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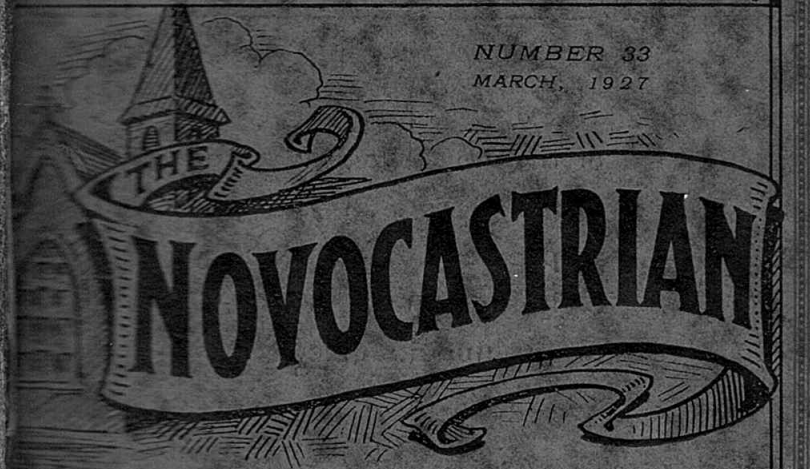
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NUMBER 33
MARCH, 1927



Journal of the
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Deputy Headmaster:

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J.B. Ireland, B.A., B. Ec. Miss E. Whitelaw, B.A.

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Miss L. Dalgleish.

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Jean Brent.

Doris McLeod,

Kathleen Richardson.

Thelma Morris.

BOYS

Thos. Kitley, (Capt).

Les. Snape.

Sid. Bowers.

Jack Thomas.

Robert Grierson.



R. F. HARVEY Esq., B.A.
HEADMASTER



THE PRACTICAL AND THE CULTURAL
AIM OF EDUCATION.

MANY parents, on presenting themselves at the High School for the purpose of enrolling their sons and daughters, express a wish that their children should follow the commercial course. In their opinion there is no value in such a subject as Latin. Some parents have hinted that Geometry even has little utility. Such opinions, though incorrect in themselves, emphasise the motives at the back of parents' minds in sending their children to the High School. These parents are prone to consider only the practical aim of education: they give no thought to the cultural aim. It should be borne in mind, however, that no matter what the student's knowledge of shorthand, or classics or modern languages or mathematics or science may be, his promotion in later life must depend, not on a knowledge of these subjects, but on professional and business aptitude—a man cannot claim advancement only because he has an exceptional knowledge of these subjects.

We grant, therefore, that practical ends should be put first and that knowledge and training have a clear value in the struggle for existence. It is first of all necessary to live in order that we may live well. Practical education is the only foundation on which idealistic achievement can be raised. It would be sheer folly to neglect the practical ends of education. But on the other hand to recognise no other would be to degrade humanity. It would be to ignore a most powerful motive. Art, poetry, the drama, history, philosophy may have no "practical" value; but men will always be found who will work for the joy of comprehension, for the joy in beauty, for the joy of creative construction as they will not work for less inspiring ends. The desire to live well is a potent force; and it has done, and will continue to do as much to modify the aims of men as will the struggle for existence. Culture and civilization are by-products of life; but like some other by-products, they often yield a greater return than the parent industry.

Such is the relation between the practical and the idealistic aims of

Education. The practical aim is to enable men to live as individuals and as citizens; the idealistic aim is to enable men to live better. In the High School we are concerned with studies such as classics, modern languages, science, as instruments of culture. By culture we mean that training which tends to develop the higher faculties: the imagination, sense of beauty, intellectual comprehension, clearer vision, mental harmony, a just sense of proportion. These are the gifts that culture ought to bring. It cannot bring them to all, but they may be shared in some measure by those who desire them. The best work will never be done with an eye to material profit, and the first object of school must be to lay the foundation of scholarship and a skilled faculty of expression and comprehension. We therefore trust that all parents and students will come to recognise the need of paying attention to the cultural as well as the practical side of education.

NEWCASTLE HIGH SCHOOL.

C. R. SMITH, M.A., First Headmaster

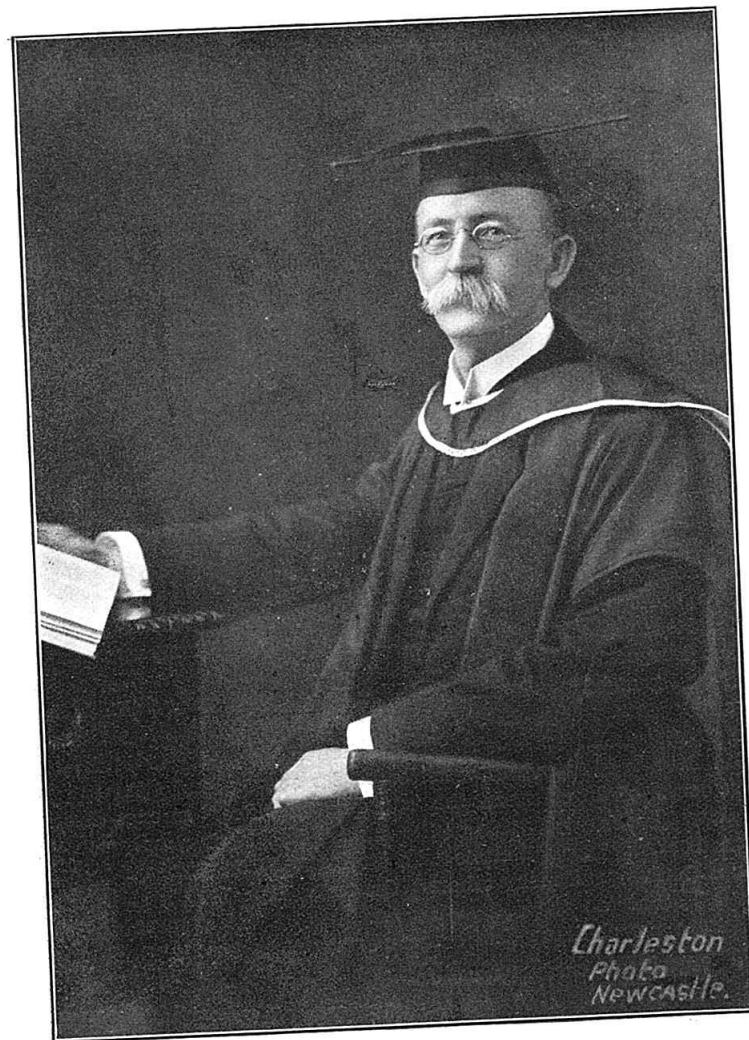
Newcastle High School was first opened on 5th June, 1906, with an enrolment of 28 pupils. During the three weeks before the Mid-winter vacation, the enrolment rose to 71, and by the end of the year to 95. At the beginning of 1907, it was 104, and it continued steadily increasing every year.

The staff consisted at first of only three teachers—the Headmaster, C. R. Smith, M.A., from the staff of the Sydney Boys' High School, T. Roberts, B.A., L.C.P., now of the Teachers' Training College, Sydney University, and Miss Louisa Cole, B.A. As the enrolment grew, the staff also naturally was augmented. Mr. Christmas, B.A., succeeded Mr. Roberts, and was followed later by Mr. H. Cowie, B.A. Miss Mitchell replaced Miss Cole, and Miss Niau, teacher of French, joined the staff. Two of the best known members of the staff were Mr. J. W. Hayes, M.A., now Inspector of Schools, and Mr. R. F. Harvey, B.A., the present head of the School. In 1912 the staff was very largely increased.

At the official opening in July 1906, the chair was occupied by Mr. Senior Inspector Beavis (now retired) and among other prominent public men present were the (late) Right Rev. Dr. Stretch, Bishop of Newcastle, Alfred Edden, M.L.A., P. Board, M.A., Director of Education, and others.

One of the first things to which attention was given by the staff and pupils was the selection of a suitable school motto. Some difficulty being experienced, Bishop Stretch was appealed to, and he suggested an altogether admirable, unique and classical one, from the Latin poet, Silius Italicus, viz., Remis Velisque—literally "with oars and sails" i.e. "with all one's might"—a very suitable motto for a seaport school, and one which contains moreover the secret of all success in life.

The public examinations for which High School pupils were prepared in those days were the Senior and Junior University Examinations (which



C. R. SMITH, Esq., M.A.
First Headmaster Newcastle High School

are now superseded by the Leaving and Intermediate Certificate Examinations), the University Matriculation, Entrance to the Teachers' Training College at Blackfriars, and the Public Service. In all these the school won distinction on many occasions, among these who brought credit to the school in this way being Basil Helmore (University Prize for General Proficiency and medal for Geometry in Junior Exam. of 1912), Charles Harrison (medal for Geometry in Junior of 1910), Doris Raysmith (1st on the list of successful candidates for entrance to the Training College in 1911), Gilbert Jones (now Professor of Physics in Brisbane University) won the Dux Medal of the school in 1911. In 1909 an Ex-Pupils' Union was formed. During the Christmas holidays, a dinner was usually held, at which sometimes over 100 ex-pupils were present, including the headmaster as president, supported by one or more of the public men of Newcastle. Pleasant evenings were spent, with songs, recitations and general conversation and speeches.

The Magazine of the School—The Novocastrian—was published for the first time in October, 1912. As in the case of the school motto, the name of the magazine was the suggestion of Bishop Stretch. The first editor was Mr. J. W. Hayes and the sub-editor Mr. H. L. Harris, now of the Teachers' College.

In sport, the school's chief rival was East Maitland High School, and great was the rejoicing when in 1910 Newcastle High first won the football competition. To celebrate their victory, a supper was held by the winning team, at which, in addition to Mr. Senior Inspector Walker (now retired), and the Headmaster, a representative from East Maitland was present (the late Mr. Burgess).

The first annual sports meeting was held in 1907 and the first Speech Day, on December 19th, in the same year.

It only remains to be added that when the Great War broke out, over 90 "Old Boys" of the school volunteered for service and went to the front. Over a dozen of them made the 'supreme sacrifice,' among these being Dick Howard, once a captain of the school, Bob Lasker, only son of Mr. I. Lasker, Tom Cadell, C. Jeffries who won the V.C., Ernie Jones, Charlie Heath, E. Mulvey and many others. On Anzac Day, 1922, a Memorial Tablet was unveiled at the school by Mrs. Jeffries. At the request of Mr. Saxby, headmaster, the chair on this occasion was taken by Mr. C. R. Smith, the first headmaster of the school.

I was walking along a street the other day, when I saw a little boy go up to a woman who was standing at the door of the house.

"Please Mrs. Wilkins, ma said will you lend her a dozen eggs for a hen to sit on."

The woman frowned.

"I didn't know you had a hen."

"No, we haven't; but we're borrowing one to sit on your eggs, and then ma says we'll have poultry of our own," said the boy truthfully.

Examination Results

INTERMEDIATE CERTIFICATE RESULTS 1926

	English	History	Geography	Maths. I.	Maths. II.	Latin	French	Elementary Science	Geology	Business Prin	Art	Music	Shorthand
Andrews, Donald P.	B	—	—	A	B	—	B	B	X	X	X	X	X
Berriman, Harold F.	B	—	—	A	A	A	A	A	X	X	X	X	X
Biddlecombe, J. E.	B	B	A	A	B	—	A	A	X	A	X	X	A
Blair, Nance, T.	A	B	—	A	A	A	Bo	A	X	X	X	X	X
Boardman, Beryl J.	B	A	—	B	B	B	B	—	X	X	X	X	X
Callaghan, Bebe B.	B	B	—	B	B	B	Bo	A	X	X	X	X	X
Carlisle, Molly	B	B	—	—	—	—	—	B	X	X	X	X	X
Carrall, Amy	B	—	—	B	—	—	B	A	X	X	X	X	X
Chard, Elsie W.	B	B	—	B	A	—	B	A	X	X	X	X	X
Charge, Phyllis M.	B	—	—	B	B	—	A	A	X	X	X	X	X
Churchill, Alfred W.	B	B	—	B	B	—	B	—	X	X	X	X	X
Clark, Catherine C.	A	B	—	B	B	—	B	A	X	X	X	A	X
Collier, Dorothy M.	B	B	—	B	B	B	B	—	X	X	X	X	X
Collins, John H.	B	—	—	B	B	—	—	—	X	X	X	X	X
Connell, Mollie C.	A	B	—	A	A	B	A	—	X	X	X	A	X
Cranna, Geoffrey B.	B	B	—	B	B	—	—	B	X	X	X	X	X
Danks, Robert A.	B	B	—	A	A	B	B	B	X	X	X	X	X
Donaldson, Lancelot K. A	B	—	—	A	A	A	Bo	A	X	X	X	X	B
Dorman, Mary C.	B	B	—	A	A	—	—	A	X	X	X	X	X
Drake, Dorothy F.	A	B	—	B	B	B	B	A	X	X	X	X	X
Edgar, Frank E.	B	—	—	A	B	—	—	Bo	A	X	X	X	X
Elliott, Frederick E.	B	B	—	A	A	—	—	B	B	X	X	X	X
Ferguson, John	A	A	B	B	B	—	—	B	A	X	X	X	X
Finigan, Frank O.	A	B	—	B	A	—	—	Bo	A	X	X	X	X
Firkin, Phyllis A.	A	B	—	B	A	—	—	Bo	A	X	X	X	X
Galton, Robert B.	B	B	—	B	A	B	Bo	A	X	X	X	X	X
Gilbert, Doris C.	A	B	—	A	A	B	Bo	A	X	X	X	X	B
Ginges, William	B	B	—	B	B	—	—	—	B	X	X	X	X
Gray, Mary R.	B	—	—	B	B	—	—	B	X	X	X	X	X
Griffiths, Walter H.	—	B	—	—	B	—	—	B	B	X	X	X	X
Griffiths, William C.	—	B	—	—	B	—	—	—	B	X	X	X	X
Grisdale, Arthur M.	B	B	—	—	B	B	B	B	B	X	X	X	X
Halcrow, James	A	B	—	B	B	B	A	B	X	X	X	X	X
Halliday, Edward	B	A	—	B	B	B	B	B	—	X	X	X	X
Harivel, Allan E.	B	B	—	B	B	—	—	—	A	X	X	X	X
Harper, Harry E.	B	B	—	A	A	B	B	B	A	X	X	X	A
Heath, S. G.	B	B	B	B	A	—	—	B	A	X	X	X	X
Heery, Lily	B	B	—	A	A	B	B	—	X	B	X	X	B
Hogue, Oliver	B	B	—	—	—	—	—	B	B	X	X	X	X
Hugo, Clerical	—	—	—	A	B	—	—	—	B	X	X	X	X
Hunt, Charles B.	B	B	—	B	B	—	—	B	B	X	X	X	As
Jones, Allen H.	B	B	B	—	—	—	A	A	B	X	X	X	X
Jones, Eileen M.	B	—	—	A	A	B	B	A	X	X	X	X	X
Kable, Kathleen M.	B	B	—	B	B	—	—	B	B	X	X	X	B
Keane, Ida M.	B	B	B	—	—	—	—	B	B	X	X	X	X
Kible, Robert M.	B	B	—	B	A	—	—	B	B	X	X	X	X

INTERMEDIATE CERTIFICATE RESULTS 1926—(Continued)

	English	History	Geography	Maths. I.	Maths II.	Latin	French	Elementary Science	Geology	Business Prin.	Art	Music	Shorthand
Kinder, Samuel	B	B	—	—	A	—	—	—	X	B	X	X	B
Lawrence, Jack	B	A	—	B	B	—	—	A	X	B	X	X	A
Linz, Thelma M.	B	B	—	B	—	—	B	—	X	X	X	X	X
Mairet, Phyllis R.	A	B	—	—	—	B	A	—	X	X	X	X	X
Mairet, Archibald S.	B	B	—	A	A	—	B	A	X	X	X	X	X
McLeod, Elgar	B	B	—	B	A	—	B	X	X	X	B	X	X
McNamara, Earle V.	A	A	—	B	A	B	—	Ao	A	X	X	X	X
McRae, Leonard F.	B	A	—	A	A	A	Ao	A	X	X	X	X	X
Mitchell, Harold A. S.	A	B	—	A	A	A	A	A	X	X	X	X	X
Mitchell, Kathleen M.	B	B	—	B	B	—	B	A	X	X	B	B	X
Pickard, Annie	B	B	—	B	E	—	B	A	X	X	X	X	X
Roberston, Mary	B	B	—	—	—	B	B	A	X	X	X	X	X
Rowe, John C.	B	B	—	B	A	B	A	A	X	X	X	X	X
Royall, Arthur	B	—	—	B	B	B	A	A	X	X	X	X	X
Rudd, Jack C.	B	B	—	—	—	B	A	X	X	X	X	X	X
Ryan, Merle L.	B	B	—	B	B	B	—	—	X	X	X	X	X
Saunders, Zelma F.	A	B	—	B	B	—	—	—	X	X	X	X	X
Schofield, Eric G.	B	B	B	—	—	—	B	A	X	X	X	X	X
Smith, Lily S.	A	B	—	—	A	A	A	A	X	X	X	X	X
Stanley, Gwendolyn J.	B	B	B	B	B	—	—	A	X	B	X	X	B
Steele, Margaret A.	B	B	—	B	B	—	—	—	X	X	X	X	X
White, Jean J.	A	B	—	B	B	E	Ac	B	X	X	X	B	X
Wilby, Bettine P.	B	B	B	B	B	—	B	B	X	X	A	X	X
Willgoose, Paphne M.	B	B	B	B	B	—	B	A	X	X	A	A	X
Williams, James W.	B	A	—	A	B	B	B	B	X	X	X	X	X
Williams, Jenkyn L. K.	A	A	—	A	A	A	A	A	X	X	X	X	X
Wines, Marjorie	B	A	—	A	A	B	A	A	X	X	X	A	X

X did not sit for this subject

Examination Results

LEAVING CERTIFICATE

	Eng.	Latin	French	Maths. I.	Maths. II.	Mechanic	History	Physics	Chemistry	Geology	Geography	Art	Economics
Patrick Bannon	—	—	—	B	B	—	—	L	B	—	—	—	—
Walter Beattie	B	—	—	B	B	—	B	—	—	—	B	—	A
Aubrey Brown	B	—	—	A	A	—	—	B	—	—	—	—	—
Frank Cahill	—	B	—	A	B	—	—	H2	L	—	—	—	—
Murray Callaghan	B	A	H2	A	AH2	—	B	—	—	—	—	—	—
Joseph Clayton	A	B	A	B	A	—	—	H2	A	—	—	—	—
Leslea Charlton	B	—	—	B	—	—	—	—	—	B	—	B	—
Howard Cromarty	H2	A	H2	A	A	—	H1	—	—	—	—	—	—
Mary Cleary	A	—	B	B	—	—	B	—	—	B	—	—	—
Howard Collins	B	L	B	B	—	—	—	—	—	B	—	—	—
Norma Dimmock	B	—	—	B	—	—	B	—	—	B	—	—	—
Edna Farr	B	B	A	B	B	—	B	—	B	—	—	—	B
Clarice George	B	—	—	B	B	—	B	—	—	—	—	—	—
Charles Goffet	A	B	H2	B	B	—	H2	—	—	B	—	—	—
Robert Grierson	B	B	B	B	B	—	B	—	B	—	—	—	—
Olga Hedley	B	—	B	B	—	—	B	—	—	—	—	—	A
Rita Hilton	B	B	B	B	B	—	—	—	B	—	—	—	—
John Hunter	—	—	—	B	B	B	—	B	H2	—	—	—	—
Keith Inglis	B	—	—	B	—	—	B	—	—	—	B	—	B
Edwin Jacka	B	B	B	A	A	—	B	—	B	—	—	—	—
Dorothy Kenny	B	—	L	A	B	—	—	—	—	B	—	—	—
William Marshall	A	—	—	A	B	B	—	A	B	—	—	—	—
Dorothy Luckham	A	—	B	B	B	—	B	—	B	—	—	—	A
Mary May	A	B	B	B	—	—	B	—	—	—	—	—	—
Edward Mathieson	—	—	B	A	A	—	—	—	B	—	—	—	—
Daisy Motum	B	B	A	A	A	—	—	A	B	—	—	—	—
James Monaghan	B	—	B	A	A	B	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Robert McGeachie	—	—	—	A	A	—	—	B	B	—	—	—	B
George Mowbray	B	B	A	A	A	—	—	—	A	—	—	—	—
Francis Rundle	H2	A	H1	A	AH2	—	A	—	—	—	—	—	—
Frank Rush	B	L	—	B	—	—	A	—	L	—	—	—	—
Frank Towler	B	—	A	B	B	—	—	A	H2	—	—	—	—
Eileen Tresidder	B	B	A	B	B	—	B	—	L	—	—	—	—
Mary Turner	—	B	B	B	B	—	—	—	—	B	—	—	—
Marion Waller	B	B	—	B	B	—	A	—	—	B	—	—	—
Una J. Ward	B	B	A	A	B	—	b	—	—	E	—	—	—
Una J. Weir	B	—	B	A	A	—	B	—	—	B	B	—	—
Albert Winstanley	—	L	B	B	—	—	—	—	B	—	—	—	—
Harold Young	B	—	—	B	—	—	B	—	—	B	—	B	—
Mildred Young	B	—	—	B	B	—	B	—	—	B	B	—	—

OLD STUDENTS' BUDGET

There is a great need for the formation of a Newcastle High School Old Students' Union. One appears to have been in existence in the past, but as a body working in the interest of the school it has long since lost consciousness. There are a few old students, however, who are very much alive to the necessity of giving the Union a fresh lease of life. They have shown their interest by holding a meeting prior to the visit of the Minister of Education in August last, and they appointed two representatives—Mr. N. Cragg and Mr. C. Sara to represent them on the delegation which waited upon the Minister.

* * * *

A spirited effort by the Old Students could at the present juncture arouse public sentiment to the point of demanding that the construction of promised High Schools, should be gone on with immediately.

* * * *

It is hoped that when the next issue of the Novocastrian goes to press in September next, there will be much more information available as to the doings of Old Students.

* * * *

Dr. Ostinga who attended Newcastle High School from 1912-17 is now stationed at Adamstown. He recently joined the ranks of the benedicts. He is an old student of Mr. Harvey having been in his German class.

* * * *

Dr. J. H. Coles (1913-17) is now stationed at Goulburn; Dr. Alex Brown is at Gosford; Dr. Kem Yee is at present in Austria specialising in some branch of medicines; Dr. Baden Cook is at Riverstone and Dr. Reid Campbell is in Queensland. All of these are old students of Mr. C. R. Smith M.A., the first Headmaster of the school.

* * * *

Nellie Gilbert is at present teaching a subsidised school at Boorganna.

* * * *

William Moodie is in the Public Works Dept and is at present the Surveyor in charge of the removal of rock from the Newcastle Bar.

* * * *

Dulcie Abel is in the office of the Hunter District Water and Sewerage Board.

* * * *

Catherine Curran is teaching in the Glenreagh Public School.

* * * *

William Cleaves is on the way to becoming a Lawyer. He still interests himself in all branches of sport, especially swimming.

Hughie Doherty is teaching Science at Granville Secondary School.

* * * *

Eric Duncanson is completing his final year of the Arts course at the University where he recently won a Mathematics Scholarship—Congratulations.

* * * *

Olive Frith and Gladys Gray have just completed the Arts course at the University.

* * * *

Edna Truscott is now teaching at Gardiner's Road Public School, Sydney.

* * * *

Iris Fallon, a former captain of the school is at present teaching at Dudley.

* * * *

On the results of the Leaving Certificate the following girls were successful in gaining University exhibitions:—Eileen Tresidda, Marian Waller, Molly May, Rita Hilton, Edna Farr and Daisy Motum. Surprisingly Daisy refused the Varsity course and is taking a super-primary course at the and Frank Rush has been well rewarded by procuring a scholarship at St.

* * * *

Frank Rundle, who topped the school last year, won a scholarship at Wesley College.

* * * *

Howard Cromarty, who was second, gained a University Bursary and a Scholarship at St. Andrew's.

* * * *

Harry Clayton, the captain of the school last year, gained an Exhibition, and Frank Bush has been well rewarded by procuring a scholarship at St. Paul's, and one from the Diocese of Newcastle.

* * * *

Many old Novocastrians are represented at the Newcastle Business College this year; Peggy Brew, Eileen Hardy, Lily Cooke, Elsie Chard, Mary Gray, Eileen O'Brien, Annie Coleman, Verona Chadwick; and among the boys Walter Beattie, who has since left to join the staff at the Steel Works, Bede Callaghan, Allan Jones and Fred. Bruyn.

* * * *

At the University, Cyril Drake, Ellenor Horne, Ethel Brent, Gladys Gray and Olive Frith are just about full fledged Bachelors of Arts. Mabel Farrell has been making a name for herself in Science and has now finished her course.

* * * *

Hazel Grassick was awarded her full "blue" for tennis last year and was Secretary of the University club. She has also gained quite a reputation as

a runner, having annexed the Women's College Cup for athletics. Marjorie Woods, Mabel Farrell and Jean Breckenridge have also been in residence at the Women's College.

* * * *

Of the others who sat for their Leaving in 1923, Dorothy Billett is teaching at Manly, Sandy McKay is teaching somewhere "out back," while Clive Walker, Bill Cleaves, Peter Burke and Tom McLuckie are still in Newcastle. Ced. Scobie has gone down to Sydney to finish his Pharmacy course at the Varsity.

* * * *

It is rumored that Joan Grierson is to be married very shortly.

* * * *

Merle Jones has been appointed to Waratah Infants, Evelyn Robertson to Islington, Iris Fallon to Dudley, Nancy Morison to West Marrickville, Ruth Davies, Mayfield West, Mildred Boddy, Waratah.

* * * *

Louie Bickerton, who won the School Girls' Singles championship of N.S.W. in 1918 often comes to Newcastle to give exhibition matches; she is now ranked as one of the best players in the State and is an inter-state player. Will Newcastle High be able to hold its reputation as a first class tennis school this year?

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A few months ago an attempt was made to revive the ex-students' Union. Evidently it was not a very serious attempt as it seems to have fallen through.

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Newcastle High School is one of the few High Schools in the State that has no Ex-students' Union. Surely in a town the size of Newcastle there are sufficient old Novocastrians to be able to keep an Ex-students' Union going. A few years ago an Ex-students' prize was given annually but even that is a thing of the past. At least there is a likelihood of the new High School soon becoming a reality, and it is now that an energetic Ex-students' Union would be invaluable.

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Of those who sat for their intermediate, November 1925, Medie Rich is working in the Queensland Insurance Office, Ruth Ferguson is working at Sheargold's Grocery Store, Mayfield and Margaret Hall is an assistant at Giles the Chemist, Mayfield. Mavis Gray and Enid Turnbull are attending the Teachers' Training College, Sydney.

—*—

A schoolteacher once received this note:—Dear Mam,—Please excuse Johnny to-day. He will not be at school; he is acting time-keeper to his father. Last nite you give him this example: If a field is four miles square, how long will it take a man walking three miles an hour to walk two and a half times around it? Johnny ain't no man, so we had to send his daddy."—Edna Owen, 2C.

 **School News**

In this, the first issue of an enlarged "Novocastrian," we hope to arouse greater interest in Newcastle High School than has been evinced latterly. It is a happy augury that so much success has been met with in securing advertisements from citizens of Newcastle and district. We trust that the arrangement of the advertisements will give every satisfaction and that all students and parents will endeavor to prove to the advertisers that they are getting value for their money.

* * * *

The matter of greatest importance to the High School community is the building of new High Schools—one for boys and one for girls. It is now more than eight months since Mr. T. D. Mutch, Minister for Education, made a definite promise that the schools would be built. It is understood that the Newcastle City Council is prepared to facilitate the handing over of an area of seven acres of National Park for the purpose of constructing thereon the Newcastle Boys' High School. It is understood, also, that detailed plans and specifications have been prepared, and that the only obstacle in the way of erecting the buildings is the lack of money. We feel that every reader of the "Novocastrian" is with us in saying that the £70,000 required for the construction of these buildings—twenty years overdue—should be allocated out of the first money that becomes available for the construction of new school buildings. But we go further, and express amazement that the public of the Newcastle district should have remained mute on this subject for so long a period.

* * * *

It is high time that a High School Parents and Citizens' Association was formed with a view to furthering the interests of the High Schools. We suggest that small branches of such an association could be formed in each of the suburbs, and that representatives from each branch could come together every three months and work for the good of the school.

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There has lately been a feeble attempt to organise a newspaper controversy as to the advisability of allowing the City Council to alienate seven acres of park land for the purpose of building the Boys' High School. The great mass of the interested public, however, are quite prepared to see this land (which is at present partly swamp) made over to the Education Department for such a laudable purpose. They realise that it is up to the local community to at least find the land when the Minister is prepared to spend so much money on buildings and equip-

ment. The site already in possession of the Department adjacent to the park land mentioned above cost £6000, and the Girls High School is to be built on this section.

* * * *

The site of the new schools could not be more satisfactory from two points of view—its central situation and its proximity to playing areas. When the schools become an actuality, magnificent provision can be made for games within view of the school itself. The site is only eight chains from the Bank Corner, which is a tram section; it is handy to Honeysuckle Railway Station, and within easy reach of Merewether and Glebe trams. Moreover, it is in the centre of the Hamilton Garden Suburb. It is more than likely that flower beds and lawns will have a place in the "lay-out" of the grounds. The Department has already followed this practice in the case of High Schools in Sydney.

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When one ponders over the unsuitability of the present buildings for school purposes, one wonders how the esprit de corps of the school is as fine as it is.

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The present enrolment of the school is 540—the third largest High School in the State. Only the Sydney Girls' High and Fort-street have larger enrolments. There are 15 classes and 14 class rooms. In addition, there is one practical science room that can satisfactorily accommodate 24 students. As every class, with the exception of Fifth Year, has 38 or more students, the inadequacy of the science arrangements needs no further comment. It must be remembered, too, that physics, chemistry and geology are taught. In most of the High Schools there are rarely more than two sciences taught, and there are mostly two practical science rooms.

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The growth of the school in the matter of enrolment is interesting. It opened as a High School in 1906 with 84 students and three teachers. In 1912, when the High Schools were reorganised, there were 283 students with 18 teachers. Now, with 540 students there are only 25 teachers, some of whom are part-time teachers. This indicates how large the classes are at present in comparison with the figures for 1912.

* * * *

Mr. C. R. Smith, M.A., was the first headmaster (1906-15). Then Mr. W. Williams, B.A. (1915-19), Mr. C. G. Saxby, B.A. (1920-24), and Mr. F. McMullen (1925, May, 1926). Mr. Smith is now living in retirement at Willoughby. Mr. Williams is headmaster at North Sydney Boys' High School; Mr. Saxby is headmaster at Sydney High School, and Mr. McMullen is head at Technical High School, Paddington.

Many staff changes have taken place since the beginning of the year. New teachers are Miss Cowell, Miss Graham, Miss J. Lemm, Miss Nichol, Miss W. Watkins, Mr. Gibbes, Mr. A. Evans, Mr. Woodward, and Mr. F. Wooten.

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It is with deep regret that the school notes the departure of Misses Whiteoak, Pollard, Smith, Gombert and Crisford from the staff of the Newcastle High School, to take up similar positions in Sydney High Schools. These members of the staff did much for the school during their term here, both as regards scholastic attainments and in the sphere of sport. Whilst regretting our loss, we congratulate the schools who now have the benefit of their presence.

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Misses Whiteoak, Gombert and Crisford have been appointed to Girls' High School, Moore Park, Sydney; Miss Smith to St. George High School, Kogarah, and Miss Pollard to Girls' High School, North Sydney.

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Miss Whiteoak held the position of assistant mistress in science and mathematics here for a term extending over nine years, doing much valuable work, and achieving excellent results. Her influence was deservedly widespread, as she evinced an enthusiastic interest in all matters pertaining to the school, and spared neither time nor effort, both in and out of school hours in order to make school functions a success. Especially will she be missed from the musical and tennis circles of the school.

* * * *

Miss Gombert and Miss Smith were connected with the Newcastle High School for a period of almost four years, the former in the capacity of assistant mistress in modern languages, and the latter as assistant mistress in mathematics. Both enjoyed great popularity among the pupils, a result of their untiring efforts in all directions, to further the interests of the pupils.

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Miss Pollard occupied the position here of assistant mistress in science for four years, and is missed by all. Her cheery disposition inevitably gained her an unassailable position in the minds of the pupils, and her efforts on their behalf are greatly appreciated.

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Miss Crisford was a member of the Newcastle High School staff as assistant mistress in classics for five years. Her zeal in all matters concerning the school was untiring, and each pupil shared in her kindly personal interest.

* * * *

Miss Mills was a member of the Newcastle High School staff as assistant mistress in English and history, and although her stay extended over a few months only, the school regrets her departure, and wishes her every success at the Girls' High School, Maitland, where she now occupies a similar position.

Mr. A. Evans, B.Sc., our new science master, comes to us from East Maitland Boys' High School. He was the Jones medallist of the Teachers' College in 1914. Prior to his appointment to East Maitland, where he remained for eight years, he was a Demonstrator in Organic Chemistry at Sydney University.

* * * *

After eight years of conscientious service in the interests of this school, Mr. A. D. Fraser, Master of Modern Languages, left us recently to take up the deputy headmastership of Canterbury High School. Mr. Fraser came here immediately after his return from the war, where he had distinguished himself by service at Gallipoli and in Palestine. During these years, Mr. Fraser ("Digger") has exercised a fine influence upon the school. He has maintained the high standard of his subject, and has helped to place the school's name high on the pass lists for intermediate and leaving certificate examinations. He has, however, done more than this. His sense of humor and his cheery optimism have endeared him to us all.

To his classes he gave a high example. He was most punctilious in the discharge of an obligation. His high sense of earnestness reacted upon all with whom he came in contact. His fellow-teachers miss his cheerfulness, his neatly turned epigrams, and his constant helpfulness.

During these years he took a most active interest in our tennis. Our thanks are due to him for much time placed at our disposal.

The school wishes Mr. Fraser much happiness in his new surroundings. He will not be forgotten here and he may occasionally think of us.

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Mr. F. C. Wootten, M.A., has come from Sydney Boys High to succeed Mr. Fraser as Modern Language master. Mr. Wootten has served on the staffs of the Technical High, Dubbo High, and Cleveland-street Intermediate High Schools; he saw active service in Egypt and France with the 55th Battalion.

* * * *

Mr. L. D. Woodward, B.A., has joined the staff after a brilliant course in Modern Languages at the Teachers' College and the University, where he graduated with first-class honors. For the greater part of 1926 he was attached to the staff of Sydney Boys' High School.

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Miss Dorothy Nichol, B.A., Dep. Ed., another member of the staff, comes to us from Gosford Intermediate High School. In her University course she secured honors in Mathematics and English.

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Miss Mabel Graham, B.A., Dep. Ed., is an honors graduate in mathematics. She was formerly assistant mistress at Grafton High.

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Miss Joan Lemm, B.A., Dip. Ed., is an honors graduate in history. She was recently transferred from Petersham Girls' Intermediate High School.

Miss Grace Cowell, B.A., Dip. Ed., besides being an able teacher of Latin, is an honors graduate in history. She came to us from West Maitland Girls' High School.

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Mr. J. W. Gibbes, B.A., is our new Master of Classics. He comes to us from Sydney Boys' High. He entered the service of the Department on discharge from the Army, and was appointed to Sydney High on April 4th, 1919. He then took over the position of sports master and G.P.S. representative. He graduated B.A. in 1923 with first-class honors and first place in Latin, and divided the Frederick Lloyd Memorial Prize for Latin essay.

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Miss J. Wynne Watkins, B. Sc., Dip. Ed., is the latest addition to the staff, taking the place of Miss Pollard. She comes from North Sydney Girls' High School.

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The so-called office of the High School—the Principal's room—has had quite a smart appearance during the past three months. Pictures were framed and the furniture rearranged. The floor was covered with felt and a new linoleum purchased. While it still leaves much to be desired, it is certainly less dingy than of yore. The money for the new equipment was derived from the proceeds of a display given by a Mr. Tate.

* * * *

Parents and others frequently use the telephone for the purpose of communicating with children during school hours. It is only right to inform them that no student will be called to the 'phone unless the need is most urgent. The telephone is not provided by the Department; it is a charge on the school. In most centres where it is provided the charges are paid by the Parents' and Citizens' Association.

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For some considerable time the need of a new type of hat-band has been felt. The old band differs little from that of other schools in Newcastle, and it was considered that the school should have a band more distinctive than the old one. It was felt, however, that existing stocks held by firms in Newcastle should first of all be disposed of. These were not as large as was anticipated, consequently the new hat-band will appear in the very near future. But both types of band will be in use until the old ones wear out.

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In this issue we publish a very interesting article on the early years of the school, by its first headmaster, Mr. C. R. Smith, M.A. It is interesting to learn how the name of our journal as well as the school motto, "Remis Velisque," originated. Mr. Smith still takes a keen interest in our doings, and expects to pay us a visit some time during the year.

Mr. Harvey proposes to secure for the school an enlargement of Mr. Smith's photograph. He hopes in time to secure the photos of all past headmasters.

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We trust our next issue will show an improved literary standard.

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A school's sincere thanks are due to Mrs. Gardner for the really magnificent silver cup she has presented to the school. It will be known as the Gardner Cup, and has been donated in memory of her son, Frank, who was recently a member of the Fifth Year Class. It is proposed to award it annually to the boy who satisfies the conditions given below. The first award will be at the end of November, 1927. The winner will not remove the Cup from the School, but will have his name placed on a board hanging nearby, indicating he was the winner in a certain year.

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Here are the conditions governing the award of the Gardner Cup:—

- (1) Suitable students are to be nominated by the Principal.
- (2) The staff are asked to award a numerical estimate of conduct, scholarship, goodfellowship, capacity as leader and prowess in sport.
- (3) Students are to award points to each nomination in a similar manner to those awarded by the staff.
- (4) The final estimate is to be made by taking the average percentage given by the students and that given by the staff—students mark to carry 3-5 of the total and staff marks 2-5.

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KATHLEEN L. HEMMING, is at present in 2A class, and is the student who gained highest marks among all first year pupils of 1926. She is now only 13½ year old, and she hopes that on completing her Leaving certificate, she will succeed in becoming a teacher of Modern Languages. She formerly attended New Lambton Public School.

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On Tuesday 22nd March the 5th year geology students had the privilege of visiting Mr. Mitchell, one of the world's greatest authorities on trilobites. After examining a few of his wonderful collections of fossils, they were given a trilobite (*Encrinurus Mitchelli*) for the school collection.

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Many children have been disappointed at not being able to secure enrolment at the school. Some parents were so keen that they even offered to supply desk and chair for their children. Absence of floor space made such offers unthinkable, apart from other considerations.

The wretched ventilation of class rooms, that is permitted through the small church-like windows that were never intended for the passage of air and which are not movable, renders the atmosphere on hot days objectionable and unhealthy in the highest degree. From the point of view of ventilation alone the old building should be condemned. Six out of fourteen class-rooms are temporary structures.

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Considerable newspaper correspondence some months ago sought to prove or disprove the objectionable behavior in the trains of students attending the High School. There will always be a small minority of boys and girls who fail to recognise the rights of the public who pay for their rail journeys. It is sincerely hoped that when the new hat-band comes into general use the public will realise that Newcastle High School students are not among those who commit the misdemeanours complained of.

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EARL MCGANN, is one of our most promising students in the present Fifth Year Class. His picture is reproduced here in view of his having secured first place in the yearly examination of Fourth Year Class at the close of 1926. He is now 16½ years old and he secured 7A's when he passed his Intermediate Examination at the close of 1925. In his early years, he attended Adamstown Public School.



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The library of the school is disappointing. Twenty pounds are about to be spent from Union funds for the purchase of new books. We understand that not long ago the City Council pledged itself to equip the library if a new school were provided by the Department. We are entitled to receive and we do receive from our city fathers considerable assistance, but the parochial attitude of some suburban aldermen who fail to recognise that the High School is a district institution is beyond comprehension.

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Every year, on the results of the Intermediate Examination, the Education Department awards 13 to 15 Bursaries to deserving students throughout the State. Two conditions governing the award of these bursaries are (a) that the candidate must have passed the Intermediate in at least seven subjects, and (b) that five passes at least must be at the "A" standard. The value of these Bursaries is equal to that of the ordinary fourth and fifth year Bursary. This year, two of our students won these Bursaries—Harold F. Berriman and Leonard F. McRae.

The revised constitution of the Newcastle High School Union was adopted at the Annual Meeting held on Friday, 25/3/27. Provision has been made for a larger number of delegates than previously. It is hoped that by the inclusion of class delegates, individual members of classes will take a keener interest in the doings of the Union. There will be a roll call at every monthly meeting and attendances will be recorded.

* * * *

The school captains for 1927 have been chosen. Boys: T. Kitley. Girls: L. Sullivan.

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An arrangement has now been drawn up between the Education Department and the Newcastle City Council whereby two turf wickets (Nos. 1 and 2, National Park) and a concrete wicket are available for the use of Newcastle High School students for every school Wednesday of the year.

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NORMAN R. LETCHER, is one of the most promising students in 3A class, and recently headed the pass list of Second Year Students. He is now 15 years of age, and formerly attended East Newcastle Public School. He hopes eventually to become a teacher.

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The examination results published in this issue disclose the fact that 40 out of 47 candidates passed the Leaving Examination, and 73 out of 78 passed the Intermediate. The best pass at the Leaving Examination was that of Frank Rundle, while Kenneth Williams carried off the honours at the Intermediate.

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The prefects who have been elected for 1927 are:—Girls: Jean Brent, D. McLeod, Leonore Sullivan, Kathleen Richardsen, Thelma Morris. Boys: Thos. Kitley, Les. Snape, Sid Bowers, Jack Thomas, Robert Grierson. Prefect badges were presented to each at the assembly on Thursday morning, 10/3/27.

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In art work the school maintained its reputation at the Newcastle Show, and students were successful in gaining prizes in open competition against the secondary schools of Newcastle. They gained nine firsts and four seconds. Daphne Willgoose, Kelvie Gray, Dorothy Luckham, Leslea Charlton, Nora Einsaar, Kathleen Mitchell, Ed. McLeod were our principal competitors.

The thanks of the school are due to Fred Wells (2B) and John Nixon (3A) for the Editor's boxes they made.

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The text books for 1927 arrived recently, and considerable difficulty has been experienced in finding room to temporarily store them. The boxes in which they arrived have been requisitioned as a protection from the water that leaks through the roof of the men's staff room.

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TO CONTRIBUTORS.

"Tickets please," "Sovereigns of England," "The Way of the Sun," "The Day's Routine," "Australia," "N.H.S.," "Dawn"—each of these shows some promise; but more attention should be paid to rhythm, metre and rhyme. Do not express merely commonplace ideas.

The efforts of other writers were on the whole praiseworthy, but not sufficiently interesting. In some cases there was too much variation in length of lines; and by no stretch of imagination can a rhyme—scheme be framed from "sky," "orb," "lights," "earth."

The writer of "Some Students" should remember that "personalities" must be very marked and very carefully expressed to possess any real interest. The rhythm is very carelessly managed.

"Honesty is the best policy," by a first year pupil, deserves commendation for neatness of writing and care in expression. So, too, do "Dairy Farming," "Sugar Cane" and several others. These efforts were very promising. Unfortunately there were far too many essays ill-written and carelessly expressed.

The story section did not bring as many attempts as expected. It was obvious that some of the writers had not considered matters of construction, effective detail, and vigour of expression. The subject matter must be interesting in itself, and expressed in such a way as to arouse and maintain interest, and give rise to surprise and suspense.

"Midnight Feasts"—inaccuracies in expression; fair interest, but confused towards the end; "The Combat"—lacks finish in expression and construction.

"A Haunted House"—fair attempt at detail and expression.

"Pa Jones's Mishap"—not sufficiently interesting; "Dora's Adventure"—fair expression—not enough point in story

All of these contributors should certainly "Try Again."

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Un abbe et un athee tombent dans un puits. Il en sort deux provinces de la Grece. Quelles sont-elles? La Thessalie et la Beotie (L'athee sali, et l'abbe aussi).

POETRY

OUR SCHOOL

(With sincere apologies to Goldsmith.)

"Sweet High School, loveliest building of the hill,
Where falling shingles do their best to kill;
Where smiling youths their daily visits pay,
And teachers, lads and lassies do delay.
Dear lovely rooms of innocence and ease,
Where childish pranks the manly heart do please;
How often have I loitered in thy bounds,
Where hard black asphalt covers all the grounds!
How often have I sighed o'er every charm,
The toppling fence that teachers does alarm,
The dingy office, like a prison cell,
Ill-ventilated rooms I know so well,
The "incubator," Third Year rooms which grind .
As if they'd fall, at every puff of wind.
How often have I blessed the ringing bell,
Which did to toiling pupils rest foretell!
These are thy charms, sweet school, and charms like these,
The heart do gladden and the eye do please;
But these will soon be fled, for don't you see,
A new High School will soon erected be;
And then this dear, respected, ancient spot,
In all th' excitement soon will be forgot;
But your dear mem'ries ever will be found,
By future firesides, as the tales go round."

"LAUGHALOT." 4A.

DAWN.

There steals a faint, faint rustling sound, amongst the leafy trees,
The tiny leaves are stirring, softly stirring in the breeze;
A pale, pale, pearly flush creeps up, before it, darkness flees,
The silent bush is waking with the dawn.

A tiny wisp of blue-grey smoke, curls up to meet the sky.
The 'possum, on its homeward journey now steals softly by.
The mopoke, flying onward, now sets up its goodnight cry—
As the rest of bushland's stirring with the dawn.

The settler wakes from dreamland, the birds from slumber, and
The sun peeps o'er the treetops, the day-King to command,
And his warm rays are a-shining, brightly shining o'er the land
The night ends, and the bush awakes with dawn.

JESSIE SEMPLE

NOBBY'S

Rough old rugged wind-swept Nobby's where the sandhills lie about,
Where the murmur of the ocean mingles with the children's shout,
Where the sea gulls wheel and circle on their wings as white as snow,
How I watch their every motion, watch them come and watch them go;
And the sandhills gleam and glisten, white and shining in the sun,
And the breakers chase the children up the incline as they run.
If you want to see the beauties of old Nobbys at their best
Go there when the day is dying, ere the sun has gone to rest.
Watch the long bright shafts of sunlight, fall across the rolling ocean,
How they dance and gleam and glisten, o'er its ever ceaseless motion!

"ADELE," 2A CLASS

THE LAKE.

The weeping willows over-hang,
The laughing waters of the lake,
And in the spring the wattle blooms,
Upon its banks a carpet make,
And by its waters fresh and cool,
Secluded from the summer's glare,
We find a refuge from the heat,
We banish all our troubles there.

"CHICK

THE FOX AND THE CROW.

(A Fable)

"A crow once sat upon a tree,
She held some tasty cheese;
She sat there proudly all alone,
Reclining at her ease.

A crafty fox was passing by,
And saw her on the tree,
He thought he'd like that tasty meal,
"How nice it looks!" said he.

"How well you sing, dear Madame Crow,"
The crafty fox did say;
"I'd like to hear your voice so sweet,
This bright warm summer's day."

So pleased was she, for she was vain
As vain, as vain could be,
Alas! the tasty cheese fell down,
And sorrowful was she.

The cunning fox seized all the cheese,
And with it ran away;
He had the meal for which he wished,
That sunny summer's day.

The moral I will now relate,
So you will all take heed;
Beware of every flatterer,
This good advice you'll need."

UNA. G. CANNING, 2B.

MY GARDEN.

My garden is a pleasant spot,
In which I love to rest,
It's sweet perfumes, sweet mem'ries bring,
Of days I love the best.

That crimson rose my mother set;
But now at rest she's laid,
And woven with its dark green leaves
Are thoughts that never fade

With me she plann'd the flower plots;
And as the buds unfold,
They seem to speak the thoughts again,
She spoke to me of old.

How much I love my garden plot,
My tongue it fails to tell,
Its mem'ries are dear to me
And I do love it well.

M.H., Class 1A.

THE SCHOOL GATE SONG.

Our master's brow was dark,
Our master's speech was low;
And darkly looked he at the gate
And darkly down below
"The pupils will be on us
After the class goes down,
And if they do but gain the gate,
They'll not escape my frown."
Then out spake stout MacLardy—
The tallest of the three,
Lo! I will stand on thy right hand,
And keep the gate with thee.
Then out spake stout McLardy—
A classic man is he;
Lo, I will take the centre gate
O come and stand with me
Then out spake our Art Master—
A painter bold is he;
Lo, I will stand on thy left hand
And hold the gate with thee.
So out through 1AC room,
Straight past the office and me,
Straight down to the gates with their iron bars,
Went forth the dauntless three.
And now on Monday morning
A sentry's at the gate—
'Tis Rupert pacing up and down
To catch those who are late
And you can see MacLardy
Who at the centre stands;
And as he is short sighted,
He peers across the strand.
And lastly our art master
Is at the lower gate,
And if you once do miss that train
He doesn't say: "You're late,"
But the gate post is forsaken,
The pupils creep inside;
They do not dread their presence—
The gates are open wide.
For Rupert Scott has vanished
And things are as of yore—
You may see him quietly seated
Inside the Staff room door.

And now alas MacLardy
 Has gone for ever more—
 He's gone to a better place it's said
 Where he stands not at the door.
 And now our poor art master,
 Whose hair is turning grey
 From answering foolish questions
 Can calmly wend his way;
 But there's a stir among us
 And fear is running high,
 For the future does seem gloomy,
 And dark appears the sky.
 For trains are always running late,
 They will not wait for me
 I must get up at eight o'clock
 And that's too soon you see:
 And then there is a rumour
 I have to tell, you see,
 That soon there will be chosen
 A second dauntless three.
 So we must hope and pray
 Our train will not be late
 For you don't know those sentries
 Nor their notebooks, nor the gate.

(With Apologies to the Author).

M.C.M.

WHAT THE MATTER WAS

On his way home from school, Jack looked sad and worried.
 "Dear me," said a sympathetic old lady, "whatever is troubling you, my little man"
 "Dyspepsia and Rheumatism," replied Jack with a sigh.
 "Oh! surely not," said the old lady.
 "How can that be?"
 "Teacher punished me, 'cause I couldn't spell them," answered Jack dismally.

Teacher: "Now Freddie, what do you know about the Dead Sea?"
 Freddie: "Er—nothing sir. I didn't even know it was ill."
 Old Gent: "And where were you born, my little man?"
 Boy: "In London, sir."
 Gent: "And what part?"
 Boy: "All of me, sir."

Stories

HALE ROBBINS AND THE EAGLE.

Hale was ten and his sister Louis six at the time the events of this story took place. The brother and sister had some miles to walk to school every day, but they were both good walkers, and they liked doing it, especially where the path led by the edge of a big forest.

One day in August Hale's grandmother asked him to gather her some herbs from a certain spot where she knew they grew. So he and Louis set off before eight o'clock, laden with two books, their two dinner pails, a basket to hold the herbs, and a hay scythe, worn and shortened, with which to cut them.

At this time there were eagles in the forest where Hale and his sister were going, and that morning, as the brother and sister approached some elm trees, they saw an eagle with a fish in its beak flying up to its nest. There were evidently eaglets in the nest, and of course Hale and Louis stood a moment to watch and listen to the noise set up by the hungry, young birds. As they looked, one of the eaglets came tumbling out of the nest. It tried to save itself by clutching on to the branch of a tree, and cried shrilly in its fright. What would the mother bird do? They watched, full of concern and interest. The mother bird flew down towards her distressed one, passed it, and with a mighty flapping of her great wings made straight towards them. She took the brother and sister by surprise. They never dreamed the eagle would think they were the cause of the eaglet's difficulty; but evidently she did so. Louis hurried off to the spot where they had left the big basket, while Hale snatched up a stone and threw it at the swooping eagles, for the male bird joined in the attack. He was a plucky boy to stand up to the mother eagle, for she measured six feet six inches from tip to tip of her wings, and with her powerful claws and sharp beak she made a savage attack upon him. He tried to beat off the bird with the bough of a tree, but that was a poor weapon. Then he remembered the scythe in the basket, and running to it, he seized the scythe and used that for a more effectual weapon.

Poor Louis screamed when she saw the terrible bird scratch and peck at her brother, wound him, and knock him down with the powerful wings. Directly the bird rose in the air Hale got up on his feet again,

for he knew that for him to give in, meant death to himself and his sister also. He called to Louis to stop crying and protect her head with the basket, and then turned again to meet the swooping bird with the point of the scythe. This time the eagle struck at him with her talons, and knocked him flat upon his back. For a moment he lay still, and his sister, thinking the eagle had killed him, threw the basket aside and ran towards him. But now one of the eagles attacked her face, and the scream she gave brought her brother back to consciousness.

And then began the worst part of the conflict, for with the next swoop the mother eagle dragged Hale off the ground, dug her beak into one of his cheeks, and beat him with her flapping wings. Still he thrust at the bird with the scythe whenever he got the opportunity, but now he had so little strength left that, lying on his back, the utmost he could do was to protect his eyes with his hands and feet. For quite half-an-hour the fight had gone on before the plucky boy discovered he had wounded the fiercer of the two eagles under one of the wings. She could no longer fly up and swoop down upon him as before, but for half-an-hour she still continued to peck at him and claw him. The father bird had long ago flown back to the nest, when at last the exhausted boy was left in peace, and the great creature disappeared among the trees.

Hale struggled to his feet, but he could hardly stand, and was nearly blinded. His face and hands were bleeding profusely, but the terrified Louis did her best to help him hobble along. Every few steps he collapsed, and after a time the little girl left him sitting by the path and ran home to get help. Strong arms carried the boy home, and when his mother examined his injuries she counted thirty wounds, while his clothes seemed torn to bits. In his misery the great comfort he had was that his little sister was not really hurt; he had borne the brunt of the fray.

—“ST. ELMO.”

—*—

‘PRAEDATOR.’

All was silent; not a leaf stirred, not a dog barked, not an owl shrieked, not a bat flew, and not a soul was near. Yet there he was, all alone suffering intense mental affliction. His brain was bursting with fear, he could not move, he could not see, he could not call. What must he do? Must he endure this any longer? No, he resolved.

Silently his muscles freed themselves. With short, sharp, silent jerks he realised he could again continue. He put his hand back, and felt. Oh, what a horrid, cold feel. His body trembled all over. He pressed himself to the cold, rough wall, and uneasily and jerkily, slowly moved forward. No moon shone to tell him what lay before him; no voice cried “Danger!” Yet there it was. He was walking headlong into danger.

At length he had covered the last few yards, and again he dropped to his knees with the silence of a cat in wait for her prey. His sticky,

cramped hand flew out, and quickly felt the floor. Then it paused as his fingers slipped into space. His hand felt on; but alas, what was it? He had stopped on the brink of a hole. O fate, what is thy glory!

His brain suddenly flew to unendurability. There must be someone here. Should he go on, or turn back? Oh how he longed to turn back, but that power which we must sometime unwillingly obey, said “Continue.”

He did. He grasped the edges of the trap-door, and slowly let himself down. All underneath was eerie and cool. A mystic wind predominated, and fear, dread, awe and submission grasped and overcame him. At length he felt something solid in contrast to all this mystery. He let his body be wholly under this something's power, and lost his grasp. With a shriek unable to be interpreted on paper, he fell motionless once more. O reader, if you ever heard that shriek you would never forget it. It would indelibly adhere to your memory, and its recollection would immediately cause your passions to rise.

He fell motionless . . . all was silent.

The sweet soft moonbeams glittered on his face. The grass was soft, and near him lay some warmth. It must be somebody, who was it? Where was he?

Then, all that had previously occurred jumped to his brain. He dared not breathe. Then at length, he opened his eyes. Under the open sky! Where? He sat up with a start. The somebody sat up, touched him and said, “Are you all right? come quickly.”

“Who are you?” he stammered, “Wh-where am I, what have I done? wh-what, oh what—”

“I am y——”

Then it came with one sudden, rending burst, all was lost! The earth trembled and seethed under them, the world burst round them, and hope flitted.

Then silence reigned for one short minute. One short minute, and oh, how long!

He was picked up and dragged, whither he knew not; by whom he was ignorant

When he again woke, all was made clear to him.

“Where am I?”

“You are on a boat, bound for New Guinea.”

“Where, what, who are you?”

“I am your old school friend.”

“Who?” he sat up with a start.

“Bert.”

“Bruce!”

“What has happened?”

“I will tell you all. Last night, at about an hour after midnight, you fell through the trap door of room 3 up at the school, and landed on my back. You fell unconscious, and so I had to pick you up and run, to save your life. I tell you, I had a pretty rotten job, getting you out. How I did it, I don't know, but at last I managed to get you round to the hill near the old power

house. You woke up, I was anxious because I had only a few hours to get to the boat. You spoke, and when I tried to answer you, the old school blew up!

"What! !"

"Be quiet, and listen. I had planned and vowed when I was expelled three months ago, that I would wreak my vengeance. I did. Last night I blew the old school up."

"Thank God! That is what I went to do!"

"Well, I got you out safely, and then brought you down to the ship. I have been on two cruises to New Guinea on it, and this time I am taking you up there. We will have a tea plantation of our own, since we have both been expelled now. I had an offer about a month ago, and now I have enough money to accept. We will change our names and fix everything up."

"But, what—"

"Nevermind, the old school is up in heaven now, and we are safely away. I'll fix up for our future. I wanted a mate. Go to sleep now, and when you recover, we'll finalize matters."

HAROLD MITCHELL, 4A.

OF GRAVITY.

It has been stated by physicists that perpetual motion could be obtained if there were no gravity.

Perhaps, some day, one of our brainy sparks may soar so high as to discover a method of dispensing with this mystery we call gravity. Before they begin experimenting, however, we wish to warn them of the risk of turning the world topsy-turvy. Their invention would prove more welcome if, beforehand, they will design to make provision for the small inconveniences which might possibly arise.

As everybody knows, the world spins on its axis, tracing out a circular path around the sun. As this state of affairs is due to gravity, if there were none, the earth would travel in a straight line through space, retaining the same speed. The moon and all the neighboring planets would also make their journeys through space on all sides of Mother Earth.

All the bodies resting upon the earth's surface would be hurled in various directions into space. As a journey through space might not prove pleasant, food not being at one's finger ends, even if one were to escape bumping other falling planets, it would be necessary to devise some means of keeping all the bodies attached to the earth.

For buildings and lifeless objects, a number of substantial iron spikes, fitted with large jags, similar to those on fish hooks, would prove useful. For living beings, this method would be inconvenient, as they would be unable to move. For these, straps resembling those fastened around children to prevent them from straying, and having fixed at their ends, pieces

of metal, shaped like inverted T's, could be made. This T could be allowed to slide along in a slot made in a species of iron rail and inlaid in all the roads and paths.

At the windward side of the earth no device would be necessary to prevent objects being hurled off, as the wind, created as the earth fell through space, would force these objects on to its surface. The only inconvenience in this case would be the tendency of the wind to blow the objects into space. Ropes, having one end fastened to the ground and the other floating in space, could be provided, so that, if such accidents should happen, the poor, unfortunate victim might grip one of them, and so pull himself back to earth.

For some time, day and night, would occur as usual. It is true that the light of the sun would gradually become fainter and fainter, but by that time, who knows, the earth might pass near another light-giving planet and enjoy its light.

So, experimenters, take heed what you do, and be particular about your inventions.

—K. RICHARDSON.

DUCK SHOOTING.

During the Christmas holidays, my brother, a friend, and myself went to Port Macquarie, where we picked up an acquaintance with two "cobos," Jim and Mac. Jim suggested, and we agreed, to go duck-shooting on the next day to Lake Innis.

As Jim said that it was only three miles to the lake, we set out, despite the rain, in excellent spirits—spirits which were later to be very much damped by the rain.

Jim, the only one without a gun, stalked majestically on ahead, pausing every now and again to give a 'Coo-coo-coo.' "I never go to the ducks, boys: they always come looking for me," said Jim with his nasal twang. "Yes," he repeated, with a confidential nod and significant wave of the arm, "they always come to me."

After he had carried out his "coo-ing" antics for some time, to no effect, the party nearly went into hysterics. Suddenly he stopped and held up his hand. "Bring forward the light artillery," says he. "I see a tentit." Everyone groaned, but Mac, always obliging, handed up his big double-barrel to Jim, who, although he had no gun, always "worked" it in such a way as to get the first shots.

Jim, who had said that he could hit a tin at 400 yards, took what seemed a 10-minute aim and missed (more groans). We had walked for nearly an hour, and Lake Innis was still a dream.

Forward again in the drizzling rain, another hour's march, and although there were plenty of smaller birds, not a duck showed up—despite Jim's valiant and continuous efforts.

Mid-day—and still Lake Innis but a shadow—a three-mile walk—everyone sighed—Jim must be mad. "Never mind, it's all in a day's shooting," and on we go, with pounds of mud clinging to our boots, and wet to the skin, over interminable swamps.

"There's the lake," from Jim. Yes, the lake was certainly there, but there was an impassable, waist-deep swamp between us and there. To our chagrin, we saw thousands upon thousands of ducks. Dark flocks were now being cast in Jim's direction, and if it hadn't been for his "coo-ing," which never failed to raise a laugh—suppressed for fear of hurting his feelings—there's no knowing what might have happened to him.

We had had enough—Jim could go to Hong Kong; we wanted to get home. It was then that we saw the first "wonga." "The light artillery!" yelled Jim, in a frenzy of excitement, and frightened the bird away. That was the last straw. From nine till four we had walked on a six-mile tramp—then had our only "wonga" frightened away.

We all walked on stolidly except Jim, who began his "coo-ing" once more. "Come back," from Jim. "If they're not here you'll never find them anywhere." He had said that so often during the day that we only smiled dejectedly at his optimism and kept on walking.

A few minutes later Jim again appeared. "How long will it take us to get home, Jim?"

"Oh, about 'n hour."

"How far is it, Jim?"

"Oh, 'bout seven miles."

Seven miles in an hour!—with mud half-way up our legs, with rain trickling down our backs, and after a six and a half hours' walk. His idea of time was as bad as his estimation of distance.

Disgruntled, we sat down on a log. We had walked about nine miles, and still had about seven miles in front of us, instead of three—three there and three back, he had told us.

Shouldering our guns, we plodded on once more, attempting, unsuccessfully, to "crack hardy," and finally reached camp at about 5.30.

"How about coming shooting to-morrow; there's plenty of ducks about half a mile behind my house," said Jim. We smiled—no, we were leaving to-morrow. We didn't feel safe within one hundred miles of Jim. That night I dreamed of ducks, swamps, and half-mad Jims, and awoke with a fixed determination never again to go shooting.

—HUN TING, E.H.F. (V.A.)

A DREAM.

After a strenuous week-end of thinking of something to write for "The Novo," I at length succeeded in an attempt at a piece of verse. Feeling highly pleased with myself, I got into bed and with visions of seeing my poem with an honoured place in the magazine, I fell asleep. After a while I suddenly became aware of several irate little people on the foot of my bed. The largest of them, who I noticed was dressed very much like the Roman hero of my poem, approached me, saying, "You are wanted in Verseland, hurry and dress!"

Too amazed to object and also very curious, I dressed and followed him. As soon as we were at the gate, I was told to shut my eyes and hold my breath for a time. I was whirled through space, and just as I felt I had to breathe I was told to open my eyes. Can you imagine my astonishment when I found myself in the prisoner's box at a Court! And what a queer one! The Judge had a gown made of various lines of poetry held together by conjunctions, and the solicitors were gowned likewise. The audience consisted of hundreds of impersonated verbs, nouns, adverbs and adjectives.

It suddenly dawned on me that I was being tried. Someone was saying, "You are charged with murdering Poetry in cold blood. Do you plead guilty or not guilty?" I looked around terrified. How had all these hissing, little people learned of my attempt at writing verse?

Suddenly there was a commotion in the audience. A tall, ghost-like figure in white entered. I began to shake. "Hush, here is the Queen Poetry," the Judge cried, and turning to me, "You are responsible for our Queen's death. You also turned several of our prettiest sentences upside-down just for the sake of the metre. Our Queen can only recover by your tearing your poem up. What shall be her punishment?"

"Kill her! Hang her! Burn her! Shoot her!" was screamed out in hundreds of tiny voices. They all rushed at me, and then as they were all about to jump on me I woke up to find myself just landed on the floor with a hard bump.

My dream still vivid in my mind, I went over to the table and sorrowfully tore up my beautiful(?) poem, vowing the while never to attempt any more.

—JOYCE BOYCE.

*
UN SPECIMEN DE RECLAME FRANCAIS

Claire a dix-huit printemps; j'a. quarante ans bientôt.
J'use deppuis un mis du savon du Congo.
Je vais y renoncer; il me rend trop gentille;
On m'a prise deja pour la soeur de ma fille.

Local History

For some time past the Royal Australian Historical Society has been urging all Australians to show a keener interest in the history of their own country. It is felt that we have passed through the first great stage of our development as a nation. The foundations have been well set. Mountain barriers, inland rivers lost in mystery, desert wastes, have been penetrated, and the mystery unravelled. Pioneers of all types have blazed the trail and yet their story remains largely untold. In this land of ours there is no record of a frontier line swaying back and forward in the fierce strife of backwoodsmen and Indians; no Great Trek. Ours has been a strife that did not call for a riot of passion. It has been the strife of men with the gum-frowning bastions of the Great Divide, of from those who wrung from the bowels of the earth wealth which an Aladdin might envy, of those who battled with drought and flood and fire and hung on and won through. So settlement has eaten its way throughout this island continent. There is much to be told of the men and women who did these things. Newcastle district was one of the earliest to be opened up.

We would therefore urge upon our students the interesting and patriotic duty of rescuing from the past story after story of how the district came to be what it is. A friend of the writer, Mr. F. R. E. Mauldon, M.Ec. B.A., Senior Lecturer in Economics of Melbourne University, has shown us in his 'Economic Survey of the Hunter River Valley' what has been the result of the work done in the past. We would urge upon our students to tell again where it has been told the story of the discovery, exploration, settlement and development of this district. Many new points may be revealed. Even the history of local place names has its value.

The following are some suggestions for your consideration:—

- (1) The story of John Shortland.
- (2) Louis Barrallier and the Newcastle district.
- (3) The coal trade.
- (4) Timber.
- (5) Newcastle during Macquarie's regime.
- (6) The building of the breakwater between Nobbys and the mainland.
- (7) The first lighthouse.
- (8) Newcastle's churches.
- (9) Bigge's report and its account of Newcastle.
- (10) Lime-burning at Stockton.
- (11) The first hospital.

- (12) The visit of the first steamer.
- (13) The story of the Hunter River Steam Navigation Company.
- (14) The Australian Agricultural Company.
- (15) The first Parliamentary election.
- (16) The story of the municipality.
- (17) Papers published.
- (18) Railway communication.
- (19) The Newcastle Gas Company.
- (20) Electric light in Newcastle.
- (21) The first trams.
- (22) Water supply.
- (23) The Government Dockyard.
- (24) The Steel Works.
- (25) Place names and their origin.

We look forward with some interest to the next issue of "The Novocastrian," feeling certain that the local history section will be one of the most valuable portions of the journal. Many contributions will certainly be forthcoming from our budding historians, some of whom may one day adorn a niche alongside Bury, Green, Mommsen, Lovisse, Breasted and others who have made history something more than a mere collection of facts.

OLD NEWCASTLE.

As many of us walk by what is now called the Tram Terminus down to the Ocean Baths or around the walk parallel to the tramline running towards Shortland Park, we are quite unaware that we are walking over the ground that was once called by old local residents, "Gaul Hill," getting its name from the fact that when Newcastle was in its infancy the Convict Gaol stood where the tramsheds are to-day. The hand of convict labor of those days is evidenced to-day in the Bogey Hole, the Soldiers' Baths just below Fort Scratchley, and the tunnel at Nobbys.

Between the Customs House and the Sailors' Home stood the gallows, where many poor convicts were hanged. The red column which stands in the centre of Parnell Park once graced the front of the old Courthouse, which stood where our fine Post Office stands to-day.

—LEONORE SULLIVAN, 5B.

PULBA ISLAND

The small island of Bulba, with its area of one hundred and fifty-six acres, is situated near the centre of Lake Macquarie. The word, "Bulba" itself means island. The aboriginal name for it was "Boroyirong," while the aboriginal name for the Lake is 'Awaba,' meaning "Smooth Water." The aborigines who used to live round the shores of the lake were known as the Awabakil Tribe, or Nation.

The island at present is being used as a subsidiary settlement for Taronga Park, where rare animals are repatriated in order that they may increase. Only Australian birds and animals are allowed on the island, which is controlled by a committee of seven honorary members. It is hoped that the island will eventually become the Taronga Park of northern New South Wales.

The idea of establishing an island sanctuary at Bulba originated in Newcastle, and it was the first in the Commonwealth to be set apart for the purpose. Now, the idea has taken hold of other communities, and other places are being made into sanctuaries with the same object. Incidentally owing to the depredations of the fox, it will be necessary for the Commonwealth and State Governments eventually to set apart all the islands around the Australian coast as sanctuaries for our ground fauna.

—R.H.F., 3A.

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CANBERRA

THE CAPITAL CITY OF AUSTRALIA

For many years Canberra was considered a "Dream City," an impracticable if not foolish fantasy. All through life, however, the value of dreams and visions is demonstrated, for there must be a castle in the air before there can be a castle on the ground. This "Dream City" is rapidly materialising and becoming a city of splendid public buildings, of wide tree-lined avenues, of comfortable dwellings and up-to-date business premises—a city laid out under the latest and most approved methods of city planning.

Canberra—or 'Canbra,' as it is pronounced—is situated in the South-eastern portion of New South Wales, about 20 miles west of the Main Dividing Range. It is as centrally situated as it possibly can be in regard to the capitals of the Eastern States.

The selection of the territory is now almost ancient history. Those who have travelled throughout the State are unanimous in the opinion that from every standpoint the territory selected is ideal for the purpose, and if any mistakes are made, no blame can be laid at the door of the Great Provider, who has bestowed so generously from the laboratory of Nature.

The territory comprises about 900 square miles, or 576,000 acres. The average height of the city area is about 1900 feet, being the second highest capital city in the world. The lowest point in the territory is 1500 feet, while the highest is Mt. Bimbera, 6,264 feet.

Quite a number of streams run through, or touch, the territory, including the Murrumbidgee, Cotter, Molonglo, and the Queanbeyan Rivers. The bountiful supply of water from these snow-fed rivers is kept in check by a weir thrown across the Cotter River. Thus there is a very fine and permanent water supply.

The climate is ideal, the mean annual temperature being 55 degrees, the summer mean 68 degrees, and the winter 42 degrees. The annual rainfall for the whole territory is approximately 25 inches, similar to that of London and Melbourne.

It is well known that the plans of the city were drawn by an American, who scoured the world in order to secure models for this last and greatest city. The streets radiate from the Capitol Hill following the general outline of a spider's web, although they are not so intricate.

The general perspective of the buildings is horizontal, because provision is contained in ordinances which impose a permanent bar against unsightly and ill-proportioned buildings. Parliament House and the buildings to house the secretaries are now almost completed. There are shopping centres in the city and suburbs, and three great hostels for accommodation. There is also a large central school, having an enrolment of close on 500. The lighting is specially designed to assist the children, and for their comfort in winter hot water pipes run through the school. The headmaster is Mr. C. L. Henry.

The land in the Territory is held under leasehold, varying somewhat in regard to the locality where the leases operate.

In regard to the government of the Territory, the main provisions are:

(I.) That the Governor-General may make ordinances having the force of law in the Territory.

(II.) That certain State Laws no longer remain in force (e.g., those concerning rates, taxes or duties).

(III.) That certain Commonwealth Acts shall apply to the Territory.

(IV.) That the freehold of any Crown lands in the Territory cannot be sold or disposed of except in pursuance of some contract entered into prior to the 1st January, 1911.

(V.) That the inferior Courts of New South Wales exercise the same jurisdiction as they had before.

—"TRAVELLER."

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Kelri": Try again. Your work does not quite come up to our standard.

"Beechwood": Write this matter up in more detailed form for the next issue. Try and secure some snapshots of the old buildings.

"La Minette": Too brief. Detailed information giving names of pioneers, names of early pits, and so on is more valuable than general statements. Re-write for next issue.



FRANK T. RUNDLE

Who secured the Best Pass for Newcastle at the Leaving Certificate Examination.



KENNETH WILLIAMS

He secured the best High School pass at the recent Intermediate Examination—7A's.

CLASS NOTES

5A

After a rather stormy passage in the fourth year, we are just beginning to settle down to hard work, and very soon our "med" students will be busily engaged treating nervous wrecks, for in the words of our beloved (?) Livy, "Cum luctus ingens ex praeterito erat mince timos in futurum est."

While welcoming a new member to our class, we regret having to mention the loss of our noted economist: to quote the words of a sage, "In the place of a poodle we get a lion-tamer."

Fifth Year is proud to possess a natural monopolist, but the class is becoming very anxious concerning his health, since he was discovered reading two books in different languages at the same time during a lesson quite recently.

The "Count" of this class was one day seized with a passion for exhibiting his poetic ability. The result was, that our "Fairy Queen" awoke to find himself immortalized by our class bard.

At times, the atmosphere in our room becomes quite electric, or, should we say, "rurarl," considering the numbers of "cows" which are scattered around.

Our Fifth Year enthusiasts must find Soccer rather an expensive game, especially when inexperienced juniors try their hand (or rather their feet) at it.

At the English Honour's Class recently, the subject under discussion was "romanticism." Several members of this class were absent. Mr. S., entering the room, asked "Skinny" for a definition and after receiving the answer, "I don't know," informed her that, had "Kit" been present, she would have known more about the subject.

The banquet tendered to the departed Fifth Year, went off without a hitch, everybody enjoying himself immensely. On behalf of 4A and Fourth Year, (we were not at that time so intellectually developed as now) Tom Kitley, Les. Snape and Thelma Morris expressed appreciation of the retiring seniors.

In concluding, 5A "Intellectual Giants" would be pleased to receive information concerning the "fat Auntie" of one of their fellow "Giants."

4A

Well, here we are in fourth year, and very aristocratic we feel, too!

Having passed through the bitter realm of examinations, we prepared ourselves for that long awaited period of leisure, that term of peace, and quiet repose—fourth year—but alas! all our dreams of a happy, lazy time

have ended where all our dreams usually do—in smoke! Our overburdened minds have been relieved by our kind and thoughtful teachers of that grave and bitter error, only to be taxed with the awful realization that we are expected to work—work, just think of it—work!

We have in our class, members of the old 3B and 3A classes; we deeply regret to state that many members of both sections have deserted us for the greater excitement of the commercial world.

Some of our number have left us to continue their educational studies elsewhere. Among them is our prominent young student, "Louis" who has deserted us for the higher attractions of Sydney. It must have been the School. Such a dungeon is not enticing to anyone, n'est-ce pas?

Mary Dorman and Elsie Chard left us for the purpose of attending Business Colleges, both having scholarships. Dorothy Drake, having left Newcastle to live in Maitland, now attends the Maitland Girls' High School. The fifth deserter, namely Mary Collier, is at present at the Burwood Methodist Ladies' College.

We are all pleased to hear that two of our class-mates, McRae and Berriman, obtained Intermediate Bursaries at the recent examinations.

Last year the 3B class had a little evening at the home of "B.B.," one of our number, all the girls received a severe shock to learn that the sterner sex could dance (on the floor as well as on their partner's toes).

Although 3B did not gain many A's in the mathematics section of the Intermediate, they made up for it in the number of teachers they had.

We were quite puzzled as to what was meant the door or the window, when one of our masters said that he would "pass us right out."

Mr. S. says it gives him the "mugwumps" in our class—it must be the boys—He declared the other day that any winking going on in class, should be left entirely to him.

"John" will shortly appear in the latest fashion from Paris, a new Eton suit (moth eaten).

When Freddie E. was projected over the wall, he feared that his arm was splintered. One would think that his head would splinter more easily, but he feared in vain, nevertheless, he still uses a sling.

It is said that "Donald," the world-famed race-horse, suffered from lack of attention during the Xmas vacation, owing to one of our dashing male members paying a visit to New Zealand.

Why doesn't somebody supply Miss S and Mr. L boxing gloves to settle a certain little argument.

Certain boys in 4A with patent hair dislike having it ruffled.

Why does a certain little boy make a perfect nuisance of himself to first years.

Much consternation was caused by the announcement of Mr. H. in our Chemistry Class that all broken test tubes had to be mended. The breaking of these articles had been reduced to a fine art which almost every member of the class had conquered, but such is life!

A certain young scholar when asked for his photograph, was rushed by the girls, much to his embarrassment.

One of our renowned teachers often rises in his wrath and says that he will saw the leg off somebody; no wonder the girls are in continual fear of him. He is quite hurt now, because our R.S.P.C.A. members won't supply suffering oysters with hats or sunshades.

One of our members is anxious to know if your "maggie" is still alive and "kicking" Rastus?

It is evident that 4A is leading the fashion in hairdressing. Hair is becoming shorter and shorter, even some of the boys have caught the complaint, and one of the masters has deigned to follow their example.

Why do the boys take such an interest in the girls' style of hairdressing?

One of our teachers is not at all satisfied with the ventilation of our room. He suggests calling for volunteers to make an extra window in the west wall.

Judging from appearances, we have a budding chemist in our midst. He has made a new chemical law which will be known as Galton's Atomic Theory. He found that: if certain chemicals are mixed in definite proportions by weight, certain exciting results occur under certain conditions.

One of our late arrivals on the staff greatly laments the presence of young ladies in his class, as his formerly fluent vocabulary is now somewhat restricted.

One of our class-mates has determined to do some mathematics homework (working out his bowling average).

We would like to know who taught Mr. Harvey how to score enough runs to enable his team to enter the final.

We hear that "Hobbs" has a small quantity of raw meat every morning; that accounts for the "Bulldog tenacity."

We have in our class a young gentleman, famous for his business transactions. He deals in watermelons on Wednesday afternoons.

Lost, strayed or stolen, one youth, answers to the name of Rastus, last seen mixing chemicals. Finder will be prosecuted with the utmost rigor of the law if he is not returned to this class (4A).

Perhaps the conspirators of the Gunpowder Plot were, after all, only inspired with the best of good feeling—wishing to hasten the building of the New High School.

Much to our sorrow, a certain member of this class likes to remind the teachers of the homework they have forgotten.

We hope to be the proud possessors of a few "bronzes" soon—but, live in hope, it is very substantial.

However, we do boast the champion cricketer of the school, in the person of "Scrowl" and we also believe that there are a few more shining lights in that direction.

After the recent examinations, we came out smiling, with banners flying victoriously and we intend to keep this up and make ourselves even more illustrious.

THE MATCHLESS 4A.

4B (GIRLS').

How do you do, everybody! Although the majority of us are newcomers N.H.S. has taken us to its heart and we find that it is not such a bad place, after all.

4B is the quietest class in the school. At least, we are sure our English teacher thinks so. We all notice different habits among the teachers. One teacher has the habit of saying—when they are decidedly not so—"things are obvious." which is on a par with a certain Latin teacher's question, "Do you see?"

Everyone in 4B is broke now, saving up for a French Dictionary. In fact, our French teacher even went so far as to advise us to give up pictures and cricket matches on Saturday afternoons! Br-r-r.

"Rudolph," one of our respected members, says that should people always mean what they say, a certain teacher in this school, would be minus legs.

"Students losing their hats from train windows, need not do their homework." At that rate the Railway officials will be forced to appoint a special patrol to rid the lines of lost (?) hats.

Only 5th Years are allowed in the "A" tennis team. However, Thelma Spence proves an exception to the rule and 4B extends its heartiest congratulations.

4B (BOYS').

4B is composed, this year, mainly of students from Cook's Hill. There are only six "School" students left. The milker of cows left after a week's attendance (we hope he was not frightened by the appearance of the buildings) while Heath, who has attended for three years, left recently. We hope he will obtain his pass to the Teacher's College, and thence to be a "Cane Swisher."

We received a member from Sydney High School, in the person of the illustrious Frederick Gibbes, who it appears, is going to have the position of class jester. Perhaps it is the "dago" language which makes him such.

Next we have Ernie Colman, who is a modern Touchstone. In reply to the question whether he knew Shakespeare's King Henry V., he replied, "not personally."

However, to find the "Wiseman" of our class would be almost as difficult as finding a needle in a haystack, when he sits absorbed in the illustrious book, "Alice in Wonderland."

We might also add that a certain member of the female section of the class was rather perturbed to find she had a part in "As you Like It" and nearly put her foot through the floor in consequence.

There is also in "the" class of the school, a member who is greatly addicted to employing an extensive vocabulary in his literary efforts which totally places his class-mates in a quandary.