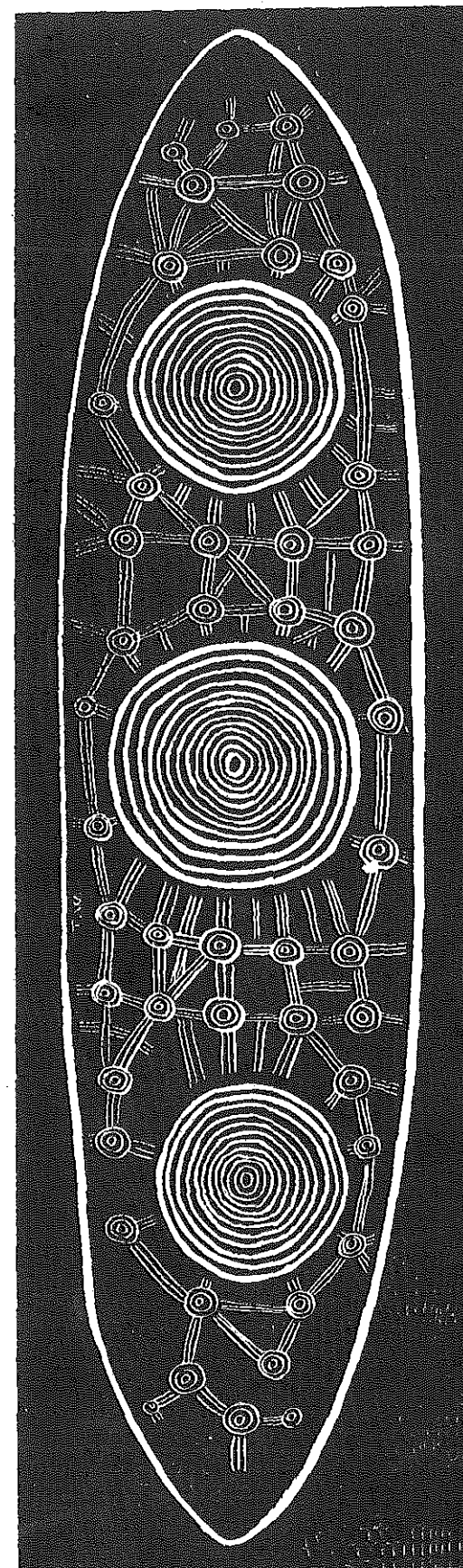


Hingston, Launceston



*The
Northern
Churinga*

**Launceston High School
Magazine**

Volume XLVIII

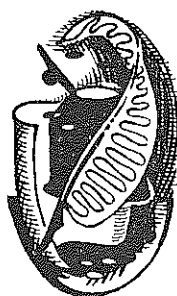
December, 1960

The Northern Churinga



Launceston High School

Editorial



Mental telepathy is a fascinating subject, whether it is considered from a mystic or a purely scientific point of view. Down through the ages, it has been the subject of much controversy, and even today, despite great scientific achievements in the field of psychology, very little is really understood about the subject. However, whereas in past times people who practised or became interested in mental telepathy were classed as witches or black-magic practitioners, most educated people today either accept it as a fact, and are interested in it from the point of view of a natural phenomenon of the mind, or else they dismiss it completely, and refuse to believe that such a thing as mental telepathy exists.

Fundamentally, the idea behind mental telepathy is the communication between two minds otherwise than through the known channels of the senses. At first, this idea is rather startling, and it is not to be wondered at that many people are sceptical as to whether such a thing is possible. However, apart from mystic practices, scientific experiments seem to confirm that some people do appear to have such powers, for which the term Extra Sensory Perception has been coined.

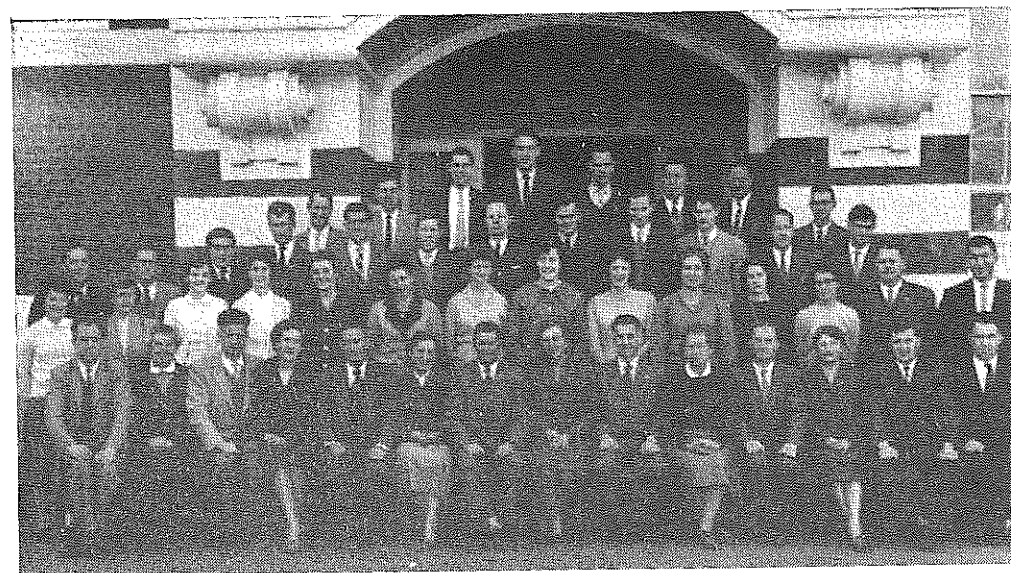
Perhaps this is not such an incredible idea at all, when one stops to realize that thoughts are substantial things and if other things of substance can be transmitted from one place to another, or from one person to another, is it not possible that thoughts also, being real things, could be transmitted from one person to another?

It also must not be forgotten that the most substantial and material things in the whole world, originated as thoughts. The Empire State Building, the Sydney Harbour Bridge, the Eiffel Tower and Big Ben, all things of substance, first existed as thoughts in someone's fertile brain. If it is possible to take a thought and transmit it from the imagination to a material thing, could it not also be equally possible to transmit that thought or impression from one person to another?

According to psychologists, everyone uses only approx. 15% of their actual brainpower. When man was developing his mental capacities, he found it necessary first for his survival, then for his development, to think "forwards," that is, to take his ideas and to create from them material goods. Now because our ability to think "forwards" has become so well developed, we tend to think that this is the only way in which we can think. However, perhaps in our 85% unused brainpower we have the capacity to think "backwards", which we now should try to cultivate to the same extent as our "forward thinking."

Whether this will prove practically possible, it is impossible to gauge at the moment. However, we can most certainly apply the broad principle of the idea to our education—to see where we stand at the moment, then think "backwards" to the beginning of our High School education, and the plans and ideas we then had for our future. Are we, at the moment, where we had planned to be then, when we were thinking "forwards"? or have slipped somewhere along the way, and been content to go on as we were, because it was too much bother to think back to our original ideas and reorient our thinking?

It certainly behoves us all, now, at the end of our year, to think not only where we will be going from here, but where we have come from our original plans, and if we are going in the direction we originally intended! Once we have done this, and know exactly where we stand at the moment, we can again look forwards, and make our plans for the future, with confidence.



LEFT TO RIGHT.

Front Row : Mr. Wesley, Miss Bushby, Mr. Woodward, Miss Deane, Mr. Morris, Mrs. Sutherland, Mr. Amos, Miss Russell, Mr. Hudspeth, Miss Blythe, Mr. Wilson, Mrs. Holloway, Mr. Bailey, Mr. Crawford.

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Third Row : Mr. Perks, Mr. Nash, Mr. Redston, Mr. Kelly, Mr. Dunn, Mr. Read, Mr. Neale, Mr. McGinn, Mr. Page, Mr. Chick, Mr. Cobden, Mr. Morling.

Fourth Row : Mr. Allen, Mr. Vertigan, Mr. Stocks, Mr. Lamb, Mr. ten Broeke, Dr. Kowalski, Mr. Randall, Mr. Denholm.

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Franklin : Helen Molloy, Lance Behan.

Sorell : Robyn Joyce, Tony Kjar.

Wilmot : Phyllis Airey, Geoff Stephenson.

SCHOOL PIANISTS :

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Intermediate : Fay Harrison.

Junior : Jillian Guy.

COMMONROOM CRUSH

The milling crowd surged forth from the entrance. The noise was so great that one couldn't hear oneself speak. In fact, Sue seemed to have been put right in the middle of a pack of wild football enthusiasts.

The frail girl was hustled and jostled about. Everyone pushed in different directions and yet she seemed to be carried away with the main stream right through the common room. Unaccustomed to so many children, she took the knocks and bangings without a sound.

Sue, a former Convent pupil, found that the girls were just as bad offenders as the boys. Eventually she stopped, jarred and quite surprised at what had happened. "Whew!" she gasped, glad that it was over at last, and hitched her jumper up, shaking herself as if uncertain as to whether she was quite all there.

She knew where her locker was, now all she had to do was to find it. Everything appeared so complicated and confusing. She cast her mind back to this morning. Her locker, number K2 . . . she forget the rest, was situated on the floor below about five others. It was around a corner, somewhere! With everyone in class already, Sue had carelessly thrown all her books in and slammed the door. She thought there would be ample time later.

Things were different from her expectations. So many people and not one friend. Why even when she first entered the classroom, all the boys had glared at her and had jeered at her since. The girls would have nothing to do with her and had turned their backs only to whisper about her. What a horrid school!

She hadn't remained still for long when a group of screaming children tore down the stairs and literally lifted her off her feet taking her along until they stopped at a wall of lockers.

She darted away and found a locker which seemed vaguely familiar. It was hers. Crouching down she fished in her pockets for the key. A girl in a rush tripped over her, mumbled sorry and continued on her way. Sue inserted the key in the lock but was pulled backwards as someone trod on her dress. A couple of laughing girls suddenly collapsed on the ground as their feet collided and books flew at all angles.

With such a large number of people in so small an area it was utterly impossible to do anything right. The din was deafening but nobody cared. From above this general clamour, a scream rang clear, "Look out!" Sue glanced up, attempted to dodge, only a moment too late; a bag caught her on the back of her neck. Laughter broke out and all eyes turned on Sue. They seemed to burn through her like the rays of the sun.

A hasty "sorry" was whispered. Another one left but making not the slightest difference.

Hot, sticky and bruised, Sue leant forward on the lockers as if dreaming. She was quickly awoken by the crash of a bottle of ink. A loud "Oh!" and much moaning followed and Sue saw a girl with ink spilt on her books and over her dress. A puddle of ink lay in the centre of the gangway. "Bought it only this morning," she cried, and shook her fist. Sue gave her a look of sympathy but it was unnoticed.

Right in the middle of it all two stupid girls decided to practise their fencing, with hockey sticks. "Touché," one cried triumphantly and lunged forward. Accidentally it caught Sue's ear and for one awful moment she thought it had gone. The girls disappeared. Sue's ear numb with pain shone a brilliant red.

There was a chorus of laughing right near Sue and one girl had an exceptionally high voice which penetrated so deep! Sue finally opened her locker only to be greeted by a downfall of books from both her locker and the one above.

Books spread all around, papers fell out and pencils formed a slide for unwary people. The ink puddled several of the books which Sue had carelessly not bothered to cover. Sitting in the midst of it all, she raked sandshoes and geometry sets clear to retrieve her books. The other girl whipped a handful of books, etc., up into the locker above.

Sue, alarmed that the wrong books might be taken, jumped up only to catch her eye on the corner of the locker. When she removed her hand from her eye, she found it strangely quiet except for the swish of an eyelash.

Only the janitor remained and noticing the girl's swollen bruise and tear-filled eyes he remarked, "Catch yourself on the door?"

Shirley Bridger, C1, Arthur.

"A MODERN SHYLOCK"

Early on frosty winter mornings, we would see him walking along the high street. His gait brisk, but his face and bent shoulders betraying his true age. When we dared steal a direct glance at his countenance we saw a gnarled, parchment-like face void of all expression, save for a hardening of the furrows around his mouth which worry and years had wrought. But his eyes were the things which kept us so much in awe of this strange man. They seemed dull and dead, yet a feverish light burned in them.

We knew the little establishment which brought him out so early in the morning. In a little side street as though hiding from the eyes of light and brightness, and surrounded by a self-created aura of age and decay, stood a dusty and dark little shop with three once-golden balls painted on the window, indicating that it was a pawn-broker's. In tarnished gold lettering the words "Silas Greaves, pawnbroker," lurked against a background of watches and overcoats, ornaments, flash-lamps, tools and jewellery, cheap and otherwise. Some of them were pitifully pathetic, speaking volumes of broken lives, like the tiny baby's mug, engraved with the name "Bonnie," which stood on a shelf. But there was no sentiment about the hard-faced old man behind the counter. The only time a smile ventured onto his bony features was when he counted his finances. He would count slowly, gloating over each coin or note in turn, and letting the silver cascade of florins run between his grasping fingers. He would emit a rasping cackle of greedy pleasure.

Many were the men and women of our town who had been swindled by Silas Greaves at one time or another. People looked on him with contempt when they saw him in the street, but many of them would one day find themselves entering the gloomy interior of his shop, hoping that no one had seen them, and sacrificing some treasured possession for a third of its worth, driven by the necessity to pay a doctor's bill.

And so Silas Greaves goes on in his solitary existence, a friendless, lonely old man, trudging to and from the little pawn-shop. Some say he has great wealth stowed away, but what is that when he does not have the respect and affection of one living soul?

J. Kelly, C3, Franklin.

JOURNEY TO THE SUN

We had lived the two weeks of our four and half week voyage to Australia on the "Fairsea", an Italian liner. We had experienced the heat, flies and smell of Port Said, also its colour, beauty and noise. Passing through the Suez Canal, the heat had shimmered in the air, the humidity closing down, and in the distance an occasional camel lazily plodded the golden sands, ridden by its master in flowing robes.

A few days later, during the early hours of evening, our ship docked at Aden; having seen what we could from the boat, we retired to our cabins, only to rise again a few hours before dawn broke.

What a thrill to step off the gangway on to an Egyptian boat in the darkness of the night; to hear the noises of Aden become louder as we drew up to the quayside. Full of wonder and excitement we cautiously made our way through the entrance to this mysterious city. We were rather surprised to find every shop open, all brightly lit, displaying colourful curiosities, and at such a low price, due to the fact that no customs duties are paid on articles entering the country.

We found the people and their habits, and the way in which they lived most interesting. As was to be expected, we were pestered by the Arabs, who whined and ran after us, to buy their particular goods. The town was alive with activity, not only from people, but cars too, with their "tooting" horns loudly sounding, which to us seemed out of place in a town like Aden at three o'clock in the morning.

All the Arabic people were thin, giving them a "half starved" appearance, especially with their dark appealing eyes deep set into bronze, creased faces. Many beggars, sitting on their haunches, squatted in the darkest corners, others blind and crippled, stood on pathways with outstretched hands, even little children had fountain pens or toys to sell.

Many Arabs were asleep, and to see them gave us a curious shivery feeling, for every one slept outside, bound up from head to toe like a "mummy", and to come across those bodies strewn on the ground in the shadows was a very eerie sight. To make the town more ghost-like, was the dominating view of a mountain, towering high and gloomy into the dawning sky. To us it seemed like an evil omen, overpowering as it frowned upon the city below.

Turning away from the mountain, and walking back to the quayside, we shook off the feeling of depression, and looked forward to a substantial breakfast, for the night's activities had made us hungry.

Once more we stepped aboard our floating home for a further two weeks at sea, until reaching Freemantle, where we took our first walk on Australian ground.

Anne Buckley, B3, Wilmot.

OLD WINTER

Old winter, sad, in snow is clad,
And making a doleful din;
But let him howl till he cracks his jaw,
We will not let him in!

Aye, let him lift from billowy drift,
His hoary, haggard form,
And scowling stand, with his wrinkled hand,
Outstretching to the storm.

Bradley Cole, D4, Franklin.

FIRST DAY OF A CAMPING HOLIDAY

Last holidays our Guide Company went to Daviot for a five day camp. At eleven-thirty we left the Imperial Stables in Brisbane Street in Stoward's bus. After a smooth trip we arrived at "Nindethana", our camp house. The grounds were literally swamped, as it had been raining heavily the day before. However, after dinner in the "Lodge", we decided to put up the tents before it started raining. Thick, black clouds were scudding across the sky when we went to the gate to collect the tent-poles.

Our patrol was to put up a "B-P" tent, behind the "Lodge." As only two of us had erected tents before, we had to make sure the others were doing it properly. First, we straightened the tent out on the ground and put in the main pole. Then, with a little help from some mallets, we pushed the uprights into this. Two of the patrol raised the uprights and held them up while we gave orders and generally mixed things up. We had forgotten to put on the guy ropes so . . . down the tent came. At someone's bright suggestion we put on another pole first for the fly to go over and then put on the guy ropes.

Everything was going well. The guy ropes had been tied and all the other ropes were in, too, though this part in the erecting had been hindered a lot because the pegs would keep hitting rock! We had put the fly on, and were just wondering what had to be done with a short rope dangling over one side when our Captain and Lieutenant came down.

"What do we do with this piece of rope?" we inquired.

"I hate to tell you but you're got the fly on the wrong way," answered Captain.

So, off came the fly, we turned it round and put it straight. Finally the tent was finished and we made our beds. As the back hung rather loosely we brailed it down and made it as cosy as we could. We all went to bed early that night, but could not get to sleep for a long time as the strong wind blew all night and the tent rocked from side to side.

But finally we dozed off only to wake up later and go out to tighten the guy ropes.

Diane Campbell, D1, Arthur.

"HOW TO DOZE"

or

"the art of catching a few winks in public without being caught."

It goes without saying that in our high pressure civilization we don't get enough sleep while in bed. So here are some helpful hints on how to catch up on your sleep and appear to be awake.

Method I: The doze in your transport to school is possibly the most humiliating form of sleeping. So disguise it cunningly.

Rest elbow on window sill, rest forehead against glass. Next thing we know is that head has slipped and we receive a nasty jolt on the window frame.

Method II: Dozing in class (refreshing but dangerous) is rather difficult but you will find that "Well I . . . don't know," said very slowly and deliberately will fit almost any question asked by any suspicious teacher. This may lead teacher into answering question for himself. At any rate it will serve as a stall. From then on you must fight your own battle.

The biggest difficulty is to invent a way so that one can doze without making a fool of oneself and I am working on that one right now but I find it a little difficult to keep awake.

George Airey, B.2., Sorell.

THE MYSTERIOUS VALLEY

Towering manferns blot out the sun
From the dew dampened mosses that lie,
Down in the valley,
The dank, dark valley,
The mysterious valley below.

For this valley so deep,
With its walls tall and steep,
Holds the secret that no one can tell.
For it's down in that valley,
That dank, dark valley
That mysterious valley below.

Dianne Kerrison, E.6., Wilmot House.

DESERT ADVENTURE

Alone, all alone, save for the weary horse, he travelled the yellow-brown road that stretched on into eternity itself. Above, a blazing sun seemed to burn the very heavens themselves. All round, the shimmering waves of heat danced their wild dance of hate against this man who dared to trespass where the heat of the sun seemed to meet the fires of hell, and burn together on earth. Beneath, the sands of time rolled on, unmolested except for the ant-hills — a civilization unto themselves, cut off from the rest of the world by the barrier of desert sands.

On and on, and still further on rode the near exhausted man, feeling like a little ant crawling across a gigantic ancient parchment. Finally, the weary sun could blaze no longer, and so descended westwards, towards its haven of rest. The shadows of man and horse lengthened, and the chilly night air of the desert engulfed them.

After having come a long distance, measured not in miles, but in weary steps, the tired man suddenly saw before him a deep gully which had appeared as if by magic. Perhaps, he thought, this dry stony gully had once, long ago, harboured a river, swift and happy, which sparkled and sang through the gully, under the same wide starry sky, where he now stood. Thinking of the river reminded him of his precious water supply, which was steadily diminishing, like the level of sand slowly and surely slipping through the neck of an egg-timer. He resolved to ration his water still more, and too tired to think more about it, he prepared himself for the long cold night.

The spirits of man and horse left the desert and roamed in the lush land of dreams — while the brilliant stars and gentle moon watched over all . . .

What woke him? It may have been the soft, uneasy neigh of the horse, instinctively knowing something was amiss, or perhaps he had unconsciously heard a distant rumble, forwarning what was to come. He sat up, blinking, and gazed wonderingly around. A faint rumble was the only sound on the still night air. Thunder? he wondered. No, it did not seem to come from above. Puzzled, he disentangled himself from his sleeping bag, and went to investigate. The rumble built up to a mighty roar, and suddenly realization dawned in the darkness of his mind. The river!

Reincarnated by the magical powers of the monsoon rains, high up near its source, the river was now rushing through wide barren lands, hundreds of miles from where there had been rain in the past few months. Hurling down the gully it came, like a beast springing after its prey.

Quickly the man turned and raced back to where his horse was tethered. Loosing the animal and snatch-

ing his meagre belongings, he scrambled up the gully-side to safety, the startled horse beside him.

The dark waters roared past, a swirling chaotic mass. This was no sparkling singing river, as he had imagined such a little time before. This was some fantastic monster, unreal somehow, and yet the more terrible because of its reality. As they stood hypnotised by the might of the river, the black silhouettes of man and beast were etched against the pale-washed sky of the dawn-ing day.

Ann Greenwood, B1, Franklin.

A DESERTED HOUSE

On the outskirts of an old, deserted gold-mining town, stood a dilapidated house, with such a criminal look about its face that would make any onlookers shudder at the thought of entering. The only companions it had during the past century were mice and birds who sought the shelter beneath its huge hat.

Its worst enemy was the angry wind, who poked its nose in every nook and cranny it could find. Its voice was so vicious that it sent even the spiders running back into their webs. The creak of the stairs and windows was the "on-guard" sign of bad weather approaching. The thunder and lightning were its entertainment. The crack of thunder and the flash of lightning sent more and more friends to be introduced to him.

Its clothing which were the shrubs surrounding, provided warmth and shelter from rain and hail. A nosy little creature, eager to explore the unknown approached the old weather-beaten verandah. It was a stray cat, perhaps the only creature who walked on four feet that dared wander into an isolated atmosphere.

The house's beard was flapping to and fro as the wind was blowing the almost hingeless shutters just above the verandah. Stealthily the cat crept through the open door, leaping over tricky cob-webs which barred the door. After recovering nervousness he took one flying leap for the almost vertical stair-case. The creaking of the stairs caused a commotion among the weary sleepers sheltered high up in the dust covered beams. The hiss of the cat and the squawk of the birds flying in all directions made the old house wake-up and smile, for the quiet deserted place had suddenly become full of active life.

Margaret Pitham, C6, Arthur House.

"UNCERTAINTY"

Through immeasurable Time I wander,
In soft darkness I gaze upon gleaming stars
To meditate on troubles' castellated tower,
Like the huge black claw of wicked might
Uprearing 'gainst a puny chick which covers
From a cunning sharp-fanged foe,
Intent on feasting with malicious joy,
Picking clean the bones of earthly toil,
Leaving bare the white ribs of discontent;
Grisly, albino, searing the stark nakedness of the night,
Poverty, greed and misery are ripe,
Peace is far from human mind and thought.
In the fog of future, Doom's deep-toned chimes will
sound the death knell,
Only the bastion of deep rooted Faith,
Like a bright beam slashing the curtains of the night,
Will stem the tide of Evil,
And extermination of the ignorant, lustful human race.

Dan Coward, B1, Wilmot House.

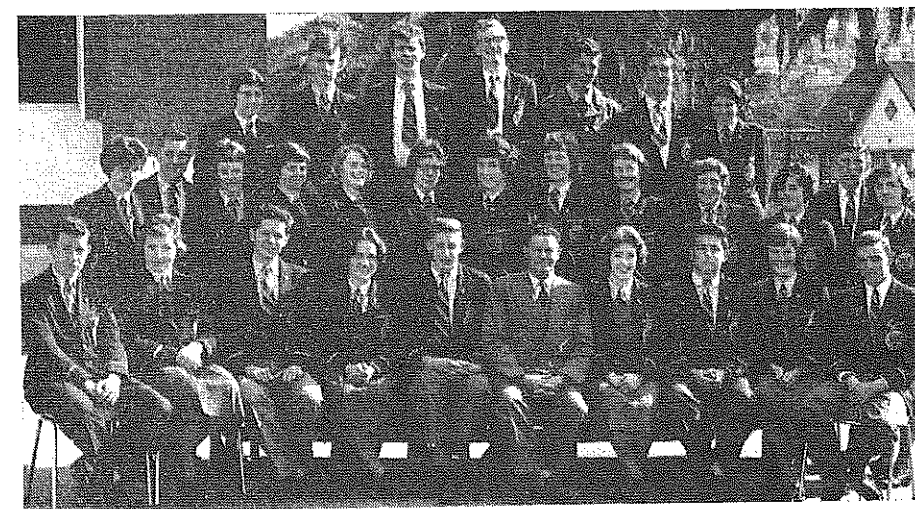
THE NORTHERN CHURINGA



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J. Burness, D. Calver, R. Berwick, J. Honey, J. McClennan.

THE NORTHERN CHURINGA

SCHOOL

School! Ah happy place where
Lie my fondest memories,
My friends, all of whom share
My love for school, are
Gone now. Gone into the
Bleak, desolate world where
Lie waiting snares
To capture them. How sad
To think that ne'er again
Will they have that warm,
Secure feeling that comes from
Knowing someone cares for you.
Namely teachers. They love you,
Wait on you hand and foot,
Slave at night for you, get
Underpaid for you. Ask them
They'll tell you. Poor teachers.
And yet they have a strange
Paradoxical air about them
For, ask them to help you choose
A career, and what do they
Say? "There is no worthier
Profession than teaching."
Noble teachers. Such martyrs.
Think! They have given up a
Whole lifetime to try and
Improve OUR intellects. And
Think! How wonderful the world
Is today. All this, and
Education is free!

Anonymous, A.3., Franklin.

READING BETWEEN THE LINES

In this age of comics, films and T.V., English teachers, parents and librarians are all urging us to read more, and are constantly expounding the delights that are to be had, once the key to our vast store of wonderful literature, is firmly within our grasp. Yet our written language is most unfriendly towards the newcomer, and the key takes some grasping, especially by very young readers, who, plodding along the golden path of literature, often fall into unsuspected traps, baited with peculiarly pronounced words!

Imagine a very young reader making his first acquaintance with the word Thames. Surely, if he has never actually heard it pronounced and connected it with the way it looks, he will pronounce it as it stands, and thereby fail—I know I did. Grosvenor was the same, since it had an 's' in 'it', I concluded it was there to be pronounced, and rendered it as Gross-venor with cheerful abandon. When one meets foreign names, one is sure to be in difficulties fairly soon, as I was, and as I shall relate further on, but one does not expect to be in a quandary over a good sturdy British name, yet when I met the combination of letters C-H-O-L-M-O-N-D-E-L-E-Y, I never even imagined that they could spell Chumley, I know I am a weak speller but.....

As I said, foreign names gave me a lot of bother too. For example, when I first came across the word Orzy, at the tender age of eight it had me very puzzled. There was no-one close at hand to come to my rescue at the time, so I called her Orr-crazy to myself, as it was as near as I could get to it. Another name which had me in knots was Hercule Poirot, I did discover how to pronounce this name, but I could not, no matter how I tried, remember it, so I went on my way and whenever I met that gentleman I always used to call him Herculy Poirott. It didn't really matter as these peculiar

renditions of various names never crossed my lips, as I only used them when reading to myself.

Foreign names were not the only snag, there were many foreign words which had me in a fix, but the one I remember best is Hors d'oeuvre. When I first came across it, when I was about nine or ten, I puzzled and puzzled at it, trying to get it to make sense, I even turned it upside-down in the hope that it would look a little less formidable. But not! As usual when I was really beaten, I downed tools and went to Mum. Mum was my salvation on many an occasion. Fortunately Mum is another bookworm and could always help me out of my troubles, however, if she were very busy, of if I had asked a dozen questions in about as many minutes, she would say, "Oh look it up in a dictionary, after all, that is what they're for."

On this occasion she was able to help me, and gave me the correct pronunciation, she also told me its meaning, and the fact that it was French, which explained a great deal, and I was ready to forgive it for being so unpronounceable. But I will be blown if I could remember how to say it, try as I would. So as usual, when in trouble, I invented my own version, just for me, and came up with horsy-dooovers, which served me very nicely indeed.

Now, however, as I am learning a little about other languages, many unfathomable things are falling into place, and it is with some real regret, that I leave my own "renditions" behind me, in the scramble for more and better knowledge, both of my own tongue and others.

Ann Greenwood, B.1., Franklin.

COLOUR

My heart beats with joy whenever I see
The red of a rose; or the green of a tree;
The white of the clouds that go scurrying by;
The gold of the wheat; or the blue of the sky;
The towering mauve mountains far, far away,
The orange of autumn; the rocks lonely grey;
The brown of the earth in a garden dug new,
The black of the storm and the crystal clear dew,
But of these things and others with which we've been
blessed,
The beautiful rainbow is what I love best.

Carolyn King, D.4., Wilmot.

THE OLD SQUIRE

I like the hunting of the hare,
Better than that of the fox.
I like the joyous morning air,
And the crowing of the cocks.

I like the hunting of the hare,
New sports I hold in scorn.
I like to be as my fathers were
In the days ere I was born.

Wayne Lee, D.4., Arthur.

THE WORLD HELD ITS BREATH

I jumped the bank and crossed the creek
Ran through the trees
And stopped!
But why?

A bird's whistle
Rang on the air,
And the whole world held its breath,
To hear!

Darryl Cullen, E.6., Franklin.

MICROSCOPIC EYES

The man lay on the table watching a small spider at work on the ceiling. A man in a white coat approached and put some drops of liquid in his patient's eyes.

As the drops began to take effect, the man noticed an added sharpness to his vision. The spider seemed bigger and the ceiling closer. He watched the creature gather gnats using its hairy legs as brushes. The ceiling and its spider definitely appeared to be approaching him. The hairs on the spider's legs were now easily visible as it brushed its prey towards its mouth.

The man was fascinated by the way the ceiling was getting nearer. It puzzled and seemed unreal. But it could not be denied that the spider was nearer than it had been. And yet it was not descending on a silken thread, but continued busily to hunt its prey.

It occurred to him that the ceiling could be falling, and that the drug had somehow increased the alertness of his senses so that the action of a moment was for him extended in its timing. However he could hear no noise which suggested that the building was collapsing, and he tried to dismiss this notion, but his mind remained perturbed.

It seemed possible that the continued lowering of the ceiling must eventually crush him on the table where he lay.

Already the spider was so close that it was hard to focus on it clearly. The image recorded by his eyes became more blurred and even larger, as when a lens is moved towards a subject, and the image blurs before reversing and being fully magnified.

When the patient's vision cleared he saw the image of the spider had been inverted by his eyes and had assumed a monstrous aspect. The gnats caught in the hairs on its legs seemed like helpless birds trapped in sticky thickets. The ungainly joints of its elbows belonged to some unearthly robot, its cruel jaws moved sideways, in and out.

The spider's eight eyes looked at the man with murderous hate. The helpless man lay waiting: In a moment the evil monster leaped on him and clamped its fangs into the man's left arm. He could feel the loathsome poison injected into his body. He struggled briefly and then succumbed as the poison spread throughout his system.

The man in the white coat removed the needle from the patient's arm.

"He'll be quieter now, the anaesthetic is taking effect."
The patient was indeed much quieter. He was dead!
He had died of fear.

Anthony Denny, D.2., Wilmot.

YELLOW BOUNCING BALL

Yellow ball that bounces high,
How you catch my kitten's eye.
Tell us, when you go so high,
Do you jump or do you fly?

Or are you just a naughty toy,
Bouncing around us to annoy,
Or maybe pretending to be coy,
Is that why you jump for joy?

Though we're big and you are small
We can't jump like that at all.
Does it hurt you when you fall.
Little yellow bouncing ball?

Wendy Batten, E.1., Arthur.

THE NORTHERN CHURINGA

AN UNUSUAL EXPERIENCE

One night when I was sleeping peacefully in my bed, I was awakened by a violent shaking of the house. I scrambled frantically into my dressing-gown, put on my slippers, and rushed outside to see what the commotion was. The windows and crockery were rattling, ornaments and vases were sent flying to the floor, and the cutlery was rattling in the drawer.

I ran to the front fence and saw our neighbours in the street, asking each other what had happened in their homes or what damage was done to the church. I noticed my mother, and running up to her, told her the mess our kitchen was in.

Eventually, everyone went to their homes to straighten up their belongings. Next morning an inquiry was made and we were informed that it was an earthquake. Damage had been extensive to buildings and homes.

We were fortunate in that only our front fence, which was made of stone, was damaged.

This unusual experience happened when we were living in South Australia.

Cherry Booth, E.8., Franklin.

TONIGHT

Dusk, and a silence profound
Encloses the valley.
Even the willows
Weep silently in the blackness.
In the lake of their tears is reflected
The star-studded blue
Of a pale, sad sky.
The creaking angle of swans
Is black: their cry
Is of sorrow too. And I,
I am alone, for what else but my land
Could share what I feel tonight?

Anonymous, Arthur.

BURDEN

Why can't the people see light?
We know our own is not our own
And our Source of Life is not unknown,
So why can't the people see light?

Some leave their destinies to chance,
But we are sure we have no right.
They heed not; they won't see the light.
Oh, some must do such penance!

Some see light, yes, some see light!
Our heavy hearts are lighten'd much
To see some live having dared to touch!
Thank God some people see light!

Diane Roy, B.1., Sorell.

THOUGHT!

Oh! that I could live my life anew,
How pure and different every day would be,
What deeds and words are brought about
Through petty hates and jealousy.

Our lives are nought but passing dreams,
'Tis fit that we should make amends
And bring fulfilment to our schemes
Before our tasks on this earth end.

Jeanette Stevenson, B.1., Arthur.

"THE TIGRESS"

Silently she preys in marsh and glen,
Swiftly she kills, though guns of men
May seek her silky fur;
Two lanterns alight in the purple night
Surmounted on shadow, two eyes of white
And the growl of her rumbling purr.
From fern to swamp beneath the trees,
She swiftly slinks with stealthy ease,
And 'neath the golden galleon moon
Unwary creatures find their doom;
Where the jungle growth is dense
And darkened shadows loom immense,
A far cat calls, an old boar grunts,
Yes, all beasts quake when the Tigress hunts!

Jameson Allom, C.2., Wilmot.

CODDING BY NIGHT

The incoming tide slapped playfully on the sides of the boat, causing it to rock lazily, and the soft darkness that enclosed us seemed to hold our little craft caressingly in its arms. Lights from either side of the bay winked sleepily and peered through window panes with bleary eyes. We—that is to say my girl friend, my brother, his friend and myself—had been out coddling since dusk, and as our surroundings slowly disappeared behind the veil of night, held our lines over the edge of the boat hoping that some uneducated fish would accept our invitations.

The catch numbered but one poor little cod which was occasionally heard flapping weakly in the water that covered the bottom of the boat. We were absorbed in our environment, when Kim's voice interrupted the stillness with an unnatural loudness.

"What are those lights over there? I hadn't noticed them before."

Upon looking we were confronted by two red and green lights that indeed had not been visible previously. Following further inspection we were almost certain that they were moving towards us but were inclined to think it solely imagination. Gradually the lights did appear to become closer and closer until we could hear a dull throb—ing—it was then we realized that the lights belonged to a large trading vessel in whose path we atmosphere from one of peaceful serenity to that of were anchored.

The frightening impact of this news transferred the fear. The dull throbbing of the vessel's engine coupled with the throbbing of our hearts pumping blood, intensified the urgency of returning to dry land.

Quickly the anchor was hoisted from the black bowels of the sea; lines tugged into the boat; lights fast approaching—eyes of a monster about to devour us. Got to hurry!—The kick of the motor as my brother turned the starter wheel once, twice, three times, and again—but still without an answering roar.

There were no lights on our little boat so we would not be visible to the oncoming vessel. With panicking haste Kim tried his hand at starting the motor — It kicked furiously, but spluttered away into a weak cough. Now the darkness that before had gently caressed us with its softness, was reverted to a fierce monster from whose clutches we were struggling vainly to be free.

Oh why wouldn't the confounded motor start! In our state of mind the green eyes of the vessel seemed to be almost upon us and although none of us would admit it, fear welled within our hearts. With the anchor aweigh we were drifting rapidly in some unknown direction into the gloom of the night. The lights

from the bay seemed wide awake now, warning and inviting us to return to the security of terra firma.

It was with overwhelming relief when a great power from above intervened and we praised the hand that reached out in our moment of danger. The sound of the motor's rhythmic roaring was music to our ears and as we sped over the waves the small cod began to flap wildly bringing a feeling of pity to my heart for the loss of his life.

Lynette Terry, B.2., Wilmot.

A DESCRIPTION OF A BUSH FIRE

It was evening. Far out on the distant horizon the sky glowed like a live coal, while all around was an ominous silence, resembling the lull before a storm. As darkness fell, the sky became redder and in the distance could be heard the roar of the flames, as the fire drew nearer. The roar became louder, as the long tongues of flame licked at the giant trees and dry undergrowth, like a hungry vulture descending on its prey. The trees were like glowing furnaces as the flames multiplied, taking everything in their path. Already men and women from the nearby settlement were hurrying to the scene to attempt to beat out the flames with wet bags and green boughs. For hours they toiled in the oppressive heat, faces blackened with soot, until at last the wind changed and the chief danger was over. Soon the fire had burnt itself out, leaving only black skeletons silhouetted against the grey sky.

Leona Donnelly, E.6., Wilmot.

BEACH SCENE

Before me the beach, glowing in the hot afternoon sun, stretched out like a huge, curved arm towards the jagged rocks, half a mile away. Mountainous waves crashed endlessly down onto this dark mass and sent mistlike spray soaring into the sky.

Even from where I sat, on a fallen tree trunk on the cliff top above the beach, the thundering of the waves could be heard like the distant rumbling of an incoming train. It was uncanny the way that noise made me feel so lonesome, despite the fact that I was surrounded by activity.

Directly in front of me, quite a large crowd of people were idly passing the time lying on gaily-coloured beach towels or listening to radios under bright umbrellas. A few children scrambled among the rocks, looking for crabs or shellfish in the many pools which were now becoming swamped by incoming tide.

Further out, in the deep, blue-green sea, a number of small boats were steadily crossing to and fro. Once, while I was sitting there, a large yacht sailed majestically by, forming a pleasant background for the swimmers and surfboard fans, who bobbed up and down in the cool water.

To the north, near the rocks, a flock of seagulls were angrily squawking over a small fish thrown to them by a lone fisherman, who sat tirelessly, throwing his line in and hauling it out of the deep water.

In the opposite direction a group of strong, tanned men were going through their life-saving drill, which provided some entertainment for a busload of tourists who chatted and remarked among themselves.

As the sun was beginning to set, the people gradually turned homewards, leaving behind them a desolate stretch of white sand, which would remain so till the next day, when once again the crowd of holiday-makers would come for their daily trip to the beach.

Lyn Beams, C.6., Arthur.

THE NORTHERN CHURINGA

ROTORUA

In the centre of the North Island of New Zealand, is situated one of the world's great Geyser Lands, Rotorua, and it was here that I spent the most interesting week-end of my stay in this fascinating Dominion. Geysers form one of the principal thermal attractions at Rotorua, and I must admit that when I first saw one of these scalding jets erupting high into the air, I was rather amazed and frightened.

Pohutu, which is the largest Geyser at the Maori village called Whakarewarewa, commonly called Whaka, is really a marvel to the eyes, and visitors come from many lands to see this great water yet play. Although this Geyser is the largest, it only plays at certain intervals, but when soap is thrown into the cavity this usually promotes activity.

The Maoris cook, bathe and wash clothing with a minimum of effort, by using the many pools of boiling water which are at their disposal around the village. The Maori house-wife does not have to worry about turning on the stove, but instead she just dips her cleaned food into "Nature's Kitchen" and the water is so hot that the meal is cooked in no time. As a matter of interest, the hotel at which we were staying, was centrally heated by tapping superheated steam.

In addition to the Geysers and the hot pools, there are the fascinating pools of boiling mud, and after looking at the slow bubbling mass it reminded one of a saucepan of porridge just beginning to boil. This led me to another interesting point about Rotorua's thermal activities; New Zealand is peculiarly rich in sulphuric acid hot springs, called spas and these are known all over the world for their amazing curing abilities in ailments such as rheumatism and diseases of the nervous and digestive systems.

Only now, that I have grown older and my outlook has broadened, do I realize the full significance of many of these amazing sights, that so puzzled me when I was only nine.

Janet Cassidy, B.3., Franklin.

OPENING DOORS

As the sun rose higher in the heavens, I waited nervously outside the beautiful home of my recently-deceased aunt for the hour when I should enter. Thinking back now, the events of the past week seemed fantastic. First my aunt's death and then the reading of her will. Even her lawyer had to admit that it was a most peculiar will.

The section of her will which concerned me read thus: "To my dear niece. Although the following may seem strange to you, I would like you to do just as I instruct and trust that you will not be disappointed after carrying out my wishes. At the eighth hour of the eighth day in June, enter my old home, 'Greyhouse' and walk to the fifth window along the side corridor. Pause here and you will notice that the sun casts a shadow on the floor. Look carefully near the end of this shadow and you will find a key which will help you discover the pleasures which I have left you." An imaginary picture of riches had immediately flashed through my mind when I had heard these words.

Glancing at my watch, I saw that the little hand pointed almost to eight. With anxious steps, I walked up the stone path, pausing for a moment in front of the huge oaken door before opening it. Inside the rooms were dark and eerie and smelt of dust. The eeriness spurred me on toward my destination — the sun-flooded corridor. Counting out loud, I numbered the windows until I came to the fifth.

THE NORTHERN CHURINGA

Outside the sun shone brightly on the green foliage of the garden; brightly coloured birds twittered merry tunes as they splashed in the fish pond and busy little bees searched for honey in the nodding bells of flowers. Besides shining on this gay little scene outside, the sun also shone through the windows, casting a shadow on the dusty floor before me. At the end of this shadow I noticed an antique piano stool. After lifting the seat and fossicing amongst the music, I came upon a large key.

This must be the key which my aunt had intended me to use! Holding it in my hands I examined it closely and at last decided that it would belong to either a box or a door. As the latter seemed the more likely, I started along the corridor in search of a door into whose lock I could fit my key. Opening each unlocked door and trying the key in every lock was indeed a very trying job and after opening a maze of doors downstairs, I wearily ascended the stairs to try my luck higher up. Still I could find no lock which suited my key, but still I kept on walking and stopping, walking and stopping and trying my key.

At last, almost exhausted, I came to an old panelled door standing by itself at the end of a passage-way. As if in a dream, I tried my key. At last! To my delight the key fitted perfectly. With trembling hands I turned it slowly and was rewarded by a grating sound and then a click as the lock slid back.

Surely, I whispered to myself, there must be something very wonderful inside for my aunt to make so much fuss over. Perhaps there is some jewellery, money or antique furniture!

With such rosy dreams, I turned the brass knob gently and pushed the door open slowly. To my amazement I found no furniture, money or jewellery but only a funny little room lined with cupboards. Ah, could there be something in the cupboards?

Suddenly, before I could walk forward to investigate, one of the doors opened slowly on its squeaky hinges. Rooted to the spot, I paled as a bony hand appeared around the edge of the door followed by the rest of the body of a witchlike old lady who stared at me with blood-shot eyes. Never once taking her eyes from my face, she slowly glided towards me with outstretched arms. Drawing nearer and nearer, she at last reached me and clutched at my arm, her bony fingers biting into my skin and sending a cold shiver down my spine. The sudden feel of her hand awoke me from my trance-like state and I found myself running down the passage, running for all I was worth followed by her maniacal laughter . . .

"Anna, Anna! Do wake up, dear! I've been shaking you for the last five minutes."

Margaret Tierney, C1, Franklin.

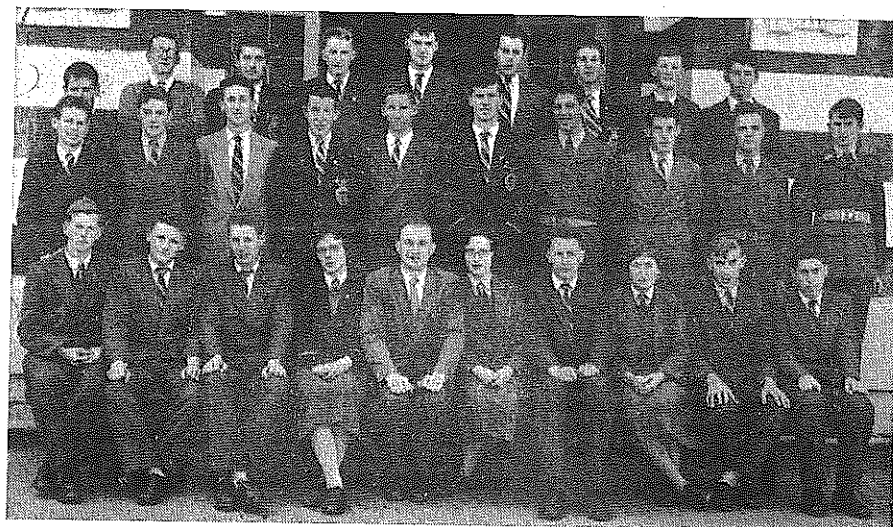
SUNRISE

Slowly, slowly the Night's dark mantle
Is raised to disclose the day;
Its trimming of twinkling, glittering stars
Has slowly faded away.

The grey of the dawn is tinged with rays
Of delicate pink and gold,
The messengers of the Sun are they,
Sent to prepare the world.

For the all-seeing eye of that glorious orb
As Apollo his chariot rides
Across the sky of cloudless blue
Till down in the west it glides.

Alison Wolff, D.1., Arthur.

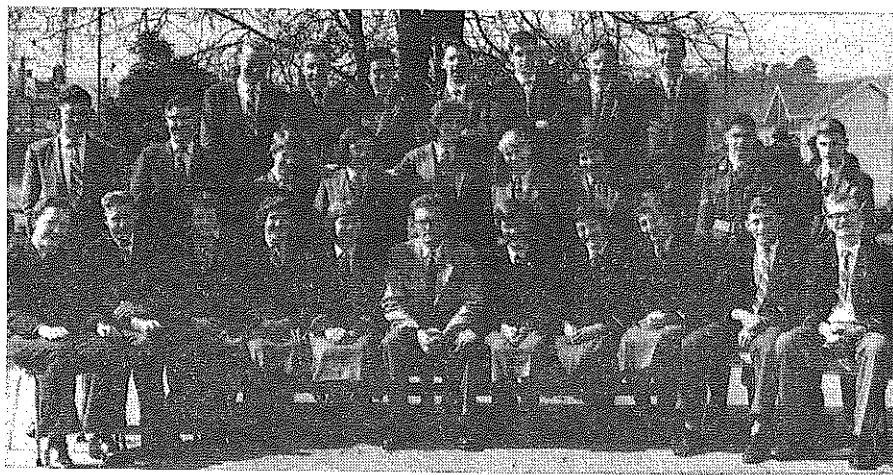


"A" CLASS.

Back Row : A. Craig, G. Burrows, D. Calver, D. Baulch, R. Taylor, T. Beattie, I. Clark, T. Walsh, R. Gibbons.

Second Row : D. Nelson, M. Schwabe, C. Rosevears, J. O'Callaghan, A. Shipley, D. Hannan, T. K'ar, J. Kalbfell, R. Booth, C. White.

Front Row : J. Begent, I. McCallum, D. Cox, L. Snell, Mr. Wilson, B. Hardwick, T. Middleton, H. Lancaster, I. Eadie, D. Atkinson.

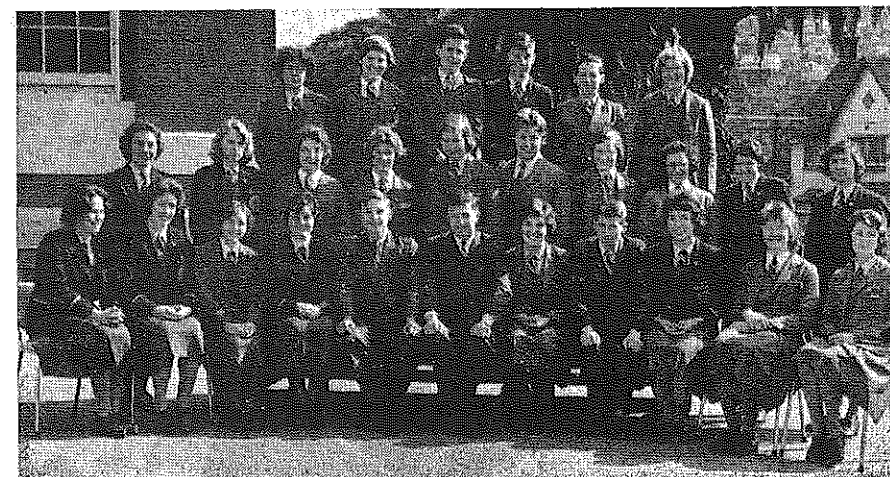


"A" CLASS.

Back Row : K. Hampton, M. Clark, R. Millar, D. McQuestin, M. Green, G. Edwards, B. Ross.

Second Row : B. Edmunds, I. McDonald, A. Kalbfell, R. Bowen, C. Doughty, F. Murray, J. Butler, J. Phelps, L. Boyd.

Front Row : G. Chandler, P. Littlejohn, J. McLennan, C. Webb, R. Joyce, Mr. Nash R. Berwick, E. Byard, J. Clarke, P. Mathewson, L. Behan.



A CLASS.

Back Row : B. Duguid, M. Alston, G. Harrison, P. Nelson, L. Miller, F. Chester.

2nd Row : A. McAfferty, M. Richards, B. Jones, H. Tuting, L. Jarman, J. Nobes, R. Austin, G. Brown, E. Gee, J. Cridge.

Front Row : J. Ritchie, J. Burness, J. Hardman, H. Wells, D. Jones, Mr. Bailey, C. Dodson, M. Bowden, L. Frankcombe, J. Shackcloth, B. Riding.



HEAD PREFECTS

Philip Littlejohn, Jennifer Burness.

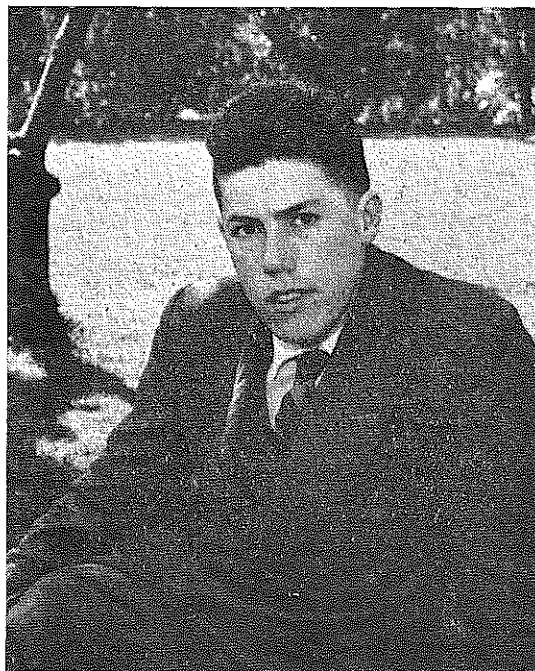
BEST PASSES MATRICULATION EXAM, 1959

GIRLS:—Alma Fowler. 2 credits, 2 higher passes.

Ann Clarkson. 2 credits, 2 higher passes.

BOYS:—Hywell Rees. 3 credits, 1 higher pass.

Gregory Foot. 3 credits, 1 higher pass.



BEST PASS SCHOOLS' BOARD, 1959

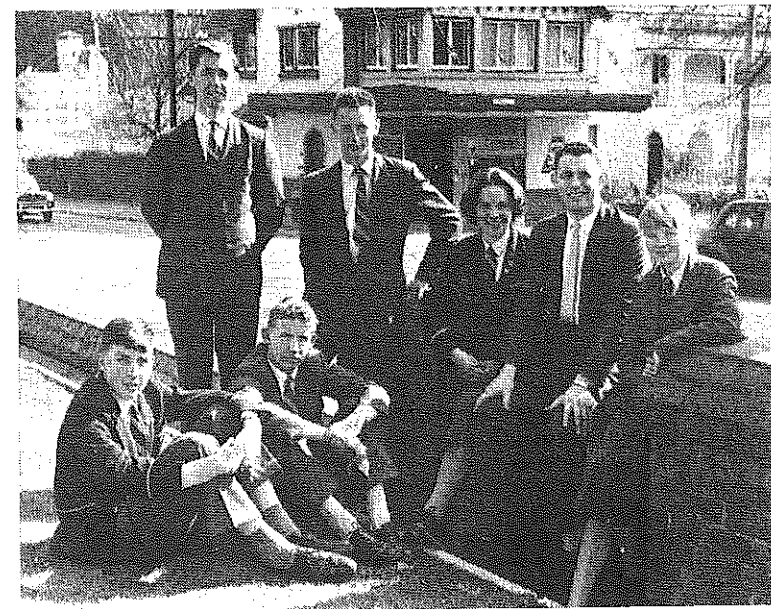
Donald Atkinson.



BEST PASS SCHOOLS' BOARD, 1959

Robin Harris

THE NORTHERN CHURINGA



DISCUSSION GROUP.

Back : D. McQuestin, T. Middleton,
J. Ritchie, Mr. Stocks, F. Murray.
Front : P. Nelson, A. Shipley.

DISCUSSION GROUP

The group of twenty members has met weekly during the activities period, and numerous lively and profitable discussions have been held. This year's inter-high discussions were held at Launceston High, and topics discussed were, "Within twenty years, there will be certain definite advantages of living in Australia, and certain international duties Australia should seek to discharge," and "Secondary education for everyone is neither necessary nor desirable."

We would like to express our appreciation for the help and guidance given by Mr. Stocks throughout the year.

CRITIQUE OF MEMBERS.

Terence Middleton: A thoughtful and very sincere speaker, who has thought deeply around, and formed his opinion about, many topics. Terence 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, animation, and an original sense of humour, into a discussion which had declined in interest level.

Andrew Shipley: A gifted thinker, whose ability to think logically and quickly around a difficult problem, makes him a valuable group-member. Andrew possesses an excellent general knowledge and good memory, and has on several occasions contributed a viewpoint that had been previously overlooked by the group.

Peter Nelson: A mature, thoughtful speaker who believes in speaking only when he has an important point to raise. When such an occasion arises, he speaks

quietly and sensibly, and with such sincerity that he commands the full attention of his audience. His viewpoints are always treated with great respect by other members.

Jenny Ritchie: A most enthusiastic and well-meaning speaker, who can be relied upon to stimulate a discussion with pertinent, well-delivered comments, and topical questions. Jenny is particularly interested in considering the social aspects of any subject.

Fairlie Murray (reserve): A sensible speaker who was particularly prominent in discussions held during the first half of the year. Fairlie adopts a practical attitude towards discussions, and exhibits considerable common-sense in her contributions.

David McQuestin (unavailable): A promising speaker, whose clear-cut logic, and incisive comments, help the group reach what they believe to be the truth of the argument. An excellent chairman of discussions.

THE NORTHERN CHURINGA

CRADLE MT. - LAKE ST CLAIR NATIONAL PARK

This Park, the largest of ten such Parks, was declared to be a scenic reserve and wild life sanctuary in 1921. With an area of about 525 square miles, it contains more than fifty peaks, nine of which are over 5,000 feet high. Although this is not high by European standards, the great cliffs, and the beauty of the lakes, and forest-clad slopes produce an incomparable scene. Throughout the Park there are many tracks, but the main track which is a little more than 50 miles long, gives to the hiker, a chance to see some of the beautiful scenery of our "Isle of Mountains."

Spaced along the track, at intervals of from seven to twelve miles are four huts. These huts can easily be reached after a day's walk, but it may be necessary to camp out if mountains are climbed "enroute." Sixty six miles from Devonport lies Waldheim the forest home of the late Gustav Weindorfer, and the starting point of the journey through the "Reserve."

From Waldheim to Windermere Hut, a distance of about eleven miles, the hiker passes two of the best known mountains in Tasmania, Cradle Mt. and Barn Bluff (both over 5,000 feet high). After climbing to the Plateau, the hiker skirts to the north-west of Cradle and on to the great ridge known as the Cirque. From the Cirque the track drops to Waterfall Valley; then rises to cross a spur running south-east from Barn Bluff, before dropping again to Lake Windermere.

The second stage is from Windermere to Pelion Hut, a distance of ten and a half miles. From Windermere the track opens out on to Pine Forest Moor. Here the first glimpses of the "real" mountains are seen, Ossa, Thetis, Achilles, and Mt. Pelion West. By now the track has dropped to Frog Flat, where the Forth River is crossed. Leaving Frog Flat the track gradually ascends to the Pelion Plains, and the New Pelion Hut, built to replace Pelion Chateau, which was destroyed by fire.

The distance from Pelion Hut to DuCane Hut ("Windsor Castle") is about seven miles and an easy day's walk. The track follows the Douglas Valley, through forest and lightly timbered scrub, until Pelion Gap is reached. Looking south one sees the DuCane Range (a climber's paradise), with its most prominent mountain, Mt. Gould (5,020 feet). To the left of Pelion Gap, is Mt. Pelion East, while to the right lies Mt. Ossa, the highest mountain in Tasmania. The track descends into Pinestone Valley, crosses Kia-Ora Creek, and rises steadily through forest to DuCane Hut. From the hut one gets a magnificent view of the Mersey Valley, the towering Castle Grog, and the columns of Cathedral Mountain.

The fourth stage of the journey is from DuCane Hut to Narcissus Hut at the Northern end of Lake St. Clair. From DuCane Hut the track falls steeply through beech forest, almost to the Mersey River, before rising to DuCane Gap. Travelling southwards, the hiker passes the Acropolis, and Olympus, Bryan, and Gould come into view. Narcissus Hut, can well be made a starting point for trips, as there are many of great beauty to be had in the vicinity of the hut.

From Narcissus Hut, one can reach Cynthia Bay at the southern end of Lake St. Clair, by either of two tracks; a lakeside track following the shores of Lake St. Clair, or by the Cuvier Valley track. The latter track is probably the better of the two, as more is seen of the surrounding peaks.

Cynthia Bay marks the end of the trail. A road leads to Derwent Bridge and to civilisation. A journey through the Park takes from four days to two weeks, depending on the hiker. A person who wants to "do"

the Park, that is go from one end to the other, in the shortest possible time, sees only the views from the track, whereas the person who plans his trip sensibly, visiting some of the lakes, and climbing some of the mountains, will have had an experience he will never forget.

David Jones, A.3., Sorrell.

"K.I."

During the past hundred and fifty years, the shores of the small island guarding the western entrance to Bass Strait have earned the rather invidious title of "The Marine Grave Yard of Bass Strait." This name was given after a great many sea-faring vessels travelling from or between Melbourne and Tasmania were brought to unfortunate ends.

The majority of them took place before the advent of lighthouses on the island. A large number have been small craft, which met with disaster in seeking shelter from the severe storms to which the strait is prone. Many of the wrecks found on King Island have not been identified and are completely unknown. The establishment of the first lighthouse, in the early sixties of the last century lessened the number of mishaps.

Of the wrecks, one of the saddest was that of the "Neva," a convict ship carrying five hundred female convicts. She struck the Navarine reef off Cape Wickham, on May 14th, 1835, and nearly all the convicts were drowned. Some managed to get ashore, only to perish miserably by starving. Thirty-five years ago, after a great bushfire, many skeletons of these unfortunates were discovered and buried.

Margaret Alston, A.3., Wilmot.

"A MOMENT OF LONELINESS"

The yard was full of chattering groups. Happy, excited and contented faces surrounded us as my friend and I dawdled through the school grounds. Here and there people scurried about all seeming to have a definite purpose in mind. As I scanned the pupils, in the midst of them, I spied a girl, all alone and looking quite lonely and forlorn. She watched the people around her with a solemn gaze, and, standing there, alone in a crowd the world seemed to have forgotten her. I felt pity for her, thinking, how sad to be left, all alone, out of this gay talkative group of children. I wondered why it was she was alone; everyone seemed to belong somewhere.

I realized then how lucky I was to have a friend. It would be very unpleasant coming to school knowing that you would spend the day alone, having no one to share jokes with, to confide in or to share joys sorrows and mishaps with.

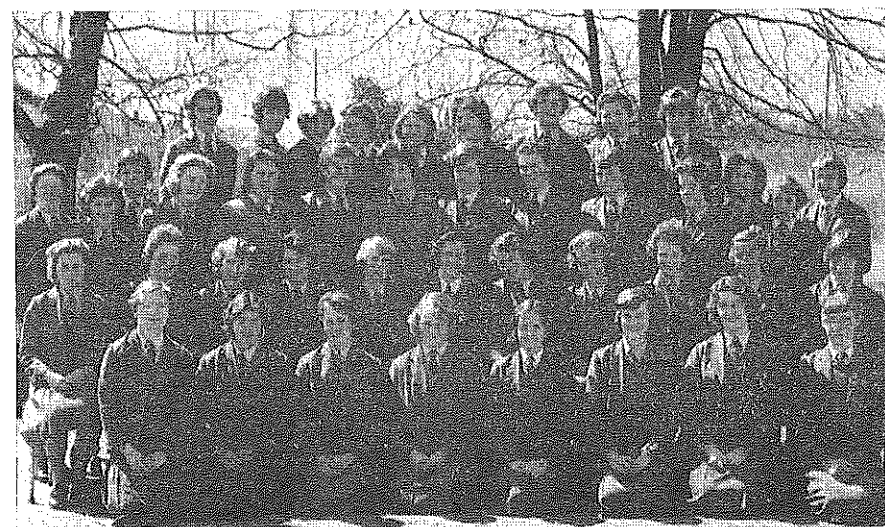
Suddenly, there in amongst all the people I knew, I experienced a pang of loneliness, momentarily seeing myself in this girl's place. I hadn't realized that one could be all alone in a crowd; sorrowful and feeling prejudiced against the whole world. In that world no one was kind, everyone seemed filled with spite; everyone was laughing, laughing louder and louder, just at you it seemed. It was cruel.

As this moment of loneliness passed, I realized thankfully that I wasn't really in this awkward position of being alone. I always had the company of my friends. I began to appreciate this friendship of mine and hoped that I would never have to endure being lonely.

Irene Jurka, C.1., Wilmot.

THE NORTHERN CHURINGA

SENIOR CHOIR



SENIOR CHOIR

The senior choir has functioned very effectively throughout the year. Mr. Wesley has been in charge of it. The choir practised very hard during the first term and were successful in winning the Under 16 School Choir section of the Launceston Competitions for the third year in succession. This enabled them to hold the Crabtree Shield permanently.

In June, a concert of school music was held in the Assembly Hall, and 185 students took part. In addition to the Senior Choir, the Junior Choir, the I.S.C.F. Mixed Choir, the Brass Group, Violin Group, several pianists and vocalists assisted in the programme.

Miss Walden, Mrs. Peck, Mrs. Elton, Mr. Allen and Mr. Chick assisted Mr. Wesley in preparing this most enjoyable programme.

THE WOODLAND ANT

Deep in the quiet woods it often seems so still that we feel all alone in the cool, green world. A roof of leafy boughs is over our heads and the carpet of leaves and moss under our feet is so soft that we can hardly hear our footsteps. But if we imagine that we are alone we are making a great mistake. There are hundreds of little people moving about but they make no noise and they are so very small that we seldom notice them. These people are the marvellous little woodland people that we call wood ants.

These tiny little woodland folk live inside a hill or underneath the ground. From the outside, an ant hill does not seem very interesting; it looks like nothing but a jumble of bits of twigs, and leaves and pine needles, all heaped up together. But some of the heaps may be over two ft. high and several yards around. And when we remember that all the millions of odds and ends of which they are built, have been brought there and twisted into place by such tiny creatures as the wood ant, the building begins to be amazing. So next time you see an ant hill don't just pass it with a contemptuous look, or kick it as you pass, but remember the hard work and effort that has been put in to it by the tiny woodland ants.

Nerida Jamman, C2, Franklin.

THE NORTHERN CHURINGA

THE FINAL ASSEMBLY

"The final assembly . . ." no one dares to mention that dreaded phrase, lest voices break, hearts thump, and tears trickle unchecked!

Seriously, though, the final assembly is one of solemnity and mixed emotions. At many stages throughout our school careers, we think, "If only I could leave school . . ." But when this ambition is realised, particularly after five years in the school, we begin to understand just how much we owe to our school, and how much the school has done for us, by way of preparation for our future lives.

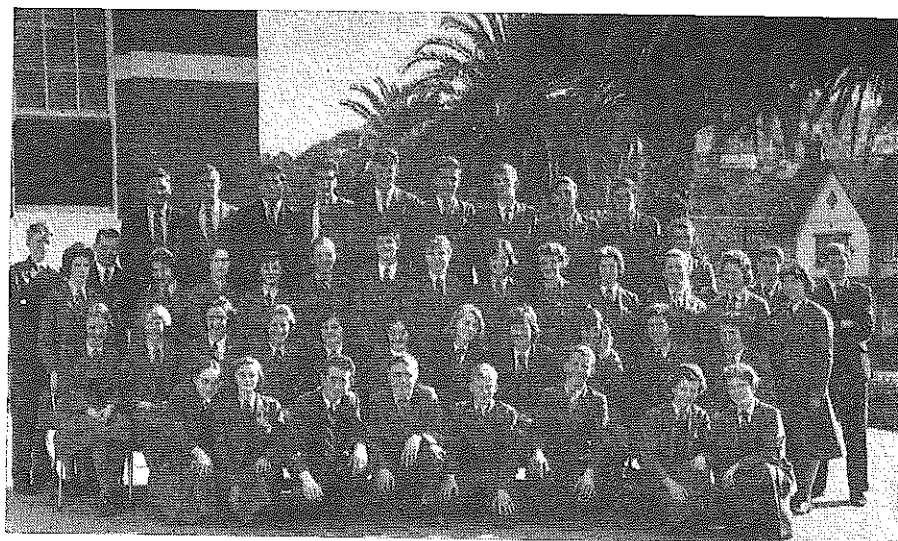
All, or most, of the students leaving school, enter the assembly hall for the last time with a feeling of dread, knowing that after two or three items and an address by the Headmaster, they will have to stand and sing the school song. I have attended five 'end of the year' assemblies, and I recall that at each of them, the "A" class girls, and some of the "B" class girls were "singing" into their handkerchiefs before the first few bars of the school song had been sung. I feel sure that this year will be no exception. It will be terrible to realise that the last bell has been rung, the last lesson attended, the final assembly over, our school careers ended . . . But in our hearts, will be a feeling of gratitude towards Mr. Amos, the staff and our fellow pupils for uniting to make our school lives happy.

Barbara Riding, A3.

DUST

The dust was dancing, swirling along the narrow paved streets. It watched the dirty little ragamuffins playing hopscotch. It hopped and jumped with them and soon got tired of this. It ran and picked up paper, hid innocent little boys' legs and peeped into people's eyes. It tasted the cakes in the kitchens and helped to make more dusting for many a housewife. It lashed at the flowers, and smothered the insects, and then it became tired, and slowly let itself sink down on to the streets.

Gayle Sharp, D5, Arthur.



TEMPEST.

Back Row : N. Eley, R. Challender, D. Calver, G. Stephenson, R. Taylor, R. Harrison, T. Walsh, D. Jones, M. Schwabe.

Second Row : I. Pattie, K. Williams, J. Honey, N. Gillow, B. Hardwick, R. Powell, A. Holmes, H. Luther, M. Aasa, J. Guy, E. Howell, L. Wilkes, K. Wesley, J. Watson, G. Fisher, M. Bowden, A. Buckley, M. Green.

Third Row : C. Winter, G. Robinson, G. Moore, S. Sykes, H. Wells, R. Smith, M. Richards, R. Joyce, J. Berwick, P. Weedon, M. Roberts.

Front Row : W. Knott, P. Davie, G. Storah, C. Duhig, I. Beecroft, J. Ingles, V. Marriott, S. Wright.

THE TEMPEST

This year the drama group presented a very successful performance of Shakespeare's "The Tempest." Presented at the National Theatre for three nights in September, the play was produced by Mr. Wesley, to whom the cast are deeply indebted for the help and encouragement he gave.

As the play is one studied this year by matriculation classes, pupils from other schools benefited as well as our own literary classes. A party of matriculation students from Devonport High School, accompanied by staff members, enjoyed the play.

The play showed many facets of High School life, including drama, music, singing, ballet, scenery and dress-designing.

A large cast of 45 willingly gave up their lunch-hours and free time for rehearsals, working together as a team and achieving well-deserved success.

The leading part of Prospero, played by John Watson, received much praise, and Stephano, well-interpreted by Michael Green, created much merriment. Ariel, played by Robyn Smith, was generally admired, and the savage deformed Caliban, played by Geoffrey Stephenson, created the desired effect. Other outstanding performances were given by Mary Richards (Miranda), David Jones (Alonso), Ralph Taylor (Ferdinand) and Michael Bowden (Gonzalo).

Interesting features were the ballet of the nymphs, and shepherds, and the singing of the goddesses' attendants. Acknowledgements are due to all those who helped make the play the success it undoubtedly was.

Producer : Mr. E. C. Wesley

PRODUCTION STAFF

Coaching : Miss L. A. Russell, Mrs. V. M. Proverbs.

Ballet : Mrs. S. Watson.

Scenery : Mr. T. J. Woodward and Art Students

Sets : Mr. R. Randall and Technical Students.

Wardrobe : Miss P. K. Lewis

Properties : Miss N. Stokes

Music and Sound Effects : John Honey, Ross Challender.

Stage Management : Mr. A. L. Crawford and Senior Boys.

Prompter : Helen Wells

CAST

PROSPERO, rightful Duke of Milan JOHN WATSON
MIRANDA, his daughter MARY RICHARDS
ARIEL, an airy spirit ROBYN SMITH
CALIBAN, a savage and deformed slave

GEOFFREY STEPHENSON

ALONSO, King of Naples DAVID JONES
FERDINAND, his son RALPH TAYLOR
SEBASTIAN, brother to Alonso IAN PATTIE
ANTONIO, brother to Prospero Tony Walsh
GONZALO, an honest old councillor .. MICHAEL BOWDEN

FRANCISCO { lords } GORDON HARRISON
ADRIAN { lords } DONALD CALVER

TRINCULO, a jester MICHAEL SCHWABE
STEPHANO, a drunken butler MICHAEL GREEN

BOATSWAIN JAMES INGLES

SHIPMASTER NEVILLE ELEY

MARINERS GRAHAM STORAH, IAN BEECROFT

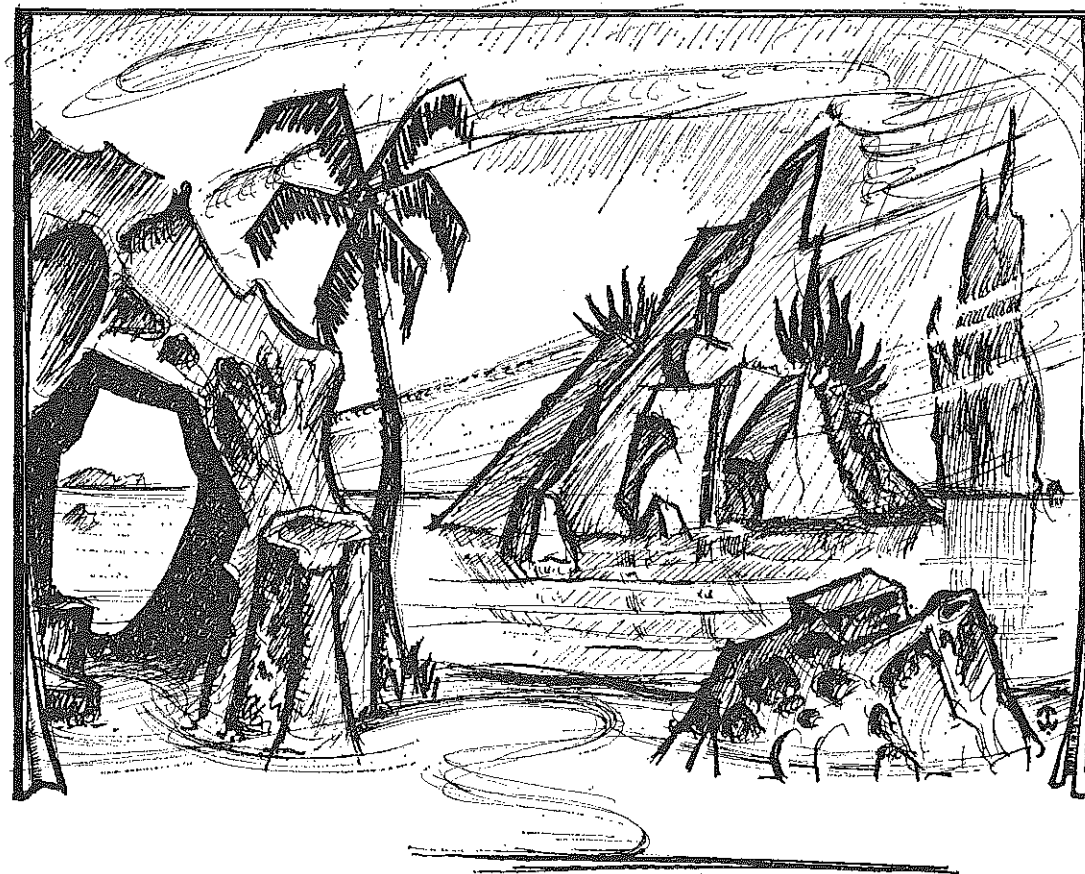
CHRISTOPHER DUHIG

Parts played by spirits :—

IRIS JANE BERWICK

CERES PAT WEEDON

THE NORTHERN CHURINGA



STAGE SET FOR "THE TEMPEST" ACT I.

JUNO ROBYN JOYCE

NYMPHS KATHERINE WESLEY, ROSEMARIE POWELL

LYNETTE WILKES, JILLIAN GUY, JILLIAN

ROBINSON, NOELEN GILLOW

PEASANTS JEANNE PARRY, VIVIENNE MARRIOTT,

ELIZABETH HOWELL, SANDRA SYKES,

ANTHEA HOLMES, MAIA AASA

Attendants on Prospero : PEGGY FINCH, HELEN LUTHER,

ANNE BUCKLEY, BRENDA HARDWICK, CHERYL

WINTER, GAELE MOORE, GRETTEL FISHER,

MARJORIE ROBERTS, JILLIAN PATERSON.

Musicians : WENDY KNOTT, PAMELA DAVIE, STEPHANIE

WRIGHT.

THE PLAY

In this play the audience has everything to make audiences happy; character, humour, sweet music, fine shows and pageantry, singing and dancing.

Prospero, a magician and former Duke of Milan, has raised a storm which has wrecked a fine vessel on the magic island where he now lives with his daughter, Miranda, and his half-human slave, Caliban. Among the shipwrecked party is his brother, Antonio, who earlier has schemed successfully to take from Prospero

his dukedom — as well as Alonso, the King of Naples, who has acquiesced in the usurping of the dukedom.

The audience follows the adventures of the bewildered courtiers as they are teased and perplexed by Ariel, an island spirit whom Prospero has freed from a witch's enchantment to serve him, until finally, after plotting amongst themselves, they are brought repentant before Prospero's cave and forgiven.

Meanwhile, in another part of the island, Caliban has met two other survivors, Stephano, a drunken butler, and Trinculo, a clown; and persuaded them to join him in a plot against his master, Prospero, hoping in this way to free himself from his tasks and be once more sole possessor of the island. They have, of course, no chance against the magician, but their brawls and peccadilloes provide much low comedy.

No light-hearted play would be complete without a pair of lovers, and in this case the shipwrecked Prince Ferdinand of Naples is quick to fall in love with the sweet and lovely Miranda. Prospero, after the fashion of loving fathers, objects at first "lest too light winning make the prize easy"; but soon consents and celebrates his approval with a gay and lovely masque. So the play ends with a promise of "calm seas" for all.

THE NORTHERN CHURINGA



A SCENE FROM "THE TEMPEST"

Left to Right—Back Row : J. Guy, K. Wesley, R. Powell.
Front Row : M. Richards, J. Watson.

A ROUGH JOURNEY

An unforeseen surprise confronted us after taking a road leading to Roses Tier — a small "ghost" town consisting of about three homes and a couple of saw mills.

Instead of taking a new forestry road recently built, we went by an old neglected "goat-track" which had probably carried some of the heaviest timber in that area of the State earlier. The road itself consisted of rocks and stones jutting out of the mud, washed down by surrounding natural springs. However, the shrubs, trees and ferns alongside the road lightened the journey. The undergrowth was very thick and the trees above met in an archway above the road so that it appeared to be a closed in tunnel.

We crawled around the side of the mountain, and managed to cross a precarious bridge. The most disappointing factor was Roses Tier itself, for it was a very small colony of unpainted cottages, the only colour being a few clothes hanging on the lines. The air was very cool and damp, and the area looked as if it had been covered with snow for the greater part of the winter season.

Our descent down the mountain was completely different. The road was in excellent condition. However, the scenery was not quite as inviting, yet very unusual.

It was one of the prettiest, but definitely the roughest journey I have yet encountered.

Marilyn Heazlewood, B2, Sorell.

THE NORTHERN CHURINGA

"OUR CAVE"

Not far from our house, and about half a mile from the Windermere Road, lies a small valley in which is hidden a little-known cave. We set out to explore it one day. To reach the valley we had to climb a steep hill, which was matted with ferns. Underfoot were rotting logs and pieces of rock which tripped us up; but for all this, we reached the valley quite easily.

We came upon it quite unexpectedly. At first we thought the flat plateau on the summit of the hill would slope gently down to the river, but to our surprise, the plateau ended abruptly, and a hundred feet or so below us was a valley. It was strewn with sharp pointed and moss covered rocks. Twisting and climbing over the rocks were creepers, stinging nettles and ferns. Thrusting their rough brown trunks from amidst piles of rock were the green arms of grand old man-ferns. Bush parrots chattered in the wattles, and a flash of olive showed among the trees as they pursued each other through the bush. A small robin sat on a nearby boulder, a splash of red against the green about him. He began to trill a song, and it seemed as though he was welcoming us.

Walking along the rim of the valley, we came upon a steep track which snaked down into the valley. The path was overhung by dog-wood trees, and there was a damp, tangy smell in the air. Cautiously we edged down the path, clutching at dog-woods for fear we should slip.

At the foot of the cliff, we came upon a flat rock completely overgrown with springy green moss. Here we left our possessions and began to search for the cave. After about five minutes, we found a triangular opening about seven feet high from the base of a massive bastion. We squeezed through the opening, and were soon obliged to duck our heads, for the rock sloped gradually to the floor. The boy in the lead lit a paper torch, and by its flickering light we at last crawled out on to a ledge which was exposed to the sky.

Around us lay huge rocks, some of which had wild vines creeping across their faces. Our nook was bordered on two sides by the cliff, and on the other sides by two chasms, one of which was the cave. This was formed by great boulders which overhung our ledge. We peered inside and to our surprise found that we could easily see the floor and sides of the cave. But to enter it, we had to lower a rope ladder which we had made.

On further investigation we found that the light entered the cave by means of a narrow slit in the roof. The floor of the cavern was completely screened with sharp pieces of stone. The sides were sheer and curved overhead until they almost touched. Through them the light entered.

We explored the cavern thoroughly, and found no treasure but a small burrow scratched out by some energetic rabbits. At the opposite end of the cave lay the decaying remains of a worm ridden ladder. Above the ladder stretched a giant man-fern, its craggy features illuminated by the light which flooded through the long narrow aperture in the roof.

However, by this time we decided that it was almost lunch-time, and so we reluctantly scrambled from the chasm, crawled through the tunnel, and at last we reached the path. Slowly we hauled ourselves up the slippery slope, and then set off in the direction of our house.

Dan Coward, B.1., Wilmot.

THE NORTHERN CHURINGA

CANBERRA

The sun's dying rays dipped across our car as we passed the outskirts of Canberra, the Federal Capital, which we had long wanted to see.

We laughed happily at being so close to the capital, but remembered ruefully the words of a man in Gundagai: "Going to Canberra, are you?" he said, "Well, all I can say is that if you don't get lost, you'll be the only ones who haven't".

We motored on, and came upon a confusion of roads. At last, we reached the Civic Centre, where we purchased a map. With the aid of this and a compass, we eventually found our way to Griffith, where our relatives live.

The following day, we found that this tree-lined city is situated on undulating country about 2,000 feet above sea level, and thus, has a rather continental climate. The capital has been planned to the minutest detail, as could be seen from Red Hills, over-looking the city.

From the hill was obtained a wonderful view of the Mt. Stromlo Observatory, the Academy of Science, and the two war memorials, all set amongst hundreds of trees and huge lawns.

The Australian-American War Memorial is a slender pillar made with aluminium plating, and rises high above the skyline. On the top is a huge bronze eagle, with a wing span of 36 feet. The memorial is set amongst lawns, and from it, across the new artificial lake, an excellent view of Parliament House is obtained.

Parliament House is a creamy, white structure, with trees dotted around it, and lawns sweeping away in front. On these lawns are small monuments, and in front of the main entrance is a large monument in memory of King George V.

The civic centre consists of several blocks of shops and offices, many of them multi-storied. The earlier buildings have Grecian-type verandahs sweeping out before them. Between the shop-verandahs and the outer footpath, are lawns and flowers, and between the wide, one-way roadways are parks with tables for meals.

By far the most impressive attraction is the Australian War Museum and Memorial. The building is set in beautiful, natural surroundings, and a midget submarine, a torpedo and a cannon give colour to the entrance. Inside there is a wonderful collection of clothing, tanks, aircraft, Red Cross equipment and camouflage methods. We spent six hours in the museum, but still only had time to look quickly at most of it. From the balcony above the entrance a wonderful view is obtained of the copper dome, beneath which is the beautiful shrine—'The Hall of Memory'.

Far to the west of this, is Government House, also set amongst sweeping lawns. However, I was not particularly impressed by the building, as it seemed too bare and stately.

The latest attraction in Canberra, is the Academy of Science. When one nears it, one sees a huge, green copper dome, covering the whole building and supported only by twelve pillars, reaching into a moat built around the building. It is equipped with every modern device for conferences and scientific conventions. The outer glass is made in such a way that it is partially frosted from the outside, but clear from the interior. The Academy cost two hundred and fifty thousand pounds, all donated by land-owners and wealthy commercial enterprises.

Fortunately, Canberra was a small town before it became the Federal Capital, and thus has many beautiful churches.

Allan Clark, D.1., Arthur.

SLEEPING BEAUTY (A FAIRY TALE)

Once upon a time an "E" Class boy was asked to write a true essay on what he did on the first two days of his holidays and describe something unusual that he did during the vacation.

The essay arrived on the teacher's desk about three weeks overdue and read:

"I woke up to find everybody was moving out of the hall, the assembly was over. I went to the bus stop and stood in the nice warm sun. The bus came along and I was glad to sit in the nice soft seat.

I woke up and got off the bus. I walked into the house where my tea was ready and I had a lovely big meal. This made me feel tired so I went straight to bed.

I woke up at half past eleven, dressed, had a large lunch and sat out in the sun.

I woke up and went inside for tea. After tea I went to bed.

The second day.

I woke up at half past eleven, dressed, had a large lunch and sat out in the sun.

I woke up and went inside for tea. After tea I went to bed.

Something unusual which I did during the holidays.

I woke up on the eighth day of the holidays at half past eleven and had a large lunch. My mother said I had been resting too much and that I had to do some gardening. I did not like the idea. There was a lot of grass growing and I had to cut it and put it on the barrow. I cut some and placed it in the tray. It looked soft so I thought I would try it out. The grass was soft and cool and the big barrow was comfortable.

I woke up and went inside for tea. After tea I went to bed.

This task had provided a break, but the next day I was glad to get back into the old holiday routine."

Needless to say this student failed his School Board Exam. because he found it impossible to keep awake for the duration of the three hour papers, but his attitude toward life led to his attaining a highly responsible executive position in the Education Department where he slept happily ever after.

Anonymous.

THE RIVER

She lay on the bank, looking down into the river that was gradually turning into a faint gold by the transforming fingers of the sun. There was no breeze, the current went softly by, even the fish had not yet begun to "plop". About her the grass showed not the faintest ripple.

She crept closer to the river, and leaning over, caught a glimpse of her face in the water beneath, clear as polished metal. A tiny insect was balancing carefully on a slender green and yellow reed. She watched. It walked slowly along the knife-like edge, pausing, then continuing. She could almost hear its laborious breathing. It had reached the curve in the rush now, and was slipping down the tapering end. The reed bent slightly as the insect's morsel of weight was added to its tip.

Then the grass stirred. It no longer looked like a calm green sea, stretching for many miles on both sides of the river; it seemed to dwarf with its own extent. The puff of air had knocked the tiny black insect from its precarious perch.

Without emotion, she watched it fall with no struggle through the eternity of space between reed and water.

Not even a ripple marked its tiny fall, as a little eddy swallowed a living object into its greedy depths.

It was only then she regarded the placid waters before her as an instrument of evil, of death. She backed away an inch or two from the bank where she lay hidden, her eyes however kept fixed upon the river. It was very deep, very fascinating, very swift also. A handful of reeds bent low before the current. Irrevocably, the small smut of life which had just a few minutes ago fallen in, would be lost.

She peered through the narrow wall of rushes that obstructed her view, to gaze once more at her reflection, then drew back quickly with a quickening of breath. For a minute she concentrated on the few clouds that were tacked carelessly on the pale garment of sky, her heart thudding painfully. She must not succumb to the invisibly potent fascination that compelled her to watch the ripples issuing across the river.

She stood, and turned back slowly, looking down at the water, as if trying to penetrate the surface, which had already regained the unruffled calm that had once or twice imaged her face in perfect detail. But it was as if nothing had happened there. Nothing disturbed. Nothing different. Not even, as she could discern, a remaining ring, an eddy.

Slowly, she moved back a way, and with a kind of awesome curiosity, gazed once more upon the silent flowing monster that had held her so completely under its spell. Then, as she gazed, she laughed, and the sound was carried down the river on a silver chain of notes.

Gillian Pitman, C.I., Arthur.

POLE SITTING

People will try anything to raise money for a worthy cause. The example that I am going to relate now, happened in Perth last year. Two university boys were going to help raise money for the Paraplegics by sitting on the end of poles for four weeks.

On the end of each of the two poles was attached a deck chair with a beach umbrella tied to the back of each.

The boys climbed up to the chairs on ladders and so they would not have to come down at meal times each boy was given a basket, on the end of a rope, which they let down every meal time for food and drinks.

They had to come down for four minutes every four hours for their health, because as it was, one of the boys legs became swollen.

Because it became quite cold at night they had a few rugs to cover them. They quite often had to sleep during the day because of the lack of sleep at night as people were there till eleven or twelve o'clock at night and there again as soon as the sun rose. One very hot night people were there until about 2 o'clock in the morning and more people were there about 5 o'clock, so the boys only had about three hours sleep.

In front of the poles was a television set on a high stand and tilted so that they could see it. Beneath the television set, on the ground, was a small canvas canoe with chicken wire over the top. If onlookers wanted to donate any money they threw it into the canoe. The boys said that they would not open the canoe until it was full.

At the end of four weeks the canoe was not full enough for the boys' liking so they decided to sit on the poles for another two weeks and as far as I know they collected well over one thousand pounds.

So if you have four or five weeks to spare and know of any worthy cause—sit on a pole.

M. Branson, B.3., Sorell.

THE NORTHERN CHURINGA

THE LEGEND OF WAUBEDEBAR

Beside the numerous tourist attractions, at the East Coast resort of Bicheno lies the grave of the heroic aboriginal woman, Waubedebbar.

Bicheno was a haven for sealers and whalers in the early part of last century, and these men would often capture young aboriginal girls and force them to work and cook for them.

Waubedebbar was caught by the sealers when only a young girl, probably no more than fifteen years of age.

A few nights later while the party camped at Wine-glass Bay Waubedebbar together with other captured women escaped, taking with them the sealer's dogs. Unfortunately she was recaptured.

Waubedebbar is said to have been so adept in imitating seals that she was able to swim among them before they realized she was there.

By this time Waubedebbar would have killed one or two of the animals with the club which she carried for the purpose.

One day she was fishing in a whale boat about a mile from shore, in the company of two sealers. A fierce storm sprang up and the boat in which they were travelling was wrecked on some rocks.

Waubedebbar grabbed one of the sealers and reaching the shore, laid the unconscious sailor down and without a moment's hesitation she turned and plunging back into the sea, set off to rescue the other sealer. Finally, almost exhausted, Waubedebbar struggled ashore with the second man.

Waubedebbar died June, 1832, aged 40 years. Miss Edith Allen erected an iron railing around Waubedebbar's grave but the bones are said to have been moved to a museum some years before.

Marilyn Frost, D.I., Wilmot.

DOWNHILL

It was a bright, cheerful day, with the lazy hum of unseen insects throbbing incessantly through the air. I dragged the "billy-cart" up the last few steep yards of the hill and sat down to look at the view. At the bottom of the hill, the long narrow lane took a sharp turn to the right, and was fenced by a high stone wall on the left. Far beyond this homely view could be seen mile upon mile of fertile green farming country with a range of purplish mountains dominating the skyline.

I climbed carefully into the cart, for I was new to the experience, adjusted the cords, which I have now learnt are used for steering, and gingerly let myself run forward a few feet. Reassured, I lifted my foot further, and let myself go completely.

The breeze, once gentle and barely noticeable, had become a roaring gale, sweeping my hair back from my head, and making me all but close my eyes against the force of it. The houses and trees became a blurred, shapeless mass as my speed became more and more hectic.

I tried to restrain the speed by dragging my foot along the ground, but it made no difference and I seemed to recall Mum's voice saying about shoes wearing out. A startled dog scuttled hurriedly out of my path of flight.

THE NORTHERN CHURINGA

Then a sudden thought came to my mind! How did one stop the cart? Somewhere in that blurred landscape ahead was that high stone wall, surely not far away now. Panic gripped me and I could vaguely feel perspiration trickling down my face. The wind seemed to have lost its cooling properties, and had become a menacing foe.

There it was!

For a moment it seemed I must hit it and in panic I tugged on the cords. It was this seemingly hopeless action that saved me. As I pulled the right-hand cord, the wheels veered off to the right. I collapsed on the coarse grass at the side of the road.

All around me, above me and beneath me, the insects hummed and buzzed, unperturbed by the events of the world, or by the fact that I had completed my first "billy-cart" ride, and had remained alive.

Alison Wolff, D.I., Arthur.

THE OUTCAST

Emerging from the cool shade of the downtown store, his eyes were momentarily dazzled by the harsh glare of the midday sun. Crossing to the kerb, he hesitated before making in the direction of the one highly-frequented coffee-lounge gracing the frontage of the main street. Inside, the air was dense with blue-grey trails of tobacco smoke, outside sounds blotted out the rumbling undertone of idle chatter. Market day, and the little wicker chairs supported the robust forms of jovial farmers and placid housewives.

A harassed waitress, intercepting him midway across the room, led him to a partly occupied table, and hastened away in answer to a peremptory snapping of fingers. Three questing pairs of female eyes beheld him with suspicion. The white teeth flashed in the dark face, but his softly voiced "do you mind?" met with hostile opposition. Not waiting for the inevitable refusal, he retreated with the quiet ease of one accustomed to continual rebuff. Wandering once more through the dust of the little outback township, he came upon the habitual bustle of the stockyards. Pausing to absorb the indefinable atmosphere, his ears noted, and his heart rejoiced in, the medley of coarse and familiar sound refractions.

The indignant voices of the imprisoned animals, the raucous persuasions of the auctioneer and the decisive bargaining of shrewd, cattlemen eventually drew him to mingle with the spectators. Content in the blessed anonymity of enjoyment-bent crowds, he took up a post against dust-encrusted railings. Two cattlemen, apparently assessing the merits of various stock, immediately moved off. Their place was taken by a self-righteous cattle broker.

Turning from the abuse of this individual, he gained the quietude of the river bank. Several small boys, mindful of the prejudiced views of parental beliefs, reeled in fishing lines and ran off. The white-washed houses, the shaded verandahs, the easy comradeship, were all part of the white man's rights of civilization. His clothes were those of the white man, his speech that of the white man. He was educated, but his skin was the colour of the good brown earth. He walked on, walked on into the sunset, retreated into the red-gold domain of his ancestors; he walked on—an outcast.

Suzette Handley, C.2., Wilmot.

GIRLS' SOFTBALL.

N. Faulkner, J. Atkins, D. Gossage,
J. Barnes, P. Airey, E. McGee, L.
Beams, G. Edwards, J. Clarke, J.
Butler.



GIRLS' BASKETBALL.

G. Edwards, O. Haines, J. Lewis, D.
Gossage, J. Barnes (Capt.), P.
Airey, E. McGee, L. Beams, Z.
Hersta.

GIRLS' TENNIS.

Back Row : S. Bryant, J. Callaghan
(Capt.), Miss Klye, H. Tuting, P.
Greig, J. Berwick.
Front Row : C. Sykes, R. Berwick,
R. Carter.



THE NORTHERN CHURINGA

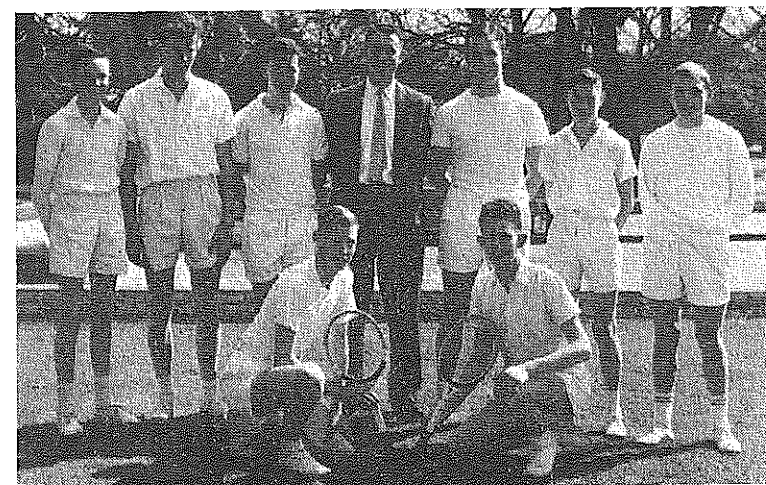
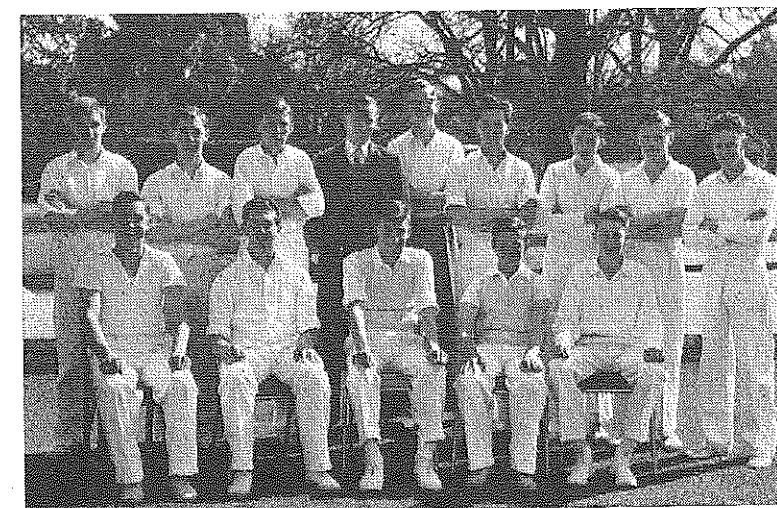


GIRLS' HOCKEY.

Back : M. Lynch, N. Rauss, D. Oliver,
J. Clarke, Miss Klye, L. Terry,
M. Roberts, C. Winmill, R. Berwick.
Front : C. Holmes, J. Wickham, H.
Tuting, L. Halliday, J. Littlejohn.

BOYS' CRICKET.

Back Row : D. McQuestin, P. Mathew-
son, Mr. Page, L. Behan, R. Martin,
P. Brice, G. Edwards, R. Nillson.
Front Row : N. Eley, I. Clark, P.
Nelson (Capt.), M. Wilkinson,
I. Pattie.



BOYS' TENNIS.

Back Row : I. McFarlane, D. Hannan,
J. O'Callaghan (Capt.), Mr. Stocks,
T. Beattie, P. Norton, H. Nolan.
Front Row : L. Boyd, D. Cordell.

THE NORTHERN CHURINGA



BOYS' BASKETBALL.

N. Eley, D. Lincolne, R. Martin, D. Greig, P. Nelson, J. Honey.

BOYS' HOCKEY.

Back Row : M. Schawbe, T. Wingrove, A. McCormack, J. Allom, T. Kjar, N. Crawford.

Front Row : N. Spilsbury, I. McCallum, P. Littlejohn (Capt.), I. Eadie, D. Atkinson.



FOOTBALL TEAM.

Back Row : J. Fitz, D. Baulch, L. Behan, J. Lees, D. Calver.

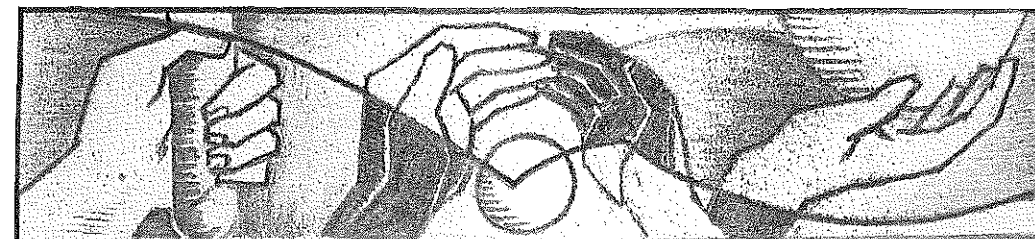
Second Row : L. Boyd, G. Rosevears, P. Mathewson, N. Stanley, D. Hannan, W. Edmunds, T. Beattie.

Third Row : G. Stephenson, D. McQuestin, M. Green, J. O'Callaghan, N. Eley, G. Edwards, M. Pugh.

Front Row : M. Clarke, R. Nielson, L. McCoy.



THE NORTHERN CHURINGA



GIRLS' HOCKEY

Team performances early in the season were poor, but the standard of play improved considerably and this was clearly seen when the team met Devonport High in the Inter-High semi-finals. Although the final score was 6-3 in Devonport's favour, our team had a greater percentage of the play, but threw away many opportunities to score through repeated lack of determination in the circle. However, they atoned for this defeat by winning the 2nd division of the "A" Grade Women's Hockey Premiership.

Jenny Clark (captain) : A very enthusiastic captain with good stickwork. Jenny's encouragement to a fairly inexperienced forward line was a feature of her play. She must learn to vary her game and swing the ball hard across the field.

Lyn Terry (v.-capt.) : A combination of good positional play and determination has made Lyn a valuable member of the team this year. Lyn played well in the Inter-High match and proved that outside halves do shoot goals.

Marjorie Roberts : Marjorie's goal keeping was spasmodic during the season, but she showed a good fighting spirit in the all-important Inter-High match. Marjorie must use her feet more and learn to clear the ball to the side much quicker.

Carol Holmes : Carol is a good, strong attacking back who played consistent hockey all the season. Carol should attempt to control the ball always before hitting it.

Heather Tuting : Heather has developed a good dodge and hard, well placed hit, but needs to move much faster in the field and lacks match experience. Played well in Inter-High.

Diane Oliver : Diane's game improved greatly towards the end of the season when she showed greater determination in tackling. However, she still needs to improve on her pass into the centre of the field.

Nicholie Rouse : Nicholie kept her position well and saved many goals. She gave drive to her forwards at all times but will have to learn better distribution and correct turning.

Judith Littlejohn : Combination with the left inner was a feature of Judith's game. She had many safe runs down the field, especially against Devonport. Judith executes dodges well, but needs to show improvement in use and timing.

Linda Halliday : One of the most consistent forwards this season who played very well in Inter-High. Linda needs to show more aggression in the circle and learn to move in on the ball with her stick down.

Janice Wickham : Very fast, but Janice must develop better ball control before she can make effective use of her speed. She follows in well in the circle and scored a good goal in match against Devonport.

Claire Winnill : Claire was unfortunate to be ill and missed the Inter-High match. She shows perfect control of a ball when dribbling, but her disposal was not always safe.

Rosemary Berwick : Rosemary shows great determination in attack and consequently scored some good goals. However, in mid-field she tends to approach the ball from the wrong side causing obstruction.

Patsy Eadie : Patsy filled in as right wing for Inter-High. She shows ability to develop into a good player if she can learn that team play is as important as individual effort.

Maureen Lynch : A solid defence player with a strong hit. Maureen's stickwork could be improved and she needs to move more quickly to the ball.

The team extends to Miss Klye their thanks for her patient and expert coaching.

SOFTBALL REPORT

This year the softball team competed in the Saturday Morning Softball Roster matches and was undefeated. We played the first Inter-High match against Hobart High successfully beating them 14-3. In the final we played Ogilvie High but were defeated 11-8. Best players were Joan Butler, Lyn Beams and Geraldine Edwards.

The softball team would like to thank Mrs. Watson for her help and encouragement throughout the season.

Joan Butler (captain) : Left outfield — A competent captain whose excellent fielding and strong hit gave inspiration to her team.

Jenny Clarke (v.-captain) : Right outfield — An excellent outfielder who can be relied upon at all times to cover first base. She is a reliable batsman.

Lyn Beams : Short stop and pitcher — An excellent slow pitcher and competent batsman with a fast, strong throw to all bases. Lyn played well in the Inter-High matches.

Geraldine Edwards : Pitcher — A reliable fast pitcher with a strong throw to all bases. An excellent batsman who can be relied upon to hit home runs.

Phyllis Airey : Catcher — A reliable catcher who has improved greatly during the season. Phyllis has a strong throw and is a safe bat.

Pauline Nunn : 1st base — An excellent 1st base who uses her height to advantage. She has a strong hit and a long throw.

Janice Barnes : 2nd base — A good 2nd base, but needs to move quicker in the field.

Nanette Faulkner : 3rd base — Nanette is a young player who shows great determination. She is a good 3rd base and a reliable catcher. With more understanding of the game she should develop into an excellent player.

Edna McGee : Centre outfield — A competent outfielder. Being a left-handed batsman Edna proved an asset to the team.

Denise Gossage : Emergency — A sure catch with a strong throw to all bases. Her batting needs improving.

Gillian Atkins : Emergency — A sure catch, but throwing needs improving. A reliable batsman.

THE NORTHERN CHURINGA

FIRSTS BASKETBALL TEAM

This year's basketball team was comprised of young players, and was consequently less experienced than previous teams. As our experience grew, we developed into a team which combined well. When we were defeated by Devonport in the Inter-High match, we did not disgrace ourselves, as they were exceptionally good for a school team. We wish to thank Miss Dewis for her enthusiastic coaching throughout the season.

Janice Barnes (captain): Has improved during the year and shows promise as a defence player.

Denise Gossage (v.-captain): Played well in her position as defence wing. Should be a useful addition to next year's team.

Phyllis Airey: Was an extremely agile attack wing and has great ability to pull down centre passes.

Edna McGee: A most reliable centre whose play was very consistent throughout the season.

Lyn Beams (goalie): Has improved steadily with experience and has played systematically this season.

Zara Hursta (goalie): A newcomer to the team, Zara settled down in her new position and showed a remarkably good standard of play.

Geraldine Edwards: Has shown that she can be a very steadfast defence when needed. It was unfortunate that she was injured before the Inter-High match, although she still played.

Judith Lewis: Plays a good, steady defending game and has improved greatly during the season. Although an emergency, she played creditably in the latter half of the season.

Olive Haynes: An emergency who played well in her position as goalie, and is quick to make position.

GIRLS' TENNIS

Again this year the tennis team was successful in the Inter-High series. In the preliminary final at Launceston we defeated Hobart High 6-3. The final was played in Devonport against Devonport High and the winning margin was 6 rubbers to 3.

Jill Callaghan (captain): Jill has enjoyed considerable success during the past year and confirmed her ranking of 3rd girl for her age group in the State. She has improved all her strokes, particularly the placement of her forehand and net shots. By her consistent and determined play she has set a fine example to her team.

Heather Tuting (v.-capt.): The team has been fortunate to have such a strong No. 2 player as Heather. She has a good all-round game and proved in her Inter-High matches that she can lift her game when the occasion arises. Heather must strengthen her serve before she can capitalise on her good strokes.

Rosemary Berwick: Rosemary is a consistent player with a determined fighting attitude, though a somewhat unorthodox style. Greater concentration on net play in practice would improve her doubles.

Pam Greig: Pam's shots are correctly produced but she must vary her placements and general court play before she uses her strokes to full advantage. She has a strong forehand but must learn to move more quickly on the court.

Christine Sykes: Christine has the ability to do well in tennis. She is a good all-round player but should give special attention to her backhand and volley. Increased concentration would greatly improve her game.

Jane Berwick: Jane is the youngest member and played exceptionally well during Inter-High matches. Basically her strokes are good and with more experience

could develop into a fine player as she is improving rapidly.

Sue Bryan: Sue has a particularly strong forehand and serve with a good match temperament. She must overcome the tendency to "runround" her backhand.

Roslyn Carter: A conscientious member of the team with a good fighting spirit. To improve her game Roslyn will have to concentrate on execution of her basic strokes.

The team extends to Miss Klye their thanks for her patient and expert coaching.

BOYS' HOCKEY

The team played brilliantly in the 1st Inter-High match to defeat Devonport 4-3, but was defeated 3-0 by Hobart in the final. This is the first time, since Inter-High Hockey began, that Launceston reached the final. In the Northern School Boy's Competition the team did not begin to function properly until late in the season and finished 3rd in the roster.

P. Littlejohn (Captain) (Goalie): A courageous team man, whose excellent play and captaincy have been responsible for many victories.

T. Kjar (Vice-Captain) (Left Inner): A tireless player whose strong forward drives and spectacular solo runs have scored valuable goals during the season.

T. Wingrove (right back): A spectacular back whose persistent tackling and hard hitting kept the opposing forwards worried. He has excellent ball control and stick work.

J. Allom (left back): A young player whose fast intelligent play and excellent back-stick clearances have turned away many attacks. He was one of the best in the Inter-High matches.

D. Atkinson (right half): A good player who adapted himself well during the season but he lacks experience.

A. McCormack (centre half): A dependable player who consistently backs up the inside forwards and whose positional play, in vital matches, kept the opposing centre forward well covered. A State representative.

C. White (left half): Lacks speed but his stickwork and good judgment compensates this.

N. Spilsbury (centre forward): Came from Scotch at the beginning of the season and adapted himself to a new position well and gave good drive to both wings.

M. Schwabe (right inner): Plays a driving game and scored spectacular goals during the season. Helped to win the first Inter-High.

N. Crawford (right wing): Has speed and knowledge of the game to do well and was a consistent player throughout the year.

I. Eadie (left wing): A team member who could be relied on. With experience he should gain confidence and do well.

The team appreciated the valuable coaching and keen interest of Mr. R. Bayles, of the Churinga Hockey Club.

BOYS' BASKETBALL

The team competed in the Y.M.C.A. junior competition and played well to finish on top of the competition at the end of the season, with only one defeat. The team then went down to Tech. in the final, played at the Albert Hall.

High School also fielded a second and a third team which met with varied success. These two teams show great promise for the future.

Team critique:

R. Martin (back): A good guard who, with his fast thinking and clever disposal initiated many attacking drives. Ray scored many points throughout the season

and was always an example to the team. Represented North in intrastate matches.

J. Honey (forward): A fast mover and thinker. John possesses all round ability. Represented North in intrastate matches. Good running shot, and keen defence. Should be asset next year.

D. Greig (centre): David has shown an amazing improvement during the season. Has used height to advantage to enable him to defeat all his opponents. Reliable around the basket and very good shot. Should be asset next year.

P. Nelson (forward): Peter improved his ability around the basket being top goalthrower. Possesses very accurate set shot and running shot. Selected to represent North in intrastate matches.

M. Green (back): Mick has a natural ability for the game. Missed several games through study and was badly needed in final. Accurate shot and very effective defence, with good jump.

N. Eley (forward): Nevil played first season and showed great promise. With great speed, Nevil gained advantage many times. Scored many valuable points and defended strongly.

D. Lincoln (back): Newcomer, also first season, shows great promise. Possesses best defence in team matched with great speed. Shooting improved considerably, will be loss to team next year when he leaves.

FOOTBALL

This year the side had a very full season. It competed in N.T.F.A. Thirds Saturday roster, it played social matches against Grammar and Tech. on Wednesday afternoons, and also competed in the Inter-High Schools series. In the thirds roster although not winning many games we had some successes and managed to get close on several occasions.

The matches against Grammar and Tech. were very even with each side having its share of wins. These games were all hard fought with small winning margins.

In the Inter-High series we defeated Devonport in the semi-final after a high standard game. The scores were 14 goals 16 pts. to 4 goals 7 pts. Best players for the school were Hannan, Green, Eley, Mathewson, Pugh and McQuestin.

In the final against Burnie, we were beaten after a game of fluctuating fortunes. Best for Launceston — Stephenson, Green, Hannan, Behan, McQuestin, Nilsson.

The team is greatly indebted to our coach, Mr. Watson, who was ably assisted by Mr. Bailey, Mr. Crawford and Mr. Phillips.

Team critique:

J. O'Callaghan (Captain) (rover, forward): John proved to be an inspiring leader who gave outstanding service to the side. A cool, quick-thinking rover who made the most of all opportunities. John had the misfortune to break a collar bone in the middle of the season and missed the Inter-High.

M. Green (Vice-Captain) (ruck forward): A versatile footballer who played well in many positions during the year. A brilliant mark and a clever ground player. Played an outstanding captain's game in the Inter-High final despite a leg injury.

N. Eley (centre): An outstanding school-boy footballer who played brilliantly during the year. Neville is an amazing ball-getter who consistently baffled opponents with his baulking and turning. A courageous player who is to be congratulated on winning the N.T.F.A. Thirds Association Best and Fairest Award.

L. Behan (full forward): Lance played well at full forward during the year considering his limited opportunities on most occasions. A brilliant high mark, but

his kicking was not always consistent. Played particularly well to kick 5 goals in the Inter-High final.

P. Mathewson (centre half forward): Peter was a very effective forward who made the most of his opportunities. He had an effective left foot turn which kept him out of trouble. Played very well against Devonport.

G. Rosevears (centre half back): Graham's football improved as the season progressed. Although not spectacular he played consistently throughout the season.

D. McQuestin (full back): David gave good service as full back during the season. An aggressive footballer who was prepared to back his judgment. Must learn not to give away unnecessary free kicks. Played well in Inter-High when moved on the ball.

L. Boyd (pocket forward): A clever left footer who proved to be a handy forward. An accurate kick.

L. McCoy (rover forward): A footballer who showed improvement during the season. He must learn to get rid of the ball quicker and improve his disposal.

R. Nilsson (rover forward): Rodney showed a lot of promise when brought into the side late in the season. Is a good ball getter but must improve his disposal. Played well in the Inter-High games.

M. Clarke (rover, half forward): Max is a determined player who must learn to dispose of the ball to better advantage. He played consistently during the year.

D. Hannan (ruck half forward): David is a most reliable player who played well during the season. A good tapping ruck man and also a brilliant high mark. Played well in the Inter-High games.

M. Pugh (wingman): During the season Michael turned in consistent games on the wing. He has good judgment and makes position well.

G. Edwards (wingman): Geoff gave good service throughout the year on the wing. Geoff is a good mark for his size but must learn to turn quicker.

G. Stevenson (back flanker): During the season, Geoff was the side's most improved footballer. An attacking half back flanker who backed his judgment. His left foot turn and kicks respectively got him out of trouble. Geoff was the side's best player in the Inter-High final.

D. Calver (back flanker): During the season Don played some useful games. He must learn to use his weight more effectively and watch his opponents more carefully.

N. Stanley (back pocket): A reliable if not spectacular footballer. Nigel improved steadily during the season and played soundly on the back line.

J. Lees (ruckman and back pocket): John is a great trier and a hard footballer. He tapped well against taller opponents during the year. He must learn to dispose of the ball to better advantage. Always a good team man.

J. Fitz: John came into the side late in the year and played quite well at full back. With more experience next year, he should have a good season.

B. Edmunds (ruck): Bill will improve when he gains more balance. He must improve his ball handling and kicking.

T. Beattie (ruck): At the moment Terry lacks in experience. He must learn to use his weight to advantage and learn to position himself for marks and throw-ins.

D. Baulch: David needs more experience. He will improve as he plays more.

CRICKET

During the 1959-60 season the School XI had one of its most successful seasons ever. The team played in N.T.C.A. Reserve "A" Competition in which they were runners-up, being beaten by Mowbray by 1 wicket. This was a great effort considering they were playing against men.

Highlights of the season were: L. Behan 82 against Mowbray, N. Nelson 5/17 against George Town, P. Mathewson 74 against Tech., 72 n.o. against Mowbray.

The Inter-High Cricket Series which is the Cricket Championship of Tasmanian High Schools, was won for the 2nd successive time by the team. The first match was played against Hobart High at the N.T.C.A. A feature of the game was the high standard of sportsmanship display. Brilliant fielding on both sides restricted scoring and some good bowling figures resulted.

Scores were: Hobart High 80 (N. Eley 2/17, P. Nelson 6/40, L. Behan 2/17) and 71 (N. Nelson 6/15, N. Eley 3/16). Launceston High 106 (N. Nelson 31, G. Edwards 18) and 4/46 (P. Mathewson 22).

The final resulted in a tense struggle between Devonport High and Launceston High at Devonport.

The school batted first and were dismissed for 86. Devonport commenced well but a slump at 77 when the remaining 4 wickets fell gave Launceston a win by 8 runs. Credit goes to the spin bowlers for their persistence and the confidence displayed in them by the fielders.

Best performers were: I. Clarke 23, N. Nelson 19, L. Behan 16.

The team would like to thank its very able coach, Mr. Page as well as Mr. Watson and Mr. C. A. Allen, who aided the team throughout the season.

P. Nelson (Captain): Has inspired the team with his own enthusiasm. As a spin bowler he has taken many wickets and was invaluable during the Inter-High series. A stylish left hand bat, he displays keen concentration and good strokes.

I. Clarke (Vice-Captain): A hard-hitting right-hand batsman who played a valuable innings against Devonport High School. He is a capable right-arm medium pace bowler.

L. Behan: A stylish right-hand opening batsman who is a very fine stroke-maker. He is also a right-arm leg-spin bowler who played a major part in the winning of the Inter-High Premiership.

P. Mathewson: A first-class wicketkeeper who excelled during the Inter-High series. He is also a very fine left-hand opening batsman who played some excellent innings during the latter part of the season.

M. Green: A right-arm opening bowler who can also be used as a stock bowler. He is a very useful bat and an excellent field.

N. Eley: A fast right-arm opening bowler who improved considerably during the season. He is a hard-hitting batsman who played some very useful innings.

P. Brice: An attractive left-hand batsman who did not reach top form until late in the season.

M. Wilkinson: One of the younger members of the team who played a valuable innings in the Inter-High match against Devonport.

I. Pattie: A left-hand batsman who is very strong on the leg-side. He could develop into a valuable off-spin bowler.

G. Edwards: A newcomer to the school who adapted himself very well to turf wickets. He is a right-hand batsman who played an extremely useful innings against Hobart High.

David McQuestin: A hard-hitting left-hand batsman. He is also an excellent fieldman.

R. Martin: A medium-paced right-arm bowler who will develop with further experience.

R. Nillson: A young all-rounder with great potential. He will be an asset to future school teams.

BOYS' TENNIS

This year's Inter-High series was played at Launceston, where the team met a particularly strong Hobart High side. Hobart won by 7 rubbers to 2, with John O'Callaghan winning his singles, and John O'Callaghan and David Hannan being successful in their doubles.

The team wishes to express their appreciation to Mr. Stocks for his coaching during the year.

Team critique:

John O'Callaghan (Captain): Tasmania's third-ranking schoolboy, and a fine all-round player, who is improving rapidly, and is highly regarded in tennis circles. A particularly intelligent player, who constantly out-thinks and out-manoeuvres his opponent. An excellent team captain.

David Hannan: A strong energetic player, with a powerful serve, and overhead, and a very fine match-winning forehand drive. His agility around the court enables him to cover a back-hand weakness, which needs attention.

Ian McFarlane: An enthusiastic player, with solid strokes, who should develop more power in the future. Is inclined to suffer from court nerves, but this should be eliminated with more experience.

Terence Beattie: A newcomer to the team, who possesses a strong top-spin forehand, and reliable volleys. A good doubles player, who covers the court well, and shows a sound knowledge of the game.

Hugh Nolan: A young and enthusiastic player, with considerable promise. Hugh played well in the Inter-High series, and should be a strong asset to the team next year.

Philip Norton: A very fast court-mover, who possesses excellent concentration, and is very consistent. An intelligent player, who relies on forcing his opponent into error.

Dennis Cordell: An unorthodox stroke-maker, who is particularly awkward to play. Possesses a good forehand drive, and has excellent team spirit.

Leland Boyd: Possesses good all-round strokes, but is inclined to be a little nonchalant in his approach to the game. A very promising player, who is a good doubles player.

GIRLS' SPORTS CHAMPIONS.

Back Row: A. Holmes, W. Vince, A. Hendricks, D. Foley, M. Ryan, S. Kerrison, P. Airey.

Front Row: J. Wickham, C. Mundy, J. Gowens, J. Warren, C. Winmill, P. Beauchamp, D. Roy.



SPORTS CHAMPIONS.

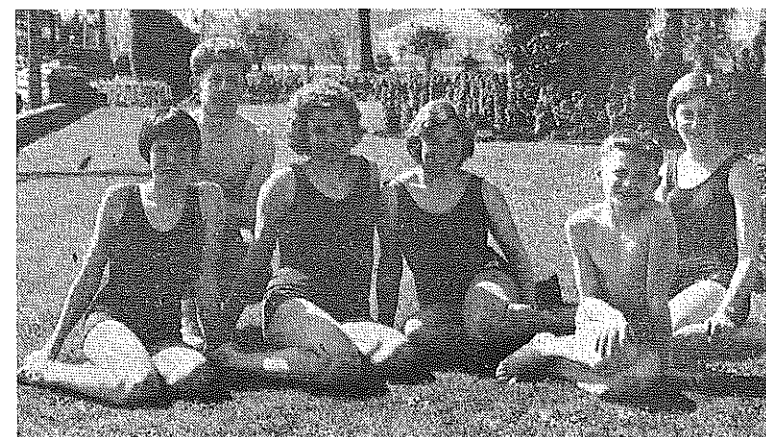
Back Row: N. Eley, R. Challender, D. Hannan, N. Silver, B. Dunham.

Front Row: R. McEnnulty, M. Green, N. Gregory, R. Nielson.



SWIMMING CHAMPIONS.

H. Chester, R. McEnnulty, H. Molloy, D. Fry, P. Ikin, S. Viney.



THE SYMBOL

Whenever I passed her, I got a feeling of warmth and security. She stood there, her face lifted, and smiled at all before her. I passed her on my way to school, but I never grew tired of looking at her.

No doubt she had many stories to tell, for she had stood in the same place for hundreds of years. The neighbourhood children often said they believed she'd been there since eternity had begun.

She had seen many changes take place over the years. For one thing, a city now surrounded the area where, for thousands of years, there had been only bush.

She had weathered many gales, had known many snowstorms, and had suffered many heatwaves.

Often, in years gone by, birds and animals had sheltered 'neath her strong arms during a storm.

Often dark-skinned children had played and slept under her foliage.

Often, water, feet deep, had encircled her, and she had gazed upon the desolate scene of a flood. She had been there when the first white men had sailed up the river in their strange boats.

She had been there when her friends, the naked dark men, had been brutally murdered, and she had known the soil around her trunk to be stained with blood; for the white men had brought with them weapons with which to kill.

The animals sought refuge in the shadows of her branches, but gradually their numbers decreased, and she knew the reason why.

She remembered the day when women and children, garbed in vivid, glowing dresses, had touched upon her shores; and she, the monarch of the bush remembered the convict gangs that first cut a rough track past her trunk.

She smiled as she recalled the day the first bicycle had passed by, and a few years later, the first car. She could see it now, it was black with green wheels, and she had almost choked with dust and fumes it had created. She looked back upon the day when, during a snowstorm, men had crouched by her, in terror, and it brought back sad, haunting memories of the time that their brothers, the gentle, kind-hearted natives, had sat there on a similar occasion.

Then, as the town grew, a bridge spanned the river, and often laughing children ran past her.

They shared with her all their secret joys and sorrows, and she laughed when they laughed, and sympathised when they needed sympathy.

She remembered the day, fifty years ago when a school had opened for the first time in that area, and she marvelled at the way it had grown in so short a time.

The sight that met her eyes now was a changed one from the days when the dark men had sailed their flimsy canoes along the grey stretch of water.

Now sailing boats dotted the water, and a wharf and jetty lined the bank.

Only two things remained the same, and one was the wind. It was the same wind that had lashed her branches 300 years ago, as did now.

And, as darkness drew a veil around her, she gazed into the starry heavens, for they too, had not changed.

The Gum-tree stood beside Ritchie's mill—a symbol of things gone by, and of things to come in Launceston. And each day, as I pass on my way to school, I marvel.

Carolyn King, D.4., Wilmot.

A NEW MOTHER

The white sand dunes rose steeply behind her as she walked so gracefully along in the wet sand left by the ebbing tide. I watched her from behind nearby rocks as she approached, bare-footed and carrying a pair of well-worn sandals. A shabby black waterproof coat belted around a slim waist was ideally suited to such a day as this, cold and gusty. A few wisps of black hair had escaped from a colourful scarf which formed a definite contrast with the black, threatening, rain clouds which hung low overhead. As she came closer I saw that she had a fair, peaches-and-cream complexion, such as those of film stars and models.

And I thought viciously of the meeting that would take place later on that evening, but I thought guiltily of the promise I had made to my father saying I would not leave the house after five o'clock but help Mrs. Jenkins with the tea and tidy myself for the meeting with my stepmother-to-be.

While I had been brooding over this, the woman had seated herself on a smooth rock in front of my hiding-place. Suddenly, after looking down on what was presumably her watch, she uttered a loud exclamation, "Goodness! James will be wild if I'm late!" She stood up and after taking one last look at the angry foam-topped waves out to sea, pulled the scarf from her head letting her long black hair stream out behind her as she streaked off in the gathering darkness, her long slender legs carrying her swiftly across the sand between her and the sand dunes.

She disappeared and with heavy steps I plodded back to the house, wishing with all my might that something would stop my father re-marrying. But then, I had not met the woman. She was probably quite nice but somehow stepmothers always seem like evil witches out to kill you.

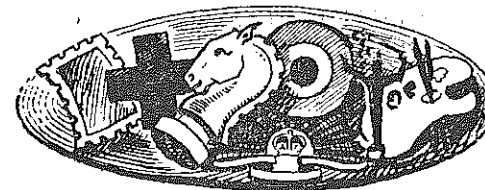
I entered the house the back way and crept silently up the stairs luckily unobserved by the housekeeper, Mrs. Jenkins.

Within twenty minutes I was neatly dressed in my best dress and for once with my hair tidy. Mrs. Jenkins had nothing for me to do for the time being so I settled down in the lounge with a magazine, but alas, I could not concentrate. My feelings were mixed when I heard the car pull up.

A few minutes passed before I heard two voices in the hall. One I recognised as my father's, the other—surely, surely I had heard it before that afternoon but it could not be that of the woman on the beach—but, yes, it must be. I had no extra time to collect my thoughts for the door opened and my father and the woman entered.

It was she! However instead of the shabby raincoat she was wearing a black sheath dress, which complimented her excellent figure, her feet were clad in elegant, black, high-heeled shoes and her hair, instead of hanging loose around her shoulders was neatly coiled in a bun on the back of her head. Despite her different appearance she was the same woman I had watched on the beach with the same graceful walk, my new stepmother-to-be—and I thought she would be a witch.

Margaret Sing, D.2., Sorell.



Activities

LAUNCESTON HIGH SCHOOL ARMY CADETS

The Army Cadets have completed a most successful year, maintaining full strength for most of the time. In charge of the Cadets this year were Lieuts. McGinn and Denholm. This year a shoulder flash was specially made for the School and is proudly worn by all our cadets.

Highlights of the year's activities were: a recruitment demonstration and campaign, when 25 cadets were signed up, held at the beginning of the year, and a School bivouac, the first ever, held on a weekend in May at Supply River. Also the unit distinguished itself at the annual camps at Brighton for all cadets and at Fort Direction for N.C.O.'s. These cadets were promoted as a result of these camps: T. Kjar, R. Booth, T. McCulloch, T. Wingrove, I. James, C. White, G. Wright and N. Donaldson. Also held during the year was a special assembly to present the Tankard and M.M.G. cups to the School, which were both won by the unit last year. A range day was held at the beginning of 3rd term and more activities are planned.

The Unit is divided into two platoons, No. 1 Pt. being a specialists group and No. 2 Pt. first year infantry.

No. 1 Platoon.

M.M.G. Although they lacked a gun for part of the year they worked hard on parade days and also Saturdays. They proved themselves at Pontville, giving support to the 34 Cadet Bn. Infantry. The squad is at pre-

sent training for the State M.M.G. competitions and are of high enough standard to keep the trophy in the school.

Signals.

This section played a most important part in the unit. They often had to work overnight manning wireless sets or switch boards. They did particularly outstanding service on the two day exercise at camp, the section also helped make the bivouac a success, and helped the school athletic and swimming sports by installing and operating army telephones from control to the sporting points.

Medics.

Although not a very wide range of duties was offering this section made the best of it. They completed a course in field first aid and hygiene, were stretcher bearers for the exercise at camp and supplied first aid to the unit throughout the year. Knowledge gained by the cadets will be of particular use in later years.

No. 2 Platoon.

The first year cadets and their N.C.O.'s in this platoon have been quite keen, and their training profited. Lessons were given on rifle, field craft, map reading, first aid, Bren gun and Energa grenade. They did very well at rifle shooting, many gaining first-class shot honours. There is good potential for future years in this group.

Recruits for next year have been in training since the beginning of 3rd term and many "E" class boys have volunteered to join. However there is still room for more boys to become cadets.

Rifle Team.

This year the team won the two awards in the State "The Earl Roberts" and the "Governor's Cup" Staff Sgt. Wingrove and W.O.2. McCulloch topped the State in these awards. Congratulations go to the whole team.

Passing out Parade.

It is intended to hold a passing out parade at the end of the year and preparations are well in hand.

The Cadet Unit is proud of its year's activities and is looking forward to the coming year, confident of success.



ARMY CADETS



RIFLE TEAM.

Back Row : T. Wingrove, I. James, T. McCulloch.
Front Row : V. Newman, G. Anstee.

THE SCENE

The sun had not yet risen, but even now the chattering sea-birds are capering before the waves. These persistent waves roll monotonously, in and out, in and out, advancing and retreating since the beginning of time. Above this the clear blue sky sparkles like a polished sapphire, edged with diamonds, the fluffy clouds are shining in the sun's awaking. In this first light the surroundings have taken a strange blue appearance, as though bathed in blue light.

The cool green seas roll lazily and continue to break calmly and noiselessly on the golden sands. The sand's virgin smoothness is broken only by the multi-coloured and weed-incrusted shells and pieces of enchanting, sea-sworn driftwood.

The sea is alone in this peaceful, early light, but it is soon joined by the sun, whose presence fills the air with radiance. With the sun a breeze has come, and it tosses and drives the clouds along, wind sweeping them as they cast dark-green, murky ominous shadows on the water. This breeze has also increased the waves audacity. They, foam-flecked, gather "en masse," as though waging a tremendous assault against the sand.

They surge in, waiting until the last moment to break formation and unleash their fury and, fury unleashed, they rush up the slight incline with contrasting calmness to reach their climax and then recede.

Lyn Beams, C6, Arthur.

OLD WENTWORTH GAOL, N.S.W.

Old Wentworth Gaol is situated in Wentworth which is on the junction of the Darling and Murray Rivers. It was built in 1879 at a cost price of £14,000.

The walls of the gaol are 18ft. high at the lowest point and 25ft. high at the highest point and are made of blocks of limestone and bricks.

In the centre of the gaol was a quadrangle and on the left of it were a block of cells — 10 for men, 2 for women and a well stocked library. On the right of it were the storerooms, kitchens and bathrooms.

No executions took place but corporal punishment was exercised. This consisted of either being flogged on a 3ft. high bench or being put in a hole, in the ground, whose bottom was usually covered by two to three inches of water.

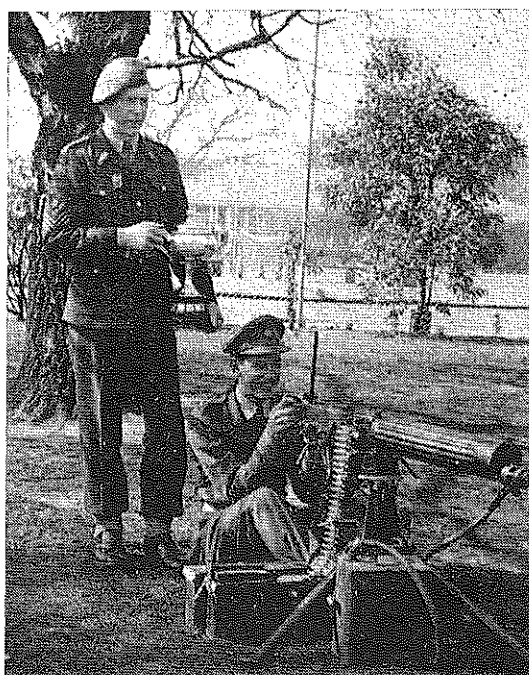
One of the famous prisoners sentenced there was King Billy, an aboriginal murderer, who despatched a couple of his wives.

Around the walls were catwalks where the guards walked carrying ancient firearms. At the end of the catwalks were large towers used by the guards for shelter.

If any prisoner did escape then they would be either lost in dense scrub or killed by hostile aborigines.

The gaol was closed in 1927 and is now used as a public school.

Geoffrey Chatfield, B3, Sorell.

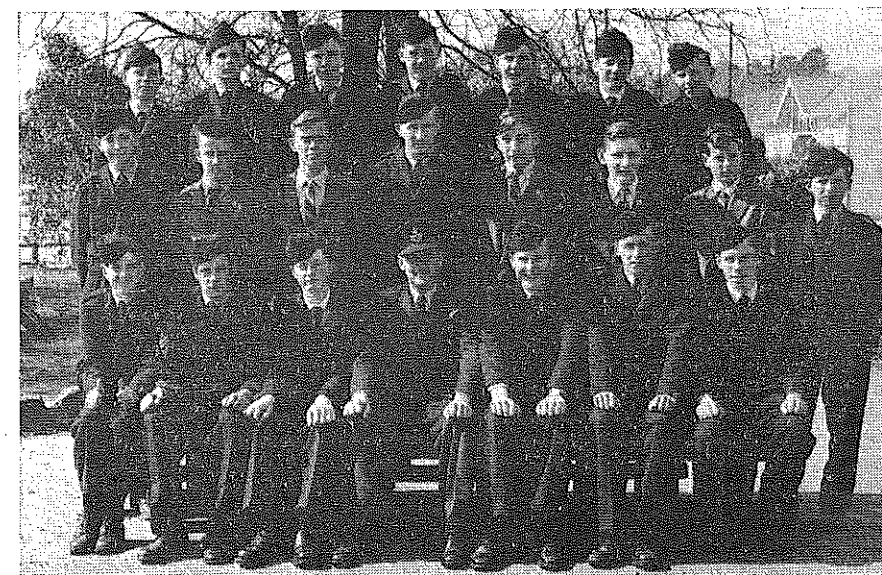


VICKERS M/GUN TEAM : T. Wingrove, T. Kjar.

THE NORTHERN CHURINGA



VERSE SPEAKING CHOIR



A.T.C. CADETS

THE NORTHERN CHURINGA

6 FLIGHT A.T.C.

The Launceston High School Air Training Corps Cadet Flight (6 Flight) has had a successful year. Its strength has been 30, a full establishment.

During the first two terms our Reserve Air Force Commanding Officer was Flying Officer Phillips. Mr. Phillips has given fine service to the Flight for three years and the cadets were very sorry to lose such an able instructor.

The senior Non-Commissioned Officers were Flight Sergeant George Chandler and Sergeant Roland Mills assisted by Corporals David Baulch, Michael Cox, Ross Barnard and Bill Wingrove.

This year for the first time 6 Flight took part in the Tasmanian Inter-Flight Rifle Shoot, and obtained fourth place. The squad consisted of Flight Sergeant Chandler, Corporal Barnard, Corporal Cox and Leading Air Cadets Rae, Chandler, Mel and Atwood. The best individual scorers were Michael Cox highest score and Ross Barnard second highest in the Flight.

Thus 6 Flight has got off to a good beginning in the field of rifle shooting.

A Camp was held at Brighton in May this year at which cadets received practical training in drill, armament and other subjects in the Air Force Syllabus of training. The cadets, in this way received a first-hand glimpse into service life. This year there was also a week-end camp held at Perth to give the cadets training in field service. The cadets also were taken for a demonstration flight in an Air Force Dakota.

During the year 6 Flight has been under the able instruction of F.O. Mullock, W.O. Zinnicker and Corporal Williams, all of the Permanent Air Force, and we are greatly indebted to them for the time they have given us.

FENCING REPORT

The Launceston High School Fencing Club began in July this year under the direction of Mr. Wilson, who is the club's instructor. The captain elected by the members is Thad Sasser. For the first lesson we were very grateful to Mr. Pinkard and Barry Lewis, both of the Launceston Amateur Fencing Club, for coming along and helping us. We have already learnt the basic positions in fencing, and the fundamental rudiments of fighting with Mr. Wilson's careful help and guidance. At our end of year tournament we were most honoured to have Mr. and Mrs. Barker, Miss Sheehan and Mrs. Wilson along as guests. Our club champion is Thad Sasser, who received a trophy donated by the L.A.C.F. and one year's honorary membership in the club. Congratulations Thad, and also to Jeff Pitcher, the close runner-up. We hope that this is only the beginning of a very successful club and sport.

I.S.C.F.

The I.S.C.F. has had a very successful year, average attendances being in the sixties. A weekend conference was held at Beresford House, and attended by I.S.C.F.'ers from all over the State.

At the start of third term, a "Week of Witness" was held, and intensive preparations made by the committee. This was climaxed by the screening of the film "Going Steady," which was attended by approximately 250 pupils.

Innovations due to the unflagging interest of Miss Walden were the Choral Group, the Male Quartette and

the Girls' Choir. The Choral Group sang at the Musical Evening in second term, and at assemblies during the "Week of Witness."

We would like to thank our counsellor, Mr. ten Broeke, and also Miss Walden, for their untiring support, without which we could not have had such a sphere of activity, and also Mr. Amos for supporting us in our activities as we have sought to carry out our motto: "To know Christ and make Him known."

SCHOOL DANCE BAND

As a member of the School Dance Band I am writing this article emphasising the difficulties which we musicians (I use this word generally) work under.

The first difficulty is now almost overcome and is that of the nice warm round of applause we received at the earlier socials the moment we started to play our first number. I say this has been overcome because most people realise that we can play our numbers.

The second is the difficulty of the easily frustrated M.C. who fusses around the band and frustrates the pianist in our efforts to get ourselves organised.

Almost as bad as the frustrated M.C. is the incompetent M.C. who never quite knows what is next or for that matter what is on at the present moment. This gives us about five seconds to take out four numbers for the next dance when he finally finds his programme.

Difficulty number three is the life of the social. Usually one of the younger members of the staff delights in crooning along with the band with his unmelodic voice accompanied by some poor girl who was hastily dragged up onto the stage.

Number four is most frustrating, a social where there is not much supper. This directly affects us, and, with a chap in the band like Roger Mullen, can be almost fatal.

Finally a word of appreciation for all the nice words teachers and others have said about the band, we hope we will be able to live up to them again next year.

"THE RIVALS"

After much deliberation and outside pressure from the editors of the school newspaper, we have consented to give a report of our activities in publishing "The Rivals". As we, the editors, are leaving school at the end of the year, libel accounts and the financial side of the paper will be carried on by next year's editors of "The Rivals".

The main reasons for starting our newspaper were financial gain, publicity for ourselves, and raising the standard of the school's own highly factual and enjoyable newspaper, "Outrages". As many people well know, a higher standard is only reached by competition, which the two newspapers created. The result was a higher standard of interest from "Outrages".

At the start of the year we met with many difficulties. Articles were censored, printing paper scarce, and our financial position desperate. However, we did overcome these problems, plus a few more hurdles that were placed in our way.

We were very successful in selling our paper, even though "Outrages" was drastically cut by a half-penny at one time.

We would like to thank Miss Russell for pointing out grammatical mistakes and misspelt words. We never dreamed that the success of our newspaper would be such, and it is to the pupils who bought newspapers, that we owe our car.

SCHOOL COUNCIL

The School Council has met regularly this year, and has continued to function well. It now consists of our Head Prefects, four representatives of the staff, and no more than two chairmen of the various "satellite" committees (e.g., Aesthetics, Entertainment, etc.), who carefully discuss ideas suggested by the representatives of all classes in the school. Many of these, such as the improvement of rubbish bins, and the planting of shrubs in the urns at the front of the school were carried out by the committees, while others such as the allocation of Speech Night prizes, and the improvement of boy's caps have been referred to the headmaster, and staff for consideration.

The staff representatives on the School Council this year were Mr. Dunn, Mr. Wesley, Miss Kelly and Miss Lewis, who all gave much work and time so that meetings could run smoothly. It is hoped that you, the pupils on whom the whole council system depends, will realise the important part it plays in your years at school, and that you will continue to help yourselves and others by suggesting new and useful ideas to your representatives in the future.

SENIOR COUNCIL REPORT

The Senior Council consists of representatives from all A and B classes. It deals with any problems or suggestions that may arise from senior classes. The council discusses the problem or suggestion, generally to some length, and the result, if thought to benefit the school or to be of some value to the students, is passed and on an appointed day is taken up to the School Council for further discussion.

The Senior Council has been responsible for many new introductions. The sale of ink at the office, more rubbish containers and a variety of bread roll fillings in the canteen are only a few suggestions which have been carried out.

The Council meetings have been presided over by Ray Martin, who was the chairman and the minutes have been recorded by the secretary, Robyn Vogel.

It is thought by all council representatives that the Senior Council, held throughout the year has been a profitable and an enjoyable experience for all concerned.

"C" CLASS COUNCIL REPORT

Throughout the year the "C" Class Council has functioned effectively under the chairmanship of Jill Callaghan and with Elizabeth Howell as secretary term I and II and Beverley Butler, term III. These members have reported regularly to the School Council on matters brought forward in their own council meetings.

There has been a wide range of suggestions, dealing mainly with the beautification of the school and improvements to school facilities. Among those brought before the School Council were:—

1. The possibilities of forming a school hiking club.
2. The inadequate width of seats in the boys yard.
3. Lockers and lunch rooms to be made available in the Tech. block.
4. The initiation of the competition for designing the school flag.

Thank you all the classes who have helped to make the year so successful.

"D" CLASS COUNCIL REPORT

Under the guidance of Janice McLennan and David Hannon, the "D" Class Council has functioned quite efficiently.

At the beginning of the year John Rees, was elected chairman, with Jitt Paterson as secretary, and Alison Wolfe as representative, to go forward to School Council and have continued in these offices throughout the year.

Many of the suggestions received from the "D" Class Council have been passed by the School Council, and have been put in operation throughout the school or are going to be.

Some of these have been:—

1. Brushes put back in common room.
2. Pond to be cleaned in H.A.C. block.
3. Sealing of the boys yard.
4. Flavoured milk in the canteen.
5. New net to be placed around tennis courts.
6. Renovating of area near canteen.
7. Seats to be placed near hedge in girls' yard.

PUBLICATIONS COMMITTEE

The committee was unusual in two ways: it had non-prefect chairmen (the co-editors of the school magazine and newspaper) and was composed of only six members and 1 staff member.

We were able to publish a record number of "Outrages", and the competition raised by "The Rivals" jolted us out of our rut and enabled us to increase the size and interest value of our paper. However, we regret that the senior school gave us so little support, and made it so very hard for us to get "Outrages" out at all.

We wish to thank Mr. Lamb for his untiring work and helpful advice, Miss Russell for her keen interest, the office staff for typing and printing "Outrages", the junior school for contributing, and the few members of the senior school who stood by us throughout the year.

THE LIBRARY COMMITTEE

The Library Committee was formed at the beginning of first term for the purpose of helping in the duties of the library, and has held several meetings at regular intervals during the year.

Representatives from all classes were chosen and have helped as library monitors, as well as bringing their classes suggestions concerning the library to the committee. During second term, a book jacket display was arranged in the library.

In addition, the committee has performed the endless task of tracing and extracting the many overdue books throughout the school.

THE SCHOOL HEALTH COMMITTEE

Under the chairmanship of Edna McGee and Elizabeth Gee, this committee has met regularly throughout this year and has carried out many important items of work. Of these, the two of major importance are those concerning the rubbish bins and the canteen. In conjunction with School Council and with the help of Mr. Randall, a survey of rubbish bins in the school was held with the result that arrangements were made for the construction of holders and stands as an activity at the end of 3rd term. The latter item, the canteen, has been a source of

worry and agitation to both the School Council and the Health Committee, but it has been finally settled. A detailed investigation into all matters concerning the canteen was carried out and resulted in better fillings for rolls, the selling of flavoured milk and fruit at cheaper prices than elsewhere and the hope of further improvements.

The committee would like to thank Mr. Crawford and all members for their co-operation throughout the year and especially commend the work of Fairlie Murray of A.2.

— E. Gee, E. McGee, Chairmen.

COMMUNITY SERVICE COMMITTEE REPORT

(Chairmen: Jenny Ritchie, Robyn Joyce)

Our main project this year has been to raise the money for the adoption of our Indian orphan, Mallika, a little girl aged eleven. Members of the committee have worked well to do this. We have taken up regular penny collections in most classes, and a successful tuck shop was held at the end of first term. We have received several letters from Mallika herself, as well as some photographs which have been on display, with the presents she made for us, in the school entrance hall.

We have also collected over £100 during the year for the various appeals that were held. These were for Flood Relief, World Refugee Year, the Y.M.C.A. and the Northern Home for Boys, and we would like to express our gratitude for the wholehearted support we received from students and teachers.

We are planning more activities for third term, including a Saturday to be spent helping invalids and elderly folk in our own town. Robyn and I thank all our members for their active cheerful work. Also, a thank you to Mary Richards, who has been a helpful secretary, and to Mr. Dunn for his advice.

Jenny Ritchie, A.3.

SPORTS COMMITTEE

This committee has been concerned in a wide variety of sporting activities. It was successful in organising an Inter-class basketball tournament, which was held in three divisions: E, D and C, and A and B.

Towards the end of the term, we hope to arrange a table-tennis competition, which will be only for senior members of the school.

Throughout the year, we have been responsible for the maintenance of sports equipment.

We organised helpers for the School Swimming and Athletic Sports, and hope to add new events to both carnivals next year.

L. Behan, J. O'Callaghan, L. Snell.

AESTHETICS COMMITTEE

The Aesthetics Committee has completed a successful year under the joint chairmanship of Rosemary Berwick and Julie Cridge.

The dusting of the stage and placing flowers on it has been continued from last year. The brass door-knobs in the hall were regularly polished. Items for Assembly were arranged for terms II and III and were of a high standard and well received.

The Bible readings and readers were arranged for each Assembly.

Our suggestion for rubbish bins was modified and the new ones will be constructed by the end of this year. We also suggested having rubber placed in the side entrance near the general office extending to the main hall.

The paintings in the school were collected and arranged in schools of art and nationality and each room was given a set of different pictures.

Our suggestion of spring-cleaning the fish-pond is being carried out and the area round it will be beautified.

Mr. Dowse has agreed to let us have indoor plants for the receptacles near the music-room and typing room.

The committee would like to thank all those who have participated in its year's work.

PUBLICITY COMMITTEE

This year the Publicity Committee has been mainly concerned with publicising activities within the School. Football reports were posted in the Common Room every Monday and were gratefully received by the pupils. Much work has been done through "The Rivals". Members of the committee contributed many articles to the newspaper. The Flag Competition was organized by the committee, many fine entries were received and were of a very high standard.

SCHOOL SAFETY COMMITTEE

Besides the usual work of the committee in dealing with minor safety points, the committee has concentrated its efforts on a "Courtesy Week Campaign" and a Bicycle inspection. The Courtesy Week campaign was extremely successful; different areas of the school were considered each day. The most courteous person each day was announced and many posters, drawings and announcements were made. The inspection of bicycles resulted in seven bikes being condemned, but after necessary repairs were certified safe. We also hope to arrange a series of talks on safety on the roads to "E" class pupils when the School Safety Officer is available.

ENTERTAINMENT COMMITTEE

Although the scope of the Entertainment Committee is not as great as of some of the others, members of this committee have done valuable work in organising three sports socials.

At the beginning of the year, Phyllis Airey presented a social programme to Mrs. Holloway, and this formed a basis for many of the senior socials.

The School Dance Band, which played at many socials is made up of members of the entertainment committee.

In addition, we provided ushers and programme sellers for the school production of "The Tempest."

ARTHUR HOUSE

GIRLS

At the beginning of 1960, Elizabeth Arthur was elected House Captain and Heather Tuting Vice-Captain. Success in winning the Swimming Sports was due to the co-operation and fine spirit of house members. Team-work was maintained throughout the the Athletic Sports and the house finished second to Wilmot House. However the house was not quite so fortunate in the Talent Quest and here 3rd place was gained. Congratulations to Wilmot House on winning the Athletic Sports and Talent Quest.

Arthur House has been well represented in school teams this year by the following members:

Tennis: Heather Tuting, Jill Callaghan, Pam Greig.

Softball: Jenny Clarke, Gerry Edwards, Lyne Beams, Nanette Faulkner, Pauline Nunn.

Hockey: Jenny Clarke, Heather Tuting, Janice Wickham.

Basketball: Gerry Edwards, Lyne Beams.

Discussion Group: Jenny Ritchie.

Prefects: Jenny Burness, Julie Cridge, Jenny Clarke, Elizabeth Gee, Jenny Ritchie.

Arthur House girls are deeply grateful for the encouragement and advice received during the year from Miss Deane, Mrs. Watson and Miss Jordan.

BOYS

Arthur House again had a very successful year, winning the Swimming Carnival, second in the Athletic Sports and third in the Talent Quest.

Under the guidance of Mr. Crawford and ably assisted by Mr. Dunn, Mr. Lamb and Mr. Redston, Arthur's teamwork has put it in its present, favourable position.

House Representatives

House Captain: Don Calver.

Vice-Captain: Ray Martin.

Secretary: Roland Mills.

Prefects: Ray Martin, Neville Eley, Peter Mathewson and Don Calver.

Provisional: Roland Mills.

Football: John Lees, Neville Eley, Max Clarke, Peter Mathewson and Don Calver.

Cricket: Ray Martin, Graham Wright, Peter Mathewson, Neville Eley and Ian Pattie.

Basketball: Ray Martin, Neville Eley and David Greig.

FRANKLIN HOUSE

(GIRLS)

At the first meeting this year, Helen Molloy was elected House Captain and Joan Butler, Vice-Captain.

Although Franklin did not have much success this year we were well represented in the Swimming Sports, and Helen Molloy was the Girls' Open Champion, Helen Chester was the Junior Champion and Ann Capper won the Junior Dive.

I would like to thank all those girls who participated in the Athletic Championships and the Talent Quest. Barbara Duhig, Carol Cranby and Joan Butler are to be thanked for the hard work they put into it.

Members representing Franklin House this year were:

Prefects: Lynette Francombe and Mary Richards.

Softball: Joan Butler.

Hockey: Lynda Halliday.

Basketball: Judy Lewis.

I would like to congratulate all the other houses and especially Wilmot for winning the Athletic Sport, and the Talent Quest.

winning forehand drives. His agility around the court scoring and some good bowling figures results.

was the sides most improved footballer. An attacking liable player who played well during the season.

spectacular he played consistently throughout the season.

I would, on behalf of the House members, like to thank Miss Klye, Miss Davis and Mrs. Proverbs for their help and interest in our house during the year.

BOYS

At the beginning of the year, Lance Behan was elected House Captain, David MacQuestin Vice-Captain and David Hannan, Secretary.

Although Franklin did not meet with much success in either of the Sporting Carnivals or the Talent Quest, the house was reasonably well represented and many of the participants showed great potential in these spheres. With this potential, Franklin House should very soon be again in the top bracket.

Congratulations go to David Hannan who was Open Field Games' Champion and Glen Webb, who was Under 15 Swimming Champion.

In conclusion we would like to thank Mr. Page, Mr. Nash and Mr. McGinn for their tuition and encouragement through the year.

MEMBERS OF TEAMS

Cricket: Peter Nelson (Capt.), Lance Behan, David MacQuestin, Rodney Nillson, Michael Wilkinson, Christopher White.

Football: David MacQuestin, Lance Behan, David Hannan, Rodney Nillson, Leslie McCoy.

Tennis: David Hannan, Lance Behan.

Hockey: Ross Barnard, Christopher White.

Basketball: Peter Nelson, Lance Behan.

Prefects: David Hannan, Lance Behan.

SORELL HOUSE

GIRLS

At our first house meeting of the year Robyn Joyce was elected House Capt. and Wendy Thompson Vice-Captain. We have had a large number of enthusiastic people in Sorrell this year and consequently have been fairly successful.

We came 3rd in swimming and athletic sports and second in the talent quest. We have had a very able and efficient secretary in Helen Wells and we would like especially to thank Miss Blyth for her advice and encouragement throughout the year. We have had a particularly outstanding year as regards individual sports champions.

Champions: Athletics: D. Roy, P. Beauchamp, S. Kerrison, J. Gowens, C. Mundy, Under 13, Field.

Prefects: R. Joyce, J. McLennan, Helen Wells, Leonie Snell.

Tennis: C. Sykes, R. Carter.

Hockey: J. Littlejohn, M. Lynch, N. Rouse.

Softball: E. Atkins.

Basketball: J. Barnes (Capt.), Z. Hersta, J. Lewis.

BOYS

The result of the Inter-House competition this year has been mainly a competition between the Junior School and due to the keen interest shown by junior boys in Sorrell this year the House has done well.

In all House events the boys participated, and enjoyed the competition provided by the other houses.

House officials were Tony Kjar (Captain), John O'Callaghan (Vice-Captain), and Tony McCulloch (3rd man).

Sorell boys who distinguished themselves in sport and school duties were:

Prefects: J. O'Callaghan, T. Kjar.

TEAMS—

Tennis—J. O'Callaghan (Capt.), T. Beattie.

Football—J. O'Callaghan (Capt.), B. Edmunds, N. Stanley, T. Beattie, G. Edwards.

Hockey—T. Kjar, T. Wingrove, D. Atkinson, N. Crawford, J. Glennie, I. McCallum.

Cricket—G. Edwards.

Basketball—D. Lincoln.

Rifle Team—V. Newman, T. McCulloch, T. Wingrove.

CHAMPIONS—

Swimming—P. Ikin (Under 13).

Athletics—N. Silver (Under 15).

Chess Champion—D. Atkinson.

WILMOT HOUSE

GIRLS

At the beginning of the year, the Wilmot boys elected Phyllis Airey was elected House Captain and Lyn Terry, Vice-Captain. 1960 has been a most successful year for Wilmot girls. We came second in the Swimming Carnival, first in the Athletic Sports and Talent Quest.

Due to the hard work and encouragement of Miss Bushby, who did so much for the House, and Miss Kelly, the enthusiasm, which gave us our success, would not have been present.

We offer our congratulations to the other Houses for their fine efforts during the year.

We would like to thank all those who have participated in the House Competitions throughout the year. Thanks are offered to Jill Guy, Tonia Stubbings and Rosemary Berwick for their help during the year. Our congratulations to Josephine Walden on her performance as School Pianist.

TEAMS MEMBERS—

Tennis—R. Berwick, J. Berwick and S. Bryan.

Softball—P. Airey, E. McGee, D. Gossage.

Basketball—E. McGee, P. Airey and D. Gossage.

Hockey—L. Terry, D. Oliver, P. Eadie, C. Winmill and R. Berwick.

Prefects—E. McGee, P. Airey, L. Terry, R. Berwick, E. Byard, M. Edwards (Prov.), and M. Hendricks (Prov.), Jan Green (Prov.), Josephine Walden (Prov.).

BOYS

At the beginning of the year, the Wilmot boys elected Geoffrey Stephenson House Captain, Michael Green Vice-Captain, and John Honey as Secretary. At the first Inter-High competition—swimming carnival, Wilmot came second to Arthur. However, Wilmot was not to be deterred; their indomitable spirit made possible two victories in the Athletics and Talent Quest.

Prefects—Philip Littlejohn, Ian Clarke, John Honey, Geoffrey Stephenson.

Football—Michael Green, Geoff Stephenson, Graeme Rosevears.

Cricket—Ian Clarke, Michael Green.

Hockey—Albert McCormack, Philip Littlejohn.

Golf—Ian Clarke.

Wilmot was capably directed and led by Mr. E. Wesley and Mr. I. Stocks, and many thanks are to be extended to those other Staff members who supported Wilmot throughout the year.

GENERAL PRIZE LIST, 1959

At the 1959 Speech Night, a new system was introduced, whereby, instead of giving prizes only to dukes of classes, all "A" class pupils with averages exceeding 65%, and others with averages exceeding 75%, were presented with Achievement Certificates, and all those with averages over 70% were presented on stage. Only names of class dukes are given below.

CLASS PRIZE LIST

Dux of A Class — Gregory Foot, 85%.
Dux of B1 Class — Donald Atkinson, 85%.
Dux of B2 Class — Anthony Kjar, 83%.
Dux of B3 Class — Jennifer Ritchie, 75%.
Dux of B4 Class — Jacoba Kuiper, 70%.
Dux of B5 Class — Helen Wells, 75%.
Dux of C1 Class — Judith Littlejohn, 86%.
Dux of C2 Class — Lynette Terry, 85%.
Dux of C3 Class — Jillian Guy, 77%.
Dux of C4 Class — Diane Atherton, 72%.
Dux of C5 Class — Phyllis Airey, 76%.
Dux of C6 Class — Doreen McQueen, 84%.
Dux of D1 Class — Ian Beecroft, 88%.
Dux of D2 Class — Shirley Sims, 78%.
Dux of D3 Class — Suzette Handley, 85%.
Dux of D4 Class — Rae Hardman and Jamieson Allom, 80%.
Dux of D5 Class — Roslyn Carter, 77%.
Dux of D6 Class — Gloria Fitzpatrick, 81%.
Dux of E1 Class — Helen Rouhliadeff, 83%.
Dux of E2 Class — John Rees, 78%.
Dux of E3 Class — Paul McKibben, 85%.
Dux of E4 Class — Peter Manser, 80%.
Dux of E5 Class — Joan Harris, 78%.
Dux of E6 Class — Denise Watts, 81%.
Dux of E7 Class — Margaret Sing, 86%.
Dux of E8 Class — Alison Wolff, 88%.

DUXES OF INDIVIDUAL SUBJECTS, B CLASS, 1959

English — Brenda Hardwick, B1.
Social Studies — Anthony Kjar, B2.
General Science A — Donald Atkinson, B1.
General Science B — Diane Orpin, B3.
General Science C — Jacoba Kuiper, B4.
Mathematics I — June Bussey, B3.
Mathematics II — Andrew Shipley, B1.
Mathematics III — Anthony Kjar, B2.
French — Brenda Hardwick, B1; Robert Booth, B1.
German — Brenda Hardwick, B1.
Latin — Andrew Shipley, B1.
Art II — Robin Harris, B2.
Art I — Anthony Kjar, B2.
Music — Julie Cridge, B4.
Art of Speech — Elizabeth Morris, B5.
Home Arts and Crafts — Jacqueline Jorgenson.
Commerce — Francine Wilson, B5.
Shorthand — Francine Wilson, B5; Helen Wells, B5.
Typing — Helen Wells, B5.

PRIZES FOR SERVICE TO THE SCHOOL

Pianists — **Senior**: Yvonne Knap.

Junior: Faye Harrison.

Magazine — Noel Stanley, Jenny Hardman, Brenda Hardwick.

Cadet N.C.O.'s — Anthony Kjar, Robert Booth.

BEST PASSES IN SCHOOLS' BOARD, 1959

Donald Godfrey Atkinson (8 credits).

Robin Anne Harris (8 credits).

MATRICULATION EXAMINATIONS, 1958

Kathleen Ashworth, Christopher Barnard, Suzanne Bull, Margaret Cameron, Beverley Creese, Danny Crothers, Alan Edwards, Gregory Foot, Robert Green, Jennifer Hobson, Robert Hoerner, Colin Hughes, Rosemary Kaiser, Janet Kerrison, Tony Kettle, Jean McDonald, Helen MacKay, Judith MacLean, Alan Mills, Margaret Parish, Sally Pedley, Karla Plehwe, Graeme Reardon, Helen Reid, Penny Stephenson Elizabeth Stilwell, Hugh Tetlow, Ian Greenwood, Michael Walsh, Douglas Wherrett, David White, Anne Wickham.

BEST PASSES IN MATRICULATION, 1958

Karla Plehwe: 4 Credits, 1 Higher Pass; Anne Wickham: 3 Credits, 1 Higher Pass; Janet Kerrison: 2 Credits, 2 Higher Pass; Robert Green: 2 Credits, 2 Higher Pass; Robert Hoerner: 2 Credits, 2 Higher Pass.

HIGHEST SUBJECT MARKS IN MATRICULATION, 1958

English Literature: Elizabeth Anne Wickham.

Modern History: Helen Patricia Reid.

Ancient History: Elizabeth Anne Wickham.

French: Helen Elizabeth McKay.

German: Karla Plehwe.

Mathematics A: Robert John Green.

Mathematics B: Robert John Green.

Physics: Robert Velt Hoerner.

Chemistry: Karla Plehwe.

Biology: Karla Plehwe.

Geology: Grant Douglas Wherrett.

Geography: Margaret Parish.

Art: Marie Edna Towns.

UNIVERSITY PRIZES AND SCHOLARSHIPS, 1958

University Entrance Scholarships: Karla Plehwe (5th), Robert Green (18th).

A. I. Clark (For English Literature, Modern History and Geography): Anne Wickham (1st).

Mathematics Prize: Robert Green (4th).

The Nelly Ewers Prize (Girls—English): Anne Wickham (1st).

The Goethe Prize (Oral German): Anthony Kettle (3rd).

Commonwealth Scholarships: Eva Abrams, Robert Green, Sally Pedley, Douglas Wherrett, Christopher Barnard, Robert Hoerner, Karla Plehwe, Alan Edwards, Colin Hughes, Elizabeth Stilwell.

Education Department Scholarships: Karla Plehwe (1st), Robert Green (2nd), Ian Greenwood (3rd).

DEGREE PRIZES

1. Alliance Francaise (Oral French), Rudolph Plehwe.
2. Victoria League Stourton Prize (History I), Rudolph Plehwe.

3. Commonwealth Parl. Association Prize (Political Sc.), Rudolph Plehwe.
4. Br. Psychological Soc. (3rd year Psychology), Nancey Stokes.
5. Walter Wright Memorial Prize (Educ. II), Margaret Pullen.
6. Royal Aust. Chem. Inst. (Chem. I), Gregory Walker.
7. W. Hills Prize (Educ. Ia), Margaret Pullen.
8. Verco Medal, Dr. C. G. Stephens.

BURSARIES, 1959

Senior City: James Court. Senior Country: Noel Stanley.

UNIVERSITY GRADUATES, 1958

Arts (B.A.): John Lamb, Glenn Pullen, Nancey Stokes.
Science (B.Sc.): Robert McNeil, Donald Read, David Cartwright (2nd).

M.Sc. (Hons.): Terence Howroyd.

SPORTS CHAMPIONS

GIRLS

Track

Open — Jean Howard.

Under 15 — Maxine Arnol.

Under 13 — Wendy Vince.

Field Games

Open — Julie Faulkner.

Under 15 — Claire Winmill.

Under 13 — Zara Hersta.

Swimming

Open — Helen Molloy.

Under 15 — Eleanor Patterson.

Under 13 — Zara Hersta.

Tennis

Open Singles — Jill Callaghan.

Open Doubles — Jill Callaghan-Heather Tuting.

Junior Singles — Jane Berwick.

Junior Doubles — Jane Berwick-Joan Harris.

Badminton

Singles — Judith Cooper.

Doubles — Judith Cooper-Heather Tuting.

BOYS

Track

Open — Grant Taylor and Paul Boer.

Under 15 — John Honey.

Under 13 — Robin McEnnulty.

Field Games

Open — Martin Anstee.

Under 15 — Michael Oakley.

Under 13 — Brian Dunham and Colin Morrison.

Swimming

Open — Desmond McCaulay.

Under 15 — Ross Barnard.

Under 13 — Glyn Webb.

Tennis

Open Singles — John O'Callaghan.

Open Doubles — David Hannan-Max Giblin.

Junior Singles — Robin McEnnulty.

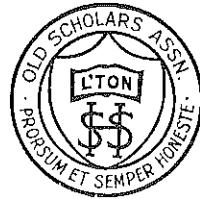
Junior Doubles — Kevin Crowden-Tony Watts.

Badminton

Singles — Max Giblin.

Doubles — Max Giblin-Arthur Talbot.

Old Scholars Association



ENGAGEMENTS

Nancye Stokes and Don Read.
Coralie Hingston and Barry Walker.
Elizabeth Atkins and Michael Shipp.
Judith Pinner and Peter Taylor.
Pamela Brown and John Waldron.
Pat Ellings and Cliff Walker.
Janice Coones and Ray Pitcher.
Frances Johnson and Crichton Hall.
Pam Haas and David Merrington.
Adrienne Marriott and Peter Hart.
Kaye Barnes and Barry Stone.
Dawn Campton and Ian Nichols.
Jim Hart and Julie Lowe.
Lyn Brett and Gordon Scott.
Gwenda Gibson and Max Viney.
Pamela Castles and Allan Cherry.

MARRIAGES

Dal Wilson and Mr. Mason.
Judith Dixon and Tom Bailey.
Pam Faravini and Bob Clark.
Margaret Steel and Lyle Clarke.
Adrienne Cox and Bill Dabner.
Shirley Thompson and James Richmond.
Maureen Wilcox and Kay Fumage.
Robin Edwards and Graeme McTye.
Shirley King and Brian Watson.

BIRTHS

Bill and Bonnie Allen — a son.
Bob and Barbara Bayles — a son.
Alf and Irene Crawford — a son.
Tony and Margaret Hart — a son.
Ian and Barbara Murfett — a son.
Noel and Anne Atkins — a daughter.
Marjory and Max Wilson — a daughter.
Mr. and Mrs. T. Hart — a son.

OVERSEAS

Wing Cmdr. R.A.F.—Geoff Atherton, from Ceylon to Singapore.
Barbara Atkins—England.
Marion and Len Bonser—England.
Doreen Poole—England.
Beverley Gilledge—England.

INTER-STATE

Phyl Dyas to Victoria.
Bob and Barbara Bayles to live in Canberra.

LOCAL

Fred White—re-elected as Mayor.

AUTOGRAPHS of STAFF

L. E. Chas.

J. Blyth

E. C. Wesley.

A. L. Crawford.

O. Bushby.

L. M. Jordan.

J. Allen

B. Keston

T. L. L. L.

A. Mc Ginn

W. Wharton

E. Luthersand

B. Holloway

M. J. Walden

L. Innes.

V. Klje.

A. H. H. H. H.

T. Bailey

D. Gumm.

P. K. Lewis.

A. H. H. H.

L. H. H.

J. Lamb

A. Neale

N. Perks

A. H. H.

A. H. H.

A. H. H.

A. H. H.

A. H. H.

A. H. H.

A. H. H.

L. A. Russell.

J. J. Woodward

R. B. Wilson

A. H. H.

V. M. Provettes.

M. H. H.

M. H. H.

J. H. H.

M. H. H.

B. H. H.

A. H. H.

M. H. H.

A. H. H.

P. H. H.

A. H. H.

N. V. Stokes.

School Autographs