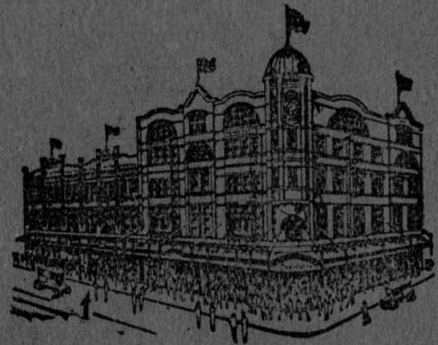


NHS  
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NEWCASTLE

NEWCASTLE HIGH SCHOOL

# The Novocastrian

"REMIS VELISQUE."

:: The Organ of the ::  
Newcastle High School

DECEMBER, 1919.  
Vol. 9 No. 2



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1919

**Nicholson's**

**FOR**

**PIANOS**

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Hunter Street,  
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Newcastle High School.

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Deputy Headmaster:  
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School Officials, 1919.

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GIRLS.—M. Walker (Captain), M. Davis, M. Webb, R. Williams, P. Miller, M. Hunt.

Sub-Prefects:

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GIRLS.—H. Patterson, J. Donaldson, K. Bowie, M. Tingle, A. Payne, C. Balmer, D. Pearson, J. Breckenridge, H. Davis.

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Rugby Football.—Mr. Geddes; Hon. Secretary and Rep. on General Committee, A. R. Weir.

Association Football.—Mr. Walker; Hon. Secretary and Rep. on General Committee, R. Dodd.

Cricket.—Hon. Secretary and Rep. on General Committee, G. Coates.

Swimming.—Mr. Nairn; Hon. Secretary, G. Johnson; Rep. on General Committee, W. Cooksey.

Tennis.—Mr. Hammond; Hon. Secretary and Rep. on General Committee, A. R. Weir.

Athletics.—Mr. Gibson; Hon. Secretary and Rep. on General Committee, J. H. Estell.

Tuck Shop.—T. T. Henery (Manager), J. Sneddon and F. Cassidy, (Assistants).

Tennis.—Girls: Miss Blacklock and Miss Bootle; Hon. Secretary and Rep. on General Committee, M. Davis.

Hockey.—Girls: Miss Brewin; Hon. Secretary and Rep. on General Committee, F. Eaton.

Basketball.—Girls: Miss Batty; Hon. Secretary and Rep. on General Committee, M. Hunt.

Athletics.—Girls: Miss Johnson.

Swimming.—Girls: Miss Long.



# The Novocastrian.

THE MAGAZINE OF THE NEWCASTLE HIGH SCHOOL.

Vol. 9

DECEMBER 1919.

No. 2.

## OFFICERS.

Patron	...	...	...	G. C. SAXBY, B.A.
Editor	...	...	...	R. G. HENDERSON
Committee	...	...	...	SPORTS OFFICIALS, AND SUB-PREFECTS

## The Thurdyherites.

(With Apologies to Swift.)

By ESMA SCOLES.

When we had cast anchor, I desired the captain's leave to go ashore that I might see the country and make what discoveries I could. Having travelled about two miles, I came to a long kind of building made of timber stuck in the ground, small pieces of transparent material were let in the sides, the roof was low, and the walls thereof were grimy. On the door was some queer lettering, which, after much deliberation, I made out to be "Ruhumfoore." I ventured to push open the door and enter the room, which I regarded with much wonder. It was furnished in so dingy a style that I pinched my arms and sides to wake myself, hoping I might be in a dream. Small wooden chairs and desks, not unattractively made, filled the room; there was also a table and a green cloth, not very elegant, and a peculiar basket. But the room was adorned with a crowd of people; their heads were inclined either to the right or the left; they wore bows, either at the front or back of their necks. I observed many black spots on their hands and a tired look on their faces. In speaking, they pronounced through the nose and throat, in a language resembling American. Then one, happening to observe me, came up close, and after scrutinising my hands and eyes gave me a most contemptuous look, and turned to the others; whereupon they spoke in very loud voices, making noises not unlike the sounds from a rookery.

At last, by signs and much talking, they plainly invited me to sit with them. I was forced to sit for hours in great quietness; then to do much writing; but when a bell rang and all stood up, the din was so terrible that I feared for my health. The questions they were debating were, "Should teachers be exterminated from the face of the earth," on one side of the room, and "What's the picture at the Strand like?" on the other." So I ventured to creep to the door, and then made what haste I could to my ship, where they received me with much rejoicing.

THE NOVOCASTRIAN.

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## School Notes.

The geologists had a very enjoyable excursion lately up Branxton way. At any rate, they started in that direction, although they finished at the Niagara. Some recent remarks of Mr. Hammond suggest the question why the geology students are exclusively feminine. Does Mr. Hammond's experience lead him to think he will get better work that way?

We have also heard that Mary Hunt has discovered an extremely rare specimen with a name three inches longer than itself.

Mr. James, Minister for Education, paid a visit to the school recently. With great political presence of mind, he came on a Saturday and climbed the hill in a motor car. In the far-off days, when this was a primary school, Mr. James was a pupil here; he even remembered giving a recitation in one of the rooms. He held out no hopes of giving us a new school. "No money," he said.

When the melancholy Fourth Year candidates, on Monday, November 10th, with the Dead March beating in their brains, mixed up with Macbeth, John Ridd, and Iambic pentameters, walked into the examination room, their eyes were met by an allegorical design in coloured chalks, expressing the hope that the examiners would show them mercy rather than justice. This was the work of Mr. Piper, and we hope it helped to take off some of the shock which the first paper generally occasions.

The cadets have at last done a whole-day parade. Neither rain nor 'flu came to their rescue. On this occasion, Captain M'Meikan, the new area officer, paid us a visit, and was, in general, very pleased with the work and steadiness of the company.

We are becoming experts at aviation, in theory. When Captain Holden arrived, we poured out of school, invaded the streets, and stormed the reservoir. Perhaps the airman could see the upturned faces; at any rate, he seemed to show us more than a fair share of what he could do. When Lieutenant Pickles, a few days back, arrived from Bathurst, the crowd that quickly collected in the old racecourse included quite a number of High School pupils.

The lockers recently installed should be decidedly useful to the pupils. The everyday usefulness of Art was once more shown when Mr. Piper's pupils set to and stencilled numbers on all the lockers.

## A Local Gulliver

OLIVE HUMPHRIES.

One day last week, having occasion to go to town, I leisurely wandered down this beautiful macadamised Hunter-street of ours. I had just meandered across to the School of Arts when, to my wonder and astonishment, I heard a great tramping noise approaching me. Looking down the street, I saw a gigantic person, fashioned in the same mode as an ordinary human, but with more generous proportions. To my amusement this creature—who, despite his 42 feet height, seemed to be gentle and tractable—gazing at us with the same curiosity as that with which we were regarding him, clumsily slipped on some obstruction, and with a roar like that of a wounded bull staggered sideways and down, taking a telegraph pole with him in his fall. One booted foot crashed into Adams' cake shop window, the other into Green's; one hand into the Japanese silk shop, while his head, meeting the pavement with a stunning crash that must have made the poor giant see hundreds of solar systems split it in a crack extending from Stegga's to the Strand. When the poor giant could withdraw his limbs he was a pitiful spectacle. On his left foot were firmly attached a square of chocolate sponge, from which cream oozed all over his boot, and a roll of jam sandwiches, the jam and cream making a touching sight. His right foot, which the reader will remember went into Green's, emerged wildly waving a mutilated grandfather clock. His hand appeared wagging feverishly a silk evening gown, the pathetic ruin of which brought tears to the eyes of many susceptible damsels. The giant, dazed with pain, staggered to his feet (I was sorry for him, but didn't like to offer him the support of my arm, not having been introduced), and taking six huge strides, tore up Wolfe-street, and suddenly turning, jumped clean over the School of Arts and landing in the harbour with a mighty splash (mistaken in Stockton for a tidal wave), and swimming rapidly outside the harbour entrance, receded from view and was never heard of more.

## THE MYSTERY OF THE TUCK-SHOP.

J. YEARBY.

The manager-in-chief of the school tuckshop knocked at the office door. "Come in," said a voice from within. The manager accepted the invitation. "Well," said the head. The manager, whose name happened to be Cassidias, replied, or rather mumbled, something about the pies having developed a strong tendency to speak French when bitten. "What," cried the head, "is that true? Anyway, I'll go and investigate." Mr. Cassidias' words proved only too true. The head was bewildered, but decided to call a meeting of the staff at once. The result of the meeting was that Mr. Homman, the Science master, was asked to try and discover the cause of the phenomenon. His efforts, however, proved in vain, until the French teacher, Miss Bytta, made a startling announcement, that owing to the heavy rain the windows of the library had not been opened that morning during French lessons! This helped to explain matters, for on careful investigation it was discovered that the library floor, which is immediately above the tuck-shop, was full of small cracks; also that the tuck-shop is extremely dark, when the door is closed. At a subsequent meeting of the staff, Mr. Homman gave the following report:—The library windows being closed, the sound of the French had travelled through the cracks in the floor, with a velocity not exceeding 2000 feet per second. This fact, together with the extreme density of the darkness in the tuck-shop, the specific gravity of the pies, and the surface tension of the gravy, had caused the sound to enter the pies. Here he quoted Newton's third law of motion, which states that "to every action there is an equal and opposite reaction," which fully explained the proposition.

As a result of experiments, French chocolates have been made. They are of a light brown colour, pleasant to take, and guaranteed under the Pure Foods Act to qualify the user to pass in French honours in the L.C.. Applications should be made in writing to the Editor, "Novocastrian," N.H.S.

## THE FAG'S VISION.

Oppressed with study deep,  
And overcome with sleep,  
The super-fag reposed with Cicero on his breast,  
While from a chair nearby  
The calm, majestic eye  
Of Caesar (on page 1) watched the lad take his rest.

What sight was it that froze  
His blood? In triple rows,  
Marshalled with Roman art, the printed words outflow;  
Dative and Nominative,  
Gerund, Indicative,  
Pronominal Adjectives; Supines in—um and—u.

They wheeled and marched in line,  
Did right and left incline,  
Formed legion on the left, or column of centuries;  
Old Cicero gave the word,  
And Caesar waved his sword;  
And sweet it was to the king of fags, as honey to the bees.

They taught him all the tricks,  
They showed him how to fix  
The Clauses and Declensions and all the Conjugations.  
He'll soon get his degree,  
And one day you will see  
His name as Second President of the League of Nations.

"PUERULUS."

## EX-PUPILS

Women's College, University of Sydney,

24/11/19.

To all Readers of the "Novocastrian,"—

It is indeed difficult to comply with the Editor's request for a "smart, newsy, long, and perfectly interesting letter" about our ex-N.'s at Sydney, or wherever they may be. There are, in the first place, so many of these ex-N.'s, and in the second place these dear people are so very much scattered. For instance, we have representatives at Hereford House, at Blackfriars, and in one and all of the varied faculties of this University, and these people see each other only on very rare occasions.

I think the first thing I must speak about in this letter is the kindness of those who form the Fourth Year of 1919 in giving representatives of former Fourth Years such an enjoyable evening as was given during our last vacation.

Since our return to Sydney for this, our last term of 1919, there has been formed, in conjunction with the former students of the Maitland Boys' and Girls' High Schools, a committee to arrange for social reunions of the representatives of the three schools in Sydney. We have already had one very enjoyable function, at which we had the pleasure of seeing Mr. Monk, Mr. Harris, Mr. Allen Smith, and Mr. Cyril Hudson. The latter was present as a former pupil of N.H.S., rather than as a former teacher.

We must all feel very pleased about the latest results in Med., for we find that we now have Mollie Lane, Jim Kem Yee, and Harold Sweetapple representing N.H.S. in Junior 5th Year Medicine, with the prospect of M.B., Ch.M., looming large on their horizon.

In Junior 4th Med. we find Ida Saunders and Baden Cooke, though the latter has yet to do a post in anatomy. Then a year beneath these two comes Joe Coles, who distinguished himself and reflected glory on his old school in his last examinations. With him are Alex. Ostinga and Ulric Brown, who also did well. We could not quite expect Alex. to fly as high as Joe, as he does not seem exactly bird-like.

Our representatives in Med. I. are still fairly numerous, though "Jock" Israel has dropped out after deciding to follow in his father's footsteps, instead of in the medical profession.

Our "Greasers," too, are faring very well.

Quite a number of our girls are about to sit for their degree examination in Arts, while Ruth Saunders, who was enabled to hang B.A. on to the end of her name after last year's exams., is now doing her "education work." By the way, both Ruth and Ida left college at the end of last term.

In Arts II. we have Julia Einsaar, Marjorie Steinbeck, and Marjorie Bateson, and they, too, are progressing very favourably.

I think, however—but perhaps I am prejudiced—that the merriest party is to be found in Arts I. Although we, especially the three at college, shall never be rected for the amount of work we do, we have won quite enough renown as "general muck-ups."

Janet Stinson and "Dannie" Blakemore do quite an abnormal amount of work, perhaps to make up for the deficiencies in the others, while in Economics Stan. Riley is "doing his bit."

Lemmie James and Eda Hingst are having quite good results on a minimum of work. "Lemmie" made a very shrewish, but delightfully natural, queen in the Fresher's play at college, while Eda was a stern counsellor and I a parasite



and wowsers. By the way, N.H.S. is quite well represented at this college. We hope to keep our representation well to the fore, as otherwise the inrush of Queenslanders may flood our members.

There is also quite a goodly rally of ex-N.'s at the Students' Hostel at Stanmore, among whom are Vic. Drinnan, Jean Gellately, Nell Brooks, Gwen King, and Nattie Merrion. Of these the first, fourth, and fifth are at Hereford, and the other two at Blackfriars.

I believe that Vic. Drinnan and Stan. Riley are taking part in the Blackfriars v. Hereford sports on Friday next. We wish them success.

May all ex-students of N.H.S. live up to their old motto, "Remis Velisque."

Yours very sincerely,

UNA DAWSON.

Basil Helmore has entirely resumed his old way of life. He passed another law exam. the other day.

Vera Knight and Nellie Saunders have both had attacks of appendicitis. Vera has quite recovered, and is now teaching at Campsie; but at this moment of writing Nellie is in hospital at Woolongong.

Norman Rawlings has been up here again, since his return from the front. He took the L.C. papers in order to qualify as a teacher; he has been studying privately, and thought the papers stiff. (So did some other people.) But, as Mr. Ecard had promised that "everything would be taken into account," his chances seem fair enough.

Ex-pupils of N.H.S. and Maitland conducted a joint social reunion in Sydney recently, and kindly sent us a ticket. Unfortunately, the Aerial Express (Newcastle to Sydney—30 minutes) is not running yet, so we could not go. We have been anxiously awaiting details, but have heard nothing except that W. Knight took his violin, and a young lady to play his accompaniments.

We wish to contradict the report in our last issue concerning Dorothy Blomberg.

## "HOWLERS"

This is the examination season, and there is a good crop of howlers. Even in dictation, which does not seem to offer much opportunity, we find, for "stainless purity" "painless purity" and "stainless impurity." "The agony of the parting scene" becomes "the agony of the parting seam." Well, that is agonising, too, sometimes. "Argonne" for "agony" would appeal to Americans. "We missed the accustomed presence" sounds more like Christmas when written "presents."

In the English paper there is naturally more variety. It was an Australian touch to write "in the bush, a few miles east of London." There is only one letter wrong in saying that "Shakespeare's life was spent in making drams." "The first whistle that sounded for peace was the fire-bell" gives a good idea of the excitement, as also does the statement that "people were kicking up a terrible rough."

"Children were provided with dinner, which was the cause of many children attending"—and a good cause, too.

The reasons given for liking lessons were rather good in many cases. "I like reading because I can get some sense out of it sometimes." "Why I like arithmetic is that it is nice if you are the only one in the class that can do it." "I like mathematics because it is easy when you get your teacher in a good humour."

It is no wonder that Clive won his victories so easily when we read that "the Sepoys were under the influenza of Dupleix." The secret of the Allies' victory is now revealed: "The French general had some preserved soldiers."

In the Arithmetic paper, candidates were invited to find the profit, without using figures. This is one candidate's actual answer.

100% = so much,  
therefore 1% = so much x so much  
therefore so much = so much x so much  
divided by so much  
= so much  
= answer.

But children are not the only makers of howlers. A local paper the other day put the proceedings of the Baptists' Association (annual conference, etc.) under the heading of "Amusements"! and another paper said that "even the Chinese are wanting British peace goods" where "piece" must have been meant.

## "I REMEMBER"

The grave and reverend signors (and senoras) of Fourth Year were discoursing of the days of long ago—the days of their vanished youth—when the burdens of life were only the bogey of a distant future—in short, of three or four years back, when they were in first or second year.

Their reminiscences were somewhat disappointing. They seem to have been an uncomfortably well-behaved crowd. I was not able to discover any dare-devils among them. They ate lemons in class; and Mr. Murphy said they could eat lemons whenever they wished; he would let them go outside for the purpose. Perhaps the lemons affected his French phonetics in the same way as they are said to affect the playing of a brass band. Also, on one occasion, they poured sugar down the boys' backs. (The logical may guess the precise meaning of "they.") We do not mind mentioning this, as no one is likely to do likewise in these days of a sugar shortage.

Then there was a boy who had a mirror and flashed it round the room. He felt quite safe, because he was just behind a boy to whom the master was explaining some geometry, and the master was sitting down. But suddenly the master's long arm shot round and grabbed the glass. He had noted the position of the sun, and of the flashes, and, by Euclid, had worked out the position of the offender.

Then, one day, two of the staff became so interested in a political argument that they forgot the class, until the contents of a water pistol gave one a gentle reminder. He was VERY angry, and his words showed it. The fair offender burst into tears, and there were mutual apologies.

One day, when exams. were approaching, one young scamp said, "Please, Mr. X., could you tell us some of the questions?" The teacher, quoting from one of the authors then being done, answered, "There are some that can pack the cards, but cannot play well." He meant that tipping questions is a less satisfactory method than proper work, and he thought his quotation rather apt. The class laughed quite heartily; but then they knew that the questioner, and others, had been playing cards in the back seats.

Very fair! Very fair!

## Fourth Year Picnic.

As usual, the weather was all that could be desired. Our numbers, however, turned out somewhat unsymmetrical. Later on, Phoebe took her hat off, and that seemed to redress the balance a little. We took boats at Cockle Creek, after some of us had nearly been bogged. White shoes suffered badly. The admiral naturally was given most of the responsibility; but perhaps this overweighted him, because he lagged behind the other boat very sadly. At Speers' Point we played various well-known games, were joined by one or two new arrivals, and had lunch. Brown won the sandwich-slinging championship, and M'Gill the uninterrupted fizz-drinking event. The scientific basis of his method had to be carefully explained to Miss Johnson, who had not believed it possible. We now took to the boats again. The boats, with chaperons, behaved very well, and returned quite promptly. Then we played some more games—twos and threes—in which Dora showed great speed and Miss Johnson great lack of it!—and some guessing games. The suggestion that Penelope could be used as an adjective, qualifying cat, was not upheld! Neither was shark considered a land animal. Phoebe took a very long while to recognise herself; but M'Gill found Brown's belt buckle almost at once. It is a sad reflection on modern education that Nelly Heath could not identify the first word in Macbeth. Then we came home, the peculiar steering of Dora, and the mistaken ambition of Brown and M'Gill, almost causing a catastrophe. In the train there was nothing of moment, except that one of the party was greatly embarrassed by being forbidden to look south, and not wanting to look anywhere else.

By the way, we forgot to mention that after much persuasion Brown, in spite of his disappointment, consented to come to the beach tea. We were all very sorry for Brown; we could see how he was suffering.

## Our Junior Contemporary.

We have been favoured with a glance at the magazine established by 1C.G. It is an interesting production, and reflects much credit on the enterprise of the form. So far, they produce one copy per week, neatly typewritten, and members of the class are allowed to read this gratis. Next year the cyclostyle might print it for them; or it might be enlarged into a "Remove" paper. The official name, by the way, is "Recorder."

"The proper study of mankind is man" (and, as the Latin grammar says, the masculine includes the feminine). Evidently this great truth is much appreciated in 1G, for most of the items are about one another. For example, there is Connie, who thinks simple equations are the same, only different, and whose sh-sh is like an engine letting off steam. Elsewhere, we are told that she gets so tired. Then, in the Ladies' Column, there is Ellie's pink sweater. Also, Ada is a dandy poetess. Not that the girls have it all to themselves. There is one boy who would forget his head if it were not screwed on (there are similar people in other classes), and there is a gallant gentleman who will fight anyone that says anything against women.

There are some general remarks of a philosophical character, e.g., "That the average woman doesn't know what she wants until she can't get it." We hope that is not original. We would be sorry to think that the bright youth of the editor has been so overshadowed as to bring him to such a depth of cynicism. A little more youthful, but still wise, is this:—"That 'brains will tell,' and also that 'A still tongue denotes a wise head.'" Take the hint, "1C.G." And a very good hint to take, in other cases, as well as that of 1C.G.

We will conclude by quoting a general article. But we must first warn the reader that 1CG contains a mysterious camarilla, akin, apparently, to the Carbonari or the Vehmgericht, and known as "the 3d. gallery."

## A DAY IN 1C.G.

Crash! bang! wallop! A crash shakes the room. It is discovered that one of the students, who has been dozing for the last three-quarters of an hour has fallen from his seat. The crestfallen one is assisted to his seat, and work goes on. Later on, a suspicious rustling is heard under the desk that denotes that dinner time is near. The bell goes, and the students adjourn for dinner. On resuming, work goes on for one period with keenness, but on the arrival of the next period work lags, and the 3d. gallery begin their afternoon siesta. With only a period to go, the class works with indifference, and is startled when some dreamer gets excited. Within ten minutes from 3.30 p.m. Boyproofs, Wristlets, etc., are consulted, and a feeling of restlessness pervades—the girls doing their hair, the boys packing up, while the teacher struggles vainly to bring the class to attention. Then the tocsin sounds, and a general exodus begins with the teacher vowing never to teach that class again.

## The Hydra

J. YEARBY.

(Classical Legend with a Modern Twist.)

Mr. Eggs was a poultry farmer living in Subaqueous Island. One fine morning he decided to go on a hunting expedition. He had only gone a few miles when he perceived grazing peacefully in the long grass an animal, which resembled a cow, a pig, and also a sheep. Suddenly the animal, becoming aware of his approach, charged at him, but Mr. Eggs, drawing his sword, promptly slashed off its head. To his surprise, another head appeared, and for three hours and a half Mr. Eggs was kept busy dodging the charges of the animal and cutting off heads and legs, but of no avail. Seeing that he could not kill the animal, he decided to capture it. He commenced to run, and then dodged behind a tree. The animal, which was following at a great speed, was thus pinned to the tree by its horns.

In the chief town of Subaqueous Island now appears a large butcher's shop, the property of Mr. Eggs. Mutton, pork, and beef are here sold at less than half the price charged elsewhere in the island. The people wonder why! When you next visit the island, do not relieve their curiosity upon this subject, or Mr. Eggs may have a bad time.

## Valiant-Fag in the Valley of Third Year

J. YEARBY.

After two years Valiant-Fag came to the Valley of Third Year. He had gone but a little way when he espied approaching him two men. These were Pleasure and Indolence. He was hard put to it whether to turn back or no, but resolved to stand his ground. So he went on and met them. They propounded unto him these three things: (1) Whither was he bound; (2) whether he would become one of them; (3) or died upon the place? To the first he answered, "I am going to the City of L.C." Then they demanded what he would say to the second. So he told them he had been a true fag for a long time, and it could not be expected that he should cast in his lot with idlers. To the third question he answered that he would throw his life away lightly. So they drew upon him and he drew upon them. For above half a day the battle lasted. Valiant-Fag was wounded in his head, his hand and foot, and by reason of his wounds he grew weaker and weaker. Indolence and Pleasure, espying their opportunity, gathered closer, and so violent was the attack that Valiant-Fag was nigh overcome. All at once a voice proclaimed, "Half-yearly exam. starts Monday week. Numbers and instructions to candidates appear on the notice board." At this Indolence and Pleasure fled, and Valiant-Fag met with no other affront from them, quite through this valley, or till after he had reached the celestial city of L.C.



# FORM REPORTS.

## Fourth Year.

"Hail, Horace; hail, infernal world." For many watery moons we have laboured on, and now our task is done, our knell has tolled.

Before the oncoming rush of the barbarous third year, the "Spirit of Horace," which of old was supreme in Room 9, "has vamoosed the ranch."

Just as our boys are masters on the sporting side, so they excel in "affaires de coeur."

As Mr. Hammond says, "The chief benefits of mixed schools are the 'attachments' formed there." He speaks from experience, and Fourth Year boys, especially Joseph, Ward Allair, all acquiesce. These tender matters are callously discussed by the man-hating Clara and Co. in the "Quick lunch restaurant" of Room 9.

The girls formed societies to debate on the ponderous questions of mortality. But the Evolutionary Theory was finally proved by the scientific logic of Grace, who demonstrated by pointing out the Evolution of Louie from the chrysalis of a school girl to the splendour of grown-upness.

When Captain Holden visited Newcastle the sedate and grown-up Fourth Year so forgot their dignity as to leave their padre in the lurch and career wildly to the top of the reservoir.

Third Year gave us a truly delightful social, and showed "admirable executive ability" in their arrangements.

With the help of their mascots, we all hope to pass.

Yours, never more,

FOURTH YEAR.

## 3A.

Here we are again, not as "The elementary fourth"; we are THE Fourth (or hope to be). Mirabile dictu, rumour has it that there is going to be a Latin honours class next year. The wee strangers are no longer new, the fraternal hand having been extended to them, and they are now engulfed in that whirlpool, fag. We have the golden reputation of having eliminated that former Novocastrian characteristic, "Lazy, luxuriant Third Year." A mere glance at our members will suffice to prove it. Two of our number, whose names remain better untold, sometimes have a sudden rush of intellectual inspiration, but unfortunately they tend to develop their faculties in a more amorous direction. One of them, however, fags maths., seeing that that teacher is in possession of a certain slip of paper. The Big Four, our coming physicists (?) have decided on writing "Via scientia, sine lacrimis," a very fascinating (?) book indeed.

The fair sex, ever jealous and standing on their dignity, are on the verge of a terrific struggle with First Year. Anticipating horrifying results, we sincerely hope that the tide of events will never reach such a critical standpoint.

Who are we, who are we,  
We're the "wee Latin Class,"  
Don't you see?

## 3B.

Lazy, luxuriant Third Year indeed! Who dares to cast such a stigma on the fair name of the sensible and industrious 3B? We are sorry to say our members are diminishing, so that at present we are a very small class. But never mind, we will be famous for quality, not quantity.

We regret that it should be necessary for some of our teachers to speak about the condition of our room. But really, it is not our fault, for it seems that our attempts at tidiness are useless, both because our room is part of the assembly room, and also because it is the library. However, from henceforth we hope to occupy a more congenial abode, and we shall endeavour to show our appreciation by taking care of it. If we do not beautify our room in other ways, it is usually adorned with flowers, the sight of which, we are sure, must compensate our weary teachers for the unpleasantness of the room.

One of our teachers causes great activity amongst us, for if there is not a rush to open the windows before her entrance, there certainly is after.

The Third Year girls went for a geology excursion to Branxton the other day, and although it was hot the heat was not noticed in the excitement of looking for specimens. One of the celebrated members of 3B will be forever remembered (?) as the fortunate finder of a very rare specimen.

We all appreciate the installation of lockers at school, though it is unfortunate that ours had to be placed in the Dem. However, as there is no space for them in our own room, we are resolved not to complain.

The yearly exams. are close upon us, and we are looking forward to them with pleasurable anticipation. However, when they are over we find some enjoyment in other diversions, even though they be less exciting.

We are all looking forward to our school picnic, at which on previous occasions we have enjoyed ourselves thoroughly.

The Fourth Years will soon be leaving us, and we wish them every success in the future. We suppose this time next year we ourselves will be in the realm of the Leaving with our High School career just behind us, and then we will be receiving the good wishes of the next Third Year.

We are, etc.,

3B.

## 2A.

The Inter. has passed and gone, and with it all our troubles and anxieties. There now stretches before us a year of ease and luxury; no more fagging for 2A.

All of 2A are determined to live up to their name. We are A by name, and our passes will at least contain 2 A's. 2A is undoubtedly the most sincere class in their work, so the teachers say, and 2A have fagged their work to such an extent that one teacher complimented us on learning our work, as we would learn K-K-Katie.

Sad to relate, our most brilliant and docile scholars have bid 2A good-bye. "Reggie," "Joey," "Russy," and "Pot" have booked their passages for the Dockyard, and 2A joins together in wishing them "bon voyage."

"Lady Lancy" has developed a great love for tennis, jumping, tartan ties, etc., and is confident in gaining the headmaster's prize for the year.

With a "little" encouragement he might consent to bring his pipes for the concert.

Wishing 2AC success in the Inter., and the whole school a "Merry Christmas,"

We are, for the last time,

2A.

2AC.

Time for another report, is it? Oh! certainly we've plenty to talk of this time, especially as we are considered the model class of this old school. If you want to prove this, just apply to any of our teachers, and hear the praise.

Perhaps this saintliness is due to the lack (ey) of the boys, as they number but six, and even they are quite out of the ordinary.

Frith has brought us the "A" and Lackey the "B" tennis championship, while Craggie, in spite of his habit of "Sign Haberdashery," defeated all others in gaining the point score at the annual sports, and incidentally becoming the champion high jumper at 5 feet (and not out). But these boys are not the only champions. Be pleased not to forget the champion girls swimmer of the school, namely, "Ting," and the girls intend to shew the world a thing or two in tennis yet, especially "Sweet Lucy." (Of course sometimes we fag instead of winning sports.)

Owing to the heavy gale on Monday, November 10, a carniferous four-legged canine was blown into our class-room, and took up its sleeping abode in the lap of a certain sweet blonde. During the "Dark Ages" he became rather restless, and had to be removed per window, much to the fair damsel's distress.

Before we close we wish to thank 2A for at last purchasing a duster and saving us the trouble of taking up a collection for them. Also we wish to add a few Public Notices:—

WANTED.—Tenders for supply of slates and slate pencils for 2A scribblers.

WANTED.—Person to collect rent, which is owing to us for occupation of our press by person who took "French leave" and filled the press with bottles. Good commission!

FOR SALE.—Aforementioned empty bottles—going cheap. Apply immediately, as the use of press is wanted.

Yours (till 1920),

2AC.

**REMOVE A.**

News! news! news!

We have all succeeded in passing that half-yearly exam., despite the lynx-eyed supervisors.

How? you say. Why, through the door, of course.

The amount of paper Dave (pronounced as third front French vowel), Phillis, and some others used would have ruined a millionaire, while Phillis wrote with such alarming celerity that the point of his gold nib (x carat gold) became white hot, and occasionally he had to cease his exertions to let it cool.

Dave, the big fag, came first in Science, getting 80 per cent, while our Evelyn only got about 60 per cent. These Remove B boys do take things on themselves, don't they?

Sned, the owner of a great deal of superfluous hair and oil, continues "dormir," like the bear. But like his namesake, shouldn't he wake up soon?

Wanted.—These include the following:—

1. A good megaphone for Dictée lessons.
2. A kind intruder for French reading lessons.
3. No more tests till after the holidays.
4. No half-yearly results except good ones.
5. A recipe for solving Algebraic and Geometrical problems.
6. Information as to what Dave did with the money he won in that bet several (many, in fact) weeks ago—not a racing one. (Is betting legal in this school.—Ed.)
7. Someone to beat the Sydney swimmers.
9. More peace to sleep in lessons.

R.B.

We, the illustrious occupants of Room 8 (which is not a room, but a corridor) recently, acting under orders from the Head, have had to follow the example of the "Commercial Traveller" (not a good example) and wander—

"The Train Maniac" (No. 2 of the Romance Brigade) has left for an easier job of selling puff-puffs.

"The Bugler of the Broom Stick Brigade" topped the score in Physics (causing "Grunter" to slip), and he always did, and always will, top the score in inches.

In our class, the boys are the best . . . !! (We don't think so.—Girls.) since there is no competition from the girls.

Lately our geography lessons have been very lifeless, owing to the disappearance of our chief soprano, "T" (our class fog-horn), who has been recruiting his spent energies at the Lake.

Our "Mary" has been melting lately, owing to the heat of the sun; but, through the strenuous efforts of "our soprano" (in the back seat) she has held out well.

We are hoping next year to R. II.—Room 5 (perhaps).

We remain, waiting for our passes into Second Year, or (as we expect) to be encored.

R.B.

**REMOVE COMMERCIAL.**

Our commercial instinct is beginning even so early to appear in the annals of this noble school.

We recently made a good business transaction with Mr. Saxby, of two half-days in exchange for one day. Needless to say, these were sports days, and we, being sports, greatly regretted the loss of our sports day, but our fags preferred to study the ocean. One of our noble-faced boys was honoured by the question, "Are you a returned soldier?"

How we miss our Bolshy! The revolution in our class is beginning to subside. He was assisted to evacuate this class with two black eyes.

The commercialites fell out one by one into the cold, cold world.

Grandma and Grandpa have formed an alliance till death (?).

Why are so many photos of "Snarepole" floating about in the air?

We have become very religious of late—we have a scholar who professes to be a parson.

People at Hamilton admire the prompt delivery of telegrams, etc., now that "Scooter" is telegram boy. His aim is to be postmaster. How different will be the Post Office!

Lost, a gold tooth. Finder please return to "Dopey," "Remove Commercial."

Hoping we are 2 A.C. next year, we remain,

LES VOYAGEURS DE L'ECOLE.

1A.

The supposed sub. is going away, and the writing of this report has fallen to the girls, as it always does.

We are all very anxious to know if a certain "— S" will be in our class next year, as none of us have any chance of coming top when he is here.

We wish to know if anyone can solve this equation:

R.A. — S equals 2A plus S.



The time seemed to fly in the Geometry exam., and the result was that most came out with low results.

We have a variety of boys, one is a "talented musician" (?), one a "woman hater," and a "never present one." One of the boys is fond of sitting in front of the girls.

We are glad to welcome two new members to our class this half-year.

There are two members of this class whose names are always getting confused by the Maths. teacher.

We girls do not object to the boys as much as we expected; they prove a source of amusement.

A few members of our class are accused of playing handies. For particulars apply the Maths. teacher.

We enjoy experiments in the Lab. with Japanese crucibles and the odour of certain gases.

We all hope to appear as Remove A next year, and in conclusion we wish everyone a happy Christmas,

From 1A.

### 1B.

All other classes must envy 1B, as they do not possess such a beautiful specimen as "Lady Venetia." She is the pride and joy of the class. King S. revels in playing with the ink, much to the annoyance of those who sit in front of her. Another specimen amuses the class with her manly laugh, well known to the teachers.

The saying that human beings are derived from animals, is only too true, as R.G.'s (the person who could write a book on motor cars, aeroplanes, etc.) laugh is becoming more like a hyena's every time a joke is cracked.

Our class has the reputation of being the best in the school for manners. We are all sure that our English teacher will endorse this statement.

It seems that 1B has some good voices for singing French, such as L.K. and A.B., who are to sing the "Marseillaise" to Mlle. B. soon.

Edwin is still hale and hearty, after having gone through the Latin. No person allowed at the keyhole. Joy-rides in our class are going out of date. W. Pastry (who was the lolly-maker in 1B), along with Geoffrey (the ex-pugilist), are now getting on well in Latin. Perhaps the girls have made an impression on them.

Has anybody seen the small lock of Sol. Green's knocking around? It is so small that a magnifying glass has to be used to look at it. A brass-finisher has a good chance of unlocking it.

We are very sorry a good sport will soon be leaving our class, and we wish him every success (if he goes).

We are well pleased with our teachers, and hope they may say the same of us. A Merry Xmas to all.

1B.

### 1C.G.

Although this class had the misfortune to come in at the half-year, we have worked hard to pull up with the other First Years. We have not been without our reps. in the school sport, and although perhaps not distinguishing themselves, they have helped to make the school sports a success.

The boys have a handicap over the girls, because the girls have not had Maths., Science, and other lessons at the primary schools, but have pulled up well, and the exam. results will show what the girls have done.

### 1A.C.

Ah! the time has nearly arrived when the misery begins, the yearly exam. Three or four boys have left, being too shy to take a seat in the exam. room. 1A.C. has been without a French teacher for a couple of months, and have suffered greatly through it. We have now got some boys who are always wanting to be boxing—they must have got nightmares.

Swimming has started again, and we wish to win some races in the carnival, as we are already practising. We did not score many points in the eighth annual sports meeting, but I don't think we came the lowest in the school. 1A.C. is famous for the notable persons therein. We have a dairy farmer, an aviator, and a mechanical engineer. We can also boast of having two apologies for songs, viz., "The Last Rose of Summer" and "The Lonesome Melody."

Our famous fag (M.), of the male sex, who always managed to secure for himself a seat in the back (by the aid of the teacher), has left to become manager of the Honeysuckle railway sheds.

Little Dot, an active supporter of the Tickle-toe, is practising the art of vamping, to eventually become a rival of the celebrated Theda Bara.

Wishing everybody a pleasant holiday, a Happy Christmas, and a bright New Year,

We are,

THE FINEST BREEDS OF COMMERCIAL TRAVELLERS, FINE ARTISTS,  
AND DRAFTSMEN.

## Before—and After.

By ESMA SCOLES.

Private Allen Rathbourne, commonly known as "Desperado Bill," was the best fighter in the regiment, and certainly, if you had peeped into his dugout, "Challis House," a certain evening during the Great Push you would have acknowledged the truth of this assertion. Seated on a soap-box, busily perusing a letter from home, he certainly looked a battler. Mud! the man was covered with it—there was hardly a clear space in his face. While as for his boots! Buttons were missing; there was a rent in one sleeve. Still, the face, with its keen eyes, was purposeful and strong, and the head, with its unruly hair, was set on firm, erect shoulders. None could deny his splendid physique.

The contents of his letter were evidently troubling him, for after glancing through his mail he carefully scanned the floor of the dugout. Then, noticing his mates were standing together, he joined them, to find they were criticising a photo.

"I don't want my darling boy to be a soldier—it wouldn't suit the brush back," was one saying. "Now, Tommy, always look after your little sister like a little gentleman," another advised.

"Ay, you chaps, that's mine," cried the muddy one, seizing the photo. The richest little boy that ever wore "silk self-clothes" smiled a beaming smile from the cardboard. Clad in immaculate flannels, with an irreproachable blazer, his brush back out-heroding Herod, he stood by his little sister. One hand, signet-ringed, balanced a tennis racquet.

"Not me? What do you say to this?" boomed Bill, as he read.

"So I am sending along that photo of you and me taken just before you enlisted, with the new photo to show you how I've grown."

"Parbleu," the scoffers murmured—softly (for might is right in a dugout). "War can sometimes have a good effect."

## The Ideal Picnic

By "DREAMER."

Our annual picnic was held next Friday, and oh! what a glorious time we will have.

We were conveyed to the station in motor cars; then, entering a train, alighted at Cockle Creek, where more motor cars awaited to take us to Speers' Point.

When we get there we will be given a delightful morning tea, which was provided by the best caterer in the town.

There ought to be a free merry-go-round, and a free razzle-dazzle. Aeroplanes hover just above us, waiting for passengers to fill them. Boats were ranged along the shores, and if we want to go on the water we will just take one.

Then we are going to be provided with a hot dinner in the refreshment rooms. The teachers waited on us and saw we did not go without anything.

After dinner, we had ice cream and cordials galore.

But I cannot remember whether that lovely picnic is or has been or will have been, going to be in the past or future tense.

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## The Gourmandiser

R. KEM YEE.

There was a very fat chap attending our school, and he seemed to have a particular fondness for eating and sleeping. He was always stretching himself, yawning, and eating. One particularly hot day, when the weather gave everyone a drowsy feeling, a Latin lesson was in progress. The teacher himself felt slightly sleepy, and so gave the pupils some work to do and sat himself down on the chair.

There was silence in the room for some time, and then a peculiar noise resembling a pig was heard. The teacher suddenly awoke from his day-dream and looked over his smiling class. His eyes soon rested on the head of a fat chap, bent down on his arms, which lay on the desk. The teacher walked to the boy's side, the noise becoming louder as he approached.

The teacher then seized a Virgil that was on the desk, and slammed it down with all his might. The student awoke with a start and blinked about him. He soon grasped the situation that he had been asleep, but the master was unseen, being behind him.

Thinking the teacher had left the room, he yawned loudly, and stretched his arms. Then he said, "I say, chaps, where's old — gone to?" No one answered, till the master could hold his rage no longer, and he swept down on the luckless one and hustled him from the room, telling him meanwhile to go and sleep and snore in his proper place. The unfortunate student (or otherwise) left the room and lazily wandered about the playground for about a quarter of an hour. Then he saw Way's pastry cart bringing up the tuck for the school. He therefore made his way towards the gate and came in with the carter (and the pies). He signed the delivery note, and settled down to a good time. He ate, and ate, for half an hour, and went to sleep again.

School was dismissed, and there was a rush for the tuck shop. The attendants went to see whether the tuck had already arrived. They found Fatty sitting on the pastry tray, and three isolated apple tarts with him. He was carried to the famished ones, who soon grasped the situation. Meanwhile Fatty slept soundly, and so the starved picked up the three remaining tarts and stuffed them down the gorging's neck. He awoke with a start. He was at once seized and put under the tap. He came into lessons that afternoon very wet, but no longer sleepy.

## The War

E. MANEFIELD.

But five years have passed since the first shot was fired. Who can tell, save those who shared in it, of the thrill of joy, or was it of fear, that must have run through the hearts of the men as their guns shrieked forth, for the first time, their tale of death? But a few short days had gone by since the news of the death of the heir to the Austrian throne fell on us like a bolt from the blue, and plunged the world into war, and yet there they stood, those brave men, of England, of France, Russia, and Belgium, and held at bay the Prussian hordes, who had scorned the terms of the "scrap of paper," which should have kept Belgium safe from harm. From Australia, New Zealand, India, Canada, and Africa came those tall, brown men, whom the Germans, Turks, and Austrians soon learned to fear; those men who have caused the names of their lands to be carved in gold on the scroll of fame—they, too, threw in their lot on the side of the right. At Gallipoli, Verdun, and Mont St. Quentin, they did their part, and did it well, and the world rang with the praise of their deeds. For five long years the tide of war ebbed and flowed, and for a long time it seemed that might, not right, must win, but at last, with the help of God, Britain and her friends came out on top, and now, at the close of the war, we find that the mailed fist of Germany has lost its grip, and that the world is still free from the rule of such men (no, not men, for to that name they have lost all claim) as the Kaiser and his son.

(Except for proper names, the above is in words of one syllable.)

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## The Model Class

ESMA SCOLLES.

Pupil: "Mr. X., could you give us a little more home-work?"

Mr. X.: "What's that, Smith?"

Pupil: "Do you think you are giving our class enough home-work, sir?"

Mr. X.: "Well—er—judging by the look on your faces when I gave you 10 pages to prepare you seemed to think you were getting too much."

Pupil: "Too much! Why, we were just wishing you'd give us twice as much."

Mr. X.: "Surely you don't mean that! Wasn't it your class that declared work black?"

Pupil: "Oh, but that was last week. The Bolshevik tendencies have quite died down, because—"

Mr. X.: "Mr. Hughes' far-reaching influence?"

Pupil: "More likely Miss V.'s; only this morning she pointed out the error of our ways, and—"

Mr. X.: "Ah, I see. The triumph of law and order through imposition."

Pupil: "You mistake me, sir. Not an imposition, but a little friendly talk. As a result, the girls have signed off pictures for six months, the boys are going to buy a vase, and we are all going to do three hours' home-work every night. So we thought if we had, say, 10 pages extra to do for you every night—"

But just then the alarm's harsh jangle awoke the echoes, and Mr. X. discovered 'twas but a dream.



## Social to Fourth Year

The socials given in previous years to Fourth Year have been easily eclipsed by that given by the present Third Year. Nearly everyone concerned turned up, and the teachers were well represented. The evening opened with the popular game of winks. Miss Black easily won the long distance championship. One young gentleman insisted on winking with his chin, much to the amusement of the other players.

The menu competition was won by Miss Dora Toll, who won a silver tray (threepence). The drawing competition was won by Miss Marjorie Webb, the prize being "The Light that Failed"—a dead match. As the drawings had to be fastened on the backs of the players, the artists and the "easels" marching all the time, some of the results were decidedly queer. One supposed kangaroo was very much like the map of Ireland, another like a hen.

Other games were played, among them twos and threes, Jolly Miller, musical proverbs, which were all enjoyed. After the competition, ice cream was given out to all present, and proved a welcome diversion.

The most important event of the evening, however, was the supper. The tables were artistically decorated with alternate vases of red and blue flowers, and each glass contained a paper serviette. As centrepieces asparagus fern proved very pretty. Finding partners for supper was very jolly, and cries could be heard for Julius Caesar, Henry VIII, Lorna Doone, Tiny Tim, Sarah Gamp, etc. The procession to supper was headed by Dick Swiveller (Mr. Saxby) and Lorna Doone.

Toasts were offered to the King, the School, Fourth Year, and Third Year, by teachers and scholars, and they were, in every case, heartily responded to, especially by the young man who ought to have a hot temper, who showed his delight by rolling an empty bottle to and fro on the floor. We are sorry to say he was aided and abetted by the classical person.

During supper varnished gum leaves, with the words "Best wishes" painted neatly on them, and tied with the school colours, were given to the Fourth Year girls and boys.

Third Year wishes to thank Miss Johnson for her hard work in the preparation of the affair, and Mr. Saxby's aid in carrying it out in the evening.

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## INSPIRATION.

By "TINY."

The boy sat at the exam. bench,  
 His pen was in his hand,  
 His head was bare, his curly hair  
 Was buried in his hand.  
 Again in the mist and shadow of sleep  
 He tried to understand.  
 And then at a furious speed he wrote  
 Upon his paper blank;  
 The words, out of the air they came  
 And on his paper sank.  
 He started in his sleep and smiled,  
 And wondered whom to thank.  
 He did not hear the ringing bell,  
 Or heed the heat of day;  
 For sleep had illumined the land of dreams,  
 And his peaceful body lay  
 Upon the desk where he was wont  
 To while the hours away.

## Third Year Beach Tea.

The party assembled on the southern end of the beach at 5.30 p.m., Friday, 28/11/19. Here they discovered that their old rivals, Fourth Year, had, by a strange coincidence, met for the same purpose. After a long discussion, in which the voice of Esme could easily be distinguished above the din, it was agreed that we should ask them to join us. This request they somewhat arrogantly refused. Being settled upon this point, we proceeded, under the supervision of Miss Whiteoak, to a sheltered spot to partake of our repast. To quote "Smith's Weekly," the atmosphere there "was very muggy," for a certain maiden of Novocastrian fame was engaged in—well—engaged.

Owing to the quaint method of quenching our thirst, Kem proposed that we should find the "surface tension of cordials, by means of capillarity," a suggestion very reminiscent of Science. Next came the toasting. The school, Mr. Saxby, etc., having been toasted (?), we sang "For he's a jolly good fellow," much to the consternation of the bystanders, the rocks above trembling as the lofty strain wended its way heavenwards. The writer was asked to propose "First Year," but seeing the humour, declined. Having satisfied our varying appetites, we evacuated our position for a more suitable one on the sand. Here, in conjunction with Fourth Year, who really could not do without us, we interested ourselves in games.

About 9.30 p.m. the party departed for their various homes. Some of the more frivolous natures, as "Cora, Enid, Peadles, and Kem," preferred the joys of the razzle-dazzle.

However, summing up, it was "The perfect end of a day."

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## "Snapped"

Amidst the thunderous clapping from the grandstand two girls and two youths stole quietly out of the building. It was the annual school sports, and the chief event of the day had just been decided. So in the tumult of cheering that greeted the winner those four young people succeeded in stealing out without drawing the attention of the crowd.

For weeks they had schemed and planned to meet each other without being observed, and thus escape the chaffing which usually resulted from the detection of a budding romance. Of course everyone had been suspicious, but no proof could be found.

When they reached the back of the grandstand they linked arms and walked towards the refreshment room, feeling very pleased with themselves.

A hasty glance, a pair of running feet, the click of a camera shutter, and the schemes of those four young people were completely shattered. It would be hard to describe their astonishment when the photographs were handed around for inspection a few days later; but they determined to have their revenge.

When the Camera Club was instituted they decided to join it in the hope of paying off old scores on the photographer who "snapped" them.

Girls! if there are any "Juliets" amongst you who wish to "get even" with any Camera Club members for past offences—Join the Camera Club!

If there are any who wish to become first-class detectives—Here's your chance!

If you wish to enjoy yourselves—Become members!

If you ARE a photographer—Join the Club and help make it a success!

If you are NOT a photographer—Become a member of the Camera Club and you will soon become proficient!

No charge to enter!

Chemicals provided free!

(Advt.)

—SNAPSHOOTER.

## A Horrible Revenge

Some pupils think it only fair that they should examine the staff. In order that the luckless adults should know what to expect, the following specimen papers have been proposed:—

### GENERAL KNOWLEDGE—1 Hour.

Examiners: Prof. A. M'Kay, Mr. Rodgers, Miss A. Gray.

Do Questions 1 and 2 and one other.

1. Translate "The Encyclopaedia Britannica" into Latin OR Greek.
2. Translate "The Ground work of British History" into French OR Japanese.
3. If the world stopped moving in 25,000 years, and there were 1,500,000,000 people then in the world, occupying 400,000,000 acres, and the air began to evaporate at the rate of 25,000 cub. ft. per 10 minutes, find the price of ice cream then.
4. If Julius Caesar were living now, what colour would his hair be? And which occupation would he most probably follow—(a) Writing moving picture plays; or (b) instructing cadets at Duntroon?

### MATHEMATICS—1 Hour.

Examiners: Prof. H. M'Gill, L.C., Mr. F. Vizzard, Miss M. Tingle.

The questions are of equal value. Squared paper to be provided.

1. If it takes five minutes for a black beetle going at one foot a minute to go round a tin containing 7lb. of treacle, how much tripe 5in. wide will it take to make a waistcoat for an elephant who weighs 36 stone, and whose height is 1ft. to every  $\frac{3}{4}$ lb.?
2. If a man wears out a pair of socks every month, and at end of leap year invests these socks in a bank where he gets a profit of 20 per cent., how many pairs of socks will he have at the end of five years?
3. If a tank contains 50 gallons of water at 0 deg. C., and a man falls in, whose volume is 50 C. ft., to save a cat, whose volume is 15 C. ft., by Archimedes' Principle, find the length of the cat's tail.

## SWIMMING

On Thursday and Friday, December 4th and 5th, the school ran a swimming carnival of quite unexampled magnitude. From Sydney High School, Technical High, Fort Street, North Sydney High, Cleveland Street Intermediate, came 64 visitors. These were put up by members or friends of the school; the allotment took place on the beach. One girl picked hers by the pictures in the School Magazine. After a light lunch on the beach, some of the more exhausting events were swum off on Thursday afternoon. This included some very interesting trick swimming and "rescue" drill by the visitors. The carnival was continued on Friday afternoon and night. Newcastle did not do well at all in the athletic part of the programme, but figured very prominently in the super-beach-tea on Friday evening. We occupied 23 tables, and when they were emptied adjourned to the beach for games. School was never like this before! Many of our visitors are convinced that all High Schools should be mixed; and even went so far as to wear Newcastle colours. But when Newcastle girls were found to display Sydney colours, what can be said?

Our friendly rivals went home on Saturday after a good time. The committee wish to express their gratitude to Miss Johnson and her committee of girls for managing the important department of catering; and to the Premier Club, especially Messrs. Wal. Cook, Thomas, Dillon, and F. Macdonald, for general assistance and the loan of rooms and material.

Appended are results of finals:—

- 100 yards Junior Championship.—First heat: A. Penfold (North Sydney), 1; C. Munro (Tech.), 2; O. Griffiths (Cleveland Intermediate), 3; time, 1min. 13sec. Second heat: H. Degotardi (Tech.), 1; M. Russell (Sydney), 2; B. Davies (Cleveland Intermediate), 3; time, 1min. 10 2-5sec. Final: Griffiths 1, Degotardi 1, Penfold 3; time, 1min. 11 2-5sec.
- 50 yards Junior Cadets' Championship.—E. Burns (North Sydney), 1; T. Bennett (Sydney), 2; S. Nathan (Tech.), 3; time 30 4-5sec. Second heat: Morton (Tech.), 1; J. Hughes (Newcastle), 2; Shields (Sydney), 2; time, 37 2-5sec. Final: Burns 1, Bennett 2, Morton 3; time, 35sec.
- Junior Relay, 200 yards.—First heat: Cleveland Street 1, Tech. 2. Second heat: North Sydney 1, Sydney 2. Final: Cleveland Street 1, Tech. 2.
- Senior Diving Championship.—R. Grogan (North Sydney), 137 points, 1; G. Parry (North Sydney), 133 points, 2; B. Davies (Sydney), 132 points, 3.
- 50 yards Breast Stroke (junior).—First heat: C. Mitchell (North Sydney), 1; G. Irwin (Fort Street), 2; E. Burton (Sydney), 3; time, 40 1-5sec. Second heat: R. Carroll (Fort Street), 1; C. Miller (North Sydney), 2; E. Gosden (Fort Street), 3; time, 37 1-5sec. Final: Carroll 1, Miller 2, Irwin 3; time, 28 2-5sec.
- 50 yards Senior Championship.—First heat: C. Dawes (North Sydney), 1; N. Solomon (North Sydney), 2; M'Donald (Sydney), 3; time, 29sec. Second heat: Thomas (Sydney), 1; Westley (North Sydney), 2; White (Fort Street), 3; time, 30 2-5sec. Final: M'Donald 1, Thomas 2, Solomon 3; time, 30 4-5sec.
- 50 yards Junior Championship.—First heat: C. Munro (Tech.), 1; G. Parry (North Sydney), 2; R. Grogan (North Sydney), 3; time, 30 4-5sec. Second heat: O. Griffiths (Cleveland Intermediate), 1; A. Penfold (North Sydney), 2; H. Degotardi (Tech.), 3; time, 29sec. Final: Griffiths 1, Degotardi 2, Penfold 3; time, 28 4-5sec.
- Senior 50 Yards Championship, back stroke, without use of arms.—First heat: A. Cousins (Tech.), 1; B. A. James (Newcastle), 2; N. Solomon (North Sydney), 3; time, 50  $\frac{1}{2}$ sec. Second heat: Nofsy (Tech.), 1; Rae (Sydney), 2; time, 55sec. Final: Cousins 1, James 2, Rae 3; time, 50 1-5sec.
- 50 yards Junior Championship, back stroke, without use of arms.—First heat: R. Carroll (Fort Street), 1; G. Harrison (North Sydney), 2; A. Bloomfield (Sydney), 3; time, 53 4-5sec. Second heat: Gosden (Tech.), 1; Erwen (Fort Street), 2; Miller (North Sydney), 3; time, 50 4-5sec. Final: Carroll 1, Gosden 2, Erwen 3; time, 50sec.



- Senior 100 Yards Championship.—First heat: M'Donald (Sydney), 1; C. Walters (Sydney), 2; Westley (North Sydney), 3; time, 1min. 17sec. Second heat: G. Davies (Sydney), 1; Dawes (North Sydney), 2; Shand (North Sydney), 3; time, 1min. 17 1-5sec. Final: Shand 1, M'Donald 2, Davies 3; time, 1min. 12 1-5sec.
- Junior Dive.—J. Grogan (North Sydney), 64 points, 1; Parry (North Sydney), 60 points, 2; Bennett (Sydney), 50 points, 3.
- 200 yards Junior Championship.—Griffiths (Cleveland Intermediate), 1; Degotardi (Tech.), 2; Penfold (North Sydney), 3; time, 2min. 36sec.
- 75 yards Junior Cadets' Championship.—Burns (North Sydney), 1; Bennett (Sydney), 2; Nathan (Tech.), 3; time, 55 2-5sec.
- 33 yards Junior Cadets' Breast Stroke Championship.—A. Richards (Sydney), 1; Timball (Tech.), 2; Nathan (Tech.), 3; time, 39½sec.
- Relay Race, Junior Cadets, 100 yards.—Tech. 1, Sydney 2.
- 100 yards Senior Breast Stroke Championship.—Solomon (North Sydney), 1; Cousins (Tech.), 2; Miller (North Sydney), 3; time, 1min. 32½sec.
- 300 yards Senior Relay.—Tech. 1, Sydney 2, Newcastle 3.
- 100 yards Junior Cadet Championship.—Burns (North Sydney), 1; Bennett (Sydney), 2; Stainer 3; time, 1min. 24 4-5sec.
- 200 yards Senior Championship.—Shand (Sydney), 1; Thomas (Sydney), 2; Nofsy (Tech.), 3.

## ATHLETICS

### Age Championships.

- 12 years and under—A. Bennett 1, Aus 2, Smith 3.
- 13 years and under—J. Arthur 1, J. Sowerby 2, H. Graham 3.
- 14 years and under—N. Breden 1, F. Tonkin 2, H. Williams 3.
- 15 years and under—F. Gray 1, J. Cragg 2, K. Lackey 3.
- 16 years and under—J. Estell 1, T. Marshall 2, J. Sneddon 3.
- 880 yards Handicap (senior)—A. Weir (35yds) 1, T. Henery (10yds) 2, H. Jackson (15yds) 3.
- 880 yards Handicap (junior)—R. Collins (scr.) 1, H. Hayman (30yds) 2, W. Parker (30yds) 3.
- Broad Jump Championship (senior)—J. Sneddon (17ft. 8in.) 1, G. Coates and D. Sharp (17ft. 5in) 2.
- Broad Jump Championship (junior)—K. Lackey (16ft. 6½in.) 1, N. Breden (16ft. 5½in.) 2, G. Johnston (16ft. 4½in.) 3.
- Broad Jump Handicap (senior)—G. Coates (6in.) 1, J. Sneddon (scr.) 2, D. Sharp (scr.) 3.
- Broad Jump Handicap (junior)—Johnston (24in.) 1, N. Breden (15in.) 2, Wilson (20in.) 3.
- 220 yards Championship (senior)—J. Estell 1, J. Sneddon 2, G. Coates 3.
- 220 yards Championship (junior)—F. Gray 1, J. Cragg 2, R. Collins 3.
- 220 yards Championship (under 14)—Bryant 1, W. Fisher 2, J. Arthur 3.
- Novice Handicap, 100 yards (senior)—A. Weir (2yds.) 1, Geo. Johnston (scr.) 2, L. Kelly (scr.) 3.
- Novice Handicap, 100 yards (junior)—G. Johnston (8yds.) 1, L. M'Manus (8yds.) 2, W. Parker (6yds.) 3.
- 440 yards Handicap (senior)—A. Weir (25yds.) 1, S. Henery (15yds.) 2, H. Jackson (25yds.) 3.

- 440 yards Handicap (junior)—O. Oakley (scr.) 1, F. Gray (scr.) 2, R. Collins (scr.) and Howard (20yds.) 3.
- Mile Championship (senior)—J. Estell 1, E. Nelson 2, T. Henery 3.
- Mile Championship (junior)—Barnes 1, K. Riley 2, F. Tonkin 3.
- 100 yards Championship of School (senior)—J. Sneddon 1, J. Estell 2, T. Marshall 3.
- 100 yards Championship of School (junior)—N. Breden 1, J. Cragg 2, F. Gray 3.
- 100 yards Championship of School (junior)—N. Breden 1, F. Gray 2, J. Cragg 3.
- High Jump Championship (senior)—D. Hopper and G. Coates (4ft. 8in.) 1, A. Weir (4ft. 7in.) 3.
- High Jump Championship (junior)—J. Cragg 1, F. Tonkin 2, K. Lackey 3.
- High Jump Handicap (senior)—A. Weir (6in.) 1, G. Coates (3in.) 2, J. Sneddon (3in.) and R. Dodd (5in.) 3.
- High Jump Handicap (junior)—J. Cragg 1, F. Tonkin 2, Lackey 3, M'Manus.
- 880 yards Championship (senior)—J. Estell 1, T. Henery 2, E. Nelson 3.
- 880 yards Championship (junior)—T. Oakley 1, W. Parker 2, Barnes 3.
- 880 yards Championship (under 14)—Bryant 1, J. Sowerby 2, J. Arthur 3.
- 220 yards Handicap (senior)—A. Weir (14yds.) 1, J. Sneddon (10yds.) 2, G. Coates (8yds.) 3.
- 220 yards Handicap (junior)—J. Cragg (5yds.) 1, N. Breden (scr.) 2, F. Gray (6yds.) 3.
- 220 yards Handicap (under 14)—Campbell (8yds.) 1, Bryant (scr.) 2, Aus (7yds.) 3.
- Hop, Step and Jump Championship (senior)—A. Weir 1, G. Coates 2, F. Gray 3.
- Hop, Step and Jump Championship (junior)—
- 440 yards Championship (senior)—T. Henery 1, A. Weir 2, J. Estell 3.
- 440 yards Championship (junior)—O. Oakley 1, F. Gray 2, K. Lackey 3.
- 440 yards Championship (under 14)—Bryant 1, B. Ball 2, W. Fisher 3.
- Pole Vault Championship (senior)—D. Hopper 1, E. Nelson 2, A. M'Kay 3.
- Pole Vault Championship (junior)—F. Gray 1, J. Cragg 2.
- Mile Handicap (senior)—T. Henery (20yds.) 1, A. Weir (45yds.) 2, H. Jackson (20yds.) 3.
- Mile Handicap (junior)—Barnes (45yds.) 1, O. Oakley (scr.) 2, F. Gray (20yds.) 3.
- Mile Handicap (under 14)—Bryant 1, Graham 2, Arthur 3.
- Mixed Class Relay Race—2A.C. 1, 2A. 2, 3A. 3.

## CRICKET.

3B played 3A cricket on Friday, the 21st of November. 3B won, 113—52. The best girl player was Lcuie Bickerton (from 3B). In the first innings she made 6 not out, and in the second 7 not out. She also caught at least five out. Jones, Kem Yee, and Durham obtained the biggest scores for the boys.

We, 3B, would like to be champions of the school in cricket, and hope to beat 2AC when we play them at the showground soon. We thank those who did not watch, for it would have made the girls nervous.

## TENNIS.

On the Thursday after the Yearly Examination, Remove Year entertained 3A at a challenge tennis match at Merewether. Altogether a very pleasant day was spent, together with tennis, cricket, and surfing. The results of the tennis match were:—

Sneddon and Cassidy v. Fitzgerald and Sneddon, 6-3 and 6-0.  
 Jackson and Gray v. Lusk and Miller, 6-3 and 6-3.  
 Jackson and Gray v. Fitzgerald and Sneddon, 6-4 and 6-1.  
 Sneddon and Cassidy v. Lusk and Miller, 6-1 and 7-5.  
 Totals: 3A, 8 sets 49 games; Remove, 0 sets 20 games.

## Girls' Annual Sports Meeting.

- Age Championships.—16 years: Jean Donaldson 1, Florrie Gould and K. Bowie 2. 15 years: E. Manefield 1, J. Beresford 2. 14 years: D. Deed 1, N. Larkin and M. Kinder 2. 13 years and under: H. Thomas 1, M. Jones 2.
- Three-legged Race.—16 years: Henrietta Sharp and Elsie Knight 1, J. Davies and Doris Coates 2. 15 years: J. Short and K. Bowie 1, E. Manefield and J. Stinson 2. 14 years: L. Petherick and E. Christianson 1, E. Brent and E. Buxton 2.
- School Championship.—16 years: J. Donaldson 1, L. Bickerton 2. 15 years: J. Beresford 1. 13 years: H. Thomas 1. Champion, J. Donaldson.
- Skipping Race.—16 years: F. Eaton 1, F. Gould 2. 15 years: J. Beresford 1, M. Forrest 2. 14 years: L. Petherick 1, D. Waterhouse 2. 13 years: D. Coates 1, H. Thomas 2.
- Blind Donkey.—16 years: J. Donaldson and L. Bickerton 1, L. Mitchell and L. Lazer 2. 15 years: K. Campbell and G. Evans 1, I. Gregory and M. Kinder 2. 14 years: M. Gilbert and E. Hall 1, M. Croft and J. Cameron 2.
- 50 yards Race.—16 years: J. Donaldson 1, M. Durie 2. 15 years: E. Miner 1, E. Manefield 2. 14 years: H. Thomas 1, N. Morrison 2.
- Sack Race.—16 years: D. Robertson 1, Frances Eaton 2. 15 years: E. Wallbank 1, M. Stephenson 2. 14 years: M. Farrell 1, M. Croft 2.
- 75 yards Race.—16 years: K. Bowie 1, J. Donaldson 2. 15 years: E. Manefield 1, D. Pearson 2. 14 years: D. Coates 1, C. Drew 2.
- Egg and Spoon Race.—16 years: L. Bickerton 1, D. Robertson 2. 15 years: J. Beresford 1, E. Wallbank 2. 14 years: E. Robinson 1, H. Thomas 2.
- Hopping Race.—16 years: J. Davies 1, L. Lazer 2. 15 years: J. Short 1, D. Billet 2. 14 years: H. Thomas 1, D. Coates 2.
- Walking Race.—16 years: L. Mitchell 1, L. Bickerton 2. 15 years: N. Johns and D. Pearson 1, E. Wallbank 3. 14 years: A. Gray and F. Goodwin 1, H. Thomas 3.
- Needle Race.—16 years: M. Hunt 1, L. Lazer 2. 15 years: J. Short 1, M. Forrest 2. 14 years: C. Drew 1, M. Kinder 2. 13 years: J. Cameron and M. Smith 1, E. Murray 2.
- Hop, Step, and Jump.—16 years: M. Hunt. 15 years: D. Pearson. 14 years: I. Jones.

## SOCIAL NEWS

Mr. J. Mould has been spending a few days in Stockton, the Manly of the North. His photo. appeared in the last issue of our contemporary!!!

Sir Patrick O'Neil, the famous Macquarie-street specialist (in football), recently returned from the Niagara "Fall."

Miss I. Williams, staff nurse, is recommended for the D.C.M.

Miss M. Walker, of "The Heights," Newcastle, is spending the week-end on the Lake. Mr. Shand left for the Lake early on Saturday morning. It is not known what "Gladstone" said about this in 1878!

Mr. H. M'Gill had a remarkable catch off the rocks on Thursday last, and landed a fish, said to be a jewie, of 140lb. weight. He was overheard saying, "Hullo! are you hooked!" "No," a bystander said. "Come on, you'll do me," M'Gill said to himself, as he gaffed it up. The fish was found to be caught by the gills!

One of the lady teachers looked particularly charming and beaming during the games at the beach tea on Friday, December 5th. It is said that one of the visiting schoolboys had mistaken her for a pupil.



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Mr. J. Estell is again a candidate for election. He has put in some vigorous work in a big publicity campaign, and also for amateur unionism. His motto is, "Nii desperandum." "Never sa die."

Verbrugghen, with his brilliant company, is to pay Newcastle another visit on December 18th. Special features of the programme, which will include elocutionary efforts, are:—"When Our Boys Come," Chorus; "The Dressing Room—and She Waited" (composed by B. James), Miss Madge Stephenson; "Three Old Maids of Lee," Mr. C. P. Schrader; "The Son Rae Z Waltz," by Miss Mary Hunt.

Mr. Kewpie Bennett (?), the Understudy of Education in New South Wales, on Friday paid an official visit to the Newcastle High School. He was "not detained" long, and appreciated the "principle."

Miss D. Newton tectfully arrayed herself in blue, with a large shady hat, matching well with technical maroon and pale blue.

### JOTTINGS

Guest: "Do you go by electric trams?" Host: "Certainly not! Ours are wireless!" (Ed.—Wake up, Sydney.)

At the Silver Bow, 10 p.m., Friday, December 5th.—Host (a teacher): "Oh, no, I'll see to this ticket." Guest (kewpie): "But, sir, I have four and fivepence. The fivepence will see me home and I don't know what to do with the four shillings."

"The Germans 'singed' the Peace Treaty."—Q.C. Version.

### EXCHANGES

We wish to acknowledge with thanks the receipt of: Hermes, The Record, The Bindyite, Magpie, The Mirror, Fortian, Photographic Review.

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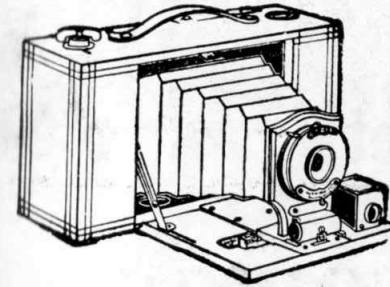
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