

Trip to Taree.

(By D. Shearman).

Our eagerness to get to Taree was shown clearly by the date chosen for our departure—the first Monday in the Holidays (and the first train, too). For some time we had been practicing hard, getting all sorts and conditions down to the Cricket Ground, so that absolutely the best team could be chosen. From the beginning we knew that the forwards were the weak point in the team, and it was to them that most coaching was given. It seems a peculiar position of affairs, but it is so—the backs were heavier than the forwards. This is due to the fact that while a number of backs from last year's "A's" left, the forwards went in a body, there being but one old "A" forward left now at the School. At any rate, Taree team was given just as much as it could manage.

The trip up, of course, was very interesting. Gloucester furnished a little sport boasting of the Buckets (mountains) and not Mr. Noah but Mr. Moses. The name struck some of the team as being peculiar, especially after he (being the railway restaurant keeper) demanded eighteen pence for a slice of mutton, a potato and some Worcestershire sauce. He kept telling us there was plenty of time—but there was nothing to eat.

Taree people showed great interest in our coming and there appeared to be many towns-people at the station in addition to the number of school boys. Our sorting out and assigning to the different members of the Taree team took some time, and at last was accomplished, and to everybody's satisfaction. Now, however, came the parting of the ways, for some were to go to farms along the river while others stayed in the town. In some cases distance made this fact worthy of consideration. Nobody expressed even surprise at this, however, but took it all in as part of the fun.

On Monday night nearly all of the two teams visited the one and only Wirth's Circus, featuring the Lady Millionaire Tamer (of horses) besides "Lizzie, the Hippo." At this famous, world-touring show we learnt far more of Logic than ever the Professors will teach us at the Uni. It originated with the Max Linder and Foolshead of the company, one proving to the other that he was not there, while the other retaliated by giving his friend a healthy slap in the face, and proving that he did not do it—because he was not there. The company of acrobats, however, were well worth seeing, with their tumbling and many acrobatic feats requiring both nerve and agility.

On Tuesday morning we had a good look round Taree and a few kicks in the park, eagerly awaiting the afternoon. A gentleman who got in the train at Newcastle had a good laugh when we told him our destination, informing us that "they could not play for sour apples." When he heard, however, that the

school team were to be our opponents, he became quite serious again, saying that they were unbeaten, having defeated the "town teams," Cundletown and Wingham team. The team that opposed us included the best players available, being about as good a team as Taree would put in the field. There was quite a crowd to see the match in the afternoon, but it was quite evident to all that our comparatively small forwards would indeed "get a rough time of it."

For some time it was hard to tell which way the game would go, but at last the sheer weight—not to mention the good combination—wore us down. Taree were in a very good position, 6-0, when T. Cadell landed a lovely field goal right in between the posts, 6-4. The excitement now was very great. A try would put us at least one point ahead, and the spectators cheered every bit of good play. It did not come, however, one of the Taree team drop-kicking a good goal, 10-4. Till the whistle we were on the defensive all the time, and despite many very good attempts no more scores were registered. Perhaps had we our usual "half" and "centre-forward" the scores would have been different and the result reversed.

Wednesday morning was passed quietly, everybody saving themselves for the afternoon, determined not to have Tuesday's dose repeated. As Wednesday afternoon is a half-holiday for the Manning people, it was decided that we would play the match, although we would have much rather waited till Thursday. The shop folk turned up in grand style. There were even more people at the second than at the first match. This time, however, one of the best and most experienced of the forwards did not turn up, thus further weakening the team.

In this match N.H.S. really showed what it could do. The referee was good, but the spectators kept crowding over the line, sometimes being as much as four or five yards inside it. Play was all over the place, but at half-time no scores were registered either for Newcastle or Taree. If we had been able to bear the strain there might have been a clear sheet, but in the second half, after about twenty minutes of it, weight told. Taree breakaway broke through the whole pack and a good try resulted. This seemed to take all the heart out of the team. Save for a rally occasionally, we were again on the defensive till the end, with the final scores 12-0.

Wednesday night was passed at the pictures, some of the chaps landing home rather towards morning. That of course was a mere detail. On Thursday, we were to have the time of our lives—launch picnic, tennis match, and banquet at night. Everything was alright with the launch—except the engine—a minor consideration. However, we got going and were well on our way to the Old Bar, when down poured the rain and the engine became stubborn and refused

to do more than a lap or two at a time. Of course we did not mind how long it took to get home as we were all fasting that day, and the tennis match in the afternoon was declared off. The owner of the launch understood the mechanism of the Kelvin engine and after about fifteen stoppages landed us safely at Taree.

Of course we all forgot to go to school that night. The festal board looked well, being tastefully decorated, especially with good things, by the ladies and teachers of Taree. Needless to say we did full justice to the feed. Many toasts were honoured and in the course of speeches, some pretty compliments were paid us. Mat Downie, naturally, came in for a great deal of praise, one of the speakers even expressing a wish that we could return without our full-back—but we were not out for bargains. Somehow or other a great reputation in tennis had preceded us to Taree, several speakers regretting that we were unable to play the match, as they would have liked us to come home with at least some of the ashes. At the conclusion of the toasts a loud chanting of "We want soap" arose (and so we did on Tuesday and Wednesday, the latter especially) and "Apples" had to acknowledge the toast in his honour.

After this last toast we adjourned to another school room, where an impromptu concert was held. Proceedings were opened by an orchestral selection which was very well received. Ragtime choruses were sung with great gusto and all enjoyed them thoroughly. The greatest item of the evening was Mr. Noah, he built the Arc, if it outdid a brilliant attempt of "Cider," under the name of "A sheep stood on the Burning Deck," or "Kicked to Death by a Mosquito."

The return journey proved even more enjoyable than the trip up. All the latest rags were sung and the time passed pleasantly, since the compartment was wholly to ourselves. A peculiar thing happened at Dungog. A resident (male) of the City of Dungog got it into his head that we poor chaps were from the insignificant little place called Taree (which has a population of about fifty less than Dungog by the look of it) and although unprovoked, called us "way-back cockies." Of course we stopped up our ears straight away and hurriedly pulled down the blinds, to prevent further abuse, but, evidently, the cavalier had found out his mistake, so he changed it to "city loafers," for which he got three hearty cheers. When the train was drawing out of the station he flung at us as a parting shot "Fifteen Bob Fops." Indeed we were highly insulted at this, at any rate some of us were, being Probs., for we receive 4/7 1-13d. per week, and it would never do to be so extravagant as to spend the whole lot and more every week. Newcastle was reached at a nice time and we dispersed—by no means downhearted.

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The trip throughout was most successful. Everybody with whom we came into contact appeared to do all in their power to give us a good time and although defeated twice, we feel that we put up two good fights against the pick of Taree. All arrangements were admirably carried out and there was no hitch anywhere. Mr. Hudson, who accompanied us, on behalf of all those who made the trip, is extended many thanks for the friendly way in which he treated us and all we hope is that he had as good a time as the players.

Trip to Sydney.

Being held very shortly after our own Swimming Carnival, that held under the auspices of the Combined Schools' Association of Sydney, came at a very favourable time. Most of the reps. practised very hard for the different events; but were handicapped by the lack of conveniences. The team consisted of both short and long distance swimmers, but was strongest in the latter. At the N.H.S. Carnival some very good times were put up for the quarter mile and relay races, and it was expected that most success would be in this quarter.

The accommodation at the Drummoyne Baths, where the Carnival was held, was by no means too great for the crowds of both competitors and spectators that poured out of the many trams. There were competitors from nearly every school round Sydney, Institutions like Hurlstone Agricultural College sending along their quota. The swimming was good, even the very small ones of the primary schools being able to "crawl." The results of the carnival, as far as we are concerned, were published in last issue of the "Novocastrian." In the Quarter Mile Handicap, F. Scobie, although being nearly scratch man, picked up the start of about twenty seconds, in two lengths and a half (about eighty five yards) and thereupon reduced the race to a mere procession, winning without much effort by nearly one length. Kinninmont, the crack Sydney boy swimmer, in doing the hundred (in the 17 and over Championship) in 1 min. 3 secs., was too fast for our best, who, however, got second and third place. Had we been allowed to enter in the Senior Relay Race, there would have been nothing to prevent our winning, judging by the time of the winners and the time for our rep. team over the four lengths.

All members of the the team sincerely thank Mr. Hudson, who accompanied us, for his interest and kindness towards them during the trip and for the trouble taken in arranging the necessary details in connection with it.

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The following are the balances of the various funds to 11th October, 1914:—

	£	s	d
Journal	0	5	3
Library	2	1	9
Boys' Sports	18	18	1½
Girls' Sports	13	11	3
Total	£34	16	4½

R. SAUNDERS.
D. SHEARMAN.

Typewriter Statement of Account.

RECEIPTS.			EXPENDITURE.				
	£	s	d		£	s	d
Cash on hand Jan. 1st, 1914	11	13	9	Instalments paid to Stott and Underwood to Aug. 31	47	5	0
Subscriptions from— Public Service, C1 and C2, to Aug. 31	47	6	0	Insurance, &c.	1	4	7
Interest on Bank A/c.	0	2	3	Cash in Bank	10	12	5
	£59	2	0		£59	2	0

Total value of Typewriters purchased ...	£115	0	0
Less amount of Instalments paid ...	90	0	0
	£25	0	0
Less Cash in Bank	10	12	5
Amount owing on 31st August ...	£14	7	7

Examined and found correct—

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FORM REPORTS.

Form IV.'s SPASMODIC HERALD.

THE WAR.

Great Battle Impending.

Gigantic Preparations.

Allies Confident.

Room 4, Oct., 1914—Further successes of the Allies are reported, especially on the English side.

Colossal preparations are in progress in expectation of a great battle at no lengthy period hence.

On the whole, the forces are in excellent spirits and high hopes are everywhere entertained for future success.

Room 5, this year—A Council of War, held in conjunction with the mid-day banquet, which was honored with the presence of several of the higher officials, expressed its pleasure at the favorable condition of affairs; and, after a somewhat lengthy and tedious debate, arrived at the decision that unrelaxing efforts were now necessary for future peace (of mind as well as body).

The Laboratory, July, 1914—A special communique, issued at the office last quarter, reports no change on the part of the Allies; but states that the enemy are about to bring their last reserves to bear upon our already overtaxed troops (in the form of mediæval history).

(IM)PERSONAL.

C. F. P. has recently developed the unmistakable symptoms of insanity (for "the lunatic, the lover and the poet are of imagination all compact"); nevertheless he is rapidly acquiring some of Shakespeare's universality, seeing that "the elements (of mechanics) are so mix'd in him"

that pounds weight and poundals force are just the same—only a little different.

D. L. has made a name for herself at Latin sight translation, "pueri pulchra forma intuentes" being rendered by "slaves in attendance on a pretty form."

D. S. deserves honourable mention in connection with the classics. This "doctus" is dissatisfied with the existing intricacies of Latin, so contemplates editing a "Latin without tears" to contain such useful words as "essens, essentis" as a translation of "being." Once more our friend Shakespeare comes in useful, for here we have "the lover sighing like a furnace," because—er—well, too much precious time is disposed of rather unprofitably on his f-f-fiancée. Our friend has also gained recent distinction as the one and only "game chick" to think aloud about excess of home work; he received universal applause for thus resuscitating ancient times, by the "little hero act" of bygone days.

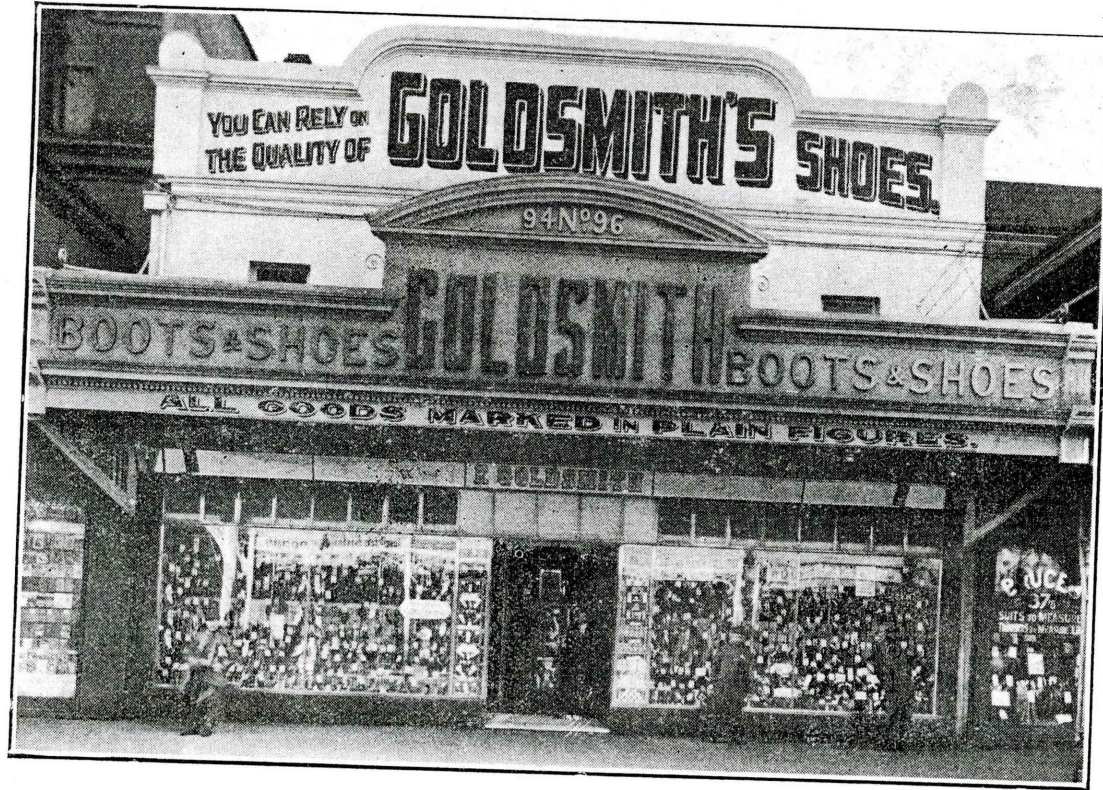
G. R. wins the "dulcis palma" "nullo negotio" in French recitation. "Le beau-ô tom ait unn grong plaizere" to this young lady; but she doesn't regard it as a misfortune—rather a blessing, since it whiles away the weary hours for us—how unselfish of her!

T. H., with pallid cheeks and eyes aflame, this demoiselle narrated, in trembling voice, a most blood-curdling tale. A hideous rat had just passed. Oh! horrors! A rat! At once a search party was organised, and after 5 seconds' hard search, a poor innocent starling met our gaze. What a relief!

E. H., otherwise Ann, being somewhat backward as a mathema-

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ticienne, has lately been taking an extra course, including the solution of such complexities as:—Find the best method of proving the truth of R. L. Stevenson's meditation on love. Express in dynamical units the tension in the string of Cupid's bow when ready for action; find also the striking force of the shot. (Note in syllabus: Experimental work advised to supplement theory).

MISCELLANEOUS.

One of our modest number has been grossly insulted by an odious comparison with "The War Lord."

"So you're taking 4 honors are you? Well, you're a regular Kaiser!"

Even Catiline's *effrenata audacia* is not to be compared with your's." Thus spake the oracle who has a somewhat "mechanical" turn of mind.

Magister: "Shakespeare is frequently convicted of copying others' thoughts; what are such men called?"

Discipulus: "Atheists."

Magister: "No, that's not right." (Then, with an angry glance, he checked the first faint titter). "Well! what do you say?"

Doctus: "Pantheists" (Whereat he collapsed entirely).

Poor "Maudie" was rather startled the other day when Brother Larque, some distant relative of St. Francis, in a fit of enthusiasm, began to shake his doubled fist at her. But in a reassuring tone, he bade her: "Have no fear, sweet maid—oh, no!—Mordie." Hereupon she dispelleth her terror, and straightway getteth back her calmness of soul.

The second Lord of the Admiralty decided that a little brain exercise was needed by the class. Accordingly he asked the students to fill in the blanks left in his sentences.

"Now," he began, "the Sphinx has eyes but it cannot——"

"See," responded the innocents.

"Has ears, but it cannot——"

"Hear," came the answer.

"Has a nose, but it cannot——"

"Wipe it," thundered the class.

The lesson abruptly ended, to the disgust of all.

The "wits" of the school have been somewhat unruly of late; hence measures to put down the abuse of their already too numerous privileges are deemed expedient. *Exempli gratia*: Now, to get the greatest distance at which sound can be heard from this source of light, the $\frac{1}{T}$ equation——

"Can't you see that, woman?"

"Is that plus a minus?"

"Why, lass it doesn't matter a dump——When Her Ladyship's ready, we'll continue."

Such is life!

Of course everyone knows we're taking the Arts Course; well, that's why we're so enthusiastic over de Quincey's treatise on "Murder as a fine art." Naturally, the present cataclysm in Europe renders that enthusiasm still greater.

THE WAR.

Late Edition.

Room 4, Oct. 12—The latest news from the front is not so reassuring in its nature as previous reports. Three different accounts state that the Allies have gone "stale."

The authorities are advised to remove some of the many onerous duties, so unjustly heaped upon our forces.

Room 4, Oct. 12—The enemy have successfully invaded the hitherto neutral territory of Wednesday afternoon. This leaves the Allies without one single stronghold in the region adjoining Sunday; but the fortress of Friday is now being strengthened threefold. If it can be held for 50 days longer, all fear of danger from the hostile parties may be dispelled.

SOCIAL NEWS.

There has been a great lack of this class of news of late. The Germans must have cut the cables. Nevertheless, we extend hearty wishes for all future glory, both in and out of doors, to the old High School.

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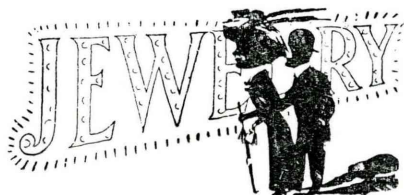
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Form 3A.

With such glorious opportunities of winning renown in military circles, and incidentally of replenishing the pocket, the wonder is that we have a 3A to report about. The Naval Brigade holds all honors as yet, and they seem to have assured themselves that the "land lubbers" prefer to see the projectiles in theory, rather than the genuine article. With reference to real projectiles, we might say that they are hard to stop, although with a ready knowledge of the noble art of mechanics and command of good sprinting capabilities, one might stand a chance of escape.

However, war or no war, school-work goes on as regularly as ever, and just as we are groaning under the load of Trig. Formulae, which we are forced to carry, "Sweetie" comes to our assistance with a far simpler list. His jokes are generally only seen by himself, but now and then he comes within our range of understanding. For instance, his "sine (of) 3A = good work," has more commonsense in it than all other commonplace Trig. book definitions rolled into one. There is no doubt that he is a great man and a born leader. For verification, see Major S—.

Our stock of general knowledge, influenced by welcome digressions from Maths., is growing rapidly. We could, in fact, give a fine definition of humour, and other equally abstract ideas, but owing to limited space, we refer you to Mr.— for enlightenment. This kindly would-be philosopher is endeavouring to bring the class to its senses, by a ready distribution of Fridays to the "wastrels" and we wish him every success in his benevolent enterprise. (N.B. The girls are of course quite beyond such drastic measures).


The "dead-heads" have done their best to kill the school sports, but they will be disappointed to learn they will be held as usual. 3A is tipped to carry off all the chief events, which is only natural, considering their fine work in every other direction.

As for the girls, we are jogging along in a quiet way. "They" say "they" don't give us much homework in third year, but we beg to differ. We get so much that one of the fags woke up in the midst of her lessons, the other night, and found she was asleep. The girls are always in hot water for talking, but then we are like Rosalind, "when we think, we must speak" (which shows how often we have our thinking caps on). We are thinking of compiling a dictionary soon. The latest definition of *homily* is worth remembering—something given by a long-faced person at peace with himself and with the sins of the world on his shoulders. It comes from the philosopher. The age of chivalry isn't dead yet. The boys have been threatened with four hours on Friday for talking to the gentler sex.

Form 3B.

The teachers inform us that we will have to work next year, as if we had not done a scrap this year—now don't you think that is too bad. But enough said about work, we have enough of that, let us talk of something better.

Our class consists of 14, divided into 7 syndicates. But it is very unfortunate that there is war between them. In this hour of need, 3B, on the boy's side at any rate, is not united, it is not consolidated within itself. Now, the other day "Lightning" got hit in the eye with a shell from a deadly artillery battery (a few drops of ink from a fountain pen). He held a council of war

 Chapped Hands and Sunburns.

CUTA CREAM

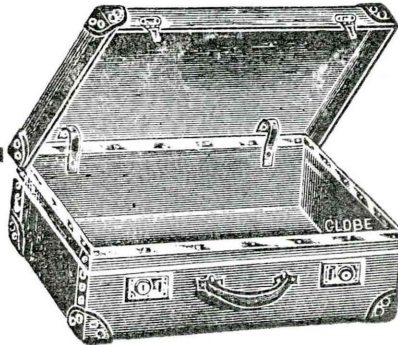
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with the rest of his syndicate and the unanimous verdict was that the offender should be ducked. Meanwhile the offender had held a council of war with the other half of his syndicate and got two other syndicates as allies. The offender was "grabbed and marched slowly to his doom." Then a whistle sounded and from every side sprang the waiting allies. O, memorable of battles! The rescue was completed but both sides claimed the victory.

The noisiest crowd sit in the middle of the third seat, in fact all that seat are noisy except Kralcie, who is still as motor mad as ever. They are crack Anglo-French phrase manufacturers and turn out phrases which no dictionary contains, e.g., "Don't hit a mot." They give vent to all sorts of weird noises, patriotic music, etc., which result in "hours" flying about like scraps of paper. These "hours" are a great nuisance; they prevent us having our weekly wash at the Baths. We feel sure that if a prompt step were taken they would be wiped out, and what would school be then?—paradise!

Palo does not believe in reading imported novels. He reads novels of such famous authors as Steele Rudd, the fellow that writes about Dad and Mum in "On our Selection." We think it is a very commendable action and he deserves the School of Arts Scholarship next year. Speaking of the School of Arts we must mention that we are nearly all great chess players and championship matches can be arranged with the Secretary.

Then the girls—One is a great Biblical student and can prophesy the rise and fall of any empire within the next thousand years. All the girls like Physics so much that they are of opinion that they can secure satisfactory results in that subject without much "fag."

Form 2A.

Everything original or fabulous, jocular or solemn, may help to constitute a class report: these we combine together in a feeble attempt to display to the other forms what we consider to be the main features, personalities, and whisperings of our class—a class which can look on the bright side of things, despite the approach of a serious examination; and a class which, although it does contain several "swarvy swanks" and persons who are "chic," yet has its little bespatterings of knowledge and is well "literated" in the art of school-work, not "in the wars," as Fluellen would say.

"Base tike," "cur of Iceland," "shog off," "egregious dog," etc., resound throughout the class (the male section), while the female section resort to talking about " $\frac{1}{2} AB \sin C$," or " $A = PR$," or even go around repeating "Venir de" (to have just). How they do it is marvellous to be thought on! "Yet you must learn to know such slanders of the age, or else you'll be marvellously mistook!"

The Intermediate is in a few weeks! What do we care? Yet the teachers wish to frighten us. One even went so far as to say that he wished the exam. was over and the results published, that he might see the looks of anguish on our faces.

One more thing to say. We have but one serious drawback in the whole class—the fact that certain members of the male section learn German. But they say that they could act as spies, their knowledge of the language is so great. Wishing all other classes of the 2nd Year success in the forthcoming Examination.

We remain,
"THE HEADS."

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Form 2B.

The matter uppermost in the minds of the public at present is the crisis now existing in Europe, as a matter of fact, in the whole world. Omitting the consideration that thousands of precious lives will be lost, and perhaps millions left destitute of their breadwinners in consequence, it cannot be denied that the matter is of an extremely grave and serious nature, as the liberty of practically all the freedom-loving nations of this planet are at stake. In contemplating the enormous mortality that must necessarily ensue, we are reminded that one is gone from amongst us in order to help defend and uphold this land of ours against the threatening hand of Germany and its despotic ruler. He, to whom this reference is made, is Tom Cadell, a student of this school and a pupil of 2B. The sterling qualities of "Tommy" are known to everyone, while his prowess in athletic circles is equally familiar to us. With him also has disappeared "mon sac" and its contents. Mon sac, it might be explained, was "Chocolate's" designation of his school-bag, which received no very light or tender handling from the members of this class in general. At any rate, the practical jokes played upon Tom were as much enjoyed, I believe, by him as by any of the perpetrators. He never once "got his hair off" at finding some of the concomitants of the Class Room or a few bits of the playground in the recesses of "mon sac," which is a striking testimony of his good humor and patience.

The "Pisty Creature" is another of the "ker-nuts" of this establishment, where he has formed many acquaintances, particularly one in 1B, where he thinks he has a "good chance" and about which he is frequently tormented.

Another appendage of this class is an arrangement called the "Dougal creature," which provides much amusement for the form, and is an important factor in maintaining the class in good spirits.

"Bro." is another of the "heads," besides "Sonny," "Jackles" and "Scalo," "Polly," "Pomegrate," and last, but not by any means least, "THE FATHER," and with a few drops of "Lysol" about for the eradication of "dawgs," rats, stray cats, microbes and the such like, the health of the class is ensured. A Mont de Piété has recently been inaugurated in this class, under the management of one of the "Heads," who lends knives, rubbers, pencils, pins, paper and such like, free of all interest and without security. "Satisfaction is guaranteed or money refunded." So with strict attention to his business he trusts that he will meet with a fair proportion of patronage." One of the Nuts has taken to book-making, and will lay any odds on any subject, chiefly on chemical experiments failing to "come right" and on flasks bursting. So far he has not done much, as he is not considered a safe depository for money, and he issues no tickets. Nevertheless he considers himself "some class."

"Jackles" is probably retiring at Christmas, and then proposes to keep a motor car and live on his money. As far as Sports are concerned 2B will not be found very much in the rear of the other classes of the School. We have always had two or three "reps.," both in the British and Rugby games of Football. Again, Tom Cadell and Jack Henry, as well as Mat Downie (an ex-pupil of 2B) are very instrumental in gaining the P.S. A.A.A. Cup, which was unfortunately lost year. But let us hope for "better luck next time," and give three cheers for the old School and three more for 2B.

Form 2C.

Examinations are the bane of our existence. One of those horrid nightmares has just passed, and now we look forward in fear and trembling to our Intermediate effort. Our teachers assure us that we ought to have little difficulty in surprising the examiners with our store of information. That's good news, but the teachers' remarks have so very often a secondary meaning. There are few of us who would not be prepared to trisect an angle, for in all branches of Mathematics we are most original in our methods. Henry V. may be Shakespeare's hero, but he troubles our existence greatly. Then, too, why did Raleigh, Pitt and other heroes become famous? Was it simply to make hard work for poor, down-trodden High School pupils? We must leave this strain or we will become quite cynical in our views of life.

However, in spite of these heavy troubles we manage to get a fair amount of enjoyment out of school life. Our girls are quite champions at Tennis, and make a "bonnie" show with the racquets.

As this will be the last report before the Intermediate we desire to wish all our sorrowful brethren the best of good luck in the forthcoming trying ordeal.



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Form 2AC.

We are the business "cracks" of the School. Under Mr. Brown's able tuition we are able to show the rest of the School the intricacies of financial affairs. Given one penny, we have little difficulty in turning it into threepence—in theory at any rate. We are quite satisfied that some of these days we shall be all Andrew Carnegies or Pierpont Morgans. That's the benefit of business principles. Our other work seems quite dry compared with this. Mathematics is a delusion and a snare, while parsing and analysis is enough to make the most cheerful despair.

In Sports we do well: Haekworthy was captain of the School team that played the Final against Cook's Hill: Kirk was Secretary, while a number were players.

With best of good luck to all 2nd Yearers.

We are,

Yours truly,

THE FINANCIERS.

Public Service Form.

Who said die? If any, speak, for us hath he offended. We still possess brave hearts in our bosoms, although the young ladies, who used to help us over the stony way with their bright eyes and smiling faces, are now departed.

Brethren, we require your most sincere sympathy in our time of sorrow, when our course of study has been changed on account of the war. Speaking of war, I am certain we would be able to dodge the bullets, seeing that there are six machines flying around during typing period and we are never smitten.

In Shorthand we are very shorthanded, there being only four or five receiving velocity at a time, the others go out on "tick." Concerning work, some of our little band must be like grass-hoppers and grass-widowers—jump at the first chance—for, a short time ago, we numbered eighteen strong: at the present minute we are but nine.

We never shirk work, which can be proved, because if anyone were to look into Room 9 at 12.30 p.m., they would find us busily "making a bolt for the door."

The saying, "Good things are wrapped in small parcels," especially applies to us: we are few, but we have in our midst experts of every trade, even the turnkey is represented.

We have added some new kind of substance called Trig. to our daily diet, but it seems to be dangerous, for there are always "sines" about. We are all training our utmost for the grand monster Sports Carnival and for the November Exam., when we will lead the multitude.

Wishing you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

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Form IA.

We have "re-formed"—and the teachers say "improved!" Well, I hope so, but it was cheery to hear Sleepy's head come up from a doze with a snap and see his eyes blink. "Bowler," too, relieved the tedium of our weary lives by calling the demi-gods' wrath upon his head. Well, 'tis past, and so our fun will start: we have been re-formed.

Cosher de Props is becoming famous at Cricket, and Sp—— at jumping, so we regret very much that the Sports are "off," because the hard times force sundry hungry ones to waste all their pocket money on sweets, etc., instead of in facing the necessary——

Well—there goes the bell, and I must stop: "once more to the breach, dear friends."

Form IB.

There is a lot to say about IB, but not enough space for it all. Most of the rising scholars of the day are in this form. During the quarter we have to report substantial progress, and we hope to acquit ourselves creditably at the forthcoming half-yearly exam.

I am glad to say that the majority of our form are sports and have paid in their sports' subscription.

Although there is plenty of work, time is always found for jokes. Our artist generally puts them before the class, but, unfortunately, he is often caught and fined one hour or more.

It need not be mentioned that the girls play an important part in our class—in talking—but we could not get on very well without them.

Form IC.

William of Deloraine and "Jimmy from Jundabaroo" are running things closely for bottom place. IC stands out of the detention list with great ease and greater pleasure—were it not for—(let his conscience speak) we should be out of it altogether.

We move steadily, but we are moving surely, and not till the end of the year will the school realise where we are. It is extraordinary, but the whole class takes naturally to language and literature and talk "generally," and English would be pleasant if there were no clauses and no infinitives, certainly no participles or gerunds. But enough of shop, and as there is no social news of this form I must cease.

Form Ci.

Since our last report things have progressed favourably, and we are now all looking forward to the "Yearly" Exam. After our last exam. some of our former members vacated their positions, either by leaving or by "Paddy's Promotion." We have a curious individual here now—"Bonny." He has been away on sick-leave for about three months and we are all glad to have his

dignified presence again. We have picked a class team for Cricket this year, and we have great prospects of being "top-dogs" among the first-year classes. Our Annual Sports are not to be held this year, as some of the "dead-heads" have not paid their subscriptions.

We all hope to succeed in the Yearly Exam., but I think hopes are vain for some of us. The "ducking season" has ended, but we hope to have great times next year.

We are,

Yours faithfully,

THE SEA ONE KNOTS.

Form C2.

Here we are again!—or still; though most of the real stickers have joined the ranks of the unemployed. All the fags went too, last term, so we are all alone in solitary glory at the bottom. Verse practice on Fridays comes in here—this verse is not by F.—who secured such a reputation last week.

Our form has been progressing fast,
 Since teachers know the class at last;
 Although detentions come about,
 We very seldom are found out,
 And yet it's strange, but from fun,
 Our numbers grow in dread Room I:

How is that for Iambic measure?

We are,

C2.

"To spend too much time in study is sloth."—(*Bacon*).

"If you read this you cannot read that: what you lose to-day you cannot gain to-morrow."—(*Ruskin*).

"The plea of ignorance will never take away our responsibilities."—(*Ruskin*)

"Girls should be like daisies, nice and white, with an edge of pink if you look close, making the ground bright wherever they are, and knowing that they do it, and are meant to do it, and that it would be very wrong if they didn't do it."—(*Ruskin*).

A Reverie of War and Cricket.

(By "Dismal Joe.")

The war must have been over for six months now. That invention by Count Zeppelin of an explosive a thousand times more powerful than any then in existence, settled the English navy. Australia has become a German colony, and streams of ugly-faced barbarians are arriving daily from the Fatherland, and have begun to take great interest in Australian sport, especially Cricket. His Only Imperial Majesty, Wilhelm, by Divine Right, Emperor of the World, is very pleased with himself and with his conquests. He has commandeered the High School Cricket set, and having been informed that the Newcastle High School Cricket Club is the best in Australia, he has ordered our team to play a match with his subjects.

The match is to be played on the Newcastle Cricket Ground. However, it seems that the match will be somewhat hindered by strict military regulations to be observed, when Australians are present, and by the long lines of militia, which are already entering the ground, although it is only half-past twelve, and the match does not begin till two o'clock. They take their places around the ground and then come in huge crowds of Germans, who fill the grandstand and seats and drink lager until they cannot drink any more. They get uproarious, bottles fly about, then after one or two have been killed by the soldiers in an attempt to keep order, silence reigns once more. Then we poor, down-hearted Englishmen, between two thick bodies of German militia, are marched in, and are made to sit down on the ground behind the German populace.

The German team arrives in full uniform and lines up before the shed for inspection. Without the consent of the school captain they decide to bat, and their two batsmen take their places at the wickets, amid great cheering from the German mob and the painful strains of the "Watch on the Rhine," which the German band is playing. The door of the shed opens, and our school team is driven out with a body-guard. The German mob at once begin to hoot and to howl; lager bottles again fly about, until the disturbance is again quelled, and this team also takes its place.

The ground is in a very good condition, except that huge gutters and holes have been formed that morning across the playing area by several companies of Uhlans, who had been using it for a galloping ground, and by the artillery, who had been running their huge forty-two centimetre seige-guns across it. The umpire is a Prussian Landsturner, especially chosen because he had never before heard of Cricket, and is in the pay of the German committee.

As for a description of the match, I cannot give one very well, for I was behind a huge, fat sergeant and a row or two of infantry, but now and again I managed to catch glimpses of it. The game is played in accordance with the very latest rules; in fact, those German officers in the scoring box are making them up as the game progresses. They are totally different from the good old rules. There are no "overs." The bowler keeps on until he can bowl no more, and as for the German batsmen, they never get out, they retire when they feel tired. At last, when the last batsman retired because he had the

tired feeling, it was decided that the innings should be closed, with 508 runs to their credit for no wickets, although I saw innumerable wickets fall and catches to infinity.

Immediately Englishmen and Germans change position. The Germans got knocked everywhere and I commenced to cheer heartily when one of our fellows knocked the ball into Centennial Park. I soon stopped that game, however, for a dig in the ribs with a saw-edged bayonet reminded me that cheering was forbidden. Numerous means of getting our fellows out are adopted, e.g., one of our men "knocks a sixer" and the ball "lobs" among the Germans. A troop of Guards at once rush the batsmen and shove him off the field on a charge of attempted murder of his Majesty's subjects. The German bowlers, pitchers, shotters, or whatever you care to call them, continued to get "knocked" everywhere. The balls which are hit into Merewether are chased by aeroplanes (a new German invention to be made use of in Cricket).

In spite of this wild play the match was a wonderful sight. The large crowds, the companies of German militiamen, whose saw-edged bayonets and steel-spiked helmets sparkle in the sunlight, are in themselves a sight to behold. Then in contrast with these the white clad High School Team trying their hardest to evade the new "rules." Over all a huge Zeppelin hovers, with the German ensign floating proudly at its rear. But then, when you think of the "military cricket." Altering the Frenchman's saying a little, "C'est magnifique mais ce n'est pas le Cricket."

Our score, in spite of the new military rules, increased by leaps and bounds, until at last only two batsmen stand and the score is 500. It appears clear, therefore, to the German officers that if these two continued, the day would go against Germany. This insolence is soon ended by the guards once more rushing the ground, and the two are pushed off at the point of the bayonet.

When the score goes up on the board "all out for 500," sedition once more breaks forth from the German mob. They cheer, they hoot, they once more hurl missiles and lager bottles at the school team. A bomb thrown from the Zeppelin soon quiets them. Then when all is quiet the voices of the scorers are heard: "The German score has been added up wrongly and only amounts to 499, while the High School score of 500 has been confirmed, and therefore ———. "Those who had only one hour's detention hand up??" Why, I must have been dreaming; here I am back again in Room I., and Australia is still Australia, and the British navy is still, and ever will be, "mistress of the seas." But what a terrible hour I have had!



Henley on the Hunter.

Third Year Personalities.

(By a "Third Yearite.")

It was a bright and sunny day in March and the blue Hunter was dotted with innumerable steamers, launches, and boats of all descriptions, packed with a happy crowd of picnickers and sportsmen. This fleet wended its way up to the upper part of the river, where a great boat race was to be held that afternoon. The head Clark of Probert & Co., bus proprietors, had challenged to race Kem Yee, the chief Cooke and Carver of the "Saucy Kate," a barque of 1000 tons taking in a cargo of coal at Newcastle for Bowditch. This challenge was the result of a heated argument as to which was the better sculler, when the Clark, who had a good opinion of his own powers with the oars, challenged this Cooke, who was known to be a fair sculler. Their managers had arranged that they should start at the junction of the Paterson and Hunter and finish at the Williams River.

Although the race was to start at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, both banks of the river were crowded from one end of the course to the other at noon.

Among the spectators was Old Mother Hubbard, wearing a Green Scarfe round her neck. Anxious to obtain an uninterrupted view of the struggle, she climbed up on to a Cragg of a Cliff which overhung the river. She had almost reached her goal, when her foot slipped on the Moss, and losing her hold, she fell. Fortune favoured her, for as she fell the Green Scarfe caught on the edge of the Cragg and held her like a pendulum in mid air, and in danger of falling over the cliff into the river, thence to Davy Jones' Locker. A Fairless (fearless) Knight standing at the window of the Garret of one of the neighbouring houses, happened to glance in that direction, and realised her perilous position, and at once rushed along the Lane to her rescue. This brave knight, risking life, climbed out on the Cragg and hanging on with one hand lifted the now unconscious Mother Hubbard to safety with the other.

It is now 2 o'clock, and as the Ruthless Hunter Saunders (saunters) along, where the Paterson joins it, both competitors come to the mark ready for the gun. Bang! They're off! A good start, too! Both struggling hard, kept level for the first mile; then the Clark gained slightly in the next mile. At this stage the Cooke caught up and gained. When rounding the bend 100yds from the finish at about 2.45 p.m., both were level. A youngster amused the crowd by crying out: "They are both winning."

Just at this point, the Clark made a false stroke with his oars and missed the water. He "Caught a Crab," as the saying goes, in doing which he almost capsized his skiff. Through this fault, his opponent gained a length, and they finished thus, amidst loud cheering. The Judge declared it a Goodwin and presented the winner, Kem Yee, chief Cooke and Carver of the "Saucy Kate," with the prize, a Firkin of Cider. He also presented the gallant Knight with a case of Sweet apples, as a reward for that act of heroism. That night there was great feasting, rejoicing and rioting on board the "Saucy Kate," a small barrel of cider having been freely handed round. Thanks first to the head Clark of Probert & Co. for challenging, and secondly to Kem Yee for his strenuous exertions put forth to win the day.

The Lamentation of Deirdre.

(From Celtic Stories).

(By a First Year Pupil)

I love thee, I do, thou fair land of the East,
Where we, 'neath the trees on thy rich plain, did feast.
My love was so great for that land I can boast ;
Oh ! I need not have left then thy beautiful coast.

Of thy waters we drank and we ate of thy fish,
And many days now for it oft do I wish ;
I need not have left thee, thou beautiful land,
But I left thee by reason of Naisi's command.

Thy rich plains and bright hills were joyous to see,
And the white sand of Alba was pleasing to me,
'Twas there in thee, Alba, we built our first tent,
And now I have left thee, I often lament.

'Twas there that the red sun went luridly down,
And sank on the hills like a bright golden crown,
It was there that the cuckoos poured forth their full songs,
And now I have left thee, my heart for thee longs.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.

The following articles will be published in next issue:—"The Coward" (by C. F. P.) ; "Views on Australian Poets" (by 'Original') ; "Pleasures of Boy Life on the Plains" (by H. G.) ; "The War Cloud" (by J. C. D.) ; "Sea-Fey" (by C. F. P.) ; "The Woman's Part" (by C. F. P.)

OTHER CONTRIBUTIONS.

"The Contrasted Noises."—Not Original.

"The Great War" (by M. S.)—Of interest, but has all appeared in daily papers.

"The Chinaman and the Horse" (by J. E.)—Hardly of sufficient interest.

"Life at a Country School" (by K. B.)—English good, but not sufficient plot and incident."

"The Spirit of Patriotism."—Rather lacking in point.

"A Model School-boy's Diary" (by C. F. P.) would appeal too strongly to the "never works."

"My Country" (by 'Original')—A very fair attempt, but metre irregular—try again.

"Sisters" (by 'Nell')—Sympathetically told, but not sufficient incident.

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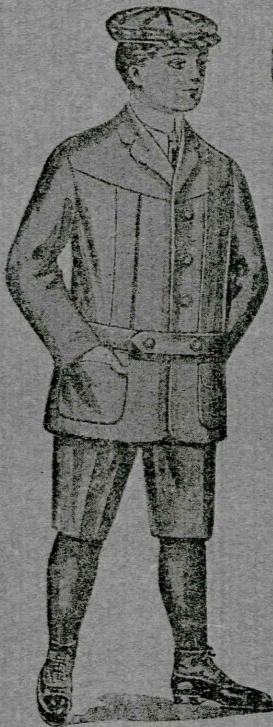
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