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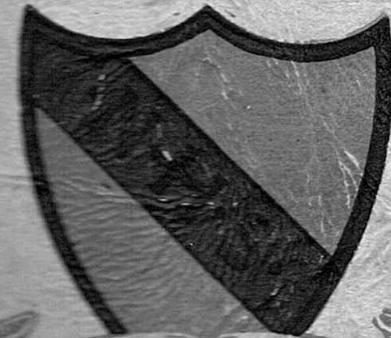
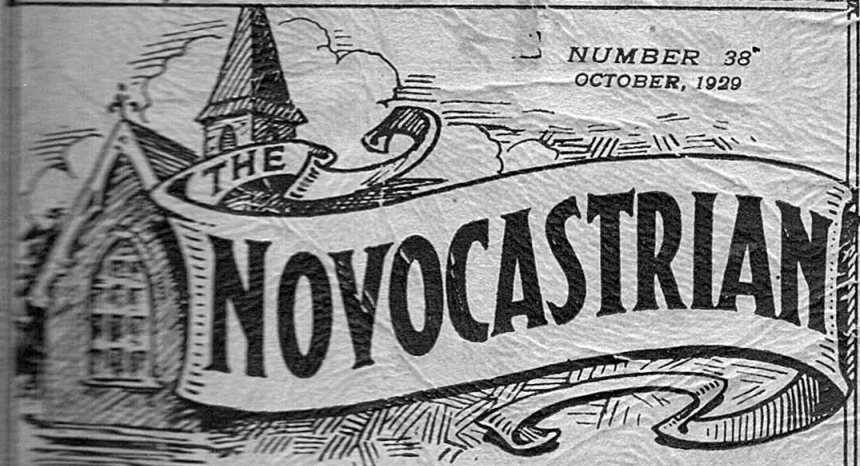
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In

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REG. C. POGONOSKI LTD., PRINTERS, NEWCASTLE

NUMBER 38  
OCTOBER, 1929



REMIS VELISQUE

The Journal of the  
Newcastle High School



How long  
before the  
New Building  
appears here  
?

*Jean Coghill*

## COMMERCIAL TRAINING

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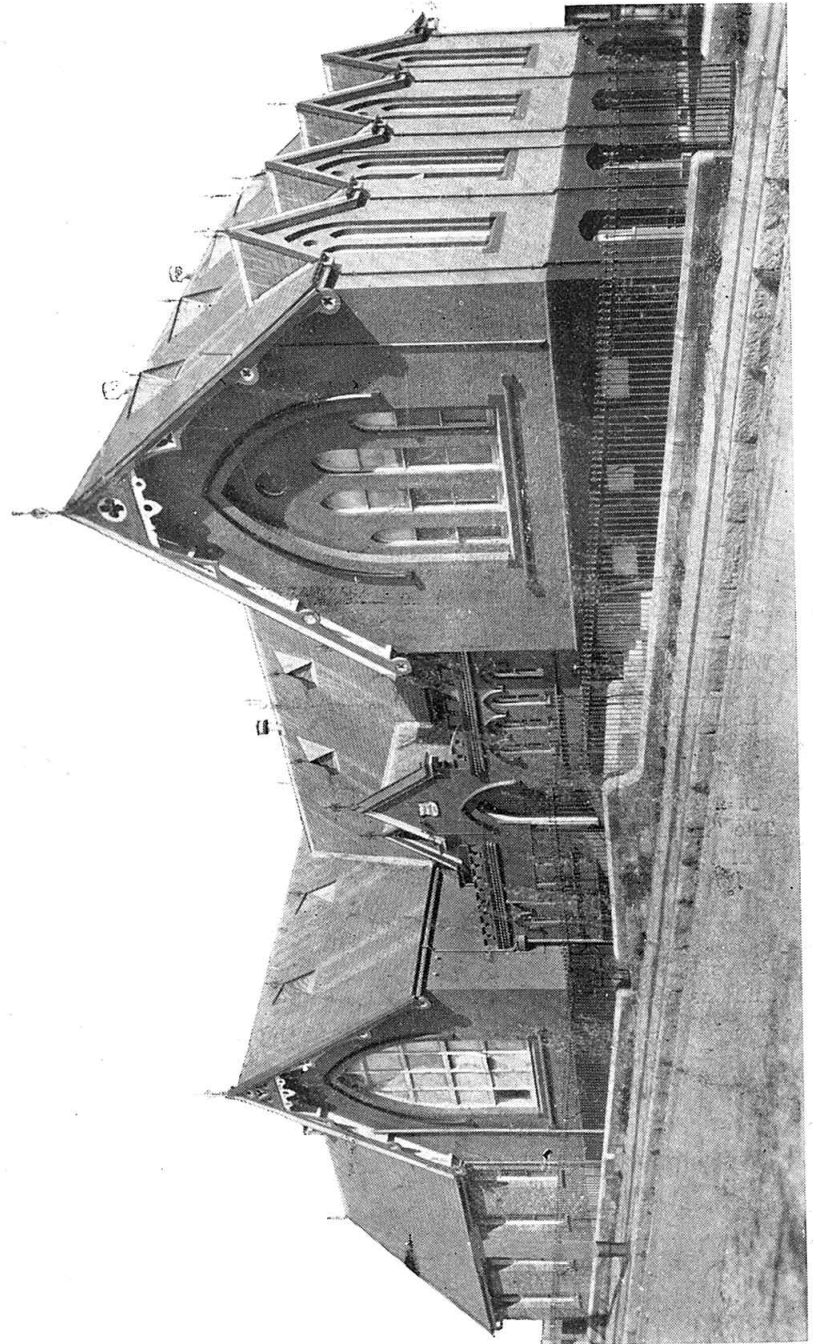
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NEWCASTLE HIGH SCHOOL, SYDNEY STREET Photo. by courtesy Howard Harris Studios

## Newcastle High School Song

(Tune: "D'ye Ken John Peel?")

D'ye ken the school on the hill so high,  
Bravely facing the winds and the sky,  
While the waves sing their song to the beaches nigh,  
As the bell goes for school in the morning.

Chorus:

Yes, when we are gone, in the years far ahead,  
When the last game's played, and the last lesson said,  
The name of the school will awake from the dead  
The memories of many a morning.

Serving straight in a hard-fought match,  
Sprinting for the tape or a puzzling catch,  
The "blues," from limit man to scratch,  
Will still do their best, night and morning.

(Chorus)

Remis Velisque's the motto for all,  
And our hearts yet again will still hear it call  
When the muscles are stiff that once toed the ball,  
Or climbed up the hill in the morning.

(Chorus)

—R. G. HENDERSON.

## The School Staff

**HEADMASTER:**

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**DEPUTY HEADMASTER:**

J. GIBSON, B.A.

**SUPERVISOR OF GIRLS:**

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Miss G. Brewin, B.A. Miss R. Trant-Fischer, M.A.  
A. Waterer, B.A. Mrs. D. Birtles, B.A.  
F. Fitzpatrick, B.A.

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W. H. Roberts, B.Sc. Miss A. Skinner, B.Sc.  
Miss Wynne-Watkins, B.Sc.

**DEPARTMENT OF ECONOMICS:**

C. Brown, F.C.I.

**DEPARTMENT OF ART:**

W. F. Piper, Dip. Ed., R.A.C. (London)

**DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC:**

Miss A. Learmonth.

**DEPARTMENT OF PHYSICAL CULTURE:**

Miss B. Kelly

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THELMA HENWOOD  
VIDA DRYSDALE  
BETTY WILBY  
EVA MASKELL  
PHYLLIS CHARGE  
JEAN DRANSFIELD  
JEAN DOWNIE  
ELLA FLEMING  
EDNA REDMAN  
JOAN ROYALL

**BOY PREFECTS**

J. BRITTON (Captain)  
N. LETCHER  
H. ROARTY  
F. SMITH  
H. EDDY  
J. SEALE  
J. RUDD  
A. BISHOP  
I. MUNRO

October, 1929



## Value of the Full High School Course

AT a time when another full High School has just been opened in Newcastle, our thoughts turn naturally to the advantages to be gained by students who avail themselves of the five year course of study.

The number of High School students who will have the opportunity of pursuing this course in Newcastle will henceforth be approximately double what it has been in the past, and it is to be hoped that there will be a proportionate increase in the number of those who decide to remain at school for the full term.

Even after making the most liberal allowance for financial stringency in particular cases, for the regulations governing apprenticeship, and the short sighted policy of certain commercial institutions, the proportion of pupils who leave school immediately after passing the Intermediate is far too high.

In many cases this is due to the attitude of the student. A boy of fifteen wishes naturally enough to have money of his own, for which he will be accountable to no one but himself, and he has begun to find school discipline irksome and to desire greater independence. In fact, he has reached a stage when strict discipline and control are most necessary to his well-being. All, or nearly all parents recognise this fact, and, though they would not dream of indulging or conniving at

the indulgence of the child's ultimate desires, they will frequently permit him to leave school, though they should realise that this is merely sanctioning an attempt to throw off restrictions hampering the attainment of irresponsible licence.

Yet, another year at school would, in the vast majority of cases, see the end of this restlessness, this aimless longing for impossible freedom, this kicking against the pricks.

The success, too, which is likely to attend a lad in this frame of mind in his first job is disastrously manifest.

But some parents are more to blame in that they encourage or insist upon their children's leaving school after completing a three years' course, on the ground that these unfortunates have already absorbed a sufficient amount of academic knowledge to secure a position, and that the subjects taught at a High School are not practical, i.e., have no direct connection with the vocation which their sons have selected.

No wonder we are led by fools and ruined by rogues.

No subject in the courses prescribed for study in secondary schools can be or ought to be practical in this sense.

If it were possible to forecast accurately the walk of life which each first year pupil who is admitted to a High School, would eventually enter upon, it would be impossible to arrange a system of purely vocational training which would fit the needs of each individual, while no one, not even a weather prophet, would dare to make such a forecast in the case of one in a thousand.

Education in our High Schools means at least the training and culture of the mind, even if some of its higher aspects are neglected, and adequate mental training is not only necessary, if success is to be attained in any pursuit, but is indispensable if decent citizens are to be produced. Even if Geometry and Latin are to be regarded as no more than a form of mental gymnastics, they have their value, and a very real value, in this regard. The rapidity with which they are forgotten after leaving school does not disprove this. The professional strong man probably only remembers with disgust the porridge which he ate in his early youth, but that does not prove that he derived no benefit from the diet.

The first three years of a High School course are devoted to mental training of a type corresponding to the light preliminary training of the body which athletes undergo when preparing for an important contest. This aims not at the

development of certain special qualities, but at securing general health and fitness. Up to the Intermediate, no specialisation is possible, no account can be taken of individual tastes or particular aptitude. Mental acuteness is stimulated, reasoning power gradually strengthened and memory developed by courses of study which do not call for mental resources of a high order, put no undue strain on the intellect and which add but little to the sum of knowledge in any given subject. The student who leaves school without pursuing his studies any further can take nothing away with him. The ground has been cleared and, perhaps ploughed, the crop has not been sown. Linguistic studies, for instance, in foreign languages are limited almost entirely to an attention to grammatical forms, and history is treated as "an old almanac."

The pupil who stops here, goes out into the world believing that such subjects contain nothing else, and this superficial knowledge produces a superficial attitude to everything which he meets; consequently, he lacks the desire to know anything thoroughly, concludes that there is but little to learn in the new problems which he meets and consequently, not only solves them erroneously, but is quite certain that he is right.

It is in the last two years of the High School course that the real work is done. Here specialisation is encouraged; it is recognised that equal attention cannot be paid to all subjects, and that it does not matter to which subject a particular pupil devotes most of his time and energy, provided only that it is sufficiently difficult. This more intensive study at least reveals to the student how much there is to learn, and causes him to face new problems with proper respect. His mind is immensely broadened, and he is aware that there are many points from which a given subject may be viewed. Consequently, on going out into the world, he is far more receptive and adaptable than the boy who left at the Intermediate stage; he has conceived the desire to learn things thoroughly, and the knowledge that many things are worth learning. Moreover, thanks to the development of his faculties of reasoning and observation, he has the power to learn.

It is a rule, that all other things being equal, the L. C. student will, in three years, pass the I. C. boy who left school two years before him, and that in ten years, the difference in their positions will be so marked as to recall Lucretius

comparison between the speed of the racehorse and the new born kid.

Lastly, a word as to the educational value of the "unpractical" linguistic studies. We have already stated that mastery of any difficult subject is the best way to secure that mental power which ensures success in any walk of life and it would seem that language work is unrivalled in this regard, even when more or less technical pursuits have been entered upon subsequently. The exercise of expressing the meaning of one language in the idiom of another is unsurpassed as a means of cultivating clarity of thought and expression, qualities surely of some value to the individual himself in whatever walk of life he may be, and indicating, too, that the possessor may be of some value to the community at large. Men have at all times been led astray by abuse of metaphors and led by the nose by catch words, to which each individual attaches the meaning which suits himself. Training in a language which does not admit the same metaphors as one's own, and whose idiom requires the catch words of the day to be rendered by a periphrasis induces habits of thought which may well make a man hesitate to put his head too hastily into a halter.

Lastly, it is as well to have sufficient mental resources to enable one to put up with the absence of a picture show or a race meeting, without having recourse to intoxication.

A study of other literatures helps us to appreciate our own, if only by force of contrast, and no valuable knowledge of the idiom or of the literature of a foreign language can be acquired by the student who leaves school at the Intermediate.

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#### A' L'EXAMEN.

Mademoiselle, que savez-vous de la famille de Pierre Corneille ?

Il était . . . il était.

Voyons, vous ne connaissez pas son frère ?

Ah oui, monsieur; Il était le frère de Thomas Corneille et le père de la tragédie.

## EDITORIAL NOTES

In discussing the contributions received for the current issue, I must first complain of the manner in which they were sent up.

Paper is apparently very expensive, for it would be safe to say that a large majority of contributors wrote on both sides and the margin, thus necessitating the re-copying of such of their work as was accepted.

Further, the spelling is very bad, and the number of errors varies as the numerical coefficient of the year. In one piece of work submitted by a fifth year student, the following forms occurred: "noble," "consumate," "irrepressable," to say nothing of such Americanisms as "color" and "odor".

As a whole, the work submitted was considerably less in quantity than previously, without a corresponding increase in quality to make up for the deficiency in bulk.

Further, the contributions of the girls far exceeded those of the superior sex, in both respects, a fact which is not only galling to one's masculine vanity, but rather diminishes any satisfaction that one may have felt with regard to next year's arrangements.

The lack of interest or of literary ability in certain classes is very noticeable. In view of the fact that the contributions of one Intermediate class are equal in bulk and merit to all the matter submitted by the rest of the school, the plea that school work requires so much attention as to leave no time for such efforts can hardly be admitted.

As usual, choice of subject appears to cause our writers considerable difficulty. This is particularly noticeable in the verse section, where the published work is of good quality, but marked by extraordinary sameness. Making description appears to be the stock exercise of our verse writers, and to some extent of our prose writers as well.

In the circumstances, it was a pleasure to receive Mell's sonnet which does contain an idea, even though the offspring of the poet's fancy is swathed in innumerable rolls of descriptive flannel. Much the same applies to a prose piece of Eddy's account of his visit to the Devil's Coach House.

With the reservations mentioned above, one can heartily commend Una Canning's work, the first stanza of "Evening" being particularly good.



K. H. certainly has a gift of melody, but should guard against the use of such vulgar diminutives as "Aussie" which not only give the Editor acute indigestion, but force him to find substitutes.

"Utopia" has some point, but, as originally submitted, contained two different metrical systems and two different rhyme schemes. The writer can surely manage to keep eights and sixes for sixteen lines without introducing an octosyllabic stanza rhymed "a, a, b.b."

Jessie Semple's parodies have spirit and point, but her blank verse required considerable emendation.

Sameness of genre and lack of distinctive merit kept out some very promising verse written by "Paddy," Elma Weale and Joan Smith, all of whom would do well to persevere.

In order to let intending contributors see what is not a sonnet, I quote here an effort of a fifth year boy.

"Ye fragrant flowers, ye buds so fresh, so fair,  
How tender is your loveliness! how frail  
Those lilac petals! how can we fail  
To love thine odour sweet! for into air  
Ye soon must pass and all your beauties rare  
Must fade, fade with no trace or trail  
Of forgotten loveliness. No woes assail  
Thine heart nor art thou bound by bond of care,  
And yet shalt thou perish, so all things must.  
The tints that now delight mine eyes shall be  
No more, and whither fled? can fall to dust  
Such sweet, such dainty hues as those of thee?  
Though kingdoms fall, though works of man may rust,  
Thou'lt live within my soul's eternity."

The poet evidently imagines that "ye" and "thou," "thine" and "your" are interchangeable and synonymous. In the third line it will be noticed that he plaintively enquires "how can we fail?" Had he asked "by how much," the answer would have been easy—just one foot. The rhythm of the seventh and ninth lines, too, is painfully halting. With regard to the latter, I purposely refrained from calling it the first line of the sestet, as there is no break in the sense to show that the writer was conscious of the division between sestet and octave. It might be as well to remind him that he is no Milton. Also, an idea is necessary to a sonnet, and this contains none; it

says nothing, and I am inclined to think means about as much. The last line reads like an echo of a line of Rosetti, with the meaning omitted.

With regard to prose contributions, the stories were the same as last time, and have gone to the same place.

Of the sketches, "Puck's" "Brick Maker" is most interesting and will repay close study. This piece as originally submitted, was entitled "Brick Making by Hand" and contained an account of the process, but "Puck's" strength does not lie in detailed description of mechanical operations, but in depicting human beings with their appropriate setting and, to some extent, in delineating character, at the same time. Her work shows real power; the sketch is as vivid and clear as an etching of Lionel Lindsay, and reminds me of some of Lawson's prose pieces. The technique defies my attempts at analysis, but perhaps some of our writers may be able to discover the art and rival "Puck's" excellence.



— Puisque vos cors aux pieds vous font souffrir, voici un corricide vraiment infail-  
libile.

— Heu, faut-il le prendre avant ou après les  
repas ?

## VALUE OF A LIBERAL EDUCATION

Nothing should conflict between a man's vocation and the education for vocation. This education must include a liberal general education; and if that does not forerun vocational training, the vocational training will never become effective.

Everyone conversant with technical education to-day admits this proposition. The engineer will never become skilled in the highest sense of his great profession unless his mind has been so fully developed as to be capable of understanding thoroughly, not only the complex conception of pure and applied mathematics, but the economic, geographical, geologic and historical implications of the problems by sea, air, or land, that he may be called upon to solve.

The first necessity for technical education is that the aspirant to efficiency in any of the applied arts or sciences, **must first be taught to think**; to think clearly, sanely and dispassionately, and be able to express his thoughts in clear written or spoken English. The backward state of technical education as opposed to technical achievement is that the great bulk of the students in technical institutions have not had a liberal general education.

On the other hand, the British Empire has vast technical achievements to its credit, produced by men and women who have never had a technical education other than that which they have given to themselves, or have found after school days were over, but whose minds and characters have received the highest possible liberal education. The historical sky of England is studded with these "immortal lights." Roger Bacon, Isaac Newton, Kelvin are amongst them, the great chemists, the physicists who have transformed modern life, famous workers with chisel, needle or brush, the surgeons, the physicians, the lawyers are among them. The highest technical excellence is always based on the full and rigorous development of the immature mind and the happy opening out of potential powers of character and personality. The leaders of industry have at last realised this fundamental fact and are more and more demanding for their works, their shops and their offices, men and women who have been trained to think.

—THE HEADMASTER.

There have been few removals from the staff of the High School during the present year, and Mr. Elliott, Chief Inspector, has kept his word in this respect.

\* \* \* \* \*

Miss E. Whitelaw was removed in May to take up the position of Supervisor of Girls at Tamworth High School. She has left with the good wishes of every teacher and pupil. Quiet and reserved in manner, she earned the respect of all through her sincerity and teaching power.

\* \* \* \* \*

Miss Whitelaw's place has been taken by Mrs. Birtles who had been on the staff of Cook's Hill Intermediate High School. Mrs. Birtles is an old student of Newcastle High School.

\* \* \* \* \*

During the August vacation, Mr. J. J. Forster of the Science staff, was promoted to the position of Science Master at Lismore High School.

\* \* \* \* \*

Mr. W. H. Roberts, B.Sc., succeeds Mr. Forster. Mr. Roberts has had teaching experience in Parramatta, Forbes and Cootamundra Intermediate High Schools, and in Broken Hill and Bathurst High Schools.

\* \* \* \* \*

Matters in connection with the building of a new Boys' High School have developed slightly since our last issue. The position now, is that the site has been definitely determined at Waratah Park. The Waratah Municipal Council have signed documents with regard to the transfer of the land and the Minister for Education has been informed that the Council expects the building of the school to be proceeded with without undue delay.

\* \* \* \* \*

It is the devout wish of every boy and teacher at the school, that money will be made available for the purpose during the present financial year.

\* \* \* \* \*

Mr. J. Bridge, of Macquarie St., Mayfield, has indicated his desire to present an annual prize to the student securing the best pass in History at the Leaving Certificate. We take this opportunity of heartily thanking him for his generosity.

The Leaving Certificate Examination is to begin on Monday, 11th November. As a result of this examination, Training College Scholarships, University Exhibitions, University Bursaries, University Scholarships and Prizes, Shakespeare Society Prizes and the Australian History Prize will be determined.

\* \* \* \* \*

Many of our candidates are applicants for Teachers' College Scholarships. The awards are made upon the best seven papers presented at the Examination and carry an allowance at the rate of £80 per annum to those who are obliged to board away from home in order to attend the college.

\* \* \* \* \*

A **University Exhibition** carries exemption from payment of lecture and degree fees at the University of Sydney. Awards are made upon the aggregate marks gained in the papers meriting a pass or honours by those who satisfy matriculation requirements at the Leaving Certificate Examination. There is no age limit. Applications should be made to the Registrar of the University after the results of the examination are published.

\* \* \* \* \*

**University Bursaries**—About 30 University Bursaries are awarded by the Bursary Endowment Board each year, to winners of Exhibitions. The form of application (from Education Dept.) should be filled in and forwarded three weeks prior to examination. Each Bursary worth £65 per annum plus £5 for text books.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Intermediate Certificate Examination begins on Wednesday, 20th November.

\* \* \* \* \*

On the results of the Intermediate Examination a limited number of Intermediate Bursaries (about 14) equal in value to Fourth and Fifth Year bursaries are offered to candidates who pass in at least 7 subjects, five being of the "A" standard.

\* \* \* \* \*

Two scholarships—"The Joe Gardiner" Scholarships—are awarded at the Intermediate Examination (one for boys and one for girls) for the highest aggregate in seven subjects. Each Scholarship is tenable for two years for the completion of the Secondary Course, with allowance of £25 per annum.



The New Girls' High School has been occupied since the August vacation by the First and Second Year girls who have been attending Cook's Hill Intermediate High School. In February, all girls attending our school will transfer to the new school and the places they vacate will be filled by boys at present in attendance at Cook's Hill. The staff of both Boys' and Girls' High Schools, therefore, will undergo considerable change; as all the lady teachers at present on the staff will be removed and a full staff of men appointed.

\* \* \* \*

The costume to be adopted by the girls attending the New Girls' High School will be decided by the new Head Mistress to be appointed in February, 1930. Many of the girls at present attending are of the opinion that no change of school colours is necessary. They feel that by adopting the old school colours they will thereby indicate the connection between the two schools.

\* \* \* \*

Speaking of school colours, one is reminded of the similarity of colours adopted by various High Schools. Newcastle High, Cessnock Intermediate, Mudgee High and Kempsey High, besides others, seem to have similar colours. Other High Schools are similarly situated and the time appears to be opportune for the P.S.A.A.A. in Sydney to take steps that no two schools should have similar colours.

\* \* \* \*

The difficult period that all business people are passing through, due to the coal strike, has rendered the collection of advertisements for the journal a difficult matter. Nevertheless, the business managers have worked conscientiously and we desire to record our very high appreciation of those advertisers who have seen fit to help us in the publication of this issue. At the same time we sympathise with those advertisers who have dropped out.

\* \* \* \*

We urge all our readers to patronise to the utmost, the firms that have advertised with us.

\* \* \* \*

It is very regrettable to state that there is a possibility of this issue of the journal being the last. This will be owing to the lack of enthusiasm on the part of the boys. Very few

contributions to this issue were made by them, and it would be farcial to continue the publication of a journal that is not supported by the students themselves. However, time will tell.

\* \* \* \*

The "send off" to Fifth Year students will take place at the Central Hall, King Street, on Thursday afternoon, October 31st. Proceedings start in the main hall at 2 p.m., and at 3.30 p.m., Fourth Year entertain the "leavers" in the smaller hall. There will be no dance in the evening.

\* \* \* \*

As usual, the athletic meeting of the school—the last when boys and girls will compete—was most successful, due primarily to the wonderful organising work of Mr. V. H. Walker, the Sportsmaster, assisted by staff and students.

\* \* \* \*

The thanks of the school are also due to the ladies of the High School P and C. Association, who arranged for lunch and afternoon tea at the national sports ground No. 1, on Sports Day, August 28th.

\* \* \* \*

Mr. Harvey has recently been in communication with the Mayor of Newcastle on the question of Municipal Bursaries. As a result, the Newcastle City Council has agreed "to provide two (2) Bursaries of £25 each per annum, per student, for a period of two years, such Bursaries to be available to those in necessitous circumstances." The Council approved of this proposal on the clear understanding that it did not establish a precedent. Our thanks are due to the Newcastle Council for its initiative in this matter, and hopes that other Councils and public bodies will follow the good example set.

\* \* \* \*

The sum of nearly £100, provided by the High School P. and C. Association, for the purchase of library books, has almost been expended. A record of the purchases has been kept, and books to the value of half the amount will be transferred to the New Girls' High School in 1930.

\* \* \* \*

Many books are on order for the library and, despite the fact that two new book cases were recently provided by the Dept., it will be necessary to make further provision for storing the books. What is sorely needed is a room suitable for use as a library room.

In order that the boys may secure cricket practice it is proposed to lay down half a concrete wicket in the lower playground. A wire barrier will also need to be erected along the boundary wall.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Annual Inspection of the School took place during the week ending 19th July. The Chief Inspector (Mr. W. J. Elliott, M.A.) with Mr. Inspector K. R. Cramp, Mr. Inspector S. Davies, Mr. Inspector J. Back and Mr. Inspector Craddock carried out the work.

\* \* \* \* \*

At last a gentleman has been found willing to operate the School Tuck Shop. Mr. W. A. Winney and his wife are carrying out the work to the great satisfaction of staff and students. Mr. Winney is working under serious difficulties, as there is no tuck shop building, and he has been compelled to erect at his own expense, a counter, and has to carry his goods to a class room for safe keeping every afternoon. It is hoped that when necessary repairs are being carried out during the mid-summer vacation the Department will see fit to build a permanent Tuck Shop.

\* \* \* \* \*

In connection with Mr. Winney's work in taking over the Tuck Shop, it might be thought that an injustice has been done Mr. Tuttle, who sold pies regularly in the school yard. Mr. Tuttle, however, was only continuing the sale of pies until such time as it was possible to find someone like Mr. Winney. The former had refused to carry on as Mr. Winney is doing.

\* \* \* \* \*

A "send off" to the Leaving Certificate Candidates will probably be arranged some time at the end of October. Fourth Year classes have the matter in hand.

\* \* \* \* \*

Mrs. Alice Chichester recently gave further proof of her interest in the school by donating a grandfather clock, a settee and easy chairs to the Boys' High School. The total value of the gift is in the neighbourhood of £60. It is to be known as the "Andrew Meikle Memorial." Already Mrs. Chichester has presented the "James Meikle" and Elizabeth Meikle" Memorial prizes to the best boy and best girl students respectively of the school.

The Hon. D. H. Drummond, M.L.A., Minister for Education, has written Mrs. Chichester thanking her for her interest and generosity and hoping that other citizens of the district will emulate her example.

\* \* \* \* \*

The unfortunate part about Mrs. Chichester's gift is that there is no place to house the settee and chairs. This is another argument for the early erection of the new Boys' High School. At present the furniture is in Mrs. Chichester's home.

\* \* \* \* \*

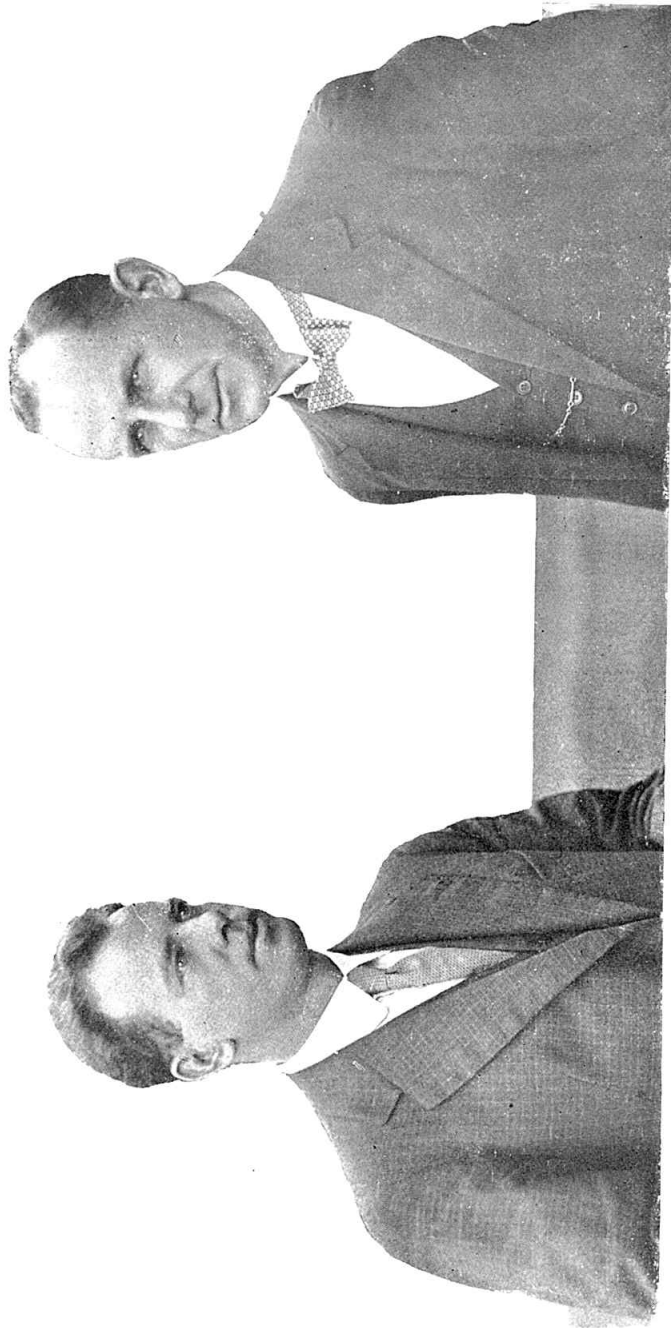
During the past half year, instructive visits were paid by the Fifth Year Economics Students to Walsh Island and the Steel Works. The new floating dock and the production of railway carriages at the former place greatly impressed the students. The advantages accruing to division of labour were clearly seen in the case of the carriages, the finished article gradually taking form as they moved down the workshop.

\* \* \* \* \*

The visit to the Steel Works eventuated on September 16th, and was equally interesting. Our students were surprised to learn that between 4,000 and 5,000 men were employed at the Steel Works and that £28,000 per fortnight were paid in wages.



— Quand je pense qu'il y en a qui paient jusqu'à trois mille francs pour se faire enterrer ! Ce que la vie est chère !



TWO WELL-KNOWN IDENTITIES.

Photo by The Tyndall Studios.



THE FOLLOWING HAS BEEN RECEIVED FROM JEAN WHITE, WHO RECENTLY LEFT TO RESIDE IN ENGLAND.

Amid shouts and the old school war-cry, the ship left Sydney with about 150 passengers.

We had quite a pleasant trip till we left Adelaide, but the first day in the Bight there were very few on deck.

We left Fremantle on July 8th, and for nine days no land was sighted, only the ocean stretching on either side, and how green it was—though one did not have much time to gaze at it, for there were sports going on and someone was continually demanding that you play a heat of deck tennis or deck quoits.

We reached Colombo just after midnight, and as soon as we were anchored, the natives swarmed on board, some to unload cargo, others representing different hotels, others wanting to take in (or out) washing. Early in the morning we went ashore to go shopping. It was worth while, for the sake of the wonderful shawls and eastern embroideries, but we found most amusement in knocking the prices down. The natives demand the most ridiculous sums, but are generally prepared to take one half of their original figure.

The rick-shaws are very convenient and fairly comfortable. They are always followed by small boys who ask for money and sing, or tell you that they have no parents and wish that you would adopt them.

The scenery is beautiful and I should have liked to spend a few months in and around Colombo, instead of ten hours.

From Colombo, it was a four days' journey to Bombay, which differs from a European town only in possessing bazaars and native quarters. We only spent three hours there, but we saw the Hanging Gardens and the Tower of Silence, and had a short drive on the outskirts of the city.

When we returned to the ship, there were crowds of Indians on the wharf who had come to bid good-bye to the Maharajah of Jaipur, a province 500 miles distant from Bombay. The natives were all salaaming and some of the priests were praying for a safe journey and a safe return for the Prince, who was going to England for a year's military training. His admirers had festooned him with garlands of flowers. He

was only a boy of seventeen, but he spoke English well and fluently.

Our next port of call was Aden, where, owing to quarantine restrictions, we were not allowed to land, but we were close enough in shore to see how dry and arid it was, and the roads twining round the hills. Here we only called to take in oil enough to go through the Red Sea which was certainly hot, but a head wind made it quite tolerable.

We arrived at Suez very early in the morning and entered the canal at about 7 a.m. This is really a marvellous piece of work, but the speed of the boat is lessened owing to the shallowness of the water. On the one side you see Arabia, on the other, Egypt and there are little narrow tracks along which donkeys laden with vegetables and water travel. Here and there are horses and men connected with the work of the canal, and sometimes in the distance one can see the oases.

A day's travelling through the canal brings us to Port Said, a polyglot town where every nation on earth is represented. Just as in Colombo, the traveller is pestered by men trying to sell all sorts of rubbish. There is a long breakwater and at the entrance of the harbour a statue of Ferdinand de Lesseps, the engineer who constructed the canal.

From here one enters the beautiful Mediterranean, famed for the wonderful blue of its waters.

As we neared Sicily, we could see the smoke rising from Etna. Then we entered the straits of Messina, one of the most beautiful sights of the whole voyage.

In a few hours we passed Stromboli, rising out of the sea with a little village perched on the side, and the smoke issuing from the top.

Marseilles was the next port, and was rather disappointing but after taking a car and driving round, I was rather more impressed. We walked along the Cannebiere visiting many shops and making purchases. Then we went to the Cathedral of Notre Dame de la Garde, which stands on the top of a hill overlooking the city. In the distance you can see the Chateau d'If, and the island where Monte Cristo was imprisoned. Many passengers disembarked here and went overland to England, thus saving a week's travelling.

Gibraltar was our last port of call before reaching England, and where, as in Colombo, if you wish to buy anything, you must haggle or be robbed.

Leaving Gibraltar, we did the last lap of the trip. The days had been gradually lengthening from the time we left Port Said, until when we reached England, it was light till almost 9 p.m.

The first glimpse of England is wonderful—Cornwall on the one side, Devon on the other and the historic city of Plymouth in the distance.

From Plymouth to Tilbury is less than 24 hours. Then came the good-byes and the Customs officials.

#### COLLEGE AND UNIVERSITY.

One would expect firstly to hear of academic attainments on the part of Novocastrians in a budget from these great centres of learning, but of these there is nought to report, not till November, when the exams will bring forth another batch.

We have, however, some sporting attainments to credit old Novocastrians with.

During the recent triangular contests between Sydney, Melbourne and Adelaide Teachers' Colleges, ex-students played a great part.

Among the girls, Joyce Bryce again represented Sydney in the first Hockey team.

During the season too, many old girls represented the college in the various Hockey and Basket ball teams.

In the first men's tennis team, Newcastle was represented by Les Snape. This team won their contests against Melbourne and Adelaide.

Harry Clayton was our representative in the Athletics team and against strong opposition gained third place in the hurdles and the high jump.

Mervyn Brown was a member of the college debating team. He has also represented the University in this activity.

Throughout the season ex-students' names have been prominent in all University and college football teams, grade, inter-faculty, and inter-collegiate.

At the athletic meetings, too, the same has been the case—the college and the inter-faculty championships called out a great representation of Novocastrians.

Bob Galton has been making a name for himself in the pole-vaulting world. At the recent college championships, he cleared 10 feet 6¾ inches, easily breaking the previous record.

As the last State Championship pole-vault was won at 10 feet 3 inches, this jump puts Bob will in the running for Australian honours. As a matter of fact, the writer has the assurance of two of the most competent judges of athletics in the State that Galton is the classiest vaulter in N.S.W. However, Shannon, now at school, according to the same gentleman, is not far behind.

At the same contests, Harry Clayton won the high jump for the third time. He was also second in the hurdles.

Old Novocastrians take this opportunity of wishing the school the best of good fortune in the forthcoming examinations in November.

In the inter-collegiate boat race, Tom Kitley coxed the Paul's crew, and was complimented by the coach on the fine course which he steered. His work both before and during the race was considered as contributing greatly to Paul's success.

Ken Williams has made a fine start with University 1st XI, scoring 86 in the opening match against Randwick and assisting Mick Hogg to put on 178 for the first wicket.

#### OLD STUDENTS' NEWS.

The old Novocastrians Association have at last, after strenuous efforts, seen the fruit of their labours. Constant applications to various Ministers of Education, combined with the efforts of other bodies, have culminated in the erection of the new Girls' High School, which will be officially opened early next year. The arrangements for this ceremony being in the hands of the O.N.A. and the P. & C. Association, a large attendance of ex-students would be a graceful gesture.

Efforts are now being directed towards hastening the building of a boys' High School upon the Waratah site.

The O.N.A. take this opportunity of inviting those who are leaving school at the end of this year to get in touch with the committee in order to join the Union so that its efforts can be strengthened in all movements directed to the advancement of the School.

# POETRY



## "EVENING."

Evening enfolded the resting earth  
And darkened skies afar,  
She drew around her ebon cloak  
And pinned it with a star.

She lightened up the weary world  
With moonbeams silver white  
And painted skies a purple black—  
The colours of the night.

She wafted through the fragrant dark  
A perfume sweet and rare,  
From golden sleeping wattle blooms,  
And pittosporum fair.

She stayed until the grey day dawned,  
Then slowly died away;  
Her hour had come, had gone, and now  
Was swallowed with the day.

—UNA CANNING, 3B.

## FAME—THE ELUSIVE.

Dream flower, from fancys garden stolen, just  
'As tranquil Eve had spread her fairy trail  
And crystal stars, the dew of Heaven's vale  
Had come to greet dim night, the azure dust  
Of morning skies was in a goblet thrust  
And night by night were added moonbeams pale,  
Till merged at length a flower so fair and frail,  
That very winds subdued their wanton gust  
As they passed by, yet I the blossom seized  
Within my careless hand—for well I knew  
That this was fame—and thought desire appeased  
When next I chose its fragile form to view  
I found it wilted, dead; The Gods are pleased  
To safely guard those charmed flowers of blue.

—NELL, 5AC.

"MY GARDEN."

I have a garden sweet and cool,  
And full of flowers too,  
Pansies border a crystal pool,  
And in the trees, doves coo.

Here I kept my dearest treasures,  
Wetted with morning dew,  
Here my time is filled with pleasures,  
Each tiny one brand new.

This is where you'll find me often,  
When its early morn,  
When the sky begins to soften,  
When the day's new-born.

—"PADDY," 1D.

"WHERE THE WATTLE BLOSSOMS GROW"

Pine tree branches darkest green,  
Purple mountains capped with snow,  
Silver streamlets in between,  
Gaily rippling, ever flow  
Where the wattle blossoms grow.

Iron barks of giant limb,  
Chocolate bells in creamy glow  
Covering trails already dim,  
Leading down to plains below,  
Where the wattle blossoms grow.

Swiftly homing wild black swans,  
Clanging to a comrade slow,  
While the west a red cloak dons,  
Whisp'ring music soft and low,  
Where the wattle blossoms grow.

—U. CANNING, 3B.

"DAYBREAK."

The chill grey dawn is waking  
The light in the eastern sky,  
Soon daylight will be breaking,  
The rosy dawn is nigh.

A pearly light is shimmering,  
A gossamer veil is there,  
The faintest glow is glimmering  
On all the flowers rare.

And slowly wakes the morning,  
A new day dances bright,  
As fades the faint grey dawning,  
And stronger grows the light.

And soon the red sun peeping  
Turns to a ball of gold,  
New days its shape is keeping,  
And sunlight is its mould.

—U. CANNING, 3B.

THE KNUT.

W—y a knut, you are and so  
Are named on every hand,  
What are these knuts, I'd like to know,  
That overspread the land.

A knut is one whose wavy hair  
And brush-back's glossy sheen,  
Scatter around him everywhere  
The scent of brilliantine;  
Who hums the songs of the music hall,  
The tunes of the jazzy bands;  
Whose graceful gestures shew to all  
His manicured hands;  
Who always wants to hold the floor,  
His amourettes to speak on,  
And who, from half past three till four  
Is lounging by the beacon;  
Who sends and gets from every part,

The little folded note;  
 Who draws back with a frightened start,  
 If you chance to touch his coat.  
 Who knows each scandal, each divorce;  
 Who goes to every spree;  
 Who knows old Limerick's, and of course,  
 Our Mollison's pedigree.  
 So this is what a knut you call  
 Why, W—y, 'tis infernal;  
 A shell I hold and that is all,  
 The dashed thing has no kernel.

—4A.

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 "SPRING DAYS."

When the happy birds are chirping in the tree-tops,  
 When airy zephyrs softly stir the leaves,  
 And purple hills rise luring in the distance,  
 Oh how I love the soft spring days like these!

When red sweet-peas are flowering in the garden  
 And golden wattle's blooming everywhere  
 And soft, warm sunshine melts each dewy crystal,  
 Oh then one feels there is magic in the air.

—K. H., 4A.

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 PERSEPHONE.

Scene I.

(Scene: A beautiful Sicilian meadow in which three maidens are playing. Persephone, the daughter of Demeter, Goddess of crops, and two of her friends).

Persephone:

"Wait ye gentle maidens, wait, wait in this meadow so green,  
 While I, Demeter's daughter, roam across to yon small stream.  
 The daffodils bright with the morning dew,  
 Sway on their stems so tall;  
 Oh await ye, await ye my maidens, for I hear the daffodils call!"

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(Persephone goes to the stream and seeing a daffodil brighter than the rest is determined to pick it although she has been warned against doing so).

Persephone:

'Tis nought but a myth, this warning of thine,  
 'Tis nought but a fairy tale, daffodils fine!  
 I see there before me, a daffodil rare,  
 A bright, golden daffodil, slender and fair!  
 'Tis there over yonder, on that pretty hill;  
 I'll pluck it, I'll pluck it, that flower near the rill.

(She picks it and immediately the meadows begin to tremble).

"Oh mother! oh mother! the meadows are shaking,  
 Oh mother, oh mother! for thee I am waiting;  
 The earth it is opening! black steeds they come here!  
 Oh mother! oh mother! oh great is my fear!  
 I'll ne'er see the daylight or sunlight again,  
 The flowers they warned me in yonder sweet glen,  
 Come mother, Oh mother! come maidens and ladies  
 For great is my fear of the dark gloom of Hades."

(Persephone disappears into Hades, and when Demeter discovers her loss, she vows nothing will grow on earth till she finds Persephone).

Demeter:

"My daughter, my daughter, Persephone fair,  
 My daughter, my daughter, so lovely and rare,  
 I'll ne'er rest on earth, till thou dost come back,  
 Come woe and come famine, come ruin and rack,  
 The crops of the harvest shall fall to the ground  
 Till Persephone thou, till thou canst be found;  
 Persephone, daughter, come back! come back!"

(Pluto has taken Persephone down to Hades and there she reigns queen of the spirits. He tries to make her eat, for he knows if she does she will remain in Hades. Jupiter commands Pluto to release her. Then Pluto persuades her).

Pluto:

"Come, my dear queen, come eat with me,  
 Come, my dear queen, for soon thou'lt be free,  
 Come eat these pomegranate seeds—just two."

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(Persephone eats a few and Pluto is pleased, for now she must return to him. Persephone goes back to the world and meets her mother).

Demeter:

"Persephone! my daughter! 'tis thou! oh 'tis thou!  
Persephone! Persephone! returned to us, now;  
The world shall bear fruit and the crops they may grow,  
Since Persephone thou hast returned to us now."

—BETTY DRAPER, 1B.

DAWN.

When all the world's adreamin'  
And the earth is dewy still,  
Above the hills agleamin',  
Above the silent mill  
Comes sweet dawn in rosy splendour,  
To ope the new-born day,  
To chase away all sadness,  
And make the whole world gay.

—MONA PATERSON, 1D.

"UTOPIA"

'Your Latin, my dear, was a credit to you,  
You achieved an excellent pass,  
A full ninety nine and a half per cent,  
The very best mark in the class.

You lost your half mark on a piece of unseen,  
Not an unforgivable sin;  
You must be a genius, my dear,  
For all you are told sinks in.

You never forget a single rule,  
You'll get eight 'A's' in the 'Inter' yet;  
You're the best Latin student in the school,  
The teachers are proud of you, I bet.

And so on and on, but my dreaming ceased,  
When a voice I can never forget  
Rasped out in my ear, 'you idle young beast,  
Have you finished that impo yet?'

—W. SHARP, 3B.

"FAREWELL"

It's a long way to the new school,  
It's a long way to go,  
From the tram stop to the new school,  
To the school we soon shall know;  
Good-bye to Perkin Street,  
Good-bye school song so gay,  
It's a long way from the tram stop,  
But we'll soon be on our way.

Pack up your troubles in your old kit bag  
And smile, smile, smile,  
Well leave the' garbage heap upon the hill  
In a little while;  
We shall all stop grumbling  
At Perkin Street the while, so  
Pack up your troubles in your old kit bag, and  
Smile, smile, smile.

Farewell, a long farewell to all our troubles,  
This is the state of youth;  
To-day we climb a steep and tiring hill,  
To-morrow comes a joy, a longed for joy—  
No more we clamber up the stony path,  
But turn our footsteps to the nobler halls,  
Which have, in Porcher Street now reared above  
Surrounding buildings their proud portals wide,  
Where we shall gaily turn instead of thee  
Oh hill, which leads up to the old school gates;  
And in the light and airy rooms pursue  
Our lessons in the new year to come.

—JESSIE SEMPLE, 3B.

EN CHEMIN DE FER.

Entre voyageurs;—On ne fume pas dans ce compartiment.—  
Est-ce que je fume?—Mais vous avez votre pipe dans votre  
bouche.—Qu'est-ce que ça prouve? J'ai bien mes pieds dans  
mes souliers, et je ne marche pas.





Two of  
our ex-  
Students—  
helpers at  
Annual  
Sports.

Miss  
Trant-Fischer

Mr. Motte  
and  
Mr. Fitzpatrick

Our  
Champion  
Pie eater  
5th Year

The Head-  
master and  
Pres. of P.  
& C. Assoc.

# ESSAYS

## AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A BOOK.

"I am but a small, brown book, going about the world innocent of any desire but to thrill the hearts and broaden the minds of the high school students in their third year.

Between my covers, there are many interesting stories, though you may not think so, some of which are exceedingly exciting.

I also contain pictures of antiques and soldiers. One of the latter is gorgeously decorated with red and blue pencil, which shows how much more interested in school colours than in school lessons, was my owner.

Although I am so interesting and innocent of any intent to annoy, yet all who come into close contact with me, hate me with a burning hatred. The reason why, I cannot tell.

Neatly written inside my cover are the names of the five high school students who have at sometime owned me. Yet, although I have had so many owners, my pages are still as spotless as if they had never been touched, for indeed, I have never been opened outside a school room, although I should have been, but perhaps some of the teachers would be better pleased if I bore signs of more use.

When I was printed, I had two thousand friends with me, and now I wonder if my friends share the hardships of my life.

Since I have been in existence I have met nothing but hatred and neglect, and, now that I have been three days in the hands of a new owner, I think things are going to brighten up, for my she seems very devoted to me. Before I close I would like to repeat here the inscription which I carry. It is as follows: 'Caesar. Gallic War VI.' "

—W. SHARP, 3B.

## A BREATH OF THE AUSTRALIAN BUSH.

The morning sunshine was bright, and the sky peerlessly blue, was scattered with white, fluffy clouds, scarcely the size of a man's hand, was pleasant to look upon. It was the first Sunday in Spring, and we were resolved to celebrate it in the glorious Australian bush, grateful to escape from the crowded markets and bustling people of the city:

Leaving the road, we were plunged into the depths of an Australian forest, where gaily coloured flowers and trees pushing out little sprigs of tender green, were everywhere. The air was laden with scores of delicate aromas, the appealing sweetness of the briar, the dainty aromatic scent of the numerous wattle trees, and other subtle perfumes that filled the air with sweetness.

There were myriads of wild flowers of every colour and fragrance, and the eye was charmed by the glorious riot of showy loveliness amidst the sombre green. The shy, pink boronia, the flame tree gleaming with its flowers of fiery red, and the golden wattle, all combined to make a brave show as they welcomed us.

There was, in it all, a suggestion of harmony and fragrance, that filled us with gladness as the little car sped along the bush track, strewn with gum leaves and wattle.

As we were preparing to pass from this fairyland which, until then, had seemed only to exist in the imagination, another wonderful scene opened before us.

The sun, shining like burnished gold and set in a sky of sapphire blue, was sinking slowly behind the hills in the west, spreading golden beams over the whole sky, and dyeing the white clouds crimson. For a long, breathless moment, it seemed to stand still, then with a final burst of splendour, the sun sank into the west, leaving the sky still tinged with that indescribable crimson.

—MOLLY HAWLEY, 4AC.

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#### THE BRICK MAKER.

The horse went round on the circular track, working something inside the tub which mixed the mud and water and forced it through a hole in the bottom on to a table where the brick maker worked.

The man then sat down and took a mould, covered the bottom lightly with sand, filled the mould with clay, evened it off, slipped off the sides from the loose bottom and placed the bricks in a barrow at his side.

When the barrow was full, he wheeled it over and added the bricks to the pile which was already half dry.

This man was a typical countryman, elderly, with grey hair, unshaven face and half rotted teeth. His clothing con-

sisted of a thick flannel shirt, a pair of old clay mud-stained trousers and boots which had once been black, but were now white.

As he sat down making bricks and we watched him, he told us how he had once been in great demand, for he was a good workman, but machinery was now quicker and cheaper to run. He said that he used once to get a good price for each thousand bricks, but now he just got enough to keep him in his old age.

He slept in one end of the shed in which he worked, and as long as he got food and tobacco and papers, he was content. We learned that he went into town once a week, but that he could scarcely walk there now, as his feet were so bad. He made his own damper and sometimes people brought him food and papers.

While telling us these things, he often had to get up and hit the horse, which stopped at a tin of water on the track. Then he went on to talk of the men he used to have helping him, but whom he had put off on account of the shortage of water. He finished there, and went on silently with his work.

—PUCK, 2B.

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#### LIFE IN A BEE HIVE.

All the winter long, the hives stand silent in garden and field, and a chance passer-by might think the bees are dead. But a rap with the nuckles will immediately awaken an outcry, and, if continued, sentinels appear at the entrance to know who is the disturber of the peace.

Bees, unlike wasps and other insects, do not sleep through the winter. Instead, they hang together in dense clusters in the centre of the hive, their precious queen in their midst, the heat thus generated serving to maintain an even temperature, while outside the paths are frost-bound.

The strictest economy prevails in the winter house-keeping. Those bees nearest the honey vats slowly broach them one by one, and pass on the sweet liquid to their next door neighbour, each receiving his scanty dole. As the nearest store cells become emptied, the cluster moves a step higher up the combs.

Nobody must touch the pollen cells, which serve to build up tissue, and are to be kept for the opening months of the summer, when hard work and exercise will require more food.

At the first burst of sunshine in early spring, the hive wakens to the consciousness of coming summer. The bees scatter in various directions and spring cleaning is at its height. Dirt, debris, and dead bodies are carted away wholesale through the entrance, and the waxen interior cleaned from end to end.

The bees now perform what is beknown as the "cleansing flight"—their first glimpse of the outside world after the long imprisonment of winter—and they return invigorated and refreshed.

Spring cleaning over, the daily round of a beehive next begins. The queen, who all through the winter has left off laying eggs, begins again in such good earnest that it is as much as the comb-builders can do to hurry on before her and prepare the cradle cells. As the royal progress continues, a crowd of attendants surround the hive-mother, and support and feed her during her ceaseless task.

Meanwhile, in the brood cells, little black heads and beady eyes are poking out from the larva cases in every direction, like babies in all countries, clamouring for food. Little nurse bees, themselves not many days older than their charges, hasten forward to supply their wants with bee-milk, which has been previously digested by careful chewing in the nurses' mouths.

Farther away, near the hive entrance, a string of bee ventilators stand, one behind the other, in even rows, fanning the pure air with their industrious wings, whilst on either side of the hive gates, grim custodians keep constant watch on all who would enter or leave the hive.

The foraging parties leave at sunrise, and at noon some of them begin to struggle homewards, laden down to the ground.

The water carriers are the first to return. Their burden from the dew-drops and running brooks is most precious to the hive inmates, for without water, the rearing of the young bees is impossible, and the honey will not dissolve.

Close on the heels of the water carriers follow the pollen bearers, the spoils of the chase neatly packed into two oval baskets situated on the thighs of the two hind legs.

Last of all, the honey bees fly soberly up to the entrance with distended abdomen and aching legs. If it were not for the willing helpers waiting on the threshold, many of these little skirmishers would sink fainting to the ground.

Meanwhile, the queen still continues her egg-laying and in the royal cells lie a row of pale princesses, sleeping quietly side by side. As the days lengthen, from behind the doors of the royal chambers which have been sealed up by the nurse bees, protesting voices make themselves heard in perpetual piping. The nurse bees catch the sound, and run up hastily to the entrances, ready if necessary to protect the inmates with their lives.

The queen has ceased laying, and with violent fury depicted in every movement, is wrestling with the bee nurses at the door of the royal cells. Again and again she all but conquers them, but they on their part thrust her valiantly back. At last, in despair, she ceases her vain efforts, and with one loud battle-cry of furious wrath, she rushes towards the hive entrance, followed by three-quarters of the inhabitants, and leaves her rival daughters in undisputed possession of the home.

As regards the throne, the rest of the bees fall back on primeval custom, and permit the young royalties fight it out. Should one princess emerge before her sisters, she has but to break open each royal cell, from whence the guards have long since retreated, and with that steel dart which she inflicts on none but her equals, to deal a fatal death blow to the unfortunate inmates, and thus secure her future right as to the head of the tribe.

But the victorious queen tastes none of the sweets of victory. As if by general agreement, the hive inmates treat her with studied contempt. It is not till she begins to lay eggs, that her people recognise her as queen, and throwing off the mask of indifference, each one vies with the other in the homage they display. From that moment until old age overtakes the queen-mother, the love and attention with which the workers surround her remain unswerving to the end.

—D. MARTIN, 1A.

#### THE JUMPING BEAN.

The jumping bean, or "Carpocapsa Salitans," the only animated vegetable known, is produced by a peculiar tree found in a morass a few miles inland from the Gulf of California, on the west coast of Mexico. The fruit is of triangular shape, divided into three equal portions. Two of these contain a round black seed; the third part contains the jumper, a tiny worm with sixteen feet.

When the fruit is ripe, it falls to the ground and splits. The portion which contains the worm starts off, jumping in an extraordinary manner away from the tree on which it grows. Why it moves in this particular way is not known; but it is thought that if it remains near the tree from which it fell it will be destroyed by an enemy, so it is anxious to get as far away as is possible from its birthplace. The worm has no desire to escape from its shell, and lives apparently without food. If a small hole is bored in the shell, the worm immediately starts to work to repair the damage, and, in a very short time the hole will be sealed up with a fine silky web. This done, the worm will again begin its tireless jumping journeys.

It is very fascinating and funny to watch the beans moving. When laid on a flat surface, no amount of pushing will cause them to move; but, if left alone for a few minutes, they will hop, skip and jump continually. In very cold weather they require to be kept on a warm surface.

This wonderful little worm contradicts Nature's laws, in that being an enclosed body without any external leverage, it is able to lift itself and its house clear off the ground where it rested. Another surprising thing is that there is no hole (as in an apple) to show how the worm entered the shell. It is supposed that the egg is laid by some insect in the flower before the fruit is formed.

The beans ripen in July and August, and go on jumping till the following May. They have been taken across to England and Australia as a curiosity. No toy made by man can equal these little jumping beans for causing endless fun for the young and old.

—D. MARTIN, 1A.



THE TWENTY-FIRST OF NOVEMBER.  
A PRESAGE.

I turned over in the bed and prepared to doze for another half hour when I realised that it was the 21st, and that I must on no account be late. So I dressed hurriedly had an equally hurried breakfast and arrived at school to find that none of my fellow students had put in an appearance.

Suddenly I heard loud shouts and the most appalling noises. I turned in alarm to find myself face to face with the most hideous creature that I have ever seen. In his hand he held a huge instrument, something like a gigantic motor horn and played upon it a tune resembling the Dead March.

I was preparing to flee, when I felt myself gripped by a rough and bony hand and dragged shrieking and struggling into a class room while the monster continued to play his ghastly air. In the room sat some dozen figures, each more terrifying than the first.

I saw that each carried a book and that they were filing in front of me.

First came a form which still had the remains of beauty, but the whole was dry, thin, dessicated and bloodless, while the face was disfigured and mangled in the most frightful and repulsive manner. Instinctively I turned my gaze to the book which he was carrying. "Caesar de Bello Gallico VI."

I dared not look upon that awful face, but I could feel his malevolence, and, wishing to propitiate him, I nervously stammered, "D-d-did B-Brutus—"

"Brutus be—" screamed the spectre in high shrill tones. "Brutus murdered and defaced my body which rotted long ago. You and your like have mangled and defaced the immortal part of me till I am as you see me now."

The outraged grammarian and purist, for it was evidently as such that he had been injured, grasped me by the hair and threatened my eyes with the sharp point of an enormous stilus.

At this the other spectres burst into a storm of protest, each demanding to be allowed to inflict some excruciating torture upon me while I could still feel, and each consequently wishing to be the first. Most clamorous, though least com-



A SPORTS' DAY SNAP.

Photo by The Tyndall Studios.



"A" TEAM, BASKET BALL, 1929.

Photo by The Tyndall Studios.

comprehensible was Shakespeare who, although badly scarred, was recognisable. His frantic and petulant rage betrayed the literary artist and from the indistinctiveness of his utterance, I realised that I had destroyed his tongue. His mumbling and mopping and mowing were, however, so repulsive as to make me feel physically ill.

I could hear, too, the precise voices of Baker and Bourne and Hall and Stevens, and though their actual words were as incomprehensible to me as their text books, their general meaning was clear. It was the only time that I had been able to understand them, and I was sorry for it.

I could even understand the toothless mumbles and indeterminate speech of the authors of the chemistry and physics text books, while the fierce declamation of Murphy and Heath was abominably lucid so far as its general purport was concerned.

Suddenly, they all grabbed me at once and I expected to be torn limb from limb. I uttered a shriek to find myself in class in my usual desk and to get an imposition for calling out during a lesson.

Still, I decline to regard that vision as a mere dream. It was a warning. No more shall I offend the "waspish race" of authors, dead or alive, by mangling their works. I have burned my text books, do no homework and slumber uneasily, but as well as I may, in class. I shall fail in the inter, but I shall preserve my soul.

—A.Z., 3B.

"A THING OF BEAUTY IS A JOY FOREVER"

Is this absolutely true? I do not know. I had a walk recently in the neighbourhood of Jenolan Caves. It was approaching sunset when I left the Caves House, and set off in the direction of the Grand Arch. The sun had left the bottom of the valley and now shone only on the trees, which crown the hills surrounding it. The leaves glittered in its rays and, as they swayed in the breeze, sparkled as if they were stars which had decided to lend beauty to the day by displaying their twinkling radiance to those who lacked the energy to view them by night. The bubbling of gently falling water drew my attention however, and, just at the entrance to the arch, the small Jenolan River issued from beneath the hill and flowed between banks lined with weeping willows to trickle

gently over projecting rocks lower down. Upon it ducks swam peacefully about, whilst in their midst, four proud black swans moved, majestic and invested with an inspiring dignity. Without them, the scene was indeed beautiful, but their presence ennobled it, gave it an inexpressible distinction, never to be forgotten. Peace ruled here, the peace which only nature can create. I turned and left it and I wondered that man had left it thus so long. He has ever destroyed the works of nature, to replace them by his own, but here he has recognised her superiority. May he long continue to do so.

"To the Devil's Coachhouse" thus read the notice. Who could resist? I could not, and soon I saw its formidable entrance. Low and dark from without, it conjured up a thousand visions. What a pity, I thought, that it had not been placed in ancient Greece. I felt that our natives could not have made the most of it. Curiosity, however, soon overcame speculation, and I plunged within. A narrow chamber with a low roof suddenly grew into a vast arch over two hundred feet high, and of great width. The longer I looked upon it, the more I was amazed. I saw the astounding intermingling of intricate delicacy and awe-inspiring grandeur which only nature can accomplish. Man may be proud of his feats in architecture, but, compared with this, they are but the efforts of a child when it builds with blocks. The consummate skill with which colours are blended, the ingenious way in which every detail helps the general effect, are the work of an architect of unlimited capabilities. Through two openings in the decorated ceiling, the deep blue of the sky makes a finish which could in no better way be accomplished.

Time, however, does not respect anyone. Already the mantle of evening was beginning to fall over the valley, and I realised that I must not delay too long. Before I turned to leave this vast chamber, I looked through the back entrance and there I saw another notice. "McKeon's Creek." We never know satisfaction. No sooner had I seen this new notice than I had decided that I must go further. Accordingly I left the coach house and followed the creek named after the discoverer of the caves. Though Australia may not have the venerable ruins which the older countries possess and reverence, she has many localities which gave ample scope for romance. This is one of them. Here it was that bushrangers dwelt, and as we look back through the haze of the years, it is not hard to imagine them as they then were. We may also look at it

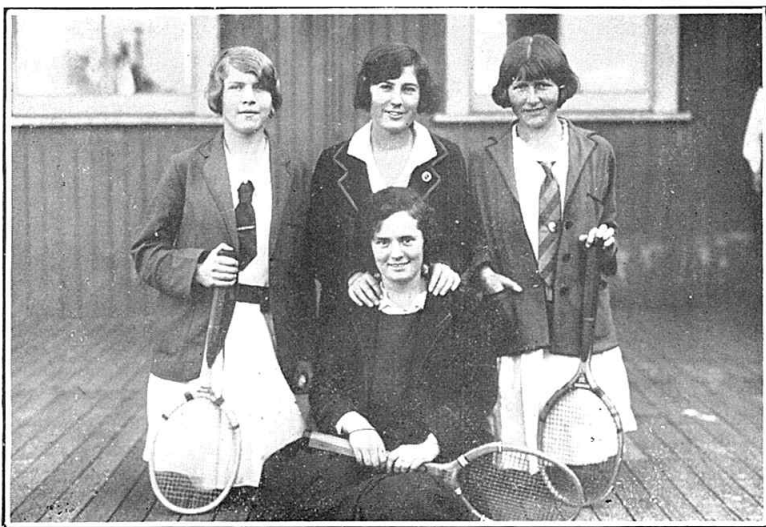
in another way. We should be thankful that we can enjoy this beauty without fear of the evil that man may do us. That I wandered there is no excuse for wandering now, however. I wandered for more than a mile by that creek, whilst the birds cried in the bushes and the wind made the trees its lyre, whilst the stream bubbled onward with a music which fell sweetly on my ear, and nature was at peace with man, and man was at peace with nature. It was a moment, never to be forgotten. Australia was calling with all its power. It revealed itself, opened up its heart to me and the stars looked down upon me from above as I wandered in ecstasy.

Why should practical matters interfere with our rapture in such moments? I do not know; perhaps it is to make us appreciate them the more. However, the fact remains, that when I looked upward at the stars, a realisation came to me that it was night, that night meant more to me than beauty, and that I had to return on a track which I had only once traversed. Into what a different atmosphere do our circumstances throw the things about us? I turned. I began to retrace my steps. The wind moaned through the trees, the stars shed a ghostly light upon the water which splashed irritatingly on the rocks and the deep silence of the bush served to intensify the deep gloom and foreboding darkness ahead. Hollow and spectral my own footsteps sounded on the rocks, and the whole valley was clothed in new garments. Here the bushrangers dwelt. How romantic an hour ago, but how terrible now! Here, no doubt, many an innocent Australian met his death. Here the outlawed desperadoes uttered their horrible curses and sang their devilish songs and gloated over their unfortunate victims. Here a hundred shadowy forms moved. From every bush a leering face mocked me. Suddenly the wild cry of a bird startled me. I stumbled over a rock. Trifling things, perhaps, but how jarring to the nerves. I walked on. I looked ahead. Before me, the ominous black shadow of the vast opening of the Devil's Coach House showed like the gaping entrance to Hell. I went in. Through the narrow hole in the top—the death trap—the moon shed a feeble light which served only to make blacker the gloomy shadows, and to give those places where it shone a pale luminousness which moved and assumed all manner of weird shapes, as clouds glided across the face of the moon.



4A, WINNERS OF OVERHEAD BALL.

Photo by The Tyndall Studios.



"A" TENNIS TEAM, 1929.

Photo by The Tyndall Studios.

"A dungeon horrible, on all sides round  
As one great furnace flam'd yet from those flames  
No light, but rather darkness visible  
Serv'd only to discover sights of woe,  
Regions of sorrow, doleful shades . . ."

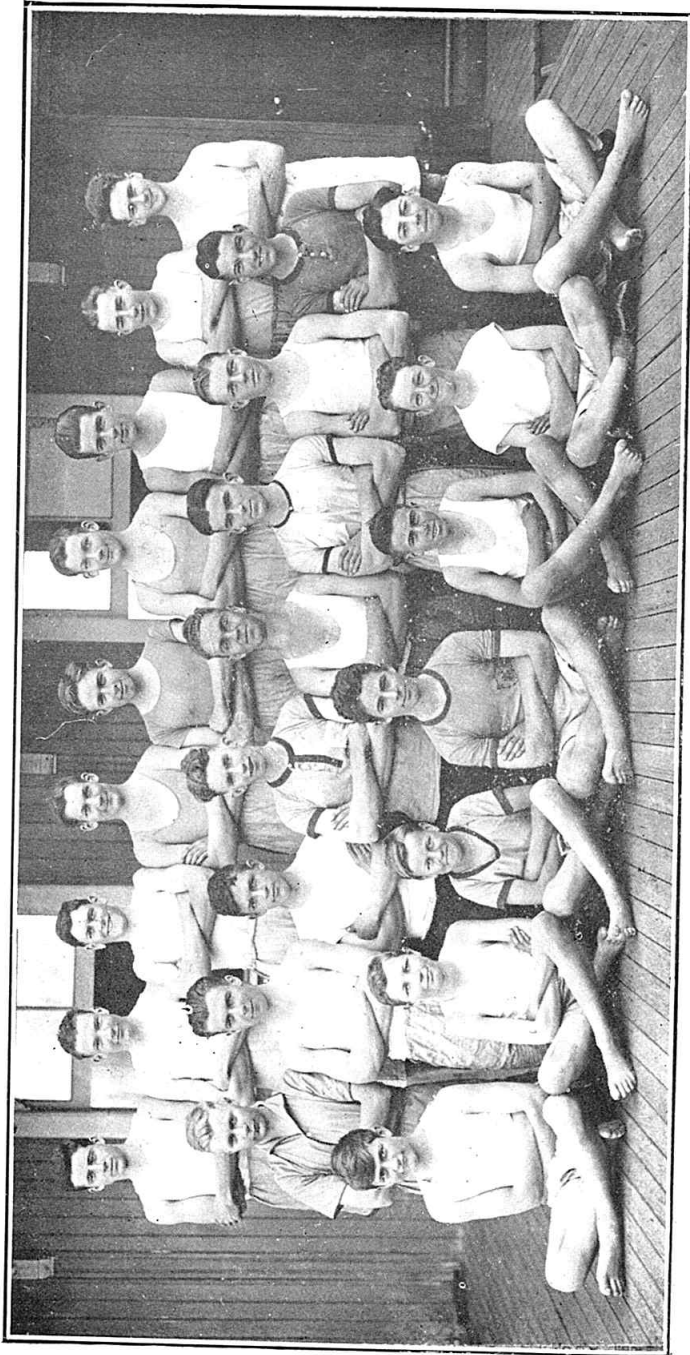
How well had this place been named. Groping through its forbidding darkness was like groping one's way through the underworld. The many headed dog appeared not once, but several times, and the shades of people long departed flitted among the rocks. A keen imagination was no asset in my position. A stone rolling from under my feet fell loudly on the floor below, and the echoes rumbled slowly about that cavernous chamber and slowly died away, as if Pluto had burst upon me in his chariot and thundered by into the distance, leaving nought but darkness and silence in his wake. The further in I went, the darker it became, the more difficult it was to find my way. I perceived ahead, however, the spectral opening which led to the narrow exit from this abode of evil. As I descended into it I saw the river with the moon glistening on its waters, and the shadows of the willows forming weird shapes on its surface. It took little imagination to picture the scene.

"So stretched out huge in length the arch fiend lay  
Chained on the burning lake . . ."

I turned from the vision. The path lay before me, bathed in the soft light of the moon. A sharpened appetite is a most effective spur. I did not stop for further admiration.

It was this walk which first aroused doubts in my mind about the quotation which forms my title. No one could deny that that walk amid the beauties of the Australian bush, amid the wondrous architecture of nature has left an impression firm and lasting. No less, however, is the impression left by that return through the haunts of the bushrangers, through the spectral darkness of that foreboding cavern. What then, shall my conclusion be? Beauty is indeed transient, but its impression on the mind can never die—truly, "a thing of beauty is a joy forever."

—H. EDDY.



SOME OF OUR ATHLETES.

Photo by The Tyndall Studios.

# CLASS NOTES

## 4B CLASS NOTES

To begin the notes of this esteemed class, let us present a little poetry:

"Hogan, Hogan, football star,  
How I wonder where you are,  
Absent from this class each day,  
Excepting every Wednesday."

4B is noted for its variety, that is to say, in talkative girls. According to the teachers, there are many groups, such as the "Rex-anola Four," "The Twittering of Birds at Twilight," "A Fowlyard." Near the latter sits a "Cheshire Cat" who was advised to "laugh and grow fat."

One of our number spent an enjoyable Sports Day drinking cordials incessantly from 1 p.m. to 4 p.m. 5th Year deny the report that they refuse to play 4th Year again until proper ambulance facilities are provided.

Since the arrival of Miss B., the handwriting of two 4B girls has improved wonderfully, owing to constant practice.

Some say its the early bird that catches the worm, but Symes says its the early bird that misses the impot.

How can a lost case result in a cold in the eye?

By peeping through the keyhole.

"Steve" has adopted a hair cut that shows off to advantage his bump of knowledge and noble forehead.

What 4B boy won the ladies' hearts by appearing in "oxfords" at the Sports Day Dance?

## 4AC CLASS NOTES

Alas! the holidays are far behind us, and Sports Day is fast becoming a dim memory; but who can be downhearted when the yearly exams are looming ahead?

We are thinking of having our photographs taken and labelled: "The only class who succeeded in securing the coveted last place in all events on Sports Day."

Despite this, one of our athletes quite distinguished himself in the class relays, although he was not attired for running, and his heroism was remembered for quite five minutes.



To celebrate such an event as Sports Day, H. allowed himself to indulge in the luxury of a new suit. He quite overshadowed H.B., who was so upset that he stayed all the afternoon and looked after the food, and when we returned for afternoon tea we found that he had been in such a state of despair that he had found it necessary to constantly regale himself with cakes and lemonade to keep at bay the pangs of jealousy.

The 4AC girls made an amazing discovery on Sports Day; it is really astonishing how fond the 4th Year boys are of toys, especially little black dogs.

Some of our boys and girls went to Jenolan Caves during the holidays and had a wonderful time. Our "little girl with the lisp" was well looked after but still J's prophesy came true.

We note with deep concern that our club has been removed from behind the door; perhaps someone has seen its possibilities and removed it for future use.

B. had a lovely time during the holidays. In fact, she has been skating on thin ice ever since. Skating becomes such a habit, does it not?

L. and J. are thinking of practicing the art of serenading. B.O. did not keep up her reputation on Sports Day, but we have hopes of her becoming a champion yet, and S. is making quite a name for herself in another direction.

We hope that H.B. has regained his eyesight since the holidays, it would really be too much for the class if he could not see the board again.

Lemon fights and leap frog both require a certain amount of energy, but still lemons are often sour and leap frogs has its dangers, too.

Our door seems to have abandoned the habit of jamming since the holidays, but rumour has it that there is a scarcity of chalk—another strange coincidence.

We would like to advertise the fact that one of our girls will be giving a free chocolate party in the near future to make amends for past deficiencies.

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### 3B CLASS NOTES

3B now consists of four and thirty fair and learned damsels, and, after having survived so many editions of class notes, one might imagine that the task of writing them should have by this time developed into a habit, but not so—it is more a case of the honour being thrust upon us.

We will refrain from giving vent to our feelings in connection with the Intermediate; it is enough to say that the majority of us feel like imitating Sir Ralph the Rover, and that one person explains she can now understand why it is that people commit suicide. Even the teachers, who should be far above thinking of such trivial matters, incessantly resort to that dreaded word in order to make us learn something. We do indeed dwell in the land of the downtrodden and oppressed, "where youth grows pale, and spectre-like and dies."

We have, of course, some bright specimens of feminine humanity amongst us, and the attempts made by some of these in the recent examinations to prepare chlorine from sulphuric acid and copper must have been enough to give the examiners nightmare.

Another brainy one knew some Caesar so well ("off by heart") that, when she was fortunate enough to get the piece in the exam, she failed to recognise it. We are all, of course, particularly fond of Latin, but we would consider it a breach of etiquette for more than one girl to put up her hand when a question has been asked. By the way, while speaking about Latin, why is it that a certain element in the 2nd front seat always laugh uncontrollably when Cicero is mentioned?

We are all particularly busy at present trying to develop our poetical talents—some by composing lamentations for leaving the old school, others by writing hymns of praise and thanksgiving, while others spend hours making "a note" of various conversations which had been carried on during English and History lessons.

We had almost concluded without telling you that a certain person thinks it would be quite possible for us all to pass the "Inter" if "Physsy" was taken into account, and that someone else complains of having a stiff neck, obtained through turning round to see when a certain person is going to make his appearance to ring the bell.

And now, in case you will feel inclined to feel bored, we will subside, for our Latin and French need the whole of our time.

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### 3AC CLASS NOTES

How sorry will a certain science teacher of the "illustrious 3AC" be when the girls change their lodgings?

It does not pay to do your geometry impositions in class when the Maths teacher is in the room.

Who believes in giving "stiff ones," and ask Geoff about asking if the second translation may be used in the French homework.