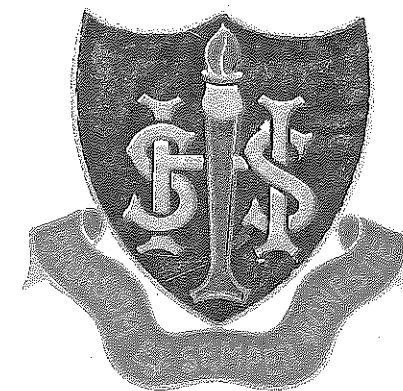


The Northern Churinga



December, 1955

Launceston High School Magazine

VOLUME, XLV



STAFF

Back Row: Mr. Crawford, Mr. Hayward, Miss Tucker, Mr. Williams, Mrs. McDonald, Mr. Askeland, Mr. Bailey.
 Second Row: Mr. Burke, Mr. Smith, Dr. Penizek, Miss Docking, Miss Milbourne, Mrs. Sutherland, Miss Lyons, Miss Deane, Mr. Baker, Mr. ten Broeke.
 Third Row: Mr. Timmermans, Mr. Clark, Miss Record, Miss Symonds, Mrs. Dean, Miss Douglass, Miss Honeysett, Mrs. Dobson, Miss Bushby, Mr. Nash, Mr. Philips.
 Front Row: Mr. Morris, Miss Miller, Mr. Harvey, Miss Blythe, Mr. Amos, Mr. Sowter, Miss Aplin, Mr. Watson, Mrs. Holloway.

WHO'S WHO?

STAFF

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

MISSES: B. Layh, B.A., Diplome d'Etudes Francaise, Diplome de Phonetiques Francaise (French); J. Blyth, B.A. (Librarian); F. Alpin (French); O. Bushby, M.A. (Social Studies, English); E. Penizek, Ph.D., Dip. Ed. (French, German); R. E. Royle, B.A. (English, Social Studies); L. Symonds, B.A., Dip. Ed. (English, Social Studies); E. Tucker (Commerce, Maths., Shorthand, Typing); M. B. Record, B.A. (Social Studies, English, French); E. N. Miller, M.A. (English, Social Studies); F. Docking, B.A. (Social Studies, French, English); H. F. Deane (Commerce, Shorthand, Typing); G. Douglass, Mus. Bach. (Music); A. Honeysett (Phys. Ed.); L. Lyons (Phy. Ed.); C. Milbourne, B.A. (Latin, French).

MESDAMES: H. Holloway, B.Com. (Commerce, Maths., Shorthand), E. Sutherland, B.A. (Maths.); A. Dobson

(Cooking); F. Crawford (Sewing); M. Haworth (Sewing); F. Dean, B.A. (Social Studies, English); B. 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. (General Science, Physics, Chemistry); F. H. Watson, B.A. (English, Social Studies); J. H. Smith, B.A. (Maths.); T. Askeland, B.Sc. (Science, Biology); W. Phillips, B.Sc., Dip. Ed. (Science); G. Clark, B.Sc., Dip. Ed. (Science, Maths.); T. I. Bailey, B.A., Diplome de Civilisation Francaise, Dip. Ed. (French, English); J. Hayward, Dip. Art, Teachers' Dip. Art (Art); A. Crawford (Commerce, Maths.); W. ten Broeke (Maths, Science); R. Baker, B.A., Dip. Ed. (English, Social Studies); D. Williams, B.A., Dip. E. (English, Social Studies); M. Burke, B.A. (Social Studies, Maths., Science); E. Nash (Maths, Geography); T. Ward (Phys. Ed.); J. Timmermans (Art).

PREFECTS

HEAD: Dal Wilson, Malcolm Hooper.
 GIRLS: Robin Pedley, Shirley Matthews, Shirley Andrews, Margot Rosenbrock, Janet Peck,



The School

Editorial

Very soon now, most of us shall have left school and shall be trying to make our way in the world without the constant supervision that characterises school life. Only a few days ago, the headmaster declared, though not in so many words, that each of us had, to quote Dickens, "great expectations."

It is hard to foretell whose expectations are going to be realised. Practically every human being is ambitious, although his or her ambition may show itself in an unusual way. Sometimes it consists of a determination not to be ambitious in the generally accepted sense of the word. Some very few people want to be rich merely for the sake of having money. Others desire power, influence and a position in society, while a great many would like to have some money to spare because it gives them the opportunity to gratify some absorbing interest.

Most men desire a secure future—a good secure job, a house of their own, and a reasonable amount of money put by for special needs or for special occasions on which one likes to be able to afford some luxury. The realisation of this ambition is, in a country like ours, within everybody's power. Some fail, because they do not exercise sufficient self-control at the proper time, and do not realise that he who would have his cake for future enjoyment may not eat it now. Many, however, reach their goal and can look back on their achievement with satisfaction.

Sometimes, not very often, a sudden burst of energy brings more results than years of steady toil. A prospector wanders about for weeks or months, never seeing a human face, and undergoing all privations imaginable. Finally, he discovers gold, enough gold to make him a millionaire. We do not begrudge such a man his good fortune. But how often do prospectors tramp the wild country without the hoped-for reward?

Once gold has been found somewhere, men swarm to that place, as they hope to become rich more quickly than they would be remaining at home. There is something, not very much, to be said for these men, for they face certain hardships, and risk losing their position without any recompense.

There is a class of people with whom I have no sympathy whatever. I refer to those who gamble everything they have in the hope of quick, easy, and bountiful returns. There are many respectable men who either make their living or supplement their income by wise investments, but they do so after long and intense study. Some people, however, fooled by sensational reports, invest all their property in one concern—and they generally lose it. We need only look back in history, and we instantly remember the events connected with the "South Sea Bubble," when the desire to gain fabulous

(Continued on Page 31)

EDITOR: Mary Schramm.

COMMITTEE: Louis Munro, Maureen Ride, Pat Saltmarsh, Heather Fairbairn, Rudolph Plehwe.

Margaret Cox, Val Munro, Valerie Court, Priscilla Smith, Pat Burns, Joan Williams, Noelene Brown, Nancy Stokes.
BOYS: Stuart Hobson, Walter Sutherland, Lyn Hastie, Dougall Skeggs, Kelvin Wadley, Peter Handley, Don Reid, Bill Haas.

HOUSE CAPTAINS

ARTHUR: Janet Jeck, Don Reid.
WILMOT: Margaret Cox, John Houston.
FRANKLIN: Robin Pedley, Kevin Manzoney.
SORELL: Shirley Matthews, Stuart Hobson.

SPEECH NIGHT

The School's Annual Speech Night and distribution of prizes was held in the Albert Hall on Monday, December 20th, 1954, in the presence of the Hon. J. L. Madden, M.H.A., Treasurer and Minister for Transport, and Mr. L. F. Briggs, B.A.

The choir, conducted by Miss Douglas, and accompanied by Miss Leta Aulich, sang a group of songs, "He shall Feed His Flock," from the "Messiah" (Handel); "Beauty Lately," from "Aleina" (Handel) and "Nineteen Birds," Canon (Rathbone). The girls gave a physical education display of interpretive dancing, "Driving Horses" by the juniors and the "Waltz of the Flowers" by the seniors. The boys' physical education display consisted of vaulting. The senior girls sang and danced three German Folk Songs. The school orchestra, conducted by Mr. A. A. Riley, played Dvorak's "Humoreske" and two American reels, "Turkey in the Straw" and "The Arkansas Traveller."

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

GENERAL PRIZE LIST

PRIZES FOR GENERAL MERIT (given by Mr. T. G. Johnston): Margaret Pullen, Arnold Canon.
PRIZES FOR GENERAL MERIT, SCHOOLS' BOARD CLASSES (given by Parents' Association): Robin Pedley, Dalziel Wilson, John Tilley.
ATTITUDE AND INFLUENCE PRIZES (given by Messrs. Ludbrooks Pty. Ltd.): Phyllis Burness, Mary Neale, John Beswick.
PRIZES FOR GENERAL MERIT, C Class (given by Mr. A. A. Thorne and Mr. T. Garrott): Jill Surridge, Max Wilson.
JOAN INGLIS MEMORIAL PRIZE (given by Mr. G. Tutchinson): Ruth Giblin.
BEST PASS IN MATRICULATION EXAMINATION, 1953 (given by Parents' Association): Margaret Morrison, Donald Colgrave.
BEST PASS IN SCHOOLS' BOARD EXAMINATION, 1953 (given by Parents' Association): Margaret Pullen, John Witt.
PEGGY PEDLEY MEMORIAL PRIZE (given by Mrs. S. Taylor): Maureen Ride.
PRIZE FOR SPECIAL SERVICE TO SCHOOL: LIBRARY: Elizabeth Callaway.
PIANISTS: Senior, Lita Aulich; Junior, Margaret Rawson.

CLASS PRIZE LIST

A1 (given by Old Scholars' Assn.): Mary Neale.
A2: Geoffrey Symonds.
B1 (given by Messrs A. W. Birchall & Sons Pty. Ltd.): Valerie Court.
B2 (given by Mr. A. J. Woolcock): Pamela Haas.
B3 (given by Parents' Assn.): Shirley Matthews.
B4: Pamela McQuestin.
C1: Rudolph Plehwe.
C2: Joan Haywood.

C3: Jennette O'Connor.
C4: Janice Exton.
C5: Patricia Ryan.
D1: Kim Rose.
D2: Gwynneth Rees.
D3: Joy Muller.
D4: Adrian Jowett.
D5: Norma Davis.
D6: Janice Saunders.
E1: Robert Green.
E2: Lynette Barber.
E3: Heather Musgrave.
E4: Karla Plehwe.
E5: Marlene Forsyth.
E6: Judith McLean.

SUBJECT PRIZES

MATRICULATION EXAMINATION, 1953
ENGLISH (given by Telegraph Printery): Janet Jessop.
HISTORY (given by Miss Mary Fisher): Donald Colgrave, Thelma Cox (eq.).
FRENCH (given by the Hon. Lucy Grounds, M.L.C.): Margaret Morrison.
CHEMISTRY (given by Messrs. Hatton & Laws): Bruce Schramm.
SCHOOLS' BOARD EXAMINATION, 1954
ENGLISH LITERATURE (given by Mr. A. D. Foot): Margaret Cox.
COMMERCE (given by Messrs McKinlays Pty. Ltd.): Judith Barton.
SHORTHAND and TYPING (given by Messrs. J. P. Sullivan & Sons Pty. Ltd.): Beverley Talbot.

ATHLETICS

GIRLS

OPEN CHAMPIONSHIP: Jeanette Evans.
UNDER 15 CHAMPIONSHIP: Anne Harrington.
UNDER 13 CHAMPIONSHIP: Gwynneth Rees.
FIELD GAMES CHAMPIONSHIPS:
OPEN: Marilyn Shaddock.
UNDER 15: Kaye Webber.
UNDER 13: Dianne Williams.
SWIMMING CHAMPIONSHIPS:
OPEN: Lynette O'Connor.
UNDER 15: Joan Purse.
UNDER 14: Suzanne Phillips and Lynette Holloway.
UNDER 13: Margaret Church.
TENNIS:
SENIOR GIRL CHAMPION: Lynette Holloway.
JUNIOR GIRL CHAMPION: Lynette Holloway.

Boys

OPEN CHAMPIONSHIP: John Cocker.
UNDER 15 CHAMPIONSHIP: Bruce de Santo and John Waldron.
UNDER 13 CHAMPIONSHIP: Ronald Tarr.
FIELD GAMES CHAMPIONSHIPS:
OPEN: Dugald Skeggs.
UNDER 15: Lindsay Hardy.
UNDER 13: Ronald Tarr.
SWIMMING CHAMPIONSHIPS:
OPEN: Stuart Hobson.
UNDER 16: Ben Bishop and Llewyn Evans.
UNDER 14: Alan Evans.
TENNIS:
SENIOR BOY CHAMPION: Max Wilson.
JUNIOR BOY CHAMPION: Gerald Barnard.
FOOTBALL (donated by Launceston Football Club): Dugald Skeggs.
CRICKET: Lin Sutherland.
HOCKEY (donated by Churinga Hockey Club): Robert McNeil.
RIFLE SHOOTING (donated by Col. W. Fotheringham): Geoffrey Ayling.

**PREFECTS**

Back Row: Don Read, Bill Haas, Peter Handley, Stuart Hobson.
 Third Row: Janet Peck, Margot Rosenbrock, Walter Sutherland, Nancye Stokes, Robin Pedley.
 Second Row: Priscilla Smith, Noelene Brown, Shirley Matthews, Valerie Munro, Valerie Court, Pat Burns, Joan Williams.
 Front Row: Pam Haas, Dugald Skeggs, Margaret Cox, Malcolm Hooper, Mr. Amos, Dal Wilson, Kelvin Wadley, Shirley Andrews, Lyn Hastie.

MATRICULATION EXAMINATIONS, 1953

John Butler, Thelma Cox, Donald Colgrave, Joe Callaway, Phillip Cowie, Anne Hanson, James Hart, Janet Jessop, Ian Lancaster, Roxley McCormack, May Murdock, Ronda Mullen, Margaret Morrison, Beverley Richardson, Jennifer Reeves, Bruce Schramm, John Trail, Patricia Wrightson.

UNIVERSITY SCHOLARSHIPS AND PRIZES, 1953

UNIVERSITY ENTRANCE SCHOLARSHIP: Margaret Morrison (8).

GILCHRIST WATT SCHOLARSHIP (Latin): Margaret Morrison (1).

JANE CHRISTINE HOGG SCHOLARSHIP: Gale Scott (1), Margaret Morrison (3).

SIR RICHARD DRY EXHIBITION: Margaret Morrison (2).

BURSARIES

SENIOR CITY: Leslie Bishop, Geoffrey Symonds, Margaret Pullen, Phyllis Burness.

SENIOR COUNTRY: Athol Hookway, Elizabeth Walkden.

JUNIOR CITY: Jill Surridge.

JUNIOR COUNTRY: Gary Frater.

FRED MILSON C.T.A. SCHOLARSHIP: Ray Johnstone.

Parents' and Friends Association**WHO'S WHO**

PATRON: Mr. W. C. Morris, O.B.E., B.A.
 PRESIDENT: Mr. R. E. Hingston.

VICE-PRESIDENTS: Messrs. A. S. Atkinson and G. A. Walsh.

HON. SECRETARY: Mrs. S. K. Turnbull.

HON. ASSISTANT SECRETARY: Mr. C. Brown.

SOCIAL SECRETARIES: Mrs. E. Atherton and Mrs. G. M. Summers.

TREASURER: Mr. C. B. Muffett.

This year, the Parents' and Friends' Association has been exceedingly active. Meetings held in the Library on the second Monday in each month have been well attended.

This year the sum of £470 was raised by Direct Giving (a record) and the total revenue for the year was £513.

During the 1955, the following equipment has been purchased by the Association: A new piano, eleven pictures, set of football guernseys and socks, a new stage curtain, hockey uniforms, curtains for H.A.C. block, arm chairs, tennis nets, hockey sticks, prizes, and an Electrolux cleaner.

The above items have involved an expenditure of approximately £584.

A cordial invitation is extended to all Parents and Friends to join in the important work of providing better educational facilities for the pupils. The Association has been very actively interested in educational problems and has worked hard to foster and develop closer co-operation between school and the home.

**CLASS A1**

Back Row: Peter Jones, George Richardson, Peter Brown, John Lamb, Tony Hogg, Glenn Pullen, John Treloggen.
 Third Row: Margaret Steel, Helen Atherton, Dugald Skeggs, Malcolm Hooper, Walter Sutherland, Peter Handley, Colleen Fitzgerald, Janice Towns, Robin Abel.
 Second Row: Noelene Brown, Dal Wilson, Pam Haas, Margaret Cox, Pat Burns, Shirley Andrews, Joan Williams.
 Front Row: Bill Haas, Shirley Matthews, Margot Rosenbrock, Janet Peck, Mrs. Dean, Nancye Stokes, Val Munro, Robin Pedley, Stuart Hobson.

*Activities***FILM GROUP**

The aim of the group has been to study films from the point of view of appreciation.

Some of the world's greatest documentary films have been shown, e.g., "Wind from the West," "Rhythm of a City," "Why We Fight Series," and "The World is Rich." As well as this, full-length feature films such as "Mandy," "Great Expectations," "Odette," "Appointment With Venus," and "The Three Waltzes" have been screened throughout the year.

As the membership has been over 50, a more active and smaller group is desired next year. Numbers will be limited to between 20-30 so that a really detailed study can be made.

People desirous of joining this group may get further information from Mr. Baker.

CHESS CLUB

The interest in chess this year has not been as great as usual. There were 24 members to begin the year, but this has fallen off to leave the club with only 13 members. Despite our small numbers, the standard of chess has been reasonable, with a few good players. Robert Atkinson is the club champion, K. Chick is runner-up. A match was arranged with Tech. in the 3rd term, which, at the time of writing, stands at four matches to two in our favour, with two matches unfinished. The team was: R. Atkinson, K. Chick, F. Willis, B. Walkley, K. Anderson, J. Exton, R. Abel, B. Lister.

We are grateful to Mr. Askeland for his able leadership.



CLASS A2

Front Row: Kelvin Wadley, Judy Coote, Valerie Court, Mr. Askeland, Priscilla Smith, Mary Schramm, Don Read.
Back Row: Michael Cooper, Tony Hay, Jeff Stephens, David Stanley, Lionel Hughes, John Large, Lyn Hastie, Eric Ratcliffe, Brian Morling.

Activities

DRAMA GROUP

During second term this year members of the Drama Group gained much enjoyment from the production of a play for the Youth Drama Festival held in August. Our entry, "Sunday Costs Five Pesos," failed to bring home the bacon, but was thoroughly enjoyed by audience and players alike. Members of the cast were Carol Bull, Tony Kettle, Jennifer Hobson, Margaret Flood and Joy Muller. The same group were pleased to assist the United Nations' Appeal for Children by a second performance of "Sunday Costs Five Pesos" at a concert held at the National Theatre early in this term.

Several new faces will be seen in the one-act play, "Presented Without Courtesy," which is now being rehearsed and in our Christmas play, whose arrival from Melbourne we are anxiously awaiting.

Throughout the year keen interest has been shown in stage-craft, make-up, and costuming, and special tribute must here be paid to the energy and initiative of Robert Green and his "backstage boys" in that work which is often overlooked, but without which the play cannot go on.

HIGH SCHOOL V.A.D. CADET DETACHMENT

We are pleased to report that a Junior V.A.D. Detachment was formed early in the present year.

The year commenced with a membership of 48 divided into four sections each of 12 members under a Section Leader. During the year we have attended courses of instruction in the rudiments of a Voluntary Aid Detachment, First Aid Lectures and 34 candidates sat for an examination in this subject but as yet the results are not to hand. At present we are attending a series of Home Nursing lectures and hope to sit for an examination later on in the year.

We held a street stall early in the year and one on the 5th of November, proceeds of both stalls being towards uniforms and equipment for our Detachment.

Our special thanks are extended to Mesdames Claridge and Rundle for their assistance and to Mr. Amos for his co-operation and assistance at all times, and to Mrs. Doreen Patmore, the Commandant of our School V.A.D. Detachment.

DISCUSSION GROUP REPORT

In its second year, the Discussion Group, nominally which was considered by some to be the most careful guidance of Mr. Bailey, has successfully proved the merits of the new techniques of group discussion introduced to us for the first time last year.

The discussions this year have, in general, been more constructive and informal than before, mainly due to the loss of our pupil-teacher complex, the rotation of leadership among the members of the group, and the enjoyable change of environment provided by the fireplace in Rm. II, our official home, the coldness but intimacy of the Alcove, the walks and lawns at Royal Park, and the thought-provoking atmosphere of the Library. We have attempted to assess our own worth as a group by appointing each week, besides a leader, a recorder to correlate and preserve conclusions (even if they are "the question requires further study") and an analyser to observe and advise on the attitudes and methods of our group.

Early in the year, Dr. Bream of the University of Pennsylvania, an expert in group dynamics, visited the school and gave us some helpful advice on the basic principles of our art.

A feature of this year's activities has been our close and beneficial contact with the members of the Technical High School discussion group and Mrs. Berwick. We have had a number of very enjoyable discussions with them on subjects ranging from matters of international importance to local topics of interest only to those associated with our schools.

During the latter part of the second term, we somewhat unexpectedly became hosts for the inter-High Discussions. It was generally agreed by those in a position to judge that this year's discussions showed considerable advance on the highly successful first series held last year. This was possibly due to the fact that we were able to meet informally, choose our own topics, and introduce to some groups for the first time the roles of recorder, observer and leader, at a supper held on the night of our visitors' arrival, which was considered by some to be the most successful function of the visit. The two discussions on "the media of radio, films and literature being used to best advantage" and "are the stakes of war worth the price we pay"

THE KING ISLAND SOLDIER SETTLEMENT

The Soldier Settlement on King Island, begun after the Second World War, is making rapid strides.

On a recent trip down the south end of the island we noticed that the land varied amazingly. For instance, as we went through Yarra Creek settlement on the way to Naracoopa some land was turned over, and clay mixed with grey sand could be seen. Of course, when we saw it, we wondered how they expected to transform that useless-looking soil. Yet, in the next paddock, clover was springing up making a good show for itself. In all districts the poorest country is being used for sheep, other holdings for dairying. Last year, however, many sheep died because of a cobalt deficiency, but most of the sheep we saw the other day looked from fair to good.

Approximately fifty of these new farms are

were held in the morning, with Mrs. Leigh Cook, of M.L.C., acting as "outside" observer and critic. In the afternoon we were taken on an interesting coach tour of the Trevallyn Power Development and the day ended with a successful social organised by the prefects.

It is to be hoped that those intrepid enough to carry on the work next year will enjoy themselves as least as much as we have, and will even further erase the memory of the "bad old days" of historians and inflexible opinion.

JUNIOR RED CROSS

This year has been a very successful one concerning the movements of the Junior Red Cross. At the beginning of the year, 70 members were enrolled. At the first meeting of the year, the following officers were elected: President, Cynthia Farrow; vice-president, Inez Scott; secretary, Enir Sagar; and treasurer, Pam Marshall.

Every Tuesday afternoon during activity period, about 20 members of the Junior Red Cross inally under its own leadership but always with people. A woollen rug has been knitted for Korea, a portfolio of pictures compiled to be sent to Texas, 400-odd filter bags for the blood bank, as well as dozens of other articles such as baby's singlets, booties, mittens and pixie bonnets, etc.

One evening during the second term, we visited St. Giles, where several students gave a concert to entertain the crippled children. 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. A word of thanks is also extended to Mr. M. Murray, who gave up his time to come and play the bagpipes.

Many of our members enjoyed a hike to the St. Leonards picnic ground during the first term.

Miss Robson, from the Red Cross, came and gave us a lecture on the various movements and activities of the Red Cross Society throughout the world.

This year we are filling Christmas boxes, which are to be sent to America, in return for those which they have sent to Australia in previous years.

We would like to take this opportunity of thanking Miss Bushby for the untiring way in which she has devoted herself as leader.

under production, some for several years now; but there is still much virgin land to be cleared.

There are very many new roads and though my parents have lived on the island for more than twenty years we lost ourselves, took the wrong turning, and the road which we were following came to a dead-end where the construction is not yet completed.

The very large timber was burn in the fire which swept the island about 1880. Before the great fire a company was working here under contract to supply paving blocks. All that now remains are gaunt blackened stumps.

The abattoirs construction is complete and started production early in December last year and the meat is freighted out.

With the farms cleared and under production, the abattoirs and the butter factory working to capacity, the scheelite mine and the crayfish industry, King Island shows promise of becoming one of Australia's most prosperous communities.

—PAT LOTT, E4, Franklin.



ARTHUR GIRLS

At the beginning of the year, Dal Wilson was elected House Captain and Janet Peck, House Secretary, but after Dal became Head Prefect these positions were assumed by Janet Peck and Valerie Court respectively. In the Junior House, Janet Davis was elected Captain and Betty Frankcombe, Secretary.

We have been very successful this year, winning both the Athletic and Swimming sports, and our success is due mainly to the fine team spirit prevalent throughout the house. Our congratulations go to Lynn Holloway, Open Field Games champion; Beth Gibson, under 13 Athletic champion and Enid Sagar, under 15 Swimming champion, and we wish you continued success.

The House Talent Quest was most successful and we are confident that it will continue to be a source of interest and competition. Congratulations, Wilmot, on an outstanding performance and a well-deserved win!

Arthur House has been well represented both on the Board of Prefects and in the school teams.

Prefects: Dal Wilson (Head Prefect), Janet Peck, Valerie Court, Priscilla Smith, Nancye Stokes and Pat Burns.

Basketball: L. Holloway, B. Frankcombe, S. McEnnulty, P. Burns, L. O'Brien.

Hockey: D. Wilson (capt.), B. Healy, E. Sagar, I. Scott, P. MacIver.

Softball: B. Frankcombe, K. Dedshaw, S. McEnnulty, L. Cox.

Tennis: L. Holloway (capt.); B. Healy.

Discussion: P. Smith.

We would like to thank Mrs. Holloway and Mrs. Dean for their valuable assistance and splendid encouragement throughout the year.

ARTHUR BOYS

At the first house meeting, Don Read was elected House Captain, Walter Sutherland, vice-captain, with Graeme Moore as the House Secretary.

Arthur started off well by winning the swimming sports, and then added another success by winning the Athletic Sports.

In the winter and summer sports, the house has been well represented.

Football: D. Read (vice-capt.), I. Shields, R. Sutherland, G. Moore, D. Stanley.

Cricket: R. Sutherland (vice-capt.), I. Shields, W. Sutherland, J. Sagar, M. Middleton, G. Moore.

Hockey: W. Sutherland, M. Wilson, T. Haig.

Tennis: M. Wilson (capt.), D. Read.

Prefects' Board: D. Read, W. Sutherland.

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

FRANKLIN GIRLS

At the first meeting of the House this year, Robin Pedley was elected House Captain and Sandra Fowler House Secretary.

We would like to congratulate Sorrell on winning the Swimming Sports this year. Noel Matherson shows promise as a swimmer, by winning the under 13 championship.

Although we were last in the Athletic Sports, Mavis Cook and Jennifer Ridges did well to win the under 13 field games, under 15 championship respectively. Our congratulations to Arthur on their win.

This year's House Talent Contest augurs well for future years and Wilmot has set a very high standard. Jennifer Thomas and Jimmy Reid helped to make ours enjoyable.

Our congratulations to our House Hockey team in reaching the finals of the Junior Hockey final. Keep it up next year.

We would like to thank Miss Royle and Miss Milburne for their interest and help this year.

Representatives in school teams are as follows: Softball: M. Blewett, I. Haywood, J. Brett, S. Payers.

Tennis: A. Marquard, A. Johnson, R. Pedley.

Hockey: M. Blewett, D. Caimpton, S. Fowler, B. McLarrar.

Basketball: R. Pedley.

Discussion Group: S. M. Schramm.

Members of Prefects' Board: S. Andrews, R. Pedley.

FRANKLIN BOYS

At the first House meeting Kevin Manzoney was elected House Captain and Robert Osborne, Secretary.

Due to the lack of senior scholars we did not do as well as expected in the Swimming and Athletic Sports.

The House was represented in the first's teams by—

Football: K. Manzoney, R. Nobes, R. Osborne, D. Stewart and R. Thompson.

Cricket: R. Nobes, D. Walkden.

Tennis: K. Manzoney.

Tennis: K. Manzoney.

Hockey: J. Padersen.

Franklin would like to thank Mr. Haywood for the interest he has shown in our House during the year.

SORELL GIRLS

At our first meeting this year Shirley Matthews was elected House Captain and Val Munro House Secretary. In the Junior House, Betty French was elected Captain and June Kerrison, Secretary.

We gained second place in the Swimming Sports held early in the year, and also the Athletic Sports. We congratulate Arthur on their wins.

Owing to the abundance of talent we came second in the House Concert which was introduced this year for the first time. It proved an

outstanding success. We would like to congratulate Wilmot on their fine win.

Our representatives on the Prefect Board were Joan Williams, Pam Haas, Noelene Brown, Val Munro and Shirley Matthews, while our representatives in the school teams were:

Hockey: Val Munro (vice-capt.), Pam Haas.

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

Softball: Shirley Matthews (capt.), Kaye Matthews, Judy Williams, Betty French.

We would like to thank Miss Miller and Miss Record for their encouragement and valuable assistance throughout the year.

SORELL BOYS

This year Stuart Hobson was elected House Captain, with Malcolm Hooper as Secretary and Jeff Stephens as the third committeeman. Malcolm also gained the distinction and honour of becoming Head Prefect. This year we have three prefects chosen from this House. We have done quite well in school activities this year, coming a very close second in the Swimming Sports and again second in the Athletic Sports. Yet another second position was gained in the House Talent Quest. This placed us, at the end of the second term, second on the House ladder.

The members in school teams are:

Football: K. Wadley, M. Hooper, M. Cooper, R. Bailey, R. Johnson, G. Barnard.

Hockey: J. Stephens, S. Hobson, G. Richardson, R. Hodgeman.

Tennis: K. Wadley, M. Cooper, N. Armstrong, G. Barnard, M. O'Callaghan.

Cricket: R. Bailey, W. Button.

The House members have competed in all school events with good spirit and enthusiasm. Finally we wish to thank Mr. Bailey for his guidance and help during the past year.

WILMOT HOUSE GIRLS

At the beginning of the year, Margaret Cox was elected Senior House Captain and Valma Best, Secretary, with Marianne Ratcliff and Josephine Guy, Junior Captain and Secretary respectively. All members have shown interest and co-operation.

We have had little success in either the Athletic or Swimming sports, although we were winning at the end of the first day in the former.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS

A layer of cumulus excluded the view for about five minutes, until once again we were flying in clear sky, with dazzling sunlight penetrating the thick panes of glass. "Fasten your safety belts, please" I gave an involuntary jump and apologised hastily to the air hostess for my inattention. I then sat with my eyes glued to the window, watching Hobart gradually enlarge as we approached. We were landing, and, in a matter of minutes speeding along the runway. At last the engines stopped throbbing as the machine came to a halt, its propellers steady once again after their terrific turning through space.

My first impression of Hobart was that of a big and busy city, impersonal and gay in that burst of summer sunshine, but my impressions changed after a week in the capital city. On

However, some of our girls did very well in their sections; Kaye Webber was Open Field Games Champion and Diane Young under 13 Field Games Champion. We would like to congratulate Arthur on their very fine wins in both carnivals.

We have had successes in other directions—Wilmot won the Talent Quest, with a very fine performance, and also the inter-House Volley Ball roster. We hope this new idea of a concert will continue in the school.

Representatives in First Sports Teams are as follows:

Basketball: Marlene Forsythe.

Tennis: Kaye Webber, Adrienne Cox.

Hockey: Helen Atherton, Jacqueline Ingles.

Discussion: Margaret Cox.

We are represented on the Prefects' Board by Margaret Cox and Margot Rosenbrock.

We would like to extend our thanks to Miss Bushby and Miss Tucker for their help and encouragement.

WILMOT HOUSE BOYS

At the beginning of the year John Houston was re-elected House Captain, while Dugald Skeggs was re-elected House Secretary.

Our House was well represented in Senior Teams this year. Although our House fared badly in both the Athletic and Swimming Carnivals, we were well represented; J.L. Robinson and N. Walsh both champions in the under 16 and under 14 groups respectively in the Swimming Carnival, while in Athletics D. Skeggs, Open Fields' Game champion, P. Bitcheno equal under 15 Field Games champion, Lindsay Morling, under 13 Field Games champion. Congratulations to all other competitors in Wilmot House and congratulations to Arthur House on their fine double win.

Representatives in Senior Teams were:

Football: J. Houston (capt.), D. Skeggs, P. McGee, J. Forward, B. De Santo, B. Morling.

Cricket: J. Houston (capt.), P. McGee, P. Bitcheno.

Hockey: L. Hastie (capt.), P. Handley, H. Townsend.

Discussion Group: P. Brown, E. Ratcliffe.

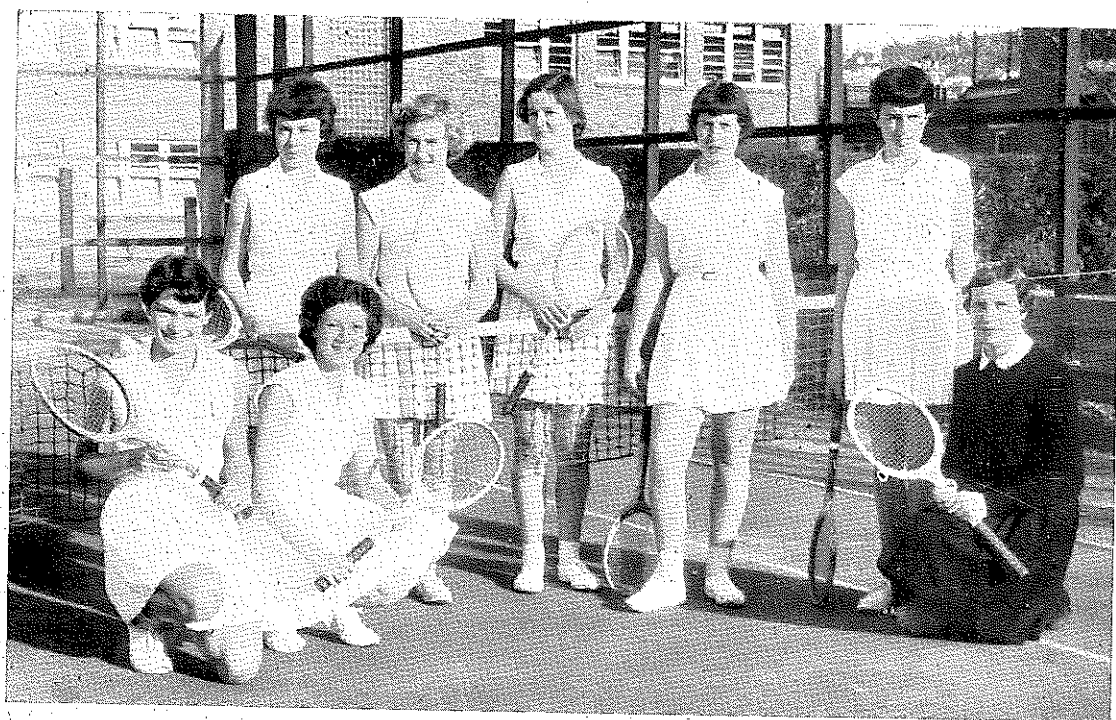
We would like to thank Mr. Clarke for the great interest he has shown in us this past year. Best luck to Mr. Clarke and Wilmot House in the coming year.

the second day of my stay in Elizabeth Street it began to rain, and this rain continued for five more days. Dreary, depressing days they were, in the heart of a big city, and I yearned for the sight of green fields and the pungent smell of the bush. The parks were my only escape from the greyness that I had come to hate. I could not help delighting in the picture they made early in the mornings, with the droplets of rain hanging precariously on the ends of the delicate branches of the trees.

I left Hobart with mixed impressions; the impression of dreariness uppermost in my mind. If I again had the opportunity of a visit I should look forward with pleasure to seeing a sunny Hobart, as it looked when I saw it for the first time that morning from the 'plane.

—CARLEEN CAMERON.

Girls' Tennis



Standing: Adrienne Cox, Beth Healey, Robin Pedley, Annette Marquand, Kay Webber.
Kneeling: Lyn Holloway, Kay Johnson, Miss Lyons.

GIRLS' TENNIS

This year the tennis team was successful in winning the inter-High School tennis premiership. We defeated Hobart High in the semi-final on our home courts and then travelled to Devonport when we defeated Devonport High, 5 rubbers to 4.

For further practice this season we have entered an A and a B Grade team in the City and Suburban pennants. In the A Grade we are represented by Miss Lyons, Miss Deane, A. Marquand, L. Holloway, Mr. Williams, Mr. Bailey, Max Wilson and Gerald Barnard. Our B Grade consists of B. Healey, A. Johnson, K. Webber, A. Cox, K. Wadley, M. O'Callaghan, N. Armstrong, and D. Reid.

We would like to extend our thanks and gratitude to Miss Lyons for all the time she has spent in coaching us.

LYNNE HOLLOWAY (captain). Lynne has had a most successful tennis season this year. Her strokes are mostly sound, but lacks a certain confidence on her backhand. Otherwise her play and court ability are outstanding.

ANNETTE MARQUAND (vice-captain). Similarly Annette has had a very successful tennis season. She is a fluent stroke maker, but at times her ground strokes become erratic. Annette has a powerful and well-controlled serve.

BETH HEALEY. Beth has played very consistently throughout the season. Her perform-

ances during the inter-High matches were good. Beth has a steady all-round game, and covers the court well.

DENISE BARBER. Denise shows lots of promise as a tennis player. She strokes correctly and places her shots well. Denise has a natural serve and uses it to advantage.

ANNE JOHNSON. Anne perhaps is the most correct stroke maker in the team, but lacks confidence in close matches. Otherwise she is promising.

KAYE WEBBER. Kaye has played well this year but lacks consistency in her game. Her ground strokes become erratic at times, otherwise her play is good.

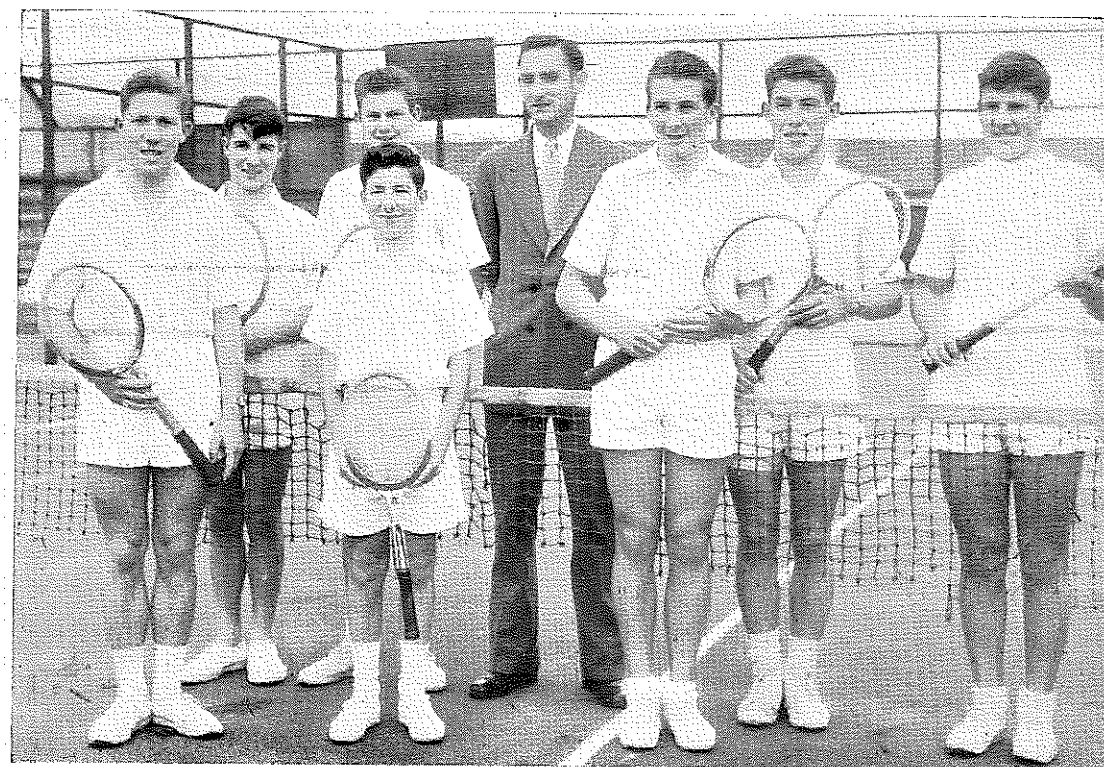
ADRIENNE COX. Adrienne is a promising young player. Her forehand and backhand strokes are good and reliable, but her serve needs strengthening.

ROBIN PEDLEY. Robin is the most improved player in the school team. She has developed into a reliable hard-hitting player.

ANNETTE MARQUAND and **LYNNE HOLLOWAY** were chosen to represent the North in the annual N. v. S. T.L.T.A.A. matches.

In the Tasmanian school children's championships A. Marquand won under 16 doubles, L. Holloway won under 15 doubles, A. Johnson won under 14 doubles, L. Holloway won under 15 singles, L. Holloway won open mixed doubles.

Boys' Tennis



Back Row: Gerald Barnard, Max Wilson (capt.), Mr. Williams, Kevin Manzoney, Michael Cooper.
Front Row: Don Read, Michael Callaghan, Kelvin Wadley.

MAX WILSON. A steady player with a well-developed backhand and forehand. He has played well for the school and shows promise of further development. Open Champion, 1954.

KELVIN WADLEY. Has a strong service and volleys well. His ground strokes are consistent and aggressive.

GERALD BARNARD. A greatly improved player with an excellent backhand. His service and volley are reliable and he should develop into a top-line tennis player.

MICHAEL COOPER: A very tenacious player who never gives up. His forehand is particularly strong and he is a steadying influence in doubles.

MICHAEL O'CALLAGHAN. The smallest player in the team but a great fighter. He has good strokes which should carry him far in the future.

DON READ. Nice strokes but sometimes erratic. Don could move more quickly about the court. A steady doubles player.

NOEL ARMSTRONG. A player with quite good strokes, but lacks consistency.

KEVEN MANZONEY. Has played very little tennis but has done remarkably well.

The team wishes to express its gratitude for the invaluable coaching and organising done by Mr. Williams.

SPRING MORNING

The sun came out and kissed the earth
Smiled paternally, blessed it all.
Stealing stealthily through the shade
Till he came to a sheltered glade
And twittering birds made call.
Here the hawthorn blossoms flitted
Dancing gaily with the breeze
Pirouetting, shyly peeping
Dropping, rising, turning, leaping
Where the babbling brook was keeping
Time beneath the trees.
Here the golden honey-bee
Buzzes busy 'neath the bower
Pauses, hovers, takes delight
Happy, humming at the sight
Of the store hid 'neath the white
Of the hawthorn flower.
Drowsy sun benignly smiled
Over gold and white and green
Wishing wistfully to stay
Leaving just one golden ray
Then he softly crept away
And all was quite serene.

BARBARA JEFFREY, B4, Arthur.

Softball



Back Row: Cathy Redshaw, Barbara Sayers, Joan Hayward, Maureen Bluett, Miss Honeysett, Betty Frankcombe, Judy Williams, Kaye Matthews.
Front Row: Loraine Cox, Betty French, Shirley Matthews, Jill McEnnulty.

SHIRLEY MATTHEWS: Captain and pitcher. Shirley's experience and wide knowledge of the game has been a great asset to the team. She is a most reliable captain and pitcher and can be depended upon to hit home runs.

BETTY FRENCH: Vice-captain and catcher. Betty, behind home plate, was a most consistent player. She was always very calm and quick to move to the ball and allowed very few balls to pass her. Her throws to the bases, particularly 2nd base was responsible for many players being tagged out.

Shirley as pitcher, and Betty as catcher showed great understanding and combined wonderfully together.

JENNIFER BRETT, 1st base. Jennifer was a new member to the team this year. For her first season she played remarkably well but lacked experience. She had a strong throw to other bases and was capable of hitting home runs.

KAY MATTHEWS, 2nd base. Kaye has proved herself to be a very good softball player. She is an excellent fielder but lacks experience in batting.

MAUREEN BLUETT, 3rd base. Throughout the season Maureen played consistently and the experience she gained this year should help her greatly next year. She handles a ball nicely

but is sometimes a little slow in moving to meet the ball.

BARBARA SAYERS, short stop. Barbara played in her first inter-High School match this year. She is a very promising player but lacks experience.

JOAN HAYWARD, left outfield. Joan is a calm and steady player. Her fielding is always most reliable and has an accurate and strong throw from the outfield into the bases.

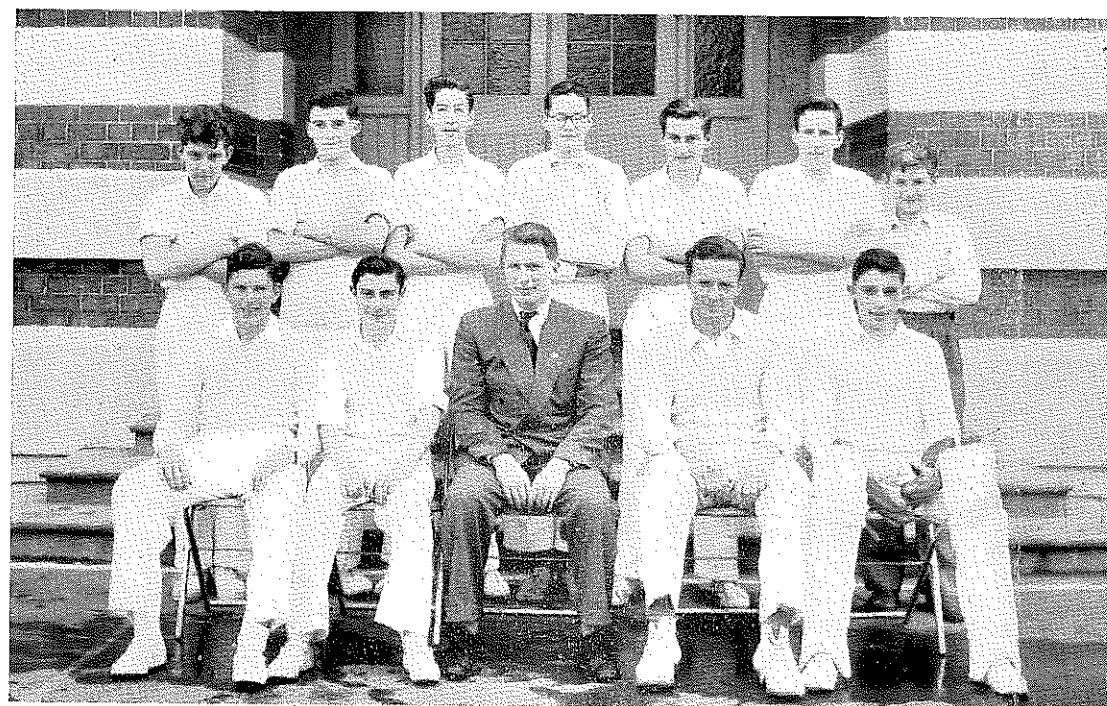
BETTY FRANKCOMBE, centre outfield. Betty is capable of being a good softball player. She has a good hard hit that usually results in a home run, but her throwing, although strong, is often erratic.

JILL McENNULTY, right outfield. Jill has played very well during the softball season, but lacks confidence in inter-High School matches.

JUDY WILLIAMS and **CATHY REDSHAW,** emergencies. These players fully deserved their inclusion in the team. They have shown great promise and should benefit from the experience gained.

Although the team did not win any inter-High School matches, they played consistently throughout the season and remained unbeaten to win the Northern Schoolgirls' premiership. They were a young team with only two members from the 1954 team playing. With more match play this team should play well in the 1955-56 season.

Cricket



Back Row: Michael Middleton, John Sagar, Ian Shields, Douglas Walkdon, Roger Nobes, Graeme Moore, Wayne Williams.
Front Row: Ray Bailey, Robin Sutherland, Mr. Ward, John Houston, Walter Sutherland

CRICKET XI

Our cricket eleven showed up very well this year. In the first inter-High cricket match we won a very close contest. Then the stage was set for our encounter with the great Ogilvie High. Ogilvie won the toss and sent Launceston in to bat on a perfect wicket. High was soon floundering and were all out for 75 runs.

Ogilvie then batted and after the first two overs were three wickets for one run. Then it was a procession of batsmen between the pavilion and the wicket until the score read 9 wickets for 28 runs. Then in a desperate last wicket stand, 40 runs were added before the last wicket fell. Launceston High won the match by seven runs. This meant that we were State premiers.

CRITICISMS

J. HOUSTON, captain. Very fast and accurate opening bowler. Aggressive batsman and a safe slips field. A first-class captain and all-round cricketer.

R. SUTHERLAND, vice-captain. Attacking and versatile right-hand batsman. As a bowler he can spin the ball both ways, but is some times erratic.

W. SUTHERLAND: A very safe wicketkeeper and spirited batsman. Wally has been a great asset to the team.

R. BAILEY: An attractive left-handed batsman, particularly severe to leg and into the

covers. When Ray develops better footwork against spin bowlers he will be a first-class batsman. He is very quick and agile in slips.

M. MIDDLETON: Fast opening bowler with a very relaxed run-up and delivery. Mick can swing the ball both ways and has a well disguised slower ball.

J. SAGAR: The most stylish batsman in the team. John is very slow to settle down. A more confident approach to the first few overs would improve his cricket tremendously. His fielding at forward short leg was a feature of last season.

I. SHIELDS: Ian is a technically correct batsman, with a wide range of strokes. However, he needs more practice against fast bowling.

G. MOORE: A first-class bowler with excellent control of spin, length and pace.

R. NOBES: Roger is an aggressive batsman and one of the best fielders in the team. This season he is showing promise as a fine wicket-keeper.

W. WILLIAMS: Wayne is a young batsman of great potential. There seems little doubt that he will develop into a fine batsman.

D. WALKDEN: Doug is an opening bat who is very wristy behind the wicket. This season he is showing more power in his drives although his footwork is sometimes unsure.

We all give our vote of thanks to Mr. Ward for his fine coaching he has given us this year.

Girls' Hockey



Back Row: Enid Sagar, Beth Healey, Helen Atherton, Dal Wilson, Miss Honeysett, Val Munro, Patsy MacIver, Dawn Campton.
Front Row: Bev. McLennan, Maureen Blewett, Sandra Fowler, Pam Haas, Inez Scott, Jackie Ingles.

HOCKEY NOTES

Although the Hockey Team was defeated by M.L.C. for the B Grade premiership, the standard of play improved throughout the season and competition was keen.

In the inter-High School match we were defeated by Devonport High School, a strong team, who gained the year's premiership. We were defeated 5-1, Devonport scoring three fast goals at the beginning, but during the second half we gained more confidence and play was more even. Our girls attacked persistently, never losing hope.

The 1st and 2nd teams would like to thank Miss Blythe for her valuable help, and Miss Honeysett, our coach, for her valuable work.

The Seconds Hockey team lost to Scottsdale. However, the girls learned much by playing against a much stronger team, and many of the girls show promise for next year. Loris Munro was good as goalie; Kay Burns, Nancye Stokes, Janet Peck showing strong, persistent play.

Miss Bushby again this year with her untiring work, built up House Teams of promising juniors and we expect much from these later. In the B. Reserve roster matches, Franklin was defeated in the finals, all teams gaining confidence and enthusiasm during the season.

CRITICISMS

DAL. WILSON: An excellent captain. A reliable and speedy player, in the right half-back position.

VAL MUNRO: Left half-back. Valuable member of team, always reliable. Fast in attack, tackles persistently. (Vice-captain).

SANDRA FOWLER: Centre half-back. Improved throughout season, and plays well in a hard position.

BETH HEALEY: Centre forward. Strong and persistent in attack, always ready in an emergency.

DAWN CAMPTON: Left inner. Fast, competent player. A valuable forward.

BEVERLEY McLENNAN: Right Inner. Excellent stickwork, steady player. Shooting needed improving, but scored only goal against Devonport.

INEZ SCOTT: Left wing. Very fast and reliable, combining well with inner.

JACKIE INGLES: Right wing. Showed most improvement in team, combines well.

ENID SAGAR: Left back. Showed versatility in playing well in new position a few weeks before end of season.

MAUREEN BLEWETT: Right back. Strong, and persistent at clearing ball, needs more speed in attack.

HELEN ATHERTON: Goalie. Improved throughout season, played well against Devonport.

PAM HAAS: Emergency. Good trier, steady player, good centre-forward in Seconds.

PATSY MACLIVER: Emergency. Shows promise in half-back position.



BOYS' HOCKEY

Back Row: George Richardson, Alan Evans, Max Wilson, Jeff Stephens, John Paderson, Lyn Hastie (capt.), Tony Haig, Harry Townsend, Brian Lister.
Front Row: Robert Hodgman, Neil Atkins, Stuart Hobson, Walter Sutherland, Peter Handley, Mr. Haywood.

IT'S WHAT THEY'RE WEARING NOW

It all started when Mrs. Stone Age Brit acquired a new squirrel-tail G-string. But in those far-off days the ladies were not so civilised as they are now. Sincerely believing that imitation is the best form of flattery the local lovelies raised their primitive stone implements, donned Mrs. Stone Age Brit on the head and disrobed her. Undaunted, the naked leader of fashion painted herself with woad and christened the resulting style "the natural line."

Several hundred years later it was considered highly improper to show the smallest speck of ankle, and one's morality was doubted if the neckline started above the midrib. The height of fashions in these good old days was to have the garment made from transparent muslin, and to wear the briefest under-garments as possible.

A later development in the trend toward muslin was to soak the dress in cold water before donning it, thereby ensuring that your curves were shown up in the best possible manner. I am not sure what this fashion was called so I will leave it to the imagination of the reader.

The natural outcome of such semi-nudity was the covered-up look. Long, billowing sleeves and a high neckline with a straight strip of material dangling to the floor effectively concealed any charms which God might have bestowed upon one.

Then that part of the anatomy politely called the derriere came into prominence. Bustles waxed and waned. This was the stuffy unhygienic look. Around the latter half of this, the most disguising of all eras, a peculiar species

was born. This bustless, hipless, practically hairless object was the "flapper." Hemlines went up, waistlines and necklines dropped rapidly . . .

After the Second World War somebody (I forget his name) launched the "New Look." It was really a mild reflection of the Victorian Look but nobody realised that until in the past two years designers pointed the fact out in order to give more allure to their newest "looks."

Ah well! We have survived bikinis, the "little boy" look, the sveite look, the "feminine" look and now look at our reward. The A line. I suppose this craze for the alphabet will continue until women look like teapots in the Q line.

I have a brilliant idea—let's all be nudists—sorry, "naturists."

—HEATHER FAIRBAIRN, B1, Arthur.

THE BLACKBIRD

Oft have I seen the good sun rise
Over the distant eastern hill,
And listened for, and heard the trill
Of blackbirds' note
From downy throat

Soaring till it reached the skies.
I listen long, then comes the sound,
The note that greets me every morn,
Golden as the mellowed corn;

As breezes blow
Soft, to and fro
Rippling o'er the dewy ground.

Basketball



Back Row: Robin Pedley, Pat Burns, Lyn O'Brien, Betty Frankcombe, Kay Matthews.
Front Row: Lyn Holloway, Betty French, Mrs. Holloway, Shirley Matthews (capt.),
Jill McEnnulty.

The basketball team this year gained the semi-final in the inter-High premiership with a comfortable win over Devonport High, but were defeated by Hobart High.

The Greys and Green played extremely well in the N.T.W.B.A., both teams entering B Grade finals but were beaten in very close matches. The Junior Greens also did very well to enter their final.

We would like to thank Mrs. Holloway for her help and valuable coaching throughout the year.

S. MATTHEWS, attack wing, captain. A speedy attack wing who makes good position. Has done admirable work in captaining the team.

B. FRENCH, centre, vice-captain. Has played consistently well throughout the season. She is a "finished" player. Her attacking, defending, passing and ball-handling are good.

L. HOLLOWAY, defence wing. As defence Lynne keeps her opponent well covered. She

is very speedy in attack and her passing is always accurate.

J. McENNULTY, 1st goalie. Jill is quick in making position. She handles the ball well. Has a good pass.

P. BURNS, 2nd goalie. Pat is a reliable member of the team.

B. FRANKCOMBE, 1st defence. Betty defends excellently but quite often her brilliant defending does not help the team because she overthrows the ball.

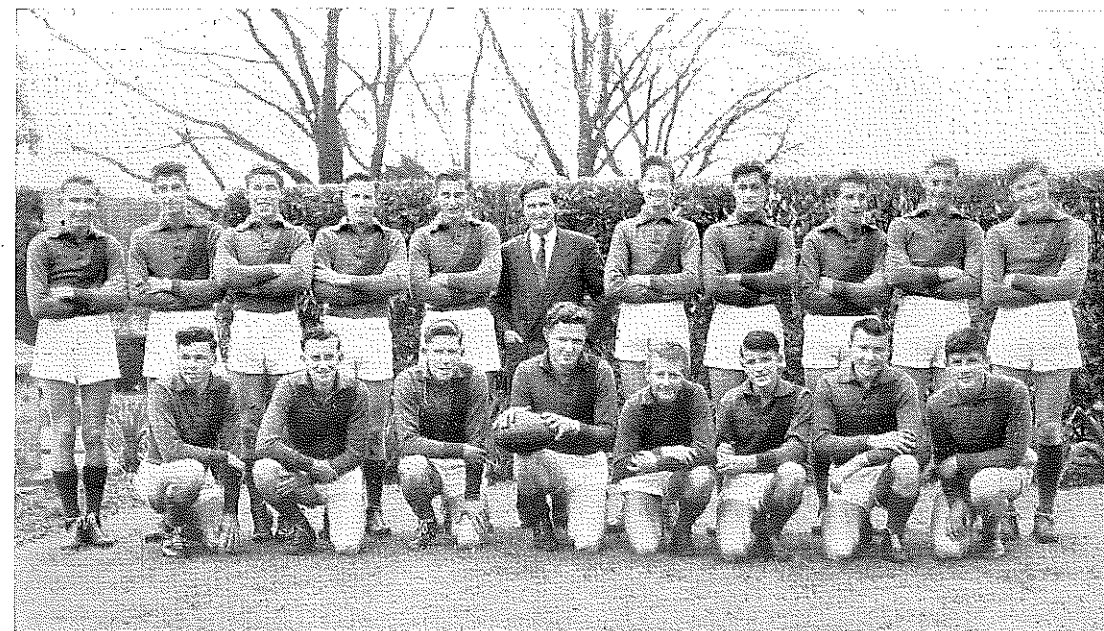
L. O'BRIEN, 2nd defence. A good reliable defence. Lynne plays a very steady game.

EMERGENCIES

K. MATTHEWS. Kaye is a good utility player. She plays very well in any position.

R. PEDLEY. Robin plays a good defence game. Her passing is straight and well-directed.

Football



Back Row: Paul Totham, John Forward, Kevin Manzoney, Roger Nobes, Mr. Bailey,
Ian Shields, Robert Osborne, Kelvin Wadley, Malcolm Hooper, Ray Bailey.
Front Row: David Stanley, Peter McGee, Don Read (vice-capt.), John Houston (capt.),
Bruce de Santo, Ray Johnson, Roland Thompson, Michael Cooper.

The football team had an active and successful season, playing twenty matches in all.

Early in August we played Devonport in the inter-High football roster. Although our opponents were too strong for us we were not disgraced. We kicked very accurately, scoring 8 goals from 11 scoring shots. Scores were: Devonport, 8.20; Launceston, 8.3.

During the season, the football team played in the Northern Tasmanian Junior Football Association, and finished fourth on the ladder. From 13 roster games we won five matches, lost seven and played a draw with Longford. In the first semi-final we overcame the C.S.O.S. combination, kicking 5.9 to 4.8. Then in the preliminary final, we went down to Old Tech., but produced some fine football during the match. Scores were: Old Tech., 16.25; High School, 6.4.

Leaders in the Best Team Man award were: Houston and Skeggs, 16 votes each; Moore and Nobes, 7 each; McGee and Manzoney, 6 each; Read and Sutherland, 5 each.

Leading goalkickers were: R. Bailey, 40; J. Houston, 20; D. Skeggs, 11; R. Nobes, 10.

CRITICISMS OF PLAYERS

J. HOUSTON (capt.): John played some really great football this year. He is a very strong ruckman/forward, a brilliant high mark and long, driving kick. During some matches he played brilliant football which inspired the whole side. For a big man, he has amazing dash. He captained the side effectively during the season.

He is to be congratulated in sharing the Best Team Man award for the side.

D. READ (vice-capt.): Full back. Don met with some tough competition this year and came through with flying colours. He is a close-checking, tenacious player, whose kicking was delightful.

D. SKEGGS: Although usually a ruck/backman Dugald played in most positions from time to time during the season and proved to be our best and most consistent utility player. His game was characterised by vigour, dash, effective handball and telling kicking. These attributes enabled him to share the Best Team Man award with John Houston and also to share the Best and Fairest award of the N.T.J.F.A.—a fine effort for a schoolboy.

K. MANZONEY: Centre. Kevin is a dashing player who gave us plenty of drive with his long, driving kicks, which often drove us into the teeth of goal. A match winner on his day.

P. TOTHAM: Back pocket. Paul combined well with Don Read in the last line of defence. His high marks and driving kicks were a feature of his game. Played a great game in the match against Devonport.

D. STEWART: When David finally settled down this year at pocket back he gave us some good games. He is a tenacious player but could sharpen up his movements.

P. MCGEE: Half-back flank. Peter is a fast-moving, effective player. He gave us plenty of

drive during the year with long drop kicks and exhilarating, fearless clearing dashes.

G. MOORE: Centre half back. Graeme met with some tough opposition this year, but his tenacity and safe marking enabled him to beat most opponents. Played consistently well during the season.

M. HOOPER: Ruck/half-back flank. Playing as a ruck-cum-rover, Malcolm gave us many fine games. He was unlucky in being injured just before the inter-High School match. Showed vast improvement during the year.

K. WADLEY: Wing. Kelvin is a very fast player with excellent disposal of the ball. He is a good kick with either foot.

R. SUTHERLAND: Wing. A clever player who gave us great drive. His accurate disposal of the ball sharpened our forward work considerably.

M. COOPER: Michael finally settled down on the half-forward flank. It was here that he gave us some fine football. A fearless player. Could improve his kicking.

I. SHIELDS: Half forward flank. Ian is rather slow in his movements, but when he does come into his own, he is an effective footballer. His kicking for goal is very accurate.

R. NOBES: Ruck/forward. Roger was perhaps the most unselfish player in the team this year. He is a tireless, strong player with good football sense. His high marking and long kicking were delightful.

R. BAILEY: Once the team settled down, Ray was used to advantage at full forward, where he capped off a fine season with 40 goals.

J. FORWARD: Ruck/forward. John played very well this season, whether rucking or resting in the forward pocket. This sphere of the game was new to him, but he came through with great credit.

B. De SANTO: Rover. Bruce is a fast moving player who gave us many good games this year. He was always in the thick of it and never let up.

R. THOMPSON: Rover. Roland was the "find" of the year. He gave us many fearless games in the roving division. He could perhaps concentrate on his kicking before next season.

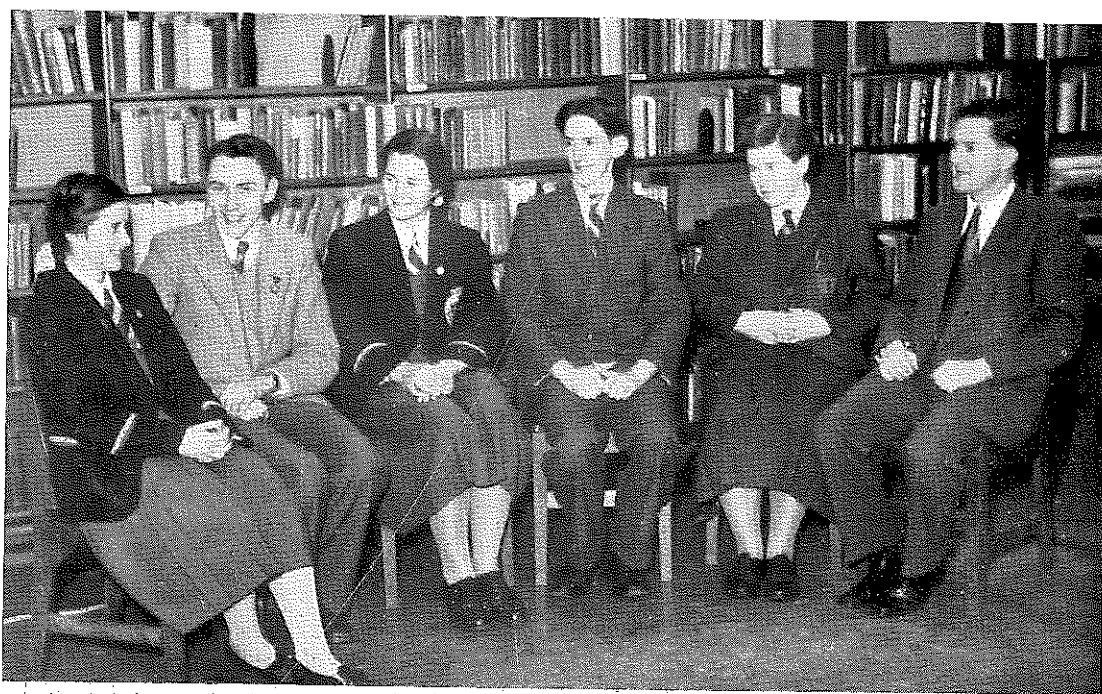
R. OSBORNE: Reserve. Robert played ruck and half-back flank this year. He is a grand trier and will develop into a fine ruckman. He will be an asset to the team next year.

G. BARNARD: Reserve. Gerald is a player who will develop tremendously. He had bad luck in striking the team when it had settled down. He should play a big part in the team next year.

R. JOHNSON: Reserve. Ray played as a rover/forward at the beginning of the year, but as the season progressed, he was squeezed out of the team by more robust players. When he grows a little, he will be a very good player.

D. STANLEY: Reserve. David was a keen player on the training track but found it hard to get games with the team. However, when he did get his chance he played useful football.

Perhaps most of the credit for the team's success must go to the inspiring coaching of Mr. Bailey. We all thank him very sincerely.



DISCUSSION GROUP

Priscilla Smith, Peter Brown, Margaret Cox, Eric Ratcliff, Mary Schramm, Mr. Bailey.



SPORT CHAMPIONS

Back Row: Lance Behan, Malcolm Hooper, Philip Bitcheno, Dugald Skeggs, Lindsay Morling.

Front Row: Barbara Gibson, Janice Ridgers, Jeanette Evans, Lyn Holloway, Kaye Webber, Mavis Cook.



SWIMMING CHAMPIONS

Back Row: Leon Robinson, Michael Walsh.

Front Row: Marlene Lowe, Margaret Church, Stuart Hobson, Enid Sagar, Noel Matheson.



PLAY

Standing: Margaret Flood, Jennifer Hobson, Joy Muller.
Sitting: Tony Kettle, Carol Bull.



SCHOOL ORCHESTRA

Back Row: Susan Dell, Lorraine Brown, Pat Harris, Lorraine Wagner, Michael Walsh, Jennifer Edwards, Wendy Joynt, Lionel Hughes, Margaret Wood, Fae Edwards, Judith Smith.
Front Row: Judith Faulkner, Gwen Manzoney, Wendy Brown, David White, Glen Pullen, Ian Robson, Elisabeth Wise, Lorraine Wells, Dal Wilson, Gillian Wotten, Eva Abrams, Edna Mitchellson.

AN EXAMINER

He is ruthless, for he hath no heart. By his motion he gathers hate; hence his offensive attitude. He seems to have no religion, for he has no mercy or pity, never giving away any marks. His grammar is reprovable, for he practises not what he preaches. He is such a strong enemy to idleness, that in setting one paper he makes it long enough for two. He detesteth education of the past, with its slackness and freedom. If he reads our papers, 'tis but to upon the many mistakes therein. His red pencil is very voluble, which with scribble proves him illiterate. Some would take him to be a man of worth, but, believe it, he is a man who delights in failing examinees.

—"PANDORA," B2.

DARKNESS CLOSES IN

The sun had just sunk below the horizon as I walked along the track leading to our house. Lengthening shadows barred my path, and a startled rabbit jumped from the bushes and ran for its life. An owl hooted mournfully and in the distance dogs could be heard barking dismally.

Frogs could be heard making their ceaseless, melancholy "pong-pong," and crickets were chirping. A new moon had risen in the east, casting a silvery path on the peaceful river behind me. High above me the first star appeared,

and it was not long before the whole heaven was dazzled with the brilliant twinkling lights, the nearest of which is at least a million miles away.

A chilly wind blew across my shoulders, causing me to shiver; I hurried up the hill and stumbled over a protruding stone. The moon was now rising high in the sky, casting wierd shadows on the ground in front of me. I hurried on, and soon reached the top of the hill. Glancing behind me, I saw a beautiful, tranquil scene, with the moon shining down to brighten it up. Arriving at our house, which suddenly loomed up in front of me I took a last reluctant glance at the serene scene, and walked into the cosy lounge, where a bright fire greeted me.

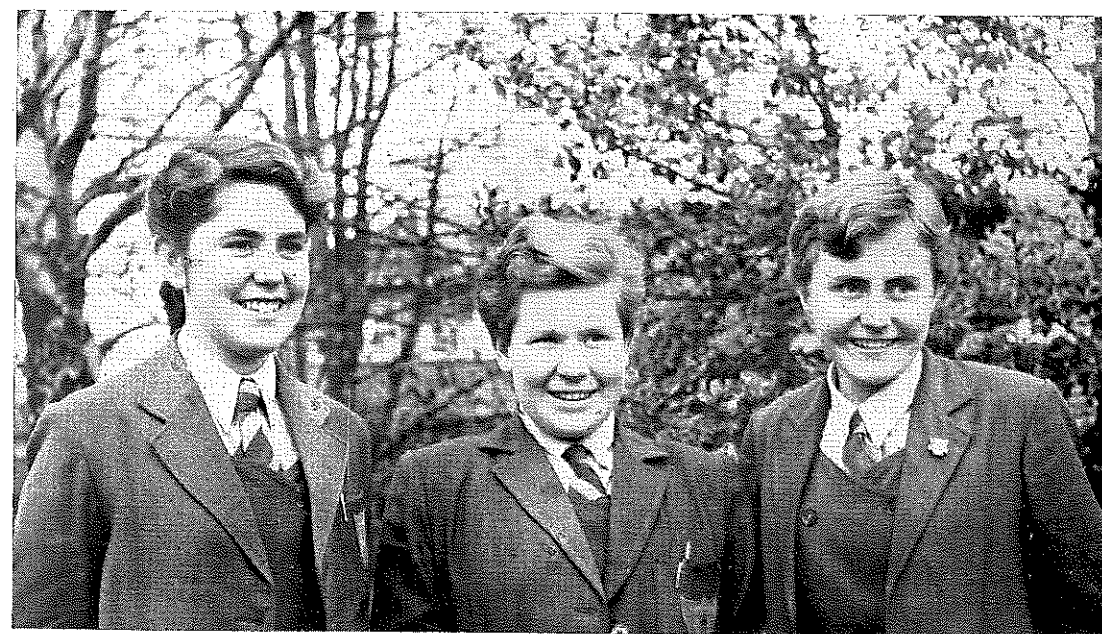
—JOHN COMMINS, E1, Franklin.

JUST RETRIBUTION

(Apologies to Alfred Lord Tennyson)

Think, think, think,
O stupid brain of me,
For you really have to answer
The questions asked of me.
Oh! Well for the diligent boy.
Thirty minutes per subject, per day,
Alas for the sluggard who played,
And now stares at the paper dismayed
Think, think, think,
O wretched brain of me,
Or a large round on every page
Will be the only mark for me.

—"PANDORA," B2.



NEWSPAPER STAFF

Maureen Ride, Mary Schramm, Louis Munro.



EARL ROBERTS TROPHY TEAM

Cpl. Geoff Ayling, L/Cpl. Harry Townsend, Sgt. Bill Haas (capt.), S/Sgt. John Forward, L/Cpl. Brian Shelley.

TRIALS OF A TENNIS PLAYER

We rise ere the sparrows have commenced their chirping and hasten to the window. The scene outside is not very inviting, and it is with longing that we cast our last glance at our nice warm beds; for it is Saturday morning, and we are due for a game of tennis. We promised to be there by six o'clock.

We tip-toe lightly downstairs and take our tennis racquets from the hallstand. Then we make a foraging expedition to the pantry and, opening the door very, very cautiously, procure a handful of biscuits from the biscuit tin.

After a search through the hall and wash-house we discover our tennis balls in our own room. By the time we leave the house it is nearly half-past six. We felt like a Christian martyr for as we ascend the hill we see the rest of the world waking. Thin columns of smoke begin to rise around us, and the only sign of life is the milkman in his clattering cart on the road below us; at least we are not alone in our misery.

At the top of the hill by the first house we pause to whistle loud and long for our third player. A brisk run brings us to the next street where we find our fourth player idly throwing a tennis ball in the air.

After crossing the park we arrive at the tennis courts, but we stop short, for the sound of a girl's laugh breaks the silence. We look at one another speechless, and on reaching the courts, we clamber up on the fence only to stare with our mouths open, then drop to the ground again. Some College girls have arrived before us and are now enjoying a lively set, while some half dozen sit waiting their turn.

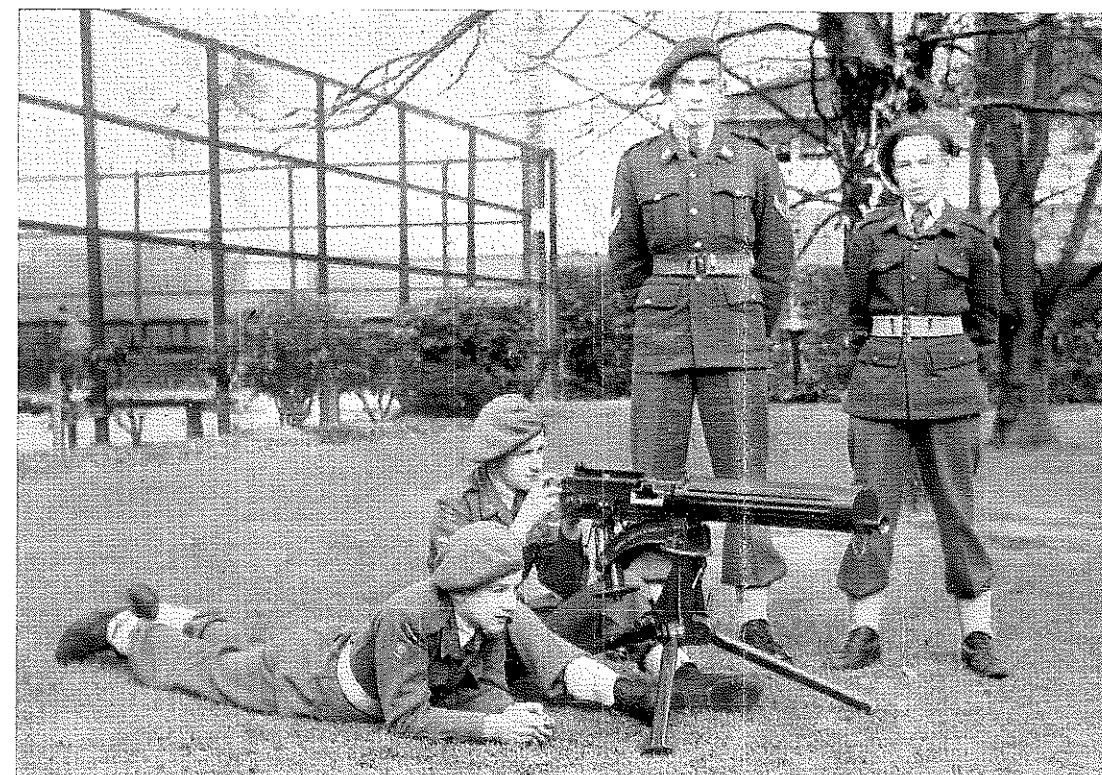
Barry quotes, "Tis the early bird who catches the worm," but we glare icily at him and trudge back home for breakfast.

R. McKENDRICK, E6.

OURS TO HAVE

The roses with their crimson petals
Bending down toward the grasses;
Stately lilies, swaying gently,
In the summer breeze that passes.
Little violets looking upward,
All arranged in beauty fair;
Giving forth the sweetest perfume
Wafted on the evening air.
Glorious flowers from every garden,
Fragrance sweet their petals hold,
Shows the beauty of creation,
For each petal to unfold.

—MAVIS BULLOCK, E5.



VICKERS M.M.G.

Cdt. Peter Bryan, L/Cpl. Brian Shelley, Cpl. Geoff Ayling, Cdt. Ian Fitzallen.

THREE HUNDRED AND TWO FEET ABOVE THE GROUND

During our visit to Brisbane, I was lucky enough to be included in a party visiting the Town Hall tower, which is 302 feet high. We reached our perch by means of an electric elevator. Our guide told us that the clock was operated by electricity and that each of its four faces was sixteen feet in diameter and that each sheet copper minute hand was 10ft. long.

I was lucky enough to be in the tower just above the clock when it struck. As the first chime rang out, ears were blocked or covered for the sound, though cheerful, was deafening. As the set of Westminster Chimes pealed out, their tuneful song the whole tower trembled and shook.

From the tower, I saw long bridges stretching like silver ribbons across the deep blue of the river glistening in the sun. When I looked down below at the cars and people moving up and down the streets and when I saw the trees swaying in the breeze, I felt rather dizzy and was glad to rest my eyes.

Instead of descending by the lift, we used the stairs. It was a waste of breath to speak for the bells had temporarily deafened us and we needed all our skill to get down that narrow,

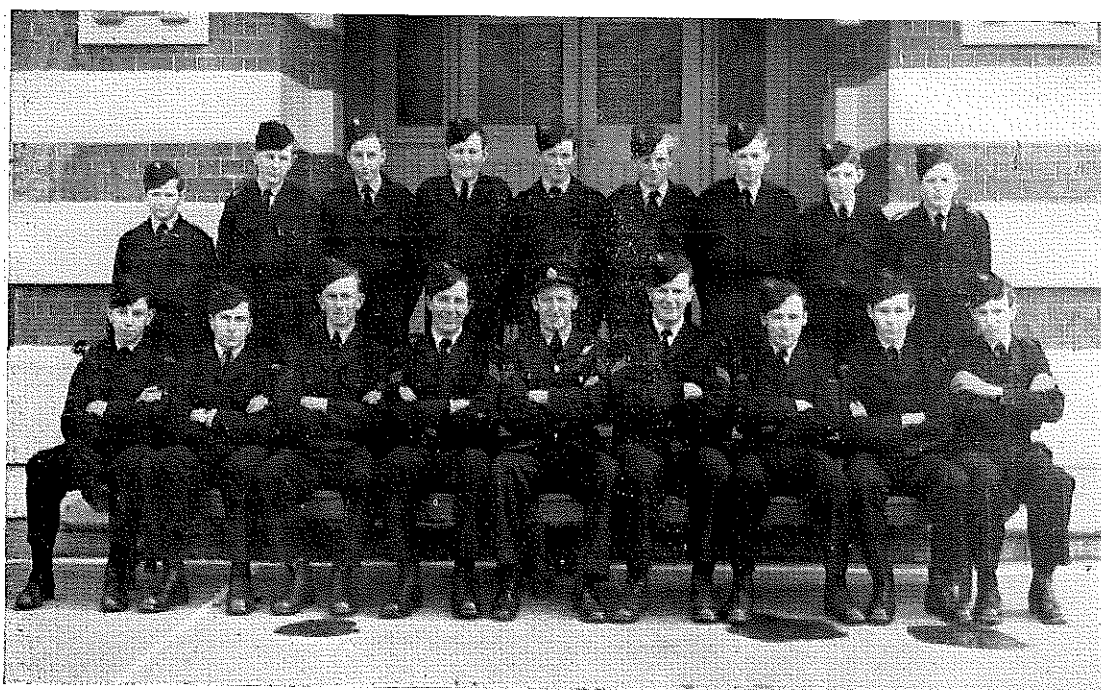
spiral stairway without disaster. We felt the strong breeze and realised that we would have to hang on to our hats unless we wanted to lose them. With our feet planted firmly on the ground again, we breathed a sigh of relief. The visit to the tower was an experience to me, but not one that I want too often.

—JENNIFER ARCHER, E2, Sorell.

EXAMINATIONS

Three weeks to go! Oh my! Oh dear!
How swift the hour draws nigh,
When brains are racked and heads are scratched,
And hope heaves a last, long sigh.
"I really must study to-night," we say
But my, when everything's done,
After hearing the serial, "Einstein's Ghost,"
We're in bed before study's begun.
Soon we find that the day has almost come,
Only twenty-four hours to go,
Before we see the test, and the faces glum,
Of the other poor chaps who didn't know.
We cram that night, till we can't see straight;
We study on buses and trains,
And hope that this learning we do rather late,
Will really be worth all the pains.
But after exams., our brains can relax,
For the toil and the turmoil are o'er,
Our results come out, and we all know the cure,
The slogan, next term, "Study more."

—"PANDORA," B2.



A.T.C.

Back Row: Cdt. Terry Cahoon, Cdt. David King, Cdt. Brown, Cdt. Robert Oakley, Cdt. Graeme Campbell, Cdt. Eric Gardiner, L.A.C. Earnest Wise, Cdt. Dennis Edwards.
Front Row: L.A.C. Barry Easther, L.A.C. Martin Sharpe, Cpl. Peter McGee, Sgt. Peter Handley, Flight Sgt. Morgan, Sgt. John Large, L.A.C. Richard Tarr, Cdt. Bruce Harris.

"SIAM"

Siam is a happy, carefree, Buddhist Land where food and wealth abounds. It is warm, is in the monsoon area, has miles upon miles of rolling hills and plains, and a network of rivers and streams.

Such a land is pleasant, helpful and kind to its friends, but tough and strict with its enemies.

The land, being very religious, has many temples or "wats." These temples are occasionally caves in hills, sometimes mere grass buildings, but sometimes massive structures surmounted by high, tiered towers which point to the Heavens. On the side of these towers one finds balconies jutting from the tiers. The ends of the roofs are curved upwards so that the evil devils and spirits will shoot upwards when they slide down to the ground.

The people are born dancers and usually make themselves up with white cream for their "lee-keys" and their "Ramwongs." The cream makes their bodies and faces resemble those of white people. Their headdresses are very elaborately carved and painted and gilded into many glittering colours. These head-dresses, like the "wats" are tiered, pointed and curved.

The rivers and streams are the roadways of Siam, and river traffic consists of crafts of all

shapes and sizes. These boats include pleasure cruisers, barges, punts, either hand propelled or motorised, often powered by engines of twenty-five to fifty horsepower and mounted on trestles built onto the terms of the boats.

Being in the monsoon area, Siam is covered with lush vegetation of bamboo thickets, teak trees, palm trees and hanging vines which form into coils, some of which are hundreds of feet long and the vine is approximately one and a half inches thick. These vines are very strong and are used by the Siamese in the building of their homes.

The Siamese people are not very often interested in horse racing, but their favourite pastimes are betting on cock fighting and fighting-fish combat.

These fish have to be kept in separate jars as when they are put together, they rip, bite and tear each other until one of them admits he is beaten and then the other fish leave him alone. When beaten the fish retires to the top or bottom of the jar. When this happens, the fish are returned to their separate jars.

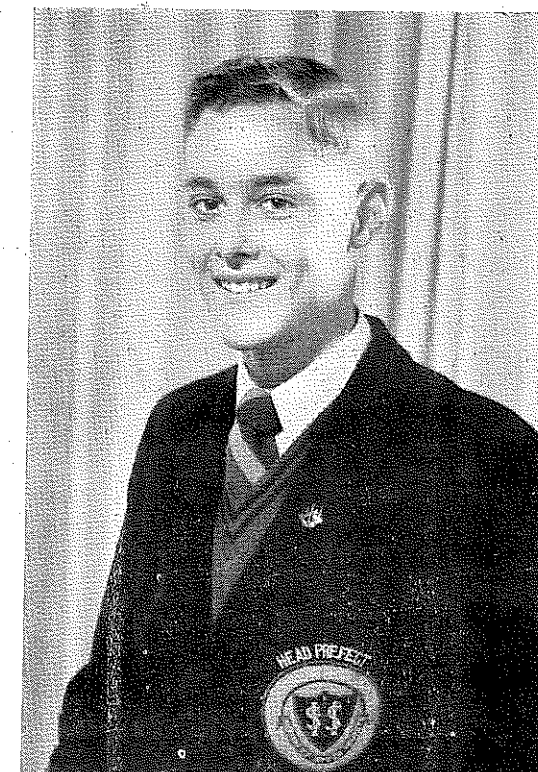
This is the Siam as I saw it during my recent visit.

—DAVID KING, D1.

HEAD PREFECTS, 1955



Dal Wilson



Malcolm Hooper

THE FIRE

Unthinkingly the man dropped his lighted match on the floor and thought no more about it.

The little flickering flame quickly ate up the rest of the matchstick and looked for more food to eat. It spied an old letter under the window, quickly ate it up and still hungry, it looked around for more.

The flame was not nearly tall enough to reach the window sill. It gave one mighty leap and clung onto the sill. It climbed cautiously up over the sill and took a bite from one of the green curtains.

"The curtains taste nice," it thought. "I must make haste to eat them up."

By this time it had eaten up more than half the curtains and had grown so large that its darting red tongues licked the woodwork above and around the window. Soon there was nothing left of the window by charred sticks, standing erect like soldiers being inspected by their highest officer.

The fire's vivid orange teeth now had a firm grip on the whole wall and it began swallowing like a vacuum cleaner swallows dust.

Rapidly, but surely, it surrounded the room, all the time crackling merrily to itself.

Eating that whole room had only served to make it hungrier, so it made for the door with alacrity—then into the other room . . .

The crowds gathered outside as the firemen bravely went in to fight this burning beast. The beast was strong and much larger than they, but the firemen had weapons which they pointed straight at the fire's heart. Suddenly the hydrant was turned on and the water sprang forth from the hoses to attack the fire. But the fire knew its fate; like a coward it shrank back in fear. At last it grew so small that the water gave one last spurt and extinguished it forever.

In the awestruck crowd was the owner—the man whose match had caused the great damage. "I wonder how that started?" he said ruefully, and turned sadly away.

—JUDITH ROGERS, D5.

SPRING

The air is filled with tiny scents of Spring,

And light is swinging down the clear blue sky,
And beauty glistens on the slanting wing
of a dragon-fly.

The pool reflects the foam of wattle-gold,

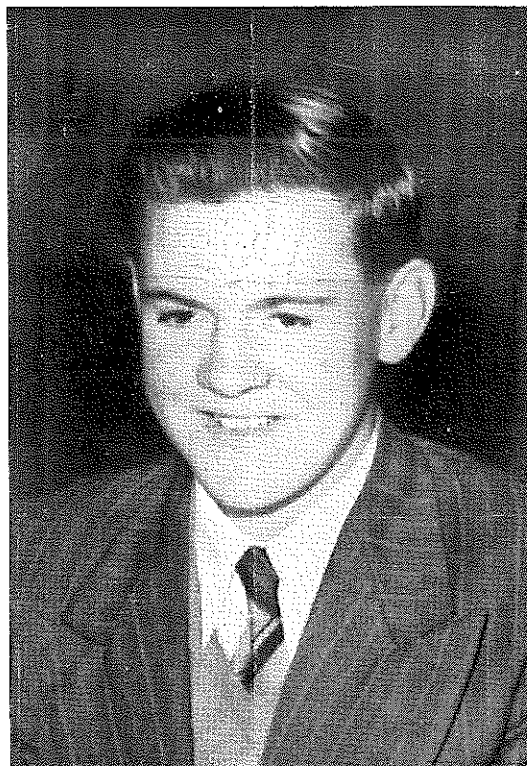
The swift Rosella's flash of crimson-sheen,
And all the earth is warm; and love is told
Where the grass is green.

—RUBY JOHNSON, D5, Franklin.

BEST PASS IN MATRICULATION, 1954



Mary Neale



John Beswick

MISS-CHANCE

Steve Jackson, engine driver from the Newton sheds, was very annoyed. He had just finished one of those days when everything goes wrong. To start with he arrived at the locomotive depot a quarter of an hour late, due to a puncture in his bicycle wheel, and consequently had received a lecture from the superintendent-in-charge. After a very troubled run on the down express to Bransford, Steve's bad day ended when, as he was approaching the terminus, a gust of wind carried his lucky cloth cap away into a stream. Steve was not superstitious normally, but he was very stubborn about his lucky cap, and firmly believed no good would come of his loss.

On his way home, he passed by a secondhand shop and glanced in the window. There, he saw, nestling in a corner, the exact replica of his lucky cap. He rushed in, tried it on, found it small for him, then bought it. He continued on his way home, convinced that his luck would change.

Next morning he arrived at the depot bright and early. He looked over his locomotive which was to take him on the 110-mile journey to Bransford. It was glinting in the filtered, morning sunshine, a wisp of smoke idling from the chimney, a glowing fire in the fire-box. While waiting for his fireman, Steve oiled parts of his

engine's mechanism. He felt in fine fettle and being only 40 years of age, was physically fit. Peter Johns, the fireman, arrived, and after the necessary preliminaries, Steve backed his engine onto the carriages waiting at the station.

A minute before starting time, Steve eased the small cloth cap over his large head. The engine, sizzling impatiently, waited for the touch of the driver's hand to set it in motion. It received the touch half a minute later, and taking the strain of the coaches, barked up the slight rise from the station, quickening its pace with every thrust of its powerful pistons. The train glided over a maze of points, flashed past a signal box, and cracked under an over-bridge.

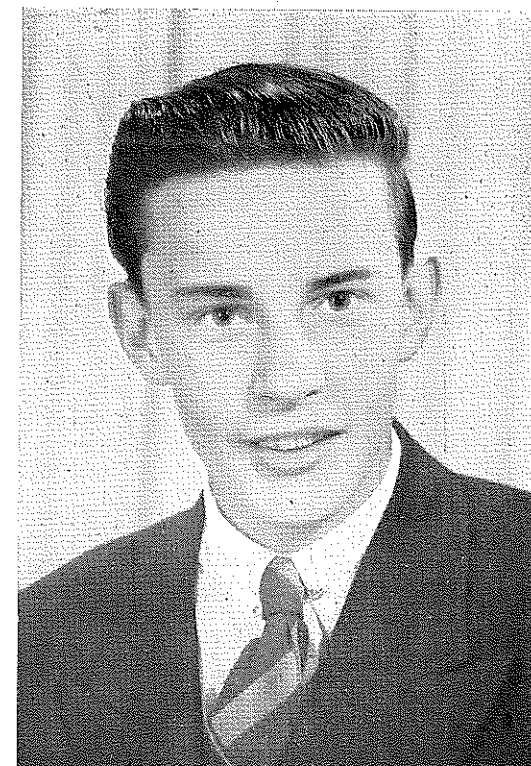
Inside the cab, Steve pulled his cap down over his forehead and thrust his head out the window. He was happy with the crisp wind flapping his face, and the big driving wheels swiftly rolling the ground away beneath them. Steve gazed ahead at the twin lines of steel, running straight down the horizon. And then a strange thing happened. The straight lines wavered and everything blurred out of focus. Steve raised a hand and then collapsed. Peter Johns dropped his shovel when he saw his mate fall, and applied the brake.

The doctor was puzzled. Steve was absolutely A1, both physically and mentally; there was no clue as to why he had blacked out at over

BEST PASS IN SCHOOLS' BOARD, 1954



Valerie Court



Glen Pullen

eighty miles an hour. After a further examination, Steve returned to duty. But, during the same week, he mysteriously blacked out twice. He was immediately taken off duty, and another examination followed. Again no conclusion. Steve was suspended from work indefinitely; but one day an emergency arose when the substitute driver took ill unexpectedly. Steve was drafted to the job and departed from Newton with a full load of passengers.

Steve was anxious as he neared the place where the other black-outs had occurred, and he nervously touched his cap for good luck. The engine was running beautifully as they passed the dreaded place, and Steve sighed with relief. Confident now, he opened the throttle in a bid to make up some lost time, and the engine responded gamely, making light work of the heavy train behind it.

Ten minutes later, Steve eased off steam a little as they coasted down hill. Then a wave of dizziness struck him and his vision faded. He raised a hand to his head and pushed back his hair. In so doing it, he pushed off his cap, and he felt it fall into his lap. But even as he slumped back into his seat, his vision cleared, he regained his senses and was able to carry on.

After completing his run to Bransford, he went to see his doctor, who diagnosed his case as "a small cap on a large head." The tightness

of Steve's cap pressing against some blood vessels in his head, caused him to black out.

The mystery solved, he threw the small cap away and returned home. There he found another surprise waiting for him. In the drawing-room was Peter Johns, and he held in his hand a dirty, wet, cloth cap. It was Steve's old cap and he had no hesitation in pulling it over his head. His one comment to the bedraggled cap was, "I missed you!"

—W. K. S. DRIVER (A).

MEMORIES

It was raining, it was windy
As I stood beside the sea,
The memory of the past two hours
was standing next to me.
The grey stone wall that flung the spray
Back into the deep,
Stretched along the misty shore
Right up to the keep.
Everything looked solemn,
Everything looked slack,
And as I stood there thinking,
My thoughts were wandering back.
Two or three long hours ago,
My dog—my friend and best,
Because of some inhuman soul
Was killed and put to rest.

—S. MITCHELL, D5.

WINDOW SHOPPING

Shopping, ugh! I did all the routine things; ordered the groceries, bought the bread, fish, clothespins, string, cabbage seed, and collected the magazines. After this I posted some letters and had the rest of the afternoon to myself.

I was practically chased out of Birchalls. A glaring assistant wanted to know whether I was going to buy the book I was reading. Well! It wasn't my birthday, or Christmas or anything, and pocket money never stretches to 15/6. I hurried out and just wandered up the street. What was I doing? The inevitable, I was window shopping.



A little farther down the street was a sports shop. I could see gleaming fishing rods and glinting knives. There were tennis racquets, footballs, hockey sticks, and flippers. I saw all these things, but they were small, dwarfed to insignificance by the one, central, dominant object. There, in the very centre reared the magnificent model of a schooner. The fleecy sails rose purposefully from the clean-cut craft in white sheets. I could just imagine the real schooner skimming lightly over the waves, skipping the caps and cruising peacefully into some quiet, Pacific lagoon...

The brilliant tropical sun beat down upon us mercilessly. I stood in the bows, the breeze whipping back my hair, and the cool rail gripped beneath my fingers. Occasionally I could feel a breathless spray on my face, and I licked the salt from my lips.

At last the sun began to set. It sank into a blood-red sea, burnishing the sky till it glowed in the fading dusk.

The sun was high, and I could just discern the white coral structure of an island. It was a small coral atoll. The scent of tropical flowers wafted across the water where coral images were mirrored uncertainly. The white sand on the beach stretched out the length of the atoll in a shining protecting arm which flung itself into the sea. High up on a steep, white cliff grew fantastic, red hibiscus. A row of coconut palms

waved on the cliff-crest, and the sunlight filtered through their leaves to drop delicate shadows on the sand below.

In the silence of the evening I could hear the waves pounding on the reef in monotonous continuity. Sometimes I could imagine it had stopped, but always it went on; incessantly crashing onto the coral; depositing secrets from its depths onto the sand, only to retrieve them in the next backwash.

Upon peering into the lagoon, we found a city deposited in the quiet of the shallow pool. Surely it was fairyland. The pink spires rose high in stretching towers, and green knobbls wound themselves into exotic shapes at the base. Yellow palaces spread gracefully across the landscape, and red chariots rioted through the sandy streets. Was there life in this foreign city? Yes, the inhabitants darted in and out of the towers. They little cared, perhaps little knew or realised the beauty with which nature had seen fit to associate them. They swam, flitted, darted about, all different colours, fish of every hue.

But now we are on the boat again. The atoll we made home for a few glorious days is lost; swallowed up in oblivion. The only evidence of its having existed is the red hibiscus which lies crushed on the deck.

The moon is up, and playing on the water. Our schooner cuts through the light. The engine is running, but quietly. I lazily stretch out, with sunburned fingers, to turn down the lamp. But an ominous sound flashes across my drowsy mind—crash, thud, splinter!!

I turned round to find the street humming with everyday activity. The schooner rested peacefully on its wooden block, and the buses clattered down the road. I bent down to recover the splintering clothes-pegs from the pavement. The wonderful cruise was over.

I just caught the bus, after having bought some more clothes-pegs, and was on my way home. My window shopping had been short-lived. But wait, was that an hibiscus flower the man in front just crushed under his foot? No, it could not have been! And yet... Oh, bother my imagination!

—JAN POWER, C2, Sorell.

BILLY'S NEW RIFLE

It was Billy Bunter's birthday,

His birthday every way;

His presents were a rifle

And his breakfast on a tray.

Early then next morning,

Young Billy did awake,

To christen his new rifle

On a rabbit or a snake.

Rabbits, they were common,

But snakes were very few;

So a snake would be the better,

If not, rabbits, they would do.

In Billy's mind, there was no doubt,

His fame would spread afar;

But little did our hero know,

Concerning woodland war.

Now Billy set off down a dale,

His rifle at the slope;

Where even bats and owls could see him,

Coming at a lope.

Through denser growth and twisted trees,

Billy stalked and prowled;

LIFE

Out of the dying darkness
Of a hellish world half spent
And fallen deep, too deep to rise up of itself and
to relive
As by itself it floundered in the mire
The deep, thick mire
Oozing and eager to take the life of all. 'Tis
the outcast, undrunk dregs
Of the cup of life.

Out of the dying darkness—and my soul it
leaps for joy;
Out of the dying darkness—O World, why do
you flounder so. The very mire in which
strive
Will fall away, if you but kneel
Beneathe the crystal fountain.



Do you not see the fiery pillar in this night, to
guide you
Out of the dying darkness, where the pillar be-
comes a cloud?
* * * *

New Earth there is beneath the heavens—and
the burden of my weary heart
Is vanished—lo, but there it lies,
Beneath an old, familiar scene—
Two thousand years ago.

The strivings of the ocean—once they might
penetrate into my very soul—but now,
Though in its motions never still, the ocean gives
me peace.

Strange yet it is—Though nothing here is old,
Nothing there is that I have never known.
The old familiar pattern is somehow changed
And yet it has not changed. 'Twas once a jig-
saw—now it is a pattern. The things
Which once were fearful, terror, hate,
Cast off their frightening cloak—
* * * *

Or is it that the scales fall from my eyes?

—MARY SCHRAMM, A2, Franklin.

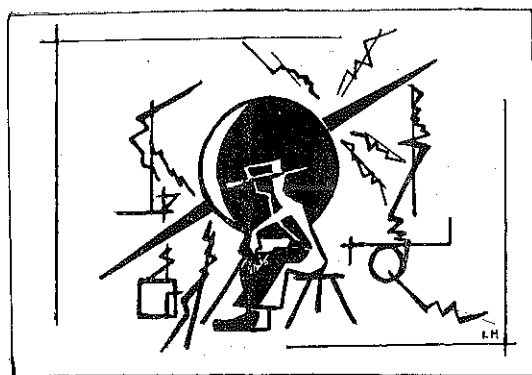
He stepped into a rabbit snare,
And got his foot all fouled.
When in the end his foot emerged,
All stiff and bruised and sore;
Billy made himself a vow,
That he'd fall foul no more.
Now all this time the sun was rising,
Painting clear the skies;
But still our hero had no luck—
Had captured ne'er a prize.
What shame 'twould be to go back home,
And tell Dad with a sigh;
"Oh, Daddy dear, not one small thing
Did pass before my eyes!"
In passing time our friend did see,
A rabbit and a crow;
But neither could he get in sights,
Because he was too slow.
So now he was disgusted, quite,
And wanted to go home;
But shame and pride did fire him,
Through wider fields to roam.
Being in this state of mind,
Not wanting more to stay;
Out from the bush in front of him,
A stag stepped in his way.
(Our Billy was a novice,
You must remember this;
But even at this distance,
Poor William could not miss!).
He brought the gun up sharply,
And quietly took aim;
His thoughts were for to kill it,
Not merely for to maim.
He squeezed back on the trigger,
Till all his knuckles whitened;
But suddenly he lost his heart,
And suddenly felt frightened.
"But no!" he thought. "I've waited long,
To bag my self a trophy—
What finer score than this wild beast,
Could dominate the soft!"
To bag the stag his heart was set,
To kill it with one shot;
And carry it back home again—
Carry it with what?
Once more he tried to think awhile,
And really got no farther;
Because he couldn't carry it,
To show it to his father.
But why draw out, you've gone so far,
You still can say you got it;
And leave it here for birds and beasts,
And time the rest, to rot it.
He shot it dead, or so he thought,
For the trigger he did pull it;
But really it was still alive,
For Billy had no bullets.

—BRIAN HOSIE, B1

THE RIVER

Sliding, creeping, flowing slow,
Goes the river down below;
Through the myrtles on the brink,
And the bubbles rise slowly and sink.
Flowing slowly to the sea,
Down the hills and o'er the lea;
Never more will it abate,
Till it passes that homeward gate.
There is joins the restless ocean,
Which goes always with endless motion;
Beauty never more to stop,
Beauty—never more to stop.

—PHYLLIS ANDERSON, E5.



He grows old, man of warped mind.
Spirit of Life flows slow—
She has come and gone.
Hypocrisy, false flattery
Dare beckon no more,
He is lost.
Clinging to the thin threads
Of despairing life,
He has known the morning, afternoon
Soon night.

—L.M., Sorell.

ONE WHOLE MINUTE

Buzz! buzz! A busy bee hummed through the air and settled on a blooming gorse bush. Rolling down one of the yellow petals to the ground, came a raindrop from the shower just past. Shining brightly, the sun gloried this bushland of wonders and all was peaceful. But listen! the protesting bushes gave way to a youthful figure bearing a bulging haversack.

Shaking himself vigorously, the boy, Peter, wiped a raindrop from the back of his neck and leaned against a tall gum tree which stretched its long arms to the sky. Having regained his breath Peter turned to go on along the overgrown track, but found his way barred by a large hollow log. But this didn't and couldn't stop Peter, he merely scrambled to the top of the fallen limb, intending to jump down to the ground. Then there was a menacing rustling of leaves and a long slim snake slid out of the undergrowth close by the log. Peter stared, terrified, at the awful spectacle before him, but he was calm enough to reason that if he did not move, the snake would not strike.

The threatening snake drew itself up till it was almost standing on its tail. Then it swayed back and forth, back and forth, until Peter found himself dizzy and faint. He stared down into the snake's hypnotic eyes and felt his legs begin to buckle beneath him. But by a sudden effort Peter forced his eyes from the snake's and regained his balance—just in time. It seemed to Peter that the minutes sped by while he was growing dizzier and then, after what seemed like an eternity, the snake glided swiftly back into the bush, its attention caught by something else.

Peter, with an uncomprehending mind, watched it go until it had vanished from his sight. Only then he moved, slowly, carefully, half expecting the reptile to return. With a last look in the snake's direction, Peter hopped to the ground, his mind whirling through the events just finished. It was then it occurred to him that it had not been so long that the snake had held him on the mossy log, after all. In fact, it had only been a minute. But what a minute!

Hoisting his haversack higher on his shoulders, Peter walked on, back along the overgrown path he had come and was soon lost to view as the branches of the saplings closed behind him.

—MAVIS COOK, E2, Franklin.

ONE MINUTE TO MIDNIGHT

The rain came lashing down in torrents and the darkness was terrifying; a low whining groan came from the trees. The lightning flashed through the clouds in great forks over the old ruins of the tiny cottage, and in the distance could be heard the long, loud rumble of thunder.

Suddenly a great flash of lightning illuminated the cottage and a figure could be seen lurking nervously in the shadows. The three terrified people, who stood under the trees, were by now petrified. Yes, they had heard rumours and fairy tales of the cottage being haunted.



That was why they were here—to prove that it was all imagination. The first figure asked, shivering to the other two, "Do you think we had better go?"

"Who's fri-fri-frightened?" replied the second.

"No-o-ot me," stammered the third.

"C-o-o-ome on then," whispered the first, "might as well g-g-get it over and done with."

Slowly, and shaking like "Marley's Bones" they approached the ruins. Down came the dusty bag over the mysterious figure's head. Then through the black night came a commotion of moaning.

—E. JONES, D4, Wilmot.

BUSH FIRE

On this particular night, we had to drive along a road which led through the bush. It was so dark that I could only see the road in the light of the car lamps.

As we sped along, we saw a light far back from the side of the road. Mother thought that it was a bush fire, but I did not agree with her. I thought it was a light from houses back in the bush. As we drew nearer, I saw that mother was right. The bush on both sides of the road was burning fiercely.



I felt sorry for the homeless animals jumping across the road to escape the flames. I saw animals that I had never seen before. Their frightened screams mingled with the angry crackling of the burning gumtrees. A kangaroo jumped out of the bush, just two yards in front of the car. We could not stop the car immediately and struck its legs very hard. Two jumps and the kangaroo was gone. When the car screeched to a standstill, we jumped out and looked for blood marks, but we could not see any. We felt better, because the kangaroo was not hurt.

On the way we stopped very often to look at animals that could not run very quickly. Sometimes, I felt frightened because the burning trees looked very fearsome. One tree fell across the road, but we managed to get past.

When we reached the next village, we told the people there that a bush fire was heading their way. They did not seem to care, nor did they care about the unhappiness and fear of the animals trying to escape from the fire. Much less did they care about the destruction of the trees and the beauty of the bush.

UTTA WOOLRABE, E1, Wilmot House.

NOT TO BE

At the bottom of the creek. Three of them, small, inanimate forms. The fur washed sleek by past waters; their eyes closed; the fur had not yet properly grown over their faces; three wet lifeless forms. Drowned.

Up the creek a little was a small sack caught on a submerged twig—one more soft, wet creature. All so small, and had not lived to see even their own mother who had licked them so proudly, happily.

That was while the friendly sun smiled warmly on the family. Three days, then it rained and the mother was rendered lonely, her young lost.

Wrought by His hand, now by that of man, three kittens dead, one in a sack, at the bottom of the creek.

—SYLVIA BUTLER, C3, Franklin.

EDITORIAL

(Continued from Page 1)

wealth made men from all walks of life the easy prey of the unscrupulous representatives of non-existent companies. Those investors had great expectations, but they could not realise them. Generally, if they are to have any results, great expectations should not be too great.

But, fortunately for humanity, not all men are eager for money alone. Many want to become artists, authors, or poets, and they also reach their goal if they have the necessary ability, determination, and, what is extremely important, the perseverance. Nor must they let their one object make them blind to the special demands of the times.

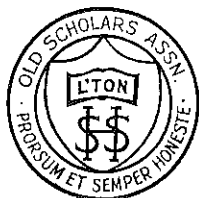
Demosthenes wished to become a great orator and statesman. His voice was weak and his elocution bad. Yet by shouting against the storm and practising speaking with a pebble in his mouth, he became one of the most famous orators of Hellas. But he was not a great statesman because he failed to realise that small city-states were doomed, and by his uncompromising policy brought Athens to the verge of complete extinction—a fate from which she was saved only by the clemency of Philip of Macedonia.

The highest type of ambition is the wish merely to benefit. This is the motive that impels some statesmen, patriots and philanthropists. Unfortunately they are very often misunderstood by the very men they wish to help.

None will deny that the two Gracchi were among the least selfish men who ever lived. They had great expectations—visions of a perfect, democratic state in which all should be happy, contributing to the welfare of the citizen-body as a whole and wisely governing a tranquil world. These were visions of a great and perfect Rome, which were only partly realised during the most brilliant period of the Empire.

Tiberius was slain. Gaius, equally unfortunate, was forced into civil war and defeated, and finally ordered his slave to kill him.

Perhaps their expectations were too great to be realised. Perhaps fate was against them. Theirs has been the experience of many men, great or commonplace. Often men fail because they aim very high. But still more often they succeed. But those can never succeed who imagine that by some clever sleight of hand they can gain that which is only obtained by sincere effort and perseverance.



Old Scholars' Column

DIRECTIONARY

PATRON: Mr. L. E. Amos.
 PRESIDENT: Mr. C. A. Allen.
 CHAIRMAN: Mr. M. M. Shegog (resigned 29/6/55); Mr. R. Woodworth appointed.
 SECRETARIES: Misses J. Trelogan and B. Atkins.
 TREASURER: Mr. P. Parsons.
 SENIOR OLD SCHOLARS' REPRESENTATIVES: Mrs. N. Dobson (resigned 20/6/55), Mrs. T. Lynch appointed, and Mrs. R. Woodworth.
 EDITRESS OLD SCHOLARS' COLUMN: Mrs. C. A. Allen.
 COMMITTEE: Mrs. D. Cocker, Misses B. Munden, G. Mead, B. Brawen, J. Murdock, and J. Cartwright, Messrs. R. Bayles, T. Lynch, B. Proverbs, R. Woodworth, J. Tilley, A. Birchmore and L. Jinks.

ANNUAL DINNER

A most enjoyable dinner was held at the Launceston Hotel in February and was attended by approximately 100 members.

BARBECUE

A barbecue was held at Hadsen in March and proved an outstanding success.

AMERICAN TEA

In order to donate a bed at the Launceston General Hospital an American Tea was held in April at the school, which resulted in a substantial profit.

FILM EVENING

A film evening was held at the school in June and was attended by over 100 scholars, parents, and old scholars.

MOUNTAIN TRIP

To take advantage of the season conditions a party of old scholars made a trip to Mt. Barrow in August and a most enjoyable time was had by the bus load or more who attended.

STREET STALL

The Association held a street stall during the year and it proved most financially successful. The stall was well supported by old scholars.

VISIT AND VISITORS

In late September the Old Hobartian Association made their annual trip to Launceston and the week-end was an outstanding success.

Football and men's hockey matches were played on the Saturday, resulting in a victory for Churinga in the football and a drawn game in the hockey.

Our Association travelled South on the long week-end in November and were entertained by O.H.A. Tennis matches were played on the Saturday, O.H.A. winning five rubbers to four.

An enjoyable trip was made to Huonville on the Sunday. This trip proves more and more successful each year.

REUNION

The reunion was held on November 19th and was attended by a very large number of old scholars and friends. An excursion of the school buildings and new gymnasium was a feature of the evening. Items were given by several old scholars.

DANCES

A number of dances were held during the year, both at the school and in the country and as usual the dances were well attended by old scholars and their friends.

CHURINGA NEWS

Publicity is an important aspect of our activities and in order to keep old scholars more acquainted with the Association's activities, it was decided to produce a news sheet, which we have called "Churinga News." This is distributed at the beginning of each month to all financial members and the club members.

The sheet is edited by our chairman, Rex Woodworth, who will welcome information regarding old scholars for inclusion in subsequent issues.

CLUBS

As usual the clubs were invited to appoint representatives to the general committee. We were pleased when the Men's Hockey and Football Clubs took advantage of this.

WOMEN'S BASKETBALL

Two teams were again entered in the Winter Roster, Lyn Bowden leading Churinga Green and Norma Jansson Churing Gold. The season proved the most successful for many years when both teams reached the final four, and we extend hearty congratulations to the Churinga Green side on once again taking the Northern Premiership, this being the third year in succession. Unfortunately our Southern rivals proved too experienced in the State Premiership play-off, and we congratulate O.H.A. on their victory.

An enjoyable social match at Winnaleah, followed by a dinner and picture evening, ended the season for the Gold team, and the Greens celebrated their Premiership win with a dinner-dance party.

We would like to extend our thanks to Mr. Amos for the use of the School gymnasium during the year. The results show the help it has been to our clubs.

We extend a cordial invitation to any girls leaving school this year to join us and help make the 1956 season an even more successful one for "Churinga."

WOMEN'S HOCKEY

This year we were fortunate to welcome to our team three new players who left the School last year. We have had a most successful season, losing only one match and drawing twice, the Premiership being shared with Collegians.

In the triangular series held in June Churinga had nine representatives in the Northern Team.

During the season we have had a series of social evenings which have been very well attended and the social aspect was concluded with a Premiership Dinner at the Launceston Hotel.

We would like to welcome any new players to our club who are leaving the school this year. Please contact Peggy Carter at W. E. Gebbie's or Josephine Easterbrook at G. V. Brook's Community School.

BADMINTON

The Badminton Club, which you will recall, was only formed last year, extended into the Northern Tasmanian Badminton Association Pennant Competition this season, gaining third position in both "C" and "C Reserve" Grades and it is hoped that with the experience gained a Pennant will come our way next season.

Towards the end of the season, an inter-club competition was held, the winners being Francis Jeffrey and Norma Westwood.

Club captain, John Olding, was unable to complete the season, being called up in National Service Training, Arthur Duncan deputising in his absence. The club meets on Tuesday and Friday at the High School Gymnasium. Next year's activities will commence in March.

Any one wishing to join the club in the coming season should contact either Arthur Duncan, at the Victorian Insurance Co., or Rex Woodworth at Record and Tregaskis.

MEN'S BASKETBALL

This year has seen the retirement of at least three of our players, namely Len Jinks, Alan Tucker and Ian Tudor.

Ray Jinks is to be congratulated on polling so well in the Association Best and Fairest Award this year.

In all we had quite a good season holding our own with all the top teams.

If there are any old scholars who would be interested in playing next year, would they contact Brian Clark at the "Examiner" office.

MEN'S HOCKEY

The Churing Men's Hockey Club again had a most successful year in Northern hockey both "A" and "B" grade teams made the final four; "B" Grade being the most successful, played the final against South Launceston and were beaten by one goal to nil.

This year the "A" Grade side was captained by Dexter Cocker and the "B" Grade team by Noel Atkins.

Our congratulations to Hyman Hudson who again represented Tasmania in the All Australia Carnival in Sydney this year.

All Old Scholars interested in playing hockey next year are asked to contact the Secretary, Graham Wiltshire, 15 St. John Street, Launceston.

FOOTBALL

Our club was again affiliated with the Northern division of the Amateur Football League and did enjoy its best season for many years.

This was due to several reasons, mainly the influx of young players, wonderful team spirit, first-class coaching by Max Burke and a hard-working committee.

Three Churinga players gained selection in the combined Northern side and all were mentioned among the best players. The players were Max Burke (who also captained the side), Deniz Williams and Peter Parsons.

We were particularly pleased to welcome the many players who left school last year.

Any lad leaving school this year would be well advised to join the club, as a premiership is in sight.

PERSONAL

It is with deep regret that we record the death of a past president, Percy Phillips. Older members will no doubt recall the late Mr. Phillips.

A former teacher, Mr. Tom Doe, was recently appointed to the position of Supervisor of Practice Teaching.

Neil Shegog has been appointed as general secretary of Australia of the Engine Drivers' Union.

Dick Whitford has accepted the position as President of the Students' Council at Columbia University.

Don Murray retained the Australian Badminton Championship.

Mac Sloane became Australian Track Cycling Champion of Champions.

Marjory Bonner won the Championship Solo at the Launceston Competitions.

Dorothy Gardiner became the Tasmanian Open Women's Golf Champion.

Sister Heather Cumming was appointed a missionary.

Brian Clark passed his final examinations and qualified for admission to the Australian Society of Accountants.

The following old scholars represented the Northern Tasmanian Football Association during the football season: Murray Columbine, Keith Caelli, John Broomby, Alan Krushka, Brian Yost, Don Jarman, Laurie Wing, Noel Atkins.

Brian Yost and Noel Atkins gained selection in the Tasmanian team which travelled to Canberra and Sydney.

ENGAGEMENTS

Stan Tilley to Bonnie Robertson.

*Norma Jansson to Stuart Clark.

*Gwendoline Mason to Ian Whelan.

Anthea Foot to Robert Bilson.

Margaret Allan to Hugh Black.

Shirley Jack to Lindsay Gall.

Graham Wiltshire to Nancy Crawford.

*Barbara Munden to Boy Bayles.

*Cynthia Marriott to Bill Crow.

Jenny Amos to Graeme Mayhead.

Elsie Deavin to Brian Kilby.

Lewis Bardenhagen to Eileen Dishington.

Iris Westwood to Colin Brown.

Dorothy French to Paul Hartnett.

Pauline Barry to Gordon Hubbard.

Dorothy McEnulty to Laurie McGee.

*Gwen Snare to Peter Parsons.

Valerie Charlton to Richard Schofield.

Myrna Dent to Raymond Boyer.

Margaret Broomby to Peter Gilbert.

Betty Tucker to Ronald Bryan.

Pat Fleming to John Mackey.

School Autographs