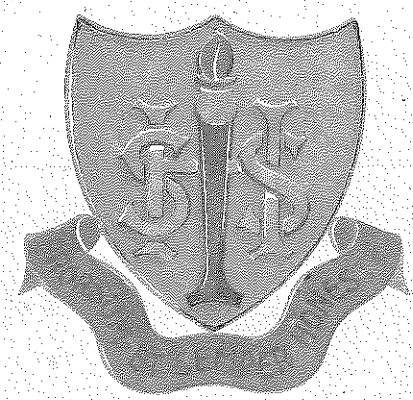


Pat Ryan



The Northern Churinga

Launceston
High School
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The Northern Churinga



Launceston High School

Editorial

We have now reached the end of the year, a time when our thoughts turn both to the future and to the past. We have spent another year preparing ourselves for life.

At school, we learn not only to earn a living, but also to develop our personality. After all, any ruthless overseer can make us work efficiently, but we must learn to spend our leisure time in a way that will benefit ourselves and others.

We learn to appreciate literature, art, and music. The culture of the world is changing. Scientific discoveries make a change in old valuations inevitable. New relations between nations, especially the growth in cultural as well as political importance of Africa and Asia are introducing new elements into our culture. An increase in leisure time may soon enable men to devote more attention to the cultural aspects of life. We can play our part in determining the nature and value of the new development. Not all can be writers, painters or composers. But we form the public to which artists address themselves and the public has always played a major part in determining the type and standard of artistic and literary production.

In our school activities we learn not to live for ourselves alone, but to share the work and help to solve the problems of our community. One of the most important features of our preparation is that we learn not merely, as we may sometimes feel, a dry list of facts, but a method of reasoning that helps us to understand the world in which we live more thoroughly. This enables us to make useful contributions to the communal life of our people.

An ability and willingness to think is vital for private persons as well as for whole nations. It helps us to resist the dangerous lure of the slogan, the purpose of which is not meant to make people think but to rouse their emotions; the slogan is often a mask for faulty argument. In our days, whole nations trust to slogans, which arouse their cupidity or hatred, and are often the labels of extremist parties; these nations pursue a reckless policy that brings disaster upon themselves and their neighbours. Therefore, we must learn to think, to calculate the risk, to look at both sides of a situation and to discover the truth of an idea.

Whether we will be useful and sensible citizens will be determined now, and not in after years. On what we do and learn at school depends our future life. On what our generation does at school depends the future of Australia.

PEGGY PEDLEY MEMORIAL PRIZE

The Peggy Pedley Memorial Prize has been awarded to Loris Munro for her article printed below.

THE BRIDGE

Loris Munro. A. Sorell.

Janie was a lonely little girl, living in a quiet settlement near the sea.

She was a spindly, freckle-faced little girl, with long russet-tinted hair. You could not say that she was a beautiful child — only her eyes and lashes were beautiful. Her eyes were such a deep blue and her lashes so long that you forgot how thin she was and how awkward she was in her movements.

She loved natural and man-made things. She found contentment in splashing in the water off-shore, picking up gaily coloured rocks and pebbles and hiding them in little hoards in the tufts of grass and rushes near the water's edge. She loved crossing the railway bridge which suddenly appeared from a giant cutting which followed the sea coast. Perhaps she was attracted to the bridge, because it too, was long and spindly and russet — the only life it had was the hard steel lines which glistened in the rain which fell so often in the autumn.

Just as she loved the bridge with its glistening rails, she loved the trains which thundered across the span of water which hurried below it. She could not understand how they worked and she was a little afraid of the black snorting, smoking iron-thing which crossed frequently. She would crouch on a sand dune a short distance from the bridge, her precious pebbles and shells beside her, listening to the story of the iron wheels on the iron rails.

One autumn morning, as the rain fell over the sea and land, Janie stumbled along the track, grasping in her hand a twig of autumn leaves. A little distance in front of her, she saw an orange moss, which had lodged itself between the sleeper and the bridge itself. It was a gay moss on her bridge! She crouched by the line, gently tucking the moss in her hands . . .

The shrill scream of the black train rounding the cutting, awakened her. Janie straightened slowly. The black thing came quickly, its big cold eyes glaring and mocking her.

Dropping her moss and leaves, she ran towards the train and a platform on the side of the bridge that held a great water tank. Reaching this platform, she fell to her knees and clutched at the wooden support. The train thundered by, the wet lines hissing as the wheels raced over them.

It was a long goods train, and Janie closed her eyes tightly as she felt herself drawn towards the moving object. It passed.

Janie got slowly to her feet and looked down the line. Her little knobkly knees showed below her little brown dress; her hair hung limply on either side of her face and tears rolled uncontrollably down her cheeks. The rain still fell and the lines glistened. She stood by the track and shook her head accusingly at the disappearing train.

"I hate you, I hate you!" she cried. "You've taken my moss and leaves!"

BRUMBIES

Pat Smith. El. Franklin.

They roamed, the brumbies of Northern Queensland. Their leader was a white stallion, a born leader, full of fire and beauty. Sleek of coat, nostrils flaring, eyes flashing and ears erect, he would stand listening for danger signals, knowing that the rest of the herd depended on him as they eagerly sought food.

Running wild over the plains of Northern Queensland, they covered many miles in search of food and water. Sometimes, the brumbies stayed in the same place for weeks, resting and taking their fill of sweet grass and water. Now, the brave leader had to be really on the alert for the other horses (most of them brown or grey and of medium height), seemed to know just when to take them by surprise, and the brumbies DREADED capture. I always think that the brumbies would rather die than submit to man, because they have known all the terrors and joys of freedom which roaming over vast territories must give to them.

One thing alone which they share with man is the dread of fire, fire which can rage through the bushland. The beautiful white stallion saved his pack one day, when herds of poor, wild creatures were caught in a fire which seemed to rage all around. Suddenly, with a startled whinny, he roused the pack and drove them on to safety. For miles they raced with drumming hooves, manes and tails streaming in the wind and eyes wide with fear.

How good it was to find them days after, looking none the worse for their adventure, quietly moving in the short grass, under a brilliant blue sky as if they had never known fear.

THIRST

Rae Hodgetts. C5, Franklin.

A fiendish laughter filled the air,
He ran across the sand. It couldn't be!
Was there someone else lost in this hellish land?
His tongue hung out between cracked lips,
And his eyes were burning fires,
His cheeks were sunk into leatherish pits,
With his matted hair and shrivelled form,
A mocking excuse of a man.

He ran onto the next big dune,
Fell — rose and crawled to the brink
But no — there was nothing, nobody there.
Oh, help me, I must stop and think,
Nothing but glaring sand and sky — burning sky and sand,
I must die, he thought, it's torture to live,
And listen, that laughter again and a vision of water
is lying ahead,
And by it the devil sits bathing his hands.
God help me — I'm going mad.

WHICH CHILD?

Janice Power. B2, Sorell.

He met him in the streets of Seville, on a restless autumn night. It was the year 1651, and to say he met him is not quite correct; he discovered him. There in a dank lifeless corner of the street, before a low flight of stone steps rested Olivar. The autumn wind howled about him and the dusty brown rags which clothed the boy flapped and rustled like the leaves in the street.

Bartolome bent down to inspect the bundle on the doorstep. His hot breath must have touched the child, and the inanimate collection of rags sprang into life. Olivar's first urge was to run. He had lived on the streets far too long to search a stranger's eyes for kindness. But Bartolome, too, had been bred in the city, and a strong brown arm reached out and clutched the skinny wrist. Olivar struggled, and kicked and clawed. A rat sprang between them, and for a brief moment Olivar glanced up into the other's eyes. There was something in them which quietened him, and at last Bartolome was able to speak.

He asked the boy his name, what he did for a living, and whether he had anywhere else to sleep. Olivar made a living as well as he could, between begging and thieving, and doing odd jobs for the merchants. When he was offered somewhere to sleep, he accepted. Olivar had heard the boys on the street talk of strangers who kidnapped people and took them to the coast. But the spirit of adventure ran high in his blood, and he argued with himself that if this man carried out his promise, all would be well, yet if he were kidnapping him, his existence could hardly be worse than it already was. So Olivar went home with Bartolome.

There Bartolome fed him, and cared for him until Wednesday's child was transformed into Sunday's child. But no, this gamin was every child. His nature was so many-sided that he is not to be confined to one category. When the woeful urchin became a laughing urchin, then Bartolome Murillo began to paint him.

He transferred the soul of his subject onto the canvas, until the toes seemed to wiggle, and all the worldly wisdom in the urchin's eyes, looked out from the paintings.

At last Murillo painted Olivar as he had first inspired him. It wasn't a gay, cheeky boy, but a lonely wail, slumbering in the corner of that street in Seville. He called it "The Young Beggar." Here the dark eyes are closed, and the little light which flickers through the autumn evening illuminate the pitiful conditions against which the beggar struggled.

Murillo had lived similarly to Olivar when he was younger, and had a sympathetic understanding of his subject. Perhaps he wanted to recall his youth or to place the Spanish street urchins on canvas so they could never be forgotten. Whilst other painters of his time strove for loftiness, Murillo tried to capture all the moods of his gamin, Olivar.

There were many "Olivars" who roamed the streets of Spain and the character of each was as many-sided as there are days of the week. Olivar belonged to every day, and to everyone. He made Murillo famous, in a small way, and his nature was so changeable that people still say, "Who was he? Which child?"

STRANGE CREEDS OF YESTERDAY

Coralie Hingston. A, Sorell.

Recently I discovered in our hundred-year-old family Bible, undreamt-of resources — a concordance, a simplification of all the books of the Bible, and descriptions of religious sects, past and present, all the world over. The history and beliefs of most of the well-known sects were given. However, it was not these that I found most interesting, but the lesser known and stranger creeds.

Many of the creeds condemned marriage or believed that women were created by demons. Among these were the Adamites, the Archonites, the Encratites and the Agynians. The Adamites believed they were created in the innocence of Adam and that marriage was the institution of Satan. "The sect has been extinct since the fifteenth century." Apparently mankind finally succumbed to the charms of woman-kind. The Agynians, existing in the seventh century condemned marriage and the use of certain meats. The Encratites of the second century rejected animal food and condemned marriage. The Archonites of the second century believed that the world was created by the higher order of angels, and women by demons. Distantly related to these beliefs were those of the Abelites, or the Abelians, who followed the example of Abel, who, they believed, had married, but lived in continence. They tried to perpetuate the sect by adopting the children of others (who, it seems, could be permitted to cohabit, because they were not Abelites). However, their attempt failed, and the creed died out.

Among the few who advocated marriage or respected women were the Quintilians of the third and fourth centuries and the Dunkers of the fourteenth century. The Dunkers believed that the unmarried were communists, and separated them from the married. They believed that there was no eternal punishment but that Christ and the saints preached to those who had fallen from grace. The Quintilians preached the all-importance of woman's work, from Eve down, but were ruthlessly crushed in 320 by their intolerant menfolk.

Other strange creeds were the Serpentinians—who, basing their beliefs on the Garden of Eden, claimed that the serpent was the teacher of good and evil, and worshipped it — the Agonyclitae and the Tasodrugitae.

I think the last two were the strangest of yesterday's creeds. The Tasodrugitae prayed with one finger against the nose, and the Agonyclitae prayed standing, because they believed it was unlawful to bend the knee.

LANDSCAPE

Bevan Duncan. E2, Sorell.

Far away blue,

The mountains reach high,

Blending their hue,

With the paler sky.

Lofty green gums,

With crimson tipped leaves,

Fairy red plums,

On the hawthorn trees.

Blue, greeny-grey.

The needles of elves,

On tall pines sway,

Jostling themselves.

MUD, MUD, GLORIOUS MUD!

D. Wherrett. B2, Arthur.

The 1955-56 Pan-Pacific Jamboree will probably go down in Scouting history as one of the wettest Jamborees on record — certainly the muddiest.

"Mud, Mud, Glorious Mud" became the unofficial theme song of many of the 17,000 scouts who gathered together from all parts of the world for the great Jamboree — the second largest Jamboree scouting has known.

The camp was held on the thousand-acre property of the Hon. Lewis Clifford, and took up ninety-three acres of his land. To prepare this area for the Jamboree it took about eighteen months of bulldozing, levelling, clearing and erecting army marquees for the use of Headquarters and Administration staff.

The camp was divided into six sub-camps, each of which had its own headquarter's staff, first-aid post, catering depot, public telephones, post box, equipment and stores depot and electric generating plant. The 180,000 gallon reservoir was built by Army engineers and is believed to be the largest canvas reservoir in the world. There were banks, barbers, a Kodak kiosk, a boot repair shop, a refreshment bar run by Myers, and a scout shop, where they made a roaring trade, selling souvenirs and "anything from a blanket pin to a marquee." What was the best seller? Gum-boots! The R.A.A.F. had set up in the shopping centre one of the famous war time Wirraway fighters for the scouts to clamber over and investigate. They even supplied an R.A.A.F. officer to answer questions and explain the controls.

Yessir! They certainly think of everything.

The menus were a cook's delight. All meat and fish were deep frozen and wrapped in polythene, while peas and beans, as well as being already prepared, were even pre-cooked. Food ordered—and eaten—included 5 tons of butter and jam, 100 tons of meat, 100,000 lb. of potatoes, 200,000 eggs and 15 tons of fruit cake — and of course, curry and rice for the Malaysians. Also on the menu was ice-cream, pineapple, plum pudding and fresh fruit.

There was a fire brigade, a life-saving team (which slept all day as the river was in flood), water and electricity maintenance gangs and 100 miles of telephone wire to ensure good communications.

Seventeen thousand scouts gathered from New Caledonia, Brunei, Canada, Ceylon, Fiji, Gilbert and Ellice Islands, Hong Kong, India, Singapore, Tonga, Indonesia, Malaya, New Zealand, North Borneo, Philippines, the United States of America, the United Kingdom and of course all the Australian States.

In between showers and when the rain stopped for at least twelve hours at a time, displays and camp-fires were held in the main arena. Displays ranged from saucer dancers by the Malaysians to Maori treaties with the white man from New Zealand. Tasmania put on a display of crinoline spinning, which is an elaborate form of Hindu rope spinning.

At night the hills echoed with the voices of seventeen thousand singing the rousing Jamboree song, "Ten Thousand Strong."

On New Year's Eve at the stroke of midnight there was a loud explosion (from an unknown source) and thousands of voices rang in the New Year with the strains of "Auld Lang Syne." Whatever followed had to be heard to be believed. The din was terrific.

Billy bonds immediately went into action, supported by minor explosions, blaring bugles and screaming bagpipes. To add the finishing New Year touch, a truck managed to skid across the road into the side of our tent just as we were beginning to doze off. (They had to haul it off with a tractor).

Besides the food, songs, displays and campfires, there was a friendly atmosphere throughout the camp, enhanced particularly by swapping groups. Scouts swapped district emblem badges, troop name tapes and scarves. When it came to swapping, neither nationality, rank, or importance mattered. Our crinolines went like hot cakes after the display. Everyone had a "fine time" and the mud did not dampen our spirits, although it dampened everything else.

One last important thing. The last two days of the Jamboree were actually DRY. What is more, it was even HCT. Unfortunately, Melbourne had turned off its freak weather just a week too late.

SKI-ING

By M. (S.S.) (P.) Brown. C2, Sorell. (with apologies)

The slope was long and steep, flattening out gently at the bottom; a jump-turn and one went down another slope, "Little Hell," the playground of the expert and the nightmare of the novice. The snow was deep, though fast, but "Brown's Special Bindings," together with "Brown's Special Skis," would see me through.

First, a couple of kick-turns to ensure everything was right, then off down the slope. At first the snow was too fast, and my skis ran away with me, then came sensible snow and my speed mounted. Bend forward, forward more, even more, a slight downhill christiana to clear a rock, then straighten out and down again. Swing side to side for the fun of it, now a delicate step to the side, back again; push with the stocks, that level patch is getting pretty close now; then a flash and two well-known people sweep by, John and Ray T —, well never mind, they're experts. Across the level they glide, then disappear as they sweep down into "Little Hell" in a flurry of snow.

Now it's my turn, approaching the crucial point, sticks forward, careful, not yet, not yet, now!

(Disastrous results coming up.)

After I stop sliding, I pick myself up out of the cold, cold snow and put a ski back on. Then I look at "Little Hell." Rocks, bumps, bushes, bends and turns, this is what faces me. Halfway down are John and Ray T, sweeping round the corners and dodging around the bushes, seemingly taking no notice of the rocks, then they head straight for a small hump. Up and over, they jump over the rest of the hazards and land on the bottom level. Well, if they can do it, so can I! †

A push on the stocks and down I go. The first obstacle, a quick turn, straighten out, then round the next, through two bushes, over a rise, round a rock, round a long bend, straighten out and up and over the hump; my skis leave the ground and I am gliding. Straighten the legs, lean well forward, arms out, tips of the skis up, this is really living! But then I'm sinking and the ground is coming up fast. I find with a bump and not quite upright. Straighten up, straighten up! After I stop sliding, I think, "Ah, well, they're experts."

† Famous last words.

STANLEY

Ian Ling. E2, Arthur.

As we reached the brow of a hill on the Sisters' Hills Pass, we saw on the horizon, a piece of land jutting out into the sea. The end of it was a granite bastion which appeared to be rectangular in shape. This was Stanley, and the famous "Nut," and it was here that we were to make our home for eight months.

As we sped along the fine bitumen road which links the for North West with the rest of Tasmania, we saw some of the finest beaches in the State. As far as the eye could see, there were broad expanses of glimmering sands reaching down to the sea and always in the background was the "Nut," which became more impressive with every mile. We turned off the main road at a sign which read: Stanley, 5 miles," and it was not long before we were able to see the town itself.

Stanley is built on a narrow tongue of land with most of its houses built in the shadow of the "Nut." It is fairly scattered and has been likened to many English fishing villages. Most of the houses are at least fifty years old and many were convict-built. The town is most picturesque, being surrounded by green hills and flanked on two sides by excellent beaches. We entered the town along a beautiful tree-lined avenue and were immediately struck by the peacefulness of the scene.

We followed this road which led around the side of the "Nut," until we found ourselves on Stanley's fine wharves. The main wharf is protected by a concrete breakwater and at high tide there is a depth of thirty feet of water. Between the breakwater and the main wharf there are a series of smaller wharves and it is here that the boats of Stanley's fishing fleets tie up. The largest of these boats is sixty feet in length and all the boats are fitted with two-way radio. The fish that are caught by these boats are all processed on the wharf and the fishing industry provides more than half the livelihood of Stanley's inhabitants. The wharf also provides the site of a large sawmill which supplies many millions of super feet of timber a year for export.

After leaving the wharf we drove up the main street. This street is built in a terraced manner and in the spring the flowers growing on the banks make a sight well worth seeing. Although Stanley has only a small shopping centre it is possible to buy almost any article needed and any unprocurable article can usually be sent from Smithton, fifteen miles away.

Driving through the main street, we saw several sign-posts which read: "To the Nut," and so we decided to climb to the top. A metal road leads about a third of the way up, and then it is necessary to make the rest of the journey by foot up the zig-zag path. As we mounted slowly up the side, Stanley spread out in front of us and we could soon see almost all of the town. When we reached the top we were surprised to see that the huge piece of rock was round and had an area of over eighty acres, 480 feet above the sea. We were also surprised to find cattle and sheep grazing peacefully, oblivious of the height.

We followed a path across the "Nut" until we came to the edge, where we had a wonderful view. To the west we could pick out all the island and, in the far west, Cape Grim. To the east we could see Rocky Cape and Table Cape and the rugged country between them but we could not see the Tamar Heads, which, we had been told, could be seen on a very clear day. To the south, we saw the rich inland of the Circular Head area and the unusual sight of water all around us.

We descended the path (more quickly than we had mounted) and then travelled to our new home. We soon settled into the friendly atmosphere which surrounds the town and were soon taking an active part in sport and other things. The sportsman is well catered for in Stanley — it has the finest recreation ground in the area, the best fishing in the State and the finest surf on northern beaches. It is only 180 miles from Melbourne and has great possibilities for expansion.

Stanley is a beautiful and peaceful town and it was with much sorrow that we had to leave after such a short stay. However, we know that Stanley will never change its friendly atmosphere and that the "Nut" will always be standing guard, a silent sentinel in the sea.

JUNIOR RED CROSS STUDY CENTRE

Cynthia Farrow. B2, Sorell.

Children from 14 nations attended the Junior Red Cross Training Study Centre at the Toc H Camp Site, Point Lonsdale from 7th to 14th January, 1956. This was the first Training Study Centre to be held in the Southern Hemisphere. Juniors studied to be future leaders of Red Cross in their countries and exchanged ideas for the promotion of friendship between Australia and her sister Red Cross Societies of the East.

Juniors attended from all Australian States and other participating countries were Ceylon, India, Indonesia, Japan, Korea, Malaya, New Zealand, Pakistan, Philippines, Singapore, Thailand and the United States of America.

Adult leaders from many countries attended as observers under the leadership of Mr. Georges Tracowski, the Assistant Director of J.R.C., at the League of Red Cross Societies, Headquarters, Geneva.

"Wider Horizons" was the theme for the Training Centre. Juniors studied Accident Faking, First-Aid Training, Water Safety, Child Care and Handicrafts. The Point Lonsdale Surf Life Saving Club organised its Annual Surf Carnival for the 8th January to enable Juniors to see Australian methods of life-saving. The camp was like a big international family with similar views and aims. During the seven days which we spent at the camp, by living and working together, we have demonstrated to the world that the ideal of International Friendship and Understanding towards which we strive is no idle dream but a living and attainable reality.

"Distance may divide us, but friendship ties us strong."

THE ABOMINABLE SNOWSHOE-MEN

John Forward. A, Wilmet.

Recently, two mountaineering friends interested me in a snow trip they had planned for August. The intended route was to be up the Mersey Valley and into the Cradle Mountain-Lake St. Clair Reserve, then down to Cynthia Bay at the bottom of Lake St. Clair (Submarine transport available). We spent some time beforehand in bending and bolting cane, and tanning and lacing strips of kangaroo hide. The results of our efforts were three pairs of snowshoes, which faintly resembled those drawn on the blueprint. While we worked, we enthusiastically pictured ourselves skimming over snowfields at a great rate of knots, passing long strings of hikers, plodding along up to their ears in snow. However, in nine days, we met only two other human beings, who also possessed snowshoes.

We commenced our seventy-mile ramble at a little-known spot beside the Mersey in its upper reaches. It was only a week after the snow had fallen in Launceston and we were expecting record snowfalls, but there we were, facing record floods in the Mersey instead. As we gazed across the swirling waters, we were faced with two alternatives. Either we swim across and risk a trip to Devonport or we build a snowshoe raft, and make our trip to the sea more comfortable. We were jolted back from our sunny-seaside thoughts by the discovery of a flying fox, which was the property of the Hydro. We owe them our million thanks (and our twenty francs). Our trip up the Mersey was uneventful and — Damp! After completing twenty-four damp miles, we came out of the bog, onto the snow, which lay around Pelion. We hastily strapped on snowshoes and took our first steps. But alas, the snow was not deep enough to cover all the low, thick scrub, and we had to untangle our snowshoes and put them back on the top of our packs. This regrettable state of affairs continued up Pelion Gap, where, even though we were waist deep in some snowdrifts, our snowshoes were useless. However, we did use them on the Du Cane side of Pelion Gap and they went like-er-well-snowshoes. I have to admit that we, the abominable snowshoe-men, carried our abominable snowshoes sixty-six miles, while they carried us only three miles.

We were successful in climbing three mountains and the view from each was magnificent. From the top of snow-covered Thetis, we looked across onto mighty Ossa, Pelion West and Perrins Bluff. From Pelion East we could see the way we had come up the Mersey, but cloud obscured most of the surrounding mountains. Frenchman's Cap, with its white quartzite peak shining in the sun was visible from the top of Mt. Byron and across the Gap, Mt. Olympus swept up from the shores of Lake St. Clair.

Climbing mountains in winter is a tricky game. Snow covers chasms between rocks and crevices can give way without any warning. However, we had no fears with our snowshoes to help us. Although snowshoes cannot prevent accidents, they make good crutches and stretchers. They can also be used as tea-strainers, porridge stirrers, tent poles, firewood and occasionally, but only very very occasionally as — yes, you've guessed it — snowshoes.

A BUSHMAN'S DAWN

Dorothy Hingston. D1, Sorell.

I woke and blinked, then blinked again, The sun was not shining — I realised then, The sky was black, slowly paling to grey, Giving bright hopes for the coming day. Then all was silent, a peaceful hush Fell over everything in the bush.

The bedraggled old magpie gave his cry As the sun was rising in the Eastern sky While the red, the pink, the grey and the blue With yellow and green, the purple too, Were painted by Sun as he pushed his way up Into the sky like a golden cup.

All animals and birds were up and about, The kingfisher already had caught a trout, The tiny birds chirruped in nests in the trees, The grasses rustled in the breeze. But all through the bustle I felt that each one Was really glad a new day had begun.

THE BOX OF MYSTERY

Robert Booth. E1, Franklin.

In the palace of Mohammed, Ali Raschoud, not far from Bagdad, there was a box.

This box was not a normal one at all because it was made of silver and gold inlaid with precious stones and turquoise. What made it mysterious was the fact that no one could open it. The wisest wise man said that the box would be worth a million-times its weight in gold and the box was very heavy. The box had appeared one morning under the Sultan's pillow and no one knew from whence it came.

The Sultan issued a decree that whosoever could open the box would be ruler after him. For many years people had tried very hard to imagine what was inside the box. Some said that there was a key to Paradise, others said a genie, who would make his master powerful and others thought a potion which, if the opener drank, would give him everlasting life.

Every one of the wise men had spent a year trying to open the box and thought that if he spent a century on it he could not have opened it. One day a little boy came to the palace. He was very untidy, with a tattered, torn cloak. He had mud over his legs and untidy hair. He heard people talking about the box and wished he could open it.

He strode up to the palace, asked to see the sultan and talk to him. The sultan came to see him and laughed when he heard what the boy wanted. But in fun he let him try and promised him that if he opened it he would be made a prince. Imagine the sultan's amazement when the boy opened the box! There was nothing in the box at all. The boy demanded to be made a prince so that he could learn to be a ruler but the sultan objected. Immediately, sounds of thunder and earthquakes were heard issuing from the box. Mohammed Ali Raschoud fell dead in fright and the boy became ruler.

And the moral of this story is: "Always keep a promise."

THE FISH

"Tight-Line." B2, Arthur.

At dawn, the river lay silent; orange in colour as it received the first rays of the sun. Then the glass-like surface was shattered by a myriad of ripples and a loud plop echoed through the still air. The "Fish" was rising and feeding. This fish was one wanted by every fisherman who fished that river. It was a giant fish, estimated to weight about fifteen pounds, a fine example of the hard-fighting Tasmanian trout.

It was a thrill to watch the "Fish" feed. A small nymph, caught by the current was swept into the flow of the river. Vainly it struggled for its life. Then a great brown shape left the water and disappeared back with a loud splash. Then I noticed that the nymph had disappeared. This was truly a great fish.

This was to be my third attempt at catching it. Slowly I moved towards the river, with my light split-cane fly rod held tightly in my right hand, and in my left, a lot of line. On the end of the trace I had tied a small imitation nymph fly. I was ready.

Then the "Fish" rose again, but this time I was ready. With a slow rhythmic stroke, I worked the rod with my wrist until I had about ten feet of line whipping through the air just off the surface of the water. I was waiting until it rose again. Then it showed. In a flash I had placed my fly close to the spot, ever so gently. I waited several seconds and then I wondered whether the "Fish" would take the fly or not.

Then came the deep gurgle of the water that signified that the fish had taken the lure. I waited a few moments until I thought it had swallowed the fly, and then I struck. On the end of my line I felt the weight of a great fish. I had the "Fish" on. I knew I had a great fight on my hands.

My 9½ ounce rod was bent almost double and still bending. Then I knew I couldn't hold it. I let the line run and the slow clicking of the ratchet of the reel built to a crescendo. Yards of line seemed to melt off my reel. I knew that if I didn't turn the "Fish" in a second I would be likely to lose it. I applied more strain to the line and the fish began to turn. Then, suddenly, the line went slack. One thought flashed through my mind. "I had lost him." I began to wind my line in very fast to try again and then as I was about to lift it from the water, the line began to run out again.

The "Fish" had been on all the time. This time I had my chance as I had more line than before. It was a battle to the finish, the end to come when I either broke the line or landed the fish. The line cut through the water in every direction, but I held the "Fish." With a sudden dash it would head for the safety of the rushes and roots on the bottom of the river, but each time I would turn it away. Then the "Fish" would head directly at me, trying to get slack, but each time my reel took up the slack. I knew I could hold it. Slowly the battle turned in my favour, and then the "Fish" began to tire. Its runs became less fierce and before long, I had it splashing and floundering in the shallow water at my feet. Now came the worst part. Could I net it safely?

Slowly I drew my net from the clip on the side of the fish-bag and began to move into the water.

Slowly I drew nearer to the dark shape that signified the fish. Then with a dash I thrust the net beneath it and was overcome to feel the heavy weight in the net. Slowly I raised the net, and then it happened. The net broke.

With the weight of the fish falling to the water my trace broke, but the fish was too exhausted to swim away. In a flash I threw myself onto it, I could feel my hands slipping on its slimy body. Then with all my might I heaved the "Fish" up on to the bank. There it lay gasping away its life. I had won the "Fish" and was satisfied. I dropped to the ground exhausted, and fell into a deep sleep.

When I awoke, I weighed and measured the "Fish." It weighed 11 pounds and measured 2 feet four inches. It had fought its last battle and that night it sizzled merrily in my frying pan.

The great fish had disappeared from the river and many other fishermen have asked me what has happened to the "Fish," but I shall never tell them and only myself and my stomach have any memory of that fine fish.

STRANDED!

Pat Smith. E1, Franklin.

Crowds of people slowly moved around the large store. Eagerly, I hurried to the lift, because I felt that I could not bear the suspense of climbing so many stairs to the 3rd floor. I came into this, my favourite store, very often, but this was a special occasion, as I was hoping to choose a new party dress.

Excitedly, I followed a number of people into the lift, and as the attendant banged the door, I stood in a world of my own, surrounded by dream-dresses.

What had happened? Suddenly, the dresses vanished, and I became aware of the people standing near. The lift had stopped, but alas! it seemed useless to hurry, for something was wrong. We were stranded between the 2nd and 3rd floors. The set faces of a moment before came to life, to betray their owners' feelings. An old lady, who admitted to a dislike of lifts at any time, looked very worried. A tall man in the corner took another look at his watch, and sighed. Pretending not to mind, hoping everything would soon be right, I exchanged smiles with a school-friend.

There was quite a stir, when it became apparent to people in the store, that the lift was stuck fourteen feet above the ground. Strange voices called out, giving advice, and asking if we were alright! Alright? Well, perhaps we were, just as long as we did not hurtle to the bottom of the lift-shaft. We had all momentarily forgotten why we seemed to be in such a hurry, as the mechanics tapped, banged and joked somewhere above.

THE SKYLARK

Bevan Duncan. E2, Sorell.

The skylark sings and singing stays
Like a lonely cloud 'neath the sun's bright rays,
His brown throat throbs and throbbing gives
Sweet music to soul that lives,
To take of such.

THE TREASURE BOX

Tony Kjar. E1, Sorell.

Two years ago, a distant relation of mine, a great uncle in fact, died. As I was his only relative, I inherited all his riches, but I was soon confronted with the burden of heavy duties. I decided to turn my ancient castle into a public museum.

As I was arranging historic paintings, worth hundreds of thousands of pounds, I came across an old, crinkled parchment which was written in a code or foreign language.

I consulted all the experts of codes in Edinburgh until I accidentally came across an old man who had known my great uncle well. He promised to produce a de-coder which would solve the message, if he could have half the proceeds — providing there were any to be found.

A week later, the man, the Duke of Stewart, came forward with the message. It read:

To my successful heir,

"If you are ever faced with overwhelming costs you need not worry because in the fourth tower — the only one standing — of the Roman wall dividing England and Scotland you will find the top will slide off to the north. This will expose a trap-door. However, you will need to use the key which is hidden in the oil-painting of the robber opening the door of the scfe — that key he is using is not painted — it's real. With this open the trap-door and the dull coloured treasure box. It is dull coloured and dirty but it is really gold! In it there is a place for the key — but do not open this because it is a trap for unwanted visitors. Just lift the box out and sell it at a silver-smiths."

I set off to do exactly what the letter said, but I found that the wall was on a property belonging to the Campbells — our enemies. I built a tunnel under the fields but it caved in under the house and I was quickly caught because two Campbells were repairing a truck within a few feet of me. I had the letter, key and the map I had made, in my shirt pocket.

However, I was lucky enough to tear off the last part of the parchment and when the Campbells set out to look for the treasure they found themselves in a deep cave as soon as they had opened the bottom of the chest. When they failed to return I was pleased. I told the person in charge of me I could show him the whereabouts of the men if he agreed that if I found an old treasure box, I could have it. He readily agreed to this proposition; not knowing it was made of gold, and so I set out to free my enemies.

This done I fetched a silver-smith to help me carry the chest away, and I left it to him to see if he could melt the chest into ingots of gold. Just after starting he informed me that he had found a secret compartment containing diamonds.

From my share of the diamonds I was able to pay the death duties but I always kept the chest in remembrance of my great uncle, the Roman wall, the Campbell Clan and the Duke of Stewart.

WAINGUNDU, THE TIGER

Lola Powell. A Class, Sorell.

In the tribe of the Willa-Migii, which lived at the foot of the Great Blue Mountains, Oopla-Bunga (to-day the Western Tiers) there lived Waingundu the Tiger, the great hunter. But the other members of the tribe praised him for his prowess, and he became swelled with his own importance. He began to think he could do as he pleased.

He became a great bully and made the lives of the people a misery because they were afraid of his great strength and fighting prowess. But the tribe of the Willa-Migii were becoming tired of their continual suffering at the hands of Waingundu.

One day, after Waingundu had tired himself out, kicking dust on the food, dousing the painstakingly-made fires, beating the young boys, and making himself a great nuisance, he lay down to sleep in the cool shade of Swishti, the gumtree.

Not noticing Waingundu asleep under Swishte, Koola Ranga set her baby down to play, while she searched for edible roots. The innocent baby romped happily in the sun and his frolics led him to Waingundu. The baby playfully pulled Waingundu's hair. The hunter awoke with a yell and, seeing the cause of his interrupted sleep, seized the baby by the heels and swung him against the gumtree, dashing his brains out.

Koola Ranga, the mother, saw what had happened, and threw herself on Waingundu. The other members of the tribe pulled her back, because two lives lost against Waingundu's strength would be futile. But the tribe had at last awoken from the fear which had stifled them, and plotted for a way to outwit Waingundu.

Tikki Tikki, the cunning porcupine put forward a scheme which the tribe readily agreed upon.

Next morning the women prepared a large, delicious meal of roasted wattle grubbs and freshwater mussels, and mixed with it certain herbs. They presented this to Waingundu. He gluttonously filled himself, and, feeling very drowsy, lay down to sleep. Silnaa, the cautious lizard collected honey from the wild bees and crept up to Waingundu with it. He quickly daubed the honey all over the hunter's body, then slithered away.

The wild bees, angry because their honey had been stolen, were looking for the culprit. They smelled the honey, alighted angrily on Waingundu, and began to sting.

Waingundu awoke with a howl. Mad with pain, he ran to a sand pit and rolled over and over, but he could not get rid of the bees. The tribe of the Willa-Migii now lived in peace, for the shamed, swollen Waingundu never returned.

That is why the Tasmanian Tiger is sandy where the sand stuck to the honey, and has black stripes. That is why the kongaroo carries her baby in her pouch, and the gum tree still bears the red streaks for everyone to see.

EARLY MEMORIES FROM D 5

(A Group Effort)

Marlene Hodge, Wilmot.
Janice Smith, Screll.
Pat Stone, Franklin.
Paul Lee, Wilmot.
Jane Tammadge, Arthur.

One of my earliest recollections is an incident which causes a lot of amusement in our home. It happened when I lived in Launceston and I was about four or five years old.

My sister and I were playing outside and we got very bored, so we decided to pack our bags and run away for the day. Mum was in the back part of the house so we went in through the front door and into her bedroom. We found an old case and put some clothes in it and then we put two of Mum's hats on our heads. After we had dressed ourselves in Mum's shoes and jewellery and made ourselves look what we called "grown-up" we started off on our journey.

We were near the main road where we had been going to catch a train when I saw Dad and remembered that I had been forbidden to go near the main road. When Dad caught me he didn't wait to take me home, he just gave me a hiding in front of a laughing crowd of people.

Another vivid recollection I have is of how I used to like sleeping in doorways, and how one day, Mum locked everywhere without finding me. Then she remembered how I liked doorways to sleep in. When she came out to the front doorway she almost tripped over me. I was asleep under the coir mat at the front door.

Among other memories such as these I recall my first trip down to Scamander. When we arrived I noticed an old shed on the beach. After making my friends chase me I ran into the shed, to find that it had no floor in it. Deanna was the first to enter, so she just went down into the water. After the other had fallen down I made up my mind that I would fall down too. On falling my arm hit a piece of wood jutting out from the bank. As a result of the knock Mum and Dad discovered that I had broken an arm.

Vividly I recollect being locked in the fowl-house among a host of squawking hens and a ferocious bantam rooster. Some mischievous crows had been stealing the hens' eggs and Dad decided to build a new place in which the hens could lay their eggs without any stealing going on. Evidently, I had been carried away watching the fowls and Dad had, unknown to himself, locked the door. However, I unlocked the door and scrambled out. I will never forget the pain I suffered getting home with a horrid little bantam pecking at my legs and arms.

I have two special soaking recollections, one taking place in snow the other in cold water. At the age of eight I went up Mt. Barrow with my uncle. This I did but with much regret because a snowball came flying through the air and hit my head

with terrific force, throwing me off my balance. I hit the white carpet and rolled for at least ten yards in the melting snow.

The other recollection was being pulled into icy water by a very large fish. Dad left me to hold his rod when I was at the age of three and I will guarantee he still remembers plunging into the water to save poor little me.

Another vivid recollection was seeing a man taken by a shark. It was a Sunday morning during the heat wave and Bondi Beach had one of its record crowds. Most people were up the North end when the shark bell rang and the shark boat went out. Everyone raced from the water lest he should be last one out. One man was way out beyond his depth when the bell rang and could not get in against the undertow. People on the beach watched horrified as you could see the black fin approaching the man in one direction, and the boat in the other. It was really awful. The man let out one piercing scream and then we knew it was too late.

One other occasion my sister, Susan, cut her hair while Mum was out. Later that afternoon when Mum came home she decided to tidy Susan. After putting a clean dress on her Mum found a small ribbon but when she looked for the piece of hair that she had kept long especially for ribbons she found that it was missing.

"Who cut that piece of hair off?" inquired Mum.

"The waries' did," replied my cheeky little sister.

"Which fairies?" questioned Mum. Susan hesitated a moment and then holding up two fingers said "These two 'waries'."

THE TIGER

Colleen Killo. E6, Arthur.

The fierce tiger is a creature that sleeps throughout the day,

And then comes out at night-time when it pounces on its prey,

It will live inside a forest, or in a jungle deep,
And looks just like a great big cat when it is fast asleep

The tiger's coat is reddish but with stripes of deepest black,

And if it's very hungry, then this creature will attack
Just anything that comes along — an antelope or a deer,

For the "Terror of the Jungle" has nothing he need fear.

The tiger's cub is very sweet and when it is quite small,

It curls up close to Mummy in a little furry ball,
But in a year or two it grows just like its Mum and Dad,

And then becomes, so sad to say, a very naughty lad,

So I think the safest place to see tigers is a zoo,
For, there they're kept quite safely and they cannot get at you,

And when you're next inside a zoo, I'm sure that you'll agree,

The tiger is the fiercest jungle creature you can see.

A FISHING TRIP

Robert Campbell. B2, Arthur.

We were finishing dinner when Alex asked if I would like to go fishing that evening. "The fish will be biting well," he said, "and we are sure to get a good bag." As it was Saturday I agreed, and getting an empty fruit tin from the kitchen and the spade from the shed, went to dig for bait.

I returned about half an hour later with sufficient worms, and found Alex tying the rods to the tractor. The remainder of the gear was already packed on the back. After forty-five minutes we had come to within half a mile of the river. We left the tractor, and, taking our gear, sought a cow track leading to the river.

We were in a kind of a valley. Several creeks running parallel to each other flowed down it. Tussocks of cutting grass, six feet high, were scattered thickly among rotted stumps and logs. The grass was short and spongy, like moss. Behind us were stringy barks, just recovering from a fire and in front were myrtles clinging to the bank of the river, untouched by fire.

We reached the river a little after 6 o'clock and jumped down on to the coarse sand from the overhanging myrtle roots. The mosquitoes had just begun to bite and we were kept busy while we prepared our lines. Alex was the first to catch a fish. He brought it triumphantly out of the water. It was not a very big one, but it was a good start. As it got dark, the native hens began splashing not far up the river. An opossum was moving about in the ti-tree on the other bank.

By ten o'clock, we had thirteen good fish and we decided to make a start for home. It was pitch black under the myrtles and little better under the ti-tree. There was no moon and the sky was overcast. The frogs croaked in a deafening chorus as we made our way across the sodden ground. Twice my foot sank, so that water passed in the top of my gumboot. Soon, however, we reached the tussocks and the firm cow track. We quickened our pace expecting to reach the tractor in ten minutes.

We reached where we thought the tractor was in under ten minutes. The torch was very weak and it was necessary to go within ten feet of an object to distinguish it. We spent about an hour in the area searching for the tractor. We had purposely left it in an open space to facilitate our getting back to it; but now I realised that it would have been better to have left it near some recognisable object of some size.

Eventually, we decided our search was futile and that our best plan was to climb the hill to the railway line, find the gate which we had come through on our way to the river and follow the tracks of the tractor to where we had left it. We set off up the hill towards the railway line. After the fire, the bracken had grown so high that it was about a foot above our heads.

At eleven o'clock we reached the railway line, which is about a mile from the river. The sky had cleared a bit by now and the stars had begun to throw a little light on our surroundings. Within a short while, we had found the gate and were running down the slope over the trampled bracken. The tractor was just as we had left it. Seemed silly that we could have missed it. The lights showed us where we had been looking. We must have come to within

fifteen feet of it. We started the engine. The noise instantly drowned the noise of the frogs at the river. As we moved off, the dog, which had been following close at our heels for the last hour, danced saucily in the lights, seeming pleased that we had at last found the tractor.

We arrived home shortly after midnight. The thirteen fish appeared much smaller in the light than they had in the dark. It had been twelve hours from the time Alex first mentioned the trip to the time we arrived home.

A FLIGHT OF FANCY

Geoff. Stephenson. E1, Wilmot.

My story begins in a secluded forest, where there was a little dilapidated cottage. In this old house there lived an eccentric genius named Professor Bluebottle and his assistant, Eccles.

To-day, the Professor made an anti-gravity belt. His two previous gadgets landed him in gaol.

The Professor mixed some extraordinary odorous mixture in a test tube which he gave to Eccles to hold. Poor Eccles held it well away from his face as Bluebottle put in some chips of soap, mixed with the bang of a gun, electricity from an electric eel, the nucleus of the Amoeba and a cup of powdered birds' wing.

"This," said the Professor, "is the secret ingredient of my new anti-gravity belt."

After boiling this, he carefully poured the mixture into a container fastened to an imposing belt. The anxious professor raced outside, fastening the belt round his waist as he went. As soon as he was outside, he pressed a button and felt himself leaving the ground.

"It works!" he shouted.

"But," interposed Eccles, "you . . ."

"Be quiet!" snapped the professor, who was slowly rising higher and higher. It was plain to see that he had not expected such positive results from his invention and was beginning to look extremely worried when his flight came to a halt about fourteen feet above the ground.

"Help! Help!" cried the badly frightened man as he remained suspended for no apparent reason at all.

Eccles broke the suspense. "I was going to say to you when you told me to keep quiet," he said. "How are you going to get down?"

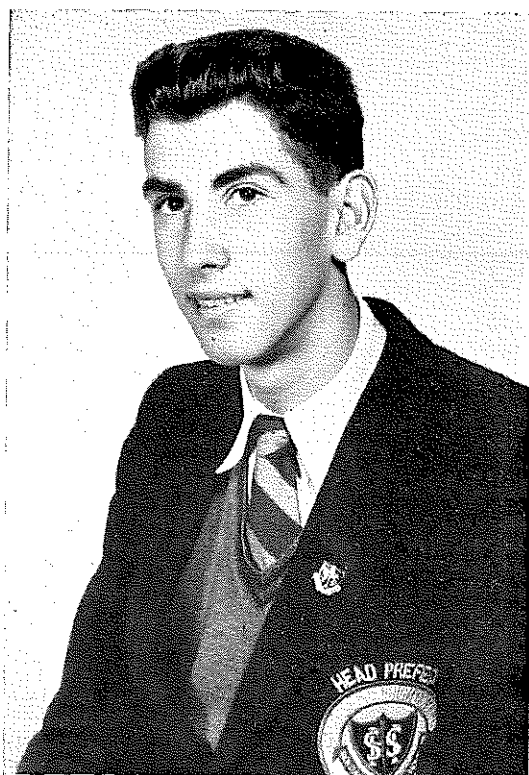
The professor merely grunted.

At the end of a very uncertain hour, Bluebottle began to realise that as the sun went down his altitude also decreased and it was an extremely thankful but shaken inventor who touched down in the twilight.

"And now you have come home to roost," began Eccles with a suggestion of reprimand in his voice. "The next time you think of making an anti-gravity contraption, be sure to add a gadget that will bring you back to earth again."

Professor Bluebottle's reply to this withering comment was to snatch off the belt, hurl it to the ground, pounding it with his heel before finally kicking it into the darkness of the forest . . . into permanent obscurity.

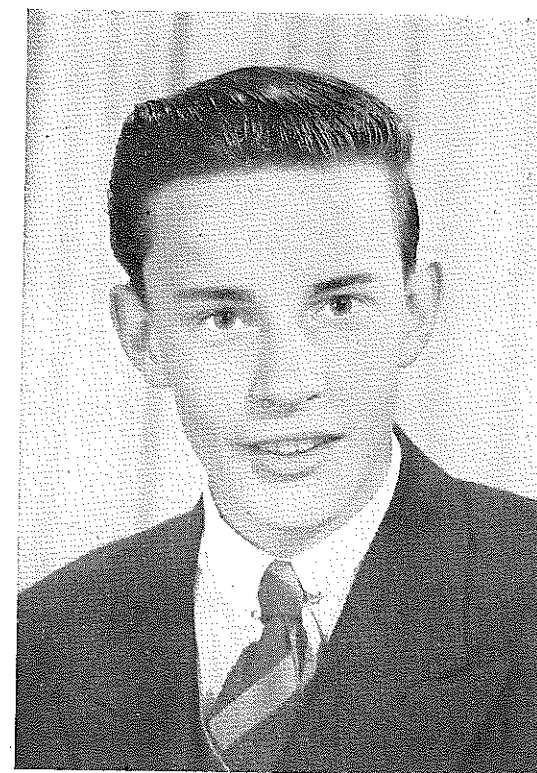
Thus my story ends — where it began — in a very secluded forest. And, perhaps, it's just as well!



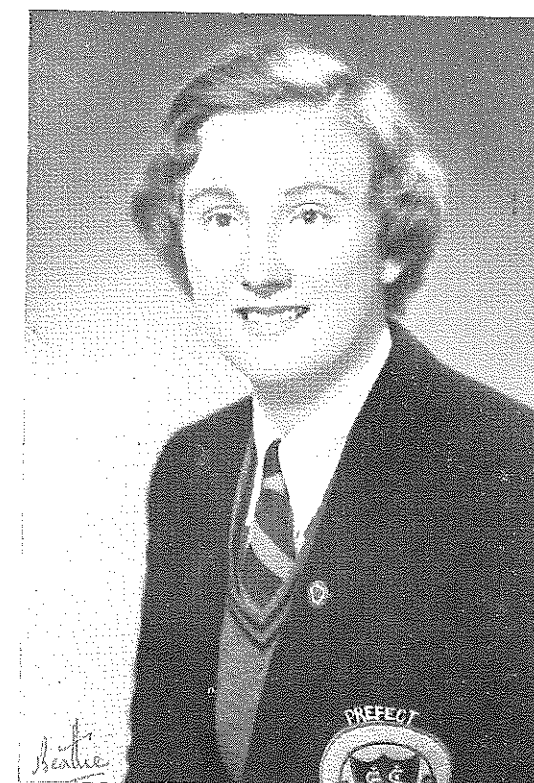
John Forward



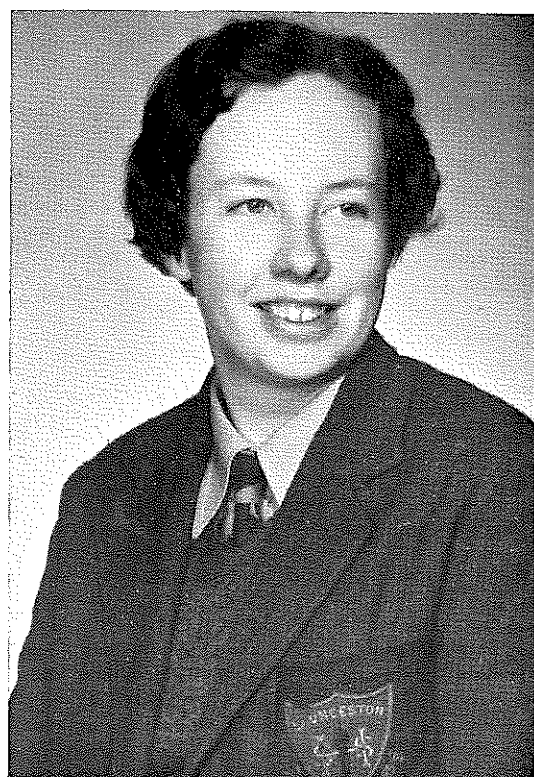
Loris Munro



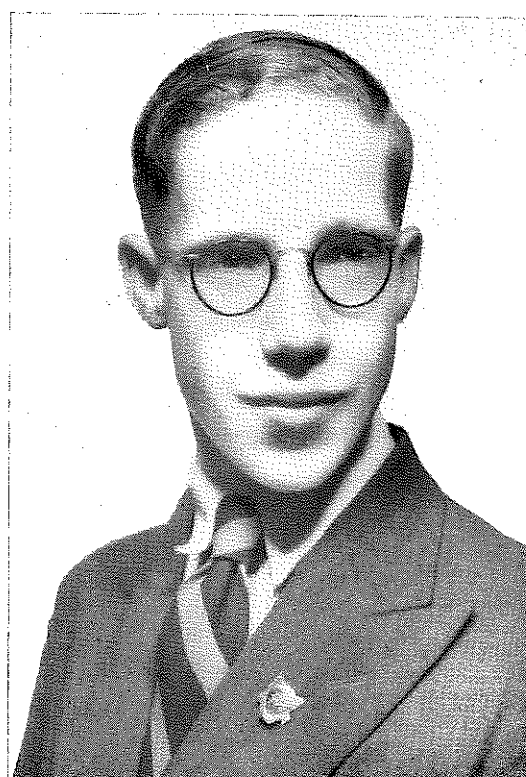
Glen Pullen



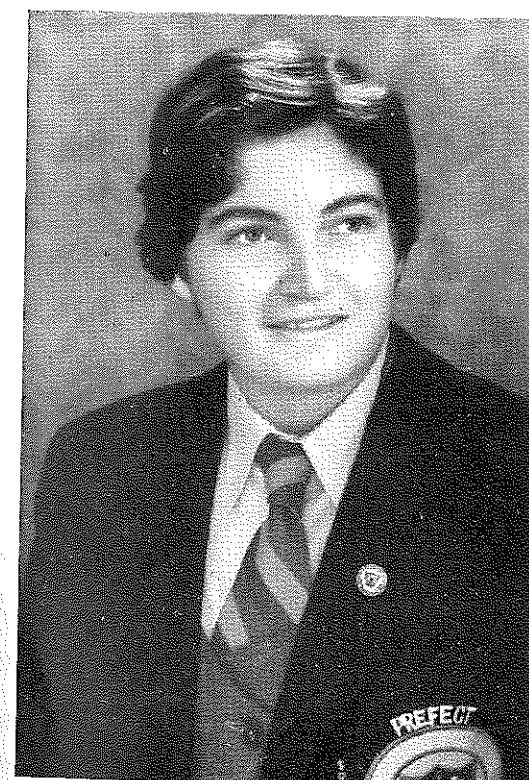
Nancye Stokes



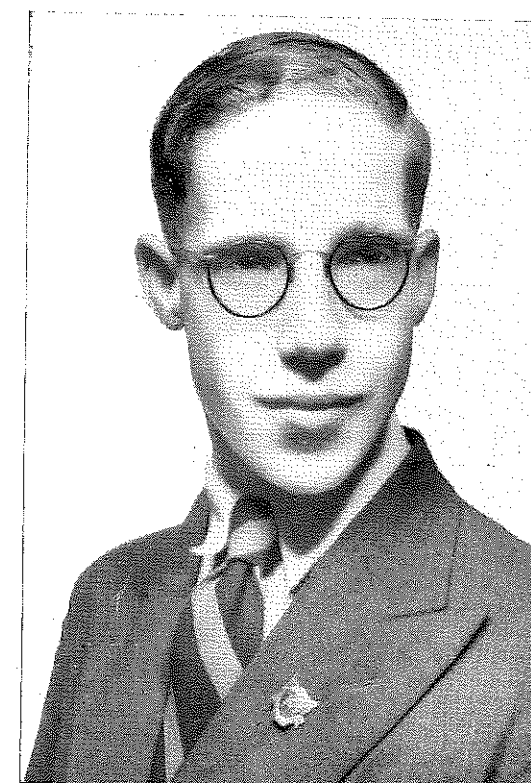
Coralie Hingston



Rudolph Plehwa



Joan Hayward



Rudolph Plehwa

HEAD PREFECTS, 1956

BEST PASS IN MATRICULATION, 1955

EDITORS

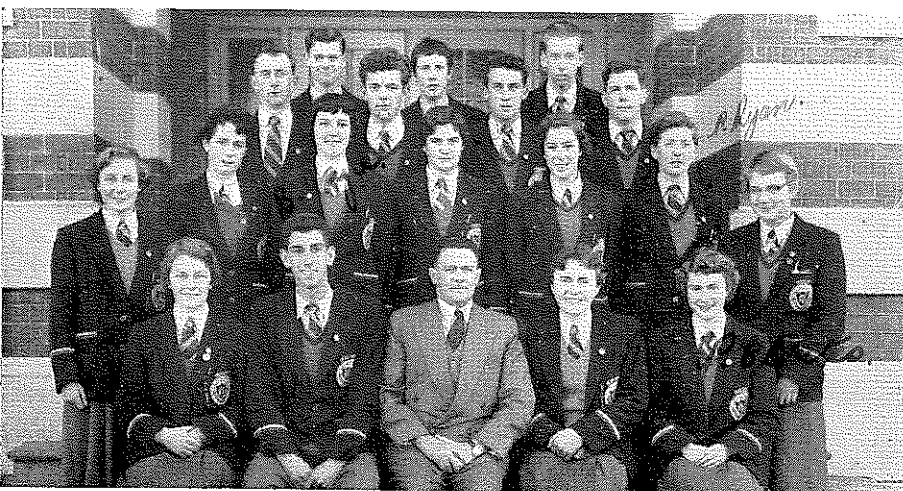
BEST PASS IN SCHOOLS BOARD, 1955



STAFF.
Left to Right.
Front Row:—Miss Fraser, Mr. Smith, Mrs. Dean, Mr. Childs, Miss Aplin, Mr. Baulch, Miss Layh, Mr. Amos, Miss Russell, Mr. Harvey, Miss Blyth, Mr. Morris, Mrs. Holloway, Mr. Phillips.
Middle Row:—Miss Symonds, Miss Cox, Mrs. McDonald, Mrs. Layton, Miss Gilbert, Miss Wilcox, Mrs. Sutherland, Miss Crawshaw, Miss Bushby, Miss Royle, Miss Douglass, Miss Honeysett, Dr. Penizek, Miss Deane, Mrs. Dobson.
Back Row:—Mr. Sutherland, Mr. Crawford, Mr. Baker, Mr. ten Broeke, Miss Dawis, Mrs. Edwards, Miss Record, Mr. Askeland, Mr. Bailey, Mr. Nash.

"A" CLASS

Left to Right.
Front Row:—L. Powell, R. Hodgman, T. Propsting, G. Lockhart, Miss Russell, P. McGee, P. Hodges, R. Johnson, P. Oates.
2nd Row:—A. Kidd, P. Meaghan, M. Wilson, C. Hingston, M. Middleton, M. Wilson, R. Atkinson, B. Camp, D. Jones.
3rd Row:—J. Odgers, J. Hayward, B. Joyce, S. Fowler, E. Vincent.
Second Back Row:—J. Forward, J. Evans, G. Hurst, B. Beattie, P. Ryan, K. Wadley, Z. Abrams, L. Munro, R. Parker.
Back Row:—M. Harper, R. Malkin, J. Edwards, R. Plehwe.
Absent:—F. Stanistreet, W. Blazely.



PREFECTS. Left to Right.
Seated:—J. Evans, J. Forward (Head Prefect), Mr. Amos, L. Munro (Head Prefect), P. Oates.
Middle Row:—G. Hurst, J. Odgers, B. Joyce, J. Hayward, J. Edwards, P. Ryan, B. Camp.
Back Row:—P. McGee, M. Wilson, M. Middleton, S. Fowler, K. Wadley, G. Lockhart, B. Beattie.

GIRLS' TENNIS.

Left to Right.
Front Row:—C. Herbert, A. Cox, B. Winnall, J. Ingles.
Back Row:—M. M-Grath, A. Johnson, A. Maquand, K. Webber, L. Holloway.

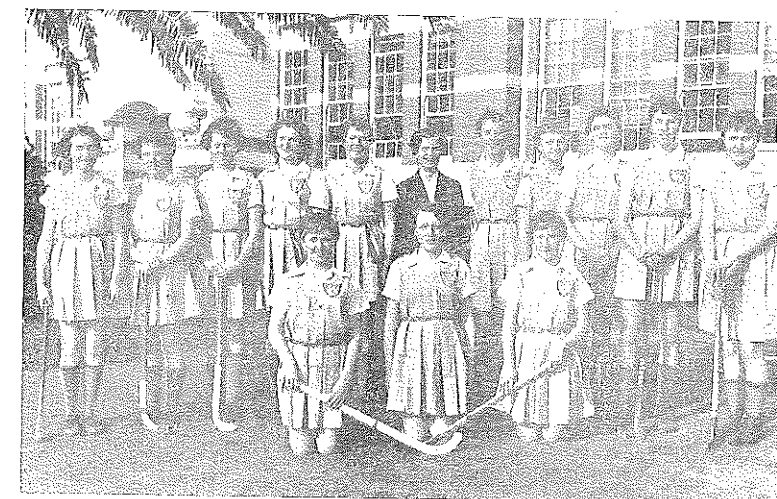


SOFTBALL.

Left to Right.
Front Row:—J. Williams, B. Gibbins, W. Smithins, A. Snooks.
Back Row:—B. Sayer, M. Forsyth, M. Blawett, J. Hayward (Capt.), Miss Honeysett (Coach), K. Matthews, M. Canyon, B. Frankcombe, J. McEnulty.

GIRLS' HOCKEY.

Left to Right.
Front:—J. Power, K. Taylor, J. White.
Back:—D. Campton, J. Gough, K. Barnes, I. Scott, G. Rees, Miss Wilcox, S. Fowler (VI-Capt.), J. Ingles, A. Marriott, M. Blawett, L. Munro (Capt.).





GIRLS' BASKETBALL. Left to Right.
J. McEnnulty (Capt.), J. Williams, K. Matthews, L. O'Brien, A. Marquand, L. Holloway, M. Parish, M. Forsyth, B. Frankcombe, Mrs. Holloway (Coach).



SWIMMING CHAMPIONS.
Left to Right.
M. Anstee, L. Phillips, J. Clarke, R. Peters, L. Holloway, A. Evans, M. Lowe, J. Harvey.



DISCUSSION GROUP.
Left to Right:—W. Elmer, L. Munro, Z. Abrams, R. Plehwe, P. Billing, Dr. Penizek, P. Meaghan, M. Cowie.



RIFLE TEAM.
Left to Right.
Seated :—G. Lockhart, J. Forward.
Standing :—B. Shelley, H. Townsend, M. Roberts

EYEBROWS

Ian Ling. B2, Arthur.

They are the most beautiful of them all:
Fine and smooth, they rise and fall
In a curve that follows a delicate line
Above her eyes which always shine.
Her skin is as fresh as a new-born babe's,
Fresh and bright, it glows with light,
And though she is but very small,
She is the most beautiful of them all.

THE UNFINISHED EYEBROWS

Gwynneth Rees. B2, Wilmot.

I sometimes think it is a racket
To buy your eyebrows in a packet,
And often when you use a pencil
They look extremely like a stencil.
Fuzzy, bushy, thick or thin,
You pluck 'em out or leave 'em in.



ARMY CADETS



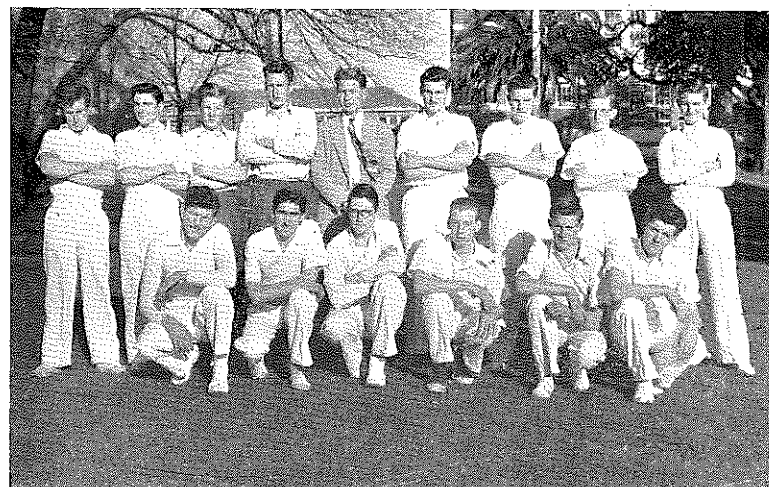
A.T.C. CADETS

CRICKET.

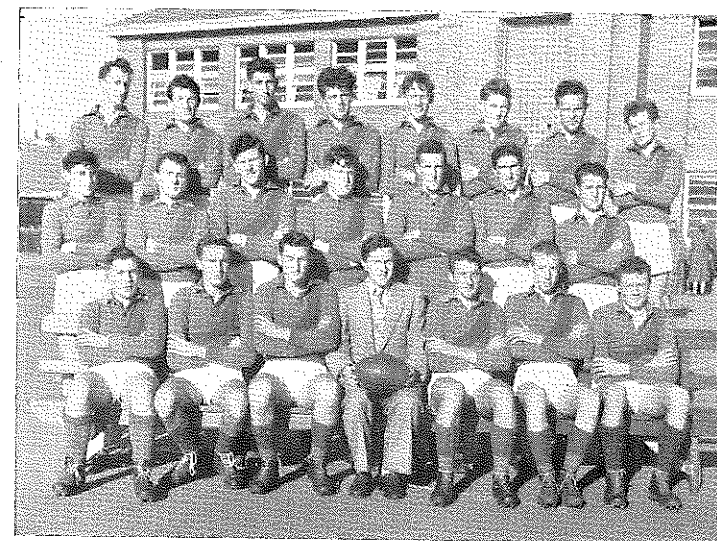
Left to Right,

Front Row:—R. Bailey, G. Viney, D. Walkdan, G. Lockhart, F. Owen, M. Middleton.

Back Row:—W. Button, R. Sutherland, T. Jones, G. Moore (Capt.), Mr. Ward, R. Nobes, R. Faulkner, G. Foot, W. Williams.



THE NORTHERN CHURINGA



FOOTBALL.

Left to Right,

Front:—F. Willis, P. Totham, R. Nobes (Capt.), Mr. Bailey, K. Wadley, G. Lockhart, G. Poxon.

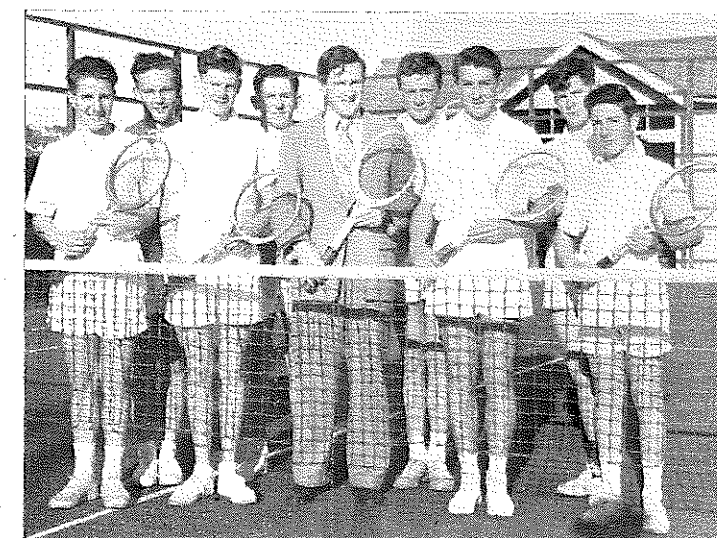
Middle Row:—R. Sutherland, R. Thompson, R. Bailey, B. Beattie, G. Moore, G. Viney, G. Barnard.

Back Row:—P. McGee, R. Johnson, J. Forward, M. Middleton, F. Owen, M. Harper, W. Button.

BOYS' TENNIS. Left to Right:

Front Row:—G. Barnard, M. Wilson, Mr. T. Bailey (Coach), K. Wadley, M. O'Callaghan.

Back Row:—M. Harper, I. Ling, G. Poxon, B. Beattie.



THE OLYMPIC GAMES

Karla Plehwe. C2, Arthur.

In the fourth century before Christ, Europe presented a picture completely different from that of to-day. Large expanses of land were covered with dark forests, and the people who inhabited these countries did not, even in their wildest dreams imagine that a vast land existed beyond the seas which washed the shores of their continent.

Everyone, however, was not barbaric for, in the town of Olympia on the Greek Peninsula which jutted out into the Mediterranean Sea, gleaming marble temples stood on the hillside surrounded by olive woods. This was the site of the original Olympic Games, where the youths of Greece gathered to compete in athletics and such sports as wrestling, under the supervision of their gods, for the coveted olive wreath.

At that time, the spirit of unity did not abide among the Greek cities, but when these athletic and religious festivals were held, peace reigned, and the fight for supremacy was carried out in a more friendly

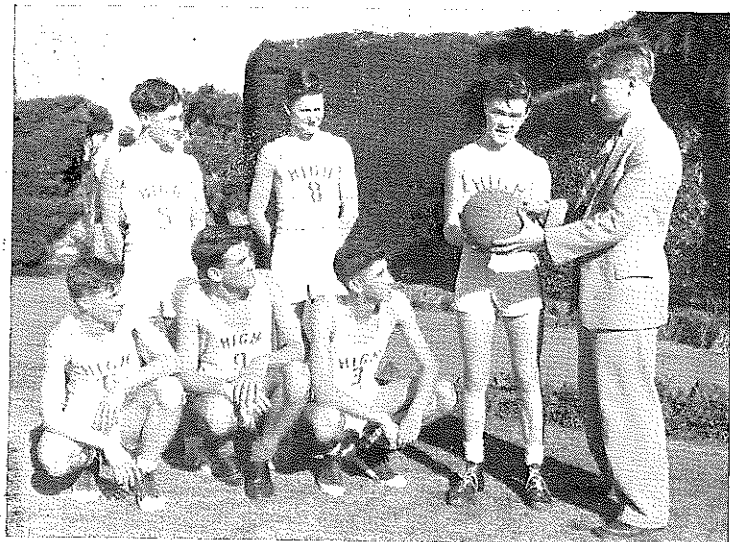
manner on the running track and in the wrestling ring.

Long periods of training were carried out before the Games, the last few weeks of which, all contestants spent under the supervision of a priest. During this time too, all athletes lived on the same fare, so that each should stand an equal chance of success. The object of their training was not only the desire to win the olive wreath, it was mainly the urge to reach perfections such as they imagined their deities to possess.

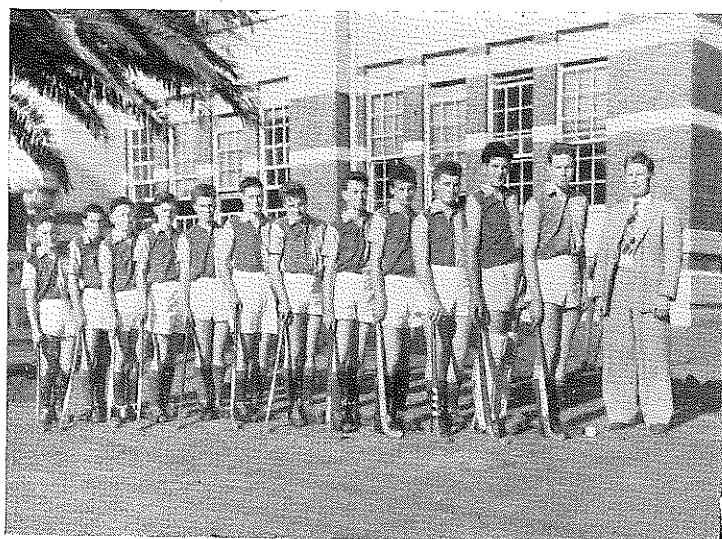
When the Olympic Games were revived last century, it was with the wish that the association of representatives of different peoples would foster friendship between the nations, and that in this way peace would reign among them.

Despite this and the teachings of the Christian Church, no worthwhile results have been achieved, as two great world wars have taken place since the Olympic Games were re-established. It is hoped that in the future, with the co-operation of all nations, this aim will be realised to bring about a happier world.

THE NORTHERN CHURINGA



BOYS' BASKETBALL. Left to Right,
in Front:—R. Tarr, R. Parker, J. Forward.
Standing:—R. Wilson, M. Broadby, G. Brown,
Mr. Ward (Coach).



BOYS' HOCKEY.

Left to Right.

J. Read, R. Hodgman, J. Ling, M. Wilson,
M. Roberts, D. Wherrett, A. Edwards,
N. Atkins, A. Evans, R. Edwards, E.
Wilson, H. Townsend (Captain), Mr. T.
Ward (Coach).

THE MALLEE

Gwen Manzoney. B2, Sorell.

Most of this has been told to me by my parents, over the past nine years since we have left the Victorian Mallee. The Mallee is usually looked on as a district which is not noted for much, or as one which is referred to in school. It is very hot and dusty, and it is like a desert, but it also produces very fine wheat and Mallee roots which are used for firewood. These two products are usually known to all, but how many know of its other product, salt?

The salt is obtained from a lake, at Sea Lake, in the heart of the Victorian Mallee, or "dust bowl." The lake is more than 150 miles inland from the sea coast. It has physical features of unusual interest to all, including many tourists. The lake has a perimeter of 70 miles, is never more than 18 inches deep, and it produces up to 9000 tons of salt a year.

During the harvest season, which is in mid-summer, about thirty men are employed. Because of the extreme heat, the sun is very trying on men's eyes. When the water evaporates and seems to remain at one end of the lake, it is time for the salt to be harvested. It is scraped from the bed of the lake into small mounds (about 1½ feet high) by a type of road grader. The salt, which is used for commercial purposes, is then carted to a refinery, where it is partially refined and later railed to Geelong, where it is processed ready for the market.

Another feature of interest is the hundreds of sea-gulls which come inland and live and nest near the lake. They are often seen over the town. The gulls have become so tame that they are a nuisance to poultry owners because one has to stand and watch one's fowls while they are feeding, otherwise the fowls would starve.

THE NORTHERN CHURINGA



"TWELFTH NIGHT" GROUP.

Left to Right.

Standing:—G. Viney (Valentine), R. Oakley (Curio), R. Parker (Sea Captain), A. Evans (Orsino), M. Walsh (Antonio), S. Phillips (Viola), T. Kettle (Officer), C. Hughes (Sebastian), P. Loftus (Malvolio), J. Power (Olivia), R. Green (Priest), G. Manzoney (Musician).
In Front:—B. Proctor (Maria), P. Smith (Fabian), B. Walkley (Clown), G. Cox (Sir Andrew), E. Wilson (Sir Toby), F. Edwards, E. Abrams (Musicians).

"TWELFTH NIGHT"

The first Shakespearian play produced by the School for many years was successfully presented in the School Hall for three successive nights in August. Proceeds from the production are to go towards the establishment of a wardrobe for the use of future players.

Some costumes were hired, but many were made by the students, and have considerably enlarged the School wardrobe. Dressing and properties were well organised by an efficient backstage staff.

The cast included: Frank Stanistreet, Allan Evans, Suzanne Phillips, Janice Power, Colin Hughes,

Robert Oakley, Eva Abrams, Gwen Manzoney, Fae Edwards, Geoffrey Viney, Robert Parker, Edgar Wilson, Beverley Proctor, Garry Cox, Bruce Walkley, Peter Loftus, Michael Walsh, Peter Smith, Tony Kettle and Robert Green.

It was unfortunate that Frank should have become ill a few weeks before the presentation, but Allan assisted him well in the part.

We all enjoyed presenting "Twelfth Night," and wish to thank all those who offered generous help and reliable support. The cast would especially like to thank Miss Record and Mr. Baker, our producers, for their encouragement and patience.

THE NORTHERN CHURINGA

THE DROVER

Maxine Singline. C5, Sorell.

He is a sturdy fellow,
With a shaggy beard of black,
Who rides the country mellow,
With his dog and stockwhip's crack.

Always with the cattle,
Hardly ever resting;
Through drought and flooded country,
Where no birds are nesting.

Talking with the abbos,
Trading knicks and knacks;
An old broken mirror
For an abbo's axe.

When his day is over,
He sleeps out 'neath the stars;
Dreaming as an Aussie can
Of girls and beer and bars.

And when he's finished droving,
As most old drovers do;
He talks and tells the stories,
Of when he was on the move.

AUSTRALIA'S FIRST CHILDREN

Jennifer Barnes. E1, Arthur.

Between Alice Springs and Darwin, in the month of March some years ago, as dawn was breaking, a little coloured boy was born. His aboriginal mother was very proud of him and hoped his life would be much better than her own. As the day grew old and the sun crept higher in the sky, she was sure that any child born on such a lovely Australian day would have a life of happiness in this large country with its open spaces and its tall gum trees.

The first few years of this little fellow's life were spent by the side of his mother, who looked after him and taught him to speak the language of his father's tribe. As he grew older he joined in the games of the other aboriginal children and soon learned how to make and throw spears and light fires which in later years would provide food and means of cooking it.

He was told by other members of his tribe the legends and superstitions which play a major part in an aborigine's life. Not long after he entered his teens he was taken away by the men of his tribe and a ceremony was commenced which was to make him a man and a warrior.

Then, as a warrior, he too would play a part in making his land a better place for Australia's first children.

ON BEAUTY

Sandra Fowler. A, Franklin.

I have always appreciated the beauty that nature gives us throughout the year, especially at the change of seasons. It was not until this year however, that the full significance of these beauties reached me. In this fast moving world we are very apt to take our surroundings and the common things in life merely as a matter of course.

Until this year I was used to spending the main part of the weekend somewhere in the bush, bird-watching, and studying flowers. Perhaps it is because now those pleasures are often impossible that I have realised how much a part of our life the beauties of nature are.

If asked which season they thought most beautiful, I think the majority of people would say either spring or autumn, and, perhaps, summer. I think very few people would say winter.

I too, used to dislike winter. The very name seems to suggest clinging fogs, cold fingers and toes, and floods.

However, during last winter I often had occasion to stay at school late, often until darkness fell. It was at these times, when I returned to my classroom for my books, that I saw the gorgeous sunsets over the Tamcr, with the water coloured as the sky, and the bare branches of the trees forming a lacy frame for the picture. I often stood at the window watching the colours change from yellow to orange to deep red, and then fade gently into pink and deep blue.

During the daytime also, I used to stand at the window gazing out at the park. The mid-day sun made the grass look so green, and the delicate tracery of the trees used to stand out against the blue sky and the little, white puffy clouds. The bright green moss on the trunks of the old oaks matched the grass, and made up for the absence of brightly-coloured flowers.

I love watching the changes in the gardens around my home. In the winter, when the trees are bare, it is amazing how much more of the neighbours' gardens it is possible to see. All of a sudden, as spring approaches, the trees are transformed into a mass of blossom, which forms an impenetrable roof over the gardens. Just as quickly, they are transformed into a mass of green. When you look out the window on a summer evening and see this roof of green, it is hard to imagine that in the winter you can see your neighbour's fowlhouse quite clearly.

Spring and autumn seem to be the periods which were given to us to recuperate from winter and summer. In spring, when the birds sing, and flowers bloom everywhere and the sun shines gaily, the people who suffer from an almost songless, flowerless and sunless winter, take on a new lease of life. The autumn with its mellow days and beautiful colours seems to refresh those people who were depressed by the parched plants and hot glaring days of summer.

Perhaps, if more people really saw and appreciated the beauty around them, and realized that God gave us everything for our enjoyment, they would come closer in the worship of Him, and the world would be a happier, more united place.

FROM ENGLAND TO AUSTRALIA

Pauline Brook. D2, Franklin.

I set out from Tilbury Docks, London, on the 4th October, on the ship, R.M.S. "Citrato." It was of 2,500 tons, carried 1,852 passengers, and 400 crew members. The day was rainy, and very cold. The tugs came at 3.30 p.m., and soon we were away. Crossing the Bay of Biscay it was rough; and I was seasick for about three days.

Four days later we landed at Gibraltar. We did not see much of it as it was getting dark. Men came out in rowing boats, with goods to sell. They threw up a rope with a basket attached.

In the Mediterranean the weather became finer, and the water was a beautiful shade of blue. We started wearing sunsuits and swimming. There were two swimming pools, one for adults, and one for the children. While in the Mediterranean, I saw several dolphins, porpoises and flying fish.

About three days after leaving Gibraltar we landed at Naples. There we went around the streets, looking in the shop windows, and trying to dodge the traffic. No one seems to go to work or school. A little red-headed girl was with us and all the Italians kept touching her hair.

Port Said was a different place. We did not go ashore, but the men came in boats again. This time they sold leather wallets and handbags, with Egyptian characters painted on them. Over the dark water was a neon sign saying: "Johnny Walker Whisky is the Best."

At Aden, nobody came to the ship, as it was after 6.30 p.m. and a law said they could not. While the ship was being reloaded some men kept looking in the water. In England there are no sharks or blue bottles, so I was surprised when they pointed some out to me.

When my father visited Colombo it was the Monsoon season, so he did not see much. When mother and I landed, it was hot, but there was a shower. We went into some shops and were passing a side street when we heard some drums. Going down the street we saw a small, but beautiful temple. The dome was covered with carvings. They were just like the "Arabian Nights" characters, with four arms, astride eagles and elephants. We went to a bigger temple where there were statues of Buddha, twenty-eight feet high. On the walls was the life story of Buddha in paintings.

Then, there were eight days until we landed at Fremantle. It was very pleasant and I was fascinated. Mother said she expected to see Randolph Scott galloping down the street, chased by outlaws.

On the 9th November I landed at Sydney, where I spent three months. It was a thrilling adventure, and I hope I will go farther in years to come.

THE FIRE

Bevan Duncan. E2, Sorell.

In winter-time I never tire,
Of finding pictures in the fire.
The very strangest things I see:
A Chinaman, who laughs at me,
A stately ship, a goblin old,
A knight in armour all of gold,
And sparkling little fairy folk
Who dance and sing amid the smoke.

HATS

Karla Plehwe. C2, Arthur.

Hats! It would be interesting to see the various pictures which this word brings to people's minds. When I hear it, I am always reminded of a dreadful wire-spring creation which I once saw in a fashion magazine, and which, the caption ran, had been inspired by the peeling of an orange.

But whatever reaction is felt, hats are works of art just as much as colourful paintings by Picasso or Matisse, because through them the milliner tries to suggest different moods and express ideas. As in art, these aims can be achieved by any one of a number of means such as colour and form. For instance, a small feathery model would create a gay and light-hearted feeling, while one of the new "pudding-basins" would encourage a more sombre outlook. Similarly, silver-point is delicate while works pertaining to cubism are more solid in character.

The colour scales of painting and millinery are very much alike, except, perhaps, for the names by which various shades are known. What might be referred to in art as yellow-orange, would be fitted with a high-sounding name such as "tangerine" on the other chart, or, a perfectly ordinary grey could be termed "gun-metal."

In themselves creations, these titles add interest to the milliner's product, and, just as Picasso can draw a saucepan, put an eye on it, and call it "The Boy Next-Door," so the fashion houses of Fath and Dior can manufacture little pieces of nonsense and call them hats.

Not all creations in the worlds of millinery and art go to extremes, and there are many works in both fields which do not deserve this criticism. As only the most unusual specimens are publicised, however, one receives quite a wrong impression of the modern trend and so does not appreciate the real value of to-day's artists.

QUEEN OF TARTARY

Jill Nobes. E6.

If I were Queen of Tartary
In robes of gorgeous hue
Glittering jewels adorning me
Like drops of morning dew
My lord would bring me perfumes
And rare exotic blooms
My slaves would stand before me
Fanning me with plumes.

If I were Queen of Tartary
From the Palace I would ride
My Halberdiers before me
My maidens by my side
Shimmering stars in dusky night
Torches flaring smoky light
Pagan minstrels chanting
Songs for my delight.

WHO'S WHO

Principal—Mr. L. E. Amos, B.A.

Staff—Misses B. Layh, B.A., Diplome d'Etudes (French, Latin); L. A. Russell, B.A. (English); O. Bushby, M.A. (Social Studies, English); E. Penizek, Ph.D. and Dip. Ed. (German, French); H. F. Deane (Typing, Short-hand, Commerce); J. Elyth, B.A. (Librarian); F. M. Aplin (French, German); R. Royle, B.A. (English, French, Social Studies); L. Symonds, B.A. (Hons.) Dip. Ed. (English, History); M. Record, B.A. (French, English, Library); P. Lewis, B.A., Dip. Ed. (Social Studies, English); B. P. Crawshaw, B.A. (Art); P. Gilbert, B.A. (Latin, French); M. Cox (Home Arts); M. Cormack (Phys. Ed.); M. Wilcox, L.L.C.M. (Typing, Shorthand, Phys. Ed.); V. Fraser (Home Arts); P. Holland, Mus. Bac. (Music); G. Bryant, B. Talbot (Clerks).

Mesdames H. Holloway, C.M. (Commerce, Typing, Shorthand); F. Layton, B.A. (Social Studies, English); A. Dobson (Home Arts); B. J. McDonald (Science); E. Sutherland, B.A. (Maths.); F. Dean, B.A. (English, Social Studies); G. Wargent (Art).

Messrs. L. E. Amos, B.A. (Maths.); W. Baulch, B.Sc., A.A.C.I. (General Science, Chemistry); S. Harvey, B.Sc. (Maths); S. C. Morris, B.Sc. (General Science, Physics); T. Childs, B.A., Dip. Ed. (Social Studies); J. H. Smith, B.A. (Maths); H. Askeland, B.Sc. Colo. Uni. (General Science, Biology); W. Phillips, B.Sc., Dip. Ed. (General Science, Geology); T. Bailey, B.A., Dip. Ed. (French); E. Ncsh (Maths., Geography); A. Crawford, B.Com. Commerce, Maths.; R. Baker, B.A. (Hons.) (Social Studies, English); T. Ward, Dip. Phys. Ed. (Phys. Ed.); W. ten Broeke (Maths., General Science); V. M. Lloyd, B.A. (English, Social Studies); W. Sutherland (Art); V. J. W. Austin (Clerk).

Head Prefects—Loris Munro and John Forward.

Board of Prefects—Girls: Beverley Camp, Jennifer Edwards, Jeanette Evans, Sandra Fowler, Joan Hayward, Gabrielle Hurst, Beverley Joyce, Peggy Gates, Janice Odgers, Patricia Ryan.

Boys: Brue Beattie, Graeme Lockhart, Peter McGee, Michael Middleton, Kelvin Wadley, Max Wilson.

House Captains — Arthur: Lyn Holloway and Graeme Moore. Franklin: Sandra Fowler and Roger Nobes. Sorell: Kaye Matthews and Kelvin Wadley. Wilmot: Kaye Webber, Gabrielle Hurst and Peter McGee.

Sports Master—Mr. W. Phillips.

Sports Mistress: Mrs. H. Holloway.

Sports Prefects—Sandra Fowler and Peter McGee.

Pianistes — Senior: Jennifer Edwards; Junior: Yvonne Knop.

Captains of Teams:

Girls' Tennis—Lyn Holloway.

Softball—Joan Hayward.

Basketball—Jill McEnnulty.

Hockey—Loris Munro.

Boys' Tennis—Max Wilson.

Cricket—Graeme Moore.

Football—Roger Nobes.

Hockey—Harry Townshend.

GENERAL PRIZE LIST, 1955

Prizes for General Merit (Given by Mr. T. G. Johnston)
—Girl: Dalziel Wilson; Boy: Malcolm Hooper.

Prizes for General Merit, Schools' Board Classes
(Given by Parents' Assn.)—Girls: Lesley Monkhouse and Loris Munro; Boys: John Forward and Peter McGee.

Attitude and Influence Prizes (Given by Messrs. Ludbrooks Pty. Ltd.)—Robin Pedley and Margaret Cox.

Prizes for General Merit, C Class (Given by Messrs. R. A. Horne & L. Garrott)—Girls: Derris Bye and Patricia Smith; Boys: Geoff Viney and Ian Ling.

Joan Inglis Memorial Prize (Given by Mr. G. Hutchinson)—Valerie Munro.

Best Passes in Matriculation Examination, 1954 (Given by Parents' Assn.)—Girl: Mary Neale; Boy: John Beswick.

Best Passes in Schools' Board Examination, 1954
(Given by Parents' Assn.)—Girl: Valerie Court; Boy: Glen Pullen.

Peggy Pedley Memorial Prize (Given by Mrs. S. Taylor)—Rudolph Plehwe.

Prizes for Special Service to School—Pianistes: Senior Jennifer Edwards; Junior: Ruby Johnson.

CLASS PRIZE LIST

Dux of A1 Class (Given by Old Scholars' Assn.) — Margaret Cox.

Dux of A2 Class—Jeffrey Stephens.

Dux of B1 Class (Given by Messrs. A. W. Birchall & Sons Pty. Ltd.)—Rudolph Plehwe.

Dux of B2 Class (Given by Mr. A. J. Woolcock) — Joan Hayward.

Dux of B3 Class (Given by Parents' Assn.)—Jennifer Edwards.

Dux of B4 Class (Given by Parents' Assn.)—Patricia Ryan.

Dux of C1 Class—Glen Murfet.

Dux of C2 Class—Janice Power.

Dux of C3 Class—Joy Muller.

Dux of C4 Class—Norma Davis.

Dux of C5 Class—Margaret Reid.

Dux of D1 Class—Robert Green.

Dux of D2 Class—Karla Plehwe.

THE NORTHERN CHURINGA

Dux of D3 Class—Judith McLean.

Dux of D4 Class—Barbara Gibbons.

Dux of D5 Class—Marlene Forsyth.

Dux of D6 Class—Carleen Horgan.

Dux of E1 Class—Bevan Rees.

Dux of E2 Class—Mavis Cook.

Dux of E3 Class—Janice Coones.

Dux of E4 Class—Lesley Eastoe.

Dux of E5 Class—Janet Butler.

Dux of E6 Class—Elizabeth Harris.

SUBJECT PRIZES

Matriculation Examination, 1954

English (The "J. R. Orchard" Prize)—Mary Neale.

History (Given by Miss Mary Fisher)—Mary Neale.

French (Given by the Hon. Lucy Grounds, M.L.C.) — John Beswick.

Chemistry (Given by Messrs. Hatton & Laws) — John Chick.

Schools' Board Examination, 1955

English Literature (Given by Mr. A. D. Foot)—Patricia Ryan.

Commerce (Given by Messrs. McKinlays Pty. Ltd.) — Lesley Monkhouse.

Shorthand and Typing (Given by Messrs. J. P. Sullivan & Sons Pty. Ltd.)—Patricia Ryan.

ATHLETICS

Girls

Open Championship—Jeanette Evans.

Under 15 Championship—Jennifer Ridgers.

Under 13 Championship—Elizabeth Gibson.

Field Games Championships:

Open—Lynette Holloway.

Under 15—Kaye Webber.

Under 13—Dianne Young and Mavis Cook, aeq.

Swimming Championships:

Open—Judith Pierce.

Under 15—Enid Sagar.

Under 14—Marlene Lowe and Margaret Church, aeq.

Under 13—Noel Matheson.

Tennis:

Senior Girl Champion—Annette Marquand.

Junior Girl Champion—Lynette Holloway.

ATHLETICS

Boys

Open Championship—Malcolm Hooper.

Under 15 Championship—John Waldron.

Under 13 Championship—Lance Behan.

Field Games Championships:

Open—Dugald Skeggs.

Under 15—Richard Tarr and Phillip Bicheno.

Under 13—Lindsay Morling.

THE NORTHERN CHURINGA

Swimming Championships:

Open—Stuart Hobson.

Under 16—Leon Robinson.

Under 14—Michael Walsh.

Tennis:

Senior Boy Champion—Max Wilson.

Junior Boy Champion—Michael O'Callaghan.

Football:

(Donated by Launceston Football Club)—John Houston and Dugald Skeggs.

Cricket—John Houston.

Hockey (Donated by Churinga Hockey Club) — Lynn Hastie.

Rifle Shooting (Donated by Col. Fotheringham) — Geoffrey Ayling.

MATRICULATION EXAMINATION, 1954

John Baker, Barbara Best, John Beswick, Leslie Bishop, Ann Brodie, Wendy Bryan, Phyllis Burness, John Chick, Donald Cole, Helen Cox, Judith Hine, Athol Hookway, Margaret Jordan, Verna Klye, Robert McNeil, Mary Neale, Margaret Pullen, Anthony Ritchie, Lyn Sutherland, Geoffrey Symonds, Peter Underwood, Ann Walkden, Shirley Weeks.

UNIVERSITY SCHOLARSHIPS AND PRIZES, 1954

University Entrance Scholarship—Mary Neale (10th), Phyllis Burness (17th).

R.S.L. Memorial Scholarship—Margaret Morrison (5th).

Physical Education (Melbourne)—Verna Klye.

Speech Therapy (Health Dept.)—Ann Walkden.

BURSARIES

Senior City — Margaret Cox, Priscilla Smith, John Large, Mary Schramm, Valerie Court, Don Read.

Junior City—Helen McKay, Beverley Creese.

Senior Country—Rudolph Plehwe.

J. H. Lyons Memorial—Margaret Cox.

UNIVERSITY DEGREES CONFERRED ON OLD SCHOLARS

Rhodes Scholarship, 1956—Walter Miller.

B.A.—Patricia Gilbert, Phyllis Hudson.

B.A. (with Honours)—Ken Beaton and Walter Miller (1st Class); Bryan Dyson (2nd class).

B.Comm.—Alfred Crawford.

B.Sc.—Alan Parish, Leo Reeves, Dereham Scott.

B.Sc. (with Honours)—Ron Crowden (1st Class).

Dip of Engineering—Colvin Smith, Don Cordell.

Dentistry—Keith Williams.

BEST PASSES IN MATRICULATION EXAMINATION, 1954

Mary Neale (3 Credits, 1 Pass), John Beswick (2 Credits, 2 Passes).

SCHOOLS' BOARD EXAMINATIONS, 1954

Valerie Court (8 Credits), Glen Pullen (4 Credits, 3 Passes).

House Notes

ARTHUR HOUSE

Boys

At the beginning of the year **Graeme Moore** was elected House Captain, **Michael Middleton**, vice-captain and **Robin Sutherland**, secretary. Arthur has had a very successful year. This was mainly brought about by the teamwork and co-operation shown by members of the House, and a fine achievement in winning the Inter-House swimming sports.

Arthur has been represented in the following:—

Cricket: R. Sutherland, M. Middleton, G. Lockhart, G. Moore.

Football: R. Sutherland, M. Middleton, G. Lockhart, G. Poxon, G. Moore.

Hockey: R. Edwards, I. Ling, M. Roberts, M. Wilson, D. Wherret.

Tennis: M. Wilson, I. Ling, G. Poxon.

Prefects: M. Middleton, M. Wilson, G. Lockhart.

Arthur is deeply indebted to Mr. Crawford for his help and the sustained interest he has shown in the House.

Girls

At the beginning of the year **Lynne Holloway** was elected House Captain and **Suzanne Phillips** House Secretary. In the Junior, **Beth Gibson** was elected Captain and **Janet Davis** Vice-Captain.

We achieved success in the swimming sports held early this year. Congratulations are due to Lynne Holloway, who won the open championship and to Sue Phillips who was runner-up. The swimming team consisted of four Arthur House girls: Dicene Williams, Isla Grant, Sue Phillips and Lynne Holloway.

Robin Saville and Beth Gibson represented the school in the relay team. This team was unbeaten the three times it raced. In the Tasmanian school children's championships recently held at Devonport, Pat Camm, Robin Saville and Marie Howard were all place-getters in finals. Congratulations to you all.

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

Basketball: Jill McEnnulty, Betty Frankcombe, Lynne O'Brien, Lynne Holloway.

Tennis: Lynne Holloway.

Hockey: Judith Gough, Adrienne Marriott, Inez Scott.

Softball: Betty Frankcombe, Jill McEnnulty.

We would like to take this opportunity to thank Mrs. Holloway and Mrs. Dean for their interest and help.

FRANKLIN

Girls

At the beginning of the year, **Sandra Fowler** was elected House Captain and **Annette Marquand** House Secretary, **Anne Johnson** and **Mavis Cook** were elected Captain and Secretary for the Junior House. We wish to thank **Miss Royle** and **Miss Dewis** for the interest and help they have given us throughout the year.

Once again we claimed the last position in the swimming sports. We have some good swimmers, but

their combined efforts were not enough to lead us to victory. Our congratulations to Gillian Clarke, who is under 13 champion.

We cannot give any news about the Talent Quest and the athletic sports, but with young talent in the House, we hope to do better than in previous years.

Teams' Representatives:

Tennis: Annette Marquand, Anne Johnson, Barbara Winnall.

Hockey: Maureen Blewett, Sandra Fowler, Dawn Campton.

Softball: Maureen Blewett, B. Sayers, Joan Hayward (capt.), Anne Snocks, Marlene Kenyon.

Basketball: Annette Marquand.

School Relay: Sandra Fowler.

Lifesaving: Heather Murdoch.

Discussion Group: Patsy Meaghan.

Prefects' Board: Joan Hayward, Sandra Fowler.

Boys

At the beginning of the year **Roger Nobes** was elected House captain and **Jim Read** secretary.

Franklin was unfortunate in not having many senior boys and was not very well represented in senior teams. We did not do very well in the swimming sports which left us stranded on the bottom of the ladder. However, we are confident we can improve our position by doing well in the annual athletic sports in which we are well represented and most of the contestants are willing entrants.

Our Representatives in Senior Teams were:

1st Cricket — R. Nobes, D. Walkton, T. Jones.

1st Football — R. Nobes, D. Walkton, R. Thompson, F. Willis.

1st Hockey — J. Read.

And in conclusion, we would like to thank Mr. Nash, for the help and encouragement he has given us throughout the year.

SORELL HOUSE

Boys

This year **Kelvin Wadley** was elected House Captain with **Gerald Barnard** as Secretary and **Ray Bailey** as the third committeeman. This year we have two prefects chosen from the House. We have done quite well in school activities, coming a very close second in the swimming sports. At the closing of the first term, we were on top of the ladder.

Members in School Team are:

Football — K. Wadley, R. Bailey, R. Johnson, G. Barnard, W. Button, B. Beattie, W. P. Totham, M. Harper.

Hockey — R. Hodgman.

Tennis — K. Wadley (vice-captain), G. Barnard, M. O'Callaghan, M. Harper, B. Beattie.

Cricket — R. Bailey, W. Button, A. Foote.

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

Girls

At the first meeting of the year, **Lori's Munro** was elected Captain, and **Kaye Matthews** Secretary, for the Senior House, but after Lori's became Head Prefect, these positions were assumed by **Kay Matthews** and **Janet's Evans** respectively. In the Junior section **Yvonne Knop** was elected Captain and **Phyllis Anderson** Secretary.

So far this year, **Sorell** has done well by coming second in the swimming sports. We would like to congratulate **Marlene Lowe** on being the under 15 champion. With the same co-operation and team spirit we hope to do as well in the Athletic Sports and Talent Quest.

Representatives in School Teams:

Basketball — Kaye Matthews, Judith Williams, Margaret Parish.

Softball — Kaye Matthews (vice-captain), Judith Williams.

Hockey — Janice Power, Lori's Munro, Judy White.

Prefects — L. Munro, B. Camp, J. Evans, B. Joyce, P. Oates, J. Edwards.

WILMOT

Girls

At the first house meeting **Kaye Webber** was elected Captain, **Gabrielle Hurst** Vice-Captain and **Jackie Ingles**, House Captain. When **Kaye** left school, **Gabrielle Hurst** filled her position and **Phillipa Williams** was elected Vice-Captain.

Although we had little success in the swimming sports, Wilmot would like to congratulate Arthur on their fine win.

CADET NOTES

The Launceston High School Cadet Unit has had its smallest enrolment this year for many years. Despite the small numbers, the unit has had its most successful year. This reflects the keenness of all members of the unit, and also the high standard of training that has been reached by the N.C.O.'s. It is hoped that the enrolment will be increased greatly next year by many E Class boys joining, as they have shown so much interest in cadet activities this year.

The annual camp was held during May on the Longford showground. Owing to very wet weather the camp had to be abandoned after three days. Unfortunately, this was the second camp of this unit to be interrupted by wet weather in only three years. To allow some of the field work to be completed, the unit held a very enjoyable week-end bivouac at the Launceston Rifle Range during the last week-end in September.

In the Earl Roberts Trophy competition, this unit won the right to represent the 34 Cadet Battalion in the state final. In the state final we secured

The Junior House hockey team won all their matches in the House contest. In the B grade roster semi-final, Broadland House II and Wilmot could not reach a decision after two replays. Wilmot ceded to Broadland who were defeated by High School III, leaving Wilmot and Broadland in second position. Congratulations Wilmot Hockey Team.

As we write we are looking forward to the Athletic Sports and the Talent Quest and we are hoping for much success.

Throughout the year **Misses Bushby** and **Gilbert** have given us much encouragement and help and we would like to thank them for their work.

Representatives in Sports Teams:

Tennis — J. Ingles, C. Herbert, M. McGrath, K. Webber, A. Cox, G. Cox.

Hockey — J. Ingles, G. Rees, C. Taylor, P. Williams, S. Wade.

Softball — M. Forsythe, B. Gibbons, W. Smithen.

E. Class Softball — D. Cole, J. Austin, R. Berwick.

Basketball — M. Forsythe.

Life-Saving — L. Brett.

Prefects' Board — Gabrielle Hurst.

Boys

During the first term of this year **Peter McGee** was elected House Captain, **John Forward** Vice-Captain, and **Harry Townsend** Secretary.

Wilmot House has had a very interesting year with many members enthusiastically participating in activities and sport in the school.

Members of the House in senior sports teams are:

Cricket — G. Viney, R. Faulkner, W. Williams, F. Owen.

Football — G. Viney, R. Faulkner, F. Owen, P. McGee, J. Forward.

Hockey — H. Townsend, A. Evans, N. Atkins.

Prefects in Wilmot are: J. Forward, P. McGee.

Activities

first place for Tasmania, and also won the Governor's Cup, which was competed for in conjunction with the Earl Roberts competition. We also represented 34 Cadet Battalion, and secured a very easy win in the M.M.G. competition. This was largely due to the keenness of **Cpl. B. Shelley**, who has given much time to training the team. Cpl. Shelley is to be congratulated on his shooting in this competition as from 50 shots he secured 49 hits on his target.

In the drill competitions, we gained third place for the State in the Commander's Cup competition, but were unplaced in the Hord Trophy competition. Our congratulations go to the Hobart Technical High School unit, which secured a unique double, having won both competitions for two successive years.

At the present time we have just completed the firing of the King George V's Imperial Trophy competition. Having secured an average of 74.9%, we hope that, as this is a better result than last year, we will retain the Tankard Cup (given for the best State result), and that our result may be good enough to secure the Governor-General's Trophy (given for the best Australian result). The Governor-General's Trophy

has not been won by a Tasmanian unit since this unit won it in 1951. As a result of this competition, **Sgt. H. Townsend** and **Cpl. B. Shelley** have been classed as British Commonwealth Marksmen, while **S/Sgt. G. Lockhart** is classed as a British Commonwealth First-Class Shot.

JUNIOR RED CROSS

This year Junior Red Cross has benefitted by the influx of a large number of enthusiastic young people and has a membership of over a hundred.

Groups have visited St. Giles and Numerlie Home and are planning to visit various rest homes during the last week of the school term. During the year a choir presented a programme of sacred hymns and solos over 7LA (Mr. Forward's Session). This was very successful and many listeners, particularly the aged and sick, enjoyed it.

Members of the Tuesday afternoon group are making Christmas presents, blood bags, woollen rugs for Indonesia and Korea and are knitting for Red Cross. There is also a group which carries out international correspondence.

The group which has undertaken the collection of the weekly penny for the leper boy, whom the School has adopted desires to thank the School for its generous support.

We would like to send special greetings to Sue Honey and Pat Lott, members who have been sick for so long and whom we hope to have back with us next term.

CHESS CLUB

Once more the Chess Club has enjoyed a most successful year under the guidance of **Mr. Askeland**. This year the club consisted of 25 members who all participated enthusiastically in matches which took place every Tuesday afternoon.

The highlight of this year's activities was a series of competitions played between the Technical School Chess Club and six members of our own club. The games were enjoyed by all and after very close matches, the series was won by the Technical School.

It is hoped that next year as many as possible will join the club and learn to play this most interesting, and often exciting game.

SOCIO-DRAMA CLUB

One of the new hobby groups formed this year was the Socio-Drama Club. Under the guidance of **Miss Symonds** and **Mrs. Layton** the club has been very successful, and we have all thoroughly enjoyed the hours we have spent together.

Among our activities was a "Movement Around the School" campaign, which was launched early in

the second term. Our five main points were made rules.

1. Keep to the left.
2. Single file on the stairs.
3. Round corners carefully.
4. Keep entrances and exits clear.
5. Walk briskly -- do not run.

We attracted attention to our campaign by giving talks in class teacher periods and in assembly, and by running a poster competition to get notices to place at appropriate points in the school. The school co-operated very well, and club observers noticed a considerable improvement in movement around the school.

We extend our thanks to **Mrs. Layton** and **Miss Symonds** for the interest they have shown in the club.

AIR TRAINING CORPS

Number 6 Flight has maintained its proficiency during the year, with several cadets gaining high marks in the examinations. During this year several cadets received promotions. **Peter McGee** was promoted to the rank of Sergeant and **David King** and **Richard Tarr** were promoted to the rank of Corporal. Also all the second year cadets attained the rank of Leading Cadet.

The annual camp at Fort Direction was attended by many school cadets and all benefitted from the experience of life on a R.A.A.F. station. All members received a flight on a Dakota in Air Force Week, and paraded through Launceston before attending "The Dam Busters" and "Reach for the Sky."

The Flight sincerely thanks **Flying Officer Elaubaum**, **Pilot Officer Tucker**, **Warrant Officer Morgan** and **Corporal Barnard** for their interest in the Corps and lectures which were appreciated by all.

DISCUSSION GROUP

This year we had a Discussion Group of eight members. In our discussions, ranging from international and social matters to school affairs, we continued the method introduced after **Dr. Bream's** visit last year.

As there was a large majority of girls in our group, we frequently had joint discussions with the group from the Technical High School. We feel that the interchange of topics and ideas has been beneficial to both groups.

An announcer at 7LA talked to the combined group about the human aspect of a radio announcer's work. He later showed us over the radio station. **Mr. Marshall**, from 7EX gave us a talk on public speaking and its importance in helping us to think for ourselves and to bear our share of the responsibility for Australia.

An inter-high school discussion was planned, but, as the Matriculation and Schools' Board examinations came early this year, this discussion was postponed till late November. Burnie High School were our hosts this year.

Altogether we have had a fairly successful year. The activity of our B and C class members promises equal success for 1957.

Sport

FOOTBALL

In September the football team completed a highly successful season, playing 23 matches in all.

We played Burnie in the Inter-High roster during August and were very unlucky in losing by three points. The match was played at a fast tempo throughout and both teams tried their utmost to break through and gain the advantage. We held the lead almost to the final bell but Burnie struck a good patch of football and kicked the deciding goal. Scores were: Burnie, 9.10; Launceston, 9.7.

We congratulate Burnie on winning the Inter-High premiership game, played against Devonport.

The team again competed in the N.T.J.F.A. roster and finished fourth. We were beaten by Old Technical in the quarter-finals, but we were not disgraced as they were much older and bigger boys.

Although the team this year had a very successful season, this would not have been possible without the excellent coaching of **Mr. Bailey**, who gave up much of his spare time for our benefit. We would all like to thank him sincerely.

Criticisms

R. Nobes (Captain)—Roger proved himself to be an inspiring captain. His demeanour on the field was a fine example to team-mates. His play is characterised by fearless and powerful ruck work, spectacular high marking and long drop-kicking. He is to be congratulated on gaining the award for outstanding service to the team.

G. Moore (Vice-Capt.)—Graeme had the misfortune to suffer an arm injury mid-way through the season which kept him out of the Inter-High competition. Before being hurt he played many goods games at centre-half-back, where his spoiling tactics paid dividends.

R. Bailey (Centre Half-Forward)—Ray is a very unselfish player and his quickness to the ball, high marking and long kicking helped him top off a good season with the goal-kicking honours.

K. Wadley (Centre)—This season we found an ideal centreman in Kelvin and throughout the year he was seldom beaten. The combined vigour with pace and made use of every kick. Kelvin has the ability to kick with both feet and uses this to advantage. He is to be congratulated on winning the award for the Best Team Man.

P. Totham (Full Back) --- Paul played many good games throughout the season and he excelled in the Inter-High to be best man afield. His marking and kicking are a delight to watch.

J. Forward (Full Forward)—Started the season in the ruck, but finally settled down at full-forward where his long, accurate kicking enabled him to obtain many goals. Vigorous opponents never upset him.

P. McGee (Centre Half-Back)—Peter is a fearless player and plays the game to the last minute with tenacity and dash. His speed over the first ten yards often left the opposition flat-footed.

R. Sutherland (Rover)—Robin is a dashing rover who uses his clever disposal to advantage on the forward line.

M. Middleton (Ruck/Back)—A speedy backman who has yet to gain football experience which will enable him to improve his disposal of the ball.

G. Lockhart (Follower/Forward)—A grand trier who never lets up whether on the ball or resting on the forward line. His long kicking was a feature.

G. Poxon (Half-Back)—His experience with the team this season should enable him to hold down a key position next year. His disposal could improve.

F. Willis (Back-Pocket)—A good stern defence player who always combined well with the full-back. Although only small he held his own with bigger players.

G. Barnard (Wing)—A very handy player whose blind turns were an advantage when he found himself in trouble. He gave us plenty of drive from the wing with his accurate left-foot kicking.

R. Thompson (Rover)—A tenacious, hard-hitting rover who revels in the close game. His kicking was a feature in the Burnie match.

F. Owens (Back-Pocket)—Although sometimes he lacks concentration he helped make the full-back line our strongest line of defence. He was capable of taking over the full-back position if needed.

B. Beattie (Follower/Back)—Bruce is the heaviest man in the team and he uses his weight to advantage by adopting bull-dozing tactics. A reliable back-man.

R. Johnson (Rover/Forward)—Although only lightly built, he showed glimpses of good play, especially on the forward line where he combined well with John Forward.

G. Viney (Half-Forward)—Geoff. gave our forwards plenty of work with his long kicking and accurate disposal but he would improve his play considerably if he was quicker off the mark.

M. Harper (Wing)—Murray is an excellent utility player who plays his best in wet conditions. He has a bullet-like pass.

W. Button (Reserve)—Wayne was unfortunate in being squeezed out of the team by more robust players.

R. Faulkner (Reserve)—Although he had little chance this season he showed promise and should do well next season.

D. Walkden (Reserve)—Doug. was very keen at training but was kept out of the team by more experienced players.

FIRST XI (Cricket)

R. Nobes (V.-Capt.)—First-class keeper and hard-hitting batsman.

R. Sutherland—Brilliant batsman and average spin bowler. Returns to the keeper a feature.

R. Bailey—Stylish left-hand batsman with a great variety of strokes. Brilliant slip field.

D. Walkden—Opening batsman with a good defence. Played his best innings in the Inter-High match.

G. Viney—Opening batsman. Good field. Slow left-arm bowler.

W. Williams—Left-hand batsman. Good field. Should be an asset to the team next year.

G. Lockhart—Hard-hitting middle batsman. Good field.

R. Faulkner—Medium-pace bowler and right-hand batsman.

F. Owen—All-rounder. Bowling tends to be erratic.

M. Middleton—Fast bowler. Could make better use of new ball. Good field with long throw.

W. Button—Reserve keeper. Receives more than his share of bad luck.

G. Foote—Baby of the team. Needs more experience against fast bowling.

T. Jones—Could not adapt himself to the turf wickets. Must learn to play forward.

G. Moore—Slow bowler.

We all give our thanks to **Mr. Ward** for the fine coaching he has given us.

GIRLS' BASKETBALL

The girls' basketball had a very successful season this year in all grades. The 1sts defeated Burnie High School in the semi-finals at Burnie and went on to win the premiership by defeating Devonport on our home court.

The school team did well to reach the preliminary finals of the N.T.W.B.B.A. "A" grade. The "C" grade team also did very well in their association matches—winning the Northern and then the State Women's Premiership. In the finals they defeated a much bigger and older team.

The School 2nds had an easy win against Scottsdale High and the "D" grade reached the semi-finals in the N.T.W.B.B.A.

We would like to extend our thanks to **Mrs. Holloway** and **Miss Dewis** for their encouragement and coaching throughout the year.

Comments on School Team

As a team the girls combined very well. A good team spirit prevailed in every match that was played and at all times each player put her best effort into her play.

Jill McEnnulty (Captain)—Jill's ball handling was good and her accuracy in goal shooting won us many matches.

Lynne Holloway (Vice-Captain)—Lynne's defending was very good. Her speed in attacking helped the team considerably.

Betty Frankcombe—Showed marked improvement in the accuracy of her passing. She has a good strong pass and plays a very good defence game. She seldom misses a throw-on. Makes her position well.

Kay Mathews—Played well as attack wing, making good position at all times. A very helpful member.

Margaret Parish—A newcomer to the team shows great promise. Her ability to jump helps her play considerably.

Lynne O'Brien—Is a good reliable defence player. She played consistently well throughout the season.

Judith Williams—Has a good centre pass. She combined very well with the attack wing and the defence wing.

Marlene Forsyth—Shows marked ability as an attack wing. Her position play is good and so are her passing and catching.

Annette Marquand—Shows good anticipation in her defence work. Her catching is good.

BOYS' BASKETBALL

Apart from a reversal of form during the school holidays, the basketball team played excellent games to reach the final of the Junior Y.M.C.A. competitions. The school team was beaten in the finals by a more robust team.

Playing fast, open basketball, the team was the best in the roster. The weakness lay in their inability to counter the closed up, bustling, rougher type of game.

Michael Broadby, Ron Tarr and Robert Wilson gained state selection. They are excellent, fast, clean basketball players.

Graeme Brown is another excellent player, fast and clever, who was ineligible for state selection because of the age limit.

Robert Parker and John Forward are tall players with many natural advantages. Although not as fast as the smaller members of the team, they fitted effectively into the team system.

HOCKEY NOTES

Although badly defeated in the Inter-High School match at Ogilvie, we were able to gain the "A" reserve premiership by defeating our seconds, 3-2.

Unfortunately this year, competition between the school teams was not strong, and as the top team in our grade, we had little difficulty in defeating our opponents. Consequently we were overwhelmingly defeated in the Inter-High match. Ogilvie scored 7 goals to nil. They finished brilliantly, scoring 2 goals in the final four minutes. However, our girls acquitted themselves well against a stronger and more experienced team, in spite of nervousness and a very muddy field.

The seconds improved greatly throughout the season, gaining the right to play in the finals by defeating M.L.C. I.

The 1sts and 2nds would like to thank **Miss Blythe** for her interest, and **Miss Wilcox**, our coach, for her patience, encouragement and real interest throughout the season.

The 3rds defeated Wilmot and Broadland House in the "B" Reserve roster to gain the premiership, and all House Teams showed a very high standard of play during the season. **Miss Bushby** this year showed her untiring interest in all young and promising players.

Criticisms :

Loris Munro (Captain)—A particularly good spirit was fostered by Loris who captained the team capably and with understanding. Her reliable goal-keeping gave great confidence to the team.

Sandra Fowler (Vice-Captain, Centre Half)—A very dependable hard-hitting and untiring defence.

Maureen Blewett (Right Back)—Played brilliant hockey against Ogilvie. Is a natural defence player, with good stick work.

Janice Power (Left Back)—Strong and enthusiastic player. Indispensable at Ogilvie.

Kay Barnes (Right Half)—Played consistently throughout the season, was undisturbed by any unexpected situation.

Adrienne Marriott (Inner)—Has improved steadily throughout the season. Has proved a keen and reliable member of the team.

Inez Scott (Inner)—Her experience as left wing last year has proved valuable. Speedy player, neat goal striker.

Kath Taylor (Left-Half-Back)—Kath's keenness compensated for lack of experience. Needs to develop her stick and foot work.

Jacobs Ingles (Right Wing)—Reliable and intelligent wing, who was unable to show her true colours against Ogilvie.

Gwynneth Rees (Centre Forward)—Adapted herself well to a new position. Persistent in attack, combined well with the other forwards.

Judy White (Left Wing)—Judy improved greatly throughout the season, but needs to give more attention to stick and foot work.

Dawn Campton (Emergency)—Fast in attack, has good ball control.

Judy Gough (Emergency)—Proved a reliable and solid back.

BOYS' HOCKEY

The Firsts Hockey had a young team this year with nine of the players under sixteen, three of whom were chosen for the State side.

H. Townsend (captain, Centre half back)—Strong in attack and defence with excellent anticipation.

R. Edward (vice-captain)—Played full-back with a strong and reliable defence.

E. Wilson (Goalie)—Has improved greatly and with this year's experience should make a good goalie next season.

A. Evans (Wing)—A fast, consistent player. Top scorer.

I. Ling (Inner)—A new player but already proficient.

M. Wilson—A steady, though rather temperamental centre forward.

J. Read—A new player who lacks experience and confidence but will improve next season.

A. Edwards—A keen player who shows promise for next season.

R. Hodgman—A steady, hard, reliable player with moments of brilliance.

M. Robert's—A new, enthusiastic player who has improved rapidly.

N. Atkins—His standard of play has improved greatly from last season.

D. Wherrett—Consistent and enthusiastic.

We would like to thank **Mr. Ward** for his valuable coaching and support.

GIRLS' TENNIS

This year the girls' tennis team has been very successful. They won the Inter-High School premiership, defeating Hobart High School in the semi-finals, 5 rubbers to 4, and Burnie High in the finals, 9 rubbers to love.

This season we have entered a team in the City and Suburban pennants to gain experience. Last year we won the City and Suburban "B" grade pennant against adult teams.

In the school children's tournaments held in September, **Anne Johnson** won the E. A. Stewart Shield, **Annette Marquand** won the Don Lovett Shield and **Lynne Holloway** reached the final of the Pardy Shield.

We wish to extend our thanks to **Miss Deane** for her encouragement and assistance throughout the year.

Comments on Team

Lyn Holloway (Captain)—An outstanding player with an excellent temperament for this sport. Has been selected as a member of the 1956 Tasmanian Wilson Cup Team.

Annette Marquand—Plays a very good all-round game with a strong serve and particularly good net game. Has been selected as a member of the 1956 Tasmanian Wilson Cup Team.

Kaye Webber—Has a very good court coverage with strong serve. Plays a good doubles game.

Anne Johnson—Has correct stroking with a fine natural backhand, but sometimes lacks confidence.

Adrienne Cox (Vice-Captain)—Has developed a very strong forehand, but needs to improve her service.

Margaret McGrath—Shows promise of being a good all-round player, but needs to cover the court more quickly.

Coral Herbert—A promising player with plenty of determination in matches.

Jacqueline Ingles—With a little more experience should be an asset next year.

Barbara Winnall—Plays a consistent game and has a strong service.

BOYS' TENNIS

This year the boys reached an extremely high standard of tennis and deserved the overwhelming victories they gained against the other high schools.

We defeated Hobart High, eight rubbers to one, and won the final against Burnie without losing a rubber.

Critique of Players

1. **Max Wilson (Capt.)**—A fine player both in singles and doubles, with a sound service, hard ground strokes and crisp, accurate volleys.

2. **Kelvin Wadley (Vice-Capt.)**—The best stylist in the team. Moves to the net very quickly behind his fast service to put away attacking volleys and smashes.

3. **Michael O'Callaghan**—A cool, resourceful player who always tries to play the right shot. He has a fine style and great match temperament.

4. **Murray Harper**—Despite his awkward style, Murray has proved himself to be one of the best doubles players in the team. He rushes the net at every opportunity and really "kills" the loose ball.

5. **Gerald Barnard**—Gerald plays a fine doubles game and has a good match temperament. In singles, he could attack more to create opportunities to use his good volleys and smashes.

6. **Goeff. Poxon**—The most improved player in the team. Has a fine style and is basing his tennis on sound principles. He could develop into a really fine player. Much is expected from him next year.

Ian Ling, first reserve is a good player who would have made the team any year except this, when we had such a wealth of talent. **Bruce Beattie**, second reserve, has a sound style and should improve greatly.

The team would like to thank **Mr. Bailey** for his coaching and enthusiastic encouragement.

SWIMMING RELAY TEAM

The School swimming relay team was quite successful in all its races this year.

We competed in the M.L.C. swimming sports against the strong M.L.C. team, and Broadland House. We gained second place.

The team consisted of Sue Phillips, Dianne Williams, Lynne Holloway and Isla Grant.

At the Broadland House Sports we gained second place again. We repeated this performance at our own sports.

Due to tiredness, Isla Grant was unable to swim, and Barbara Winnall took her place.

We would like to extend our thanks to Miss Honeysett for her help and encouragement throughout the season.

HIGH SCHOOL LIFESAVING

We are pleased to report that Junior and Senior Lifesaving teams were formed this year for the first time.

In the competition for the Sinclair Thyne Shield for the Boy's Secondary Schools Teams' Championship, High School came second with 76 points. We congratulate Scotch College for their winning this shield.

In the Competition for the Sinclair Thyne Shield for the Girls' Secondary Schools Teams' Championship, our two teams were entered. The first team was successful in gaining third place with 97.1 points, and we congratulate Methodist Ladies' College on their winning this competition.

The School won the Northern Premiership Cup, which is secured by the school or club taking the most awards throughout the season. High School gained 461 points, leading Methodist Ladies' College which gained 281 points. Nine scholars received the Award of Merit, eighteen scholars received the Bronze Medallion, and nineteen other scholars received minor awards.

We would like to extend our thanks to Miss Honeysett, and to Mr. Ebsworth for the valuable time they have spent in training us.

Library Notes

Many books, both fiction and non-fiction, have been added to the library this year. Up to the 29th October, there had been 97 fiction and 217 non-fiction books added. Subscriptions have been made to a number of new periodicals, including: "Aeromodeller," "Times" Literary Supplement, "Politics and History," "School Arts" and some French publications: "Carusel," "Parish Match" and "Revue des Jeunes." The new books include volumes of plays and many books of adventure stories as well as those on hobbies, games and all aspects of school studies.

A very important addition to the reference section is "Nouveau Larousse Universel," in two volumes. During 1956, books were added to the A. L. Weston and Sandy Anderson Memorial Libraries. The Parents' and Friends' Associations made very generous gifts to the library funds, £100 for fiction, £25 for books for Ancient History and £25 for French Books.

The library monitors and others have helped in the running and upkeep of the library. The monitors are: June Bussey and Michelle Pharoah, who do the dusting; Shirley Casbault, Joyce Lycns, Doreen James,

SOFTBALL NOTES

Our team fared badly in the inter-high school competition this year when they played Devonport. In the first half of the game, we were leading by 13 runs, but Devonport proved to be too strong and in the end defeated us by 3 runs.

Although eight of the eleven members are leaving this year, we hope next year's team will have great success in the inter-high matches.

Joan Hayward (Captain)—Throughout the season Joan proved herself to be a splendid captain. Her long throw in to the bases is fast and accurate.

Kaye Matthews (Vice-Captain)—Can be relied upon in all cases. Her play on 2nd base was dependable and her throwing was accurate.

Barbara Gibbins (pitcher)—Barbara's pitching is excellent. Her ability to vary the speed of her pitches causes many batters to be caught out on strike three.

Jill McEnnulty (catcher)—This was Jill's first year of being catcher and she proved herself to be very worthy of the position.

Marlene Kenyon (1st base)—Marlene is a player who can be relied upon to hit a home run. She put her catching and throwing ability to good use on 1st base.

Maureen Blewett (3rd base)—Maureen's ability to hit home runs and her accurate throwing made her a definite asset to the team.

Barbara Sayers—Barbara is a quick and efficient short-stop, but she needs more experience in her batting.

Betty Frankcombe—An excellent out-fielder whose powerful throw to the home-base prevents many batters from reaching home. She can also be depended upon to hit home runs.

Ann Snooks—Ann is a good, reliable player who can play well in any position.

Judith Williams (emergency)—Is a reliable player who used her throwing to advantage. She needs more experience in her batting.

Wyn Smithem (emergency)—Wyn is a quick and alert player who should be useful to the team next year.

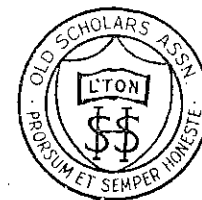
Marlene Forsythe (emergency)—Marlene has proved herself to be a steady, reliable player and should be an asset to the team next year.

Kath Taylor, Barbara Cowley, Judith Lott, Rosina Darcey, Llona Reid, Margaret Rae and Margaret Church, who look after the files. Early in the year, Patsy MacIver of the 1955 B2 Class spent much time here helping with all library work, but especially in making new shelf labels. Her thought and work are greatly appreciated. The activity group, Frances Cooper, Shirley Casbault, Rosina Darcey, Pam Storah, Margaret Rae, Doreen James, Judith McLean, Janice Smith, Judith Thompson, also do a great service by mending the books.

The fiction section of the library has had a complete check this term and the non-fiction is in the process of being checked.

Return of books has not been satisfactory this year, as too many have been kept out for long periods. This shows a lack of consideration for others who may be waiting for a particular book.

All the library helpers would like to thank Miss Blyth for her guidance in their work, which provides both valuable experience and pleasant activity.



Old Scholars' Column

Directory

Patron—Mr. L. E. Amos.

President—Mr. C. A. Allen.

Chairman—Mr. Bruce Proverbs.

Senior Old Scholars' Representatives—Mrs. Atherton and Mrs. Lynch.

Treasurer—Mr. T. Lynch.

Secretaries—Miss G. Treloggen and Mr. W. Bishop.

Committee — Mesdames C. A. Allen, D. Cocker, R. Bayles, Misses N. Westwood, L. Wells, L. Monkhouse, G. Mead, Messrs. W. Clarke, R. Bayles, R. Watson, A. Duncann and J. Houston.

Activities

The programme of functions for this year began in February when a successful annual dinner, followed by an evening's dancing was held at the Metropole Hotel. We do hope to see many of the students leaving School this year at the next annual dinner where they will receive a very warm welcome, and that same welcome will be extended at all functions.

A moonlight cruise was next on the programme and was certainly one of the most popular functions held by the Association. The big question seems to be "when is the next one?" Voyagers travelled by car to Beauty Point which was the point of departure of the ferry, and for four hours made merry with music, eating, singing, dancing (and star-gazing for those who preferred it).

A dance was held at the School by the Association in conjunction with the Churinga Football Club, and this turned out to be one of the highlights of the year. In contrast to this however, a ballette which was to be held at Carrick had to be cancelled at the last moment owing to overwhelming competition in the surrounding districts.

At the time of going to press, arrangements are in hand for the Annual Re-union, and if its predecessor held last year is any indication, it should be a very enjoyable evening. A programme of dancing, musical items, films, etc. has been drawn up and the usual delicious supper will be provided.

On the 29th of September, members of the Old Hobartians' Association made their annual trip to Launceston. Sporting matches between O.H.A. and Churinga took place on the Saturday afternoon, and the visitors were entertained by our Association at a cabaret dance in the evening. On the Sunday morning a very enjoyable picnic was held at the Lilydale Falls. The fun ended all too soon as O.H.A. were leaving at 2.30 p.m.

Two street stalls, both well stocked and financially successful, have been conducted through the year.

From time to time, proceeds from certain functions have been set aside for charitable work, and a wheel-

chair has now been purchased for presentation either to the General Hospital or to Cosgrove Park.

Don't forget, those of you who will be new Old Scholars. This Association needs your support, and in return can give you unlimited and varied entertainment and the companionship of your school-day friends. Also you will find the various sporting teams anxious to have your services.

SPORT

Football

Under coach W. Baulch the team performed creditably in most matches but was successful in winning only one match—against the ultimate premiers. Many injuries were suffered during the season including that to the captain, Alan Tucker. Three players, Tom Bailey, Peter Parsons and Len Jinks gained representative honours — Tom going on to gain a place in the Tasmanian Amateur team. St. Helens was again the venue of the annual trip, and at the annual dinner the trophies were presented.

Men's Basketball (2 Teams)

A Grade—Finished fourth in the roster series. The team went on to the preliminary finals but was defeated in this match in which all players played particularly well. It is noteworthy that all players are "old scholars."

B Grade—Finished second last owing to casualties and National Service. This prevented the team from reaching the finals, but it should be stronger next year. Four of our men were picked for the Northern team. They were C. Turner, L. Dennis, P. Greig and D. Ebbsworth, but owing to unforeseen circumstances D. Ebbsworth was the only player to take part, playing in the first game only as he tore a ligament in his leg. B. Dean was a selector. Anybody who wishes to have a game before next season and wishes to gain a place in the team should ring Brian Dean at B 4489.

Women's Basketball (3 Teams)

Churinga Green — This team was first in the premiership for the fourth time in succession, but owing to the loss of some team members was defeated by O.H.A. for the State Premiership. L. Bowden, P. Dewis and D. Barker were selected for the Northern team, and Dawn Barker for the State team. A successful dinner was held to end the season on the 20th of October.

Churinga Gold—Also played in the A Grade competition and tied for third position in the premiership. The captain, Janet Scott was chosen in the Northern combined team.

Churinga Red—Only formed this year the team

was undefeated in roster matches but was defeated in the semi final. Congratulations girls on starting another Churinga team, and on your successes.

Badminton

The teams finished quite well this year, Churinga C Reserve just losing the vital game that would have put them on top. At the dinner held at the Cornwall Hotel on the 29th of August which finished off a successful season congratulations were expressed to Mr. G. Allen and Mr. B. Gourlay on winning the N.T.B.A.'s. tournament in the C Grade Handicaps and also to Miss H. Gall upon her successes in the Tournament.

The positions of the the teams were --

B Reserve--5th.

C--3rd.

C Reserve--3rd.

The improvement in play of members was encouraging and next season we hope to have some of the senior players to help in further improvement.

Women's Hockey

Under the Captaincy of Janet Brent the team finished in 3rd position after the conclusion of the roster games but were eliminated in the semi-final. Being a young team they took some time to settle down but played some excellent hockey during the season. Off the field activities, besides training, included a street stall and fortnightly social evenings at the homes of club members. At the Annual Dinner trophies were presented. Peggy Carter gained selection in the only Northern team chosen this year, the usual representative matches lapsing because of the visit of by the Canadian and English teams.

Men's Hockey

A Grade--Finished the roster matches in fourth position but suffered defeat in the semi-final. Representatives in the senior Northern teams were Hyman Hudson, Peter Beck, Kevin Jack, and Kevin was selected in the Tasmanian team. Walter Sutherland, Allan Birchmore, Dick George and Owen Atkins were in the Northern Colts' team.

B Grade, No. 1--Were top of the roster ladder but lowered their colours in the final, going down by the odd goal, 4-3.

B Grade, No. 2--At the end of its first year was in 5th position, a particularly good effort by a young team.

The trophies were presented at a most successful annual dinner.

The Churinga teams congratulate the premiers in the various sports and at the same time assure them of even keener competition next season.

New Players

All the Clubs are looking for new players for next season. If you are interested contact any of the players.

New Clubs

Interest has been shown in the formation of a Cricket Club, Tennis Club, and a Dramatic Group. If you are interested we would like to know.

Engagements

- Julie Jacobs to Frank Gibbins.
- Lorraine Wells to Ray Watson
- Barbara Atkins to Kevin Brown
- Valda Whitford to Max Rees
- Noel Atkins to Anne Summers
- Wendy Jenkins to David Tudor
- Graeme Nicholls to Betty Fowler

- * Margaret Campten to Rex McCulloch
- Barbara Scott to Donald Douglas
- Aileen Goldsworthy to Reg. Kite
- Ann Coogan to Peter Snodgrass

Marriages

- * Norma Jansen to Stuart Clark
- * Gwen Mason to Ian Whelan
- Dorothy French to Paul Hartnett
- * Gwen Bishop to Kevin Jack
- * Wendy Jenkins to David Tudor
- Shirley Jack to Lindsay Gall
- Margaret Broomby to Peter Gilbert
- Fauline Barry to Gordon Hubbard
- Barbara Scott to Donald Douglas
- Margaret Allen to Hugh Black
- * Cynthia Marriott to Bill Crow
- Phyllis Gill to Alexander McLelland
- Graeme Wiltshire to Nancy Crawford
- Gloria Powell to D. G. Beaumont
- * Barbara Munden to Bob Bayles
- Graeme Nicholls to Betty Fowler
- * Sandra Fleming to Douglas Shields.
- Jenny Amos to Graeme Mayhead
- * Elaine Austin to Warner Clifton
- Don Crow to Lillian Rombough

Births

- Judy and Alan MacLaine -- son.
- Joan and Charles Hosking -- son.
- Vern and Valerie Pennefather -- daughter.
- Myrna and Ray Boyer -- daughter.
- Dorothy and Laurie McGee -- twin sons.
- Judy and Tom Hudson -- daughter.
- Bevis and Max Pulford -- daughter.
- Myra and Ray Lambert -- son.
- Hazel and Ron Moss -- daughter.
- Pat and Graeme Harris -- son.
- * Vonnice and Murray Columbine -- daughter.
- Eulie and Roy Brain -- daughter.
- Donald and June Arnold -- daughter.
- * Betty and Malcolm Wright -- daughter.
- Geoff. and Zara Thomas -- daughter.
- * Mary and Dexter Cocker -- son.
- * Joan and Denis Whelan -- twin sons.
- Margaret and Kev. Dawkins -- twin sons.
- Brian and June Clark -- daughter.
- Jean and John Ride -- son.
- * Kath and Keith Caelli -- son.
- Gwen and Graeme Maynard -- daughter.
- * Norma and Stuart Clark -- daughter.
- Pat and John Freeman -- son.
- Val and Jim Hart -- son.
- Old Scholars' names first.
- * Denotes both Old Scholars.

General

Congratulations are extended to the following Old Scholars:

Alderman Dorothy Edwards, who has been elected as the first woman Mayor of Launceston.

Ron Horne, President Royal Society of St. George.

Cr. C. R. Ingamells, again re-appointed Warden of Westbury.

Cr. Rose, again re-appointed Warden of Scottsdale.

Geoff. Miller, Tas. Rhodes Scholar for 1955.

Brian Booth, chosen in the Tasmanian Cricket Team to play against the Australian XI.

Queen's Scout Certificates presented to Malcolm Hooper and John Anderson.

Lindsay Dwyer admitted to the Chartered Accountants Institute.

Brian Yost, chosen in the Tasmanian Football Team.

THE NORTHERN CHURINGA

Autographs of Staff

B. Layh.

L. E. Churno S. A. Paulch

M. Harvey.

L. A. Russell.

M. Morris.

L. A. Russell.

D. J. Deane

M. Phillipp

M. Holloway

E. K. Pincizeh

M. Record.

M. Blyth

S. Bailey

R. F. Baker

M. Sheland

J. H. Smith.

P. K. Davis

F. M. Aplin.

M. Nash.

G. Bushby.

B. J. de Donald.

J. J. Rayton.

W. J. Brooks

L. H. Reynolds.

P. Gilbert

M. Wilcox.

S. Grawshaw

M. L. L. L.

A. L. Crawford.

J. H. Dean.

V. Fraser

A. G. Dobson

E. Sutherland

T. Ward.

V. M. Lloyd.

L. E. Royle.

Margaret Cox

A. L. L. L.

W. Sutherland

P. A. Holland.

P. B. Cates
 Loretta Evans
 Peter D. G. G.
 Murray D. Harper
 Ella Abrams
 R. D. Atkinson
 Beverley Camp
 Marie G. Wilson
 Lib. Vincent
 Janice Gages
 Robert Robert
 Bruce Beattie
 Coralie Hingston
 Margaret
 Jennifer Edwards
 Jean Hayward
 Rev. Joyce
 L. M. M.
 John Forward
 Lala Powell

Kaye Donald
 Mathew Simpson
 Frank Hammett
 D. P. Phillips
 Rob Ryan
 L. H. H.
 Kevin Madley
 Max Wilson
 Robin Malton
 R. M. M.

Pat Lyons
 R. V. H. H.