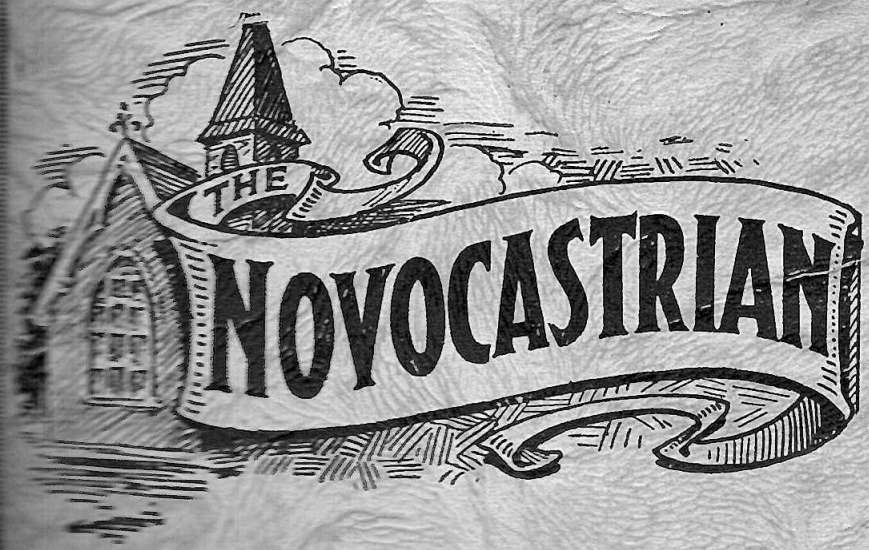
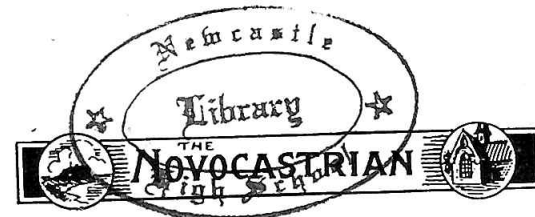


NHS
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The Journal of the
Newcastle Boys' High School

NOVEMBER, 1933



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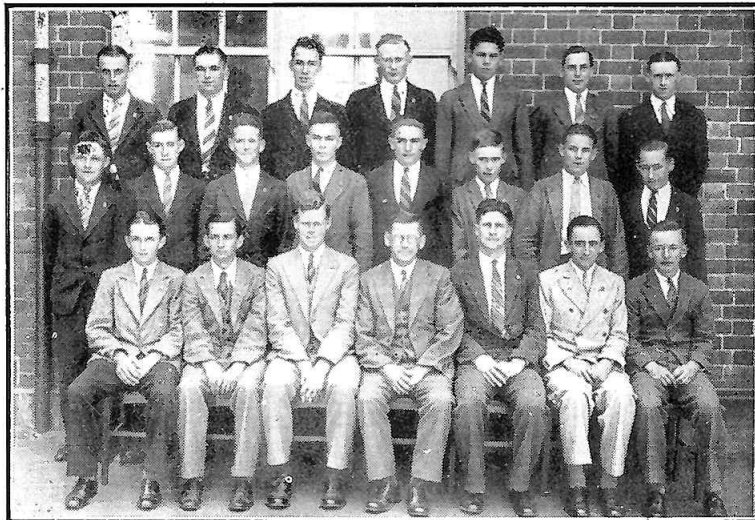
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A. Cairns, H. Cox, R. Cruickshank, A. Diemar, N. Ellis, G. Glen, T.
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LATINUS PER RADIONEM

THE following is a translation of a latin "unseen" by a hasty young latin student while his brother was playing with the nobs on the wireless set.

With the usual apologies.

Marcus Alcaponius, returning from Gaul with his personality band, discovered that there was a break in his vanguard and it would be necessary to call up the N.R.M.A. Accordingly, the camp having been pitched near the city of Chicagonis, news was brought to him, by courtesy of the "Newcastle Sun" that his dear friend, Tillius Divinius was ill, something having come and got him in the spring, while he was preparing to vacate his winter quarters, where his men had used Smith's famous cough mixture to keep off the Influenza. Also, many of his men had "Twentieth Century Blues," and were preparing to shuffle off to Rome. Therefore Marcus sent out scouts who returning to the top of the hill, saw pink elephants slowly advancing across the plain, by the courtesy of "Bitza Motors Ltd." Having written to his friends in forty-second street, he resolved to return to help Tillius.

Thus when the Town Hall struck the first watch he was a long way from Chicagonis but it was a long way to Tipperarium and the train goes slow.

Meanwhile, Tillius, "Bile Beans" having been taken, was well again and learned by the News Service, that Marcus was coming and resolved to meet him. Accordingly on the next day they met on the plain, saying 'How do you do do Mr. Brown.' Having dined on "John Bull" tomato sauce, they determined to wipe out the Gauls by means of "Persil" washing powder and a free tea-towel. Therefore they crossed to the Stadium and the Gauls were defeated by the superior footwork of the Romans and took to flight but made a happy landing and escaped. So the conquering heroes came back to Rome (probably it was Springtime in the Rockies). Their arrival was eagerly awaited by the girl in the little green hat.

They were praised all over Italy, where they sing so prettily, and they lived happily ever after.

—J.J.T., 4B.

THE VALUE OF A HIGH SCHOOL EDUCATION

THE boy glanced discontentedly around him. Nothing had changed. The white stain was still above the blackboard, the pane in the window nearest him was still cracked in four places. Even the piece of blotting paper, stuffed in a crack of the wall by some shivering boy, had not been removed.

A warning bell jangled, harsh and unmusical, from somewhere in the neighbourhood. He covered a grimace, for the next subject was Latin. The teacher was a good fellow liked by the majority of the boys, but with a gruff, unmelodious voice which unceasingly droned on throughout the period, and whose very monotony threatened to drive the boy to sleep. Consequently the boy rather disliked the period.

He continued to dream. From his window he could see far down into the valley below. His mind formed pictures of a past age, of natives, wild, untamed, primitive, dancing about a fire before setting out on a trail red with blood and hate, blackened with treachery.

His confused mind dimly gathered an order about getting out a book. His hands started mechanically for his desk, and then stopped.

Pictures, vivid and real, flitted through his mind. This was a period of the future, of huge, tremendous buildings and machines which flew across the valley with remarkable speed, of a city whose very soul seemed to throb in the pulse of its machinery of

His relapse was rudely ended by a dig in the back. The boy turned round to punish the intruder, when a warning "Look out!" reached his ears. He glanced suddenly upwards. The teacher, his eyes gleaming with anger, his face a deep red with rage and indignation, was bearing down upon him, clasping a heavy ruler.

It flashed downwards. The boy slipped to his feet and, with a tigerish leap, flew to one side. His speed was incredible, and the teacher's blow never landed. The boy, through an amazing amount of practice, was becoming quite an expert in side-stepping.

The great stadium was packed. The air was close and stuffy, the people were hushed and still. To-night the fight for the World's Heavyweight Championship was to be staged, and the favourite, the challenger, was an Australian.

The boxers entered the ring and shook hands. The gong rang and each leapt from his corner. Then followed a thrilling bout. Each man was fighting desperately, relentlessly raining blows upon his opponent. Three, seven, ten rounds slipped by, the furious combat holding the crowd on the tip-toe of excitement, no man gaining the advantage.

The champion was failing. He desperately rallied his fast-going senses and launched a blow at the other. The boxer saw it coming. With a tigerish leap he flew to one side. His speed was incredible, and the champion's blow never landed. The man through an amazing amount of practice was an expert in side-stepping. The next moment a glove, charged with all the strength and power of a splendid, muscular body, caught him under the chin. From then on a new champion reigned.

"But where," eagerly asked a persistent admirer, "did you get that side-step?"

"That," said the new champion soberly, "is the result of a valuable high school education!"

—C.K., 3A

THE PARABLE OF THE GOOD TEACHER

When the half-yearly examination came upon us, we were given a latin paper, devised to puzzle us, and which contained many unanswerable questions.

"A certain student went down from the 4A class to the 4C class, and on the way fell among the 4B ites," who stripped him, and having wounded him, went away, leaving him half dead. Now it happened that a certain teacher went down the same way, and seeing him, he passed by on the other side. In like manner, also another teacher, when he was near the place, and saw him, passed by. But a certain 4C teacher, being on his journey, came near him, and seeing him, was moved with compassion. He, going up to him, bound up his wounds, pouring in oil and wine, and setting him upon his own beast, brought him to the 4C class and took care of him.

The next day he took out two latin books and gave to the student and said:

"Take care of these, and whatever thou shalt "swot" over and above, I, at the end of the year, will repay thee."

—L. TOOMEY, 4th Year

HOW LUKE AND JOHN WENT FORTH FROM HEAVEN

HAD you been in the vicinity of a certain well known mountain on a beautiful July evening, you would have seen two bright, fast-moving lights in the blue-grey haze of the high, winding mountain drive. Then the lights would have been suddenly obscured, and a crash and a splintering of glass would have been heard and then a flash of high-shooting flames would have been observed further down the precipitous mountain side.

The occupants of the car rolled over and over till they each came to rest against a boulder, where they remained motionless. "Dead!" pronounced the despaired ambulance officer, who had rushed to the scene of mishap. The next morning's paper revealed that those killed were: "Mr. Learne, teacher; Mr. Plough, farmer; both of Northern N.S.W.; Mr. Heale, doctor of Central Tablelands, and Mr. Dunn, an American engineer contracting in N.S.W."

The heavy clang of chains echoed and re-echoed through the valley of Death as the spirit of Mr. Learne picked its way among the lurking boulders and drab walls on its ignominious passage to the tortures and torment of Hell.

Naturally, as we are taught from our cradle onwards, the soul of Mr. Dunn went forth to seek admission within the sacred precincts of the Celestial City, whose gates of embellished gold are guarded by Peter, a man of stern visage and vigorous righteousness. Mr. Dunn was somewhat awed by the golden steps and the fast-locked gates, but he advanced boldly to beg admission.

"Who art thou? Whence comest thou and what seekest thou?" asked the resonant voice of Peter. Mr. Dunn's body quivered like a gum leaf in the breeze, as he answered.

"My name is James Dunn. I—I come from the—the earth and I seek permission to live within this city."

"What good deeds hast thou done on earth?" asked the guard as he opened a voluminous book.

"I have helped my fellow men— —I have never committed grievous sin and I have lived according to the Holy laws of the Scriptures," boldly rang the engineer's voice with increasing confidence.

"James Barstow Dunn," read Peter, "engineer, worker of Satan, malicious and avaricious, number of sins committed, ten thousand, nine hundred and eighty-seven. Dunn, I say, go ye forth, even unto Hell, the superheated city of fire, and never stain the purity of these steps with thy sin-covered feet."

"Hell, Oh, Hell!" exclaimed Dunn as he felt himself conducted towards the region of unbearable heat.

It is unnecessary to describe the appearance before Peter of Mr. Plough, farmer and Mr. Heale, doctor. Suffice it to say that both were driven ignominiously forth from the "Pearly Gates" and locked fast in the city of perpetual fire, heat and ruin, where they once more became firm friends with the "malicious and avaricious" American engineer.

"Strike me, if I don't cool this place down before long," said Dunn one day, which seemed even more fiery than the rest. "I have often made places in the States pretty hot, but, by all the curves of Broadway, I'll make this place cooler."

"I'll tell you what," said the doctor, "if you cool this place down, I'll patch up all these half-scalded wrecks we've got here!"

"And then I'll make 'em work and we'll make a farm here which will grow every conceivable thing that can be obtained on that half-starved depression plagued place we came from," ejaculated farmer Plough.

"And instead of this place being Hell," said the quondam Latin teacher who was listening, "it will be Heaven."

Five months later Peter was standing by his gate when two voices as one from within said:

"Let me out, I want to go to Hell."

"Why?" said Peter of his staunch comrades Luke and John, who had made the startling statement.

"Well," answered John, "Heaven has been fairly dull lately and we feel like a change."

Peter frowned but let them out.

Now, Dunn had immediately set to work, though what he did "Old Nick" himself couldn't tell, but it wasn't long before he had constructed huge refrigerators. After leading the power from the fires through the cooler earth in the upper regions, he had led it back and distributed it in the form of cool blasts at convenient positions.

The doctor's boast had not been an idle one, nor the farmer's either, for, instead of scorched wrecks Luke and John found smooth skinned humans; and in the distance, golden cobs of corn and ears of wheat were being reaped. The Fiery Hell had been converted into a land of plenty, peace and coolness.

Whether Luke and John have yet returned to tell their sober-faced friend, Peter, of the changes across the valley we do not know,

but if they have not, we hope they soon will, for great would be the Celestial Guardian's wrath if his friends deserted him for the luxurious and easy way of life, which the "hellish existence" now represents.

—A. G. DECLERCK, F. BUCKLAND.

WHY I AM NOT A GREAT NOVELIST

WHEN I was a young chap I always felt I would like to become a writer; a great novelist or a successful dramatist, so I was always formulating ideas upon different subjects. I realised, of course, that I must begin with short stories for small magazines in small type, but I never made any definite movement until once, when I was in fourth year at school, some "novus homo" in the literary world started a monthly magazine. Here, then, I must begin, I thought. What should I write upon? Fiction? Undoubtedly!

So I began at first on a story about an escaped lunatic. High-flowing words, bombastic diction and any stock phrase I could find in modern novels, were all cast confusedly pell-mell into this thriller. But somehow I didn't like it. It seemed trashy and nonsensical, so I abandoned it.

Then I commenced another—a stable, sensible, emotional love story. The heroine started the story by exclaiming, "Oh! Thou, my most beloved darling! My breast heaves with waves of love for you—my heart is yours, and yours alone, to cherish or to break."

The first chap to read this, burst out laughing so unconstrainedly that I was ashamed to submit it to the editor, so it too, was left in the litter of things forgotten.

After these two failures I began to despair of ever writing anything successful, but the editor came around one day and I was urged to submit an article to the magazine. Again, I began! I spent hours conjuring up ideas, and immediately casting them away as useless again, until suddenly I hit upon a wonderful idea. A motor race involving a tremendous crash and miraculous escapes combined with a mysterious detective story!

Time, paper, labour and patience were all lavishly spent in this master production. The plot, complicated with love, crime, detection, and motor races, gradually developed to the final crisis which culminated in a terrific smash, involving four motor cars, two electric trams and an express train, but more wonderful yet, the miraculous escape of every person concerned.

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Ah! How I read and re-read that story before I handed it in. How I altered a word here and added another there. How I imagined the stir it would cause, the excitement, the interest! Perhaps I would be asked to write more! Or better still, a serial running through each number of the magazine. So I handed the effort to the editor whose benevolent thanks were so profuse as to bother me; and I waited patiently for it to be printed.

Then one day I received the following note from the editor.

Dear Declerck,

"I don't know whether you regard the production of this magazine as a joke or not, but I think it would be so regarded by many if I were to publish the article of yours which I hoped would have helped to raise its literary standard. I certainly deprecate your sense of humour in handing me the most fantastical, over imaginative, improbable and ridiculous story that has ever come under my notice.

Yours emotionally,

Henry George (Editor)"

Well, such is an editor! "Improbable," forsooth! "Ridiculous," indeed! Well by Jove! After that! For, friends, I can say with all honesty that my story, or rather, the framework of the plot, was not fiction at all, but fact. All I had done, was to enlarge upon the facts told me by the great Ashton Wolfe, English detective from the French "Surete!"

That is why I am not a great novelist, for, I have never written a "story" since.

—A. G. DECLERCK, 4th Year.

CAMEOS OF HISTORY NO. 2

Mitchell's aim was to see if Sturt's Darling was the same one as he met in the North. He discovered it was, and then went down to Geelong, passing across what he thought was Australia's felix.

Page Eleven



CINDERS

*A noble tree,—once,
A proud emblem of nature,
Now,
Fire wood flaming,
Casting blood red shadows,
With bursting sparks spluttering in a whirling dance.
A grey spiral of smoke curls upward
Murmuring a protest,
The fire is spent.
Glowing red dims to dirty white,
From dirty white to barren black.*

*And such is man,
A flame,
Leaping from and ending in obscurity;
A flame, flickered to and fro by winds,
Smothered by the embracing wings of time,
Leaving cinders.*

—W. REINES, 4B

AT SUNSET

*The summer day flows on to dreamy dusk,
While shades of mauve and rose the skies enhance
The sinking ball his golden barbs withdraws,
And from the flick'ring fires the smoke plumes dance*

*The birds are softy twitt'ring in their nests,
As though the drowsy world to sleep will lull,
While afar is heard the tinkling brook,
Rippling o'er the pebbles with a murmur dull.*

F.W., 4A.



ODE ON A DEAD WHALE

With Apologies to Shelley.

I.

*O great sea whale, thou curse of Stockton's being,
Thou from whose foul presence the people dead
Are driven, like the flies to thy carcass fleeing.*

*Children, and men, and women, and flappers brown,
Pestilence-stricken multitudes! O thou
Who bringest to that dark dismal town*

*Thy unperfumed body, where it lies alive yet dead,
Still like a mound of worthless ore, until
The bravest man of all the world shall come*

*And remove thy presence from those writhing shores
(Using, I ween, some anti-gas attire)
To quench that base and woeful od'r;*

*Foul Fiend, which art detected everywhere;
Destroyer and conveyor, clear, O clear.*

II.

*Thou up the stream, whilst the high tide was reigning,
Thyself one night through the dark waters didst swim,
And there upon the banks persisted in leaving*

*The unwelcome body! There thou didst heap
On the grey surface of that airy waste,
Like some fierce giant wounded in his sleep*

*By the famous Jack; even from the dim verge
Of the horizon to the zenith's height
Is thy presence detected, Thou herald*

*Of the coming plague, to which our great city
Will be the prey of thy mighty talons!
Be by this means the destroyer of pests,*

*And thus the helper of mankind. O, whale
If foul smells come, can thou be far behind?*

—W.D.H., 4A.

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L'autre Redacteur.

ODE TO LLOYD

BEFORE READING HIS MAGAZINE

*O Lloyd, 'tis now thou shalt reach fame,
Far higher than those present here,
On sounder leaves than we can claim,
(Your journal's leaves, yet to appear).*

*You now may have a poet's name,
A name to live on old time's screen,
To burn and be a living flame,
Made famous by your magazine.*

*You give us students of the best,
(The very best that you receive)
If not, you try to write the rest,
To make up the requisite leaves.*

*You make it sweeter now, to live
Among these subjects, each so boring,
For now, our care we all can give
Unto your "Mag," instead of snoring.*

*O you who warble soft and sweet,
Echoing lustres' altar gate,
Accept, O Lloyd, this poor conceit
As tribute to your fine estate.*

—W. REINES, 4B.

ODE TO LLOYD

AFTER READING HIS MAGAZINE

*O Lloyd, you're really not to blame,
By all us critics present here,
But better leaves than you can claim,
In your journal, should appear.*

*You cannot hold a poet's name,
But, one to laugh at when 'tis seen,
Just to amuse, and be a game;
Infamous by your magazine.*

*Our patience, you do sorely test,
The reader, slabs of books receives,
And then 'tis you, who write the rest
To make up the requisite leaves.*

*You make it safer now, to live
Among these subjects each so boring,
Your "mag," to us a pain doth give,
So we again revert to snoring.*

—W. REINES, 4B

DEATH

*The wind was moaning all the dismal day,
The swishing rain in torrents fell,
The surf roared down and rose in spray,
And dark earth loomed a weary grave
Where lurking fear, a chainless slave,
Crept in the grey death cell.*

*The cell was earthen man, afraid of death
A pallid face shone languid in the gloom,
A gasping sigh sucked in its feeding breath;
Unearthly hopelessness sorrowed the air;
A choking sob, that left but body there—
Sardonic death sneered at the sordid room.*

—W. REINES, 4B.

EXAGGERATED FEAR

*The loud accusing voice of quiet,
The blazed unwinking light of day,
The breathless black of barren night,
Gibbering like some wailing sprite,
Exults, and holds my soul at bay.*

—W. REINES, 4B.

THE PERFECT SCHOOL

(After reading Oliver Goldsmith—"The Deserted Village")

*At half-past eight each morning, true to time,
A host of boys walk in a perfect line,
Up to a new school, built with bricks so red,
Which school is ruled by an iron-handed Head.
The bell at nine o'clock precisely, rings,
The boys their thoughts now turn to graver things.
They march upstairs in neat and stately row,
Discard their hats and to their lockers go,
They tip-toe, quietly, to their seats once more.
A sound—all eyes are turned towards the door,
At once, with one accord the boys all stand,
For in the teacher walks with books in hand.
"So I have blighted your young lives I hear!
But you'll survive it, boys, never fear,"
He yawns, which is an omen bad for all
And then begins to pose a question tall.
"Jack Smith, who reigned in 1698?"
And Jack, bewildered holds his whirling pate,
Then musters up his pluck and whispers low,
"King James." "Indeed that's something I don't know"
Replies the teacher with his gravest air.
"Your work at one time used to be quite fair."
His eagle eye perceives a student late,
He yawns and groans (the boy yields to his fate)
"And what excuse have you to-day Bill Rowe?"
Poor Billy quivers, then he whispers low
"The tram ran off its line, Sir, if you please."
The teacher frowns, the pupil knocks his knees.
"Now, Bill, I really to the Head must speak
Your tram runs off its line five times a week
You're absolutely getting out of hand."
"Now, boys, what made King George's reign so grand?"
"The First Reform Bill." cries a boy who knows.
"Oh—History by Tim Matthews, I suppose!
Well, that's a bad guess, now just try again,
You needn't bother fiddling with your pen
It won't tell you the answer, dear, oh! dear,
You boys will have me grey within a year."*

"The Cabinet System! ! Good, you've guessed it right.
 It seems that suet puddings can be bright,
 Bill, you are wasting time, go to your seat."
 The work drones on again, then all hearts beat,
 For now the bell upon the still air clanks.
 They heave a sigh "For this relief, much thanks."
 The teacher rises, languidly irate,
 While murmuring "the morning hymn of hate."

—"BOZO"

THIRD YEAR

Air: In Eleven More Months and Ten More Days.

Yes! Here I am back here again,
 Back where I was before,
 The Head he says that I've got to
 Repeat third year once more.
 Yes! Just another year of toil,
 And here's the reason why:
 I didn't even get a "B,"
 But I had a darn good try.

Chorus:

In nine more months and no more days,
 The Inter'll make me swear,
 In nine more months and no more days,
 Unhappily I'll fare.

Our Maths teacher has just begun
 To Speak in soothing tones,
 That puts all third year fast asleep
 With yawns, with snores and groans;
 And he sometimes makes well-worn jokes,
 And then is clapped and laughed,
 We sleeping ones wake up, and then
 We wonder what was last.

Repeat Chorus.

For English teachers like to dwell
 On idiotic things,
 Some simple plays of Shakespeare or
 The dates of Britain's kings;
 But, when the papers are set for
 That terrorising day,
 They give me abstruse Oberon—
 So this is why we say

Repeat Chorus.

The Head, he strolls about the rooms,
 And gives himself such airs,
 And thinks of things illustrious
 But gives me vacant stares;
 For well they know the day will come
 Which more Inters. will bring,
 With questions he will taunt me so—
 So this is why I sing:

Repeat Chorus.

Come, let me now be merry, for
 I'm with old friends down here,
 I've chucked all my old third year pals
 And now I am back here;
 And I know the Head would scowl at me
 If he saw me to-day,
 So let me make merry until
 About nine months to-day.

Repeat Chorus.

—LE NOIL, 3rd Year.

4D MATHS

And now I shall endeavour,
 To bring before your eyes
 A picture of those studious lads,
 Who try to be so wise.

First on the list is Burdekin,
 An athlete tall and swift.
 But when there's Euclid on the board,
 His pen he cannot shift.

And then comes Peg, a perfect sheik,
A sight to strike the eyes.
Or so the girls on sports day thought,
But we thought otherwise.

Now we turn to one named Rufe;
He always parts his hair.
And then there's Clack, the gifted one,
They make a lonely pair.

"King" Grierson is another,
We cannot leave him out.
For if we did his eyes would fill
With tears, and flood us out.

Our little lamb is Thomas,
To school he comes each day.
He's never missed a day this year,
At least that's what he says.

Young "Bocki" is our 'keeper spy,
His shriek is all his own.
But when he takes one on the shin,
You ought to hear him moan.

D.D. is our professor,
His Hums and Ha's are grand.
But we could hardly be complete,
Without him in our band.

Young Buckland has a marcel wave,
And so has "Pen" a flash "un,"
While Garnet has a water one
To be quite in the fashion.

One moment we must tarry,
There's one that's known to fame.
Our "Sally in our Alley,"
And Carter is the name.

Now Roger Rye and Jimmy Edge,
Young Sparks and Williams too.
All go to make that happy band,
Of whom I'm telling you.

We must not miss the teacher,
And Mr. Goode's the name.
But though he bought a dust coat new,
It's chalky just the same.

But now my story I must end,
For I fear that I must bore you.
I hope you know them better now
Those boys I placed before you.

—J.J.J., 4D

IN MEMORIAM

H. G. S.

(Written in 4B room between 9 and 9.40 a.m. on the request of
several gentlemen)

O Herb, thou should'st be with us here again!
Our Circle into dark iniquity has sunk.
Since thou hast drifted far beyond our ken
We all of Lethe's waters dark have drunk.
Our hearts are sad!

No more we hear thy voice in song
Casting forth oaths at fearsome Maths.;
No more the voice of him we know as Strong,
Delights the literary ear with blithesome chaff.
Thy voice is still!

Thoud'st be surprised, thy heart be sore,
If thou could'st see the gloom that lies
Upon the faces of thy friends of yore,
Each who with his own neighbour vies
To fill thy place.

O Herb', return to us again;
Take up thy pen and fill the air
With thine own sweet, melodious strain,
O Herb', return!

—J.G.B.

AUTUMN

*Breathless autumn
Fluttering on scarlet wings,
Like a gaily-feathered bird,
Scorched by
Variegated hues of distant rainbow fires,
Seeing, senile summer
Lazily basking in the sun,
Scatters over her,
A leafy patch-work quilt,
Compiled by
A multiplicity of conflicting colours
Yellow flamed to sunset gold,
Glowing green, gilded blood red,
Rich brown veined with delicate russet,
As if, the madcap wind,
Had extravagantly hosed nature
With a sensuous profusion of colours.
The mellow joy of summer's wine,
Overflows from
The boisterous cup of autumn.*

—W. REINES, 4B

DERELICT

*A nigrescent languidness oppresses the air,
The once teeming streets stretch endlessly,
Glistening lonely,
Save for a few loiterers, deserted.
The blind, groping buildings of day,
Melt to mellow grandeur of sombre night,
Casting vague flickering shadows.*

*Wild unhept, bleary eyed,
A ghost of yesterday's manhood
Slouches at the lurid corner,
Leering at those passing by,
With dissipated glaring stare,
The demoniacal stare of stifled lust.*

*An urchin, rugged, rosy,
Cleanly moulded, in limbs and mind,
Light-heartedly, passing the dark and dismal corner,
In some simple every-day manner,
Ludicrously commonplace,
Slips, twisting his ankle.
His cry of pain, poignant, surprised,
Attracts the bleary eyes of the rotting wreck;
The boy limps away.*

*Roused from the stupor of his soulless sleep,
The derelict is carried on anguished floods of memory
Back to his childhood days;
Mirrored, as if in misty spray,
He sees himself as an unblemished boy,
Calmly sailing the shallow waters of infancy,
Until, inexplicably drawn by some irresistible current,
He is swirled into turbid, sluggish streams,
Which whirl him
Over the turbulent route to the rapids,
Though sore and seared he keeps afloat,
And now, on his last course,
Hears the incessant call of the falls.*

*He groans,
A black cloud obscures the moon,
The derelict rattles his few coins,
And, Mephistopheles,
Contemplating a little square of earth,
Thoughtfully expectorates.*

—W. REINES, 4B



PREFECTS' NOTES

Wherever you go
 Whatever you do
 I'd like you to know
 I'm following you.

HOWEVER, our term of office is rapidly drawing to a close and it is not for us to judge and criticise. But what an abundance of memories is ours, to be cherished and nurtured down through the years, memories of achievement and failure, of give and take, and of the sympathetic comradeship that has been so essentially a part of us. We are now to be separated, each to his calling, to grapple with the problems and pitfalls of existence, but every individual through and by himself, no longer as a group of carefree students.

Much of the credit for the harmonious conductance of the school is undoubtedly due to Len Cane, our captain, who was ever popular and while never over-bearing, was always firm and reliable. We would like to ask Len how much he spent on sulphur for that sore on his chin?

Our thanks are due to our sergeant-major of French extract, who has "shunned" the school admirably. His weekly practice on Friday afternoon when he appears complete with baton (some call it a "stick") would make Mr. Cannon turn an unusual shade with envy.

One of our worthy members has an aptitude for drawing aeroplanes and racing cars in the English period. We wish him success in his career, especially should he paint aeroplanes out of sight.

A certain member with red hair showed recently marked womanish tendencies, on exposure. We would be glad if he would pay attention to this with a view to correction.

We are extremely touched by the affinity that a certain stout member has for his desk and language books. We recommend that in order to avoid a heart-rending separation, he be presented with them "to love, honour and cherish."

We are wondering (quite innocently) when and where our Headmaster got his "car." It has quite stolen our hearts away.

And so let us "conclude and be agreed" passing on as all before us have passed on here for one brief minute and then scattered to some success while some fall by the wayside, all cherishing their never-to-be-forgotten school days. We have done our bit and said our say and in passing we wish you good luck, good times, good-bye.

—WALLACE PULLEN

SCHOOL SUGGESTIONS

Old Boys' Club.

Location: Preferably over the wall at dinner time, but quite away from prefects and observation.

Preliminary Qualification: At least six months undetected dodging (prefects and homework), detected occasions not to count.
 Scope:—

(1) General Training.

- (a) Practice in not blinking the eyelids on special occasions.
- (b) Instruction in the art of immediately recognising the passage and moods of a certain high member of the staff.
- (c) Practice at slyly (or openly) "inching" someone else's "Pacific Blu" (or any other article desired).
- (d) Mutual instruction followed by practice in obtaining a front line position in the tuck shop at dinner time. This method has been carefully worked out (but not tried) and consists of sleight of hand and easy manipulation of pins, etc.
- (e) Instruction in hypnotism followed by practice on members of staff where possible.

(2) Physical Training.

- (a) State (i) :
 Bringing the internal organs to such a pitch as to be immediately inflicted with acute trouble during tests, etc.
- State (ii) Practice in producing, bunions, corns, boils, burns, sprains or 'flu immediately prior to examinations and visits of the inspectors.
- State (iii): Perfection exercises in "diddling the Doctor." (Consisting of practice in "The quickness of the hand deceives the eye," applied to the passing of text books and notes during tests.

(3) Recreational Training.

Linguistic perfection in the art of obtaining free drinks, cakes, chocolates, etc., at tuck shop.

—J.J.J., 4D

EXCERPTS

The scene was on a six-day old mining camp when excitement was great and gold fever prevalent. The air was full of hard talking intermingled with foul oaths due to some of the inferior type of man drinking the cheap "rot-gut" whisky which was on sale for gold.

Automatics spat flame and a sub-machine gun came into play. The men, shielded by their vans, shot, and shot to kill. Men dropped with various parts of their bodies shattered—an untimely end for once good men. The slaughter was terrible, but it wavered and stopped. The men were too well shielded. But occasionally a prolonged shriek would ring out, a shriek that made strong men, despite themselves, shiver.

This arousing poem (Destruction of Sennacherib) containing such a gallant rattle of rhymes, written by Lord Byron, has no common aim or purpose. At the commencement of the poem the author tells how the enemy approached seemingly with power or pelf, bold, brave, full of stamina and fearless. They came with all their beauty and glamour.

Of the exploring party, one was speared by the blacks, and the party was left one more less.



To whom will belong the School Song, "John Peel," the Newcastle High School at Waratah, or the new, Newcastle Junior High School 'on the hill?'



STRICTLY CONFIDENTIAL PRIVATE LETTER BETWEEN TWO SCHOOL BOYS.

The Lookout,
Alias The Hill,
Newcastle,
No date to speak of.

Dear One Ned (with variations),

I dimly remember receiving a letter from you in the long past ago, a little while before. But forget that and don't argue. For all you know this letter might have been written in medieval or modern times (the language rather points to medieval I think), for the very learned epistle bears no traces of a chronological date that you or I might speak of. I hope you can see there is something pertaining to an excuse in this somewhat inverted translation.

I have been thinking over your philosophy concerning the species of blokekind, called by the large majority of youthkind, "slave drivers," and examining it in a practical manner, found many atrocious examples of inhuman cruelty in my noble pile. You asked after the state of mathematics? That foul — — — — has become a wash-out since our learned latin teacher philosophising one fine morn, told to the assembled multitude before him (means in front of him in this sense), that no unwashed loon had yet expounded the theory that $2 + 2 = 4$. He also proved in a very thrilling manner that black equalled white. He made my hair stand on end when he asked me what the thing 2 was, and who white was and where did he live. Enough of mathematics, I should say philosophy. What about history? Well—I am thinking of visiting Hades in search of Luther and his gang. I might have been a confirmed spiritualist or a cannibal—but for him. Enough of school? You've said it!!

Well (passionate sigh) the weather (the next topic that is generally dealt with in order of merit) has been rather bloated. It has drunken overmuch of late, and unable to hold itself in the bounds of common decency, has overflowed, leaving a trail of flood waters and lifesize footprints around our fashionable villa (Australian type) on the lookout termed by the shore-dwellers "the hill."

How goes thy thouself? You used to be one of the aristocrats (twisting it round for translation like) of the noble pile of your antiquated establishment, I doubt not. Alas! our standing as aristocrats has been much abused. The instincts of life in us have been

much suppressed up here in the fresh air. Pardon the casting of my thoughts back to scholastic things, but I am so much bound up in my abode and my occupation that it pains me to think I have omitted any aspect of my daily life.

However, cependant I must draw this noble epistle to a just close, hoping to hear from you in the immediate present.

Yours,

Alphonso, of the royal line of the Novocastrian hill-dwellers.

—R. RYE

PLAY NIGHT

IF there was one night in the year when first years brushed their curly heads and washed their grubby faces, when second years were to be seen in collars, when third years pretended to be grown up and escorted young ladies into the gallery, and when the grave old seniors felt young again—in short, if there was one night in the year which the whole school looked forward to more than any other, that night was play night.

What a time we used to have behind the scenes! Stumbling over scenery, struggling into garments neither man nor nature intended for us, squeezing a size eight foot into pulp in a desperate endeavour to condense it into a size two shoe, and heartily cursing a make-up artist who has turned out to be an impressionist of the first water and not over punctilious about the "point of honour."

Yes, they were happy memories, but now alas, are they fled, for barely a year ago the very structure of society was shaken to its foundations. It was decreed that Play Night was to be no more; and so we languished and pined, heavy of heart and broken in spirit, no longer caring for the scholarly pursuits that we had once sought after so eagerly. No longer did we do our maths homework, and even our English went to the "demnition bow-wows." Indeed it was the greatest shock experienced by the scientific world since Einstein discovered his relativity, and it is without doubt the darkest spot in the history of the school.

For a whole year our hearts have been as voices crying in the wilderness, but now at last have those voices been heard, and the blot is about to be wiped from off our escutcheon for ever—if not longer. Well, to make a short story shorter, fifth year in a moment of intoxication resulting from a rather generous nip of school spirit, decided to return to school after the Leaving Certificate examina-

tion is over, in order to produce a break-up concert, or rather a variation of the play nights of yore. This concert will take place in the Town Hall just prior to the Christmas holidays, and the proceeds will go into the school funds. On the 10th of October fifth year held a meeting to elect an organising committee. This meeting made a political election campaign peaceful by comparison, and Brown-Bishop, who held the floor had to carry out the election between bursts of cheering, booing and interjecting. The meeting had one good issue, however, since Goodenough gained the speaker's eternal gratitude by absenting himself from the gathering. The committee, which is composed of Brown-Bishop, Boardman, Cane, Willis and Pike, now has the matter well in hand. A fifth year orchestra is being formed, and the Annex has been invited to co-operate, although at the time of writing these notes, we have not yet had a reply.

All fifth year is clamouring for a ballet, so if any of the committee happen to be seen at the pictures on a Wednesday afternoon, the school will know that they have sacrificed their sport in order to obtain inspiration. Talking of ballets, we cannot pass over this subject without mentioning the terrific loss we have sustained in the departure of Holinshead from our midst.

This play night will be unique inasmuch as all the arrangements, including production, will be carried out by fifth year without the direction of any member of the staff, and they will do their utmost to produce something worthy of the traditions of the old school. It is to be hoped that the rest of the school will stand behind them as one man and give them its whole-hearted support. It is then up to the fifth years that will follow on, to re-establish permanently the old tradition of Play Night at Newcastle High.

--B.B.B., 5A

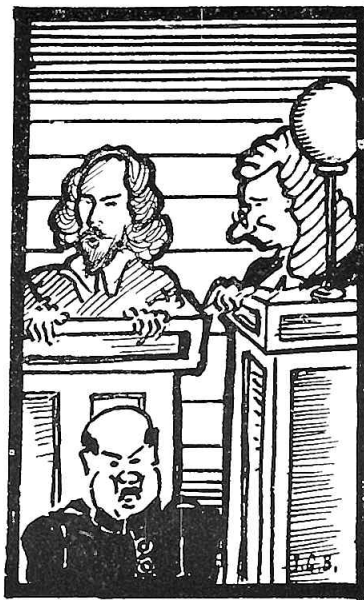
MR. W. SHAKESPEARE

Being the substance of an Address, delivered to "The Fourth Year Literary Society."

Shakespeare's life has been veiled in a filmy mist of obscurity, and critics in traversing the vast labyrinth of time, have only succeeded in thickening the mist to a dense fog. Beginning at the beginning, most appellations are connected vitally with the owners thereof, so let us analyse the dramatist's name.

The word Shakespeare consists of the syllables Shakes and peare. In regard to the first, Shakespeare must have had the habit of

shaking; why did he shake? Alcohol! What connection is there between shakes and peare? No connection whatever, but there is a definite association between shakes and beer! Therefore, as Shakespeare only signed his name thus once, and was probably intoxicated at the time, it is our opinion that his name was not Shakespeare, but Shakesbeer.



..... Alcohol!



..... signed his name thus.

Even when he was writing "Macbeth," Shakesbeer was so exceedingly drunk that he allowed spirits to pervade the play, even subjugating Macbeth to such a state of inebriety, that he exclaims,

"What is this I see before me?"

but suddenly becoming aware of what is causing him to see such visions, mutters

"Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses."

Shakesbeer was not capable of keeping beer out of his plays; in King Henry IV he naturally named his characters in accordance with his mood—

Bardolph
Edmund Mortimer
Earl of Westmoreland.
Richard Scroop.

Beer again! Frothing over, uncontrolled by his exuberant spirits, Queen Elizabeth was so delighted with the play, that she persuaded him to write "The Merry Wives of Windsor," in the same strain.

As Shakesbeer was on friendly terms with Bacchus, we must be prepared for his characters. That Orsino is intoxicated is self-evident, in inebrious discontentment he declares,

"Enough, no more
'Tis not so sweet now as it was before.
O spirit . . ."

then in drunken confusion, he contradicts this by continuing

"How quick and fresh art thou!"

and intoxicated by the spirit in question, murmurs in delirium,

"Abatement and low price."

Again, Macbeth is always "seeing things"; self-confessedly, his mind "is full of scorpions." (Shakesbeerian for lobsters). On one occasion he was so drunk that he declared,

"Stones have been known to move, and trees to speak."

To him

"Nothing is, but what is not,"

spirits being the final cause of his downfall. Then spots came before Lady Macbeth's eyes,

"Out damned spot!"

cried she, and delirium tremens necessitated the presence of a trained nurse.

In "What You Will," Shakesbeer is extravagantly generous, he is in his element, actually partaking of the spirit of the play; he is present at all the revels of Sir Toby and Sir Andrew, and in his happy mood, sets a question, very applicable to all sanctimonious hypocrites, "Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale"; Sir Toby in a vigorous challenge to the world, says,

"He's a coward and a coystriill that will not drink"—
it is really the Shakesbeer in Sir Toby, that we love.

Keeping the fact in mind, that in Shakesbeer's time a measure was a goblet, we will get an inkling of what is meant by "Measure for Measure." A modern critic, untrammelled by the conventional "Shakespearean" complex, suggests that "Measure for Measure" was but an archaic form of "pint for pint."

It is surprising how many of Shakesbeer's plays mention spirits. In "The Tempest" we have spirits to brighten Prospero, who, how-

ever never allows them to get the upper hand, but they have a different effect upon Ferdinand, making bells to ring in his ears. Even Brutus talks about,



.... no more cakes and ale.



.... even to walk a chalk line.

"The insuppressive mettle of our spirits"

and is eventually overcome by spirits (belonging to Caesar), while spirits are also mentioned in "Richard III" and "Henry VIII." Apparently tiring of spirits in "Henry VI," Shakesbeer reverts to "Burgundy," thus making him even less able to walk a chalk line.

Therefore, in conclusion, if instead of trying to pierce the filmy mist of obscurity enmantling Shakesbeer, we take into account his beery complex, it will be apparent that it was the spirit (dating back to his father's time), that made "Hamlet" mad, and we will see that anyone to appreciate Shakesbeer fully, must be drunk.

—W. REINES, 4B

THE HORRORS OF WAR

DENSE clouds of grime, smoke, gas whirl about in the air. War—the creator of nations, the destroyer—countries' most promising sons are all mown down in this slaughter-house of the world.

The clouds lift a little. A soldier, all bloody, ghastly, mute. He stretches forth his hands appealingly; his eyes burning with pain, with sorrow, with desire. The supernatural urges him forward. He dares not tarry. He passes sorrowfully onwards.

At home, his wife waits tear-stained, anxious for his home-coming. She sits by the window, looking into the infinite, hoping against all hope he is safe—all in vain. The many years of toil and trouble have left their mark on her brow. On her knee—a child, chuckling, happy, unaware of the sanguinary strife that is rampant in the world—strife, that he might one day participate in. The wife rises, moves on . . .

A raid is in progress. Ranks, innumerable ranks move across the battlefield. The phut-phut of machine guns. Men drop—ranks thin out. No compassion on their comrades' faces, no flicker of pity or remorse. They are machines. All human feelings have been driven out of their hearts. The strong, the strong and brave only, prevail; the weak, the cowardly, go under, become physical wrecks . . . contemptible. But, the brave are only strong in mind, for what can resist the murderous bullets of the enemy

Lurid flashes—shells hurtle by—shells, made by man to destroy man. Across the field are strewn, the crippled, the dying and those past all human aid. Ambulance patrols pick up the wounded but formally, coldly, methodically

The pilot, in his 'plane, peers over the cockpit, smiles grimly . . . A bomb is released. The ambulance patrol is wiped out. The air is mixed with thick smoke, oozing out from implements of war. And as if engraved in the smoke is the fiend, gloating, exultant The scene of the combat vanishes.

On the sea, battleships plough through the water, eager—eager for the fray. A torpedo darts towards one of them. The ship swings aside. The torpedo flies past—harmless. Next moment, the bridge is struck. The third torpedo is more successful—just above water-line. Confusion! Boats are lowered, but the crew are wiped out by machine gun fire. The sea opens up and swallows the battleship. A few survivors, but—sharks. Cries of terror are heard, but they are of no avail.

Even in countries where war is not being waged, spies prow, gaining information of the country's armaments, fortifications and policy abroad. They live by treachery, playing a double game, cold, determined, ruthless, not caring for the misery they cause.

The mist thickens—darkness.

—C. REINES, 3B