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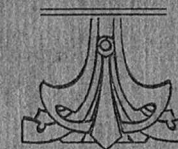
# The *Novocastrian*

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

CHRISTMAS NUMBER, 1915.

Volume 5. :: No. 2.



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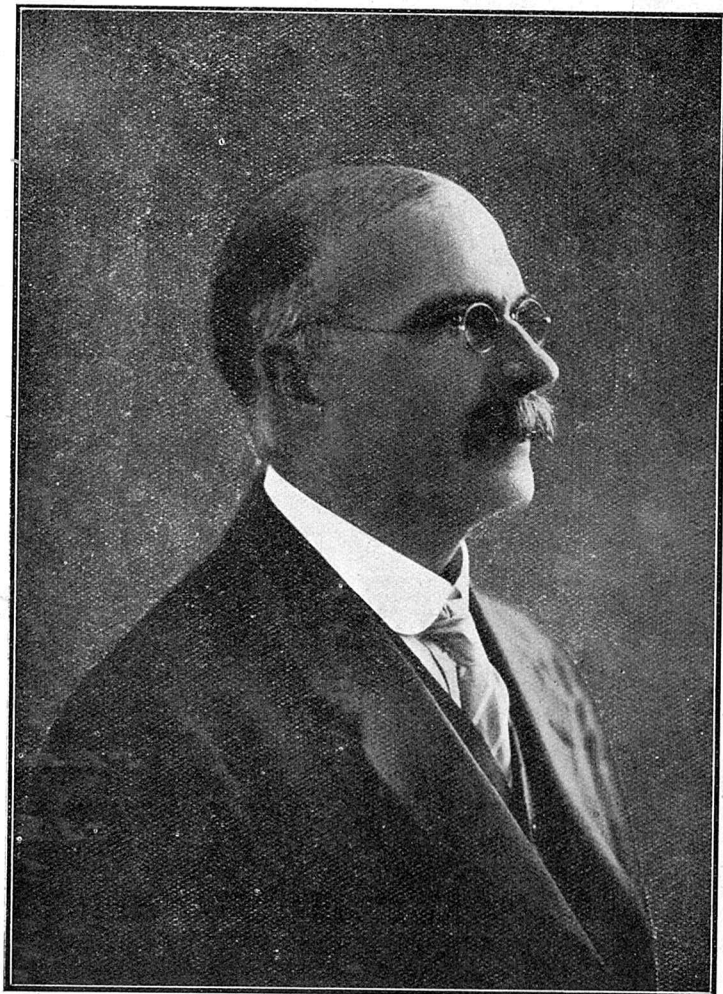
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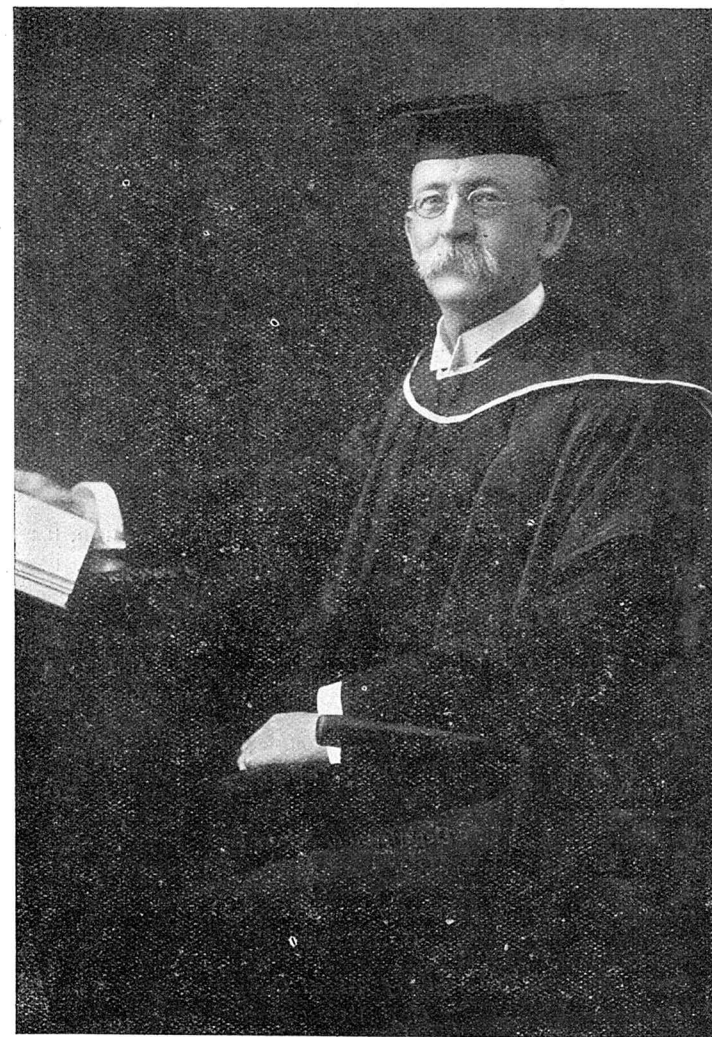
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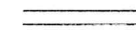
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# The Novocastrian.

THE MAGAZINE OF THE NEWCASTLE HIGH SCHOOL.

VOL. 5.

Christmas Number, 1915.

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## EDITORIAL.

Periodical stocktaking is as essential in school life as it is in the business world. Glancing back over the record of the last six months we have every reason to congratulate the school on its many-sided activities. Of these the most enjoyable features have been the School Choir and the opportunities afforded the School of showing its worth. The entertainments to raise patriotic funds have far exceeded the most sanguine expectations, while the success of our first big concert has been most marked. This is all the more gratifying as, in many directions, the work of the School has been hampered by lack of funds. But the difficulty has been solved. Next year we hope that the "Tuck Shop," which has been definitely decided on, will prove an additional source of income.

Now, a few words about the sport of the school. All are agreed upon the desirability of holding an "Annual Sports Meeting." This is possible only when backed by the financial support of fully-paid-up members of the Sports Club. As many have failed in their duty in this respect, a Sports Gathering before the vacation is out of the question. It is to be hoped that next year, when pupils will be under no expense so far as text-books are concerned, subscriptions will be paid in full, and that the feeling will be unanimous for an Annual Sports Meeting as well as an Annual Concert. Meanwhile we advise all to read, mark, learn and inwardly digest the following letter from a pupil:—

The Editor,

Dear Sir,—So far there has been no movement towards the celebrating of a Sports Meeting this year. The year is near its end, and it is time something definite was done. Last year the Sports Meeting was barely a success, owing to the large number of "dead-heads" who pay 2/6 and then decide that they have done their share, but forget that they themselves voted at the opening Sports Meeting that 7/6 be the fee for sports.

The corresponding High Schools in the State have had their Annual Sports Meeting; why should we differ?

There is enough agitation for concerts, but very little for sport now. Sport is one of the chief parts of a student's training at a High School, and I think that some steps should be taken to make a Sports Meeting possible.

Trusting the students will recognise their duty,

I am, dear sir,

"SPORT."

THE NOVOCASTRIAN.

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## When War Demands a Sacrifice.

(By Evelyn Goodwin)

About twenty years ago, in the heart of the lovely capital of New South Wales, two lads were born—twins. But they were as unlike twins as they could be; and as they grew up, this dissimilarity became apparent also in their characters. The one, Jack, a fine manly lad, fair haired, blue-eyed, with a laughing face in which the fresh color came and went like any girl's, grew up wild and restless; he hated the city and everything connected with it, and was, in general, a burden on his parents.

At last, unable to endure it any longer, he ran away from home, from the heart of the city to the heart of the Australian bush. The father, hard and angry, cut the lad off completely; the mother, broken-hearted, centred all her affection on the one that had remained to her, Marcus, also a merry, fun-loving boy, but at times sullen, even arrogant, as dark as his brother was fair, and with as great a love for the city as his brother had hate for it. He heartily returned his parents' affection, and threw himself willingly with them into the rush and turmoil of fashionable city-life.

As the years crept on, the mother's thoughts oft-times fled to her other son, and she longed to see his fair manly face. Could she have seen him at that moment her heart would have throbbed with pride. He was on horseback, his head bared to the wind. His fair skin was tanned and the red in his cheeks showed through bright and healthy. He was gazing earnestly in front of him. He and his dog, his sole companion, had just driven the sheep to the homestead, and he was watching the last one in. Suddenly his face relaxed and his white teeth gleamed in a merry smile. "Come on, Dash, old boy," he said, "they're all in now."

They turned and went towards the hut, about a mile away. He was perfectly happy here with his dog-companion. He loved the bush land; summer or winter, sun-burnt or flooded, it was the core of his heart. He loved the sound of the horse-bells in the distance, and the sighing of the breezes in the trees; he loved the still nights with the white moon drifting slow, throwing its weird silvery shadows among the tall gum trees. It was his only love, "the lover he loved best."

As he and the dog reached the hut, he turned to watch the glorious sun-set. Its golden light lit up the handsome manly form, the idol of the homestead, the pride of Killabie.

Thus the twins grew up. On 20th August, 1914, they had their twentieth birthday. When Jack woke on the morning of the 20th, he had a strange feeling that something was going to happen. As he dressed, his eyes fell on the calendar hanging on the wall above his bed. It said 20 in bold black figures.

"Crikey!" he said, and threw back his head with a hearty laugh. The dog turned an enquiring face towards his master. Jack looked at him. "Want to know what's the matter do you, Dash, old boy? Well I'm twenty years old to-day. Getting ancient, aren't I old chap?" Suddenly the laughter died on his lips. He became silent. It was somebody else's birthday to-day. Then for almost the first time in four years, his thoughts turned almost longingly homeward. He felt as if he would like to hear his mother say, "Oh, whistle and I'll come to you, my lad."

Both man and dog were strangely silent as they stepped from the hut that morning. The man was thinking deeply. Marcus, his twin brother, was twenty years old to-day. What was he doing, he wondered.

Marcus' birthday was to be a great day, perhaps his last in Sydney. He was going into camp the next day, and as soon as possible, to the front.

The news that war had been declared had not yet reached the back-blocks, but in Sydney it was not fresh news. All the boys in Marcus' office were going to the front, so he thought it was his duty to go too. His mother implored him not to go. He was all she had, she pleaded. But the father was firm; the lad wished to go, and he should go. Marcus himself was indifferent. He said it was his duty to go, and he turned away from his mother with a petulant frown on his dark face.

The birthday feast was a merry one. A toast was drank to the youth who was offering his life for his country, and when he rose to reply to it he was not quite steady on his feet and his words were almost unintelligible. A sudden revulsion of feeling swept over the mother. Where was the boy she had idolised? A vague unspeakable longing to see the fair open countenance of her other boy came over the mother.

That same day, Jack rode home through the cool, crisp evening air. When he reached the hut he found it occupied by the six year old son of the squatter. "Good-day, young-un," said Jack, and stooped to pick him up. But the child stood there, a very serious look in his large baby eyes. "Jackie, war'th been 'clared," he lisped, "England'th gone to war."

Jack fell into a deep reverie. "I knew something was going to happen," he said, "we never hear anything in these back-blocks." He woke from his reverie at the sound of a small voice and an arm round his neck. "Jackie," the voice whispered, "Daddie thaid you would be going; are you, Jackie?"

Jack stood up quickly. "Come on, young-un, it's time you were home, look, the sun has set."

That night Jack had no heart for tea. He went out into the still moon-lit night, and paced up and down. Out of the stillness he seemed to hear a lisping baby voice, "Daddy thaid you would be going, are you?" What had he to do with the war or it with him, him who lived in and belonged only to the bush?

Suddenly he turned and went towards the hut. On the threshold he paused and turned, stretching out his arm to the white-shrouded trees, "Good-bye, my brave bush love," he said.

He had chosen.

Thus it happened that Marcus and Jack Trevlyn sailed for the front at the same time. When the time came for sailing, Jack felt a longing to see his parents that he had not seen for four years. "But they don't care," he said.

It was a dark night, inky black, except when the moon suddenly shone forth between the rifts in the clouds. The second lot of ships were landing at Gallipoli. They had been surprised by a band of Turks, and the water was full of struggling masses. Men fought fiercely without really knowing whom they fought in the inky blackness. Jack Trevlyn was standing waist deep in the water when suddenly the moon shone out revealing all the horrors of that night as in a flash-light. Before his very eyes he saw a huge Turk rushing straight at an Australian. Instantly another Australian rushed forward and pushed the young fellow out of danger. The Turk, with incredible swiftness, then turned on the other and before Jack could intervene, ran him through. Jack finished that Turk, and he caught the form of the young Australian as it fell. The dying lad spoke, "It's alright, Jack, it's I, Marcus." "Oh, my God," cried Jack, "why wasn't I quicker." "It's alright, Jack, old boy, you could not possibly have averted it, go ahead, old chap, try and get back to the mater, she wants you. Good-bye, Jack."

At dawn they were drawn up on the beach and a terrible battle ensued. Death, death was everywhere, devouring, terrible, insatiable.

At home in Sydney, Mr. Trevlyn and some friends were pledging their sons who were fighting so bravely. After it was over, Mr. Trevlyn stood up, "Let's have one more toast," he said, "for my brave bush-son, Jack."

And in the firing line, Jack was standing just behind his officer. Early in the fight, he saw him fall. Without a moment's hesitation, Jack stooped and amid a hail of bullets, gathered up the wounded officer and carried him to the rear. He turned to come back to his place, but as he did so a bullet entered his heart and he fell, a hero.

Late that night the sky cleared and over the vast dark hills the moon shone with soft golden light and seemed to look calmly on the red sand of the battle-field with ghastly corpses strewn. And her soft light seemed to play caressingly on the calm still face of Jack Trevlyn. And still on another form it shone,

"Calm on the seas and silver sleep,  
And waves that sway themselves in rest,  
And dead calm in that noble breast,  
Which heaves, but with the heaving deep."

the calm, still form of Marcus Trevlyn.

And far away in old Sydney two hearts are breaking, but they are only two of many breaking hearts. But to these two, as to all others, comes the soft balm, the soothing comfort, that their boys have died heroes, died gloriously for King and Country. But the solemn Australian Bush has lost, at least, one of its most ardent lovers.



## An Old Boy's Letter from the Front.

Suvla Bay, Gallipoli Peninsula,

24/9/15.

Dear Sir,—I wouldn't be certain as to whom I am addressing, as things may have altered since I was at the Newcastle High School, but I fancy it is you, Mr. Hayes.

The last mail, which brought gladness into the heart of man in this unit, contained a cutting from a "Novocastrian" under the heading of "Our Heroes at the Front." I was very pleased to see that such a number of ex-pupils and pupils of the good old school had enlisted. I should just like you to see the happy and hoisterous spirit, with which I am credited in that article, at this present moment. Two months out here on the Peninsula is not calculated to foster such a spirit, but are we downhearted? *Never!*

The object of this letter, as I have no doubt you suspected, is to ask a favour of you. Would you kindly send me a copy of the "Novocastrian" as it comes out. You would hardly believe how we value letters and reading matter. Isolated as we are from the outside world, an Australian mail is hailed with great joy, and nothing less than a shell lobbing in our midst would disperse the crowd round the Master-at-Arms when letters are being served out. Money—non est; stamps—ditto; also a lot of other things. Therefore I am unable to send my subscription, and will have to rely on your charity.

Although circumstances place me thousands of miles from that little red building on the top of the hill, where I spent many a happy hour and received the education which I am convinced is the all-important factor in man's life, still I regard myself associated with the Newcastle High School, and take the keenest interest in anything connected with it.

While I am here, perhaps a short account of my doings might interest you. Since August 3rd of last year the Public Service has not known me, as on that date I commenced my career in the Greater Public Service. After seven months in the examination steamer at Sydney, I substituted the navy blue for the less comfortable khaki and riding breeches of the Army, and a life on the ocean wave for one on terra-firma. Although technically a Naval unit, we are under the wing of the Army and doing army work. We think we are a very interesting unit, being drawn from every State in the Commonwealth. I've no doubt the Melbourne public who saw us going through the riding test thought so too. I've sometimes wondered who were the most awkward—sailors on horses or soldiers in boats. This experience convinces me that soldiers carry off the honours in the

way of being awkward. After three months' training at Melbourne we dropped the inevitable tear over the side of the "Port Macquarie" on the 3rd June, bound for, as we thought, England. But no such luck was ours, as after a two months' voyage we finally steamed through a veritable maze of battleships and auxiliaries, which presented a wonderful sight, at Mudros, the port of Lemnos Island, in the Grecian Archipelago. Another move to a base where we went through a fortnight's solid training to do our little bit in conjunction with certain divisions of the far-famed Kitchener's Army. Our long voyage to this base was punctuated by a run up the Indian Coast to Bombay, where we lay a week and discharged our horses. Bombay is truly a wonderful city. The buildings are specially fine and the natives and their customs most interesting.

After short stays at Suez, Port Said and Lemnos, we came on to our advanced base for our final tuning up, well within sound of our battleships' guns at the Peninsula. On the morning of the 7th August, in the grey dawn, we were right on the spot, at Suvla Bay, where the great new landing was in progress. I doubt if you have read any details of this landing as it was carried out almost wholly by Imperial Troops, we being the only Colonials at Suvla Bay, but I can assure you that some of the examples of pure British pluck and doggedness made me feel proud of being a Britisher. Many a mother lost a son during those few days of desperate fighting. Some of the sights were grand, others pitiful, but the courage of the wounded is great to see. Could the British public only see a Casualty Clearing Station during an action, they would pitchfork the shirkers into the ranks; but I don't suppose they mean to shirk, they simply don't understand. The news we are receiving of the great recruiting boom in Australia is fine.

The Australians are immensely popular over here, and surrounded as we are by Imperial Tommies, the familiar slouch hat of the Island Continent's representatives carries considerable weight. Believe me, our chums at Anzac (a few miles down the coast from here) have *done* things and have gained the admiration of every regiment on the Peninsula.

Those fine, sturdy, nuggety Gburkas and the long-legged Sikhs are among their best friends.

I was very sorry to hear that Fred Smith and Tom Caddell had been killed in action, but the Newcastle High School may well feel proud to think that two of its scholars, who served faithfully under the "Remis Velisque" of the old school, have later lain down their lives unhesitatingly under the grand old Union Jack and the "Dieu et mon Droit" of their country. I sincerely hope that your next publication of the "Novocastrian" will require a special supplement for the names of additional-pupils and ex-pupils who have decided to serve their King and Country at the front.

I remain, yours faithfully,  
DOUGLAS B. FRASER.

## What You Will.

(By "Nemo.")

Mr. Addison states very authoritatively that a knowledge of the Author's name, age and address, enhances very materially the value of his writing. I beg to disagree with him, but as he gives no arguments by which he reaches his conclusion, I cannot refute his logic. In my mind the lack of the Author's name leads to conjecture, and who can say where conjecture ends?

I cannot bring myself to reveal my name, but I have no objections to satisfying the curious by saying that my age is just twice as much as half, and that at the present moment I reside neither in that most fashionable health resort at North Stockton, nor in that very benevolent institution in Watt Street.

Having divulged so much of my person, I feel at liberty to commence my story.

It would be a thousand pities, I think, that events which caused such a stir four or five months ago should be totally eclipsed by the colossal preparations, which are now in full force, to make our approaching concert the talk of the town. I am thinking of the Australia Day movement and of the grand bazaar in which culminated all minor efforts to do exactly what everyone has been doing for months past—raising funds. What further revelations time may have in store for us would be a very hazardous problem, even surpassing, I fear, the proof that O.G.H. are collinear. (Here may I add that one member of the community was known to state that that same proof would be found engraved on her heart, so deeply had it been impressed upon her; but on the suggestion of some doubting person that she should show it to us, she positively refused.)

Well, Australia Day has come and gone and we have all of us, to a man, done our work according to the promptings of our respective natures. Some of us bought bouquets or artificial sprigs of wattle and presented them to the objects of our affections; others of us, be it said to our glory, who chance to be the apple of no one's eye (save their own), proudly donned our own purchases and planted them, as gaily as others do their much valued gifts, for who is any the wiser? For bookmarks we bought gum leaves, from the bare leaf, rudely imprinted with the word "Dardanelles" in flaming red letters (which to me are much more suggestive of an array of danger signals along a broken road on a dark night, than that of the sentiments that word should convey to us), to the leaf covered with the sweetest, daintiest little scene you could ever wish to be confronted with in any school book. Perhaps some of us have found out to our cost ere this, that the brittle gum leaf is not the most durable book-mark for every-day use; but what then? It was all in the game.

We bought every matter under the sun that can possibly lay claim to being edible. From that dark, questionable-looking substance (toffee, I believe) which challenges us to explore its hidden inmost depths, and defies us to issue from the engagement with our full complement of teeth, to the most tempting and delicious honey-comb toffee you ever tasted.

We purchased all kinds and descriptions of French jellies—from the type which cleaves to your teeth as if for death and almost requires the aid of a screw-jack to dislodge it (for all the world like a piece of indiarubber), to those which melt in the mouth, or even before they get there.

Aye, some of us proved ourselves to be as veritable "mugs" in this branch of art as in others. Never mind, fortune favours the brave, and surely time will eventually crown our efforts with success. [Editor:—I fear your speculations in this sweet market cannot have proved too successful; perhaps if you persevere, success will crown your efforts too.]

As a last supreme effort, we determined on a sale of gifts at the last moment. It was a glorious success, which is particularly gratifying, since it was managed entirely by the Prefects, with the aid of a number of sub-Prefects. The overwhelming result more than repaid any of us for having departed temporarily from our usual staid routine. Mr. Henderson's mock-comedy and the dialogue helped to pass the evening, which ended in a dance. Try not to comprehend such reckless dissipation. To our eternal shame be it spoken I confess; but console yourself, gentle reader, for it lasted for one quarter of an hour—no more, no less. Our profits amounted to £37 10s., which fully realised our loftiest ambitions.

---

## "A Pilgrim of the Night."

(By "Bunny")

The night was Gray and silent. Nothing was to be seen but a Thomas cat sitting on a Reid mat.

Donald had been Erskine Sussman to Fryar negg for supper;

Sussman had to get a negg by fair means or fowl, so he determined to steal one from old Dick's Henery.

Unfortunately, Dick'sson had been sent to Rennievate the Henery, and had Lydon the floor for a rest;

When Dick'sson saw Sister creeping along, he Sister himself, "It Symes ter me that oi'll hev ter watch 'im."

Consequently, when the thief was close enough, he got a Broadfoot Preston his acquaintance.



## Ladies' Page.

From a few words accidentally dropped, now and again, I judge that there must be a flaw somewhere in our social fabric. Take for instance the following incident, which should be one of deep interest to us all, inasmuch as a similar case is always likely to recur so long as some girls will have long tongues.

A certain Fourth Year girl, not to mention names, has the misfortune to have a sister in lazy, lonely, luxuriant Third Year, whose chief ambition at present is to knit sox as fast as possible, looking with a wholesome contempt on such articles as school books in general. Whereas the Fourth Year Girl, much against her will, finds herself obliged to spend much time and trouble on worthless Latin comps., which, whatever else they may do, will not help us one jot to win this mighty battle on which so much is at stake. All at once some invisible, indescribable presentiment makes the Fourth Year girl dimly aware that her young sister has just finished speaking; of course the topic of her speech was some very exciting incident which had happened that day, but that is quite immaterial. What really matters is the fact that the Fourth Year girl has broken one of the fundamental laws of society by not answering when she was spoken to. Before she has time to transfer her thoughts from the realm of Latin to that of the present, the same voice, only in a decidedly louder tone, reaches her, and there is not the least difficulty in hearing the words "sociable girl!" flung at her across the table, in a voice of cutting irony.

These are plain facts stated in a plain way. The question remains—what is to be done? Is the Fourth Year girl to post a placard in front of her with the words "Not at home to society till further orders" written on it in large black letters? I shall be glad to receive suggestions from anyone on the matter.

There is another circumstance in the education of girls which is much to be deplored; if a general knowledge class were to be formed such matters might be improved. Here is just one instance. In the cricket match against the boys a few weeks ago, a girl who had but recently joined the ranks of cricketers, heard one or two small youths (and they, too, were eagerly watching the game during the rare periods when they were not arguing with each other about various famous "swipes") eagerly discuss, among other things, the respective merits of the hat trick. This was quite a new term to the youthful girl-cricketer, but common sense cried out that it must have some very vital connection with one's hat—in short, the trick must consist of taking off your hat when you see the ball coming in your direction, and catching it in your hat. There was the problem quite reasonably solved, but the very fact that the solution stood the test of

common sense ought to have guarded her against accepting it as the real meaning of the phrase, since it is used in a boys' game. Goodness knows why the name is so deceptive, but I suppose we must refer once more to that threadbare argument, which is no argument at all, that "Boys will be boys."

In regard to fashions there is not much to tell. The Editor insists that all journal work must be finished by the 19th, whereas if he would only wait until our concert on the 24th, I am quite sure one would be able to write volumes on our school-girl fashions. Some Fourth Year girls apparently have realised that study should not demand all their time, for one of the number is the proud possessor of a white dress with a black spot, which she bravely wears in spite of her father's opposition, who asks time after time what she wants to mock the clown for. Another of us has developed a passion for colors, and we have had some revelations in respect to hair-ties and bows. On one occasion some nasty person said he could see the tie before he saw the girl. I think that real nasty, don't you?

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## A Visit to the Steel Works.

(By Eric R. Solomon, Class 2C.)

Two and a half years ago the site of the steel works was one of desolation—swamps and scrap-iron, also sheds where the old smelting works used to be. I have already had the privilege of visiting these great works three times, but although I have been there whole mornings, I have not yet seen all there is to be seen. On approaching this great hub of industry the first note of interest is the compactness of all the buildings. The surrounding ground is gradually being drained, and taking the whole situation generally, it is one of great convenience. The river has been dredged, so steamers of a fair size are able to unload their cargo of ore directly at the jetties of the works.

After leaving the road the first feature which greets the eye is the apparatus for the steam supply. There are 24 pairs of boilers automatically filled with hot water. The furnace is fed by endless belts, surmounted by vessels which convey the coal from the truck-shape fixture to the fire. Here the noise is deafening from the exhaust of the rolling shed and the steady din of machinery, intermingled with the banging of rails and switches.

When you see a rail lying beside a railway, does the thought ever enter your head of the great amount of trouble in making it? Let us trace a rail from its original and primary state at "Iron Knob," S.A., to its place beside the track.

The Broken Hill Proprietary Company have bought a mountain rich in iron ore, near Port Augusta, S.A. This they call the "Iron Knob." From here the ore is extracted and placed in the company's own boats and brought direct to Port Waratah. The ore is then unloaded and placed in reservoirs to await its placement in the blast furnace. The ore is conveyed to the top of the furnace by an electric car controlled from the base. The blast furnace is emptied every 8 hours and the molten metal placed in moulds made of fire-brick. This is allowed to settle and become firm, and then again it is heated enough to make it fit for rolling. An electric gantry running along the top of the rolling shed conveys the red hot metal to the rollers. The metal is first rolled into regulation size, then it is passed through another series of rollers which shape it. Now is the first time it may be called a rail. The rail is cut into uniform lengths by the giant saw. Soon after this it is cooled and brought to the drilling shed, where three holes are bored at each end for the fish-plates. Here it is also straightened.

Perhaps the greatest feature of the whole works is the enormous electric magnet, capable of lifting 10 large rails. It is on the northern side of the shed facing the blowers room.

Up till a few months ago the B.H.P. Company had the contract for supplying rails for the Transcontinental Railway, Coolgardie to Adelaide.

**MACHINERY.**—From the blowers shed the air is supplied for the blast in the blast furnace. Here the greatest machinery of the whole works is seen. The engines have fly wheels of 14ft and 15ft diameter, and the great whistle is blown from the exterior of this. The power house is the next in importance in size of machinery. The electricity is generated by 4 giant American dynamos, each driven by a separate engine. This place is kept spotlessly clean, and you are requested to wipe your feet before entering. The great feature of the power house is the switch-board, on which two-handed switches are mounted.

From this we pass to the general engine-room and workshops. The enormous engines which drive the rollers are situated here. The steady grind of the huge lathes, the clank of the engines, and the whirring of emery-wheels are strangely intermixed.

The steel works at present possess one blast furnace, a second is already in construction, while 4 more are to be built. The coke ovens are to be enlarged, and more locomotives added to the supply. The coal tip is worked on the most modern principles. The coal is conveyed by means of huge leather bands 4ft wide to await vehicles, which take it to the furnaces.

Altogether one gets the idea of vastness and efficiency combined, and these will go towards making Newcastle in the near future the Birmingham of Australia.

## Sick of School.

(By "Worried.")

"What's up, Smiler, old chap; you look real off to-day—been getting roused on, eh?"

"Go on, it's not that at all—it's too much fagging. I'm done up, and headache-y—feel like taking on toil like Bonnie and Newbury and some of the other shrewdies. A chap might have a bit of time of a night then to do some decent reading—there's an A1 lot of books in the School of Arts Library, they reckon."

"What! You want reading, do you? Well I'm blowed! Don't you get enough of that here? Why, how many times have we read our Intermediate authors this year? Don't you get all you want here—Latin, French, History, English, and all the rest of them?"

"Oh, don't be such a fool, Skinny; haven't you got any sense? "How many times?"—that's just what I'm tired of. I feel pale every time I run up against the rotten things. Whats the good of our reading and reading that Shakespeare a dozen times, and that other stuff too? I reckon once is enough for any book. Can't we see the point once without having it jammed into us a million times till we don't know where we are? Why, we could read about fifty jolly good books this year if we hadn't been learning answers to questions and chasing silly words that look funny, and sound funny, but aren't funny? I tell you straight, Skin, I like reading, but we haven't got a blessed bit of time for it here."

"Gee, but you're a character, Smiler; what would be the good of reading fifty books, anyhow?"

"Oh, come off; I don't know what good it would be and I don't care, but I like reading. But now you've asked me, wouldn't fifty books be fifty times as good as one? You're not forgetting how to do sums are you? Why don't the teachers take a tumble?"

"Haven't they got to get us ready for the Intermediate, picking out all the questions they can find? You know we might get asked anything at all."

"Oh, hang the Intermediate; what's the good of passing it? You nearly kill yourself remembering stuff for it, then you spend a roaring hot week trying to remember which of the answers you've fagged at is the one you've got to put down for the questions they have given you, and if you do pretty well, you get a bit of paper about it, saying whether you are A or B. I saw the paper Curley got last year, and what's the good of the thing to him?"

"Well, he's in third year isn't he?"



"Yes, and he's fagging away the same there, isn't he? Only worse and harder. I bet this year'll sicken him; no wonder there aren't many chaps left in fourth year; the ones that are there now have all been made to, by their fathers. you can bet your life on that"

"Well, won't it be good for them to go to the University?"

"I don't know about that place, but I reckon its like here, only worse—fagging and fagging and remembering and answering, and getting A's and B's, and having no time for reading. No good to Gundy, Skin!"

"I suppose you want to blame the teachers, eh?"

"No, I never said so at all; they're all right, but they've got to do what they're told. The Department tells them not to let us read much for fear we would waste too much time missing answers for the Exams, and then not getting A's and B's—pity they don't give some F's and H's and W's for a bit of a change."

"It's a wonder you don't go down and tell the Department about the reading you are so mad on."

"Well, look here, Skinny, I haven't done a bit of homework this week. I've been going to bed early and thinking, and I reckon if the Department had a chap about fifteen years old sitting with them in the office to let them know what we want, I'm jolly well sure I wouldn't be growling and half dead to-day, and we'd all be reading and reading and none of the fellows would want to go to work, and the teachers wouldn't be growling, and there'd be no silly Exams, and-and-and things would be alright."



## The Call of Duty.

(By "Laurie.")

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

It was a lovely sunset—one of gold and cream and azure, slashed with purple rays from the sun-god's royal robe. The sun was slowly, gloriously dying, and with its death bringing in the soft, calm hush of evening, the evening which lays the day to rest, and with its soothing calm, charms away the troubles of the day.

Its sinking rays shone on many a scene. On one especially it shone, and, indeed, there are many of them to-day—when two hearts are struggling between love and duty. They found their way through a certain window of a large, comfortable house. They shone on the figure of a man as he stood with his dark head thrown back, his eyes raised, in their brown depths a proud, stern, challenging look, a look which showed that a struggle was going on in that man's heart, a struggle between love and duty. One hand was clenched at his side, the other rested on the fair hair of a girl as she knelt at his feet, hair which the rays of the setting sun turned to pure gold. She had buried her face in one of her hands. Her other arm encircled something, a bundle of soft loveliness, a tiny sleeping baby.

Presently his face softened; he lowered his head, and his eyes rested on his wife's head. He called her by her name, quietly, gently. Slowly she raised her face to his and looked up at him with blue eyes filled with terror, love, pleading all at once.

"My king and my country want me," he said, in firm, gentle tones. "It is my duty."

She sprang to her feet, her eyes blazing, all the terror and pleading gone, only anger and contempt shining in her eyes. "Your duty," she cried; "Yes, your duty to stay with your wife and child. Don't I need protection? You said yourself that married men ought not to go to the war. Is this your love for me, that you wish to leave me and your little child to break our hearts? Are there not hundreds of unmarried men to fight for their king?" She stopped, panting.

He did not move, his eyes never wavered. He spoke quietly. "Yes, there are hundreds of unmarried men to go, but they don't go. My darling, are you not just a little selfish? Have you not thought what it will be like if we lose this war? And we will lose it if we do not have the men; we must have the

men. Have you not thought of all the other wives that have bravely given up their husbands to help win this war? There's never a morning wears to evening but some heart does break. When I said that married men ought not to go to the war, I meant that a man ought not to go and leave a large family unprovided for. I can leave you well provided for, you have a lovely home, and a loving father and mother. It is not because I do not love you that I am going to the war; my heart is breaking for love of you. It is because it's my duty to go. All this time I have been sleeping and dreaming that life is beauty; now I am awake and know that life is duty. It may only be for a little while, the quicker the men go, the sooner the war will be over; and God willing it, I shall return to you safely. Would you have our boy grow up and say that his father was a coward? Could you love a coward?"

At that moment the child awoke, and as if in answer to his question, laughed and stretched out its tiny hands to its father. He came towards them, but did not touch the child; he remained gazing at his wife as if seeking her answer. For a moment she wavered, then she smiled a happy, radiant smile. "It is your duty," she said, and held out the child to him, but he enfolded mother and child in a close embrace.

Again it was the hour of sunset. The railway station was crowded with hurrying forms. But amidst all the bustle and crush, a man in khaki, with a child on his arm and his wife at his side, stood perfectly calm and still, waiting the train to steam in. The child was laughing and playing with the buttons on its father's coat. Then the train came in. There was a rush for seats, and amidst it all, the soldier said his last good-bye to his wife. And as he placed the child in her arms, he took one last long gaze at its sweet baby face. "At least he'll know that his father was not a coward," he said, "and that he responded to the call of duty."

And the wife watched 'till the train was out of sight, then without a tear, she turned and went home again. She had fought and conquered. Her husband had gone forth to do the same.

## The Critic Criticised.

(By Fourth Year Special Reporters).

Since our last issue matters have been progressing "vastly well indeed" with the musical and dramatic side of our curriculum. In the first place, we experimented with 4th Year for the purpose of ascertaining the actual dramatic talent in the School, presenting "Won on the Post," by the well-known author R. G. Henderson, Esq., M.A. Encouraged by our success, something on a grander scale was planned, and the result was the concert of the 24th November, 1915. As it was our first appearance in public, the opinion of one whose judgment carries weight, that it was the finest dramatic and musical school entertainment he had seen, must afford the highest gratification to every student of the N.H.S. When one considers that the choir was formed only four months ago, and the dramatic side only six weeks ago, and that the performers were practically raw recruits, the success which undoubtedly attended their effort reflects the highest credit on Mr. Murphy, and on Mr. Henderson, who were mainly responsible for the production.

The grand orchestra has been aroused to a high pitch, and the effect can only be described as bizarre. And now the notes gradually dying away, perfect silence reigns supreme.

But, hark! Is that a searchlight breaking in upon the friendly silence of the peaceful moon? No, dear readers, that is only the conductor's rat-tat and the concert has begun. Here on the right wing are the 4th Year choristers and furniture removers, while on the left can be seen fair forms and beauteous visions in symmetry arrayed.

No typewriter can adequately describe the dulcet tones emanating from the left and the stentorian voices of the "pubes" on the opposite wing. The efforts of the choir were followed by a song from Mr. Midelton, to whom we are much indebted for his kindness in coming from Sydney to help our entertainment. Miss Myra Hudson (to whom we also owe many thanks) ably acquitted herself in her new version of the Battle of Waterloo. The star item of the first half of the programme was, of course, "Good Night," which brought down the house, both metaphorically and literally.

The close of Section I. consisted of a quiet and pretty rendering of a section of Cranford. The First Year girls are to be congratulated on looking so pretty and acting so well.

The chief item during the interval was the presentation of the League Premiership Flag and the competition medals to the N.H.S. "A" League Team. Among other things, they were earnestly enjoined to remember that "the



battles of *Britain* were won on the playing fields of *Europe*" (Voice from the rear of the hall: "Hear! Hear! Larry!") The dramatic performance was then permitted to continue.

All that had gone before was but as "a happy prologue to the swelling act of the imperial theme," and the appearance of the Critics was hailed with delight. We critics of critics fancy we can see two chagrined fourth-formers explaining why the principal parts were not filled by themselves, but, mirabile dictu, the play was successful without their invaluable assistance.

The first scene opened with the appearance of three brainy-looking youths, apparently endeavouring to look natural in spite of their elongated "strides." Mr. Puff then yelled, "Down! down!" but the curtain refused and was pulled aside, revealing a worn-out carpet and two sentinels arrayed in the latest stripes. It required a very good imagination to see Tilbury Fort [Was not this cut out by the Censor—you surely missed one of the jokes.—Ed.], but howitzers were lying about in profusion.

At this stage, Sir Walter Raleigh and Sir Christopher Hatton entered without boots—apparently forgetting it was Summer-time. Sir Christopher was a great success and took up much floor-space, inclining his pedal extremities at an angle of about 180 degrees. He was evidently greatly relieved when he had unloaded a few yards of ponderous adjectives, which laid low the first year "kids." The flexibility of Sir Wally's voice was also greatly admired, and it was indeed a pleasure to hear him take his top notes with such ease.

The dramatic action now advanced rapidly, and two more Elizabethan warriors presented themselves. Both spoke in accents which reminded one of their heavy responsibilities, while the Governor and the few grey hairs, which Tilburina had not removed, recalled memories of "Fun on a Farm." Now soft music announced the entrance of that Sweet Lady, accompanied by her charming confidant; and immediately the hecklers on the left wing commenced to wag. The heart-rending interview between father and daughter is said to have brought tears into the eyes of many fourth-yearites, but when they found that she had a lover, the weeping was cut out. Don Ferolo Whiskerandos played the lover to perfection, and in the parting scene "sighed like a furnace" [This, as Mr. Puff explained, was a very fine example of intense dramatic agony—a very common feature in love affairs.]

Now enter the egg barefooted in the person of a hefty Beefeater, who might have said many things had he not been "observed." [Exit the aforesaid egg, still under observation.]

Silence reigned supreme once more (yes, once more) when the Treasurer walked on and off the stage, thinking hard all the way. The sub-plot, introduced

at this juncture, ended in a highly dramatic situation, and carving knives figured promiscuously. No blood was spilt, however, owing to another ingenious contrivance, and the command "In the Queen's name," saved them the trouble of standing there all night. Whiskers, however, was looking for gore, but unfortunately left some of his own on the ex-beefeater's rapier, and quitted this bustling scene for all etern — (-nity he would have added) The body having been requested to die correctly [Ed.—Wot, again? "Pubes." yus! once more] walked off in disgust, and left his rival to join the fleet.

The innocent cause of all this slaughter now entered "stark-mad," but as scenes like this are fairly common in room 3, this one need not be discussed. After a few pathetic gyrations she departed—whence we knew not; but Mr. Puff informed us that she would be found floating in the river.

The last scene of all ends this strange and eventful history—the appearance of the whole company and the usual shower of presents, which consisted of a 1½d dog for Mr. Leslie Sussman, who performed capably as a justice, was vociferously applauded by the audience.

Thus a very successful concert was brought to a conclusion, and the Newcastle High School has taken its position in the musical and theatrical world.

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Messrs. Basil Helmore and Harold Morgan, two old High Schools boys, from the office of Sparke and Millard, have respectively passed their Intermediate Legal Examinations. Mr. B. Helmore has on three successive occasions headed the list for the whole state in order of merit in law examinations. Good boy, Basil.

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"I have heard frequent use," said the late Lord Sandwich, in a debate on the Test Laws, "of the words 'orthodoxy' and 'heterodoxy'; but I confess myself at a loss to know precisely what they mean." "Orthodoxy, my Lord," said Bishop Warburton in a whisper,— "orthodoxy is my doxy—heterodoxy is another man's doxy."—(*Priestly Memoirs*).

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"Steal! to be sure they may, and egad, serve your best thoughts as gipsies do stolen children—disfigure them to make 'em pass for their own."—(*Sheridan, the Critic*)

## Roll of Honour.

The following ex-pupils of the N.H.S. have enlisted. We are proud of them and trust that by next issue the list will be much longer.

F. SMITH, Died of Wounds	P. MORRISSEY, Killed in action	
T. CADELL, Died of Wounds	R. MAY, Killed in action	
E. MULVEY, Killed in action	T. PRINCE, Wounded	
<hr/>		
P. CHARLTON	E. JONES	J. STEELE
T. BEVERIDGE	J. SCHROEDER	H. CHIPPENDAL
F. SHARPE	L. THOMAS	R. BAKER
M. SUSSMAN	G. SCOTT	A. HUNTRISS
N. BURLEY	R. HOWARD	W. SMITH
A. CHALMERS	F. RAYSMITH	A. SMITH
N. PORTEOUS	V. STIRLING	R. KILPATRICK
L. CONNOR	H. PRINCE	K. REID
D. HORNE	D. FRASER	

How Newcastle High School honours her brave will be seen from the following, taken from the "Newcastle Herald":—

## High School Heroes.

### PORTRAITS UNVEILED.

There was an impressive ceremony at the Newcastle High School yesterday afternoon, the unveiling of the portraits of four pupils of the school who have lost their lives at the front. The ceremony took place in the presence of a large and representative gathering of citizens, over which Alderman Kilgour, the Mayor of Newcastle, presided. The young heroes to whom this tribute was paid, were Lieutenant T. Cadell, Lieutenant F. G. Smith, Lance-Corporal Eric Mulvey, and Corporal Pierce P. Morrissey. The age of each and the month of his death were written at the foot of each respective photograph. The Union Jack covered the photographs, which were unveiled by Dr. Nickson, Dr. N. J. Dunlop, Mr. F. G. Adrian, and Mr. W. A. Winn.

The Mayor said that, notwithstanding the nature of the ceremony for which they had attended, he wished to express the pleasure it afforded him in participating. He felt that it was a pleasure to be present, and he derived that pleasure from the fact that they were seeking to pay a tribute of honour and love to four of Newcastle's noble sons.

Mr. W. Williams, the principal, said the occasion of their meeting was the same as that of others which had already been held, and unfortunately, the same as that of many others which would be held in the coming days throughout the length and breadth of the Commonwealth. Though they might differ in character, they would be the same in purpose, the placing of a lasting memorial to those who, at the call of duty, had given their lives to serve the service of the great Empire, of which we were a part. "The form of our memorial," Mr. Williams continued, "is to set up on these walls the portraits of four old boys who have already fallen at the Dardanelles, and who by their example and by the reply they made to the call of duty have established a tradition for this school, which will be an incentive through the coming years of its existence to those who occupy the places they once filled." He desired to acknowledge the debt the school owed to Dr. Dunlop, Dr. Nickson, Mr. Adrian, Mr. Butler, and members of the courthouse staff, and Mr. W. A. Winn for the presentation of the portraits which made the function possible in that way. It was not his privilege to have known any one of the four young heroes, but he had heard so much of them that he felt proud to be in charge of the

school where they had been pupils. The case of one was perhaps unique. One day twelve months ago he was a student at the school, and the next day he had obeyed the call, and was in training for the front. He referred to Lieut. Cadell. He had no doubt that much he had heard of Lieutenant Cadell might be said on a large measure of each of the three others. Lieut.-Colonel Bennett, in writing to Lieut. Cadell's father, said, "Tom's death has robbed you of all you cherished; your only consolation is that no finer or more promising young officer has ever worn the King's uniform or died in the service of his country. Since returning from his first wounds, Tom was the pride of us all. As to his men, he was their darling and their hero. No boy, but a born commander. It was a point of honour with his men never to give anyone a chance to find fault with their officer. It is hard luck that he should not return with the award of the Military Cross which would have been his, but it is something to have been spared long enough to have done his duty splendidly and so efficiently as to have made his future as a soldier assured. Peace to the best boy I ever knew." That was what was said of one of those whose memory they honoured. He (Mr. Williams) was sure that the three others did their part nobly, too.

Mr. J. W. Hayes said such a function marked an epoch in the school. The school was only nine years old, but they could say they had reached their majority at a very early age. In any school the test of the work was not the result of examinations, but the welding of true character. The meeting that day, he thought, proved conclusively that they had done something in moulding the character of the Newcastle boy and girl. Unlike Mr. Williams, it had been his privilege to know all four boys. They were fine lads, and they had proved themselves when the real test of merit was put on them.

At the conclusion of Mr. Hayes' remarks the photographs were unveiled, and Dr. Nickson, Dr. Dunlop, Mr. Adrian, and Mr. Winn each delivered a brief and appropriate address.

Dr. Nickson said the school had something to be proud of. These boys whose memory they were now honouring were truly sons of the blood. They must be kept in honour, and their memory must never be allowed to die as long as the Newcastle High School lasted.

Mr. Adrian said the four heroes had given their lives to save us here from the heel of German tyranny. They now stood enshrined among our national heroes. He was proud to belong to the same country as they, and the pupils should be proud to belong to the same school. The proudest of all were those who were related, the fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters. Mr. Adrian paid a high tribute to the merit of Lieutenant Smith, who had been a member of the staff at the Newcastle Courthouse.

Dr. Dunlop said they had four heroes attached to the school, heroes who were martyred in the cause of justice and liberty. The boys knew the sacrifice they were making; the risk they were taking. They had lived nobly and died nobly.

Mr. Winn said the brave young fellows whose memory they had come to honour had done their duty, and in doing their duty had given their lives for the Empire. Eric Mulvey he knew well. He knew him as a bright young lad, who, if he had been spared, was bound to have made his name in the life of New South Wales.

Inspector Donald E. Fraser delivered a brief address, in the course of which he said it was useless to say that Australia's soldier sons were not fighting for Australia directly because they faced the foe on far-off battlefields. When our soldiers fought to uphold all that the British Empire stood for, they fought also for this lovely land of ours. If we Australians wished to hold our heritage of happiness, freedom and opportunities in this gracious, spacious country, we must not wait to fight the enemy when he is at our inner gates; we must fight him at the outermost gates. Let us resolve firmly to write our heroes' names in love and gratitude that would last as long as life itself, so we might do honour to our gallant youthful dead, those mere bits of boys with the souls of big, fine men.

Mr. John Reid, Consular Agent for France, and Mr. L. Ferrari, Vice-Consul for Russia, also spoke briefly.

The pupils sang the national anthems of Russia, France and finally Britain, and cheers were given for the Allies and the King. A vote of thanks was accorded the Mayor for presiding on the motion of the Very Rev. H. K. Archdall, the Dean of Newcastle.



## Breaking the Ice.

### Great Dramatic Splash, No. 1.

Embedded away back in the past is the jewel which flashes forth through the subsequent shroud of examination gloom and illuminates a landmark in our school's history. Luckily there is no dearth of information on such an important event; no less than thirty accounts entered the Editor's box.

The date is common knowledge, but for variety we follow one first year and fix it as the 17th and 16th June, 1915.

Limited accommodation demanded two performances. To save argument, the second is dealt with here in particular, though both are treated in general.

Several songs by those of the audience who belonged to what has now developed into our regular choir, interspersed with musical selections and recitations, which one eloquent First Year-ite states were "magnanimously applauded," preluded the rising of the curtain on Mr. Henderson's first dramatic production, "Won on the Post." As stated on the programme-tickets, the scenery was produced by "imagination unlimited," and its imaginificence appealed to all.

Act 1—Scene 1 and only, was a lavishly furnished drawing room, into which strays Mr. Goldie (Allan Jones) in the manner of a hero, bleeding and about to die from the villain's knife. However, it was merely a convenient desire to sleep that assailed him, for presently Phyllis, his daughter (Ruth Saunders), and her ardent devotee, Charles Hardy (C. B. Lusk) happened along on pleasure bent and incidentally to seek "pa's consent." After a little delay, father is awakened and the proposition enunciated. Storm clouds gather and burst on Charles' timid attempt to display his ability to support Phyllis. (Hereon one report remarks that the timidity of C. B. L. was "an attempt to disguise his real feelings.") Pa yields on condition that Charles can "honestly earn" a £10 note in three months. A special part is now made to admit Sweetapple as a butler tendering his resignation. (N. B.—The "label name" is wasted). Phyllis now lulls Mr. Goldie to sleep to give Charles time to go out and seek a disguise. Re-entering he is engaged as butler, and the scene is lengthened to include a crockery-juggling act to show his qualifications. The curtain then fell (literally so), having been specially devised by Messrs. Scoular and Walker.

Act 2 [or scene 2 (?)] marred the quiet of a bush scene. The Goldie household, augmented by Messrs. (Smith-Browne<sup>2</sup>) (J. Nicholson and L. Williams) were indulging in a country picnic, when, lo! two footpads (N. Cragg and J. Donald) arrive with most awful mien. We must quote a 1A account for what followed—The bushrangers were very blood-thirsty-looking scoundrels, and when they butted in upon the peaceful scene, all was changed." The villains (S-B<sup>2</sup>) true to their kind, fled at once, leaving the helpless Mr. Goldie to the mercy of the bushrangers. It was a very exciting scene when the brave Charles vanquished the bushrangers and received a £10 note from the grateful Mr. Goldie, "and honestly earned." But the finest and most impressive scene was the denunciation of the two cowards, John Smith-Browne and James Brown-Smith. All ended happily in the uniting of Charles and Phyllis."

Many regard this performance as ethical and didactic. Some see in it an example of a "Lover's fidelity to his divinity" (!!!); others see in it an exposition of the characters of such men as Messrs. (S-B<sup>2</sup>), desiring a girl for her money; again others (aspiring benedicts) learnt a valuable lesson in supporting young ladies.

Lavish and not undeserved praise was bestowed on Mr. Henderson in Mr. Smith's speech at the close of the entertainment. One young lady noticed him "blush so much that she couldn't keep her eyes off him."

#### The Parts.

MR. GOLDIE.—Acted well, but he knew it. The only actor in the piece.

MISS GOLDIE.—Looked the part. Nuff sed.

PHYLLIS.—Her acting gained her many admirers. Should teach Charles to make love.

GUSSIES.—The only gussy parts were the hats and gloves. They were really funny, perhaps unconsciously so.

CHARLES.—Regarded by some as the leading lady disguised under a doormat wig. A feminine hand-writing declares him a "perfect love-maker."

BUSHRANGERS.—More or less, mostly less. The masks were a great improvement. Almost deified by First Year-ites.

BUTLER.—Acquitted himself well in delivering his speech, despite dictionary extracts. Rudely kept his back turned to the audience.

### School Notes.

The most important item of School News during the past six months is the transference of Mr. C. R. Smith, M.A., to the position of Headmaster, North Sydney High School, and the appointment of Mr. W. Williams, B.A., as Headmaster to the School on the Hill. Mr. Smith takes with him our best wishes, and we extend to Mr. Williams our heartiest welcome.

Pupils will regret to learn that Mr. R. McNiven, B.A., a former teacher of this school has been wounded in action at Gallipoli.

Mr. A. M. Smith, B.A., who was on the English staff of this School, has left for the front. We congratulate him on his patriotism.

While it is as yet impossible to give a detailed statement of account of our recent concert, pupils will be pleased to learn the receipts so far have been £50 18s 6d, and expenses, £16 18s 5d, leaving a balance of £34 0s 1d—a most satisfactory result.

It has been definitely decided to commence a tuck shop in connection with the school next year. Pupils, do your part.

A fine lantern, for school purposes, has been ordered from England and should be in use soon after school opens after vacation.

Room 8 is to be made into a library and reading room early next year. As Mr. Henderson has promised to take charge of it, pupils may expect much help in their studies from this side of the school.

Miss Herlihy has been transferred to Fort Street and Miss Gallagher has taken her place. We offer our sincerest sympathy to Miss Herlihy in her recent loss, and trust that her stay at Fort Street will be a pleasant one. We welcome Miss Gallagher to Newcastle.