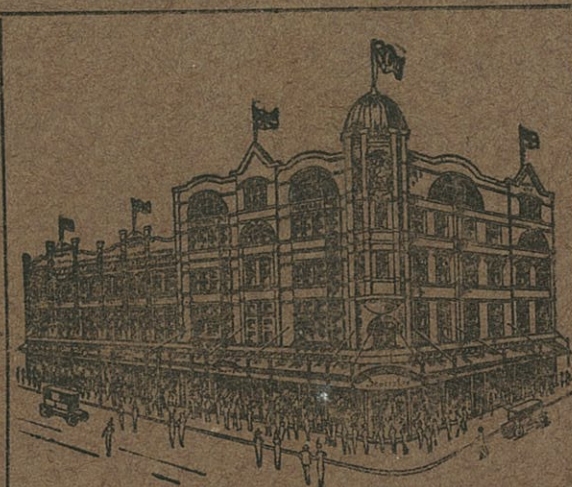


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DECEMBER, 1917.
Vol. 7 - No. 2



Newcastle.
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1917

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School Officials, 1917.



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The Newcastleian.

THE MAGAZINE OF THE NEWCASTLE HIGH SCHOOL.

VOL. 7.

December Number, 1917.

NO. 2

OFFICERS.

Patron	W. WILLIAMS, B.A.
Editor	R. G. HENDERSON.
Committee	...	SPORTS OFFICIALS and SUB-PREFECTS.		

The Strike-Breakers.

(By "The Yank.")

A strike is always very serious to some people, and the would-be Railway and Tramway jokers soon realised that they were the joke and the Government was the laughter. However, because of this carefully planned and pleasant little joke against Mr. Muller, every class of the community was affected. Even High School students felt the industrial trouble, and spoke with great vehemence on the subject. As to the teachers, they had to talk about it in their sleep, because they needed all their breath for their daily perambulations to and from "work." No doubt the change was enjoyable, and if kept up for long, might even have had some physical effect on them, but as to this fact the teachers alone can decide. However, after a little of this exercise one lanky genius, imbued with an earnest desire to escape school regime for a while, although ostensibly of course to help his King and country, volunteered to do a little light work. Strange to relate, the Commissioner didn't seem to require somebody to advise him how to soothe his playful employees, but suggested a little engine cleaning.

Upon accepting this lucrative position, the lanky one was conveyed in Mr. Jno. Brown's Rolls Royce to the Hamilton loco sheds. After an interview with a regiment of grave-faced officials he was consigned to the tender mercies of Hartie, the foodmonger, who was scratching his nose thoughtfully with a meat axe, and commanding the sausages to lie down. After a "light snack," the animated worker wandered forth and met another High School youth, fashion-attired in a sky blue jersey and a cap. Of course he had other things on, but they don't matter. We made a pilgrimage to an office, where an unhappy youth was attempting to sign about 50 men off, answer seven 'phones at once, and mend the chain on his bike. "You attend to the 'phones," demanded a person who in appearance might have been Ned Kelly's twin brother. "S'easy," answered the lank, as he removed his hat and sat down luxuriously on an up-turned smoke-begrimed box. His first move was to tie all the receivers together and to invite the telegraphists at the respective stations in a very pointed manner to "shut up." Wherewith he settled down to sleep, with an inglorious chorus of 'phones going as a lullaby.

Meanwhile, the owner of the flaming jersey was energetically inscribing "N.H.S.," "Remis Velisque," and other similar monograms on the sides of the locos. "What's 'N.H.S.' stand for?" enquired a dirty faced cleaner, dressed fashionably in a pair of blue dungarees about 10 sizes too big for him, who was blowing his nose on a piece of cotton waste. "Why, you're got hay seed in your hair, sport," remarked the youth, with inspiring affability, terminating his remark with an ear-splitting yell as his fingers came into contact with a hot steam-pipe. "Go and light the lamp," said the leading engineer when the yelling had

subsided. So off went the cherub to carry out the command. With a glare in one hand and a piece of preserved pear in the other, he went on his round, expressing very pointed remarks on gas mantles generally. Most of the gas jets were broken—they all were after his first hour—and his personal appearance was considerably enhanced by the addition of about a hundredweight of soot and coal dust. This, however, seemed to add to his good humour.

Meanwhile, the telephonist has been aroused from his slumbers by turning a double somersault from his lofty seat, upon which he went home to rest, saying that the exigencies of work had quite fatigued him.

On the morrow, a further schoolboy addition was made to the staff. He was porky and big, and had an elegant gait that would have done credit to a snail with the influenza. He addressed all and sundry as "lad," usually remarking that the weather was fine, which was a lie, because he couldn't see the weather for soot. It was arranged that he was to sleep with the lamp lighting expert, but it was late at night when he arrived at his bunk, having been on a nocturnal prow for tuck. From his capacious pockets he produced a tin of pears and a tin of tongues, which he proceeded to devour with avidity; and while he refreshed himself he warbled a few lines of that pleasant lyric, "Broken Doll." Presently a drowsy voice was heard to bellow from the adjoining apartment, "How'd thin-k-k a fellow can slee-e-e-p when yer kickin' up such a row." The budding musician then ceased his lay, his feelings having been offended by this criticism. After consuming his provisions he was heard to yawn and finally said outright that he felt dashed miserable. Upon being apprised of this melancholy chain of events, the long one wrote the lines [see appendix] which aroused the feelings of the entire shed, "A Tin of Pears" or "The Loco Shed's Tragedy."

The adventures of the unhappy poet may be imagined when it is stated that the subject of the poem forced him by dire threats to rest his weary bones in the boiler of a disused engine, and to walk on tip-toe wherever he went. One day, however, the victim went for a trip to the Creek (not Throsby Creek, but Werris Creek) and, we are told, nearly burned his fingers by attempting to slide a thermometer down the funnel of the loco. to see if the water in the boiler was hot. He knows now. He said they had a rare toasting fire on, too.

After a fortnight of this original work, the Government told these humble workers that they were overworking themselves, and should take a holiday, which they agreed to do, and so returned to school. But it is sure that they will never forget the happy days when they were strike-breakers.

The shades of soot were falling fast,
As into Hartie's cook-house pass'd
A youth who had more skin than bones,
Who cried in faint and famish'd tones—
"A tin of pears."

His brow was sad, and moist his eye,
He drew a deep despairing sigh,
And as he staggered to his seat
They heard his feeble voice repeat—
"A tin of pears."

"Try not the pears," old Hartie said,
"You know that you are overfed,
And no more room remains inside,"
But loud that clarion voice replied—
"A tin of pears."

Said poor old Hartie in despair,
"You must be soft, I do declare,
I've kept cook-houses many a year,
But never known a boy to clear
A tin of pears."

When all his dainties hove in sight,
He danced a tango with delight;
With waistcoat buttons all undone
He then demolished one by one
"A tin of pears."

Alas! his inner man was pack'd,
His vital organs fail'd to act,
And with a wild and startled cry
He sank, weigh'd down in anguish by
A tin of pears.

There in the cook-house on the mat,
Writhing in agony he sat,
And ere his eyelids closed in death,
He murmur'd with his latest breath—
"A tin of pears."

Benevolent Day.

On the 30th November, a most brilliant display was held in aid of the Newcastle Hospital and Benevolent Day Fund.

One of the most important features was the school display, the place of honour being occupied by the Newcastle High School. The Red Cross Flag, composed of primary school pupils, surrounded the coal monument, on the top of which stood Misses M. Gray, K. McKenna and Z. Clark, representing Faith, Hope and Charity. The base of the monument was covered by a bevy of girls dressed as Red Cross Nurses. The living group showed up many happy but sun-burnt faces.

In the four plots surrounding the monument were represented the Casualty Ward, the Outdoor Hospital Work, the Benevolent Home and the Children's Ward. The Casualty Ward consisted of a bed, in which reposed a sick patient, whose head was bandaged, the result of a fall (?). He was envied by many, being shielded from the sun by a heavy net. At the head of the bed stood G. Wheeler as matron, at whose side stood J. Dick, the surgeon, while at the foot of the bed Nurses McCloskey, Braye and Pryor turned their efforts to bandage the broken arms of two pupils.

Another plot was taken up with the Outdoor Hospital Work, consisting of an ambulance, kindly made by Mr. Scoular and drawn by a friendly bull-dog. The out-door matron, E. James, was a great success, being mistaken by many for the genuine thing.

Now, let us turn our eyes to the Benevolent Home. This was an amusement as well as a success, consisting of three old women (Misses Slater, Toll and Dawson), whose efforts were turned to knitting socks, and two old men (Purcell and Abbott).

The last, though not least, plot was occupied by a bed (kindly lent by the hospital), nurses, and some very ill and crabby babies. The nurses (Mary Tingle, Lucy Jarvie, Dorothy Gow and Madge Stephenson) were very attentive to their wards.

Altogether the tableau was a great success, and may be seen in a local photographer's window.

Besides much speaking, presentations, etc., three songs were rendered by the primary schools. At the termination of the display the pupils were allowed to disperse, and many were seen rushing toward a place of refuge, for ice cream.

Honour's Call.

(By "Gollywog.")

Now our gallant boys in khaki,
In the trenches wet and muddy,
Think about their Christmas comforts,
Which they know we will be sending
From their far off native country,
From the place for which they're longing,
Where the sun is always shining.

Our brave boys are nobly fighting
For the freedom we're enjoying.
Never do they think of turning,
Though the foe is so persistent,
That they fear they may not beat him;
But their hearts are always cheery,
Led by men who have no tremors,
Nobly have they done their duty.

Soon we hope for their returning,
And the end of all this fighting,
Little thought we when they left us
That we would so long be waiting,
But we will before long meet them
In their own dear native country—
Then we will once more be happy
For our gallant boys returning.

Fourth Year Frolic.

It was on one of those November days when the light comes less fiercely through a soft Hayes which seems to fill the air about you, and turns into purple on the far-distant hill tops, that a party set out to explore the till then unknown district surrounding Spiers' Point.

The excitement commenced when our most illustrious captain upheld her reputation of procrastination by nearly missing the Toronto express.

Nothing further happened till we arrived at the city of Cockle Creek, where we observed, much to our astonishment, several curious-looking individuals travelling about in rickshaws in the form of station trolleys. Our astonishment was greatly increased when it was found that they (the individuals) were two of the party.

The "boys" now invaded the boat shed in search of the "Dad," but, finding that it was not in use, they had to be content with the good ship "Nifty" and three others, which conveyed the party to its destination. The "Nifty" proved her sterling value by becoming only half full of water on the sea voyage.

When we landed once more on "terra firma," our chaperon opened the chapter with an exciting game of rounders, which was played under baseball rules. Intense excitement prevailed for about half an hour, when the game died a natural death.

The next item on the programme was an improvised game of cricket, played under active service conditions.

The writers will not dwell long on the subject of dinner, as it was dwelt on long enough by the participants. Suffice it to say that it went off remarkably well. It was during this period of the operations that our special photographer took a snapshot of our chaperon, which depicts him in the act of diving on a cream cake made by ———, a most angelic expression on his countenance.

After dinner someone proposed that we should have a small excursion on the Lake. This was assented to by a general "darby" on the boats. The diversity of course was conspicuous at first, but in time the boats congregated off Marmone Point, and then ensued a desperate race back to Spiers' Point, which ended in a dead-heat.

After being counted out we had a game of ——— [Censored, which is quite an old game] and a turn at the swings until we were turned off them by the Caretaker.

Nothing more of note happened, and at 6.30 we set out to catch the seven o'clock train at Cockle Creek, and arrived there punctually as the train was starting.

We scrambled aboard it; there was a scream of the whistle, a final look at the lake, and then we were rapidly whirled back in the direction of the N.H.S.

[N.B.— Our next contribution will be entitled, "Should censorship of the press and of picnics be abolished or not?"]

CHAPERON'S REPORT.—The affair was very enjoyable, except that the last game was somewhat dull. The weather and the cream puffs were all that could be desired, and the conduct of the children was excellent.

Calypso's Isle.

(By H.M.)

Slowly the sun god descended
To his kingdom in the west,
And the sea-bird flew o'er the water,
Seeking her rocky nest.

On a lonely, beautiful island,
Weaving her silky web,
Sat the fair goddess Calypso,
Watching the slow tides ebb.

O'er the rocks and the boulders trickled
A tiny splashing stream,
And the last low song of the wood-birds
Came soft as in a dream.

A Trip to Mount Sugarloaf.

(By Lorna Keene).

It was one of those June days, when the light falls less fiercely through a soft haze, that seems to fill the air about you and that grows into purple on the far distant hilltop, a party of about twenty set out to explore the summits of Mount Sugarloaf, a spur of the Great Dividing Range.

It was not merely a pleasure trip, for some of us, being art students, determined to combine pleasure with study and examine the different formations of plant life. It was when sitting in an oozy nook where the dainty clematis shook out its bells, and lower down, from beds of many coloured moss, the 'late Hardenbergia and Maiden Hair and tiny violet lifted up brave sweet faces, that we realised the meaning of nature and how beautiful it could appear.

Soon after we set out on our journey, we reached the foot of the mountain and commenced the climb, which we found very enjoyable. Some of our party not used to long walking or climbing were frequently heard to cry out, "How far have we still to go" or "Are we nearly there."

For hours we followed the trail that wound along the shoulders of the round hills, or down their long slopes into their wide grassy valleys until at length we reached the top and sank to rest on the soft green grass.

Before us lay pinnacles like shoulders of great sleeping monsters, their tops still bright but casting bewitching shadows on the valleys below. Far in the distance could be seen the lakes like gems radiant with many colors. On the hillside, down in the sheltering hollows, could be seen bunches of cattle feeding on the rich green grasses or toiling along the tracks with the drays behind them, working while we were feasting our eyes on the wonderful store house of beauty. As the shadows lengthened we were greeted by a breeze which came to meet us bearing a thousand scents and filling us with its own fresh life.

All too soon we were compelled to leave our beauty house, and as we moved the very air was full of gentle stillness, one could not help feeling peaceful and joyous amongst such companions.

We had not the skylark to listen to about which Shelly writes. Neither had we the various English birds we find mentioned in Wordsworth's poems, but as we have never heard or seen the English birds, we are happy amongst the birds that frequent our own bush.

That island of England breeds very valiant creatures.—*Shakespeare.*

England is safe if true within itself.—*Shakespeare.*

A thousand years scarce serve to form a State; an hour may lay it in the dust.—*Byron.*

Where's the coward that would not dare to fight for such a land.—*Scott.*

Slaves cannot live in England; if their lungs
Receive our air—that moment they are free;
They touch our country and their shackles fall.

—*Cowper.*

England, whose morning drum beat, following the sun, and keeping company with the hours, circles the earth with one continuous and unbroken strain of the martial airs of England.—*Daniel Webster, 1834.*

FORM REPORTS.

FOURTH YEAR REPORT.

We overheard someone speak of us as the head of the school dragon. "There it goes, just rounding the corner," they said. Dragon, indeed! How unflattering! But, on consideration, the people in the balcony seat—enjoying themselves with as much heartiness as if they belonged to our social set—were not far wrong. The large eyes are no longer visible to the gallery—they opened wide at sight of elusive questions with no rightful place under the sun. But the questions have swung round the corner, who minds them, they are represented by that red ball in front of the dragon which we have tried to swallow.

And, after all, the dragon's head simply bristles with sharp bristles, and these surely represent, not the nasty little jagging remarks of the sarcastic teachers, but our needle-like brains, brilliant without any brilliantine, bright, and, to be candid, fair "break ups."

But the dragon remark could not have referred to us, for a dragon has no heart like ours. We boys and girls eyed one another, with no fond looks, for quite three years before we spoke, and now we find one another so "nice." "O, Mary, be careful" is our motto, and of romance we know the whole range from A*** to Z*****. The letter g (equals 32 or 981) interests us in this connection, especially whether it be plus or minus, as some great writer objects to the phrase "fall in love."

The history books, particularly those imported from America, are full of us. Before November 12th we knew all about them, but now, as we swing our glorious tail and wag a fond farewell, we can only remember the great fact that books and books are written about us.

"THE GLORIOUS FOURTH."

3A.

Who does not know the famous 3A form, with its sports and grafters? What class can show such representative pupils?

Fitz, seldom to be found in class, working outside the class room with an energy which would bring on brain fever if continued inside.

Massey, "of curly hair and pleasant eye." The boy who always tells the truth, and never, never tells a lie. Yet it is currently reported that this same young man was absent for a day through sickness, and yet duly presented himself at the picture show in the evening. But there, it was an interesting picture.

McCormack, who has been attending the Industrial Court regularly, not so much to see if he is to be paid double time for working after school hours as to qualify for the position of chief Industrial Judge.

Jim Keating, our champion swimmer, who has now become "manager" of one of the local banks, and advances large sums for the purchase of chewing gum, etc., on the smallest security, to his former companions in 3A. I say again, what class can boast of such reps?

And our girls! How can we describe them?

Una, with her vast store of knowledge and her smiling face; Lurlie, who has heard that hard work brings premature wrinkles; Jean a startling contrast to Cassius' "lean and hungry look." But why go on? The uninitiated will not understand. There never was, and never will be, such a 3A.

And next year we intend to show that we can work. Look at our honour sections. It is quite a common thing to find our members taking four honour subjects.

But surely I'm not talking of work with six weeks' holidays ahead! My brain begins to turn. Ta-ta. I can see holidays are necessary.

3B.

Although the best behaved, brightest, best looking and most sporting class in the school, we are very unfortunate.

3A, through mere jealousy, try to tyrannise over us. What can we do but manfully (which includes the girls) resist. Then they do not like it.

Some of our teachers seem to expect us to work, which is absurd. References to deceased queens are not likely to make us, either.

We have every excuse. Take the case of J.D. His time is always employed with breaking strikes, giving Geometry lessons, writing poems and talking to the girls. How can he be expected to know details of the language of an extinct Italian tribe?

Besides, if we do too much this year we will not be fit for the work of Fourth Year. We are carefully saving our physical and intellectual strength for the great push of 1918. Our allies in 3A, by that time, will have been overwhelmed by casualties.

Just wait until the results are out in January, 1919, and then you will see what 3B can really do.

We have bid a sad and sorrowful farewell to Eric. His departure has caused a sad gap in the Triumvirate. We will always remember his bright and perspiring face in the last concert.

For the last time, we sign

3B.

2A.

One morning a bright intelligent dog invaded our room during Maths lesson, watched us for a few minutes, and left the room in disgust. A few days later another specimen of the canine tribe had to be forcibly ejected. It was a low-class mongrel, and clung affectionately to —— as he carried it out.

In spite of it all, our few stalwarts who went up for the exam. are hopeful that the examiners will be impressed with the fresh aspects of hackneyed subjects placed before them.

Two important events since last issue are:—J—e refused to have the last word in a conversation. G—n discovered a mode of expressing herself, hitherto she has been inarticulate.

Bu. —— we live for the future.

We shall be well represented at the school picnic, from C—y down to N—l. As for the holidays, well our ordinary organs of speech fail us; we might, with some success, express our feelings in French.

2B.

We claim to be the youngest and most intellectual class of the second year. Teachers comment favourably on our brightness and ability; and we deserve their praises. For, look at our members: Clark, with his ready wit and his deep knowledge of French; Hart with his vast poetical gifts; and Heather, whose knowledge of romantic stories is a source of the greatest enjoyment to her class mates.

Here they are—a goodly crew, passing through the school without care or worry. Who would not be a member of such a class? They sow not, neither do they reap, and what do they care of third year. Most of our worthy members scorned the examination. Why such torture on unfortunate pupils? Only our fags put in an appearance at the torture room. They are not worthy of us. Let them depart in peace, for we intend to continue on our path of ease and rest.

2C.

And now we have come to the end of a strenuous year, and we are asked to report on our class doings.

What shall be said? What can be said?

Well, first, and most important, is the feeling of relief, which we are all experiencing. A heavy load has been lifted off our shoulders, for the Intermediate has gone, like a "foul and ugly witch." And yet, with many of us, a lingering fear remains. In our examination "we have done those things that we ought not to have done, and we have left undone those things we ought to have done," and we fear the examiner will find no health in us.

One bright Second Year pupil, who was asked to write an essay on "Policemen" for the Intermediate, being anxious to show off her wit, made an excellent start. "If you want to know the time, ask a policeman." Needless to say she did not belong to 2C.

But that's enough of examinations. One would almost think we cared. They are merely an episode in our lives, so "let us eat, drink and be merry" while we may.

Our sub-prefect—the genial Tom—is becoming quite a wit. Unfortunately, most of his choicest morsels are given sotto voce, but, if one can judge by the merriment of his neighbours, he is doing well.

And this is spreading. There is an air of buoyancy all around room 3. Some teachers foolishly think they'll get work out of us before the holidays, but they're mistaken. Who could work with the joyous anticipation of six glorious weeks' holiday ahead?

2AC.

So the "Inter has gone by at last, and we've advanced a little way towards being what Monsieur M says we should be, "cultured gentlemen." He never mentions the girls in this respect.)

One of our class teachers said the boys were "churlish," because the "no boats" regulation, issued for the picnic, kept them away. A back seat girl was much annoyed at this, she thought the teacher said "girlish."

Exams have, undoubtedly, a degenerating effect for, since the "Inter." we have been indulging freely in literature of the wildest (boys) and most sickly sentimental (girls) sort. Well, we've been driven to it by an overdose of Shakespeare and Wordsworth, and not even a "Clever Mary," nay, not even a "Feather Head," could stand the strain put upon us.

We've just learnt the sad news that Olive has met a dangerous accident. It is our earnest wish that we may soon have "our baby" once more amongst us in the best of health.

Happy holidays to all.

THE COMMERCIAL MAGNATES.

2BC.

And it came to pass when the year was nigh spent, while the heads of 2BC were passing through the room, occupied occasionally by the Pilgrim class, the following mystic scroll was found:

The Doctor of Physic has been casting reflections on the class by mirrors, laying a "sound" foundation with forks which we can't eat with, and non-live wires. Wire not?

What is at-av-ism?—syllables please—"Fair Dinkum," the Pilgrims seek knowledge.

The blessed demoiselle (Curly) and the gallant knight (Salad) have been grievously perplexed. Fain would they seek the dark recess of the Strand, but, alas, Intermediate steps prevented. The little "Kitten seeks not (?) the fire, because it is "Burnie." The oracle speaketh; "Bobbie" Perpend, who is she—no, where is she? Bobbie and Curly, alas, are separated by forests of heads in Maths.

The Pilgrims are Graceless, but full of Hope. Yea, Faith and Charity may be found—faith to pass the Inter, if charity abides with the examiners.

Alas, time and space permit not that we should continue, so "tout le monde."

— "OLIVE OIL,"—THE BUSICOMS.

1A

As this is to be our Christmas issue, we girls, at least, will try to **make** it a fit reading for the festive season. This will be no easy matter, for examinations loom large before our wearied eyes, almost blotting out the joys of long vacation. Then, again, the success of the reinforcement campaign is said to be causing much anxiety among the 1A men. These budding Hugheseliers will find no difficulty in training the down to do up in true army style, and we trust that the other soldierly qualities will develop in due course.

1A girls are imbued with the prevailing spirit of patriotism, but we feel sure that there is no need for us to remind the general public of their activities during the past busy months. Suffice it to say that 1A is, and always has been, to the fore in all patriotic functions—our teachers would add, "and in everything else," but earnestly desiring "Peace on earth," etc., we wisely refrain from such extravagant speech.

As a happy family, we extend to you, Mr. Editor, and to all the teaching staff, our best wishes for the best season of the year.

Sincerely Class 1A.

P.S.—We do this from pure motives, but, nevertheless, let "Mark lightly" be your watchword.

Yours hopefully, 2A to Be.

1B

Here we are again, the heads of 1B. We are all going to be great scholars, and hope to be the "Generals" of Second Year next year.

Our class is well represented in sports, and came second for the Shield in the annual sports.

"Buzz," our busy bee, is generally found in English lessons buzzing around for his bag.

"George," our "English" giant, is paying great attention to the fair sex, especially when the lollies are being passed round. "Spitz" does likewise.

The "Flying Scotchman," our humorist, tries to crack a few jokes, but is often caught in the attempt by Mr., ———, and fined six theorems.

As for "Canary," our human bird, all ought to be acquainted with this bird.

We are all waiting for the holidays, so we will ring off, wishing all first year classes a Happy Christmas and a Bright New Year. 1B.

1AC.

We are the cracks of first year, but, next year, we hope to be that of second year.

Our great ambition is to become 2AC scholars next year, and live up to its name. We are the pride and delight of our teachers, and mean to keep up our character.

Hoping next time we appear in the "Novo" we shall be 2AC.

We are, Yours ever, 1AC.

High School Boys who have Enlisted.

Max Arkell	Basil Helmore	Henry Prince
Edwin Armstrong	Richard Howard	Roy Payne
Robert Baker	David Horne	Allan Richards
Cecil Bate	Alex Huntriss	Frank Raysmith
Thomas Beveridge	Cyril Hudson	Vincent Ryan
Wm. Brownlee	*Clarence Jeffries	Walter Smith
*Tom Cadell	Harry Jameson	*Alfred Smith
Alex Chalmers	*Ernest Jones	George Scott
Alan Collins	*Robert Kilpatrick	William Sturt
Herbert Chippendall	Mac Louden	Victor Stirling
Leonard Chippendall	Robert Lasker	Norman Stirling
Percy Charlton	Walter Lochrin	Arthur Scarfe
Leslie Cooke	Fred Lancaster	John Schroder
Norman Cragg	Leslie McCurley	Donald Short
Andrew Douglass	*Pierce Morrissey	*Fred Smith
Mathew Downie	Ernest McAllister	Frank Sharp
Walter Derkenne	Magnus McKay	James Steel
John Donald	Wm. Maskell	Guy Thompson
John Daniels	*Eric Mulvey	Clive Wegg
Douglas Fraser	Conrad Porteus	John Watt (D.C.M., M.C.)
Arthur Hirst	Louis Polak	Thomas Warren
Lance Hackworthy	*Robert Perrou	
* Killed.		

The Head Master will be glad of any information which will help him to make this list complete.

Three-Legged Race—16 years—V. Drinnan and F. Eaton, 1, D. Richards and M. Heath, A. Cassidy and E. Hingst (tie) 2. 14 and 15 yrs—M. Short and F. Gould 1, B. Drysdale and J. Stinson, H. Sharp and E. Knight (tie) 2, M. Durie and K. Braye 3. Under 14—I. Gregory and V. Doak, J. Beresford and E. Schumack (tie) 1, M. Evans and D. Coates, D. Pearson and L. Dickinson (tie) 2.

Obstacle Race—16 yrs—E. Hingst and M. Roach 1, F. Eaton and M. Tingle 2, G. King and S. Robin 3. 14 and 15 years—D. Toll and M. Burt 1, K. Bowie and L. Mitchell 2, E. Manefield and M. Newton 3. Under 14 yrs—L. Whitelaw and J. Beresford 1, D. Pearson and M. Evans 2, E. Fraser and D. Coates 3.

Hop, Step and Jump—16 years—H. Francis 1, V. Drinnan 2, G. King 3. 14 and 15 years—M. Hunt 1, L. Mitchell 2, J. Davis 3. Under 14 years—D. Pearson 1, K. Braye 2, D. Coates 3.

Blind Donkey's Race—16 years—E. Hingst and V. Drinnan 1, G. King and L. Holmes 2, E. James and S. Robin 3. 14 and 15 years—L. Lazer and E. Wallbank 1, L. Mitchell and J. Short 2, K. Bowie and M. Miller 3. Under 14—H. Short and E. Knight 1, M. Evans and D. Coates 2, I. Gregory and V. Doak 3.

Apple Race—16 years—V. Drinnan 1, M. Short 2, G. King 3. 14 and 15 years—M. Hunt 1, J. Donaldson 2, L. Mitchell 3. Under 14—D. Pearson and L. Whitelaw 1, M. Kinder and E. Fraser 2.

Needle Race—16 years—V. Drinnan 1, D. Richards 2, F. Eaton 3. 14 and 15 years—L. Holmes 1, M. Miller 2, M. Smith 3. Under 14—J. Beresford 1, M. Kinder 2, E. Fraser 3.

Sack Race—16 years—V. Drinnan 1, A. Cassidy 2, G. King 3. 14 and 15 yrs—L. Mitchell 1, M. Stephenson 2, F. Eaton 3. Under 14—M. Kinder 1, K. Braye 2, J. Beresford 3.

Skipping Race—16 years—V. Drinnan 1, F. Eaton 2, G. King 3. 14 and 15 years—F. Eaton 1, J. Davis 2, F. Gould 3. Under 14—M. Kinder 1, L. Whitelaw 2, J. Beresford 3.

Egg and Spoon Race—16 years—E. James 1, V. Drinnan 2, M. Tingle 3. 14 and 15 years—D. Petherick 1, K. Bowie 2.

Walking Race—16 years—E. James 1, P. Miller 2, V. Drinnan 3. 14 and 15 years—E. Schumack 1, B. Drysdale 2, M. Foy 3. Under 14—I. Gregory 1, D. Pearson 2, A. Gray 3.

Hopping—16 years—V. Drinnan 1, P. Miller 2, M. Davis 3. 14 and 15 years—M. Miller 1, L. Mitchell 2, M. Hunt 3. Under 14—L. Whitelaw 1, D. Pearson 2, M. Kinder 3.

The final result was that the shield was won by 4th year.

Typewriter Statement of Account.

RECEIPTS.		EXPENDITURE.	
	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
Balance on hand 31/5/17 ...	15 15 9	Ribbons ...	0 18 0
Subscriptions to 30/11/17 ...	10 17 0	Paper ...	2 17 6
Interest on Bank Account ...	0 4 6	Purchase of new typewriter ...	13 3 2
		Cash on hand ...	9 18 7
	£26 17 3		£26 17 3

NOTE.—The cash price of the new typewriter purchased was £23. An allowance of £10 was made by Messrs. Stott & Underwood for one of the old machines, which they took in part payment, and £13 was paid in cash. The balance (3/2) covers the cost of freight and draft.

WANTED by 1A, a boy to collect rubbish thrown on floor by the girls. [Why not do it yourselves?—Ed.]

DON SHORT is now in George's Heights Convalescent Home. He was invalided home because of shell shock; is anxious to go back, but probably will not be allowed.

SAPPER J. H. KILLIP has been wounded lately, and is now in hospital in England. He had an interesting time in England, as his training was in Bedfordshire, a very interesting county, full of reminiscences of Bunyan. During his time in France he was standing near a large shell hole at a cross roads when the last "Novocastrian" was handed to him. At another time, in a French village, he was nearly run over by an officer on a motor cycle. He remonstrated with an Australian accent, the officer dismounted, and behold it was Captain R. J. McNIVEN. The latter is using the scientific experience he used to lavish on C2, etc., to the enjoyable task of "gassing" friend Fritx, who does not like it.

CLIVE WEGG came to see us not long ago. After training in England he was some months in France, finally being wounded in the hand in the Messines offensive. The wound, though severe at first, is now progressing well. Apart from that, he seems very well and decidedly bigger. He gave us some very vivid and interesting narratives, especially of advance behind a barrage.

K. D. CHALMERS has passed for admission as a cadet to Duntroon Military College.

BASIL HELMORE is now in Flanders, probably enjoying himself more than the Germans in front of his field gun. His brother sent him a "Novocastrian," but unfortunately it seems to have been submarined. Another atrocity!

The Education Department has lately prepared a most interesting and useful pamphlet entitled "Careers for Boys." This shows what schools and education courses a boy must go through to fit him most thoroughly for any special calling. It mentions the rates of pay, the examinations that must be faced, and has much other useful advice and information. Parents of pupils may see a copy at the school office.

The following (quite genuine) incident may do for the "Ford" Book:—The tourist was speaking of seeing hundreds of motor cars lined up ready to proceed to the front. Every description of car was represented among the ambulances, transport waggons, etc. "Were there any Fords among them?" was the question. Unintentionally the reply came, "No, they were all motor cars."—D.O.B.

Australia—My Country.

A mighty sea with ceaseless roar
Washes her rock and sandy shore.
A tropic sun with merciless beam
Scorches her plain and rippling stream.

Her rivers extend both far and wide,
Swirling down from the Great Divide;
Her sweeping plains of parched hue
Reveal themselves to the swelt'ring view.

A country of flood, a country of drought,
A country of wealth, a country of doubt;
To some a failure, to some success,
Nevertheless "some country I guess."

—"Rex."

School Sports.

Association Football.

2BC were well represented in the under 16 years Soccer Football Competition by three sparkling Soccerites—Ned, Tut and Poisson. Through the competition we, the A graders, were always defeated by the "Invincible Western District" team until the final, in which we showed our superiority. In the semi-final it is said we had a lucky win, as "Swanky" could not handle the ball properly, and the best team, as they say, lost. At the final all the "players" were there, except Dave and Lock, the former having misfortune enough to prevent him from playing. The professional was more interested in the under 18 semi, and so did not turn up. When Western District knew this they rubbed their hands with joy and thought they had already won. However, when we got going we showed them how to "net the ball," and easily defeated them by 1 to nil—thanks to Tut. The best player on the field was perhaps our left half back, Poisson. He was like a fish out of water—very slippery, and often saving and endangering our situation. We won it fairly enough, but will we ever get our medals? We have already bought a watch and chain each.

—One of the Heroes.

UNDER 13.6 TEAM—RESULTS OF COMPETITION

V. Adamstown—won, 2 points; v. Adamstown—lost, 0; v. Adamstown—won, 2; v. Collegiate—won, 2; v. Collegiate—won, 2; v. Collegiate—won, 2; v. Plattsburg—lost, 0; v. Plattsburg—lost, 0; v. Wallsend—lost, 0; v. Wallsend—lost, 0; v. Wallsend—draw, 1; v. West Wallsend—lost, 0; v. West Wallsend—draw, 1; v. West Wallsend—lost, 0. Total points, 12. Our place in the competition need not be mentioned.

Athletic Sports.

On Wednesday, October 3rd, our Yearly Sports Meeting was held on the Sports Ground. The weather conditions were splendid, and we got through a programme of nearly forty events very satisfactorily—thanks to the help of the energetic staff of teachers.

On the boys' side there were no challenge events against Maitland, but great enthusiasm was shown by the members of each class in liberally supporting their own representatives.

The most interesting of the girls' events was the cricket match, in which Mr. Murphy's team defeated that of Mr. Henderson by only a small margin.

The great event of the day was the Mixed Relay Race, in which six teams competed. Each team consisted of three girls and three boys. Less entries than expected were received for this event, and we attribute this to the shyness of the girls.

Results—Boys.—100yds Junior Champion of School—Lillycrop 1, Estell 2, Purcell 3.

Relay Race—Lillycrop 1, Osborne 2, Estell 3.

Hop, Step and Jump—Lillycrop 36ft 5ins 1,; Purcell 33ft 5ins, 2; H. Thompson 33ft 4ins, 3.

220 Yards Handicap—Lillycrop 1, Purcell 2, Henry 3; Under 14 years—Brooks 1, F. Gray 2, Spitzkowsky 3.

Mile—Schaefer 1, Murray 2, K. Riley 3.

Hurdles—Estell 1, Blakemore 2, Osborne 3; Under 14 years—J. Dodd 1, F. Gray 2, G. Gray 3.

880 yards Handicap—Estell 1, Henry 2, Jackson 3.

13 years Championship—F. Gray 1, Spitzkowsky 2, K. Riley 3; 14 years—Levido 1, Forbes 2, Schaefer 3; 15 years—Lillycrop 1, Purcell 2, Osborne 3.

Broad Jump Handicap—Coates, 17ft 3ins, 1; R. Dodd, 17ft 1½ins, 2; Herd, 16ft 10ins, 3.

Broad Jump Championship—Herd, 15ft 7ins, 1; Lillycrop, 15ft 4ins, 2; Purcell, 15ft 3ins, 3.

Broad Jump Handicap—Under 14 years—F. Gray 1, J. Dodd 2, Spitzkowsky 3.

Broad Jump Championship—Under 14 years—F. Gray, 13ft 6ins, 1; Spitzkowsky, 12ft 6ins, 2; J. Dodd, 12ft 2ins, 3.

High Jump Championship—Purcell 1, Osborne 2, Lillycrop 3, winning jump, 4ft 4ins.

High Jump Handicap—Dodd 1, Lillycrop 2, Osborne 3.

440 yards Handicap—Coates 1, Schaefer 2, Kelly 3; Under 14 years—F. Gray 1, K. Riley 2, Brooks 3.

Senior High Jump Championship—Hawkins and Fitzgerald (dead heat) 1, Hopper 3. Winning jump 4ft 10ins.

High Jump Handicap—Massey, 5ft 3ins, 1; Coles 2, Hopper 3.

440 yards Handicap—Coles 1, Hawkins 2, A. Gray 3.

Pole Vault Championship—Thompson 7ft 11ins, 1, Hopper 2, Hawkins 3.

Pole Vault Handicap—Thompson 1, Hawkins 2, Hopper 3.

Age Championships—16 years—Coles 1; 17 years—Hawkins 1, Fitzgerald 2, Gollan 3.

880 yards Handicap—A. Gray 1, K. Gollan 2.

Broad Jump Handicap—A. Gray, 19ft 2½ins, 1; Hawkins, 18ft 5ins, 2; Massey, 18ft 2ins, 3.

Broad Jump Championship—Hawkins, 18ft 5ins, 1; Coles, 16ft 7½ins, 2; Gray, 16ft 2½ins, 3.

Hurdles—Hawkins 1, Frith 2, Fitzgerald 3.

100 yards Championship—Hawkins 1, Coles 2, Fitzgerald 3.

Mile—Arnott 1, Thompson 2, Massey 3.

220 yards Handicap—Coles 1, Hawkins 2, Fitzgerald 3.

Hop, Step and Jump—Fitzgerald, 37ft 4ins, 1; Hawkins, 37ft, 2; Frith, 34ft 11ins, 3.

Relay Race—Gollan 1, Coles 2, Hawkins 3.

Miscellaneous Events—Wheelbarrow Race—Henry and Estell 1, Thompson and Fitzgerald 2, Dodd and Coates 3.

Sack Race—Henry 1, Harkins 2, Osborne 3.

100yds Novice Race—Murray 1, Levido 2, Coates and Riley 3.

Siamese Twins—Estell and Henry 1, Coles and Gollan 2, Palmer and Paddocks 3.

Girls.—Schools Championship—Victoria Drinan 1, Myra Miller 2, Elsie Manefield 3.

75 yards Handicap—16 years and over—Victoria Drinan 1, Florrie Eaton 2, Lorna Keene and Una Dawson dead heat for third. 14 and 15 years—Louie Bickerton 1, Margaret Durie 2, Florrie Eaton 3. Under 14—B. Drysdale 1, J. Short 2, K. Braye 3.

Three-Legged Race—16 years and over—V. Drinan and F. Eaton 1, B. Richards and C. Sneddon 2. 14 and 15 years—O. Petherick and E. Davies 1, E. E. King and G. Bartholomew 2, M. Newton and F. Eaton 3. Under 14—E. Manefield and J. Stinson 1.

Blind Donkey Race—16 years and over—L. Keene and D. Richards 1, L. Rodgers and M. Thorley 2. 14 and 15 years—D. Petherick and E. Davies 1, Louie Holme and L. Bickerton 2, F. Eaton and M. Newton 3. Under 14—Janet Short and H. Muncaster 1, E. Manefield and J. Stinson 2.

Skipping Race—16 years and over—V. Drinan 1, F. Eaton 2, S. Robin 3. 14 and 15 years—L. Bickerton 1, F. Eaton 2, L. Mitchell 3. Under 14—J. Short 1, B. Drysdale 2, J. Stinson 3.

Hopping Race—16 years and over—V. Drinan 1, Una Dawson 2, Chrissie Sneddon 3. 14 and 15 years—F. Eaton and L. Bickerton dead heat, B. Weatherall 3. Under 14—N. B. Drysdale 1, Janet Short 2, Jessie Stinson 3.

Hop, Step and Jump—16 years and over—C. Sneddon 1, F. Eaton 2, L. Keene 3. 14 and 15 years—L. Mitchell 1, D. Todd 2, Frances Eaton 3. Under 14—E. Manefield 1, J. Short 2, B. Drysdale 3.

Obstacle Race—16 years and over—V. Drinan 1, S. Robin 2. 14 and 15 years—L. Bickerton 1, Frances Eaton 2, D. Toll 3. Under 14—B. Drysdale 1, Janet Short 2, J. Stinson 3.

Orange Race—16 years and over—Lorna Keene 1, V. Drinan 2, C. Sneddon 3. 14 and 15 years—L. Bickerton 1, I. Davies 2, L. Mitchell 3. Under 14—J. Stinson 1, J. Short 2, B. Drysdale 3.

Egg and Spoon Race—16 years and over—Stella Robin 1, Flora Eaton 2, Una Dawson 3. 13 and 15 years—D. Petherick 1. Under 14—B. Drysdale 1, J. Stinson 2.

Sack Race—16 years and over—Vic. Drinan 1, Florrie Eaton 2, Una Dawson 3. 14 and 15 years—Frances Eaton 1, L. Mitchell 2, D. Petherick 3. Under 14—B. Drysdale 1, K. Braye 2, J. Short 3.

The following is a list of points gained by the individual competitors (first five in each)—

JUNIOR—Lillycrop 17½, 1; F. Gray 16, 2; Estell 11¼, 3; Henery 9¼, 4; Coates 7¾, 5.

SENIOR—Hawkins 24¾, 1; Coles 18, 2; R. Fitzgerald 12¼, 3; A. Grey 7, 4; Hopper 6, 5.

The school shield was won easily by Class 2C, with 58½ points; 1B came second with 33½ points, and 4th year third with 32½ points.

A Challenge Match.

The Girls' Cricket Eleven having challenged a team representing the First Year Boys and the challenge having been readily accepted, the teams repaired to the new Sports Ground on Wednesday, October 17th, to give it a suitable christening, "by engaging in a chivalrous contest." But on scanning the faces of the sterner team, it was discovered that every year was well represented but First Year. Nothing daunted, the fair maidens entered the lists with smiling faces, and by brilliant batting soon rattled up 33 runs, when they discovered that last "man" does not "carry" in a real match. The shock of this intelligence spread dismay around, with the result that the boys entered upon their innings with a decided moral advantage, which enabled them to put together 57 in a very lucky fashion.

For the girls, Evelyn James scored 13 in fine style, her batting being easily the best on either side. She was ably seconded by Marjory Bateson, 7, and Una Mitchell, 8, who also opened the eyes of their big and experienced opponents by their manner of dealing with all sorts of cunning deliveries. The rest of the girls batted tastefully, not to say daintily, but were mostly disposed of through lack of knowledge of the finer points of the game, such as taking block or leg-before, or were stumped through not sticking to their "seam," as one of the girls called it.

The batting of the boys consisted chiefly of "swiping" to leg, the chief offenders being Henry (15), Purcell (9), Bloomfield (8) and Blakemore (9). The rest fell easy victims to the well-judged deliveries of Gladys, Marjorie, Zenie & Co., backed up by the brilliant catching of Eda, and the fine sprinting of Evelyn and Mary of the West. The boys' trundling does not deserve mention.

A feature of the game was the clever placing of her field by Gladys, whose judgment was well shown in her selection of Una as "full-back."

Hints to the Girls.—In future: Don't retain the habit of dropping bats and using your colleague's—bats are of different weights, and this changing seriously affects one's timing; don't get the umpire to return the ball so as to run out an opponent; don't make secret arrangements with the umpire so that whenever an opponent hits a fourer he suddenly discovers that it is "out"; don't catch with your skirts; don't commence an over while the "full-back" is yards away fixing her gloves on before a mirror; don't bowl consecutive overs from the same end so as to "get at" a soft batsman—they're all soft; don't field a ball and then run up to the "full-back" with it—throw it; don't bring "King Lear" on to the field. Madness is often infectious; don't despise pads, as 3 knocks on the one spot might leave you a cripple for life; don't play to the gallery—there isn't one; don't fail to be chivalrous when your opponents, instead of appealing to the umpire, "leave it to the lady herself"; don't ask the umpire, after a hard-run fourer, if he can give you anything "to stop you breathing"—he might be in an obliging mood; don't open your mouth when running for a catch—cricket matches don't usually end in such a fashion; don't ever get off your "seam."

Girls' Tennis.

Tennis, we rejoice to say, has emerged from its secondary position, once more to claim a place among THE sports of the School. For what other club in the Union can claim such distinction throughout the State, as Una Mitchell and Louie Bickerton have lately acquired for this one, by their brilliant feats (both Combined as well as Single) in the recent Tournament at Double Bay Courts? The Tennis Committee takes this opportunity of heartily congratulating these two heroines.

We also have to recount success in every match during the last half-year, including return match to Maitland, in which (represented by Louie Bickerton, Una Mitchell, Alma Burgess and Gladys Corrigan) we at last obtained our long-sought-for revenge.

August 3rd (we grieve to say) the boys were again "out-tennised."

Last, but not least, we displayed our superiority in a match played against the girls of the "Newcastle Girls' Grammar School," and as a return match is ensuing, hope for similar good fortune.

The Committee "retiring from action" at the end of this eventful year, sincerely wish their successors the same good luck.

Basket Ball.

A Basket Ball match, between the girls of 1A and 1B, was held early this quarter. The teams consisted of: 1A—L. Mitchell (goal), M. Durie (goal guard), K. Bowie, M. Miller (a dashing young player), J. Short, H. Muncaster. 1B—E. Sheumack (goal), A. Gray (goal guard), K. Braye, J. Davis, J. Beresford, E. Knight (made a very good substitute considering it was her first game).

The disadvantage was on the side of 1B, because two "men" backed out. 1B challenged.

The girls who played brilliantly on both sides were K. Braye, J. Davis, M. Durie, E. Sheumack, K. Bowie, L. Mitchell and J. Short. The umpires were V. Drinan and U. Dawson. The scores were 1A, 41; 1B, 22. The next match held between 1A and 1B girls, 1B intends to win.

Correspondence.

Dear Mr. Editor,

I would like very much to draw your attention to the unfairness of our Tennis Club.

When one is desirous of becoming a good tennis player he needs fair play and practice, which he very often does not get. If a boy goes down to the courts for a game of tennis he finds the A Grade always on the lookout. If a boy pays his sports sub. he should have "fair play," and I do not see why the A Grade should have more games than a B Grader. Many of the so-called A Grade think they have more right on the courts than any of the B's. I would like to let some of our haughty A Grade know that their selfishness is noticed by a good many. Such a thing as selfishness should not be allowed in a Sports Union such as N.H.S.

I remain, yours truly,

"FAIR PLAY."

Answers to Correspondents.

E.N.A.—All contributions should be original.

P.C.—Your criticisms of the under 14 team are too fierce.

J.S.—The confusion of your sports is so well represented in your writing that it is too hard to read. Try again, with less realism.

R.L., H.P., M.S., &c.—There is already one great war raging. Why should we start another by printing your contributions?

E.R.P.—A good attempt. Try again.

E.M.—We deeply sympathise with your mathematical trouble, but think that you will feel better after December 14th.

E.A.—Your story reads like six Keystone comedies shown at once.

Plutot.—Our printer cannot do circumflexes. It serves your right for keeping your back to the door.

Broomstick Warrior.—You must not meddle with such sacred names; at any rate not in print.

Quillip.—The holidays are coming, we have had enough of lessons.

S.R.—"Very mixed" indeed; but not as much as we would be if we printed it. Could you make a "movie" comedy out of it, or a play for the next concert?

Rellim.—We like descriptive matter, but we like it SHORT.

B.B.—If you write that kind of thing your may be getting three cubes on the next occasion.

W.G.C. and R.C.—Not quite lively enough.

S.R.—"A common occurrence," too carelessly done.

G.C.—You might find an alarm clock and a scooter would help you to reach school in time.

M.G.—If you want some really fine romantic literature, we can recommend the books of E. P. Roe, Susan Weatherall, J. Bunyan and W. Shakespeare.

V.W.—She is dead, so they say.

A.O.—Your sonnet is too pathetic. Send it by post direct.

M.N.—Take no notice; it is mere jealousy.

Books of Interest.

SUITABLE FOR PRESENTATION, GIFTS AND PRIZES.

THE WONDER LIBRARY,

A Series of Gift Books for Young People, with eight illustrations—3/6 each.

- Asiatic Exploration, by Archibald Williams, F.R.G.S. and N. J. Davidson, B.A.
 Mechanical Ingenuity, by Archibald Williams.
 The Modern Railway, by Archibald Williams, B.A., F.R.G.S.
 The Insect World, by E. Selous.
 Modern Engineering, by Archibald Williams, B.A.
 Bird Life, by John Lea, M.A.
 Electricity, by Charles R. Gibson, F.R.S.E.
 Modern Invention, by A. Williams, B.A.
 Modern Astronomy, by Hector Macpherson, Junr, M.A.
 Savage Life, by Professor G. F. Scott Elliot, M.A.
 Modern Manufacture, by Charles R. Gibson, F.R.S.E.

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 The Romance of the Animal World, by Edmund Selous.
 The Romance of Modern Engineering, by Archibald Williams, F.R.G.S.
 The Romance of Modern Electricity, by C. R. Gibson, F.R.S.E.
 The Romance of Insect Life, by E. Selous.
 The Romance of Animal Arts and Crafts, by H. Coupin, D.Sc., and John Lea M.A. (with thirty three illustrations).
 The Romance of the Mighty Deep, by Agnes Giberne.
 The Romance of the Ship, by E. Keble Chatterton, B.A., Oxon.
 The Romance of Aeronautics, by Charles C. Turner.
 The Romance of Piracy, by E. Keble Chatterton, B.A., Oxon.

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 Astronomy of To-day, by Cecil G. Dölmage, M.A., D.C.L., L.L.D., F.R.A.S (with 45 illustrations).
 Aerial Navigation of To-day, by C. C. Turner (with 40 illustrations) 2nd Edn.
 Engineering of To-day, by T. W. Corbin (with 73 illustrations).
 Photography of To-day, by H. Chapman Jones, F.I.C., F.C.S., F.R.P.S. (with 54 illustrations and diagrams).
 Submarine Engineering of To-day, by C. W. Domville-Fife.
 Geology of To-day, by Prof. J. W. Gregory, F.R.S., D.Sc. (with 40 illustrations and diagrams).

Onoto Valveless Fountain Pen, 10/6
 Onoto Self-Filler, from 14/6

HUNTER-THE-STATIONER,

104-106 Hunter St., Newcastle.

The Quarterly Concert—September.

1. "Let the Hills Resound"	Choir
2. "Mountain Lovers"	M. Ross
3. Recitation	L. Keene
4. "Philosophy and Visitors"	G. Grey
5. "Anchored"	V. Williams
6. "Bandolero"	Mr. W. Monk
7. "A Geometry Lesson"	J. Dick
8. "Her Suitors"	G. King
9. "Deathless Army"	J. Dick
10. "Mrs. Ruggles"	M. Durie
11. "See Our Oars"	Choir

The Quarterly Concert is a pleasing innovation. Unfortunately, we have no record of the June Concert, but we have a vivid memory of Malvolio (H. Bloomfield), Olivia (V. Williams), Viola (U. Dawson), and the other third year pupils who so nobly rose to the occasion.

The September Concert went off equally well, and all the performers deserved and received hearty applause. Not necessarily the best, but perhaps the most conspicuous item, was John Dick's Geometry Lesson. It was the manner rather than the matter that impressed us; the words, in fact, were generally lost. There was no pedantic accuracy in the figure he put on the board; but it appealed to the audience. He showed a distinct personality, and certainly must have needed it, with a class of such pronounced artistic temperament.

Margaret Durie's recitation was extremely humorous, and showed much talent. Unfortunately it was given so fast as to destroy much of its own merit.

Knitting.

Since July, 1917, £3/3/5½ has been subscribed to the knitting fund. As a result of that, 8 pairs of socks were donated to the French Australian League, 34 pairs of socks and 6 balaclavas to the Field Force Fund, 3 pairs of socks and 3 balaclavas to the 35th Battalion Fund, and 3 pairs of mittens to the 17th Battalion Fund.

In addition, Battalion wool was obtained for knitting 34 pairs of socks for the Field Force Fund, 25 pairs of mittens for the 35th Battalion Fund, 12 pairs of mittens for the 17th Battalion Fund, and 29 pairs of socks for the 17th Battalion Fund.

Summer.

(By "Poet.")

The sun had set in the flaming west,
 And birds and flowers had gone to rest,
 The moon arose with her silvery light,
 And brightly shone o'er the peaceful night.

The river flowed like a silver band,
 Shining athwart the golden sand,
 And moving shadows crossed the sky,
 And gentle winds made the branches sigh.

And down the river came the note
 Of voices from some moving boat;
 It sounded sweet to the listening ear,
 And no one thought of the winter sear.

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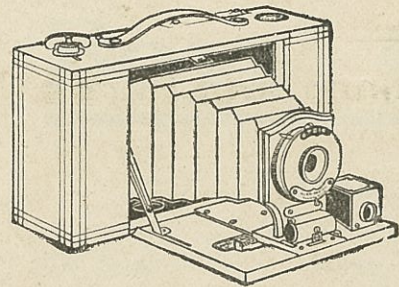
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" Table	"	12/6	" "
Humphrey's Dessert Knives	...	9/3	" "
" Table	"	11/3	" "

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Atlas all White	3/9	6/3	8/9 " "
Pure Electroplate	10/-	15/-	20/- " "

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