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Wholly set up
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Captain of the School, and Senior Prefect
R. P. Freeman

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Sub-Prefects

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A. L. Reid

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The Hutchins School

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Junior School Singing
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Gladwyn School, Sandy Bay:
Miss E. M. Burrows Mrs. A. H. Champion, B.A. Miss R. Lane

The Hutchins School Magainc

The Stuart Prize Essay

The Hutchins School Magazine 71ic H ufiiiin.c School illaqa.zinc

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anization of the army in 1939 was due to
the same cause. Our author conveniently
forgets the British Navy and the Royal
Air Force. The personnel of the leaders
of both these services were either public
school men- or men trained on public
school lines. Surely the Royal Navy in
this war has well maintained its long and
honourable traditions of silent efficiency
and prompt action. The pilots of the
Royal Air Force at the Battle of Britain
—the most crucial battle in English his-
tory—were all public school men. At this
moment, wherever the flag of freedom
flies, the products of these schools are in
a large measure playing strategic roles in
winning this war. It must be clear to any
unbiassed observer that Mr. Worsley's
thesis that the public school trained
leaders have failed us in the past and are

The Hutchins School Magazine The Hutchins School Magazine 15
A.A.M.C., and the 0G. have both given
the instruction, and the work has been
based on the St. John Ambulance Brigade
programme. Towards the end of this term
we hope to put every cadet through an

17

tEstsiS1i
Colours: Light Blue and Dark Blue
House Master: Mr. W. J. Gerlach
House Captain: 13. G. Terry
Vice-Captain: G. W. Colman
Captain of Swimming and Football; R. H. 1km
Captain of Athletics and Tennis: G. W. Colman
Captain of Cricket: 13. G. Terry
Captain of Rowing: M. A. Agnew
Captain of Cross-Country: D. S. Gibson
Captain of Debating: G. W. Colman

After trailing behind in the early part
of the year in the House competition,
School secured a number of successes and

managed to win the Bethune Shield for
the champion House. In football, tennis
and rifle shooting we were successful in
both grades, whilst in cricket, after a
failure against Buckiand, we showed true

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endless travelling gauze. Under the gauze But over this otherwise. happy scene are suction boxes for the purpose of hangs a tragedy. Only ,a few planks tell drawing the moisture from the mixture the story. That gallant ship of yesterday---
through the gauze, has gone. . . . The albatross. soars and The result of these numerous processes skims, totally unaware of all. -

is a jelly-like substance which, when dried, p. c. Brothers,Remoye A.. rolled and ironed is now—paper.
G. Ellis, Intermediate

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"A VISION"

I see a land before me,
Wracked with ghostly shapes,
Giant roaring monsters, rolling, crashing
on;

While overhead the roar of power en-
wraps
The very earth that I in dreams do rest
upon.
I see
Amid the bomb-torn hills and shot and
shell,
Great chasms rent by instruments of man.
Brave men lie slain
In that vile bloodsoaked land,
And all around shrieks Death,
Like screaming fiend from Hell.
But now the fumes are parting,
For a moment I perceive
A valley, where all is youthful, fresh and
green;
- No acrid flames of war can here be seen,
For all is quiet and peaceful,
Save the rustling, restless leaves.
The scent of fresh-cropped flowers
Comes lingering on the breeze,
And on all sides lie fields of waving corn
And verdant lawns just newly shorn,
While here and there are shrubs and tall
majestic trees.
I strive to hold this vision,—
It slowly melts away,
Leaving chaos and war again to mar my
view.
But still with mind intent,
I hope and pray
For happier days, when I may glimpse
those iastures new.

M. S. Bull, Upper Sixth

DAWN IN THE JUNGLE

A

WIND soughs through the trees, the
leaves rustle and the jungle stirs;
softly through the half-seen trees comes
a shrill strumming of strings, deeper tones
follow until the jungle resounds to the
harmony of the insect world. Every string
is there from the treble of the mosquito
to the bass of the beetle. Now and then
each instrument breaks out into a solo
and gradually merges into the resonant
humming of the awakening jungle. For
a moment the strings hold the air, until
with a jarring suddenness a trumpet
blares out as the kingfisher glides towards
the river.

A slight crescendo results, and here
and there a sleepy flute is heard; away up
on the hill a few tentative oboes merge

with the general harmony and soon the
"wah.wahs" wake and the oboes quiver
the air. More of Nature's instruments
join in, gradually the light grows, the sky
begins to glow with all the colours of the
rainbow, and, as if watching their maestro
Nature, the olayers rise into a slight but
growing crescendo, responding to the
growing light. The crescendo swiftly rises
to a forte and then to a fortissimo as a
gigantic chord crashes and vibrates
through the air, and the curtain of the
jungle rises for its grand opera "Day" as
the sun rises over the distant horizon.

J. L. Seaton, Lower Sixth

PAPER PRODUCTION

S

TRANGE as it may seem, the great
paper industry of the world owes its
modern development to a lowly insect—
the wasp. From its methods scientists
learned to pulp up wood into paper.

Tasmania is rich in eucalypt forests, and
as this wood is very suitable for paper
there are two of the most modern paper
mills in the world here.

In the heart of the forest the trees are
felled and sawn into lengths. These are
drawn by steel cables attached to Diesel-
engined tractors which pull them to the
rail-heads, from whence they are con-
veyed to the mill. The logs from the rail-
trucks are moved across onto a moving
platform, which draws slowly nearer to a
fast-revolving circular saw; there is a
hum - a scream, as the giants of the
forest are massacred into humble lengths
of roughly 3 i feet, and 2l feet in girth.
These lengths are conveyed by elevators

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no land in sight. I look at the water and
think, as a shiver runs through me, how
cold it would be in the water and wonder
what I would do if we crashed. This
thought keeps my mind occupied until we
see land again. I am relieved at this
sight, for the scene of greyish-blue water
stretching for miles and roofed by unend-
ing piles of grey, threatening cloud is
inclined to get on one's nerves. Soon,
however, the 'drome is in sight. The roar
of the engines dies down and the 'plane
touches the ground and runs to a stand-
still. Then it slowly taxis to the hangar
and stops. An unforgettable experience

is over. J. R. Ward, Fifth Form

HUNTED

TJ

P the hill he stalked, swinging his
club savagely from side to side,
thrashing the bushes in an endeavour to
drive out the white victim of his assault.
His keen gaze scanned the undergrowth
as he walked along the track normally
used only by animals. Under his breath
and out aloud he cursed the white
"thing," as he called it, and all those who
helped to create it, determining that when
he had completed his self-appointed task
he would have nothing more to do with it.

Ah! a light patch in the bushes ahead.

Can it be? No! It was nothing but a
piece of clayey rock. He began to edge
towards the grassy stretch on his right,
and as he came to within a few paces of
the edge he saw it. He crept silently for-
ward and raised his club to strike. How-
ever, he thought better of it and, looking
cautiously round to see if anyone was
watching, he stooped, gathered the ball
in his hand, dropped it on the fairway,
and with his next shot was on the green.

R. S. McIntyre, Lower Sixth

PORT MORESBY

T

HESE days Port Moresby is frequently
mentioned in our newspapers, and as
I had the good fortune to Visit it during
a cruise four years ago, I thought that
some of the impressions created during
my call might prove of interest.

Port Moresby is the administrative cap-
ital of Papua, and the scene as one enters
the harbour is very impressive. Native

canoes skim across the water, while one
or two native trading boats—called
"lakatoi"— with their two queer shaped
sails made from cocoanut fibre, can be
seen making their way along the coast-
line with the added assistance of the crew

using paddles.

Behind the town, the mountains rise in
terraces; and a prominent white patch on
the top of a hill turns out to be the
catchment area for the town's water

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Ruddock, Baker and Thompson ran to-
gether practically all the way and in such
a forward position that victory for the
School in the teams' race was assured long
before the race was completed. Their team
work was excellent and deserved the suc-

cess it gained. Thompson ran very well to
pace it with his more seasoned team-mates
till the final run home.

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L

Life-Saving

A

T the annual meeting of the Royal
Life-Saving Society held on 18th
November, the following awards were
made to boys of the School.
Elementary and Intermediate Certifi-
cates and Bronze Medallion: A. Harvey,
I. Wood.
First Bar to Bronze Medallion: C. But-
ler, M. Jennings, T. Terry, E. Ransom.
Australian Bronze Cross: A. Harvey,
R. Wright, T. Terry, B. Ransom, R. S.
Hodgson.
Award of Merit: A. Harvey, R. Wright.
The badge and title of Honorary Asso-
ciate was awarded to Barrie Valentine.

c--t)

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

from the Boys of the Form

"Haunting of School-Boys"
Sir.

We are writing to you to protest
against the haunting of the boys of the
School by a series of ghosts. They must
be rare ghosts because they are black in-
stead of white, but that does not make
them any the more pleasant. The head
ghost seems to be a very tall one, but
there are others young and old, big and
little. They seem to be everywhere, and
it is almost impossible to run round a
corner without meeting one. We think
they should be caught, put in coffins and
buried deeply.
Yours, etc.

"Wear and Tear on Clothes"

Sir,
Could not something be done to abolish
the use of canes and other such weapons?
One boy in our room has had the seat of
his pants worn through and I don't think
he will be able to return to school until

the next issue of ration coupons is made.

Yours, etc.

A

FTER a year's strenuous battle, the
Vikings defeated the Saxons. The
highlight of the contest was the historic
return cricket match. The Saxons had
won the first match easily and were look-
ing forward to collecting more team
points in this encounter. But, alas and
alack, they were bowled and skittled for
the grand tally of three runs. Congratu-
lations, Vikings.

And now, gentle reader, some of our
Form personalities are introduced to you.

One day Sir John Shelton asked his
Butler if he knew where he could find a
Carter to take John's son (Johnson)
away. He found a chap by the name of
Murphy, who always Strutt-s about, and
he said, "1km take him for a Tanner."
Have you ever ate (Everett) chicken?"
asked the man. "You look quite Down-ie

"Need for Longer flolidays
Sir,
We think the periods of holidays are
not long enough. Instead of having
twelve weeks' holiday a year, couldn't we
have twelve weeks of school and the rest
of the year as holiday? If this could be
arranged there wouldn't be any measles
or mumps or sicknesses of any kind. What
is more, the masters wouldn't get sore
throats from shouting and bellowing at
us.

Yours, etc.

"Swarm of Dangerous Bats"
Sir,
Last term the use of water pistols in the
Junior School was banned, but we think
that water pistols should be permitted in
Remove B. For the last few years there
have been a lot of black-winged bat-like
objects hovering over and around the
School. We think they might be driven
away by jets of ink directed at their eyes.
We have tried dried peas, but they were
a failure. Paper pellets were just as futile,
so we feel we must try new methods. Do
you think something could be done? But
we must close—another swarm of them

is approaching.
Yours, etc.

in the mouth. I shall see you at the barn
at (Barnett) my farm; it's right in the
middle of a Bloom(ing) field.

Some leaves from our Form Book of
Verses:
"Two Roads"

One road leads to the top of the hill,
Another down to the sea;
And that one passes the old red mill,
But this is the road for me—
Along the edge of the breezy moor
Until it comes to the school-house door.
A. Cloudsdsle

At cricket our Carter's a caution,
His bowling's a fit of contortion;
His batting's a dream
That makes fellows scream,
For ducks are his usual portion.
R. Dickens

There is a boy's school called Hutchins,
Where they teach grammar and such
things;
The fourth Fotm were bad,
The master went mad,
And blotted his family's escutcheons.

F. Langley

Our master—Mr. Hearn—

Has a lot for us to learn;
He has a big cane
Which drives us insane,
Our master—Mr. Hearn.

L. Murphy

.A.GAIN we have to report a change in
our teachers. At the end of the third
term we regretfully said good-bye to Mrs.
Watts and were introduced to her succes-
sor, Miss Upchurch.

This term we have been busy doing
quite a deal of work, because we have had
the unpleasant thought of examinations
not so very far ahead, and none of us is
at all anxious to reach the lowest place in
the Form, though, as one witty youth said,
"I learn as much there as at the top."
However, we are afraid our parents do
not always quite agree with our being at
the bottom—hence the extra spurt. Also,
we see the eagle eye of our teacher upon
us, so our attention is recalled to the work
in hand and we give up looking out of the
window and thinking of pleasant games
and rather unwillingly come back to arith-
metic or grammar.

We have played both football and
cricket this half-year, and Stephens

SINCE you last heard about us, our

family has grown. We now have 31
boys. Our new boys are David Gough,
Alan Purdy, Gay Rushton, Richard Win-
dred from Fern Tree, and Arthur Park
from Franklin.

We had a very exciting evening re-
cently on the occasion of the Annual
Party, After the pictures, we played

To a big dinner party one night
Minty Johnson received an invite;
Three or four of his guests

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1 LTHOUGH we have had a good
many children absent, owing to colds
and measles, during the last half-year
our numbers have steadily increased and
we have another teacher on the Staff.
All the School went to the Junior

Hutchins Sports at the Parliament Street
grounds in the first half of the year. The
winners of our three races were Barrie
Gill, Ian Johnson and Robert Nettlefold.
We all had a very good time watching
the races, and we enjoyed the ice-creams
and cordials immensely.

Last term we had an expedition after-
noon. The three highest classes went to
the Museum, where they saw many excit-
ing things. The other groups were taken
for a walk to Lambert Park and had a
lovely time in the bush.

The Annual Party at Hutchins School
was heartily enjoyed by those of us who
were able to go to it. The moving pictures
and games were jolly. The supper was
much appreciated in the usual practical
manner.

A steam-roller working on the road out-
side the School has been a great source
of entertainment and excitement lately.

Exam, time is getting near and we are
beginning to get ready for the annual
break-up. We hope Father Christmas
won't forget to come to our school.

We wish everyone a Very Happy
Christmas and plenty of good luck in the
New Year.

of wireless this genius has turned his
knowledge to destroying the magneto
coils in engines by "super-ultra-short
waves" shorter than any yet produced!

Well, I ask you -

Another member ofthe "happy family"
has achieved wonders in the Science of

Synthetics. From one simple powder no
fewer than five tasty dishes can be made
(more, if you use different names).
There have been many requests that a
knighthood or the "Noble Prize" should
be bestowed upon him for this great work.
However, in case his achievement pass
unnoticed by the rest of the world, the
Hutchins Boarders have dedicated this

poem:

"The Utility Dish"

Scrambled eggs for breakfast,
Custard boiled for lunch,
Cheese souffle at close of day,
Delightful fare to munch.
I wonder where doth come this "chow-
der"?

Why! it's good old custard r1B92.1 Tm 102 Tz

Abou Ben Cripper - may his tribe de-
crease,

Slipped on the soap and fell in one piece
To smite hard the concrete of the dorm.
(To "Law of Gravity" he did conform).
And then to the boys in the dorm. quoth
he,
"What boy did this?"
But none did see.
For all, on hearing a rubber tread
(And nothing else), have scuttled to bed.

Good-night!

1

N this issue of the Mag. we take the
opportunity of welcoming three new
members to the House—a new master and

two boys. Mr. Hickman has come as our
new French master, and we wish him
every success. The new members of the
ranks are Shea and Mace, and both have
settled down into the humdrum of bore'
92.-dom.

Although nothing much of import has
happened, the monotony of life was
broken once or twice. The first notable
event was the Parents' Association Dance
and Party. We should like to compliment
those boarders who so willingly assisted
in the preparations and during the festi-
vities. Later on during the term the
boarders were very honoured by an invita-
tion to afternoon tea with Mr. and Mrs.
Murphy. Owing to our large numbers
the party had to be divided into two sec-

Murphy very much for their kindness and
hospitality, and we now know that Mrs.
Murphy is peerless as far as cakes and
cool drinks are concerned.

In the last issue of the Mag. we men-
tioned something of the beginning of an
"epic" fight. Well, since then more news
has come to hand.

"The boy from up the Derwent never
faltered in his stride,
And swung his pillow round and gave
a cheer,
And charged into the dormitory, not wait-
ing to decide,
While others stood and watched in very
fear.
He was right among the foes a-fleeing
down the dorm.,
And the watchers at the doorway stand-
ing mute,
Saw him ply his pillow fiercely, he was
right among them still,
As he rushed along the green dorm, in
pursuit."

(Extract from "The One-Armed Hero
of the Green Dorm. Purge."—The rest is
likely to be heavily censored).

We have in the Boarding House many
notable people, even celebrated "scien-
tists.''

As reported elsewhere, our "Hot-Air"
boy has turned his wonderful mind to
wireless and geometry. In both he has
been unsuccessful. His vivid imagination
has led him to believe that he can trisect

an angle—he is trying still. In the field

Notes

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OBITUARY

It is with regret that we record the
deaths of the following Old Boys:

Graeme S. Bisdee, Pilot-Officer John C.
Frankcomb, K. R. Gabriel, Flying-Officer
Philip F. G. Harbottle, C. R. N. Lewis,
Raymond M. Livingstone, David Prety-
man, L/Bdr. Peter K. Rogers, Sgt. Max-
well Thomas Tuttle, Capt. F. P. Bethune,
R. J.

Murdoch.

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The Hutchins School Magazine

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paddled me round to his native village
(Mubo) in the dinghy while the others
walked. The natives in the village gave
us some boiled rice and paw-paws, and
climbed the cocoanut trees to get cocoa-
nuts so that we could have a drink of
milk. The 'Yanks' suggested that they
were fattening us up before the 'big feast.'
Meanwhile, a couple of natives had taken
the other lieutenant up into the moun-
tains where there were some 'Aussies' who,
immediately he arrived at this camp, set
out for us, led by the natives. We were
dozing in a native hut which was none
too clean—but that was a mere pin-prick
—when these chaps arrived at about 3
am. I heard a lot of jabbering going on
outside and made sure the game was up,
when I suddenly heard some awful swear-
ing—'fair dinkum Aussie' it was, too. I
cannot express the relief I felt when the
cursing rang out loud and clear above all
the natives' jabbering. There is no doubt
about it, they were the finest bunch of
chaps I've ever struck (they were fellows
who had lived in New Guinea for years,
and when the Japs came they lost every.
thing arid formed themselves into a little
army of their own). They had a couple
of hours' nap, and after just about scald.
ing my legs with boiling water and dress.
ing them we set off before daybreak. The
'Coons' carried me in a stretcher made out

of parachute slung on a long pole. We
reached their camp that night after cross-
ing a hell of a rough track. At times the
grade was about 85 degrees and I was
practically standing up while still lying
down in the stretcher (slings under my
arms to stop me from slipping). Those
'Coons' can certainly carry—they carried
me about 50 miles over some of the
roughest tracks in the country. It took
about five days to reach a place called
Wau, where we had to wait a fortnight
before a 'plane could come out to pick us
up and take us out to Moresby, where I
stayed two days before coming down here
(Townsville). I've got a beaut beard, a

Rex, J.

R.
Rex, K. F.
Reynolds, C. D. R.
Richard, N. F. B.
Richardson, R. E.
Richardson, S. G.
Roberts, G. L.
Roberts, M. F.
Roberts, T. L,. MC.
Robertson, G. \V.
Robertson, R. N.
Robertson, V. G.
Robinson, N. F,
Rodway, F. C.
Rodway, R. E.
Rogers, J.

S.
Rogers, P. K.
Ross, T. W.
Ruddock, H. F.
Rycroft, J.

L.
St. Hill, A. R.
Sale, H. T. S.
Salier, A. G. j
Sansom, J.

B.
Sansoni, P. M.
Scarr, 0.
Scott-Power, J. J. W
Seekamp, G. D.
Sharp, R. C.
Shoobridge, F. M.
Shoobridge, J.

D. L.

Shoobridge, L. M.
Shoobridge, R. M.
Simmons, F. D.
Simpson, T. D.
Simson, B. A.
Smith, B. P.
Smith, I. K.
Spencer, A. J.
Sprent, J.
Stabb, G. I.
Stabb, R. H.

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Stephens, F. W. H.
Stephens, P. A.
Stephens, T.
Stevens, A. P.
Stevens, C. B.
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Swan, R. M.
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H.
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Thomas, N. M.
Thompson, B. G.
Thompson, N. R.
Thomson, A. D. R.
Thomson, F. R.
Thorold, J.

N.
Thorold, R. R. C.
Timmins, C. S.
Tolman, J.

C.
Travers, A. R. *
Tudor, E. D.
Turner, T. rvl.
Tuttle, M. T.
Tyson, C. M.
Underhill. A. B.
Upcher, P. R.
Upcher, R. R.
Urquhart, M. L.
Vincent, H. L.
Vincent, R. W.
Viney, C. A. S.
Vollugi, L. R.
Wagner, A. H.
Waich. C. F.

Walch, S. C. t
Walker, J.

B.
Walker, R. B.
Wall, J.

H.
Wall, L. E.
Ward,F.D. t
Warlow-Davies, H.
Warner, D. A.
Warner, F. A.
Watchorn, A. B.
Watchorn, B. B.
Watchorn, J.

B.
Watchorri, N. E.
Watson, R. B.
Webster, G. F.
Wertheimer, A. K.
Whelan, A. J.
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