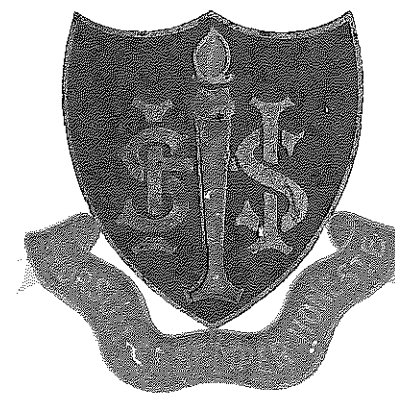




The Northern Churinga



Launceston
High School
Magazine

Volume XLVIII

December, 1958



Launceston High School



MISS BERTHA LAYH
Staff Member 1919-1958
M.S.D. Modern Languages 1935-1958

FAREWELL SCHOOL

Your Editor has honoured me by asking me to write a farewell message to the school; which I am very pleased to do. Naturally the Launceston State High School means a great deal to me, since I have been connected with it in one way or another since its inception and I am going to miss this connection very much when I retire from teaching at the end of this year.

My farewell message to you then is: "Do not throw away lightly the privileges which have been gained for you throughout the years by those who have gone before you." Do not say, for example: "Isn't it dreadful? We have to stay at school now until we are sixteen!" or "Why do we have to learn French? What use is it to us to earn a living?" Think instead how fortunate you are to be in the position of being able to do all that and realise that you are in a high school primarily to receive a good general education which will enable you to specialise later and to adjust yourself to a rapidly changing world. I know that some pupils (very few really) are not happy at school because they cannot cope with the course as it is at present, but remember that more subjects are being included all the time to widen the curriculum to suit all types of pupils. Remember also how comparatively young State Secondary education is in Tasmania.

I should like you to think back with me for a while to what has been accomplished in State (i.e. free) secondary education in Tasmania in the course of one person's school life. In 1913 the Government took the bold step of inaugurating free secondary education with classes at Hobart and Launceston. There was much criticism and opposition of this new venture from a large section of the community just as there is today about the raising of the school leaving age to sixteen and the increasing ex-

penditure on education. Your school started then on 28th January, 1913, in three rooms at the old Charles Street State School, (now the Student Teachers' College), with 104 pupils and a staff of three teachers. Naturally with such a small staff there was no choice of subjects but a choice of four courses was offered: Teachers, Secondary, Commercial and Industrial—the last one was for boys only and later developed into the Technical High School. In 1914 the pupils increased to 181 and the staff to 6 and this improvement has gone on through the years until the school is as you know it now. Think also of the number of high schools now and the variety in secondary education—all accomplished in less than fifty years. The present school building was officially opened on the 23rd March, 1916. Until the new building was ready, pupils had to be accommodated at Milton Hall and later in St. John's schoolroom also. I should like to quote to you from the "Examiner," 6th March, 1917. "A year of splendid achievement in all phases of school life was disclosed by the proceedings at the third annual speech night and prize distribution in connection with the Launceston State High School, held in the Assembly Hall of the magnificent new building last night."

From its inception the Launceston State High School has been fortunate in having not only fine headmasters to guide it, but also some inspiring teachers and many brilliant students who have built its fine traditions and to all of whom I pay tribute here. The best I can wish for you in the future is that the school will continue to be blessed with headmasters, members of staff and students imbued with the same high ideals to carry on this tradition of fine scholarship, good sportsmanship and right moral values that make for complete living.

B. LAYH.

. . . . AND FAREWELL MISS LAYH

With very great regret Launceston High School must say farewell to Miss Bertha Layh, the epitome of all that is best in the school.

Her excellence as a student (a University prize in Mathematics and an excellent pass in the first matriculation examination taken by Launceston High School students) helped to overcome the scepticism that greeted the founding of the school. As a member of the First Hockey and Tennis teams she helped to build a tradition of sportsmanship in the school and a good reputation for the school teams.

After training at the Phillip Smith Teachers' College and spending a year at the University of Tasmania, Miss Layh returned to the school. Within two years she had qualified for her Bachelor of Arts degree, the first degree gained by an ex-pupil of the school, and gained by studying three University subjects each year while carrying a full teaching load that included Matriculation French. Apart from periods away for travel and study, Miss Layh has remained at Launceston High School throughout her teaching career, enriching the life of the school not only as a teacher, but also as coach of teams, scholar and senior staff member.

Although her major subject was Latin, Miss Layh found herself teaching more French. In this she gained an enviable reputation. So successful was she that, when the position of Master of Subject Department in French was created at Launceston High School, she was appointed the first woman in Tasmania to hold such a position. As M.S.D. in French Miss Layh, with wisdom, insight, understanding and kindness guided many young

teachers who felt for her great gratitude and affection.

For many years Miss Layh has had the guidance of the girls of the school and has always worked unsparingly for their welfare.

Despite her arduous duties within the school, Miss Layh has been able to cultivate varied outside interests; for many years secretary of the Northern Branch of the New Education Fellowship and then State Secretary, president of the Alliance Française, an active member of the Teachers' Federation, of the Women Graduates' Association, a hard working gardener, a supporter of celebrity concerts, a discriminating theatre attender and the participant in a varied social life. The intelligence, the skill, the success and the unflagging interest with which Miss Layh has followed her various pursuits and her grace and charm as a hostess have won from the community a respect and admiration which has enhanced the reputation of the school.

Launceston High School has been fortunate that, throughout most of its vital years, the presence and influence of Miss Layh has provided the continuity so necessary to successful growth. So in the school there has always been one who knew and kept before it its ideals and aims, knew the plans that had been made and the customs that had been accepted.

And Launceston High School has been even more fortunate that the pupils, and especially the girls, have had as an inspiration and guide one they could always honour for her intelligence, her understanding, her seemly and attractive person, her moral strength and her integrity of character.

Editorial

As the sun sets upon 1958, many of our students will leave the Launceston High School for the last time, to enter the adult world, each person to confront the most important decision of his life—"what will be my career?" Generally speaking, three separate factors may determine the direction in which an individual elects to channel his energies. Let us consider the first case; the case of so many people whose talents and inclinations are identical with those of their parents. Here, the question poses no problem. It is natural that these individuals "follow the leader" and enter "father's" business, so that the transition from school life to a more mature state of existence is accomplished with the smooth motion of oiled clockwork. The youth thus experiences no need to test his sense of judgment, to feel the responsibility of independent decision, and to realise the extent to which his mind has developed irrespective of the factual knowledge acquired.

Secondly, we see the common example of people who enter professions uncongenial to their temperaments and inclinations simply because they offer large salaries and high social prestige. Admittedly these are desirable attributes of employment, but can they fully compensate for the feeling that each day incurs further dissipation of energy, and achieves nothing? The scientist who spends years in developing a new experimental technique, in building pieces of apparatus, in anticipating and circumventing difficulties only to see his dream disintegrate when the final test is made, is surely in an enviable position compared with someone who enjoys the regard of many people but feels the frustration of an employment that shackles his freedom of self-expression.

Thirdly, let us consider the vocation. It is that ideal state in which the work is both the task and the reward, in which the sense of purpose and the determination to achieve success grows proportionally with growth of difficulties and opposition. A profession is shallow and no true vocation unless man finds the purpose of his existence in the work that he has elected to do. A rich and satisfying life is not built up of the hours between one day's work and the next, but is the result of the cultural and intellectual growth which continues, perhaps only starts after school days are ended and the broadened horizons of a professional occupation guide the expansion and direction of intellectual maturing.

Thus, it is of the utmost importance that the decision of a choice of career is made in the light of a careful consideration of individual talents and inclinations. If your life's work is such that it extends your capabilities to the utmost and renders service to the world, you will have the satisfaction of knowing that the task is well performed and the resulting peace of mind will add its share to your happiness. The sincerity with which you perform the work will gain you the regard of your fellow men, and the joy of having a vocation, a calling and a purpose in life.



STAFF.

Back row (from left): Mr. Cowie, Mr. Phillips, Mr. Watson. 2nd row: Mr. Askeland, Mr. Allen, Mr. McGinn, Mr. Crawford, Mr. Stocks, Mr. Page, Mr. Wesley, Mr. Bailey, Mr. Nash, Mr. ten Broeke. 3rd row: Mrs. Howarth, Miss King, Miss Wilcox, Mrs. Mainsbridge, Miss Morrison, Miss Davey, Mrs. Layton, Miss Baxall, Miss Jessop, Miss Deane. 4th row: Miss Record, Miss Klye, Miss Crawshaw, Mrs. Sutherland, Miss Dewis, Dr. Penizek, Miss Gay, Miss Bushby. Front row: Mr. Wilson, Mr. Woodward, Miss Russell, Mr. Childs, Miss Layh, Mr. Amos, Mr. Baulch, Miss Blyth, Mr. Morris, Mrs. Holloway, Mrs. Dean.

WHO'S WHO?

Principal: Mr. L. E. Amos, B.A.

Staff: Misses B. Layh, B.A., Dip. de Phon., Fr., Dip. d'Et. Fr., (Paris) (French, Latin). L. A. Russell, B.A. (English) J. Blyth, B.A. (Librarian, English). O. Bushby, M.A., (Social Studies, English). E. Penizek, Ph.D., Dip. Ed. (German, French). P. K. Dewis, B.A. Dip. Ed. (English, Social Studies, Ancient History). M. B. Record, B.A., (English, French). J. S. Gay, B.A. (Hons.) Dip. Ed. (English, Social Studies). G. B. Davey, B.A. (Hons.) Dip. Ed. (English, French). F. B. Crawshaw, B.A. (Art). M. R. Morrison, B.A., Dip. Ed. (French, Latin, Music). V. M. Boxall, L.T.C.L. (Art of Speech). H. F. Deane, (Typing, Shorthand, Commerce). M. Wilcox, L.L.C.M. (Typing, Shorthand, Commerce, Maths.). V. K. Klye, Dip. Phys. Ed., (Phys. Ed.). J. M. E. Jessup, Dip. Art, T. Dip. Art (Art). S. A. King, Dip. Phys. Ed. (Phys. Ed.). J. Cruse. Mesdames H. Holloway, B.Com. (Commerce, Maths., Shorthand). F. Layton, B.A. (Social Studies, English). E. Sutherland, B.A. (Maths., English). M. E. Haworth (Home Arts). R. Mainsbridge (Home Arts). F. Dean, B.A. (English). Messrs. L. E. Amos, B.A. (English, Maths.). W. Baulch, B.Sc., A.R.A.C.I. (Science A, Chemistry). S. C. Morris, B.Sc., Dip. Ed. (General Science, Physics). T. Childs, B.A., Dip. Ed. (Social Studies). R. C. Wilson, B.Sc., Dip. Ed. (Maths.). H. W. Askeland, B.Sc. (Colo. Uni.) (General Science, Biology). T. I. Bailey, B.A., Dip. Ed., Dip. de Civ. Fr. (Paris) (French). W. Phillips, B.Sc., Dip. Ed. (General Science, Geology). E. Nash, (Maths., Social Studies, Geography). T. Woodward, Dip. Art., T. Dip. Art (Art). A. L. Crawford, B.Com. (Commerce, Maths.). E. C. Wesley,

L.T.C.L. (Music). W. ten Broeke (Maths., General Science). J. M. Allen, B.A. (English, Social Studies, Maths.). A. McGinn (General Science). I. G. Stocks, B.Ec., Dip. Ed. (Maths.). P. K. Cowie, B.A. (English, Soc. Studies, Music). G. H. Page, T. Dip. Art (Art). B. P. Watson, Dip. Phys. Ed. (Phys. Ed.). Office Staff: Misses G. Bryant, B. Talbot, Mr. V. J. W. Austin, F.E.A.A.

Head Prefects: Judith Pinner, Ian Greenwood.

Board of Prefects—Girls—Beverly Creese, Penelope Stephenson, Sally Pedley, Karla Plehwe, Maree Bean, Rosemary Kaiser, Gai Bellizia, Margaret Parish, Janet Kerrison, Beth Gibson, Helene Kay, Margaret Cameron, Kathleen Ashworth, Margaret Wood, Noel Stanley, Gillian Bakes, Jean McDonald, Gay Knight, Ann Wickham, Helen McKay, Elaine Easterbrook.

Boys—Martin Roberts, Alan Edwards, Michael O'Callaghan, Michael Walsh, Gregory Foot, Hugh Tetlow, Brian Phillips, Douglas Wherrett, Alan Mills, Les. Spencer.

House Captains: Arthur, Beth Gibson and Martin Roberts; Franklin, Sally Pedley and Graeme Campbell; Wilmot, Rosemary Kaiser and Lindsay Morling; Sorell, Margaret Parish and Michael O'Callaghan.

Pianists: Senior, Yvonne Knop and Helen Reid; Junior, Fay Harrison.

Captains of Teams—Girls—Tennis, Sally Pedley; Softball, Margaret Parish; Basketball, Sally Pedley; Hockey, Beth Gibson. Boys—Tennis, Michael O'Callaghan; Cricket, Gregory Foot; Football, Lindsay Morling; Hockey, Alan Edwards; Basketball, Alan Edwards.

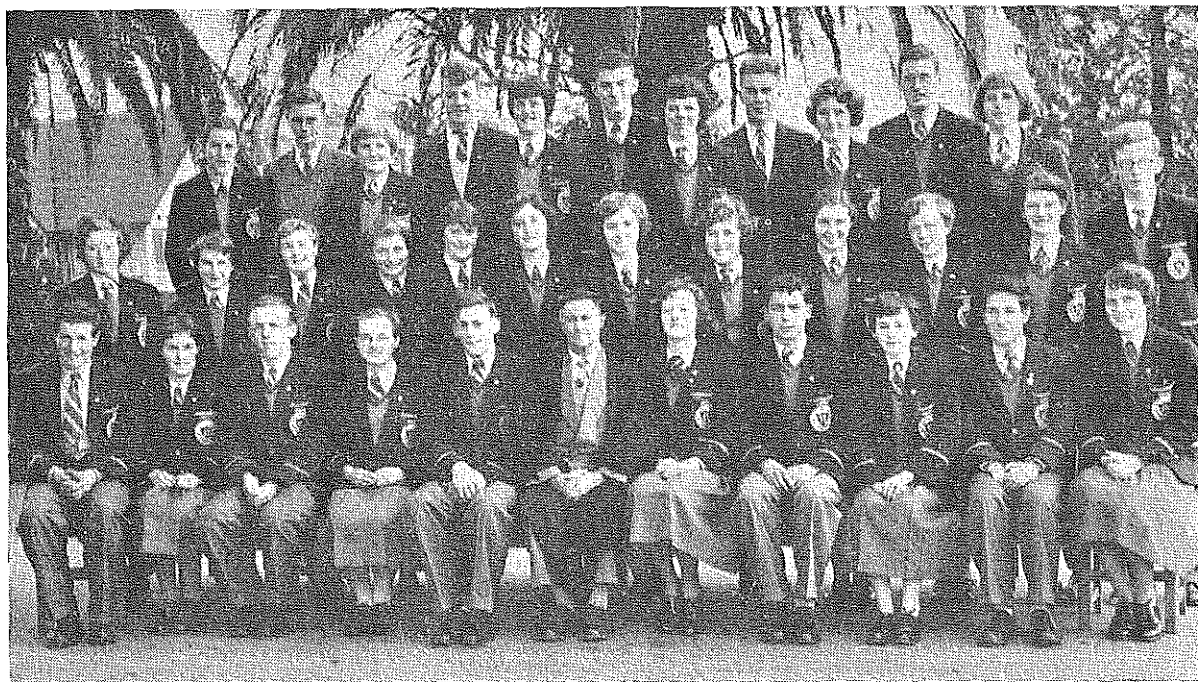


Judith Pinner



Ian Greenwood

HEAD PREFECTS



PREFECTS.
Back row (from left): R. Kaiser, H. Tetlow, G. Bellizia, A. Edwards, M. Parish, M. Walsh, P. Stephenson, M. Roberts, B. Creese, D. Wherrett, S. Pedley.
2nd row: A. Wickham, B. Gibson, J. Kerrison, N. Stanley, E. Easterbrook, K. Ashworth, M. Wood, M. Cameron, G. Bakes, H. McKay, G. Knight, G. Foot.
Front row: L. Spencer, J. McDonald, A. Mills, K. Plehwe, I. Greenwood (Head Prefect), Mr. Amos, J. Pinner, (Head Prefect), B. Phillips, M. Bean, M. O'Callaghan, H. Kay.

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 Alma Fowler for her story printed below.

BAIT!

A time will come when there will be no-one left in this country like Martha and her family. Most people will say good riddance, but I wonder.

I met Martha because she had live frogs for sale. Our camp was on a beautiful river, set in a fold of tall green hills. A dozen odd miles away was a town and on its outskirts down by the muddy creek, was a ragged cluster of cabins with signs saying "Bait."

We stopped the car and my friend went down the steep path to the cabins. I was impatient to be back at the river for here the air had a foul smell from a mill which emptied its waste into the creek. The dilapidated cabins were shaped like barges with flat bottoms.

Soon up the path came Martha, followed by my friend. She was a slight, black-eyed child, barefooted, with a spotless dress of old flour sacking. There was something passionately earnest about her small face that reminded me of pictures of our ancestors. It was distinctly a face that had gone out of fashion.

"The frogs are three pence a piece and you bought twenty," she said in a clear voice. "That's five shillings exactly."

As she put the money in a purse I saw stumbling up the path seven other children, ranging in age from about three years to ten. They all smiled and held out tattered bunches of wattle and gum tips. "Penny a bunch," they chorused.

"The lady can pick all she wishes free," said Martha firmly. Three of the seven continued to smile and hold out the flowers. Martha turned to us.

"We're the Sylvesters. These are my sisters, Amanda, Philippa, and Elizabeth, and my brothers John George, David Victor, Richard Henry and Cedric Edward. I must apologise for their appearance. It is very difficult to keep children clean."

On the way back we were silent. "A city slum is a palace compared to that place," my friend finally said, "and did it strike you that three of the children smiled too much?" I nodded. "I saw the mother," she said. "She was sitting on the ground drawing purple people-eater objects in the mud with her finger. She was smiling too."

I found out they were commonly known as the "Creekers." Only about forty of them are left now and it is just as well. Their ancestors were a mixture of early settlers and aborigines. They spoke surprisingly good English and gave their children high-sounding names. They won't give in.

About a hundred years ago the creek was used for barges, connecting with those on the Murray. But the railways came and after a while the barges didn't pay so the captains hauled their barges up on the banks and their descendants have stayed there ever since. They're as proud as anything, and naturally smart, but due to much inter-marriage some of the children are born feeble-minded. They never go away except to war.

"But hasn't anyone ever tried to help them?" I asked the doctor, who gave me this information.

"Well, now and then people have tried but the creekers like to keep themselves. All the children who aren't feeble-minded go to the school but without mixing with the town children." "At lunch time when the other children open their dinners, the creekers stay by them-

selves pretending they don't give a hoot for lunch because they haven't got any. They go right through school but after that they just go back to their old life."

"There's one child named Martha," I remarked.

"Oh yes. She won a prize in the first class for reciting a speech from Shakespeare but what good will it do her? She'll grow up and marry another creeker with the usual results."

For the rest of my six weeks stay at the camp I wished very much to do something for Martha but couldn't think what. With the hope of getting her away from it all I talked about the delights of the places I had been to and the cities I had seen. She listened but did not seem very interested even when I said I'd once visited Hollywood.

"I've been to the movies," she said with the stately air of one who has been around the world at least three times. "The ladies were silly, the men too. They didn't act like people here." That seemed to end the conversation—it was an unanswerable condemnation.

I only saw her father once. It was he who made the frog-box. One day we said the pail was inconvenient in the boat so the next time she had a little wooden box with a handle, sides of stout mesh, and a drawer at one side to pull out to get the frogs.

"My father made it and it took him a long time to get the right mesh and handle for the net—he had to go to the mill for it."

"That was very kind," my friend said, "now if you'd let me—"

"It's a present—my father was glad to make it."

A few nights later we told a friend of it. "Don't talk to me of the Sylvesters—I've had all I can stand for one day. Last night a warden caught Martha's father hunting possums with a lantern—it isn't season yet—so he told old Sylvester he was under arrest. Sylvester didn't say a word—just stood there sort of haughty with his gun. I had a feeling I couldn't gool a man like that—all I managed to say was he'd have to appear in court this morning."

"Well, he didn't appear, but Martha did—wearing her best dress with a hat and gloves and shoes—her clothes must have been 'dug' out of the Grandmother's trunk and cut down to fit her. The courtroom was hot and noisy—full of bodgies and widgies, and people who'd broken traffic laws. They were all making excuses and pleading not guilty—the usual thing. But when Sylvester's case was called Martha walked up to my bench, straight as a gun. Believe me, that courtroom all of a sudden was deathly quiet."

"I'm appearing for my father," she said. "He wants me to say he's guilty. He did what you said he did."

It was all very irregular but I wasn't going to be hard on Sylvester so I said that maybe we could forget the whole affair if her father would not hunt possums out of season, especially with a lantern. You see I've always found the creekers' promise holds good. But Martha only looked at me as if I was the offender.

"My father broke that law" she said finally, "and I'm paying the fine he's supposed to pay—we're not asking any favours."

So what could I do but fine Sylvester a fiver and then suspend sentence. I've felt mean ever since. I suppose it was looking down at Martha—suppose that ferocious passion for liberty and independence the creekers have, ever ceased to exist? It would be a bitter blow for this country. In their own crazy way the creekers have guarded what we ought to guard. They haven't compromised with independence. I thought of how in the last twenty years we've all, little by little,

let liberties slip away from us that we ought never to have let go. Liberties that perhaps men will never enjoy again. Then I knew why so many of us feel embarrassed, uneasy and guilty when we see the creekers—it is because the creekers in spite of all that is wrong with them, are our conscience."

I realised that afternoon I saw Martha for the last time that I would never be able to do anything for her. I wanted to get her a farewell present, but I was afraid a gift might wound her pride. I ended by getting for each of her brothers and sisters a ginger bread cake in the shape of a map of Australia. Martha was not offended. She called the children and I gave each one the cakes and they smiled and stared—so did their mother rocking on the deck chair.

"They won't eat the cakes till tomorrow," Martha said. "They'll look at them for a while first."

"I hope you have a fine year in the second class," I said.

"I've made enough money out of bait to get us all ready for school," she told me serenely, "I got dresses and shoes and a coat and a pencil box for each and I had enough money left over for pink paint for our shutters—we just can't let our place run down. Of course only four of our family will go to school—Cedric Edward is under age and the others haven't been well at all—but they'll get well soon, I'm sure. Maybe you noticed my mother isn't well either. She hasn't been in good health since Cedric Edward was born but she's getting better all the time."

"Martha," I said in a final burst of desperation, "What do you want to do when you grow up?"

"I'd like to be a teacher," she said, "That's what I'd really like—you see, I won't ever get married. I've noticed how much sickness there's been in our family since my grandfather's time and—well—I've figured it all out. I'd like to be a teacher—but I don't think I'll get to be that. I'm needed a lot here at home."

Then she did the most childlike thing I had ever seen her do. She reached in her pocket and pulled out a tiny bright tin horseshoe.

"Look what I found today," she said.

"Do you know what?" I said, my voice feeling a bit unsteady, "I believe that's a lucky horseshoe."

Her face grew scornful and shrewd. "There's no such thing as luck," she said.

"But just suppose," I went on (perhaps she would wish for something I could send her—). "Just suppose that was a lucky horseshoe and you could have three wishes on it for your own self and they would all come true. What would you wish for?"

She considered this soberly, smoothing down the front of her flour-sacking dress. "I really wouldn't know what to wish for," she said. Her eyes ranged with solemn pride over the cabin, her mother and her brothers and sisters. "I wouldn't know what to wish for," she repeated. "You can see for yourself—I've got everything."

Alma Fowler, B1.
Franklin.

"THE 'SPECTRE' OF THE SINGING SANDS"

The picnic was over. Hampers packed, we set off along the moonlit beach—which, incidentally, we had not crossed before—towards the camp.

Everything was ghostly and strange; the inky-blue sky, lit by the full moon; the rocks and caves, black, sullen, and threatening; the restless, murmuring sea, splashing on to the shingle, sending the pebbles tumbling and skipping. There was nothing of the warm friend-

liness of the daytime—all was silent, dark, lonely . . .

We paced slowly along until we came to a broad, flat stretch of sand. Suddenly an eerie sound came to our ears—the sound of singing—singing at this time of night on a lonely beach! It was a ghostly sound—a frightening sound; it might have been the Sirens themselves—it was so strange.

We all halted, tense, silent, alert. There was no sound at all—nothing except the lap-lap of water on rock. "Must have been imagining things!" muttered someone. "What—all of us?" asked another camper with a forced laugh. We started talking loudly to keep up our spirits. Suddenly the sound came again—seeming to flee before us. We stopped once more, this time badly shaken. Some of the smaller ones, including me, took refuge in tears.

The group became a stampede. We literally galloped over that strand.

And all the time that singing went on, before us—behind us—all around us—elusive, mocking, and strange. It was a very frightened group who made for the warmth of the camp-fire. What an ending to a moonlight picnic!

For interest's sake, here is the explanation we were given.

The singing came from the sand. No I'm not joking. You see, this sand was of a peculiar composition, and when we walked on it the particles ground together, producing this mysterious singing sound.

Naturally, we were much relieved at the simple explanation, and were never again alarmed, since we realized that the "ghost of the singing sands" had been well and truly "laid."

Brenda Hardwick, C1.
Arthur.

WHERE DO THE 'ROOS GO ?

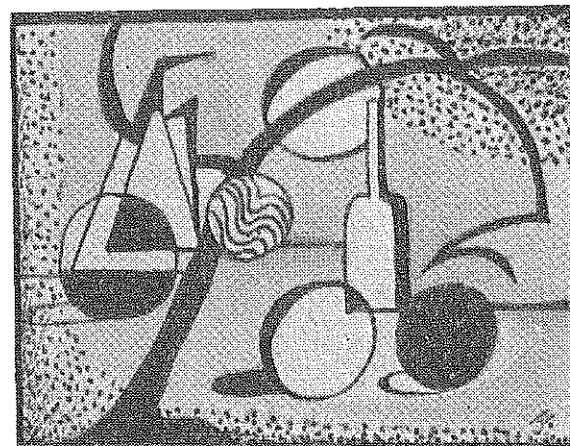
Living on a farm composed of three hundred and sixty acres of hills covered with rocks, thick undergrowth and trees, I often go hunting the kangaroos that abound in this type of country. I am the proud owner of two dogs, one of which is a half greyhound—no, I do not know what the other half is—and these sometimes help me instead of hindering me.

As I am usually successful in bagging a 'roo several times a week during holidays, I felt quite secure in issuing an invitation to two friends to come out for a day during the holidays. They arrived fifteen days late and at two o'clock in the afternoon. I had only arrived home an hour before from a six-mile hunt with the dogs. They were tired, but with the younger dog trotting behind, we set off for an old mill situated three miles further up the slopes of Mt. Barrow.

We saw two rabbits at the mill but we failed to get them with several running shots at a range of about sixty yards. Trout Creek was then crossed and we saw some beautiful scenery in the process but no kangaroos. We followed runs along the hills and, with my dog still following at my heels, we arrived at our starting point at five o'clock after an eight-mile hike without seeing a single kangaroo or wallaby.

That night I shot a wallaby that was feeding in the vegetable garden about twenty yards from the back door of the house, but when school resumed and I told my friends, they gave me a certain, unbelieving look that caused me to change the subject rather quickly. However, it is really amazing how the animal life that abounds round the house at night, finds itself secure hiding places by daybreak—even from the questing rifles of my two 'roo hungry friends from the city!

Graeme Campbell, B2.
Franklin.



PERTAINING TO ART

Ah! A brilliant idea,
I'm a second Vermeer!
If I persevere, then a yellow dot here,
Would make a soft aquamarine
Yet, somehow I've heard that these two shan't be seen,
I'm sure it's absurd, the toning's a dream!
That scene of a "Tree"
Is a mystery.
Was it Corot, Lautrec, or Miller?
In the land of those names . . .
"C'est que je ne le sais!" (pas.)
"The rain in Spain stays mainly in the plain!"
Why of course it's Picasso,
With his theory of 'space-oh!
I confess though, it gives me a pain!
The Folies Bergeres . . . is that the place where . . . ?
No . . . It was painted by Manet or Monet I think,
And the girl in the mirror is pouring a drink.
"The gentle trees sigh,"
That wasn't Van Gogh!
The painter most probable (ly)
Was the Englishman Constable.
The theory of cubes,
And the colours of jubes!
It leaves me depressed,
I can only suggest . . .
Giotto or Rembrandt!
But when I think again, was it Cezanne?
A last stroke of white?
That is a sight!
This dotty technique is tres énergique!
What does it resemble?
(It makes me tremble!)
It was Cezanne at the start, and now it's
"Modern Art!"

Jocelyn Fisher, B2.
Arthur.

A LAVENDER FARM

Three miles from Lilydale there is a lavender farm. It is situated at the foot of Mount Arthur and when the lavender is in bloom it is like a great purple carpet which seems to stretch for miles. Mr. Denny grows the lavender, and he has found that it is the only place in Australia where he can obtain a high quality product.

The flowers are grown for commercial use in scents and soaps.

When the lavender is in bloom, machines strip the flowers from the stalks. Lavender is picked in January or February. Before the machines were invented, the pickers used to come and cut the flowers with sickles. After the crop has been picked it is taken to a factory and the blooms are placed in a big copper which is filled with water, and then the flowers are boiled. After this the mixture is allowed to settle. The lavender oil rises to the top and is then drained off. After this it is bottled and sent to England to be used in the manufacture of scents and soaps.

There is another farm eleven miles away where white lavender is grown. The white lavender has been found to have the same quality as the purple. When the bushes are in bloom it is a very colourful scene, and one which attracts tourists from all over Australia.

Helene Kay, B2.
Wilmot.

WILD HORSES

Thundering, thundering over the plains
Go the hooves of the wild horses.
Gallop faster with flying manes,
Pound the hooves of the wild horses.
Feared by many and loved by few
Run the tribes of wild horses,
On and on past old and new,
Go the wild, wild horses.
Thundering onwards both night and day
Gallop the wild horses.
Over the hills and far away
Pound the hooves of the wild horses.

Vivienne Munro, D3.
Wilmot.

DOES THIS HAPPEN IN YOUR HOUSE ?

It is Saturday night and everyone is sitting tense, waiting for the "Express" to come. What will be the news? Did the favourite win? Who won the football?

You hope these questions will be answered, when you suddenly hear the gate bang. Ah! The paper is being put under the door. You hear the boy go and then you race out and get the long waited-for "Express."

You come back, and sit down with the rest of the family watching you eagerly for their turn. You read the headlines, the hit parade and skip through the other pages—a bored look comes over your face. You throw the paper down on the floor and the others make a dive for it. The winner has a quick look through, most of the time looking at the comic strips. The "Express" has been read, and life goes on as usual.

David Cavendish, E1.
Sorell.

THE BUSHLAND

How I love to wander through the wild green bushland,
Where the wild tigers prowl by the ever-sparkling stream
and round the mountain tracks.

The 'possums have their nests, in hollow limbs, upon a
great white gum.

The kangaroos, the great brown animals, which love to
play and chant around,
I often see them all together in a large group feeding
in the evening light—

The wallaby and kangaroo rats, the quick, cunning
creatures that love to hop around and dodge between
the trees.

Thomas Saunders, E1.
Arthur.

AUSTRALIA

I love my native country,
Her wattles and her gums,
Her sunsets and her mountains
From where the river runs.
Oh what a wealth of wildflowers,
Bedeck her woodland glades,
And many gaily coloured birds,
Seek her tall trees' shades.
The Emu and the Kangaroo,
Adorn her emblem rare,
And in her lovely bushland,
You'll find the Koala Bear.

Susan Carins, E6.
Franklin.

PORTRAIT IN GREY AND WHITE

Australian skies are like no others; they may be beautiful, and boundless, stretching in a seemingly unending blanket to the horizon, where they mingle in a haze with the mountains. They are cruel too, and during the heat of a summer day the sun will fix his eye on the cracked, parched earth and withered buildings and the very life, the will to live, is sucked from them.

It was such a day, many years ago, when I was travelling with a group of shearers I had picked up the day before. They were short handed so I decided to tag along.

I struck up with a man named Blain. He didn't seem to get on with the others too well, and as I was new we knocked round together, sharing huts and so on. During off hours it wasn't unusual for us to have a good yarn over a billy of tea, or a smoke. That was one thing he never would touch, a pipe. Whenever I suggested it he used to turn back his top lip, and breathe heavily through his nose, in a peculiar habit he had.

I couldn't tell you how old he was, perhaps thirty, maybe more. He wasn't educated, that was easy to see, but he knew a lot about his own country, Australia, and as I was writing a book, or trying to, on that very subject, he was a treasured friend, and he used to discourse at great length to me. We would lie under the sun, and gaze at the newly forming gum tips, and he never got tired of explaining anything I couldn't understand. I used to make rough notes, and you might remember when the book was finally published, I quoted from him at great length. The following passage might help you to understand that Blain was not out of the ordinary rut.

"The Australian aborigines, the oldest race of people left on the earth, are very superstitious. They perform many colourful dances, with a grace and passion that is not often surpassed. These dances last for hours, and then the old men of the tribe sit cross-legged and confer, and you hear the weird sound of the didgeroo-doo, the aborigines' only musical instrument. Then the sacred carvings are brought out. They are very old, and the deep scars are worn and black from the rubbing of many fingers, and when the chanting is over, the sacred relics are restored to their hiding place, where no man shall see them, until the next ceremony."

After having associated with him for several days, I began to wonder whether he was Australian. He looked ordinary enough. He was short, with a dark skin and thick wavy hair, but his voice—that was it, he had a beautiful voice, with just a faint trace of an accent which I failed to identify even after great concentration. Now I come to think of it I don't know why I did not ask him outright where he came from; it was certainly puzzling me.

We used to be up about five in the morning. At six, we assembled at the sheds, and then work for the day began. Blain and I used to get near each other, although we could not continue our conversations. The noise was terrific all day. Above the machines were men's voices yelling for tar, which they needed when they cut a sheep badly, and crowning it all the frantic bawling of the sheep. It must have been a terrifying experience for them to be so treated. They were herded, many hundreds at a time, into tiny pens, by snarling snapping dogs. There they were left for many hours in the heat, sometimes overnight. Then they were grabbed by a back leg, and, bewildered and frightened, were pushed and harassed into the sheds, where their fleece was stripped from them, and they were again thrown out into the pens, naked and cold, their cuts stinging.

You must not get the idea that all we talked about was Australia. Blain was fascinated by the outside world, and he used to insist that I told him about the places I had visited, and the people I had met. I was only too happy to oblige. We used to sit on the steps of the hut, I with my pipe, and under that broad black sky, the rest of the world seemed very far away. One of our typical discussions, if you could call it that, for we took it in turns to take the floor, used to go like this:

"Petticoat Lane" in the east end of London, is a joy to the apprentice pilferer and hardened crook alike. Red silk underclothes and monkeys in cages can be purchased for a smile and a dig in the pocket. This paradise for the adventurous lives on a Sunday morning, when, at the crack of dawn, tough looking men and women unfurl the blinds and display their goods from east and west of the globe. Such a display you never saw. There is a wealth of colour and variety. It's fascinating. The goods flow all over the footpath, there are so many. And for so little. The people who go there are not the wealthy, but the poor, the maimed, and sailors from the ships that dock at Tilbury and Port London. They are a happy crowd, a laughing crowd, and people of all nations and creeds join to be one laughing whole, and it's only the poor but happy people who can do that, no matter what their colour."

I remember then Blain looked at me in a funny way, and said "I think I'd like to live there", and I knew from the expression in his huge, dark eyes that he meant it. It struck me as being odd then, but I had more than enough things to think about at the time.

I'd been on that job for nearly six weeks before I decided to quit it. A shearers' life is not easy.

On our last night together we decided to have a bit of a fling. We borrowed an old jalopy that belonged to one of the other shearers and drove to Yaroonga, a distance of about twenty miles. It could hardly be called a township, because all it could boast was eighteen ramshackle houses, stringing along a dusty "main" street, a shop-cum-post office, and a hotel for which we made a bee-line.

The inside of the bar was like any other in a small inland town. The rough wooden tables and chairs were thrown haphazardly round the room, and benches stood against the walls, which were covered with a dingy paper of an obscure pattern. Fly paper hung from the ceiling, to which still live victims clung, and protested by the beating of wings. At this time the room was crowded, and Blain and I retired to a corner. The room was in a decidedly soporific state, and I was feeling the effect of the alcoholic fumes, sweating bodies, and cigarette smoke. Mist was forming on the windows, which before very long began slowly to trickle down. I noticed Blain was talking in a bleary fashion to a red-faced, beefy

looking man, in a check sportscoat and an orange, open-necked shirt. He seemed to have come to town to pour out his troubles, and soon every drunk in town knew about "the dirty filthy niggers" who had speared eight of his pedigree cows.

The next thing happened so quickly, but still I can see it. Blain grabbed the beefy man's bull neck and hurled his head several times against the table, which nearly collapsed under the slumped man's weight. For a moment there was stillness. Every blurred eye was turned to the shivering man, who was suddenly galvanised into action at the realization of what he had done. How we got outside, to this day, I do not know. The devil that had hold of Blain still possessed him, and as he stared back at the bar with hatred in his eyes the moon rose from behind the distant mountains, and his features were revealed to me—the broad flat nose, and the receding fore-head.

Jennifer Hobson, A2.
Sorell.

MY FIRST FLIGHT

The day dawned dark and cloudy. Not at all the sort of day one would pick to go flying. Nevertheless, I arrived at Western Junction at 10.30 a.m., the time that had been fixed for me to meet the pilot who was to take me up on my first venture above the earth's surface. The small Auster Arrow was wheeled out of the hanger on to the tarmac. Mr. Geeves, the pilot, told me to climb in. The small cabin was not unlike that of a two seater sports car with its small bucket seats and cramped space. The engine was started and we taxied out on to the runway, to await the "O.K." signal from the control tower.

The green light flashed and the small plane bumped over the uneven surface, gathering speed every second. Suddenly the ground seemed to drop from underneath, and we were airborne. The altimeter needle crept up around the dial, 200, 250, 300 feet. The port wing dropped slightly as we gently banked and headed for the mountains to the west.

Another bank, steeper this time, as we turned over the airport itself and I could see a DC6 on the runway preparing to take off. The town of Longford came into view, the streets looking exactly as they would on a map. All too soon, we passed over Cressy and turned back to Western Junction. In about a quarter of an hour we were making our approach, the ground gradually coming up to meet us. We touched down and taxied back to the Aero Club hangars after a most enjoyable adventure.

John Honey, D2.
Wilmot.

HOW FAR THE OASIS?

The desert-tribes that wander
Pass me on my way across the sand.
The long caravans wend their way,
To a weird accompaniment: the camels
Cough in the sleeping caravanserai.
I rest beneath the desert palms; again
I journey on across the endless waste, my eyes
Strained to see beyond the dim horizon,
Veiled by heat; as yet there are many weary miles
Of my pilgrimage. Some day will I reach
The last oasis, but not yet.

L. Sowter, A1.
Franklin.

BINNALONG BAY

A couple of years ago, I spent two weeks of my summer holidays with a friend of mine and his parents. They had a shack at a place called Binnalong Bay, just over the hill from St. Helens, on the other side of the headland which encloses St. George's Bay. It is quite a pretty place, but with few people there, mainly because there is no electricity or piped water.

Most of the houses were naturally by the road which gradually petered out when it reached the far side of the township. It ran parallel to the coast, which was rocky, and formed many little sheltered coves, where shadowy fronds of seaweed swayed in the crystal clear water, while the huge waves crushed themselves to fountains of spray on the rocks outside.

At right-angles to this rock-bound coast, the beach stretched out in a slow, regular curve till it was lost in the mist carried up from the breakers.

Once, I strolled out along this beach, following the footsteps of other people who had had the same intention. Long after all those had turned back, I kept on walking, until the houses on the hill had merged together, and the end of the beach was out of sight in the haze of windblown sand and spray. I walked inland a little, and climbed up the side of a large sand dune.

Its surface was swept smooth by the wind, without a blemish, except where little mounds and hollows had built up around half-buried clumps of grass.

As I stood there, I wondered whether any other person had stood on that spot, and surveyed the deserted beach below him. Maybe some other holidaymaker, like me, had climbed the dune to get a better view of the beach, or, many years ago, some aborigine might have stood on the same spot, looked over the same beach, and felt the same sand trickling between his toes, as I had done.

D. Atkinson, C1.
Sorell.

ABORIGINES

I'm sure you have often wondered how the Australian aborigines lived before the white people came to settle in their country.

These natives were very primitive people, dark skinned, and with little knowledge of how to make boats and huts. At their corroborees they painted themselves with ochres (earth colours) and danced and chanted strange songs to their many gods.

The Aborigines were nomads, who wandered from place to place hunting animals with their primitive weapons, which consisted of spears, clubs and boomerangs. They gathered yams and roots for food, and sea-grass with which they made baskets and containers.

Several of their paintings have been discovered and are believed to have a ceremonial purpose. Their arts were rock painting, bark painting and ground modelling. Unlike the Tasmanian aborigines who used geometrical designs, they painted naturalistic subjects and also introduced 'x-ray' painting. They had very simple equipment made of stone and strong wood. Their main colours were black white and red ochres which they sometimes mixed with charcoal.

Most of the Australian aborigines have died out, but there are still some aboriginal reserves in the Northern Territory and other parts of Australia which have been granted to them by the Australian Government.

S. Buehler, E4.
Franklin.

WINTER MORNINGS

Early in the morning, dragged from a cosy bed,
Scanty breakfast gulped down, beret crammed on head,
Out of the door I rush, Mother makes a fuss,
I've left my lunch behind me, but who cares, I've caught
the bus!

All the seats are taken and I have to stand,
With unknown, staring faces on either hand,
Sombre streets lie empty on both sides,
Oh, how I hate those early morning rides!
At length I scramble out again, midst a grey-clad throng,
My toes and hands grow numb as I hurry along.
At last I reach the school-room, warmed by a cheerful
blaze,

And start to think that, after all, I like these winter days.

J. Kelly, E4.
Franklin.

THE GREAT BARRIER REEF

The crowning feature of Queensland's many attractions is the Great Barrier Reef. This chain of reefs and islets extends parallel to the east coast for a distance of about 1,200 miles. There are three main types of coral formation, the fringing reef, the barrier reef, and the atoll. All that is of general or scientific interest in reef life and formation is present in the Great Barrier Reef.

There are excellent beaches, beauty of sea and vegetation, and an endless variety of colour above and below water. The colonies of polyps when expanded give the wide range of colour to the many kinds of corals. No voyager would consider his world itinerary complete without having visited the Great Barrier Reef. He may walk through tepid waters, along paths of white sand among the coral beds, while shoals of many-hued fishes dart to the shelter of some retreat. All around there are gardens of many coloured corals, some frail but others so sturdy that they can scarcely be chipped with a hammer. All this flourishes, while the sun smiles, the ocean beats and life is worth while.

Anne Wright, D1.
Sorell.

ADEN

Aden is situated at the southern end of the Red Sea, on a mass of volcanic rock.

We had come ashore in a small launch, and found ourselves standing in a kind of post office with a very high roof. Outside a narrow street ran past. We were soon walking along it. We came to some shops which seemed to sell everything. Inside they were cool, narrow and dark, contrasting sharply with the bright sunshine and humid heat just outside.

As we walked along the streets we saw professional beggars sitting in the gutters, rolling their eyes up in order to appear blind; lame and crippled children hopping about asking for money and cigarettes. The place smelt of the goats which wandered around, seemingly ownerless. The black natives sat on the steps of the larger shops, selling their goods, and as you turned round, you found them staring and pointing at you.

They sent shivers down my spine, and I was relieved when we went to the shade of the trees in Victoria Memorial Park, for it was very hot. I was even more relieved to return to the ship and to get away from Aden.

Sandra Groves, D1.
Arthur.

EATING

"Eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow we die."
"Eat, drink and be merry." So states the Bible. And so we have been eating, drinking and making merry since the world began.

The caveman, in his primitive way, gorging on the lacerated remains of some wild animal; the Saxon nobles, carving the huge roasted oxen on to the wooden trenchers; the Elizabethan lords and ladies delicately partaking of sweetmeats and wine; the Stuart gentlemen exchanging news over hot chocolate; the Victorian housewives serving the plain, solid meals which took hours of preparation; and now the second Elizabethan era saving time with its dehydrated, quick-frozen or simply-tinned foods all fulfil this observation.

As each era has its own particular food so each country seems to be renowned for some speciality. Germany has its spicy, garlic-flavoured sausages; France has its cooking in wine and oils; Switzerland has its variety of cheeses; England has its roast beef and Yorkshire pudding; America has its coffee and doughnuts; Scotland has its haggis; India has its curry; Italy has its pizza pie and Australia has, if anything, pies and pasties.

And as each country has its own speciality in food, so many famous people seem to have been connected in some way with a particular food or drink. Samuel Pepys seems always to be remembered with hot chocolate. Louis VI was always partial to oysters and Queen Anne was very fond of her "cold tea." The image of Charles II always seems to conjure up another image of oranges and Nell Gwyn. King Alfred brings to mind the burnt cakes; milk is usually associated with Pasteur, and Isaac Newton is generally imagined sitting beneath an apple tree.

Whether food will stay as imaginative and colourful in the future as it has been in the past is up to the people of today, but it is doubtful whether those of us who look forward with so much pleasure to a large, tasty meal will allow the scientists to feed us pills to retain our energy. Eating is as much a part of our day as sleeping or breathing and it would be indeed difficult to forego such a pleasure as sitting down to Sunday dinner.

Jean Turpin, B1.
Franklin.

MAIL

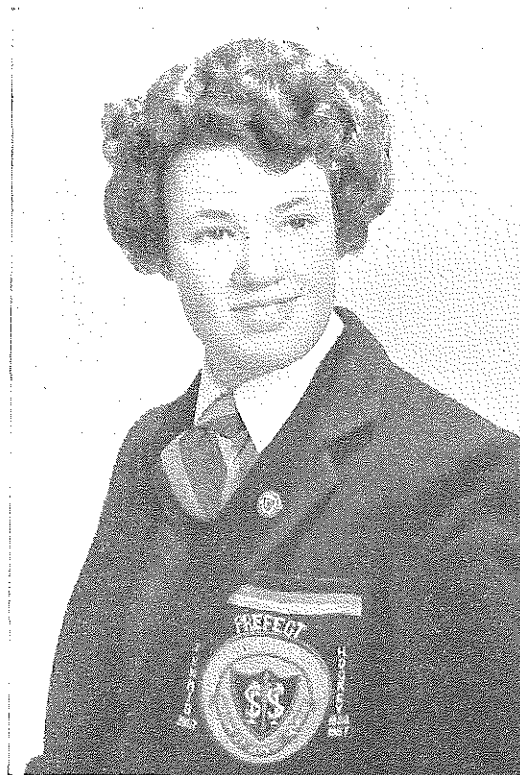
No mail—
The answer comes each day
From the empty mail bag.
Drearly we turn away
And heavily our steps lag.

No mail—
Every day with hopes renewed.
We listen with strained ears.
For hours we stand queued
At gates, trying to hide our fears.

No mail—
Hearts full of hope crushed to despair.
As the postman passes us by
Oh heaven, what hope is there?
Our hearts are left to cry.

No mail—
So once more our steps we trace—
Days go by in a slow trail.
Weeks, months, and years we face—
But still no mail.

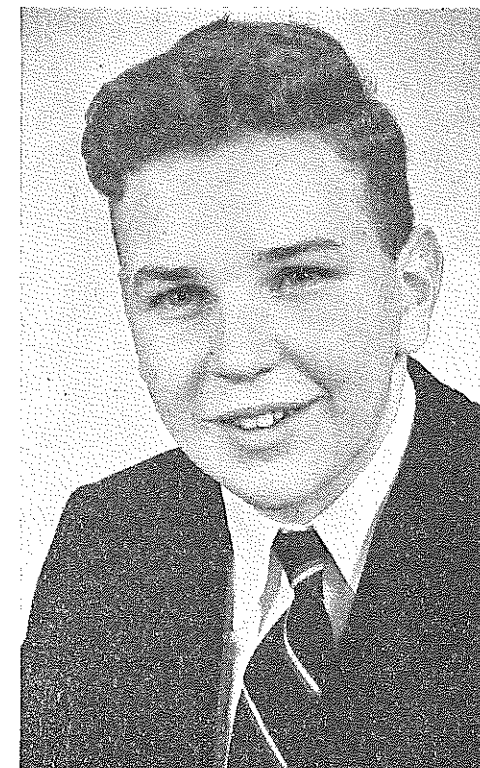
Judy Martin, B4.
Arthur.



Judith Gough



Janice Odgers



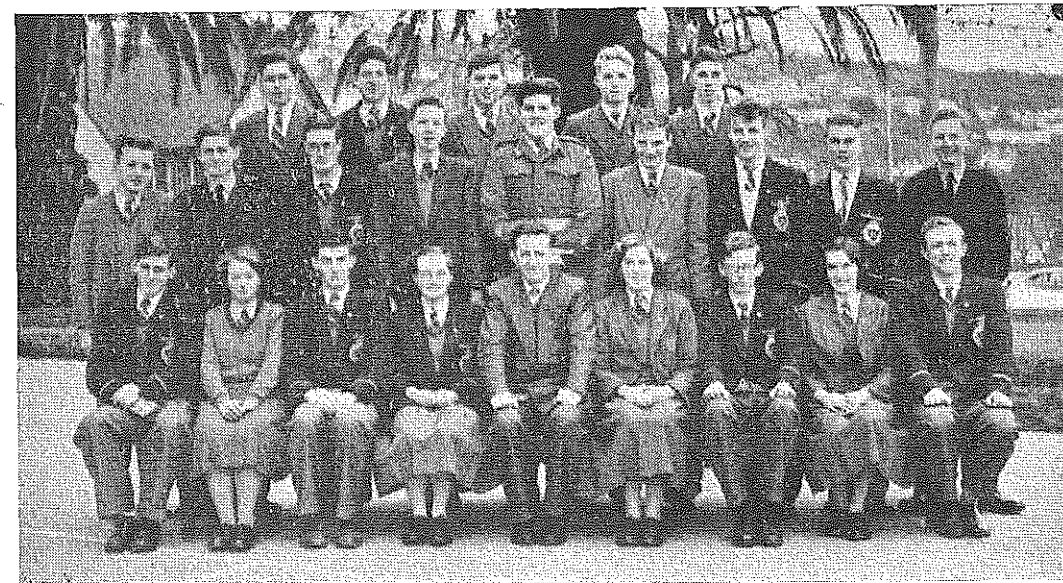
Gregory Walker



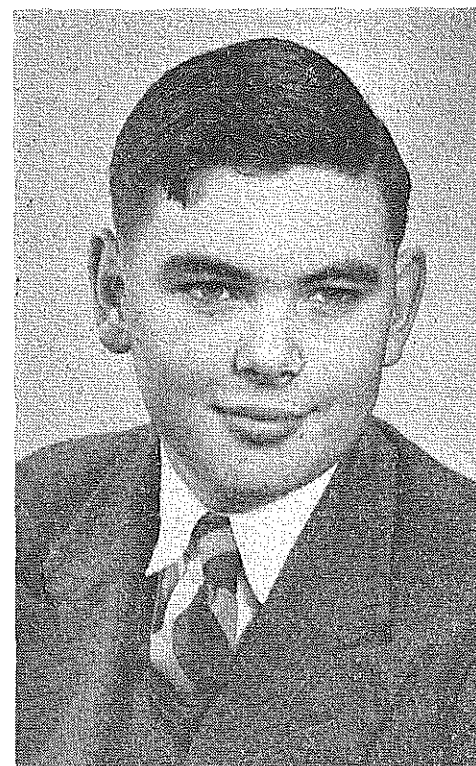
CLASS A1.
Back (from left): L. Sowter, G. Wootten, R. Kaiser, J. Pinner, M. Parish, P. Stephenson, B. Creese, S. Bull.
Front: M. Bean, D. Crothers, G. Bakes, G. Saltmarsh, Miss Russell, T. Kettle, G. Knight, S. Spencer, S. Clephane.



CLASS A2.
Back (from left): J. McLean, E. Stilwell, K. Ashworth, M. Cameron, E. Easterbrook, J. Cowell, G. Bellizia, S. Pedley, M. Wood, B. Proctor, J. Hobson.
Front: M. Tiffin, J. McDonald, A. Wickham, Mr. Phillips, Mrs. Dean, G. Cox, J. Kerrison, H. McKay, H. Reid.



CLASS A3.
Back (from left): G. Walker, J. O'Callaghan, R. Green, G. Reardon, C. Hughes.
Middle row: R. Hoerner, C. Barnard, D. Wherrett, D. White, E. Wilson, H. Tetlow, A. Edwards, M. Roberts, D. King.
Front: I. Greenwood, B. Scott, M. Walsh, K. Plehwa, Mr. Bautch, M. Towns, G. Foot, J. Finlay, A. Mills.



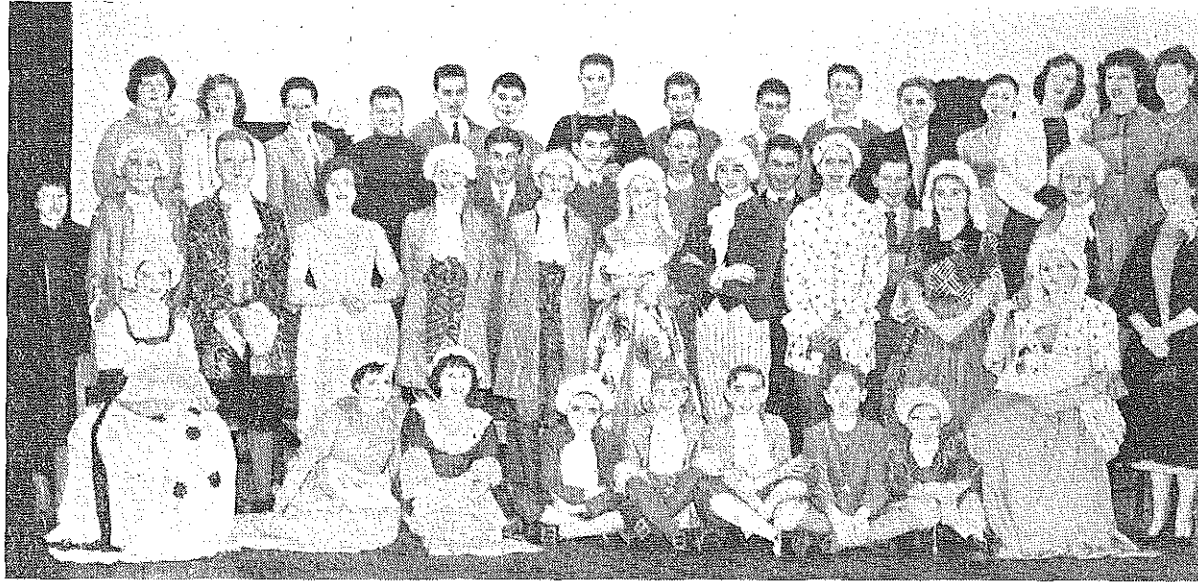
Robert Green



Karla Plehwa

SCHOOLS' BOARD DUCES, 1957

Cast of School Play



Back row: B. Peden, F. Numan (Wardrobe); R. Martin (Music); S. Bray (Backstage); J. Honey (Music); R. Green (Stage Manager); P. Campbell, R. McKendrick, C. Hughes, B. Titmus, J. Reardon, G. Wise (Backstage); J. Pinner, P. Stephenson, B. Creese (Wardrobe). Middle row: Miss Crawshaw (Sets); T. Kettle (Charles Surface); J. Fisher (Prologue); B. Duncan (Rowley); R. Peters (Backstage); T. Walsh (Oliver Surface); M. Walsh (Stage Assistant); B. Proctor (Lady Sneerwell); D. White (Backstage); J. Cox (Joseph Surface); M. Roberts (Backstage); B. Phillips (Crabtree); M. Cameron (Mrs. Candour); R. Greig (Sir Peter Teazle); Miss Boxall (Producer). Front: E. Morris (Maria); J. Howard, H. Nicol (Servants); J. Williams (Benjamin Backbite); W. Wills (Careless); J. Eadie (Harry Bumper); R. Kenyon (Servant); B. Eadie (Snake); M. Howard (Lady Teazle).

"The School for Scandal"

Sheridan's play "The School for Scandal" was chosen for the school production for 1958, and was presented on August 12th, 13th and 14th in the assembly hall.

"The School for Scandal", written when Sheridan was 26, was first produced in London in 1777 at the Drury Lane Theatre of which he was manager. Legend has it that Sheridan sat hurriedly finishing off the play while the cast waited impatiently to rehearse it. The play is one of the most brilliant of the "Comedies of Manners," and shows most vividly the fashionable society of eighteenth century London, where characters were killed over a cup of chocolate and women delighted in intrigue.

This is one of the most difficult types of comedy to act, because of its artificiality and remoteness, both in time and place, but so well did the cast, drawn from all classes except E class, create the characters, that it was difficult to believe that outside the school lay Paterson Street, and not the Strand. The back stage crew, also drawn from all classes except E class, undertook and accomplished a colossal task, music, lighting, scene design and properties all fitting in perfectly with the overall

conception of the play. It is impossible to speak too highly of the contribution made by Miss Crawshaw and Miss Jessop and their Art students, which completely transformed the school stage, incidentally revealing a hidden talent for portraiture. The technical side of the production was more than ably handled by Robert Green and his henchmen, with the assistance in one way or another, of the entire staff.

The costumes, from the Theatre Royal, Hobart, looked magnificent, and furniture was borrowed from far and near. The entire lighting plot was arranged by Mr. Tam-madge and Robert Green (for which the non-technical producer was most thankful).

But in spite of all the difficulties of rehearsal, the panic search for costumes, the grind of learning lines, the late hours on Friday nights, messy grease paint, and the producer's constant nagging, the oddly-assorted cast and stage crew seemed to become a small and closely-knit community (which is the best thing about "doing a play") and the performances were ones of which Sheridan himself need not have been ashamed.

Characters from "School For Scandal"



Oliver Surface



Rowley



Charles and Joseph Surface



Lady Teazle and Servant



From left (back row): Colleen Batchelor, Elizabeth Stilwell, Sally Pedley, Robyn Joyce, Diane Armstrong, Denise Langezaal.
(Front row): Carol Cranby, Nancy Smith, Rosemary Berwick.

"RED QUEEN, WHITE QUEEN"

"Red Queen, White Queen," produced by Mr. Wesley, won the Tasmanian Youth Drama Festival, conducted by the Adult Education Board. The 7EX trophy was handed to the Headmaster, Mr. Amos, at a school assembly.

Miss Lorna Kirwood-Jones, the adjudicator, gave the production high praise and mentioned some members of the cast as being among the outstanding players of the Festival.

SENIOR CHOIR

The Senior Choir, trained by Mr. Wesley, entered for the Launceston Competitions. They won the under 16 years choral section, which enables them to hold the Crabtree Shield for twelve months. They were placed second in the under 18 years choral section. As a result of their efforts, the sum of fifteen pounds was donated to the school music fund for the purchase of records and books.

The Senior Choir has also sung at school assemblies.



CHOIR.

BUSHMEN

It was sunrise at the bushmen's camp. Water dripped off the ferns as two tree-fellers proceeded up the track to the side of the steep valley where tall eucalypts and myrtles grew. Blackwoods and sassafras lifted above tall manferns beside the mountain stream that flowed swiftly down the valley. The treefellers soon found a suitable stringybark tree. They cut holes in the butt of the tree into which they placed short spars. They climbed onto these spars and started to chop into the large trunk. After sweating for a time they considered they were far enough through and proceeded to cut on the other side with their crosscut saw. Soon the tree began to creak and sway; then it fell with a dull thud, smashing a few small trees on its way.

Next day the bush echoed with the monotonous roar of a chainsaw which cut off the top of the tree. Soon there was another roar, this time not of a chainsaw, but of a bulldozer crashing through the scrub of wattles and dogwood. The log was connected to the 'dozer by some wire rope and dragged to the loading ramp where it was pushed onto a waiting log truck and started along the narrow muddy track to the sawmill.

A. Lade, B2.
Sorell.

SWAN SHOOTING

This year, for the first time in 23 years, there was an open season on swan. Naturally it attracted sportsmen from all corners of the state and on the previous day, prior to the opening of the season, the area was a hive of activity.

Joining up with another group of shooters, my brother and I proceeded to the northern tip of the Moulting Lagoons. From there on my brother and I put our previously-made plans into action.

At three o'clock in the afternoon we were settled and had checked our guns and looked over our ammunition. The rest of the afternoon was spent exploring and finding our way about, in preparation for nightfall. It was also necessary to know how to cross the huge irrigation dykes that had been dug by convicts.

The swan, a lovely bird to say the least, moves in a slow lumbering fashion at best and consequently it falls an easy target to shooters. When shot it folds up like a broken umbrella and hurtles earthwards like a stone.

Under the cover of darkness we shot one each, and hid them in case of trouble. What a night that was! With ceaseless gunfire and a bright moon, we found sleep impossible. Occasionally, on hearing the approaching whistle of wings, we would grab our guns and strain our eyes to catch a glimpse of the birds.

Sometimes I heard the tell-tale thud and the happy joking of the shooter. Sometimes the shot, falling around us, would sound like rain-drops on the grass, while the guns fired ceaselessly.

As the moon became hidden behind dense cloud, we stoked the fire and lay down in our clothes and slept. Gradually the guns ceased and once more peace predominated.

The dawn was beautiful. With its blood-red hues and incandescent glow it was a picture. But, with the dawn came the gunfire; the offensive was on. It was during that morning that we filled our bag.

On the way home Jules shot a duck which added to our catch. As we had some time on our hands we sat down and eagerly devoured what was left of our food.

P. Crawford, B2.
Sorell.

MY EFFORT AT BOATBUILDING

I was in "E" class at High School when I decided to build a yacht. As finance became available I made the purchase of plans for building a "Tamar" class yacht, and next, the tools for the job. Later I had to enlist the aid of my boy friend Phillip Watson. I found the plans rather hard to understand at first as I was really inexperienced. However, I met a kind person who had previous experience of small boatbuilding, so I was able to seek his advice.

Work progressed very slowly, but surely. The centre-board case was built and installed, the plywood mast was started, and painting then began. Before the final fittings were complete, I had a suit of working sails cut. All this later work was done during the Christmas holidays, before going back to school into "B" class. Phillip was with me constantly, helping me over the years it took me to build this yacht.

At last, when the yacht was nearly finished, we worked frantically finishing small things, as we wanted to have the yacht into the river for the Regatta. A very benevolent teacher, Mr. Morris, offered transport to the river. This we accepted with most grateful thanks. The yacht was launched, and we even got a photo in the daily paper. We launched the yacht the night before the Regatta, and, not having any sailing experience, we paddled home that first night. The next morning and afternoon were the Regatta. We gradually learned to sail by watching and copying the other yachtsmen. Our inexperience can be deduced from the fact that the first time out we only had one jib-sheet. This is the rope which controls the base of the jib and there have to be two of these for proper sailing when tacking.

This yacht has been a source of great pleasure to my friends and me and we spent many hours on the river while the "yachting season" lasted. While building the yacht we also built a canvas canoe, and as it was very unstable it was later fitted with an outrigger, so that it now looks rather like a water-spider. It was designed to carry two, but with outriggers, we have had four persons aboard.

I am now building a "Moth" class yacht, which is eleven feet long, one of the fastest yachts in the eleven-foot classes. Where I had skimped and saved on the building of the first yacht, I have used only the best and lightest of materials in this. I hope to have this yacht in the water before you read this article.

The boat is of very light construction (all King William pine) and with experience I hope to do well in the Tasmanian "Moth" Class Championships, which will be held on the Tamar on January 10, 1959, and which should provide a much-needed stimulus to yachting on the Tamar.

George Burrows, B1.
Franklin.

THE WIND

I with that I was wild and free,
Like the wind that blows
O'er the stormy sea;
Then I could travel far and wide,
In and out with the coming tide.
One day I blow, the next I'm still
O'er land and sea, meadow and hill.
Oh to be free like the wind!

Marjorie Wallace, D2.
Wilmot.

FLOOR No. 13

James Warshaw was sitting in his lavishly furnished office when the tele-communicator flickered to life. Being the managing director of the Warsh and Brown building gave him a certain amount of self-assurance, so it was with great self-confidence that he answered his secretary's call.

"Yes."

Her face came into focus. "Two gentlemen to see you, Mr. Warshaw."

"Send them in."

The image faded and was replaced by that of two men who were walking along the corridor outside. After a quick glance James Warshaw turned the tele-communicator off.

The men entered his office. They were alike in every respect but one: size. The first was over seven feet, the other under five. They introduced themselves as Messrs. Mohn and Tohn.

James Warshaw offered them cigars. They declined. "We would like," said the tall man in a voice of mixed accents, "to rent a floor in your building."

"The thirteenth floor," said the small man in exactly the same voice.

James Warshaw lit a cigar and drew on it thoughtfully.

"I'm sorry," he said. "You can't have the thirteenth floor, but—"

"Why not?" the tall man whispered.

"Mainly because there isn't a thirteenth floor. You see many people are superstitious and avoid things carrying the number thirteen like the plague. However, if you want a whole floor, I believe we can accommodate you on the twenty-sixth—"

"It appears to me," the shorter man said, "that if someone wants to rent a certain floor, the least you could do is to let him have it."

"But can't you—?" began Warshaw.

"The very least" continued the tall man.

Inwardly Warshaw fumed, but outwardly he appeared to be his usual calm and collected self.

"I'm afraid, gentlemen, that it is impossible for me to let the thirteenth floor. If we had one I would be very happy to let it, but as things are you surely realise that it is impossible. Now the problem as I see it—"

"There really isn't any problem" the tall man told him, "except for this fuss you're making. Here is a building with thirty-eight floors numbered from one to thirty-eight. All we want to do is rent floor number thirteen, which is, apparently, vacant."

"But I tell you that that is impossible" began Warshaw. "How often am I to tell you? This building hasn't a thirteenth floor, so it would be absolutely impossible for—". His voice trailed off as he realised he was alone. "Silly fools," he thought to himself, "obviously of low intelligence, otherwise they would have been able to realise that there is not a floor number 13."

The buzz of the tele-viewer brought him back to reality.

He flicked the switch and a face materialised on the screen.

"Warshaw?"

"Er—yes sir."

The torso was that of Mr. William Blakie, the company managing director of which the Warsh and Brown building was one branch. "Warshaw, I've received a complaint from two prospective clients. They claim that you will not let them the thirteenth floor. They claim that you say the thirteenth floor is vacant. Is that so?"

"Yes sir, but—"

"No buts Warshaw. I'll give these men the authority to move in immediately. You make the necessary arrangements."

Warshaw didn't know what to think. Just to prove to himself there was no thirteenth floor he left his office, and walked towards the elevators. As he did so he saw Mohn and Tohn enter one. Curiosity caused him to wait for that same elevator to return. When it did, he went in.

"What floor did those last two passengers want?" he asked the attendant.

The attendant obviously hadn't recognised him because he replied, "That's no business of yours."

Warshaw quickly established his identity, and, as a result, found that they went to the thirteenth floor.

"That couldn't be correct because there isn't a thirteenth floor." He confronted the attendant with this information.

"They asked for the thirteenth floor, and I took them there," he said.

"All right then" said Warshaw "take me to the thirteenth floor."

They went up slowly, so slowly in fact that Warshaw had no trouble reading the floor numbers.

Ten — eleven — twelve — fourteen — fifteen — They stopped.

"That's funny," said the elevator attendant "it was there a moment ago."

Warshaw glared at him. They went down.

Fourteen — twelve — eleven — ten —

"Well?" asked Warshaw.

The attendant shrugged. "It doesn't seem to be there now."

"Now? It never was there," said Warshaw. "Take me down."

Warshaw was a worried man.

Three days later they started moving in furniture. Tables, desks, chairs—the lot. People went to and from the thirteenth floor without any difficulty—that is every one except Warshaw.

Every time he invented an excuse to go up to the thirteenth floor, it wasn't there. As Mohn and Tohn had paid their rent regularly, and none of the other tenants had complained about them, he could not complain.

Three months passed. At the end of that time, Warshaw was informed by Mohn and Tohn that they had decided to leave. This gave him the chance he had been waiting for. Under the contract, he, as managing director, had the right to inspect the premises before the occupant left. He told Mohn and Tohn he would come up first thing the next morning. This he did, and at exactly 9.15 the following morning he arrived at the thirteenth floor. He was met by Mohn and Tohn, who showed him round the floor. With military precision they showed the whole floor.

"Is everything in order?" they said in unison.

"Quite," replied Warshaw.

"Are you coming down with us?" they said.

"No," said Warshaw, "I think I'll look around for a while."

"Very well," said the tall man. So saying he picked up his small companion. He folded him once backwards and once forwards. Then he rolled him up tightly and shoved him in the right coat pocket.

Warshaw was dumbfounded. He watched the tall man move to the elevator and signal the ground floor.

After he had gone, Warshaw moved towards the window of the bare room. It was open and cold air

was blowing in. However, when he tried to poke his head out it met with something solid. He walked to the stairs that led down. The door was jammed. At least, it appeared to be. So was the one leading up. He walked to another window and tried to look down to the street below. Only fog could be seen.

Suddenly he realised.

He ran to the elevator, and jabbed his finger against the button. He held it there while his fears mounted. He could see elevators rising and elevators descending. But they wouldn't stop at the thirteenth floor. There never had been a thirteenth floor. Whoever heard of a thirteenth floor in the Warsh and Brown building?

Michael Walsh, A3.

Wilmot.

IN MY CUPBOARD

When I looked in my cupboard, one rainy day,

At the back of the shelf I found

A ball that I thought I had lost in the hay

And a marble all shiny and round.

A book of adventures had slipped down the back,

And two crayons—one green and one red;

So I didn't go out in the rain in my mack,—

I tidied my cupboard instead.

Lynette Holton, D6.

Arthur.

AN EXCURSION TO MT. READ

Do you know where Rosebery is? If you do, do you know where Williamsford is?

We set out from Rosebery on a dull day and travelled the five miles over rough roads to Williamsford. We then climbed on to an ore truck which had come down from the Hercules mine, fourteen hundred feet above the township of Williamsford, and began slowly to move up the haulage. It ascended at an angle of thirty-three degrees and as we were looking the way we were going I had a feeling that we would suddenly take off down the hill backwards.

We arrived at the level of the mine building and began to climb a slope to get to the top of Mt. Hamilton. After a while we came to the site of the original town of Williamsford. There was nothing left of it except an expanse of turf and a few bricks.

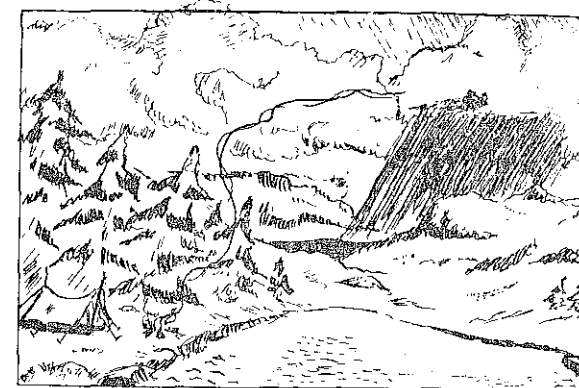
Open land soon came into view, clothed with small dead King Billy pines which seemed almost to hug the ground. They had been put in this "lying down" position by the exceptionally strong winds that blow across the top of Mt. Read. Most of the pine trees are dead but no one seems to know why.

After some scrambling we finally reached the summit, 3,890 feet above sea level, where we had a magnificent view of the surrounding countryside. To the south-west we could see Macquarie Harbour and Ocean Beach near Strahan. To the north we could see Rosebery, its hills looking very unfamiliar from this angle, and in the far-east, Barn Bluff. Nearby there were about three lakes. We were told that once some people tried to get to one of them but changed their minds after they had penetrated about a hundred yards into the horizontal scrub. It took them two hours to get out again!

We quickly ate our lunch as the cold wind whistling round our ears made us want to start for home. Although we were there for only a few minutes, the views on all sides have been implanted permanently in our memories.

Christine Dodson, C3.

Arthur.



Looking East along Lake Salome to the East Wall. In the right foreground is the Temple.

THE WALLS OF JERUSALEM

Many people have heard of the "Walls of Jerusalem," but few people know where or what they are. The "Walls" are a group of small mountains which are barely over two thousand feet high. They form a rather large canyon, which has many small lakes and creeks dotted all over its floor.

To get to the "Walls of Jerusalem" one must follow the road through Mole Creek and turn south before reaching Liena. The gravel road is fairly new, and on either side of it are steep slopes, one, on the left, rising hundreds of feet, and the other, to the right, dropping down to the Mersey River.

Six miles after crossing the Fisher and Mersey Rivers, the road ends at a hydro camp, and there the journey is continued on foot along a jeep track. The track continues south along the Mersey for another six miles, and there the river can be crossed by flying-fox. Ahead looms Hal's Bluff, which is very steep, and the man-fern and dog-wood thickets which grow on the slopes do not make the going easy. The undergrowth is soaking so that leeches and mosquitoes are an ever-present annoyance.

When Hal's Bluff is passed, we walk east across a marshy plateau, which is dotted with stunted gum and tussock grass. Two hours' march and the "Walls" are in sight. We pass through "Herod's Gates" after a stiffish climb and before us are the sights we have come to see. From our map we learn the names of different mountains and lakes which surround us, such as Lake Salome, The Temple, The East and West walls.

The view, when looking south from the East Wall is amazing. Hundreds of lakes stretch in intricate patterns as far as the eye can see, and tall majestic mountains thrust their peaks to the sky.

Brian Phillips, B2.

Arthur.

THE OLD FARM

There was a farmer he did ride,
Over the hills on his old grey mare;
For to reap his barley was his pride
His barley so rare, oh! so rare.

He took the barley to his bride,
For they were to marry at turn of the tide.
His wife with her bright flaxen hair,
Her hair so rare, oh! so rare.

Graeme Whitchurch, E1.

Franklin.



ARK

It stands there,
Wooden,
Among the tall graceful trees,
Wooden, lifeless.
It is long,
But not graceful,
Almost chunky,
Covered inside and out
With pitch.
Just one window,
A single door
And who knows
What lies before
This strange craft?

N. Stanley, B2.
Sorell.

T.S.—A.H.—1804

Let your mind go back one hundred and fifty four years. It is the year 1804. A brig—the "Lady Nelson" is sailing up an estuary—the Dalrymple River—later to be well known to us as the Tamar. An anchor rattles into the water, and the brig rides on the tide. A long-boat is swung out and lowered into the water. Two men get into it and row off up a nearby river—later called Supply River. In the boat are several wooden water kegs. The men row to where the river flows over some rocks, making a waterfall. After the kegs have been filled the two men look round and admire the scenery. Then they carve their initials and the date in the stone — T.S. — A.H. — 1804. Thomas Clark and Adolavius Humphries. Little did they know that these carvings would be today the oldest remaining mark of a European in Tasmania.

Years have come and gone but these carvings have remained. They have seen the building of a flour mill; the robbery of the mill by the infamous bushranger Brady and its burning down some forty years ago. They have witnessed the building of two bridges. Each year the winter flood waters have worn the rocks down, but the initials have remained.

They can still be seen on the rocks. They are five inches high, two inches wide and half an inch deep. Let us hope that the oldest remaining mark of a European will be preserved.

R. Darcey, B1.
Arthur.

SOME CHRISTMAS CUSTOMS

Do you know that every time you eat a mince pie you break a very old law? In the days of the Puritans, who were a grim and modest religious sect, a law was passed that made the making and eating of mince pies illegal. Anyone found breaking the law was very severely dealt with. It's a good thing we do not have to obey this law nowadays or many people would not be able to have that little snack at recess and dinner time!

The Puritans also passed a law against kissing under the mistletoe. I imagine that many a gay young lad and lass stole a kiss under it while no one was watching.

By about 1812 these laws must have died out because the novelist Dickens wrote about Mr. Pickwick kissing fair maidens under the mistletoe and he also seems to have eaten his share of mince pies.

Mince pies were originally square, not round in shape as we know them today. The name, too, was different; they used to be called "happy months" after the merry month of December. In England where Christmas comes in the middle of winter, they play an essential part in seasonal feasting.

Another part of Christmas tradition is roasted nuts and ghost stories round the fire. But now that radio and television have come, much of the old tradition and merry making is dying out. In Australia where Christmas comes in the middle of summer, climate and not man-made substitutes has caused the death of many a Christmas tradition.

Boxing Day is a peculiar name for the day after Christmas and I wonder how many people know how it came into being. Long ago boxes were put into churches to collect money for the poor and this money was given away on what is now called Boxing Day.

Later on still, apprentices with porcelain and earthenware boxes went round to their masters' customers and collected money. The boxes could only be opened by being broken and this was done on the day after Christmas. Today people who have served us throughout the year ask for gifts on Boxing Day, although in Australia it is becoming customary for paper boys and other such people to come before Christmas—partly, I believe, because Boxing Day usually being hot, most people are not at home on that day.

Alma Fowler, B1.
Franklin.

THE CAT

She sat contentedly immobile on the new growth of spring greenness, her two white paws folded sedately beneath her breast of snowy down. Beautiful little animal! So like a statue but for the slight pulsing of her multi-coloured stomach and the gentle occasional flick of one short, pointed ear. Her eyes were deep, deep tawny pools of limpid warmth. The pupils, contracted to mere slits in the warm October sun, were scarcely visible. Oh, what thoughts lay behind those depths of shimmering light which blinked slowly as she benignly regarded me? What thought she of me, sitting cross legged on the floral bordered lawn? How serene she looked, her tabby coat glistening silkily in the sunny light. And ah, how sad I felt when, with a graceful movement she stood up, arched that sleek lithe back, stretched luxuriously, and, honouring me with a single glance from those strange glowing eyes, glided noiselessly away.

Helen Wells, C5.
Sorell.



It was a spring evening and the tiny silver raindrops were glistening and shining from under every green leaf and branch, wherever they could find a resting place. Occasionally one would lose its precarious hold high up in a gum tree and fall to the ground and be dashed to pieces. The evening sun shone in thin rays from behind the long bars of wind-torn clouds which scudded silently across the sky like great serpents.

These things I noticed as I walked along the worn path which wound round the silent gums. The tiny yellow gorse flowers had begun to come out. There they looked out timidly from behind a sheltering army of spiked lances which protected them from any invader who might be thinking of taking them.

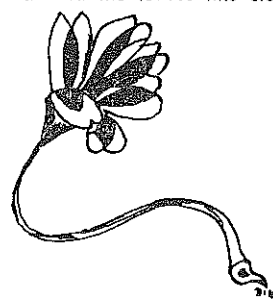
Suddenly I noticed a tiny bush covered with delicate pink flowers peeping from behind two columns of lances. I did not know the name of this flower but it seemed very well protected by the gorse.

As I passed the old sandstone quarry I noticed two brilliant red flowers on a tiny green vine perched precariously on a small ledge.

Here it had found a hold and had proceeded to grow surrounded by the bleak landscape of rock.

In another place a vine of wild clematis with its masses of white flowers wound round an old blackened stump which stretched a grim black branch over the very edge of the quarry.

Another flower grew on a bush similar to a gum tree but only about two feet high. This bush grew on the very edge of a sheer drop, its roots deep down in the clay soil. It had clusters of tiny yellow flowers nestling in its protective green foliage and peeping out from around the leaves like startled chickens.



There were also many other flowers which grew in this secluded spot, one of which looked very much like a wild yellow violet.

Michael Schwabe, C1.
Wilmot.

THE SWAN

When I was walking out last night,
I saw there, in the waning light,
A shadow on the lake nearby,
A silhouette against the sky.

It was a swan with plumage black—
It swam to here, to there, and back.
So easily it showed its grace;
No ripple on the water's face.

The lilies watched with envious glare,
For they stood stationary to stare
As effortless, it glided by.
The air embraced it with a sigh.

The moon shone down with silver beam;
The setting was a lovely dream:
The swan, the lake, the pale moonlight,
The velvety softness of the night.

Then suddenly, the night was old;
The wind was turned to bitter cold.
Tall trees did whisper, and did sing.
The swan upon the lake took wing.

Phyllis Anderson, B1.
Sorell.

HAPPINESS

The time for happiness is today, not tomorrow or in the far distant future. You will be sadly disappointed in life if you wait to arrive at happiness. Happiness must be experienced as you go along, an hour here, a day there, occasionally several days or a week but the weeks and days and hours are made up of minutes, and if you live for happy minutes, the hours and days and weeks take care of themselves. You'll find your road through life much more pleasant and you'll spend less time worrying about the distant goal.

Helen Gladstone, B5.
Wilmot.

SPILLS AND THRILLS ON A PETROL DRUM

Three years ago I spent the August holidays on Flinders Island. During the two weeks I spent at "Wingaroo" I learnt how to float on a large petrol drum. The lagoon was not far from the house and my friend and I spent many drenching hours learning to control our rolling drums. The first time I went to board my make-believe cruiser I thought I would just float out and come back, but I found in less than a second that it takes skill even to float. I threw one leg astride the drum only to have it turn completely over, taking me with it. I stood up drenched to the skin. What a sight I looked then—and later—after I had to wade out and retrieve my cruiser. I spent the next three days in bed with a cold, but had I learnt my lesson? No, not I—I was all the more determined to master the art of riding a petrol drum. The next three days were spent in learning to work against the roll of the drum so keeping on top and partially dry. With the help of a branch I learnt to ride my drum without nearly drowning. For the rest of the holidays we spent each day in the middle of the lagoon talking and attempting to balance standing up on the drums. We succeeded days later after many more duckings and chasing after runaway craft.

It was with regret that I left because I had thoroughly enjoyed my spills and thrills on a petrol drum. I have not ridden another petrol drum since but given the chance I would not hesitate.

Gwenyth Purton, B4.
Sorell.

Boys' Sport

BOYS' HOCKEY

This has been a most successful season, the team having won the northern schoolboys' premiership, and gained the Examiner's criticism: "Probably the best schoolboys' hockey team ever fielded in Launceston." Their scoring in roster games was 61-3.

TEAM CRITIQUE

ALAN EDWARDS (captain—centre-forward)—A popular and capable captain, strong in defence and attack, whose consistent passing to the inside forwards paid dividends. His season was climaxed by a faultless display of speed, stickwork and passing ability in the finals.

EDGAR WILSON (goalie—vice-captain)—A competent goalie and vice-captain whose combination with backs and good match temperament kept the opposing forwards from scoring.

MARTIN ROBERTS (centre-half)—A dependable player who consistently backs up the inside forwards and whose positional play in vital matches kept the opposing centre-forward well covered.

HUGH TETLOW (back)—A spectacular back whose persistent tackling, fly-hitting and undercutting kept opposing forwards worried. He has excellent ball control and stickwork.

CHRIS BARNARD (left-half)—A good position player who covers his wing well. Has good flick and push but needs a harder hit.

DOUG WHERRETT (back)—A reliable team man who combines well with goalie and other back and clears well on free hits.

PHILLIP LITTLEJOHN (left inner)—A fast and unselfish player whose quick, accurate shooting gained him top scoring honours.

DAVID HANNAN (right inner)—A powerful forward who tends to trick and play one-handed in difficult circumstances.

MICK BARNARD (right wing)—A speedy wing who has improved greatly during the season.

JOHN HARVEY (right-half)—A hard-hitting player whose standard of play has improved greatly.

ROSS SMITH (left wing)—A keen player whose hockey only lacks experience.

Reserves have shown potential ability, especially Albert McCormack.

The team appreciates the keenness of Mr. Stocks and the invaluable coaching of Mr. H. Hudson.

CRICKET

This season the team entered the N.T.C.A. "Reserve A" Grade Competition, and although winning only four matches, performed creditably, gaining valuable experience and practice for the Inter-High contest. The first Inter-High match was played here against Hobart. Hobart made an excellent start, and appeared to be in a winning position, but Launceston fought back well, and this very exciting match ended in a draw, 189 runs each. In the replay we were unlucky to be beaten by 12 runs.

TEAM CRITIQUE

G. FOOT (Captain)—Right-hand opening batsman, who played his best innings in the Inter-High matches.

P. NELSON (vice-captain)—Left-hand batsman who is particularly strong on the offside. Useful off-spin bowler, who was valuable in the Inter-High matches.

L. BEHAN—Reliable opening batsman who played consistently throughout the season. Also developed into a good off-spin bowler. Good slip field.

A. JACOBSON—Always reliable in his position as

wicket-keeper, rarely missing chances. Aggressive left-hand batsman, who played valuable innings in Inter-High matches.

L. MORLING—Hard-hitting batsman, strong off the back foot. Useful medium-pace bowler and a brilliant field.

K. JOHNCOCK—Right-arm fast-medium bowler, who turned in some excellent performances. Should be great asset next year.

A. TALBOT—Forceful batsman, who did not strike form until late in the season. Played his best innings in the first Inter-High match.

R. PETERS—Tall, right-arm opening bowler. Although a little erratic, he took many valuable wickets. Hard-hitting batsman, strong against fast bowling.

J. COURT—Defensive batsman, who is invaluable in holding up his end while a teammate scores the runs. A great trier.

G. JONES—Baby of the team, he played some useful innings. With more confidence and experience he should be an asset to future teams.

M. ROBERTS—Came into the side late in the season, and did not have much opportunity to show his ability. Useful medium-pace bowler.

G. CAMPBELL—A very keen player. Although his bowling was a little erratic at times, he was unlucky not to take more wickets.

M. FURLONGE—Young player, who should be in the team next season. At present an all-rounder, he would benefit by specialisation.

In conclusion we would like to thank Mr. McGinn and Mr. Phillips for their valuable help and interest in our progress throughout the season.

BOYS' TENNIS

TEAM CRITIQUE

MICHAEL O'CALLAGHAN (captain)—Has developed into a fine all-round player. His excellent style, courtcraft and match temperament make him one of the leading juniors in the state.

GEOFF WISE (vice-captain)—A resourceful player whose consistent play is a feature. He gave the team much support in the Inter-High.

ROBIN MCKENDRICK—A fine player, especially in doubles, as he has a sound service, attacking forehand and accurate volleys.

JOHN O'CALLAGHAN—A fine style with a natural backhand. His attacking play creates many opportunities for him to use his good volleys and smashes.

MARTIN ANSTEE—A natural left-hand player with a strong service; with more experience he could be an asset to the team next year.

BRIAN PHILLIPS—A keen, reliable player with a beautiful backhand and good volleys, he could develop into a good player.

GLEN SUMMERS—Plays a consistent game and has well developed strokes. Much is expected of him next year.

BARRY TITMUS—A most enthusiastic player who has steadily improved throughout the season.

This year the boys' tennis team was very strong. We won the Inter-High School Premiership, defeating Hobart High in the semi-final, 7 rubbers to 2, and Devonport High in the final, 7 rubbers to 2.

We wish to extend our thanks to Mr. Bailey for his coaching and the enthusiastic encouragement which he has given to us throughout this year.

FIRST FOOTBALL

This year a young, small team was fielded by the school. As only six members of last year's side returned to school, most of the season was devoted to team building.

Under the guidance of our coach, Mr. Crawford, the side settled down into a fast combination, and although lacking in height and weight, it acquitted itself very well against much older and bigger teams in the Thirds' Competition.

Hobart High were far superior to us in our Inter-High match. We fought back in the last half and held Hobart well in that period, after being outclassed in the first half. The best players were Greenwood, Anstee, Peters, Morling, Jacobson and O'Callaghan.

The prospects for next year are very good, as about fifteen of this year's squad anticipate returning to school. A strong combination should result.

We would like to congratulate Alan Jacobson who was our best and fairest player, and was third in the Thirds' Association Best and Fairest.

We would also like to thank Mr. Crawford for giving up his valuable time to coach us, and wish him and next year's team, the best of luck for 1959.

TEAM CRITIQUE

LINDSAY MORLING (captain, centre)—A fearless, robust player, Lindsay gave the team great drive and inspiration. He directed the side well and we were unfortunate to be without him for so long after his injury. His speed, sound marking and accurate passing enabled him to create many opportunities for his forwards.

IAN GREENWOOD (vice-captain, centre half-back)—Ian held the key defence position most capably and against Hobart he was in brilliant form being virtually impassable. His marking and ground play are very good, his only weakness being a tendency to hold the ball too close when kicking.

ALAN JACOBSON (rover-forward)—Alan has been one of our outstanding players this year, playing brilliant and determined football, either as a rover or forward. For a small player he is an excellent high mark, and is a reliable kick. He uses his speed to advantage.

BRIAN PHILLIPS (centre half-forward)—Brian is an accurate punt kick for goal, but he should use the drop kick more often. He is a good high mark, and this combined with his elusive ground play, enabled him to finish the season with the goal-kicking honours. When Brian has more weight, he will obtain more confidence, and this will improve his game.

GRAEME CAMPBELL (follower-back)—Graeme is an outstanding team man. His kicking is at times unreliable, but his pace combined with vigour, make him hard to beat. He never gives up.

ROBERT PETERS (follower-back)—Bob has improved greatly this year. He is a real utility player, having played well in almost every position this year. He is a reliable kick and mark, and uses his pace to advantage. He should be an asset to the side next year.

ARTHUR TALBOT (full-back)—Arthur is a newcomer to the team. He uses his weight and height well, and is faster than he appears. His reliable long kick-outs were a feature of his games. He held down the full-back position most capably.

DALE WEBB (rover-forward)—Dale is another newcomer who, though inexperienced, has played very well.

He is an excellent left foot stab pass and drop kick. His overhead marking needs attention, and he must learn to kick with his right foot to get out of trouble. He should be an asset next year.

ROBIN MCKENDRICK (wing)—Robin has played very consistently throughout the season. He is a sound mark, and clever on the ground, but his disposal to the forwards needs improvement.

PETER CAMPBELL (follower-back)—Peter has improved greatly this season. His marking is very sound, but his disposal is weak. Concentration on this phase of his game is essential.

DAN CROTHERS (pocket forward)—Dan is the smallest member of the team. What he lacks in height and weight, he makes up for with his quick thinking. He combined excellently with the other forwards, and gave them numerous opportunities to kick goals, as well as kicking some himself.

MARTIN ANSTEE (follower-back)—Martin has improved immensely this year, and after a doubtful start he played excellent football at the end of the season. His high marking and long kicking from the backline were a delight to watch. His good tapping to the rovers gave us considerable drive.

LANCE BEHAN (pocket back)—Lance began the season slowly, but when he appeared to be improving he sustained an injury which kept him out for six weeks. After recovering he played very effective football, and at the end of the season he was one of our stars. His high marking is good, but his kicking and ground play need attention.

MICHAEL O'CALLAGHAN (rover-forward)—Michael has played very consistently throughout the season. He gave great drive whether roving, in the centre or on the forward line. He is an accurate pass, and uses his speed to advantage.

PAUL LEE (wing)—Paul has shown great improvement this year and has given us many outstanding games. His disposal needs much attention as does his over-head marking. He uses his speed well.

ROBERT CHURCH (half-forward)—Robert came into the team halfway through the season. His first game was outstanding, but then he played very spasmodically. Robert is a sound mark and kick and turns very well, but must concentrate on football throughout the match.

BRUCE MORRIS (follower-forward)—Bruce has improved greatly this year. He uses his height well in the ruck. His slow ground play and kicking need attention. Bruce should develop into a good follower.

ALAN FURMAGE (reserve)—Alan played several matches throughout the season, but was forced out of the Inter-High team by more robust players. He passes and marks well at training, but lacks decision in a match.

GREG CLARKE (pocket-back)—Greg has played well throughout the season, and succeeded as a half-forward or pocket back, despite inexperience. His passing is not good.

DOUG HOLMES (follower-forward)—Doug is a good trier who would improve his play by being quicker off the mark. His kicking has improved, but still requires concentration.

MAX GIBLIN (reserve)—Max is rather slow and inexperienced, but he is a reliable mark and an accurate kick for goal. He will improve when he gains confidence in himself.

BEVAN REES (reserve)—Bevan did not progress as expected. He is determined and his ground play is good, but his marking and kicking are both weak.

—Continued page 33.

Girls' Sport

SOFTBALL

TEAM CRITIQUE

M. PARISH—(Capt.). A very capable, reliable captain. A very good base player, excellent throw, and very fast between bases; aware of the finer technicalities of the game. Held the team together very well during inter-high matches.

J. PINNER—(V.Capt.). Very sound 3rd base player, has a very good throw to all bases. Very fast in the field, a reliable bat. A good team member.

D. GOSS—A very promising pitcher; showed great consistency with good pitching during inter-high matches. Inclined to be slow between bases, and must learn more about the technicalities of the game.

J. COOPER—A sound catcher, with a good throw, especially to 2nd base. Judy must learn to steady herself when the tension is high. Must develop more speed.

E. EASTERBROOK—A good, reliable 1st base player, who is a steady influence on the team. Elaine is a player who thinks.

C. ROBINSON—An excellent short stop with very fast throws to all bases. A very quick and consistently good fielder. Sound batter.

J. BUTLER—A very promising player who has shown commendable performances in the outfield. Joan has given a lift to the morale of the team on many occasions by her thoughtful play. With more understanding of the game, Joan should make an excellent player.

R. SAVILLE—Robin shows a lot of potential as an all round player. Very fast in the field. A big hitter, who must learn to control the placing of the ball.

J. FAULKNER—A newcomer to the team. Justified her place with very good play during the inter-high matches. Julie is a fast, reliable fielder, and a good team member.

Emergencies—

B. CREESE—Bev. has shown some good form, but she lacks the concentration needed.

P. STEVENSON—Penny is a good left-handed batter, but her throw needs a lot of strengthening.

GIRLS' HOCKEY

The first hockey team had little success in the early part of the season, but in the latter part, after defeating M.L.C., they won the remainder of their roster matches finishing in sixth position on the roster. In the Inter-High semi-final, Launceston defeated Hobart 4-3, thus entering the final.

This was played in the last week of term, against Devonport High, who won 9-1.

The members of the team wish to express their appreciation of Miss Klye's coaching.

TEAM CRITIQUE

BETH GIBSON (Capt.)—Left Back. Sets a fine example to her team. Proved that she can play either defence or forward capably. Always uses speed and drive to advantage. Concentration will assist her to improve her game. One of the best afield in Hobart.

ELAINE EASTERBROOK (Vice Captain)—Right inner. The most successful forward this season, showing good stickwork and excellent goal sense. Must learn to move in on to the ball with stick down. Played a very good game in Hobart.

HELEN CONWAY—Right wing. Has given the team a great deal of drive from the wing. Combination with Elaine an outstanding feature. Should try to keep up

with forward line always and keep both hands on the stick.

JENNY CLARKE—Left inner. Short accurate passes, a feature of her forward play. Must concentrate on positioning feet when shooting for goal and always tackle back.

NOEL STANLEY—Left wing. Very solid player. Learnt to use dodges to advantage. Needs more speed. Should make sure all passes can be used to advantage.

LYN TERRY—Left half-back. Proved that practice and determination win results. Has strong tackle from the right, but must extend this to all positions, and watch obstruction.

DIANE COLE—Centre-half-back. A valuable member of the team. Distribution of play quite good. Has overcome the tendency to roam. Must be confident to back up her own centre in attack and be prepared to shoot for goal. Best player in Hobart.

JEAN HOWARD—Centre-forward. Has developed considerable skill in dribbling and dodging. Uses natural speed to advantage. Has shot some good goals. Needs more division of play in midfield. Led the attack in Hobart.

ALMA FOWLER—Left half-back. Has improved considerably during the year—showing more determination when tackling. Must watch placement of hits.

VONDA AUSTIN—Right back. Reliable player with good anticipation. Combines well with Beth. Could try to quicken up her recovery and finish off attacking moves, which she begins.

JUDITH SMYTHE—Goalie. The most improved player this season. Some clearing shots excellent. Must come out to single players with more confidence, and clear to the side more.

MAVIS COOK—Has good hard shot for goal from the left. Must approach mid-field play with more confidence.

JANET THOMPSON—Should concentrate on using her solid hit to more advantage. Tackles well, but must be much quicker when recovering.

GIRLS' TENNIS

This year's team was started from scratch, and although we were defeated by Hobart High School 7-2, this promising young team should build up into an extremely strong one. Members were prominent in the school children's tournaments played in Hobart and Launceston, especially Jill Callaghan and Diane Cole, who played off the final of the under 15 Girls' Singles in Launceston.

We would like to thank Miss Deane for her help and encouragement as a coach, and for designing a new-styled tennis frock.

TEAM CRITIQUE

SALLY PEDLEY—(Captain). Consistence and concentration make Sally a player with an excellent match temperament, and as a captain she had a steady influence on the team.

JILL CALLAGHAN—An outstanding junior from 'E' class with a strong backhand and forehand drive. She is quick to retrieve all shots, and her net play is sound.

DIANE COLE—Diane is an extremely consistent player, who always places strokes well, and who always plays with great determination.

HEATHER TUTING—Heather is a fine attacking player with strong shots, but needs to move more quickly on the court.

JUDITH SMYTHE—Judy has a fine fighting spirit, and played extremely well against Hobart.

ADRIENNE SANDMAN—Adrienne has good all-round strokes with a particularly strong forehand drive.

JENNY KAISER—Jenny is a consistent player. She has a strong serve, and she always gives her best.

HELEN McKAY—Helen has a very strong forehand drive, and she is a particularly fine doubles player.

GIRLS' BASKETBALL

The basketball team has completed a very successful season, winning both the Inter-High and Northern Tasmanian Women's Basketball premierships. The first Inter-High match was played against Hobart High, and in the final we defeated Burnie. In both matches the team combined very well to win by a clear margin.

Three girls were chosen in the Northern Tasmanian Women's Basketball team—Judith Pinner, Margaret Parish, and Sally Pedley. These girls, with Christine Robinson, played with the victorious touring team against all states during the Australian Carnival. Miss Dewis coached both these teams and we would like to thank her very sincerely for her help and encouragement as coach during the season.

TEAM CRITIQUE

SALLY PEDLEY—Captain. A most reliable player and a sure catch who uses her leaping ability to advantage in the goal circle. She always plays with great concentration and determination and is therefore an inspiration to her team.

MARGARET PARISH—Vice-captain. Margaret is an outstanding attack goalie. She is invaluable under the goal circle where she uses her height to advantage. Her goals are extremely accurate—in one match 100 per cent accuracy with 37 goals.

JUDITH PINNER—Judy has played consistently well throughout the season. Her defence and anticipation are excellent and her jumping under the goal is a feature of her play.

JULIE FAULKNER—A newcomer to the team, Julie has proved herself a valuable member of the team. She is an extremely speedy player, and always proves a worry to her opponents.

CHRISTINE ROBINSON—Christine has a very strong throw and can always be relied upon to bring the ball quickly up the centre sideline. She is a determined defence and attack player.

PAT FAWKNER—Pat is an unselfish player whose centre pass is very accurate. She makes position well. She will be an asset to the team next year.

ROBIN SAVILLE—Robin has adapted herself very well to a new position. She has made great improvement, and with quick passing and high jumping she has combined very well with the goalies.

JOAN TOLE—A very reliable member of the team who is accurate both in passing and catching.

BARBARA JAMES—A dependable player who clears well in the goal circle. She is an accurate goalie with a strong throw.

JUNIOR RED CROSS

The Junior Red Cross has completed a successful year although the difficulty of obtaining a suitable room for work on Tuesday afternoons has proved a hindrance. A stall was held, and about £2 was raised. The group would like to thank Miss Bushby for her interest and guidance throughout the year.

SCHOOL COUNCIL

Throughout the year the Executive Council has been dealing smoothly and efficiently with suggestions made by the different councils. The Junior Council especially have put forward some very worthy ideas, and the Executive Council commends them. Some suggestions were impracticable and the reasons for their rejection were given in the report; others were set aside until the next financial year but most of them were put into practice.

Some of the more notable additions to the school are:—a traffic lane which has been placed across Bathurst Street, (this was the result of a request from the "B" classes); and the laying of cement outside rooms 38-41 and leading into Bathurst St.

These are only two of Council's achievements. Next year Council will be working more efficiently still because it will have had a year and a half's experience behind it. It is up to you, the pupils of the school, to keep the ideas "coming in" to help us make your school a better place in which to work and play.

LIBRARY NOTES

By the end of October the library had acquired 312 new books of which 190 were non-fiction and 122 were fiction books. Stocks are now 6,243 non-fiction and 2,067 fiction books—8,310 books in all.

The most valuable acquisition was the new 10 volume edition of the Australian Encyclopaedia, a work which has gained universal praise and which will be of great value to all who want information about all aspects of Australian life, conditions and history.

The fiction section acquired some novels specially recommended as bridging the gap between children's and adult reading.

Bruce: Dead For A Ducat.
Bevan: Trooper Long.
Preston: Harvest Of Daring.
Gaite: The Far Traveller.
Protheroe: Beyond The Mountains.
Chetham-Strode: The Barlowes Of Beddington.
Walmsley: The Happy Ending.
White: The Master.

Additions to the memorial libraries were: to the A. L. Meston Memorial (endowed by Mrs. Meston).

Liddell, Robert: Some Principles Of Fiction.
Liddell, Robert: A Treatise On The Novel.
Luddock, Percy: The Craft Of Fiction.

To the Sandy Anderson Memorial (endowed by Mrs. Anderson).

Tovey, Donald: Essays In Musical Analysis (½ vols.).

Many sections of the library are now so crowded that it has become necessary to take from the shelves some of the older and less used books. This can be only a temporary measure and before long the library must be given more room. It has reached the stage at which shelf-juggling cannot solve problems.

At the beginning of the year a number of girls volunteered to help in the library and for a time they worked regularly and consistently at many library tasks but no longer do so. Perhaps in 1959 many monitors will serve the library as well as June Bussey has in 1958.

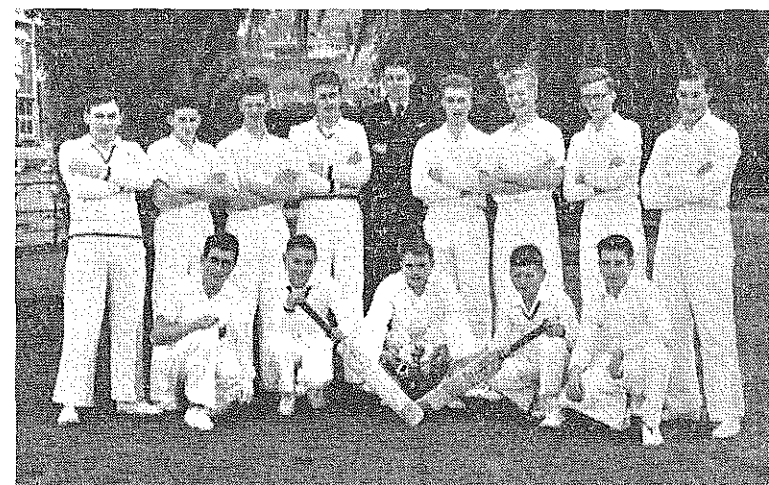


ATHLETIC CHAMPIONS.

From left.

Back: G. Webb, D. Webb, M. Parish, M. Anstee, N. Silver.

Front: M. Walsh, P. Camm, M. Smith, M. Arrol, J. Butler, J. Howard, D. Calver.



CRICKET XI.

From left.

Back: L. Morling, K. Jahncock, G. Campbell, R. Peters, Mr. Phillips, M. Roberts, L. Behan, G. Foot, A. Talbot.

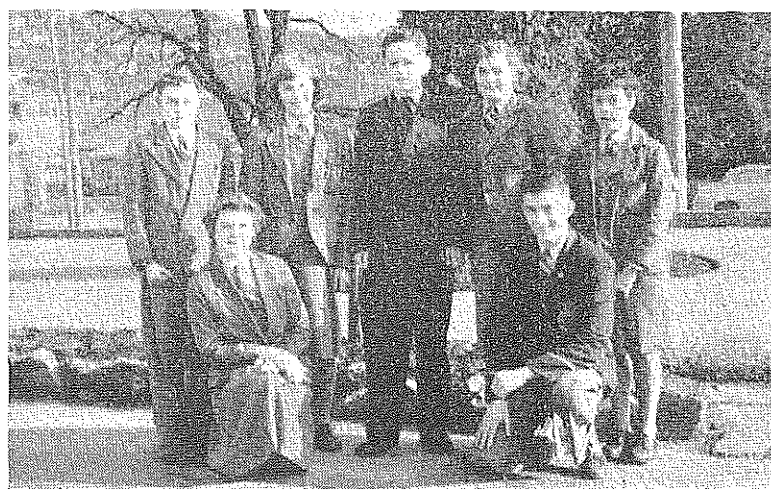
Front: J. Court, M. Furlong, A. Jacobson, G. Jones, P. Nelson.

SWIMMING CHAMPIONS.

From left.

Back: P. Ikin, L. Annear, R. Martin, E. Patterson, J. Pilkington.

Front: J. McNicholl, M. Walsh.

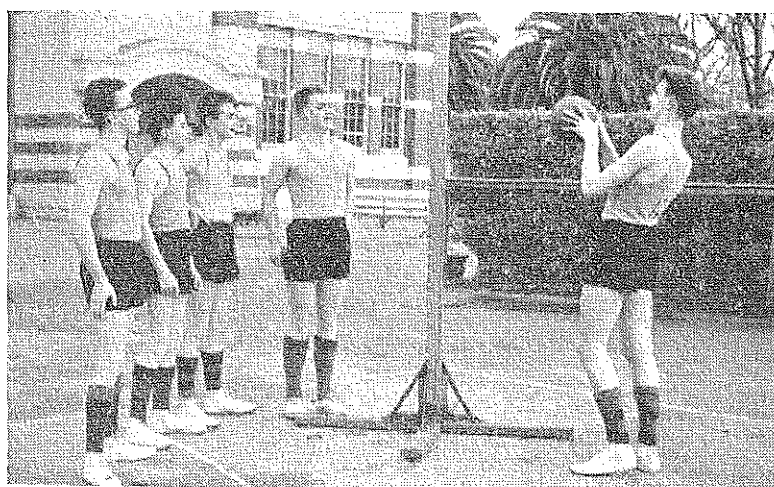


BOYS' TENNIS.

From left.

Back: M. O'Callaghan (capt.), G. Wise, B. Phillips, Mr. Bailey M. Anstee, R. McKendrick, B. Titmus.

Front: G. Summers, J. O'Callaghan.



BOYS' BASKETBALL.

From left.

B. Reas, K. Jahncock, C. Harris, M. Roberts, A. Edwards (capt.).



BOYS' HOCKEY.

From left.

Back: P. Littlejohn, D. Hannan, Mr. Stocks, A. Edwards (capt.), D. Wherrett, H. Tetlow, C. Barnard, R. Smith, J. Harvey.

Front: E. Wilson, M. Roberts, M. Barnard.



GIRLS' HOCKEY.

From left.

Back row: J. Howard, M. Cook, A. Fowler, D. Cole, L. Terry, H. Conway, V. Austin.

Front: N. Stanley, J. Smythe, B. Gibson (capt.), Miss Klye, E. Easterbrook, J. Thompson, J. Clarke.

FIRST FOOTBALL.

From left.

Back: G. Campbell, A. Furnage, P. Lee, A. Talbot, B. Morris, M. Anstee, R. Peters, D. Holmes, P. Campbell, L. Behan, G. Taylor.

2nd Row: J. Campbell, R. Church, G. Clark, M. O'Callaghan, L. Morling (capt.), Mr. Crawford, J. Greenwood, B. Rees, B. Phillips, R. McKendrick, D. Webb.

Front: D. Crothers, M. Giblin, A. Jacobson.



SOFTBALL.

From left.

Back row: E. Easterbrook, B. Creese, R. Saville, J. Faulkner, P. Stephenson.

Front: D. Goss, J. Butler, M. Parish (capt.), Miss King, Judy Pinner, C. Robinson, J. Cooper.



GIRLS' TENNIS.

From left.

Back: J. Callaghan, A. Sandman, J. Smythe, Miss Deane, S. Pedley (capt.), D. Cole, H. Tuting.

Front: H. McKay, J. Kaiser.



GIRLS' BASKETBALL.

(Left to right): M. Parish, J. Faulkner, P. Fawcner, J. Tole, Miss Dewis, B. James, C. Robinson, R. Saville, J. Pinner.

Front: S. Pedley (capt.).



ARMY CADETS.



RIFLE TEAM.
Back (from left): P. Boer, L. Spencer.
Front: I. Monkhouse, M. Roberts.

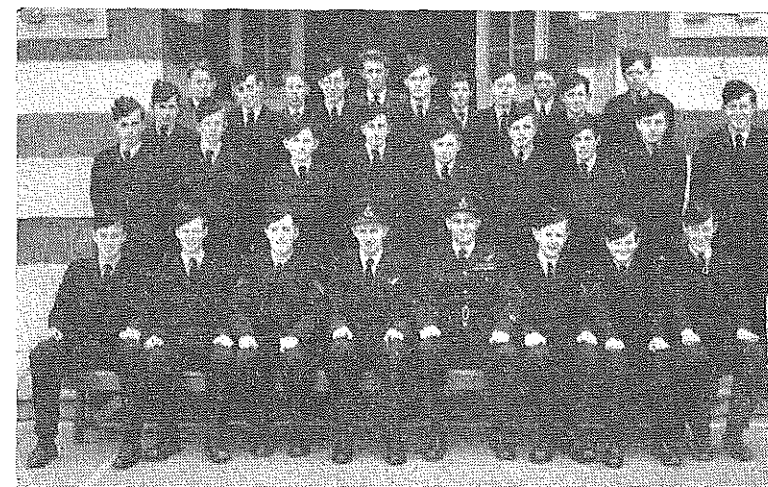
LAUNCESTON HIGH SCHOOL CADET CORPS

The Cadet Unit started off with a total strength of forty-nine at the beginning of the year; of this number seven are N.C.O.'s. At the Annual N.C.O. Camp, which was held at Fort Direction, South Arm, from the 9th to 22nd January, the following passed in their specialist courses and gained promotion: L. Spencer, E. Wilson, G. Williams, G. Walter, G. McLeod, R. Smith and C. Harris.

The Annual Camp was held at Brighton during August. Although weather and living conditions were disheartening, all members of the Unit rallied together with the staff and made the training period a success. It is fitting that we should thank W.O. Cerdia-Pavia for his kindly interest taken and his guidance offered to all the specialist groups amongst 2nd year cadets.

The rifle team consisting of: W.O. Spencer, Sgt. Roberts, Cdt. Boer, Sgt. Walker and WO2 Wilson (Capt.), was successful in winning the Earl Roberts' Trophy (Tas. Comd.). This is the fifth successive year that our team has won in this section of the Rifle shooting competition. Unfortunately, our team, in the M.M.G. competition, failed to reach the finals.

We look forward to assiduously completing the year's training and hope that further interests will be added in future years. It is anticipated that our members will increase steadily with boys who wish to make this activity an aim for achievement.



A.T.C. CADETS.

A.T.C. NOTES—1958

The Air Training Corps this year was dissociated from Technical High's 7 Flight and this was a benefit to the whole flight. Mr. Phillips was appointed to the rank of Flying Officer in the Royal Australian Air Force Reserve to take the position of Officer Commanding 6 Flight. Lectures have been conducted on Drill, Armament, Aircraft Recognition, Service Knowledge and Navigation.

A Range day was held at the end of second term.

Two Non-Commissioned Officer Courses were held at the Annual Camp at Fort Direction this year, and were attended by five senior cadets, all of whom passed their courses.

Promotions during the year were: L.A.C. Peters to Corporal; L.A.C. Campbell to Corporal; Cpl. Oakley to Sergeant; Sgt. King to Flight Sergeant.

The general bearing, drill, dress, and knowledge of the 6 Flight cadets is largely the result of excellent training by Flying Officer Coolahan and Cpl. Williams of the R.A.A.F.

BOYS' BASKETBALL Continued from p.25.

The team did well to reach the preliminary final of the Northern Junior Basketball Association, but lacked the experience needed to win.

TEAM CRITIQUE

ALAN EDWARDS (captain)—Alan capably led the team throughout the season, and proved himself to be a great asset, initiating many centre-line drives to the basket.

BEVAN REES (vice-captain)—Bevan is a reliable and intelligent player, who held the back line together with inspiring play.

KEVIN JOHNCOCK—A fast-moving player whose attacks helped the team considerably, and who should be a great asset to next year's team.

COLIN HARRIS—A greatly improved player but one who needs to settle down to position a little more.

MARTIN ROBERTS—A firm defence, whose positional play stopped many attacks.

IAN PATTIE—A newcomer, who shows promise for next year.

APPRECIATION

The editors would like to express their appreciation to Miss G. Davey and Miss J. Jessop for their interest and guidance in the production of the magazine and newspapers.

STAMP CLUB

This club was formed at the beginning of the year to give boys and girls an opportunity to exchange stamps and to increase their knowledge of philately. There were over 40 members of the club, about half of them being girls and most were or have become keen collectors. Several already have begun to specialize in chosen fields of philately.

The culmination of the year's activities was a very successful competition in three sections for the best sheets of mounted stamps. Some of the entries were of an exceedingly high standard and all entries reflected credit on the exhibitors. The only disappointing feature of the competition was the complete absence of girls' entries.

The prizewinners were: British Commonwealth Section, 1st, G. Harrison; 2nd, K. Silver; 3rd, P. East. Foreign Section, 1st R. Cook; 2nd, P. East; 3rd, B. Ramsden. Topical Section, 1st G. Harrison; 2nd, R. Bell; 3rd, R. Cook.

CHESS CLUB

During the year the Chess Club has functioned very successfully. We have held a Chess Championship Tournament, which was won by Donald Atkinson of C1.

This year we did not hold an Inter-School Chess Match with Technical High, as has happened during the past years, because of the activity period.

Our official for this year was the leader of the group, Jeffrey Dunlop, while presiding as supervisors were Miss B. Layh and Messrs. A. Crawford and P. Cowie.



DISCUSSION GROUP.

From left.

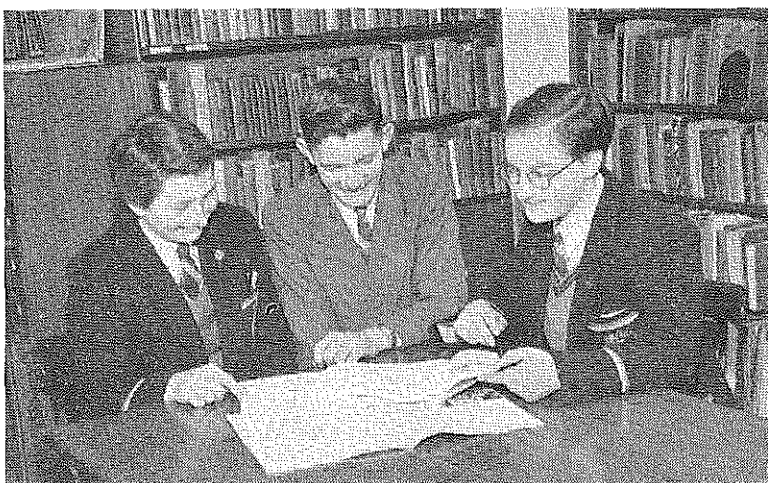
Standing: G. Burrows, J. Turpin.

Front: J. Palmer, G. Wootten, Dr. Penizek, K. Plehwa.

DISCUSSION GROUP

This year the discussion group consisted of fourteen members, two of whom joined the activity in the second term. A team of four members plus one emergency took part in the Inter-High discussions which were held at Devonport. The two topics discussed were "Is Communism completely bad?" and "Should the Australian

aborigine be given full citizenship." Two members of the team participated in each discussion and it was felt that the exchange of ideas proved valuable and enlightening. The group would like to extend its appreciation to Dr. Penizek for her able guidance and interest throughout the year.



EDITORS.

N. Stanley, T. Kettle, K. Plehwa.

House Notes

ARTHUR—BOYS

At the beginning of the year, Martin Roberts was elected House Captain, Alan Edwards Secretary and Ian Greenwood third committee-man.

This year Arthur has been most successful and through the teamwork and co-operation of the members, Arthur House came out on top in the Inter-House Swimming and Athletic Sports.

TEAM REPRESENTATIVES

Cricket: A. Jacobson, A. Talbot, M. Roberts, J. Court.

Football: I. Greenwood, A. Jacobson, B. Phillips, A. Talbot, G. Clarke, M. Giblin, A. Furnage, D. Holmes.

Hockey: A. Edwards, M. Roberts, D. Wherrett, C. Barnard.

Tennis: B. Phillips.

Basketball: A. Edwards, M. Roberts, C. Harris, J. Pattie.

Prefects: I. Greenwood, M. Roberts, A. Edwards, D. Wherrett, B. Phillips.

Arthur owes a great deal to Mr. Crawford for the interest and guidance he has shown in the House this year, and we would like to take this opportunity to thank him for all he has done.

ARTHUR—GIRLS

At the beginning of the year Judy Pinner was elected House Captain and Beth Gibson Vice-Captain, but after Judy was elected Head Prefect these positions were assumed by Beth and Penny Stephenson respectively.

This year we won the Swimming Carnival and would like to congratulate the other houses on their fine performances. In the Athletic Sports Jean Howard won the Open Championship, Pat Camm the Under 15 Athletic Championship and Maxine Arnol the Under 13 Athletic Championship. Maxine, incidentally, broke the Open 75 Yards record.

We would like to congratulate Sorell House on their fine performance in the 1957 Talent Quest.

TEAM REPRESENTATIVES

Softball: Judy Pinner, Penny Stephenson, Judy Cooper, Robin Saville.

Tennis: Judy Smythe, Heather Tuting, Adrienne Sandman, Jill Callaghan.

Basketball: Judy Pinner, Robin Saville, Barbara James.

Hockey: Beth Gibson, Judy Smythe, Vonda Austin, Helen Conway, Jean Howard, Jenny Clarke, Janet Thompson.

Prefects: Judy Pinner, Beth Gibson, Penny Stephenson, Anne Wickham, Karla Plehwa, Jean MacDonald.

We take this opportunity to thank Mrs. Dean and Miss Morrison for their help.

FRANKLIN—BOYS

Graeme Campbell was elected House Captain and Bruce Morris Secretary at the elections which were held in the first term.

With invaluable coaching from Mr. Watson, Franklin rose to second place in the Athletic Sports and the Swimming Carnival, thereby justifying the prophecy made last year. Congratulations are due to Dale and Glyn Webb, who were the Open and Under 13 champions respectively.

TEAM REPRESENTATIVES

Football: Dale Webb, Graeme Campbell, Lance Behan, Bruce Morris, Jeffrey Campbell, Grant Taylor.

Cricket: Lance Behan, Peter Nelson, Kevin Johncock, Graeme Campbell.

Hockey: David Hannan, Hugh Tetlow.

Prefects: Alan Mills, Hugh Tetlow.

FRANKLIN—GIRLS

At the beginning of the year Sally Pedley was elected House Captain and Margaret Cameron House Secretary. We wish to thank Miss Dewis and Miss Klye for their unflinching interest shown in house activities throughout the year.

Franklin has begun a rapid climb to the top. We gained second place in the Swimming Sports, scooping the pool in the girls' events: Jeannette McNichol, Open Champion; Eleanor Patterson, Under 15 champion; and Janice Pilkington equal Under 13 champion. We were also second in the Athletic Sports, thanks to a good team spirit. The only individual success was that of Joan Butler who won the Under 15 Field Games Championship. We would like to congratulate all participants in both sports, especially the champions. Congratulations also to Arthur on their wins.

TEAM REPRESENTATIVES

Softball: Julie Faulkner, Joan Butler, Denise Goss.

Tennis: Sally Pedley (capt.).

Hockey: Mavis Cook, Amla Fowler.

Basketball: Sally Pedley (capt.), Joan Tole, Pat Fawcner, Julie Faulkner.

Prefects: Margaret Cameron, Kathleen Ashworth, Sally Pedley.

SORELL—BOYS

During the first term of this year Michael O'Callaghan was elected House Captain, Les Spencer Vice-Captain and Robin McKendrick Secretary. Sorell House has not met with great success as yet but the house spirit and enthusiasm augurs well for future success.

TEAM REPRESENTATIVES

Football: M. O'Callaghan, D. Crothers, M. Anstee, R. McKendrick.

Tennis: M. O'Callaghan (Captain), R. McKendrick, J. O'Callaghan, M. Anstee.

Hockey: E. Wilson (Vice-Captain).

Cricket: G. Foot (Captain).

Rifle Team: L. Spencer, Ted Walker, P. Boer.

Prefects: G. Foot, L. Spencer, M. O'Callaghan.

The House wishes to thank Mr. Bailey for the encouragement and help he has given them throughout the year.

SORELL—GIRLS

This year Margaret Parish was elected House Captain and Maree Bean Secretary. Although Sorell has not been very successful this year we have been well represented in both the Swimming and Athletic sports. In the Athletic Sports, Margaret Parish became Open Field Games' champion. We would like to congratulate Arthur House on its fine wins. We would like to convey our thanks to Miss Record and Miss Crawshaw for their help and co-operation.

TEAM REPRESENTATIVES

Softball: Margaret Parish (captain).
Basketball: Margaret Parish (vice-captain).
Hockey: Noel Stanley.
Tennis: Helen McKay.
Prefects: Margaret Parish, Maree Bean, Helen McKay, Noel Stanley, Janet Kerrison.

WILMOT HOUSE NOTES—BOYS

At the first meeting of the House this year Lindsay Morling was elected House Captain with Bevan Rees House Secretary and Robert Peters Vice-Captain.

Our house was well represented in senior teams, but through lack of senior competitors we did not do as well as we expected to in the Swimming and Athletic sports.

Michael Walsh distinguished himself by winning both the Open Swimming and Field Games' Championships. Congratulations to Michael and also to all other competitors.

TEAM REPRESENTATIVES

Football: L. Morling, B. Rees, P. Campbell, P. Lee, R. Peters, A. Furnage, M. Giblin.
Cricket: L. Morling, R. Peters.
Tennis: B. Titmus, G. Wise, G. Summers.
Prefect: Michael Walsh.

We would like to thank Mr. Stocks for the interest he has shown in the House during his first year as House Master.

WILMOT HOUSE NOTES—GIRLS

At the first House meeting Rosemary Kaiser was elected House Captain and Bev. Creese Vice-Captain.

So far this year Wilmot has gained third place in both the Athletic and the Swimming sports. We would like to congratulate Margaret Smith who won the Under 13 Field Games' Championship, and also give congratulations to Arthur House who won both Swimming and Athletic sports.

The keen spirit and enthusiasm of the junior members was responsible for much of our success. They had an easy win in the B Grade Hockey.

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

Finally, we wish to thank Miss Bushby and Miss Wilcox for their encouragement and help throughout the year.

TEAM REPRESENTATIVES

Tennis: D. Cole, J. Kaiser.
Softball: C. Robinson, E. Easterbrook, B. Creese.
Hockey: D. Cole, E. Easterbrook.
Basketball: C. Robinson.
Lifesaving: G. Goetzke, S. Rosevear.
Swimming Team: H. Nichol, G. Goetzke.
Prefects: B. Creese, G. Bellizia, G. Knight, E. Easterbrook, M. Wood, G. Bakes, R. Kaiser, H. Kay.

ATHLETICS, 1957.

GIRLS.

Open Champion: Judith Pinner.
Under 15 Champion: Robin Saville.
Under 13 Champion: Janice Wickham.

FIELD GAMES CHAMPIONSHIPS.

Open Champion: Betty Frankcombe.
Under 15 Champion: Diane Young and Robin Saville, aeq.
Under 13 Champion: Denise Gossage and Claire Winmill, aeq.

SWIMMING CHAMPIONSHIPS.

Open: Lynne Holloway.
Under 15: Lois Roberts.
Under 13: Sally Rosevear.

TENNIS CHAMPIONS:

Open Singles: Lynne Holloway.
Doubles: Lynne Holloway and Annette Marquand.
Junior Singles: Adrienne Sandman.
Doubles: Adrienne Sandman and Jenny Kaiser.

BOYS.

Open Champion: Alan Evans.
Under 15 Champion: Lindsay Morling.
Under 13 Champion: Graham Wright.

FIELD GAMES.

Open Champion: Bruce Beattie.
Under 15 Champion: Martin Anstee.
Under 13 Champion: Andrew Shipley.

SWIMMING CHAMPIONSHIPS.

Open: Alan Evans.
Under 16: Michael Walsh.
Under 14: Martin Anstee.

TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIPS.

Open Singles: Michael O'Callaghan.
Doubles: Michael O'Callaghan and Bruce Beattie.
Junior Singles: John O'Callaghan.
Doubles: John O'Callaghan and Peter Brice.

CRICKET: Wayne Williams.

FOOTBALL (given by Churinga Football Club): Ray Bailey.

HOCKEY (given by Churinga Hockey Club): Ian Ling.

RIFLE SHOOTING (given by Col. W. Fotheringham): Les. Spencer.

GENERAL PRIZE LIST, 1957.

Prizes for General Merit (given by Mr. T. G. Johnston)—Girl, Lynne Holloway; Boy, Ray Bailey.

Prizes for General Merit in "B" Classes (given by Parents' and Friends' Association): Girl, Karla Plehwe; Boy, Ian Greenwood.

Attitude and Influence Prizes (given by Messrs. Ludbrooks Pty. Ltd.): Girls, Judith Gough, Suzanne Phillips; Boys, Ian Ling, Bruce Beattie.

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

Best Passes in Matriculation Examination 1956 (given by Parents' Association): Girl, Patricia Ryan; Boy, Rudolph Plehwe.

Peggy Pedley Memorial Prize (given by Mrs. S. Taylor): Janice Power.

Prizes for Service to the School: Pianists—Senior, Eva Abrams; Junior, Richard Carter.

Library Service: Shirley Casboul.

CLASSES PRIZE LIST.

Dux of A Class (given by Old Scholars' Association) Judith Gough, (Literary).

Dux of A Class (given by Hemingway and Robertson Institute): Gregory Walker (Science).

Dux of B1 Class (given by Messrs. A. W. Birchall and Sons Pty. Ltd.): Robert Green.

Dux of B2 Class (given by Mr. A. J. Woolcock): Karla Plehwe.

Dux of B3 Class (given by Messrs. A. W. Birchall and Sons Pty. Ltd.): Judith McLean.

Dux of B4 Class (given by Messrs. A. W. Birchall and Sons Pty. Ltd.): Barbara Gibbins.

Dux of B5 Class (given by Parents' and Friends' Association): Marlene Forsyth.

Dux of C1 Class: Janice Littlejohn.

Dux of C2 Class: Bevan Rees.

Dux of C3 Class: Yvonne Knop.

Dux of C4 Class: Patricia Faulkner.

Dux of C5 Class: Karlene Sutton.

Dux of C6 Class: Judith Williams.

Dux of D1 Class: Donald Atkinson.

Dux of D2 Class: John O'Callaghan.

Dux of D3 Class: Laraine Jarman.

Dux of D4 Class: Jennifer Ritchie.

Dux of D5 Class: Francine Wilson.

Dux of D6 Class: Jennifer Keeble.

Dux of E1 Class: Judith Littlejohn.

Dux of E2 Class: Heather Campbell.

Dux of E3 Class: Graham Wright.

Dux of E4 Class: Jillian Guy.

Dux of E5 Class: Anne Wright.

Dux of E6 Class: Lynette Terry.

MATRICULATION EXAMINATIONS, 1956

Subject Prizes

English Literature (The J. R. Orchard Prize): Rudolph Plehwe.

Modern History (given by Miss Mary Fisher): Rudolph Plehwe.

French (given by Hon. Lucy Grounds, M.L.C.): Rudolph Plehwe.

Mathematics (given by Mr. L. Garrott): Murray Harper.

Chemistry (given by Messrs. Hatton and Laws): Robert Atkinson.

Passes

Zilla Abrams, Robert Atkinson, Coralie Hingston, Gabrielle Hurst, Janice Odgers, Rudolph Plehwe, Bruce Beattie, Beverley Joyce, Treena Propsting, Jennifer Edwards, John Forward, Sandra Fowler, Murray Harper, Joan Hayward, Alwyn Kidd, Peter McGee, Michael Middleton, Loris Munro, Peggy Oates, Patricia Ryan, Frank Stanistreet, Kelvin Wadley, Marie Wilson, Marshall Wilson.

BEST PASSES IN MATRICULATION EXAMINATION, 1956.

Patricia Ryan (3 Credits, 1 Higher).

Rudolph Plehwe (6 Credits).

UNIVERSITY PRIZES AND SCHOLARSHIPS, 1956.

Rhodes Scholar, 1957: Neal Blewett.

University Entrance Scholarships: Rudolph Plehwe (1st); Robert Atkinson (9th); Murray Harper (17th).

Education Department Scholarship: Murray Harper (1st); Marshall Wilson (3rd).

Sir Phillip Fysh Prize (English Literature and Modern History): Rudolph Plehwe (1st).

Gilchrist Watt: Rudolph Plehwe (1st).

Sir Richard Dry Exhibition (Modern Languages): Rudolph Plehwe (1st).

Government of New Caledonia Scholarship: Rudolph Plehwe (1st).

Physical Education Scholarship: Robin Pedley.

City of Melbourne Scholarship to Kew Training College: Zilla Abrams.

OLD SCHOLARS.

Scholarship by German Government: Bruce Beaton.

Hobart Arts Club Prize: Janet Jessop.

"Nora Semmens" Scholarship, Kew Training College: Dalziel Wilson.

Fine Arts Diploma: Janet Jessop.

DEGREES CONFERRED ON OLD SCHOLARS.

Ph.D. (London): Alan MacLaine.

M.A.: Barbara Hamilton.

Graduate in Medicine: Judith Begent, Brian Smith.

B.A.: Donald Colgrave, Stuart Cripps, Ian Lancaster, Margaret Morrison, Jennifer Reeves, John Traill.

B.Sc. (Hons.): Ernest Nun (1st.); Terence Howroyd (2nd.).

B.Sc.: Donald Best.

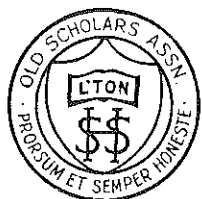
BEST PASSES IN SCHOOLS' BOARD EXAMINATION, 1956.

Judith Gough (8 Credits), Ian Ling (6 Credits, 2 Higher Passes).

OTHER AWARDS.

Art of Speech: Janice Power, L.L.C.M.

Queen's Scout: Douglas Wherrett.



Old Scholars' Association

DIRECTORY

Patron: Mr. L. E. Amos.
President: Mr. C. A. Allen.
Chairman: Mr. I. Lanham.
Secretaries: Miss L. Monkhouse and Mr. W. Clarke.
Treasurer: Mr. R. Bayles.
Senior Old Scholars' Representatives: Mrs. Atherton and Mr. Stephens.
Committee: Misses J. Trelloggen, B. Atkins, E. Mundy, L. Brett, A. Marriott, G. Bryant and S. Thompson.
Messrs. R. Watson, P. McGee, G. Poxon and A. Duncan.

ANNUAL DINNER

Our Annual Dinner was conducted on 15th March at the Metropole Hotel and once again proved a success.

DANCE

A Sports Dance was held at Windmill Hill Hall on the 23rd May, 1958, and proved a great success, both socially and financially.

BARBECUE

A Barbecue-Barn Dance was arranged for 21st June at the property of Mr. Gieves, Dilston. This event was not as well patronised as could have been desired but was voted a grand night by those who attended.

STREET STALL

On the 14th June the Committee conducted a street stall. Although snow fell in most parts of Tasmania, including Launceston, on that day, it was well supported and a financial success.

TRIP TO OATLANDS

Members of our Association journeyed to Oatlands on the 5th October where they met sports' teams from O.H.A. Several sporting events were conducted during the day, including football, hockey, basketball and golf. This trip is proving a popular one and in the last few years has replaced the customary weekend trip to Hobart.

FAREWELL TO MISS LAYH

Old Scholars, wishing to express their best wishes to Miss Layh on her retirement, have arranged to combine with the Parents' and Friends' Association at a function to be held at the School on the 13th December. This will take the form of a late afternoon tea party at which all Old Scholars will be very welcome.

Miss Layh has rendered excellent service to the School which will be long remembered, and the Old Scholars wish to express their appreciation and best wishes for the future at the completion of a task well done.

ENGAGEMENTS

Janet Brent to Geoff. Wright.
Beverley Talbot to Kerry Manse.
Bruce Proverbs to Valery Boxall.
Lynette Bowden to Tim Ockerby.
Brian Yost to Dalma Grieve.

Jalna Cartwright to Geoff. von Steiglitz.
Margaret Morrison to John Howard.
Jurgen Fleischer to Judy Kellermin.
Rae Granfield to Kevin Howell.

MARRIAGES

Beverley McLellan to Tom Vimpany.
Marilyn Shaddock to Michael Rosevears.
Max Cunningham to Faye Walters.
Jill Read to Geoff. Hawkey.
Barbara Brown to Gus. O'Brien.
Brenda Partridge to Fred. McCarron.
Pam McQuestion to Edward Taylor.
Barbara Langmaid to Doug. Ridges.
Terence Morton to Patricia Kerr.
Judith Thompson to David Lowe.
Guusje Broek to Bruce Findlay.
Elma Bolch to John Waldren.
Janet Scott to Lyell Knowles.

BIRTHS

Bonnie and Bill Allen—a son.
Jenny and Graeme Mayhead—a son.
Noel and Anne Atkins—a son.
Marion and Len Bonser—a daughter.
Marlene and Frank McCarron—a son.
Genevieve and Brian Duhig—a daughter.
Margaret and Robert Yost—a daughter.
Gwen and Peter Parsons—a son.
Gwen and Kevin Jack—a daughter.
Wendy and David Tudor—a daughter.

OBITUARY

Gratton Roberts Hutton.

It is with regret that we record the death of Gratton Hutton, which occurred in July of this year. After completing his education at the Launceston High School he became apprenticed to the building trade, with which industry he was associated throughout his life. At the time of his death, Mr. Hutton was a prominent and respected businessman of whom this Association feels justly proud.

We extend our deepest sympathy to his family.

PERSONAL

Congratulations are extended to Mrs. Dorothy E. Edwards who received the Order of the British Empire in the 1958 Birthday Honours' civil list. Mrs. Edwards was Mayor of Launceston in 1955 and 1956. She was the first woman in Tasmania to become an alderman and occupy the office of Mayor. She is now Deputy-Mayor.

C. R. (Bob) Ingamells is a name which is becoming increasingly prominent in municipal affairs. Bob has been re-appointed Warden of the Westbury Municipality. He is also well-known in cricket circles both as a player and administrator.

Dorothy Gardiner was a member of the Australian Women's Golf Team which toured New Zealand recently.

Terence Morton and Michael Newton were recently admitted to the Institute of Chartered Accountants of Australia.

Congratulations to Lyn. Bowden who won the Northern Women's Tennis Championship for the fifth consecutive year.

E. R. A. Howroyd regained a seat in the House of Assembly, replacing the former Premier, Mr. Cosgrove.

SPORT

BADMINTON

Three Churinga teams were entered in the Northern Tasmanian Badminton Association Roster. They were "B" Reserve, "C" and "C" Reserve. "C" Reserve finished well down the ladder; "C" got into the final four but were defeated in their first semi-final by Launceston; "B" Reserve won their way to the final but lost to Trinity by four points.

Several evenings were spent playing socially against Ashley Boys' Home and were very much enjoyed.

A social roster was also conducted in which the record number of 35 members took part in evenly contested matches.

Anyone wishing to join the Badminton Club can do so by getting in touch with either G. Gibney at 21461 or A. Duncan at 21271.

BASKETBALL

Two Churinga Basketball teams competed in the A Grade Women's roster this year. Towards the end of the season the standard of play improved, but not sufficiently to place either team in the final four for the premiership. The teams were led by determined and able players, Dawn Barker and Maureen Fry.

Old Scholars who gained selection in the State Basketball Team were D. Barker, B. Frankcombe and D. Farquhar.

A number of present and old scholars were members of the Northern Touring Team which won the interstate touring carnival in Hobart during August. These included S. Pedley, M. Parish, J. Pinner, C. Robinson, M. Fry and W. Smithem.

FOOTBALL

Although the Churinga Football Team was eliminated in the first semi-final of the Northern Amateur Football League, all players had an excellent season. The team as a whole played well together throughout the season and won seven matches.

The efforts of the Captain and Coach, Jack (Bulley) Sutton, on and off the field cannot be too highly praised. At the age of 41 years he was undoubtedly the fittest player afield this season. It is sincerely regretted that in the second last roster match he received a broken bone in the ankle; however, with foot in plaster he urged his team on from the sideline each Saturday.

Churinga was represented in the North v. South match by T. Bailey, M. Newton, B. Hodgson, E. Thomas, P. McGee and D. Tudor. Peter McGee won the League's Best and Fairest Award for the season and also the club trophy for the Best and Fairest. Runners-up for the latter trophy in order of merit were Eddie Thomas, Duncan Grant, Wilfred Willes and Michael Newton. Duncan Grant also won the Old Launcestonian Blues' News Trophy.

It was heartening to the club to see the younger players taking a keen interest in the game. Without such players as John Tilley, Peter McGee, Bob Cleary and David Clarke, at times it would have been difficult to field a team.

Churinga again played the School at the end of last season and were soundly beaten—congratulations, boys. Another social match was played—the Past versus the Present Churinga team—and here again the present team was defeated. Stars for the Past Players were Roy Tucker, from pre-war vintage, Alan Butcher, Keith Lawrence, Vic. Miller and Arthur Ryan.

Old scholars who are now in professional football ranks as playing coaches are Noel Atkins, Geoff. (Paddy) Martin and Brian Yost, who coach East Devonport, Burnie and Riverside respectively.

In conclusion, it is worthy of note that last year's school player Ray Bailey has had a successful season with North Hobart.

MEN'S HOCKEY

This year Churinga fielded two teams in the Northern Hockey Association roster. After starting rather badly the teams steadily improved as the season progressed.

The club was sorry to lose last year's President and Captain, Dexter Cocker, who was transferred by the Education Department, but his place was taken by Hyman Hudson who has led the teams well.

Churinga was well and ably represented in the Camberwell and Felix Cups, and congratulations go to Kevin Jack who has passed his Australian Umpires' Test.

Several social functions were held during the season, one being the Annual Dinner at which club trophies were presented.

All new or intending players of the game are asked to make contact through any member of the team and endeavour to make next season an even more successful one.

WOMEN'S HOCKEY

Two teams, Churinga Green and Churinga Red, affiliated with the Northern Tasmanian Women's Hockey Association and participated in its roster matches. Green finished third on the ladder and played Apex in the semi-final, being defeated 6-4, but Red did not qualify for inclusion in the three leading teams.

Peggy Carter and Janet Brent were representatives in the Northern Team which played in the intrastate matches at Launceston in June.

Members of the teams made a weekend trip to Devonport and played a match against Devonport High School, which resulted in a draw 2 all.

The teams also held a most successful dinner at the Launceston Hotel at which a trophy was presented to Bev. Vimpany for Best and Fairest player for the year.

It was disappointing to note during the season that many old High School scholars played hockey with teams other than Churinga. We would, therefore, be very pleased if girls leaving school who wish to play hockey next year would contact Janet Brent at Garrot and Garrott, 21 Paterson Street, Launceston.

WELCOME

To the boys and girls who are leaving school this year and embarking on careers, we wish you success for the future and extend you a hearty welcome to the ranks of our Association.

For a small subscription you may become a financial member of the association and be entitled to all its benefits. Taking an interest in the Old Scholars' Association enables you to keep friendships already made at school, meet new friends, and keep in touch with "the best School of all."

Finally, we would like to thank our Patron, Mr. L. E. Amos, for the assistance and guidance he has given the Association throughout the year.

Autographs of Staff

<u>L. E. Evans</u>	<u>A. P. Faulch.</u>	<u>L. A. Russell.</u>
<u>P. R. Bowie</u>	<u>B. Layh.</u>	<u>E. C. Wesley.</u>
<u>J. H. Dean.</u>	<u>J. H. Lyth</u>	<u>M. B. Kord.</u>
<u>R. H. Wilson</u>	<u>H. Phillips</u>	<u>R. Mainbridge.</u>
<u>L. J. Layton</u>	<u>J. G. Woodward</u>	<u>M. E. Haworth.</u>
<u>E. H. Penzance</u>	<u>M. Ash.</u>	<u>C. B. Dwyer</u>
<u>S. J. Daire</u>	<u>W. H. Ten Broeke</u>	<u>V. M. Boxall</u>
<u>M. Morris.</u>	<u>A. L. Crawford.</u>	<u>T. Bailey</u>
<u>P. K. Davis.</u>	<u>J. M. Allen</u>	<u>G. H. Page.</u>
<u>V. Khye.</u>	<u>M. Phillips</u>	<u>J. Jenoch.</u>
<u>F. Crawshaw</u>	<u>H. Skeland</u>	<u>H. Stocks</u>
<u>C. Wilcox.</u>	<u>H. Holloway</u>	<u>A. Nelson</u>
<u>M. Morrison</u>	<u>E. Sutherland.</u>	<u>S. King</u>
<u>G. Bushby.</u>	<u>R. Watson</u>	<u>J. and Gay.</u>