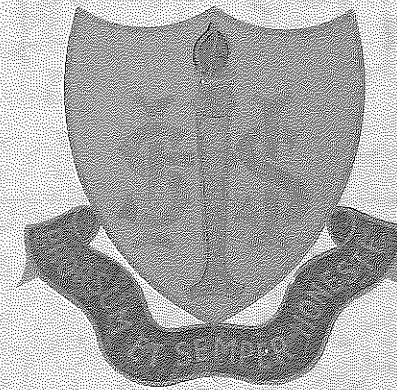


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L. Russell.
1958.

The Northern Churinga

*Launceston
High School
Magazine*

Volume XLVII

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The Northern Churinga



Launceston High School

Editorial

In the lives of most people, a list of chemical formulae scarcely matters, but the concentration learnt in mastering it endures. Thus, the text-book knowledge of specific facts which we retain when we leave school is not so important as the overall effect our school life has had on us. The exact dates of battles may be forgotten, but if some of the understanding of their significance in a picture of the history of the world remains, something worthwhile is gained. It is by working together whilst studying these subjects in their relation to others that the most lasting influences of our school lives are initiated.

Subjects should be varied to give a wide appreciation of the world. In our school, there is a balance and a bond between the arts and the sciences. In social studies, we can look at the social systems in Italy at the time of the Renaissance, then in the laboratory we can further our understanding of the movement by investigating the sciences which developed with it. During the early Renaissance, the science of optics was quite new, and when we have "discovered" it in the laboratory, we can apply it to our work in the art-room. If we do not produce replicas of Florentine masterpieces, or capture the splendid colour-range of Titian's palette, we have at least arrived at a more sympathetic knowledge of a past age.

For a still wider appreciation of life we study the natural sciences. Field excursions make practical examination of plants, animals and landforms described in text-books, possible. Such excursions give the classroom infinite dimensions, and quicken our interest in the world about us which we very often accept, unquestioned. The queries posed by one in the group are enlarged and answered by others, until conclusions which make the group-investigation a greater personal achievement than learning from text-books, are reached.

One of the best places to enjoy working together to an end is on the playing-field. Sport, whilst providing relaxation from mental exertion, helps to demonstrate the more immediate effects of good teamwork and individual performance. The winning of a football match is similar to a successful group project in geography. Although the result of the latter may be less applauded, the satisfaction of the people concerned is equally great. For, besides the material benefit of both endeavours, by working and playing with him, we gain some understanding of our fellow man. These practical experiments of successfully living with others lead to the examination of cultures from the ancient to the modern world.

The study of languages is particularly valuable in this respect as we cannot appreciate a language until we have studied the environment, background, and culture of the people who developed it. The study of the French language is made more colourful and logical by the study of the history of the country. When the peasants and the nobles had no mutual voice in the government of their country, disaster, in the shape of the French Revolution, was the result. Because there was a division between the two classes of people, and because neither tried to comprehend the actions of the other, there could not be harmony. Marie Antoinette, far from understanding her people, said, when a desperate mob, demanding bread, threatened at the gates of the palace, "Why don't they eat cake?" Such innocence of another's plight, and its ultimate result serve to show that only by true sympathy with the needs of others can desirable conditions for peace be attained.

If throughout our school-life we learn to "Grasp the hands and know the thoughts of men in other lands," we gain all that this school can give us, above and beyond our formal education.



STAFF. Left to Right.

Back Row :— Mr. A. Crawford, Mr. A. McGinn, Mr. T. Ward, Mr. E. Nash, Mr. W. Ten Broeke, Mr. W. Gordon, Mr. R. Baker.

3rd Row :— Mr. W. Bartlett, Miss G. Davey, Mrs. P. Parsons, Miss M. Record, Mr. T. Bailey, Mr. W. Phillips, Mr. T. Woodward, Mr. S. Smyth, Miss M. Clifford, Mr. H. Askeland.

2nd Row :— Miss J. Jessop, Miss F. Crawshaw, Miss O. Bushby, Mrs. J. Dean, Miss P. Dewis, Mrs. T. Layton, Miss V. Boxhall, Mrs. Howard, Mrs. R. Mainsbridge, Miss M. Wilcox, Miss P. Holland, Miss L. Symonds.

Front Row :— Mrs. W. Sutherland, Miss H. Dean, Miss F. Alpin, Mr. R. Wilson, Miss L. Russell, Mr. W. Baulch, Mr. L. Amos, Miss B. Layh, Mr. S. Morris, Miss J. Blyth, Mr. T. Childs, Mrs. H. Holloway, Dr. E. Penizek.

Absent :— Mrs. D. Cranswick, Miss M. McManus.



Lynne Holloway



Ray Bailey

HEAD PREFECTS

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); F. M. Aplin (French); J. Blyth, B.A. (Librarian); O. Bushby, M.A. (Social Studies, English); E. Penizek, Ph.D., Dip. Ed. (German, French); L. N. Symonds, B.A. (Hons.), Dip. Ed. (English, Modern History, French); P. K. Dewis, B.A., Dip. Ed. (English, Social Studies); M. B. Record, B.A. (English, French, Social Studies); P. Holland, B.Mus. (Music); F. B. Crawshaw, B.A. (Art); M. Clifford, B.A. (Mathematics); G. B. Davey, B.A. (Hons.), (English, French, Social Studies); V. Boxhall (Art of Speech); H. F. Deane (Typing, Shorthand, Commerce); M. Wilcox, L.L.C.M. (Typing, Shorthand, Phys. Ed.); M. McManus (Phys. Ed.); J. Jessop (Art); G. Bryant, B. Talbot (Clerks).
Mesdames H. Holloway, C.M. (Commerce, Typing, Shorthand); F. Layton, B.A. (Social Studies, English); E. Sutherland, B.A. (Maths.); F. Dean, B.A. (English,

Social Studies); G. Parsons (Phys. Ed.); D. Cranswick (Latin, French); M. E. Haworth (Home Arts); R. Mainsbridge (Home Arts).

Messrs. L. E. Amos, B.A. (Mathematics); W. Baulch, B.Sc., A.A.C.I. (General Science, Chemistry); S. C. Morris B.Sc., Dip. Ed. (General Science, Physics); T. Childs, B.A., Dip. Ed. (Social Studies); R. Wilson, B.Sc., Dip. Ed. (Mathematics); H. W. Askeland, B.Sc. Cois. Uni. (General Science, Biology); T. Bailey, B.A., Dip. Ed. (French); W. Phillips, B.Sc., Dip. Ed. (General Science, Geology); E. Nash (Mathematics, Geography); T. Woodward, Dip. Art (Art); A. L. Crawford, B.Com. (Commerce, Mathematics); R. F. Baker, B.A. (Hons.), Dip. Ed. (Social Studies, English, Ancient History); T. Ward, Dip. Phys. Ed. (Phys. Ed.); W. Ten Broeke (Mathematics, General Science); S. Smyth, B.A. (English); W. Bartlett, B.Sc. (Mathematics); A. McGinn (General Science); V. J. W. Austin (Clerk).



PREFECTS.

Left to Right.

Back Row :— M. Roberts, A. Marriott, B. Beattie, L. Brett, M. Middleton, P. Williams, I. Greenwood, J. Pinner, I. Ling, P. Stephenson, G. Viney.

2nd Row :— J. Reid, E. Abrams, S. Pedley, J. Power, J. Ingles, G. Rees, C. Savage, N. Davis, S. Phillips, S. Butler, J. Gough, M. O'Callaghan.

Front Row :— D. Bye, D. Fisher, L. Holloway (Head Prefect), Mr. Amos, R. Bailey (Head Prefect), K. Plehwe, I. Ripper, I. Scott. **Absent** :— J. Odgers, R. Tarr.

WHO'S WHO

HEAD PREFECTS: Lynne Holloway and Ray Bailey.

BOARD OF PREFECTS: GIRLS.—Eva Abrams, Madelyn Brett, Sylvia Butler, Derris Bye, Norma Davis, Judith, Gough, Jacqueline Ingles, Adrienne Marriott, Janice Odgers, Sally Pedley, Suzanne Phillips, Judith Pinner, Karla Plehwe, Janice Power, Gwynneth Rees, Coralie Savage, Inez Scott, Penelope Stephenson, Philippa Williams.

BOYS.—Bruce Beattie, Darrell Fisher, Ian Greenwood, Ian Ling, Michael Middleton, Michael O'Callaghan, Jim Read, Ian Ripper, Martin Roberts, Ronald Tarr, Geoffrey Viney.

PROVISIONAL PREFECTS: GIRLS.—Maree Bean, Gai Bellizia, Beverley Creese, Rosemary Kaiser, Gai Knight, Anette Marquand, Margaret Parish, Joan Wrankmore.

BOYS.—Neil Atkins, Geoff Poxon, Wayne Williams.

HOUSE CAPTAINS

ARTHUR.—Suzanne Phillips and Ian Ling.
FRANKLIN.—Annette Marquand and Ronald Tarr.
SORELL.—Janice Power and Bruce Beattie.
WILMOT.—Jacqueline Ingles and Alan Evans.

PIANISTS

Senior.—Eva Abrams.
Junior.—Richard Carter.

CAPTAINS OF TEAMS

Girls—

TENNIS.—Lynne Holloway.
SOFTBALL.—Betty Frankcombe.
BASKETBALL.—Lynne Holloway.
HOCKEY.—Adrienne Marriott.

Boys—

TENNIS.—Michael O'Callaghan.
CRICKET.—Wayne Williams.
FOOTBALL.—Ray Bailey.
HOCKEY.—Ian Ling.
BASKETBALL.—Alan Evans.

Peggy Pedley Memorial Prize

The Peggy Pedley Memorial Prize is awarded annually for the best contribution to the magazine. This year, it has been won by Janice Power for her story printed below.

MOMENT IN SUMMER

If you follow the stream it will lead you down behind the sand dunes to the beach. It was a fine January day, and Bicheno was resting in the sunlight, undisturbed by shrieks of delight from the beach, and the clatter of saucepans from nearby camps.

Jem followed the stream because all streams had a fascination for her. She was ten years old, city-bred, and this was her first stay at the beach. They had warned her not to go near "the water," but surely a little stream — ? She reasoned with herself; and there she was, paddling in about a foot of water, tickling the pebbles with her toes. She passed a stone wall, and immediately she thought of convicts, and gave a little squeak and shudder of joy.

"I am an explorer, and there are convicts in the grass and thousands and thousands of blacks behind those ti-trees," she whispered to herself, hoping she had the name of the trees right.

Jem crept out of the water and began to climb the side of a sand dune. An annoyed pebble yodelled down the bank, and Jem crouched down, taut with apprehension. As she reached the ti-trees she heard two voices, apparently in argument. All thought of exploring forgotten, she edged closer to listen, and became a pair of brown eyes peering from behind a piece of loose bark.

"But look, Bob, I think you ought to let me have it. After all, what use would a boat-builder-fisherman sort of chap like you have for this exquisite bit of craftsmanship?" "Craftsmanship? Why it's just rubbish and I could make use of it on the crayfish pots. Oh, I'd clean it up a bit, of course."

"Exactly, you would take this — this creation, straighten it and attach it to some filthy old underwater thing — denying the world a masterpiece."

"You don't mean to say, Russ, that you would actually present this thing on canvas?" He waved it in the air in exasperation, and Jem saw it for the first time. The fact that two grown-ups were fighting over it made it important in her eyes, and immediately she knew she wanted it.

"Of course, I intend to paint it," replied Russ. "Why, here is inspiration, pure inspiration. I can remember a painting a fellow I know did. Can't remember it exactly, but it was rather this type of thing. The rest of the group was green, all green — very effective, mmm, very."

"Green," burst in Bob, "Oh I've just done the boat over green. Smashing!" Here he emphatically jabbed the object into the sand, and Jem's eyes rested on it possessively.

"There," said Russ, "you paint a boat a most glorious colour, and abandon it to the mercy of the sea."

"You know, it's odd, Russ, how our lives have changed. Remember when you used to lick me at tennis. Ever play now?"

"Oh, I have a bash now and again."

The fisherman, Bob, jerked his head towards the road.

"Come and I'll show you the new court we're building —"

The pounding of the sea drowned his voice as the two ambled down to the beach. Their earlier argument was forgotten, and Jem was left alone with the object in the sand. She detached herself from the copse, and breathlessly emerged. Triumphant she grasped the thing, and heard it scrape rustly as her fingers curled about it. Tiny flakes of red fluttered into the clump of dried grass at her feet. Jem kicked the grass vigorously, and began to skid down the sand bank to the beach.

The tide was out, and people had disappeared into the dusk. Desolation breathed across the sandy stretches, and materialised into a faint sea breeze. She hunched her shoulders against the cool rushes of air, and scudded down on to the firm, wet sand. She hurried towards the rocks on the headland, carrying her acquisition like a banner. Suddenly, one of the brown, bony boys from a camp in the bushes appeared from behind a rock, just ahead of her. He saw Jem with her banner, and was fired by the same lust as she had been. Someone had something he didn't have; therefore, he must obtain that thing. He snatched at it and yelled, "Gimme!" but Jem did not intend to be so easily robbed of her prize. She whisked it away from him, scratching his arm, and leaped across the rocks which lead to the road. The boy did not chase her. She saw with mingled sorrow and satisfaction that his arm was bleeding, as he dawdled back into the bushes, glaring at the ground. Now it was really hers. She had fought for it and won! It belonged to her.

The lights were on in all the cottages along the road. Jem was not warned to hurry; she was so very happy. The dry, sandy pebbles on the road shuffled aside as she walked; now dragging his prize behind her hearing it jump and complain as it hit a rock. She turned on to the track, and as her path became narrower, the sound of the sea grew fainter, and the daylight waned. There ahead was the cottage, and Jem ran impetuously to meet the trail of light issuing from the window. She burst in at the door.

At once they began to chastise her for being late. Where has she been, and why had she always to worry them so?

"I have been finding things!" she exclaimed, with import.

"What sort of things?" they asked at once.

All Jem could say was, "Mmmh," and thrust the thing from the beach at them. They blinked and thought "She's queer, this kid."

"Well, put it outside, and come and have tea," said one of the girls, sympathetically. Jem looked blankly at her, and swung about helplessly.

"Oh, of course she must want toast for her tea, but why she should bring home such a battered old toasting fork beats me!" said the girl.

Jem had never before met a toasting fork. In the city her mother used a toaster, and crisp, brown toast popped up from inside. It was exciting at first, but grew monotonous. Could this thing have any relationship with a toaster? It seemed impossible that this long, curly, twisted and looped wire with its two spikes and many funny bumps could belong to the same world as a toaster. It was rusty and sandy, and smelled of fish. It had been when Jem first saw it — diving.

Behind the door they showed her three "toasting forks." These were bright, shiny and dangerous-looking. Jem watched as the girl put bread on one, and sat before the fire, twisting it sometimes to see if the bread was brown.

The form which had earlier enchanted her had lost its charm, and when she went outside to wash, she flung it carelessly by the edge of the path — abandoned. Jem forgot it as she scampered up the rough, wooden steps, responding to the warm smell of toast and melted butter which was piled in golden rounds on the table.

Janice Power, A1, Sorell.

THE SACRIFICE

The artificial fly flicked out over the still waters of the pool into the shadows cast by the trees on the other bank where it alighted without a sound on the calm waters. A few seconds later a noise proclaimed the disgust that the fly fisherman felt for this river.

His gear packed, Timothy Lester strode along the track towards the rented shack that he shared with his bride. Four days of the honeymoon had come and gone, but although he had seen some large trout, he had not had a rise.

When he reached the shack he was greeted by his pretty wife with, "Tim, if you had to choose, which would you rather have, the trout or me?" She said it amusedly but inwardly he knew that she wanted an answer.

"Let's walk to the bridge," he said. She did not answer but followed him out of the shack and then walked beside him along the track that led to the bridge.

They came upon him suddenly, while he was winging his fly across a stretch of turbulent water between two deep pools. Lying on the bank behind him were five trout averaging more than three pounds in weight. The man was large and well proportioned with the rough, hard hands of the labourer, but he worked his rod delicately. Tim gasped with surprise — five!

After the introductions the stranger explained to Tim, "You see, I know where all the trout are in this river and so it isn't fun fishing for them any more and so I only catch them when I want them. To catch trout now you've got to wait for one to rise and then get your fly to him while he's feeding. Also, the big ones are in the rough water between the pools. You just cast upstream and when your line looks as if it's snagged, strike, and strike hard."

The three of them had tea then Tim went to try the stranger's idea while the other two went walking. As Tim descended the bank to the river he saw his wife perched on a rock talking to the stranger who was looking down at her. He went to a stretch of rough water between two dark, deep pools and cast up to the top end from his position at the bottom. Half-way down, his line became taut, he struck and felt his hook bite into something heavy. He struck again to make sure then flicked on the tension of his reel as a large, well conditioned brown trout, weighing about twelve pounds swept passed him to the pool below. There it went to ground so he clambered on to the bank and hurried round to the place opposite where his trout lay on the bottom. He tugged and simultaneously the trout breasted the current and whirled out at least

a hundred yards of tapered line in his flight upstream where he went to ground again in a deep silent pool.

Once more Tim clambered to the bank and hurried to where his trout lay. He tripped over a rock and when he got up he examined his gear and then looked to see if his wife was watching his fight with the trout. He saw the stranger bend over and kiss her then her arms went around his neck. The trout lay exhausted in shallow water with the fly in the corner of his mouth. He looked again at his wife then he reached down and broke the trace.

Graeme Campbell, B2, Franklin.

THE SNAIL

Veined and lustrous, ringed with pearl and azure,

With amber flecked, and orange and black,

Marvellous is the house of his abiding,

The curved, frail mansion on his glittering back.

Trekking from clump to clump of lush green grasses,

On yielding mounds of pale wind-patterned sand,

He leaves a trail of silver as the night falls

And the grey twilight wavers from the land.

He goes his way with quivering horns advancing,

To green, alluring grasses, gravely intent,

Shrinking when rabbits scurry past to warren,

And foxes sidle by with careless scent.

Dawn shows an oasis of grass and nettles,

In viscous joy he feeds and climbs and clings,

His house is ringed with azure, pearl and amber

Perched high in leafage where the young sap sings.

Diane Bellizia, E5, Wilmot.

PEOPLE EN MASSE

To be part of a large crowd can be a thrilling experience. To watch people from all walks of life, of all ages, is free and fascinating. It sharpens the wits and senses, and often makes one look critically at oneself.

Crowds all the world over react differently in different situations, and we find over and over again that a great many people are more easily aroused than one. We were clearly shown this in Shakespeare's Julius Caesar, when Mark Antony was haranguing the crowd. The effect was startling. Heads seemed to turn like ears of wheat when the wind sweeps over them. In those few brief moments the allegiance of several thousand people turned, and that same moment created history that has lived.

It is not necessary to be a member of a large crowd in order to study people. Quite often I perch myself on the highest seat of a bus, and from that vantage point, I can view everyone who enters. It is surprising to see the different ways people can clamber into a bus, the way they pay their fares and receive their tickets. Some say "please" and "thank you," but the majority bang down their money and often have to be asked their destination several times.

It has always been one of my ambitions to be a member of a crowd, the other members of whom are Latin. It is then the valiant toreador brandishes his cape, and the often sorely-maimed bull makes his defiant bid for life. Scores of books have been written on this subject, and they never fail to describe the screaming, sweating crowd which makes up the audience.

Jennifer Hobson, B2, Sorell.

THE NORTHERN CHURINGA

EDITORS

JANICE POWER

KARLA PLEHWE

IAN LING

ANDREW FORSYTH

We should like to express our appreciation to Miss L. Symonds for her interest and enthusiasm towards the magazine.



EDITORS.

Left to Right.

A. Forsyth, I. Ling, J. Power,

K. Plehwe.

THE BONFIRE

Our bonfire in May was a huge one. At the building of it, we had friends out to help us. We used two tractors to cart all the rubbish, logs and branches of pine trees. When it was all finished and the night was here, the flames seemed to rush out of darkness into nowhere. By the time our visitors arrived the flames were streaking high into the air. There was not another light to be seen anywhere about.

By the time the crackers were all about there were little lights all around us. All you could hear coming out of the darkness were shrieks of laughter, popping of crackers, and the noise of the fire chuckling away to itself. Rockets went soaring high into the air with tails of stars streaming out long behind them, and motorbikes were roaring away into the night drowning the noise of the crackers. All the row was making the night hideous with noise. Every now and then, there would be a pop or bang under your feet which would make you jump high into the dark air.

When it was time to have supper, the bonfire was slowly dying down. Some of the parents made a smaller fire so all of us could toast a sausage. Mostly, we lost the sausages in the fire. By this time you couldn't see nearly as well as when the night began. Some had left crackers in various places so they could finish the night well. Then people were fumbling around in the darkness.

Jill Gasking, E2.

THE NORTHERN CHURINGA

LIVING HUES

The tall tapering shape of the liquid amber tree claws for the sky. Beneath, thick green shrubs lie scattered under the pink outstretched arms of the fruit trees. In the centre of the garden stand the slender irregular stems of the black bamboo, which reach vainly after the liquid amber tree.

Through the long white branches of the almond tree I can see the new red brick wall in the middle of the park which the council has built. In this park two boys, one in a green and one in a blue jumper are playing merrily on the silver-frosted swings which look like tall icicles converging at the top.

At the bottom of the steep hill where the North Esk meets the South Esk the reflections are perfect in the placid water, sheltered by the high bank. Between the masts and sails of the boats I can see the pier of the yacht club crawling down to the water where it levels out and floats on the surface.

Towering above the city is the green copper dome and the light purple face of the town clock. A clump of trees prevents us from seeing the new swimming pool on Windmill Hill which overlooks Newstead on the other side of town.

Behind the city are dark green foothills which become a deep purple as they near Mt. Barrow. Hovering above is a menacing wind-torn rain cloud on a background of vivid blue.

Ralph Taylor, D1, Wilmot.

JUDITH ELIZABETH NORAH NELL YVONNE

This was the name of a little girl who lived with her parents and her brother at the edge of a big forest. She and Tommy were both fair haired. Big, brown eyes peeped from beneath a thick raggy fringe on each face, and both were rather thin. You see, they were twins. However, there was a big difference. Tommy was happy and, because of her long name which could not be shortened, for fear of making her aunts angry, she was not. It had not mattered much before as their parents called them Twins or children, and Tommy called her J.J., but soon they would go to school, and she would be teased miserably.

One night they were awakened by a tap on the window. It was a little elf, who handed them an invitation from the fairy queen, and told them in a croaky voice just like a frog's, to follow him.

They went through devious ways, up an oak tree, down the other side, and finally into fairyland.

The queen was there at the gate, she told the elf to show the children around fairyland because she had to go and speak with the thinking corps about the little girl's worry.

Of all the things they saw in fairyland, the two which impressed them most were the Easter-Egg department and the air-repair depot.

In the Easter-Egg department they saw rabbits painting easter eggs with striped paint, and paint with flowers in it, and they also saw other rabbits tying bows on them, and making little carts to put them in.

At the air-repair depot they saw butterflies having spots painted on their wings, and wings being made, and they even saw a caterpillar being measured for its wings.

Have you ever been along the road in the car at night, and seen the little lights on the white posts? These are little fairy lanterns which have been made for the job. Gnomes sit on the posts, and when a car comes near they light the wick which is soaked in kerosene. Gnomes, they learnt, like using flint.

When they returned to the castle, the queen was waiting for them. She said, "My pets, the problem is solved. We must take the initial of each of J-J's names, so your aunts will not be cross, that gives us the pretty name—Jenny."

Jenny and Tommy were nearly as pleased as the fairy queen who was as pleased as only a fairy can be.

Dorothy Hingston, C1. Sorell.

OCTOBER'S WEATHER

Snow on the mountains,
Sleet in the air,
Cold is the wind
As it ruffles my hair.
Lambs in the meadows,
Flowers in the dell,
Birds twitter bravely,
Through this icy spell.
Fires on the hearth,
Crackle and glow,
Frost on the path,
On our fingers we blow.
True days of spring
Must soon arrive,
With birds on the wing,
And soft breezes alive.

Lynette Frankcombe, D2, Franklin.

FEAR

As he awoke from the nightmare, the wind whistled through the trees, making the old house seem ghostly. Eee . . . Bang! went an open window. Creak! That was a loose stair. He looked at the luminous dial of his watch. One o'clock. After what seemed hours filled with unfamiliar and wierd noises, he looked again. Two minutes past one.

Crash! From somewhere further along the landing. He knew fear. Beads of perspiration stood out on his cold forehead. Drip, drip! The rain fell from the eaves to the ground below. Eee . . . oooo. He tried to think of other things. This was a failure. He turned over and attempted to go to sleep. Tap! His heart froze. Later, he began to doze.

It was then that the lightning began to flash across the heavens, illuminating his room, and producing queer silhouettes on the wall. The thunder drowned all other sounds, and in a few moments he slept peacefully. Waking in the grey dawn, he remembered nothing of his experiences of the night.

Heather Campbell, E2. Sorell.

SLEDGING

One fine morning when the sun was beating down hotly on the withered grass of Farmer Brown's field, Tom and his friends met there to have races with their rough and ready sledges. They were to go down the long slope of dry grass to the river which was sparkling blue in the sunlight. One after the other they went down to test the ground and get the "feel" of it. At last came Tom's turn; excitedly he climbed on to his sledge and jerked the reins. Away he went faster and faster. The dry flattened grass rushed under the hissing runners of the sledge and the wind whistled through his tousled hair. The bottom of the hill rushed up to meet him. At the last moment he leaned over to one side and his sledge turned sharply to the left sending out a spurt of warm brown earth. Tom stopped a few yards from the river. He hopped off his sledge and said to the boys nearby, "I bet I could stop my sledge two inches from the bank of the river!"

"All right," replied Jack. "I'll give you sixpence and this bag of lollies if you can."

"Right," said Tom, "I'll start right away. How many tries can I have?"

"Er, oh, we'll let you have six," said Bill in a haughty voice. Then to the boy standing next to him, "I'll bet he'll get a swim out of this."

"I do, too," replied the other.

Tom went to the top of the hill and set on his sledge looking down at the river. He worked out just how he would do it.

"Hurry up," yelled Bill.

Tom started off slowly at first, then faster and faster he went as the river rushed up to meet him. Then, just as he was about to turn, bang! he hit a smooth rounded stone which turned him in his course and Shhhh! he found himself skimming along on top of the water just as if he had water skis on his sledge. The river was very wide, and Tom, who was travelling very fast when he hit the water, went about half-way across before he began to slow down.

Suddenly the sledge sank and Tom floundered about among the weeds and fish until Bill dragged him out. "This comes from boasting," said Tom sadly, as he turned for home, a very sad and bedraggled boy.

Michael Schwabe, D1, Wilmet.

VIEWS OF A LAYMAN

A haunt of pleasant disorder, the artroom. The walls offer a tempestuous array of colour in which "nothing matches, but everything harmonises," like a charming garden that grows after its own sweet will according to no definite plan. Half daubed canvasses billow forth from one corner of the room, whilst above it in splendid isolation, hangs a mobile so solidly built, that no amount of lashing by furious hurricanes could ever persuade it to fulfill its purpose. An old mattress spring, protruding from a shape reminiscent of last season's hat creations, points an accusing finger at the stolid lumps of clay in neat array on a shelf; lumps which will one day (so youthful sculptors believe) show the fruits of ability comparable with that of Michel Angelo.

At present, the modelling epidemic is at its highest pitch. This "craze" for sculpture is an annual occurrence simultaneous with the arrival of the clay, or the plaster, or both. Casts, models, and wet rags clutter each available inch, evidence if not of the artistic ability, at least of the enthusiasm of the students.

The technique employed is simple, in fact, it is so simple that should it ever work according to plan without a single hitch, it would be a miracle. Let us join in the popular pursuit.

Procure a piece of board, a lump of clay, moist but not too wet, roll up your sleeves and begin. Do not think of making a crayon study of the model; a few vague ideas chase each other through your brain, they begin to formulate under your hands. A vertical column of clay surmounted by a sphere; behold a head! The joy of true creation surges through your veins until a droning voice bids you look at the neck and compare it with the real article. In a flash you realise that it is not vertical but has a forward inclination. A typical "egg" shape must be formed for the head, a sphere will never do. The rule for placing eyes, nose and mouth is adapted, as it is merely a rough guide, not to be taken literally. Your former fault dogs your footsteps. Never have you observed the details of the face closely enough, but no matter, everybody quite understands and is ready to "sit" for you for a few minutes.

At last the masterpiece is finished. You take a holiday and visit all your friends who are still bent over their individual pieces of clay. "I think I'll make a two-piece cast," you say airily, "you get better results by using this method." Easier said than done! With the utmost difficulty you obtain a small sheet of tin or copper foil which you carefully push into your model so that it divides the face evenly. A bucketful of creamy plaster is prepared and spread over your handiwork so that it resembles the head of an Egyptian mummy.

Now the real difficulties begin. It is essential to remove the tin plate and clay from the cast without cracking the plaster. This done the two halves are tied together, but, oh woe, the cast is not watertight. A thick lay of clay is daubed over the joint, a measure which is only partially successful as the plaster is a deliquescent substance and dries out the clay on contact with it. Now comes the actual casting. A fifty-fifty mixture of plaster and water is poured into the mould. It sets hard within twenty-four hours, and then you procure a chisel and a mallet and begin to chip away the outer casing. You give a mighty blow, the mould cracks and flakes off; so does the left ear and half an inch of the neck. You think, "Oh, never mind, I'll patch that up."

With small taps of the mallet the rest of the casing is gingerly removed. The head survives this process without loss, but now you discover that a large air bubble has disfigured the nose — that the plaster was old and as a result is crumbly, and that a crack has appeared at the junction of head and neck. Your handiwork presents a sorry sight.

Straight away, however, your good spirits assert themselves. "There is always the rubbish tin . . . and I can try again next year."

K. Plehwe, B2. Arthur.

CALIFORNIA

California, second largest state in the U.S.A., has many attractions. Some are Mt. Shasta, Mt. Lassa, San Francisco, Yosemite National Park and beautiful beaches such as Santa Barbara.

Yosemite is one of the most spectacular places in California. It is a valley 4,000ft. above sea level, surrounded by huge granite cliffs. Two of them are called Glacier Point and Halfdon, which has the appearance of having been sliced. At the summit of 7,200 feet Glacier Point, a huge fire is built every day during summer. At 9 p.m. a ranger gives the Indian fire call to be answered by another ranger in the valley below. The glowing embers are then pushed over the cliff, falling 3,200 feet to the valley, thus forming the famous fire fall. Many waterfalls add beauty to the scenery; one, Yosemite Falls, though slender, is fifteen times the height of Niagara. There are many attractive camping sites, also modern hotels and shops where one can buy anything one needs. Wild life is plentiful. Some snakes are found in the remote parts, and plenty of deer and bear can be seen throughout the valley.

Thad Sasser, E2. Arthur.

TAXIS WITH A DIFFERENCE

On of the many experiences I would like to have is to go for a ride in a rickshaw. I have seen many photographs of these queer taxi-like vehicles. They are very rickety and worn cabs, but they are in use every day, taking Indians to and fro, and showing tourists the beauty spots of India. Rickshaws are used just as much as a motor taxi service and even more.

Some rickshaws are made of basket weave with a pram hood, others of nicely polished wood, with leather upholstery and a pram hood also.

The old men pulling the rickshaws do not always run, sometimes they walk and sometimes they trot. Every so often they stop and wipe the perspiration from their brows. When they have no passengers they sit in their rickshaw and have a rest, but not for long, because passengers are very frequent. When their new passengers arrive they put their rickshaw on the handles, let the passengers climb up into the seat, then they are off.

The first time I saw one of these queer vehicles, I thought it was an over-grown pram. Mummy and Daddy have been for a ride in a rickshaw, and they said it was really marvellous because the men pulling them have so much strength. Some day I shall go to India and have my ride in a rickshaw.

Susan Tammadge, E2. Arthur.



"A" CLASS.

Left to Right.

Back Row: — D. Fisher, G. Walker, I. Ling, B. Beattie, M. Middleton, S. Phillips, D. Bye, R. Campbell, M. Shipley, I. Ripper, B. Smith.

2nd Row: — N. Davis, W. Joynt, M. Cameron, M. Towns, J. Ingles, J. Camp, I. Scott, M. McGrath, S. Best, J. Gough, F. Onley.

Front Row: — E. Abrams, G. Murelet, J. Power, H. Tetlow, Miss Aplin, G. Rees, R. Bailey, F. Edward, J. Reid. Absent: — D. Wherett.



"A"2 CLASS.

Left to Right.

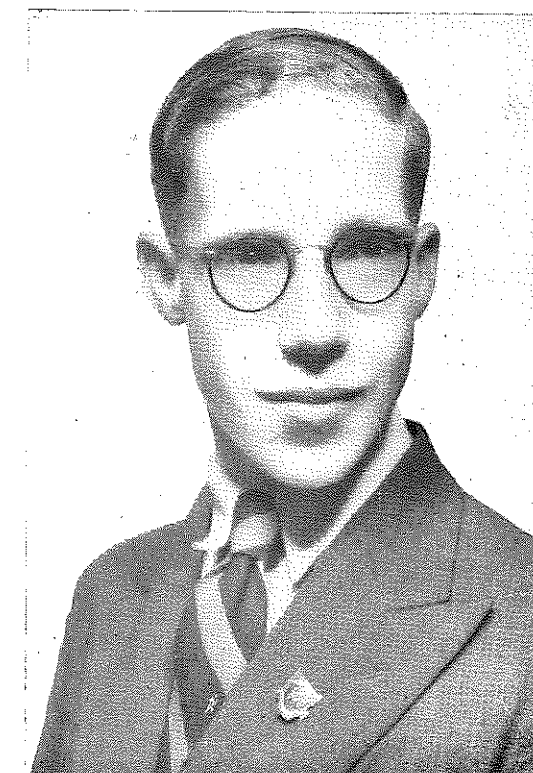
Back Row: — S. Pedley, D. Jones, M. Hodgman, P. Loftus, R. Tarr, S. Butler.

2nd Row: — J. Lott, P. Williams, M. Lyne, G. Manzoney, L. Brett, J. Fawcner, P. Tunks, A. Marriott, L. Pullen.

Front: — A. Jowett, S. Dornauf, M. Scott, L. Jones, Miss Russell, G. Viney, C. Herbert, B. Walkley, L. Holloway. Absent: — J. Odgers.



Patricia Ryan



Rudolph Plehwe

BEST PASSES IN MATRICULATION, 1956



Ian Ling



Judith Gough

BEST PASSES IN SCHOOLS' BOARD, 1956



THE CAST OF THE SCHOOL PLAY, "TARTUFFE."

Back Row (left to right: — Rosalyn Fish (Filipote); Jacqueline Ingles (Mariane); Tony Kettle (Valere); Philippa Williams (Dorine); Bruce Walkley (Damis); Ian Ling (Tartuffe's man); Colin Hughes (Layale); Bruce Beattie (Officer); Garry Cox (Tartuffe); Ray Bailey (Officer); Paul Crawford (Officer); Margaret Cameron (Madame Pernelle); Geoffrey Viney (Cleante); Christopher Barnard, Michael Hodgeman (backstage).

Centre Row (left to right): — Richard Carter, Graeme Reardon (backstage); Michael Walsh (Orgon); Janice Power (Elmire).

Front Row (left to right: — Peter Smedley (backstage); Robert Green (stage manager); Suzanne Phillips (prompter); Penelope Stephenson, Beverley Creese, Judith Pinner (wardrobe); Donald Jones, Ian Brown (backstage).

"TARTUFFE"

An English version of Moliere's famous play "Tartuffe," was produced at the School for a successful three-night season at the close of second term. The difficulties in presenting such a period play are many, but all turned out well, and the play was well-received as was indicated by the most enthusiastic applause received at the close of each performance.

Through the sympathetic production of Mr. Bailey the cast captured the humour of the situations and succeeded in bringing out the serious aspect of the play. Garry Cox and Michael Walsh were convincing in their roles as Tartuffe and the unknowing rich merchant, Orgon, and made the most of difficult parts.

Janice Power, as the charming and dignified wife of Orgon portrayed her role with feeling.

Jacqueline Ingles gave a commendable performance as Mariane, the young daughter, and acted as a good foil for the port wit of her maid, Dorene, played brilliantly by Philippa Williams. Margaret Cameron and Bruce Walkley, as Madame Pernelle and her grandson, added zest with their character portrayals. Geoffrey Viney used a well-modulated voice to portray convincingly the difficult part of Cleante, the serious-minded adviser. Tony Kettle acted well as the love-sick

fiance of Mariane. Perhaps one of the highlights of the play was the characterisation rendered by Colin Hughes in the small but important part of Loyole. The minor roles were handled well by Rosalyn Fish as Filipote, Paul Crawford as a police officer, Bruce Beattie and Ray Bailey as gendarmes and Ian Ling as Tartuffe's man.

The excellent set was prepared by Miss Crawshaw and art classes, while the smooth staging and lighting were due to the energy and initiative of Mr. Phillips and stage manager, Robert Green and his backstage crew — Donald Jones, Graeme Reardon, Michael Hodgeman, Christopher Barnard, Richard Carter, Ian Brown and Peter Smedley.

The music, chosen by Miss Holland added greatly to the representation as it was an authentic composition of the time by Lilly, who wrote music for many of Moliere's plays.

Thanks go to an underworked, but capable, prompt, Sue Phillips. Miss Record, Penelope Stephens, Judith Pinner and Beverley Cruse carefully and thoughtfully tended the wigs, costumes and props. Tribute must be made to the many others who helped in produced a function wholly worthy of the School.

THE NORTHERN CHURINGA



DISCUSSION GROUP.

F. Edwards, R. Darcey,
G. Wooten, Dr. Penizek,
D. Bye, J. Gough.

DISCUSSION GROUP

The Discussion Group, comprising twelve members, has discussed topics ranging from international and social affairs to school matters. We have gained valuable experience from discussions with Tech., as the boys present new ideas which often do not occur to our girls. A team of five members had an enjoyable trip to Ogilvie High School and participated with the other High Schools in discussions there. We would like to take this opportunity to thank Dr. Penizek for her guidance throughout the year.

LIBRARY REPORT

This year has been another successful year for the Library with the addition of 338 books, making the total of 8050 books in our library.

The library now subscribes to 35 periodicals, 3 of which have been added this year.

More books have been added to the R. O. M. Miller, A. L. Meston and Sandy Anderson Memorial Libraries.

"A" Class especially have found the non-fiction section of our library extremely helpful and have made use of many of its books.

This year we have had only a few monitors who have given consistent service to the library. Among these are June Bussey and Brenda Hardwick, whose help has been greatly appreciated. There have been several junior monitors, but these have been temporary only, and we have greatly missed our usual number of helpers.

The Activity Group which consisted of Shirley Casbault, Cecily Cartledge, Carol Reid, Kaye Wilson, Barbara Campbell, Beth Jones, June Bussey, Bonny Peden, Jill Nches and Judy de Boer, have done some good work mending books and making new shelf labels.

The most popular books this year seemed to have been Career Novels, True Adventure Stories and books on Science, Fiction, Civil Aviation, Games and Stamps.

Shirley Casbault, senior monitor, has been awarded a prize for her services to the School library.

We would like to thank our Librarian, Miss Blyth for her help and work in the library.

THE NORTHERN CHURINGA

EXCHANGES

We wish to thank the following schools for exchanging magazines with us —

Ogilvie High School.
Hobart High School.
Devonport High School.
Burnie High School.
Scottsdale High School.
Smithton High School.
Ulverstone High School.
Launceston Technical High School.
Hobart Technical High School.
Queenstown Technical High School.
Broadland House, Launceston.
Hutchins School, Hobart.
Saint Patrick's College, Launceston.
Launceston Church Grammar School.
Sarah Scott Junior High School, Indiana, U.S.A.
Government English School, Seria, India.

CHESS CLUB

This year very keen interest has been shown in the Chess Club which consisted of 29 members, 3 of whom continued from the previous year. Under the guidance of Mr. Bartlett, all members participated enthusiastically in the matches on Tuesday afternoons. Valuable experience was gained by competing with the Technical High School Club in a chess tourney which unfortunately could not be completed. However, the matches stand slightly in our favour.

The Chess Club would like to thank Mr. Bartlett for his interest in this activity.

NEWNHAM HALL

Although the carving over the door states the date of establishment to be 1836, this is belied by an advertisement in the "Advertiser" on June 18th, 1835, which reads:

"To be let for one or more years, the Estate of Newnham, the property of M. C. Friend, Esq., consisting of 250 acres of rich land, delightfully situated on the banks of the River Tamar only two miles from Launceston, of which it commands an uninterrupted view.

"The house is built in the most substantial manner, finished with taste and is a fit residence for a family of respectability, having on the ground floor a large hall, with dining and drawing rooms, library, housekeeper's room, butler's pantry, closet and wine cellar—on the second floor four large bedrooms, boudoir and china closet. The third floor is not completed but is capable of being converted into good sleeping rooms.

"The out-houses, which are equally well arranged, consists of a storeroom, kitchen, and servants' rooms, with a substantial granary over all and on the opposite side of the square a dairy with a fruit room above, a fowlhouse and stable with a hay loft over a rabbit warren, whilst in the centre of the square there is a well of excellent water. The farm yard is substantially fenced, two sides being enclosed with extensive sheds, cow and feeding houses, a pigeon house, piggeries, and a duck-pond in one corner. In front of the house is an extensive view of lawns and gardens, well stocked with all descriptions of choice fruit trees, a gardener's lodge, and at the bottom a boat-house and wharf. There are two cottages with large gardens on the outskirts of the farm, now let for £40, which may be taken into the lands of the tenant. The farm is subdivided into various paddocks, each of which has the advantage of being watered by a never-failing creek of the purest water."

The house was built probably about 1833 by a Captain Matthew Friend, a former harbour-master. Unfortunately his wife died shortly after and, when he became blind he returned to England in 1852.

In 1857 "Newnham Hall" was bought by William Dawson Grubb, who modelled it on the lines of a typical English estate. He was a picturesque figure, a traditional English squire, who drove through his estate in a carriage, with a footman behind, blowing a bugle to announce his progress. For many years "Newnham Hall" was the only residence in the whole district, except for the old inn at the top of the hill. The grounds, now occupied by the Community School, were originally a deer park. Fourteen gardeners were employed to maintain the gardens, which were renowned in Northern Tasmania for their beauty and wonderful collection of trees and shrubs.

In 1918 William Grubb died and "Newnham Hall" was passed to his wife and son, who lived on a large estate at St. Leonards. The house gradually fell into disrepair and in 1940 was bought by the Education Department from Tulloch Scott and converted into a hostel for High School girls. The house is little changed since the days of William Grubb.

Partially enclosing the quadrangle to the back of the house is a large brick wall, formerly overgrown with wisteria and grapes, and several outhouses, which have been built of bricks hand-made by convicts, whose numbers and the broad arrow, imprinted in some of the bricks are still to be seen. In these buildings were formerly twelve stables and three coach-houses, while within the building that contains the barn, is a secret room—a possible refuge from bushrangers.

Although many of the former beauties have gone, there is still the rare evergreen oak near the front gate and at the south-west corner of the house is a huge elm, considered the largest one in Tasmania. A stroll through the gardens is always interesting and reveals new vestiges of former glories.

Judith Gough, A1, Arthur.

THE LAND OF MEMORIES

He sits by the fire and, with a sigh,
Dreams dreams and, smiling tells us tales.
What does he see with his restless eye,
As he peers from the mountain of age,
Down through the valley of years gone by,
Into the mists of long ago?
Sometimes he's with the Kelly gang,
Creating trouble on either side,
Hearing again his mare's hooves clang,
As, like a whirlwind, he'd ride.
Then he is back in a comfortable stall,
A dying beast 'neath his care,
This is a part which he hates to recall,
For the creature is his little mare.
He has told me of the lost gold mine;
Of the stampede caused by one rock;
When the river in flood killed one hundred and nine,
And the cake that he used for a chopping block.
This of a true pioneer is a sign,
For his whole life was spent among stock.

Dorothy Hingston, C1, Sorell.

WAVES

Lapping in on pebbled beaches bleak
Lapping in o'er hot and golden sands,
Lapping in upon the nearby shore,
Lapping in on shores of far-off lands.
Crashing in from timeless ages past,
Crashing in from depth unknown to man,
Crashing in until the hand of God
Will lift, and terminate their span.

A. Shipley, D2, Arthur.

"THEY PROWL THE NIGHT"

They prowl the night.
Along the back streets and alleys; down the gloomy side-walks and beneath the sheltering shadows of the fences they go. Each one slips silently from shadow to shadow; each one glares defiantly at any passer-by; each one disappears as swiftly and as silently as it came, only to re-appear again hissing savagely.

Two small glaring eyes, aflame and sinister, peering from the shadows. Then they are gone. A black shape slinks away on its nightly prow.

Suddenly there is a noise. Not just one noise—but mingled noises, snarling and hissing and growling. Windows along the side streets light up and nightclad figures gaze into the darkness to find the cause of the commotion—then they return to bed.

Dawn breaks. Slowly the rays of light penetrate the alleys and back streets. The clanging of milk bottles and the noises of the early morning trains are all that break the silence.

On the lawn of a nearby park a cat sits licking its wounds.

Bevan Rees, C2, Wilmot.

THE NORTHERN CHURINGA

LIVING WITH BUDGERIGARS

Budgerigars are mischievous, noisy and fierce, but pleasant just the same. Their colours consist of blues and greens. From these two colours many different colours can be obtained with a little trouble.

I have thirty-five budgerigars, plus five young ones, fifteen eggs, and a pair of cockatiels, which are grey birds with a yellow crest and have a little white patch on their wings. As you can imagine, these budgerigars eat a lot of seed, especially when the young ones are in the nest. Their diet consists of seed, water, sand, thistle or grass and cuttle-fish, which the birds eat so that their eggs have a good hard shell. In summer they are a nuisance because they start chirping very early in the morning and wake everyone up.

About half-past seven every day, I put fresh seed and water in their cages, check the cuttle-fish to see whether they have enough and then give them some thistle which they love. After feeding I take a peep at the babies to see whether they are alright. My next chore which I like best of all is to feed my pet bird and play with him.

Often I have to rise in the middle of the night to chase away some marauding cat. Even though it mightn't catch any birds, they quite often die of fright. When a sunshower comes, they flop against the wire to collect the drops of water and come out of it looking the most bedraggled specimens of birds I've ever seen.

Ralph Taylor, D1, Wilmot.

THE STRAIGHT LINE

Early one morning, I with some friends, set out to climb Mt. Roland. Some of us were on vacation from school, and adventure seemed the order of the day. Although it is only four thousand and forty-seven feet high, the sight of the mountain proved challenging as its lofty head lifted high in the early morning light.

We left the cars at the foot of the track and began the ascent. The first stages took us through two miles of heavy man fern growth which formed a natural ceiling over the slippery track. Our progress was hindered, too, by frequent stops to remove those slimy, black horrors which murderously abound in this type of environment—the leech. One has to watch continuously for these parasites which attach themselves to the body and suck blood without the victim's knowledge.

Finally, after several hours climbing over rocks and boulders, through heath and tall bracken fern, the summit was reached. The thrill of small conquest and attainment surged through our veins as we stood on the mountain top surveying the world below us—the things so shortly left behind.

After a time of exploration and a good lunch we were ready for our return trip.

"The car should be right down there," someone said, pointing straight down the mountainside. "See, there's the road we came on. Let's head straight down this way and get there quicker."

Several of us had hiked a good deal and knew the inadvisability of leaving the track, but it seemed much shorter, and knowing the terrain fairly well, we could hardly get lost. However, the folly of our idea soon became obvious. The fern and heath intermingled with blackberries that appeared so harmless beside the track was now almost impenetrable—not only stiff and matted and unyielding—but it scraped our legs unmercifully as we attempted to break our way through

step by step. The tea-tree growth which we next met, proved to be the same, and it grew higher and scratched our arms and face as well, and cut our visibility to zero. In time we became detached from one another.

Right here, we would have been sensible to admit our mistake, return to the top of the mountain, and find the track again. However, we were on our way and plunged headlong through the brush, ever onward. Slowly we inched our way down rocky gullies, slipping and often sliding down over steep, rocky embankments and on through the endless tangle of brambles and brush.

It was almost dark when we all eventually found our way to the car. It had taken nearly two hours longer than it would have had we gone by the track and one of the boys received a sprained ankle in a fall off a rock.

In school we learn that "the shortest distance between two points is a straight line." In geometry this is very important to know, but when applied practically, sometimes we believe it so firmly, as we found to our sorrow, that we do not accept another answer.

Ian Robson, B1, Wilmot.

THE SNAKE

The snake is a long, slim, perfectly moulded being. He slips along the ground with the ease and grace of a bird in flight, or a fish swimming. He resembles the eel—slippery, round and hard to catch.

Look at the easy markings on the body. Dame Nature has certainly used the same brush to paint him as she did to tint his colourful environment.

Notice that his mouth is always curved into what seems to be a smile; his stately head always raised in dignity, sometimes moving back and forth. His two beady eyes look evil, but how could they be? How could this graceful creature be accused of committing a sin? See how he watches the little bird hopping near by?

But wait! What is this? His forked tongue flicks in and out; his head darts quickly forward—there are a few feathers, a few yellow feathers left lying idly on the grass and a round lump sliding down the snake's neck. Those few feathers are all that remains of that little bird.

But no! How could anyone dream that you were a killer, snake? You deceive your prey by your beautiful looks and hypnotic eyes; but only the wise keep from you, and the harmless, thoughtless birds and animals—and sometimes even humans—get in your path.

Snake, how can they be deceived by your looks and serenity? Or is it your swiftness, too, that helps you gain most of your prey?

Pat Rogers, C4, Arthur.

THE MAGICIAN

The magician is so tall and wise,
With dark brown hair and sparkling eyes,
From his black top-hat he can draw
Rabbits that hop upon the floor.
Your fortune he can always tell,
When you are in his magic spell.
When you look in his crystal deep,
He makes you fall into a deep sleep.

Malcolm McLaren, E2, Franklin.

THE NORTHERN CHURINGA

SEA RANGERS

As I am a member of the crew of the Sea Ranger ship, Heemskirk, I know a little of the construction of a yacht, and how it is manoeuvred.

One Monday evening at Rangers, while we were having a lecture on the various parts of a ship, it suddenly struck me that our human lives are similar in several ways to the construction and navigation of a ship.

There is the keel of a ship. This is the piece of timber extending from the bow to the stern of the boat, and on which rests the support of the boat. There are many ways in which we have and need support. Most people have a good solid pair of legs to support their bodies, but there are also those who must depend on irons and crutches, and there are even some who have to be content with lying all day. We not only need the support of our legs to stand on, but time and time again we need the support or advice of others. How would we progress at school without teachers?

About nine years ago, at our home in Westbury, we had a very distinguished guest. (I was eight and my younger brother was four years of age). I will not attempt to introduce our guest to you by his full title (not because I can not pronounce it, but because I cannot spell it) but to us he was known as Uncle Kol. Uncle Kol was a well educated, Fijian missionary, working amongst the aborigines of Northern Australia. He was travelling through some of our more southern states, telling people of his work.

One story which he told me, one day when we went for a walk together, has always remained at the back of my mind. It struck me very suddenly this one particular night at Rangers. Uncle Kol and a band of his navigators did a lot of travelling between the many islands of North Australia. On a fine sunny day the quickly-learning navigators did extremely well. But, like every other part of the world, the sun did not shine every day. On these days the natives refused to sail. The same thing occurred when there were no stars for them to steer by. Uncle Kol had taught them how to use the compass, but again, and also not unlike many of us, they were just too frightened to "have a go." Uncle Kol was determined to overcome this feeling of fear amongst his aborigines. One night it was necessary to travel to another island. Uncle Kol's determination had reached its peak. He chose one of his better men to guide the ship to the island by the sole use of the compass. The man was locked in the bridge and brown paper was pasted on the glass. He had a compass and Uncle Kol had given him his bearings. You can well imagine the fear of the native, and the desperate, vain efforts he made to free himself of his task. Unknown to him, Uncle Kol was standing by the whole time. At about six o'clock in the morning, Uncle Kol tore the paper from the windows; and the first thing the pilot saw was the island about half a mile away.

What a thrill this must have been to this man, to the rest of the crew, and also to Uncle Kol. He had helped them to overcome fear. In this amazing incident I can see three lessons, and all three may be used in our lives to-day and to-morrow. Firstly, this ship would have had a helm or a tiller which steers the ship either in the right or wrong directions. The helm shifts the rudder, but a pilot is needed to do this. We, in our lives, need someone to steer us, and if we will only let Him, God will be our pilot.

We can also see from this that if we obey, we will be guided to safety. Finally, like Uncle Kol, there is always someone "standing by." It may be our parents, our teachers, or our friends. The ship cannot steer itself, but with the help of the compass and the rudder, and the support of the keel, it was quite safe.

I once heard this quotation which seems to sum up what I have wanted to say:

"It is man's will alone that steers the barque of heredity through the seas of environment into the safe haven of a strong character."

Gwen Manzoney, A2, Sorell.

THE WHITE POODLE

She reclined on a pale blue satin cushion and gazed sleepily with large, soulful eyes at the two adoring swains who stood watching her. She rolled her eyes and became full of coquetry when they tried to attract her attention.

In the distance, above the noise of the early morning traffic, a clock struck nine and the two little boys reluctantly picked up their bags and hurried off to school; stopping to wave to her before they turned the corner.

At first, she did not understand that they had left her and she ran to the windows and gazed hopefully after them. When they did not come back she sat down and sulked until thumping and banging heralded the arrival of Tim Marsden, the man who sold newspapers outside her window. She put her head on one side and looked at him expectantly. In her eyes he was a strange creature because he did not succumb to her charms; he did not, in fact, acknowledge her presence at all. He went on setting up his newspaper stand, muttering to himself and sniffing loudly at regular intervals.

He was a small, slight man with a brown, wizened face, black piercing eyes like little round buttons, and a thatch of thick white hair, which made him look like a genial, brown monkey. He sat near his news stand all day, his little, black eyes darting from face to face, as he watched the crowds streaming by.

If, on the rare occasions when one of the hundreds of people passing him each day, paused after buying a paper and smiled at him, his eyes would glitter scornfully, and he would start to smile. It was not a smile which made people feel glad and want to smile back. When Tim smiled his mouth became a thin slit, and his lips gave a cynical twist at one corner and a long white scar which ran from his right temple to the side of his nose stood out sharply against the darkness of his skin. He would then turn and spit his disgust of the human race as a whole; the "nobs" who patronised him and treated him as if he were just as silly as that poodle sitting on her blue satin cushion watching him all the time.

Tim Marsden had three main hates in life. The first was the rest of the human race, silly beings who always did what was thought to be the right thing. Secondly, he hated the aforementioned "nobs" with their languid graces and patronising airs.

His third big hate was dogs; silly, yapping bundles who wagged their stumpy tails and acted as if the world was wonderful. In particular, he hated the dogs in the nearby pet shop who sat on blue satin cushions all day. Blue satin, bah! Tim spat his disgust.

Many people hate life because it has not been kind to them, and Tim was certainly no exception. If

anyone had troubled to study Tim, they would probably have found that he was a very lonely embittered man who craved for friendship and laughter; but who, because he had been sneering and smiling bitterly at all for so long, found it impossible to treat other humans as friends.

In fact, if someone tried to be friendly he would sneer with such obvious contempt that he would be quickly left alone. The only things that Tim had respect for were cats. He liked them because they had a mean nature and did not let him bully them and still come grovelling to him, watching him with sid, adoring eyes.

Tim glared in the poodle's direction but she, mistaking his glare wriggled contentedly and made friendly little whimpering sounds. Tim turned to sneer at her but somehow his mouth wouldn't twist as it usually did, and he found himself smiling. Even if it was a very half-hearted smile, it was a great improvement.

After that Tim changed visibly day by day. He sometimes laughed when there was really nothing to laugh about. His mouth was no longer twisted cynically, and when he smiled his eyes crinkled up at the corners and little wrinkles danced in and out.

Tim became quite a celebrity. After all, it is not every day that you see a newspaper seller, wearing an old cap and shabby clothes, walking to work each morning with a tiny white poodle trotting beside him.

Jennifer Thomson, C2, Franklin.

THE HIGHLANDS OF TASMANIA

Cradle Mountain Reserve is one of the most attractive tourist resorts in Tasmania. Situated in the centre of the state the reserve stretches from Cradle Mountain in the north, to Lake St. Clair in the south. In between is dense mountainous country, of rugged beauty, for which Tasmania is famed. If one is an "in training" bush walker the rough track linking northern and southern parts is little obstacle. It winds over mountains and valleys, past lakes, and tarns. It provides a glimpse of the natural, unspoiled scenery of Tasmania. For those who are not quite so active the Waldheim Chalet in the north is a convenient starting point for a series of attractive day walks.

To reach the chalet, the road winds several hundred feet above sea level, and looking back one can see the richly cultivated area of Sheffield. In these high altitudes, the change in vegetation is noticeable. Above all, towers the huge King Billy pine, and during the early months of the year, the waratah adds a vivid splash of colour to the scene. The road passes through several ghost towns, relics of the old mining and timber industries. Piles of scrap iron and rotting wood, mark the spot where people once lived and grew their gardens in a thriving community.

This area was first mapped by a German named Weindorfer, whose remains are buried near his beloved chalet. Every year a service is held in his honour, by his grave. Until recently the settlement was dominated by the driving force of Mr. McCracken, whose soul is set in the highlands. He was constantly on the watch for lost hiking parties or injured members. One slip on some of the steep and rocky paths could mean a broken leg. Storms are not uncommon, and become a very real danger. The chalet is often snowed up for several weeks during the winter season.

One of the most delightful walks is to the Ball-room Forest. Past Dove Lake and skirting Marian's Lookout, the path brings you within sight of a tinkling

waterfall, rushing down the side of the mountain. The water is clear and sweet, as only the water in these altitudes can be. The forest itself is a maze of twisted trunks of towering heights, and the foliage is a myriad of colours. Numerous waterfalls meander their way to the lake, into which they bubble themselves. During March the trees are ablaze with scarlets and purples of the various fungi.

To reach Cradle Mountain it is necessary to climb Marian's Lookout, which provides a wonderful view back to Waldheim, over Dove Lake and Wombat Farm. To the south are Cradle Mountain and Barn Bluff, both over 5,000 feet. From there, it is necessary to cross the plateau, a wet, bleak area, often buried in snow. At the foot of the mountain is a hut built of stone which provides a resting place from the chill winds before the actual climb. The path up the face of the mountain is marked by small cairns at regular intervals. The horizon seems to stretch farther away as one climbs, and range upon range of mountains fade into the distance.

Jennifer Hobson, B2, Sorell.

THE LADDER

The elderly gentleman left his business premises at the usual time, five-thirty, his bowler hat on exactly as it should be and his umbrella swinging from his right arm.

He walked briskly along the main street and stopped at the corner to buy an evening paper from the paper boy. As he passed the boy a half a crown (he was a gentleman who was very free with his money) the boy said, "Thanks, governor, and don't forget to cross your fingers as you go under the ladder along there."

"Don't worry about that, my boy. I don't believe in superstition. Old wives' tales, I call it. Well, good evening."

"Good night, gov."

The gentleman continued his way along, not even giving a glance to the ladder, which was leaning against a tall building, as he went under it. He walked a little further, where a car was waiting and stopped inside. His chauffeur always waited for him there so that the gentleman could have a walk every night after being in the office all day.

The car drove off slowly and the gentleman settled back into the luxurious padded seat of his Rolls Royce. It was then that he dozed off, only for a few moments, but all through his dream he saw ladders floating around him and he saw himself being covered by these ladders.

He was then awakened by his chauffeur telling him to lie down and as he looked out the window he could see a truck coming towards them at a fast rate; and what made him look at this truck again was that it was carrying a ladder. The chauffeur tried to swerve but the truck crashed headlong into the side of the car. The chauffeur was only slightly injured, but the elderly gentleman was killed instantly. The ladder had gone through the window and pinned the gentleman to the floor.

Had the ladder anything to do with his death or was it just coincidence?

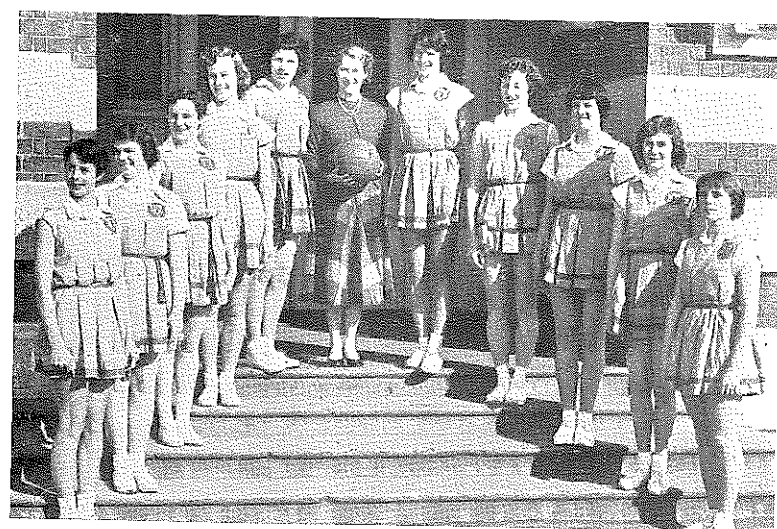
What do you think?

Janet Davis, B2, Arthur.

SOFTBALL.

Left to Right.

Back Row : — J. Pinner, M. Forsyth, B. Frankcombe (Capt.), M. Blewett, M. M. Parish, N. Davis.
2nd Row : — L. Ransom, W. Harvey, R. Johnson.
Front Row : — B. Gibbons, W. Smithims.



GIRLS' BASKETBALL.

Left to Right.

R. Saville, C. Herbert, D. Young, N. Davis, B. Frankcombe, Mrs. Parsons, L. Holloway (Capt.), J. Pinner, M. Parish, M. Forsyth, S. Pedley.

GIRLS' TENNIS.

Left to Right.

Back Row : — L. Holloway (Capt.), A. Johnson, G. Rees, Miss Dean, S. Pedley, H. Reid, J. Gough.
Front Row : — J. Ingles, C. Herbert.



GIRLS' HOCKEY.

Left to Right.

Back Row : — A. Marriott (Capt.), D. Cole, J. Gough, M. Blewett, J. Thompson, G. Rees, I. Scott, S. Casbault.
Front Row : — Miss Wilcox, H. Conway, J. Farwaker, J. Davis, J. Power, J. Ingles, B. Gibson.

SOFTBALL

The first Inter-High softball match this year was played at Burnie against Burnie High School. Launceston settled down quickly and held a comfortable lead in the first half. With some hard hitting Burnie caught up considerably in the fifth and sixth innings but were unable to keep it up, and Launceston drew away again in the seventh.

In the second Inter-High series Devonport High defeated Launceston High in a close and exciting game. Scores were even throughout, and quick, sure fielding was a feature of the game. It was only in the last innings that Devonport proved too strong and won the match by two runs.

The members of the team wish to express their thanks to Miss McManus for her coaching and the keenness of her interest.

Comment on Players

Barbara Gibbins (pitcher): Very strong pitcher and batter, and was responsible for dismissing many batsmen in all matches.

Wynne Smithem (catcher): Reliable catcher and batter, and the best player for both Inter-High matches.

Marlene Forsyth (1st base): A good base fielder with a reliable throw.

Betty Frankcombe (2nd base): As captain of the team she led her team well and was always strong in both fielding and batting.

Maureen Blewett (3rd base) vice-captain: Showed the experience of previous year's play by good all round ability.

Wendy Harvey (short stop): A keen player with plenty of fight and determination, particularly in the field.

Lesley Ransom (left out-field): Good long thrower and a useful left handed batter.

Margaret Parish (centre out-field): A steady out-field player with the ability to place the ball to advantage when batting.

Norma Davis (right out-field): A steady all-round player.

Judy Pinner, Ruby Johnson. As emergencies these two players were always consistent and adapted themselves easily to any position in the field.

LOOKING AHEAD! Our aim for the future is to practise hard and earn the Inter-High softball title which has not come our way for quite some time.

GIRLS' BASKETBALL

The basketball team has had a most successful year, winning both the inter-High School and Northern Tasmanian Women's Basketball Premierships.

We played Devonport in the first round of the inter-High School series and won by 38 goals to 15. The team went on to defeat Hobart in the semi-final by 48 goals to 15 and Burnie in the finals by 30 goals to 17.

The team played particularly well to win the N.T.B.B.A. premiership defeating Churinga Green in the semi-final and C.S.O.G. in the final, 22—13. We met O.H.A. in the State finals and were defeated 28—14, after a very good game in which all members of the team acquitted themselves very well against a stronger and more experienced team.

The Seconds are to be congratulated on winning the "B" Grade premiership in the N.T.W.D.B.A. and for playing so well to tie with the winning team in the State finals.

The team would like to thank Mrs. Parsons very sincerely for giving up so much of her spare time for our benefit. The Seconds are grateful to Mrs. Holloway for her interest and coaching.

Lynne Holloway (capt. defence wing)—Lynne has captained this year's team with great efficiency, has shown at all times a keen sportsman attitude. She is a strong, reliable, determined and capable defence wing in her team and at all times plays her best. She was chosen as a member of the N.W.B. Team.

Betty Frankcombe (vice-capt. defence) — Betty has played outstandingly this season, combining brilliant defending and perfect anticipation. Betty is to be congratulated on being selected in the State Women's Basketball Team.

Judy Pinner (defence) — Judy, a newcomer to the team this year, made remarkable improvement. She is a keen, determined player who played consistently well throughout the year.

Coral Herbert (centre) — Coral plays a good, all round game. Her centre pass is admirable and she combines particularly well.

Marlene Forsyth (attack wing) — Marlene plays a particularly fine attacking game. Her speed and combination with the goalies proved a great asset.

Sally Pedley (attack goalie) — This year we found an ideal attack goalie in Sally, who plays a dependable unselfish game and her reliable goal shooting gave great confidence to the team.

Margaret Parish (goalie) — Margaret is a speedy, reliable player who's spectacular leaps both in the air and into the goal circle helped her top off a good season with goal-scoring honours.

Dianne Young (emergency) — Dianne's quickness to the ball and sure catching are features of her play. She played very well in the inter-High against Devonport.

Robin Saville (emergency) — Robin defends and attacks very well. She will prove an asset next year.

Pat Fawkner (emergency) — Pat is a very promising player. She plays a steady and reliable game. She played excellently against Hobart in the Inter-High.

Norma Davis (emergency) — Norma has a very reliable and accurate pass and always makes position very well.

GIRLS' TENNIS

The tennis team was successful this year in winning the inter-High School premiership.

We travelled to Burnie for the first round and won by five rubbers to four. We met Devonport in the semi-finals on our home courts and were successful in winning by seven rubbers to two and played again in the finals on our home courts against Hobart High and were successful by eight rubbers to one.

The team would like to thank Miss Deane very sincerely for all that she has done for us as coach.

Lynne Holloway (captain) — Lynne has developed into one of the outstanding juniors in the State. She was a member of the 1956 Wilson Cup team and won the 1957 Pardey Shield. It was the first time it has been won by a pupil from our School.

Annette Marquand (vice-captain) — Annette, a member of the 1956 Wilson Cup team, plays a particularly fine game with sound ground strokes and strong, well placed serves and volleys.

Anne Johnson — Anne has perfect, natural stroking with a particularly fine backhand.

Sally Pedley — Sally plays a very consistent game. Her strokes are always well placed and she is very quick in retrieving would-be winners.

Coral Herbert — Coral shows great determination in matches and has a sound all-round game.

Jackie Ingles — Jackie has a particularly sound forehand and her backhand and service are consistently good.

Helen Reid — Helen plays dependable, steady game and always shows great determination in matches.

Judith Gough — Judy has a strong service and plays a dependable game.

Judy Smythe — Judy, the youngest member of the team, has shown great improvement this year and should prove a great asset to next year's team.

Gwynneth Rees — Gwynneth has played consistently well throughout the season. Her forehand and backhand are particularly sound and she plays with determination and tenacity.

GIRLS' HOCKEY

This season has been the most successful for many years as it was the first time since 1949 that the team has been in the final of the inter-high premiership. Although we won the first two matches by a good margin, defeating Devonport 5-3 and Hobart 5-2, we lost to Ogilvie 5-2 after a hard-fought match.

The team benefitted immensely by playing in the Women's Roster and did well to gain fifth position. The Firsts and Seconds thank Miss Wilcox for her valuable help and genuine interest in our progress during the season. Under careful coaching by Miss Bushby, the enthusiastic juniors should prove great assets to the senior teams.

CRITICISMS

Adrienne Marriott (Captain) (left inner): Adrienne proved a popular and very reliable captain, and her understanding combination with the other forwards was valuable in their persistent and hard attack.

Jackie Ingles (Vice-Captain) (right wing): Jackie is speedy and combines well with the other forwards. Her stickwork and passing are always reliable. Jackie played a brilliant game against Ogilvie in the premiership final.

Gwynneth Rees (centre): Gwynneth was leading goal striker this year. She has a strong bully and is persistent in her attack.

Beth Gibson (left inner): Most improved player and can always be relied upon. Will be an asset to next year's team.

Inez Scott (left wing): Excellent stickwork. She played very well against Devonport and Hobart.

Janet Davis (left half back): Although she joined the team late in the season, Janet combined well and is a consistent player.

Maureen Blewett (centre half back): Maureen adapted herself very well to a new position. She has a strong hit and good anticipation.

Judith Fawkner (right half back): Strong reliable defence and undisturbed by an unexpected situation.

Judith Gough (right back): Judith has a strong hit and always fights back. Uses free hits to advantage. A very consistent player.

Janice Power (left back): Most determined player, particularly in inter-high matches. She has good stickwork and is a reliable defence player.

Shirley Casbault (goalie): Improved throughout the season. Played well against Devonport and Hobart.

Helen Conway, Dianne Cole, Janet Thompson (emergencies): All played good games and should be valuable next year.

FOOTBALL

Ray Bailey (capt. and centre half forward): Throughout the season Ray has captained the team intelligently and by his own play has inspired every member to give his best for the school. A brilliant high mark and long kick, Ray is also an excellent ground player. He capped a fine season by winning both the School and N.T.J.F.A. trophies for best and fairest player, the latter by a very clear margin.

Bruce Beattie (vice-capt. and centre half back): Bruce held the backline together with his excellent play. He is a tenacious and vigorous player, a fine mark and he puts the ball well into attack with his long driving kicks. He is an excellent clubman and should do well in any team next season.

Michael Middleton (ruck/rover): Mick played many fine games, excelling against Hobart at full back. He has shown greater determination this year and has held down ruck, half back and full back positions capably.

Ian Ripper (wing): Ian performed well on the wing during the season and played his best game against Devonport High.

Geoff Viney (full forward): Geoff finally settled down at full forward. He leads and marks well and is a sure kick with either foot, but his ground play needs sharpening. He ended a fine season with 35 goals.

Wayne Williams (centre): Wayne played very consistently during the season and gave great drive. He is a good stab pass and is never beaten. He should do well next year.

Maurice Chorley (ruck): Maurice played mainly in the ruck but gave many useful games on the forward and back lines. When he gains more confidence in himself he should do better.

David Clarke (half back flank): David won his way into the team half way through the season. Although slow, by playing close to his opponent and using spoiling tactics, was seldom beaten.

Ross Gilbert (pocket back): Ross proved a very solid backman, but missed the game against Hobart because of sickness. He could show more initiative and use his weight to better advantage.

Michael O'Callaghan (rover/half forward): Mike is a very intelligent player, who should develop into a good rover next year. He is a sure long kick and passes well to the forwards.

Ian Greenwood (ruck): Ian played good football during the season. He is an excellent mark and taps intelligently, but he must improve his kicking.

Geoff Poxon (full back): Geoff used good spoiling tactics and had few goals scored against him. His kicking out during the season was a feature of his game.

Graeme Campbell (half back flank): Graeme has shown vast improvement during the season. He plays a hard game. With more experience, he should develop into a good back man.

Bruce Harris (rover): Bruce roved intelligently this season and when resting in the pocket proved a worry to opposing backmen with his clever turning.

Ray Saltmarsh (reserve): Ray proved to be a great clubman and played a number of useful games.

Ray Faulkner (ruck and half forward): Ray gained confidence as the season progressed and turned in some fine games. He is a good kick with either foot and rucked well when called upon.

Lindsay Morling (rover): Lindsay roved excellently throughout the season and should have a bright football future, if he learns to kick with his left foot.

Lance Behan (pocket back): Although only slightly built, Lance showed much courage and ability. He should be an asset to the future school teams.

Allan Jacobson (forward pocket): Although the baby of the team, Allan has plenty of courage and determination. He is a remarkably good mark for his size.

Brian Phillips (wing): Brian played on the wing and found his best form against Devonport. More weight should help him to do well next year.

Paul Lee (reserve): Paul played occasionally on the wing. He should do well next year. Marking needs practice.

Graham Otley (reserve): Although new to the game, Graham shows much natural ability. Should develop into a good ruckman next year.

Bevan Rees (reserve): Bevan played in the pocket back on occasions. He could well take the flank position next year.

Martin Anstee (reserve): Brought into the team to play against Hobart and showed promise.

The team would like to thank **Mr. Crawford** for his valuable coaching during the season.

BOYS' TENNIS

Michael O'Callaghan (captain): Proved himself to be the best high school player in the state. He has a fine style, sound ground strokes and crisp volleys. He displays most intelligent court-craft and an excellent match temperament.

Geoff Poxon: His strong smash and sharp volleys make him a particularly fine doubles player, a consistent singles player who could improve his game by "going for" the vital points.

Ian Ling (vice-captain): A greatly improved player whose ground strokes are consistent and aggressive, but who needs to pay greater attention to his service.

Bruce Beattie: Proved very reliable in Inter-High matches. His fine ground strokes, aggressive volleys and hard smashes make him a powerful doubles player.

Geoff Wise: A very consistent player whose ground strokes are well developed. More power in stroking would improve his game. Much is expected of him next year.

Robin McKendrick: A tenacious young player whose great fighting qualities will carry him far in the future. His backhand and service need more attention.

John O'Callaghan: Although very young, he is the best stylist in the team. More concentration would improve his game and he should be an asset to future teams.

Peter Loftus: A player with neat strokes, but he lacks consistency.

Many boys were prominent in the School Children's Tournaments at Hobart and Launceston this year.

The tennis team would like to thank **Mr. Bailey** for his conscientious coaching and advice.

CRICKET

W. Williams: Wayne is a left handed batsman of sound ability and technique, who, as captain, used his wide cricket knowledge to capably direct the team.

R. Bailey: Ray is an excellent left-hand batsman and brilliant slip field. He showed great form in the inter-high matches.

M. Chorley: An opening bowler who has a good length. He is a great trier and a reliable slip field.

M. Middleton: Mick is a fast opening bowler who varies his pace well. He also played some fine innings during the season and is an excellent fieldsman.

G. Viney: As an opening batsman he showed great form early in the season. He is a reliable field.

R. Faulkner: Ray is a hard-hitting right-hand batsman, also a good medium-pace bowler and a safe field.

A. Jacobson: Although one of the team's youngest members he showed great form behind the stumps rarely missing chances.

G. Foot. Greg is an opening batsman who played his best innings in the inter-high matches. He should do well next year.

P. Nelson. Peter, the baby of the team, is already a good batsman, but will do even better with more experience. He is also a promising off-spinner.

L. Behan. Lance is a promising young batsman but if he is to be an opener he will have to learn to ignore balls outside the off stump. He is a good stroke maker.

L. Morling. Lindsay is an attacking right-hand batsman, having played his best innings against Devonport. He is a useful spin bowler and an excellent cover fieldman.

R. Peters. He is a young batsman who needs more experience.

M. Roberts. Martin is a medium-pace bowler who should do well next year. He has an excellent throw.

BOYS' BASKETBALL

This year High School fielded an entirely new team in the Y.M.C.A. Under 18 Roster. This is the first year they have played as a team.

Alan Evans (Captain) — Alan proved himself to be a capable captain. He is a fast mover and was responsible for the majority of field goals scored.

Ray Faulkner — Ray combined well and played consistently throughout the season.

Bruce Harris — Experience in passing and drive would improve his play.

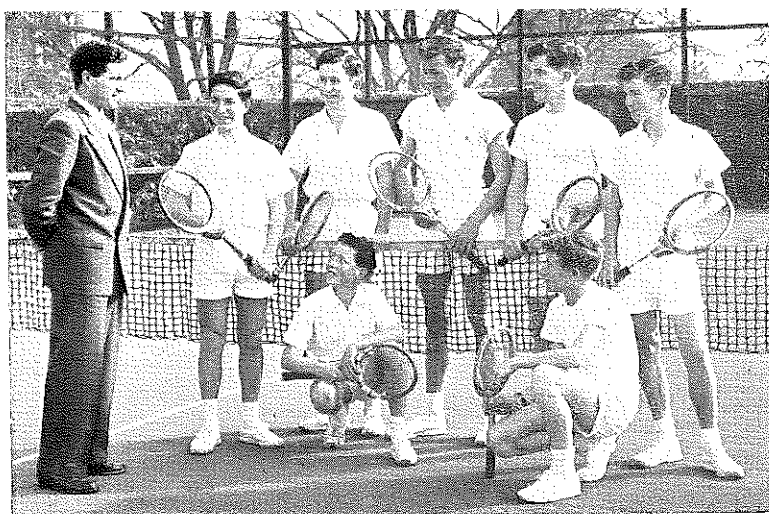
David Clarke — A slow mover, but an accurate shot under the basket.

Alan Edwards — Alan possesses essential confidence in his dribbling but his guarding often slips.

Maurice Chorley — Is a slow mover but a formidable rebound man under the basket.

Bevan Rees — Is a new acquisition to the team possessing much enthusiasm but who is handicapped by lack of experience.

The team would like to thank **Mr. Ward** for his active interest and valuable coaching throughout the year.



BOYS' HOCKEY

Although defeated in the first Inter-High match at Devonport, the Boys' Hockey Team had a most successful year, reaching the final of the Schoolboys' Roster.

Ian Ling (Captain, Left Inner) — Ian was a most inspiring captain who stood out at the times when he was most needed. His speed, passing ability, and excellent stickwork, gave the forward line terrific drive.

Neil Atkins (Vice-Captain, Back) — A State representative, whose cool, level-headed play continually baffled opposing forwards.

Hugh Tellow (Back) — A tenacious player whose persistent tackling always paid dividends.

Edgar Wilson (Goalie) — An awe-inspiring goalie who clears well and never becomes flustered.

Martin Roberts (Centre Half) — A competent player whose good stickwork and positional play enabled him to give great drive either in attack or defence.

Jim Read (Left Half) — A steady and reliable half who backs up well. Always ready to hit the ball back into the scoring zone.

Christopher Barnard (Right Half) — Reliable in his position, though a little slow in moving to the ball.

Alan Evans (Centre Forward) — A speedy and efficient player who, with the experience gained in "A" grade matches, was invaluable on the forward line.

Alan Edwards (Right Inner) — A fast-moving forward who combined well with both backs and forwards.

Eric Gardner (Right Wing) — A very keen player who was the spearhead of many successful forward moves.

Darrell Fisher (Left Wing) — A fast and reliable winger who drives the ball hard and backs up well.

The team wishes to thank **Mr. Childs**, and **Mr. D. Cocker** of the Churinga Hockey Club for their interest and valuable coaching.

BOYS' TENNIS.

Left to Right.

Back Row: — **M. O'Callaghan**,
(Capt.), **I. Ling**, **G. Poxon**,
B. Beattie, **G. Wise**.

Front Row: — **Mr. Bailey**, **J. O'Callaghan**, **R. McKendrick**.

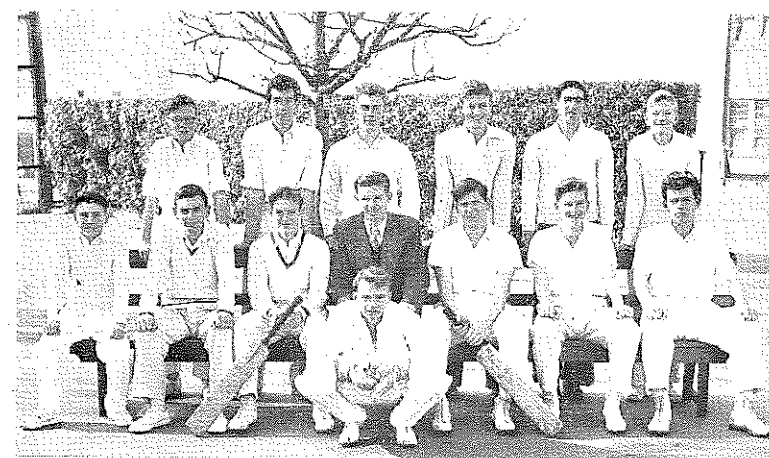
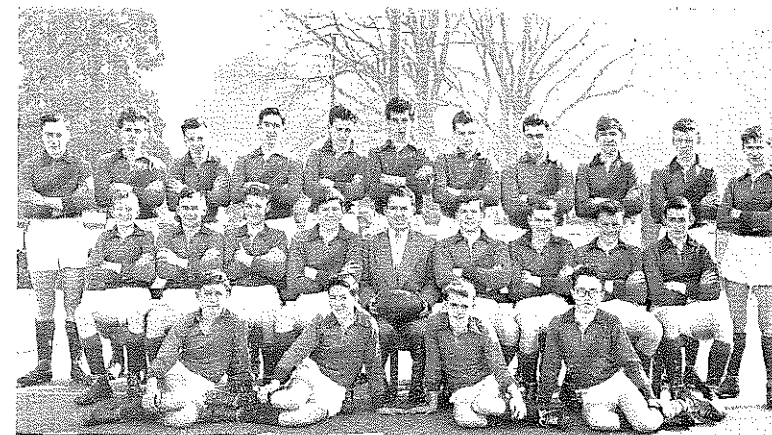
FOOTBALL.

Left to Right.

Back Row: — **R. Saltmarsh**,
M. Middleton, **B. Harris**,
G. Viney, **G. Otley**, **M. Chorley**, **M. Anstee**, **L. Beehan**, **L. Morling**, **G. Campbell**, **I. Ripper**.

2nd Row: — **L. Beehan**, **L. Morling**, **W. Williams**, **R. Bailey (Capt.)**, **Mr. Crawford**, **B. Beattie**, **R. Faulkner**, **G. Poxon**, **I. Greenwood**.

Front Row: — **B. Phillips**, **M. O'Callaghan**, **A. Jacobson**, **B. Rees**.



CRICKET.

Left to Right.

Back Row: — **G. Foot**, **M. Chorley**, **M. Roberts**, **R. Peters**, **G. Viney**, **L. Beehan**.

2nd Row: — **P. Nelson**, **L. Morling**, **W. Williams (Captain)**, **Mr. Phillips**, **R. Bailey**, **R. Faulkner**, **M. Middleton**.

Front Row: — **A. Jacobsen**.

BOYS' HOCKEY.

Left to Right.

Back Row: — **D. Jones**, **C. Barnard**, **H. Tellow**, **Mr. Childs**, **B. Walkley**, **E. Wilson**, **E. Gardner**, **D. Fisher**.

Front Row: — **A. Evans**, **A. Edwards**, **J. Reid**, **M. Roberts**, **I. Ling (Capt.)**, **N. Atkins**.

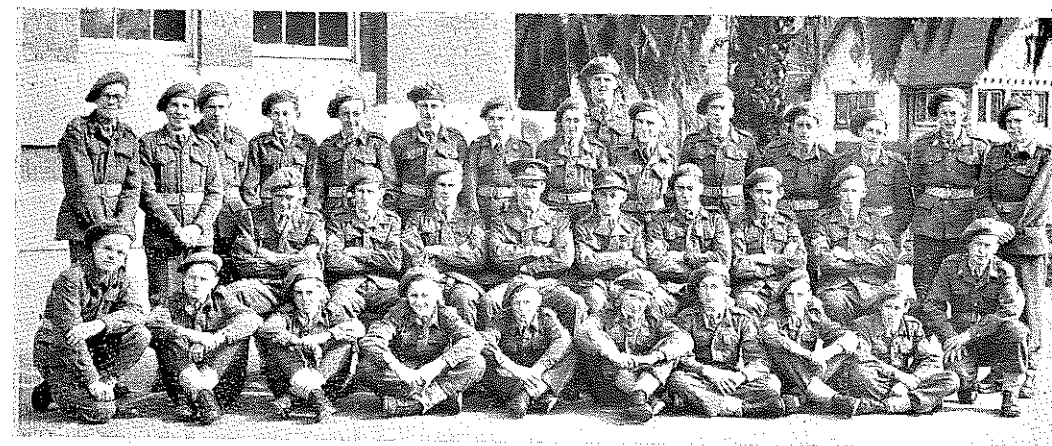




BOYS' BASKETBALL.

Left to Right.

A. Evans, B. Harris, M. Chorley, B. Rees, Mr. Ward, R. Faulkner, A. Edwards, D. Clarke.



ARMY CADETS

LAUNCESTON HIGH SCHOOL CADET CORPS

The Cadet Unit started off well this year with a total strength of forty-five, an increase of eighty per cent. over last year. This was probably due to the energetic and never-failing recruiting of **Sergeant Ray Saltmarsh**. Drill throughout the year has generally been good and the dress was good with most boys.

The Annual Camp at Ulverstone was held in perfect weather and although the unit put much into their work, a lot of fun was had by all.

The shooting teams, both rifle and machine-gun, performed well, topping the State in both these competitions.

These teams were:

Rifle Team: Corporal Les. Spencer, S/Sgt. Martin Roberts; Sgt. Ray Saltmarsh, Sgt. Brian Shelley, and Cpl. Geoff. Poxon (Captain).

Vickers' Machine Gun: S./Sgt. Roberts, Sgt. Brian Shelley, Sgt. Ray Saltmarsh, Cpl. Geoff. Poxon (Capt.).

For these successes, we wish to thank **W. O. Walters** for his energetic and patient coaching of the team.

We also wish to thank Mr. McGinn who directed operations and displayed much interest in the Corps. All the N.C.O.'s worked well and the cadets did their work without complaint.

SWIMMING CHAMPIONS.

Left to Right.

Back Row:— S. Rosevear, L. Holloway.

Front Row:— A. Evans, M. Walsh, M. Anstee.



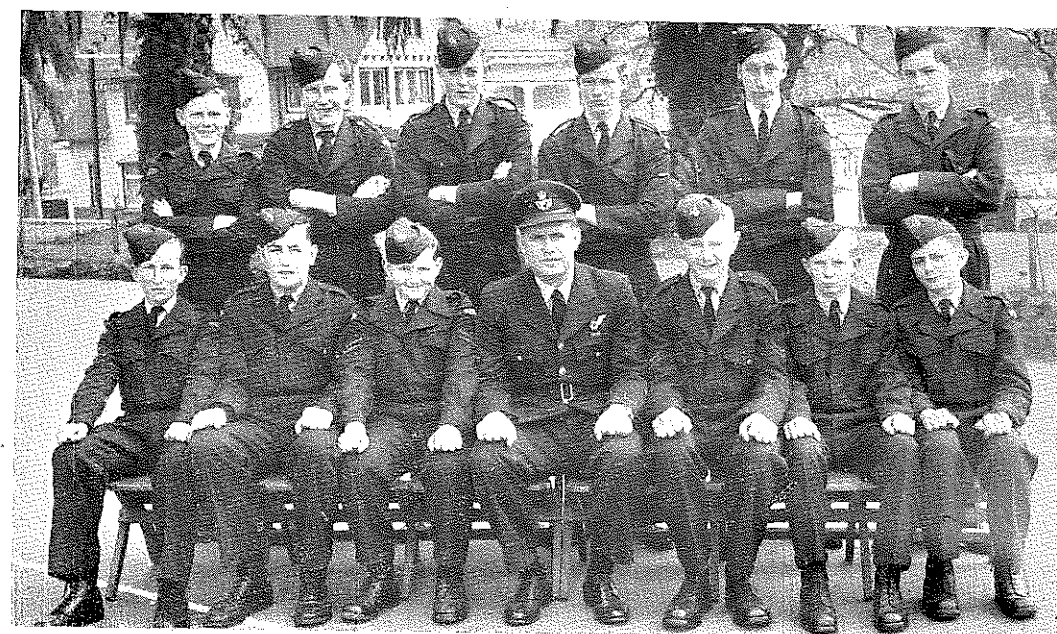
ATHLETIC CHAMPIONS.

Left to Right.

Back Row:— B. Beattie, M. Anstee, A. Evans, L. Morling.

2nd Row:— R. Saville, D. Young, B. Frankcombe, J. Pinner, C. Winnill, D. Gossage, J. Wickam.

Front Row:— A. Shipley.



A.T.C. CADETS

THE NORTHERN CHURINGA

CANARY CAUGHT!

Every one in the Howard home was awakened early by the shrill, clear voice of their pet canary. The sun shone in to the boys' bedroom, making even the old brass bird cage—which had not been polished for years—glitter; and the canary sat swinging on his perch and clamouring with joy. He had a powerful voice, that was certain.

Dennis got out of bed and went over to the cage. The canary stopped singing, made himself thin, and looked inquiringly out through the bars. Nicholas looked up from his bed in the corner and said, "What are you going to call him? Sixpence, that would be a good name, considering how you got him. Are you going to teach him any tricks?"

"I might," replied Dennis as he began to take down from a bookshelf a year's copies of a weekly magazine for boys.

"Look at that!" exclaimed Nicholas. "No, not out the window, the canary."

Dennis sat quite still, staring blankly at the cage, where the canary—or what was supposed to be the canary, for his head was covered in the sticky chewing gum, which Dennis had left on the edge of the cage, was trying desperately to undo himself. Dennis finally came to his senses and, jumping up, ran over to the cage, where Nicholas was struggling to catch the frightened bird.

At breakfast an hour later, Dennis related his tale to his parents and sister Shirley, telling every detail of how they had released the canary from that sticky gum, and Dennis said afterwards to Nicholas, "I shall never buy chewing gum again."

But, alas, he did.

Noeleen Gillow, E2, Wilmet.

THE BAMBOO CANE

It was a dark, chilly night. The moon was just beginning to peep out from behind a cloud. The light of the moon shone on an old house surrounded by a large forest. The grounds of the house were kept neat and tidy by the gardener who came every day to attend to them.

The owner, who was a middle-aged man, had only bought the house a month ago. The house had not been lived in for many years. The people of the village claimed that it was haunted. The previous owner had been murdered while asleep, and the story was that each night he came back to the bedroom and walked about tapping a cane on the floor which was of polished wood. Also a few of the village people said that they had heard screams and calls for help, but when they had reached the room there was no one there.

The room had been in the east wing and since Mr. James had bought the house this part had been closed down. He had taken no notice of the rumours that he had heard, but he had become very curious. To-night, he decided he would sleep below the so-called, "haunted room," and to see if anything happened.

It was about one o'clock when he was awakened from a deep sleep by a loud scream. He sat up and listened. There was a tap, tap, tap of a cane on the floor. He was afraid. He did not know what to do. There were no servants to call to because they all slept in the other part of the house.



RIFLE TEAM.

Left to Right.

Back Row :— R. Saltmarsh, J. Read, D. Clarke.

Front Row :— M. Roberts, B. Shelley.

Before he realised, he was out of bed and running along the passage and up the stairs and into his own bedroom. That night he lay awake thinking about it and decided that he would write to some of his friends to come to stop with him in the room the next night.

The next day, he went to see his friends and in his absence a fire started. It swept through the forest, burnt the "east wing" and part of the house. The servants could save only a few of his belongings.

When hurrying out of the house, one of the servants had picked up a small bamboo cane, thinking it might be of some importance to his master. When it was given to Mr. James he noticed that one end was covered in blood. Was this the stick that had killed the previous owner? Was this the cane that he and a few of the villagers had heard tapping on the floor?

With these thoughts he turned to the still smouldering remains of his house and threw the cane on to a part where a few small flames still blazed.

As Mr. James stood and watched the cane burn he thought he heard a faint scream followed by a call for help, but he could not be sure because of the noise and activity which were taking place around him.

Maureen Blewett, B2, Franklin.

THE HORSE

He reared. His mane
Glinting like polished silver,
Swept about his neck.
His chestnut body twisted
And turned. He lifted his head,
Inquisitively, showing the beauty
And serenity, where, sometimes there is
Restlessness in this animal—the horse.

L. Reader, C2, Arthur.

THE SEA

It's a road to the sea,
The road that I take,
Where waves are free
To roar and break,
To jump and leap
As the foam rolls up the deserted beach.
The current makes a pattern
By washing the sand
And the rocks wet like satin,
And shells form a fan,
On the yellow gold wastes
Brown, glistening seaweed dies all alone.

—Marilyn Heazlewood, E5.

THE STONE AND THE DRAGON

Because it was a frosty morning, and ice formed small, startled patterns on the pebbles, the road irritated Henry. The morning paper had been damp, and now the monotonous crunch of his heels set up a jarring rhythm, to the beat of which a score of others must have danced down the road that morning.

The road took its last turn before sloping down to the bus-stop, and Henry's eyes brightened a little as he saw the great, green bus breathing quietly at the corner. Now he could see the chimneys of the city prodding the sky, emitting cushions of sulky smoke which made stupid shapes in the air. He kicked at a big stone which was resting in the grass. It did not move, and this too, he found annoying. So he began to nudge it with his shoe until it rolled on to the metal road and settled beside the mailbox. Henry stiffened and glanced about him. He hoped no one had seen him, for how ridiculous he must have looked, in his dark grey suit and overcoat, and soft, felt hat, kicking old stones along the road!

But just then, a gruff voice interrupted him.

Kate sat on a swinging gate, kicking frost from the bars, probably waiting for a friend.

"Don't shift them around," she ordered, "or they'll get you!"

"They?" inquired Henry with a faint smile.

"The people who arranged them there."

"People, what people?" asked Henry.

"Never mind, but they will," replied Kate, darkly. "I know, and I have to watch for people like you. You don't care."

"Oh really, you don't believe --," began Henry, but checked himself. "I'm sorry," he said, and prepared to walk on, stepping neatly over the next large stone.

"It's no use! It's no use!" called Kate, spinning the words to the music of her feet, "You'll just have to watch out!"

Henry hurried on, and scarcely heard her last words. He had forgotten Kate when he arrived at the bus-stop, raising his hat to a friend and sitting in his usual seat in the bus. Before long, with a shudder and a jerk, Henry was on his way to the office. He hoped it wouldn't rain . . .

The road made lovely noises to Richard this morning he didn't walk on the frosted gravel, but down the clanking metal road, his school-bag chortling along beside him. He could hear his footsteps echoing deep inside the road, where someone was catching the noises and hurling them back at him.

He did not look at the great chimneys in the city, but was content to watch the frost melting on the bent pear tree which twined about the brown house. He climbed the fence and looked across at the pond. No, the frost had not melted down there yet, and the reeds were grey with ice. The little scene about the pond was painted in the same colours as the great granite hills on the other side of the valley. How bright the houses looked against the hills! Rusty red roofs had accompanied Richard down the hillside, and gay letter-boxes greeted him at every gate.

He jingled his bus-fare in his pocket. Perhaps he wouldn't go by bus. He could walk to school and buy marbles instead. He began to plan what he would do with his threepence. He assumed a faint swagger as he assembled it with the sixpence at home, and brushed past a smiling mailbox by the roadside. Then he stopped. All his plans were forgotten when he stooped to pick up a glossy black stone which rested there, alone. Richard collected beautiful stones like this, but as he felt it lovingly, a gruff little voice began:

"Put that back, you awful boy!"

He swung round to find Kate who was glaring at him from the gateway. He stroked the stone with a superior air and said,

"Huh!"

"You've spoiled the pattern! They'll get you!" clamoured Kate, and something like doubt flickered in Richard's eyes. He glared, but could find nothing to say, besides

"Huh! They?" whereupon Kate muttered, "You'll see, and swung majestically over the gate, disappearing without a sound.

Richard walked slowly away. He put the stone in his school-bag with elaborate ease, and jerked away towards the corner. No, he would not catch the bus, but would walk down by the creek and over the hill. He loved to wander near the water, and to hear the mud sighing and popping under his shoes. He mustn't think about the stone — no, the creek would make him think of other things. But this morning he found it hard to think of anything but the stone as the obstinate weight of it nagged at him from his school-bag.

He thought of throwing it into the stream where it would join so many others. That was a good idea, but just as he was unstrapping his school-bag he remembered that Kate would know he hadn't returned it, and that "they" would know. He wanted to keep it, but knew he must return it before it caused trouble, and so he carried the stone across the water and up the hill. He couldn't return it when that horrid, freckled girl was watching, but she was probably always there, waiting, swinging her legs. He sat down on a tree-stump to think. Reluctantly, he stood up, and hurried on the school. After his adventures, he was late.

All day the stone occupied his thoughts, and he found it hard to attend to Miss White when she tapped on the blackboard with her ruler. By the end of the day, the forces governing the stone had assumed the dimensions and features of a great, yellow dragon. He arrived home by a different route, and had a miserable meal, thinking all the time of what a yellow dragon could do to him, alone, in his room. Richard shuddered.

As Henry passed Kate, swinging pensively on the gate that evening, he felt he had seen her before. Then he began to remember what had happened that morning. She had said, "they" would get him, because she believed that some mysterious forces guarded the pattern of the stones on the path. Yes, it was something about a stone . . .

Kate saw Henry, too, and decided that "they" should send wild bears to scare him in the night, because it was he who had first upset the pattern. For Richard she imagined the most terrible dragon. His punishment had to be worse than Henry's because he had removed the stone altogether.

The next day dawned as white and strained as the one before, but Kate was out very early. Henry passed her at a similar time, and wore his habitual countenance. The dreadful mistake she had made in assuming that he was afraid of wild bears when he showed no trace of having been harassed by them suddenly occurred to Kate. However, just then, she saw Richard passing the brown house. He did not pause to look at the pond, but with a studied swagger he came towards her, staring fixedly ahead. Nonchalantly, he dropped the stone where he had found it, and his features relaxed a little. The pattern was almost right again, for Kate could put the stone back in its place. She leant back on the gate with a smile, and the dragon disappeared.

Janice Power, A1, Sorell.

THE STARFISH

When you wandered about the shore looking into rock pools and picking up shells, you probably came across a starfish. There it lay with its five arms stretched out, quite still. Perhaps it was dead, but if you had put it into a pool it might suddenly have come alive again and begun to glide away.

Do you know how a starfish walks? You might think that it has no legs, but it has hundreds of them! In the centre of the starfish is what is really a walking stomach. The starfish is hated by fishermen because it robs their nets of bait. It swallows oysters whole!

Sometimes a starfish is cut in half, but it does not die. Instead, each half begins to form new arms, and in a short time there are two starfish where only one was before. This seems very extraordinary, but it is quite true.

B. Peters, E6, Wilmot.

THE CRAYFISH

It was a fine sunny morning and for the first time this season the crayfish boats were coming in with their loads of crayfish. On arriving at the wharf the fish were packed into bags and then taken by lorry to the factories where they were to be cooked and frozen ready for export. When the crayfish arrived at the factory they were unbagged and put into large tubs to drown. After they were drowned they were boiled in huge boilers until they were cooked. When they were cooked they were left to drain and then packed in cases, wired, and stamped ready for export.

Not always the crayfish were cooked though. Sometimes they were just drowned and then the tails taken out and packed in cellophane bags. Then as before they were packed in cases, wired and stamped and put into the freezer.

Zinah Whittaker, D3, Franklin.

VISIT TO THE SNOWY MOUNTAINS

On Friday morning of the September holidays, during which my parents and I were staying in Canberra, we were picked up by a Government car, sent by courtesy of Senator Henty, and taken on the 71-mile journey to Cooma for an arranged visit to the Snowy Mountains' scheme.

In Cooma we were met by our conducting officer (Mr. McArthur), who, with the aid of Sir W. Hudson, Commissioner for the Snowy Mountains Authority, gave a brief talk and showed films on the scheme.

After that we were taken over the Scientific Services Laboratories which handled the intricate problems met by the scheme and the various methods of soil preservation and tunnelling being experimented with. The following afternoon we travelled to Guthega dam, 5,000 feet above sea level, where the car was bogged in the snow for half an hour. After freeing ourselves we inspected the fully operating Guthega power station at Munyang.

The next morning, after staying at Island Bend for the night, we travelled to Adamamby Dam, a half-completed earth-diversion dam being built by American contract. When completed, the dam will be half a mile thick at the base and 380ft. high. The reservoir backing up from it will hold 3,860,000 acre feet of water—over eight times the volume of Sydney harbour.

From there we journeyed to the Eucumbene look-out where the Dodge we were in had gear trouble and a message was sent back to Cooma for another car to continue and to Canberra for another Dodge.

When the car arrived from Cooma we inspected the Eucumbene portal and then travelled to Junction Shaft and the Tumut pond works where two tunnels and a dam were under construction.

After spending a night at Cobramurra, we made what seemed the most important journey as we visited the T.1 underground power station, then under construction. This power station is the first of five being built on the Tumut River, and is in a massive excavation a thousand feet underground, and will be producing 320,000 kW. in 1959. After looking over the site of T.2 power station, we returned to Cooma and then back to Canberra.

Alan Edwards, B1, Arthur.

FOX HUNTING

The fox hunt took place about twenty-eight miles from Gunnedah in New South Wales. It began at half past eight and when we reached the paddock the moon was already out of sight.

We reached a seven hundred acre paddock and the three men in the front of the "Land-Rover" loaded their rifles.

The searchlight searched the paddock until the two shiny green eyes of a fox could be seen. The "Land-Rover" proceeded towards the fox in a small semi-circle. When we were within a hundred yards of the fox, it began to run. As the "Land-Rover" sped on the men kept shooting at the fox all the time. At last, it dropped.

At three-thirty we were on the way home after a very successful night. Twenty-two foxes had been killed.

Gaye Thomson, C6, Arthur.

BELLS

A bell is one of the oldest musical instruments. Its unusual shape gives a rich full sound or tone. Its shape has changed many times during the Christian era when the art of bell-casting was most practised. Casters found that by widening the bottom of the bell a fuller tone was produced.

The bell we know to-day was first developed in the seventh century when the art of widening the base was made perfect. In the last two hundred years, much work has been put into the construction of sets of bells which can play tunes or chime. They are played by a keyboard or mechanically.

After a bell has been cast and cleaned it has to be tuned. This is the hardest part as it requires accurate thinking. Metal has to be removed from the outer edge, and if too much is taken, the tone is injured and thus the bell is ruined. A set of bells have to be in tune with one another.

Many people learn to play bells. They may be played in tune; that is the bells are sounded from highest to lowest over and over without change. These rounds can be changed and various methods of change-ringing have been in practice in England for centuries and the craft is still popular. The number of bells in the set decides the number of changes which can be made. Thus, with three bells six changes can be made; twelve bells, 479,001,000 changes. The latter is possible but one would have to be an excellent player to make so many changes.

The largest bell in the world is in actual use in Moscow and weighs one hundred and twenty-eight tons; also in Moscow there is a larger one cast in 1773 but a large piece was broken off during making so it has never been hung. It weighs about one hundred and eighty tons and stands nineteen feet high. In London, the largest bell is at St. Paul's and weighs sixteen tons, while Big Ben weighs only thirteen and a half tons.

Modern man has invented an electric bell worked by magnets, but I don't think that man will ever make bells more beautiful than those made in medieval days.

Jennifer Playsted, B2, Arthur.

MICROSCOPIC EYES

He looked very old. Old and bent. He would be approximately eighty years of age, I thought to myself, as I walked slowly along the tree-lined path in the park.

His worn brown shoes, wrinkled grey coat and old felt hat were in sharp contrast with the blossoms that were just peeping shyly from the new twigs, and tiny green leaves that were proudly showing their finery to the surrounding flora. Everything was fresh.

Everything, that is, except the bent, decrepit old figure in front of me, that had once been a fine young man, and had perhaps even played in this very park in the days of long ago. I watched the shuffling feet, the old gnarled stick that aided him in his painful progress, the gnarled, bony brown hand that held it. But his hand was steady for all his years.

His deep blue eyes darted hither and thither, seeming to miss neither flower nor shrub. Even the lowly daisies seemed to escape not his soft, almost caressing gaze, and they coloured almost visibly as he travelled hesitantly past them.

The old man had been coming to this park every day for as long as the neighbouring citizens could remember. He knew every flower, shrub, bush and

tree in the gardens, and noticed every little change in any of them. He knew when the first leaves fell from the wise old oaks in autumn, knew the colouring was gradually fading from the banks of pig-face when the winter winds began whispering in the stately pines; knew, and appreciated, the minutest detail.

These lonely walks were more than just a pastime, more than just a hobby—they were life itself to this old man.

He sat down slowly—but gracefully for one of so many years—on the same plain, wooden seat where he used to feed the pigeons during the hot summer months. They would fly down on whirring, flashing wings, their plumage sparkling in myriads of colour. They would land in a flutter of feathers and hop slowly, expectantly up and down by their benefactor, making soft noises in their sleek throats, waiting for the crumbs that they knew would be sure to come.

I slipped quickly past him, cracking a tiny twig as I went. His eyes flickered in my direction immediately, but he did not see me—the old man was blind.

Brian Phillips, C2, Arthur.

EVERY SIX MONTHS

"Gee, Mum," sighed Allan, "Dr. Peters inspected my teeth six months ago. Do I have to see him again?"

"Yes," replied his mother, "you must have a check every six months."

Allan made a wry face and shuffled off to his bedroom. There he picked up his cap and put it on his head in several different positions in front of the mirror, hoping that by taking time he might miss the bus, and arrive at the dentist's late.

"Allan!" called his mother from the kitchen. "Will you please hurry or you'll miss the bus."

"Yes, Mother," said Allan, dejectedly as he pulled the peak of his cap over his eyes, "I'm going now." He slowly opened the door and walked down to the gate where he was just in time to see the bus starting to pull out from the stop. Instinctively he dashed forward and jumped aboard where he paid his fare and found a window seat. But he half-wished that he hadn't caught it although he was right in doing so.

The closer the bus neared his destination the higher his tension rose. As he looked out the window he noticed some men working on the road with a pneumatic drill which reminded him of the dentist's drill.

At last the bus arrived at his stop and he alighted, opened the dentist's gate and rang the doorbell. Almost immediately the door was opened by a nurse, who ushered him into the surgery. It was too late to change his mind now.

"Hello, young man," boomed the hearty voice of the dentist as he entered, "You want a check don't you?" he queried.

Allan was gently but firmly placed in the chair and the dentist chatted with him as he examined his teeth.

After ten minutes the dentist announced, to Allan's relief, "Your teeth are very sound and I won't need to do anything with them." Allan let out a prolonged sigh of relief as he received this news, and changed his mind about dentists, at least for another six months.

David Hamilton, D1, Sorell.

"PETER"

Peter scrambled unsteadily to his feet, sending the loose straw scattering everywhere. He blinked as the morning sunlight streamed down on to him, lighting the soft brownness of his fuzzy coat. Standing very shakily on his four spindly legs, Peter felt so very happy. An encouraging whinny from the mare standing by, watching him anxiously, made Peter turn his silky head to look proudly at his mother.

"There you are," his eyes seemed to say. "I've done it. I'm standing up now, just like you." However, just as he moved to take a step further forward, his tottering legs gave way under him and he fell awkwardly to the floor. A look of tolerant amusement flickered in his mother's eye as she fondly assisted him to his feet again. With an excited whicker, Peter began to totter sideways to the open door.

"Isn't he sweet!" Can I have him? "When can we ride him, Daddy?" The childish voices rang in Peter's ears as he stood by his mother in the green paddock. Small warm hands lovingly patted his fluffy back and smooth nose. He had been out in his lovely field for about a fortnight and to-day, the farmer, who always treated him so well, had come to show him to his little children. After the children had left, Peter kicked up his heels and began to gallop across the grass, his small, bushy tail flying out as he rushed along. Having run so hard for the length of the paddock, he turned by the fence and trotted back to his mother, who was patiently standing in the shade of a tree by the gate.

As he halted nearby, Peter gazed over the fields that spread for many miles around. When he was grown up he would gallop for miles and visit those faraway paddocks. Perhaps he would be carrying one of the farmer's children on his back. Perhaps he would meet some of the animals his mother had told him about. Perhaps he would run till he reached that glowing ball in the sky.

A fine drizzle of rain cooled Peter as he trotted up the tree-lined road. The farmer's little girl was in the saddle and talking excitedly to her brother and sister as they rode along on their own ponies. He was two years old now, and as he moved along at an easy trot, his thoughts wandered back over the past months.

As his coat had become silky smooth, he had spent his time with his mother, delighting in the sunshine and long grass. When the rain fell, he had sheltered beneath the old tree and watched the blue sky turn to a lowering grey. Most of all, he had loved to run in the grass after a shower of rain, spraying the raindrops into a myriad of sparkles as his hoofs brushed the tall stems.

As he drew near the farm gate, Peter recalled the times he had spent on picnics with the children, and thought of the numerous trips to the schoolhouse which his small rider attended. But only the other day, he had heard that he was not to continue his daily trip, because the farmer had decided he should work on the farm. He halted obediently at the gentle tug on the bridle and waited while the little girls clambered down. When he was cantering across his paddock, Peter saw the farmer lift his head and watch him as he ran.

Peter stood musingly by the fence, occasionally nibbling the grass at his feet. He peered out across the railing and watched the sun setting golden in the

west. The blue-black silhouette of the trees against the sky brought back memories to old Peter of the days when, as a foal, he had skipped happily beside his mother, glorying in his youthfulness. How many such sunsets had he watched, knowing that when he woke next morning, he would see a pink mist ushering in the new sun.

He was old now and his working days were over. He had served his master thoroughly for many years and was now enjoying his declining days in luxurious laziness. Once again he was free to pass his day in the wide field, not frisking about as he used to do, but merely pondering on things past and present.

Peter lifted his head and called to the fading sun.

Lyn Pullen, A2, Franklin.

THE VOYAGE FROM ENGLAND

The time had come for us to begin our trip to London, and leave Tilbury dock on our five week journey to Tasmania. We left Nelson, our home town, on the train, and we arrived in London at about dinnertime. We stayed in London for four days, visited the Tower of London and saw the Crown Jewels, and spent a day up the River Thames at Hampton Court. One afternoon, we went all around London in a bus, with the conductor pointing out the places of interest.

Then, on the fifth day, we left England. We departed from London on a crowded boat train to Tilbury. On arriving, we were kept on the platform and then went through the customs. There we went under the initial of our surname which is "H" the "A's" went together, the "B's" and so on. When we were ready to go aboard the porter carried our luggage on and showed us our cabins. It was practically dinnertime, and we were nearly the last aboard the ship.

There were alleys here, and alleys there. It was a big ship. After dinner, we had a look around and at 4 o'clock on Tuesday, 24th August, 1954, we set sail for Tasmania on the S.S. "Strathore."

On the way here, we visited Port Said and Aden, which are both in Egypt. Then we sailed across to Bombay and Colombo, and the first port in Australia was Fremantle.

Chris Hallam, E2, Wilmot.

SAILING THE "HIGH BARBARY"

One day my two friends and I walked down to the shingle beach and came to our sailing boat, the "High Barbary." To-day, we were going to explore the bay, around which we lived.

We heaved the boat down into the water and shoved off, steering for a point of land which we named Nigger's Point. On reaching the point, we encountered a head wind and so we had to tack to get to a creek which offered a splendid harbour at high tide. We made our main base here, and called it the "Haven." We also built a hut, made from ferns, and gum and wattle branches.

After setting sail again, we encountered a shoal of toad fish. Having poked at a few with an oar, we passed on till we came to a reef. Here we saw the ribs of a sunken dinghy. When it was getting dark we sheered around and set sail for home.

Dan Coward, E2, Wilmot.

ARTHUR HOUSE

Boys

At the beginning of the year, Ian Ling was elected House Captain and Geoff Poxon, secretary. Under the careful guidance and help of Mr. Crawford, the House was runner-up at the Swimming Carnival and then went on to greater success by winning the Athletic Carnival.

Representatives in Sports' Teams:

TENNIS: Ian Ling, Geoff Poxon.

CRICKET: Michael Middleton, Alan Jacobson, Martin Roberts.

FOOTBALL: Michael Middleton, Geoff Poxon, Ian Greenwood, Alan Jacobson, Brian Phillips, Bruce Harris, Ray Saltmarsh.

HOCKEY: Ian Ling, Martin Roberts, Alan Edwards, Christopher Barnard.

BASKETBALL: Bruce Harris, Alan Edwards.

Representatives on the Board of Prefects:

Ian Ling, Ian Greenwood, Michael Middleton, Martin Roberts.

Girls

At the beginning of the year, Lynne Holloway was elected House Captain and Suzanne Phillips, Vice-Captain, but after Lynne became Head Prefect, these positions were assumed by Sue and Inez Scott respectively.

This year we came second in the Swimming Carnival and we would like to congratulate Sorell on their win. We are proud of Lynne Holloway, who won the Open Championship for the second year in succession.

We were successful in winning the Athletic Carnival and individual members also did extremely well. Judith Pinner was the Open Athletic Champion; Betty Frankcombe, Open Field Games champion, and Janice Wickham shared the Under 13 Athletic championship. Special congratulations are due to Robin Saville, who won both Under 15 Championships.

Representatives in Sports' Teams:

BASKETBALL: Lynne Holloway, Judith Pinner, Betty Frankcombe, Robin Saville.

HOCKEY: Adrienne Marriott, Inez Scott, Judith Gough, Beth Gibson, Shirley Casbolt, Helen Conway, Janet Thompson, Janet Davis.

SOFTBALL: Betty Frankcombe, Judith Pinner.

TENNIS: Lynne Holloway, Judith Gough.

LIFE-SAVING: Margaret Church, Penelope Stephenson.

SWIMMING: Lynne Holloway, Suzanne Phillips.

Representatives on the Board of Prefects:

Lynne Holloway (Head Prefect), Suzanne Phillips, Inez Scott, Adrienne Marriott, Eva Abrams, Judith Gough, Judith Pinner, Penelope Stephenson, Coralie Savage, Janice Odgers, Karla Plehwe.

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

FRANKLIN HOUSE

Boys

Elections were held at the first House Meeting and, as a result, Ronald Tarr was elected House Captain and Jim Read, secretary.

Although Franklin was at the bottom of the ladder after the Swimming and Athletic Carnivals, the position is not as hopeless as it seems. During the junior events, Franklin was quite successful, being on top in these events. Judging by the strength of these junior members, it seems that Franklin cannot stay on the bottom for much longer and next year should see Franklin at least one step up the ladder.

Representatives in Sports' Teams:

FOOTBALL: Lance Behan, Graeme Campbell, Ray Saltmarsh.

CRICKET: Lance Behan, Bob Peters.

TENNIS: Peter Loftus.

HOCKEY: Jim Read, Eric Gardner, Darrell Fisher, Bruce Walkley, Donald Jones.

BASKETBALL: Andrew Forsyth.

Representatives on the Board of Prefects:

Ronald Tarr, Jim Read, Darrell Fisher.

All members wish to thank Mr. Baker for his hard work and intense interest shown throughout the year.

Girls

At the beginning of the year Annette Marquand was elected Senior House Captain and Sylvia Butler, Junior House Captain.

Although we were last in both the Swimming and Athletic Carnivals, a combined House spirit was always present. We would like to take this opportunity of congratulating Arthur and Sorell on their success in winning the Athletic and Swimming Carnivals this year.

Representatives in Sports' Teams:

HOCKEY: Maureen Blewett, Judith Fawcner.

BASKETBALL: Sally Pedley.

SOFTBALL: Maureen Blewett, Lesley Ransom, Ruby Johnson.

TENNIS: Annette Marquand, Anne Johnson, Sally Pedley.

Representatives on the Board of Prefects:

Sylvia Butler, Sally Pedley.

We would like to thank Miss Dewis and Miss Symonds for their help and encouragement throughout the year.

WILMOT HOUSE

Boys

Alan Evans was elected House Captain and Geoffrey Viney, secretary, at the first meeting of this year.

We competed in the Athletic and Swimming Carnivals, finishing second and third respectively. In the Athletics we won the March Past, an event introduced this year. Congratulations are due to Lindsay Morling and Alan Evans, who were Under 16 and Open Champions respectively, and to Michael Walsh and Alan for gaining the same divisional honours at the Swimming Carnival. We hope to improve in both competitions next year as junior talent is promising.

We also extend heartiest congratulations to Neil Atkins, who proved a worthy representative of the School and Wilmot, by playing magnificently for the Tasmanian Schoolboys' Hockey Team.

Representatives in Sports' Teams:

CRICKET: Wayne Williams (capt.), Maurice Chorley, Geoffrey Viney, Bob Peters, Lindsay Morling, Ray Faulkner.

FOOTBALL: Geoffrey Viney, Lindsay Morling, Bevan Rees, Ray Faulkner, Wayne Williams, Maurice Chorley.

HOCKEY: Alan Evans, Neil Atkins.

TENNIS: Geoff Wise.

BASKETBALL: Alan Evans, Maurice Chorley, Ray Faulkner, Bevan Rees, Wayne Williams.

Representatives on the Board of Prefects:

Geoffrey Viney.

We wish to thank Mr. Ward for ably assisting us as our House Master.

Girls

At the first meeting this year Jackie Ingles was elected House Captain and Philippa Williams, Vice-Captain. During the first term, we came third in the Swimming Carnival. Sally Rosevear was Under 13 Swimming Champion. We congratulate Sorell on their win. In the Athletic Carnival we were more successful, coming second to Arthur House. Diane Young was Under 15 Field Games Champion and Denise Gossage and Claire Winnill shared the Under 13.

Representatives in Sports' Teams:

BASKETBALL: Coral Herbert, Marlene Forsythe, Diane Young.

HOCKEY: Gwynneth Rees, Jackie Ingles, Diane Cole. SOFTBALL: Marlene Forsythe, Barbara Gibbons, Wyn Smithem.

TENNIS: Jackie Ingles, Gwynneth Rees, Coral Herbert, Helen Reid.

SWIMMING: Gwynneth Rees, Fay Thorne.

LIFE-SAVING: Madelyn Brett, Sally Rosevear, Gelinda Goetzke.

Representatives on the Board of Prefects:

Jackie Ingles, Gwynneth Rees, Madelyn Brett, Philippa Williams.

All members would like to thank Miss Bushby and Miss Wilcox for their help and advice throughout the year.

SORELL HOUSE

Boys

Ray Bailey was elected House Captain at the beginning of the year, but as Ray was later elected Head Prefect, Bruce Beattie, who had been Vice-Captain, took over his position and Michael O'Callaghan was elected Vice-Captain.

Sorell was successful in winning the Swimming Carnival and Martin Anstee was Under 16 champion. Teamwork was valuable in this success.

The Athletic Carnival was won by Arthur. Well done, Arthur! Individual performances won Martin Anstee and Bruce Beattie the Under 16 and Open Field Games' Championships.

Representatives in Sports' Teams:

CRICKET: Ray Bailey, Gregory Foot.

TENNIS: Michael O'Callaghan, Bruce Beattie, Robin McKendrick, John O'Callaghan.

HOCKEY: Edgar Wilson.

FOOTBALL: Ray Bailey, Bruce Beattie, Martin Anstee, David Clarke, Michael O'Callaghan, Ian Ripper.

BASKETBALL: David Clarke.

All members of Sorell wish to thank Mr. Bailey for his invaluable service given to the House throughout the year.

Girls

At the first meeting this year Janice Power was elected House Captain, Norma Davis, Vice-Captain and Margaret Parish, secretary.

During the first term, Sorell won the Swimming Carnival, and came third at the Athletic Carnival. We congratulate Arthur House on winning the Athletics.

Representatives in Sports' Teams:

BASKETBALL: Norma Davis, Margaret Parish.

HOCKEY: Janice Power.

SOFTBALL: Margaret Parish, Norma Davis.

Representatives on the Board of Prefects:

Janice Power, Norma Davis.

We would particularly like to thank Miss Record and Dr. Penizek for their keen support and encouragement.

GENERAL PRIZE LIST, 1956

Prizes for General Merit (given by Mr. T. G. Johnston)—Girl, Loris Munro; Boy, John Forward.

Prizes for General Merit, Schools' Board Classes (given by Parents' Association): Girls, Judith Gough, Norma Davis; Boy, Ian Ling.

Attitude and Influence Prizes (given by Messrs. Ludbrooks Pty. Ltd.): Girls, Joan Hayward, Elizabeth Vincent; Boys, Peter McGee, Murray Harper.

Prize for General Merit in "C" Class (given by Messrs. R. A. Horne and L. Garrett): Penelope Stephenson.

Joan Inglis Memorial Prize (given by Mr. G. Hutchinson): Anne Rosevear.

Best Pass in Matriculation Examination, 1955 (given by Parents' Association): Girl, Nancye Stokes; Boy, Guen Pullen.

Best Pass in Schools' Board Examination, 1955: Girl, Joan Hayward; Boy, Rudolph Plehwe.

Peggy Pedley Memorial Prize (given by Mrs. S. Taylor): Loris Munro.

PRIZES FOR SPECIAL SERVICE TO THE SCHOOL

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

Library Service: Shirley Casboul.

Magazine: Coralie Hingston, Rudolph Plehwe.

CLASS PRIZE LIST

Dux of A Class (given by Old Scholars' Association): Rudolph Plehwe.

Dux of B1 Class (given by Messrs. A. W. Birchall & Sons Pty. Ltd.): Judith Gough.

Dux of B2 Class (given by Mr. A. J. Woolcock): Joy Muller.

Dux of B3 Class (given by Messrs. A. W. Birchall & Sons Pty. Ltd.): Philippa Williams.

Dux of B4 Class (given by Parents' Association): Norma Davis.

Dux of B5 Class (given by Parents' Association): Sandra Wade.

Dux of C1 Class: Robert Green.

Dux of C2 Class: Karla Plehwe.

Dux of C3 Class: Judith McLean.

Dux of C4 Class: Barbara Gibbins.

Dux of C5 Class: Marlene Forsyth.

Dux of C6 Class: Vera Shaw.

Dux of D1 Class: Susan Baldwin.

Dux of D2 Class: Judith Winskill.

Dux of D3 Class: Bevan Rees.

Dux of D4 Class: Janice Coones.

Dux of D5 Class: Pamela Middleton.

Dux of D6 Class: Robert Peters.

Dux of E1 Class: Anthony Kjar.

Dux of E2 Class: Donald Atkinson.

Dux of E3 Class: Raymond Gibbons.

Dux of E4 Class: Diane Orpin.

Dux of E5 Class: Jenny Hardman.

Dux of E6 Class: Meredith Chamberlain.

SUBJECT PRIZES, MATRICULATION EXAMS, 1955

English Literature (the "J. R. Orchard" Prize): Margaret Cox.

History (given by Miss Mary Fisher): Nancye Stokes.

French (given by the Hon. Lucy Grounds, M.L.C.): Glen Pullen.

Chemistry (given by Messrs. Hatton & Laws): Eric Ratcliff.

SCHOOLS' BOARD EXAMINATIONS, 1956

English Literature (given by Mr. A. D. Foot): Janice Power.

Commercial Practice (given by Messrs. McKinlays Pty. Ltd.): Adrienne Cox, Norma Davis (equal).

Shorthand and Typing (given by Messrs. J. P. Sullivan & Sons): Norma Davis.

Best Pass in Northern High Schools, Schools' Board Board Examination, 1955 (given by Messrs. A. W. Birchall & Sons Pty. Ltd.): Rudolph Plehwe.

ATHLETICS

Girls

Open Champion: Sandra Fowler.

Under 16 Champions: Marie Howard and Judith Pinner (equal).

Under 14 Champions: Robin Saville and Pat Camm (equal).

Field Games Championship—

Open: Margaret Parish.

Under 16: Betty Frankcombe.

Under 14: Joan Butler.

Swimming Championships—

Open: Lynne Holloway.

Under 15: Marlene Lowe.

Under 13: Gail Clarke.

Tennis—

Senior Champion: Lynne Holloway.

Junior Champion: Judith Smythe.

Open Doubles Champions: Lynne Holloway, Adrienne Cox.

Badminton—

Open Singles Champion: Marlene Kenyon.

Open Doubles Champions: Annette Marquand, Marlene Swann.

Boys

Open Champion: Kelvin Wadley.

Under 16 Champion: Robert Armstrong.

Under 14 Champion: Bruce Armstrong.

Field Games Champions—

Open: John Forward.

Under 16: Ian Greenwood.

Under 14: Martin Anstee.

Swimming Championships:

Open: Alan Evans.

Under 16: Leigh Phillips.

Under 14: Robert Peters, Martin Anstee, John Harvey (equal).

Tennis—

Senior Champion: Kelvin Wadley.

Junior Champion: Robin McKendrick.

Open Doubles Champions: Kelvin Wadley, Max Wilson.

Badminton—

Open Singles Champion: Kelvin Wadley.

Open Doubles Champions: Kelvin Wadley, Murray Harper.

Football—

Best Team Man (given by Launceston Football Club): Kelvin Wadley.

Outstanding Service to Football Team: Roger Nobes.

Cricket: Graeme Moore.

Hockey (given by Churinga Hockey Club): Harry Townsend.

Rifle Shooting (given by Col. W. Fotheringham): Harry Townsend.

MATRICULATION EXAMINATION, 1955

Robin Abel, Shirley Andrews, Peter Brown, Michael Cooper, Valerie Court, Margaret Cox, Colleen Fitzgerald, Pamela Haas, Peter Handley, Lyn Hastie, Stuart Hobson, Anthony Hogg, John Lamb, John Large, Brian Morling, Robin Pedley, Glen Pullen, Eric Ratcliff, Donald Read, Margot Rosenbrock, Mary Schramm, Priscilla Smith, Jeffrey Stephens, Nancye Stokes, Joan Williams.

UNIVERSITY PRIZES AND SCHOLARSHIPS, 1955

Rhodes Scholarship for 1957: Neal Blewett.

University Entrance Scholarships: Nancye Stokes (15th), Margaret Cox (19th).

Jane Christine Hogg (Modern Languages): Nancye Stokes (4th).

Nelly Ewers Prize (English Literature): Margaret Cox (1st).

General Pau (Oral French): Nancye Stokes (1st).

Commonwealth Scholarships: Valerie Court, Lyn Hastie, Robin Pedley, Eric Ratcliff, Mary Schramm.

Sir Richard Dry Exhibition (Modern Languages): Nancye Stokes (2nd).

BURSARIES

Senior City: Mary Schramm, Robert Atkinson, Valerie Court, Marshall Wilson.

Senior Country: Rudolph Plehwe.

Junior City: Kaye Wilson.

UNIVERSITY DEGREES CONFERRED ON OLD SCHOLARS

B.A. (with Honours): Gale Scott (1st), Jean Gay and Ron Traill (3rd).

B.A.: Pauline Taylor.

B. Econ.: Grahame Shotton.

B.Sc. (with Honours): Alan Parish (2nd).

B.Sc.: Walter Bartlett, Terence Howroyd, Ernest Nunn, Douglas McKenzie.

M.Sc.: Phillip Sulzberger.

BEST PASSES IN MATRICULATION EXAMINATION, 1955
Nancye Stokes, (4 credits); Glen Pullen, (2 credits, 2 High Passes).

BEST PASSES IN SCHOOLS' BOARD EXAMINATION, 1955

Joan Hayward (8 Credits), Rudolph Plehwe (8 Credits).

THE SCHOOL COUNCIL

The School Council was formed this year on the following plan. It consist of three junior councils, with members from E, D and C Classes and one senior council, consisting of members from A and B Classes. Suggestions and requests from these four councils are brought forward to the Executive Council, which includes four staff members and ten prefects, who discuss these suggestions, and those considered suitable are taken by a deputation of three prefects to the Headmaster for further deliberation.

This School Council has been instrumental this year in introducing many new features into the School. Following requests from the junior councils and prefects, the staff drew up a roster of lunch time activities, which were held during the winter term.

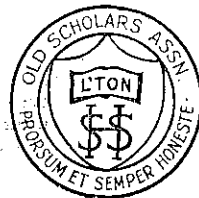
The Council was also responsible for the introduction of a 1.30 lunch time warning bell, drinking fountains in the yards, and the revision of fire drill.

Two major items, which have occupied much of the Executive Council's time are those concerning the boys' summer uniform and the preparation of a School courtesy code. The staff members considered the possibility of having this summer uniform, and presented their suggestions to the Executive Council, who, after amending several items, informed the School of the optional uniforms for junior and senior boys.

After many requests had come to the Executive Council from the various councils for a revision of School rules, this council prepared a "Courtesy Code," which it presented to the Headmaster and the staff for their approval. It is planned, now, to issue this "Courtesy Code" to all new pupils, along with all the other information concerning the School.

Therefore, the School Council, although it has been in operation for only a year, has been very successful, with the pupils taking an active part in the government of the School.

Old Scholars' Column



Directory

Patron—Mr. L. E. Amos.
President—Mr. C. A. Allen
Chairman—Mr. B. Proverbs
Treasurer—Mr. I. Lanham
Senior Old Scholars' Representatives—Mrs. E. Atherton and Mr. F. Stevens.
Secretaries—Miss L. Monkhouse and Mr. W. Bishop.
Committee—Messdames C. A. Allen, D. Cocker, R. Bayles, Misses G. Mead, N. Westwood (resigned), J. Williams (resigned), K. Mathews (resigned), J. Hayward (as from July), A. Rosevear (as from August), G. Treloggen (as from April). Messrs. R. Bayles, I. Duguid, W. Clarke, R. Watson, G. Lockhart and P. McGee.

The Chairman was granted leave of absence from July and we have since received resignations from Mrs. D. Cocker and Mr. W. Bishop (Joint Secretary).

Activities

Sports Day—A highly successful sports day with Old Hobartian Association was inaugurated this year, the venue being Oatlands. We thank all the Churinga teams who took part including the golfers. We hope to make this an annual event.

Dinner—As usual the Annual Dinner was well attended and highly successful. We were particularly pleased to welcome the Mayor (Alderman Dorothy Edwards) as our chief guest and as an old scholar.

Social Functions—Included in the social calendar were a Moonlight Cruise on the River Tamar, a Barbecue at Hadsden and three dances.

A special function was held to welcome those who left School last year and a large number have attended our functions throughout the year.

A Street Stall and a raffle were held to augment funds and a wheel chair was presented to Cosgrove Park.

O.H.A. Visit—We were pleased to again entertain our Hobart friends of O.H.A. during their annual visit in September. Fraternization took place on the sports field, at the dance and on the Sunday morning trip.

Sport

The various Churinga teams tender their thanks to their competitors for the happy atmosphere in the various sports and congratulate the premiers in each section. Churinga issue a warning to all competitors—"Next Year is Our Year."

Men's Basketball—The team again entered the "A" Grade Competition but did not have a great deal of success, finishing fifth in the premiership. It is hoped next year that new players will be forthcoming to add new blood to the Club.

Women's Basketball—The "A" Grade team was unable to continue its run of premiership successes, but, victory was kept in the family as Churinga was beaten in the final by the School team, which was in turn defeated in the State Premiership by our Hobart friends, O.H.A. We supplied two members of the Northern team, Dawn Barker and Pam Lewis — Dawn going on to make the State team.

The "B" Grade team also had a good season, but, was eliminated in the finals.

Badminton—We are indebted to the Badminton Club for our only premiership this year in the "C" Grade Reserve and of the other three teams the "C" Grade Team was second in its section.

The Club Championship was won by J. Allom and R. Meadowcroft and the Old Scholars' trophies were presented at the Club's Annual Dinner at the Metropole Hotel.

A summer club is being conducted this year on Tuesday nights. Any interested players are asked to contact the Secretary, Ray Meadowcroft, Phone B1145.

Women's Hockey—For the first time for many years two Churinga teams took the field this year, the new team, Churinga Red, being comprised almost entirely of girls who left School last year and performing splendidly.

The Green team finished equal 2nd on the roster, but were eliminated in the preliminary final—Seven of our girls were in the Northern combined teams and Verna Klye is to be especially congratulated on her selection in the State Team which played in Adelaide.

As usual several successful social evenings were held and the season concluded with the Annual Dinner at the Launceston Hotel.

Football—The Club had its most successful season for many years, the young players assuming the status of veterance under coach Jack Sutton. They were indeed unfortunate to "go down" in the preliminary final. Representative honours were gained by M. Newton, T. Bailey, I. Tudor, R. Spencer.

Club spirit was indeed high during the season as evidenced on the field, in the club room and at the several social evenings held and at the Annual Dinner which was followed by the Annual Weekend away.

Men's Hockey—The "A" Grade team again did well, but could not go further than the preliminary final. Both of the "B" Grade teams had a successful season, "B"1 being eliminated in the semi-final. More players are needed next year to fill the teams.

Club trophies were presented at a successful Annual Dinner.

THE NORTHERN CHURINGA

Engagements

Carleen Williams to Tony Saunders
 Hyman Hudson to Heather Duncan.
 Barbara Brown to Ivan Hoggett.
 Dorothy Gardiner to Murray Pickett.
 Barbara Langmaid to Doug Ridges.
 *Jean Gregson to Barry Walsh.
 *Marilyn Shaddock to Michael Rosevear.
 Graeme Irvine to Fran Virgoe.
 *Dalma Grieve to Brian Yost.
 Marlene Bracey to Frank McCarron.
 Shirley Munro to Jonathon Tyson.

Marriages

Aileen Goldsworthy to Reg Kite.
 Noel Atkins to Anne Summers.
 *Valda Whitford to Max Rees.
 Vivienne Tuting to Michael Lee.
 *Gwen Snare to Peter Parsons.
 Pat Fleming to John Mackey.
 Carleen Williams to Tony Saunders.
 *Pauline Newnham to Dugald Skeggs.
 *Olive French to Clyde French.
 Hyman Hudson to Heather Duncan.
 *Wendy Jenkins to David Tudor.

Births

Nancy and George Calverley — daughter.
 *Irene and Alf Crawford — daughter.
 Pauline and Gordon Hubbard — son.
 Joan and Rev. Basil Allen — son.
 *Mary and Ken Tidey — son.
 Edwin and Shirley Dent — daughter.
 Bev. and Peter Jago — son.
 Norma and Les Flood — daughter.
 *Margaret and Trevor Lynch — son.
 Shirley and Lindsay Gail — daughter.
 *Cynthia and Bill Crow — daughter.
 Donald and Lilian Crow — twin son and daughter.

ON TICKLING FISH

I tickle fish. If you follow the Scottsdale road to Nunamara and turn off to your left on to a rough corrugated road it will lead to Patersonia. When you come to the third bridge, park your car and gaze at the cool refreshing water and I am sure you will see at least three fish.

It was here among the fragrant ti-tree blossoms that I spent a wonderful holiday two years ago. The land was in need of water because there had no rain for about a month. This resulted in the drying up of the creek leaving a few shallow pools for the fish to survive in. Nearby, there was another small creek which flowed from a lagoon about half way up Mt. Arthur. This creek still had plenty of water in it so my cousin and I decided to tickle the fish in the almost dried up creek and put them in the other stream. We took two buckets in which to carry the fish and as we neared the bank of the creek several platypi with their tummies almost bursting with fish waddled past. Evidently, they were crossing to the other stream. Many busy bees were buzzing among the ti-trees as we pushed our way to a shallow pool.

During the afternoon we tickled fifty Rainbow trout and took them to the other stream. It was on our last trip to the dried up creek when we had the most excitement. A big black snake had been for a drink and was crawling away from the water towards us.

THE NORTHERN CHURINGA

Dorothy and Laurie McGee — daughter.
 Mary and David Bendall — son.
 Cleo and Geoff Manning — daughter.
 Betty and Bill Dillon — son.
 Myrna and Ray Boyer — son.
 Barbara and Gerald Dutton — son.
 Elaine and Stan Dyson — son.
 Mr. and Mrs. Geoff Hinds — son.
 Noel and Anne Atkins — son.
 Old Scholars' names first.

*Denotes both Old Scholars.

General

Congratulations are extended to the following Old Scholars —

Alderman Dorothy Edwards, re-elected Mayor of Launceston.

Neil Blewett, Tas. Rhodes Scholar for 1956.
 Bruce Beaton who was granted a West German Government Scholarship to study at Mainz University in the Rhineland.

Dorothy Gardiner, Tas. Women's Golf Champion.
 Graham Wiltshire, Secretary Longford Show.
 John Orchard, re-elected President of the Royal Empire Society.

Bob Ingamells, re-elected Warden of Westbury.
 Don Murray, chosen in the Australian Badminton Team.

Don Murray, David Murray, Barry Welsh, Irene Crawford, chosen in the Northern Badminton Team.

Obituary

Older members will be saddened to learn of the passing of one of our Life Members, Mrs. Kath Arnold, and of Doug Shields. Our sympathy has been expressed to their relatives and also to the family of Laurie Dent.

Before I could say a word, my cousin had picked up a strong stick and smashed the snake's back. We hung it on a fence and set about tickling more fish. The fish were getting cunning and begun to stir up the mud to prevent our seeing them. Others hid up under the banks where we could not reach. I saw a swift movement in the water and plunged my hand in after it. I had caught something large so I pulled my hand out to find a four foot eel wrapped around it. A creepy feeling shot through my body and I dropped the eel back into the muddy water. I looked at my hand and found it covered in slime.

Paul Lee, C6, Wilmot.

FREEDOM'S DREAM

This is the life I love,
 The open road, the sky above;
 I live as I please, I roam as I may,
 I worry nor fret not, but in joy go my way;
 The sky's my protection, the star's my guide,
 My life an adventure, no joys denied.
 Worries and toil will always be mine,
 But I've a treasure—a treasure divine;
 I'm free, free as the winds that blow,
 Nothing to lose, no bars to know;
 This is the life I love,
 The open road, the sky above.

Kathleen Butcher, D5.