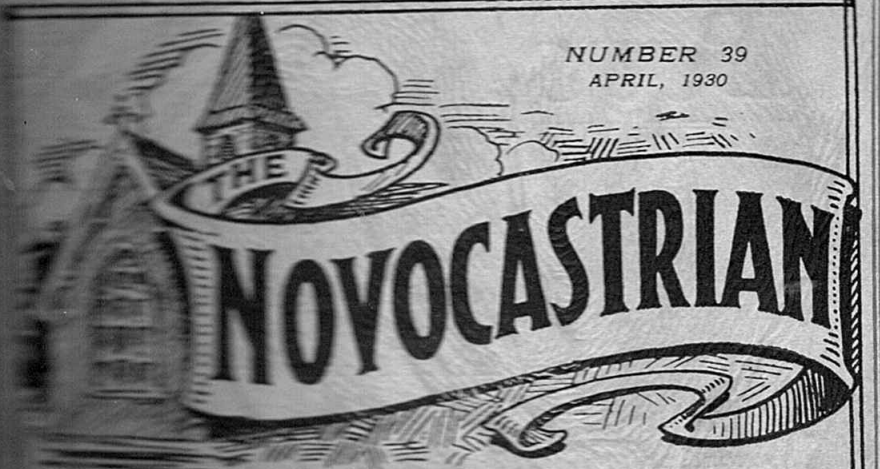


NHS  
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NUMBER 39  
APRIL, 1930



The Journal of the  
Novocastrian High School



Reg. C. Pogonoski Ltd., Print.  
Newcastle

# Boys!



These troublous times we are experiencing affect you. Unemployment is rife and retrenchment is met with wherever we go. Economists cry out for increased production and greater efficiency.

You will soon be joining the great army of workers and you must become efficient if you are to render your maximum service to the community and guard against unemployment.

If your aim is a commercial career a good pass at the "Intermediate" is the best foundation. Many appointments are closed to those without it and it is also necessary before studying Accountancy and Mercantile Law, a knowledge of which is essential to all business executives.

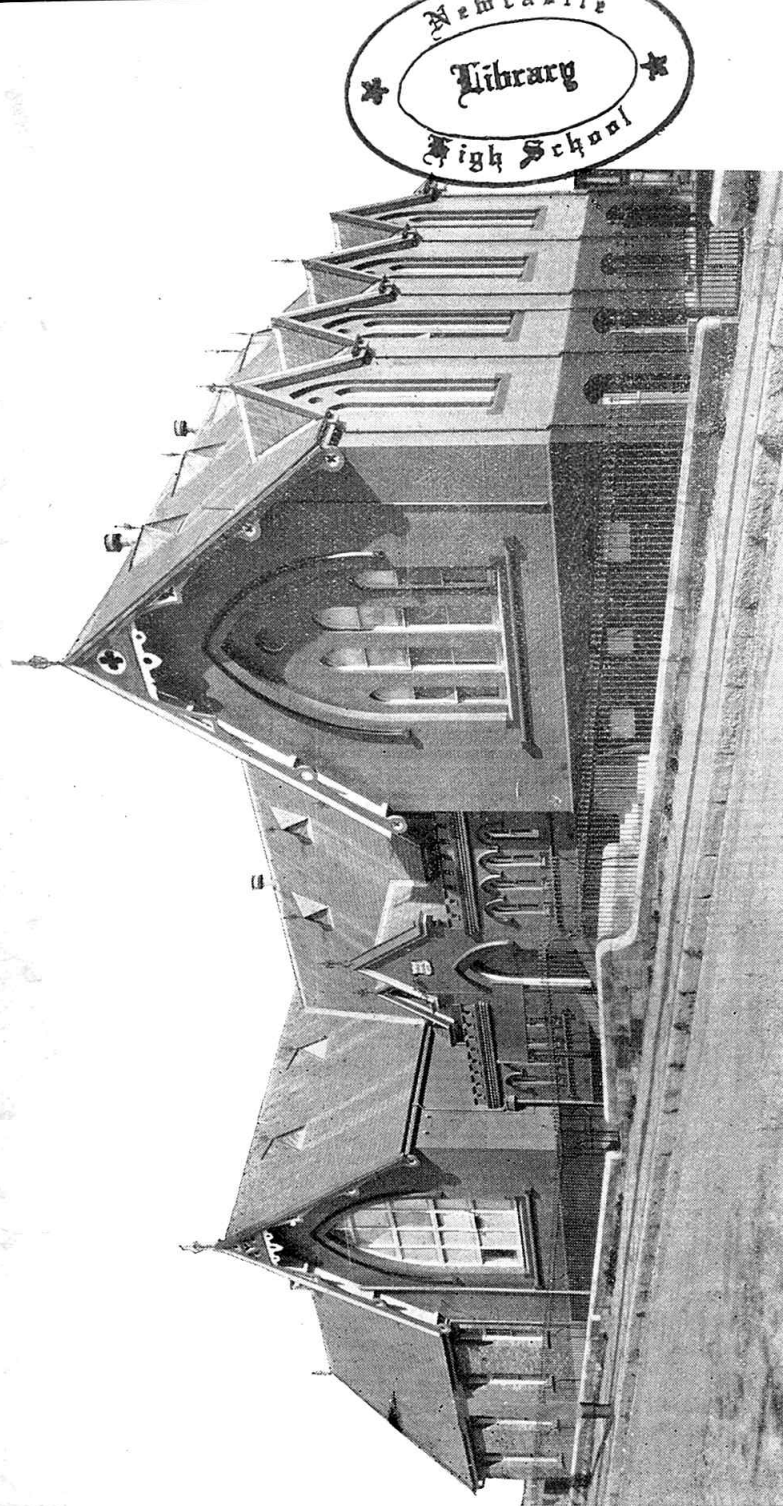
You therefore owe it to yourselves to make the best of your present opportunities and secure not merely a pass, but the best pass within your powers at the next Intermediate.

We shall then be pleased to tell you of the service we offer in coaching for examinations in Accountancy and Mercantile Law.

Five of our students were successful in the Final Accountancy Examinations, held last December, after two to three years' study at our evening classes. We can do the same for you.

**Newcastle Business College**  
Limited

Phone Ncle. 50. 1 TELFORD ST., NEWCASTLE



NEWCASTLE BOYS' 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 hear it call  
When the muscles are stiff that orce toed the ball,  
Or climbed up the hill in the morning.

(Chorus)

—R. G. HENDERSON.

## The School Staff

R. F. HARVEY, B.A., Headmaster.

W. M. NOAKES, M.A., Deputy Headmaster.

Department of English :

W. M. Noakes, M.A. (Master)

F. Fitzpatrick, B.A.

G. L. Reid.

E. Ford, B.A.

A. Waterer, B.A.

H. D. Kevans, B.A.

H. P. McCaffery, B.A.

Department of Classics :

J. W. Gibbes, B.A., (Master)

F. Moroney, B.A.

J. Woolf, B.A.

Department of Modern Languages :

J. Gibson, M.A. (Master)

A. F. Henry, B.A.

W. H. Judd, B.A.

R. H. Motte, B.L., D.A., Ph.

Department of Mathematics :

R. A. Golding, B.A. (Master)

A. Aitken, B.Sc.

H. Jurd, B.Sc.

C. Black, B.Sc.

V H. Walker, B.A.

R. J. Gillings, B.Sc.

H. P. McCaffrey, B.A.

Department of Science :

J. P. Austin, B.Sc. (Master)

T. R. Mason, B.Sc.

W. H. Roberts, B.Sc.

Department of Economics :

C. E. Brown (Master)

## School Prefects

A. Bishop (captain), G. A. Atkins, H. Bennett, T. Brown, H. Dalziel, A. Davies, H. Eddy, M. Edgar, L. Hannell, J. Seale, T. Penuy, J. Penny, E. Walters.

The Journal of the Newcastle Boys' High School

Editor : J. W. GIBBES, B.A.

Business Managers : E. ADDERLEY, G. McCARTHY.

APRIL, 1930



TO THE NEW BOYS

The opening quarter of the year has just run its course, and its has doubtless been an eventful one in many a young life. With the nonchalant assurance of veterans, the old hands returned to the High School after the Christmas vacation, while the new boys from Primary and Intermediate school, with mingled shrinking and expectation, took the plunge. In all the glory of school ties and hat bands they have, in two short months, realised that they are members of a goodly company. A new chapter of their career has opened, and we hope it will be happy and profitable. They now strive in a more spacious arena ; may their endeavours prosper. Many feel perhaps a little strange, even forlorn. Translation to a First Class High School usually involves an alteration of perspective and readjustment of values. In the smaller world of the Primary school he has just left, a lad may have been a person of consequence. He may have been dux of his class or champion athlete or what not ; but now he soon discovers that he is a very insignificant individual indeed, a minnow of minnows among Tritons. Along with other small fry, he must learn his place—a humble one. The lesson is a salutary one, and will help him in the years to come when school is but a memory. A sense of proportion is a precious asset which saves its possessor from many a pitfall, and nowhere is it more effectively inculcated, we hope, than in Newcastle High School.

The first yearers—and even second yearers and third yearers on this occasion—sit in class rooms where perhaps their fathers before them sat, and “thought the thoughts of youth.” They see and hear of the records of men who, once new boys like themselves, distinguished themselves at school and afterwards on the larger stage

of life. These men have deserved well of the community in many a different capacity. They have adorned and are adorning the professions, commerce, industry. The qualities through which they rose to eminence were fostered and developed at this old High School. Our new boy has seen the roll of honour and the pictures of men who have gone forth to serve their country—a splendid testimony of the patriotism and devotion engendered at our school. Can he remain unmoved by that example ? Should he not be proud that he is in succession to that glorious line ? Should he not resolve, here and now, to do his very utmost to be worthy of those illustrious “old boys,” many of whom died untimely deaths ? Our new boy sits at the feet of capable masters and perhaps hears of other capable masters no longer with us, whose work lives on in the school they so zealously served. Our new boy comes, in fact, to regard himself as part and parcel of a great and honourable institution. When at last the time comes for him to go his way, he will be well content if he can feel he has, in his degree, helped to hand on the torch.

The trite saying that our school days are the happiest in our lives, is scarcely borne out by universal experience. In retrospect, they are invested with a roseate glamour. The shadows are forgotten. School has its tribulations and disappointments which bulk large in the boy's vision. It is indisputable however, that the years we spend at school are the most fruitful. Our High School aims at producing a type which has certain desirable attributes. Many of the most important lessons are taught outside the class room. A lad learns to take hard knocks cheerfully, and to fight without rancour. Though he may not excel at any sport himself, he tries to cultivate the ethics of a “sportsman.” He learns

To set the cause above renown,  
To love the game beyond the prize.

to lose and what is even more difficult, to win graciously. Above all, he recognises the value of team work and the duty of subordinating himself for the good of his side. This training should beget a spirit of service which will manifest itself in a wider sphere and thus enrich the whole community. So, good luck to all our new boys, to whom we address Newbolt's apostrophe :

To-day and here the fight's begun,  
Of the great fellowship you're free ;  
Henceforth the school and you are one,  
And what you are the race will be.

## EDITORIAL NOTES

In view of the changed conditions at the school, it was with considerable trepidation that the Editor faced the task of getting out the present issue. That his alarm was to some extent justified was demonstrated by the lack of response which attended his first appeals for contributions. However, although matter was much slower in coming in than heretofore, and although the contributions received show some falling off in bulk, there has been no general falling off in standard and in certain sections there has been an appreciable improvement in the quality of work submitted.

As was anticipated, there has been a marked falling off, both in quality and quantity of the verse received. No School Magazine could lose at once two such contributors as Jean Dransfield and Una Canning without some lowering of standard in this section. As was anticipated also, the type of verse submitted is different and while we may regret the lack of lyrical quality therein, we can be thankful for the sincerity which pretends to verse, rather than to poetry. With regard to poems which were not regarded as good enough for publication, the best were two efforts of Malheureux Maurice, of which the first recalled Tom Moore too vividly both in sentiment and phrase to be regarded as really original, and the second evidenced altogether too conventionally sound a sentiment or too meticulous a choice of words to appeal to us. Witness the refrain, "never say fail."

Further, the opening of the second stanza was spoiled by the failure (we have said it) to develop and complete the metaphor begun in the first line:

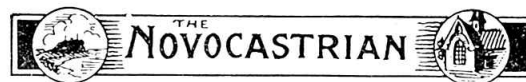
"In youth's early morning  
In manhood's firm pride."

What time is "pride?" Is it after the preliminary sherry and bitters, or delayed till the coffee and liqueurs?

McCarthy submitted two poems, both of which just missed, as the writer failed to clinch them at the finish, with the result that though both contained an idea, it was not adequately presented, and the conclusion not only lacked conviction, but in one case at any rate, failed to conclude anything. One thing young writers of narrative verse must be on their guard against, and that is the tendency to let the verse bolt on after the idea has dismounted or been thrown off.

By the way, one of McCarthy's poems is in vers libres, but not half so free as the efforts of a third year boy, of which the following may be taken as a fair specimen:

"The old coach is rattling down the narrow, cobbled street,  
And the beautiful black horses are sore of feet,



For the iron wheels are whirling, like the buzz of the bees,  
Why, that old coach was something dear to me."

Vivid, is it not? The jolting and creaking of the coach is strikingly reflected in the rhythm, and the extraordinary simile, together with the rhyming of "bees" and "me" indicate how the jolting affected the poet. Realism, my masters, true realism.

The most interesting work published consists of two stories, "One Year of Worship" and "In Chinese Seas."

Of these, the first is of the conventional magazine type, and a good specimen of its kind. The writer has grasped one essential of the short story, and that is that the involution must be as rapid as possible; we must be taken almost at once in medias res. If the introduction be long, it will be disproportionately long; the nut will be all shell and no kernel. "In the China Seas" this fault is obvious.

Again, the evolution should be short, but should present one or more essential points with conviction and inevitability. Here, too, we see that Eddy has contrived his conclusion with considerable skill and here, again, we see that the writer of "In the China Seas" has failed comparatively. To use a vulgarism, "he has nothing up his sleeve" wherewith to surprise or to impress us at the finish and the conclusion is not convincing, and gives an impression less of having been designed than of having casually happened. I would not be understood as condemning or undervaluing this story; I am merely pointing out for the benefit of the writer, and of others, its purely technical defects.

Both these stories, in common with much of the work of well known writers in this genre, lack the higher qualities which make such narratives really impressive and still more, those which transmute them into genuine literature. With regard to the first, it is to be noted that whereas Eddy has realised a scene and a situation, he has failed in his realisation, and hence in his delineation of character. It is the man in the situation which makes the situation impressive. That is why a newspaper report of a hanging, detailed though it may be, leaves us cold.

This emotional realisation of a situation is, of course, difficult but should not be beyond some of our contributors, if they would remember that such situations to be convincing need not be outre or horrible; the ludicrous can be just as effective from this point of view.

If, however, they cannot succeed in conceiving a sufficiently live and lifelike individual, the alternative is to take man as a whole and to represent certain aspects in certain situations. This latter

method is employed to some extent by the greatest of all short story writers, Guy de Maupassant, who is not only the best of models from the point of view of style and form, but is particularly suitable to our contributors, whose stories must not only be short, but very short, and who must consequently reduce dialogue to a minimum; they cannot afford to use it merely to portray character; every word must advance the action.

With regard to models, we have in French, in addition to de Maupassant, Catulle Mendez, a study of whom is well worth while, and in English, Bret Harte and Kipling stand alone. I have an Apuleius at the disposal of any Latin students who would like to go to the fountain head.

The class notes are neither better nor worse than formerly, which is to say that the uniform level is pretty low.

The local history vein seems to have been pretty well worked out.

With regard to general essay work, in which connection I may mention that excerpts from "Chums" are no more acceptable than pages copied from Macaulay, subject seems to present the main difficulty.

One essay, on the "Artificial and the Natural," seems to err from a complete misunderstanding of the meaning of these terms in a literary sense. The test of the "natural" is sincerity, and personally, I am inclined to regard the writer's praise of the "natural" as "artificial" in the worst sense of the word.

It seems rather strange with the amount of good reading which is done in fourth and fifth years that we receive no essays on purely literary subjects. Surely some of our students have some ideas of their own on literature, and are able to express them without resort to Hudson or a critical work.

Lastly, Americanisms and vulgarisms, copied, I think from the "Sunday Sun" disguise the work of even some of the better boys. "Say" is not an interjection to be used to begin a sentence, and even if it were, that would not justify its use at the beginning of every second sentence. "Arvo" is no doubt a beautiful word, but it is not English. Several drawings were submitted, some of which had considerable merit, but such work is unsuitable unless the subject has some topical interest.

The Editor has been much assisted in producing this issue by A. Bishop, H. Eddy, K. Brock, O. Montgomery, who not only worked hard to secure contributions, but did most valuable work in reading and selecting articles submitted.

In addition, their own contributions form by no means the least valuable part of the magazine.

The change from a mixed to a Boys' High School has necessarily involved a corresponding change of staff. Additions and replacements, both of the women teachers who have left us and men who have been transferred, have resulted in our beginning the year with fifteen new men.

Mr. E. Ford, B.A., comes to us from Kogarah I.H.S.

Mr. H. D. Kevans, B.A., has been transferred to Newcastle from Chatswood I.H.S.

Mr. F. Moroney, B.A., has come from Canterbury High School.

Mr. A. F. Henry, B.A., saw service at Inverell I.H.S. and at Glen Innes High, at both of which schools he was sports master. His last appointment before coming here was Cleveland Street Inter.

Mr. W. H. Judd, B.A., has been transferred to this school from Armidale High, where he was sports master.

Mr. C. Black, B.Sc., comes to us from Forbes I.H.S.

Mr. T. R. Mason, B.Sc., has come to Newcastle from East Maitland High. He was previously at Wollongong High and Kempsey High, and sports master at each of the last mentioned schools.

Mr. R. J. Gillings, B.Sc., Dip. Ed., has served at North Sydney Intermediate High and Glen Innes High. He is an Honours Graduate of Sydney University and Deas-Thompson Scholar for Physics.

Mr. A. G. Aitken, B.Sc., comes to us from Telopea Park Intermediate High, Canberra. His subjects are Mathematics and Science.

Mr. J. D. Woolf, B.A., (Honours in Classics and History) a graduate of the University of Cape Town, South Africa, has come to our school from Armidale High School. He saw previous service at Dubbo High and Petersham Commercial High.

Mr. H. P. McCaffery, B.A., was transferred from Ashfield Junior Technical School.

Mr. H. A. Jurd, B.Sc., also comes from Chatswood Intermediate High School where he was Sportsmaster. His team won the Schools Tennis Premiership in 1928.

Three new masters of Departments took up duty at Newcastle Boys' High School at the beginning of 1930. They are, Mr. W. Noakes, M.A., (Deputy Headmaster and English master), Mr. R. A. Golding, B.A. (Mathematic Master) and Mr. J. Gibson, M.A. (Modern Languages). Mr. Noakes is no stranger to us, for he acted as English Master here two years ago, and in the meantime has acted in a similar capacity at Sydney Boys' High School. Mr. R. A. Golding has always taken considerable interest in school sport and will be a great acquisition to our staff. He has served at North Sydney (1916)

Goulburn (1919-22) Sydney Boys' (1922-29). While at Sydney High he did much to raise the standard of football at that school. He has played 1st grade cricket in Sydney.

Our Master of Modern Languages, Mr. James Gibson, M.A. (hons.) comes to us from North Sydney Boys' High School, where he was on the Modern Languages Staff for nearly four years. Mr. Gibson previously taught at Sydney Boys' High School, Orange High School, The Church of England Grammar School, North Shore, Rockhampton Grammar School, Hillhead High School (Glasgow), and the Lycee Hoche (Versailles). During the two years he spent in France, he was a student at the Sorbonne, Paris.

\* \* \* \*

An anonymous donor has just given the school the sum of £2. This is in recognition of the lads' pass at the recent Intermediate Examination. We offer our sincere thanks for this grateful recognition and trust that the example so set will be followed by others.

\* \* \* \*

After being a mixed High School for 24 years, the old building on the hill now serves as a Boys' High School. Being a new type of school, it presents new problems, particularly in the matter of discipline. The organisation of sport, however, has been to some extent, simplified.

\* \* \* \*

The difficulty of securing sufficient playing grounds has always been an acute one. The desire of the Department to economise, however, is likely to seriously affect us. At present £50 per annum is paid to the Education Dept. for the use of No. 1 Sports Ground and Empire Park for every school Wednesday of the year. If the school is to be deprived of the use of these two grounds, it is difficult to see how provision will be made for the usual sports day in the time table.

\* \* \* \*

Realising that the possibility of a new Boys' High School being built is now very remote, a small contract has just been let for the making of some artistic fittings for the Reference Library. These are to be placed in room 3—previously known as the "dungeon." By putting another window in this room, the light and ventilation have been improved wonderfully and it should make a splendid library room, particularly if some new desks are provided. The new fittings should be in position at the end of April.

Speech Night is to take place this year on Wednesday, 14th May, in the new Town Hall at 7.45 p.m. As both boys and girls will be present, the C.M.M. Hall would not have been large enough. Indeed, is it questionable whether the new Town Hall will satisfy in this regard.

It is hoped that the date will be suitable for the majority. Owing to the changed vacation date, it was difficult to secure a day acceptable to everyone. We trust that all prize winners will make a supreme effort to be present.

\* \* \* \*

From the balance sheet of the Union, presented at the Annual Meeting on March 27th, it is gleaned that a sum of £89 was spent on the Reference Library during the last year. Most of the sports, particularly cricket, were extensively catered for.

\* \* \* \*

During the recent holidays, the old staff room for men was lined and really made fit for habitation. Twenty-five teachers are now comfortably housed in this room. We are grateful to the Department for transforming a "shack" into such suitable quarters.

\* \* \* \*

It was anticipated that, on the departure of the girls, the fourth year would not number more than 50. More than double this number, however, have been enrolled, and it has been necessary to make the classes large and to form a third fourth year class. Altogether the boys are of good type, and it is hoped they will bring credit on the school.

\* \* \* \*

A special class in French has been formed for those lads who, previously, have not had an opportunity of studying the subject. It is almost a superhuman task for boys to reach matriculation standard in the subject after two years' study, but we trust that some will accomplish it under Mr. J. Gibson's able guidance.

\* \* \* \*

Our cricket teams have been showing decided promise, and many capable cricketers have come to us from Hamilton, Cook's Hill and Central schools.

\* \* \* \*

The room recently occupied by lady members of the staff, has been converted into a store room for books, and as an office for the Deputy Headmaster, Mr. Noakes.

\* \* \* \*

The results of the University Honours Examination, held in March, are hardly satisfactory from our standpoint. Only three old Novocastrians figure in the list. H. M. Cromarty graduated in Arts with 1st class honours (2nd place) in Philosophy; E. W. McGann gained distinction and J. Biddlecombe credit in Mathematics I.

\* \* \* \*

The Acting Superintendent of Technical Education has written the Headmaster regarding the conditions of admission to the Diploma Courses of the Technical College. He says a charge has now been

made, whereby Chemistry becomes an alternative subject to Physics as a qualification for admission to these courses. Whichever of these two subjects is not provided at admission must be taken during the first year of the Diploma Course.

\* \* \* \*

The staff wishes to place on record its appreciation of the thoughtfulness of the High School P. and C. Association in arranging for the public welcome to the new staff of the Girls' and Boys' High Schools at the new Town Hall, early in February last.

\* \* \* \*

In the shuffle of members of the staff, during the Christmas vacation, owing to promotions and the opening of the new Girls' High School, many teachers left us. Mr. J. Gibson, our Deputy Head, took charge of Armidale High School. Mr. Woodward, our English Master, went to Maitland Boys' High, Mr. Jones to Sydney Boys' High and Mr. Lynch was promoted to the Classics Mastership of Canterbury High School. We extend the best of good wishes to all of these teachers.

\* \* \* \*

The "send off" to the fifth year students of 1929 took place at the Central Hall, King Street, on Thursday, October 31st. It was an unqualified success, and the speeches delivered by the students were very fine.

\* \* \* \*

The thanks of the whole school are due to Dr. Idris Morgan, President of Newcastle Rotary Club, for his very fine address on "Citizenship and the League of Nations," delivered to the assembled students on the occasion of the departure of 5th year students.

\* \* \* \*

Mr. and Mrs. Winney have been greatly benefited by the building of the Tuck Shop under the boys' "arches." Students are asked to patronise this institution, as, by so doing, they are making possible the development of many of our school institutions.

\* \* \* \*

At the recent Leaving Certificate, J. H. Britton secured the best pass with Eric Akerman a very close second. Britton secured two honours, and came highest in the aggregate, the best nine and the best eight subjects. Akerman came top on the best seven papers. Britton's weak papers were Latin Honours and Chemistry, and Akerman's weak papers were Maths I Honours and English.

\* \* \* \*

Jessie Chalmers came first in all respects among girl Leaving Certificate candidates. In aggregate number of marks, average mark per paper and best seven papers, she led all the way.

Jack L. Glassop secured the best pass in Modern History and is thus the winner of Mr. J. Bridges' Prize.

\* \* \* \*

At the Intermediate Examination, Clair D. Chalmers secured the best pass in English, in addition to securing the best pass among girl candidates.

\* \* \* \*

Owen R. Montgomery secured the highest marks among boy candidates.

\* \* \* \*

Arthur Bishop was elected captain and the announcement was made amidst applause at the Annual Meeting of the Union.

\* \* \* \*

Some of the merits of a prefect system are that it enables senior members of the school to develop character through the undertaking of responsibility, and that it provides an auxiliary force for the maintenance of good discipline.

\* \* \* \*

The training of a prefect should begin from the day he enters the school as a new boy. Evolution to prefectorial rank is recognised as the highest honour the school can bestow upon one of its pupil members.

\* \* \* \*

Prefects are the officers of the Headmaster, his corps d'elite, responsible to him, and the execution of their duties representing him. The first duty of the prefect is not to do, but to be. The example that he sets, the influence that he radiates by his personal behaviour, his attitude towards his work is more important than the official duties he performs.

\* \* \* \*

It is regrettable that the dearest privilege that can be accorded prefects—the possession of a room of their own—is not possible in our school. Without it, it is difficult for the idea of a community within a community wherein is found that sense of rare comradeship which comes to members of a selected band, to develop.

\* \* \* \*

Administrative and executive ability, judgment, reason, courage, both moral and spiritual, and self control are all qualities demonstrated by a prefect.



LEAVING CERTIFICATE EXAMINATION, 1929

Key: 1 English, 2 Latin, 3 French, 5 Maths I, 6 Math II, 7 Mechanics, 8 Modern History, 10 Physics, 11 Chemistry, 13 Geology, 14 Geography, 15 Art, 17 Lower standard Maths, 18 Economics, 19 Music. The letters H1 signify first-class Honours H2 second-class Honours, L a pass at the lower standard. The sign "X" denotes Honours in Mathematics and "O" that the candidate has passed the Oral test in French.

	1	2	3	5	6	7	S	10	11	13	14	15	17	18	19
Akerman, Eric	B	B	A	A	AX2			A	A						
Ball, Doris	B	B	B	B			B			B	B				
Bedford, Madeline	B		B	B							B	B			
Bowie, Mary	B		B	B						B					
Britton, Jack	H1	B	B	A	A		H2								
Chalmers, Janet	A	H2	H2	O	B	B		B		B					
Charge, Phyllis	B	B	B	B	B			B			B				
Clode, Eunice	B	B	A	B	B			B			B				
Collins, John	B		B	B	B			B			B				
Dalby, Joy	B	B	A	A	B			B			B				
Downie, Jean				B	B			B			B				
Dransfield, Janet	H2		A	B	B			A		A				B	
Einsaar, Leonora	B							B		L		A			
Finigan, Effie	B	B	A											Pass	A
Fleming, Ella	B	A	H2	O	B	B		B							
Frith, Robert	H2	B	A	B	B		H1								
Gill, Hazel	B		B	B	B					B					
Glassop, Jack	H2		B	B	B	B	H1	B	B						
Gordon, Charles			B	B	B	B		B	B		L				
Griffith, Walter			A	B				B	L						
Henwood, Thelma	B	B	A	B	B									B	B
Hinde, Jean	B		B	B	B			B							
Holt, Elvie	B	A	H1	O	B	B				B					
Hull, Hilda	B		B	A				B		B					
Jones, David		B	B	B	B	B		A						B	
Langley, Joyce	B		B	B	B					B	L				
Letcher, Norman	B	B	A	A	B	B		B						B	
Lorimer, John	B		B	B	B			B							
Maskell, Eva	B	B	B	B	B			B		L					
McDonald, Gordon	B		B	B	B			B							
McDonald, James	B		B	B	B			B							
McPhail, Neil	B	B	B	B	B	B									
McWhirter, Elspeth	B	B	B	B	B										
Morgan, Harry		B	B	B	B			A							
Redman, Ednan	A		B	B	B			A		B					
Roarty, Henry	B	B	B	B	B	B		B		B					
Robbins, Mary	B	B	B	B	B						B				
Robertson, Martha	B		B	A				A			B				
Rudd, Jack			A	B	B	B		H2			B				
Rundle, Albert	B		B	B				B			B				
Rundle, Enid	A		B					B			B				
Rush, Albert	B		L	B				B							
Rutherford, Walter	B	B	A	A	A	B		H2							
Scott, William	B		A	B				B			B				
Shannon, Charles	B		A	A				B	A						
Shellshear, Walter	B	L	B	A	A	B		B							
Smith, Frederick	B		B	B						A	H2				
Snape, Fern			B	B						B	B				
Snape, Rita	B	L	AO	B				B			B				
Tams, Leonard	B		B	B	B			B			B				
Wilby, Bethine	B		B	B	B			B			B				
Wiseman, Harold			A	B	B			B							
Woods, Iolene	B	B	AO	B	A					B					
Wright, Lola	B	A	B					B		L					
Yates, Clement	B			B				B			B				
Young, Florence	B	B	A	B				B			B				

INTERMEDIATE EXAMINATION, 1929

Key: 1 English, 2 History, 3 Geography, 4 Maths I, 5 Maths II, 6 Latin, 7 French, 11 Elementary Science, 15 Business Principles, 16 Shorthand, 20 Art, 21 Music. O Oral Test in French; S Speed Test in Shorthand.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	11	15	16	20	21
Adderley, Ernest	B	B	B	A	A	B	AO	A				
Ashley, Edith	A	A	B	A	B		B	A		B	B	
Bagnall, Ernest			B		B		BO	B				
Bass, Raymond	B	B	B	B	B	B	B					
Beattie, Margaret	A	B	B	B	B		B					
Blackmore, John	B	B	B	B	B			B	B	B		
Blakey, Enid	A	B	B	A	B	B	A	B				A
Bloomfield, Valerie	B	B	B				A					
Brock, Kenneth	A	B	B	A	A	A	AO	B				
Buckland, Jack	B				B		BO	B				
Burke, Allan	B	B	B	A	A	A	A					
Caldwell, Margery	B	B		B	A		B					
Canning, Una	A	B	B	A	B	A	B					
Chalmers, Clair	A	A	B	A	A	A	A	B				
Cleaves, Colin	B	B	B	B	A							
Cliff, Elizabeth	B	B	B	A	A	A	AO	A				
Clifford, Robert	B	B			B	B	B					
Clifford, Stella	B	B			B	B	B	B				
Coady, Aubrey	B	B	B	B	A	B	A	B				
Coates, Frederick	B	B			B		B	B	B	B		
Cohen, Samuel	B	B		A	A	A	AO	B				
Cowan, Jean	A	B	B	A	B	A	A					
Curran, Clifford	A	A	A	B	B		A	B	B	B	B	
Deamer, Ilma	A	B	B	B	B		BO	B	B	BS		
Dix, Stanley	B			B	B	B	A	B				
Drew, Frank	B		B	A	B		A					
Duncan, Jean	B	B	B	A	B	B	B	B				
Eagles, William	B	B	B	A	A	B	BO	A				
Felton, Leonard	B	B	B	B	A	B	B	B				
Gorman, Hazel	B	B			B		B	B	B	B		
Gunn, Harold	B	B	B	B	B		AO	B	B	B		
Halliday, Margaret	B	B			B		B		B	B		
Hall, Edgard	B	B					B	B	B			
Hart, Jean	B	B	B	B	B	A	A	B				
Hobbs, Geoffrey	B	B	B	B	A		EO					
Host, Marjorie	B		B				B	A				
Imrie, Kenneth	B		B	A	A	A	A	A				
Jansen, Ruth	B	B	B		B		B		B	B		
Jenkins, Eric	B	B	B		B		B	B				
Jones, Water	B	B		B	B		B					
King, Mary	B	B		B	B		B					
Langley, Jack	B	B	A	A				B				
Lindus, Jack	B	B		B	B		B					
Lloyd, Algie	B	B		B	B	B	B	B				
Long, Cecil	B	B	B	B	B		BO		B	B		
Lyne, Jean	A	B			B		A					A
Macara, Donald	B	B	B	B	B		B	B				
MacLaren, David	B		A		A	B	A	B				
McLeod, Norman	B	B	B	A	A	A	A	B				
Marshall, Helena	A	B	B				B					
Martin, Elva	A	B	B	A	B	A	A	B				A
McConnell, Alan	B	B	B	A	A	A	B	B				
McGregor, John	B	A	B		A		A					
McKean, Dorothy	B	B	B				B	A		B	B	
McLaren, Kenneth	B	B		B	B	A	A	B				
McLeod, Lister	B	B	B	B	B							
Merrilees, William	B		B	B	A		B					
Miller, Garrick	B		B	B	B		B	B				
Montgomery, Owen	B	B	B	A	A	A	A	A				
Morison, Vina	B	B		B	B		B	B				
Munro, Eileen	B			B	B	B	B					
Murchison, Duncan	B		B	A	A	B	A	B	B			
Murphy, Marion	A	B	B	A	A	B	B					
Nainby, Nancy	B	B	B	B		B						B

Intermediate Examination Results—(Continued)

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	11	15	16	20	21
Neary, Jean	B	A	B		B	B	B					
Nelson, Charles	B	B	A				B					
Newburn, Ernest	B	B	A									A
Parkinson, Wilfred				B	B	B	A					
Percy, Frank	B	B	B	A	B	B	BO		B	B		
Primer, Bernice	A	B	B	B	B	A	A	B				
Ramsden, Florence	B	B	B	B	A	B	A					
Randle, Leo	B	B	B	A	B	BO						
Richards, Ida	A	B		B	B	B	A					
Roach, Thelma	B	A	B	B	B	B	B					
Robertson, Elaine	B	B	B	B	A				B			
Rouse, Marjorie	B	A	B	B	B	B	B					B
Semple, Jessie	A	A	B		B	B	B					
Sharp, Winifred	B			A	B	B	B					
Sheldon, Arthur		B	B	B	B	B	A					
Smith, Laurel	B	B	B	A	A	A	A	A				
Stevens, Leslie	B			A	B							
Still, Keith	B						BO	B				
Stocks, Wilbur	B		B	B	B			A				
Taylor, Mavis	A	B	B	B	B	B	AO	B				
Tennent, Helen	B	B	B	A	B	A	A	B				
Thompson, Winifred	B	B	B	B	B	B	B	A				B
Vass, George	B	B		B	B							
Vidal, Noel	B			B	B		B					
Warren, Essie	B	B		B	B	B	B	B	B			
Whyte, George	B	B	B	B	B		BO	B	B			
Willgoose, Colin	B	B	B		A				B			
Williams, Geoffrey	B	B	B									
Williams, Samuel	B			B	B	B	A	B				
Wilson, Jean	B	B			B		B					

EXAMINATIONS

Taken as a whole, the results of the recent L.C. and I.C. Examinations do not afford any great matter for congratulation. The percentage of passes in the Intermediate, it is true, is very high—96 candidates being successful out of 100 who sat for the examination—but the standard of individual passes was appreciably lower than that of last year. The fact that not only was the best pass 6 a's and 2 b's gained by a girl, Clair Chalmers, but also that a large proportion of the better passes also stand to the credit of girls, is in the circumstances, by no means encouraging.

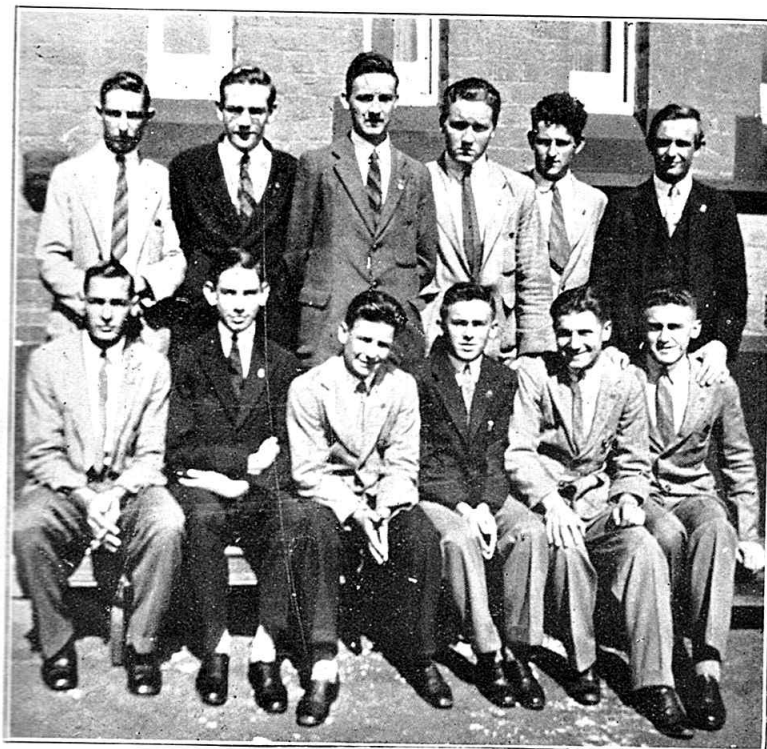
Still, candidates from the school gained 155 A's and 448 B's, which at any rate, shows a high percentage of passes in all subjects and with this we must perforce console ourselves.

With regard to the L.C., no such consolation is possible. Out of 79 candidates, only 56 succeeded in passing the examination, and the general standard of the passes is not comparable with that of last year. The number of honours gained was 16 and of these, only four were first class. Elvie Holt gained fourth place in the State in French, Jack Britton 29th place in English, Glassop 11th place in History and Frith 16th place in History.

Second class honours were gained in English 3, Latin 1, French 2, Maths 1, History 1, Physics 2, Chemistry 1.

With regard to individual subjects, the results in English and history show a marked improvement, and French is well up to standard, the Latin is similarly down, but neither Maths or Science subjects compare quite favourably with last year's results. University Exhibitions were awarded in Arts to J. H. Britton, Janet Chalmers, R. Frith, Elvie Holt and in Science to G. E. Akerman. These exhibitions, however, cannot be retained by students entering the Teachers' College.

Approximately thirty students gained Teachers' College Scholarships.



THE PREFECTS, 1930.

J. Seale, H. Dalziel, A. Bishop (captain), L. Hannell, T. Brown, G. Atkins, E. Walters, M. Edgar, A. Davies, J. Penny, H. Bennett, T. Penny.



## THE FOUR LEGGED CRAFT

---

All aboard! the anchor's lifting!  
Trim and ship-shape, fore and aft!  
Steady, Bos'n! stop her drifting!  
Ain't she just a saucy craft?

Now the cruise has fairly started!  
Jack! she's listing! Helm a-lee!  
Then if the rudder lines got parted  
We should all be in the sea!

Keep her stem towards the weather!  
My! but don't she roll and pitch?  
Set the watches all together!  
Take in canvas—every stitch!

Gee! this bumping sets me coughing!  
Let the helm be put about!  
Gunboats sighted in the offing!  
Send your S.O.S.'s out!

Oh, for just a life-belt around me!  
Scraps of wreck to make a raft!  
Oh, to think that madness found me  
Signing on to such a craft!

Shoot them gunboats! sink 'em under!  
Sure as fate they've done us brown.  
Ben's gone over! wind and thunder!  
Jack, my mate; she's going down!

There yer are! we're wrecked and stranded!  
Bones all sound—but this is plain:  
Nothin' (now I'm safely landed)  
Gets me on that craft again!

—A. BAKER.



## THE SAD FATE OF ERRATIC 'ERBIE

---

Erratic 'Ernie walked out to the wicket,  
Prepared to stand up to the hurricane ball;  
He thought himself a Bradman at cricket—  
"My wicket," he said, "to no one shall fall."

But, alas and alack for our 'Ernie's hopes!  
Up tears the fast bowler, down hurtles the ball,  
Poor 'Ernie blindly, unseeingly gropes,  
But somehow he couldn't get near it at all.

His opponents rejoice, for smash goes his wicket;  
'Ernie says the pitch has a flaw.  
His friends, "why didn't you cut it, or snick it,  
Or drive it, or glide it, or swipe it for four,"

Though 'Ernie's cricket was not a success,  
He started at football with wonderful ease;  
But a certain opponent with splendid address  
Caught hold of poor 'Ernie just under the knees.

Well, 'Ernie said, they didn't play fair,  
And treated them all to outbursts of abuse,  
Till a hard, nobbly boot raised him high in the air,  
To end on the gravel his aerial cruise.

Still undaunted, 'Ernie daringly tried  
To manoeuvre a boat—it went and upset.  
"Tis the boat builder's fault," with a gurgle he cried—  
Then sank in the waters. He's not come up yet!

—ROBERT CLIFFORD, 4A.

All the villagers had received an invitation to a concert, and the vicar's wife was dismayed that no one had sent an acceptance.

Her old gardener was consulted and he said that invitations were not generally answered.

"But," exclaimed the vicar's wife, "didn't you see R.S.V.P. in the corner?"

"Yes ma'am," replied the gardener, "but we thought it meant refreshments supplied by vicar of parish."

A prize of 10/- is offered by the Headmaster for the best English translation of the poem printed hereunder. If the translation be given in good prose it will be accepted, but a poetic rendering is preferred.

REVERIE.

Dis-moi, mobile étoile aux ailes de lumière,  
Qui poursuis dans l'azur ton vol mystérieux.  
Ou va ta course ? est-il un but à ta carrière ?  
Cloras-tu quelque part tes ailes dans les cieus ?

Dis-moi, lune pensive, ô pâle voyageuse !  
Cheminant aux déserts du firmament lacté,  
Dans quelle profondeur obscure ou lumineuse,  
O lune ! cherches-tu le repos souhaité ?

Dis-moi, vent fatigué qui vas à l'aventure,  
Comme un déshérité sans foyer ni repos,  
Est-il un lit secret au fond de la nature,  
Est-il un nid pour toi dans l'arbre ou sur les flots ?

Dis-moi, mer tourmentée, au murmure sauvage,  
Qui te plains à la nuit, qui te plains au soleil,  
Par delà l'horizon est-il quelque rivage  
Ou tu doives trouver ton lit et le sommeil.

Et toi, cœur inquiet, plus agité que l'onde.  
Plus errant que la brise et qu'un rien fait gémir,  
Est-il un lieu béni, dans l'un ou l'autre monde,  
O'u tu puisses, mon cœur, oublier et dormir ?

—AUGUSTE LACAUSSE.

CATULLUS V.

Lesbia, let us love and live;  
To murmurs of the old and wise  
A second though we shall not give,  
But use our joy before it flies;  
For suns may set and rise again  
For us, when once our youth is gone;  
Waits joyless age and grief and pain,  
The sleep that waking ne'er has known.  
Give me a thousand kisses then  
And still another thousand more,  
Another thousand yet again,  
And now let us cross off the score,  
That we may say we've had but one  
And we have but just begun.

GERMAN IN HIGH SCHOOLS

Before 1914, there existed in Australia, a keen interest in the study of German. This interest was fostered by German Clubs, by frequent opportunity to speak the language, and by the teaching of it in many schools. Patriotism run wild checked the desire, or minimised the opportunities to acquire the German tongue, and therefore, save in one or two schools, the teaching of German had almost fallen into disuse.

Some years ago, Professor MacCallum pointed out that, whilst Englishmen in Elizabethan times were fighting the Spaniard on the high seas, English writers were making very good use of Spanish literature. We must not scorn the qualities of our enemy, nor can we hope to vanquish him without that intimate knowledge of his power which comes only through acquaintance with his medium of expression. Had Britain known more of German before the war she would have more easily conquered the Germans.

Now that we have returned to friendly relations, there is still need for the study of German. While German literature has not the breadth and variety of French, it contains a great wealth of exquisite lyrical poetry; folk songs, ballads, nature poetry. It has produced at least one writer, Goethe, who has good claims to be ranked with Shakespeare, Moliere, Dante and Cervantes. In modern literature, the names of Keller, Meyer, Storm, Heyse and Thomas Mann, in fiction, Sudermann, Hauptmann and Schnitzler in drama are worthy of being placed beside those of great writers in other nations.

Germany is the home of great musicians. Pianists and violinists who wish to reach perfection in their art, all hope to study in Germany, and are obliged to learn German. Intellectuals also wish to learn it; literary critics, students of Philosophy, Psychology, History, Pedagogy or Philology. An honours course in any branch of learning is almost impossible without the ability to read German with ease. It is useful too, in classical studies, not only for understanding commentaries, but also for acquiring a knowledge of Greek and Roman antiquities.

Although the study of German for practical purposes is the least important from the point of view of education in the real sense of the term, it is interesting to note that all sorts of people wish to learn German for various technical or commercial reasons, doctors and chemists for research work; engineers of all kinds; wool experts in particular. The largest "top" factory in the world is in Bremen, and a number of Australians go there every year to study. There are also the purely commercial relations which involve foreign correspondence.

For all of these reasons it is right that High School should provide a course in the German language. It is furthermore particularly fitting that such a course should be instituted in the High Schools of Newcastle, a city of special industrial and technical importance. With the very considerable number of young teachers who are now highly qualified in the German language, it should be easy to carry High School courses in German to the Leaving Certificate standard, thus opening up new avenues of thought and culture to a large number of pupils.

—J. GIBSON.

The editors are pleased to be able to state that they have secured the services of Mr. Timothy Tix, the well known writer on "la grande passion," heart trouble, nervous disorders, mal a la tete, and kindred complaints. The following article is one of a series especially prepared for this journal, at enormous expense, and only after long negotiations. Our subscribers who desire information or advice on any subject concerning their love affairs, or any one else's love affairs, are invited to write to Mr. Timothy Tix, care of this office, and avail themselves of the advantages of this column while it lasts.

Many a boy has had his early aspirations shattered, and has been prevented from doing strict justice to his homework because his sweetheart has for an unexplained reason, refused to help him, says Mr. Tix, who thinks that a youth should make his own way, and that girls who do boys' homework are sowing the seeds of which the whirlwind will be reaped in the November of each year.

\* \* \* \*

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BY TIMOTHY TIX—Copyright.

Dear Timothy Tix,

I am sixteen and work in 4B class. I say work advisedly. Last year when the girls were in the same building as we, I fell in love with a girl in 1D class. We used to meet every other evening and assist one another with our homework, but as she usually had hers already done (1D never seemed to have much homework) it was mine on which we spent most of the time. Since the schools have been separated, naturally I have not seen her so often, and latterly she has been, I am sure, avoiding me. I am pretty desperate, as I love her, and think she loves me, and I am afraid someone has been

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telling her tales about me. Worse still, I had Theorem 5 and the Binominal Theorem last night, as well as translation of "Les trois Ours." I am getting it in the neck from my Maths and French teachers, a thing that never happened before. They say my work is deteriorating. I have her picture over my bed, and every night I have a little cry, and everyone says how changed I look. I whisper her name to the trees outside my window, while I am learning Avogadra's Hypothesis, and Caesar's Gallic Wars (book 2, pages 22-39 inclusive). I am heart broken, and I want her back again to help me. Oh! what shall I do? I enclose a poem about her that I wrote two nights ago. Enclosed also please find stamps.

I am,

—Q.M.D., 4B.

\* \* \* \*

ANSWER.

Dear Q.M.D., 4B.—

What a beautiful pen name you have chosen, you dear big boy! I am sorry to hear of your great misfortune, and I can assure you that among the hosts of letters that I receive from 4B boys and others, yours is the most touching. My poor darling boy, how could she be so cruel, so thoughtless, I almost said callous? And to think of you struggling with Theorem 5 last night! Go, my poor boy to your father, tell him the whole story from A to B, show him your homework book, and (if you think fit) a book of logarithms, and have a good cry together. Now I think of it, it appears the girls have become somewhat remiss, even haughty, with regard to their old friendships, now that they are in their wonderful new building, and have not to climb a one in five hill to the High School, no matter at what angle you approach it, unless of course you sleep there. I am happy to say that I feel sure she still loves you, in spite of the fact that your school is so forbidding in its aspect, so dull and drab in its surroundings, so ill-served in respect of gymnasia, drawing rooms, so, oh what's the use? There is an old saying, "cum grano solis," and if you write her a nice letter preferably on pink paper with blue edges, pouring out your woes, and your inmost thoughts to her, I am sure that you may soon count upon her to help you. I think it would be quite "au fait," to write to her, and you may almost count your irregular verbs done, your binominal theorems (with negative index) already expanded, "Les trois Ours" translated into idiomatic English, (at sight) and the Asses' Bridge crossed, as well as if I were to have done them for you myself. So my dear, dear boy, don't forget to write to me again, and if you care to enclose more stamps or postal notes, or even cheques (payable bearer and not crossed) you may be sure that I will read your charming letters

Page Twenty-Three

with the additional pleasure of knowing that I am corresponding with a generous and understanding heart, who will entice me to think of shrewder and yet wilder schemes to win back his love for him.

—TIMOTHY TIX

\* \* \* \*

I love her,

Her hair is bright auburn and curly,  
The sun when it shines makes it silky,  
It glistens like bronze when its tawny,  
I think that's the word, but the sense is elusory.

Is there  
anything  
queer  
about  
that ?

I love her.

Her cheeks are aflame with cosmetic,  
Her lips like soft iron, become so magnetic,  
Just a glimpse of her makes me ecstatic,  
I'm preparing to write a great big panegyric.

Is there  
anything  
queer  
about  
that ?

I love her.

Her form is exquisite and certainly charming,  
Burne Jones or Fadema would admit it was winning,  
At times even I must admit it is daring,  
But who cares for that ? There'll soon be a wedding.

Is there  
anything  
queer  
about  
that ?

—Q.M.D.

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MARTIAL IX. 81.

When poets lament my unpolished verse,  
Though hearers and readers approve of my books,  
It is evident then, that I might have done worse.  
I give dinners, I know, for my guests, not my cooks.

THE DISCOVERY OF NEWCASTLE

It will doubtless be not uninteresting to recount shortly, the circumstances to which the city owes its origin.

For some years after Captain Phillip, in 1788, founded the first British settlement in Port Jackson, Newcastle, with its great mineral wealth, was an unknown land to the representatives of the Crown, and it might have remained so for decades, but for one of those happy chances, such as have given birth to many of the prizes bestowed upon mankind by fortune's generous hand.

Early in September, 1797, a few convicts, forming the crew of a boat named the "Cumberland," mutinied, and having landed the coxwain and three others who refused to join them, they took possession of the boat and put to sea. Lieutenant John Shortland, R.N., was dispatched from Sydney in pursuit of the mutineers, and after going as far as Port Stephens without any success, he decided to return.

While on his journey down the coast he sighted a river with a peculiarly shaped islet at its entrance ; and being a keen explorer, he determined on a closer investigation. Sailing his boat in past the "Nob," as he called Nobby's, he anchored somewhere where the pilot station now stands, on the 9th of September, 1797.

His quick eye soon detected evidence of the existence of coal seams in close proximity, and to his new found water-course he gave the name "Coal River." In honour of his friend and chief, Captain Hunter, the discovery was subsequently changed to the name it now bears—the Hunter River.

Wonderful progress has been made since Shortland's visit, as will be seen when one reflects that where there was then but a river's mouth, intersected by sand-banks, which at low water stood high and dry, there is now a commodious land-locked harbour, where a hundred vessels of large tonnage can be accommodated.

—C. B., 2AC.

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CONVICT DAYS

To view the accompanying scene, the traveller must turn to the right of the spot where the Lette and Cox rivers mingle their sparkling waters and flow on merrily together. It is an historic spot of tense pathetic interest to anyone possessed with a vivid imagination. The traveller must make his way along the bed of a creek deprived of its water by the fiery Jupiter of the summer skies. The country rises here and is covered with long brown grass which com-

pels one to pick his steps warily. The real explorer turns instinctively from the steep rocky country which now confronts him and turns to a small valley leading to the left. As he slowly makes his way up the opposite slope, he comes upon this lonely, secluded landmark of Australia's early days.

It is an inspiring spot, this lonely grave, miles from any township and to the imaginative, the roughly cut headstone and crude engraving supply sufficient data for a rather pathetic view of the past. Some unhappy convict, suffering transportation for some trivial offence, had probably cut the headstone in the scorching summer sun or the blinding sleet of winter. The lover of the ancient and antique will experience a strange feeling of awe as he gazes on this



monument of the past. The monument is the work of an unskilled hand, and years of sun and rain have almost succeeded in effacing it. However, by close scrutiny the visitor may discern the following words :

In loving memory of Margaret Rodd, daughter of Col. Serg. Rodd, of H.M. 29th Regt. Died 12th September, 1831.

A conversation with a nearby settler revealed the fact that this was the regular burying ground adjacent to a convict depot on the Great Western road. Ruthless hands have removed the other headstones, but this lonely one remains, poignant testimony of the happenings of earlier days.

—R. DUNLOP, 2A.

## WHEN IN ROME, DO AS ROME DOES

(UNTIL THEN, DON'T)

"Bony" Napoleon always was a rude chap, but he capped it all when he interrupted old Anthony in the middle of his infamous oration over the scattered remains of his Ford chariot.

Mark had just got to the part where either he or the Ford broke down; anyway, he had just got to the exciting part after an hour's palavering, when Bonaparte stepped in and began in the approved manner of all Isle of Elba orators.

"Fellows, idiots, infants and imbeciles, lend me your ears—"

First citizen (in a whisper): "He's always borrowing something, he had a loan of our bread knife this morning, he wanted to saw up Brutus, because he had just carved up Caesar."

Mr. Bonaparte: "Here, quit the noise, I want to tell you the news."

Second cit.: "Then get it over quickly, Mark's just telling us a great yarn."

Bony: "Well, listen—Anne Boleyn is on at the Capitol this evening, in 'The Record Divorce Case,' and its only sixpence to go in."

First, second and so on up to the thousandth cit.: "Boys, come and collect the wine bottles lying round in the Senate and the race-course and then we'll go to the bottle o'hs."

"Eh, Mark, you can finish that yarn at interval." (Exeunt)

Mark and Bony are left alone in the street.

Mark: "You're a squib Bony, you've sent those fellows to the pictures because you're frightened to play us now that Brutus has dished up Caesar."

Nap.: "Garn, we've got a better full back than Julius. Jock Garden is better with his razor and beer bottle than Caesar ever was with his sword, just because Shakespeare's a state rep. you needn't think you can beat us."

Mark: "All right, let the mob go to the flicks to-morrow. We'll play you this afternoon. We've got Ned Kelly in our front row. He got caught in a kerosene tin when he was a kid and he's grown up with it on, so Jock's razors and bottles will make no impression on him." (Enter citizens heavily laden with wine bottles.)

Bony: "Eh, citizens, we're going to play footer this afternoon, and we'll go to the flicks to-morrow. But Mark, you're not to tell that yarn in the middle of the game or we'll be playing water polo in the tears."

Mark: "All right, this is my team, Me, Ned Kelly, Bradman, Chaucer, Lepidus, Bill Shakespeare, Polyphemus, the Black Prince, Henry V., Edgar Wallace, Rudolph Valentino, Buddy Rodgers and Clara Bow, and they are all honourable men."

Napoleon: "Not bad, but listen to mine—Me, Me, Me, Jock Garden, William the Conqueror, Samson, Cardinal Wolsey, Nero, Bobby Burns, Sulphuretted Hydrogen, Billy Hughes and myself."

STOP PRESS.

Bony's team won their match against Mark's team by five dead to three dead, and two seriously wounded.

Bily Hughes' scorching language was too much even for Kelly. The game was nearly abandoned when someone lost the cork out of the Sulphuretted Hydrogen bottle. Jock Garden was disqualified for using a tin opener on Ned Kelly. Both captains are progressing favourably.

—G. McCARTHY, 4th Year.

THE FLOOD—MERCILESS

The wind howled through the black void of night and the rain poured down in torrents.

Above the howling wind rose a distant roar as of thunder. The river was rising, tearing down the mountain side.

Over the plain, piercing the heavy veil of darkness with powerful headlights, sped a car. The race was on, the winning post the bridge. Who would win? Car or flood?

On flew the car in noiseless haste down the bed of the river with ominous roar came the dark and dreadful, turbulent waters.

A boundary rider's humpy, fifteen miles away presented a pitiful picture. On the floor in a pool of blood lay the boundary rider, while a fallen telephone by his side gave mute testimony of his struggle to gain help.

A dim light flickering in a hurricane lamp on the table spread ghastly shadows over the still form.

The car sped on, on towards the bridge, hastening to the stricken rider—the flood raced on, crashing over the plain, carrying all before it.

The boundary rider groaned and turned, the light on the table was sinking, lower, lower—

The rain stopped, the wind was hushed, and as the car thundered on to the bridge, the boiling, threshing waters met it with an awful crash.

The flood leapt on its way growling and on its heaving, troubled breast a white face showed for a second and then disappeared.

The man in the hut turned uneasily, then suddenly he sat straight up and cried, "the flood—death," then he sank down. The light fluttered and went out.

The river triumphant, careered madly on its way with its awful burden of death—the stars twinkled out and looked on, the moon bathed the hut, while the wind moaning softly round it, sang a lonely death dirge.

—G. McCARTHY, 4th Year.

YOUR PREFERENCE—THE ARTIFICIAL OR THE NATURAL.

A country man comes to the city with the idea that he will better his condition. But the blaring, grinding, the clanking and groaning, the screaming and roaring of the pulsing, restless, ever-moving city soon send that peaceful lover of quietude scurrying back to the cool and misty blueness of his stately mountains or to the crystal clarity of his far reaching, everlasting, never changing plains. Here only the tinkle of the bell bird, the gurgle of the merry stream and the happy sighing of the gentle breeze break the silence.

The city is the home of mechanism, artificiality, where one is hemmed in by convention, suffocated by the smoky, gritty air, and jostled by the hurrying, hungry-eyed crowd in their feverish quest for money.

Money, that indispensable necessity, is always the one object of these people who crowd the nerve centres of our nation.

But the country is the home of all that is natural, beautiful and peaceful. Beauty is wealth.

Nature has love for those who love her and understand her moods. Wealth comes to them in their knowledge of her ways and customs.

When nature lets loose her devastating forces, when she calls up her destructive armies of rain and flood, winds, and lightning, volcanoes, and earthquakes, when she sends her raging furies to despoil the works of man, then no mechanism can hold her, nor check her wrath, no artifice produced by man's mind can halt her awful progress.

But for the country man, her stern visage softens, and for the damage she has done in her first unheeding fury she pays him three-fold. So nature keeps her lovers safe from the madding multitude, keeps them happy with the knowledge that always will she drown the discordant voice of the city with the wonderful music of her birds, her streams, her trees, her insects and the host of songsters who join in her wonderful melodies.

—G. McCARTHY, 4th Year.



## OLD NEWCASTLE

In the early days of Newcastle, most of the shipping was done on the present King's wharf, while the inner basin and near Lee wharf, where to-day many big ships tie up, was once all mud flats which were visible at low tide. The waters of the harbour in those days came to where the railway line near Honeysuckle Station is, and from near Mortuary platform, a bridge crossed to Carrington. On the Carrington side there was a walk of half a mile before a residence was reached. Tram tracks were laid to the foot of the bridge, but owing to increasing shipping and a consequent improving of the harbour, no rails were taken on to the bridge, and in time the bridge was removed. Ship building was carried on near Honeysuckle Station, one boat named the "Phoenix," so called because it was built to replace another which was burnt, can still be seen in service on the Hawkesbury River.

Where the Girls' High School is now built was once the old Newcastle racecourse. The debris from a pit on the Merewether boundary was once in a huge heap, and in the days of the old volunteer militia, this heap was the scene of many sham battles. The forces held their camps on the racecourse near by, and on a holiday afternoon a "battle" would be "fought," with many town people as spectators.

When the racecourse was transferred to its present site, airplanes used the old grounds as a landing ground. Where the present racecourse is, was once a swamp, which extended to where the Speedway grounds are. The site of the Sports Grounds, which was filled in with rubbish, was once a swamp which became a menace to public health, and which, after much agitation was filled in.

When new Newcastle is viewed from our piece of old Newcastle, we see the great improvement and we imagine the large swamp spreading from the Sports Ground to the racecourse and think of the activity in those parts when the place was being made into what it now is in the field of sport, education and as a residential area.

—"CICERO," 5B.

## CANBERRA

Our capital city now stands where several years ago, sheep and cattle grazed. This great town is beautifully laid out, with wide streets and parks. Two curious things however, are that none of the houses have fences or verandahs.

The shopping area forms one large block. This method of

arranging the shops if it is raining, enables one to visit any shop without becoming wet.

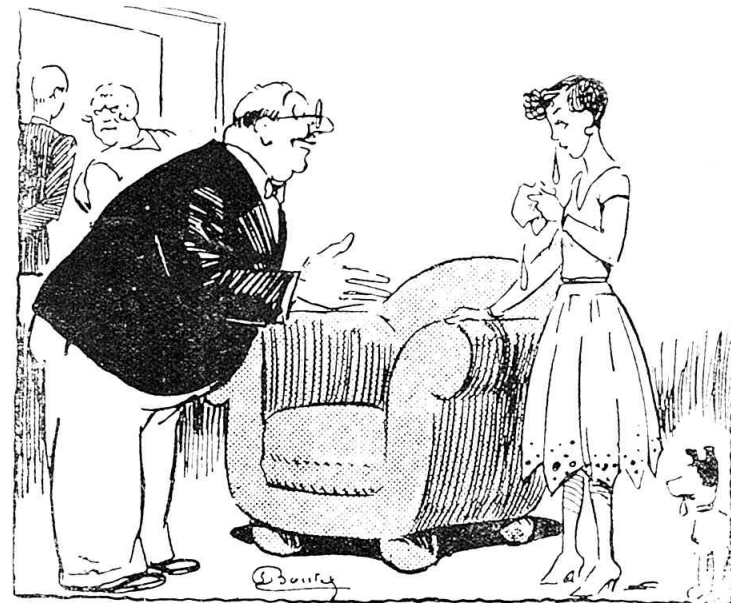
Parliament House, which was opened in 1927, is surrounded by lawns and flower beds. In one of the rooms is the table, quill pen and inkstand which Queen Victoria used to sign the paper that declared Australia a Commonwealth. Several pictures adorn the walls of that room also.

One of the assembly rooms is upholstered in red and the other in green. The Speaker's Chair is a high padded chair, beautifully carved and with the Royal Arms engraved on top. Thick rubber matting, instead of carpets cover the floors and corridors.

Eleven miles out of Canberra is the Cotter River Dam, which supplies Canberra and the surrounding district with water.

The approach to Canberra is through bushy country until, suddenly the trees end, and one views this rapidly growing city.

—DONALD R. RICHMOND, 1st Year.



— Comment, ma fille, on vient de te demander en mariage et tu te mets à pleurer !  
 — Mais, papa, je ne veux pas quitter maman !  
 — Tout est pour le mieux !... Tu l'emmèneras !



## ONE YEAR OF WORSHIP

Two men lazily puffed at their pipes on the deck of a liner which cut its way through the smooth surface of a placid sea, leaving a long wake of white, which extended right to the horizon.

"A queer place that, Grendal," said one of them.

"Why, anything extraordinary there?" asked the other, gazing attentively at the faint blue shore in the distance.

"They tell me a remarkable crowd of natives live there. They have some custom or other about raising members of their tribe to Gods. They worship them for one year, then lock them in a store room to be slowly killed by some poisonous vapour they have invented. It's their belief that a God must be kept on earth no longer than a year, and should then be allowed to live with his fellows. The funny part is, they clamour for the honour."

"Nothing funny about that," said Grendal reflectively, "why, here am I; my life's been wasted. I've just managed to keep myself alive without crime. The price would not be too high for one year of worship. I almost feel tempted to jump overboard and swim there."

His companion laughed. "The worship is alright," he said, "but I should imagine waiting for death alone, save for the bones of former gods would be none too pleasant."

"Have I not faced death enough before?" exclaimed Grendal warmly. "What is death? We have to die. Isn't it better to do so in a blaze of glory than to while away our miserable lives in mediocrity and go at last with only a mean paragraph in some local newspaper for our epitaph?"

His companion looked at him thoughtfully. He was no weakling, this Grendal. Six feet three, powerfully built, agile, determined, courageous. He was glad he was not his enemy.

"I suppose you're game enough," he said at length, "you're game enough when you can see your enemy, when you have something tangible to fight, but to face something unseen, irresistible, to remain inactive and be conquered is quite another thing."

Grendal laughed. "Come below," he said, "let's see if we can face a dinner."

Out of the west came the dark clouds that meant storm. By nightfall, the whole sky was overcast. The ship heaved and rolled alarmingly. An hour later the full fury of the tempest burst upon them. Below, Grendal and his friend tried to play draughts as they listened to the howling of the wind, the pounding of the waves, the raging of the angry elements.

"It's no good," exclaimed Grendal, in disgust. "We can't concentrate. I'm off to bed."



He turned to go, then suddenly checked himself.

"I'll bet you a fiver I'll go back to my cabin along the deck."

His companion gasped. "What! walk on deck in that? You're mad."

"Mad or no, I'll do it. Will you take the bet?" he said.

"Certainly not. I take no responsibility if you will go and do these stupid things."

Grendal turned on his heel. "I'll go without the bet," he said.

He thrust his head out of the hatch. What a sight met his eyes! Huge masses of water seethed fiercely upward and dashed mercilessly against the ship, sending clouds of white foam, flying higher than the mast tops. The thunder crashed, the lightning flashed blindingly, the rain was swept in his face, almost choking him, the wind almost blew him from his feet. The whole sea seemed to have combined in one onslaught against the ship. Grendal was no coward. Here was something to fight, something that would call up all his strength. He pulled himself on deck. He would win through.

Battered by the waves as they fell upon the deck, blinded by the lightning, deafened by the thunder, stung by the rain, tossed about by the heaving of the ship, he worked his way along that stage of destruction. Now clinging grimly with his hands, his feet swept from under him, now groping his way unsteadily forward, bruised and cold, soaked to the skin, he fought on. He would not be beaten. Now he was half way. He could see triumph before him. He redoubled his efforts. He had but ten yards to go. In that ten yards there was no support. He waited for a lull in the tempest. At length it came. The wind was stilled, the rain slackened, the lightning ceased. He staggered out. He was half way across. Crash! The whole ship shivered. He fell helpless on the deck. The next moment he was overwhelmed by an irresistible mountain of water, and when he could see once more, he was struggling with the waves, being borne rapidly away from the ship into the darkness.

It was no use shouting; the clamour of the storm would drown all lesser sounds. It would drown him, too. Would it? He would not go down without a struggle. He would fight it to the end. He struck out with the waves to make it easier. Hour after hour he struggled on, tossed like a cork on those powerful masses, hour after hour he hoped for land, hour after hour he grew colder and colder, chilled to the bone, his strength failing him, his stamina sapped. Why did his foe not grow tired as he did? It was relentless. It tossed him mercilessly, mocked him with the flashes of light which seemed to show him safety, but would not stay to let him know if it were but illusion. Crash! he was flung violently deep beneath the surface. He rose choking, despairing, helpless. Crash! he sank again. The storm must be increasing in its fury. Well then, he had fought

to the end. He had done his best. Fortune had not favoured the brave. Crash! why was the sea so powerful here? Why? It must be surf. A long fork of lightning lit up the sky. He gasped with joy. Then, a few hundred yards away, was a beach fringed with trees. He struck out again. A huge breaker caught him, rolled him over and over, bore him before it, buried him beneath its mighty bulk, and left him, dazed, in a great valley. Another mountainous mass bore down upon him, hurled him forward, played with him maliciously, and tossed him high up on the beach as if the sea had done with its toy, and now left him to the mercies of the land.

He picked himself up. He was weak, dazed, almost too chilled to move. He dragged himself painfully up the beach, and fell exhausted just within the fringe of the trees.

Grendal woke late the next morning. He was stiff, bruised and weak, but he was sound. He looked out upon the sea. It was still rough, but the sun now shone brightly down upon it, and its blue depths seemed harmless and innocent. Around him the hum of the bush at mid-day told him of the life that he could not see. He was lying at the foot of a hill, not high, but overlooking the land beyond. He climbed it, and looked down upon the surrounding country. There was nothing particularly beautiful in the scene that met his eyes. The bush beneath him seemed heavy, lifeless, uninspiring, only the sea, as it sparkled in the sunlight all round his new-found home cheered him, even though it was the wall between him and freedom. To the east, rose another hill, and on top of it was some round, white object. He started. Around the white object were small figures swaying backwards and forwards, now drawing near it, now retiring. At length they were still. One from among them walked alone towards the summit. At the edge of the mysterious temple, (for Grendal decided that this was what it must be) it stopped.

"He must be addressing them," he muttered.

Suddenly the figure disappeared. On the heavy, still air of the silent island, fell a deep boom. It rolled on past Grendal, and he thought he heard it far away at sea, still rolling onwards. He began to descend the hill, toward the temple. There, he might find friendship and help. But what was the explanation of the scene he had just witnessed. Low and resonant came the boom again. It rumbled away to the horizon, as if a god had thundered past to battle. A god! was this the island where men were gods for one year, and then passed on to join their brothers?

What else could it be. He had seen the passing of a god.

After four hours of weary toil he began at last to ascend the sacred hill. He must be wary now. Silently he crept forward. On the fringe of a clearing he stopped, flat on his stomach, scarcely daring to breathe, watching with intense interest the scene before him.

In the centre of the clearing was a raised stone, and on it lay a rod of silver crossed by one of gold. All round it sat natives, silent, with strained faces and anxious eyes. Before the stone, four priests were raising their voices in supplication to the gods to give them a successor to the departed deity. Grendal listened entranced. He understood the language, had lived among natives who spoke it for ten years. What were they saying?

"Send us, O ye brotherhood of immortals, one in whom the spirit of almighty power is manifest. Put into the breast of one of us the undying greatness with which ye can endow man," they cried again and again. The unseen listened, wondered, what the end would be. His eye roved round the circle. It stopped, fastened on one old white-headed native, whose eyes were glinting from right to left, craft, cunning and triumph were in every line of his face. Suddenly he shut his eyes, assumed a look of tranquility, rose, as if impelled by some unseen hand. Step by step he approached the stone. Five paces from it, he stopped. The priests ceased their chanting. He raised his hand. "People of Devora," he cried, "you have called for a god; you have one. I feel within me the spirit of immortality and almighty power." One of the priests rose. He stretched out his hand to seize the two rods. Grendal was thinking swiftly. Had he not boasted on the ship that he would be the god of these people if he could? Was he to be an empty boaster? No! he would make good his statement. He rose where he was.

"People of Devora," he thundered, "you have called for a god; you have one. Out of the forest have I come to guard you through the dangers that are to lie."

The priest stood motionless. The circle stared, amazed. The old native's face was distorted with rage and disappointment.

"An impostor!" he cried. "Was not the only one of the gods who ever faltered at the door of immortality white skinned as he? Is not this proof that the white skinned are not of the gods?"

His logic was convincing. It was evident to Grendal that the crowd would support the native unless he acted quickly. He drew his revolver.

"You would disbelieve the son of the gods," he cried, "then behold his power."

He fired at the rock. A chip fell to the ground. The primitive crowd was with him. The priest beckoned him into the ring.

"Take these symbols of thy power, Almighty," he said, "and trust in our obedience to thee."

The natives rose and chanted. The great gong he had heard from afar boomed again. They fell down and worshipped him. He received it all in satisfaction. For one year he would be supreme,

for one year he would be more than mortal, and then—. He laughed. "What is death?" he asked himself.

Time went quickly among these people. He was absolute. His every word was treasured by these simple folk about him. Once they were attacked by a neighbouring tribe of islanders. He commanded wisely, and was more endeared to the people than ever. Only one thing worried him. Mahati, the old native alone looked upon him with hatred in his eye. He dared not show it openly, but Grendal knew the thoughts that were there.

He had been on the island about nine months, when one day as he was wandering alone in the bush, he heard pleading and anger. He hurried forward. There, on the brink of a stream stood Mahati, fierce and threatening. Before him was a mere boy, terrified, pleading.

"Bring me my cloak," commanded the old native, "bring me my cloak or I'll kill you."

Grendal looked into the water. Mahati's cloak was floating rapidly down stream, not fifty yards from a waterfall. To swim to it would be certain death.

"Mahati," he said, "your cloak cannot be recovered. Let it go."

Both natives turned towards him. The boy fell prostrate. Disappointment, hatred, anger, showed in the other's face, but he could do nothing. If he dared to disobey, the boy would report him to the tribe.

"Mahati obeys the son of the gods," he said, bowing deeply.

The sun beat down fiercely upon a bare hill. At the foot of the hill, were gathered the tribe, on top was the temple of immortality. From the home of the god came the sound of chanting. Slowly a procession wended its way through the forest, solemn and stately. The priests march first, swaying, moaning, beating their hands. Then came the great gong, borne by ten strong men. Boom! boom! At each stroke, the echoes crashed through the forest, rumbled, and died away. It was the passing of another god. Seated aloft in a chair, carried by the four chief priests, Grendal looked down on these people. He had been supreme for one year, and now he must pay the price. Would he quail before death? Never! He had asked for this, and brought it upon himself. He had won through, and would pay the penalty bravely.

At the foot of the hill they halted. The tribe began their dances and their prayers of praise and thanksgiving to their former gods, who were shortly to receive their brotherhood in their everlasting home. Now at length, the dancing and chanting were over. Slowly Grendal strode up the hill of death toward the temple of immortality. At the door of the temple he paused, and turned. The natives were silent, reverent, waiting for the passing of their deity. The trees of the island swayed slightly in the light breeze. The sun

beamed down from a cloudless sky upon a beautiful ocean beneath. As Grendal gazed upon the scene, a feeling of regret rose within him, regret that he must leave the world with all its beauty and pass into the unknown future. Well, he had chosen this himself, he must see it through to the bitter end. Boom! another god had passed through the door to the place where there is no return.

Inside the temple with no retreat, Grendal looked about him. He could see nothing, the darkness was intense. Suddenly, a little puff of luminous smoke shot out from somewhere over his head. It continued in a steady stream to pour into the chamber. This must be the vapour which was to kill him. Slowly the whole temple became light. Slowly the gods of former years were unfolded before him. The hall was bare, save for fifty high-backed chairs. Ten of these were empty. In the remainder, sat the skeletons of gods that had been, each with his rod in his hands. He could not repress a shudder. He was disconcerted. Then he laughed. What was there to fear from them? They could not hurt him now. He sat in his chair and looked curiously at his companions, but he was uneasy, restless. He lacked the composure with which he had hitherto faced all dangers. "Don't be such a fool," he muttered angrily to himself. He must overcome his fears by some occupation. He began to speculate on the appearance in life of those hideous things about him. The room was becoming dark again. The stream had been cut off.

Soon he was plunged once more into darkness. He had to give up his speculations. He was feeling weaker now. He had always been a fighter; he would fight to the last gasp. But how? What could he do? What could he fight? This weakness was increasing. He mustered all his strength, but he could do no more. There was nothing he could hurl himself upon, nothing to be overthrown. He could not conquer this. He did not mind that, but he could not even offer resistance. He must sit inactive and die. For the first time in his life, he felt genuinely afraid. Cold drops stood out on his face. He gasped for breath. His strength was ebbing faster. He was losing all grip of himself. He touched his next neighbour's hand. The bones rattled to the floor. He dropped his rod. It clanged in the hollow chamber and the echoes rebounded from wall to wall, and passed, leaving an intense silence. What was that face before him, fleshless, mocking? He flung himself upon it, but there was nothing there. He turned sharply, and thought he saw it vanish to his left. He groped for his rod upon the floor, and picked it up.

If he only had something he could grapple with! A dim figure approached him. He struck and struck the air. Now the whole band of them bore down upon him, yet they could not be injured. He rushed madly from wall to wall. Face after face came before him,

and mocked him. Exhausted, he sank down upon the floor. Now the visage of the hated Mahati leered at him, triumphant, exulting. He called up what strength he had and hurled his rod at it. It vanished.

\* \* \* \*

In a suburban cottage in Sydney, Grendal's companion on the boat was chatting with a friend.

"It's a mysterious subject all right. Some believe in them, some don't. For my part, I can't make up my mind; fear often convinces me that they exist, but logic tells me otherwise. I wish I had the confirmed views of poor old Grendal. He wouldn't hear of the existence of ghosts."

"He's a man of fixed ideas alright. By the way, where is he now?"

"What! Haven't you heard? He got washed overboard on the way to America last year. A terrible hurricane was raging at the time. He never had a chance."

The other started back pale, trembling. "My God! look! he gasped.

His companion turned. "Grendal! Grendal!"

He could hardly utter the words. There at the window was the face of his friend, pale, sepulchral in the moonlight.

"You chaps look surprised," laughed the face, "just a minute and I'll be with you."

He went round to the door. It took some time to convince his friends he was real. With attentive faces they listened to his tale. He took delight in unfolding every detail. He had made good his boast, and he was proud of it, but he did not hesitate to tell them of his fears in that terrible temple. He paused as he thought of those dreadful hours he had spent with the forty gods.

"But how did you get out?" his companions asked him, amazed.

"That villain Mahati could hardly bear the sight of me. He knew the god theory was false. He knew the agonies I must suffer alone in that temple, but he could not be satisfied. He must see me, gloat over me. The old fool came in just as I was losing my last bit of strength. I let him have it all in one throw of my rod, and I managed the crawl out through the open door. The rest was easy. Once down to the shore, I stole a canoe, moved from island to island, struck a white trader, and here I am. I give in to you for once however, I admit that I'm game enough when I've got something tangible to fight, but to face something unseen, irresistible, to remain inactive and be conquered, is quite another thing."

—H. EDDY.

## IN THE CHINA SEAS

The old tramp steamer, "Talva" dragged along wearily in the midst of the China Sea, and down below in the engine room, the atmosphere was anything but pleasant, the throbbing engines seeming to augment the awful heat that blazed down on the deck above.

The first engineer, old Tom Wenlass, was on duty, while his second was trying vainly to snatch a few hours' sleep in his cabin, where the very paint on the walls was blistered by the sweltering heat. In the end, however, he decided that he was not destined to sleep that day, so, rolling out of his bunk, and pulling on the few clothes he needed, he went up on deck, and leaned against the rail, looking reflectively into the blue depths below him.

The second was a tall, thin Scot, and to the casual observer, would seem to be about thirty years of age, though actually he was some few years younger. He was well-liked among the crew, who found him to be a man of few words, but who always had a reply ready to any jesting remarks levelled against him.

As he leaned on the rail, his thoughts were suddenly interrupted by a cry of "junk on the port bow."

He looked, and at first saw nothing, but a few minutes later made out a large junk bearing down on them. As the two vessels were approaching each other, the junk came clearly into view about an hour later. The second engineer, James McDonald, was still on deck, watching the junk in a disinterested kind of way. It came rapidly nearer, until it was so close that the deck hands were regarding it curiously and asking each other what could be its master's purpose. Suddenly there came a faint hail across the narrow strip of blue sea separating the vessels.

"Steamer ahoy!"

The captain of the "Talva" answered, and asked their reason for coming so close to his own vessel.

"We got no water," came back the reply in "pidgin" English. "Wanchem water."

"All right," shouted the "Talva's" skipper in reply, "come in closer and we'll send over a couple of barrels."

The junk again began to move forward, and approached almost alongside the tramp. But instead of stopping there, it came straight on, and despite the shouted protests of the tramp steamer's captain, ran alongside. Then the deck of the junk became literally alive with armed Chinese, who quickly scrambled on to the steamer's deck, where a fierce melee was soon in progress. But the Chinese, though they seemed loath to use their weapons, were far superior in numbers to the Europeans, and soon the fight was over, and the tramp's crew were lying on the deck, bound hand and foot, and fuming impotently against their captors. One of the Chinese, who seemed to

be the commander of the junk, appeared, holding the papers of the tramp's captain.

"Which one Wenlass and McDonald?" he demanded.

"Ah'm wan o' thim," shouted McDonald, "and ah'll brain ye, ye heathen, if y'let me go."

The Chinaman signalled to two of his men, and McDonald and Wenlass, who had proclaimed his identity simultaneously with, and in like terms to the Scot, were seized and hustled unceremoniously on board the junk. Still bound, they were flung into an evil smelling cabin, ill-lit, and unfurnished. In a few minutes, the junk moved forward, and rapidly got under way under the freshening breeze.

"Wonder where the rest o' the crew are," said Wenlass, "they have'n't had time to get them into this tub, and anyway, I suppose they'd have been put in here with us, if they were on board."

"Ah think we've seen the last o' the "Talva's" crew," said McDonald grimly, "if they're no dead now, they will be in a half hour's time. Though why they took us on board this packet beats me."

Both were silent, meditating the fate of the "Talva" and its crew, and wondering what was to happen to themselves.

About three hours later, an old Chinaman came in with a large bowl of rice, and, bending over them, cut their bonds. They rose stiffly, and stretched themselves, then, turning to the yellow man, Wenlass said, "what for cap'n wanchem us?"

The Chinaman shook his head, and it was apparent that he understood no English. The engineers fell to, and ate the rice, though they could have wished for some more nourishing food. Just as the old Chinaman was bending over to pick up the bowl, the man who had ordered Wenlass and McDonald to be put on board the junk appeared in the doorway.

"You plomise no tly get away," he said without preliminary, "no tie up."

The engineers exchanged glances, nodded, and McDonald replied, "all right."

After all, it was better to be allowed to roam round the junk unmolested, than to be bound hand and foot in the stuffy cabin all the time. It was futile, anyway, to attempt to escape.

The junk went on, running in a southerly direction, for about a week, once making a wide detour to avoid some large steamer which just showed to the naked eye as a smudge of smoke on the horizon. They were now well into the Pacific, but were still running south.

On the ninth day after the attack on the "Talva," a small island was sighted, towards which the junk made. It cleared the low coral reef encircling the island at about 8 p.m., and dropped

anchor in a comparatively shallow lagoon. Wenlass and McDonald were in their cabin at the time, and had just finished their evening meal. Suddenly the door was thrown open by the junk's captain and he beckoned them to follow him. They went on deck and waited near the rail. A canoe had put off from the shore, and, propelled by two natives, was rapidly approaching. It ran alongside, and the captain motioned the two friends into it, following himself a moment later. The canoe was pushed away from the junk's side, and made back to the shore. It grounded, and its five occupants alighted, the natives to haul it up above high water mark, and the captain and engineers to make for the bulky outline of some building about a hundred yards away. Arriving there, they entered, and found themselves in a long room containing rude bunks, with about twenty natives lounging about in semi-nudity.

"You stop here," said the captain to his two captives, and he himself entered another room opening from one side of that in which the engineers stood.

During this respite, they had an opportunity of observing their surroundings. The room contained no other furniture than the bunks, the sole inhabitants of which seemed to be the natives. It was far from being spotlessly clean, but did not contain the offensive odour so characteristic of native huts. Its inhabitants were curly haired, rather fierce looking men, with dark brown skins, and a look of sly cunning.

Before Wenlass and McDonald had any chance of further investigating their surroundings, the door of the inner room again opened, and the captain stood and beckoned them in. They entered a much smaller, richly furnished apartment, with a long desk along one side, at which sat a tall, thin, evil looking Chinaman. He glanced up as they entered, and critically inspected them.

"So these are your prisoners, Ti Hong?" he said, in very good English.

"Yes, Li Cheng," replied Hong, in Chinese, "and I think they will serve your purposes."

"Listen," said Li Cheng abruptly, "I have a task for you to perform. If you refuse to do it, I will see that you are killed out of hand. I have a small steam engine on this island, which I use for pumping water. It has broken down. You will repair it, and see that it goes all right in the future. In other words," he went on with a suave smile, "you will be my engineers. You will commence duty to-morrow."

"But—" began McDonald.

"I will not listen to any objection," said Li Cheng, "take them to their room, Hong."