

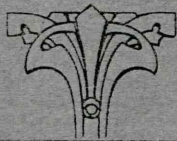
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The Novocastrian

:: The Organ of the ::
Newcastle High School.

OCTOBER, 1914.

Volume 4 :: :: No. 1.



Newcastle :

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1914

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The Novocastrian.

THE MAGAZINE OF THE NEWCASTLE HIGH SCHOOL.

VOL. 4.

OCTOBER, 1914.

No. 1.

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EDITORIAL.

This issue shows the "Novocastrian" in a new and enlarged form. Pupils should be proud of their new journal, for we can, I believe, safely say it is not surpassed by any School Journal in the State. An appeal is made to every boy and girl in the school to make their official organ a huge success. They can do this best by contributing original articles.

Owing to the cost of publishing in this new form, the "Novocastrian" will henceforth appear only twice every twelve months.

Examinations count much in the school course and few will be found to minimise their importance. Frequently, however, we find lads who have had brilliant courses at School and University, and yet they fail in life. Very often these prodigies "burn out," so to speak. It is the duty of any well conducted school to prevent this, and its chief agency directed towards this end is School Sport. A lad who takes a keen and active interest in clean and healthy sport is doing much to secure for himself a constitution which will be a valuable asset to him in future years. But this is not all. A sportsmanlike spirit is acquired, an abhorrence of all that is underhand and unfair, a power of grasping position and opportunity which plays such an important part in success in life. Waterloo was won on the playing fields of Eton, and report tells us that the value of school sports has been clearly proved in the present great world struggle in Europe.

In this school an attempt has been made to organise sports for both girls and boys, on a satisfactory basis. The controlling body is elected by the pupils themselves; yet we find a large number not prepared to take an active interest in this side of school life. As a consequence of this, we were, this year, forced to forego the annual school sports. It was impossible to speak of a "School Sports Meeting," when only 70 boys out of a total of about 160 were fully paid up members of the School Club. This is not as it should be, and it is hoped that in the future pupils will see the importance of this side of the school work and become active members of the School Club.

A pupil's letter on this matter is appended.

Dear Mr. Editor,—

In this briefly written letter I have endeavoured to set down and justify the feeling of resentment which is felt by those boys who have paid their Sports subscriptions towards those who have not.

In the beginning of the year it was decided to reduce the annual Sports Union fees from 11/6 down to 7/6. As this was decided unanimously it would appear that it should have eliminated the trouble which has arisen. Further, the boys were allowed to pay in by half-crown instalments, and half-crown out of every 7/6 was to be set aside for the Annual Sports Meeting for buying prizes and other expenses; the balance of 5/- was to defray all expenses such as yearly sports, school journal and library fees for each boy. It would have been thought that as the motion of reduction was carried unanimously the scholars would have kept to their principles and paid up their subs. like sportsmen. But, sad to relate, such a motive never entered the heads of the majority. The first half-crown was paid up, and some seem to be of opinion that it was not necessary to pay any more and went on spoiling tennis racquets, and using football and cricket material. Such behaviour, I think, does not become gentlemen and sportsmen. If they had objections, why did they not stand out of sports altogether, and not destroy material they had not helped to buy, and which did not belong to them.

Then another thing, too. Our Annual Sports Meeting, as will appear from foregoing statements, would seem to have been doomed. But upon a meeting being held, all these decided to have a sports day on the strength of the other fellows' money, and on payment of fees being announced, they shoved their hands deep down in their pockets, as it were. This necessitated another meeting, and at this, some poor sports—how sorry I feel for them—asked for 2/6 back so that they might attend 5 performances at a picture show. How many parents saw that 2/6 I wonder? Nevertheless, the long-wished-for event is coming off on the 23rd, and in spite of these "poor sports," let all those who have paid up combine to make our sports a success.

I remain,

3B.

P.S.—Three cheers for the anti-deadhead league.

British Dreadnoughts.

(By Basil Helmore).

It has often been said that the naval battle of the future will be decided by the big ships, and while this theory has been adversely criticised by the school of tacticians which has as leader the celebrated Admiral Sir Percy Scott, who pins his faith on submarines and destroyers, yet its truth seems to be sufficiently well established to prevent any slackening in the feverish construction of capital ships in which the eight great naval powers of the world have been engaged during the last ten years, i.e. since the introduction of the Dreadnought era in 1905.

But what is the Dreadnought era, and by whom was it introduced, and why is 1905 taken as the date of its commencement? The fact is that in that year was laid down H.M.S. "Dreadnought," a battleship of an entirely new design, embodying the lessons of the Russo-Japanese War, which had just drawn to a close. Prior to that time warships were of two classes—battleships and armoured cruisers. The former were distinguished by their heavy guns and armour, while the latter were less heavily armoured and had lighter guns but possessed a great superiority in speed.

Battleships carried three kinds of guns—a heavy armament of four 12in. weapons, a secondary armament of 6in. or 9.2in. guns, and an anti-torpedo-boat battery of 3in. or 12 pounder guns. The biggest gun mounted by an armoured cruiser was the 9.2in.

The War in the East proved, however, that it was the heavy armament which did the damage, while the secondary battery was practically useless. In the "Dreadnought" therefore, the latter was entirely eliminated. The great ship, which was shrouded in mystery till her completion, was armed with ten 12in. guns and carried twenty-four 3in. weapons to ward off the attack of the dreaded torpedo-boat-destroyer, which had so well shown its capabilities in the raid on Port Arthur. The ten 12in. guns were mounted in five barbets (heavily armoured revolving chambers which contain the breech mechanism and from which the guns protrude) which were so disposed that eight of the big guns could fire on either broadside and six ahead or astern. The vessel had a speed of 21 knots (2 knots greater than most contemporary battleships) and an armour belt 11in. in thickness.

No wonder foreign nations set to work without delay to build all-big-gun ships. No existing battleship could stand the smashing blows of eight 12in. projectiles fired on her at the same time, nor could any battleship escape by turning tail and fleeing on account of the Dreadnoughts great speed.

At about the same time (1906) a similar revolution in armoured cruiser design was effected by the appearance of H.M.S. "Invincible," the first Dreadnought cruiser and the prototype of our "Australia." The "Invincible," which was infinitely more powerful than all pre-Dreadnought battleships, carried eight 12in. weapons, all of which could fire on either broadside, had armour 7in. in thickness, and was designed to do 25 knots, but attained 28. She displaced 17,250 tons, while the Dreadnought displaced 17,900.

But neither of these ships represented finality—they were only the commencements. Many changes in design have taken place since their launch, which have resulted in the production of vessels twice as powerful, known as super-Dreadnoughts.

Having now considered the origin of the Dreadnought type of battleship and cruiser it will be advisable to consider subsequent developments separately.

(a) The All-Big-Gun Battleship.

The "Dreadnought's" six immediate successors ("Bellerophon," "Temeraire," "Superb," "St. Vincent," "Collingwood" and "Vanguard") though slightly heavier, resembled her in design except that they mounted 4in. instead of 3in. quick-firers.

The "Neptune" class (three vessels) carries ten 12in. guns in five barbettes so arranged that the whole ten guns can fire on either broadside. This improvement in disposition was effected by mounting three barbettes on the centre line of the ship (i.e., directly over the keel) and the other two on either side of the ship in the centre, but one considerably forward of the other, so that the guns in either of them can be turned right across the ship and fired at an enemy steaming on the other beam. The "Neptune" is interesting for no less than twelve German battleships are built or building on her lines.

The "Orion," which followed the "Neptune" class, and was completed in 1911, ushered in the super-Dreadnought. In this ship, the displacement of which was about 5,000 tons greater than that of the original "Dreadnought," the 12in. gun was superseded by the 13½in. weapon, firing a shell of 1,250lbs. weight—over half-a-ton. The "Orion's" five barbettes were all on the centre line, the second from forward being raised to fire over the foremost and the same with the two barbettes astern, so that four big guns can fire ahead or astern and the whole ten on either broadside. Britain has thirteen super-Dreadnoughts of this type built or building and the 13½in. guns in eight of them fire a 1,400lb. shell against the 1,250lbs. of those of the "Orion."

Ten vessels are now building which will carry eight 15in. guns each. Five of these will have a speed of 25 knots and are really huge Dreadnought

cruisers. It is hoped that one of them, the "Queen Elizabeth," will be completed in time to participate in the present conflict, for she is enormously superior to the latest German ships afloat, the biggest of which have only 13in. guns.

(b) All-Big-Gun Cruisers.

The "Invincible" has two sister-ships, the "Indomitable" and the "Inflexible."

The next Dreadnought cruiser completed was the "Indefatigable," sister ship of the "Australia" and the "New Zealand," which are larger and faster than the "Invincible" but carry only the same number of big guns.

"The Lion," completed at the same time as the "Orion" introduced the super-Dreadnought cruiser. She has eight 13½in. guns, all on the centre line of the ship, and with engines of 70,000 horse power has steamed over 30 knots. The "Queen Mary," another ship of the same class, has touched on 35 knots—a record for a ship of her size.

Another big cruiser, the "Tiger," is being completed and has engines two-and-a-half times as powerful as those of the "Australia." No Dreadnought cruisers have been commenced since 1912, and it seems that the "Queen Elizabeth" represents a fusion of the battleship and large cruiser designs.

Germany has at present sixteen all-big-gun battleships and four cruisers completed as against Britain's twenty-two (or twenty-four) and eight (or nine including the "Australia") respectively, and whereas none of the German ships have guns larger than the 12in. (although the last four are said to have 13in. guns) twelve or perhaps fourteen of their British opponents are super-Dreadnoughts with 13½in. weapons.

So thanks to our designers and administrators (especially Mr. Winston Churchill) to-day Britain can deprive Germany of trade to the tune of £1,000,000 per diem and lose practically none herself, and at the same time feel a sense of security from invasion which Continental powers cannot enjoy.



Sonnets.

(By C. F. Peltinge).

August.

The softened glamour of the first spring days,
 When leaps the heart, the flood of life runs high ;
 When cloud-wraiths sail across a turquoise sky,
 And flannel-flowers are starring all the ways.
 The warm-breathed west wind with the peach-bloom plays,
 Who scents her gown with wattle splendidly,
 Who brings a myriad birds' first mating cry,
 And all the hours she lifts a chant of praise.

This is the time when cherished dreams arise,
 Fair dreams that strike sweet music from the heart ;
 This is the time when song and dance are dear,
 And love and laughter link in shining eyes ;
 When Pan and Passion down the bush-tracks dart,
 And dead Romance uprises from his bier.

September.

Ah ! who can tell the glory of these days—
 The warm gold moons, the skies all sapphire blue ;
 The halcyon sea of wondrous Tyrian hue,
 The lush green paddocks crowned with tender maize,
 The clovered grass with orchid fires ablaze,
 The early morns all incense and all dew,
 The blos'ming fruit trees em'ralded anew,
 The mystic mountains veiled in purple haze ?

And oh ! the sweetness of September's throat—
 The coachwhips and the cuckoos and the larks,
 The wealth of gold aotus she displays,
 Of jessamine that 'broiders Spring's green coat,
 And waratah's aflame through bushland dark—
 The very earth is mad with joy and praise !

[This Sonnet is republished from the "Bulletin." It secured that journal's prize for best Sonnet on "September." The Editor of the "Red Page" declared "Here is no picture of our Australian September ; it is September itself, rapturously felt."]

Music.

Oh, God! I thank Thee, though my sight were darkened
I still could know a beauty ev'ry day,
A beauty that the wide blue air would bring me,
To hold and keep alway.

The noble thunder of the long green surges
Upon the rocks, the beach's yellow sweep,
The sobbing of the creek, as through the bracken
It sun-speared waters creep.

The rapture of the early morning chorus,
The playful breeze among the leaves o'erhead,
The west wind with its whisper from the plainland,
Where hardy men are bred.

The hum of life that rises at the dawning,
The frenzy of the skylark in the blue,
The lowing of the cattle in the paddock,
All diamonded with dew.

And when the earth is faint with too much summer,
The glorious drumming of the kindly rain ;
And then the rustling of the tender wheat blades
When skies are blue again.

The organ pealing down the rose-lit chancel,
The brazen trump that stirs like potent wine,
The violin that mourns among the darkness
With melody divine.

The music that the fingers of the moonlight,
Sweep slowly from the throbbing strings of night,
The glory when some happy woman's laughter
Floats silvery and light.

The pealing from some lofty, old-world belfry,
When dim the skies are, streaked with twilight's green,
The chanting of the solemn evening service
By choisters unseen.

Great Dante's deathless Tuscan song and Homer's
Deep son'rons wave-beat echoing down the shore,
A mother crooning to her sleeping baby
Beside her cottage door

—C. PETTINGER.

University Life.

(By George Scott).

We herewith tender our sincere congratulations to the "Novocastrian," which has this Spring blossomed forth in a manner more worthy of the great School it represents.

Those of you who will join us at the 'Varsity next year will learn that the Undergrads' life, though full of varied interests, is generally centred round two great events, namely: Commem. and the yearly examinations.

Commem. this year was a great success. In order to work up the necessary enthusiasm for the Students' Festival, a representative body of Undergrads spent a quiet evening at the White City. Very little blood was spilt, the White City Ambulance Men being equal to the occasion. At one stage, about 11.30 p.m., a riot was imminent when some students executed a flanking movement and captured the band. At length the band was persuaded to strike up "Auld Lang Syne," and the sight of merry students hugging anything within reach from a Mexican Tango expert to a policeman, was a never-to-be-forgotten one.

For a whole week Grads. and Undergrads., men and women, met at the Men's Union to practice the Commem. songs. One professor even allowed leave from lectures in order to attend. Many popular songs are adopted to describe current events of the day, both of a public and academic character. The effect, under the masterly baton of E. P. Barbour, was charming, weird, or ghastly, according to the humor of the conductor. Alongside of a "practice," the production of a Wagnerian Opera would sink into comparative insignificance.

Oh! ye budding Laborites, cool your bubbling (or babbling) ardour to the accompaniment of slow music. Just hum softly to the air "Polly Wolly Doodle" the magic lines:—

Oh! the Labor Party won our State,
And they've got us on a string;
With their unions and strikes, and taxes and the likes,
They busted up everything.

CHORUS.

Come along, Undergrads, and set your country free;
Let Labor have a punch,
Where she keeps her lunch,
And make Charlie Wade top of the tree.

Note too, the fine use of poetic license in "Laments," sung to the air "Whoops, Let's do it Again:"

Lord Denman, bereft of his residence, has left,
 We lament, that he's went.
 The old stable's fate will be soon to vibrate,
 With the groans of trombones;
 And sometimes you may, if its your lucky day,
 Get to where you desire in a train,
 But most likely the driver, who's
 Spent his last stiver,
 Will strike, or do something insane.

"That's the stuff the "Bulletin" wants, Charlie."

Events such as these occur perhaps once in a nation's history, and should be faithfully recorded. On the other hand, I have it on good authority that "Sunsets on the Hawkesbury" occur with the same frequency as they do at Westy.

The Sydney Town Hall had insufficient floor space to accommodate the visitors, hence suggestions for a larger hall will be welcomed from any source. The Stadium is disqualified

It is interesting to note, in these days of terrible warefare, that we received last term a visit from a distinguished over-seas bomb-expert. Adela Pankhurst, wearied of petty strife at Home, visited Australia, presumably to advocate the establishment of a Chair of Militant Methods at our 'Varsity.

You will be pleased to hear that several "old boys" have distinguished themselves in sport. K. Garrett is practically sure of his Blue for Football this season. He won distinction at the Oval Sports, and in the Inter-Collegiate Sports in running and broad-jumps. J. E. ("Jackie") Herbert won the High-Jump Handicap and secured second place in the H. J. Handicap. Keith is a member of the Selection Committee for the 3rd XV. this season, and is a member of the General Committee of the Athletic Club.

R. S. Lasker has risen to fame at a bound. He is Secretary of the Dramatic Society, and is in his element amongst the ladies.

Occasionally one sees a girl swinging a tennis racquet, but their representative achievements, if any there be, are carefully concealed beneath a veil of modesty. I hear that Nell Braye is "some hockey player."

The Inter-High School Sports were witnessed by at least two "old-boys," R. Howard and myself. Your ex-captain will forward, in the near future, an article on "The Art of Training," or "How to Regain the Lost Shield."

It was unfortunate that the representative athletic team was so small, both in weight and numbers. Then again, the absence of D. Shearman and T. L. Cadell was a serious loss. Still, we must not complain, for they were engaged in the sternest game of all.

We heartily congratulate those members of the N.H.S. who are steadfastly helping to sustain the Empire in her hours of trial, and incidently maintaining the noblest traditions of our "Alma Mater."

Newcastle Girls at the 'Varsity.

(Nellie Saunders).

To begin with, we must congratulate "The Novocastrian" on its increased dimensions. Although it seems quite a long time since some of us departed from the old School, we are always proud to hear of its fresh development and successes. There are a goodly number of "ex-Newcastle-ites" among the girls at the 'Varsity this year.

Among those who completed graduation at the beginning of the year are Alice Beavis, Kathleen Bertram (who secured honors in French and English), Rosie Brown, Mattie Byrne and Madge Henson (who obtained honors in Mathematics). Nell Braye and Aileen Mitchell represent us in the gruesome halls of Medicine and hold their own in the Inter-Faculty Hockey Matches, while there are quite a number in Arts. In Third Year there is Doris Raysmith, whose successes in Mathematics and Philosophy still continue. In Second Year there are Rene Bellamy and myself, while among the "Freshers" in Arts are Lily Cummings, Marjorie Filshie, Hilda Fleming, Evelyn Nicholls and Barbara Shaw. We all enjoyed the festivities at "Commem." and have been indulging in various sports—hockey, rowing and tennis—during the Winter, but now we are promising ourselves to do a lot of work before December and its Exams.



School Sports.

Tennis.

As far as the boys are concerned Tennis now forms one of the chief means of recreation, having after a very good trial lost very little of its attraction. Mr. A. Smith took a living interest in the game, and very often gave us some very good points and we were just beginning to appreciate his coaching when his removal took place. In spite of this loss, however, some of the boys are keeping up their old form, and are even improving, so that often some really scientific play is seen. Many "A" Graders could be mentioned who are really good, whilst among the "B's" are some very promising players. The classification of players has aroused a good deal of interest and the opportunity of challenging a member of a higher grade has several times been availed of, and as a result in one or two cases the challenger has displaced his opponent.

It is greatly to be regretted that there are at least a few boys who do not take sufficient care of the School material. Not only are they indifferent to the loss of a ball, but sometimes handle the racquets very roughly. Sufficient discretion is not exercised in connection with the weather, and this has a lot to do with the present state of formerly good racquets. Material is always available for use early in the morning, but this privilege of playing at such a time should not be abused. Lately several ardent enthusiasts of the game have been indulging their fancy either in the rain or on a wet court, with the result that now the racquets are practically useless, having the appearance of having had a foot put through them. Players should also remember that at the best tennis balls last only a very short time on an asphalt court and that there are several other kinds of footballs in use in the yard.

As if to celebrate its coming, shortly after we began tennis, a match was arranged between the teachers and boys. Of course we half suspected the result, but in view of a happening early in the cricket season, were by no means reluctant to have the match. The day was very good, but later the setting sun affected the play a great deal, which perhaps accounts for the arrival of a ball in the girls' playground. In spite of this furious play, the many spectators enjoyed the afternoon very much. In addition to the tennis court we have another court in the shed (first used by H—a S—p, or A—s, and S—b on this memorable day). Here everybody practices while waiting for a set and a good help it is too, since those using the shed do not notice the number of deuces in a game.

The following were the teams :—

TEACHERS.—Messrs. A. Smith, McNiven, Hayes, Henderson and Hudson.

BOYS.—D. Short, V. Walker, A. Firkin, M. Downie, H. Richards and C. Bower.

The teachers were victorious, winning 6 sets 39 games as opposed to the boys' score of 2 sets 25 games. Nobody, except the staff perhaps, would be surprised if, in another match, the boys were to win the majority of sets, especially on their present showing.

On the 24th April one of the most interesting matches of the season was played on the Upper Reserve, when a team consisting of Misses R. Saunders, E. Collins, T. Hutton, F. Nancarrow, G. Carroll and G. Corrigan suffered defeat at the hands of a lucky six of the boys :—D. Short, M. Downie, A. Firkin, T. Cadell, C. Bower and V. Walker. Mr. Hayes kindly refereed, and to the satisfaction of all. The young ladies who were spectators timidly sat on forms behind the porch leading into Room 7, while on the other hand the boys boldly chatted out in the open, quite confident in the ability of their reps. Perhaps the presence of so many of the sterner sex and the ogre-like serving of T—C— made the girls nervous, and as a result very often they did not dare to return the serve. The final score of six sets as opposed to six games perhaps does not seem correct when one thinks of the general form shown by the girls every day, but then in all probability they will be given an opportunity of wiping out the defeat by a brilliant victory in the near future.

M.H.S. on May 1st sent down a tennis team (Slack, Arndall, Broome, Playford, Keenan and Rowe) but were defeated by a team consisting of Bower, Walker, Firkin, Richards, Short and Cadell, of Newcastle. From the beginning the Maitlanders were in a bad way and rather than pulling up they continued to lose. Our team played splendidly (as did their opponents also) and showed how much they have improved with their regular practice. All six sets were won by N.H.S., although in no less than three of them M.H.S. won five games and had an aggregate of twenty-two games to their credit. Originally we intended to make these matches with Maitland High as numerous as those of either Cricket or Football, but owing to many reasons this has been impracticable.

The Committee decided some time ago to hold some competitions including a Mixed Double Handicap, Boys' Championship and Boys' Doubles Handicap, for which there was a small entrance fee. Much interest was manifested, as is shown by the entries, six pairs entering for the first, thirteen for the second, while for the Boys' Championship there were no less than eleven competitors. Owing to one thing and another we have decided to abandon this tournament

in all but the Boys' Singles. The Mixed Doubles were dropped without a match having been played, but the Boys' Doubles and Boys' Singles were well advanced when the Committee decided to keep only the latter going. Amongst the lower school some very good doubles were found, and they showed that the upper part of the school would not have it all their own way. The following pairs were victorious as far as the competition went:—H. Little and H. Richards, W. Lochrin and J. Henery, T. Cadell and M. Downie, A. Firkin and C. Bower, N. Goldsworthy and E. Harvey, J. and A. Macdermott. The Singles have not yet been finished, but the first and second rounds have been played, while the third is almost completed, the following being successful:—First Round: A. Firkin, 21-10; C. Bower, 21-17; M. Downie, 21-12; N. Cragg, 21-20; C. Lusk, 21-15; H. Sweetapple, bye. Second Round: L. Williams, 21-18; A. Firkin, 21-6; C. Bower, 21-15; M. Downie, 21-13; T. Cadell, 21-18; C. Lusk, bye. Third Round: M. Downie, 21-16; A. Firkin, 21-12; N. Goldsworthy, forfeit; L. Williams, forfeit; N. Cragg, bye.

MIXED DOUBLES IN TENNIS.

(By M. Downie).

An event which is famous because it only takes place twice a year, eventuated Friday afternoon, Oct. 2nd, and to the pleasure of all it happened to be a splendid afternoon. It does not take much puzzling out to determine what it is, but for the benefit of the unknowing it was a Tennis Match in which both the girls and boys were participants. It was first intended that the boys should play against the girls in doubles, but those of the fair sex, with a reason known only to themselves, suggested that there should be mixed doubles, which suggestion was straightway approved of by the boys, and with Mr. Smith's consent the idea was a huge success as compared with former ideas.

So Miss R. Saunders, the captain of the girls, and Don Short, captain of the boys, each chose sides, which comprised three girls and three boys. Miss R. Saunders' selection being Misses R. Saunders, L. Hingst, E. Collins, with M. Downie, A. Firkin, N. Cragg (of the boys) and they were opposed to Misses Hutton, Carroll, I. Saunders, with D. Short, C. Bower, V. Walker (of the boys).

All preparations to ensure an afternoon's enjoyment were seen to by both sides. The girls appeared in their best attire and the boys likewise. One boy had a new pair of trousers made expressly for the occasion (that is but a minor detail) for the thing is he had a handkerchief joined to the bottom of each leg in the form of the latest turn-over trousers; no need to mention any names, but to use a new word that has sprung into existence within the last few days, he looked real "swanky."

The game began much to the pleasure of all. The court was in excellent condition, and lived up to the reputation of being able to make balls bounce not only at right angles but even backwards, and the net—well it got so used to the force of the balls that were meant for somewhere else, that in the end the referee had to hold it up. Well that is enough flattery bestowed in that direction. Now turn your thoughts towards the participants and their play. Some strokes were made that would have done honor to Norman Brookes, but whether they were meant is a different matter. However, some of those kind of strokes, which were mostly done by the girls, came in very handy in the end, and brought continual bursts of applause from the spectators and also from the teachers. It is wonderful how much wasted exertion there is in Tennis, and a better demonstration of this fault would be hard to find—boys and girls continually hitting where the ball wasn't, and constantly complaining that a hole was in their racquet. Now what is the remedy for this failing? The only remedy is practice, and how can the boys practice when the "dead-heads" use the racquets and play cricket with the tennis balls—and how can the girls do likewise and "fag" so much at the same time? But in spite of their "fagging" they must get practice somewhere, as shown by some on Friday. They simply paralysed the boys in some of their strokes and also by their judgment in selecting their side. The side chosen by Miss R. Saunders won in the end, the tally of the games being :—

R. Saunders A. Firkin	} defeated {	G. Carrol C. Bower	6—1
T. Hutton D. Short	} defeated {	L. Hingst M. Downie	6—3
I. Saunders V. Walker	} defeated {	N. Cragg E. Collins	6—5
D. Short G. Carrol	} defeated {	L. Hingst A. Firkin	6—5
R. Saunders N. Cragg	} defeated {	T. Hutton V. Walker	6—4
E. Collins M. Downie	} defeated {	I. Saunders C. Bower	6—4

In adding these results Miss R. Saunders' side won 30 games; Don Short's side won 27 games.

At the conclusion of the game three hearty cheers were given to Mr. Delmer, who officiated as referee throughout the match to the satisfaction of all.

FOOTBALL.

At first thoughts one would think that in this branch of sport N.H.S. has not held its own. It is true that the "A" Team lost more matches than it won, but it was by no means disgraced, neither did it in any way lower the reputation of the School. As regards our matches with the M.H.S., the season has not been a big one, but the visit of the Fort Street footballers and our own trip to Taree filled it in. The Maitland combination this year was very good and was much heavier on an average than ours. The following is a summary of the season's results:—

Defeated at Newcastle—by M.H.S.—12-9.
 „ „ Maitland—by M.H.S.—8-5.
 „ „ Newcastle—by Fort Street—11-8.
 „ „ Taree—10-4.
 „ „ „ —12-0
 Defeated M.H.S. at Newcastle—21-5.

In our only victory our opposing team was nearly as strong as when it defeated us twice! Such is the fate of football.

Fort Street proved to be a very big team and in good condition. They admitted that they came up here fully intending to wipe the ground with us after piling up a Cricket score, but received rather a shock, as the results show, only one score separating victory and a draw. During the whole course of the game there was no rough play, both sides really playing for the sake of the game and for the honor of their respective schools. We saw a good deal of them during Saturday and Sunday, and can safely say that when they left Newcastle they had increased the well-known reputation of Fort Street High School for manliness. From Saturday morning till Sunday evening they proved to be most enjoyable company. One thing is certain—Newcastle lads will look forward to a repetition of the visit next season.

As regards the "B" Team we have a far different tale to tell. The mere fact that they played a very close game with Cook's Hill School in the Final of the "A" Grade School Competition clearly shows this. This last match of the season showed the stuff our footballers are made of. During the year they have had very little practice, but what they have had, has done them the world of good. Everybody knew that the team would not be far out of it under the captainship of L. Hackworthy. In the Final he showed that the confidence he enjoyed was not misplaced.

We lost the toss and had to kick off against the wind. The Cook's Hillers pressed a good deal, having a big advantage in the strong wind.

Although forcing and keeping the ball in our twenty-five, they could not score for some time and missed some good chances in their free kicks. At last, however, they wore our side down and putting a few ounces into a bit of a mix up near the line, scored. They failed to convert. Thus at half-time the scores were 3-0 in favor of Cook's Hill. Our team came on the field for the second half, confident in their ability to win, since they now had the advantage of the wind. Cook's Hill again took the offensive, and kept our chaps going. Things grew lively and the many red-and-white barrackers yelled themselves hoarse when Cook's Hill again scored, 6-0. Things were now looking blue, as full-time was drawing close. The Blues now determined to take the offensive and once crossed the line, and the H.S. barackers now raised a mighty shout, but lo! no try. What a disappointment. Just before time "the School" made a determined attempt, which resulted in L. Hackworthy scoring a try, which was converted by E. Kirk.

The final score was 6 to 5 in favor of Cook's Hill. We desire to congratulate Cook's Hill on their success.

CRICKET.

Football has seen its day this year and is replaced by the good old game of Cricket. So eager was everybody to wield the willow again that "just" a bat was used, one which measured an inch across the bottom, and for a ball we had a baseball, taken from the stranded baseball material in the press. Innings were plentiful, as everybody was out of form, and with a bat in their hands instead of a football appeared in a very queer position. But a week's practice soon brought everyone up to the mark, and now you must have the luck of "our Queen" (who would get out of gaol) to be able to get an innings, unless you are in a "prosperous syndicate," such as the M.D., C.B., A.F., and even these have to work to get their hit. As is said above, some have luck, and even if they sat down and fell asleep leaving their mouth open, a catcher would strive to come and plant itself in that cavity. Now that we have a new bat and ball and the same old kerosene tins for the wicket, the standard of play is far superior, and innings less frequent. Talk of matches has begun, and classes are challenging each other, but the worst thing that has ever happened to the sports for the last few years has been brought on us by the lack of foresight of the Government. As is known by all, the Educational Department pays £50 yearly for the hire of a ground for sports, and we have been fortunate enough to procure such a fine area as the Cricket Ground, which is, both as regards convenience and quality, as good as could be had in Newcastle. For

convenience it has no equal. Handy to school, central and close to tram and consequently handy to visiting sporting bodies, a good football area and a splendid wicket—turf at that. Needless to say, there are few Junior teams in Newcastle that have the opportunity to play on such a fine wicket, which is always kept up to the mark by its careful caretaker. For this ground is now substituted the Show Ground at Broadmeadow. A more inconvenient place could not be found, both for our own school and visiting schools. The reason the Department did this is quite unknown to us and we are quite disappointed at the turn of events. But it's ail in a life-time; worse things are happening in the war, and we must grin and bear it, thinking ourselves lucky that we have not also the Germans to take into consideration with all their thoughtless deeds.

To begin the season, a match between the teachers and "A" team would be a good curtain-raiser, and would also give us a chance of reaping vengeance for some of their good-hearted contributions of reserved seats for us in Room I. of a Friday afternoon.

Mr. Gibson is kindly looking after the interests of the "A" team, and Mr. Henderson of the "B," and under the care of these two teachers it is needless to say that we must look forward to a prosperous season.

Through the week a meeting was held for the purpose of selecting new officials for the season. Mat Downie was elected captain of the "A." He is therefore in the unique position of having held the captainship of both Football and Cricket. A General Selection Committee was also chosen, comprising Mat Downie, Chas. Bower, Arthur Firkin and Lew Williams, the latter being elected Secretary. With these officials to help along the sport, we can look forward to nothing but a successful season's sport.

GIRLS' SPORTS.

Friday afternoons at the N.H.S. are taken up mostly with tennis, though I am afraid with not too much enthusiasm.

In spite of our defeats, however, we are undaunted, and with more practice hope to succeed in our next match.

Several enjoyable matches have been held during the half-year, one in particular, being with the ex-students. Afternoon tea was provided, and the sight of familiar faces beaming round us made us forget our defeat, which was not too discouraging, the ex-pupils winning by two games.

Two matches with Maitland High School, one at Maitland and one at Newcastle, were also very interesting, but again we were forced to retire "squashed," promising ourselves all kinds of luck for next time.

A Tennis Tournament was held during the half-year, the winner being Enid Collins, who was awarded a prize of 5/-

We are pleased to report one success and that is against our old rivals, the boys. This time the girls and boys played with each other, the girls' team carrying off the laurels of the day.

Often our Friday afternoons are enlivened by harmonious strains from Room 7, and on entering we are surprised to find ourselves in the "Salon de Luxe" and are introduced to the mysteries of the Tango.

Summer has come again and we will tread the well-trodden path and "keep the noisy tenor of our way" to the Bogey, where a delightful splash in the briny awaits us.

Le Renouveau.

(*By N. Goldsworthy*).

The pall of drear Winter is lifted once more !

The king of the frost, snow and ice
Deposed by a fairer, more genial form !
The reign of sweet Spring will entice

The flow'rs from their sleep 'neath chill Winter's dark spell,

The gay, joyous songsters anew
'Gin chirrup and fill with their warblings so sweet,
The halls in the Flower Queen's dell.

And down in the valley there laughingly flows,

Leaping and murmur'ing with glee,
A clear, sparkling streamlet as cool and as pure
As Hebrus from Winter's chains free.

The deep yellow buttercups timidly peep

From shady, secluded retreats ;
The violets modestly droop their bright heads,
Which fairies in sapphire now steep.

And lo ! yonder hillside's a mass of rich gold !

The dandelions proudly uprear
Their bright yellow face to catch sunbeams that dance,
To welcome the Queen of the Year.

Water Nymphs frolic and cunningly ply

Fingers with dewy pearls decked,
Weaving from blossoms as white as the clouds,
Which speckle the blue summer sky.

Wreaths for their tresses, whose sheen was of gold,

Dazzles the wan cowslip's eyes ;
Then of a sudden, like mists in the morn,
Lightly the fairy host flies.

Whither beyond the thick mountain haze, blue

Hidden in cool, mossgrown glens,
Spring's blythe companions in gossamer clad,
Clothe the green meadows anew.

“Friendship.”

(By Evelyn Goodwin).

The cry of war rang out over the doomed city; young girls on whose hair the sunlight still fell, old women on whose head the snow was now falling, little children, fatherless, aye, even motherless, ran hither and thither, panic stricken, starving, homeless, not knowing whither to go, only crying to their God for help, and e'er long fainting by the way. Yes, the beautiful city was doomed, it was in the hands of the vandals, save where the flames lashed their red tongues against the clouds, all was dark and barren as a rainy sea.

Only a few miles from this scene of terror and suffering, in a house shaded by trees and cut off as it were from the rude and rough scenes of these troublesome days, lived two boys—friends. One, a little hunchback, with beautiful dark trusting eyes, the other a golden-haired lad.

Oh, what a sweet thing was friendship to that little hunchback when Bernard, with his blue eyes and laughing lips, cheered him when the sound of the terrible guns reached them, or when they saw the reflection of the devastating fires in the evening sunset. Of late the little hunchback had been very sad and restless; he had felt—and oh, how truly do coming events cast their shadows before—that the peaceful life they had led, trusting in one another's friendship, was to be rudely shattered, and now, as the cries of terror from the doomed city reached him, he flung himself on Bernard, and clung to him, crying passionately “Bernard, Bernard, do not leave me; do not leave the little hunchback!” And Bernard laughed and put his strong arms about the little figure and bowed his head until his golden curls rested on the dark ones, saying: “My little friend, I will never forsake you, though war and trouble come upon us, I will ever be your friend and my strong arms shall shield you from danger.”

There are swift hours in life—strong, rushing hours—that do the work of tempests in their might. Peaceful valleys, green and flowering, sleeping in loveliness, have been piled in some jagged masses against the sky by the upheaval of an earthquake, and gentle, loving, trusting hearths, over whose broad altars brooded the white-winged messengers of God's peace, have been as suddenly transformed by a manifestation of selfishness and injustice into gloomy haunts of misanthropy.

The little hunchback, whose life had been calm and peaceful, who had trusted with loving simplicity in his handsome blue-eyed friend, was now like a young fiend let loose from hell; he stood there, his eyes ablaze with

anger, his features distorted, his body so drawn up that his body seemed almost to straighten, and stretching forth a weird, prophetic finger, cried in loud, ringing tones "False friend and traitor, I curse you; may curse after curse fall upon your golden head, may your beauty be snatched away from you, and may you die the death of what you are—a traitor."

Then the terrible anger passed from him, and he sank helpless to the ground, covering his face with his hands. He was alone in the world, a poor helpless hunchback. Oh! was it but only yesterday that Bernard had taken him in his arms and promised never to forsake him? and then that strange man had come with all the money and had offered Bernard some if he would—oh, what was it?—be a traitor? Bernard a traitor? Could he ever forget the look in those blue eyes, the greed, the scorn when he, poor little fellow, had reminded him of his promise, and he had thrust him from him with a cruel hand, and now he was gone.

The child groaned, and tears filled his eyes, but refused to drop. He seemed suddenly to have aged, the brown eyes were no longer childish and trusting, but fixed expressionless in the set white face. Was

Friendship but a dream,
A charm that lulls to sleep,
A shade that follows wealth or fame,
And leaves the wretch to weep.

The child rose to his feet, turned, and almost oblivious of his action, followed Bernard.

In a signal box on the line from Antwerp to Ostend, stood a man and a boy. The man took the boy by the arm, and standing over him in a threatening manner, said: "Listen, Bernard, what you have to do, and if you do it properly, £1000 shall be your reward. At half past five to-morrow morning a train will come from Ostend loaded with five thousand Belgian soldiers; you must not signal that train; let it pass on to destruction. Just up the line there will be a mine laid, when you think that this mine is reached by the train, pull back the signal so that the train goes straight into the mine. That will be the end of the Belgian soldiers. Do you understand?" "Yes, sir," said Bernard, "I will carry out what you have commanded without failure."

Weary, foot-sore and sad, the little hunchback had dragged himself through scenes so terrible that they would be for ever imprinted on his young mind. Hungry, parched with thirst, having only snatched a crust here and there, the poor little hunchback laid himself down on the green grass, only a few yards away from the signal box, which, only next morning, was to be the centre of such a terrible crime. How weary the child was, but sleep refused to come,

and he lay with wide-open eyes staring into the fast darkening evening, for twilight grey had now all things in her sober livery clad. He lay with his eyes towards the train line, and presently it seemed to him that he saw something moving about. He sat up. Yes, grey-clad forms were moving about on the train-line, bending down here and there and seemed to be fixing something. He crept nearer and hunched himself up just outside the fence, watching with a beating heart the movements of the enemy, for the enemy he knew them to be. Then one of them spoke. "She will be here about half-past-five and if that dirty Belgian fails to carry out his work, pity help him." Then they went away.

But Bernard lay where he was, motionless, thinking. "She! O, that must be the train; the Belgian!" Then a terrible gleam of hate came into his eyes; it was Bernard of course, cruel, selfish, traitorous Bernard, who was going to perform some treacherous act for the sake of money. And he, the little hunchback, what could he do? What could he do? But as he asked himself that question over and over again, his mind became dazed, and e'er the evening had laid the day to rest, the weary, exhausted child had fallen into a deep sleep.

The moving moon went up the sky,
And nowhere did abide,
Softly she was going up,
And a star or two beside.

And as the soft pale light of the waning moon fell caressingly on the pale sleeping face of the little hunchback, there came a whirring puffing noise, and the doomed train steamed slowly past the signal box, waiting for the signal to put her on the next line. But that signal did not come, and she went slowly on, on to her destruction.

The noise of the train now awoke the little hunchback, and he stared stupified at the train. Yes, there was the train, and there, a few yards ahead, was the mine. He got to his feet, he was almost frozen, and his limbs refused to act; he rubbed them frantically and tried to run. His first thought was to run to the signal box and pull back the signal; but no, that would not do, he must race the train, he must get in front of it and tell the driver to go back.

He ran swiftly. Oh, how swiftly he ran. Surely God put a superhuman power into that little figure.

The train was but a few yards away from the mine, and a little figure rushed in front of the great engine, the blood streaming from his mouth with the terrible exhaustion, so that he could not speak. But he raised his little arms on high (he himself was standing on the mine) and waved them frantically, motioning the train back. Then speech came. "Back! back!" he cried; "back, you are almost on a mine," and just as the train touched the edge of the mine, the great wheels of the engine turned the other way, and she backed

quickly from destruction. But the hunchback's foot had touched the fuse, and now a terrific explosion rent the air. But the train was saved, and the little hunchback, the boy who had saved five thousand lives, where was he? They found him among the ruins, but he was not dead, only unconscious, and he was soon brought round, and opened his eyes to find himself resting in the General's arms, his kind thankful eyes beaming down on him. The boy moved; "signal box," he murmured. Then the soldiers understood. There was a traitor in the signal box. He would have escaped by this. The General, with the little hunchback in his arms, and followed by the other soldiers, ran swiftly towards the signal box.

When they got there, Bernard was not gone. The boy had not performed that treacherous act without a twinge of his conscience. As the train steamed past the signal box, his hand went to the signal to pull it back: he would not be the cause of death to all those men. But the thought of the money came to him and he turned away from the signal, letting the train pass on. Then three minutes later, he put out his hand to pull back the signal to pass the train straight on to the mine, but as he did so the noise of the explosion reached him and he started back, white faced. What had he done? Oh, what a coward, a traitor he was. He sank to the floor writhing. Fly! fly! a voice kept saying: but he stayed where he was, he must meet his punishment. As he laid there it seemed to him that the ghosts of the soldiers came to him, pointing at him, crying out "traitor," and then they hurled themselves on him, tormenting him unmercifully. But above all the ghosts there stood in the form of a terrible revenging angel, the little hunchback, who pointed a sword at him, crying: "False friend and traitor, I curse you, may you meet the death of what you are, a traitor."

Now the soldiers had entered the signal box. They dragged Bernard out roughly, crying, "Traitor! kill him! kill him!"

As the little hunchback looked on his once loved friend, a terrible pity came into his heart. He rushed forward, "Don't kill him," he cried. "Oh, Bernard, Bernard!" A rush of blood to his mouth prevented him saying more, and he sank back. They wiped his mouth, and when consciousness returned, he walked boldly to Bernard, saying: "Bernard, my friend, you are forgiven," and kissing him on the lips, he fell back—dead.

But the soldiers were determined to kill the traitor. But Bernard was willing to die. The little hunchback had forgiven him and on his face was a calm, sweet smile. The revolver was pointed at him, the trigger pulled, and a bullet rested in the heart of a traitor.