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The Journal of the
Newcastle Boys' High School

MAY 1935

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The Journal of the Newcastle Boys' High
School

Editor : R. J. Gillings

MAY, 1933

No 44.



WARATAH

THE NEW High School at Waratah will be over 300 feet long, will have two stories, containing 20 classrooms, science laboratory and demonstration rooms, assembly hall, library, tuck shop, and two staff rooms. It has taken P. and C. associations, deputations, aldermen, lady mayoresses, and headmasters, 25 years to achieve this. Each week over one year that the contractors take to build the school will cost them £50. We should be in the new building early in 1934.

In the Newcastle Herald Saturday column, news of 25 and 50 years ago, occurred a short paragraph from old files, to the effect that the building on the hill was to be used as temporary premises for the Newcastle High School. That was in 1906. By the necessary additions of wooden portable rooms and sundry renovations, these temporary premises have remained temporary for a quarter of a century.

An interesting point arises. The school song, Remis Velisque, written by Mr. R. G. Henderson, will hardly be applicable to the school in its new location at Waratah. From the highest point in Newcastle, overlooking the town and the beaches, in a practically isolated position, we will move almost into the hinterland.

"D'ye ken the school on the hill so high,
Bravely facing the winds and the sky?"

will be out of place at Waratah, where we must be very close to sea level.

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"While the waves sing their song to the beaches nigh,
As the bell goes for school in the morning."

The waves may still sing their song, but hardly an echo will reach to the fastnesses of Waratah. It can be arranged, however, that the bell will still go for school in the morning. It seems that this is the only line which will be applicable to the Newcastle High School in its new situation.

Well, we will at least be done with the hill, the slope of which, whether you approach it from Tyrrell Street, Brown Street (famous in three States), or Watt Street, is not less than one in three; the hill which has served for many an excuse for lateness, which has kept many an ageing teacher young and many a young teacher old, the hill which has broken the heart of bicycle riders and sent many a one to the Newcastle Hospital, the hill which, finally, seemed to epitomise the whole gamut of school travail.

Yet the passing of the school on the hill will be regretted by many, for the hill was by no means the greatest of our disabilities. Whether the move is a good one, time alone will tell.



The tender of Baker and Lamb has been accepted for the erection of the Boys' High School at Waratah.

* * *

Frank Learmonth won the James Meikle Memorial prize for 1932.

* * *

Jack Anderton secured the greatest aggregate number of marks in the Intermediate Certificate, 1932.

* * *

Mr. Ralph Farrell recently obtained his M.A. with first class honours and University medal in German. He is also the winner of the Woolley Travelling Scholarship, and will leave towards the end of the year, either for the University of Berlin, or the Sorbonne, Paris.

* * *

Len, Cane is the school captain for 1933, and Wallace Pullen the new vice-captain.

* * *

The school orchestra, which provided the music at the Speech Night and Empire Day functions, is a great credit to Mr. G. L. Reid. To get 30 performers into shape for public performances in a few short weeks must be considered an achievement.

* * *

The Staff beat the School in the Annual Cricket Match for the first time in our recorded history. See report in this issue.

* * *

Mr. D. Short caught 30 fish during the Easter vacation.

* * *

From the Newcastle Herald: "Stan Ray, captain of Wallsend Under 18 Soccer team for the past two years, and also a player with the State League teams on occasions during the past two years—last year he played in the Northern Cup final on the right wing—was granted an open transfer. This lad has passed his Leaving Certificate examination from the Newcastle High School, and secured a bursary to attend the Teachers' Training College in Sydney for two years. He should be a decided acquisition to any Sydney State League Club."

* * *

Herbert Hume (4B) is the new secretary of the School Union.

* * *

Bruce Boardman (3AC) was elected treasurer of the Union.

From the "Newcastle Rugby League News," Tuesday, 25th April, 1933: "Last year, eleven Newcastle boys represented New South Wales in the victorious games against Queensland, and it is hoped that this season's effort will be even better.

"Newcastle High School team put up the wonderful performance of winning the University Challenge Shield—a trophy open to all High School teams in New South Wales. Not only did they win, but they went right through the competition without having their line crossed.

"While this state of affairs continues there will be no lack of promising juniors to fill the places of those players who drop out of the game from year to year."

* * *

The University Shield now reposes in the Headmaster's office.

* * *

R. R. Harvey and H. S. Hawkes have been included in the University Athletic team to compete at the inter-Varsity meeting at Sydney Cricket Ground on May 24th. The Universities of Hobart, Adelaide, Brisbane, West Australia, Sydney and Melbourne will be represented.

* * *

The Staff dinner held at the Criterion Hotel at the conclusion of 1932 was as successful as the previous one.

* * *

Mr. R. Wilson secured the bowling average in the recent Staff match with nine wickets for 23. Mr. R. J. Gillings top-scored with 33.

* * *

Navy Roach notched a century in the Under 21 years competition, playing for New Lambton against Hamilton.

* * *

W. Reines and S. Wood both gained the Royal Lifesaving Society's award of merit (silver medallion), the second highest award given.

* * *

The main address given to the students at Speech night this year was delivered by Mr. Basil Helmore, an ex-student of Newcastle High School, and past president of the Old Novocastrians' Association

* * *

The personnel of the 5D maths. class has been substantially added to, by the recent arrival of Wallace Hollinshead, whose brother (3B, 1932) left for Newington College this year.

* * *

Mr. H. Jurd and Mr. R. J. Gillings have come in for some good-natured badinage as members of Mr. Reid's orchestra.

Young Bottrill, of 1A, shows great promise as a violinist. His bob of the head on his last note is characteristic.

* * *

And S. Hitchcock looks like taking George Robson's place as the boy soprano of the School.

* * *

The School song, No. 2, to the tune of the Stein Song, was sung at Speech night for the first time. We have to thank Mr. A. H. Pelham for the words.

— ❧ —

STAFF CHANGES

—

Mr. D. Kevans, B.A., and Mr. A. Hope, B.A., were transferred respectively to East Maitland and the Vocational Guidance Bureau. Messrs. R. Crosswell, B.A., and E. Lamerton, B.A., both came to us from East Maitland to take their places in the English staff.

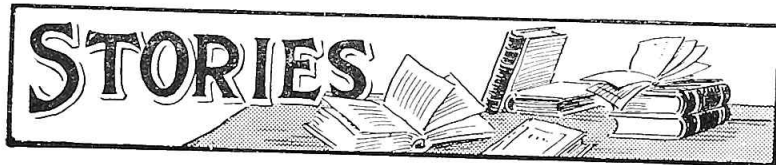
Mr. H. Evans, B.A., from Summer Hill Intermediate, took the place of Mr. R. G. Langford, who was appointed to Cook's Hill Intermediate.

Mr. O. N. Kelly, M.A., was appointed to the Teachers' College and North Newtown Intermediate, and Mr. T. Hornibrook, B.A., came from North Newtown to join the Latin staff.

The places of Mr. A. G. Aitken, B.Sc., and Mr. W. E. Cummings, B.A., who went to Canterbury and Sydney High respectively, to teach mathematics, were taken by Mr. R. Goode, B.A., and Mr. D. Davies, B.Sc., who came from Hamilton Intermediate and Taree High, also respectively.

Mr. R. Jane, B.Sc., comes from Glen Innes High to take the place of Mr. W. H. Roberts, B.Sc., on the science staff. Mr. Roberts went to Gosford High.

The original appointments of Mr. Noakes to Parramatta as Deputy Head, and Mr. Hughes to East Maitland as science master, were luckily cancelled, and these gentlemen are still with us.



BOLINGBROKE V. MOWBRAY

SCENE: The Lists at Coventry.

ENTER King Richard II, attended; Marshall; and the two combatants (Bolingbroke and Mowbray).

King Richard:

Ah! here I see our worthy coz
With pads and knuckle duster,
Ask him in my royal name
How many men he'll muster
To fight for me in future wars—
It needs be quite a cluster.

Marshall:

As every knight is bold and true,
My lord that service I will do.

(Marshall exits and re-enters).

King Richard:

And what did our fair cousin say
When you my message did convey?

Marshall:

My lord, he gnashed his teeth with rage,
And stamped upon the ground,
And said he'd fight for you no more
While Mowbray was around—
He'd made an oath on Lambert's day,
And to that he was bound.

King Richard:

Well listen, Marsh, call Mowbray here,
Tell him he'll win the fight
If he will find a thousand crowns
To get us drunk this night,
Dare he refuse, then Bolingbroke
Must needs be in the right.

Marshall:

But sire, the ringside seats are filled
With Mowbray's gallant friends,
And if I interrupt their talk
Their nature surely tends
To put me on my back and throw
"My portion" to the winds."

Page Eight



King Richard:

You call yourself my royal guard,
You call yourself my sage,
My lad, I have my "Black Book" here
You'll occupy a page,
For you must know when I am wild
I can't control my rage

Marshall:

Well, since we two cannot agree,
I'll take my leave to-day.
But—if you wish—I'll to Mowbray
And hear what he's to say.
Now cross my name from off that page,
In fact, I'd rather stay.

King Richard:

My wrath is softened by your words,
Your faith I cannot doubt,
So bring my art gum from the case
And I will rub it out.
Now don't forget, a thousand crowns
And Mowbray wins the bout.

(Marshall exits and re-enters)

Marshall:

Mowbray says he's here to fight
And wishes to fight fair,
He won't accept your bribery,
He says he wouldn't dare.
His mother gave him sound advice,
And sound advice is rare.

King Richard:

So now the fight shall have to be,
It seems the only way;
So while I sit and read the "Truth,"
You pass the weary day
By telling me the thrilling parts,
And thereby earn your pay.

Marshall:

Well, now the seconds leave the ring,
The battle shall begin;
Duke York, who has a ringside seat,
Is leaning halfway in.
Now suddenly a fist is seen
To strike him on the chin,
"The duke is out," the people cry,
And so strikes up the band,

Page Nine

"God save the King" 's the tune they play,
But I, in fact, would rather say
God save that fatal hand.

King Richard:

Oh my! how boring is this fight—
Is no one out as yet?
If Mowbray doesn't last the rounds
I'll lose my five crowns bet.
Ho! Marshall, stop the fight, ah yes,
Now everything is set.

Marshall (speaking through trumpet):

The King proclaims the bout is o'er,
The fight thus needs must end;
He says he has a brainwave, so
To him your good ears lend.

King Richard (standing on his seat):

My lords, I bring to these two men
A lesson they must learn,
Our friend Mowbray will leave to-day
This land, ne'er to return;
To Bolingbroke a punishment
That makes my proud heart burn,
His father, John of Gaunt, this day
Most timely did arrive;
And for his sake his banished years
Are now reduced to five;
So England sees, old as I am,
My spirit yet alive.

(Exeunt Omnes)

—LOTTERY, 5A

PIONEERS

DAY after day, week after week, month after month, year after year, the relentless attack on the bush continued. Ever greater and greater grew the area of the clearing and the fringes of the timber gradually sank back towards the horizon. Year after year the menu never altered—rabbits, kangaroo, potatoes, wheat pudding, bread and dripping. Butter was a luxury and jam an unknown quantity, a dim recollection of the past. Year after year the woman slaved at home and never a breath of complaint passed her lips. Year after year the man and his son—now a lean brown boy—toiled and sweated in the boiling heat. Year after year the woman, with a smile

on her weary face, met her men each evening as they came from their labour and with infinite care and patience attended to their needs; but behind the smile she alone knew of the loneliness, the dreads, the need for company of her own kind that was never appeased; nor did there seem any likelihood that it would ever be appeased.

At last; acre after acre of golden grain waved gently in the breeze, the fruit of years of toil—the hope of the family, the harbinger of better times. The man leaned in the doorway and a smile paled around his lips. What if it did mean hours and hours on hands and knees, reaping with a reaping hook, the monotonous threshing with a flail? It meant money, and money meant—a new homestead, worthy of the name, pretty clothes for his wife, perhaps a stripper, a holiday. But what was that? A dull roar in the distance. He sniffed and then turned his face to the wind. A dull red glow illuminated the sky, black filmy substances floated on the breeze towards him, a dense black cloud rolled in ever increasing volume out of the distant woods, climbing towards the sky and blotting out the sun. The roar grew louder and the smell of burning eucalyptus was borne on the wings of the breeze. A bush fire! The fear and dread of the settler in the "backblocks." Bravely he had fought and conquered the droughts, and now on the eve of the fulfilment of his hopes and dreams, came this crowning misfortune.

Hour after hour, with parched throats, they fought a losing battle. Side by side, father, mother and son—with tears in their eyes—fought on, while the little ones carried bucket after bucket of water to the fighters.

* * *

The wattle and daub has been replaced by a brick homestead. The old cowbail is now a tennis court; a windmill turns lazily in the breeze; sleek fat jerseys graze in the home paddock. An elderly woman strolls leisurely through the garden picking choice blooms, where once a nameless miscellany had been strewn. In the distance can be heard the chug, chug, of a tractor blending harmoniously with the hum of the headers. The golden fleece has already been sent to the market, and the golden grain will soon follow in its tracks.

—A.N.K.

VERGIL: GEORGIC IV.

(With apologies to P. Vergilius Maro, Rudyard Kipling, Napoleon
and the Latin Master)

THE following is an improved translation of Vergil's text book on bees. Note that they are not the type of paltry bees that are obtained in third and fifth year, but are altogether different, having a greater amount of sting in their makeup. We do not know whether the farmer of Vergil's time had to pay a loan fee on his book or not; we leave you to draw your own conclusions. For further information apply to the Hon. Mr. Newbold of fourth year.

"I shall from now, till I think fit, trace out the free gifts of the sky-borne ice-blocks. Take a gaze at this bit too, O Mike Cenas. Small things (Georgic IV is 3in. x 4in.) should meet your eyesight. I shall speak both about the great-hearted politicians, customs, post-offices, trials, petty sessions, and two-up schools. The work is on a small area (exactly 12 square inches), but not small the nett income—if A. Pollo does his little bit, and also the other gods of the air (including Kingsford Smith) whom we have invoked.

"In the first place the bees ought to have some place to sleep in, even if it is like Nobby's camp, and this dump should be somewhere out of the road of sheep, goats, butterflies and other destructive aminiles. Also the lizards with the football sweaters who scale on Wednesday afternoons, and bee-eaters, should be kept at a distance with flytox, and set a few baits for any swallows who come swallowing round, for these bump off the bees, even when they are taking their girls to the Civic on Friday nights. Have springs and brooklets springing and brookleting through the grass, just in case the bees form a surf club. Also have a verandah hanging around to give them some ombreux when they feel like it. You ought to do this so that when the big noises bring the mob out in Spring, and all the kids play kiss in the ring among the combs (mirrors were often used by the females), the verandah might give them a chance to have a sunbake, and the brook will give them something with which to dilute their whisky and soda.

"About these joints where they eat; whether you make them out of bark or twisted hosepiping, you should have a small turnstile, for the honey is frozen, melted, melten, or frozed (it all depends on the weather) if the doors are too big. The bees smear the holes in their roofs with glue which they collect for this purpose. Now the bees have a larger amount of public spirit, formerly school spirit,

and because of the present day crisis send a note to the Labour Exchange or put an ad, in the "Herald," having all the work done by local tradesmen. These insects, bees, are often found under the ground, or in the trees, if we can believe some of the naturalists who are at present running loose without muzzle or chain. The bees are fussy little things though, and go on strike if you keep yew trees near, and they have hatreds for baked crabs, smelly swamps and noisy quarries.

"As for the rest, when the sun has given winter its eviction notice, they come out of the happy homestead and make for the wide, open spaces, having a good feed from everything that looks like a flower, often invading grocery stores and bursting open the self-raising label. When you stretch your neck and gaze up at the dark cloud doing the equivalent in bees' actions, to swingin' in a hammock, Vergil offers two bob each way that you'll be fooled. Then throw around smelling plants and make the dickens' own row with saxaphones and, as per usual, they will come down for a dance. If they ever get wild (for often two leaders have a fight), you can see the whole herd of them sharpening their teeth and taking their guns out of pawn, and making ready for any little shindy that might"

Here we die away, and if we haven't done what we set out to do blame Vergil or the Latin Master—take your own pick.

N.B.—The above is thoroughly recommended as a translation by the author, William Shakespear and Don Bradman.

—L. HOLLIS, 4B

THE DISASTER OF LAKE TRASIMENUS

(MODERN VERSION)

WHEN a fifth year student translates Livy-Liber XXII up to 11.30 p.m., and for the next quarter- to half-hour peruses the "Wireless Weekly," "dreams may come and dreams may go," but surely not such a nightmare as this:

"2CO, Cortona, relaying to 4RO, Rome, 3AR, Arretium, and the Italian Network. The time is 7.30 a.m. As you know, the consul, Flaminius, who is now encamped in the region of Lake Trasimenus, left Arretium despite a double unfavourable omen. He is now, however, about to march to attack Hannibal, who is awaiting him on

the slopes of Monte Tuoro. You heard last night that the Consul intended to move, early in the morning, from his camp before Monte Gualandro, and to pass through the defile in front of him. We shall now cross over to our battle representatives, one of whom will be situated on the heights, and the other on the plain beyond the pass. Stand by for a moment please."

"2CO Cortona, relaying throughout the Italian Network. It is a beautiful day here on the heights, listeners, but the plain is shrouded with mist. Hannibal's forces can be seen on the slopes opposite the defile, awaiting the Consul. Flaminius has just appeared at the mouth of the pass—he is only dimly visible—and his troops are spreading out on the plain. He evidently intends to attack Hannibal's forces, which are immediately opposite him. Jove! More maiorum! Hannibal has just given the signal to attack, and we can now see that he has Flaminius in an ambush. Carthaginians are moving from the defile, and men are pouring down the hillsides everywhere. The Romans have been caught napping. Also the mist is stopping their vision—I'm afraid we can't see any more from here so we'll cross over to our representative on the plain. Stand by, please."

"Lo, friends, 2CO, Cortona. The Romans are in a of a mess. They've been fairly caught, and the confusion here is awful it's all bung rules. I have now been driven to seek refuge in the tree from which I am speaking. The Consul, however, is much less perturbed and is doing wonderfully well, drawing his shattered ranks even at this stage. He may save the situation yet. He was near my "stand" a few minutes ago, telling the men not to pray, but to fight for their lives. Great fellow the Consul! He doesn't prevail much though. One can hear better than see. The groans of the wounded, the blows on armour, and the cries of the enemy are frightful. The Carthaginians loom through the mists above us like ghosts. Some, trying to escape from the battle, are being carried back to the fight by the struggling mass. That valiant warrior looked as though he were going to use his blade to some purpose again, but he never—the fugitives bore him away. The battle isn't being fought as usual now. Chance is forming the men up, and they're fighting where they want to. Jove Pater! I've just received news that a great earthquake has devastated the whole of Italy, but we haven't felt it here. Everyone is extremely intent on the battle"

"The time is 10.30 a.m., and the battle is still raging. The fight is always thickest round the Consul, for he brings help everywhere it is needed. All the enemy are going for him. He is now just to the right of my perch. Oh!—he's out!—He's out of this world! Flaminius has just been speared by a Gallic knight, called Ducarius.

They shan't have his body, though, the triarii will see to that. Everyone is fleeing. They're going into chasms and over precipices in their blind haste, and hundreds are being drowned in the lake. Hannibal has won an overwhelming victory. Oh, Juppiter! The band will now play "Jove serva Romam." We now close down until the children's session at 6.15 p.m. Good morning, listeners."

—G. A. BISHOP, 5A.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

The band was playing a delightful piece, a soothing something which lulled the senses and brought a spirit of lethargy to the hearer. That and the morning sun combined to bring about the feeling of well-being, that peace with the world and good wishes to all, which can only be compared with the sensation that suffuses one having dined wisely and well and being lulled to sleep with soft music.

Hoping to be fast asleep before the collection box came around, there came to me through my thickened senses the remarks, "Rushimoff," I think;" and now, "Bathoven, I'm sure." I recognised the burr of the Scotch tongue behind the first remark, and the others had the peculiar lilt and rise which characterises the Welsh.

There it went again—"Rushimoff" and again, "Bathoven." I thought I must be dreaming, but the voices persisted, and unwillingly dragging myself back from the edge of the land of nod, I opened my eyes and glanced around. Two seats away were seated two old ladies some fifty or sixty summers, and as many winters, old. Observing them a little closer, I could see that, after listening intently to the music, the Scotch one (I could tell by the Scotch plaid she wore, even before her voice betrayed her), said, "There, I tell you it's 'Rushimoff,' I recognise that last bit particularly." To which the other, who had been listening just as intently, replied, "Being Welsh, I know music, and as sure as I'm sitting here that piece is 'Bathoven.' Our Tom plays that very same piece, only better, look you, on his violin."

I was able, even with my elementary knowledge of music, to recognise the names of the gentlemen of whom they spoke, but as to which of the two respected gentlemen had written the piece the band was playing, I was hanged if I knew. Either of the two ladies might be right, for music to me goes under two headings—soft and loud. There my technical knowledge ends.

Meanwhile, the wordy warfare continued, Scotland insisting on "Rushimoff," while equally vehemently Wales insisted on "Bathoven."

Then suddenly, while peering at and listening to the band, the larger and Scotch old lady grabbed her companion's arm and said, "Look! there's a notice up, doon there by the band-stand; it's sure to say what they are playing. I'll go down and read it and we shall see who is right." "That suits me," said Wales, "but our Tom . . ." The rest I lost in the rising of Scotland to her feet, and her Parthian shot, "I'm sure it's 'Rushimoff's' prelude in F," delivered as she stepped on my right foot, which I carelessly failed to remove in time, so out into the aisle she went, a gleam of determination in her eye and "Rushimoff" on her lips.

As she read the notice, I watched her face; the sudden disappointed droop of her mouth told its own story—I felt for her, somehow. Wales was watching, too, and I heard her murmur with anticipatory pleasure, "I knew it. I knew it."

"Rushimoff's' champion is returning—but it is not the lack-lustre gleam of the defeated that I see in her eye. No, indeed. Rather the light of the newsbringer, and, as she passes me, I have my feet under the seat and suffer no damage. I lean to the side and hear her whisper to Wales, "My dear, we were both wrong, it's the 'Refrain from Spitting'."

—M.H., 5th year Tech.

A TRIP INTO THE PAST

I will not bore my readers with a long recital of how I and my assistant constructed a most wonderful machine, capable of transporting any object into the past—they will be bored enough as it is. Suffice to say, that, after the usual darkness and rushing wind characteristic of these stories, the light came on again and we found ourselves in the past.

We gazed around us, spellbound, Great ferns grew everywhere. Trees of stupendous size grew in abundance! Enormous animals, forty or fifty feet long flitted quietly through the trees all around us. Occasionally they stopped behind one of the ferns and peeped coyly at us from behind them. Sabre-toothed tigers, elephants, iguanas, etc., rushed madly around. The heat was terrific. Our portable pyrometer jumped up and down the scale in leaps and bounds, one moment registering two thousand degrees Fahrenheit and the next, minus fifty degrees Centigrade. Sometimes it even showed twenty degrees Absolute, but this was on rare occasions. Luckily, we were used to such hardships, and thought nothing of these extraordinary variations in temperature.

A soft sound of beating wings overhead rang clearly through the air. We looked up. A great pterodactyl was gracefully flying therein, and on perceiving that it was the object of our gaze it emitted a frightened squawk and dashed off at a few thousand miles per hour. After travelling thus for a hundred yards or so, it burst into flames and vanished in a cloud of smoke, this evidently being caused by the friction of the air.

After some discussion, we came to the conclusion that these great Saurians and mammals were quite tame, and we tried to make friends with one by offering it a piece of bread. It came forward shyly, wagging its tail like a dog, knocking down several trees in the process. In a few minutes its confidence had gained to such an extent that we succeeded in tying some string to it. As we were leading him away, an elephant, which was gingerly tightroping across a tree vine, slipped and fell on top of us

You have probably already realised that this tale merely shows what is likely to happen if a lobster supper is partaken of, before bed-time, and so I will not worry to make a longer statement that this was only a wild and woolly dream.

—J.S.

THESE WOMEN

She got into her car, sat comfy, and switched on the magneto. She got the ignition just where she wanted it and got the air adjusted right. And she saw the gear shift was in neutral. Then she tickled the self-starter, and she tickled it again—and again. Then she got cross and made the flywheel wheeze. Nothing happened, and she said, "Oh! Gee!"

She went over it all again and checked up. The magneto was on, she retarded the ignition a little and gave more air to the mixture. The gearshift was in neutral. All set. And she had a real good dig at the starter—and another. "Oh! Gee!" she said vehemently, "who told Pop to buy this car? It wouldn't start if an avalanche hit it." And being a free publicity debutante, she made a lot of unladylike comments as well, like all bright young things do.

SISTER, TURN ON THE PETROL!

—H.V., 5A

A Novocastrian Gallery



The Editor.



The Alvis.



J.R.C.



Remis Velisque!



The Deputy.



The Conductor.



A.H.P.



Duchess of Wiltshire.



Gatt.



Richmond.



D.D.



Newes F Arrival.

CAN YOU FINISH IT?

The following poem was written in a moment of weakness, and when it fell into the editor's hands it was both incomplete and illegible. It is reproduced here in the hope that a substantial prize (we propose giving the winner an obelisk suitably engraved "avec des nobs sur"), might induce some industrious souls to write the last stanza for us. We have a precedent for such an procedure. It was done with Dicken's "Edwin Drood" and O. Henry's "Snow Man." Well then, the title is

THE WRITING ON THE WALL

but the story contains no reference, real or implied, either to Belshazzar or Abou ben Adhem, nor is there mention of anyone's tribe increasing, or "Mene Tekel Upharsin." It is this which gives the poem its fascination, an aura of mystery surrounds it. This is how it goes

*Adolphus Valentino, of noble blood though poor,
A brother of that Rudolph whom picture fans adore,
Awoke one morning ere 'twas light and saw upon the wall
A Spirit writing patiently in letters clear and tall.*

*Now should you think this ludicrous, and ask me to explain
Where he had been the night before, you'll find it quite in vain;
Enough that Adolph was in bed and able still to read
Directions for his future, thus by the fates decreed.*

*"Go find the girl and wed her," the fateful message ran,
"Great Scott!" cried poor Adolphus, "I wonder if I can?"
For be it known that Adolph, unlike his brother bold
Knew little of the female sex, except what he'd been told.*

*And all the ladies he had met had filled him full of dread,
So he avoided women and he turned to books instead:
He'd read of their expensive fads and of their nagging ways,
And of other tribulations that blight their sweetheart's days.*

*Imagine, then, his state of mind at this indignity,
Which threatened single happiness and life's serenity;
His muscles tightened as he lay, rebellion filled his breast,
Till from his bed he bounded and shouted as he dressed.*

*"I, that am young and innocent—but forty summers old,
Will never woo a maiden for love nor fear nor gold.
What if the gods do threaten? what if the fates decree?
The fearful possibilities are far too much for me!"*

*And speaking once again he turned, to read the message through,
But, strange to say, the room was void of sprite and message too,
No trace could Adolph find of them, look though he did with care.
Strange thoughts began to wrack his brain, and fill him with despair.*

*Was this an omen sent from Heaven to warn him of his fate?
Or was it thought telepathy, sent by his future mate?
Then depression seized upon him, fear held him in its grip,
His hold on health and happiness now fast began to slip.*

*As time wore on he haggard grew, great his haunting fear,
Till at the sight of petticoats he flew in wild despair.
One day in desperation, while fleeing from a girl,
He came upon the abattoirs, and through the gate did whirl.*

*Then dodging 'twixt the bullocks, as they ambled one by one,
There rushing up the runway as he saw the bullocks run,
Was poleaxed ere the slaughterman could realise what he'd done.*

Here the manuscript, which was rapidly becoming indecipherable, abruptly ends.

C. H. Christmas, Esq., B.A.,

Boys' High School, Newcastle.

Dear Mr. Christmas,

At the last meeting of the P. & C. Association, I was requested to convey to you and the staff, our appreciation and heartiest congratulations on the splendid evening provided at the last Speech night.

I am uttering the sentiments of all present, when I say that it is the best the school has had. Special mention was made of Mr. Reid and his fine orchestra.

Yours sincerely,

F. E. BROWN,
Acting Hon. Sec.

Newcastle Boys' High School P. & C. Assn.,
3 Devon Street, Hamilton.

P. & C. NOTES

During this year, as in the past, one of our main objectives was the building of the new school. This I have very much pleasure in announcing will be an achieved object in the near future. The building of the new school has actually been commenced, the site being at Waratah, conveniently situated to tram and train.

With regard to this matter, the Association has worked hard for years, and it is very gratifying to the members to know that their efforts have not been in vain, and their dream almost realised.

It should interest parents to know something of the finance of the association and how it is spent. The actual takings for the year were approximately £598, £580 of this being the proceeds of dances organised by the association. Money donated to the school during the year was as follows:

| | |
|---|-----------|
| Purchase of Text Books | £211 3 6 |
| Purchase of Library Books | 48 0 2 |
| Headmaster's Office Equipment | 26 10 0 |
| Appliances for Science Room | 35 0 0 |
| Donation to Technical School | 15 0 0 |
| School Telephone Account | 15 16 0 |
| Four prizes at £10/10/- each for the four best passes at Leaving Certificate examination | 42 0 0 |
| Prize to the value of £2/2/- for Dux of School | 2 2 0 |
| | £395 12 6 |

We still have a credit balance of over £100 to commence this year's activities. Parents will see that the active members of the association, although only a small band, have not been idle. And now a word by way of appeal for new members would not be amiss. We, as an association, would like the support of more parents. The membership of last year was one hundred and forty-seven (147). This, I am sorry to say, is a very small percentage when one considers that something like eight hundred boys are attending the two schools. We quite understand that a considerable number of parents would be unable to attend our meetings or take any active part in the work of the association, but we do think that we are entitled to their sympathetic support by the fact of them becoming members. The membership fee for the year is one shilling (1/-) for each parent.

THE SECRETARY



ODE TO A FRIED EGG

*O noble product of the homely hen,
Transformed from nature's shape by skilful hands
And framed anon to give us pause
To marvel how the miracle was wrought.
Art thou condemned to spend the last few days*

*No more enclosed within thy shelly bounds,
Secreting from the world thy beauties rare,
Of freshness, ere the hand of death shall strike
With thund'rous clap and rend from thee that life
Which all of us are so possessed to keep.*

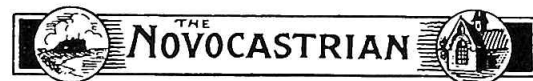
*'Tis done, and now before th' astonied gaze
Of him thou art to serve, thou liest
Decked in Eastern garb of purest white
Set off with orange. A little space
And time once more will fold thee round
In the soft embrace of dim eternity,
And all the earth to thee shall be no more.*

X.Y.Z.

ANOTHER ODE TO ANOTHER FRIED EGG

*Slipping stily, sliding smoothly,
Soothing to the questing tongue,
Sweetly flavoured to the palate
Now thy destined course doth run;
Short above thy days of pleasure,
Short below thy days of pain;
Joy and sorrow full in measure
Shalt thou never know again.*

X.Y.Z.



THE DESTRUCTION OF THE INCINERATOR

(With apologies to Lord Byron)

*The prefect came down like a wolf on the fold,
He was heedless of rainstorm, untroubled by cold,
While his schoolmates were larking and bruising their shins,
He was tramping the playground in search of the bins.*

*Like the leaves of the forest when Summer is green,
The boys gath'ring papers at lunch time were seen,
Like leaves of the forest when the South Wind has frowned,
These papers, as ashes, lay strewn on the ground.*

*For when all was made ready the wind with a blast,
Breathed on the antique as it swept past,
And the eyes of the prefect grew mournful and vexed,
As the papers flew northward and eastward and west.*

*The captain and prefects grew loud in their wail,
So they rigged up notice, "To Let or For Sale,"
With the fond hope that someone would soon gently lay,
The cause of their grievance in some distant bay.*

*But no one will heed them, alas and alack,
The prefects must use it or else get the sack,
Once more into conf'rence these worthies all go,
And soon they determined to end all their woe.*

*Three prefects came down like the wolves on the fold,
They were heedless of darkness, untroubled by cold,
While the neighbours were sleeping or out at the "flichs,"
They smashed up the relic with roadmakers' picks.*

*On the morrow they found it all broken and frail,
And covered with ashes, the rust on its mail,
But the prefects were silent, the ruins alone,
The notice unshifted, the culprits unknown.*

K. A. WILLIS, 5A

A SONNET ON THE ASPIRATIONS
OF YOUTH

*What are those strangely hidden impulses of youth?
Those faint, and mystic forces which within him rise,
And drive him to ambition's summit in a way uncouth.
On and on doth void imagination lead him, till she spies,
On some far-off horizon of that dimly distant future,
A vague-defined portrait of some great renowned being,
Who, in the hazy landscape of contemp'ries by nature,
Is but a vague perception of himself that he is seeing.
It is a gift divine, to solace a yearning mind,
Which in one of tender years hath such a mighty scope,
That this attribute is needed to give comfort of a kind;
And in solitary reflection he doth find a ray of hope.
So the vision that resulteth from those strivings after fame,
Is naught but the outcome of a half-contented brain.*

—V.C.S., 5A

LINES INSPIRED BY THE SCHOOL
ORCHESTRA

*Half a bar, half a bar,
Half a bar onward!
Into an awful ditch
All the musicians hitch,
Into a mess of pitch,
They squealed and blundered.
Fiddles to right of them,
Saxes to left of them,
Cornets in front of them,
Bellowed and thundered.
Oh, the conductor's look,
When all the fiddles took
Their own time and hook,
All unencumbered.*

*Screeched all the fiddles here,
Boggled the cornets there,
Wild the conductor's hair,
Thus their minds wandered;
Their's not to reason why
This waltz was pitched too high,
Their's but to gasp and try,
So they squealed and blundered.
Fiddles to right of them,
Saxes to left of them,
Cornets in front of them,
Bellowed and thundered.
Scorned they with wail and yell,
Not wisely they played nor well,
Drowning the dinner bell,
While all the school wondered.*

*Black the conductor's glare,
Flashed his baton in air,
Wildly he tore his hair,
As they squealed and thundered.
Swiftly he turned his back,
Reached he his hat from the rack,
Then from the squealing pack
Himself he sundered.
Fiddles to right of him,
Saxes to left of him,
Discords behind him,
Bellowed and thundered.
Oh, the wild noise they wrought,
Right to the end they fought!
Breathless they were, and distraught,
And all the school wondered.*

—B.B.B., 5A

THE FORSAKEN MAIDEN

Being a Translation of Eduard Morike's Poem,
"Das Verlassene Magdlein"

*Chill and drear is the morn,
The stars still glittering bright;
By the hearth, all forlorn,
The fire must I light.*

*Vividly the flames glow,
Coloured sparks upwards fly,
Gazing, with head low
In sorrow, I sigh.*

*Suddenly there I see
Faithless lover!
Ah! How I've longed for thee
'Neath Dream's sweet cover.*

*Bitter tears blinding flow,
My heart is wild with grief;
For me doth day dawn so,
God grant it be brief!*

—HERBERT G. STRONG

TRIPPLICATION

The following lines were written in response (or defiance) to (or of) the Editor's chance remark, that verse with triple syllabic rhyming is rare and difficult to compose. Whether these lines show the Editor right or wrong is left for the reader to decide.

*Now merely through ingratitude
I will show you my inaptitude
In verse. My skill inveterate
Should thus be quite obliterate,
For I with my lucidity,
Sarcasm and acidity,
May fail to make a good impression
And fail to lift this sad depression.
For with all my acquisitions
I have my premonitions,
That'll torture readers' sensibility
Yet not affect their visibility;
If so, their dullness is excusable,
Although by me 'tis not deducible,
With this qualification
Ends my versification.*

—HERBERT G. STRONG

THE VIOLET AND THE FAY

*One day into a wood
I made my way,
'Neath shady trees I stood,
Out of sun's ray.*

*My sole intention,
That summer's day,
Was to make no mention
Of aught but gay.*

*My study-laden mind
In vacant space
To loll and frolic pined,
In sunbeams' chase.*

*A violet in the shade
Shed a purple light;
Next it, a sleeping maid,
Crimson and white.*

*So strange and fair a sight!
My mind, a dove,
From nothing, to the height
Of sudden Love*

*Did soar, as there I gazed
At them, in bloom;
By one my soul was raised
From Despair's tomb.*

*What sweet harmony there!
Next crimson-red
Were shades of purple rare—
And gold, her head.*

*Two flowers, sweet and pure,
Both unaware
That to my soul, a cure
They were, of care.*

*Frowning Care had fled
At this fair sight,
And radiant Joy, sped
In quick delight.*

*Wake her, I did not dare,
Or breathe a sigh,
Lest the return of Care
Should come thereby.*

*Before I crept away
One kiss I stole
From that enchanting fay,
And left my soul.*

—HERBERT G. STRONG

TO MATHS.

(Accepting Shelley's Apology)

*Hail to thee, cursed drudge!
Joy thou never wert;
That from Greece, or near it,
Comes to plague us here
In shapes of dreary weary, problematic sums.*

*Lower still and lower
To misery's depths you drag us,
Like jolly old Saint Lucifer,
You cause no end of fuss,
And worrying still dost bore, and boring ever worriest.*

*Into the blessed haven
Of lethargic fourth year,
O'er which joy should govern,
You come, and bring bad cheer
Like a blinking mist of darkness veiled with misery.
In shapes of dreary, weary, problematic sums.*

—HERBERT G. STRONG

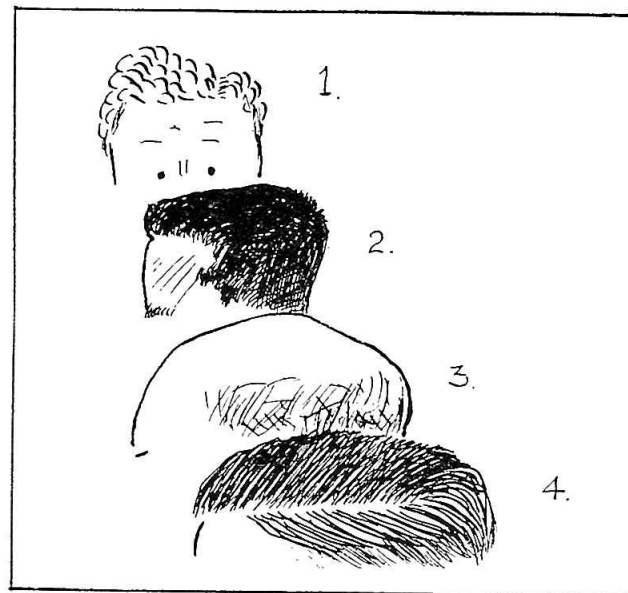
Great Competition for All

"TO WHOM DO THESE NOBLE CRANIUMS BELONG?"

Prizes for Ingenuity

- 1st Prize: The large cedar board hanging above the Tech. stairway. Of inestimable value as a surf or ironing board.
2nd Prize: The new school bell at the Tech. Emits the note Doh when suitably struck.
3rd Prize: Quantity of chemical gas oozing periodically from Chem. Lab. Winner may collect his own gas in bell jar or other suitable receptacle.

There are many other prizes in decreasing order of merit to be awarded to deserving competitors. Fill in entry form below, enclosing 2/- in stamps to cover postage. Editor's decision shall be final.



ENTRY FORM—Bite off on the dotted line.

Name.....

Your solution: (1) (2) (3) (4)

Vote NO

Vote YES

Adding equal ratios we have, L.H.S. equals the square on the hypothesis.

The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted

EXAMINATIONS

INTERMEDIATE CERTIFICATE—OCTOBER, 1932

1 signifies Latin; 2, history; 3, geography; 4, maths. I.; 5, maths. II.; 6, Latin; 7, French; 8, German; 11, elementary science; 15, business principles; 16, shorthand; 17, woodwork; 18, technical drawing.

Anderberg, Oscar, 1B 2A 3A 4B 5B 6B 7B 11A
 Anderton, Jack, 1A 2B 3B 4A 5A 6A 7A (o) 11A
 Baker, Allan R., 1B 2B 3A 4B 5A 6B 7B (o) 11A
 Bell, Alfred, 1B 2A 3B 4B 7B (o) 11B
 Bentley, John G., 1A 2A 3B 4B 5B 6B 7A (o) 11A
 Berriman, Lloyd J., 1A 2A 3B 4A 5A 6A 7A (o) 11A
 Beveridge, Andrew R., 1B 2B 4B 5B 6B 7B (o) 11A
 Blackmore, Garnet, 1A 4B 6A 7A (o) 8B 11B
 Brahe, Arthur, 1B 3B 4A 5A 11A
 Bridges, William L., 1B 2A 3B 4B 5B 7B 11A
 Brown, Henry, 2B 3B 4B 7B 11A
 Buckland, Frank D., 1B 5B 6B 7A (o) 8B 11B
 Burdekin, Alvin F., 3B 11B 17B 18B
 Burgess, Colin W., 1A 2A 3B 4B 5A 11B
 Carter, Harry, 1B 4B 7B 11B
 Casey, Peter J., 1B 3B 4A 5A 11A 15B 16B 21B
 Caston, Stewart C., 1B 2A 3B 4B 5B 6B 7B 11A
 Chambers, Ray J., 1B 2B 3B 4B 5A 6A 7A (o) 11A
 Clack, Allan L., 1B 4B 6B 7B 11B
 Cooper, George T., 1B 2B 3B 4A 5B 7B 15B 16A (s)
 Cornally, Norman, 1B 2B 3B 4A 5A 6B 7B 11A
 Crane, Douglas, 1B 2A 3B 11B
 Crane, L. J., 1B 2B 3B 4B 5A 6B 7A (o) 11B
 Crawford, Ian S., 1B 2A 3B 4B 5A 6B 7B 11A
 Crofts, Bruce, S., 1B 4A 5A 6A 7A (o) 8A 11A
 Cunningham, R. A., 1B 2B 3B 4B 5A 6B 7B (o) 11A
 Davidson, Allan, 2A 3B 4B 5A 6B 7B 11A
 Davies, Geoffrey, 1A 4B 5A 6B 7A (o) 11A
 Davies, Robert, 1A 2B 3B 4B 5B 6B 7A 11B
 Deards, Leslie R., 1B 2B 3B 5B 7B 11B
 Deards, Reginald H., 1B 2B 3B 4A 5B 6B 7A 11A
 Declerck, Albert G., 1B 4A 5B 6A 7A (o) 8A 11A
 Edge, James F., 1B 2A 3B 4B 11B
 Ewing, Walter, 1B 2B 3B 4A 5A 6A 7A (o) 11A
 Ferguson, Ronald W., 1B 4B 5B 11B
 Fitts, William F., 1B 2B 3B 4B 5A 6B 7B 11A
 Gallagher, Alexander D., 1B 2B 4B 5B 7B 11B
 Gilbert, R. E., 1B 2B 3B 4B 5B 7B 11A 15B 16B
 Goldstone, John, 1B 3B 4A 5A 11B
 Harle, George A., 1B 2B 3B 4A 5A 7B 11A
 Harper, Raymond W., 1B 2B 4B 5B 6A 7A 11B
 Harrop, Charles B., 1B 2B 3B 4B 5A 6B 7A 11A
 Hart, Thomas R. F., 1B 2B 3B 4A 5A 6B 7A (o) 11A
 Harvey, Thomas, 2B 3B 4B 11B

Hayman, Jack, 1B 2B 3B 4B 11A 15B 16B
 Heeps, Jack R., 1B 2B 5B 7B 11B
 Hemmings, W. D., 1B 4B 5A 6B 7A (o) 8B 11A
 Henderson, Gordon D., 1B 2B 3B 4B 5B 7B 11A
 Hill, Allan G., 1B 2B 3B 11B
 Hills, Thomas G., 1B 3B 4B 11B 15B
 Hollinshead, Frank M., 1B 2B 3B 4B 5A 7B 11A,
 Hollis, Lindsay H., 1B 2A 3A 4B 5A 6B 7B (o) 11A
 Howard, Richard A., 1B 2B 3B 4B 11B 15B
 Huby, Charles, 1A 4A 5A 6A 7A (o) 8A 11A
 Hume, Herbert, 1B 3B 4B 5B 6B 7B (o) 11A
 Kaiser, Leslie T., 1B 2B 3B 4B 5B 11B
 Lambert, Jack L., 1B 4A 5B 6A 7A (o) 8A (o) 11A
 Lew, Robert J., 1A 2A 3A 4B 5B 6B 7B 11B
 Lloyd, Arthur F., 1B 2A 3B 4A 5B 11B
 Lundie, Arthur J., 1A 4B 5A 6A 7A (o) 8A (o) 11A
 Martin, Ronald C., 1B 2B 3B 4A 7B 11B
 Miller, John L., 1B 2B 3B 4A 5B 6A 7A 11A
 Mogg, Ronald L., 1B 2B 3B 5B 11B
 Mudford, Stanley, 1B 2A 3B 4B 5B 6B 7B 11A
 Mullen, John E., 1B 2B 4B 5A 6B 7B 11B
 Nash, Colin H., 1B 4A 5A 6B 7A (o) 8B (o) 11A
 Newbold, Albert H., 1B 3B 4B 6B 7B (o) 11A
 Newton, Oscar H., 1B 2B 3B 4A 5A 6B 7A 11A
 Olliffe, Ronald F., 1B 2B 3B 4B 7B 11B
 Ovenden, William R., 1B 2B 3B 4B 7B 11A 16B
 Paine, Alfred Austin, 1B 2B 5B 11B
 Palmer, Clifford, 1B 3B 4B 5A 6B 7A (o) 11B
 Peterson, Kenneth D. J., 1B 2B 3B 4A 5B 7B 11A
 Ranclaud, Clifford L., 1B 2B 3B 4B 5B 11B
 Randall, Douglas E., 1B 4A 5A 6B 7A (o) 11A
 Ratcliffe, John S., 1B 2B 4B 5A 6B 7B 11A
 Reeves, Clifford J., 1B 2B 3B 4B 5B 6B 7B 11A
 Reines, William, 1B 2A 3B 4B 5B 11A 16B
 Richmond, D. R., 1A 2B 3A 4A 5A 6A 7A (o) 11A
 Ridgway, T. H., 1B 2B 3B 4A 5A 6B 7A (o) 11A
 Roach, Alan E., 1B 2A 3B 4B 5B 7B 11B
 Roberts, Thomas R., 1B 2A 3B 4B 5B 6B 7B 11A
 Robinson, C. E., 1B 2A 3B 4B 5B 7B 11B
 Rose, Harold, 1B 2B 3B 4B 5A 7B 11B
 Russell, Alfred A., 1B 4B 5B 6B 7A 11A
 Rye, Roger L., 1B 2A 6B 7A 11B
 Scorer, Nelson C., 1B 2B 3B 4A 5A 6A 7A (o) 11B
 Sheldon, Frederick L., 1B 2B 3B 4B 7B 11A
 Smith, John V., 1B 2B 3B 11B
 Sowerby, Walter E., 1B 2B 3B 5B 7B 11B
 Spence, Milton J., 1B 2A 3B 4B 5A 6B 7B 11A
 Steel, Leonard, 1B 2B 4A 5B 6B 7A 11A
 Strong, Herbert G., 1A 4A 5B 6B 7A (o) 11B
 Stewart, Royce H., 1A 2B 3B 4B 5B 6B 7A (o) 11B
 Symes, Ian H., 1B 3B 4B 5A 7B 11A
 Toomey, Leo, 1A 4B 5B 6B 7A 11A
 Turnbull, Frederick P., 1B 3B 4B 5B 7B 11B
 Walter, Donald F., 1B 2A 3B 4B 5B 6B 7B 11A
 Whitelaw, Clement P., 1B 2B 3B 4B 5B 11B

Williams, Norman R., 1B 2B 3B 11B
 Wilson, John W., 1B 2B 3B 4B 6B 7B 11A
 Wright, Robert W., 1B 2A 3A 4A 5A 6B 7A (o) 11A

LEAVING CERTIFICATE—NOVEMBER, 1932

1 signifies English; 2, Latin; 3, French; 4, German; 5, maths. I.;
 6, maths. II.; 7, mechanics; 8, modern history; 9, ancient history;
 10, physics; 11, chemistry; 13, geology; 14, geography; 17, eco-
 nomics.

Adam, Robert Lawrie, 1B 3B 5B 8B 13A
 Aldrich, Pelham Henry, 5B 6B 8B 11B
 Alexander, Ronald V., 5B 6B 13B 14B
 Bailey, Walter Frederick, 1H2 3B 5A 6B 8B 14A
 Bass, Raymond, 1A 3B 5B 6A 8B 11L
 Bell, John Edward, 1B, 8B 13B 14B
 Blaxell, Alwyn Charles, 1B 5B 6B 8B
 Brown, A. F. M., 1B 2B 3B 5A 6A (x2) 10A 11H2
 Bubb, Leslie Albert, 1A 2B 3A 5A 6B 8B 11A
 Burke, Allan, 1B 2B 3B 5A 6A 8B
 Chadwick, Sheldon W., 1B 5A 6B 7B 10A 11L
 Clayton, John Burley, 1B 5A 6A 8B 14B
 Coates, Frederick M., 1B 3L 6B 8B 11B
 Cocking, Arthur James, 1B 5B 6B 10B 11B 17B
 Cook, Clifford, 1B 8H2 13A 14A
 Cox, Cecil James, 1B 3B 5B 6A 7B 10H2 11B
 Craig, William, 1B 5A 6B 7B 10B 11A
 Croudace, Gordon M., 5A 6A 10B 11A
 Deed, Leonard Lawrence, 1B 5B 6B 7B 10L
 Dick, Ronald George, 1B 8B 9B 13B 14B
 Digby, Robert Bruce M., 5B 6B 10L 11B
 Edmunds, Ian Godfrey, 1B 3B 5B 6A 11B
 Ellis, James Neilson, 3L 5A 6A 7B 10A 11H2
 Fraser, Colin, 5A 6A 11L 14B
 Gardiner, Thomas King, 1A 2B 3B 5A 6A 10A 11H2
 Gilmour, Douglas A., 3B 5B 6B 13B
 Glen, Gordon, 1B 5B 11B 14B
 Gray, James Lindsay, 5A 6B 7B 10B 11B
 Hargraves, Mervyn D., 5B 6B 8B 11L 14B
 Harris, Francis W., 1B 3B 5B 6B
 Hemmings, Ronald A., 1B 5A 6A (x1) 11H2 14B 17B
 Hughes, Robert Brown, 5B 6B 8B 13H2 14B 17B
 Hunter, John, 1B 2B 3A 5A 6B 8A
 Ingram, David, 5B 6B 11B 14B 23B
 James, Warren E., 1B 2L 3B 5B 6B 8B 13H2
 Jones, Godfrey Rees, 5B 6B 13A 14A
 Jones, Harold Leslie, 1A 2B 3H2 4H1 (o) 5A 6B 11A
 Kay, Thomas Leslie, 1A 2B 3H2 5B 6A 8A 11B
 Kelly, Patrick Kevan, 1B 5B 6B 8B 14B 17B
 Knight, Alan Andrew, 1B 3B 5B 8B 9B
 Learmonth, Frank M., 1B 2B 5A 6A (x1) 7A 10H2 11A
 Lewis, Archibald George, 5B 6B 8B 11B
 Lowbridge, Eric, 5B 6A 11B 14B

MacLeod, Ross Dixon, 1B 13B 14B 17B
 Mairet, William Wallace, 5B 6A 10L 11A 23A
 Marks, Hilton, Gilbert, 1H1 2B 3B 5B 6B 8H1 13A
 McGregor, Murray P., 1B 5B 6B 8B 17B
 McNeill, James Charles, 1 B5A 6A 8B 11B 14B
 Meillon, John Alwyn, 1H2 2B 3H2 (o) 5B 6B 8B 13B
 Miller, Eric Macdonald, 1B 5A 6A 8B 14B 17B
 Millier, Kenneth William, 1B 3B 5A 6B 7A 10A 11B
 Millington, Frederick S., 1B 5B 6B 8B 14A
 Moroney, Alfred John, 1B 5B 13B 14B
 Morrow, Frederick A. H., 1B 5B 6B 8B 11B 17B
 Moss, Frank, 1B 5B 8B 13H1
 Munro, Alexander B., 1B 3L 5B 6B 11B
 Murnain, Matthew C., 1B 3L 5B 6B 8B 11B
 Nelson, Charles, 1B 5B 6B 11A
 Newburn, Ernest P., 1B 8B 13A 14B
 Neilson, Colin E., 5A 6A 11A 14A
 Noble, Eric Charles, 2B 3A 5B 11A
 O'Grady, Raymond Francis, 1B 5B 6B 11A
 O'Neill, Alan Charles, 1B 5B 6B 10L 11L 14B
 Parkes, William Stanley, 1B 2L 3B 5B 6B 8B 9L
 Parkinson, Wilfred, 1B 2B 3B 5B 6A 11B
 Prigg, Kenneth Eric, 5A 6A 7B 11B 23B
 Ray, Stanley Norman, 1B 5A 6A (x2) 8B 11A 14B
 Richardson, Harry R., 1H2 2B 3B 5B 6A 8B 11B
 Rowland, Allan Hassall, 5A 6B 11B 14A
 Roxby, Harrie, 5B 6B 8B 11L 14B
 Rundle, Leslie, 1B 3B 5B 6B 8A 13B
 Shegog, Clive, 5A 6A 7A 10H2 11A
 Sheldon, Arthur, 5B 6B 10B 11B
 Smallman, George A., 1B 3B 5A 6A (x2) 7A 10H1 11B
 Smith, Aubrey, 1A 3B 5B 6B 8B 13H2
 Smith, Benjamin, 1B 3B 5B 6B 8B 13A 17B
 Smith, William, 5B 6B 8B 11B
 Sommerville, John W., 3B 5B 6B 8B
 Stevens, Leslie, 1B 2B 3B 5A 6A 10A 11H2
 Still, Keith, 5A 6A 11A 14B
 Stocks, Wilbur, 5B 6B 10B 11B
 Street, Leslie C. J., 1B 5B 6B 8B 13H1 14B 17B
 Sullivan, Arthur E., 2L 5B 6B 8B
 Swan, Norman Charles, 5B 8B 11B 23B
 Telford, John George, 1B 5B 6B 8B 11H2
 Underwood, William C., 1B 2B 3B 5B 6A 10L
 Webb, Frederick H., 5B 6B 14B 23B
 Westbury, Colin, 1B 2L 3A 5B 6B 8B 13B
 Wheatley, George A. E., 1B 5B 8B 13A 14B
 Williams, John Myles, 1B 2B 3B 5A 6B 8B 21B
 Williams, Ronald, 1B 5A 6A (x2) 8B 11A 14B 17B
 Williams, Samuel G., 1B 3B 5B 6A 10B 11B
 Wilson, Allan, 5B 6B 13A 14A
 Wingett, Eric George, 1B 5B 6B 14A 17B
 Wright, Alphonsus J., 1B 2L 5A 6B 8B 11A

SPEECH NIGHT

PRIZES PRESENTED :: :: PRINCIPAL'S ANNUAL REPORT

(From "Newcastle Morning Herald," Thursday, April 14th).

The seating accommodation at Newcastle Town Hall was over-taxed on the night of Wednesday, April 13th, the occasion being the annual speech night of Newcastle Boys' High School. The dress circle was filled with parents and friends, and students occupied the ground floor.

Associated on the platform with the Mayor of Newcastle (Ald. W. M. Shedden), who presided, were the Mayoress (Mrs. Shedden), the Deputy Mayoress (Mrs. R. G. Kilgour), the Principal of the High School (Mr. C. H. Christmas), and Mrs. Christmas, the President and Secretary of the Parents and Citizens' Association, Messrs E. Richardson and F. E. Brown; the Principal of the Newcastle Technical College, Mr. P. D. Riddell and Mrs. Riddell; Inspector G. D. Martin and Mrs. Martin; the Deputy Headmaster, Mr. W. D. Noakes and Mrs. Noakes; the Master-in-charge of the Annex, Mr. J. M. King; Mr. and Mrs. W. Chichester, and the Staff.

In a brief address, the Mayor congratulated the students upon their achievements. He reminded them that they were qualifying for the best positions in the land, and hoped that they would live up to the ideals taught them by an excellent staff.

MR. HELMORE'S ADDRESS

"Such an occasion evokes memories, because I was a member of the school," said Mr. B. A. Helmore, in the course of an address. He remembered that the first Headmaster of the school was Mr. C. R. Smith, with whom was associated the present principal. One could not but feel sentimental at the moment, because it was one of the things which went towards building up the traditions of the school.

Indicating the students assembled in front of him, Mr. Helmore said that they would be among the men and the leaders of to-morrow. Although they may have reached fifth year standard, they would readily admit that their education was not by any means completed. The longer one lived the more one realised that one knew very little.

Referring to the value of education, he said that it was the spirit of competition which led to the sharpening of the intellect and to improvement of the body. The traditions of the old seats of learning in England included that one's individuality must be subject to the

needs of the community. Team work was at all times necessary both on the field of sport and in the class. The result of team work was loyalty. Tolerance and intelligence, in a just sense of proportion, were necessary adjuncts to their lives, both individually and internationally.

REVIEW OF ACTIVITIES

The school was a training ground for citizenship, not a workshop for apprentices, and the formation of regular habits of study and concentration would prove eventually of more value than the mere passing of examinations through cramming during the last stages, said the Principal (Mr. C. H. Christmas), in his annual report.

The enrolment for the year, he said, was 697, with a highest average enrolment of 660. To this must be added 134 who, for lack of accommodation, were housed at the Technical College. The school proper consisted of 20 classes, four in each year, and the present accommodation was taxed to its utmost capacity.

During the year 227 new pupils were enrolled—31 in the fourth year and 164 in the first year. The distribution of pupils was: First year 177, second year 132, third year 123, fourth year 128, fifth year 137, and the annexe fourth year 88, and fifth year 46.

The number of fifth year pupils who remained at school, due to lack of employment, was 41. Although there was an improvement in this direction, it was still evident that positions were fewer than the requirements, and it was imperative that the co-operation of parents should be more active in seeing that honest attempts were made to do regular and consistent home study.

At the Leaving Certificate examination, the report continued, 80 candidates were successful from the school proper and 15 from the annex. Thirty qualified for matriculation, eight gained University exhibitions, 20 won Teachers' College scholarships, and nine passed for the Public Service. Honours gained were: Eleven first class and 25 second class. Some of the passes were of such high standard that personal letters of congratulation were forwarded by the Director of Education to F. Learmonth, who gained first-class honours in mathematics, second class honours in physics, four A's and two B's; H. Jones, who gained first class honours and top of the state in German, second class honours in French, three A's and two B's; G. Smallman, first class honours in physics, second class honours in mathematics, three A's, three B's; A. Brown, second class honours in mathematics, and chemistry, three A's and three B's. Other outstanding passes were: R. Hemmings, first class honours in mathematics, second class honours in chemistry, two A's and three B's; and Milton Marks, first class honours in English and history, and one A and three B's.

In the Intermediate Certificate there were 103 passes, and a high standard of proficiency was reached. The best pass was obtained by J. Anderton, six A's and two B's; and he was closely followed by A. Lundie, six A's and one B; J. Berriman, seven A's and one B; B. Crofts, six A's and one B; C. Huby, seven A's; R. Wright, six A's and two B's; and D. Richmond, seven A's and one B. At this examination there were also gained six Public Service passes.

The Old Novocastrians' Association had provided the dux prizes for the various years, including dux prizes for fourth and fifth year boys at the annex. They are also presenting the retiring captain of the school, L. Deed, with a pair of sleeve links as a memento of his year of service. A scholarship in accountancy, awarded by Hemingway and Robertson, was won by R. Oliffe. A similar scholarship, awarded by Blennerhassets, Ltd., was gained by R. Gilbert.

SCHOOL ACTIVITIES

Reviewing the various activities, Mr. Christmas said that the school had been well managed by the School Union Committee. The Sportsmaster, Mr. E. Ford, with the wholehearted support of the staff, had, notwithstanding diminishing funds and difficulties of grounds and transport, provided organised sport for the pupils. The successes gained in the various departments of sport spoke highly for the interest taken by the staff.

The school magazine maintained its high standard, and is fortunate in retaining the capable and untiring efforts of Mr. Gillings as editor.

The swimming class had functioned during the summer season, and the following list of lifesaving passes reflected credit on the supervisor, Mr. Black: 13 elementary, 17 proficiency certificates, 20 bronze medallions, two Australian crosses won by R. Howard and W. Marsden, two awards of merit (the second highest award of the Royal Lifesaving Society) by S. Wood and W. Reines, and one first class instructor's certificate, gained by W. Reines.

The football, cricket and baseball competitions were well contested, and a large number of trophies were added to the school. He mentioned particularly the University shield for competition among all high schools in the State. This was won by the school first grade Rugby League team, which had the unique record of going through the competition without once having its line crossed.

The oft-repeated story of poor accommodation would, he hoped, soon be a thing of the past. The science equipment had been improved, and a physics laboratory had been added, but the accommodation was still unsatisfactory. But, as it had been decided to build

a new school at Waratah, they were in hopes that it would not be long before conditions were more in keeping with the importance of the school.

The Parents and Citizens' Association had continued its excellent work, and performed yeoman service in providing prizes, text books, and equipment. It is, however, disheartening to find that the work done so nobly by a few was not supported by the many. It surely was not too much to ask that, even those who could not be active, should give their moral support, and join the association, thus showing that the work done was appreciated.

LIST OF PRIZEWINNERS

The Mayoress and Mrs. Chichester presented prizes to the following: James Meikle Memorial Prize, Frank Learmonth; Elizabeth Meikle Memorial Prize, for best pass in Leaving Certificate examination, Marjorie Rouse; Parents and Citizens' Prize, for dux of school; Frank Learmonth, J. Bridge Prize, for best pass in history at Leaving Certificate examination, Milton Marks; Newcastle Business College prize, for best pass in English, John Bentley. Old Novocastrians' prizes: Dux of Technical College, annex classes, Kenneth Prigg; dux of Technical College, annex, fourth year, Ronald Escott; dux of fourth year, Ralph Wilson; third year, John Anderton; second year, Geoffrey Desgrand; first year, John Nash.

Subject prizes.—Fifth year: English, Milton Marks; classics, John M. Williams; modern languages, Harold L. Jones; mathematics and chemistry, Ronald Hemmings; mathematics and mechanics, Frank Learmonth; physics and mechanics, George Smallman; chemistry, Leslie Stevens; geology, Frank Moss; economics, Ronald Williams; geography, Walter Bailey, Godfrey Jones, Colin Neilson, and Allan Wilson.

Third year: English, John Bentley; history, Charles E. Robinson; geography, Donald Richmond; Latin, John Anderton; French and German, Arthur Lundie; mathematics I, John L. Miller; mathematics II, John Goldstone; science, Walter Ewing; business principles, Jack Hayman; shorthand, George Cooper.

Proficiency prizes: Fourth year, Robert Cruickshank, Wallace Pullen, Keith Goodenough, Leo Tallamini, George Garratt. Second year, George Gibson, Raymond Outten, Harold Quayle, Alwyn Richards, Timbury Mayo. First year, Norman Hunter, Maurice Kelly, Kenneth Clarke, Donald McLelland, Ronald Jackson.

The school captain was L. Deed, with the following prefects: Messrs. H. Jones (vice-captain), W. Bailey, R. Bass, L. Cane, N. Charge, W. Craig, I. Edmunds, N. Ellis, W. Engel, L. Hannell, F. Harris, W. James, F. Learmonth, R. MacLeod, N. Marks, J. Meillon, G. Smallman, W. Underwood, R. Williams, S. Williams, K. Willis.

In the State Rugby League competition among High Schools, the school won the following prizes: University Shield, Newcastle Public Schools Amateur Athletic Association. A grade, major and minor premierships; B grade, major and minor premierships; C grade, major premierships; D grade, major and minor premierships.

Tennis: P.S.A.A.A. premiership.

Swimming: P.S.A.A.A. carnival, first place, Surf Club Cup.

Baseball: Major and minor premierships.

An excellent musical programme was provided by the school orchestra, under the leadership of Mr. G. L. Reid; solo, Master S. Hitchcock; violin solo, Master J. Bottrill; and cornet solo by Master J. Pike. Popular items were the community numbers, "Advance Australia Fair," and "Remis Velisque."

— 2 —

STATEMENT OF ACCOUNT

NEWCASTLE BOYS' HIGH SCHOOL UNION, 1932

| INCOME | | EXPENDITURE | | |
|--|-----------|------------------------|-----------|--|
| | £ s d | | £ s d | |
| Balance, March, 1932 | 122 18 2 | Tennis | 41 10 3 | |
| Union subs. | 168 11 0 | Cricket | 37 14 10 | |
| Magazine advts. | 9 4 1 | Football | 9 11 6 | |
| Bank Interest | 2 4 2 | Library | 18 4 5 | |
| | | Novocastrian | 84 11 10 | |
| | | Swimming | 0 15 11 | |
| | | General expenses | 21 19 0 | |
| | | Petty Cash | 8 15 9 | |
| | | Balance | 79 15 11 | |
| | £302 17 5 | | £302 17 5 | |
| Cost of Novocastrian to School Union, two issues | £84 11 10 | | | |
| Less advertisements, etc. | 9 4 1 | | | |
| | | | £75 7 9 | |

Audited and found correct,
 G. L. REID,
 Hon. Auditor.
 8th March, 1933.

C. BROWN,
 Hon. Treasurer.

Shakespearian Appreciation



T.G.B.

— 2 —

". perspectives, which rightly gazed upon
 Show nothing but confusion; eyed awry,
 Distinguish form"

—Richard II (2, II).

— 2 —

"Seal up her eyes, O sleep, but flow
 Mild, as her manners, to and fro,
 Slide softly to her, that yet she
 May receive no wound from thee,
 And ye present her thoughts, O Dreams,
 With hushing winds and purling streams,
 Whiles hovering silence sits without,
 Careful to keep disturbance out,
 Thus seize her, Sleep, thus her again resign,
 So what was heaven's gift we'll reckon thine."

—William Cartwright,



AFTER FIVE YEARS . . . AND MORE

EDUCATIONALISTS deny that education is the gateway to a material El Dorado. Just what is it then? A sharpener of our perceptive and conceptive faculties? A definer of values? For the high school boy, with such a smattering as he has, it distorts his sense of values, sets his inner self in turmoil, makes him hang himself on puny dogmas, inspires him with the belief that he has at last found a spiritual rest, to discover that he never saw the light in the darkness, and will always be in darkness. It is professed to reward him who toils for it, with culture. Just what is culture? Booklore? Or, to put it baldly, Homer, Cicero, Shakespeare, Voltaire, history, higher mathematics?

Apparently culture is an embarkation to a new (and artificial) environment whose precincts permit none of the familiar law got by the ordinary man in his experience. Only a novel can hope to express the universality of the low-brow's physical and mental life. There is an overflow of animal vigour and zest in it, to put to shame the parochial mentality of the cultured one, who confines his enthusiasms to boo-ing, cheering, seconding, refereeing, or participating in the arena made out of the bones of Shakespeare, Milton, Horace, Rousseau—and cemented with a suggestion: culture.

Culture is a snobbery, a getting-away from the despised animalism and zest of the worldly man, a high-hat desire for something more genteel than the crudities of life. We who acquire this most desirable culture are really not facing life and enjoying life—we are afraid of it, we hide ourselves with a nice-to-look-upon suggestion, and view it with hauteur from the safe distance of a bookshelf.

Our minds are not quickened with culture. We think no faster than the larrikin: we engage our wits with our own more congenial intellectual environment; the larrikin engages his wit, too, but with a different pabulum; there is no difference in the vitality of it, only our pabulum is painted with a rosier hue. The larrikin with some attention to honesty, fairplay and beauty, is as good a man, and perhaps a better, than the highest of high-brows. It is the cultured man who has made this "welter of the world" for the youth—this spiritual chaos, these miserably tentative hazards at peace and rest that are the life's blood of his doctrines. The reputed larrikin gets the best of life by humcuring life, by thrusting himself wholeheartedly into it, and enjoying it to the full. The highbrow gropes, shouts for joy



when he sees the light in the darkness, the flicker of light, runs towards it gasping in ecstasy, crying in exultation, derisive of his late despair: "Light! Light!" and even as he speaks the tremulous rays grow faint and disappear. And he is a lost soul again. And he will see another light in the darkness, and another, and another . . . and each in its turn shall taunt him.

Oh the serenity, the fulsomeness, the richness of life of him who makes terms with life! And the pathos, the wretchedness of him who strives to grapple, wrestle and overcome it with the light and airy something that is culture.

—S. W. PARKES, 5A

IT WAS BUILDED UPON A HILL

IN the name of those in authority over us, and of the scholars, and of those who follow us.

It hath been said, in the year one thousand, nine hundred and five after the year of our Lord, that an exceeding old building, like unto a barn, henceforth be called by all who on this earth dwelleth, the Newcastle centre of learning, wherein must dwell the adherents of that noble name, for the time, when the sun be low in the east till the beginning of the going down of the sun, for each day to the number of five in every seven days.

For a great many years to the number of about half an hundred it is written that the littered pile was as a place of worship. And it came to pass after many years it be used as a place in which the younger generation be taught. But lo! after an number of years they take up arms and there arose a great shout unto the heavens and they didst leave the ancient pile. And there were those who said the mind of the minister was smote with fear, for an High School it was called from that day. And the Lord was merciful, for an new pile was builded wherein the favoured ones make merry unto this day.

It further came to pass, on a certain day of great storm and tempest, that glad tidings did reach the ear of him in command of the ancient pile. A certain Minister of good repute would see the building.

And when the good man cometh he was sore smitten with compassion. For lo! there dwelt amongst them some score and ten that didst learn with their sandalled feet upon an floor of rough hewed stones. Sorry was their plight when the winds did moan and the rain beat amongst those cheerless vaults. And there was one that spoke words upon the heads of those who came to see the pile, about

that chamber, for it was but an cubit or so high. And the sight-seers were sore struck with pity and it was said that a wing would speedily be builded.

Those poor ones waited, but lo! no wing was builded. For the department prospered not.

"Fret not," saith they, "for matters presseth us sore."

But it came to pass that a building, builded of new brick, was to be builded, and those concerned waxeth exceeding glad. But amongst them there were some that did gnash their teeth, and some looked rueful, for the new pile would be builded in an hollow, where the winds reacheth not on a day when the sun waxeth hot. "And this foundation standeth firm," saith they.

Howbeit, some waxeth sorry, others rejoice and be exceeding glad, so:

"Meditate upon these things, and give thyself wholly to them,
And may thy profiting appear to all."

—W.L.B., 4B

FIFTH YEAR

MANY and various as are the theories rife in the lower school concerning Fifth Year, all of them proclaim the ignorance of the youthful minds whence they originated.

Fifth Year is, without doubt, a castle of conjecture surrounded by a wall of mystery "against the envy of less happier lands," or in other words, the rest of the school.

Feeling, however, that it is only proper that the school as a whole should participate in the obvious pleasures of the "fifth year feeling," I have attempted to depict life in fifth year, using (for their vividness and beauty of expression) the first lines of certain well-known hymns by way of illustration.

Monday Morning: "Art thou weary, art thou languid?"

Flag Assembly: "Angel voices ever singing."

French Test: "We may not know, we cannot tell."

Latin: "Oft in danger, oft in woe."

Recess: "Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

Maths.: "Go labour on."

History: "Tell me the old, old story."

Chemistry: "We know not what awaits us."

Physics: "Here we suffer grief and pain."

Dinner: "Come ye thankful people, come."

Classroom Raid (by Mr. Noakes): "We plough the fields and scatter."

A Trip to the Office: "Meekly wait and answer not," or "The Lord be with us as we bend."

English: "Sleep on beloved."

Geography: "From Greenland's icy mountains to India's coral strand."

Economics: "A band of hard pressed folk are we."

Free Period: "For all the saints who from their labours rest."

3.30 p.m.: "What means this eager anxious throng?"

Wednesday Afternoon: "I could not do without thee."

Friday Afternoon: "Another week is ended."

Saturday Night: "All things bright and beautiful."

Sunday: "O day of rest and gladness."

—B.B.B., 5A

ADDRESS delivered to the Students' Branch of the Friends of Liberty, billed as—

FORWARD, STUDENTS!

AT the inaugural meeting of the Students' Branch of the Friends of Liberty, Comrade Hotaire, who was accorded an enthusiastic reception, was the chief speaker.

He said that, as the chief representative of the Friends of Liberty at N.H.S., he felt it his duty to propose some very necessary, even drastic, reforms in the system of government at present operating in the school, and suggested first that the practice of "singing" at the hour of nine on Monday morning should be utterly abolished, and that in its place should be instituted (a) the regular meeting of the Friends of Liberty; (b) the humming or chanting of the famous, noble and inspiring ritual, "The Students' Charter."

He pointed out that the despotism of Head Masters was a relic of barbarism and, consequently, a blot on civilisation. He traced the development of the pernicious system through the Deputy, Masters, Prefects, and Tuck Shop Proprietors, and denounced in vigorous terms the tyranny thus exercised over the poor and defenceless students. He proposed to substitute for this oligarchy, a committee elected by the students, a committee which, he was careful to state, must obey the dictates of any student infected with the germ of an idea. Among the reforms he advocated were the abolition of the tuck shop regime

and the setting up of a free cafeteria to supply the needs of the starving students, with the proviso that any student who had conscientious scruples would be at liberty to place a coin in a box provided for the purpose. His declaration, "the Students must reign supreme," was received with applause.

He then outlined his scheme for the drastic alteration of the curriculum, stigmatising the present subjects as utterly useless, and suggesting Sport, Military Training, Mob Oratory, and Loafing as a Fine Art; Exams would be obligatory, but there would be no compulsion; fairness in cheating would be encouraged, and candidates would be allowed to mark their own papers, and recommend themselves for scholarships.

Under the new system, no boy would be admitted to the High School unless he had signed a declaration of his faith in the Friends of Liberty.

The suggested staff would be as follows—**Democracy:** Comrades Pike, Telford, Snuffenough, Hitler, and Mussolini. **Military Tactics** (as applied to Rugby League): Caesar, Hannibal, Livy XXII, Larwood, Jardine, W. M. Hughes, Corporal Lowbridge, and Eric Campbell. **Loafing:** A, "Doler," "Hector," Rip Van Winkle. **Sport:** Comrades Don Athaldo, Bradman, Lurich, Koshnitsky, Carnera, "Boy" Charlton. **Mob Oratory:** G. B. Shaw, a Hillite, the Board of Control, Danton. Thus a fine staff will be assembled.

A specimen Timetable for Fifth Year was displayed at the lecture:

| Monday | Tuesday | Wednesday | Thursday | Friday |
|-----------|-------------------|--------------|------------|---------------|
| Democracy | Military Tactics* | Malingering* | Democracy* | Private Study |
| Oratory* | | Sport | Oratory | Sport |

RECESS

| | | | | |
|-------|-------------|--|------------------|--|
| Sport | Malingering | | Malingering | |
| Sport | Sport | | Military Tactics | |

* Optional.

Thus, he maintained, by eradicating homework, instituting 20 minute periods, mostly "free," they will forever abolish the tyranny of Capitalism. No more persecution, he said, of the sort administered to J. G. Telford! We will be free! he declared. (See Timetable).

—J.H., 5A

THE CELESTIAL CAELUM

While, far off in the heavenly sky, the morning stare pales slowly, the summer day dawns, unveiling the beautiful, clear-blue sky. There have been spectacles more dazzling to the eye, more elegant with cloth of gold and opulent jewellery, but there never was a spectacle so worthy of receiving a guerdon, or so well calculated to penetrate a reflecting and imaginative mind. The azure sky becomes, as the day wears on, sprinkled with cirrus clouds, just as girls' frocks become spotted when they first use ink.

Down at the village oval, which is surrounded by tall, green trees, with dew drops clinging to the leaves of the mighty branches, as pearls, there is a quiet cricket match in progress. The players, in creams, on the green turf, with the bright blue sky overhead and the summer sun peeping from behind a cloud, all depict a perfected painting of the evanescent sky.

Peradventure, we are travelling in a fast-moving ocean liner bound for America. The weather is fine and the heavens are pellucid. The boat ploughs its way through this expansive blue and green field. Sitting in a deck chair, reading a magazine, I fall into a brown study, then suddenly I realise that the sky forms a dome above us, as of some great cathedral, and the blue cumulated waters establish a regular circle.

A gloomy shadow, beneath a tall, solitary pine tree standing on a mountain peak, sees in the sullied distance a beautiful, calm, radiant Australian sunset. How the sky has changed! Everything portrays peacefulness. In the east the bright red and golden clouds, tinged with white, are dipping towards the horizon, while the great sun is slowly disappearing into his tranquil chamber. At last the sun has gone. It appears as though some supernatural being is fast at work veiling the earth with a great, nigrescent dark cloud. The sky is sombre, then little bright twinkling stars shine out. Next the omnipotent moon traverses this great ocean. She casts her silvery rays, reflecting them on the smooth, transparent waters of the lake, together with the reflections of the trees which are growing on the edge.

The day dawns, but not yesterday's clear blue sky do we behold, but a sky concealed with immense, sombre threatening clouds, hurrying quickly across it. A fierce wind is howling and blowing, as if angered by some misdemeanour. Down at the beach, as far as one can distinguish gazing out to sea, all is dark, the sky and the sea with its waves running mountain high, dashing against the colossal rocks, the spray spurting hundreds of feet up into the mysterious air.

From the clouds, great rumbling noises are heard, lightning

flashes light up at intervals the darkened sky, then the rain pours down from the heavens. This morose spectacle is not unworthy to be classed among the most dismal and melancholic scenes of Life. But alas! how many of those who are choked full with erudition consider the beauty of the celestial caelum?

—LEO TOOMEY, 4B

CAMEOS OF HISTORY

No. 1—PITT THE ELDER

Pitt the Elder lived in the time of great men, and he was one of the greatest from some points of view. He was Prime Minister for over twenty years, and in his time he saw that England went ahead and not back. Pitt was rather a nice man, he had good manners and he knew when to use them. He thought of the poor people more than the thought of the rich, to some extent, but he was by no means poor himself. He was a fair size man and thought very quickly.

On the whole I consider Pitt to be one of the greatest men in the life of History.

PEEPS AT THE PLANETS

MAY

The signs this month are highly favourable for those suffering from bees in the bonnet and bats in the belfry. May comprises thirty-one days, if it doesn't, it isn't May, unless it happens to be January, March, July, August, October or December. I hope I have made this clear. For fuller details see page 998 of my pamphlet, "Bunk for the Batty. How, How and How;" 3s. 6d. net.

The month of May will open with May 1 and May 2 will follow—presuming everything is straight up. There will be seven days in each week of the month, and the days will be Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday and Sunday—unless, of course, you happen to be a German, Russian, or some other foreigner. Wednesdays will be good days for the favourites at Boolaroo. The racing on those days happens to be at Hamilton, but don't let that deter you. You can always get your own back by backing horses at Hamilton when Boolaroo is on.

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People going to work during May will use 'bus, train or tram—unless, of course, they walk. There will be certain good days on the Stock Exchange, where shares will be bought and sold. Those whose monthly tickets expire will need new ones. People desiring to go to England will have to go by boat, unless they go by aeroplane, which is possible but improbable.

Many will die and many will be born in May. Those born will be either white, black, brown or yellow. A queer fact in this case is, that the child will be generally the colour of its parents.

Signs and Portents:

A certain amount of dexterity is necessary for those intending to take up juggling. Cardsharper financially embarrassed will find it easy to turn the corner. An examination will be held at Newcastle High School with disastrous results to many. The headmaster will later go the round of the classes—and that is where the disastrous results will come in.

—H.V., 5A

LOCKERS

Lockers! Locks!

What infinite and varied memories these words recall! Do you remember when first we came to the old school, how we regarded with surprise and then with joy, those blessed boons to school life? Immediately there was an example of the survival of the fittest. Not even Algebra could make thirty-eight boys divide thirty lockers with integral results. We were among the lucky ones, and were able to scribble our own name underneath that of the last owner, of the locker we had secured.

In the virgin state of first year, vague rumours only were heard that locks were not invincible. Once, indeed, when a master desired access to a locker, the key to which was missing, we were treated to the instructing spectacle of a fourth year boy opening, with a misshapen contorted piece of wire, the seemingly secure lock. Second and third year, you will call to mind, were decreed by the reigning power to be periods of muscular development, and for two weary years we carried to and from school, our bags heavily laden with books, which had previously been nightly entrusted to the guardianship of our lockers.

By the time we sailed into the so-called haven of fourth year, the "Grand Inquisitor" had decided that the muscles of our brawny arms were strong enough, and once again granted us the boon of lockers. It has been said that an Englishman's home is his castle, and in first

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year this could be applied to us with regard to our lockers. But in fourth year, a chap's locker became the place where he did not keep anything he wanted. The ironmongers' shops must have shown considerable profit each year in the sale of strong but flexible wire, to certain of the High School students. In fourth year, besides the added weight of knowledge we had to carry, above all things, we had to remember to bring the "totem" of the year, a piece of bent wire. Another thing: no more could we arrive at "schoolo bello ringante." No, we had to arrive fully two minutes before the bell. Then, you remember, we used to push our way to our respective lockers and first, by means of the "wiro bentato," we had to remove from our own locker three or four locks, then, by inserting our own key in every likely looking lock, we had to find which was our own.

Let us try and remember the various locks and their owners. There was the thrifty, narrow-minded chap, who bought his for 3d., at a second-hand shop and hoped it infallible. Everyone in the year who was a novice at the art of picking locks, began on his, and none, I think, met with other than success. Then the dandy of the year had a double-action brass lock, highly ornamented, which required a special and rather ingeniously shaped wire to open it. The trustful "John Bull" chap bought a good large lock for a shilling or so, and believed that no one could open it. Next to the cheap one this was the easiest to pick.

By studying the locks, the characters of their owners could be estimated. Several, who had bought the "John Bull" type, sought to disguise them by applying paint, varnish or something of that sort. Not very flattering to the other chap, for no unusual perception was needed to discover the "remodelled" ones. Then there were a couple of combination locks. Both fellows were literary minded. The appeal of mathematics involved in opening them, attracted these, I suppose.

It is strange to note, of the two distinct classes of men—literary minded and mathematically minded — what attraction the opposites have to them. To the literary minded man, mathematics as a rule is abhorrent. Most of our English and language masters readily admit their inaptitude for anything pertaining to mathematics. On the other hand, several of our mathematics teachers have interested themselves in literary work. Nor have they been unattended by success. Take the Novocastrian—no editor could be more mathematical.

Now, as the shades of evening fall fast, my pen becomes restive in my grasp and longs to return to the rack. In acquiescing to its request, I perforce close the wanderings of my mind, and I, too, must go to my "rack."

—HERBERT G. STRONG, 5D

Some Original Shakespearian Criticism

BY FIFTH YEAR

"How much it must have been to lose his life after this reign of extreme luxury, to have been robbed of all he had, then finally his life," we may gain a conception of the meaning "nothing in his life was more to him than the losing of it. With it he lost all his kingly power and authority, but also an end of his worries and sorrows."

"Richard is a man who dominates in pleasure, and pleasure has so thoroughly mastered his spirit that he cannot think of bearing pain as a trusty duty or an insatiable honour."

"Richard is highly emotional, he has an overflow of emotions, which are constant; and this constant overflow of emotions form a total incapability of controlling them, and then a waste of that energy which should have been reserved for actions, in the passion and effort of mere resolves and menaces."

"He can see through Bolingbroke but has no insight."

"In Bolingbroke's absence Richard will be able to grasp the possessions that would be left Bolingbroke on his receiving them from his father, who was not long out of the deathbed."

"Nevertheless, the real character of Richard is more complex than to say his was a weakness of character."

"This amiable, weak fellow (York), may be regarded as harmless, who, under firm wise guidance from without proves to be a nature which is not only harmless but greatly beneficial."



"You did not come,
And marching time drew on and wore me numb,
Yet less for loss of your dear presence there,
Than that I thus found lacking in your make,
That high compassion which can overbear
Reluctance for pure loving kindness sake,
Grieved I, when as the hope hour stroked its sum,
You did not come."

—Thomas Hardy