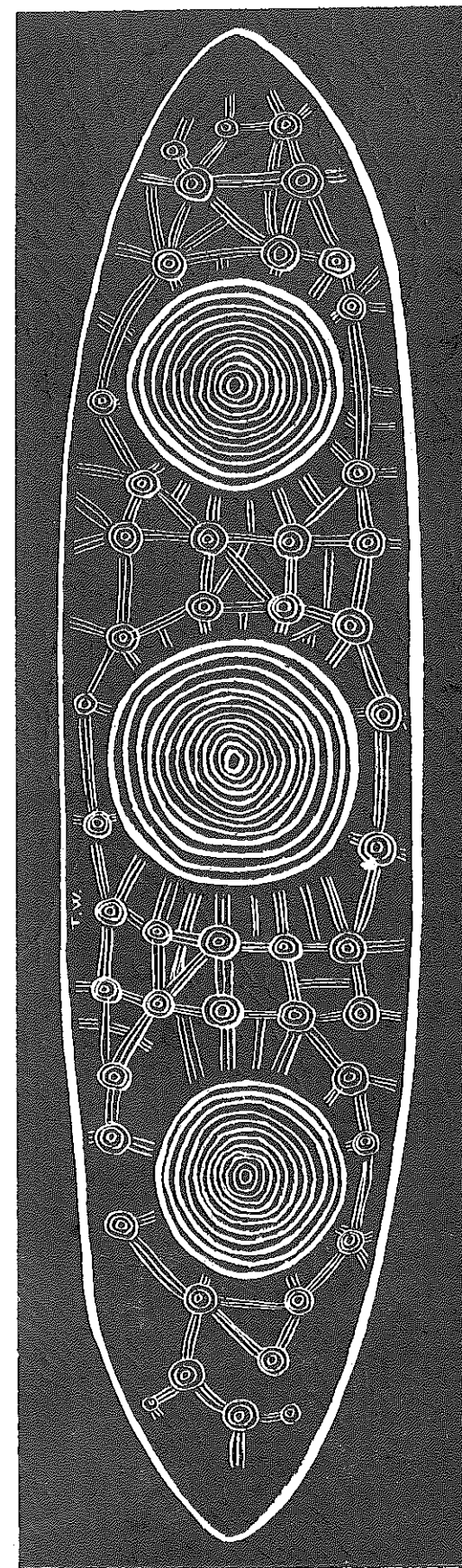


Hingston, Launceston



*The
Northern
Churinga*

*Launceston High School
Magazine*

Volume XLVII

December, 1959

Our Cover

The title for the School Magazine was chosen by the late Mr. A. L. Meston, the first Senior Master of English in the School, and later Headmaster from 1932 to 1938.

We are indebted to Mr. Meston for the following derivation of the word "Churinga."

"Churinga" is the name given to certain sacred objects by the natives of Central Australia. These objects are circular, oval, or elongate in shape and are always flat on each side.

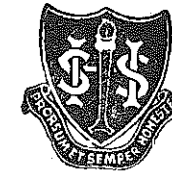
They may be made of wood or stone and vary in size from 4 inches to 6 feet. The large ones are always made of wood, though stone Churinga of 2 to 3 feet are frequently found. They are almost marked with designs consisting of straight, wavy, concentric circular or spiral lines. Each design bore a definite meaning.

No woman or uninitiated youth was permitted to see a churinga and the churinga were kept in a sacred place. Before being allowed to know the whereabouts of the sacred place and to see the churinga, a man must have passed through the ceremonies admitting him to manhood, to have shown himself capable of self-restraint and to be worthy by his general demeanour of being admitted to the secrets of the tribe. The churinga was the dwelling place of the spirit of one of the tribal ancestors. The loss of a churinga was a most serious evil and every attempt was made to keep the secret of its whereabouts unknown to the initiate. The storehouse was sacred, no one and no animal could be hurt or injured in its vicinity and no weapons could be displayed there. Many churinga, the stones in particular, are of great age.

When messengers were sent from tribe to tribe, they were given a churinga as a passport. The bearer of one of these sticks was absolutely safe anywhere. It was not a message stick, but, because of its sacred nature, the bearer was "sacrosanct."

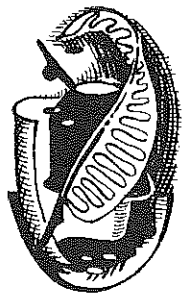
The cover design has been adopted from a wooden churinga, belonging to a member of the frog totem. The story was told by a native in charge of the churinga. The large concentric circles represent three large well-known gum trees which grow beside the High River, a tributary of the Finke River, near Alice Springs. These trees are connected with the frog totem legends, for out of them the frog spirits are supposed to come. The belief, no doubt, arises from the fact that there are holes and cavities in the trunks, and that frogs can be heard croaking before the onset of rain. The little circles are the small frogs which have come out of the trees, the connecting lines being their limbs.

The Northern Churinga



Launceston High School

Editorial



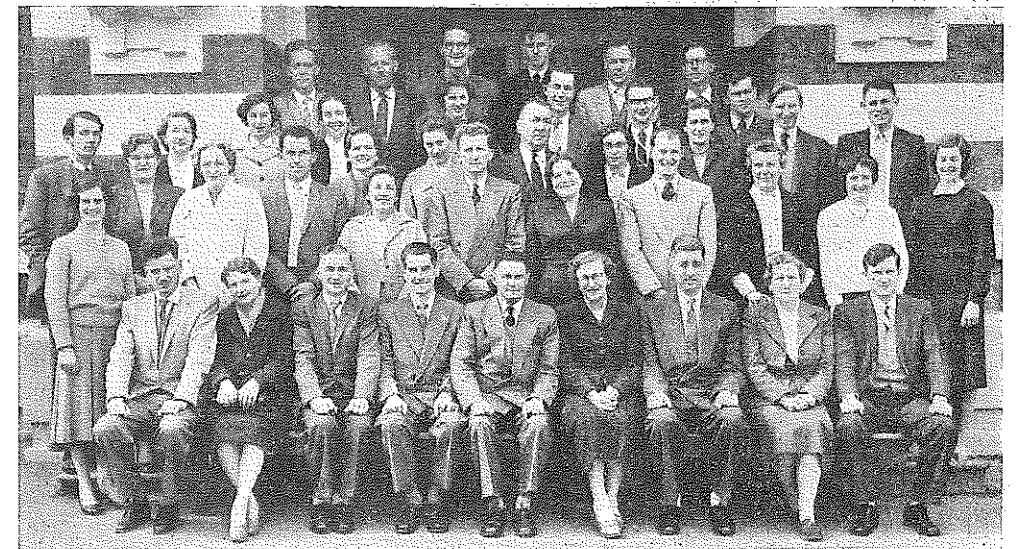
As this year draws to a close, many of you will be thinking of new acquaintances and friends. At this time, perhaps, it is as well to reflect on the meaning of friendship. The word is used in so many different ways, usually in a broader sense than was originally intended. A great writer once said: "In the presence of a true friend a man may think aloud." This is expressed in the statement: "A friend is one who knows the worst about you, and loves you just the same." Be honest with yourself; how many of your so-called friends would be the same to you if they knew the worst about you? Very few, probably.

Many people use the term "friend" to apply to anyone from a nodding acquaintance to a close comrade, but a true friend is only he with whom you share your joys and sorrows, your hopes and fears. Joys shared with a friend are doubled—sorrows halved.

Friendship exerts a great influence on all our lives. Poor, indeed, is the man who has no friend, for he has missed one of life's best delights. Work shared with a friend is often done more willingly, more quickly, and with more enjoyment.

However, friendships should be formed wisely. "A man is known by the company he keeps," and, while no one should dare to despise even one of his fellow men, he should definitely not seek the companionship of those whose low standards will only affect his own.

Here, at school, each of you has a great privilege; that of meeting people whom you may later delight to call by the name of friend. Strive to be the very best friend that you can be, so that no one may ever be ashamed to say: "This was my friend."



STAFF.

Back Row: Mr. Wesley, Mr. Kooistra, Mr. Tuck, Mr. Phillips, Mr. ten Broeke, Mr. Askeland.
4th Row: Miss Edwards, Miss Scott, Miss Burness, Mr. Handley, Mr. Denholm, Mr. McGinn.
3rd Row: Miss Orr, Mrs. Prosser, Miss Boxall, Dr. Kowalski, Miss Dewis, Miss Deane, Mr. Page, Mr. Stocks.
2nd Row: Mr. Cowie, Miss Brown, Mrs. Howarth, Mr. Crawford, Mrs. Sutherland, Mr. Nash, Miss Gay, Mr. Allan, Miss Bushby, Miss Klye, Miss King.
Front Row: Miss Wilcox, Mr. Woodward, Mrs. Holloway, Mr. Wilson, Mr. Hudspeth, Mr. Amos, Miss Russell, Mr. Childs, Miss Blythe, Mr. Bailey.

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Sorell — Yvonne Knop, Gregory Foot.
Wilmot — Heather Nicol, Lindsay Morling.

SCHOOL PIANISTS:

Senior — Yvonne Knop.
Junior — Fay Harrison.

WAH SU GOES HOME

Wah Su sat on the hard bench on the store verandah, leaning back against the wall, where the paint was blistered by some forty or fifty hot summers. The valley had not changed very much since the day when he came here in his far-off youth.

The river flowed along at the foot of the hill below the store, and curved away, clear and sparkling between two green hills and on to the sea. And the sea flowed on to his homeland. His homeland!

Four or perhaps five hundred moons ago, he had climbed out of the wagons that brought him, together with some hundred of his countrymen to work the tin-mines. He had thought the strange trees too many, the water too clear, and the wooden floors of the cabins much harder than the earthen ones on which he had been accustomed to spread his sleeping-mat.

He had vowed that as soon as he had filled his ginger-jar with silver, he would return to China and rescue his parents from their hovel by the muddy yellow river that flowed sluggishly across the barren plain. Perhaps if he filled several ginger-jars, he could buy a pig or maybe set himself up as a street-stall owner in San-Tow. Who knows? Perhaps he could save enough to set himself up as a merchant and then little "Beautiful Happiness" of the soft hands and shy eyes would smile kindly upon so brave a suitor returned in honour from far places.

So, he did not play fan-tan nor smoke the opium. He toiled all day at the sluice-box, washing the ore from the barrow loads of soil, wheeled from the mine-face by his fellows.

"Strange," he mused, "that stuff so black and heavy is worth so much to the white manager. Gold, yes, but little dirty black grains of stone! Truly the white man has strange loves."

At night he padded from the workings in the river, up the hillside to his cabin. Rice was plentiful — two bowls, or even three if one could eat it, and there were many pieces of meat. Truly one could grow fat in a very few moons. He stored his silver very carefully in his jar. Sometimes he stood outside the fan-tan ring where those who were lucky won more "cash" to add to the store that would take them back to their homeland in honour and wealth. But he also marked how some lost their wages and then spent their last few "cash" buying enough opium for a pipe, which they smoked, lying side by side on the hard bench that ran along the inside walls of the den.

Wah Su's thoughts were interrupted by an old fossiker coming out of the hotel opposite. He feathered his way across the road and blundered onto the store verandah. Wah Su swiftly closed his eyes and feigned sleep. Whisky drinking white men were as tiresome as his fellow Chinese who drank to excess of the patent rice wine.

He remembered how they had brewed the wine years ago; how the men grew gay, chanting in high clear voices their songs of China; how they laughed, and finally how they quarrelled. He remembered how Su-Tu's knife killed Wing-Ti and the strange burial ground within a white fence near the white man's Josh-House that contained no "Josh." But they had burned on the grave all the gaily coloured papers as was proper in his homeland, and on which were written prayers to drive away the evil spirits.

There had been many such burials in this new land and there had been many of his friends who had gone home when their term of service had ended. Wah Su had stayed on. Was it because he needed

more jars of silver? or did he grow to like the green peace and quiet of this strange land? Perhaps that was the reason at first.

But then there had been the year of the great floods in China. The Gods of the mighty rivers had borne down upon the land for many hundreds of miles, devastating all before them, the rich and the poor, the humble and the mighty alike. Among them were annihilated all of the family of Wah.

Then in order to have one less mouth to feed, the father of "Beautiful Happiness" had sold her into the house of a mandarin in the far North. There were none to rejoice at his return.

An old mongrel dog sidled up to Wah Su, waving his tail and snuffing at Wah Su's scuffed out shoes, then flopped down with lolling tongue, panting with the heat. Dogs were much the same in any country Wah Su reflected.

There had been just such mongrel dogs scavenging along the old Yangste in his boyhood; and there had been similar ones sniffing around the coolie's cabins during the mining days.

But the mines gradually closed down. That heavy black ore had lost its value, just as he had known it would. Then instead of returning to China, Wah Su had used some of his silver to buy an old cabin; and since he was no longer employed by the company he had to use his silver to buy rice.

Gradually he took to smoking opium in order to forget or rather, escape his memories.

Now, many years later Wah Su warmed himself in the sun, dreamily watching several barefooted, freckle-faced youngsters playing "Taw" with the finest coloured-glass marbles. So he had played long years ago, with marbles crudely fashioned from the river clay.

Presently they gathered up their toys as people appeared from diverse directions to congregate on the store verandah. A cloud of dust rising above the trees on the opposite hillside marked the progress of the mail truck. With noisy abandon, that never ceased to startle Wah Su, it plunged down the hill, across the bridge and up to the store.

The postmaster came on of his little office to gather up his mail bags, while the driver began pitching bundles of papers past Wah Su into the open doorway of the store. Glancing at Wah Su, he remarked casually to his companion,

"It's a wonder he don't go home to die. He's gettin' on. Must be ninety if he's a day."

Go home to die! Wah Su thought he would like to go home, but the journey seemed so far and the coins in his ginger-jar were now so few.

Wah Su dropped his hand and slowly stroked the mongrel's head as he watched the people collect their mail and make an odd purchase or two and gradually drift away. The old fossiker wandered back to the hotel and the children ran off to their respective homes.

The sun seemed suddenly to have lost its warmth and a chill breeze rustled the fallen leaves. The mongrel whimpered and stirred restlessly. Wah Su rose stiffly and slowly shuffled away down the hill.

He scarcely heard the murmuring of the river as he crossed the bridge. He was strangely tired and rested many times as he climbed the path to his cabin. His heart beat heavily as he set a small

fire ready to cook his morning rice. He searched for a scrap for the mongrel, threw it to him, and too tired to eat himself, spread his mat and prepared a pipe from his jar of crude opium.

For a time, as darkness fell he watched the lighted windows in the valley and thought poignantly of his childhood and youth in China. Presently he stretched himself on his mat and took up his pipe. The dog crept up to him, making a pool of warmth by his side. As he inhaled the magic fumes, Wah Su's heart beat stronger, the years fell away and he found himself once more upon the banks of the broad Yangtse.

It was one of the good years and his people seemed gay. They had gathered young shoots from the bamboo. There was bamboo soup, melon and chicken to eat. His honourable parents had prepared a feast for his return. Suddenly there appeared "Beautiful Happiness," by her side two fine sons; and her sons seemed to be his sons; and all rushed to greet him, rejoicing that he had returned so swiftly from his journey. Wah Su's heart leapt, and all was peace and joy.

At dawn the mongrel awakened, whimpering uneasily; and finally slunk away, for the fire was never kindled nor the rice cooked.

Wah Su had at last gone home.

John Osborne, B1, Franklin.

RED HERRINGS

Unlike our cousins, the sardines, who usually find themselves packed so tightly that it is impossible for them to move, we poor creatures have to be constantly on the go, and this requires a vast amount of exertion. "We" refers to the members of the Society of Red Herrings. In the past, we have had a splendid record of service to many and varied types of authors who, I am ashamed to say, have often treated us very badly.

Instead of using us gently to mis-lead the 'eager-beaver' reader who thinks he has the whole story mapped out after he has read the first chapter some pounding after us, with the reader hard on the heels of the author's pen, which means we have to go for authors leave the main threads of their story, and come our lives — for you can imagine what the enthusiastic reader-detective would do to us if he caught us! He would sit down and thoroughly thrash us out, till he found he was on the wrong trail, then probably trample all over us in his mad stampede to get back onto the right track again.

Naturally, after this violent exertion we are exhausted, but any good red herring worth his salt, knows the importance of a quick recovery because of the very small number of basic plots, we are in constant demand to bring a little variety.

In general, we red herrings thoroughly enjoy our work, and if at times we are a little saucy, please bear with us, as it is rather fun gently misleading people. However, if the authors get too bound up in their work, misleading is no longer a gentle pastime, and we are forced to dive for cover — and the readers are often dissatisfied with the results, so please, authors and authoresses, if you want the best obtainable bait, treat us gently and leave us as fresh for the next needy writer as you would hope to find us.

Ann Greenwood, C1, Arthur.

FROST AT MIDNIGHT

The building was a lighter shade than the chill night surrounding it. In the yard, the moon and glittering stars shone on beady eyes of a forgotten doll and moonbeams raced up and down the stiffly-held rifle of a fallen tin soldier and outlined a sauce-bottle lying stark against the silver-white sparkle of a sand-box.

The lights of the house were out except for a vague glimmer slinking around the blind of a side room. This obstinately remained until a little boy's high-pitched voice shouted:

"Mummy, John won't put out his light, and I can't go to sleep with it on!" A weary but determined mother threatened:

"Look, John, if you don't turn that light off this minute, I'll . . ."

The light went off with a petulant click. The menace in the unfinished sentence quivered through the house and spread along the row of dim oblongs to the inevitable shack at the end of the street, leaving behind a vast silence.

It was intensely cold. By midnight, Frost had sprayed his white crystals on every finely suspended cobweb, laid a shimmering starlit blanket on corrugated roofs, and fingerprinted even the humble sauce-bottle lying on the sand. The unprotected trees hugged themselves for warmth and frost-enamelled leaves crackled in the breeze.

Secure in the drugged warmth of blankets and hot-water bottles, children and adults alike lay drowsily dreading the morrow with its white lawns, iced panes and agonies of frozen feet. Down the road, in the shack, skinny urchins slept four in a camp stretcher for warmth. An older child, awake, with misery in her eyes and aching cold in her body, lay motionless so that the others could remain at peace a few hours longer. In eight hours' time, the dawn would touch a shivering, entangled mound of arms and legs beneath a scrap of blanket. But at midnight, the air of defiance masking the faces in the day time was absent and in its place was a pitiful, naked hopelessness.

Frost, regardless of wealth or poverty, treats all with the same chill hand, but whereas the people snugly wrapped in blankets see the crystal ferns left by his paint brush, the unfortunate feel his penetrating cold. He sprinkles on, careless of his impact, running a finger along a fence rail and spraying a paper with his cold sparkle.

Under the midnight moon, Frost is beautiful.

Mavis Cook, A2, Franklin.

SONNET ON A SONNET

Is compressed air more pure?
Is a compact poem more sweet?
Why a poem, a literary feat,
Be so demure?
Why squeeze the grape of poetry,
So the juice its beauty run to waste.
With such limited vocabulary?
Can a thought, an emotion be embraced.
But look at the sonnets of Keats,
And of Shakespeare and others.
What genial poetical feats,
In beautiful imagery,
Are these sonnets of great fame,
What beautiful poetry.

J. A. C., B4, Sorell.

NIGHT'S BLACK AGENTS TO THEIR PREY DO ROUSE

The moon was hidden by a black cloud and the air was still. Not even a zephyr breathed among the trees, which stood like huge black sentinels along the path to the quarry. I stood, and as I looked, I felt a shiver of apprehension climb up my spine.

I had not had a very happy life, and I lived in seclusion, thinking of the whole world with all its beauties and mysteries, beyond my reach. The quarry seemed to hold infinite possibilities of adventure and mystery. In the daylight, it seemed but another bar of the cage I was in, but as evening fell, slowly and mournfully, and darkness shrouded the folds of the sombre downs, I became aware of the strangeness that seemed to draw me towards the quarry.

Without hesitation, I plunged forward, stumbling through the bracken of the little copse, that was like a tuft of hair on the edge of the path. The bracken under my feet rustled and crackled. A bar of light lay on the horizon in front of me. It was crossed again and again by fir trunks that were little more than wands. A wild pigeon rose with a sudden crash of sound, flapping against the branches.

My pulse was dancing with delight — my heart too. It was like a game of hide-and-seek and yet it was life at last. Everything grew silent again and I thought I had lost the moment. A long way off, a dog was barking continuously. I moved forward a few paces and halted. The glow of adventure began to die away. There was nothing at all except a little mystery of light on the tree trunks.

I moved forward again, moving towards the quarry. Against the glimmer of dead light I caught a glimpse of a bird in flight.

As I stood, watching, a shaft of blazing yellow light darted from the level of the ground into my dozed eyes. A figure sprang at me and thrust something cold and knobby into my neckcloth. The light continued to blaze into my eyes. A hand clutched my windpipe and my breath came laborously.

Suddenly the light died out and I heard gruff whispers, "Don't let him get away! Mind the knife!"

I was like a rabbit in their hands. One of them put his fist on my collar and jerked me to the ground. We rolled down an embankment and then — silence. It seemed an abominable episode. I had thought myself exempt from such sordid mishaps, but the man's hot hand on my throat had been like a foretaste of death. I was afraid and could think of nothing to do.

I raised myself slowly and cautiously, and stood in a little slanting cut in the shadow. I was in complete silence.

I stood waiting for an eternity for the final blow. The sound of my heart beating seemed to die away unheard by my attackers. The moon stirred and above the trees, the clouds had a fringe of sudden silver. I glanced quickly about me. I was alone.

* * *

Everything has changed so much I can hardly believe in the existence of my earlier self, but I can still remember, at that moment, how I made the acquaintance of my heart — a thing that bounded and leapt within my chest, a little sickeningly. The other details I forget.

Fear is the lot of man, but not inevitable failure or despair. Fear, which fosters courage, the mark of

maturity and human nature, bears within its pain a hope of felicity, like a jewel set in iron.

It is a wonderful thing that I, after such an experience, should end so tranquilly in a world so stable — that I should have passed through good and evil, all swept away into a little heap of dust that is a life.

M. Howard, A2, Arthur.

VIOLET-TIME

Again it is violet time.
Imagine my delight
As, wandering carefree,
My wanton footsteps strayed
To a tree-shadowed hollow,
Where timid violet-faces peeped
From lush green foliage.
Now forgotten haunt of man:
Of his by-gone glory
Only wide-strewn ruins;
And, 'midst the dull grey rocks,
Violets.
O little flower, of colour royal,
Of gold thy heart,
What kind hands set thee long ago
In the cool shade?
What other flowers thy company,
Flaunting colours gay?
Now thou alone remainest
When others all have gone.
Perfuming the vagrant air,
Gentle herald of spring,
Nestling shyly 'mid thy leaves
Fragrant, sweet,
Unchanged by time:
Just violet.

J. Hardman, B1, Arthur.

SPEAKING — IN SCHOOL

You should not talk in school, or else you will be given a one-page essay on: "Why you should not talk in school unless you are spoken to."

As a teacher rarely speaks to you unless it is to say, "Get rid of what you're eating and I'll see you at four," your chances of being spoken to are few. If you DO speak without being spoken to, the typical teacher goes purple in the face, glares at you (which is pretty awful) and thunders, "Did you speak?"

If you are truthful you squeak, "Yes," and get a detention, and if you are not truthful, you gulp and say "No!" whereupon the teacher thunders back, "Don't you lie to me!" and you get two detentions. This proves the inadvisability of speaking in school; moreover, if the teacher is the violent type, he might grab you by the hair, put your big toe in a light-socket, push your head into a bucket of water, and hold you under with the current on.

If this dire fate befalls you,

You will never
talk
again.

S. Nichol, E2, Wilmot.

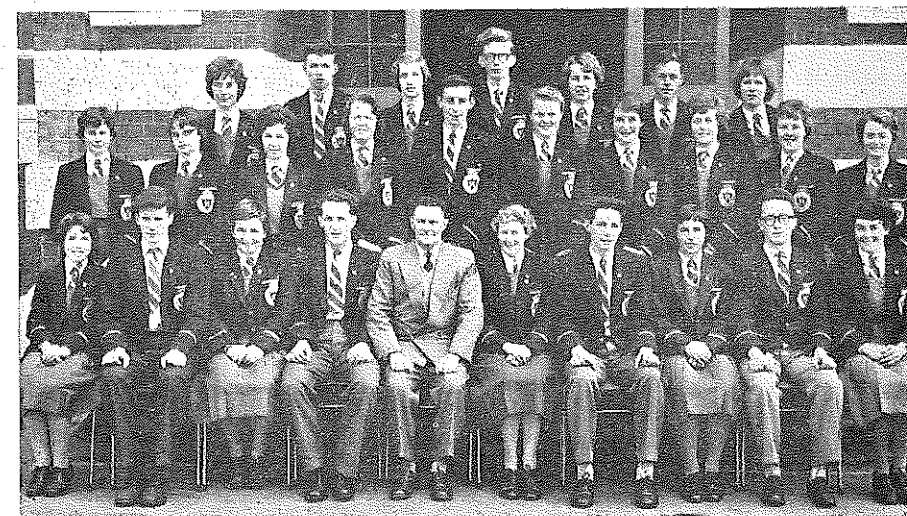
THE NORTHERN CHURINGA

EDITORS



EDITORS OF MAGAZINE.

J. Hardman, N. Stanley, B. Hardwick.



PREFECTS.

Back Row: J. Smith, P. Hutchinson, J. Palmer, G. Foot, S. Johnston, P. Boer, R. Joyce.
Centre: M. Cook, W. Benn, A. Clarkson, J. Thomson, J. Harvey, J. Faulkner, D. Cole,
J. Fisher, Y. Knop, B. Scott.
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(Head), G. Clarke, J. Kaiser, B. Rees, R. Harris.

THE NORTHERN CHURINGA

OPENING THE DRAWER

As the hammer resounded through the dingy auctioneering room, it was with a mixture of both awe and tense excitement that I realised the antique writing desk which had caused so much talk and discussion was really mine — what possessed me to bid the fantastic figure of seven hundred and twenty-five pounds for it I shall never really know — as all I felt when I saw it was a queer foreboding. However, after having it delivered to my home I engaged a man to clean and polish it, and make one or two minor repairs to it, and was more than delighted with the results. It was really an imposing creation of furniture, exquisitely hand-carved.

One dull misty afternoon I decided to pack my papers and books into the desk but on examining the layout of the numerous various sized and shaped drawers, pigeon holes and shelves I became more and more fascinated with this new possession.

What was there so spell-binding about this desk? — I determined to find out. When I discovered two secret partitions I felt a weakness in the legs and was compelled to sit down, but some driving force urged me on to explore more of this mystery I had really so impulsively bought.

Drawers seemed to make up practically the whole of the interior, small drawers intricately fitted, undoubtedly by an expert tradesman, into larger ones; and as I closed and opened these one after another I felt a warning to give up. However, curiosity gained the better of me and with prickles running up and down my spine, I continued. Nervous tension made me jump and tremble at every sound and in one of the unguarded moments I slipped, bumping myself against the desk as I fell. Feeling very stunned and shaken I decided to try to cast off the spell this desk undoubtedly had over me, but once on my feet again I discovered a tiny trap-door open. I can't imagine how or where the secret button or opener was but that I must have jarred it open in my fall. Inside the trap-door was yet another drawer. With beads of perspiration standing on my forehead and upper lip I cautiously pulled the minute solid gold handle, but as the drawer slid silently from its cavity the perspiration trickled in tiny rivulets down my face, my body stiffened and my eyes momentarily became blurred with shock. For there, in the drawer, standing full height on eight creepy legs was the big hairy body of the largest black spider I had ever had the misfortune to see. It held me mesmerised with terror as it seemed to stare at me with its beady protruding eyes. I felt paralysed except for the pulsating of my temples and the hammering of my heart.

Above all this, my only desire was to kill this deadly creature. As I attempted to close the drawer to make the spider captive again until I found something with which to kill it, it appeared as if it was ready to strike — or was it only my fear and imagination?

Seeking frantically I collected a brass candlestick, a poker, a long-bladed knife and an empty pistol (from my antiques) — as I felt I would need all these things to destroy the ghastly horrifying thing.

Only fear and desperation lest it should find an exit from the trawer and destroy me, drove me to pull the miniature gold handle a second time and, there, still staring with the dark protruding eyes it stood, challenging me. With one mighty effort and using the last ounce of strength I seemed to possess, I plunged the long-bladed knife right between the beady eyes and through the thick hairy body.

Surprise overcame my fear, terror and exhaustion, however, as this deadly-looking creature lay dissected before me — for there, glittering and gleaming before my astonished eyes lay revealed a most exquisite string of pearls, which the hairy life-like body had concealed for perhaps generations. Worth a king's ransom, these pearls made my impulsive bid for the desk both a very profitable and memorable one.

Jenny Hardman, D4, Arthur.

NEVER AGAIN

Of all the days I have ever spent, Sonia's wedding-day was undoubtedly the very worst.

We, that is, mother, Suzanne and I, were up with the larks, getting everything ready so that the house would be nice and tidy when the guests arrived. We made Sonia stay in bed, and I took her breakfast up on a tray.

The first mishap — although that's putting it too mildly; it was a catastrophe — was the arrival of Auntie Helen. Now, Auntie Helen is one of those "Darling-how-wonderful-to-see-you and how-well-you look" women who always fling their arms around you and smother you in smelly scent.

After we had disengaged ourselves from her over-enthusiastic embrace, I took her up to Sonia, thus disposing of her for twenty minutes, while Suzanne filled the flower-vases. Suddenly, there was a dreadful "Crash!" from the dining-room. Mother rushed out of the next room, her face red and steaming, and collided with me as I came from the kitchen. There, in the dining-room, lay the shattered ruins of one of mother's best vases, surrounded by crushed leaves and murdered flowers. Water was running all over the carpet. Who said black cats were lucky? Marianna, the "daily" consigned Midnight (our cat) very forcibly to everlasting perdition as she viewed the remains of Suzanne's handiwork, then she ran for a mop.

Well, we got it straightened out eventually, and then it was time to dress the bride. We found Auntie Helen making the beds (she could be thoughtful sometimes) and were very thankful, till we found the sheets had not been changed. Marianna said a very rude words between her teeth, it was a very bad habit of hers.

When Sonia came in, flushed and warm from her bath, we were already in our own clothes. Suzanne and I were bridesmaids, so we had to help Sonia, of course. While we were fixing her hair, there was a yell from the bathroom. Mother left Sonia's room with all speed, and reappeared with her face grim. Father had cut himself with his razor. We'd been begging him to buy an electric one for years. Sonia gave a nervous little laugh and said that that solved the problem of dad's birthday present anyway, and Suzanne said to keep still, or her hair would never be right, and mother was starting to dab her eyes with a hanky.

Finally, Sonia was ready to leave for the church, but the crowning glory of the day came when it was discovered that the best man had left the wedding-ring on the table in the vestry. Sonia had her engagement ring on a slender gold chain round her neck, and she quickly snapped the chain and they used the engagement ring back to front and put the wedding ring on in the vestry. And that was Sonia's wedding-day.

Maire Lee, B1, Arthur

WRITING ESSAYS WITH A CHEERFUL HEART

I find writing essays quite a pleasant pastime. That is if I have a sudden burst of inspiration and can scribble my ideas down on to paper as soon as they come to my mind. Usually I think of three ideas at once and by the time I have written the first down I have forgotten the other two. This I find most tiresome and when I finish my effort, I still have an unsatisfied feeling that my essay could have been just a little better than it was if I had remembered those other two ideas.

When the subject of the week-end essay is tastefully mentioned at an appropriate time on Friday afternoon, groans and violent distortion of the features are apparent from all parts of the classroom. However, I do not think that it is the actual essay itself that brings these exclamations of horror; it is just the thought of giving up some of the valuable week-end to such an irksome task as schoolwork.

Some times one finds the topic for an essay quite impossible and after pursuing for hours the scanty ideas one might have on the subject the scribbled efforts are destroyed and the alternative topic is attempted. Occasionally, however, one finds the topic suitable and can write pages and pages on one idea. This makes one go to the extreme, however, and when the rough copy is finished it has to be condensed to a reasonable size so that it can be copied up on Monday. I find I usually have to make a rough copy because, while checking the essay written straight into the book, I realise there are ten or more expressions which I could improve.

This results in an illegible scribble between the lines which not only makes the appearance of the book unsightly, but also makes the essay difficult to mark. The latter is probably just as well anyway.

On the other hand, while copying out from the scrawl on the rough paper, one adds to the ideas alters words, and by the time the essay is presentable, it is completely different from the rough copy. Moreover, one has many worrying seconds puzzling out the abbreviations that have been used.

I find essays easier to write in most unusual positions. Ideas seem to come more easily when one is sprawled comfortably on the hearth-rug in front of a fire. Another unorthodox but comfortable position is to lie on one's back on a sofa with the feet up the wall and the head a little below the level of the sofa. This sounds ridiculous but I find it extremely relaxing and thoughts seem to come quickly.

To write essays cheerfully one must have appropriate surroundings. These, I think, are a room to oneself, a comfortable sofa, a big fire and a good supply of ideas. A little background music does not matter either if it is instrumental and very quiet.

In future, therefore, I shall try to write my essays with a cheerful heart.

Lynnette Frankcombe, B2, Franklin.

A WALK ALONG MACLEAN BAY

Maclean Bay is on the East Coast of Tasmania, between Seymour and Bicheno. The beach along the shore of the bay is like a white ribbon. I have walked along this shore in two trips — first, from Long Point to the Porches, and second, from the Porches to Bicheno. I am going to tell you about the second walk.

Dad took me to the Porches in the car. It is called the Porches because hollows carved in the sandstone

cliffs look like porches. There are potholes, worn in the sandstone by pebbles whirled around by the waves, and veins of coal extending from Piccaninny Point to Beach End.

I set out from the Porches towards the Denison River. The going was good, for the sand was firm. As this day was cloudy, there was no one swimming in the Denison. On a fine day, this is packed, because the water is heated by the sea water mixing with the river.

An hour after I left the Porches I reached a lagoon. As the channel was closed, I did not have to make a longer walk by walking around the lagoon. South of the lagoon, the sand dunes go back hundreds of yards. This place was littered with flotsam and jetsam, and stones ranging from dolomite to limestone. Further on, the sand dunes grew to a narrow band, and a swamp took the place of the rest of the sand. About a quarter of a mile from Beach End this swamp gave way to dry land.

At Beach End, the granite starts and the long beach ends. This granite formation extends right down Freycinet Peninsula. On the promenade behind Beach End, the aborigines used to camp. This is proved by the shell middens and flints found there.

While I was looking for these flints, my father met me and took me home.

On this walk I found several fossils, boulders and pieces of pumice. By the time I reached Beach End, I had a box full of these things. I also learnt that beach walking seems to take longer than road walking because the sand makes walking slow.

Jim Begent, B1, Wilmot.

DID THIS START WITH EVE, TOO?

So often one hears the phrase, "Oh well, it all started with Eve!" I have often wondered just how many things **did** begin with "the mother of all living." Was Eve the first person to use a fan? She must have been hot sometimes, especially if young Abel was raising Cain!

Anyway, whoever first used fans, they continue to be used up to this day, only, of course, "in the light of modern discovery," they are now powered by electricity.

I have several interesting ones which I keep for souvenirs. Two were bought in Ceuta, Spanish Morocco, and are very "Spanish." The one that belonged to my mother is adult-size and portrays two gaily dressed ladies in a swift Spanish dance. One captures a glimpse of stately buildings and an old, romantic fountain. The child's fan shows two gay little señoritas coyly hiding their blushes — behind fans, of course—as a gallant young señor, sombrero in hand, offers them a ride on his donkey. Farther up the broad Spanish street are glimpsed two more children in amiable conversation, and, of course, one is sporting a fan!

My other fan is Chinese. Made of rice paper dyed a pretty pink, and with its wire edges bound with silk, it carries a design of beautiful orient blooms, hand-painted with great care. I have found the hobby fascinating, as I do not much mind if it "started with Eve," or not!

Brenda Hardwick, B1, Arthur House.

WHY NOT ME?

Off-times, one finds the heroine in books
With widely beating heart, as swift she spies
Her love's approach with passion in his eyes,
Her cheeks o'er flood with shell-like pink; she looks
At him, and colour but accents her charm.
So fragile, like a dewy rose, her tint
Arouses him to fire by subtle hint:
He throbs with love beneath apparent calm,
I wish that it were similar with me —
That I, when faced by my true love, would turn
A delicate shell-pink, like dawn's soft tread.
Instead, abruptly when his form I see
My throbbing heart will race, my face will burn,
A midday sun of vivid, glowing red.

Avis Corker, A Class, Franklin.

ALONE

Nothing was heard
Except the silent noises of the night.
Everything slept,
And then the sun awoke, and on my right its silent
splendour shone.
Then it arose, and waited for the world to start
another day.
The sun arose, the emblem of life,
It glided to the sky.
And none was there to see this miracle,
Save I.
In that hushed world I stood,
And wondered at the greatness of the world that
God created.
The soft blanket of humility lay on my shoulders.
I was alone with God.
The cock crowed.
The miracle was finished.
Then the man awoke.
The glory of the world diminished,
The hustle and the bustle of the day began.

"Kanga," A. Wilmot.

HOMEWORK

A bent figure huddled over books,
In a fire-lit room, on a hard-backed seat,
Bemuddled hair and absent looks,
Now what could this mean — "courez-vitel"?
The fire went out and the night grew chill,
But heedless, the figure sat and pondered,
With a silent pen and a hand grown still,
On other things his thoughts now wondered.
... I'll kick a goal next football match,
I'll get best player, sure to do,
Wonder if we'll win that match,
By just one goal or quite a few ...!

The clock struck ten, he straightened up and flung
His books into his case and closed the lid,
Prepared next day to swear — declare with tongue
In check: "Spent the time? — of course I did."

Robert Cook, C1, Franklin.

THE MONTEZUMA FALLS

These falls are in a remote, thickly forested area
on the West Coast and are claimed to be 360 ft. high,
which would make them the highest in Tasmania.

When I saw them, we took an afternoon to do the
trip having left Rosebery after an early lunch. Arriving
at Williamsford we went down on to the railway
line which was used to take the zinc ore to Zeehan
when Zeehan still had its smelters. Because it was a
railway line — the lines have now been removed —
the walk is very easy. There were only a couple of
places where the track was overgrown and the main
trouble was that, if you wore shoes, they ended up
full of water. At first you are very careful to keep
out of it but coming back you just stepped straight
through all the water. The part of the track that has
stuck most in my mind is where the trees form an
arch. Here, there are no grasses along the ground,
but just water and dead leaves.

In a couple of places where the bush opened out
on the right and there was a valley to look across,
the buildings of the Hercules Mine came into view.
There were also a couple of trees that had fallen
across the track and these were often accompanied by
small falls of water.

After walking about three miles, we came to a
deep valley over which there used to be a wooden
bridge. The only remains were the two main beams
that were burnt off at each end about a yard from
the bank. From here we retraced our steps about a
hundred yards and found a track leading to the falls.
Instead of going on level ground, now we had to go
down and up and twist around trees. Suddenly, on
going around a large boulder we were faced with a
high rock wall over which the Falls River descends.

The Montezuma Falls consist of three tiers, the
first of which is a sheer face about one hundred feet
high. From here the water continues to a second
pool, but on the way it is broken up by pieces of
jutting rock and so spreads out. The last part is the
same as the second, only it is on a different angle.
The water then slips round boulders and continues
down the hill.

In the shadow of the trees and in a pocket of
soil on a slippery rock, was a single plant of bland-
fordia. When we first saw it, a shaft of light was
shining on it so that there was a great contrast be-
tween it and the surroundings.

It is a pity that these falls are so isolated as they
must be one of the most spectacular falls in Tasmania.

Christine Dodson, B3.

A NEW HAIRSTYLE

Ah! The moment has arrived. All the hectic wait-
ing is over. As you enter the salon you can hear the
snip! snip! of the scissors and you suddenly feel as if
you'd like to back out. What happens if he makes
you look a fool? That wouldn't matter much anyway
(you look a freak as you are). Take a deep breath
now and ring the bell; here goes! B-r-r-i-i-n-g!
What a bell! Could've been a fire engine if nothing
worse.

What's this I hear now, somebody coming? "Oh,
good morning! I've made an a-ap-appointment for one
o'clock." "Right you are Miss, this way." Funny how
you stutter, now, when you wanted to be as cool as
a cucumber. Not so easy to be casual after all.

What a huge mirror one has to sit in front of.
Oh dear! Why on earth does hair grow!

"Now Miss, any special style you want? Urchin
cut? Brushback?"

"Well, not exactly, you see I want it like that
here, pushed back . . ." and so you muddle on, mak-
ing a complete mess of your description. With a
baffled sigh the barber starts. A snip here and there.
Oh heck, that side does look queer! No hair left?
Now what on earth is he doing? Starting at the top?
He'll probably give you a crew-cut before he's finished.
It's awful agony to watch someone cut your hair
away. Shut your eyes till he's finished.

"There you are Miss, I hope it's what you
wanted." There's that gigantic mirror again showing
all one's faults. But surely there are a few who look
a bit worse than I (hardly likely).

"4/6? There you are. Thank you. Good-bye." Well
you actually forced out a thank you for the worst
afternoon in your life! But now you still have to ven-
ture out and face all the world in your fashionable
(?) hairstyle.

Irene Jurka, D1, Wilmot.

INSIDE OUT

Splash! I had fallen headfirst into a large, deep
puddle, and to my horror, I realised that my new
umbrella was no longer in my grasp, but sailing
merrily over someone's front garden and round the
corner.

By the time I had picked myself up to give chase,
my umbrella, although I could not see it, was far up
the street, but after slipping and sliding a little way
round the corner, I spied it, by now, quite mud-
stained, bouncing along some distance ahead of me.

Desperately I urged myself to greater speed, but
instead of catching my umbrella, my reward was
quite the opposite for, besides the umbrella leaving
me further behind, I fell, for the second time into
a deep, muddy puddle.

Wearily I climbed to my feet and to my joy, I
perceived that the young man who was striding to-
wards me, was carrying my umbrella. As he drew
nearer, I recognised him as my brother, but strangely,
he did not seem to recognise me.

After a friendly greeting, he handed me my um-
brella, but just then it began to rain, causing me,
quite naturally to put up my umbrella, and immediately,
accompanied by a loud noise, it blew inside out, for
with the rain had come a sudden gust of wind.

When the young man began to offer me his sym-
pathy, I burst out in a fit of laughter, and it was then
that he recognised me as his very own sister.

Grace Brown, E4.

A BOY AND A HAWK

Circling high in the air with long graceful sweeps,
a hawk spotted a rabbit feeding on long green grass.
A few hundred yards away a small boy with a high-
powered air-rifle saw the hawk as it circled lower
and lower and started for the spot. The rabbit sat
paralysed with fear.

Suddenly it dived. Simultaneously the boy pressed
the trigger of the air rifle. The rabbit fell dead and
the hawk flapped out of the dive in amazement as
the boy ran forward to pick up the carcass. While
the boy stuffed the rabbit into his ruck-sack, the
hawk emitted a cry of protest and flew off in search
of another victim.

High over the ridge it flew and the boy, too,
hurried towards the high rock barrier. As the bird
flew in circles scanning the area, it saw a large black
snake basking in the sun and four small rabbits
nibbling the harsh yellow grass.

Reaching the base of the cliff, the boy looked for
an easy place to climb. He struggled up the cliff
and, on a ledge a few feet from the top, he stopped.
He threw the rifle and ruck-sack over the top and
dragged himself up. As he pulled his shoulders over
the top he was startled by a hiss from near his head
and saw a black snake sliding lazily towards him.
Too scared to move he stared at the snake. It poised
to strike, but, as the hawk dived to pick up a rabbit,
slid, scared, away.

The boy breathed a sigh of relief, eased himself
onto the cliff and watched the hawk fly to a lofty
pillar of rock, where it killed the rabbit and ate it
undisturbed.

Nigel Stanley, C1, Sorell.

EXAMS

Exams! How everybody loves exams. Well I know
somebody who doesn't, and that's me. I don't know
how teachers can be so cruel. They say at the begin-
ning of the term, "Only fourteen weeks to exams."
The next week, "Only thirteen weeks to exams." They
think that makes us work all the harder, poor mis-
guided creatures. Finally they end up with "Exams to-
morrow" — as if we didn't know.

The dreaded time arrives and we crowd around
the exam room. The bell goes and see how everybody
dawdles uneagerly towards the door. Who wants to
go into a classroom full of nervous kids who won't
get new dresses if they don't pass? Then the teacher
states with a solemn air that anybody who is mad
enough to talk passes on . . . to the head's office.
The whistle goes and all hope turns to despair as the
papers are turned over.

Three or four hours later another whistle goes and
after hastily pinning their scrappy answers together,
the owners throw them at the teacher and make a
frantic dash for the exit.

This suffering goes on for a week, maybe more, who
cares? Then there is a change back to ordinary time-
table, chess first period, draughts second period, and
that's how the days wear on, till at length the teachers
have black rings around their eyes, and bad tempers
sticking out a mile. Then the results are finalized.
I. B. Brainy 31%, 1st; A. Dumbfellow, 8%, last.

So it just proves that exams are a pure waste
of paper, ink and unnecessary brain-strain.

A Sufferer, C1, Arthur House.



"A" 1 CLASS

Back Row: R. Walden, D. McQuestion, E. Wilson, G. Walker, C. Littlechild.
 Centre: M. Green, P. Weeks, S. Johnson, J. Palmer, M. Rae, L. Hodggets, C. Hurst.
 Front Row: R. Darcy, K. Wilson, D. Hingston, A. Fowler, Mr. Nash, J. Butler, J. Turpin, M. Young, S. Baldwin.



"A" 2 CLASS.

Back Row: G. Taylor, D. Kilby, G. Chandler.
 Centre Row: W. Benn, A. Raddings, J. Smith, J. Thomson, B. Cocker, H. Nicol.
 Front Row: J. Fisher, M. Howard, M. Scetrine, Miss Dewis, Y. Knop, J. Howard, M. Cook.



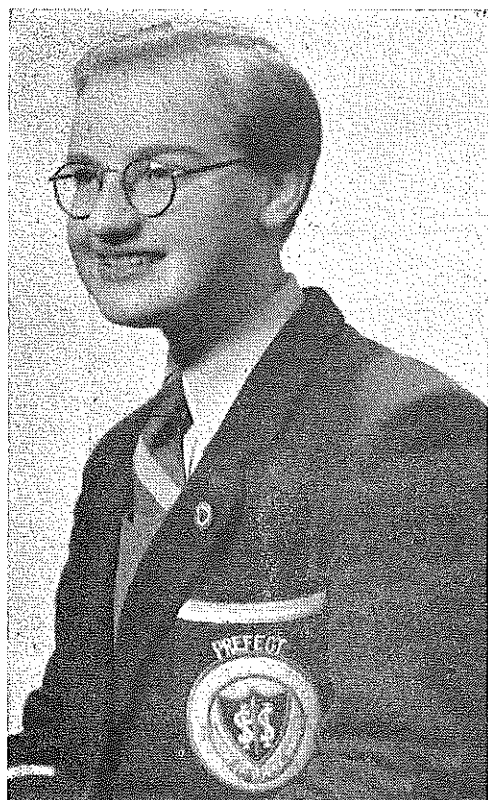
"A" 3 CLASS.

Back Row: P. Crawford, J. Hardman, M. Giblin, M. Hooper, L. Behan, G. Rosevear, A. Furnage, D. Webb.
 Centre: I. Monkhouse, T. Middleton, J. Court, J. Commin, A. Edwards, B. Morris, G. Foot, B. Rees, G. Burrows, P. Hutchinson.
 Front Row: D. Hannan, J. Frew, A. Clarkson, N. Stanley, Mr. Wilson, J. Littlejohn, B. Scott, V. Pallet, P. Boer, G. Clark.

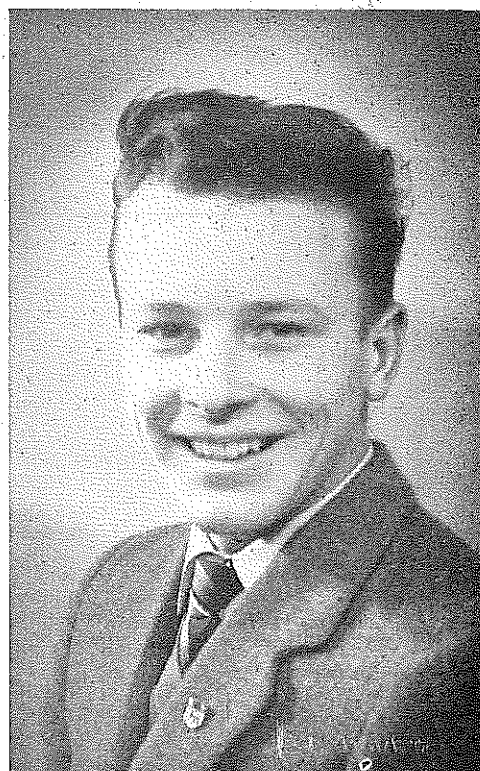


HEAD PREFECTS:

Janice Littlejohn, Dale Webb.



Karla Plehwe



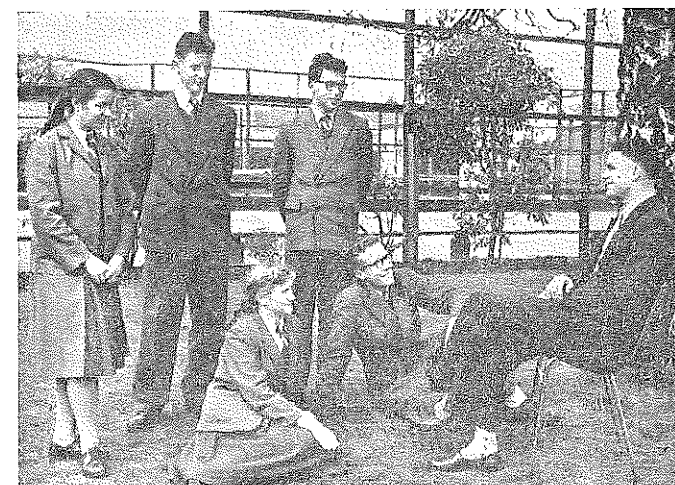
Robert Hoerner

BEST PASSES IN MATRICULATION, 1958



BEST PASSES IN SCHOOLS' BOARD, 1959

N. Stanley, B. Rees.



DISCUSSION GROUP.

Back Row: R. Darcey, T. Middleton, J. Court.

Front: P. Weeks, G. Taylor, Mr. Stocks.

DISCUSSION GROUP

Although a small group we have had numerous lively and profitable discussions throughout the year. This year's Inter-High School Discussions were held at Hobart High School. The two topics discussed were "Has Australia a culture of her own or does she copy those of other countries?" and "The statesman, the scientist, the artist — which contributes most to international goodwill?" Mr. K. Haines of the Hobart Technical High School gave a valuable criticism at the end of the discussion.

We would like to express our appreciation of the help and guidance rendered by our teacher Mr. I. Stocks.

R. Darcey.

CRITIQUE OF MEMBERS

Rosina Darcey: Rosina has continually brought a clearly-reasoned, mature viewpoint into discussions. She has a wide knowledge on numerous subjects, the result of intelligent, extensive reading, and her friendly, sensible personality gives even more weight to her contributions.

Grant Taylor: An enthusiastic and most valued team member, whose incisive and clear-cut comments show logical thought. An excellent sense of humour always helps to popularise Grant's viewpoint.

Jim Court: A thoughtful speaker who believes in speaking only when he has an important point to raise. When such an occasion arises, he speaks forcefully, sensibly, and very impressively. An original thinker, who often brings an entirely new viewpoint into the discussion.

Pat Weeks: An enthusiastic member, who speaks with considerable force. Pat has eliminated certain faults which existed earlier in the year, and she featured prominently in the inter-High discussions. She is always willing to give assistance in discussion matters, and has been a most valued team member.

Terence Middleton: Another thoughtful speaker, who shows considerable courage in putting forward, and reasoning for, original viewpoints which may prove unpopular with the majority of speakers. On many an occasion. Terence has brought freshness and animation into a discussion which had declined in interest level.

THE LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT OF A1

We, the pupils of this class, do hereby bequeath to the Launceston High School and its staff the following goods and chattels.

The sacred (?) precincts of Room 14, complete with its fireplace which we recommend for making jaffles, fond (?) memories of intransigence and lack of intussusception during this, the last year of our existence, and the sighs of relief that will no doubt follow us out of the portals of this edifice.

To Mr. Nash, our esteemed and beloved class-teacher we bequeath all the weather reports, past, present and future, together with peace and quiet in which to study them.

The codicil of each class member is appended.

Colin Littlechild (class captain): My latest thesis entitled "How to become immune to women."

Michael Green: The tennis courts, B and C class girls, and all the broken windows and furniture.

David McQuestin: The secret of making bags disappear (to be deposited in the bike shed).

Clive Hurst: A complete list of excuses for being late.

Robert Walden: One leather bound copy of "How to squash with looks," by R. Walden.

Edgar Wilson: One copy of "How to squash" by E. Wilson, and all the chairs that I haven't broken.

Gilbert Walker: All my worldly possessions with the exception of that which I acquired early in the last term, and my memories of Eric.

Tom Triffitt: One thesis entitled "How to scare E Class" by T. Triffitt.

Sue Baldwin (class captain): My fatal charm and one slightly used cradle with pincers for snatching.

Alma Fowler: All my English Literature epistles and one copy of "How to be a disrupting influence and make classrooms look as if they have been dusted" by A. Fowler (to be enshrined in the library for the guidance of future pupils).

Dorothy Hingston: My mouth organ (so harmoniously rendered by Jennifer).

Jennifer Palmer: The Presidency of the Society for the Prevention of Immorality in School Children.

Jean Turpin: All my Maths marks (i.e. both of them) and my jaffle-iron.

Rosina Darcey: The job of extracting class funds.

Suzanne Johnson: All my beloved Geology books.

Margaret Rae: My bottle of peroxide.

Patricia Weeks: The Burnie High School boys.

Kaye Wilson: All my Geography essays.

Rena Barret: Memories of my "Legs."

Margaret Young: My bottle of hair rinse.

Lexie Hodgetts: All my Modern History essays that Mr. Childs did not receive.

Janet Butler: One bottle of reducing pills (guaranteed to work).

T. C. Triffitt, A1.

SEAGULLS

The grey sea ran in eddies swirling;
White crested waves leapt to the shore,
Then flattened on the sands;
While frightened gulls all rose,
White wings unfurling,
As if caught up by hidden hands.

Judith Harvey, E5, Franklin.

THE JOYS — AND OTHERWISE — OF SKATING

At the end of the street stands a large grey building with a galvanised iron roof. As I came closer, a terrifying roar came from within, which, I later realized, was the whirr of roller-skates. I stepped through a trap-door in the wall, and emerged into the main room — the rink. At a built-in, box-like arrangement, I hired a pair of skates — how heavy they felt!

After removing my coat, I began fastening my skates, which were a dull grey — and no wonder! I soon realized that everything was covered with dirty-grey dust, apparently rising from the floor-boards. When I left, I was also grey!

After a good look at the figures which were whizzing round, chasing each other, disappearing into low tunnels in a long file, and rushing down run-ways, I came to the conclusion it must be easy. I stood up — but not for long! The skates gave a sudden rush forward, and you can guess where I landed. How awkward and foolish I felt, until some kind person helped me to my "feet." However, after much experience and experiment, I found the only way to get up, when sitting stranded in the middle of the floor, was to bring one foot behind, the point of the boot pressing onto the floor, thus giving me something to push on. This was as bad as a baby first walking, but it at least has solid ground underneath.

If I was to move anywhere, my only hope was the rail along the wall. I grasped it desperately, and found I could move by simply walking with very small steps and not making the wheels roll. As it was not the recognised way, and made a terrible clumping noise at each step, I thought I had better stop.

I tried rolling my skates sideways as others were doing, and met with better success, except that I over did it, and nearly ended by doing the splits. Next, I decided to lean forward and by doing this, could save myself injury by merely bruising my knees.

The falls I had become countless but the more I fell, the less I felt, worried or cared about it, except the growing ambition to skate.

Vainly I tried, making little progress, until the manager, a cheerful man, came up to lend a helping hand. He was like an angel, though very much in disguise. I was told to cross hands, and hang onto his thumb. This way he could steady, guide and stop me from falling.

We began by taking small steps on the spot as if walking. Soon he started his wheels rolling gently, with still the walking step, until I was skating correctly. Several times I would have fallen, but I clung to him like a barnacle to a rock.

To my surprise, I soon found myself circling round and round the rink, until he left me. I still clung near the rail, but I had more confidence now and fell over far less.

By the time it was five o'clock, I could cross the large floor alone, but only by crashing into the opposite wall could I stop myself.

Regretfully I passed in my roller skates, pleasantly surprised at the progress I had made in one afternoon.

Bronwynne Cridge, B4, Arthur House.

THE NORTHERN CHURINGA

SENIOR CHOIR



SENIOR CHOIR

The Senior Choir, trained by Mr. Wesley, won the under 16 years choral section for the second year in succession at the Launceston Competitions. They were also placed second in the under 18 years choral section. As a result of the prize money won by the choir the school has benefited by the purchase of records and books on music.

During the second term an interesting programme was given to parents and music teachers from other Launceston schools. The senior choir was assisted in the programme by the junior choir, the brass group, and several pianists, vocalists and violinists. After the performance the choir entertained the visitors to supper in the school gymnasium. It is hoped that more of these functions will be held next year.

YOUNG LADY BY THE WINDOW

She was there every morning when he passed. He used to pause on his way to work, to gaze at her from the distance, to admire her, and to long to meet her.

She would be sitting at the window, her large, limpid, grey-green eyes gazing, unseeing, at the busy street outside, her delicate features outlined against the golden cretonne curtains of the window. Alert and sensitive to the slightest sound, she would sit there, watching the people as they hurried by to their various jobs, and the children, "creeping like snails, unwillingly to school."

He loved to watch her, and yet perhaps he was a little afraid of her; so beautiful, wide-eyed and disdainful. She satisfied some hidden longing, some half-forgotten yearning in him, some wish for the companionship of a selfish creature like himself, some kindly desire to own a small black cat.

Jenny Hardman, B1, Arthur House.

THE NORTHERN CHURINGA

SQUEAKING POINT

Squeaking Point is a small, almost unknown beach resort about three miles away from Port Sorell, up the Rubicon River. Altogether there are about a dozen shacks along the shore. It is said that Squeaking Point received its name in the early days of settlement. A man is said to have brought a boat full of pigs up the river from Port Sorell, and when nearing a point of land, the pigs jumped out of the boat on to the point and stood there squeaking and squealing violently, hence the name Squeaking Point.

Along the shore there are large sand banks, which are now unsafe as the roots from the trees on the banks have caused land slips. About one hundred yards along the shore from our shack there is an immense hole in the bank. This we named "The Bear Hole," a name which we have used for the ten years we have had our shack.

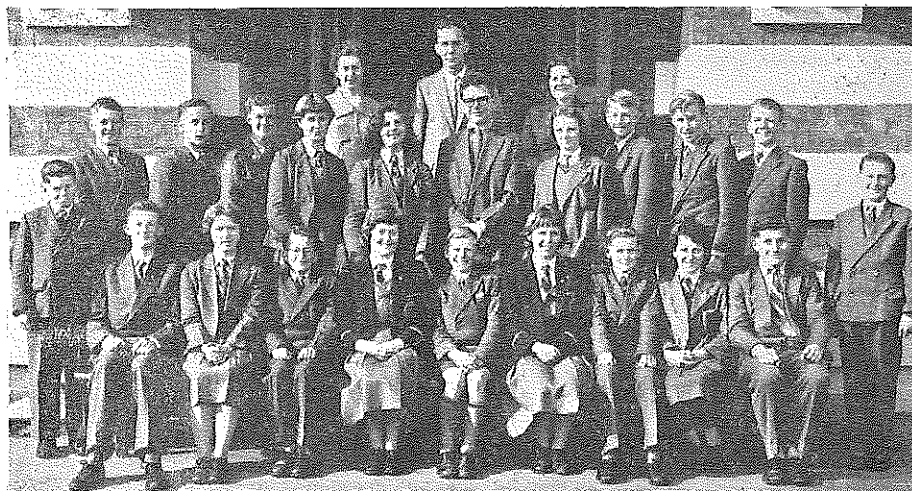
We cannot swim at any time of the day unless we swim at the point, but this is dangerous because of the whole of the bay is covered with water, but when the tide is out, the whole of the bay except for the channel is a wide expanse of mud flats. At low tide we collect oysters from the rocks at the point. Occasionally we find eels on the rocks or in the shallow water at the point.

When ever it is high tide we take our boat out into the channel and fish for several hours. The maximum amount of fish we ever caught was seventy-two, and the minimum amount, seven.

As Christmas nears every year we always look forward to the two weeks we spend at Squeaking Point, as it is the only chance we have to get away from civilisation and have a good time.

Julie Faulkner, B3, Franklin House.

17



PLAYS.

Back Row : Miss Boxall, Mr. Wesley, Miss Gay.

Second Row : D. Mee, M. Widdowson, D. Cavendish, Y. Osborne, M. Morris, G. Stephenson, B. Arthur, I. Patti, I. Eadie, J. Ingles.

Front Row : L. Proctor, T. Walsh, M. Scetrine, G. Barlow, J. Fisher, I. Beecroft, R. Joyce, M. Cowie, N. Smith, D. Calver, J. Chilcott.

Absent : B. Rees.



DRAMA CLUB

Our production this year, the one-act play "The Price of Perfection," was entered in the Junior Drama Festival, and received some most helpful comments from the adjudicator. It was presented again at the end of term, together with Miss Gay's production of "Boney" and Mr. Wesley's prize-winning play "The Dark Lady of the Sonnets," in an evening of one-act plays.

V. M. Boxall.

INSIDE STORY

"The time for the mile was five minutes, thirty-six seconds," said the announcer.

The crowd cheered appreciatively as world-famous athletics' coach, Percy Cerutti, mentor of the great Herb Elliott hurried forward to congratulate the winner.

Not a particularly good time, you say? By ordinary standards, no. But, considering the race was run on a hilly nine-laps-to-the-mile track, within the grim, grey walls of Pentridge Gaol, it was a fine effort.

This occasion was an inter-divisional sports meeting contested by prisoners from four divisions —

another "new-deal" measure being effected in the rehabilitation of the State's wrong-doers.

Herb Elliott and Percy Cerutti, along with other leading athletes came along to help with judging, time-keeping and other chores of officialdom. Official announcer and track manager was a "lifer."

First event on the programme was held up because several competitors insisted in trying to beat the gun. Three eager athletes ran the full distance before realising the field had been recalled.

The eventual winner, a well-muscled lad from "B" Division, also dominated in the next event, the high jump, with a winning leap of five foot five inches.

"Wish they'd have a pole vault," he said, eyeing the near-by bluestone wall. But although he'd have set a new world record to clear the wall, warders were taking no chances and his request was politely refused.

By this time, a group of spectators from the Young Offenders' Group, in their desire to get a better view of the long jump, had encroached upon the running track. They were smartly ordered back by the stern voice of the announcer who during the meeting admonished fellow-prisoners and warders alike.

Meanwhile, Herb Elliott treated the prisoners to a few exhibition laps while Percy Cerutti described his running technique. There was a riotous outburst of applause when the captain of the winning "A" Division team began his speech — "It gives me great pleasure to be HERE to-day"

John Sloane, C2, Sorell.

THE NORTHERN CHURINGA

WINDOW ON THE WORLD

The house was tall and new, but already it possessed an air of genteel dignity. The windows were high and bright and they surveyed the world like an inquisitive schoolboy. These bright "eyes", set in a dignified face, gave the house a slightly rakish expression.

The small boy gazed at the house and his eyes grew round with wonder. Most of the houses around him were small and insignificant and they seemed to shrink back in when a new house was built. The boy wished that he could climb to the top of the house and see all the world below him. He knew that he would see the blue of the sea from the roof of the house and he envied the windows who could gaze at it forever. If he could get inside the house he would climb to the small window which peeped from beneath the highest gable and there he would watch the world as it hurried beneath him.

The small window watched the boy as he turned and walked slowly down the road and into the soft blue of the evening shadows. The sun tinted the sea softly and the window was at peace with the world. He liked the small boy.

A red creeper was reaching towards the window when the boy came home one night, carrying a small boat. He stopped and gazed at the small window and in his imagination he stood by the window and watched the white horses of the sea as they pranced towards him. The small boat in his hands had become a beautiful ship and as he sailed towards the adventures which beckoned him, he paused, and turning towards the land, he saw the little window winking at him through the darkness. Solemnly he held the little boat in his hands as he silently promised the window that, when he grew up and sailed away to sea, he would wave to it and watch for its light when he came home.

The small boy could only see small patches of the sea between the houses but the window could see the changing moods of this bewitching temptress who demanded and never returned complete devotion. When she was annoyed, her wrath was cruel and emotion less. She loved her sailors but she fought against their domination and always she remained their conqueror and leader. She teased them; annoyed them, and carried them away from their homes. The window admired her beauty and he respected her power.

War changed the life of the people and it changed the sea. She no longer flirted provocatively with her swains and then cruelly rejected them. She beckoned to them beseechingly and gathered them to her. She helped them and she hindered them, without favouritism, but when they were tired she took them down to their rest.

The window heard her calling and he saw the men following. In huge, grey ships, they left their quiet waters and went to join her far out beyond the horizon. A young man who had once lived near the tall house heard her calling and sailed away. As the pale faces of his family disappeared, he turned to the tall house which stood and watched the world and he saw the little window winking at him as he had imagined it years ago.

The window grew old and the world and the sea grew weary of war. The world around the tall house

THE NORTHERN CHURINGA

was changing and the little red creeper had died when the sea brought the boy home.

The little window watched helplessly as she brought him to his family. He had been a sailor and he had loved her. Perhaps she had loved him, too.

The sea was silent as the man who had once longed to sit with the window, came home to rest.

"Tom", "A" Class.

ZEEHAN

Zeehan, nicknamed Silver City, was once a large mining town of Tasmania, but is now just a "ghost town." It is twenty-four miles from Queenstown and about 180 miles by road from Launceston.

The mile and a half long Main Street which used to be lined with shops, offices and hotels — twenty-nine of them — is now scattered with a few shops, businesses and hotels, and derelict tumbledown houses. Cows and horses roam freely around the streets, eating the grass, and sheltering from the weather under trees and old buildings.

The old railway line, which used to carry passengers and ore up and down the Main Street, can still be seen in parts, although it has not been used for years.

The thousand people who live in Zeehan are engaged in mining and working in the saw mill, or are employed in the various shops and offices.

Dances, pictures — shown twice a week, oddly enough once on Sunday — football, swimming, and other sports occupy the peoples' spare time.

And over all stands Mt. Zeehan, the mountain sighted by Tasman when he sailed around Tasmania, weathering all the rain, cold and heat, but mainly rain, to be experienced in that part. This mountain stands like a guardian to that little "has been" town in the bush.

B. Dunkely, C2, Franklin.

HARVEST

Alone,
All about
The wide desolation of parched earth
What has gone before?
What will come after?
Greater things
Than this,
This puny attempt
To wrest what is good
From barren earth.
Oh Lord!
Let me die!
I cannot stand the brassy glare
Of the cruel, cloudless sky!

Noel Stanley, A3, Sorell.

A MOMENT FOR LAUGHTER

I poised on tiptoe to reach the big clusters of luscious blackberries. They were just out of my reach.

"Come here, Pip!" I called, "See if you can reach these." Pip was my "umpteenth" cousin, and very long and lanky. She came over, moving with the easy grace of a young fawn. Without any difficulty, she picked off the clusters, and dropped them into HER tin. I let out an indignant yell, and chased after her.

"I saw them! Bring them back!" She laughed mockingly, and took to her heels. Suddenly she pulled up short, and I nearly fell over her.

"Just look at those berries!" she screamed. I looked.

"Come on. Race you to them!" I cried. She shook her head and pointed. I gave up hope. Just ahead, almost hidden by thick bushes was a stream — not "unjumpable," but the ground was very slushy underfoot. It was quite shallow, but when I put my foot in to test it, I sank almost ankle deep in mud, which we discovered extended for at least five yards on the home side. Without realising it, we had strayed over the source of the stream, which was about half-a-mile up, and were now confronted with the pleasing prospect of a mile walk to get these tempting berries, so near, and yet so far. Neither of us were going to do it.

Faintly came the voice of my godmother's daughter, Margaret.

"What are you two doing?" she wanted to know. Then we saw her picking her way along the bank of the stream. We told her, and she thought for a moment, then she brightened.

"Come along here," she directed, and led us round a bend in the stream, where a welcome sight met our eyes. There, flanked by sparsely-foliaged bushes, was a log with each end firmly embedded in the banks of the stream. True, it looked very slippery, but if one could have seen the size of those blackberries, no one would have hesitated. Nor did we. Margaret led, nimbly picking her way across. She grasped the bushes on the far side, and reached firm ground. I followed, and landed safely. Then we turned to watch Pip's progress. She was just starting, nervously clinging to the bushes at her side.

She reached the middle, and was forced to release her grip.

"Lean forward, Pip, and grab the bushes here!" shouted Margaret and I encouragingly. Pip leaned, all right — sideways! Instinctively I took a step onto the log and held out my hand, while Pip still wavered. I grabbed the bushes with one hand, and Pip gripped the other. For a split second I thought it would be safe, and that Margaret would be able to draw us both safely to land. But I was out in my reckoning. Pip wobbled violently; there was a mighty splash, followed by another, as I, in cousinly love, followed her into the water.

There was not much water in that stream, but there was sufficient to wet us both thoroughly. I sat down, with icy water swirling round my waist, helpless with laughter, while Margaret nearly joined us in the stream, as she was rolling about in mirth.

Suddenly we received a great shock. A pair of slim, brown-clad legs rose from the water, not a yard away from me. Then Pip emerged dramatically from the stream-bed, only to trip over a stone and sit down with her head and legs in the air, and arms thrashing violently about.

"I'm drowning! I can't find the ground!" she cried desperately. This was not altogether surprising, as she was feeling for the ground in mid-air. However, it struck Margaret and me as extremely funny, and as a result, I found my head pushed underwater by a wrathful Pip.

When I came up, I found my god-mother soundly rating Margaret, who was laughing too much to explain. My sodden appearance, combined with the bedraggled Pip's, was too much for my god-mother, who is a great sport. A united roar went up from the four of us.

This brought Mum on the scene, and she too joined in the laughter when she saw Pip and I.

Altogether, the time spent in the stream was only about one minute, but a minute is plenty of time to get really wet. Pip and I were both shivering, so that Margaret led us all in a mad, merry race for home.

Dianne Atherton, C4, Wilmot.

A POUND OF FLESH

It was a sorry day for us when there was no Shylock, waiting for his pound of flesh, in our house. Just as the scales of justice swayed against the crafty Jew, so the bathroom scales declared war on Mum. It was obvious that Mum had her pound of flesh, and at a large per cent. interest, too!

"Oh that this too, too solid flesh would melt," sighed Mum. "It is mine, but I shall not leave it," she declared. "I shall diet."

The thing we had dreaded most was upon us. After the good resolution, the dictator rose up and dominated the world of the kitchen. His munitions seemed more ominous than guns and tanks to us. Inside the refrigerator door was a picture of a young girl, beautifully slim, waiting to glare accusingly, as Mum eyes the host of delicious things within. Another picture was posted above the scales, waiting to point the finger of suspicion at an oft times guilty mother. But all the eloquence of Portia could not have persuaded her to give up entirely.

Mum appointed herself judge, jury and executioner, and every time she slipped back on her good intentions, and ate something which she should not have, she executed great care in halving her ration for the next meal.

After several days, the kitchen looked more like a scientific laboratory, than a kitchen. Calorie charts were strewn hither and thither, accompanied by lists of what to eat and what not to eat and microscopic portions of butter and jam, all carefully weighed and checked. In my opinion, even a Lilliputian would have been hard put to it to find what was to be eaten without the aid of a microscope.

One night, about a week after Mum's great resolution, when we were all wading through mountains of food, and Mum was nobly starving on a lettuce leaf or something, Dad could stand it no longer. With a grin on his face, he casually announced, "Oh by the way, I must put the scales right again. I was trying out an experiment last week, and I put them on a few pounds . . ."

Oh, if looks could kill . . .!

Mum had foresworn her pound of flesh a week ago, but this did not stop her from going after Dad's blood.

Ann Greenwood, C1, Franklin.

THE NORTHERN CHURINGA

SEA FURY

The day was just dawning on a small island, in the Atlantic Ocean called St. Helena. The small group of men were silent as one of the jailers planted some Willow cuttings on Napoleon's grave. Shivering slightly, Jack Strong followed Captain Harvey to the "Marianne," the ship which was to take them to Australia. On reaching his cabin, Jack deposited the small bundle (which he had been clutching all through the ceremony) in a safe place, and went up on deck to help with the final preparations. All went well and soon they were sailing out of the bay.

Not long after they had set sail, Spuds, the cook, sounded the gong for breakfast. This pleased Jack as he was beginning to feel peckish. That day was uneventful, secretly Jack was pleased for you see he had not been at sea very long, and very rough weather weather still upset him a little.

One day, after a month had passed, uneventfully, Jack noticed that it was slightly rougher and the clouds were darker than before. Everyone helped to secure the hatches and make everything safe. But the storm did not come that day, nor the next. Finally, the storm broke about six o'clock at night, two days later. The rain came down as if it was being poured out of a hundred buckets. The wind was making the mast sway and it very nearly blew every one off the deck.

That night was one that Jack would never forget; it was like being in the middle of a horrible nightmare. All night long the sailors battled to keep the "Marianne" afloat and during that night the "Marianne" was blown a long way off course.

The storm did not abate during the night. It was dawn the next day, when the "Marianne" foundered on some hidden rocks, near the coast of Australia. She started taking in water straight away, and soon the order to abandon ship was given. Jack's first thought was to jump over board and swim for shore, but then he remembered his precious bundle in his cabin. As quickly as he could he ran down the sloping deck to his cabin. He snatched the bundle from its place and put it inside his shirt. Quickly he made his way up on deck, where he found Captain Harvey waiting for him.

Together they jumped over board and swam towards the shore. Ten minutes later, Captain Harvey dragged the half drowned Jack up the beach. A kindly widow woman took the Captain and Jack to her home and cared for them.

Three days later, Able Seaman Jack Strong, planted the first Willow cutting in Australian soil. Looking on were the rest of the crew who survived the wreck.

Stephanie Wright, E8, Wilmot.

... AND THE FLOODS CAME

There was a noticeable absence of frost that morning, and young stay-abeds were already about at eight o'clock, with their eager shoes tramping the footpaths. Fathers, with a wise look, cast their eyes heavenward at the bulging greyness and predicted rain, rain and more rain. Mothers regarded the prospect of muddy boots with dread, whilst children dreamed of the delight of racing icy-pole sticks down the rapids of a swiftly-running gutter. Towards dinner-time, as hungry stomachs turned to home, the skies darkened with a portent of brewing storms, and younger sons burst into busy kitchens with the information:

THE NORTHERN CHURINGA

"Mum, it's gonna rain!"

And with a rumble of thunder, the heavens opened and the rains descended.

Saint Swithen's Day came and went, and the rains descended still. The clatter of restless feet, and the monotonous "ping-pong" of table-tennis began to irritate. Parents, tired of endless squabbles, longed for blue skies, and clear air. Down in the lowlands, adults experienced a different emotion. Theirs was fear.

Grey skies still released grey rain, in torrents or in fine mists, and the river was rising rapidly. Elder brothers and fathers walked frequently to the back fences to peer through rain at the steady approach of water; mothers gathered their most valued possessions, and placed them high on wardrobes, concealing from boisterous children a frantic feeling at the thought of the damage that floods could wreak upon homes and even lives.

Radio announcers issued hourly flood warnings, advising residents of threatened districts to move. The rain teemed down and the swirling waters crept closer and closer, until one by one the lowland families were forced to seek the hospitality of highland cousins — for the floods had come.

Emigrants in strange surroundings, fearing the destruction of their homes, fingered the salvaged family Bible. Remembering a story of Sunday School days, they flicked pages to the New Testament, and found in Matthew the help they needed.

"And the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew; and beat upon that house, and it fell not: for it was founded on a rock."

Lonely hearts brightened, and they feared no longer, for they knew it was God's Will if their houses were to be destroyed and, come the battle of the homeless, they would fall not; for they were safe beneath the Rock of Ages, the Rock of Faith.

Mavis Cook, A2, Franklin.

MY HOBBY — SKELETON COLLECTING

My hobby originated when, at the age of six, I found the small, frail skeleton of a bird, and with much pride presented it to my mother for approval. I was ordered to "throw it away immediately," but, full of resentment, I stored away my delicate marvel of nature for further observation. From that day onwards I have collected animal skeletons and have become very interested in their intricate designs, woven into strengthening structures for tiny bodies.

In the early stages of my hobby, I collected only skeletons that I had found when out walking. Now in my spare time I have learnt to prepare skeletons from dead animals.

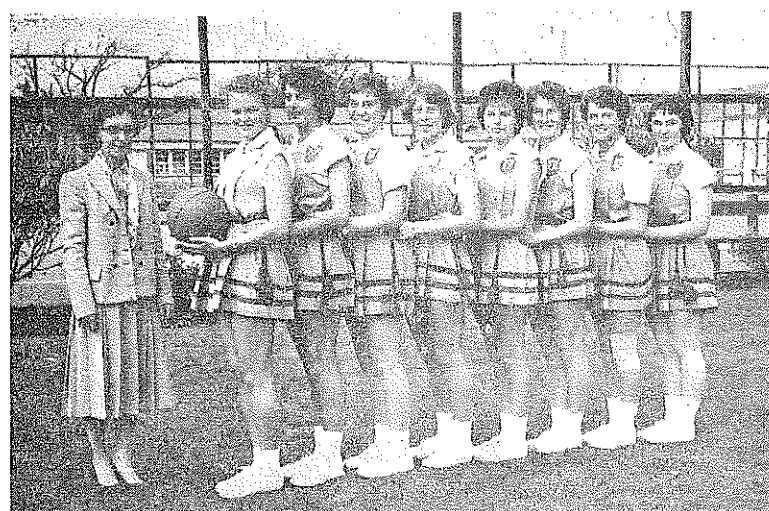
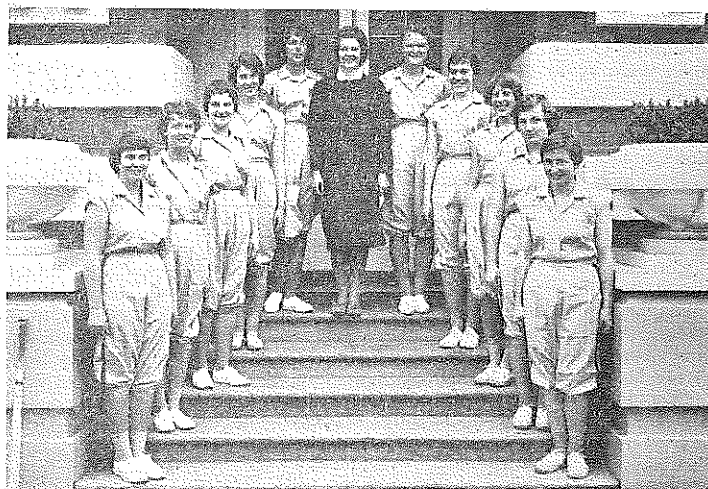
Some of the animal skeletons I have are: birds, a pelican, penguin, sting-ray, rabbit, snake, calf, cat, dog and many incomplete ones — dolphin's skull, cow's skull and others.

I keep my collection in a large, old meat safe, specially renovated for the purpose. I find skeleton collecting a very interesting hobby, although it may not appeal to those like my mother.

Lyn Terry, C2, Wilmot.

GIRLS' SOFTBALL.

From Left: J. Butler, L. Beams, J. Cooper, J. Barnes, R. Saville, Miss King, J. Faulkner (capt), B. James, B. Sheldrick, J. Clark, N. Stanley.

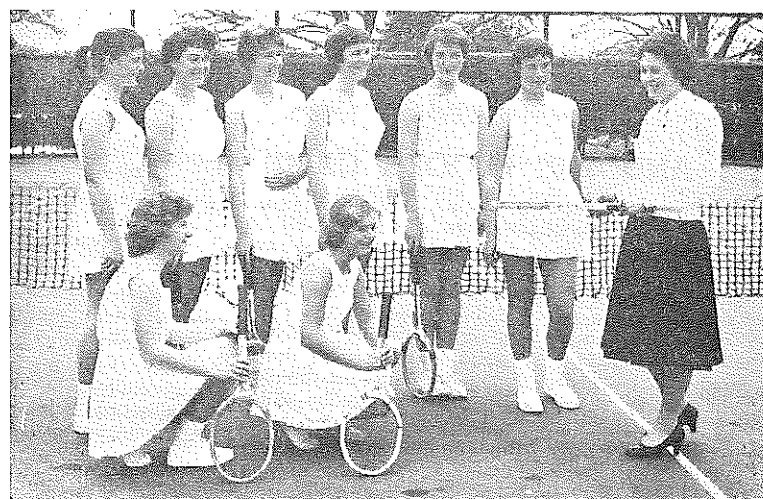


GIRLS' BASKETBALL.

Miss Dewis, J. Faulkner (capt.), R. Saville, B. James, B. Sheldrick, P. Airey, J. Barnes, L. Beams, D. Gossage.

GIRLS' TENNIS.

Back Row: A. Sandman, R. Harris, J. Smythe, R. Berwick, D. Cole, J. Kaiser (capt.), Miss Klye.
Front Row: H. Tutting, J. Callaghan.

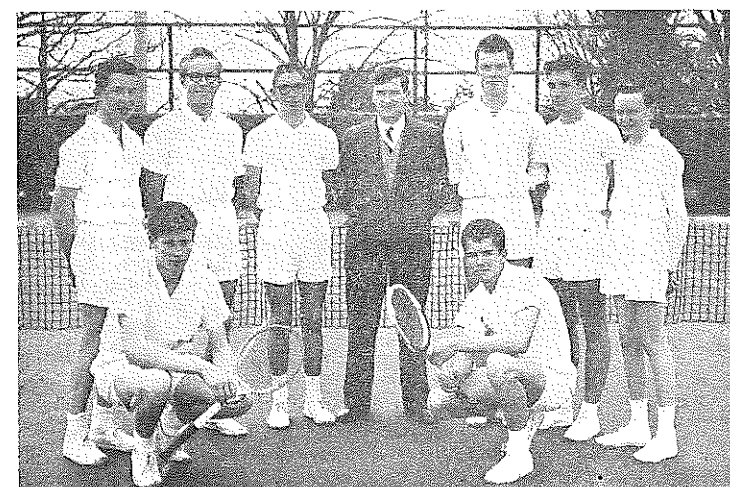
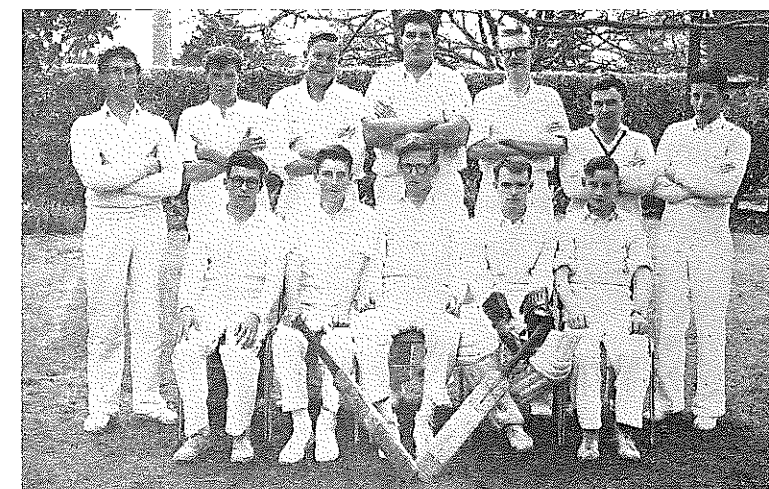


GIRLS' HOCKEY.

Back Row: J. Smythe, D. Bellizia, M. Roberts, D. Oliver, J. Clark, L. Terry, A. Fowler, M. Scetrine.
Centre: M. Cook, N. Stanley, Miss King, D. Cole (capt.), L. Halliday.
Front: J. Howard, M. Howard.

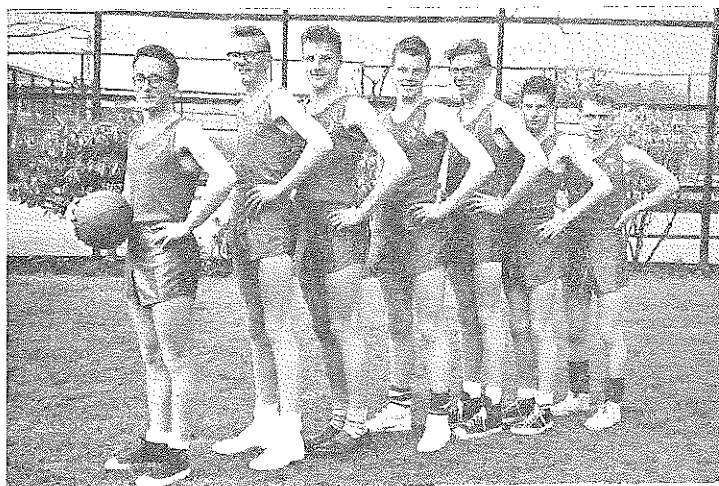
BOYS' CRICKET.

Back Row: I. Clark, M. Green, A. Talbot, E. Wilson, L. Behan, L. Morling, K. Johncock.
Front Row: J. Court, P. Nelson, G. Foot (capt.), A. Jacobson, M. Furlonge.



BOYS' TENNIS.

Back Row: J. O'Callaghan, E. G. Taylor, Mr. Bailey, M. Anstee, G. Clark.
Front: D. Hanan, M. Giblin (captain).



BOYS' BASKETBALL.

B. Rees (capt.), L. Behan.
A. Edwards, M. Anstee.
G. Foot, K. Johncock, A.
Jacobson.

HOCKEY TEAM — BOYS.

Back Row: J. Allen, J. Harvey, M. Parkes, E. Wilson, J. Hardman, T. Wingrove, A. McCormack.

Front: R. Barnard, P. Littlejohn (capt.), D. Bray.

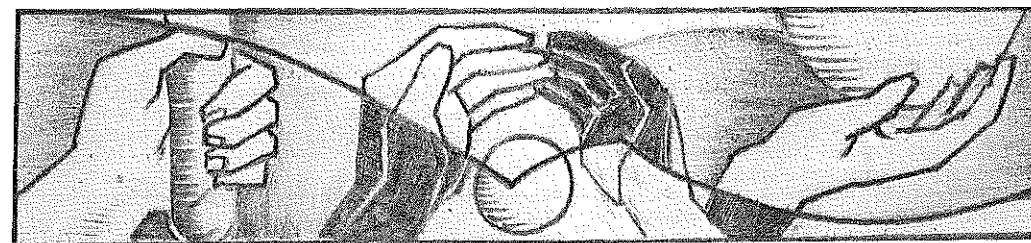


BOYS' FOOTBALL.

Back Row: J. O'Callaghan, G. Stephenson, A. Furmage, D. Hannon, B. Morris, A. Edwards, M. Anstee, P. Hutchinson, M. Green, M. Giblin, K. Johncock.

Front Row: G. Summers, G. Clarke, B. Rees, D. McQuestin, A. Jacobson (capt.), Mr. Crawford, L. Morling, D. Calver, D. Webb, A. Talbot.

In front: M. Pugh.



GIRLS' HOCKEY

The First Hockey Team had quite a successful season this year, and reached the semi-final of the inter-High competition. In the first round we defeated Hobart High after a hard-fought battle, the final score being five goals to three. In the semi-final, Devonport's team proved too strong for us (score was 8-5), but because of good team spirit and co-operation the game was thoroughly enjoyed.

Because of the much appreciated coaching from Miss King, we also gained a number of victories, and quite a lot of experience in the Saturday roster of the Northern Women's Hockey Association (A Grade). However, partly due to illness and accident, after a prominent start, we finished the season in fifth place. Our thanks to Miss King for her interest and help during the season.

CRITIQUE — HOCKEY TEAM

D. Cole (captain): A very good captain, and a very promising player, was the pivot of the team in the centre half back position. Diane played exceptionally well in the inter-High matches.

N. Stanley (vice-captain): Noel showed a lot of promise at the beginning of the season as a back, but then her performances deteriorated. Lack of ball control was the cause of Noel's deteriorating performances.

M. Roberts: Marjory improved immensely during the season as a goalie. She displayed quick reflexes and good clearing shots, but must learn to develop more speed in moving from one side of the goal posts to the other.

D. Bellizia: Diane is a promising back; displayed a good interchange of the back position, but needs to clear more strongly in defence.

L. Terry: A very solid player, who positioned herself well in both attack and defence.

D. Oliver: A newcomer to the team — who improved immensely during the season. Diane has good passes to her forwards, but needs to learn more about positional play.

M. Cook: A good winger who played well in the inter-High matches. Mavis has a very good pass across from the left wing towards the centre.

J. Clarke: A good, speedy left inner who is very quick on the follow in to goals.

J. Howard: A very speedy player, also very quick on the follow into goals, and was the highest goal scorer of the season. Jean must learn to develop more constructive mid-field play.

M. Scettrine: Margaret played well during the season and displayed some very good passes both to the right wing, and centre forward.

M. Howard: Marie improved very much during the season, and did some fine work on the right wing — displaying speed and accurate passes.

L. Halliday: A reliable player who shows a lot of potential.

Judy Smythe: Played exceptionally well during the Devonport-Launceston inter-High match as a goalie, and would improve even more with concentration.

Alma Fowler: A sound back who times her tackles, but needs to send her passes to her forwards more constructively.

SOFTBALL REPORT

The team was chosen at the beginning of the softball season. We were quite successful in the Saturday morning roster winning most games.

In the inter-High matches we went straight into the semi-finals. We travelled to Devonport where we were defeated by a stronger team. In the first innings we played well, with Joan Butler excelling in her catching in the outfield. Lyn Beams pitched well and Judy Cooper was fast as catcher. As the innings continued Devonport's fine team work enabled them to draw ahead. Our team battled well and certainly played the game.

The team would like to thank Miss King who trained us untiringly throughout the season. We wish her luck with the future teams she will train.

SOFTBALL CRITIQUE:

Julie Faulkner (captain): An excellent captain who guided her team through many tough matches. A fast outfielder, with a long throw. Julie displayed reliable coverage of first base from this position.

Judy Cooper: A reliable catcher with a good throw to second base. Judy played well during the inter-High match.

Jenny Clarke: A very strong player, with a long hard hit. A versatile player.

Noel Stanley: A very reliable first base player who is very sure on catches. Noel's hits are good and are usually well placed.

Barbara Sheldrick: Second baseman with quick accurate throws to 1st and 3rd base. Barbara's performances will improve with more understanding of the game. Very reliable at catching infield fly balls.

Barbara James: Very good third baseman with a lovely throw to all bases. Barbara is quick in the field, and always places her hits whilst batting.

Joan Butler: An excellent outfield, and a very sure catch. Joan played exceptionally well in inter-High matches — taking seven catches during one game. A very reliable batter, who displayed courageous dives into bases.

Robin Saville: An excellent outfielder, also with a long, accurate throw. Robin used her speed to advantage in covering second base, and chasing seemingly impossible catches. A good batter.

Janice Barnes: A versatile player who is very reliable in the field. A reliable batsman.

Lyn Beams: A promising pitcher and a very good short stop displaying very quick, fast throws to all bases — Lyn also shows a great deal of potential as a batter.

GIRLS' BASKETBALL

The basketball team this year comprised a number of new players and was therefore a younger and less experienced team than last year. During the season they improved as a team and played very well in the inter-High match played in Hobart, in which they were defeated by 3 goals.

Julie Faulkner (captain): Julie is a capable defence player who is quick on her feet. She adapted herself well to playing as attack goal, and by her attitude and willingness was a fine example to her team.

Robin Saville (vice-captain): A speedy player with quick footwork and high marking. A valuable member of the team.

Lyn Beams: A very accurate goalie who scored well in inter-High. With more experience in the attack position will improve.

Judith Austin: Disposed of centre passes well, and positioned well in attack. A speedy player who played well throughout the season.

Barbara James: Fitted well into new position as defence wing. A consistent player with great determination.

Barbara Sheldrick: Has ability to intercept and clear passes well. Played well during the season.

Janice Barnes: A defence player who intercepts well; will improve with more experience in the position.

Phyllis Airey: Emergency who played well during the season — will be a useful member of next year's team.

Denise Gossage: Emergency who is very quick in her position, and intercepts well — will be useful in next year's team.

GIRLS' TENNIS

The tennis team was successful in the inter-High premiership this year. In the first round we met Devonport, and defeated them 5 rubbers to 3. For the finals we travelled to Burnie, and won 5 rubbers to 3.

Many of our girls were prominent in this year's School Children's Tennis Tournaments in Launceston and Hobart.

Our success was largely due to Miss Klye, our coach, whose encouragement and interest was greatly appreciated by all members of the team.

Jill Callaghan: Jill, our youngest player, with her all-round ability on the court, well deserved the position as number one player. She is a cool, resourceful player, with excellent match temperament, and has firmly established herself as one of the leading three girls for her age in Tasmania.

Diane Cole: Diane is a player with great determination. She plays a good all-round game, with a particularly strong service and severe forehand. All her shots are very well placed.

Heather Tutting: A very consistent player. Has a great fighting spirit, although her speed on the court can still be improved. A strong doubles player with excellent net play.

Rosemary Berwick: Shows great concentration; this proved a match-winning asset in the inter-High games. She has a good backhand, and a strong forehand drive.

Jenny Kaiser (captain): Jenny plays a hard-hitting forceful game with a particularly good serve and forehand. Must learn to concentrate more if she wishes to capitalise on these strong points. She has carried out her duties as captain efficiently, and fostered a happy team spirit.

Judy Smythe: Plays a fighting game, and is quick to retrieve would-be winners. She is an excellent

team member but increased concentration would improve her game considerably.

Robin Harris: A conscientious player who plays a sound all-round game. Robin must try to vary her game, and control all her shots.

Adrienne Sandman: A consistent, tenacious player, who has a strong serve, and fine match temperament, but she could learn to move around the court more.

BOYS' HOCKEY

Although defeated by Hobart High in the first inter-High match played in Launceston, the boys' hockey team had a successful year, finishing in third position in the Northern Schoolboys' Roster.

TEAM CRITIQUE:

Philip Littlejohn (captain) (goalie): Inspiring captain who shows good judgment in goal, coupled with dogged determination. A courageous player (State representative).

Edgar Wilson (back): Excellent solid defence. Uses strong, intelligently-placed hits.

John Hardman (back): Has improved immensely during the season. His fast play and excellent back-stick clearances have turned many attacks.

Stephen Bray (left-half): Although inexperienced, Stephen has rendered valuable service with hard tackling and clearing, which has a ruffling effect on opposing forwards. One of the best in inter-High.

John Harvey (centre half-back): A State representative. Persistent and dependable. Tackling worried opposing centre forwards. His intelligent distribution with fast hard passes created many opportunities for forwards.

Michael Parkes (right half): Michael seems a born hockey-player who only lacks experience.

Ross Barnard (left wing): Ross has played some good games this season, but he lacks keenness.

Albert McCormack (left inner): Albert, a State representative, has scored some good goals, and is always vital in attack.

Tony Wingrove (centre forward): A fast, reliable player whose unselfish passing has resulted in many goals.

Tony Kjar (right inner): A speedy, daring and enthusiastic player, whose persistence gave the forward line great drive.

Jameison Allom (right wing): A keen player, the spearhead of many successful forward moves. Is hampered by lack of confidence.

Reserves have shown ability, especially **Neil Crawford**, **Chris White** and **Paul Crawford**.

The team appreciates the interest and valuable coaching by **Mr. Handley**.

FOOTBALL

The inter-High this year was played at Hobart against Hobart High School. We were slow settling down in the first half and Hobart opened up a four-goal lead by half-time. We showed greater determination, pace and co-operation after the interval and this enabled us to level with Hobart in the first minute of the last quarter. After a period of even play, Hobart gained the vital break and went on to win by thirteen points.

Features of our comeback were the calm goal-kicking of **John O'Callaghan** (three in the third quarter), **Lindsay's** brilliance in the centre and the general determination to win the ball in individual duels.

Best: Morling, Hutchinson, Rees, Talbot, Edwards, Jacobson and Green.

Alan Jacobson (captain and rover): Alan has been a great inspiration to the team this year. Despite his small stature he tackles larger opponents unflinchingly and is seldom beaten. His ability and fairness are reflected in the fact that he was again runner-up for the N.T.J.F.A. best and fairest trophy. He was unfortunate to lose by 1 vote as he broke an ankle in the third last game.

Lindsay Morling (vice-captain and centre): Lindsay is a brilliant, robust footballer whose tenacious play gave us great drive from the centre. He is a good mark and safe kick. His only fault is that he does not use his good pass more often.

Arthur Talbot (full-back): Arthur is a capable full-back. He has a strong kick-out and is a safe mark but lacks the speed necessary to keep up with the faster forwards.

Bob Peters (centre half-back): Bob is an intelligent, fearless footballer who used his speed to advantage on many occasions. His marking and kicking require concentration.

Peter Hutchinson (centre half forward): Peter was a newcomer to the team who turned in some excellent games. He is a brilliant mark but his ground play needs to be sharpened. He was adjudged best against Hobart.

Max Giblin (full forward): Max has ability in all phases of the game but his play often lacks the confidence and determination needed for success.

Greg Clark (back pocket): Greg is one of the team's most improved players but his kicking is still weak. His best game was the inter-High.

Bevan Rees (half back flank): Bevan is a safe rugged type of player who gives his forwards little latitude. His play has improved and he now comes straight through at all times.

Dale Webb (half back flank): Dale was shifted around early in the season but found his position on a half back flank just before the inter-High. His long kicks put the ball well into attack but his overhead play is rather weak.

David McQuestin (winger): David is a dashing player who has ability to do well but often spoils good play by doing silly things.

Don Calver (winger): Don has speed and ability but at present lacks experience. With thought about the game he should develop quite well.

Kevin Johncock (half forward flank): Kevin came into the side late in the season. He is a clever little player, but at present, lack of weight hampers him.

Michael Green (half forward flank): Mick was at times brilliant but at others tended to lack concentration. He kicks well with both feet, has a good turn and disposal.

Rucks:

David Hannan: This was David's first season of football. He is a keen, hard player who, with more experience should develop into quite a good footballer.

Bruce Morris: Bruce is a greatly improved ruckman. He now is a good mark and tap but his kicking lacks thought.

Alan Edwards: Alan is another first year player. He used his height and weight to good advantage for the protection of smaller team-mates and was a reliable mark in defence.

Martin Anstee: Martin is an experienced ruckman who gave us great drive whether rucking or playing in a set position. With his brilliant high marking, long kicking and accurate tapping to rovers he created many opportunities.

John O'Callaghan (forward pocket): An intelligent player and an accurate kick for goal. John, unfortunately for the team, is small, otherwise his brilliance could have been of great use.

Reserves:

Michael Pugh: Michael is a young player who, with experience and confidence should develop quite well.

Alan Furnage: Alan's play lacked the concentration and polish needed to gain permanent selection.

Geoff Stephenson: A left-footer who turned in some useful games at half forward.

Tim Salter: Solid and determined but at present lacks experience.

CRICKET

The team again participated in the N.T.C.A. Reserve "A" Grade competition, and performed creditably against stronger opposition. The experience gained in this competition stodd the team in good stead for the inter-High competition.

This season we were successful in winning the inter-High premiership. The first match was played at Devonport against Devonport High School. We won the match by 8 wickets.

Features of the game were:

Bob Peters' bowling performance — 6 for 25 off 18 overs.

The fielding in which 7 Devonport batsmen were caught and one run out.

The opening partnership of 91 by **Lance Behan** (64) and **Greg Foot** (31).

The final was played against Burnie High at West Park on March 25th. The school batted first and made 170, due to even batting right through the side — eight of the batsmen reaching double figures. Best performances were from **Lindsay Morling** (34), **Arthur Talbot** (30) and **Edgar Wilson** (24).

Burnie was dismissed for 94, due to a good performance by **Michael Green** who took 6/34. Once again the fielding was outstanding (7 catches and 1 run out). This left us clear winners by 76 runs, after an excellent game of fluctuating fortunes.

Throughout the season the team was extremely even with all members contributing to the team's success. The fielding and team spirit reached a very high standard. The batting was sound with all members capable of making runs. The bowling had variety and was capably supported by the keeping and the fielding.

We would like to express our appreciation to **Mr. Allen** and **Mr. Watson** for their help during the season.

CRITIQUE OF PLAYERS

Greg Foot (captain): A sound batsman whose patience and temperament made him ideally suited to opening. He was an excellent captain who was sound with his field placings, and who handled his bowlers extremely well.

Peter Nelson (vice-captain): Had an excellent season as a right arm off-spinner, taking 37 wickets at a cost of 13 runs each. An attractive left-hand batsman who did not have much luck this season. Helpful as vice-captain.

Lance Behan: Stylish opening batsman who goes for his shots. Began the season late owing to sickness but performed with credit when he started. Played a fine innings in the inter-High game. Useful leg spinner.

Alan Jacobson: Very efficient, reliable and at times a brilliant keeper. His energy was infectious to other fielders. An aggressive left-handed batsman who is capable of getting runs quickly. A good team man.

Lindsay Morling: Hard hitting right-hander whose aggressive batting often proved of great value to the side. Played a valuable innings in the inter-High final. A brilliant fieldman.

Bob Peters: Was the spear-head of our attack. A tall, fast right-hander, who used his height to advantage. His speed and stamina earned him wickets throughout the season. A fast scoring batsman who could hit runs quickly.

Kevin Johncock: Medium fast opening bowler who swings the ball well. His bowling will develop well as he gains more height and pace.

Jim Court: A dour, defensive player whose batting will improve as he develops more strokes. He is invaluable to the side to hold an end up while runs are being scored. His keenness and anticipation in the field are infectious.

Arthur Talbot: A forceful right-hand batsman who has excellent strokes. Did not have much luck during the season but played a fine innings in the inter-High final. With more concentration he should do well this season.

Michael Green: Came to us from Tech. this season. A medium pace stock bowler who had his best figures against Burnie. An excellent field.

Edgar Wilson: New to the team this season. He is a hard hitting right-hand batsman who can swing the bat to advantage. An aggressive bat who played some valuable innings. An agile and safe field. A great team man.

Ian Blake: Was unlucky to miss selection in the inter-High. An accurate medium paced bowler and a fine stroking batsman who must learn to defend and concentrate.

Mick Furlonge: Also missed out on selection. A capable and stylish batsman. Will make a handy left-arm bowler. A good throw and a great trier.

BOYS' TENNIS

John O'Callaghan (vice-captain): A fine player with well developed strokes. He rarely wastes a shot, always catching his opponent off balance with clever net play and an excellent backhand.

Martin Anstee: Tall, stylish player with strong attacking service and forehand. He is a natural left-hander, using his powerful strokes to advantage.

Glen Summers: Glen has improved greatly since the beginning of the season. His calm, consistent play has been a major factor in his defeating many of his opponents.

David Hannan: An energetic player whose powerful forehand is a match-winner. His ability to cover the court with startling pace makes him almost impassable, but he needs practice in developing his backhand.

Ian McFarlane: Youngest member of the team. He shows both courage and determination, and this, with a little more experience, should help him develop into a fine, all-round player.

Greg Clarke: Greg is a newcomer to the team, and lacks confidence. He has a reliable service and smash, but tends to cramp his backhand and forehand.

Grant Taylor: Grant tries hard but lacks experience and confidence. He has a reliable backhand and forehand, but needs to concentrate more on his service.

Max Giblin (captain): Max has based his game on a sound style, excellent concentration and intelligent court-craft. His smashing and volleying are extremely accurate and severe. His fine sportsmanship has been a most desirable example to the team.

BOYS' BASKETBALL

The team had a highly successful season in the Y.M.C.A. under 18 competition, finishing with the proud record of being undefeated for 1959. After defeating Celtics 28-26 in the Northern final, the team went on to beat Devonport All-Stars Red, 36-31 in a close and exciting State Final.

The seconds team under the captaincy of E. Wilson did well to finish third in the roster for the season, and this augers well for next year.

TEAM CRITIQUE:

Bevan Rees (captain): A keen student of the game who captained the side with clever strategy. A good guard who gave opposing forwards few opportunities.

Alan Edwards (vice-captain): Alan dominated the centre throughout the season, producing brilliant attacking moves. Must be congratulated on gaining State selection.

Kevin Johncock: A fast, reliable sharp-shooting forward whose positional play can always be relied upon in attacking moves.

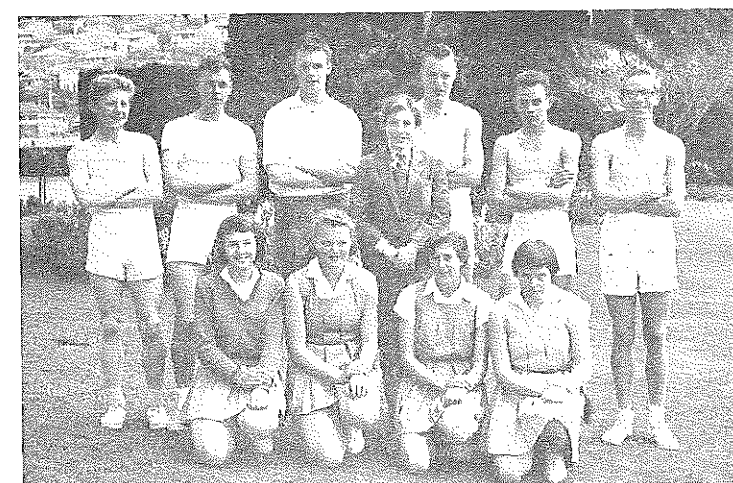
Greg Foot: An unselfish player whose intelligent play gives rise to many successful moves to the basket. A good long shot.

Martin Anstee: Shows much potential and uses his height and style to advantage whether in defence or attack.

Alan Jacobson: A fast but inexperienced player who improved throughout the season with good co-operative play.

Lance Behan: A new acquisition to the team, used his height to advantage with co-operative play.

THE NORTHERN CHURINGA

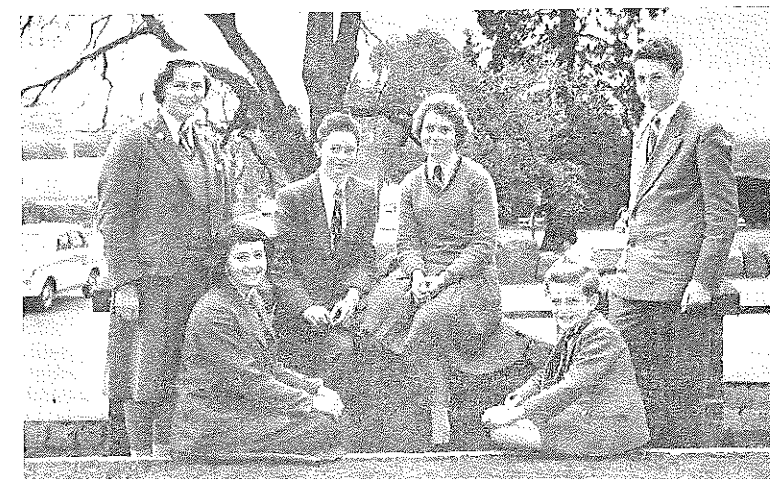


SPORTS CHAMPIONS

Back Row: R. McEnnulty, P. Beer, M. Anstee, M. Adkley, J. Honey, E. G. Taylor.

Centre: W. Vince.

Front: Row: Z. Hersta, J. Faulkner, C. Williams, J. Howard.



SWIMMING CHAMPIONS

Back Row: E. Pattison, R. Barnard, H. Molloy, G. Lloyd-Webb.

Seated: Z. Hensta, P. Ikin.

THE NORTHERN CHURINGA

MY COUNTRY

When I was five years old, my parents, sister and I boarded an aircraft en route to Darwin. My father had been transferred from Perth to do his tropical service and we accompanied him. It was my first air trip, and my stomach, not used to flying above Australia for nineteen hours, caused me discomfort the whole trip. My memory of this first flight is a rather unimpressive one of paper bags and a kindly hostess trying to settle me down.

This trip, long and boring for two small girls, ended not too soon and we arrived at our home for the next five years. I was of school-age and started at the large school almost immediately. Darwin had only two schools, a convent and a public school. The latter had almost a thousand pupils and was under the South Australian Education Department. Whites, Chinese and half-castes worked and played happily side by side with never a thought of racial discrimination or class.

We lived in a small community with the other people from the aerodrome by the side of an old useless airstrip and near the beach. Despite the scorching heat of day and stifling restlessness of night, it was a happy carefree life, and friends were real friends. Woolies were practically unknown and my wardrobe consisted of shorts and cotton dresses. Wherever possible I wore no shoes and my feet were insensitive to the hot pebbles and bitumen.

The main beach was bordered by coconut palms and beautiful sand, while other beaches had soft, coloured rocks and small fascinating rock pools. These rocks were sandstone and the powdery-coating was probably used by early aborigines in their art. Swimming in the wet season was dangerous because of Portuguese men-o'-war, which resemble blue jelly-fish with long thread-like tentacles, and other sea creatures whose sting can prove fatal.

Our garden contained a large variety of tropical shrubs, and bushes of exquisite frangipani, both pink and white. Several tall paw-paw trees provided tasty fruit acceptable for all meals. From shaded corners ferns timidly peeped, and brilliant hibiscus reached for the sun. Outside the fence grew trees of flame-coloured poinciana.

But these beauties of the tropics filled only a small portion of my heart. The rest was taken up by the Australian bush. I love the bush tang, the tall, stately gums, the animals and the ant-hills more than anything. It is my idea of Paradise.

The memory of these years of sunshine and happiness, beaches, heat and coconuts and other tropical fruit will remain with me forever. I hope someday to revisit the place where I experienced so much happiness.

After five years, Dad was transferred to Tasmania, a place which I knew very little except that it was "down south." We looked forward to being able to buy less expensive fruit and vegetables after the high cost of living in Darwin. Imagine the disappointment at finding food almost as expensive here. As far as fruit was concerned, we were better off in Darwin with a plentiful supply of paw-paws, bananas, coconuts, pineapples and mangoes.

Despite the scenic beauty in all parts of Tasmania, it seemed a rather cold and cheerless place at first, after the sunshine and free open life of the tropics. Since residing here for some time and becoming absorbed into the activities of my surroundings, an affection for Tasmania has sprung up within me. I never tire of looking at the distant mountains which

provide many subjects for painting, but the serenely quiet beauty of the island does not appeal to me as does the rugged, red-brown country of the tropics.

"Though earth holds many splendours

Wherever I may die,

I know to what brown country,

My homing thoughts will fly."

Robin Harris, B2, Wilmot.

A HIKE

The day was warm, as my sister and I started from the centre of Eaglehawk Neck. In convict days, chained dogs used to guard this Neck, as it was the only means of escape for prisoners. I had imagined that the Neck would be very narrow, like the one dividing North and South Bruny; but it was not; in fact, you would not realise you were on a neck until you climbed a sandbank, and there lay the sparkling waters of Pirates' Bay.

We walked bare-footed along the firm sand. Past the famous Lufra Hotel and the old fisherman's cottage was a boat-house. A sturdy fishing boat with a rusty engine awaited repair, while crayfish pots and empty coffs and nets were strewn everywhere, not to mention the unmistakable odour that goes with fishing.

About a quarter of a mile further on we came across the tessellated pavement. This was a large flat stretch of squares which suggested a tiled floor or pavement. It was as if someone had taken a hammer and chisel, and chiselled each square of rock the same size. One large portion of rock looked like many half-risen loaves of bread. Sometimes we came across a flat, curiously-coloured orange rock with various seaweeds, which made it look extremely beautiful.

We made our way towards the far left point of Pirates' Bay. Before we reached it, we struck some very rocky ground, so we had to walk above this, along a reedy track made by fishermen. Before we had walked far we saw a dead ring-tail opossum, which we carefully stepped over. Lizards were everywhere and, in case of snakes, we each carried a stout stick. Eventually, we came out on solid rock through which a deep stream ran. The silvery shapes of many fish could be detected in its depths.

We had to make a detour over the land because it was impossible to pass over the rock. The scrub was very prickly, burnt logs lay in our path, and we bent almost double to pass through the scrub, which was knotted together overhead.

We scrambled over the cliffs until we came across a very deep inlet of water cut sharply out of the rock. Through this the water surged into a dark cave in the cliffs. It was a very frightening sight. The kelp swayed as each breaker roared into the depths of the cave and, because of a crevice in the cave wall, the water hit it with such force that the spray was flung back and created a great booming noise. It was far better than the Blow-Hole, although the Blow-Hole is more easily accessible.

We explored up and down the large rocks for some time. There was the most beautiful rock pool that I have ever seen. The water was as clear as crystal, and there must have been a dozen, different types of seaweed in it. There were small knobby kinds that looked like perfect bead necklaces, and also thin, ribbon-like ones. One or two rocks gleamed in the water like copper, gold and silver, but out of water, they were just ordinary rocks. Small fish hid among the moss-like seaweeds. Yes, it was so beautiful we wished we had a colour-film with us.

Julie Cridge, B4, Arthur.

THE NORTHERN CHURINGA

HIKING FOR TWO

It was six o'clock and in the early morning air, one could sense the arrival of snow. However, we eagerly walked down the path which led from the quaint, homely, and typically mountain chalet of Waldheim and with one last look and a wave to my parents we set off in earnest, for in the next seven days we hoped and planned to climb six mountains and walk eighty miles.

It had all been arranged the previous Saturday, when I received a phone call from Doug, asking me if I would like to accompany him on a walk through the Cradle Mountain — Lake Saint Clair Reserve. Of course, I had agreed immediately, but it required a little persuasion to receive Mother's permission. Doug and I spent several hours preparing, buying dried fruits flour, prunes, rice, porridge, biscuits and other foods, and finally packing the food and our gear. Dad had agreed to take us to Waldheim, the northern entrance to the reserve, combining this with a holiday trip for the rest of the family.

We set out on our walking journey and before long it was snowing heavily. We both buttoned up our jackets, re-adjusted our forty-five pound weight packs, put our heads to the wind and walked on. Within two hours, we had rounded Cradle Mountain and were approaching Barn Bluff. We had intended climbing both these mountains, but abandoned the idea for we could only just see the next snow hole in front of us, about thirty feet away.

We walked on for another five hours, seeing little, except for an occasional glimpse of the back of Barn Bluff, and it was with relief that we stumbled into Windemere hut, fourteen miles and seven hours walk from Waldheim.

We were soon fit again, however, after a hot, appetising meal of soup, corned beef, dried apples and biscuits and we then sat back and enjoyed the tales told by various walkers as they "landed" in. One had lost his mates (because he did not want to climb a mountain), had only breakfast foods, including thirty-two feet of cabana sausage, in his pack, on which he had to live for two days; and above all had a wet towel — because his rum bottle had leaked. He was "sopping wet" yet could not dry himself or his towel, for he said, "Rum is highly inflammable." What a state! A little later three girls staggered in, about an hour after their boy companions, and promptly became hysterical, mainly because they had consumed half a bottle of whisky "to see them through the snow" as they put it.

The next day was just as cold and snow together with rain and mist hindered our progress. We could not climb probably the best shaped mountain in the reserve, Pelion West, but we managed to walk the eleven miles to Pelion Hut where a warm fire greeted us. Here we saw the result of a tragedy — a man scalded extensively on the foot by a billy full of tea. He had been helpless for three days, but by a miracle, combined with determination and courage, he managed to hobble the twenty-five miles back to Waldheim — in three days.

On the third day out we were fortunate in having excellent weather and managed to climb Pelion East (4,300 feet) and Mount Ossa (5,230 feet), the highest mountain in Tasmania. Then after a walk of five miles we reached "Winson Castle," the Du Cane Hut.

Wednesday, our fourth day of walking, we spent leisurely for it was New Year's Eve and we only walked five miles inspecting the D'Alton, Hartnett and Cathedral Falls on the way. At the Windy Ridge Hut

THE NORTHERN CHURINGA

we saw the New Year in, and at five minutes past twelve, Nature herself seemed to celebrate, for a giant tree collapsed, shaking the hut and ground around.

The Windy Ridge Hut was the newest hut in the reserve and the smell of the King Billy Pine of which the hut was constructed, like all others in the reserve, still could be distinctly smelt. The huts are all simply constructed, consisting of kitchen and fireplace and a bedroom containing single bunks, but often required to hold three. The only "mattress" is a layer of straw, but nevertheless, the sleep on them is well enjoyed.

Thursday found us climbing the Acropolis (4,000 feet), which has been so named after the manner in which it so closely guards the ground around it. On Friday, our sixth day we spent six hours conquering Mount Gould (5,020 feet) and from its summit we obtained the best view of mountains we have ever seen. Lucky we did! We could see Frenchman's Cap, Mount Zeehan behind Queenstown, the silhouetted forms of Cradle Mountain, Cathedral and Oakleigh. To the south we could see the rich blue of Lake Saint Clair, the snow on Mount Rufus and the grandeur of Mount Olympus and the Seven Apostles.

On Saturday we left Narcissus Hut, climbed one thousand feet to Byron's Gap, then walked eleven miles down hill, passing on the way Lake Petrarch, one of the most picturesque lakes in Australia, with its deep blue water, pure white sand, almost fairy tale-like pine trees and a mountain view in the background. Then finally at three o'clock we arrived at Cynthia Bay, at the southern end of Lake Saint Clair. There we waited till Monday for our bus and finally at nine o'clock on Monday, we boarded a bus heading for Launceston.

What a queer sensation we experienced! Being propelled, seeing trees flash past, without the slightest physical movements required, and travelling a mile and a half in the time we had been walking one hundred yards.

Yes, it had been hard walking for I wore out two pairs of trousers, a pair of gaiters and boots and had lost a stone in weight, but nevertheless, it had been good fun.

Tony Kjar, B2, Screll House.

"K. I."

On the small island of about six hundred and fifty square miles, at the entrance to Bass Strait, there are quaint reminders of somebody's carelessness. The remains of the giant blackwood and bluegum trees, stand black against the horizon, reaching up to two hundred and fifty feet into the sky.

In the latter part of the nineteenth century, a great fire swept almost completely over King Island, taking with it most of the homes of the few early settlers. In its wake it left the ground covered with ashes several feet deep, in fact, it left the island smouldering for many months.

King Island was again swept with fire in the early part of this century. By this time there were more settlers on the island, and most of them had established their properties along the coast. As it raged over the island, they sat on sea-washed rocks and watched the fire burn past their homes. This second fire was not as disastrous and fewer people were left homeless.

As a result of these fires, a rare species of emu was wiped out completely. This emu, a native of King Island, had shorter legs than those of the emus on the mainland.

Margaret Alston, B4, Wilmot.

A TRIP DOWN FREYCINET PENINSULA

Freycinet Peninsula is the peninsula in which Coles Bay is situated. The land is all red and light brown granite.

One day, with my father and some friends, I went for a trip down to Schouten Island. We set out from Coles Bay and headed towards the south.

First we saw the Hazards, the red granite mountains that separate Coles Bay from Wineglass Bay. The names of the Hazards are (from north), Little Baldwin, Baldwin, Dove, Amos and Mason. On Mount Baldwin is a rock balancing on the side. It looks as if it was going to fall but it is firmly wedged in the mass of the mountain.

In about a quarter of an hour, we rounded the point where Mt. Mason juts out into the sea. We saw a sheer cliff and a rock almost like a doughnut. Also we saw Hazard Island, which looked very barren. We saw also a beach, the southern end of which is called Cook's Beach. We were told that there are shells four feet deep there.

Later on, we saw Mount Freycinet. On the eastern side of this are cliffs a thousand feet sheer. There are also many other granite hills. This whole area is a game sanctuary.

In about an hour after passing Hazard Island, we rounded a columnar dolomite tipped point, about seven feet above the sea.

Passing this point, we saw two beaches. We were now on Cape Degrande and soon we were in Schouten Passage. Cape Degrande is very rugged and there are no more beaches until you reach Wineglass Bay, for most of the eastern side of the Peninsula is cliff. On this cape is a coal-blowhole and a sphynx-like boulder. This is where we turned back towards home.

From Cape Degrande, we had a close-up view of Schouten Island. On the eastern side are rugged cliffs forming Cape Sonnerat. There is also a beach on this island.

On the way home we stopped at one of the Degrande beaches. There I found a yellow scallop shell and several landsnails. On this beach we had our lunch.

Soon we set out for home and before long we were on the jetty.

Jim Begent, B1, Wilmot.

A COUNTRY RAMBLE

Oh, come with me down a country lane,
Where skies are always blue,
Where gold corn waves in the dancing breeze,
Oh come with me, will you?
Oh come and take a walk with me,
Where honeysuckle blooms,
Where roses, daisies and clover pink
Give off their sweet perfumes.
Oh come and take a walk with me,
Where thisledown is seen,
And where the grass is lush and long,
And is a lovely green.
Oh come with me down a country lane,
Where are birds of many a hue,
We'll wander slowly down the lane,
So come with me, will you?

Carolyn King, E3, Wilmot House.

A RIDE IN A VINTAGE CAR

It was a twenty-mile journey, although it seemed more like a hundred and twenty, in an object made up of some strips of wood, canvas, a windscreen, some pieces of dented metal, four wheels and an engine (I think), which my cousin, the driver, called a car. It might not have been so bad had the journey been on a good solid road which did at least pass through some sort of civilisation. But no, we took, more or less, a bush track, with our only onlookers being a few rabbits, a wallaby, an opossum and three deserted houses.

We started the journey with ample time to reach our destination, allowing half an hour for, er... mishaps. Five miles were covered and we were going strongly, at the terrifying speed of fifteen miles per hour. At this point we began climbing a hill about two miles long. All went well until we got half-way up the hill and steam began pouring out of the engine.

"What's wrong," I asked.

"The water's boiling," my cousin replied. "You wait here, I'm going to nip down there," he pointed to the bottom of the hill, "and get some water out of the creek. Won't be a sec." In twenty minutes he was back with a huge bottle full of dirty water. In a few minutes we were able to begin again. He climbed in and pressed the starter button. No response. The second attempt gave the same result. So the crank-handle was brought into action, and with the aid of such words as: "Come on, old girl, show us what you can do," the engine started to tick over, and we were off on our merry way once more, with my cousin singing out at the top of his voice, "Oh, What a Beautiful Morning...". Alas, this lasted only for about another three hundred yards, then up rose the steam once more. With the addition of more cold water and coaching words we were going again, only to repeat the process another three times before reaching the top of the hill. Once on the top we glided along magnificently with the wind blowing through the 'contraption,' like a blizzard.

"Good ventilation," my cousin informed me, "Very healthy."

We reached our destination with no more mishaps, except for the loss of a spare wheel (on which I am sure was not any good anyway) an hour late, a little ruffled, but I am glad to say — safe.

Lois Rossiter, B4, Sorell.

THE RIVER TAMAR

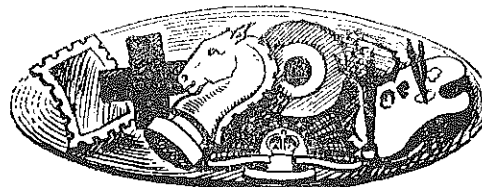
Slipping, sliding, slowly moving
The river slowly wends its way,
First to left and then to right
Through the day and through the night,
Maybe laughing, maybe gay
Slipping, sliding, slowly moving.

Where the whirlpools slip and whisper
And the river joins the fun,
Round and round and round it splutters
Leaves the circles, stops and stutters,
Then continues from its run
Where the whirlpools slip and whisper.

Wilful, moody, lovely river
Sweeping all before its flow,
The tide draws back the hand of time
And reveals thick mud and slime,
Then hides well this shameful show,
Wilful moody, lovely river.

Pip Gavon, A2, Arthur.

THE NORTHERN CHURINGA



Activities

LAUNCESTON HIGH SCHOOL CADET UNIT

It is unfortunate that the Cadet Unit has dwindled down to a strength of thirty-seven — including eight N.C.O.'s.

At the Annual N.C.O. Camp, which was again held at Fort Direction during January, the following



ARMY CADETS

JUNIOR RED CROSS

Junior Red Cross has had a membership of 250 pupils this year, holding meetings during the lunch-hour every Wednesday. However, commencing on Saturday, 24th October meetings of 1½ hours' duration, which will include games, first-aid and handicrafts, are to be held in the school gym.

On 18th April a day trip to Mt. Barrow was attended by 30 members, 4 Red Cross officials, and the National Fitness Councillor for Northern Tasmania. A school group of 14 members, constituted the Junior Red

THE NORTHERN CHURINGA

passed in their respective specialist courses and gained promotion: E. Wilson, A. Furnage, T. Kjar, R. Sutherland, L. Quilliam, G. Stephenson, M. Bowden and R. Booth.

The Annual Camp was held at Brighton during August. Living and weather conditions were very good and every member found the training interesting. The atmosphere and organisation were the best for quite a number of years.

The Rifle Team consisting of W/O Wilson, Sgt. Walker, Cdt. Boer and Cdt. Smith with Cpl. McCulloch (Capt.), met very stiff competition from the Ulverstone High School Unit in the Earl Roberts' Trophy (Tas. Comd.) and were beaten by a narrow margin. On the other hand, our M.M.G. Team has succeeded in reaching the finals and feels confident. We wish them the best of luck.

It is hoped that more boys in the school will feel keenly interested in joining the Unit next year and giving of their best in time and effort.

Cross' contingent to the National Council of Womens' Exhibition — Youth parade.

Other activities for the year have been a friendship album to go to Japan and Malaya; gift boxes for New Guinea; a patchwork rug made of blanket ends donated by a local mill. This rug was donated to an old-age couple. Two sets of knitted dolls' clothes have been donated to St. Giles' Home.

156 badges were sold on Red Cross Day, and £11/15/6½ was handed over to Headquarters.

Each Wednesday at 5.05 p.m. a circle member reads the Junior Red Cross newsletter over 7EX.



RIFLE TEAM.

Back Row: M. Smith, E. Wilson,
T. McCulloch.

Front: G. Walker, P. Boer.

STAMP CLUB

During the year, the members have had opportunities to exchange stamps and also to acquire philatelic knowledge. The 10 per cent. commission on stamps purchased by members during the year was distributed at the end of third term as prizes in the annual competition. The results were:

British Commonwealth Section: 1st, Marlene Edwards; 2nd, Neil Coates; 3rd, Geoffrey Chatfield.

Foreign Section: Equal 1st, Malcolm McLaren and Peter East; 3rd Neil Coates.

Topical Section: 1st, Malcolm McLaren.

There was only one entry in the Topical Section. This was disappointing.

LIBRARY NOTES

As a farewell gift to the school for which she had already done so much, Miss Bertha Layh gave the sum of one hundred pounds, the interest of which is to provide books for the library. Books added in 1959 are, "Cote d'Azur," by Pierre Borel and "Provence," by Marcel Buon. Miss Layh also presented to the library a beautifully illustrated book on Paris.

"Cyclopedia of Music and Musicians" containing recent information is the 1959 addition to the Sandy Anderson Memorial Library.

The 1959 addition to the A. L. Meston Memorial Library will be a copy of Rebecca West's, "The Court and the Castle," which has been on order for some time.

At the end of October, the library had 6,400 non-fiction books and 2200 books of fiction. Of these, 155 non-fiction and 134 fiction books have been added in 1959.

School Council is taking a pleasing and constructive interest in the working and welfare of the library. Very soon Council will have provided a suggestions book for the use of readers and a safer way of dealing with returned books.

A.T.C. NOTES — 1959

Officer in Charge: F/O. Phillips.

N.C.O.'s: Flt./Sgt. Hardman, Sgt. Chandler, Cpl's. Bray and Talbot.

This has been a very successful year for the A.T.C. The annual camp was held during the May holidays at Fort Direction, at which two Non-Commissioned Officer courses were held, and all cadets from 6 Flight were successful in their examinations.

Promotions during the year were: L.A.C. Bray to Corporal, L.A.C. Talbot to Corporal, Corporal Chandler to Sergeant and Sergeant Hardman to Flight Sergeant.

A range day was held at the end of second term and cadets saw the Bren light machine gun and Thompson sub-machine gun in action.

During Air Force Week four cadets from 6 Flight were given a free air trip to Hobart by T.A.A., and the usual Air Force Week parade was held on Sunday, 20th September.

Throughout the year lectures have been conducted on drill, service knowledge, armament, aircraft Recognition, radio, radar, theory of Flight, navigation and field craft.

We were very sorry to lose C.V.O. Peters at the end of the second term — his qualities of leadership and initiative were greatly missed.

C.V.O. Peters was granted a Flying Scholarship at the end of last year and now holds his private pilot's licence.

Lastly, we would like to thank F/O Phillips and the Permanent Air Force Personnel for their valuable assistance with lectures and practical work, and also for the interest they have shown in the Flight throughout the year.

THE NORTHERN CHURINGA

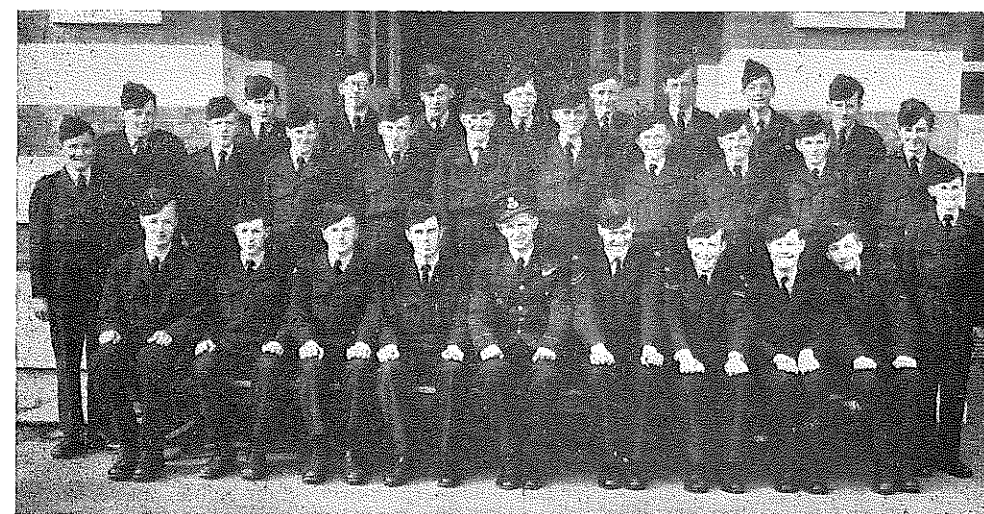
VERSE SPEAKING CHOIR



VERSE SPEAKING CHOIR

The choir entered the Launceston Competitions for the first time this year, and was awarded first place in the 13-16 choral speaking section. The adjudicator made some very complimentary remarks about their work, which we hope will inspire them to enter again next year. Members of the choir were drawn mainly from "D" 2 with reinforcements from "E" 4 and "C" 6.

V. M. Boxall.



A.T.C. CADETS

THE NORTHERN CHURINGA

SCHOOL COUNCIL, 1959

Since the school council system was reorganised in 1957 more and more pupils have been given the opportunity to serve the school in this field, thus gaining valuable experience to fit them for the future. This sharing of responsibility through the school council system is fast becoming a part of everyday life.

The work of the school council is mainly ideas brought forward by pupils to the various junior and senior councils throughout the school. These ideas and suggestions were all ultimately forwarded to a central school council where they were dealt with by various committees, each of which were represented on this committee. These committees under the leadership of a prefect chairman provided the action force for the system. It was in these committees that a majority of pupils were given the opportunity to participate in activities of great beneficial value to the school.

Notable achievements through the year include the improvement of footpaths and the road in Bathurst Street, by the town council as a result of a request from our school council, boot and clothes brushes being in the common rooms, dancing in the gym. at lunch-time when it was wet and many other actions which are too numerous to be mentioned in this report.

It is hoped that in the future even more pupils will realise the importance of such a system.

This council consists of prefects who are not chairmen of committees, and "B" class representatives. Matters forwarded to school council included a new chopping block, prefect assemblies each term, loud-speakers or bells in changerooms, selected radio programmes in the lunch-hour, date and nature of the talent quest, and the school canteen.

"E" Class Council: Has made some useful suggestions during the year, including re-sealing of the boys' yard, repair of fences and renewing lines on the tennis courts, painting of blackboards, and construction of display-boards in rooms 42-45. A suggestion about house badges was discussed and passed on to school council.

"D" Class Council: Attention has been drawn by this council to the need for new rubber "treads" on the stairs. Other matters forwarded to school council included: fire-drill, to be held at least twice a term; distinctive singlets for High School representatives in Anzac Sports and Tasmanian Championships; rough edges on chairs to be smoothed; mirrors in the girls' common room; more rubbish tins. It is hoped that experienced gained by "E" and "D" Class representatives this year will be useful in next year's councils.

"C" Class Council: During the year the "C" Class council has aimed to try to think of small things that would improve the school. Among these you will note that some of them are already helping the school, e.g., "C" class suggested that more rubbish tins would be an asset. Now you will find that the amount of rubbish tins has been added to, a new axe was supplied to the woodsheds as a result of one of the "C" class suggestions. Serving at the canteen has become more efficient after a wider counter at the foot of the gym stairs was added. Paper rolls have been supplied as frequently as possible. The flow of water in the girls' common room has been attended to. There have been a great many more suggestions passed.

Committees' Entertainment (H. B. Rees): This committee was mainly concerned with lunch-time activities, including regular showing of films, dancing in the gymnasium, and inter-class basketball. Proceeds from the dancing was put towards buying new social records. Help was given to classes in organisation of socials, and a book is being prepared to help next year's social organisers. The committee also helped with booking, etc., for school plays.

Community Service (B. Scott): This committee is a newly-formed one. It hopes to aid many charitable organisations in the Launceston area, and also to adopt an Indian leper child, or one from a displaced persons' camp. For this work, £21/8/6 is already in hand.

The committee also assisted in the sale of programmes at the school plays, and on 25th August, five "E" class boys stacked and chopped wood for an elderly lady who lives next to the school.

School Safety (J. Palmer (ret.), J. Smith): This committee has placed posters around the school in an effort to bring about more orderly movement about the school buildings. An inspection was made of bicycles in the bike-shed — many did not comply with police regulations. One fire-drill has already been held. An effort was also made to organise a driving school.

Public Health (S. Johnson): The committee has drawn attention to the many leaks in the roof of the main building — some have been repaired. It has seen about placing paper towels in common rooms and change rooms. It is at present arranging a campaign for better eating habits in conjunction with the canteen.

Aesthetics Committee (Jo. Fisher): Members of the junior school have been most active in this committee. They have kept the hall stage neat, polished door knobs, and arranged flowers in the hall. A group of senior boys have changed pictures, thus enabling members of the school to see more of the many fine prints which the school possesses. Exhibitions of work by American and French masters, kindly lent by the Adult Education Board, have been displayed upstairs. The flower box outside the girls common room has been filled, and stocks and antirrhinums planted. It is hoped that flower boxes in the gym block will contain indoor plants by the end of this year.

A new system of scripture reading has functioned satisfactorily, thanks to the interest shown by Miss Boxall, and also by Robert Walden, who chose readings. While the new P.A. system was being installed, the committee arranged items by school members — these are being continued, alternating with recordings.

Publications (N. Stanley): This committee is concerned mainly with the publication of "Outrages," the school newspaper; and "The Northern Churinga," our annual magazine. Due to an increased interest in the newspaper, a greater number have been published this year.

Publicity Committee (D. Hannan): The duty of this committee was to publicise the workings of the school councils and to advertise certain entertainments. We managed to produce a school council report in which the proposals put to the school council and workings of the school councils were described, complete with a list of committees and members. Posters were made for various activities by the art members of this committee. In addition the newspaper was put up in the boys' common room for a period of time. Towards the end of the term we hope to put out another report on the school council.

ARTHUR HOUSE

This year **Judy Smythe** was elected House Captain and **Robin Saville** Vice-Captain.

1959 has not been such a successful year for Arthur as previous years have been. After being on top of the ladder for eleven successive years, Arthur is at present in third position, finishing one point behind Sorell at the end of the Second Term. We hope to improve our position by the end of the year. We would like to offer our congratulations to Wilmot for gaining "pride of place" for 1959.

We finished third in the Swimming Sports and second to Wilmot in the Athletic Sports. We hold the three Track Championships, Jean Howard winning the Open Championship, Maxine Arnol the Under 15, and Wendy Vince the Under 13. Four Arthur girls, Jean Howard, Marie Howard, Robin Saville and Pat Camm, represented the School in the Open Relay Team. Maxine Arnol was emergency.

In conclusion, we would like to take this opportunity to thank **Miss Deane** and **Miss King** for their help and interest throughout the year.

Arthur was well represented in School Teams.

GIRLS

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

Softball: Judy Cooper (vice-captain), Robin Saville, Barbara James, Lynne Beams, Jenny Clarke.

Hockey: Marie Howard, Jean Howard, Jenny Clarke, Marjorie Roberts, Judy Smythe.

Basketball: Robin Saville (vice-captain), Barbara James, Judy Austin, Lynne Beams. Congratulations also to Robin who was a member of the Northern Tasmanian Team.

Prefects: Joscelyn Fisher.

BOYS

At the commencement of the year, **Alan Edwards** was elected House Captain, **Alan Jacobson** was elected Secretary and **Arthur Talbot** was elected as third man.

Although Arthur House this year has not met with the success of previous years, hope is held out for the House to regain the position of honour next year.

The teams this year were as follows:—

Football: A. Jacobson (captain), A. Talbot, P. Hutchinson, A. Edwards, G. Clarke, M. Giblin, D. Calver.

Basketball: A. Edwards, A. Jacobson.

Tennis: M. Giblin (captain), G. Clarke.

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

Hockey: J. Hardman.

Prefects: P. Hutchinson, G. Clarke.

The House would like to express their gratitude to **Mr. Crawford** for his able guidance and encouragement this year.

WILMOT HOUSE

GIRLS

At the first House meeting this year **Heather Nicol** was elected House Captain and **Diane Cole**, Vice-Captain. 1959 has been a year of success for we have climbed to the top. We won the swimming carnival and the Athletic Sports and were beaten by Sorell for first place in the Talent Quest.

Our success was partly due to the hard work and enthusiasm of our junior members and the encouragement of **Miss Bushby** and **Miss Wilcox**.

We would like to congratulate all the other Houses. Did Maisie get a new can opener? Certainly on their fine efforts through the year. We would like to thank **Kaye Moriarty** for the work she did for the Talent Quest and every House member who has participated in the House competition throughout the year.

Team Members:—

Tennis: D. Cole (vice-captain), J. Kaiser (captain), R. Berwick, R. Harris.

Softball: D. Gossage, P. Airey, B. Sheldrick.

Basketball: B. Sheldrick.

Hockey: D. Cole (captain), R. Berwick, D. Oliver, M. Scettrine, L. Terry.

Swimming: H. Nicol, D. Cole.

Prefects: R. Barret, J. Palmer, R. Harris, J. Kaiser, D. Cole, R. Berwick (provisional).

BOYS

Wilmot has had a very successful year, in winning both the Swimming and Athletic Sports, and coming second to Sorell in the Talent Quest, which deprived us of the "grand slam." Congratulations to Sorell and the other houses.

We consider our success this year is due to the fine house spirit in Wilmot, which is mainly due to the keenness of our housemaster, **Mr. Stocks**.

At the first house meeting this year, the same office-bearers as last year were unanimously re-elected. They were **Lindsay Morling (Capt.)**, **Robert Peters (v.c.)** and **Bevan Rees, Secretary**.

Prefects in Wilmot were: **Bevan Rees** and **Robert Peters**.

House members in school teams were:

Football: Morling (v.c.), Peters, Rees, Furnage, Stevenson, Green.

Cricket: Peters, Morling, Green.

FRANKLIN HOUSE

GIRLS

Although Franklin is at the bottom of the ladder, the enthusiasm with which the members have joined in everything has fully made up for this disappointment.

The swimming carnival held earlier this year gave Helen Molloy the Open Girl's Championship. Many people participated and I would like to thank all these who tried.

The Athletic Championship also gave Franklin the Open Girl's Field Games Championship. All those who entered in the sports are to be congratulated on their efforts.

In the Talent Quest held lately, Franklin obtained third position. Elizabeth Morris and Francine Wilson are to be thanked for their help in the Talent Quest. I would especially like to thank the Juniors for their co-operation in rehearsals.

Members representing Franklin House were:

Prefects: Mavis Cook, Jennifer Thompson, Janet Butler, Julie Faulkner.

Softball: Julie Faulkner, Joan Butler.

Basketball: Julie Faulkner.

Hockey: Mavis Cook, Lynda Halliday, Alma Fowler.

I would like to thank the Vice House Captain, Mavis Cook, for the help during the year, and congratulate all members on their sportsmanship and enthusiasm, and thank them for their co-operation at all times.

The House Members would like to thank **Miss Dewis** and **Miss Klye** for their untiring help and support throughout the year.

Julie Faulkner (House Captain)

FRANKLIN HOUSE

BOYS

At the beginning of this year, **Dale Webb** was elected House Captain and **Des Macaulay**, Secretary. Dale was subsequently installed at Head Prefect, so **John Harvey** was elected House Captain.

Although Franklin did not do very well in the aspect of sport, teams were fairly well represented and members participated well.

We would like to thank **Mr. Page** for his helpful supervision, assistance and for being an efficient House-Master.

MEMBERS OF TEAMS:

Cricket: Peter Nelson, Michael Furlonge, Lance Behan, Kevin Johncock, Stephen Bray, Christopher White, Gordon Harrison.

Football: Dale Webb, Kevin Johncock, Michael Furlonge, Lance Behan, David Hannan.

Tennis: Lance Behan, David Hannan.

Hockey: John Harvey, Stephen Bray, Ross Barnard.

Prefects: Dale Webb, David Hannan, John Harvey.

SORELL HOUSE

GIRLS

At the first meeting this year **Yvonne Knop** was elected House Captain and **Noel Stanley** as Vice-Captain.

Sorell has had a very successful year in that we have climbed from fourth position to second, thanks to the enthusiasm and support of all House members.

We gained second position in the Swimming Carnival, third in the Athletic Sports and our final success was in the House competition. We would like to congratulate Wilmot on their fine wins and Arthur and Franklin for their keen competition. Our congratulations are also extended to the individual champions in the sports.

Head Prefect: J. Littlejohn.

Prefects: N. Stanley, Y. Knop, B. Scott, A. Clarkson, W. Benn, R. Joyce, J. Smith, S. Johnson.

Softball: N. Stanley.

Hockey: N. Stanley.

We would like to thank **Miss Burness** and **Miss Edwards** for their help and interest in our House this year.

BOYS

Sorell has had a successful year. At the beginning of the year, **Greg Foot** was appointed House Captain, with **Martin Anstee** Secretary, and **Gilbert Walker** third man. In the Swimming Carnival, the House was placed second, although in the boys' events, Sorell doubled the score of the nearest House.

We were placed third in the Athletic Sports behind Wilmot and Arthur. Congratulations go to Martin Anstee, who was open field games champion, Paul Boer, who tied for open track champion with Grant Taylor of Franklin, and also broke the mile record, and to Edgar Wilson, who broke the shot putt record.

Keeness and enthusiasm played a big part in Sorell's victory in the House Talent Quest, in which quite a number of boys took part. Special thanks go to Edgar Wilson who played a big part in the organisation and presentation of the programme.

At the moment we appear certain to finish second for the year, and we congratulate Wilmot on their excellent all-round performance.

In conclusion, we express our thanks to our House-master, **Mr. Bailey**, for the interest shown and guidance given during the year.

Representatives in Teams —

Tennis: J. O'Callaghan (vice-captain), M. Anstee.

Football: M. Anstee, J. O'Callaghan.

Cricket: G. Foot (captain), E. Wilson.

Hockey: E. Wilson (vice-captain), T. Wingrove, N. Crawford, T. Kjar, P. Crawford.

Basketball: M. Anstee, E. Wilson, G. Foot.

Rifle Team: T. McCulloch (captain), G. Walker, E. Wilson, P. Boer.

Prefects: P. Boer, G. Foot.

GENERAL PRIZE LIST, 1957

Prizes for General Merit (given by Mr. T. G. Johnston) — Karla Plehwe.

Prizes for General Merit "B" Class (Given by Parents' Association) — Girl: Beth Gibson, Helene Kay; Boy, Brian Phillips.

Attitude and Influence Prizes (given by Messrs. Ludbrooks Pty. Ltd.) — Penelope Stephenson, Rosemary Kaiser, Beverley Creese.

Joan Inglis Memorial Prize (given by Mr. G. Hutchinson) — Gillian Bakes.

Best Passes in Matriculation, 1957 (given by P. & F. Assn.) — Girls, Judith Gough, Janice Odgers; Boy, Gregory Walker.

Peggy Pedley Memorial Prize (given by Mrs. S. Taylor) — Alma Fowler.

PRIZES FOR SERVICE TO THE SCHOOL

Pianists: Senior, Helen Reid; Junior, Faye Harrison.

Library: June Bussey.

Dramatics: Robert Green.

Magazine: Karla Plehwe, Noel Stanley, Tony Kettle.

CLASS PRIZE LIST

Dux of A1 Class (given by Old Scholars' Association) — Danny Crothers.

Dux of A2 Class (given by Hemingway and Robertson) — Janet Kerrison.

Dux of A3 Class (given by Parents' and Friends' Assn) — Karla Plehwe.

Dux of B1 Class (given by A. W. Birchall & Sons) — James Court.

Dux of B2 Class (given by Mr. A. J. Woolcock) — Bevan Rees.

Dux of B3 Class (given by A. W. Birchall & Sons) — Yvonne Knop.

Dux of B4 Class (given by A. W. Birchall & Sons) — Wendy Vince.

Dux of B5 Class (given by Parents' and Friends' Assn.) — Judith Williams.

Dux of C1 Class (given by Mr. R. A. Ferrall) — Donald Atkinson.

Dux of C2 Class — Anthony Kjar.

Dux of C3 Class — Jennifer Ritchie.

Dux of C4 Class — Jacoba Kuiper.

Dux of C5 Class — Francine Wilson.

Dux of C6 Class — Marlene McQueen.

Dux of D1 Class (given by Mr. R. A. Ferrall) — Anne Wright.

Dux of D2 Class — John Honey.

Dux of D3 Class — Lynette Terry.

Dux of D4 Class — Lynette Callow.

Dux of D5 Class — Adrienne Bakes.

Dux of D6 Class — Doreen McQueen.

Dux of E1 Class (given by Mr. R. A. Ferrall) — Ian Beecroft.

Dux of E2 Class — Jamieson Allom.

Dux of E3 Class — Jillian Pitman.

Dux of E4 Class — Roslyn Carter.

Dux of E5 Class — Laraine Blunderstone.

Dux of E6 Class — Suzette Handley.

SUBJECT PRIZES, MATRICULATION EXAMS, 1957

English Literature (the "J. R. Orchard" Prize) — Suzanne Phillips, Janice Power, equal.

Modern History (given by Miss Mary Fisher) — Suzanne Phillips.

French (given by Mr. R. A. Ferrall) — Glen Murfett.

Mathematics (given by Mr. L. Garrott) — Gregory Walker.

Chemistry (given by Messrs. Hatton and Laws) — Gregory Walker.

SCHOOLS' BOARD EXAMINATIONS, 1958

English Literature (given by Mr. A. D. Foot) — Mavis Cook.

Commercial Practice (given by Messrs. McKinlays Pty. Ltd.) — Janice Coones.

Shorthand (given by Mr. R. A. Horne) — Patricia Fawcner.

Typing (given by Messrs. J. P. Sullivan and Sons) — Patricia Fawcner.

Mathematics and Science (given by Mr. G. Radford) — Bevan Rees.

Social Studies (given by Parents' and Friends' Assn) — Bevan Rees.

Foreign Languages (given by Parents' and Friends' Assn.) — Janice Littlejohn.

Best Pass in Northern High Schools (given by Messrs. A. W. Birchall & Sons) — Karla Plehwe.

ATHLETICS

Girls

Championships—

Open: Jean Howard.

Under 15: Pat Camm.

Under 13: Maxine Arnel.

Field Games Champions—

Open: Margaret Parish.

Under 15: Joan Butler.

Under 13: Margaret Smith.

Swimming Champions—

Open: Jeanette McNichol.

Under 15: Eleanor Patterson.

Under 13: Janice Pilkington and Lois Annear, equal.

Tennis Champions—

Open Singles: Sally Pedley.

Open Doubles: Diane Cole, Joan Butler.

Junior Singles: Jill Callaghan.

Junior Doubles: Jill Callaghan, Jane Berwick.

Boys

Championships—

Open: Dale Lloyd-Webb.

Under 15: Donald Calver.

Under 13: Glyn Lloyd-Webb.

Field Game Champions—

Open: Michael Walsh.

Under 15: Martin Anstee.

Under 13: Neil Silver.

Swimming Champions—

Open: Michael Walsh.

Under 16: Robert Ikin.

Under 14: Ray Martin and Peter Ikin, equal.

Tennis Champions—

Open Singles: Michael O'Callaghan.

Open Doubles: Michael and John O'Callaghan.

Junior Singles: Geoffrey Jones.

Junior Doubles: John Hebbink and Ray Martin.

Cricket (given by Fotheringhams Pty. Ltd.) — Gregory Foot.

Football (given by Churinga Football Club) — Alan Jacobson.

Hockey (given by Churinga Hockey Club) — Alan Edwards.

Rifle Shooting (given by Col. W. Fotheringham) — Gilbert Walker.

Hockey, Most Improved Player (given by Churinga Hockey Club) — Phillip Littlejohn.

Eva Abrams, Ray Bailey, Bruce Beattie, Shirley Best, Madeline Brett, Dennis Bye, Jennifer Camp, Robert Campbell, Norma Davis, Shirley Dornauf, Judith Fawcner, Darrel Fisher, Judith Gough, Lynne Holloway, Jacqueline Ingles, Donald Jones, Adrian Jowett, Ian Ling, Peter Loftus, Judith Lott, Margaret Lyne, Margaret McGrath, Michael Middleton, Glen Murfett, Janice Odgers, Freda Onley, Suzanne Phillips, Janice Power, Lyndsay Pullen, Gwynneth Rees, Ian Ripper, Michael Shipley, Robert Smith, Ronald Tarr, Hugh Tetlow, Pauline Tunks, Gregory Walker, Bruce Walkley.

UNIVERSITY PRIZES AND SCHOLARSHIPS, 1957

University Entrance Scholarships: Gregory Walker (6th), Suzanne Phillips (11th), Judith Gough (13th), Glen Murfett (14th).

"The William Robert Giblin" (English Literature and Modern History): Suzanne Phillips (3rd).

"The Jane Christine Hogg" (Modern Languages): Judith Gough (3rd).

"Sir Richard Dry Exhibition" (Modern Languages): Glen Murfett (1st), Judith Gough (3rd).

"Sir Richard Dry Exhibition" (Mathematics A and B): Gregory Walker (5th).

"The Nelly Ewes Prize" (Girls—English Literature): Suzanne Phillips, Janice Power (equal 1st).

"The Goethe Prize" (Oral German): Glen Murfett (equal 1st).

Education Department Scholarships: Gregory Walker (1st), Ian Ripper (2nd).

Agricultural Department Scholarship: Bruce Beattie.

Commonwealth Scholarships: Robert Campbell, Ray Bailey, Hugh Tetlow, Peter Loftus, Margaret McGrath, Gregory Walker.

BURSARIES

Senior City: Karla Plehwe, Robert Green, Christopher Barnard.

Junior Country: Kathleen Mahnken.

J. A. Lyons: Karla Plehwe.

BEST PASSES IN MATRICULATION, 1957

Judith Gough, Janice Odgers (3 credits, 1 H. Pass), Gregory Walker (4 credits).

BEST PASSES IN SCHOOLS' BOARD, 1957

Karla Plehwe (8 credits), Robert Green (8 credits), Queen's Scout: Dale Kilby.

UNIVERSITY DEGREES CONFERRED ON OLD SCHOLARS

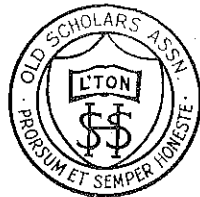
B.A.: Phyllis Burness, Phillip Cowie, Mary Neale, Margaret Pullen.

B.Sc.: Henry Bartlett, David Cartwright.

B.Sc. (Hons.): Douglas McKenzie (2nd).

M.Sc.: Terence Howroy.

Old Scholars' Column



DIRECTORY

Patron—Mr. L. E. Amos.
President: Mr. C. A. Allen.
Chairman: Mr. I. Lanham.
Secretaries—Miss C. Savage and Mr. G. Poxon (Past Year) and Mrs. R. Bayles.
Treasurer: Mr. R. Bayles.
Senior Old Scholars' Representatives: Mrs. E. Atherton and Mr. F. Stephens.
Committee: Messrs. W. G. Hudson, A. Duncan, G. Poxon and D. Fox, Mrs. R. Bayles and Misses J. Williams, B. Smith, E. Atkins, B. Atkins and J. Treloggen.

ANNUAL DINNER

The Annual Dinner, which was held at the Brisbane Hotel on the 17th April, was the most successful function organised by the Old Scholars during the year. The gathering represented pupils of the School over an extended period. The Mayor, Alderman McGowen, and Mrs. McGowen and old scholars from other High Schools were also present.

DANCES

Two dances were conducted during the year, the first being in May at Windmill Hill and second in November at the School. Although the Committee tried to introduce interesting themes into the dances, they lacked support and were financial losses. Their failure was most disheartening to those who organised the dances and the Association appeals to future old scholars to support its dances and other social events.

OATLANDS TRIP

As has been the custom for a number of years, sporting teams from Churinga met Old Hobartians teams at Oatlands on the 4th April. A barbecue culminated a day of sporting events, including hockey, football and golf.

SPORT

Football—Under the leadership of its new captain and coach, Brian McKendrick, Churinga Football Club had a most successful season. The all round strength of the team has improved considerably over the past few years and the future of the Club is assured. The Club is most fortunate in having an oval such as Ogilvie Park and the Trust Committee is to be congratulated on its efforts during the season.

Peter McGee again won the Club's Best and Fairest award for 1959, this being the second successive season. The runner-up was John Dalton, who also won the League's Best and Fairest trophy. Peter also won the Blue's News Trophy.

The Club was represented in the Carnival team by Peter McGee and Robin Sutherland. The carnival was held in Perth, W.A., where it is understood these two players had a wonderful time.

Other outstanding players for the Club this season were Kerry Dawkins, Ian Dornauf, Geoff. Poxon,

Eddie Thomas, Duncan Grant, Alf. Crawford and Brian Patterson. The Club is indebted to the efforts of Peter and Graeme Campbell who should improve over the next few seasons.

Churinga extends a very sincere welcome to all players leaving school this year to join the Club next season.

Badminton—This season saw a membership of approximately 27. It was decided to enter three teams in the Northern Tasmanian Badminton Association roster matches and in the finals, held in the Albert Hall, "B" Reserve won the pennant. When final points were allotted in the handicap section, it was found that our "C" Grade team had gained first placing.

At the annual dinner held at the Brisbane Hotel to finish off the winter season, there was an excellent muster and after the dinner we had an enjoyable evening at the home of our chairman, Mr. G. Allen.

All new and old members are welcome to come down to the High School gymnasium on any Tuesday evening beginning on Tuesday, 9th February, 1960.

Women's Hockey—Churinga Women's Hockey Club fielded two teams in the "A" Grade roster matches—Churinga Green and Churinga Red. The former completed the season in first position, but were defeated by, first, Collegians in the semi-final and, second, Penguins in the preliminary final. Churinga Red team showed greatly improved form throughout the season, but did not qualify for semi-finals.

Socially the season has been outstandingly successful. Regular meetings at members' homes helped build up excellent team spirit among both teams. Highlight of the season was a trip to Burnie where a Churinga team played Old Darwinians. The annual dinner was held at the Launceston Hotel at the end of October, followed by a most enjoyable evening at Gaye Waddle's home. During the evening a presentation was made to Kathleen Redshaw as best and fairest player and best club member.

Two raffles and a street stall were conducted and these greatly improved our financial position.

Altogether Churinga Women's Hockey Club had one of its most successful and happy years. However, many from the teams will not be available to play next year and we are looking to those leaving school this year to join our ranks and make next year equally successful.

New players are asked to contact Miss Janet Brent, c/o Garrott & Garrott, Paterson Street, Launceston.

WOMEN'S BASKETBALL NEWS

"A" GRADE. CHURINGA GREEN

Competition was strong and keen this year. The team played hard and consistently throughout the season, reaching the finals against the leading team—Apexians. Unfortunately, Churinga was defeated, leaving Apexians to combat for the title with Hobart. The Southern team was victorious.

"B" GRADE. CHURINGA RED

This year the team did well in reaching the semi-finals against Launceston Teachers' College. Although play was vigorous, the opposing team proved too strong and Churinga Red was eliminated from the finals. Members played under dire difficulties as the same team was not available each week due to injuries and unforeseen circumstances.

Two old High School members were fortunate enough to be selected in the Tasmanian Women's State Basketball Team to play at Brisbane in the Queensland Carnival. Participants were Betty Francombe and Dawn Barker.

Members of the Churinga Women's Basketball Club would like to take this opportunity to express their thanks to the High School for making their gymnasium available for practice.

Any person interested in participating in the Churinga Women's Basketball Teams are invited to contact any Churinga Club member or ring 42658.

CHURINGA MEN'S HOCKEY CLUB REPORT

Despite the difficulties experienced through loss of players from the previous year, the Club again had a good year both on and off the field. The "A" Grade team reached the grand final but were beaten by South Launceston. Reserve "A" finished third on the ladder but were defeated in the semi-finals.

Many young players developed during the year and the future of the Club seems assured, particularly with the prospects of obtaining a ground at Ogilvie Park.

Neil Atkins was the only member to gain State selection this year. He was selected in the under 21 team which visited Adelaide.

Trophy winners were "A" grade Best and Fairest, R. Bayles; Best Defender, Neil Atkins; Leading Goal Striker, S. Hobson; Best Club Man, O. Atkins. "B" Grade, Best and Fairest, L. Evans; Leading Goal Striker, B. Chandler; Best Club Man, C. White.

PERSONAL

Jeff. Weston has been appointed Education Officer for the Canadian Army in England.

Promotion has been gained by Winston Hudson to Lieutenant Colonel and Commanding Officer of the 12th Infantry Battalion of the Citizens Military Forces.

Geoff. Atherton of the Royal Australian Air Force, who was previously in charge at Hamburg, is now stationed at Ceylon.

Marlene Forsyth brought honours to Launceston, and Tasmania, when she was selected "Miss Tasmania 1959." Marlene was the first northern entrant to win the title for nearly 30 years.

Badminton champion, Don Murray, gained more laurels in his sporting career when he was runner-up in the Victorian Championships.

Verna Klye and Lyn. Holloway were once more selected in State Hockey and Basketball teams respectively.

Old Scholars were well represented in intra-state sport. Six out of the ten chosen for the Northern Women's Basketball side were all scholars and two were selected in the State team. Six of Churinga's Women's Hockey teams were selected in the Northern side.

C. R. (Bob) Ingamells has extended his interests from Municipal affairs to the House of Assembly. He was elected as a Liberal member this year, not having contested an election before. He retains his position as Warden of the Westbury Municipality.

ENGAGEMENTS

Maureen Wilcox and Kay Furmage.
 Lois Tyson and Robert Reid.
 Faye Hutton and Winston Wheeler
 Dawn Campton and Ian Nichols
 Shirley Thompson and James Richmond.
 Kaye Barnes and Barry Stone.
 Tom Bailey and Judith Dixon.
 Brian Watson and Shirley King.

MARRIAGES

Laslie Watts and Maurice Billing.
 Yuergen Fleischer and Judy Kellermin.
 Jalma Cartwright and Geoff. von Steiglitz.
 Rae Cranfield and Kevin Howell.
 Lynette Bowden and Tim Ockerby.
 Valarie Boxhall and Bruce Proverbs.

BIRTHS

Barbara and Doug. Ridges — a daughter.
 Dalma and Brian Yost — a son.
 Nancy and Graham Wiltshire — a son.
 Pat and Terence Morton — a daughter.
 Judith and David Lowe — a son.
 Janet and John Goldsworthy — a daughter.
 Cynthia and Bill Crow — a son.
 Beverley and Tom Vimpany — a son.
 Beverley and Max Pulford — a daughter.
 Jamine and Bryan Way — a son.
 Beryl and Roger Weston — a daughter.
 Jo. and Peter Jones — a son.
 Judy and Yuergen Fleischer — a daughter.
 Genevieve and Bryan Duhig — a daughter.
 Gretchen and John Wivell — a son.
 Mr. and Mrs. Algy Page — a son.
 Mr. and Mrs. Ross Kestles — a son.
 June and Ralph Brown — a son.
 Nalla and Robin Jones — a son.
 Alex and Mary Hope — a son.
 Shirley and Ted Swinton — a daughter.
 Valda and Max Rees — a son.
 Pat and Peter Beck — a daughter.
 Gwen and Kevin Jack — a daughter.
 Mary and Dexter Cocker — a son.

All are Old Scholars.

OBITUARIES

It is with regret that we record the death of Mrs. Dorothy Rose, one of the original old scholars.

Michael O'Callaghan met a tragic death when he was involved in a motor car accident on the Trevallyn Dam Road late this year. He will be remembered best as an outstanding tennis player and captain of the school team in his senior years. We extend our sincere sympathy to his family.

WELCOME

We extend to all scholars leaving school this year a hearty welcome to our Association. It urgently needs your active interest. Unless we can enlist your support it may be that Churinga Old Scholars' Association will be forced into recess. However, we look forward to the New Year and brighter prospects with your support.

Please come along to the Annual Meeting which will be held at the High School early in the New Year and continue your association with the School by means of our Association.

We also wish to thank Mr. Amos, our Patron, for the help he has given us during the year.

PELION WEST

Mount Pelion West is situated almost in the heart of the Cradle Mt. — Lake St. Clair Reserve. It is one of the Pelion group which forms a semi-circle around the source of the River Forth.

To me, the mountain will always be a dark, formidable mass of black bleak rock, its head always hidden in rain and clouds. Each time I have been in the area the mountain has been veiled by mists. As I approach the mountain the mists close round like a cloak, concealing the towering cliffs in rain and fog.

As if in contrast, across the valley to the East stands Pelion East, whose head never seems to be hidden, but smiles down between the mists like a castle on a hill.

During the holidays, my sister, her girl friend and my cousin, Ian (who were all over eighteen), and and I were walking in that area. It was a foggy morning with a slight drizzle. We came suddenly upon a sign post which read challengingly, "Pelion West."

Ian immediately decided to conquer the mountain. The girls were ready, but I was loath to go. But rather than wait for the others to come back I went up with them to climb the mountain, although visibility was less than fifty yards.

We followed a cairned route, which led us up a steep gully, involving some difficult rock climbing. Eventually we reached a rocky plateau, the top of the mountain. Ian wanted to go on to the peak, a few hundred yards further on, but the girls and I had gone for enough. So we took shelter from the wind and cold under a boulder, eating chocolate, while Ian went on.

Soon he reappeared out of the mist and we started the descent. But we had missed the cairned route. We tried to make our way down the cliff face, but we could see no more than ten yards, and we got into difficulties. So Ian set out alone to try to find the gully up which we had come, while I stayed with the girls to wait for his return, trying to take shelter from the cold wind which swept up the mountainside, chilling us through.

After a few minutes we heard a noise as of rocks falling. We called out anxiously, "Ian! Are you all right?"

Silence.

"Ian! Ian!"

The echoes were our only answer. We called again and again, but all was silent except for the mournful moaning of the wind. We could not separate because we would probably lose each other in the fog. We could only wait helplessly in the cold and silence.

To our intense relief we soon heard some movement and a moment later Ian appeared with blood streaming down his face. My sister bandaged his wound with a handkerchief, and as he had found the cairned route, we proceeded down the mountain.

It appeared that Ian was returning after finding the cairned route when he stepped on an unstable rock, overbalanced, and fell down a drop of twenty feet. The fall had knocked him unconscious, but luckily, he was not seriously hurt.

He had conquered the mountain; the mountain had its revenge.

The last time I saw Pelion West was from a distance. The huge broken mass with its humped back and sheer face was silhouetted against the brilliant hues of the setting sun, with all its glory and splendour.

Douglas Cox, B2, Wilmot.

THE CAN OF PEACHES

In many homes, the torture of opening a can or jar is greatly reduced by modern devices which, when a handle is turned, dispose of the lid in one easy movement, fine examples of the progress of this modern age, usually found in all modern kitchens.

Maisie Burke's kitchen was modern but she did not have a "miracle can opener." When she opened a can, she invariably cursed the makers of such "fool's devices," cut herself, and spilt some of the contents.

Her husband Fred, when told of her troubles, merely smiled in a very superior male manner and, shaking his head in pity of all helpless females, said he supposed that he would have to teach her the delicacies of opening a can without endangering her life and his meals. As he said this jokingly and never did anything about it, his wife still became infuriated whenever she was faced with the problem of opening a can.

On the historic day when matters reached a crisis, Maisie was preparing lunch. All went smoothly until she had to open a can of peaches.

She placed the can in the centre of the table, rolled up her sleeves, took a deep breath and prepared for action.

With deft fingers she removed the label from the can and manoeuvred the opener into position. Next she grasped the handle firmly and pushed and pulled until the can was open at one side.

"So far, so good," she thought, stepping back to admire her handiwork.

It was at this crucial point in the proceedings that Fred chose to leave his work in the garden. Seeing his wife struggling violently with a can opener, he realised that he had a wonderful opportunity to illustrate, once and for all, the simple process by which a "man" opened a can of peaches.

"Allow me, dear," he said to Maisie, taking the opener from her.

"Now," he continued, "we take the can — so! We place it in a steady position — we hold the opener — so! And now with a simple movement like this, and this, we open the — ooops!"

Silence.

Maisie has collapsed in a chair, shaking with silent mirth. The contents of the can, namely very ripe, very soft peaches, cover part of the table and a big portion of Fred who stands amazed, with the can opener held in his hand like a sword.

Did Maisie get a new can opener? Certainly not! Fred is not going to admit defeat so easily. After all, it could happen to anyone.

J. Thompson, A Class, Franklin.

WHEN I GROW UP

What will I be when I grow up, I asked myself today, A childish dream I know, but still here's what I have to say.

I think I'll be a farmer's wife, and make cakes filled with cream

Then invite the little children to lunch beside the stream.

I may yet join a ballet and dance as if on air Or go the world a-cruising like a carefree millionaire, I may buy myself a rocket then orbit round the star And gaze upon our planet from a distance long and far:

But that has made me lonely, my dream would be dispersed,

So let me tell you later, say, when I grow up first.

Jennifer Springer, C3, Arthur.

AUTOGRAPHS

OF STAFF

L. E. Lewis

J. Bailey

T. T. T.

E. Sutherland

C. S. S.

H. H. H.

R. B. Wilson

P. H. Lewis

J. M. M.

O. Bushby

P. Burness

G. Scott

M. L. Crawford

P. R. Bowie

A. E. Donnan

H. H. H.

Jean S. Gay

S. S. S.

E. C. Wesley

J. H. H.

G. G. G.

J. Allen

J. H. H.

R. H. H.

R. E. Tuck

J. G. Woodward

W. Phillips

S. King

H. H. H.

M. A. Prosser

L. A. Russell

Nancy Brown

M. H. H.

H. H. H.

V. M. Prosser

V. M. Prosser

R. H. H.

V. H. H.

G. S. S.

R. H. H.

H. H. H.

H. H. H.

N. H. H.

J. H. H.

M. A. Prosser

School Autographs