People are tempted not to take him too seriously; but sometimes this is unwise, as he may be serious himself and wish others to be serious about the same subject, whatever it is. When this happens he is either hurt or irritated by the behaviour of people who don't take him seriously. Either way, he becomes angry or sulky and is then a most unpleasant creature to have near one. So he is sent to bed, or somewhere else that is out of the way—all of which hurts and angers him still more. He is, indeed, in need of delicate handling.

I could write much more on this subject if I had time, but most of it has probably been said before. So there you have this most misunderstood, yet carefree animal—the small boy.

Rosemary Robinson, "C1," Sorell.

THE LITTLE BLACK BOX

(Practically Fictitious)

I happened to be crossing a bridge once, when I saw a man acting very strangely. He was glancing furtively around him with the air of one about to commit a murder. Occasionally he looked down at the churning mass of rocks and water beneath the bridge. Round his neck was hanging a neat little streamlined camera amply equipped with knobs and levers and covered with crinkly black paint. Its chief glory was a magnificent crystal window in the top.

He removed the camera from the lanyard which he rolled up very carefully and stowed in his stop inside pocket. Then he gripped the camera in his right hand as one does a ball, and waited for a moment when there were no cars coming. Then he crossed to the opposite footpath, braced his foot against the bridge railing and took a run. The little black box spun out of his hand and landed with a satisfying clang on a rock, bounced, and disappeared in a mass of swirling water.

The look on his face was one of intense satisfaction and contentment. There was no need for him to even say "good riddance." Naturally enough I indicated my curiosity.

"Well," he began, "I was in love with everything from the chrome knobs and viewfinder to the crinkle-paint and the price. Like an idiot I bought it, along with six boxes of the most expensive fine grain panchromatic film." (As he said this he removed a few little yellow and green boxes and flung them savegly into the rapids.)

"I took it home and clicked the shutter at least five hundred times. Then I opened the shutter over the little red window at the back, put the trigger on 'time' and held the shutter to see it work. There's nothing in these here cameras—I could see right through the thing. I read the instruction book twice and then tried to open the camera. It looks easy in the pretty picture on the second page, but it took a number of my fingernails and a fair amount of paint to open it. I found a dark corner and undid the film." (He paused for breath.) "Then I dropped the thing. I managed to rewind the stuff, made sure the spare reel was on the right end of the cone (as the little book calls it) and

fitted in the reel, but the end of the green paper simply refused to go in the right slots."

"It always does," I said with a fair show of intelligence.

"I managed to shut the thing after a while, and started winding the film—talk about television!—you should have seen the things that appeared in the little red window.

"I have," I said, somewhat less intelligently.

"First there was a letter 'S'."

"Yes," I said.

"I wish I knew what the rest of the word was," he said ruefully, "It might have told me when to stop."

I was silent.

"Then came a line, followed by a pair of hands pointing in the same direction, then there were some pairs of dots and two little dashes. I thought it must have something to do with Morse code."

"Probably," I said.

"Then there were more dots," he continued, "And two more figure twos appeared. I stopped turning and consulted the book. I wouldn't be sure, but I have an idea I might have wound it too far. What do you think?"

"I wouldn't be surprised," I said.

"Well," he went on, "I looked at everything for the umpteenth time through the window in the top. Everything including the eyesore over the street looked beautiful, and I wished I had colour film, it made things look so tidy and colourful."

"It always does," I said, with a faint idea that I had said something of the kind before.

"I took about twenty shots, winding the film on occasionally, and after another fierce battle to open the thing, I took the film back to get done. When I came back four days later I paid the girl in the shop an enormous sum and came out of the shop with a bright yellow and red folder containing some bits of blackened celluloid, a free pamphlet on how to avoid mistakes in photography and three almost successful prints. All of them had fuzzy edges, my daughter had no head, and our new car had an enormous black blotch on the rear mudguard."

"Oh," I said.

"Briefly," he concluded, "I've had the thing," and walked away.

I looked closely at the little black millstone round my own neck. On impulse I took it off and flung it far out into the rapids, lanyard and all.

The feeling of intense satisfaction which I felt when I got home lasted until long after I had finished tearing up the tidy little instruction book and stamping on the flashlight outfit.

E. RATCLIFF, "B1," Wilmot.

SAVING MY TROUSERS

One day I was baking upon the sands, The sun was so hot, it was burning my hands, The incoming tide cret up the beach, And stole my trousers out of my reach. Up I jumped and ran like a hare After my trousers, but all in despair, For my trousers were sinking, steadily and surely The sea had taken them, slyly and cruelly.

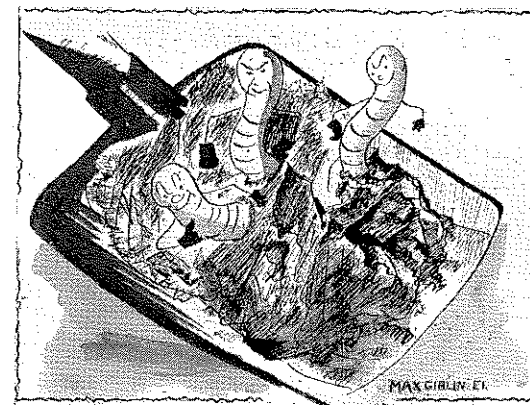
BRIAN ANNEAR, "E6," Sorell.

A NEW SLANT ON GARDENING

In the old days we dug a garden with spade and aching backs. Hour after hour we would spend digging away, turning the heavy spadefuls, breaking our hearts and our arms; and even when the soil was most beautifully aerated and the seeds planted, some sort of pest arrived and ruined something. When we could get manure we dug it into the soil. We kept no compost, but dug the decayed matter into the ground or left in the hole. Now, however, the find that digging is old-fashioned and out of date. We are thoroughly converted to a method which is really as old as the hills and yet revolutionary—that of just piling compost on to the surface soil and leaving the worms to do the work.

Our back yard is just covered with hops, leaves and cut grass, in various stages of decay with vegetables pushing through in long rows. In each spadeful of soil there are about three pink, energetic earthworms—a sure sign of fertility. When something is to be planted, Dad just makes a hole and puts the seed or plants in, covers it up and that's that!

In a pamphlet we read: "There are some four thousand million living bacteria in a single salt spoon of fertile soil and at least a million earthworms in an acre." In that case, the soil certainly "has some body in it," as Dad says when he finds a fly in his soup.

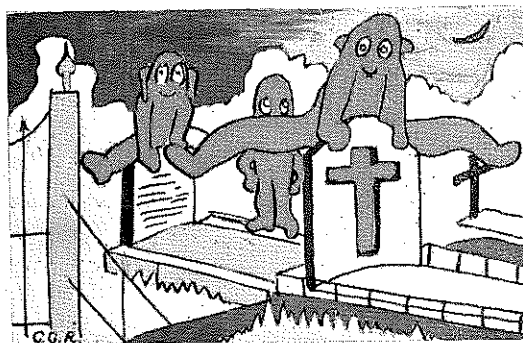


Every Saturday and after school when there were leaves on the ground, my brothers would scour the countryside on their trolley, armed with bags and forks and bring home piles of leaves which they had found in parks and gutters and other doubtful sources. These would be thrown on to the back garden to rot. Daddy negotiates with bowling-green gardeners for grass cuttings and we smell the "pleasant" aroma of rotting grass for weeks!

This is the first year of our experiment, so I can't boast about the phenomenal crops we have had because we haven't! But Dad is quite optimistic about the crops of the future. In the meantime, there is no digging, less watering, no pest control (except the reward of a penny a month), no nothing—except compost and worms. We have a new slant on gardening!

Margaret Cox, "B1," Wilmot.

A HAUNTING TALE



Once upon a time there lived a ghost named Horace. Horace was born in a municipal graveyard, Ghost Town, in a white marble tomb near the gate.

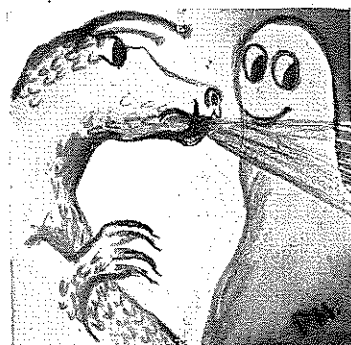
When Horace was young, he used to play leap-frog over the tombstones with many other young ghosts and had lots of fun. However, this soon ended; for when he was sixteen years old, on a cold, miserable, windy night—real haunting weather—a messenger arrived telling Horace to report to Ghost Union headquarters as soon as possible. He put on his best white sheet and off he went. Arriving at the city morgue he was ushered into the presence of the Ghost Union's president who told him to pull up a marble slab and sit down. The president told Horace that he was now old enough to become a haunter; so he was sworn in and handed his first invisibility sheet. He folded his sheet up carefully and put it away, for it was very important to start his job off with a clean sheet.

At first Horace was not paid much, being new to the job. But soon he was promoted, and was paid sixty shivers a week. His new job was to haunt an old deserted house, an occupation which was very interesting; but Horace's ambition was to haunt the ruins of the King's castle. Being very easy and also worth one hundred and fifty shivers a week, this job was much sought after. Horace knew that to get this job he would have to do some especially good haunting.

One night a purple-eyed dragon came to Ghost Town, and soon did by itself all the haunting that was to be done. Immediately the president of the Ghost Union visited the dragon and told him that if he was going to do any haunting he would have to join the union and comply with union rules and regulations. But the dragon just laughed in his face and quite scorched his best sheet.

As a result of this the president called a meeting, and there it was decided that since the dragon would not join the union he would have to be disposed of. Several of the best haunters volunteered to try to haunt the dragon out of the country; but arrived back soon after leaving with their sheets scorched and dignity singed, feeling much the worse for wear. At once others set out to try, but with the same results. This went on for many nights until at last Horace was the only unsinged ghost left.

Now Horace belonged to a long line of famous ghosts, some of them going back to Shakespeare's time. So, first he visited his old grandmother who had long retired and now quietly haunted the attic of an ancient Scottish castle. He slid in through the keyhole and soon told his grandmother of his mission. On hearing Horace's story she opened a battered tin trunk in a corner of the attic and pulled out a number of sheets. There were green sheets, orange sheets, red sheets, blue sheets, and finally purple sheets. She handed Horace one of the purple sheets explaining that this was the sheet that his great-great-greatuncle, Banquo, had used when haunting Macbeth, and was especially good for haunting purple-eyed, fire-breathing dragons. Horace thanked his grandmother, and waving goodbye, disappeared through the roof.



When he neared the dragon's lair, Horace slipped on his purple sheet and went to meet the fearsome monster. Although the dragon could see invisible things, because of his purple eyes he could not see purple things. This enabled Horace to haunt the dragon without being seen. He haunted in his best ghostly manner and soon had the dragon in squeaks of fright and running for his life.

As a reward for his haunting of the dragon, he was appointed chief haunter of the King's castle and was called on to deal with any other purple-eyed dragons in the neighbourhood.

DAVID STANLEY. "B2," Arthur.
THE PANTHEIST

Art thou there O God?
For in this host of golden flowers
Waving and tossing in the wind,
In such beauty surely thou must be.
Art thou there O God? Art thou there?

Art thou there O God?
Astride the mighty roaring wind
Rushing, shrieking over land and sea
In such power surely thou must be.
Art thou there O God? Art thou there?

Art thou there O God?
In the midst of the falling rain
The gentle dew that quickens the flowers
In such mildness surely thou must be.
Art thou there O God? Art thou there?

Art thou there O God?
Amidst all of Nature's tapestries
Among the birds and plants and elements
In such glory surely thou must be.
Art thou there O God? Art thou there?

Glen C. Pullen

FOSSICKERS ON THE FLOOR
OF THE SEA

The day was humid and enervating with the sun a brassy orb glowing down on a listlessly restless sea and a drowsy coast golden with its sun-dried grass and rushes.

I stood tiredly on the rugged, kelp-fringed point thrusting out from a wide curve of shimmering beach, dully feeling the corrugated rock under my feet and slowly adjusting once again the unfamiliar face mask with its rubbery, peculiarly lulling odor.

The sun, although past its zenith, seemed to be increasing its breathless heat and wearily I swivelled a perspiring face and a pair of dully-imploing eyes to my friend. He dragged up his arm in a signal and we flopped, badly hindered by the ungainly foot fins, into the water.

This was my first deliberate dive under the sea with mask and flippers. Instinctively I closed my eyes as I submerged through a gap in the kelp. The water exercised its usual revitalising effect on my body but it was only when I opened my eyes that the fuzz from my mind dissolved.

Around me was an entirely new, excitingly different sphere. The mask made possible a picture of astonishing clarity and allowed minute examination of surrounding animal and vegetable life.

Delighted, I surveyed the crisp brown fronds of bull kelp and the delicate strands of seaweed writhing with the swell. Astonished, I sucked in my breath and received a cascade of brine down my breathing tube. This certainly broke the spell and I rose spluttering to the surface. My friend bobbed up beside me, pushed up his mask and grinned tolerantly. He was an old hand and not liable to make such elementary blunders. But I noticed that the lethargic frown on his face had disappeared, and he confided that he experienced the same feeling of exhilaration each time he submerged.

I cleared my tube, drew in a deep breath, and dived. Tendrils of weeds snaked across my mask as I pushed my way to the floor. A small patch of gently-glowing sand took my eye and sadly ignorant of all the other wonderful sights around me, I spent my dive examining minutely its miniature sand dunes and ridges.

The succeeding descent was the most impressive, however. I was floating just above the sea-bed when a swirl of kelp ten feet above took my eye. I looked up and saw the surface.

From above it seems an opaque, solid bluish-green tablecloth, something a little ugly, something to be feared a little even.

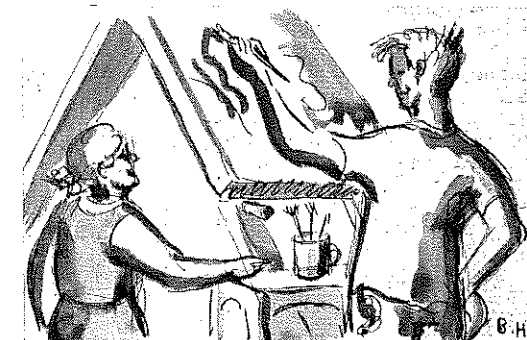
From down below it takes on a different aspect. It is a transparent bubble, an easily-reached, easily-broken ceiling. Through it the sunlight, purified of its glare and heat, seeps down into the depths, and the clouds and blue sky, broken into a kaleidoscopic pattern by wind and waves, paint a cleanly colourful mural. The undersea fossicker does not see it as something inexplicable and consequently frightening; he knows it, loves the spectacle it provides and dislikes it only because it marks a limit to his activities. Although it may seem improbable to the uninitiated, I believe that an undersea view of the surface is the most fascinating sight a diver can enjoy. TONY RITCHIE, "A1," Arthur.

CURIOSITY

Not so very long ago, I was staying in the same house as a very curious little girl (When I say that she was curious, I do not only mean that she was inquisitive.) On one particular occasion I was trying to set right a particularly stubborn creation in water colour.

Her first question, "What is that?" referred to my painting. I did not blame her for not recognising the scene before me as the subject and object of my work. Then followed a string of irrelevant questions which stopped short and changed course when I was foolish and innocent enough to take a smaller brush to do some "twiddly bit."

"What have you got TWO brushes for?" (Actually I have more than two.) I explained that one was bigger than the other. The silence between my reply and her next question was so short as to give me no time to collect my wits for the next assault—"Why isn't the little one the big one and the big one the little one?"



What would you have said? I summoned all my ideas of logical explanation, but what is logic when presented to one who is just beginning her great adventure?

She must have had something of the insatiable curiosity of the philosopher to ask a question like that. Although I did not think so at the time, I see now that her motive was not just to irritate me (she had succeeded in doing that at least five questions ago) for she was far too young for that.

Whenever I encounter one such as she, I long for the time when those interested in pre-school education (or preparation) will be able to place means of gaining information other than by the interrogative use of the tongue, in the hands of children at the earliest possible age.

And yet, when we are asked a simple or profound question by a little child, we have been allowed a great privilege, not to be abused, and given a terrible responsibility—to the child, his parents, his future teachers, and to whoever he will turn to next in his never-ending search for information. Perhaps we may even help determine whether his adult curiosity will be limited to the looking up of timetables and directories, or whether it will take to its wings and soar through the library and the museum to adventure.

Eric Ratchiff, "B1," Wilnot.

THE TREE HOUSE

The day after we arrived home for the holidays, we went out to see our tree and climbed amongst the branches, heedless of the thick clusters of pine needles which stuck into us at every turn. The tree was intact. What made us think it would not be, I can't imagine. Yet I had had the wildest dreams of seeing it struck with lightning and all its green foliage hurtling to the ground, and was afraid that it would turn brown and the whole secret would be lost.



It was the queerest tree, twisted so that it made an angle of forty-five degrees against the ground. That's what made it such an excellent hiding-place, spy headquarters and rendezvous. Its arms reached upwards until they spread protectively over the garage roof. The roots had partly risen from the ground, making a step. This made it look like a house with a staircase ascending gradually to the roof.

At first we were content just to sit on its branches under cover of the needles. The only change in our beloved tree was a hen's nest in a box. As it was in one of our favourite places and as it was not in use, we decided to shift it. Unfortunately it was nailed on so it had to be left. Next day, however, we started operations on the plan which had been decided weeks before. Out in the paddock we found an old fence. Suitable palings were extracted and we carted them aloft. The boys started to hack off some branches at the top while we carried things to and fro. We went in to dinner with pine sap all over our hands.

As my young sister was told firmly not to climb the tree, we decided after dinner to build a platform for her, on a lower branch. By evening the platform was well covered in branches and needles. The top house had progressed well, and the boys had placed planks along the branches for us to walk on. The floor had been nailed down securely and they had high hopes of finishing it the next day. We did so and the following morning we were sitting in it munching biscuits.

That afternoon it rained heavily. This, however, did not stop the boys. They donned rain coats and gum boots. We could hear them in the tree house, but we did not venture outside.

The rain just poured and we thought they would be soaked. A lull in the rain came and we went out to find the house covered with a piece of iron. The boys were quite dry.

With the coming of school, the tree house was forgotten. I wonder if it will be there next year?

Shirley Williamson, "D2," Wilmot.

A COMMON THING

A tree is a common thing in this world of wonders. We see thousands of them around us in the bush and at home we have fruit trees growing in our gardens. We see them so often that we forget all about their beauty and majesty. Trees seem to us as we hurry along, something just to fill in a space or to give shade. We see them as the slaves of wind and the servants of the elements. They wear the same foliage, whether it be cold or hot. To some people it would seem a miserable existence, but I envy them.

Out in the rich bushland they stand like mighty soldiers, erect and strong. They do not droop as they grow old, they do not lose their beauty as age creeps on them. Have you ever really looked at a tree? It seems to stretch upwards, a pillar of strength.

I once saw in the bush around Mt. Arthur, a tree which must have been at least one hundred and twenty feet high. It was gigantic. I was in a steep gully and I gazed at this spectacle from the opposite side. It was white and shining and leaning on a slight tilt. It soared above the other trees to make its own palace in the sky. It had very few limbs as it must have been very old.

Think of the help trees are to humans. From these kings of nature come our wood for houses, fuel and furniture. They shelter us from wind and rain. They provide us with beauty from which many a bard has obtained inspiration to write oems and songs. A tree is a musician, it sings as the wind stirs its leaves. A tree is a harbour for birds who build their nests there. A tree is a protector for all animal life and last, but not least, a tree, next to a flower, is one of God's finest and most beautiful creations.

J. Forward, "C1," Wilmot.

GHOSTS

In the outback on an Australian sheep station, the dingoes howled as darkness set in.

Inside the small homestead, little Meg Cooper, not yet ten, sat by the dying embers of the once-welcoming fire, anxiously awaiting the return of her father who had suddenly been called away to help prevent his neighbour's house, land and stock from being damaged by a raging bush-fire, which quickly spread over the paddocks, causing destruction everywhere.

It was nearing ten o'clock and poor little Meg was becoming restless and unhappy. Furthermore, she was frightened. She sank back in the worn old rocker and she had difficulty in preventing herself from falling asleep, because she wished to be awake when her father returned.

Outside, the wind surged and moaned in the tall gums and Meg moved at every sound. The battered, wooden door creaked unharmoniously, for it would not fasten securely; the windows rattled and banged, and glass was shattered everywhere. Poor little Meg, too frightened even to raise an eyelid, crouched in the rocker and sought to gain some comfort from the nearly black coals. The wind continued to rustle, and the door and windows were "ghosts" themselves.

THE GOLFER



Unable to bear it any more, Meg fled like a pursued rat to her room, where she lay sobbing on her bed. But to her dismay, the frightening sounds reached her ears and her sobs seemed to echo throughout the house.

Suddenly a piercing shriek sounded in the house and it was then that Meg thought she heard footsteps—faint at first, but gradually becoming louder—nearing her room. The sounds ceased outside her room and for a few minutes she heard no more, until the characteristic creaking of all the doors in the house reminded her that she was alone and that she was likely to be so for a few hours at least.

She lay terror-stricken on her bed, waiting for something to happen. Meanwhile, the clock in the kitchen had struck half-past eleven and outside the wind lashed fiercely in the once-stately gums, whipping down branch after branch.

After Meg had dozed a number of times, she turned on her bed and again burst into tears till she was fast asleep.

The kitchen clock had just struck two when Meg was awakened by the sound of torrential rain which deafened the eerie squeaks of the door. But every now and then a crash of thunder or the glaring shine of lightning would recall her thoughts to her father and she prayed fervently for him, hoping he was not hurt and at every squeak her tense little body jumped.

She made to open the door, but to her fright, it slid back and she waited for a few minutes before she dared to look cautiously around and into the long, narrow, dark passage. She hurried into the warm, but unfriendly kitchen and shrieked with fear and amazement when she saw that the couch cover had been disturbed and for a moment she was at a loss to know what to do or which way to turn.

But what was that? There was a scraping behind the couch and Meg jumped when she heard a low growl near her feet. A pair of bright eyes gleamed at her as a big collie appeared from behind the couch and looked up. She found him some meat and sat him on the rug.

Many times she was sure she heard the door-knob rattle or turn and each time she crept further under the low table and the dog whined.

Suddenly she heard the pattering of footsteps on the gravel path. This must surely be her father. She dashed to the door to heave it open for him, but to her horror she gazed dumb-founded into a stranger's face. However, after she had scrutinised his face carefully, she bid him enter the room.

No sooner had she shown him the couch and given him some biscuits, than her father arrived.

Little Meg's terror was over! She was safe! She had no need to be frightened! She sat on her father's knees and patted the rough coat of the now very friendly collie, while her father and the stranger became acquainted. And, although the wind moaned, the doors creaked, the windows rattled, the dingoes howled and footsteps sounded in the passage, Meg was happy because her father was home and no ghosts could harm her.

BARBARA DENMAN.

He's happy till he mounts the tee:
Regards the ball disdainfully;
He shrugs his shoulders, say "Here goes,"
And swings himself right off his toes.
Another swipe, without a pinch,
The ball rolls off the tee an inch;
With all the fairway now in front,
He has a swing and gives a grunt.
The ball's away down by the creek,
He utters an almighty shriek,
For there upon the fence a crow,
In his mind a plot does sow.
In one long swoop, he takes the ball
Out of view from one and all;
Our golfer drops another ball,
Says to himself, "Well, after all,
I can play four right on the green."
But that, my friend, must yet be seen!
He faces up so anxiously,
And prays and prays most fervently;
He hits the ball away up high,
Right up into the deep blue sky.
And when at last the ball does land,
It drops into the deep, soft sand
Of a bunker by the green (so small).
He yanks his hair and yells, "It's the ball!"
In this bunker he five shots does play,
He means no longer there to stay.
And now upon the green so green,
Upon his putter does he lean.
He lines it up and has a putt—
You missed the hole you silly mutt!
Be careful now my good young man,
Don't jump out of the frying pan.
He shuts his eyes and tries once more,
He misses it and gives a roar.
The next one drops into the hole,
He's at it now both heart and soul.
He walks up to the second tee
And begins again. Oh, dearie me!
B. HOSIE, "C1," Franklin.

ADEN

At first I thought it was a bundle of rags which had been dumped by the roadside. Suddenly a loud cry came from the depths of the bundle. It waited on and on, gradually dying into an eerie moan. Our native guide ignored it until I asked him what the "thing" was.

"Merely a beggar woman," he told me, pointing to a rough wooden platter at her feet—two shapeless lumps which stuck out from the rags. Dismissing the subject with a shrug the guide continued to expound the wonders of Aden.

It was truly a fascinating place. Behind the filth and stench of the dockside, pile upon pile of ramshackle buildings stretched into the foothills which let in turn to several strangely pointed mountains. Vultures huddled on the sparse trees, occasionally swooping lazily down in a wide circle, and then returning soundlessly whence they had come. Their quiet effortless flight made them repulsive and more than a little frightening.

Aden itself was a strange mixture of eastern and western cultures. Some houses were well-built and modern while others were ancient buildings scarred with years of hard weather and scorching sunlight. Among the dockside shops fronted straight on to the road, breaking up the long, wide pavements with their awnings. Among the flies and dirt lurked a few articles for sale, hiding behind grimy windows.

The largest building in the street had an enormous poster hanging from its roof proclaiming to the world:

"Here is the only 2,000 year old museum on this earth. Take heed friends and enter. Here you will see the Pharaoh's favourite cat, the hand of Constantine and many other marvels. Two dollars 50, or any worthy donation. Enter now!"

Needless to say, we did not enter, despite the interesting promises.

Further down the street a small boy accosted us, begging:

"Hello, Johnny—you take my photo? Please—sixpence—please?"

Daddy took the photo much to our guide's amusement and we were at once surrounded by a gang of half-naked street urchins, all smiling brightly and asking "Johnny—to take their photos too. It was quite a while before we could move—our guide had to beat away the little boys with a stick.

Then suddenly down the street came a train of camels, lumbering clumsily along, their loads swaying precariously. There must have been a hundred of them passing. They chewed lazily and seemed to carry an indelible grin on their haughty faces. When they had gone it was nearly time for us to be back on the ship.

The road back was hot and noisy. Already crowds were collecting near the market place. Old men squatted in the gutters hunched over long, foul-smelling pipes. Women strode past; water casks on their heads, tiny babies in their arms. Older children searched gutters and garbage tins for food scraps or other treasures.

Only one person looked clean. We saw her just before we arrived at the customs house. She was tall, dark and beautiful. Her garment was pure white and in her hands she carried a prayer book. The only thing which really set her apart, however, was a peculiar mark on her forehead—a painted star which seemed to shine as she glided along the street.

When we got back on board the ship it was only a few minutes before sailing time. We crept slowly out to sea while Aden receded, a dirty hole of squalor and misery. Yet somehow Aden became a fairy-tale place of mystery and romance when the sun tipped the peaks behind her with purple and gold. The sea made ruffled reflections of her white painted houses and grey green trees, mingling them into an Eastern dream.

H. FAIRBAIRN, "Cl," Arthur.

ALICE-SIT-BY-THE-FIRE

Sir James Barrie

—SIR JAMES BARRY.

The school play was very successful and the players performed before a full house. The stage was well prepared by stage manager George Richardson and the grouping of the furniture and pictures created a good atmosphere.

John Chick, who played Colonel Grey made a good job of a difficult part; but at times did not make full use of the script.

Valarie Munroe was well cast and played the part of Alice Grey very convincingly.

Peter Underwood as Steven Rollo kept the play moving at a good tempo; but in some places his actions were a little weak.

Cosmo Grey was played by Robin Sutherland who threw himself into the part, heart and soul and turned in an excellent character study.

Heather Fairbairn's presentation of Richardson was a little gem and was well appreciated by the audience.

Janice Power's part of Amy Grey was characterised by her excellent speech.

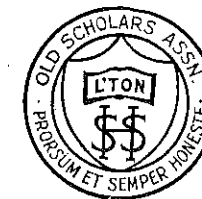
Janice Langworthy's portrayal of Ginevra Dunbar and her movements on the stage were very good.

Another good character part was played by Loris Munro as the nurse.

The part of the maid was played well by Annette Marquand.

Pat Swan was wardrobe mistress and make-up was done by Miss S. Douglass.

The play was produced by Miss R. E. Royle.



Old Scholars' Column

DIRECTORY

Patron—Mr. L. Amos.
President—Mr. C. A. Allen.
Chairman—Mr. N. Shegog.
Senior Old Scholars' Representative—Mrs. N. Shegog.
Committee—Mrs. C. A. Allen, Mr. and Mrs. R. Woolworth, Mr. and Mrs. D. Cocker, J. Hart, K. Ryan, B. Bayles, B. Atkins, B. Proverbs.
Secretaries—Miss M. Wilcox and Mr. T. Hart
Treasurer—Mr. T. Lynch.
Editor of Old Scholars' Column—Mrs. L. A. Bonser.

OBITUARY

It is with regret that we have to record the deaths of four well-known Old Scholars:

DOREEN EMMS

KEN DAVIS

JAMES McDOUGALD

GEOFF. BAIN

ACTIVITIES

Dances—This year a series of three country dances have been held in an endeavour to rouse the interest of and give the Old Scholars who live in the surrounding districts an opportunity to attend our functions.

The dance at Franklin Village was a particularly enjoyable evening and a wonderful success. A ballette held at the Carrick Hall was even a greater success socially and it was very pleasing to see quite a number of Old Scholars from that district present.

The third dance was a barn dance held at the Evandale Hall the week-end of the Old Hobartians' visit.

VISITS AND VISITORS

During the week-end, 25th and 26th September, thirty members of the Old Hobartians Association travelled to Launceston for their annual visit.

Men's basketball was played at the Y.M.C.A. on the Saturday afternoon, resulting in victory for Churinga. The club provides racquets.

A pleasant evening was spent at Evandale on the Saturday evening, when we held a barn dance to entertain the Hobartians. Highlight of the week-end was a picnic at the Fish Hatcheries, Corra Lynn on Sunday morning.

Members of our Association have been invited to Hobart for the long week-end in November. These tris are always enjoyed by all those who participate.

During the long week-end in June we had as our guests, members of the Queenstown Old Scholars' Association. We played badminton, which resulted in a win for Churinga. A social evening was held at the home of Mr. R. Woodworth and finally a trip to the Power Station, which wound up a really enjoyable week-end.

STREET STALLS

Three street stalls have been held during the year and these have proved a great financial success.

ANNUAL DINNER

Arrangements are in hand for the Annual Dinner which has been scheduled for February. We would like to see many of the present "A" Class and "B" Class students who are leaving School this year. A warm welcome will be extended to all.

SPORT

TENNIS—The Churinga Tennis Club has been re-formed and all players interested are asked to come along to the courts at the School on Saturday afternoons. Secretaries are Barbara Atkins and Dexter Cocker. Bob Bayles has been elected Court Captain. Next year we hope to enter a team in the City and Suburban Tennis Pennants.

Badminton and Table Tennis—This year the members of the Association have taken the opportunity of utilising the new School gymnasium and have formed a badminton and tennis club.

Two social matches were played with the Rosevears Club, both matches resulting in a victory for the visitors, but both evenings were most enjoyable.

Women's Hockey—This year proved a very successful one in that we were runner-ups to Collegians who took the premiership honours. Six of our team represented Northern Tasmania and our captain, Janet Gowans, was a State representative. Late in the season we visited Scottsdale where we defeated the Scottsdale team. In October the team travelled to Burnie where an enjoyable week-end was spent.

All girls leaving School and who would like to play hockey are asked to contact Peggy Carter at W. E. Gebbie's in York Street. Best wishes to our captain, Janet Gowans, who was married recently.

Men's Hockey—Churinga Men's Hockey Club once again enjoyed a most successful year, the "A" Grade team reaching the finals and the "B" Grade playing in the grand final.

Again, as in past years, Churinga were particularly well represented in northern and Tasmanian teams, both Colts and Seniors.

This season we lost the services of two stalwarts of the club: Brian Mills, who is now in Victoria and David Parker, who we hear is now in India after a year of globe-trotting. Both Brian and David played in the "A" Grade team and represented Tasmania.

All schoolboy hockey players leaving School this year are asked to contact the Club Secretary, Graeme Wiltshire, or captain, Dexter Cocker, Glen Dhu School.

Women's Basketball—Two teams were fielded in this year's competition and honours went to the Churinga Green side who, captained by Lyn Bowden, won the Northern Premiership for the second year in succession. Hobart, however, proved too strong in the State Premiership.

Ellen Fenner kept up representation in the State team when she was chosen in the State team for the Carnival in Melbourne. Our best wishes go to Ann Woolley and Jan Cordell who announced their engagements during the season.

Men's Basketball—The 1954 season was not as successful for Churinga as in past seasons, although the "A" Grade team was always in the "four." The team finished fourth, going down to Y.M.C.A. in the first semi-final. Ray Jinks and Ian Tudor were again stalwarts of the team, both having good seasons. Ray was awarded the trophy for being runner-up to the best and fairest in the Association. The best and fairest trophy was won by Old Scholar Brian Irvine, who plays with Vikings.

The "B" Grade team was unfortunate to lose the services of John Allen who had been a tower of strength and finished out of the four. Those interested in playing men's basketball are asked to contact Len Jinks at the Scottish, Union and National Insurance Co., 4 Paterson St., Launceston.

SPORT HONOURS

Women's Hockey Representatives—J. Gowans, State team; B. Atkins, J. Amos, M. Wilcox, P. Carter, J. Gowans, B. Munden, Northern team.

Northern Basketball Team—Lyn Bowden, M. McEndrich, E. Fenner.

Northern Men's Hockey Team Representatives—D. Cocker, K. Jack, D. Wilson.

Tasmanian Colts' Team—N. Atkins.

Northern Tasmanian Football Association—M. Columbine, N. Atkins.

Vice-captain Tasmanian Football Carnival Team—Noel Atkins.

Australian Universities' Hockey Team—Neil Blewitt.

MASONIC LODGE

Old Scholars' Association committee man, Rex Woodworth, who is secretary of Churinga Masonic Lodge, informs me that the Lodge is one of the most regular of all ex-scholars' activities and that their membership is one of the largest of the Old Scholars' Groups.

DEGREES

Geoff. Hinds, B.A.
Neil Blewitt, B.A., 1st class honours.
Ron Crowden, B.Sc.
Brian Hortle, B.Sc.
Gordon Jacques, B.Sc.
Dick Whitford, M.A. Fullbright Scholarship to America.

ENGAGEMENTS

Betty Templeton to Keith Langford.
Graeme Pettman to Phyllis Gibson.
Margaret Paterson to Robert Hortle.

MARRIAGES

Bevis Munnings to Max Pulford.
Onie Welch to Peter Ricketts.
Brian Clark to June Whybrow.
John Wivell to Greitchen Thiessen.
Gaynor Shaw to Don Ralph.
Muriel McKillop to Tom Fitch.
*Bonnie Atkins to Bill Allen.
Nolia Goldsworthy to Robin Jones.
Janet Gowans to John Goldsworthy.

BIRTHS

Ann and Bruce Ingles—a son.
*Gwen and Dave Armitage—a son.
Brenda and Ross Kestles—a son.
Beverley and Colin Landsdall—a son.
Gerald and Barbara Dutton—a son.
Pat and Jim Muir—a daughter.
*Yvonne and Murray Columbine—a daughter.
Valerie and Don Fulton—a son.
Eulie and Roy Brain—a daughter.
Ava and Andrew Smith—a son.
Dennis and Margaret Wivell—a son.
Brian and Marion Booth—twin sons.
Judith and Tom Hudson—a daughter.
June and Keith Younger—a daughter.
Joan and Ken Davies—a son.
Brian and Gwen Irvine—a daughter.
Shirley and Ted Swinton—a daughter.

WELCOME TO NEW OLD SCHOLARS

A very warm welcome is extended to all scholars who are leaving School this year to join the Old Scholars' Association. Membership for first year is 3/1. Badges, 3/6.

In conclusion, we wish to thank Mr. Amos for his generous help and co-operation during the last twelve months.

Autographs of Staff

L. Chuma J. E. Sutherland. L. Russell.

B. Layh. W. P. Brock. G. Gibson.

C. Deane J. Gibson C. Bushby.

E. R. Dowter. J. Watson. J. Douglass.

J. M. Lyth G. Clark J. MacLaine.

L. E. Doyle J. Smith.

M. Record. A. G. Dobson. E. Tucker.

M. Speland R. F. Baker. M. Harvey.

F. M. Aplin T. Bailey. A. L. Crawford.

J. A. McDonald H. Holloway. J. Crawford.

S. Davis E. H. Penzels. J. Crawford.

H. Williams W. Phillips. A. Honeysett.

School Autographs