

the first municipal council was elected. Alderman James Hannell was the first mayor, and held the chair for six years. The council has been very much in evidence during Newcastle's growth to a metropolis in the last seventy-five years.

A. LLOYD, 3B.

Sir Francis Newbacon on Women

Women serve for gladness, for ornament and for controversy. Their chief use for gladness is in privateness and retiring; for ornament is in motor cycling, and for ability, is in the judgement and management of the household. For expert men can appreciate and judge their neighbours one by one, but the general councils and plots and marshalling of other people's affairs come best to those that are learned. To spend too much time in the study of woman is dangerous, to use woman too much for ornament is experience, to make judgements by her rules is humorous. They perfect nature and are perfected by art, their natural abilities are like children, which need suppression by strategy; and women themselves do give forth directions too much at large, except they be restrained by some affliction.

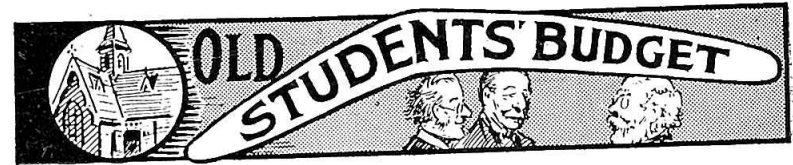
Ingenuous men admire women, simple men become their prey, and wise men watch them from afar off, for they teach not their own use; but that is a wisdom without them and above them, won by distant observation.

Reading maketh a full man, conference a ready man, and women, a fool of man. And, therefore, if a man write little, he need have a great memory; if he confer little, he need have a present wit, and if he discourse on women, he had need have much cunning to seem to know that he doth not.

RARA AVIS.

The author, for the advantage of this play (Appius and Virginia), had invented a new species of thunder, which was approved of by the actors, and is the very sort that is at present used in the theatre. The tragedy, however, was coldly received, notwithstanding such assistance, and was acted but a short time. Some nights after Mr. Dennis being in the pit, at the representation of Macbeth heard his own thunder made use of; upon which he rose in a violent passion, and explained with an oath that it was his thunder. "See," said he, "how the rascals use me! They will not let my play run, and yet they steal my thunder."

—Biog. Britannica. Vol. V.



The Old Novocastrians' Association having completed a year which was very successful socially, but alas, not so successful financially, although the budget was balanced, has launched out on a new year full of optimism, enthusiasm and good resolutions.

In spite of shortage of funds, the Association was able to present a pair of sleeve links to the Captain of the School, and also to donate a prize to the dux of each year. Prizes were also awarded at the Girls' High School.

This year an energetic Committee has been formed, consisting of:—Patrons, Miss Read and Mr. Christmas; President, Mr. Basil Helmore; Vice-Presidents, Mrs. Mervyn Hughes, Miss L. Silkman and Messrs. S. Scorer and T. H. Hughes; Secretary, Miss M. Mulvey; Treasurer, Mr. J. Brier; General Committee, Mesdames G. Horne and R. Derkenne, Misses J. Brent, E. Murray, M. Strahan, L. Woods, C. Sullivan, L. Clarke, L. Heery, L. Cornwall and Messrs. A. Owens, E. Lorimer, H. Mitchell, T. Firkin, R. J. Grierson, J. Mathews, E. Smith. Misses E. Holt and Marjorie Young and Messrs. H. Bennett and E. Coleman were appointed to represent the Association in Sydney.

At the first meeting of the General Committee this year it was decided to alter the Constitution of the Association so as to admit boys and girls at present attending school as Associate Members, the latter to be represented by one of their number on the General Committee.

Mr. Ross McLeod and Miss Lyons were elected to represent the Boys' and Girls' High Schools respectively. In this way it is hoped to bring the Association in closer contact with the School and its activities, and a large enrolment of Associate Members would be encouraging.

Various sub-committee have been formed to look after Financial, Social, Sports and Dramatic activities of the Association.

The Social Committee has already held several successful dances, and is at present making arrangements for a Grand Re-union Ball to be held at the Town Hall on Friday, 3rd June, 1932. With the hearty co-operation and support of members, this should prove to be one of the most brilliant and enjoyable functions of the year, so roll up old Novocastrians!

The dramatic committee is working at several one-act plays, which they hope to produce shortly. This committee proposes to give a prize to the school group producing the best one-act play this year. Further details will be announced later. By this means it is hoped to encourage dramatic art in the schools.

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The sports committee hopes to put several sporting teams on the field to play the present scholars, who had better look to their laurels.

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Finally we do urge on all Old Novocastrians their duty to their old school, and we appeal to them to join up with us and help the Committee by attending as many functions as possible.

T.H.H.

POTTED PERSONALITIES.

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Old Novocastrians extend a hearty welcome to "Father" Christmas on his return to the old school. We are pleased to see five Old Novocastrians on the school staff, and we are assured of their support.

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Despite all rumours to the contrary, Mrs. Hughes, our Vice-President, denies that she is the mother of another Vice-President of the same name.

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Dr. Pettinger, of Wallsend, continues to show interest in the Association, and we recommend others to follow his example.

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Drs. Hunter and Ostinger are dispensing castor oil at Kuringai and Adamstown respectively, while Jack Burke and Harold Morgan are "laying down the law" at Trundle and Sydney respectively.

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Cyril Drake, after a distinguished career abroad, is now on the staff of St. John's Theological College, Morpeth.

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Jack Brier supplies us with our electricity, and W. Smallman and F. Cooksey with water.

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Jack Mathews, although a reporter for "Truth," is not a disciple of George Washington.

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Jack Burke, on the staff of Broken Hill High School, frequently dreams of another hill commanding a view of the blue Pacific.

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Dr. Neil Goldsworthy, after spending a number of years at Cambridge University, is now on the staff of the Sydney University as lecturer in bacteriology.

BOOK REVIEWS

Baker & Bourne's Algebra, parts I and II, London, G. Bell & Sons, Cambridge University series. 8vo., Price 7/6.

The latest impression of this entertaining volume (first published in 1904), has just come to hand, and we take great pleasure in recommending it, as a fit book for the adolescent, to while away an unoccupied hour. It is a trite saying that "style is the man," and nowhere is this more evident than in the book now under review. The characterisation is exceptionally well conceived, and the piquant situations are invariably replete with interest and excitement. Thus from page 119 (our edition 1930) we quote:—"Some smugglers discovered a cave which would exactly hold the cargo of their boat, consisting of 13 bales of silk and 33 casks of rum. Whilst they were unloading a custom house cutter coming in sight, they sailed away with 9 casks and 5 bales, leaving the cave two-thirds full. How many bales or casks would the cave hold?"

Observe the subtlety of the thing! The cave **exactly** hold the cargo of their boat, no casks left over, nor bales! We take it the authors are unobtrusively pointing an indictment of modern smugglers and rum-runners, that they cannot in this present age of youthful impetuosity and unrest, so discover caves that they will **exactly** hold the cargoes of their boats! Notice also the delicacy of the writers, who forbear to raise the question of the new excise duties, and the revised tariff, of the Scullin Government, and who can at the same time introduce such a thrilling topic as rum-running into their plot, and get clean away with it.

In this short review, we cannot do full justice to the painstaking attention to detail evident throughout the book the numerous apt illustrations quoted to bring a point home more forcibly to the reader, and how few of these points could be called contentious, even by the most meticulous. We must however remark that a golden opportunity was lost in dealing with the passage we have quoted. We feel that the full dramatic value of the story was not exploited, despite the imaginative genius of the minds of these gifted writers. What could have been better than a stirring sea battle between coastguards and smugglers, some hand to hand fighting over the bulwarks of the two vessels, lashed together, and drifting at the mercy of a strong shoreward current, which threatened at any given moment, to dash them on the treacherous rock-bound shore. Then the final defeat of the coastguards sadly outnumbered by the desperate smugglers, and the scuttling of the gallant cutter, so that the smugglers are enabled to secrete not 8 bales of silk and 24 casks of rum, but the **whole** of their cargo, in their wonderful cave, which so conveniently holds it.

This denouement would enable the smugglers to land and careen their ship (don't look it up, we know it's right) and later sail away to further piratical and nefarious adventures. Further the problem of finding out how much the secret cave holds would be simplified (for the reader who is curious enough to desire to know this), by merely counting the bales and casks (if any) in the cave when the smugglers left it.

HOMEWORK, Its Cause and Prevention. By Vladimir Caskowiski. Chatto and Windus price £10/10/0.

This latest publication by an eminent Russian Educationist is strictly speaking, a sketch, or say a brochure, or perhaps a pamphlet, or better still a monograph. Its subject is obviously suggested by the ideas embodied in the Soviet Five Year Plan, whereby the whole of the homework which might reasonably be suspected, of being about to be set during the next century, shall be done once and for all, by a special concentrated effort, exerted by all who are capable of working, within the next five years.

Those who cannot, either through their inability or indisposition, help with the actual work, Mr. Caskowiski suggests, might write say 1000 headings, date, class and subject, while others might rule 10,000 double red lines and margins making the division of labour equitable, with those who must write the essays, decline the verbs and solve the quadratics. In short all of us are to help in some way to lighten the burden of those who are to come after us, and so relieve them of the tedious drudgery of homework. We recommend the perusal of this book to all of our readers, confident that the note of vital personal interest, and suave style, which does not lose (or gain) anything in translation, will appeal at once to the discerning minds among them.

ABRIDGED MATHEMATICAL TABLES, by Sir Henry Barraclough, K.B.E. Angus and Robertson Ltd., Sydney. Price 1/-, Cloth 2/-.

Although this little book was arranged primarily for the use of the students of the Sydney University, its value even in a High School cannot well be overlooked. The print is of the heavy black Roman type, although for the headings is used the light copperplate Gothic. The lines are well ruled and the whole appearance of the page is clear and concise, and eminently suited to anyone desirous of taking logarithms. We must point out however, that in all cases except the chapter on antilogarithms, the decimal points have been omitted as an economy measure, the saving in ink being appreciable. Also (and this is important), in some editions the antilogarithm of .535 is quoted as .2428 which is a misprint, and the reading public will note with interest, that the Novocastrian as the foremost journal in this State, hastens to assure its readers, that the correct antilogarithm is .3428.

SPEECH NIGHT

The small boy may well sniff and turn up his nose! Obviously the name is sufficient to inform any well balanced intellect that this sort of function is sure to be "state, flat and unprofitable," and all Speech Nights are the same.

But are they? Quite a number of boys seemed to take it for granted that a Speech Night must, of necessity, be a dry and boring proceeding, which can be best enjoyed from a distance. We are glad to say that they were in this case quite mistaken, and that there is no recorded instance of even a first-year boy going to sleep. Of course the fifth-years were models of quiet attention, apparently conserving their energies for a noisy and fearsome rendering of a war-cry, which possessed, as usual, the great virtue of utter unintelligibility.

The lights were lit, the doors were opened, the people trooped in and the proceedings began with the Mayor in the chair, and the stage nearly as crowded as the hall.

Mr. Harkness, the Chief Inspector of Schools, rose to speak, and an anticipatory shudder, ran round the audience, only to be replaced by an intense interest when a most entertaining talk on education at home and abroad was delivered. All were sorry when he reached the end of his discourse.

The Headmaster's report followed, and revealed an enrolment of 708, an increase of 141 on the previous year, and foreshadowed an even greater increase this year. In the Leaving Certificate, 60 candidates were successful and 16 honours were gained. In the Intermediate, 105 boys passed, the highest aggregate being obtained by Ralph C. Wilson.

In spite of great financial difficulties, sport was carried on with the usual vigour and success. Thanks were tendered to the donors of prizes, the Parents and Citizens' Association, the old Novocastrians Union, the visiting clergy, the Press, parents and all others who assisted the school.

The James and Elizabeth Meickle Memorial Prizes, donated by Mrs. Chichester, were won by J. M. Edgar and Miss Elva Martin. The Sefton Prize went to Ralph C. Wilson and the Business Man's Prize, by a happy thought, was awarded for outstanding school service, the deserving winner being Les. Hannell. Many other prizes were presented to their proud recipients, while the less fortunate looked on and applauded generously. Some lads were seen literally staggering home. The inclusion of a wheelbarrow among the trophies would have been appreciated.

A presentation was made to Mr. Harvey by the Parents and Citizens' Association, and many were the gasps of admiration, when the cut glass reading lamp was exposed to view. The problem of the inscription was solved by hanging a little silver plate round its neck by means of a small silver chain in just the same manner as King Billy is decorated.

The musical programme was very varied, ranging over about four complete octaves in the case of the vocal items, while hardly a single note on the whole keyboard of the grand piano was left undusted.

At last the end came, and off went parents and pupils, proud of their association with the school, pitying rather than blaming those boys who did not feel disposed to attend the greatest event in our school year. A happy innovation was the supper provided by the P. and C. Association in the reception room of the Town Hall. Here further speeches followed, extempore and entertaining, and in the words of England's greatest poet, "a good time was had by all."

An untaught man is but himself alone, and as lonely in his ends and destiny as any beast. A man instructed is a man enlarged from that narrow prison of self to participation in an undying life, that began we know not when, that grows above and beyond the greatness of the stars.

—H. G. Wells. The Undying Fire.

A Letter to Parents from the Secretary of the Newcastle Boys' High School P. & C. Association

Dear Parents,

Quite recently I made an appeal by circular to the parents of all students attending this school to become members of our Association.

The response to this appeal was not as good as was expected, and I am now making a further appeal to those parents who have not yet joined, to help us, and co-operate by becoming members.

Last year this organisation was very successful in raising money for the benefit of the students, and was able by its efforts to advance £210 towards the purchase of text books.

The school is still in need of many more text books, and, as no doubt you are aware, the Education Department through lack of finance is unable to supply books as in the past.

Apart altogether from what the school is itself doing to maintain the requisite supply of books, we hope to be able to supply as much money as last year or even more, for this purpose.

To become a member does not mean that there will be a constant drain on the parent to build up the Association's funds. We obtain our money through entertainments and other functions from outside sources, but we do appreciate the co-operation of all parents, and we want to feel that we have their support in our efforts.

Another advantage of having a large membership is, that if at any time we make an appeal to the Minister for Education, for anything we think we are entitled to, we are supported by the whole of the parents of the students.

I sincerely hope that parents who have not responded to my previous appeal, will give this matter their earnest consideration.

I am speaking as one parent to another; our efforts are for the benefit of our boys. When you review this matter I feel sure that you will realise your responsibility. Join up, and build a strong association. **We will raise funds to do the rest.**

Mr. Christmas (as stated in my circular) will accept any membership fee, which is 1/- per annum, each parent.

The meeting is held on the third Tuesday in each month at the Country Women's Association Rooms, Hunter Street.

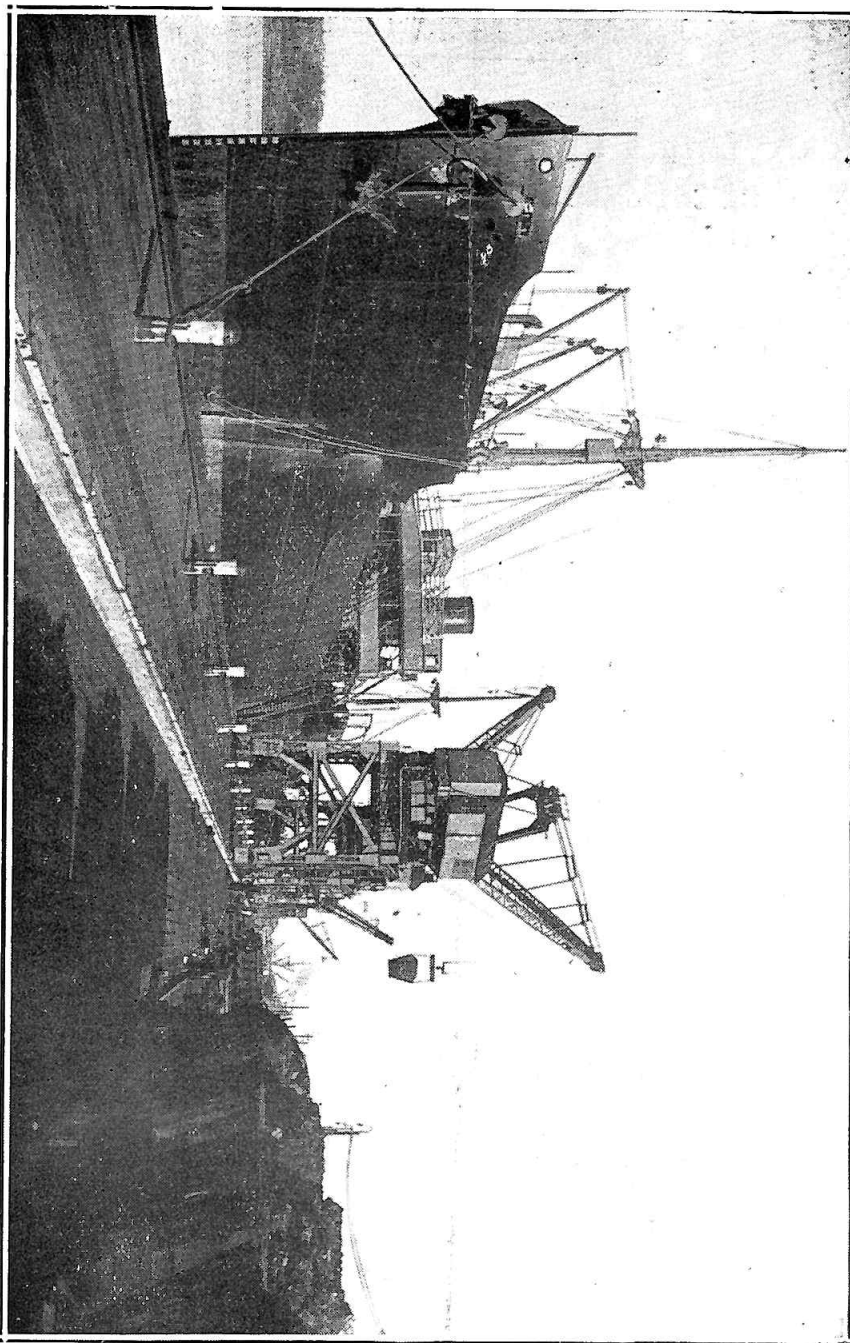
Thanking you all in anticipation,

I am,

Yours sincerely,

F. E. BROWN, Hon. Sec.

Loading coal at the Dyke, Port Hunter. The bosun can be seen leaning over the main gaff, splicing the binnacle and lee scuppers.



THE SCHOOL SONG

It has been our practice to print the school song once a year for the benefit of those who may be new among us, and this time we not only print it but give also for the first time, the song translated into four different languages—French, German, Latin and Mathematical. Despite the obvious technical difficulties which presented themselves to the hardy translators, all these versions are capable of being sung to the good old tune of John Peel, which says something for the translators. What this something is we are not prepared to state at this juncture, but there is no copyright, hence any boy is free to learn to sing these versions.

Let this be your motto: "Learn to sing the school song in four languages." But don't come near us till you do!!

ENGLISH.

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.

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

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

CHORUS :

Yes when we're 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.

FRENCH.

Salut ! grand collège sur la colline perché,
Par le vent des tempêtes toujours fouetté
Les brisants rugissent sur les plages bien près,
On dirait l'appel aux matines.

Au sport quand la lutte est bien acharnée,
Ou qu'on fait des efforts pour le prix désiré,
Jamais on n'est lâche quoique foulé aux pieds,
C'est l'amour pour l'école qui vous pousse.

"Remis Velisque," la devise vous appelle,
Nous l'écoutons et la gardons, toujours pensons a elle,
Jamais on n' a dit de paroles plus belles,
Aux oreilles des élèves du collège.

CHOEUR :

Il nous faut mourir, puisque tous sont mortels,
Quand les jeux seront finis, puis la vie éternelle,
Mais le nom de l'école sera toujours réel,
Nos élèves le révéreront a jamais.

GERMAN.

Kennst du die Schule dort oben so steil,
Die Winde umbrausen sie scharf wie ein Pfeil,
Und die Wogen am Strand singen froehliches "Heil,"
Da-es laeutet zur Schule des Morgens.

Ehrlich ringend wie beim Spiel mit heisser Glut
Rennend Kopf an Kopf wir erwiesen hohen Mut,
Erweben wir bald des Lebens Hab' und Gut
Ohne Rost und Ruh', nachts wie Morgens.

Remis Velisque, mit Herz und mit Hand
Wir gehorchen dem Ruf, der uns stets eifrig fand,
Als wir trieben Sport oder lernten mit Verstand
Und bestiegen den Huegel des Morgens.

CHOR :

Sieh ! wenn wir weit in die Welt gerzogen sind,
Und wir spielen so ernst wie wir spielten als Kind,
Beim Namen der Schul' steigen auf so geschwind,
Die Bilder so manch eines Morgens.

LATIN.

Seisne ludum collesque altos
Qui timet nunquam caeli ventos,
Ubi tunditur undis litus et nos
Exaudimus bucinam omnes.

Sed cum exierimus, peractis annis,
Nec iam certamina nos in campis
Delectant, tamen in his animis,
Fovebimus memoriam omnes.

CH.

Remis Velisque conari solent
Pueri ut omnes semper superent;
Ne anni umquam oblitterent
Hunc amorem quem gerimus omnes.

N.B.—Owing to the unbridgeable differences between English and Latin accentuation, certain appalling liberties have been taken.

MATHEMATICAL.

Calculate the height of the hill or the rise,
To the Newcastle High School, if one premise
That the elevation angle is a constant size,
And is sixty degrees night and morning.

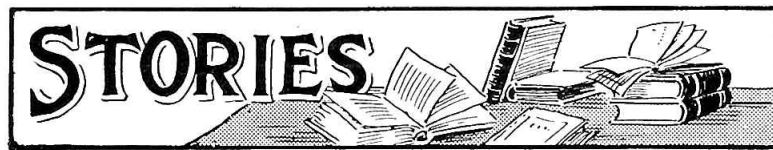
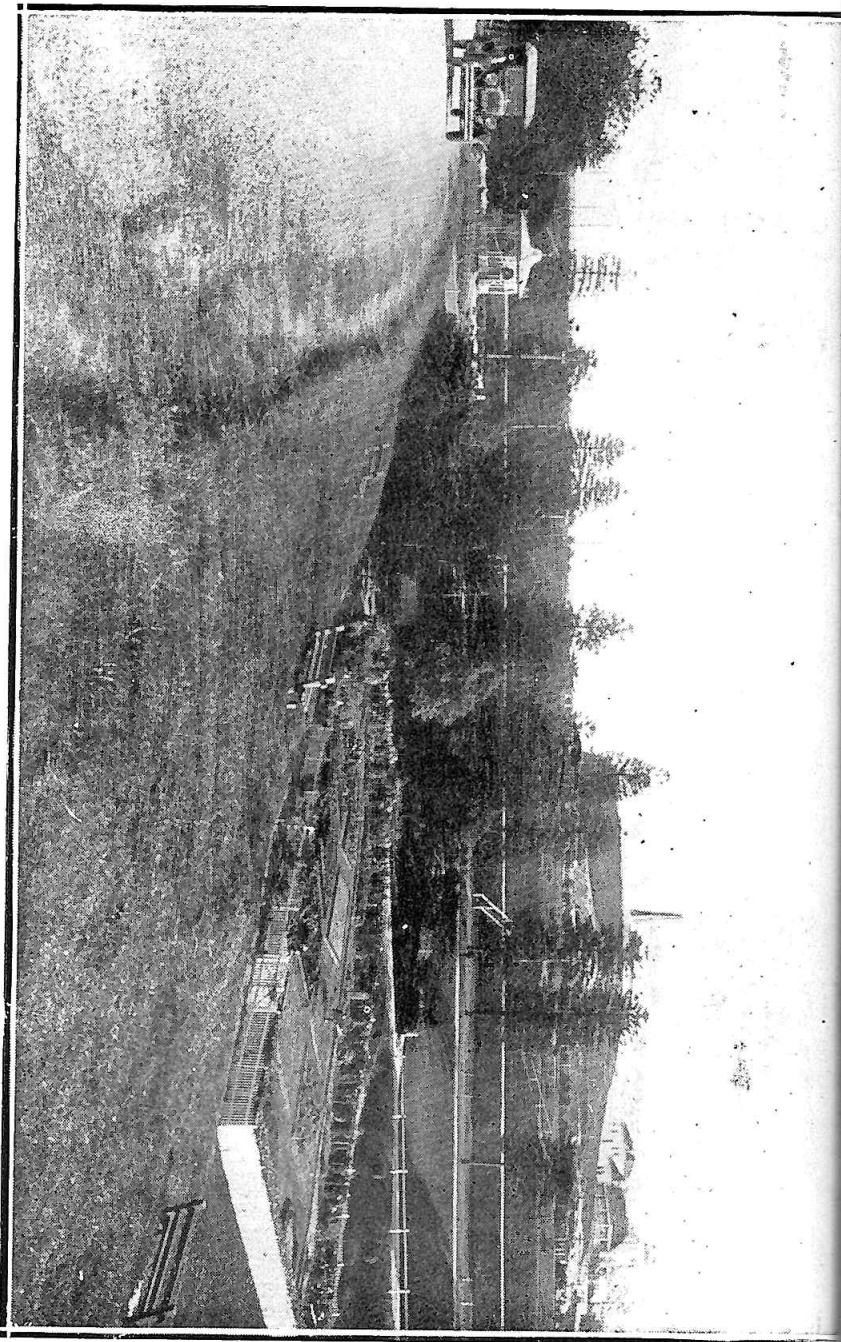
Now Wednesday to us is a day carmine,
For we don't do no work, O Sweet Adeline !
Nor we don't change the sign on the bottom line,
We save it till early next morning.

Q.E.D. is the motto for all,
If ever in trouble stop trying to stall,
Just write these words at the foot of it all,
And trust to your luck in the morning.

CHORUS :

Oh! when we're gone 211r years ahead,
When the $(n-1) \times r$ lessons said,
Find the number of ergs of work that we shed,
When we climbed up that hill in the morning.

A boy from the Newcastle High School is sitting behind a pine tree in the middle distance.
KING EDWARD PARK, NEWCASTLE.



A Novocastrian at the Court of King Pluto

It came to pass that some time ago I communicated with good King Pluto, asking his permission to visit his domain. I had not long to wait; his majesty intimated that I might satisfy my curiosity at once and he further showed his good-will by sending me a free asbestos pass. I hastily made my preparations for the journey, and, armed with a thermos flask full of cold water, and my autograph book, I caught the midnight express and was soon thundering on towards Hades.

It was not long before it became almost unbearably hot, and the guard, handing me a parcel, cried, "Change here for Hades." On opening the parcel I found, to my surprise, a suit made entirely of asbestos. As it was becoming gradually hotter, I thought that perhaps it would be as well if I were to take the guard's advice; and so I changed there and then for Hades.

When the train arrived at the station, I got down and went off to find some sort of conveyance, by which I could reach the city itself.

Outside the station was a handsome young man sitting in a taxi which bore the legend, "Hermes' Taxi Co." I showed him my asbestos pass and asked him if he could drive me to the Hotel Bone-Dry. He said that he could. I stepped in, and we were soon rattling into town. We came to a bridge which spanned a dark, dirty river. Hermes told me that this was the famous Hades bridge which spanned the Styx river, thus joining North Hades to Hades proper. It appears that as soon as Prime Minister Beelzebub had opened the bridge, Charon had given up the ferrying business, and bought a taxi, engaging Hermes as taxi driver. He also told me that this bridge had been made out of fire brick, since their last bridge, which had only been made out of steel, had been unable to withstand the climatic conditions and had melted. Soon we were in the city itself. In the very centre was a great white building (which greatly reminded me of our Parliament Houses at Canberra). This was the furnace house, where all the inhabitants worked in shifts to keep the everlasting home fires burning.

Having reached my hotel, I bade the driver, Hermes, good-day, and sauntered in. The room into which I entered was filled with the most picturesque assortment of people possible. There were stately Romans in their asbestos togas, graceful cavaliers with their asbestos

silk stockings, ancient Britons clothed in woad, here and there a pair of oxford bags and a short skirt or two were observable, all made of a serviceable asbestos suiting with herringbone stripes. Some were reading, some writing, some playing, whilst several were drinking brimstone out of pint pots.

"Excuse me, sir," said an ancient citizen, whom I later learned was Archimedes, touching my arm, "but I don't suppose you could tell me if Einstein is likely to be along soon, eh?" I told him that I most certainly could not; and I felt that I had wiped out an old score with a tormentor of my youth. And then, who should walk up to me but Charles II.

"Fine weather we're having," he remarks.

"Very," says I.

"Just come down?" says he.

"Yes,"

"Don't suppose you've got an ice block on you?"

"No."

"Well then, an orange Kooshy?"

"No!"

"Or this week's 'Smith's'?" he asks hopefully.

"No!"

"Oh, well," he says, with a sigh, "It can't be helped I suppose," and off he goes to drown his sorrows in a pint of brimstone and to take a turn at the furnaces.

As my eye wandered around, it fell upon a handsome man in a very loud heliotrope asbestos waistcoat, writing at a table. Surely this is not Charles Dickens! I went over to him and asked him what he was doing. He said he was working out the mystery of Edwin Drood.

"And who may that man be?" I asked, pointing to a thin pale worried-looking Scot in the corner.

"Oh that's Bob Stevenson. He's quite mad you know. He's been trying to balance a sentence for three weeks now, and it's not balanced yet."

"Hullo, who on earth is this?" I asked, as a man in an outlandish get-up strolled past arm in arm with a red-haired woman.

"Oh that's Napoleon and Queen Elizabeth. They say that Josephine is jealous, because she's taking a correspondence course from Caesar Borgia."

"Could you introduce me to Mr. Shakespeare?" I asked, as I saw the poet coming our way. I couldn't miss the classic features of the Rodin bust.

"Certainly," replied Mr. Dickens. "A visitor to see you Bill," he said, indicating me. "Bill" intimated that he was charmed to meet me, so I must needs be charmed too.

"Now look here, Mr. Shakespeare," I said, "I have to write an essay on the character of Macbeth before Monday; now would you mind telling me what you really meant when you said——"

At this moment we were disturbed by a terrible uproar. It seemed that the Duke of Wellington, Julius Caesar and Bismarck had been arguing about military tactics, when Julius, in the heat of the argument, upset his mug of brimstone over the German ex-chancellor, who jumped up with an oath.

"Ach! donner und blitzen," he cried, and then things began to hum. Suddenly, however, all was quiet. Everyone had vanished. I was no longer in the land of the "doomed," but shivering on the cold damp earth. If I say I was unable to write the character of "Macbeth" for homework, on account of Julius Caesar, I suppose I won't be believed.

A TRAGEDY

Three men and a young woman were seated at a mahogany table. The first a small dapper man, evidently a foreigner was Franz. His companion also young, called himself Bruce, while Johnson, an elderly man, seated opposite his daughter Jean, completed the quartette.

While their hands were upon the table, the eyes of each searched deeply into those of his companions as if probing the secrets hidden there, but each face was sphinx-like, effectually cloaking any emotions which might have been concealed there.

Then Franz, with a gesture of defiance, produced a small black club with which it was evident he intended to defend himself should anything untoward arise. The others stared slightly, but Bruce, leaning across the table secured and kept it.

Miss Jean was dazed and Johnson eyed the diamonds clutched in his hands with apprehension, then suddenly to the joy of Franz, and the horror of Bruce, he produced still another club and grasped the covert objects.

The crisis over, the party became calm, and as Miss Jean rose, she turned and said to her father, "Dad, why did you trump my Queen?"

Newcastle Boys' High School, A.D. 2033

A Literary Extravaganza

It was on a wet morning that Frankie Jones joyfully set out for school. On the way he chatted and cracked jokes with one of his teachers. Upon his arrival at school he found all his classmates busily engaged at work, although it was only 8.30 a.m., he himself soon became one of the happy throng.

When the bell rang for the commencement of school, the boys uttered whoops of joy, as their first lesson was Latin. However, their joy soon changed to sadness. An announcement was made that the Latin teacher was sick, and would be unable to attend school for a few days. Thereupon, the majority of the boys began to weep. To express the deep sorrow of the class, four boys were appointed to go and see their much beloved teacher, and take him a bunch of flowers.

With this air of sadness over, the remainder of the class, the second period was begun. This period being Science, the pupils were treated very kindly. Only one mistake was made in this lesson; that being by Willie Dye to the effect that sulphuric acid was a gas which turned lime water black. The genial, good-natured Science master only said, "Willie, will you please learn the correct answer by to-morrow?" As was characteristic of teachers at that school, they gave their pupils no homework to do.

During the English period, which was next on the list, each pupil studied a story written by Detective Ivor Klue, while the English teacher explained to them any passage they could not thoroughly understand. On the wall of the room, there was a specimen of an Intermediate English paper. The time allowed was two hours, and only one question was set, namely that the candidate was to change six American gangsters' expressions such as "Attaboy," "O.K. Chief," etc., into idiomatic Australian slang. After the usual time of ten minutes, the period ended.

Then the final period began. To the unbounded joy of all this lesson was Mathematics. Usually magic squares of figures were worked out by the teacher while the pupils looked on clapping their hands and laughing when he made some mistake. However, on the day under notice, the Maths. Master ordered the desks to be cleared away and the pupils and teacher indulged in a demonstration of Mathematics as applied to football tactics.

After this period the pupils were allowed to go home, and as it was still raining, the teachers took the boys home in their cars, even at great inconvenience to themselves.

J. MILLER, 3B.

NOISE!

Noise is regarded by some as a commonplace factor of our everyday life, others detest it, and I must confess I am one of them. I don't know whether you have ever thought of the amount of noise in the world, but I have, and when I try to visualise the future, I am terrified at the scene that is presented to my mind. With all this clanging, clashing and roaring, it is no wonder some people go crazy. Will man ever get peace?

Nine o'clock p.m., has struck and you prepare yourself for bed. (This does not apply to a fifth year student, he being still at work at 11 p.m.). When just about to relax into the gentle arms of Morpheus, you are brought back to reality by the howls of some nomadic cats, none of which have any operatic qualities. After rendering their items, they, like Hardy's Mellstock choir, move on, and once again you prepare to sleep.

From afar comes a rumble, which quickly develops into a hideous clattering, and it is not until it has passed away, that you realise that it was a tram passing at the bottom of the street.

All ideas of sleeping have fled now, and you lie back and heap wrath on the inventors of noisy trams. At last the atmosphere quietens and sleep again seems assured, when, from the direction of the steelworks comes the clatter and groaning of the rollers as they begin their work of torment.

Morning arrives and amid much noise and bustle, you crawl half asleep to your daily occupation. Then comes noise and more noise. Here on one side is the raucous voice of the paper boy, while on the other, a wireless is shrieking.

Shall we ever get rid of noise? In such trying circumstances I for one long for a quiet spot, away from the maddening crowd, where peace and quiet reign. I believe I have found it in the solitude of the garden, and there I repair with my book, and. . . .

Confound it! there's next door's baby howling.

KEITH WILLIS, 5A.

Perhaps I know why man invented laughter, for it is he alone who laughs. Because it is he who suffers so deeply, that he had to invent laughter.

—Nietzsche. Genealogy of Morals.

Do You Know Your Teachers ?

The compilers of the following idiosyncrasies of speech, and pet phrases of our teachers, have been at great pains to collate their material and to much trouble to verify in each case, the authenticity of the quotations. To the boy who is able to place the greatest number of quotations at the door of their perpetrator, the compilers will give without prejudice, a first prize of a large piece of syenite, and flexible sandstone, with lace insertions. Other prizes in decreasing order of magnitude will be awarded as the occasion demands.

"You supply the brawn, and I'll supply the brain." This arrangement worked admirably in exams., and the "gifts of the Gods" took on an entirely different aspect during the hours of trial.

"Now then Sammy, let not thy left eye see what thy neighbour doeth." Thank goodness, the right is still free to wander.

"Matts I, Matts II and Ladin." We again have the pleasing experience of being tapped familiarly on the shoulder, benevolently beamed at through glasses, and gently asked, "Do you understand ?" "Me-can-hic(s)" we reply.

"Don't try to match your puny wit against my superior intelligence."

"Bovril !" Imagine it !

"Around the wugged wocks the wagged wascal wan."

"Don't let us get away from the subject," is the constant plea of one teacher, and to avoid the calamity, his "inferential judgment" is often invoked.

"Bush wit !"

"Good for you, boy."

"I'll fire you outside."

"Look to me all."

We were often entertained of yore, by one who told us of "poll-i-men," "chim-pansy," and of the terrible destruction he wrought among the Allemands with a "mash-in gun !"

"You can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear." We wonder if he speaks from experience.

"You've got heads like mice."

"I don't know why but the book says so." There are many in the same boat !

"Very true !" (Habitual).

One master encourages us to use "fair means or foul," but when we obey his instructions during a test he gets quite annoyed. They are worse than women these school teachers.

"Now fifth year, those wrinkled brows mean nothing to me." We offer him our deepest sympathy, and advise him to take a course of mind reading.

"Avec-un-s."

"I wouldn't know him if I fell over him."

"School spirit" is the title of a never ending lecture, continued from week to week, by one of our Maths. teachers.

"It's quite on the cards. Mind you, incidently, as a matter of strict fact——."

Now we ask you !

N.C.



Clement Arthur
Yates

Clem was a pupil of this school since 1925, a fine footballer and first-grade wicket keeper. He was loved by pupils and teachers alike, and well remembered for his dry, quiet humour. He figures elsewhere in the Novocastrian having passed his Final Examination with honours. He died just a week before the results were published. Aged 18 years.

STAFF V. SCHOOL

The Annual Cricket Match between the School and Staff took place on the 30th of February, 1932. Mr. Noakes won the toss, and decided to play with the breeze. The school team took the field and was lead by "Tod" Hunter. Mr. Noakes and Mr. Gillings, who were the staves of the staff as well as the opening batsmen, advanced to the wicket with hair on end. Mr. Gillings took block but Mr. Wiley, who was acting as big noise and referee, ordered him to return it, which he did. Telford opened the match by bowling to Mr. Gillings, who bunted the ball for a single and reached first base. Mr. Noakes now faced the music and the second ball submerged his floating rib, producing a noise resembling A flat (semi-detached). Mr. Gillings thought it was the 3.30 whistle and had to be forcibly restrained.

Mr. Gillings, who had been trying to steal second, suddenly perceived his partner's brow intent, and swiping Mr. Wiley on his proboscis, slid for the home base. A few overs later Mr. Noakes knocked his wicket over and returned to the pavilion. His place was taken by Mr. Langford. These two batsmen gave the sleepy fieldsmen no end of trouble, and Mr. Langford after seeing Mr. Gillings remove his spiked shoes, managed to catch the ball on his racquet and smashed it to Wheatley who was playing wing three-quarter. Mr. Kevans was the next batsman, but his serene dignity was quickly ruffled by Stock's fast bowling, and pleading S.P.Q.R., his appeal was upheld. Mr. Gillings, his thoughts far away, failed to connect with an inswinger and was given a walk. Mr. Cummings and Mr. Barnard refused to be hurried. Mr. Cummings hit the ball with everything but his bat, and in an endeavour to hit it with his stumps was ordered off the course by the stewards. Mr. Brown, an antediluvian, took his place and the referee formally introduced them. "Mr. Brown on my right, Mr. Barnard on my left; catch weights, seconds out of the ring. Get set, go!" Mr. Barnard, from a forward pass tripped and sat on his wicket. The umpire blew his whistle and gave the school a free kick which was taken by Venn. Mr. Short was removed to the Newcastle Hospital by the Ambulance. Mr. Walker was tackled before he reached the barrier and returned to the wicket. Mr. Farrell caused a sensation by appearing in blue silk running shorts and high heel shoes. Mr. Walker objected to Pike fielding at silly-point on technical grounds. "Objection upheld," said the judge. In the meantime, "Lightning" had been trying to remove the bails while Mr. Walker was arguing, and was successful in bringing the innings to a close. The babies of the team, Hannell

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and Venn were the opening batsmen for the school, but they did not stay long. Pike and Hunter decided to stop for a while and belted Mr. Barnard all round the wicket. "Lightning" hit a ball in Mr. Cummings' direction, but when he had gathered himself together and smoothed out his curly locks the batsmen had completed the last lap, and the umpires, with the aid of a sun dial, announced the time to be a G.P. in N- terms with a common difference verifiable by substitution. Telford enjoyed himself until Mr. Brown came on, and after bowling googlies, wrong 'uns and colloquialisms, Telford acknowledged defeat. The tall country champion, Wheatley, began to use his bat as a flail, and P.C. Ford removed him before he occasioned bodily harm. The remaining batsmen, Harris and Stocks, scratched around and were unable to gain the few runs necessary for a first innings victory. The Masters, having won the match, found a common meeting place, and henceforth sundry happy sounds floated across the deserted and moonlit arena.

DETAILED SCORES

STAFF'S INNINGS.

W. D. Noakes, M.A.	11
R. J. Gillings, hit on wicket	31
S. Langford, c. Pike, b. Wheatley	19
D. Kevans, retired	21
W. E. Cummings, L.B.Q.	47
C. Brown, forced out	3
K. Barnard, W.E.A.	19
D. Short, ne pas (no bait)	0
H. Pelham, struck out	2
R. Farrel, bowled Venn	0
V. Walker, stumped "Lightning," b. Reines	4
Sundries	1
Balance as per Cash Book	186
Less 10 per cent. discount	24
Net Total	162

BOWLING :

Telford, 4 runs for 6 wickets; Wheatley, 0 runs for 100 (you can't beat this); J. A. Williams, 0 runs for 0 (did not bowl); Harris, —?; Hannell, 14st. 13lbs.; Venn, 5 for 45.

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SCHOOL'S INNINGS

L. Hannel, retired hurt	12
J. Venn, scratched	9
T. Hunter, c. Pelham, b. Walker	14
J. Pike, inc. 5lb. penalty	22
"Lightning," clean bowled by C. Brown	7
Reines, not out	2
J. A. Williams, retired	24
G. Wheatley, R.I.P.	0
F. Harris, thrown out	3
G. Telford, walked out	11
W. Stocks, Alone I did it!	0
Sundries	13
<hr/>	
Gross Total	117
Unemployed Tax	40
<hr/>	
Net Total	157

BOWLING :

C. Brown, 4 for 36; R. J. Gillings, 5 walks and a home run; W. E. Cummings, 0 for 24 (no flowers by request); K. Barnard, Honi soit qui mal y pense; D. Short, 7 no balls for 6 overs. A good average! A. H. Pelham, holed out in one.

"Sad are the eyes of the pilgrim who traces
The ravage of time in revisited places."

Notes from the P. & C. Association

One of the main objectives of the Association during the last twelve months, was the building of a new school. Although this has not materialised so far, we are hopeful that the new building will be commenced this year. The latest information we have received from the Minister for Education is that plans and specifications have been prepared and approved of, and that the work will be expedited when money is available.

The new school is so urgently needed that we do not intend to cease our agitation until the work is under way.

The financial position of the Association for the 12 months ending February 29th, 1932, was very satisfactory. The nett profits were £518/8/10. Expenditure on school material, etc., £222/4/4, leaving us with a credit balance of £296/4/6 to commence this year's activities. This year up to date we have donated a further £151/15/0 to the school. We are still working hard to raise money, as we see where a lot more is required for the benefit of our boys.

A trip to Walsh Island was arranged by the Association at the beginning of this year. Thirty of the Senior boys, in the charge of the Science Master, Mr. Hughes, visited the works including the floating dock in which the "Newton Elm" was under the repairs. The trip was not only enjoyable, but was also interesting and educational. The Secretary intends to take this matter up extensively and is making arrangements to visit all industrial works in the district.

Social evenings are being arranged periodically by the Association with a view to allowing the parents to meet the members of the staff of the school. As one of our aims is to bring the home and school closer together, we think this is an excellent way of doing so. We will endeavour to make the functions as enjoyable as possible, so that they will be looked forward to by parents and staff with pleasure.

A much needed want to the office of the School was a suitable desk and chair. These were presented at our last meeting, and Mr. Christmas thanked the Association for their gift.

We would like all parents to make a note of the change of address for our meetings. In future we will meet at the "Country Women's Association" Rooms in Hunter Street, Newcastle, over Breckenridge's Store. These rooms are very comfortable and much more convenient than our old meeting place. The meetings are held on the Third Tuesday in each month. The Secretary would like to draw the attention of all parents who have not joined the Association to his appeal, published in this issue.

PLAY NIGHT

No less than seventeen plays were produced last December, and starting at 10.30 a.m., were still going strong at 5.30 p.m. The adjudicating committee decided that the best of these for presentation on the night of Wednesday, 16th December, were "Rory Aforesaid" (3C), "The Boy Comes Home," (4B), "Five Birds in a Cage" (2A), "Penal Servitude" (1A), "The Dear Departed" (3AC), and "Hail to Spring" (4D).

The Town Hall was crowded on the Wednesday night, and rightly so, for the standard of the acting was high above that of the previous year, and that was highly creditable.

"Rory Aforesaid" opened the performance, where Firth and Slarks impressed, but the latter did not have a part as suitable as that of John in "The Man in the Bowler Hat," of the previous year. Venning made a good old woman, and Beeston might consider taking up the Sheriff business in later life.

Learmonth and Macara were responsible for some really first-class acting, in a play which had little action and which normally would be very difficult for school boys to produce. The "Boy Comes Home" (A. A. Milne), got home to a critical audience all right, and was one of the best pieces. Jackson, Smith and Fraser had minor parts, which they took well.

"Five Birds in a Cage" followed, and if there is a better Duchess of Wiltshire than Crofts, then let us see her. She must be good. Bentley came into his own as Lord Porth, with eye-glass and accent, and spats complete. Bentley suits an eye-glass, and if he would only wear one to school, what a time he would have. Lambert and Sheargold as Nelly and Bert simpered a bit, but that no doubt was all in the piece. Johnnie Waters has left us now, but 'Orace the liftman, with nine Godforbids, will always remain with us. Four feet nothing and a voice like a Klaxon, if he said nothing more than "No Smoking in the Lift!" all night, one could not help laughing.

"When the Clock Strikes" came next and brought the house down. Jones was Detective Jones strangely enough, and he spoke up. Thank heavens for someone who will speak up on the stage! James as the Rajah introduced an oriental atmosphere, and what's more was able to sustain it. Marks, Edmunds and Willis were good, Marks particularly, despite the fact that he was nearly suffocated towards the end. Someone had removed a chair somewhere, and when a reputed dead body is sat upon, when the detective is about to reveal all he knows, something has to happen. Now Madam Bozo couldn't be heard. If she opened her mouth to speak, the crowd

The body was found at the spot marked X.

NOBBY'S, NEWCASTLE.

(Photo by courtesy Capt. James Cook, R.N.)



roared, indeed she only had to look sideways to raise a laugh. If ever a girl looked wicked, that girl was Madam Bozo, alias Red-light Annie, alias Leonard Deed. I wouldn't mind seeing that play all over again if it could be arranged. Interval followed and not too soon. The old lungs wanted a respite.

"Penal Servitude" commenced the resumption, and was well received. It was a pleasant change to find first year boys capable of giving us a show comparable with the seniors. Of course it was much less ambitious, and very short. McDonald, Rodgers, Dalby, Skillman, Preston and Edwards were convicts of the worst type, Pullen made a convincing warder, and a new type of female came on the scene in H. Bastian. Once seen never forgotten that lady, no wonder her husband was a convict. Well done 1A.

"The Dear Departed" followed, and was well received. This is by no means an easy play to give to third year boys, and credit is due to 3AC, that they did it so well. There could be no caricature here in the female parts, and White, Buchanan and Tom Hart are to be congratulated on being convincing in these parts. Starks turned up again here as an old man over 70. Starks is versatile, we will hear more of him. Morgan and Brown-Bishop filled the remainder of the cast and performed creditably.

If the audience is to be taken as a fair judge, then the "piece de resistance" was correctly placed last on a good programme. "Hail to Spring" was supposed to be a musical farce in the original manuscript, but the 4D boys rewrote and embellished it themselves, and apart from the four part song, an entirely new play resulted. Pike as the comedian is a discovery, who might well find a job for himself in Hollywood, and that is not one man's opinion. Moss and Gilmour, though good as the contralto and soprano, were overshadowed by the exigencies of the plot, by Pike and Jones (Godfrey R. This-time). The make-up in the play was particularly good, Moss and Gilmour as ladies being unrecognisable by many who thought they knew them well. Pike's top hat helped him a lot, and Jones had a style reminiscent of Maurice Chevalier, an actor whom he can imitate cleverly. Saxby was a good author, who contributed in no small measure to the success of this piece. There is some talk of reproducing "Hail to Spring" in the C.M.M. Hall at a concert for the unemployed, but this is not yet finalised.

Taken all in all Play Night for 1931 was a credit to the school, to the teachers who supervised the rehearsing of the plays, to the parents, to all indeed, who are connected with the Newcastle High School.

—R.J.G.

CLASS NOTES

5A

What a wealth of conflicting thoughts are conjured up in our minds when we think that after four years of toil we have at last reached the exalted position of Fifth Year, the peak of our school career, and that the "leaving" which but yesterday did seem lost in the gloom of the future, is now rapidly bearing down upon us.

Time flows wondrous quickly and 'tis with surprise that we hear of the appalling nearness of the half-yearly examination. Why we have hardly done anything this year upon which we may be examined! But doubtless those tormentors, the examiners, who so rudely disturb our peace of mind and our blissful progress through life, will find some casual question to ask which will cause many a worried look and many a chewed-up pen handle.

Like all bodies of importance in the world, not that we infer that we belong to this category, we have our motto, "Do or Die." Did we hear some bush wit say that the undertakers would be busy a few months hence? What base ignorance! Though perhaps a few of us, we hope only a few, will belong to the dead or rather to put it more mildly to those who didn't do.

As we gaze around our room we notice with disgust the lack of adornment on the walls. Multitudinous notices of sundry homeworks to be done or not to be done, only greet our eyes. Would we were next door where the intricacies of what Mr. Wilson is pleased to call "embellishments," in other words history maps, meet our roving vision. Vividly coloured, according (as the said Mr. W. vouches) to the latest scheme of map construction, the blaze of colour would at least prove absurdities of permutations and combinations.

Speech Night was a marked success from many points of view, but we deplore the fact that we were obliged to sit in the lower part of the hall. Truly the attractions of such an assembly were lost, nay, hidden, hidden beyond the gallery above us.

We were pleased to notice that the habit so popular with the prize-winners at our previous Speech Night, namely that of falling up the steps to the "dias," was abandoned this time, probably owing to its undignifying nature. 'Twas indeed well, for the steps may have suffered had Les caught the habit as he went up to get his two prizes.

'Tis said that Mr. N. objects to our friend Venn sitting on the window sill during the recess, on the grounds that in doing so he completely blocks the flow of air into the room. And perhaps he is not far from the truth for Venn is truly a man of weight.

Speaking of weights, now that the weighing for the football season is over, there is a marked difference in the appearance of our fellow classmates. For weeks past very loose waistcoats and pale expressions have betoken many an earnest endeavour to take off the extra avoirdupois. Now all that is gone and healthy looks are once again appearing on our faces.

We appreciate the concession that has been made to us in allowing us to go straight to classes instead of to our lines. The idea is good and is meant to be a saving in time, but we are afraid that it falls short in this respect, for the lesson cannot start till our prefects, two of whom belong to 5A, have strayed in from their duty at the lines of the lower school.

These notes would not be complete without a welcome to our new headmaster, Mr. C. Christmas. We strongly hope that in years hence, at the close of his term as headmaster of the Newcastle Boys' High, he may be able to look back into the past and say that nothing has occurred to mar the congeniality of his stay here. We hope that the school may prove to be a boon to Mr. Christmas, and that he may prove a boon to the school.

5 B

It is not without an inward feeling of exaltation, and a consciousness of an involuntary display of such, that we at last reach the apex of our climb from the "hoi-polloi" of school life; and, in making our debut beneath fifth year's venerable mantle, pause with a generous elation of heart to observe the progress, tedious or otherwise, we have made since our first humble step upon the threshold of the school. However, descending from these heights of rhapsody to those domesticities which have troubled even the gods of old we find that matters of a somewhat interesting nature have come to pass in the somnolence of 5B.

From an authoritative source we learn that the fair features of Ted M. will no longer grace the portals of his alma mata. "Chalky" is training his talent in a more remunerative direction and our special correspondent advises us that his untimely departure has completely disorganised the "incinerator and tin" system.

Our theatre-goers inform us that after a few months in attendance at American shows they found themselves talking something like this: "Naw I dawanna see no hibrow plays or mooseekal komedy. I'd likka see sumpin sad. I kinda think I'd likka good cry. A real good cry! Iyaint had a good cry for gowdnoesowlong."

It is our honour to have with us a no mean exponent of the "bronzed sea-god" cult, who, being subject to gross cynicism, excuses

himself on grounds of adherence to the Walt Whitmanic principle of naivete.

By the way, one of our personalities, "Whispering Dan," has completely mastered the quaint art of speaking without visible movement of the mouth or its spare parts. The resultant sounds are sometimes intelligible, and the desire for recognition is naturally very great.

We wonder why a certain youth daily passes to the land of fancies, reveries and visions during a certain period. Is it the dreamy mellowness of "Hepple's" vowel sounds, or just the reaction to the night before?

We are sure "Babe" and his retinue from Kelly's Korner are pleased with the former's rise to the lofty office of Collector de Cash. Concerning the by-election, we are somewhat in the dark, but so long as this success does not render his job a sinecure, who will not be satisfied?

SWEET AND LOW. (Modern version).

"Low! low! go for him low,
Whether he's fast or slow-ow,
If you go high he will fend you off, oh!
So you ass you should go for him low!"

Yes the football season is here, and with the annual list of promotions we find the indefatigable Hannell captaining the five stone threes. My! how this lad has improved, his form this year is incomparable, he is easily our best buoy.

As a final note we wish to accord still another welcome to our new principal and masters, to congratulate the successful winners of exhibitions and scholarships, and to lament the loss of Mr. and Mrs. Winney our late Associate Professors of Dietetics.

E. M., 5B.

5 C

A mild insurrection will assuredly take place if a rumour issuing from the staff room is confirmed. (Rumour denied in a later edition. See our stop press column.—Ed.).

The rumour runs as follows "Exam. in three weeks' time. Students to be examined on all work up to those beastly "permutations," besides that which was learnt in 4th Year. Still a certain "task master" assures us that we will successfully encounter the "dragon," especially as we have the moral support of "Slim," "Merv," and "Nutt," our efficient (?) class captain.

5C is remarkably fortunate in having such an excellent attendance (on Wednesdays). The attendance of "Crusty" standing pre-eminently to the fore. We are sorry to hear of the departure of one who could

challenge "Crusty's" supremacy. He has convinced himself being a "Mac," that gold is to be found in the mountains. Hence his absence.

Another "Mac" will shortly forsake us, going to live among the cows at Weston. Surely not an exodus of "Mac's"! Watch yourself Roy. "Undie" has become very sagacious of late, having been influenced, no doubt, by the mannerisms of a noted swimming star—"Stroike Me."

During a practical chemistry lesson the so-called "brains" of the class, namely Willie, and the "Trontie" star, actually got an "unknown" to fall out. When asked how they did it, they smilingly replied: "Well, we just inverted the test tube."

We have much pleasure in offering our felicitations to Cardiff's Glaxo Baby. He is now a prefect. When "Cobbsie" was asked to contribute to the class notes, he merely said, "Don't give us a touch of 'em." Although outwardly we seem incapable of doing work, the staff may be assured that there is an undercurrent of private studying going on. (Well they certainly needed some assurance.—Ed.)

Thus, we hope that this time next year the staff shall know of our success, and be delighted, that delight not being prompted by the thought that they will then be rid of us.

L.D.

5 D

It did grieve me much to realise that but one short year hence and we as a body cease to exist. We are cheered, be it known with the thought that fickle fortune has given to us a Leap Year. Setting my accounts in order I find that incidents of great humour are wont to occur regularly where groups of carefree lads exist.

To my notice did come a diminutive youth, since departed from our midst, who, it is rumoured, staunchly avows maths. are ill done by two periods. He now remains at home, to allow him the whole day to pursue his studies. The Adonis of our group did find a pet aversion to maths. II, but a spirit greater than he moved over the face of the water and bore fruit. He is now, thanks be to Allah, the local crack.

I believe, may it be known, that sarcasm is a virtue. Just all of three weeks ago the class came with all questions having been arrived at a solution, which muchly pleased the maths. master so that he did require water to revive.

Met the opposition to-day. They being James Milton and Warren Marks. Did discuss topic of the King's English which they were dull to see. Do hope their bickering will cease, for they refuse to grant me peace and I hope they will prove incapable, which I think they will, and be speedily removed.

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I have a partner in my business, he being a sleeping one. Mr. G. did ask me what Mac. did when he placed his feet on the rungs of the chair afront him, and covered his hands over his face. I was loth to answer for Mac. sleepeth, he being my partner, and besides, he sleepeth without snoring, which, is an accomplishment, and which I have hopes with more study, of emulating.

An eminent member of the aristocracy has begun climbing exercises. He now prides himself in being able to acquire the class duster only using his nails and eye lashes. Yet one more member of the staff did arouse my ire by playing with the lockers, saying it was permutations. I am informed he was seen to put of rocks in one, of books in another and of bags in yet a third. I did not take much notice but when I heard he would persist in playing trains and kept permuting other articles into other lockers I grew afeared for his mentality but am now satisfied it was but a passing humour.

Mr. F., for our benefit, gave a lecture on fossils which I did attend by invitation. It was dull, I going to sleep, and was awakened by swearing. However, when fully awake I asked my neighbour who was practising to drive bullocks, I was told it only be Mr. F. speaking of plurry-schismas and megaceros hibernicus's.

Fate playeth many scurvy tricks. Only but one day agone Newburn did tell me that some scoundrel of unknown genealogical tree had, he knowing not how it to be possible, absconding with his beloved Geikie. Hard luck, Ernie! I am of the opinion no one will keep it out for eight or nine months.

Did arise early one day and my mind being fresh and clear, I did wonder of great and various things. Why does the tuck shop prove popular? Who is it that prepares the loafer's room? It did also strike me as curious that cigarettes seem to be popular with the staff. Did see Mr. P. one day enter the shop, but did find it shut. I wondered what caused the frown of annoyance. Many of the staff it be rumoured are married. Many are not!

Does Fifth Year know who sits next to a window and gazes longingly at the tuck shop?

It does amuse me much to see this state of rivalry. It does remind me of my days of youth, when be it said I was not averse to a pretty voice. I was pleased to hear that many young Solomons be burning the "midnight oil." So interviewed Pike, whose humor be that he hath a funny face and he tell me the oil he knows is of the "good" variety, which did vex me sore.

My eyes grow dim and the oil burns low. Have ended my account of the past year and hope the next will find us still progressing, and so to bed.

R. McL.

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4A

Writing in rhetoric, we are pleased to inform our readers that we have all safely vaulted that dreaded, dark, forboding and awe-inspiring stream named Intermediate, which we as poor, innocent and credulous Third Yearites regarded with such reverential fear and profound respect. The fact is, some of us took a run long enough to carry us right across on to firm ground; others not so fortunate splashed their legs and ankles, while a few had to crawl from the surging torrent on their hands and knees, bespattered with mud and weak with exertion. Sad was the fate of not a few of our colleagues. However, let us not dwell on such vain, funeral meditations. For, when we were in Third Year we spoke as a child, we understood as a child, we thought as a child. But, when we became men of the Upper School we put away childish things, and began to enjoy the privileges of manhood, one of the most important, being that of going to our rooms without assembling in the ranks, as the common herd do.

Next come a few sidelights on our class life. "Now, boys, what was the situation we were dealing with last day?" is a question with which we are all quite familiar. We would also like to point out to a certain teacher (not mentioning any names, but he is tall, and dark and handsome), that "boska" and "bonza" are not American slang, but pure Australian.

A fact which makes our hearts feel heavy within us, is the departure of Kopf E. from our midst. "He left school to work" (joke from our class humourist). It is rumoured in some circles also that "the Lithgow Scholarship" would have had to look out for itself if he had gone for it.

Mr. Short has devised a novel way of reviving our interest during his lessons. He mixes all our christian and surnames, and when he asks one of us to translate he calls the christian name of someone quite different. Thus we are often pleasantly surprised and amused.

We will conclude our little say with the following scene from life, which shows how exciting our school days really are.

Mr. ——— comes in the door amid silence, unbroken except for the industrious buzz of boys learning Shakespeare, the dropping of a ruler or two, and the shuffling of feet. He casts a quick glance around the room, and it alights on the table, a truly magnificent piece of furnishing. A few paces and he has reached it. A breathless silence prevails! Ah! what is it? Our suspicions have been confirmed—someone has committed a heinous crime. He examines the tabletop, his face close to the highly polished cedar—he is a worthy student of the past master, Sherlock Holmes. Then, amazed, we see him start and recoil as though from a blow, horror and anger

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surging across his face! The silence is unbearable!! Our anticipation has grown to fever pitch! Then with a violent effort at self-control, he demands in voice full of ominous quiet, "who is the fellow who keeps on leaving these crumbs on the table just where a teacher wants to put his books?"

We are too thunderstruck to move! The magnitude of the offence has benumbed our faculties. Suddenly we are aware that he is speaking again. "Who had their dinners in here to-day?"—Silence! beautiful, eloquent silence!

The learned one proceeds gently to brush the crumbs from the article of furniture, breathing the while threats of dire punishment to the culprit. Anon we return to our books and ponder deeply over the strange event of the day.

D.M.

4B

Do meander around many island rooms and cometh me upon room 12 which be the den of the 4B. Do find me there some new blood that cometh from an indeterminate mound of earth, that hath come from the frowning buttress of Cook's Hill Inter. High; but also not only these, but others from precincts of great Plattsburg Inter. High.

A hubbub there be coming from depths of the back seats, then doth I find there a youth befitted with the name "Riki," who hath remarkable talking powers, and he be a deliverer of much propaganda. Thence to see "Shellshock," for this be a name which doth suit him well, and doth cause poor "Dinty" to be sore worried.

'Tis that it grieves me sorely to see the touch of redness gradually diminish in brightness for soon t'will be extinct. A youth named "Pippy" has seemed to inherit this illumination but this poor unfortunate (as he be), is sore retarded in throwing his light far.

It did come unto my ears that debating hath cast itself upon the school for all classes have turned themselves into demons who do claw at one another's necks. Before me that do serve me well, do, I see such team grow in 4B with "Watty" and "Sec," as chief fighters.

Doth astound me much to see that so few great footballers do play that great game of "catch and kill."

Now doth the curfew curf and it seemeth to me that it is half after the twelfth of the clock—so to eat.

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