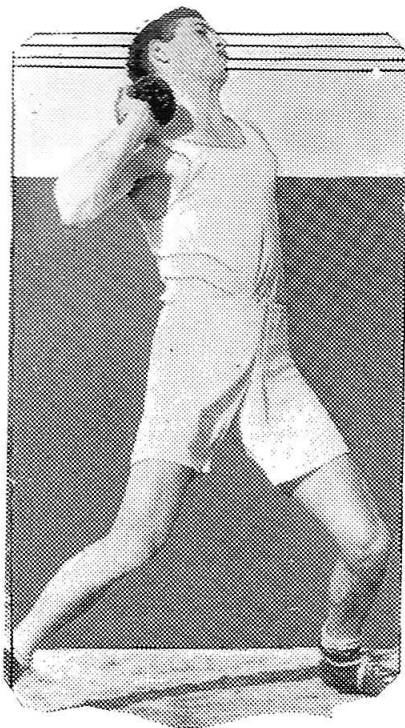


RECENT HAPPENINGS.

Dear Mr. Editor,

I am the person who recently tried unsuccessfully to set fire to the High School. Having occasion one night to be low with the loot in one of those portable rooms in the yard (until the cops had gone) I developed Pneumonia from exposure to strong air currents. So I determined on a course of direct action. If I hadn't made a mistake and taken kero. instead of benzine, me being a bit flotto at the time, the place would be now a ruin. You may use this testimonial as you think fit.

BILL SYKES



Frank York broke the school record in the Senior Shot Put, with 37 ft. 9 in.

TRY THESE

A TREASURE was buried in a square field, two furlongs from one corner, three furlongs from the second corner, and four furlongs from the third corner. What is the size of the field?

An army column 25 miles long is marching, and a courier takes a dispatch from the rear to the front and returns to the rear. He finds that he rejoins the rear at the exact spot, where the head of the column was, when he first started. How far did he travel?

A man sold a horse for £90, bought him back for £80 and then resold him for £100. What did he make on the transactions?

I hire a car to drive to the city 12 miles away for 16/-, and at the cross roads 6 miles distant, I take a passenger to the city and back to the cross roads. How much should he pay?

A clerk made an error by transposing the pence to the shillings, and the shillings to the pence column of a sum of money. This resulted in a loss of 9/2 to the firm. What was the correct sum?

CLASSIFIED ADVTS.

POSITIONS VACANT.

Applications are invited for the position of keeper of the Seals. Apply stating age, qualifications and salary required to Mr. A. Senoj, "Bewareofthedog," Dawson Street, Newcastle

FOR SALE

Sow's ears in good condition. Good for not making silk purses out of.—T. Smith & Co.

WANTED

The words and music of the song, in which occurs the following line, "I'll dance with the guy what brung me."—Paling's.

TO LET

Good airy staff room during Michaelmas vacation. Moderate rental. Apply Secretary, K. Hassall, Newcastle High.

WRESTLING BROADCAST

Verbatim report of wrestling bout as given by our representative at the Stadium. (See radio programme).

“TIGER” HANNELL v. “YOUNG” WHEATLEY

STATION 2NBH. Good evening listeners. To-night, through the courtesy of B. A. Spoofer & Co., Newcastle's leading house decorators, you will be given the opportunity of hearing the finest bout of the season described. We have a very big crowd here to-night. I notice Mr. Christmas in the ring-side seats with a smile of anticipation on his face. Besides him sits Mr. Noakes, complete with pipe, and thoroughly enjoying himself. Several other dignitaries are also present.

The wrestlers are now entering the ring. Both look extremely fit and are smiling encouragement at each other. The last time they met, “Tiger” was disqualified for biting Wheatley's ear. He now wears a guard over both ears.

I must remind you that you receive this description through Station 2NBH by courtesy of B. A. Spoofer & Co., Newcastle's leading house decorators.

There goes the gong. They are advancing into the ring with the referee hold. Ah! that was a neat one. “Tiger” closed suddenly and snaffled his man with a headlock, throwing him to the mat.

I say! someone ought to restrain Mr. Cannon. He's so worked up that he has Mr. Farrel round the neck. Ah! police intervene and lead away Mr. Cannon. It looks as though things are warming up.

“Young” Wheatley escapes from the headlock by pulling “Tiger's” hair. They're both on their feet, eyeing each other warily. Wheatley turns the tables by throwing “Tiger” with a back slam. He's on him now, striving for a boston crab.

Someone ought to stifle Mr. Noakes' pipe. People are fainting all round him.

There goes the gong for the end of the first round. Honours are about even.

For the benefit of those who have just tuned in, this description is presented to you by courtesy of B. A. Spoofer & Co., Newcastle's leading house decorators.

At the sound of the gong, both wrestlers leap to their feet, eager to finish the match. A roar of approval goes up from the crowd as Hannell picks Wheatley up and dumps him on his head; but the hardest part of “Young's” body is his head. He retaliates by throwing “Tiger” out of the ring to land squarely on top of Mr. Jurd. They're sorting them out now. “Tiger” seems none the worse for wear, but

Mr. Jurd is distinctly battered. He's tottering away now. Evidently this type of wrestling does not appeal to him. Meanwhile, listeners, “Young” has been prancing round the ring, hurling insulting remarks at Hannell. As he clambers through the ropes, “Young” smites him a rabbit-killer on the back of the neck. Surely no one can continue after such a blow! No, the big chap is on his feet, although somewhat groggy. Ah! the bell has saved him.

Kind-hearted friends are carrying out Mr. Walker, who has been unable to stand the strain. Everybody is on tip-toe with excitement.

There's the gong again. This time Wheatley takes the aggressive, bringing “Tiger” to the mat with a fine tackle. They're struggling desperately now. “Tiger” seizes Wheatley's hair but his fingers slip harmlessly through. “Young” uses de Valmy's Brilliantine, guaranteed to make a perfect glue of your hair. I advise you to try it.

Wheatley has now a toe hold on Hannell, evidently causing him great pain. With an effort he gets free and rises to his feet. Now he

A most unfortunate accident has occurred, listeners. Hannell, in a fury, hurled himself at Wheatley, but the referee (Mr. G. W. Williams) was in the way. Crashing into him, they both landed on Wheatley, who was about to rise. All three are prostrate and seconds are working on them now. It's no use—they are completely unconscious. The crowd is roaring with disappointment, but there will be no more wrestling to-night.

The description given to you by courtesy of B. A. Spoofer & Co., Newcastle's leading house decorators, is now concluded and we are crossing back to the studio for dance music until we close down at 11. I will now take my cup of Aromatee tea. Cheerio, everyone.

When our vices leave us we flatter ourselves that we have left them.—Rochefoucauld.

What makes the vanity of other people so intolerable is that it hurts our own.—Rochefoucauld.



SUGAR CANE

THE growing of sugar cane for the production of sugar is one of Australia's primary industries, and is best suited for the tropics.

The best climate for the growing of cane, which is only a cultivated grass, is of a warm moist nature with moderate intervals of hot, dry weather and an annual rainfall of about 60 inches or more, which falls from December to June or July.

There are many varieties of cane, some of which vary in thickness of about one inch to about three inches in diameter. The cane also grows from a height of 8 feet to one of 12 or 14 feet.

Different kinds of cane are grown from a seed plant, but after this, pieces of the stalk of the plant itself are used. These lengths usually have two or three shoots, from which the plant grows, at each knot of the cane. After the first harvesting, instead of the root being ploughed into the soil it remains there until the next season, when a new plant grows from the root or stool as it is called. The cane is then called "ratoon." This method of growing is carried on until after the third harvesting when the roots are ploughed into the soil and the new cane planted.

Cane cutting is still carried on by hand, and although there are machines to harvest the cane on the market, they are not yet successful enough to be better than the hand cutting.

In preparing the cane prior to its conveyance to the mill it is cut off just below the top leaves and just above the ground. Sometimes the cane is burnt. This burning of the thrash, as the leaves are called, makes work easier for the cutter as the cane is free from weeds. The fire, however, does not affect the sugar content of the cane to any noticeable degree.

The long stalks are then loaded on small trucks which are brought into the fields by means of portable lines from the main railway feeder lines. After the cane is brought into the mill yard it is weighed, samples taken from the trucks, analysed and the sugar content, on which the farmer is paid, determined by means of an instrument called a polariscope.

The cane is then mechanically unloaded from the trucks on to an endless conveyor which elevates the cane into the mill to a height of 20 feet, where it is cut and levelled.

From the knives the sticks of cane are conveyed to the shredder which, as its name implies, shreds and mutilates the cane until it is in very small pieces ready for the crushing mills.



Under a pressure of from 200 to 400 tons, some of the juice is crushed out at the first mill by means of heavy rollers weighing some 10 tons each. This juice falls below into a collecting pan from where it is run into a tank. The cane, after coming out of the first mill is met by a spray of hot water and is then steeped in a macerating, or hot water bath and passed on to the next crushing mill. This occurs in every mill, there usually being three or four, and the water from the maceration baths as well as the juice is run into the tank. By this method, up to 97 per cent. of the sugar content of the cane is taken out in solution.

On passing out of the final mill the fibre which remains is no longer called cane but is known as megass. This megass, which contains about 45 per cent. moisture is passed by means of elevators and carriers directly into the boiler furnaces.

In well balanced factories this megass is sufficient fuel to generate enough steam to keep the whole plant in operation.

The juice is mixed with lime and super-heated to a temperature of 112 degrees fahrenheit.

When this is completed, the juice is passed into a conical shaped vessel known as a subsider. The result of this heating and clarifying coagulates the albuminoids and subsides to the bottom of the vessel, leaving a clear juice which is concentrated by boiling in a vacuum in a special boiling vessel known as a effete. After this the juice is called liquor and is dark amber in colour.

The liquor is then taken to the sugar pans where another evaporation takes place and the sugar grain is formed. It is now called massecuite.

When the grain is sufficiently formed the massecuite is dropped into fast revolving machines, known as centrifugals. These machines separate the sugar and the heavy syrups. These syrups are boiled over and over again until all the sugar is extracted from them.

The sugar is then taken to the drier and dried. At this stage it is known as "mill white," and is the complete brown sugar.

The sugar is then taken to the bagging machine, where it is put into sacks ready for transport to the refineries, where it is refined into white sugar.

JOHN D. CROSSMAN, 3rd Year.

All women are flirts. Some are restrained by timidity and some by reason.—Rochefoucauld.

We speak but little when vanity does not make us speak.—Rochefoucauld.

HISTORY OF NEWCASTLE

(Continued from May Issue)

THE history of the development of Newcastle really dates from the year 1857, when the Great Northern Railway was opened for traffic. This step brought the city into closer relations with the metropolis, Sydney. Newcastle was then already represented in Parliament (since 1856).

The population in 1833 was two hundred and eighty-four free settlers, and two hundred and fifty-two convicts. In 1850 it had increased to two thousand, four hundred and three. And in 1890 it had become twenty-nine thousand and five hundred.

The first section of the Newcastle Wharf was built by J. D. Davies. It was called "Queen's Wharf," and corresponds to the present day "King's Wharf." In 1859 Newcastle was declared a municipality with Mr. James Hannel as Mayor.

The dredging of Newcastle Harbour began in 1859 and the building of the Dyke in the early 60's. At that time it was merely a sand bank.

In 1860 Telegraph Wires to Sydney were erected. Two years later, the Northern Breakwater was commenced, and the first public school was built in Tyrrell Street.

In 1866 Newcastle was illuminated by gas. Four years after, the School of Arts was instituted, and in 1874 the Carrington Dyke was completed.

Since the foundation of Newcastle, there have been many notable wrecks along the adjacent coastline. The more noteworthy of these included the wreck of the "Cawarra," on the Oyster Bank in 1866. Fifty persons were drowned and one saved.

On August 14th, 1870, the barque "Ingleburg" sank at Port Stephens and seven lives were lost. In 1898, S.S. "Merksworth" foundered and was abandoned off the port with nine lives lost.

Among the more recent wrecks is that of the "Uralla," which went ashore on Stockton Beach in 1928.

The streets of Newcastle were first laid out at about the time when the invention of steam was creating great interest throughout the world.

So it happened that Watt Street, Stephenson Place, Bolton Street and Newcomen Street were called in honour of men responsible for the introduction of steam.

Hunter Street was named after Governor Hunter. Then, it only extended to Darby Street. Its continuation from Darby Street to the Bank Corner was known as Blane Street (named after an official of the A.A. Co.) as was Charlton Street, which extended from the Bank

Corner to the Hamilton Boundary. The latter are now known as Hunter Street West.

Parry Street was named after Sir Edward Parry, the famous arctic explorer, afterwards superintendent in charge of the Australian Agricultural Company.
—A. LLOYD, 3B.

SCHOOL!

"SCHOOL! Pah, what do we want with school, it's nothing more than mere drudgery, scoldings, impositions, and more impositions!"

So speaks the lazy one, the one who above all others has a personal grudge against pupils and teachers alike. One who sneaks an answer where he can, rakes up false excuses, and snivels, and whines, crouching beneath the lash he has so well earned; so we must not go to him for the information we seek. Let us pass on to the others.

"School! Well I hardly know how to express myself, it's rather an unusual question. I come here day after day, passing from one form to another, getting along in my own quiet way, taking part in different sports and on the whole I don't think that school is all that some chaps make it out to be." This from the one who is temperate in all things.

School? Well that's rather a wide statement isn't it? I suppose we all have our own opinion about it. Here's mine: I believe that school is the place where every boy should take advantage of that knowledge which is imparted from teacher to pupil. You know we live in a very beneficial age where—

But I had already fled. Personally, I don't think that school is so bad, and in my experience of school-life, I have found that much of the co-operation between masters and pupils is due to some sense of attraction. The stiff, stand-offish teacher, who has no power to indulge in a joke now and again, will never be a success with his classes, but rather the mild, but firm, type of teacher will score a bull with nearly all types of pupils. The bullying teacher earns only the hatred of his class, and can never receive the co-operation and loyalty that is so vital to the happiness of the boy.

But for the breaks now and again, school routine would become monotonous and wearying, while the study and constant nagging would make one's blood rebel, but wise, farseeing heads have visualised all this, so now we enjoy "freedom" compared to those pupils of half a century ago.

Holidays are a blessing to many an overwrought mind, giving rest and enjoyment to thousands of weary heads and bodies.
Remis Velisque!
H. PORTER.

Thoughts on Hiking by JB

HIKING is a pastime which will soon be a thing of passed time.

After a good long hiking party on Saturday, our boys are still 'iking on Monday.

One danger of hiking is that one may walk too far and see a sunset. He will then know that he has drifted past Australia, for he most certainly knows that the British Empire is an empire upon which the sun never sets.

Retail firms arrange hiking tours on Sundays "to a mysterious rendezvous," with guides to point out the beauties of nature (usually contained in long-necked bottles) in order that they may sell their hiking gear.

Many people set out hiking with high spirits, but return, after falling into the water, with dampened spirits.

Struggling up a hill about 5,000 feet high, hikers see, to their dismay, when they reach the summit, their destination, a low hill fifteen miles away. Men who have brought their womenfolk with them curse because they have to help them over rough ground, and take stones out of their expensive shoes.

A prisoner on being asked by a warder what kind of recreation he would prefer while in prison, replied, "Well, if it's all the same to you, I'd like to go on a 'ike."

A new Scotch idea of hiking is to walk out and back so that the money which would have been spent paying fares will be saved to buy new footwear.

Hikers go out in the morning full of joyful spirits, and come home in the evening full of mineral spirits.

After the first 120 miles hiking becomes monotonous. We would rather go biking.



It is not enough to possess great qualities; we must know how to use them.—Rochefoucauld.

NEWCASTLE 100 YEARS HENCE

WHERE was I? How did I get here? Why was I wearing a flowing white beard? These were the questions that formed in my mind as I surveyed the busy scene set out before me.

Ah! that was it! Now I remember. All the happenings of that fatal night were re-enacted in my mind. The workroom of the scheming professor, the dark track home, then the struggle, and after that being taken to the inhuman professor's laboratory, where I was given the abominable sleeping drug.

My mind raced back through the ages, and I remembered—aeroplanes to stop in mid-air—as prophesied by a well-known writer. As soon as the aeroplanes reached some large flat-roofed houses, they stopped in mid-air, and descended to the roofs. In the street the electric trams moved along slowly so that people could get on and off while they were moving.

Resolving to get a better look at the city of Newcastle, I shambled along until I came to a dial marked "food." Thinking that everything was free, I pressed all the knobs. A policeman, who was watching me, marched up to me and proceeded by the seat of my trousers and the scruff of my collar, to march me up to the Police Station, where I was put in a padded cell.

After a while, an inspector came along and asked me for my name. I replied in a dignified manner, thinking of the Police Force when I was in my prime. When the policeman heard my name, he looked up the book he was carrying and said, "So you are the fellow who was drugged by Professor Schellmann."

I replied in the affirmative, and the policeman led me outside, gave me a hearty kick in the seat of my pants and said, "That ought to wake you up. Be on your way."

Giving him a contemptuous glance, I proceeded to examine the Newcastle of 2032.

All the footpaths and streets were paved with platinum. Torpedo like cars sped noiselessly down the streets. Coming upon my friend the policeman, I asked him where the hill on which the Boys' High School stood was.

"That hill has been cut down by men combining with Nature," he replied gruffly.

"What for?" I inquired.

"To help to make a foundation for the heavy platinum," he said.

"Why, what's that?" I queried, pointing to a stone wall about twelve feet high.

"That's the wall surrounding Newcastle," he answered.

What is it there for?" I asked him.

"The police suspect an attack is going to be made on the city," he replied, looking at me suspiciously.

Thanking him for his information, I crossed a level crossing and came to a big bridge towering above the tugs and launches fussing about in the harbour. Curious to know what the bridge was named, I asked a passer-by the bridge's name.

"It's the Stockton bridge, which the people of Newcastle first agitated for in 1932," he answered.

Oh yes, I remember," I said.

The man looked at me queerly and passed on. Just near the bridge was a white tableau and on it was printed: "This stone was laid by C. J. Parker (Mayor), 1934."

A big lump in my throat, I turned away and rambled back to the Police Station where I was given a meal and a bed.

W.S.Q., 1A.

FIVE YEARS' RECOLLECTIONS

AS our sojourn at school approaches its conclusion, our thoughts tend to dwell with increasing frequency upon the incidents and events of the various years we have passed within its portals. It is with regret we muse old reminiscences and memories which will always be inseparable from Newcastle High School. From the insignificance of First Year, we have risen to what seemed then, the inaccessible Fifth and pleasant and vivid are the pictures conjured up as we meditate the past years.

From different parts of the district we were taken and dumped, a heterogeneous mass both boys and girls, in First Year. With a touch of the romantic, the dungeon (now renovated as the library room) was allocated to us as a class-room. Many and varied were the tales, concerning the dungeon and its trapdoor, poured into our credulous ears.

Each individual, as was then the custom, passed through the process of initiation, "Over the Wall," "Grassed" and "Ducked."

Through First Year we manfully struggled, the drab monotony of school-work pleasantly relieved by the presence of the fairer sex. The bogey of our youthful spirits was Latin—Latin periods, under the tutorship of Mr. G., assumed the form of an inquisition and we, universally, shivered and trembled for our lives.

Memories of sports' day come rushing back, marked by the absence of formalism and, in a truth, a social gathering. Though

the entries may have suffered, I am sure it was the more enjoyable. On one occasion, I recall, the present Captain (Len Deed) was discovered to be missing. Fearing for his safety, the alarm was raised, and an intensive search begun. Imagine our chagrin and exasperation at finding him in possession of a parked motor car, basking in the rays of feminine charms.

At the commencement of Second Year, the dreadful news was broken to us, that the girls, thenceforth, were to form a separate class. Nevertheless, we did not suffer much from the reaction of this shock, for we had pressing matters requiring our attention. It now behoved us to uphold the traditions of mighty Second Year and initiate the newcomers. Under the leadership of "Hungry" Hudson, we banded together and proceeded to do this right royally. Shattering long established traditions, we inaugurated a new and novel initiation. The novice was required to lose a lock of hair, to be painted like a Red Indian (the clay in the bottom playground served this purpose excellently) and to receive a "milk shake."

Such riotous behaviour could only end in one way, and Prefects "Fiery" Frew and "Roaring" Roarty came to consider themselves our special policemen.

It was in Second Year we discovered our milers. Across the paddock over the wall, would toil, at dinner time, our mile aspirants, and Ollis (Boundary Billy) and Edmunds early distinguished themselves.

Mr. J., our witty French teacher, was once so incensed and conscious of his wrong, namely that while sailing majestically down Porcher Street en auto, a pupil of his, one Browne, should be so presumptuous as to sweep by on a bicycle, that the following day he stupefied Browne by presenting him with 50 lines, and advising him to purchase a copy of regulations controlling traffic. The same worshipful teacher, wishing to impress upon us his prowess as a soccer player, and failing to do so by reiteration, descended to practical demonstration and booted one "Crusty" H. out of the door, and all because of a slight disagreement over an imposition.

We all hold tender and pleasant memories of our English periods in which "Pop" W. advised us to put expression into our speech; and informed us that although we "ad been 'avin' a good toime, we were goin' to start and do some work," and, as a beginning, kindly requested each individual to do 100 lines, whereupon, Comrade Ollis protested in his best style, but "Pop" squashed him by telling him he wasn't goin' to listen to him.

We must hurry on. Months passed and we found ourselves enthroned as the August Third Year, about to attain such wonderful (?) Inter results. As was to be expected under pressure of examinations, the year passed rather uneventfully, and at the end we could truthfully

say that no calamity had befallen any of our number, except, perhaps, Kittens who had been led away from his high calling. Sport's day, however, stands out like a huge landmark in our school annals. The girls, now completely removed from us, had given us invitations, official and otherwise, to be present at their sport's day. As a result of a slight disagreement between the decision of the headmaster and the boys' inclinations, many of them found it impossible to attend the afternoon's lessons, as it so happened that it behoved them to attend a funeral or else they had an appointment with the dentist, etc., and, forthwith, proceeded to honour Sports Ground No. 1 with their presences. The following day presented quite an amusing spectacle to a casual onlooker like myself; all the participants were lined up and duly flogged, even Ollis who, confident of his carefully planned speech, which he was preparing to deliver, was prematurely squashed. He consoled his drooping spirit with a double dose. Poor Jack, he would have made an excellent politician.

We pass over the nightmares of the Inter. and come to the Fourth Year. But alas! Our numbers were sadly depleted. Many had left to take up positions, and the others were scattered through different classes, but still the old class spirit lived and does live on.

Having successfully surmounted the turbulence of Fourth Year, we find ourselves enrolled as the mighty Fifth. It is with the blare of trumpets and the roll of drums that we, as a class cease to exist. From our ranks have been chosen the Captain, the Vice-Captain and a great number of prefects. For five years our interests have been those of the school and it is with regret we realise that we must make room for the next. And now we advance with dignified mien to that supreme trail, the "Leaving Certificate," confident that, in it, we will uphold our prestige.

May the spirit of true comradeship, prevalent among us, exist and remain for days other than school days, unto the end.

A NOVOCASTRIAN.



The gratitude of most men is only a secret desire to receive greater favours.—Rochefoucauld.

He who lives without folly is not as wise as he fancies.—Rochefoucauld.

INSECTS

I AM a great lover of insects, especially fleas and bugs, which, I can proudly say, are my favourite sleeping companions—they don't snore.

This fact (I am on such intimate terms with these adorable little mites), made me take up the study of entomology. I shall enclose a definition of my friends for the benefit of those ignorant and narrow-minded persons who publicly give evidence of their hate and abomination of the poor harmless insignificant little insects.

INSECTS: A term applied to an extensive class of invertebrate creatures abounding in all parts of the world. Their bodies are usually segmented, they possess flying equipment, and have commonly four or more legs (which extend from their feet right up to the body), in addition to a pair of antennae, and a pair of mandibles. Flies of all kinds (including the blowfly), fleas, bugs, butterflies, moths, bees, wasps, grasshoppers, beetles, crickets, lice and thousands of other species make up this wonderful order.

The other day I was strolling through the park with an entomologist friend of mine who has an intimate knowledge of the microbe (Ametabola, Hemimetabola and Holometabola) probably due to the fact that he has spent his life in a house in a similar condition to ours.

I said to him, "Look! There's an insect!"

He said, "That belongs either to the Elateridae or the Amblycephalus family."

I could have sworn that it was a beetle. After that, I decided to resume my study with greater zeal. I worked from the ant right through to the Zoonoptera, which is one I made up myself, because of the scarcity of insects starting with "Z". I have been kind to insects ever since, and am terribly sorry for having given my small brother's pet fly to the spider, in the web on the back of the bedroom door. I am kind to the Hydrophili and the Hymenoptera Phyla and especially to the Ichneumon flies, and any other insects I can lay my hands on—as a matter of fact I'm sitting on a batch of eggs for a sick mosquito at this moment.

I used to be a little villain once, pulling the wings off poor harmless moths and butterflies, but since Uncle Oscar gave me a discarded razor blade I have made a little guillotine, with which I bisect their abdomens, and then with the aid of my grandma's reading glass I decimate their pygidii. You see I am becoming more and more civilised.

I have organised a band of followers in my study, which is of

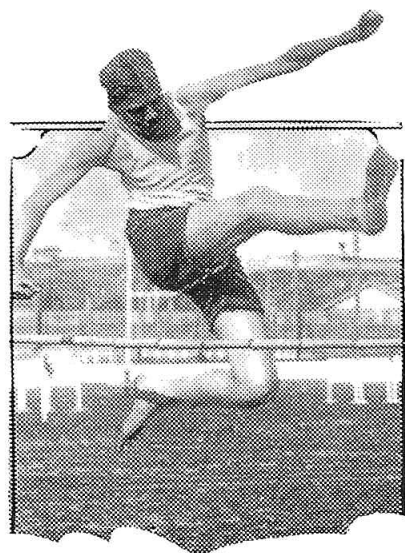
increasing interest. The club is called "The Grand Assembly of Insect Lovers." Each member receives a badge (personally presented by myself), bearing the initials G.A.I.L., and with a small image of a fly in flight, in green and red enamel. Join this ever increasing band of insect lovers and receive this handsome badge, free of charge.

I have written several letters to His Majesty the King asking his permission to put into motion an Insect Week (similar to Music Week, Bird Week or Kindness to Animal Week), but so far I have received no reply. I expect he has been rather busy lately and it has just slipped his memory. The bounding dates of Insect Week, I have not decided upon, but I expect it shall be about the middle of February in the Southern Hemisphere and in July in the Northern Hemisphere—that being the time when our pets are most prevalent.

So if you manage to get hold of an insect, lay yourself out to be kind to it, for a week—only a week.

Try hard!

SENOJ R. YERFDOG.



C. Clayton, who won the under 14 years High Jump.



MURDER !

A SHRILL shriek rang out and shattered the stillness of purple shadowed twilight, followed by the rush of tramping feet. The fugitive started suddenly, gazed suspiciously about, and, hearing the tumult behind him, set off as fast as his spurred feet could carry him.

It seemed interminable hours to the thirsty fugitive before his pursuers slackened the relentlessness and fierce tenacity of the chase. He sank down wearily upon the damp ground, his eyes dimming and his breath coming in short pants.

Hardly had he closed his eyes, than a huge rough hand stretched slowly out towards his neck and seized him in a grip of steel.

The prisoner struggled vainly but his weakness told upon him and his cries dwindled into a plaintive fit of gasping.

Suddenly one of his assassins raised a gleaming steel blade, at the sight of which the victim redoubled his cries, but a swift downward stroke ceased them abruptly.

The cries died away in a horrible gurgle and the body grew limp, tremors running through it.

Then one of the assassins stood up and spoke to the other.

"It was a tough chase, Herbert, but after 'e's plucked and roasted 'e won't be so tough!"

W.E.J., 5D.

CAESAR, BOOK VII

IT was "smoko" in Caesar's camp. All the soldiers swung gently in their hammocks and puffed contentedly at their pipes, as they listened in to Station 2OK. Suddenly, with a roar like thunder, an old Ford pulled up in front of the Military Headquarters, and one of the scouts from the farthest out-post, pausing only to wipe his patent leather shoes with his silk handkerchief, strolled over to the door.

"Is Mr. Julius in?" he asked. "Half a mo," said the sentry, "wait till I ask him."

He disappeared through the door and came to Caesar, who was lying on the sofa with his feet on the electric radiator, watching Brutus and the rest of the push playing billiards.

"Caesar," said the guard, "one of the scouts wants to know if

he can see you." "Okay," said Caesar. "Got a Capstan on you. All right, send him in. I'll use my own."

The scout entered a few minutes later, as he had stopped to put four denarii on his choice for the Flying. Caesar asked him why didn't he knock and gave him fourteen days without the option.

"All right," said the scout, "I won't tell you now." "Aw, forget it bo," said Julius, "What is it, anyhow?"

"Well, you know Vercingetorix, the leader of the Gauls, he sent me a telegram last night, saying he'd like to have the battle on Tuesday afternoon, 'cause he's takin' his missus to the Strand on Wednesday and can't fight then, see?"

"All right," said Julius, "shut the door as you go out; I'll tell the boys."

The next day was Tuesday, the day of the battle, so Caesar stopped at home that night and went to bed early, setting the alarm clock for 9.35 so that he would get up before his usual hour.

The next morning, while he was having a bath, he traced out a plan of campaign on the soap, and had everything ready by the time the troops were assembled. Then he got up on a soap box and told the boys not to play up on the train, else he wouldn't take them again.

Catching the 12 o'clock special, Caesar reached the Darlinghurst part of Gaul just as his enemy's train pulled up. The Gauls reached their trenches helped on by cries of "dirty Alesia," which, as you know, was their home town.

The battle began at half-past three by Caesar's wristlet watch and ten past nine by Brutus'. The Romans pitched into their opponents, and in the first round, two Gauls were found dead in the press box, and one more of the same type was found on top of the radio announcer.

Caesar and his boys were right in the thick of it when someone yelled out, "Here's Brutus, slash him." "Who's gonna boot us," said Caesar, as he hacked off a Gaul's side lever and then stepped on another's pet corn.

After the third round, bones, teeth, legs, arms and eyebrows covered the arena and the fight was held up for ten minutes while the council sent up their lorry and cleaned the ground. This didn't matter though, as the ref. took the time off.

Caesar suddenly found himself face to face and foot to foot with Vercingetorix, and, grabbing him by the arm, put a half Nelson on him. Then he pulled out his pocket diary and wrote a full confession of the Gaul's crime in shorthand, and made Vercingetorix sign it.

When the Gauls found this out they gave in with strong recom-

mendation for mercy, and were taken to the city gaol in the "Black Marias."

Caesar couldn't hear Vercingetorix's case till he'd finished with some Centurions for being ringleaders of an eviction party, but when he finally did come to it, Vercingetorix was condemned to be a member of Parliament for life, and all his men were put in the Police Force.

When the matter was cleaned up, Caesar presented himself with the V.C., got drunk, killed two men, and feeling in a good mood, repented of his judgment of Vercingetorix, and ordered him to be executed instead.

L. HOLLIS, 3B.

THE BLUFF

THE candle flame spluttered in the icy draught which swept through the chinks of the damp walls of the cold, cheerless room.

A gaunt figure, bent over the table, shivered and raised its grey head, revealing a pallid wrinkled face of a man on the wrong side of 40. No one would have recognised through a week's stubble, the face of the formerly well known mine surveyor, Mr. A. Bazon, who now gazed furtively about and sunk his head once more into his hands. Ah, it was a cold world, he thought. He'd be better off if he were dead. He envied poor old Fred Markham. At the thought of the name, he shuddered. Why in the devil couldn't he get that off his mind? He could still see Fred's face staring blankly in the glare of the pit lamp. He could still see himself feverishly burying the blood-stained pick head; he saw the body half under a fall of rock where he had placed it, and he could still hear the words coming from his own mouth, telling of the fatal rock fall.

And they had believed it, yes, the whole lot of the fools, except Fred's kid; he was like his father—a darned queer fellow.

His thoughts returned to his own misery, to the long years he had spent trying to evade some mysterious pursuer. Damn it! it was getting him down!

What was that?

The floor outside, creaked ominously and a light footstep was heard at the door. He snatched at his pocket but was too late for the door swung inwards and a young man stood on the threshold, an automatic in his hand.

"Leave that alone!" said a low, harsh voice, restrained with

difficulty from bursting out in anger. The eyes of the intruder glared fiercely with a steely accusing light and centered themselves on the victim.

The latter raised his hands and slumped down in the rickety chair. Not a word passed between the participants of the strange scene for some time till the young man blurted out. "My God! Bazon, I've got you! You're caged like a rat! A fine chase you've led me, but I swore I'd get you and I have!"

"For God's sake, Jimmy, I didn't mean to do it! I swear I didn't! Give me a chance, Jimmy," the flurried cry of the stricken wretch died away into terrified babblings. He had fallen forward on his knees and was clinging to the avenger, his eyes raised imploringly and fearfully into his face. The young man flung him away, followed him up and seizing him by the shoulder, dragged him to his feet.

"What!" he laughed mirthlessly. "You have a chance? Why, you dog, I've trailed you for ten years. I swore at my mother's death bed that I'd find you and your time is up Bazon. You murdered my father and you know it."

"Jimmy, please Jimmy, let me go! I've stood hell for ten years and I've lost everything. For God's sake give me a square deal, Jimmy." He was working himself into a frenzy, then his imploring attitude dropped and he turned round, angrily shouting "By God, Jimmy Markham, you're not going to get away with this. Yes! I did kill your father, and I'm going to get rid of you now."

He snatched for the revolver, but the automatic flashed in the other's hand and a report rang out. A ghastly look of surprise, mingled with dread, passed over the murderer's face. He turned pale, reeled slightly and crashed to the floor.

The avenger swung round quickly, ran down the narrow stairways and disappeared in the heavy rain.

* * *

"Paper! Paper! Man dead in Darlington garret! Paper sir? Thank'ee sir!" Young Jimmy Markham foreited his coin and scanned the headlines. "A man was found dead in a garret in Darlington, this morning. Death was due to heart failure."

He smiled and pulled out his cigarette case; with it came two shining objects which after a slight examination, he threw into the gutter. He didn't want blank cartridges any longer.

W. E. JAMES, 5D.

The Recovery Of Hidden Treasure

I WAS the only child in the family, and my parents were poor, although we lived in a large mansion by the sea and employed many servants. The mansion had been the home of our family for a great many generations, and they were very rich until suddenly all the family jewels and many thousands of pounds of gold coinage disappeared mysteriously, consequently the reason of my family being poor.

It was nearing Christmas and mother had orders from the doctor to go away for a holiday, so I invited my two cousins to come down to visit me. My two cousins and myself were left alone at home with two of the servants, the others receiving their annual holidays. After coming home from a swim, I thought we would make a tour of inspection through the house.

Jack and myself went up into the attic and started searching the shelves, when suddenly Jack touched one panel in the wall and it flew open. We climbed through the hole and went along a passage which ran parallel with the hall leading to the library and as we were feeling our way along we touched a spring and another panel flew open and we could see into the library, and were watching my other cousin Fred, who was reading a book. I shouted and he looked up but could not see me, as I shut the panel. This went on for several minutes. At last I let him see me and Fred, and I went back to ask him to come with us. I went and got some candles and gave them out.

We followed the passage past the library and came to a short flight of steps, which were very steep and narrow. We descended these until we came to a landing where we stopped for several minutes. The air down here was very cold, and Jack said "We must be going past Uncle's study." Although it was a hot day it felt very chilly. We went down more steps and seemed to be going right down into the cellars, then the passage began to widen out and we could now walk two abreast, then suddenly a door loomed up in front of us. We opened this door, and, to our amazement, found ourselves in a small room. It was tiny and the furniture consisted only of a small table and chair.

Then my cousin made a discovery. Underneath the table was a little drawer and he tried to open it but eventually had to force it with a pen knife. Right at the back of it was a piece of parchment, yellow with age, and we had to get a magnifying glass to read the spidery hand-writing. It contained the following sentences:

"The big attic—top panel to the right—the passage—peep hole to blue room—narrow stairs."

"Why, it's simply the directions to find this room," said Jack with disappointment, "but listen,"

"Hidden room press top right corner of oblong flag—trap door—passage—store cave—sea passage—smugglers' hole."

We all shouted and set out to look for the oblong flag stone which was easily found, as it was the only one of its kind.

We pressed it but nothing happened, so we pressed again, harder, this time a funny grating sound and the whole flag stood up on end, leaving a large hole. We all peered down it and there was a wooden trap door which had a handle on it. We pulled this up and there was another flight of stairs and a dark passage leading off these.

"The passage to the store cave," said Fred.

We went down the steps and felt our way along the tunnel, which was made out of earth and rocks, and it was also very narrow and uneven. It went this way and that. It smelt very musty and was not nearly so fresh as the other tunnels. We went round a sharp bend to the right and practically collided with a heavy studded oak door which we tried to open, but failed.

"It must be bolted on the other side I expect," said Jack, "and the store cave must be on the other side. Isn't it a shame we can't go through," said I. We returned back to the hidden room via the tunnel, up the steps and through the trap door. The next day about 6 a.m., after we had been for a swim, we were lying on the sand and were talking about the mysterious oak door. Fred asked me where we could go shooting and I replied, "Dad said there are some good wild duck over near the Black Rock," pointing to a small island which was of solid rock about half a mile away.

"I think we will go over there after breakfast," said Jack, so it was decided we should spend the day shooting. We hurried home and had breakfast, got our guns and prepared for our day's shooting. We went down to the beach and hopped into the boat. Fred rowed while Jack steered. It only took us a few minutes to reach the island. Jack pointed to what looked like steps cut out in the rock. We followed them up to a rock which just jutted out, and behind it was an entrance to a cave and we went inside it. It was an enormous cave and the floor sloped upwards and ran back a long way.

"I wonder if this is the passage that was mentioned on the piece of parchment that we found in the secret room," said Fred, "and any way we will follow it and hope for the best."

Jack switched on his torch and we made a thorough search through the cave, but did not find any passage leading off from it. I was fooling around and pushed Fred over. He lay on the sand for several seconds and then cried out, "Look! what is that up there?"

Jack and I looked up simultaneously and shouted for joy.

"I am sure that hole leads to the store cave," shouted Jack with excitement. We tried to climb up but without success and we walked sadly back toward the boat and rowed for home.

We took the gardener's ladder, went back down to the seashore and tied it securely on to the back of the boat, and rowed back towards the island as hard as we could. After reaching the island, and with a little trouble, we fixed the ladder into an upright position. Jack lit his candle, climbed the ladder and when he reached the top he hailed us to follow. We watched his head and shoulders disappear through the hole before we followed. Fred and I squeezed through the hole and my heart was beating so fast that I could hardly breathe.

The passage was leading upwards and was very dark and narrow. It was a difficult way to go for the path was undulating and strewn with large stones and at various stages it was so narrow that we could hardly squeeze through. We must have travelled for about a quarter of a mile when we came to a large cave. It was bare in the middle, but all around the sides the floor was covered with barrels, boxes, chests and kegs. It seemed too good to be true to be in this store safe after all our difficulties.

"I expect these boxes are locked," said Fred.

"The lock on this one seems to be falling to pieces," said I.

Jack gave it a kick and the lid flew open.

We all yelled in excitement, for the box was full to the top with gold money.

"I think we have done enough on our own. What about sending for mum and dad," I said.

"But they can't come around by the way we came because they couldn't squeeze through the hole," laughed Jack.

"Well, why not look for the door and open it so they can come down the other way through the tunnel?" said Fred.

We soon found it, for it was set on one side of the cave. And no wonder we could not open it for it was bolted from top to bottom with the largest bolts I have seen. We knocked them back, and opened the door, and there on the other side was the passage leading to the hidden room.

"I say, what about leaving the door open and let the fresh air circulate through the tunnel," said I, and I remarked that we had not killed many ducks. We reached the boat and rowed for home.

We then hurried down to the Post Office, where I sent a telegram to dad, telling him to come home at once. About six o'clock the telephone rang, and one of the servants told me I was wanted on the 'phone. It was dad I was talking to and he asked me why he was

to come home, and I told him the story about finding the treasure and he said he would be home in two days time.

We were sitting at the tea table and dad told us the following story of how the treasure disappeared.

"Your Great-Great-Great-Grandfather fell into disgrace and had to leave the country in haste, I suppose he took the treasure down to the store cave himself. He probably meant to come back and take it to France, but he died, and he being the only one knowing the secret, the treasure lay undisturbed."

"Yes, and the door of the store cave was locked so no one could get at the treasure," chimed in Jack.

We all went to bed, happy and rich, because we found the family possessions by ourselves, without the aid of adults.

"SINBAD."

"CONSCIENCE"

THE criminal listened with bated breath. Was it imagination, or did he really hear footsteps on the stairs? There they were again. He was cornered! After all his elaborate plans for concealing the booty, he must have left some clue to betray him. Gone were all his hopes of enjoying the fruits of his robbery. Instead, he could see a dark prison waiting to receive him. Was this to be the end? Ah no! surely there was some escape; some means to evade the retribution which was about to overtake him. He glanced feverishly about him. The room was practically bare. The small window looked out on a brick courtyard, fifty feet below. He was trapped! The footsteps came nearer. They sounded on the landing now. He would not wait for his pursuers to rush in and capture him. Rather would he hurl himself and his loot out of the window to his death. The doorknob was turning now; but a minute remained. Hesitating no longer he stepped resolutely to the window. Death awaited him, but his mind was made up.

* * *

The boy awoke and realised his position. He was leaning out of the window, staring at the ground below, while his father was clinging to his arm. In his hands were the apples he had stolen from a neighbour's orchard, two short hours before.

J.A.M.

TOMLIN'S MISTAKE

TOMLIN was an ordinary young man, rather insignificant in appearance. Quiet and self-contained, he had few friends and spent his leisure time reading melodramatic, colourful detective stories. All day he worked hard in a surveyor's office, and had won his way into his employer's confidence. At times he was entrusted with a survey to be completed; but his employer had never dreamt that such a prosaic mien cloaked a mind which revelled in wild tales of murders, robberies, adventure.

So influenced was Tomlin's mind by these novels that he fancied he could pick out criminals by studying their physiognomy. That fellow with the cast in his eye for instance, who a week before had been installed as lift-driver, was the exact facsimile of the villain of "The Scarlet Circle." Tomlin resolved to keep an eye on him. Every morning going up in the lift, he surreptitiously inspected him. In spite of his villainous appearance, the man seemed harmless enough and Tomlin's suspicions were forgotten after a few days.

Then came one evening of adventure. In a tram on the way home, Tomlin thought he saw the lift-man running some distance behind him. Although vaguely surprised, he thought no more about the incident.

He left the tram to begin his mile walk home. Dusk was settling and the way was dimly lighted. He hastened his steps a little.

Was that a shout he heard behind him? Tomlin stopped. Heavy steps sounded on the road about a hundred yards behind. Slightly alarmed, he was about to hurry on, when he recognised the lift-driver's voice. How did he come to be in this quarter of the city? He must have caught the next tram. The fellow was passing under a light now. Tomlin could see him distinctly. His face was contorted, his hair flying in the wind, his mouth open.

Overcome with fear, Tomlin stared.

Perhaps the lift-man had taken a fit. The cast in his eye made his expression horrifying. The man must be mad!

Tomlin took to his heels. In his terror he neglected to note his whereabouts and in a few minutes ran headlong into a tree. The impact threw him to the ground where he remained breathless and terror-stricken, waiting for the arrival of the madman.

Heavy steps came nearer. His pursuer's form bulked in the darkness. Tomlin resigned himself to inevitable fate and shut his eyes. Here in this lonely spot he was to end his life.

He opened his eyes when roughly shaken by the shoulder.

"I say, mister, you are a queer 'un. I been a-runnin' after you, me with me gout an' all, to do you a good turn and you try and give me the slip. The boss wants you to call at his 'ouse early to-morrer mornin' to give 'im a 'and with 'is new survey."

J.A.M.

THE MOTH AT THE WINDOW

ONE cold winter's evening, John Menzies was seated in his London office reading the "Daily News." He was a man of middle age, stout, with a round chubby face; his double chin and rolls of fat on his neck gave evidence of his easy and voluptuous life. Trembling with fear, he was muttering to himself, "It can't be! it's impossible!" There in glaring headlines, he read on the front page of the newspaper:

Well-known Business Man Strangled!

Last night at ten o'clock, Mr. Frederick Wilton, the prominent banker, was found dead in his apartment. He had been strangled and his neck was twisted in a most dreadful fashion.

Several years ago in South Africa, Mr. Frederick Wilton, Sir Milton James (now dead) and Mr. John Menzies, were directors of a powerful Rand bank which finally failed. Among the shareholders (who were absolutely ruined) was one who declared that the directors had stolen the deposits. He was by name Francis Gilmour and he swore to revenge himself and the other shareholders. He became mentally unbalanced and only wanted to live to carry out his threat. The police think he is responsible for this dreadful crime and assert that they will soon have knowledge of his hiding place.

Menzies began nervously pacing the floor of his office muttering, "Why in the heaven's name don't they catch him?" Suddenly he was startled by a sharp rap on the door. He cringed with terror. Then, remembering where he was, he called out, "Come in." One of his clerks entered, handed him a letter and withdrew. His face became ashen, his eyes bulged with terror and his hands shook prodigiously. "You are next," he read, "James and Wilton have gone. Soon my revenge will be complete. You will feel my hands creeping slowly round your neck; gradually I will choke the life from your body. You will not cry out. You will be too afraid. Remember the unfortunates you robbed in South Africa."

At nine o'clock that night, Menzies was sitting in an armchair before a roaring fire, reading a book entitled "Courage—Physical and Mental." He was particularly taken by one sentence: "Mental cowardice is a despicable trait in a man's character." At this moment he was different. He seemed overflowing with courage (and incidentally Scotch whisky) and was very satisfied with life.

About an hour later he retired to his bedroom. He didn't feel

so courageous now, but with an air of bravado, he pushed his bed against the wall, under the window and lowered the blind.

Having undressed, he slipped under the blankets and tried to sleep. But his courage had now totally deserted him and he trembled at the slightest sound.

Suddenly he heard a slight rustling. His heart almost stopped beating. Again he listened. He uttered a deep sigh of relief. It was only his imagination. Sweat was pouring from his brow and his breath was coming in gasps.

What was that? Who was tapping on the window? Was it Gilmour? He shivered. Something touched him. He tried to scream but could not. His tongue seemed swollen, his lips were parched and dry. Everything whirled about him. Objects danced before his eyes and there was buzzing sound in his ears.

Something cold and clammy was stroking his face. He then felt it move down towards his neck. It was Gilmour! He had come as he had sworn to!

Again he tried to cry out, but he could only utter a feeble sound just above a hoarse whisper. Gilmour was gloating over him, playing with him like a cat with a mouse. He knew he was a mental coward, and was torturing him before attempting to kill him. Again those terrible fingers caressed his his throat. He imagined he could make out the form of the maniac leering at him. He shivered at the icy touch and sobbed with terror. Then tortured almost to breaking point, he fainted.

Jenkins, the butler lay sprawled in a chair in the kitchenette of Menzies' house, eating a cake, which had taken him ten minutes of persuasion to obtain from the cook. "You and me will go to the pictures to-morrow, if I can dodge the missus," he told the cook, when a terrible scream shattered the air.

The butler dropped the cake, did a back somersault from the chair which an acrobat might have envied.

"It came from the master's room," said the cook, "Whatever can be the matter?"

"Quick!" replied Jenkins, "Ring for the police!"

Ten minutes later the local constable and doctor were standing in Menzies' bedroom. Menzies lay in an unnatural position on the bed. His face was distorted with fear and his hands were holding the blankets in the grip of a vice.

"Heart failure," said the doctor to the constable, "Or as the Coroner will say, natural causes."

Just then a puff of wind came through the half-opened window and moved the blind gently to and fro. The knob on the end of the swaying blind cord lightly touched now and then the dead man's neck.

A slight tapping was heard on the window. The constable walked across the room, pulled up the blind and there imprisoned between the two panes of glass was a moth struggling to escape.

"SUPER-OPTIMIST," 5D.

A BAG OF GOLD

A COACH stopped outside the Red Lion, in it my lord was dozing. My lord was tired. My lord would like to put up at the inn with a clean bed, good food, and good wine. So mine host showed my lord to his room, and he pocketed a gold piece with an enthusiasm by no means cooled by the patronising air of the giver. But mine host was not wholly insensible to the haughtiness of the purse-proud gentlemen; and as he went downstairs to the bar-room he remembered the old saying: "Pride comes before the fall."

The landlord went over to two men playing bagatelle, waited until a thin man with a fat cue had finished a dissertation on ill-luck, and then asked if Reuben Hale had been seen that night

"Sid 'im at the pit yesterdy, not ternight though."

"Funny," reflected the landlord, "'e ain't showed 'is face in the Red Lion nigh on three wiks, 'im 'as bin wun o' me best customers the last thirty year' nor more."

At the fireside of their kitchen sat Reuben Hale and his wife, Sarah. Reuben was turning over the pages of a book with fingers knotted and twisted like the exposed roots of the old oak tree that sheltered his cottage, and Sarah was busy mending his working socks. And now and again Sarah would sniff in contempt, and tug viciously at stray bits of wool.

"Pic-char books!" she muttered to herself, but Reuben was too busy studying a colored picture of Red Riding Hood, too busy wondering what the print at the bottom said to hear Sarah.

"Look, Sarah. Ay that a pretty un?"

"Do' be ser soft Reubin! Yo'n goo moloncholy lookin' an' lookin' at books an' sich like. It wo' do yo' ony good. Why do' yo' go up ter the Red Lion an' git summat as ull keep yer strong fer the pit. Bein' a scholard an' all that wo' 'elp yer git coal. Besides what'n yer pals at the Red Lion think onyer?"

"Pubs do' in'res' me no more. The Red Lion in partic'lar. Ah likes these 'ere pic-char books; Ah'd like ter be a scholard an' all that, an' Ah tell yer straight, as Ah'd stop workin' termorrer an' goo back ter skewl if Ah 'ad the money."

"Oh! Yer makin' me sick. Yer makin' me feel crazy sittin' mopin' there afore the fire a-readin—a-readin' pic-char books, an' a-sayin' o'er an' o'er agen ter look at this un' coz ain't it pritty. Yo' an' yer pic-char books. Why it's on'y since yo' sid little Sally Goons's prize as 'er got at Sundy Skewl, yo'l bin like this. An' ow'n y'expect me ter mend yer socks with yo' and yer pic-char books?"

Mine host of the Red Lion was a Dutchman. He had come out

to the front at a quarter to six the morning after, watching my lord unfasten a leather bag stuffed with gold coins, and with an air of supreme disdain, hand him three or four gold pieces. And he had said as he watched the coach disappear, "If that there lord do' lose that there bag o' gold afore 'e gits ter Lunnon, then I'm a Dutchman."

My lord did not lose the bag of gold in London. He lost it when the coach lurched over a three foot hole in the road. The bag of gold stayed there in the middle of the road; and as Reuben crossed over the road at half-past six to make through the wood to the pit, he picked it up. When he poured out from the bag an unbelievable cascade of gold, he rushed back through the gate, bounded into the kitchen, gave three rousing cheers before the astonished Sarah, and went to school the very next day, bought stacks of picture books and exercises. Sarah made the fire each morning. And in the end Reuben began to be respected in the village as a man of learning.

One evening, two years later, a stranger inquired for the landlord at the Red Lion, a stranger with sore feet and tattered clothes, and a face that spoke many an orgy. He had walked from London, more than a hundred miles away. He had come to look for a bag of gold he had lost in those parts two years since. The landlord recognised him and remembered his haughtiness, but with honesty peculiar to the Midlander, pointed out the whereabouts of Reuben's cottage, and told him Reuben had picked up the bag of gold the day before he went to school.

Reuben was with Sarah on the lawn in front of their cottage, and a stranger appeared at the gate, and disturbed him at a critical point in a novel. And when the stranger asked for the Reuben Hale who picked up a bag of gold the day before he first went to school. The middle-aged miner assured him he was the one.

Holy Moses! the man must be in his second childhood!

"Sarah! Fetch that bag of gold I picked up the day before I first went to school," said Reuben.

And the stranger dispassionately wished Reuben in Hades. He turned on his heel, and went away disgusted, cursing mine host of the Red Lion and Reuben Hale for two empty headed fools. And he was never again seen in those parts.

S. PARKES.

True eloquence consists of saying all that is necessary and nothing more.—Rochefoucauld.

CLASS NOTES

5A

"Yet once more ye laurels, and once more,
Ye myrtles, brown, with ivy never sere,
I come"——

to record the unofficial history of 5A.

IT seems to me as I search the ceiling for inspiration and ideas that school life goes on from day to day without anything ever happening. To quote the words of one whom we believe to be an authority on the subject it seems that "the system's a farce." Perhaps 'tis so, although I did wonder how so many excellent results could be obtained at examinations if such was the case.

But, Sports Day comes only once a year and when it comes it brings good cheer. Such was our attitude when the day of this function dawned. Despite the pleadings of the megaphone man, the hilarity of the lads could not be suppressed and the peace of the day was punctuated by sundry barbaric war cries, "counting out" and "counting in" between the inevitable rivals, 4th and 5th year.

In dealing with this subject we must ask "Ah! Steppa, where did you get that hat?" Together with his trusty henchmen, this worthy had the appearance of a "reel tuff hombre," as he roamed amidst the crowd.

It did amaze us also to see the audacity of our friend, T—— from merry England who, amongst others, with miniature megaphone did endeavour to make himself a conspicuous figure. Need we say that the megaphone was entirely superfluous, for our friend always presents to us a wit of a most unconventional style, guaranteed to enliven the dullest lesson.

We take pleasure in complimenting many of our class mates who carried off prizes in these sports, while special praise is due to Bill Engel, whose record breaking mile run, was the result only of many months of hard training.

Leaving this subject we note with amusement how the manner in which Mr. Reid's endeavour to raise a school orchestra, a few weeks back, resembled that of the press gang of old. As his "eagle" eye roamed the room in search of recruits, his gaze alighted upon a youth in the corner, and his imperative "you will play," brooked no refusal.

After the recent examination we were visited unexpectedly by all the masters of the subjects and the "Inquisition" which resulted is not likely to be forgotten. Everyone, from top to bottom, was

THE NOVOCASTRIAN

criticised and more often than not, slated. At the conclusion the "Head" was heard to remark, "If this is 5A, Lord help me when I get to 5D."

At the time of writing these notes we are on the eve of a week's vacation, and all of us have made golden resolutions to take advantages of the time to fag. But from past experience we are afraid that many will come back and say "Well you see, it's like this; Friday night I thought I'd go down the street, Saturday night the pictures were rather good and anyhow, a fellow has got to have some recreation, Sunday, went to Church, Monday, out on a hike and was too tired at night to do any work so went to bed," and so on. Time flies in such circumstances and we wake up on Monday morning after the vacation to find that the books are still in the bag and dust lies deep upon the shelf.

However, we mean to settle down soon to the final dash and attempt to gain for the school a list of passes which will convince Mr. Christmas that Newcastle is by far superior to Maitland.

After this outburst of zealous intentions we end abruptly.

W.F.B., 5A.

5B

"Alas, unconscious of their doom,
The little victims play."

IT is difficult to say whether the person who wrote these lines was thinking of fifth year students or not, but all evidence seems to point in that direction. Although we perhaps are "little victims," we do not think that we are wholly unconscious of our approaching doom.

Concerning our academic pursuits, it is quite possible that members of the staff may be sceptical, but that is a long established custom of their profession. Suffice to say we do our twenty minutes' hard grind each night, and refrain in the seriousness of our attitude from attending more than two dances or theatres per week.

But, in the sporting field not even our masters can deny our talent. Although some members of the class still think that football is too rough, we have a good representation in all grades. At the recent athletic carnival we were by no means disgraced. In fact, one member of the class proudly proclaims that he helped to break the senior shot putt record, in that he measured the distance.

Extremely modern interpretations were placed upon certain phrases in the recent exam. One brilliant example was the following paraphrase of, "if Punch grows extravagant I shall reprimand him very freely," which written by a well meaning student read, "if Punch

gets too dear, I shall have to knock it off." Another was the definition of "choler"—a drink which makes men lively and active," and still another, "to temporise"—"to keep one's temper."

Again there is one which would certainly have sent a thrill through Bacon. Our modern student wrote, "One of the uses of travel is to learn to become a courtesan."

The members of the front seat society, who do homework, on a co-operative basis, are disgusted with the attitude of another "free period homeworkeer," who refuses to give his methods. The aforesaid members also have strong feelings on the subject of the Maths Master's accuracy with books at close range.

First aid, as well as the general work, is being taught to our members, so that if by chance everyone should do his Maths homework, we may be able to rise to the occasion and restore Mr. C. to life.

Algy is gaining experience for future life, by becoming accustomed to what is known in business centres, as rationing. He is taking one week off in every month during which time his smiling face cannot be seen within a mile of the school.

His confrere, Alan, seems to take a great delight in asking questions of masters which he knows they cannot answer. By the way, where does Alan get all his pins from?

Aldrich and Sheldon are our somnambulists, while Gordon endeavours to relieve the monotony of class life by cracking weak jokes.

By the way "Clayo" and Alec" rush around the lab., a casual visitor would think they had discovered a new element, or had succeeded in splitting an atom, while judging from "Bucky's" enthusiasm for the subject a misguided person might think that he wanted to be a chemistry teacher.

Sullivan seems to have discovered a new language which is a cross between Chinese and Esperanto. It is a wonderful discovery, it's only advantage being that no one can understand it.

Morrow appears to be more interested in drawing "funny sketches" than trying to accumulate history and chemistry.

Why does Frankie leave the school so hurriedly at 3.30? Any-one knowing the reason please communicate with us.

As this, in all probability, will be the last occasion, that we will make an appearance in the "Novocastrian," we take this opportunity to thank all members of the staff for their patience with us during our term of school life.

In closing, we wish all other leaving candidates the best of luck, and sincerely hope that each one of us, on leaving school, may be able to repeat Caesar's motto of old, "Veni, vidi, vici."

K.W.

5 C

YOU are now about to read the annals of the honourable 5C class. There is no need to tell you of our scholastic achievements as we suppose by this you have heard of this promising fifth year class.

In sport we are never far behind. We do not know what our first thirteen would do without 5C. Bouquets are being freely distributed to Harry Hingst, Len Deed and Bob Dobson, for their fine display at Taree. We mean on the football field.

Sykes and Parkes are doing good work in the baseball team, home runs from these two, we are told, are not infrequent. Sykes' left arm is a source of worry to the opposing batter.

We hope by the next University Shield match that "Crusty's" tonsillitis will have vanished. It has caused Mr. Christmas and ourselves great concern.

Our celebrated Sandgate representative has honoured us of late by a visit on Mondays. The position has become so serious that we would not be at all surprised if he stayed with us for a week.

Ever since Merv left us Mr. W— has been walking around in the gloomiest manner, he had such high hopes for Merv!

Probably the most prominent figure in our class is the renowned Mr. "Slim" Sommerville. "Slim" has been doing great work in the scientific world, he now claims to be able to tune in to 2BL by placing his ear phones on the clothes line. What a gift to nature!

J.W.

5 D

WELL, well, well. We realise that editors have their human side and also that human endurance has a breaking point and thus we changed our opening from the usual "Here we are again," and, of course, we hope it is appreciated. Well, here we are again. Oh! dash it all, we thought it would slip in. This will probably drive the poor editor to a prolonged hiking trip. We hope he returns all smiles and without scorn (s). Anyhow, now that we have the bull by the tail, we will, as the modern schoolboy says, "spill the beans."

The thought that occupies our mind originated from Caesar's fertile brain, "Veni, vidi, vici" which being interpreted means, with all due regards to tense, "We came, we saw, we conquered." But this cannot stand alone, for to it we must add the one word, "Finish." Now don't let us get melodramatic, for we hate this so called "sob stuff." What we mean however, is that for five, six and seven years we have sailed through a High School and now we are about to leave. Yes, from the lap of luxury we are to be cast into the

talons of depression. The metaphor is very applicable, don't you think? (We don't, Ed.). Well, as we were or was it, as you were?

It certainly seems familiar, but of course that does not worry us. Depression, we think was our cue. We won't bother explaining the derivation of the word—we can't—but who wants to know. We are sure the editor doesn't, because he is such a dear old man, and so kind hearted.

Ah! depression. Yes, of course; our reply is characteristic although in the words of Milton, "Out, out brief ghoul." Now was it Milton? We think we may have filched it from H. D. Kevans, B.A. You may say that the above is a tale, but 'tisn't. So we will tell you one. It begins like this—

"There was a kind youth from Craven, who mothered young mice in a haven." Having lost our poetic licence, we find we cannot continue our rhyme, but if you are desirous of further news please interview us, or you may prefer to ask the staff—we don't. Our office boy tells us we should not say things like that about the staff, they might not like it. But if we say anything nice about them, we don't like it. So we are all square on the eighteenth and the bar is in sight. Hurrah! Cheers from the boys, pandemonium from the staff.

The editor is not the only hiker in our midst. No, not by a long chalk—we don't know what it means, but you may—however, let us return to our hic, no, that's wrong—hunc, dash it!—hoc, hanc—to our hec. Friends, just let us return to it. Well, here we are. Yes, what we intended to say was that Mr. F— is a great hicer—we are still wrong—but he is a great walker. Ask any geology boys and your answer will be right from the horse's mouth.

Talking about home truths, we will give you the dow lown—the wow-low—don't despair, we have nearly got it, what we want to say is the low-down. Yes, we will give you the low-down on 5D. Where do we start? Why at the most important person. Well here goes, and may 5D be broad minded.

Adams—"Full many a flower is born to blush, unseen,

And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

Andrews—Someone called him "Red," but he is really harmless.

Bell—A baseball player with a marcel?

Blaxell—You know him as well as we do.

Brindley—An excellent substitute for the indisposed, "Mr. Smith,"

But even "Duleep" hasn't a smile like our bunny.

Cook—Is very retiring except on a tennis court.

Dick—A school identity. Chews "bubble gum" and is the "daddy" of the class. A good Maths scholar.

Gilmour—Funny? Well, he at least looks it.

Hughes—Well built. Has an extraordinary strength in his wrists. Does his Maths homework.

James—The one and only "Jummer." Has never been known to "dry up."

Jones—Small and tough. We are told he is a good hiker.

MacLeod — If there is anything worth while scooping, he will scoop it.

Marks—A bloated plutocrat. In the vernacular, this means a "prefect."

McLeod—Yawns, eats, and on rare occasions, works.

Meillon—Better known as "Gar." Can play cricket and tennis.

Moss—There are seven stages of man. Good old Frank has a few rungs to his credit.

Newburn—Excels at maths and is something of a poet—are we only half right?

Kinloch—Caused a mild sensation by attending periods on two consecutive days.

Pike—We would like to see him in broad cloth. He has not lost his funny ways.

Porter—We can't explain this enigma.

Ross—Became an athlete and is hence a very decent fellow.

Rundle—Big enough to be a guardian of the law. At least his feet are good references.

Smith—Aubrey denies being "the Smith." He says Smith is an alias for John Citizen. We believe him.

Smith—Ben is a true "blue" Smith. Even to the freckles.

Street—Very shrewd. Looks forward to Wednesday afternoons. Our office boy said "who doesn't." So we leave it to you.

Westbury—We can always be too personal, so we think he is a nice little boy.

Wheatley—To explain "George" fully and in detail we refer you to the Business College and students.

Wilson—A good high jumper and has a remarkable appetite. So have we. So has the office boy.

Well, that is that. But as a final, we would like to wish the school the best of luck in the future and hope that the coming years will bring forth pupils just as exemplary as we are, and to the examination classes this year, we extend our sympathy, and hope the kind thought is reciprocated.

MAC.

4A

WE would like to warn Mr. N— to beware of the New Guard since he is upbraiding a certain (Eric) Campbell for defying the local governing body.

"Snuff" is passing through his "mad age." Although we know it's natural we hope he will recover, because he will disappoint Mr. F— if he doesn't get the Lithgow Scholarship.

Mr. F.— advises his class that he is on the verge of a nervous breakdown, owing to the creakings, reverberations and re-echoings of the frail dividing partition, caused by the Morse Code practice of the 4A boys.

4A is at present in the throes of a drinking bout, for the wager of a large cask of best port. Two experienced carousers, the one representing New Lambton and the other Boolaroo, are each trying to better fifteen bottles neat. W— is getting fat on it, but T— seems to be thinning under the strain. There are three more rounds to go, so the result is still in doubt. W— is leading on gallons at present.

Continuing on the maxim of "Wine, Women and Song," you can't keep the women out of 4A. Some of us prefer plaits, like Algar, but "Tala" prefers them to be fat, frolicsome and forty.

The mention of that famous book, "The Forsyte Saga" caused a certain member of our class to blush profusely, and brought back memories of the same dear girl with plaits.

We are at present gazing around a class room scrupulously clean, so clean that it recalls to one of our teachers memories of his dear old "Berkshires" at home.

Our big brute, Selwyn, is perpetually disturbing Mr. O.'s peace with his deep, resonant voice and pugilistic tendencies.

Peter disappointed us in our hope that he would carry off the shot-put at the sports. He was seen many days before practising, throwing large amounts of orange peel about under the guidance of Mr. N—, who greatly admired his action.

D.M.

4B

OUR members have decreased somewhat since we sallied forth into great sea of fourth year. These worthy members who have left us are now hard working, conscientious wage earners.

Glaister, the half-back for the 2nd XIII has proved himself a good player, and in the eyes of many has a good chance of playing this position for the first's next season. This is not our only repre-

sentative in football, we have others who have shown their prowess in the lower grades. Now that football has almost come to an end we will soon be bragging about our cricketers.

At the recent sports day we were shown that we had among us a fine athlete in the person of Kirkwood, the winner of the Junior Cup.

Watty seems to have re-established his position in the French class and is coming up to scratch, according to the last half year's statistics. In Maths inter-class "Trig Tests" have become the order day. Although easily beaten by 4A the first time, we gave them a close go for it the last time and hope to turn the tables next time.

The reds of the English class have increased in number, and choir practice is carried out every dinner time for the singing of the "Red Flag."

4C

WE are now installed in a larger and better ventilated room than the one the fire bugs could not destroy, and now no draughts annoy us. Our new place of abode is the room previously held by 3AC or in other words, the "piano room."

The half yearly exam. is far behind us, but why bring that up?

Sports Day has passed, but a few days and many are the minds that are still thinking of it. On this great and glorious day noble 4C were well represented. McConnell, our star athlete showed himself, or rather his heels, very well, being in everything. Clarke and Thomas had no difficulty in winning the three-legged race they simply romped home.

In Trevor, we have an athlete of outstanding ability (and we should hear of him in higher circles. Maybe he will represent Australia at the 1936 Olympic Games. Keep training, Trev.!

At 2.25 p.m. several members were seen emerging from the wash room with hair nicely parted, and making their way to the back of the grandstand to look over the tip at the back. Why they should take an interest in rubbish tips on a day like Sports Day had us guessing for a while, but the reason was soon obvious. Across the tip came hundreds of the weaker sex, whose main object in coming, so it seemed, was to collect ribbons. Maybe they are going to be drapers or dressmakers or possibly they thought it a cheap way of getting their class colours for their Sports Day. Who knows?

It is against our gentle nature to complain but it has to be done. The railway will not run a train to suit McConnell and much to our regret he is constantly autographing Mr. Noakes' Black Book.

In free periods Pat and "Dinty" have squeaking and tapping contests in the back seat, much to the annoyance of "Rudolph."

Both students and teachers alike are glad that "Grandpere" has his voice back, and now no more squeaks issue forth from the front seat.

Alderman "Mac" after two years of hard work can now make his hair obey orders and is "sheiking up big."

It must take hours for Jim W——'s hair to be done, for if anyone dare touch it he immediately snarls and gets ready for fight. He is such a pretty boy, and it's a pity that his looks should be spoilt by ruffling his hair.

We have not seen "Tucker" or "Doffy" throwing orange skin lately, the standing outside Mr. N——'s office every afternoon for a fortnight must have had the desired effect.

"Ocker" tried to bite a piece of iron, projecting from a seat, but the attempt was not what would be called a success.

4 D

ONCE more the time comes for us to tell the outside world of our doings, hidden away as we are, we have not much chance to show ourselves to the rest of the school. After spending eight months in a high, cold room, we are going to be evicted. We are very sorry to have lost some old class mates and miss the witty "Megs" exceedingly. We are thinking of getting "Slip" transferred to the C.I.D., as he has found most of the bags which have become lost in the room.

Our brains, according to our class teachers are by no means as far advanced as our brawn, for which "Kipa," as anchor and sailor boy "Barnacle," pulling his hardest we managed to pull our way to victory in the tug-o-war.

A collection is being made to buy "Artie" running shoes (he needs them), and Morgan an electric comb. We are going to ask the prefects for their lounge for "Peggy," who has to put up with a hard desk and a wall.

We had an art gallery once, generously donated, and hung on the blackboard by some lad who had read a "Poppy's Paper," but someone took the pins and the valuable manuscript was trampled in the dust.

We must conclude by wishing candidates in the two coming exams. every luck.

J.B., H.J.

3 A

IN wandering aimlessly along, through the many winding avenues of this institution, the chance traveller will, having given himself up for lost, come upon a dilapidated weatherboard building, which the authorities have, in the fulness of their heart, assigned to be the dwelling place of some thirty youths who rejoice in the name of 3A. But the name is the only part in which we rejoice, for the room is a room in name only. "This shed serves us for a class room," says Mr. Cannon, and for once in our lives are we forced to agree with him. Not that we disagree with all that Mr. Cannon says, but after such a statement as the following, which we will quote, we have learnt to expect anything.

The class had been having instruction in oral French, and, as usual, some members of the class found the same very amusing. "Come on, now," said Mr. Cannon, his wrath rising rapidly, "Faites attention! open your mouths, it won't hurt you or disfigure your face in any way; look at me, I've been doing it for years." (Loud guffaws). Now, we ask you, are we justified in disbelieving him or not. Perhaps Mrs. Tomahawk Joe could enlighten you on the matter. Ask her if she remembers "the man with the permanent wave."

But of course, it would be unfair to let Mr. Cannon get away with all the kudos. There is also his bosom friend, Mr. Moroney, who, when not occupied in teaching Latin, telling jokes, eating chocolates, or lecturing at the W.E.A., goes to see the football matches. It is a great pity that he didn't gain the decision over Gabba, the man who had refereed Rugby in every country in the world, and also it is a great pity that the latter wouldn't "bet him the dollar." But of course, Mr. Moroney naturally didn't know what a "dollar" was, and the whole matter anyhow, is, as the poet said, or ought to have said, "but a fancy in the erring field of thought."

Mr. Black too, has a habit of cutting off at a tangent and executing a right-angled triangular skid on the nickle plated section of the floor boards, and hurtling with accelerated motion towards the board; but as he has so far escaped falling heavily on any portion of his anatomy or cracking his neck, we are satisfied to laugh over the matter and hope for more demonstrations of broadsiding and "crashing," at a future date.

Let us halt before we proceed farther, however, to talk of the sports. We of course were all interested in the sports, but we, led by Pete, condescended to allow our little friends in 3AC to win the shield, for after all sports are horribly messy things, and it would have been an awful bother to have been without our stiff collars to receive the damsels of over yonder. In consequence, we spent a wonderful afternoon, and to cap it all, the next afternoon, we spent our

leisure hours returning the compliment which had been so daintily extended to us. The only flaw in the perfect day was some of our members' sudden decision to become botanists and study the construction and peculiarities of the Aloe plant which grows upon the "winding path." But of course we must take the bitter with the sweet and endeavour to reach that delightful harmonious compromise called "Bitter Sweet."

We take much pride in "Taffy's" ability at the meek and gentle pastime of Soccer, and we hope that he, together with "Wallaby" and "Blacky," will show the others what we can do in that phase of sport as well as in the field of the intellectual. We join with the authoritative phraseology in hoping that they will "bring home the bacon."

We find, however much "quiet rest and solace" as Mr. K—— has philosophically remarked, in the "aesthetic beauty" of our surroundings, and we with the shadow of October drawing swiftly into a material reality, must ply ourselves, as he has said, "like the rude forefathers of this hamlet" to the keeping of our name and of making, we hope, traditions.

A. G. De C.—J.G.B.

— 3 B —

BOB and certain others are thinking of holding a meeting to find why there were no blank pages in the back of the Sports Day programme. The results, recorded in the programmes, however, did not reflect anything discreditable upon 3B, Ray, Bob, Jacky, "Gogs" and Stewart gaining the points for us.

"Skeeter" has given up his sermons on "Health and Longliving," in favour of those concerning the breeding of pigeons, and the R.D. of a feather falling from rest in a bird's wing, two hundred feet in the air, with a specific heat of 22.2 litres.

"Billyum," the bridge engineer, has a habit of forgetting just where he is in Maths. periods, and fancies he is under the Geography Library. "Toots" may also be seen doing the same thing, but "Sarge" and his seat mate would never dream of acting in such a manner.

"Uncle" has earned the reputation of being real tough, for we have received information from his nephew Andy, that he is related to a fire brick.

It is regretful to note that we no longer have dear little Bertie in our midst, for he has left the class, never to return, to superintend, so it is said, the incubators on his pa's hen-fruit orchard.

Never attempt to prove that you know the most about anything, for "Skeeter" has not aged in the least since we last saw him, and

often tries to put one over Mr. S—— on any subject from fleafarming to sausage rearing.

George Blazer (christened by the French master) would like to tell the inmates of the Girls' High not to send up any more of their members, as he hasn't yet heard the end of the last occasion upon which they did.

"Baby" still pesters "Spot's" companion as of yore, and sometimes it develops into a fight, when the kid has his head soundly bumped against the wall, and his shoes and socks deposited anywhere between Nobby's and Speers' Point.

Perce, of the back seat, looks forward to Mr. P——'s periods, for not only has he his favourite subject, but also his famous whispering baritone pal.

We will excuse all people who think that our class room is an ambulance station, as the sight of bandaged eyes and wrists with an occasional arm or so in a sling, would tend to convince anyone of this fact.

Arthur and Alfie our notorious "A's" (not in the Inter) can often be seen participating in friendly battles in the front seat which sometimes finish in the complete rout of Arthur who flees for the door, and, safety.

Persons desirous of obtaining wireless information may do so by applying to the fair-haired youth in the second back seat, who reads the "Wireless Weekly" regularly. It is rumoured that he may soon be singing from one of the local stations. How fortunate it is that we haven't a wireless.

For Latin information apply to our Wireless expert and Alfie's companion, who may be seen sitting in the sun enjoying his Latin studies. We have had some trouble lately in keeping the gaping crowds away. It's not every day that they have the opportunity of witnessing a miracle.

Our Latin scholars are so enthusiastic that they sometimes spend hours at a time revising their previous work. This is occasionally due to a little gentle persuasion on the part of our teacher.

Henry, our English scholar, vows that he spends at least three hours every night studying his beloved "Twelfth Night." He revels in the Duke Orsino's sentimental moods, but is often admonished for soliloquizing and practising these moods in class.

At last there has been discovered a substitute for the imposition system. Our French period is considerably brightened by the constant application of "Thou shalt not's" and "let not's," which for the most part seem to go unheeded. This is combined with a little "ruler exercise" for variety.

In conclusion, we would like to wish the other third years the best of luck in the forthcoming examination and to warn again 3A to look to their laurels.

C.R. & L.H.