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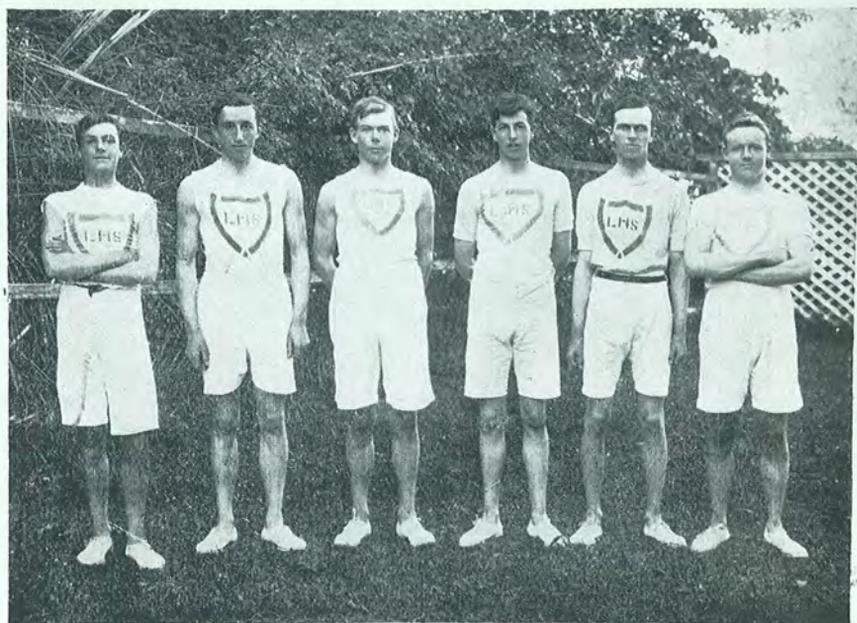
LUDUS ET LUDI



Leslie House School
Half-Yearly Magazine

.L.P.L.—B2221

Winners of Cross-Country Championship, 1920



B. Chesterman (15th), I. Hay (5th), A. Brownell (13th), O. Burrows (2nd),
B. Beedham (—), H. Wilkinson (3rd)

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Editorial

Two years ago we were all rejoicing in the Armistice just concluded, and when, on November 11th last, all the citizens of the Empire were invited by the King to cease all work for two minutes and join in silent memory of the fallen and prayer that the sacrifices made by all our people in the great world war might not be in vain, most of us could not help feeling sad that so long a time had passed and so little seemed accomplished towards the reparation and recovery we had all hoped was coming.

But all sensible people are well aware that such vast destruction and widespread havoc and misery could not be recovered from quickly or easily.

The winning of our great victory over the forces of evil called for the closest attention and completest co-operation of all our citizens, and class quarrels and selfish aims had to cease or be suspended for a time under the pressure of a great common danger and purpose. And now that we are wishful to take up once more the daily task of carrying on the work and progress of the world we shall find that nothing less will be called for in the way of brotherly sympathy and mutual help than we found necessary in the time of war.

The burdens of debt incurred and arrears in production left us by the sad and wicked world war must fall very largely on the shoulders of the boys and girls who are now at school. They will have to take up the task of making this world a good place to live in.

So they will need more than any other generation of school children have ever needed before all the help that can come from goodwill, comradeship, and co-operation.

None of the great achievements of the race have been possible apart from this working together and for common purposes. The felling of the forests, the unlocking of the secrets of the mine and of the farm, the taming of the lightning, the harnessing of steam and electricity, all these things have been done by men working together for the common good.

But since our human race has a much higher and nobler work before it than all this subduing of the forces of nature and making the best use possible of the resources of this very wonderful world, since men have to learn how to control their own tempers, to order their own lives in the ways of righteousness and peace, since man's work will not be ended until the world is one great family living happily together here loving God and loving each other, there is much more than recovery from the losses of war to be thought of.

For this reason amongst others we wish all the scholars of Leslie House to set to work heartily and begin to work in a new way. Instead of always thinking of how to get on yourself and how to surpass the boy or girl who sits next to you, begin to plan how you can help them on and you will soon find how much more will then be possible for both of you. In the spiritual world two is much more than twice one. The Bible promises that while one of

God's people shall be able to chase a thousand two of them can put ten thousand to flight. There is a new multiplication table for you to learn! It is simply not possible to say how much better school life could be than it is now if only boys and girls were ready to lay aside selfish pursuit of their own aims and interests and each one began to work for the good of all.

If such a spirit of mutual help became common in all schoolrooms only a few more years need pass before the new world of our hopes and longings would have arrived in happy earnest and the poet's dream would be fulfilled.

This world is full of beauty as
angel worlds above,
And if we did our duty it might be
full of love.

—••••—

Class Notes

MATRIC. FORM NOTES.

Mr. Johnson's exercises are to strengthen the weak; ice cream is to cool the hot; so these notes are to give the ignorant a glimpse of Matric. life, and to enlighten them a little as to the great importance of the class.

"What of the other classes?" a bystander might ask. "Think not of them but as ones that feed on objects, orts and imitations, which, out of fashion and staled by others, begin their fashion."

The other sects here referred to might contradict, but they would do so out of jealousy. The J. Pea's love us not, for they are vicious; the V.A.'s are opposed to us, for they are treacherous; the V.B.'s say we are foolish, for they are only seeming wise.

"Sweet are the uses of adversity" is said to be a true saying. Perhaps the adverse attitude of these peevish lads keeps us from being slack and letting them get out of control.

This is anything but sweet to the others, but as they are counted as nought the sweetness would apply to us.

"Away with these! true Wisdom's world will be within its own creation, or in thine, Matric.!"

One of our members, Lindsay Brownell, must have found Hobart somewhat dry, for he has left us to go digging nuggets, or something, on the West Coast. He will no doubt find it a little damper.

"Cello" also left before midwinter, and must have dropped in spirits—perhaps the boat, which he has been seen carrying to and fro, was a bit heavy—so he has returned to be cheered up, and incidentally to receive more knowledge.

Another one, the renowned Sandy, was too airy for us, and his ideas were a bit tall, so he was sent back to the J.P. to be better grounded. Perhaps he will crawl back here next year.

According to Block, prohibition is a dangerous state of affairs, which might in time raise the price of spirit levels, barometers, and Eau de Cologne.

The yarns he spins are quite tall enough to cause Augustus to place his hand over his wide-open mouth, or to put his head under the desk; while Milton appears to be extremely sorry for the narrator.

The above is a very dark passage, so we will turn to something lighter. Henry Arthur is very lighthearted, always pleased to do your work for you; but his form is certainly becoming massive. Another light thing

is the beautiful Matric. stove; and Block feels light when he pounces on you.

"There are such peculiarities of these few, but all are most sane."

For
"Brains, brawn and common sense
are here combined,
Extremes are only in the masters'
mind!"

C.R.P.

—
J.P.

"Cook—Crosby! Turn round. Now then the angle ABC. The angle—class, attention." While we of J.P. struggle with the problems which physics presents us this weird medley comes in dulcet tones from the room where V.A. is supposed to be studying Geometry. Evidently the science is much changed since we learnt it in that class, at any rate we do not profess to remember the angle "class attention."

The Junior Public has become suddenly studious this last term, and our guardian angel endeavors to direct us along a rosy path (?) paved with Latin, Algebra, English, and Arithmetic, which he assures us leads to Elysium, or at least to the top of the exams.

We are right valiant knights at sport as all who encounter us have cause to know. At football our whole class team beat the rest of the school. Wilkinson, Chesterman, and Weatherhead, our cross-country runners, and Menzies, our demon bowler, are only a few of the great lights.

"Old Annah" still has a strange fascination for looking under the desk when questions are asked in English. We do not know whether it is at the floor or what!! But now he has to stand out at the back

of the class to write them. He still indulges in his after dinner siesta, and he is therefore on an average a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes late!!

One of the feminine beauties of the front row has a great tendency to talk.

We think that her name suits her very well. Don't you?

The dreaded Exams. loom ahead of us, and we wish everyone luck in them.

R.T.J., A.D.H., R.O.W.

—
V.A.

We, the brilliant scholars of V.A., are once more asked to relate our doings through the past two quarters. Three old scholars have returned: Bessie Conlan—dux of the Form; Paul Schroeder, an acquisition—a doubtful one—from V.B.; and "Bruiser" Beedham. Our most popular and regular scholar is Beedham, who broke the record when he came one whole day in the week.

We have several promising cricketers in V.A. this season. Eddington, one of them, is another very regular scholar.

One new boy has entered our famous form since Midwinter—Gordon Brickhill by name; he comes from South Africa. He is a famous swimmer—so we understand—and "some" mathematician, but his knowledge of English grammar is remarkable. He is also our expert on foreign languages—those spoken in South Africa.

Mr. Hughes, one of our new masters, is taking up the career of a reverend gentleman shortly. He teaches us geometry, and perhaps it is the subject we love most. He makes it very interesting to us, as he is able to illustrate various angles

and curves, etc., by means of our fat boy, Salisbury, and our midget Ross (not the prancing war-horse).

We have five classical scholars in our Form: "The Village Nuisance," alias "Sunbeam" or "Millicent"; "The Slender Youth," "Weedy," "Wormy," and old "Zizzel." Feeling the utter hopelessness and misery of trying to teach Latin to "Zizzel," sen., Mr. Pennefather passed the classical five on to Mr. Hughes, whose Latin lessons are becoming so popular, that, acting under the sage advice of Mr. Wilkins, young Wayn from the J.P. joined the happy five, and now loves Latin.

Of other heroes of V.A. who add glory and lustre to the Form: "Old Tab" still sits in the back row with the same blissful expression on his benign countenance. "Young Un" is as attentive as ever—when Mr. Hughes or Mr. Pennefather is looking at him. ("Young 'Un," by the way, considers Mr. Hughes and Mr. Pennefather very bloodthirsty men). Kalbfell III.'s latest nickname is "Pinky," for when he exerts himself his legs become pink. Kalbfell II. showed up quite well during the football season, and Kalbfell III. means to—in the future.

We have started swimming again, and Mr. Pennefather and Mr. Hughes accompany us to Cornelian Bay. Mr. Hughes seems to enjoy the diving, but the other day while doing so he slipped and came a "gu."

Our Form distinguished itself greatly during the football season. Shaw, who joined us at Easter, performed many mighty deeds against rival schools, and is "some" footballer, and if talk could win a match no school would have a chance against young Wyatt.

-T.T., W.S., T.W., and others of Form-

V.A. has many specimens, some old, some young, some small, But young Trevor Weatherhead's the noisiest of them all.

The latest issue of our class is — tall and neat,

He has a soft-toned voice, and his glorious curls are sweet;

He is a man of knowledge, and it truly puzzles me

How — works his theorems out of "Stevens' Geometry."

Old Crosby, he's a studious youth, excuse my grammar, boys,

He is the head of old V.A., his acts V.A. enjoys.

Young Bobby Cook and Hector Eaves are undersized and small,

And Ross, altho' his tongue is long, you scarcely see at all.

V.A. has many specimens, some thin, some fat, some gay—

But the grandest class in all the school is our old Form V.A.

B.B.

Contribution.

Seven hard dry boys, brave and bold, Went a-camping we are told

The smart commander of them all Was Master Crosby, brave and tall.

We think he must have struck a squall,

For he broke an oar and commenced to bawl

"Part ye up, my lads, five bob for all."

At this there was much, much dissent,

And Eaves and Kalbfell homeward went,

Feeling wild and sore and spent, And much inclined old "C" to rent.

S.J.

V.B.

Five B. once more are asked to step into the limelight and recount their adventures for the past half

year. We were very sorry to lose Miss Weaver, our class teacher, but we hope to rub along with Mr. Hughes, who has taken her place. We have two new boys—Laurie, better known as Minnie, who comes from far away South Africa, and Jack Wilton, who has come from Sydney to finish his education in Tasmania. We have now left the noisy Fourth behind, and come upstairs. Most of us like our room, but the sun worries Ray a little, and someone always manages to run off with Irma's pencil. Every afternoon our peace is invaded by a noisy band of youths from V.A., known as the "Classical Scholars." However, we manage to keep them in order except when "Mollis Colinus" leaves his nurse at home, or the "Village Nuisance" is in a funny mood. We are able to boast four members from our Form in the newly-formed thirds—Donald, Graham, Billie, and Laurence. We are especially proud of Donald, who made top score at the first thirds match. Now, as our item is concluded, we will bid everyone A Merry Xmas from

V.B.

3rd and 4th.

We have received two presents this term: One is "freedom from home work"—a gift from "those who understand children"; the other is a beautiful picture, "The Return of Persephone," given to the school by an old scholar. Miss P. Weaver.

We are making a very interesting Library of our own, and wish to thank our class mates for their generous loan of books, also David, Lindsay, and Ted for their gifts to the Museum. Lindsay, Kathleen, and Hilza keep our room supplied with

beautiful flowers, and altogether we are very civilised in spite of the fact that "a wild man from Borneo" dwells in our midst.

We sincerely congratulate our big champions in the Matric, on winning the cross country race. Some day we hope to do likewise; meanwhile, we have some experts in the manly arts in our own Form. Tom was the first to break the ice at Cornelian Bay. We are told he dived accidentally, after receiving a push, but that is a mere detail, and did not enter into Tom's account of his performances. We hear that someone else tried the temperature of the water with toe or elbow, and turned at once towards home.

We would also like to congratulate the plucky little band of Primary girls, who took the honour of the school at the Girls' Combined Sports on their very small shoulders, and upheld it so gallantly and successfully.

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Original Contributions

A WONDERFUL CROCODILE.

There is a part of Egypt known as the Fayum. It was a headquarters of early Christians. Modern explorers have for years been digging in the sands of Egypt for buried temples, and villages and mummies, and other relics of the distant past, so as to be able to read the story of the past, out of which the present has sprung. Everything dug up out of the sand heaps is like another word in a child's puzzle. You put all the words together, and then you get the meaning of the sentence. The explorers take note of everything. Even bits of broken earthenware found in old rubbish

heaps are prized; for on these bits of earthenware they have found all sorts of writing; letters for instance, and memoranda, that throw light on the manners and customs and thoughts of men and women in ancient Egypt thousands of years ago.

Besides earthenware there was a paper made from the "papyrus" plant. Our word "paper" comes from "papyrus." The explorers have found thousands of these papyri. Dr. Flinders Petrie and his workmen were one day digging to find papyri. For many days they could find nothing but cemeteries of sacred crocodiles. One of the workmen became so disgusted at finding nothing but crocodiles that he took up the mummy of a baby crocodile and smashed it to atoms. How amazed were the diggers to find that the baby crocodile was stuffed full of papyri! The crocodiles they found had been swathed in papyri, or stuffed with them. And on these papyri were written fragments of ancient books, royal laws, surveys of land, accounts, petitions, contracts, private letters throwing light on the life of people in Egypt 2000 years ago.

Little did those who stuffed that dead baby crocodile with these papyri and laid it in the grave know what they were doing. And little did the disgusted digger in the Egyptian sand know what he was doing when he impatiently flung down the baby mummy. And who would have imagined that a baby crocodile could have had such a splendid work to do two thousand years after it had been buried beneath the sands of the Egyptian desert?

(Selected.)

TO E——

Tasmania, 1910.

I bring thee not a name thro' ages
sung,
Emblazoned 'neath full many a
princely crest,
For me no guns in proud salute give
tongue,
No medals fair adorn my humble
breast.
I come not, Love, bedecked in splen-
dour grand,
No jewels bring from out earth's
bosom torn,
Nor perfumes rare from Persia's
tropic strand,
Nor cunning craft from children
of the morn.

I woo thee not, my Love, with
wealth that ends
In weeping as the Phrygian's
touch of gold;
But in thy worship from my soul
ascends
Its incense kindled at a hearth
long cold.
But wilt thou not accept the love I
bring,
The heart I offer, all the gems I
bear?
Lo, at thy feet its bounteous store
I fling,
Wilt thou pass by, nor heed it
glimmering there?

TO E——

Sydney, 1920.

I am so thankful, dear, that thou
hast given
Thy gentle heart into my hands to
keep
With sacred reverence till at last I
sleep,
From thy dear side by death's cold
fingers riven.
I crowned thee with my diadem of
love,

But it hath gained new radiance
 from that brow,
 So pure with which the Gods did
 thee endow
 When they sent thee from starry
 halls above.
 How shall I tell of all thy gracious
 ways,
 Thy tenderness and smile that
 brings heart's ease?
 How chant thy voice that's wafted
 on the breeze
 In accents sweeter than Apollo's
 flute?
 My song is all too feeble for thy
 praise,
 I worship thee in silence and am
 mute.

ERIC JEFFREY.

(We are pleased to receive another contribution from the author of our School Song.—Ed.)

“EASY ALL.”

In sitting down to write this description of an afternoon's row up the Yarra there is vividly brought to my mind a scene on the Derwent nearly four years ago when Leslie House won the first Head of the River Race of the Tasmanian Secondary Schools, beating Grammar by two feet in a hard finish. Fred Skinner stroked that crew, while the other members were Humph. Oldmeadow, Austin James, and Bill Finlay, with Eric Montgomery cox. It was a great race, and will never be forgotten by the boys of those days.

But to return to my subject. In Ormond College here there are about 120 students of all varieties: Meds., Theologs, Law, Engineering, Arts, Science, Dentals, etc., and as rowing is a very popular sport it is never hard to get one or two eights to go for this six-mile “saunter” up the

river on a Saturday afternoon. The Boat Committeemen hail various people on Saturday morning with “What about a row to-day?” the answer usually being in the affirmative. Having collected their crews they allot the places in the boats, and post them in a conspicuous place. At about 2 p.m. many youths stroll down the College Drive to the old cable tram to take them to the city, whence they go down through the beautiful Alexandra Gardens past the long row of boat sheds to the last of the series, labelled M.U.B.C.

The boats are duly launched, and the bow side push off, while such questions as “Have you got the afternoon tea money, cox?” “Got the football, cox.?” are asked. These things all being in order there is the staccato cry of “Half-forward all, ready, row,” and we are off, very, very rocky for the first few strokes always, for—have I not said?—we are a scratch crew. Perhaps bow, who is a novice, catches a crab, but that is soon remedied on stroke advising him “to turn his blade more towards me at the top.”

We are usually a heterogeneous mob as to costumes, nothing like the 1st and 2nd College crews looking smart, the one in their white singlets faced with red, yellow, and black ribbon, the other in black singlets. Scotch College and Geelong College colors are well represented. I have often seen a Leslie House guernsey in a Queen's crew—that has Austin James in it. After a few hundred yards a plaintive cry is heard from bow end, “Say, stroke, that sprint's over; remember we've three miles to go.” It is the second half mile when you feel it, and I know I have often when bathed in perspiration, with limbs like lead,

and a mouth as dry as the Sahara, been glad to have a rotten cox aboard who has run us into the bank. The river averages between 30 to 80 yards wide, and has many sharp bends, so that great is the rejoicing on stroke side when cox. says "Pull her round bow-side; easy stroke." and gnashing of teeth when we come to a bend of opposite curve.

However, we get there eventually, to have a game of football, afternoon tea, and a chat and smoke at Twickenham Ferry. Here there is a very old house with broken-down harbours, ornamented by the salvage of an old wreck. The seats are rickety, but the cushions plentiful, and the milk-jug bears the legend "Tis better to deserve and not receive than to receive and not deserve." Perhaps so; anyhow we deserve three cups of tea to fortify us for our homeward row of three miles.

The old lady proprietress, who is about 85 years of age, is very quaint, and knowing that many of us are medical students, begins the conversation by a few very maledictory remarks concerning that profession, but ending by asking if any of us can tell her what would be good for her aches and pains, and if any of us know Dr. Sawbones, who was such a nice chap, and was in the habit of coming up with the College crews some years ago. Her pet dog is called Snowball; he may have resembled one in his youth, which probably corresponded with her middle life, but the dusty accumulation of many decades now precludes him from any right to that cognomen.

On stroke giving the word "All aboard" thoughts come back to us of our weary bodies, our blistered

hands, and the present reposeful spot, together with an almost irresistible desire to seek the nearest tram to the city. But he is obdurate, and we again swing down the river with, I was going to say, the rhythmic beat of oars—but that would hardly be a fit description—until a halt is called till the two crews are level to have a sprint over the last half-mile. Much misdirected energy is expended, and water flung in showers, till tired but happy, we put the boats on their racks, have our showers, and invariably vote it a perfect day.

K.H.H.

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Boarders' Notes

Meow! Meow! Meow!

Such are the sounds that assail the ears of the peaceful slumberers on the balcony. Then comes a voice from the deep: "Lay 'em out Campbell!" This is succeeded by a series of bangs and thuds, and all the available shoes and boots disappear into the darkness. Then dead silence reigns, broken only by a chuckle of joy from the valorous Campbell. The cause of all this commotion is due to the noises made by members of the feline tribe, who collect upon the roof for the sake of voicing their numerous quarrels and disputes.

Our lyric singer, Plunket, or in other words Wynston Salier Salisbury, like Don Quixote of old, arrayed himself in his armour and charged valiantly at the V.A. window. Having no lance, he used his head with disastrous results for both the window and himself. But now, thanks to the wonderful curing power of Miss Bracewell, he is on the road to recovery.

During last term we had the misfortune to lose Miss Reardon, who had been very kind and considerate to us. We gave a social to her before she left, and everyone thoroughly enjoyed themselves. But the most memorable occasion of that evening was the ignominious defeat of the day boys by the boarders. The following lines have been kindly contributed to describe the scene:—

Forward the Boarder Brigade,
Was there a man dismay'd?
Although the boarders knew
Their beds had been plundered,
Their's not to reason why,
Their's but to make reply,
Into the conflict high
Charged they and thundered.

Day-boys to right of them,
Day-boys to left of them,
Day-boys in front of them
Floundered and blundered.
Flashed all their pillows white,
Flashed as they clove the night,
Day-boys were turned to flight,
Scattered and wondered.
When can their glory fade?
O, the brave charge they made,
All the school wondered.
Honour the charge they made,
Honour the Boarder Brigade,
Who fought and plundered.

(With apologies to Lord Tennyson.)

B.M.A.H.

—••••—
Day Boys' Notes

"The day drags through, though storms keep out the sun; And thus the heart will break, yet brokenly live on."

Thus we think when we reach the last few weeks of the year, and as we draw near the Public Exams.

which present such a terrifying appearance. At the beginning of the last term of the year those who enter make great vows intending to "swat," but it never comes off till the last fortnight, when they work furiously, and consequently have nervous breakdown from overwork!

We said good-bye to Basil Hoggins and Lindsay Brownell at Midwinter. The latter went to the West Coast to study a mining course, and we hear is succeeding well. We were very surprised the other day to hear rumors of Basil's return. Mad was the excitement when a very red-faced and breathless lad came into the grounds at 100 m.p.h. approximately to inform us of his approach. His welcome almost equalled that of the Prince. Lindsay Brownell and he were both missed in the football and cricket teams, and the latter's return will prove a great help.

Our important member, Titus, managed to overwork himself a few weeks ago and this resulted in "Brain Fag"—if there is such a disease—which gave him an excuse to obtain a holiday. He went to New Norfolk—at least he ought to have gone there—but went to Port Arthur instead. There he distinguished himself by indulging in the first swim of the season, if his story can be relied on.

"Perpetual emptiness! unceasing change!

No single volume paramount; no code,

No master spirit, no determined road;

But equally a want of books and men!"

There is no need to tell the reader that these lines give a true description of the Boarders who are still steadily degenerating.

"In arguing, too, our Bissy owns his skill,
For e'en though vanquished he can argue still."

This remarkable individual prides himself on his power of arguing, since he is always contradicting someone in the hope that he may indulge in a heated discussion, even if he is wrong. He has even tried it on the masters; but so far it has been a failure.

The weird and wonderful attire distributed to the new cadets has given much subject for discussion for weeks. Cake's dirty second hand garments, the hats of Burrows, and others give a strange effect. If they only had revolvers in each hand they would be taken for Mexican revolutionaries.

Great excitement was expressed the other day, for "Burice Bweedham" turned up in time for morning school. He seemed surprised himself, and wanted to know what we usually did before starting work. Since then he has turned up three consecutive mornings.

"Yet in the number I do know but one

That unassailable holds on his rank
Unshaked of Motion."

This alludes to Ross, who still reaches out of sight up among the aeroplanes, though Block tries all remedies to make himself grow, and daily measures himself against the wall and calculates how much he has grown during the night.

R.W.

— . . . —

Girls' Notes

During the last term we played basket ball and tennis. We picked up sides for basket ball and selected

J. Seager and M. Parrett as captains of the two sides. The Juniors also had teams. D. Wilkinson and G. Gilham were their captains.

At the end of last term the Girls' Combined Sports took place. We were only represented by the Primaries. Those who entered did remarkably well, the best being K. Cook, R. Cloak, and D. Parrett.

Tennis is indulged in by the senior girls. Twice a week they go down and practise hard, and are expecting to play some matches against the other schools this term.

Cricket is taking the place of basket ball as the days are now getting too hot for winter games.

When we arrived back from our midwinter holidays we found that a gymnasium had been built for us. A ladder was also up, and all the girls enjoy swinging on it.

We are just about to start swimming. All the girls are looking forward to it, and Miss Ivey has offered to teach the junior girls.

Every morning we have drill, which Miss Ivey kindly conducts, and we take this opportunity of thanking her for doing so.

M.P. and A.D.

— . . . —

Sloyd Notes

We have not had many fresh arrivals this quarter. The latest were the two Brickhills, who have learnt before in South Africa, but under the Yankee principle. It's a wonder we are not doing the same here, seeing that most of our tools come from America.

Everybody at this present time is very busy getting ready their models for the exhibition, if we have one,

at the end of the year. One Wednesday afternoon we missed Bullet-head, but when we got down to the Sloyd room we found him hard at it. His taking such a sudden turn for work rather amazed us. We afterwards found out that he was making something!!! for someone, who wanted it at once.

Tom Brockman has been making a box which is supposed to have some secret lock. The box would not betray its secret. When first looked at you would think it was meant for something grand—but alas! has been mostly used for exporting Huon goods in.

Ian Hay must have turned very studious suddenly and cannot find a place to put his books in, for he has started to make a book shelf. It is made of a mixture of blackwood and hardwood. He started it in hardwood, but that was too hard, so he did the rest in blackwood, which is not much softer.

Our only fat boy now Anna has left, has turned out a great singer. At times his efforts are so atrocious that force has to be applied to make him stop. Fritz has also taken to imitating cats.

Sloyd has many compensations. If we had not had a Sloyd room here we would have had to do without a German horse in our gym. Someone suggested padding it with bits of rope, seeing there was no horsehair (on it). It has proved a great success.

A.R.

Boys' Sports

FOOTBALL.

The football team this year, although not very successful, has shown great improvement.

The members of the team are as follows: I. Hay (capt.), O. Burrows (vice), A. Brownell, L. Brownell, M. Hay, B. Hoggins, B. Chesterman, C. Palfreyman, J. Eddington, D. Weatherhead, A. Ross, H. Wilkinson, C. Shaw, B. McCausland, T. Brockman, R. Jones, R. Ford, A. Ah Chung, G. Robinson, R. Wyatt.

During the second term the school was given a half holiday to play a match against the Old Scholars on the Top Cricket Ground.

The weather proved to be very favourable, which helped to make the match interesting and more pleasant for the spectators. After the game, in which the Old Scholars proved victorious, afternoon tea was supplied, during which Mr. W. Crosby presented the new football to the school team.

The best players for the winners were: W. Crosby (capt.), Archer (3), Jeffrey, and Coombs. Although the members of the school team showed their best form for the season in this match the ones who showed out best were Burrows, A. Brownell, Hay (2), Palfreyman, Weatherhead (2), and B. Chesterman.

In the match against Friends' High School, in which we proved successful, the team showed very good form, and kept the game very fast, which was the main cause of our win. The final scores were: L.H.S., 10 goals 8 points; F.H.S., 7 goals 8 points.

The best players were L. Brownell, B. Hoggins, M. Hay, O. Burrows, B. Chesterman, C. Palfreyman, D. Weatherhead, the best for the losers being N. Gibson (capt.), T. Gibson, R. Clark, B. Jones, and F. Lamprill.

Another match in which the team was at its best was the match against St. Virgil's College on the Top Ground. Although our opponents put a much heavier team on the ground it did not seem to be an advantage to them. St. Virgil's kicked six goals in the first quarter, but this lead was lessened in the next three, especially the second, in which we kicked 2 goals 5 points to our opponents' 1 goal.

The final scores were: St. Virgil's, 10 goals 14 points; L.H.S., 5 goals 9 points.

We take this opportunity of congratulating the Hutchins School on winning the Southern Tasmanian premiership.

I. M. HAY.

THE CROSS-COUNTRY CHAMPIONSHIP.

On Saturday, September 15th, there was a great crowd of boys up at the Top Cricket Ground. What were they there for? They were there to see, and some to compete in, the Cross Country Championship.

The weather was not of the best, as it was raining most of the time, but this did not prevent the race from being held, although it somewhat spoilt it.

The competitors sallied forth in due course, and considering the weather and the track, which was very soft and wet, it turned out to be a very good race. The course was twice round the ground, and then two and a quarter miles cross country, finishing with once round the ground.

The first six to come in were: Munnings (St. V.C.), 1; Burrows (L.H.S.), 2; Wilkinson (L.H.S.),

3; Strutt (F.H.S.), 4; I. Hay (L.H.S.), 5; and McGann (St. V.C.), 6.

So our team got an easy win, which they deserved, as they all trained very hard; and they wish to thank Mr. Johnson for the trouble he went to in assisting them in their training.

Chesterman pluckily took Beedham's place, who was unable to run, and although he did not get a place he ran very well.

We all hope that the runners for next year will uphold the school's old reputation.

The final positions of the schools were: Leslie House, 1; St. Virgil's, 2; Friends, 3; Hutchins, 4.

L.B.

CRICKET.

We have been most successful with our cricket this term, having won three matches out of three bringing the total number of matches to our credit up to five out of six. This is the third year in succession that we have won the Bibby Shield. By winning the shield this year it remains the property of the school for all time.

The batting average was won by A. O. Burrows (captain), with an average of 51.2 runs. A. Brownell was second, with an average of 21.2 runs.

The bowling was also won by A. O. Burrows, with an average of 4.5 runs per wicket. B. D. Hoggins was second, with an average of 7.1 runs per wicket.

It was a great surprise to all of us when we learned that Scotch College had defeated Grammar by an innings and 13 runs. This is the first time the Grammar School has been defeated for the Northern Premiership. The match against

Scotch College is to be played on the Top Cricket Ground on the 13th of December. Our team has considerably improved during the last month or so, and I think we stand a very good chance of carrying off the Premiership of the Island.

The fourth roster match of the season was played on the Top Ground on the 30th of October against Hutchins. They won the toss, and decided that we should face the bowling. We were all dismissed for 72, but we managed to dismiss them for 56 runs. Thus Leslie won by 16 runs. Scores:—

A. Brownell, c M'Dougall, b Burbury, G. C.	16
A. O. Burrows, c M'Dougall, b Eddington, N.	31
B. D. Hoggins, b Burbury, G.C.	2
A. Ross, b Headlam	9
I. Hay, c Armstrong, b Eddington	0
R. Ford, b Headlam	6
B. Chesterman, b Headlam . .	7
M. Hay, b Burbury, G. C. . .	0
J. Eddington, b Burbury, G.C.	0
D. Weatherhead, b Burbury, G. C.	0
T. Brockman, not out	0
Sundries	1
Total	72

Bowling for Leslie: Burrows, 5 wickets for 20 runs; Hoggins, 4 for 23; Brownell, 0 for 3.

Our next match was played at New Town on the 10th of November against St. Virgil's College. They won the toss and decided to bat. They were dismissed after about 35 minutes batting for the small total of 12. Fifteen minutes

later Leslie had won without the loss of a wicket, but we continued playing for some time. Leslie won by 62 runs and seven wickets. Scores:

A. Brownell, c Kelly, b Imlach	13
O. Burrows, b Garrett	28
B. Hoggins, not out	10
H. Ross, b Garrett	0
I. Hay, not out	13
Sundries	8
Total (for three wickets) . .	74

Bowling for Leslie: Burrows, 3 wickets for 2 runs; Hoggins, 7 wickets for 9 runs. Hoggins took four wickets with four successive balls.

Our last match was played on the Top Ground on the 18th of November against Friends' High School. For the first time in three matches we won the toss, and decided to bat. After about two hours' batting we were all out for the good score of 169. When the match was adjourned Friends had 15 runs to their credit with the loss of no wickets. The match was finished the following Monday, with the result that Leslie had won by 129 runs. Friends could only muster up 41 runs to Leslie's 169. Scores:—

A. Brownell, c N. Gibson, b D. Wardlaw	81
O. Burrows, b Wardlaw	28
B. Hoggins, l.b.w., b Wardlaw	18
A. Ross, b Wardlaw	11
I. Hay, c Lewers, b Wardlaw	10
R. Ford, c Erskine, b Propsting	1
B. Chesterman, not out	6
M. Hay, b Wardlaw	0
J. Eddington, b Propsting . . .	1
T. Brockman, b Propsting . .	4

D. Weatherhead, c Lewers, b	
Wardlaw	1
Sundries	8
	—
Total	169

Brownell hit three sixers.

Bowling for Leslie: Burrows, 5 wickets for 22 runs; Hoggins, 5 for 15; Brownell, 0 for 2.

B.D.H.

(The Premiership of the Island was won by Leslie House by the narrow margin of four runs. Full particulars in next issue.—Editor).

— . . . —

The Prince's Visit

We wish to express, through the columns of our Magazine, appreciation of the visit of the Prince to this southern outpost of the Empire. We welcomed him as a school—as a body that is endeavoring to train worthy citizens and guardians of the traditions of our race.

The assembly of the Schools on the Top Cricket Ground was an inspiring and impressive sight. The State scholars were massed centrally and round them gathered the boys and girls of the Secondary Schools. As the royal visitor moved along the circle of expectant young people each unit stood to attention, and every eye turned towards him in eager greeting. He was—to many of us—not only the heir to our throne, but the representative and embodiment of the ideals of freedom and justice, of a nation "old in story" and of growing world dominion. The noble watchword adopted so long ago by the Princes of our race accords singularly well with that of our School: "I serve" and so "May our lessons lead us to nobler tasks." We

desire that in company with all the true nobility of the world we may strive for the upliftment of humanity and for the ideals of peace and true prosperity. We are reminded also of words upon which the Divine has set its seal: "He that would be greatest amongst you, let him be the servant of all." The loyalty of the people is assured when the rulers of the nations are its servants. We felt that the letter we each received individually from the Prince was from a friend. He solicited our help as comrades in the upholding of Empire and in the development of Australia. We hope that his visit will rouse us to a fuller realisation of the privileges and responsibilities of true citizenship. "Long live all truly royal Princes."

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Leslie House School Old Scholars' Association

Since May 1st, when, with the combined efforts of past and present scholars, the splendid sum of £45/3/9 was realised at a concert at the Town Hall for the Old Scholars' Memorial Fund, the Old Scholars' Association has been very quiet. The old boys arranged a couple of football matches with the present scholars, and though beaten the first time, were able to turn the tables at the second match. A cricket match has been arranged for the 15th of December, and old scholars are quite confident that their representatives will prove they have not lost their skill.

The committee is hoping to arrange some reunion soon after Christmas, and old scholars are asked to rally round. Full particulars

will be sent later, and the committee would be glad of any suggestions. The appointment of a new secretary and committee to carry on the work of the association will be dealt with at the same time.

Old scholars will be pleased to hear of the engagement of Mr. Russell Atkinson to Miss Ferrar, Mr. W. Heritage to Miss M. Macnamara, and Mr. Gordon Clarke to Miss J. Travers. We also have to announce the marriage of Mr. Roland Roe to Miss C. Lamb, Miss G. Brooks to Mr. C. Donnelly, and Mr. Noel Sharp to Miss Bessie Hamilton (Perth). All unite in wishing them every happiness.

Old schoolmates of Dr. Eric Jeffrey will be sorry to hear that he is still very ill. There is some talk of his coming back to Hobart about February next, when he is assured of a hearty welcome from Leslie.

We have to congratulate Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Stephens, Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Young, and Mr. and Mrs. Colin Hay on the arrival of little daughters.

Miss Phyllis Weaver has left Leslie House School, where for some years she has been teaching, and is at present on the staff of the Correspondence School of the Education Department.

Miss Marie Sansom has joined the ranks of the workers, and is now at Messrs. Butler, M'Intyre, and Butler.

Friends of Mr. and Mrs. Clifton Peters will be pleased to hear that they have left South Australia and have come back to Hobart.

Any contributions of news of old scholars will be very gratefully accepted.

Austin James, who is at present at Queen's College, Melbourne University, passed with second class honors in the history of philosophy and advanced ethics.

Gwelym James has passed his finals in medicine. Mr. Eiszele also passed his finals, and has taken a medical position in Fiji.

Mr. Rayner is now a captain in the Indian army, and has recently been through the wars on the Indian frontier. He is now on his way to England, having received permission to finish his term at Oxford.

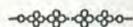
We were pleased to receive visits from W. Finlay, Austin James, M. Rayner, L. Geeves, and other old scholars.

Dr. Jack Robertson is now associated with Dr. Cole at Deloraine.

Dr. Val. Brownell has settled in Adelaide. Ray Brownell is probably taking up a position in Hobart.

Osmond Wigan has been transferred to the bank at Stanley.

Lindsay Brownell is in the School of Mines at Queenstown. He recently passed very well in a chemistry examination.



Leslie House School War Memorial Scholarship

	£	s.	d.
Already acknowledged	93	18	6
Proceeds from Concert	45	3	9
N. and F. Skinner	1	5	0
E. Jeffrey	1	1	0
L. Gardner	0	10	0
Mrs. Chesterman	2	0	0
Total	£145	18	3

Concert at Town Hall, May 1st, 1920**BALANCE SHEET**

Receipts.		Expenditure.	
	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
Ticket money and donations	45 3 0	Printing, advertising, etc.	8 12 3
Sale of sweets	8 6 0	Rent of Hall	2 12 6
Sale of cakes	2 19 6	Balance	45 3 9
	<hr/>		<hr/>
	£56 8 6		£56 8 6

Magazine Subscriptions

Austin James, 2/6; Gilbert Steel, 5/; Noel Andrews, 5/; Mrs. Jack Clark, 2/6; Miss Livingstone, 2/6; Miss Evershed, 2/6; Miss O. James, 2/6; R. Chancellor, 5/; E. Jeffrey, 9/; Hogarth Bros., £2/2/; E. Hay, £1; K. Hallam, 5/.



Premiers of Tasmania, 1920



Back Row—B. Chesterman, D. Weatherhead, C. Palfreyman (Scorer), M. Hay, H. Wilkinson

Middle Row—A. Ross, I. Hay, O. Burrows (Capt.), A. Brownell, B. Hoggins

Front Row—R. Ford, T. Brockman