

## Boys' Sports.

### CRICKET.

Summer has again brought with it the strenuous game of cricket, and its chief supporters are to be found in the lower school. The reason is quite obvious, for cricket, being a scientific sport, like bowls, requires a maximum of concentration, which the 4th year lords are at present bestowing on more congenial occupations (?). Another good reason is that 4th year has no cricketing talent worthy of note, and therefore, the task of downing Maitland and collecting the competition medals must needs rest with the "kids."

The opening match of the season was disastrous for the senior team, but as our best willow-wielders and leather-hunters were unavailable, no one was down-hearted and—revenge is sweet.

Much interest is being taken in the District Competition, and High School has three teams competing. Both senior teams are showing good form, and it is very probable that they will be the opposing teams in the final match. Their skippers are "men" of football renown, and all fixtures will be well contested on this account.

The juniors are also a formidable combination and up to the present have only lost one match.

Should these teams carry off final honours, Newcastle High School will rank as a sporting centre of no mean importance, and Novocastrians will have reason to be prouder than ever of their Alma Mater.

### Cricket Characters.

- BRITT:—Spoilt by excessive style. A second Bannerman, but is misplaced here.
- BRYANT:—Splendid all round. Pilots the Senior 2nds well. Sprained his neck trying to watch the bowler and wicket-keeper at once.
- T. BROWN:—Resting on Football laurels. Thinks the field is a training ground, but wakes up and takes a catch occasionally.
- U. BROWN:—Bats left hand, bowls right, and wicket-keeps with both. A good man, but a little too pretty.
- CHALMERS:—A budding googley merchant. Skittled Hamilton's sticks to the tune of thirteen for four. Likely to become tricky.
- COOPER or "COPPER":—Plays from page 1 and stifles the ball. Likely to get a place in any team.
- FITZGERALD:—Useful with the leather, which he also knocks about a little. Wields the bat like a Club between bowls.
- COL. GRAY:—Rather rowdy. Very fair all round. Taught Hockey to bowl.
- GOAD:—Fond of queer music when playing. Fine with the bat, funny with the ball.
- HACKWORTHY:—Surprise bowler. Saviour of the team against Maitland.
- HALTON:—A budding Carter, with the advantage of a hard face.
- RAMSHAW:—Bowls well against outside teams, but fared badly against Senior A's. Tries to lose the ball in the air when he bats.
- KNIGHT:—Might take Leckie's warning to heart. A promising bat, but out of practice.

- LECKIE:—Trundles well. In danger of being spoilt by prettiness. Has had hard luck with the bat to date.
- LITTLE:—Tainted with Leckie's complaint. Effective with the ball; wields the willow consistently.
- MADDEN:—Does not waste his sweetness on the asphalt, whence he lacks practice, but does well in the 2nd Seniors.
- MASSEY:—Smiles at the bowler perpetually, some say to keep his attention from his hair. Tried once to bowl—never again.
- PATERSON:—Unrivalled with bat and ball. A "rod in pickle" which Maitland has so far escaped.
- SCOBIE:—Fond of poultry; specialises in "Scobie" ('scovy) ducks. Promising member of the Christmas Clubs.
- WIER:—Very weary. Misses more catches than he gets. In imminent danger of waking up and breaking his duck.
- M. WILLIAMS:—The hard hitter, yet very kittingish in that she demands three lives, whereas a full grown cat gets nine.
- V. KNIGHT:—Prox. Acc in hefty smiting; past the "under-arm" stage. Plays havoc with air to spare the bowler's feelings. "Some bowler."
- L. MACLEAN:—A tender-hearted player, seldom seeks the bat. Fields far out at point where the ball doesn't go.
- E. GOODWIN:—A most ardent devotee of the willow. Particularly useful in removing unevennesses not more than two inches beneath the surface. Specialises in teaching Kit and Kat to tiny first years.
- K. BOWDITCH:—Prefers teams of unity to the orthodox eleven, particularly with Garrett as opposing captain. Very, very gentle with the ball. A player.

### FOOTBALL.

The Michaelmas vacation brought to a close a most successful football season. The records of the three branches of the game are all worthy of the old school, and it is to be hoped that they will be maintained next season.

League football is gaining a conspicuous place in our sports, and bids fair to become the recognised game at no distant period. Soccer, on the other hand, has also many enthusiastic supporters.

The rugbyites, who were in an unenviable position at our last publication, recruited their strength, and in a few matches placed M.H.S second on the sheet. [Ed, "What! Again?"]. This team also visited Sydney, and although the opposition proved too solid in both matches, acquitted itself well.

However, the honours of the season undoubtedly go to the "A" League team, which set up a record never before achieved by any High School in the State. The team finished the competition without sustaining a single defeat, and gathered in the medals and the fine premiership flag presented by the League. Towards the close of the Michaelmas term, a visit was paid to the Premiers of the Sydney competition—Westmead College. This match was the star of the season, and the final scores (25-17 in favor of N.H.S.) indicate how closely it was contested. Donald (3), T. Brown (1) and Hatton (1) scored tries, while Magin kicked five goals. Those who were unsuccessful on the field amply made



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amends at the luncheon provided by the Sydney League. Donald, the chief point-getter, was again much in evidence, and an enjoyable evening was spent. Mr. Heatley, who was in charge of N.H.S. team, suitably returned thanks for the attention they had received. The remarkable success of this team speaks highly of the efficiency of its players and of its manager.

The following letter is instructive :—

F. Heatley, Esq., High School, Newcastle.

Dear Sir.—It is the earnest wish of my Committee that you kindly convey their heartiest congratulations to the members of the High School team who were successful in defeating Westmead Boys' Home team at the Sydney Agricultural Ground, on 11th inst., and thus winning the honour of being the first School team in this District to defeat a Metropolitan School team under Rugby League Rules. The example set by the High School Team has, and will be, an object that the first grade representative teams of the above Branch will strenuously endeavour to achieve in the higher ranks of football. And when the representative player of to-day can no longer retain his place, it is to the young player who is now learning the game that we, the governing body, look to carry on where we left off.

In view of the very gratifying reports received from the head body, my Committee further desire to compliment you on the exemplary conduct and bearing of the boys under your charge, both on and off the field, also on the high standard of football shown by the members of the team in that game.

For and on behalf of the Committee,

JAS. T. WRIGHT, Hon. Secretary  
N.S.W. Rugby League.

The "Soccer" team played a series of matches against M.H.S., and were successful in every case. The "A" Soccer team also won the District Competition by defeating Plattsburg, 6-1.

Appended is the Rugby "A" scoring board :—

Name.	Matches Played.	Tries	Goals.	Total.
L. Williams	10	5	7	30
H. Green	7	8	—	24
J. Donald	10	7	—	21
J. Henery	6	4	2	16
L. Hackworthy	9	3	1	11
I. Brown	2	2	—	6
J. Bryant	9	2	—	6
B. Rouse	5	1	—	3
R. Carpenter	3	1	—	3
J. Nicholson	8	1	—	3

Total 34 10 123

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CRICKET, TENNIS AND FOOTBALL.

# RICHARD BRYANT,

## HUNTER STREET.

### GIRLS' SPORTS.

In this world of change in which we are living it is somewhat comforting to reflect that in some respects at least human nature is still the same. Hot days have come, and with the idea of our own personal comfort always paramount in our youthful minds, those amongst us who possess sufficient energy lose no time in making their way to the Bogey Hole. Did not some old philosopher say that at seventeen we are only smaller editions of what we will be at seventy? I agree with him heartily.

Of late, Friday afternoons the heat, together with the excessive pressure of approaching exams., has driven large numbers of us to drown our sorrows in the Bogey Hole (what a lot of driving we need!), so that the cautious-minded have set themselves a-thinking what shall happen when the baths, which are after all of only very limited proportions, refuses to be so accommodating as to expand their dimensions to suit the requirements of our overflowing numbers. I fear that if ever matters come to such a crisis, we will have to go in detachments, and Tom will have to make more frequent use of his tin whistle.

Have I ever introduced you to Tom? It is a name so well known among us swimmers that we fondly imagine that everyone knows whom we mean by Tom. When the weather is not too hot, and when you chance to feel particularly polite, you address him as "Mr. Caretaker," but alas for our manners, those times are few and far between—except when we try to persuade him that the tide is not too dangerously high to prevent us from having a swim, when all the time we know perfectly well that it is; but Tom, I fear, has been too well trained in that stern school of duty, for with stoic heroism he stoutly resists all our feminine wiles and dearest arts of persuasion, much to our sorrow; and we know immediately that the sad words, "Too high to-day, Miss," can have only one meaning for us—"no swim."

Then Tom has a tin whistle—a ten-horse power one, I think—which breaks on the stilly air with a fury which tells us plainly that it would be sheer folly to deny having heard it; at the sound of this whistle we are summoned from the water immediately, just as, perchance, the "crack of doom" shall summon us from our graves at some future time—only for our own sakes, I hope to goodness that we shall answer it with more alacrity!

Is it idle fancy or is it a fact that since we presented Tom with a handsome pipe (save the mark!) at the close of last season, he is more loath to lay it aside for the whistle when the appointed time comes to call us out? Especially when he reflects that we were the donors of that comfort, which, I believe, a few individuals value next to life itself—at least, that is the conclusion you are led to draw, judging from the uproar that is made when, perchance, they lose sight of it for five minutes.

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So much for swimming; we all wish it long life and prosperity, I am sure. Since in that branch of sport there are no rival schools to challenge us, we hold our heads up as if we are indeed "saus pareil," but we are not so fortunate in tennis, for instance, for we have a very real and tangible opponent in the Maitland Girls; twice during the winter we had very enjoyable tennis matches with them, but each time we were chivalrous enough to let our guests carry away the emblems of victory. Not so fortunate, however, were the ex-pupils, who challenged us quite recently; it was a glorious match and both sides enjoyed it immensely. The ex-pupils were represented by Laura Hingst (captain), Florence Nancarrow, Dorothy Charlestone, Kathleen Henson, Geraldine Carrol, Enid Collins (who won the tennis tournament last year), and Hilda Patey; our own team, as usual, consisted of Ruth Saunders (captain), Muriel Lane, Evelyn Goodwin, Ida Saunders, Gladys Corrigan, Una Mitchell and Muriel Turnbull. On the first occasion we found, to our sorrow, that the ex-pupils had received too good a training while at school, and had kept improving on it ever since; however, we made a gigantic struggle and in the return match we succeeded in being the victors.

We have to congratulate Ida Saunders on winning the tennis championship at school this year, the prize being the handsome sum of seven shillings and sixpence, not out! Thirty girls entered for the tournament, and some of the heats were very exciting, in spite of the perverseness of the weather; in the semi-finals, when two fourth year girls, and prefects into the bargain, opposed each other, a certain girl, not to mention names, who was known to have an ice-cream at stake, was seen to dance the tango, or something very akin to it, in her excitement at beholding a certain painfully long rally. The final brought two sisters face to face with each other; I shall not venture to say that that was the first time in their lives that such had happened, but it served to add an additional glamour to the scene. After much hard play, the elder sister enjoyed the great honour of being defeated by her junior—but only by two points, be it said.

There is yet another and a popular branch of school sport which must not be omitted—cricket. Though for a considerable time cricket fell into great disrepute amongst the girls at large, in consequence of the dire tragedy related in last issue, it has survived its drooping fortunes, and now proves itself to be a worthy rival of tennis and swimming. Not very long ago the boys challenged the girls to a cricket match in the lower playground—with the stipulation that the boys' team should contain six, to the girls' twelve; very gracious of them, I'm sure! I shall not relate the results of that match; to begin with, it was horribly one-sided, and one-sided things under any circumstances must always be odious.

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I think I have given sufficient detail in regard to Girls' Sports generally; perhaps it would not be out of place to add that frequently on Friday afternoons during the winter, the passer-by was greeted with the strains of the "Langley Waltz" issuing from Room 7. If anyone took the trouble to look in at such times, he invariably would have first to encounter outside the door a heap of debris consisting of tables, black-boards, easels, etc., the removal of which enabled those of the "light fantastic toe" to have some sort of enjoyment on the very narrow strip of territory between the desks and windows. I think I have by this time faithfully discharged my duty as chronicler of the girls' sports, so now I must take a clean page and prepare to set down its feats for the coming six months, in which I hope we shall acquit ourselves worthily and uphold the glory of N.H.S.

## Shakespeare and Fourth Year.

Well may Shakespeare have exclaimed, "O my prophetic soul." We can clearly show that he anticipated with great accuracy and fair completeness the very students that have so often reviled Macbeth this year. For instance, "Spur them to ruthless work" (Troilus and Cressida 5. 3.) shows whom *he* thought a pattern of industry. Similarly, "Thou art the knight of the burning lamp" (1 Henry IV., 3. 3.), is an obvious reference to a certain student's prolonged fagging. Another well deserved compliment is found in the "Winter's Tale" (5. 3), "So much the more our carver's excellence." But occasionally disagreements arise as is hinted in "Much Ado" (1. 3.), "Would the cook were of my mind," and there is some ambiguity in the saying, "Poor Tom's a-cold" (King Lear, 3. 4). In another case his opinion is quite adverse; "I fear the power of Percy is too weak" (1 Henry IV, 4. 4) sounds badly for the L.C., and "Clarence hath not another day to live" (Richard III, 1. 1), is very ominous. "Gentle Kate, I know you wise" (1 Henry IV, 2. 3), is much more promising. "This carle, a very drudge of nature's" (Cymbeline, 5. 2), is on the other side. "You are undone, all but your scarf" (All's Well, 4. 3), seems to betoken a heavy casualty list. "Good wine needs no bush" (As you like It—Epilogue), is an admirable sentiment; but "Take hence this Jack and whip him" (Antony and Cleopatra, 3. 13), is unpleasant. "A Steward, so true, so just" (Timon, 4-3), is doubtful. The remainder may consider themselves included in our final quotations, "The year had found some months asleep and leapt them over" (2 Henry, IV. 4. 4.), and "Deeper than did ever plummet sound, I'll drown my book" (Tempest, 5. 1).

# Typewriter Statement of Account.

From 1st May to 19th November, 1915.

RECEIPTS.			EXPENDITURE.		
	£	s. d		£	s. d
1 A.C. ....	16	4 6	Stott & Underwood ...	15	0 0
1 B.C. ....	21	1 6	Ribbons ...	2	1 1
Interest ...	0	0 10	M.O. and Postage ...	0	2 10
			Paper ...	0	19 9
			Carbon, etc. ...	0	8 8
			Copying Press ...	3	11 8
			Cash on Hand ...	15	2 10
	£37	6 10		£37	6 10

All the typewriters are now paid for, as well as the copying press. With regard to the expenditure on ribbons, a book of 12 coupons has been purchased which reduces the cost of each ribbon from 3/9 to 3/- each, and 10 of these coupons are still on hand.

Examined and found correct,  
C. BRICE.

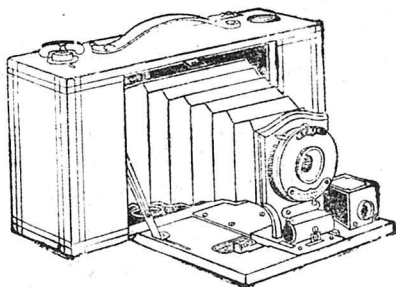
As good almost kill a man as kill a good book; who kills a man, kills a reasonable creature, God's image; but he who destroys a good book, kills reason itself.—(Milton—*Areopagitica*.)

Equity is a roguish thing; for law we have a measure, know what to trust to; equity is according to the conscience of him that is Chancellor, and as that is larger or narrower, so equity. 'Tis all one as if they should make the standard for the measure we call a foot a Chancellor's foot; what an uncertain measure would this be? One Chancellor has a long foot, another a short foot, a third an indifferent foot. 'Tis the same in the Chancellor's conscience.—(Selden—*Table Talk*.)

Back Row: Sentinel (A. Symes) Beekeeper (J. Donald) Hatton (C. Preston) Tom Jenkins (J. Craig) Leicester (R. Lydon) Justice (L. Sussman) Governor (J. Henery) Raleigh (A. Thomas) Constable (J. Kempster) Burleigh (A. Erskine) Sentinel (W. Cummings)



Second Row: 2nd Niece (M. Buxton) Justice's Lady (N. Brooks) Tilburina (D. Chadwick) 1st Niece (I. Saunders) Nora (A. Stove) Whiskerandos (A. Ostinga)  
Front Row: Dangle (J. Dixon) Puff (B. Harvey) Sneer (K. Chalmers) Under Prompter (W. Broadfoot)



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## Form Reports

### Form 4.

Room 4,

7th day before the flood.

To whom it may concern in general, and the incoming Fourth Year in particular

Life has grown unbearable, pleasures are all in vain, work is hard, and rest is scanty. We flee for refuge to the world beyond the Styx (commonly called the Leaving Certificate Examination). For two weeks we shall indulge in wild exam. room orgies, one week shall we struggle and lead a semi-student life, then shall we quit this life by our own hand and holiday for a few weeks in the purgatory of suspense. Honour and respect our memory and will, hereto appended, and take our parting admonitions to heart. Guard against frivolity. It develops into such subtle problems as those which of late have been distressing our female partners.

1. How is Connolly correctly spelt at Stockton?
2. If two males have the same surname, are they one and the same person, despite alleged difference of thatch?

Finally, 3. Will Porteus be "Ruthless" or will he Wynne?

[Enlightenment obtainable on application to M.H., V.N., R.S. and L.W. (not 'Gusta)]

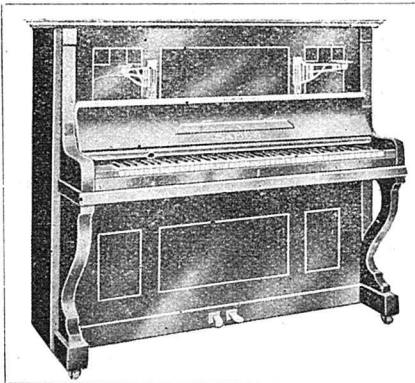
Attention should immediately be called to the debilitating effects of references to "heart-flames" in text books. A most flagrant example has made the very walls of Room 4 blush and show a streak of red. From "Sir Roger" comes a reference to "making love by squeezing the hand." One ardent youth, laboring under exam. pressure and consequent absent-mindedness, began practice before the eyes of all the class. Many like happenings are expected ere the shadow passes.

Beware of "being funny." A strange epidemic seems to have assailed the "Wandering Föür." Queer efforts to "be funny" seem to have loosened several screws. Even "the gentle youth" has been led astray and really made a joke by discovering a "serious reverse in the Balkans" by inverting a map of that place.

Care for and cultivate your tastes. Some are said to regard "Newcomes" as their favourite novel. We prefer to judge it a novel favourite, particularly when an authority persists in reading "honeymoon" for "honeymen" during the absence of his household.

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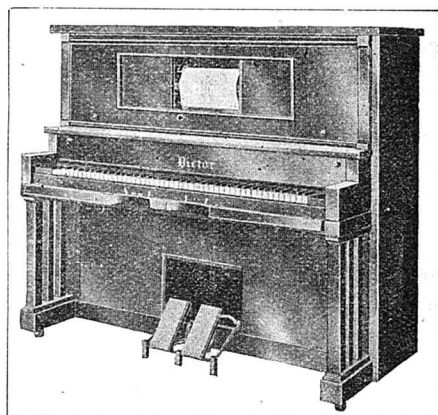
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A mighty problem faces you. Will ye roam the school haggard, weary, and worn, wrapped in the toils of fag as some (notably girls) are doing, or will ye consolidate your woes into two pithy weeks as others seem like to do? Repent while yet ye have time.

Care must be taken with text books. There are several outstanding blunders in them. Hudson states that Dr. Johnson was a "dictator of letters." This is vague, and diligent search in other authorities has failed to reveal whether he was ever anything of a general business manager or not. "Impulse is always proportional to force applied," says Loney's mechanics. What about the application of a light pressure by a pin point on a piece of living flesh? Watson declares in his "Physics" that "alcohol is extremely mobile." Incomplete again, what about its portability?

(Sgd.)—THE RACE BEFORE THE FLOOD.

### LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT OF US, FOURTH YEAR MORITURI.

We give, devise and bequeath, transfer, transmit and assign the right, title and interest to the herein undermentioned bequests, to our incoming successors, to be transferred, transmitted and assigned, given, devised and bequeathed to their successors, for their mutual edification, advancement and diversion for a period of one year.

1. The magic press door (as discovered by Sweetapple) used to abase overconfident first year gentlemen—particularly the chap with the hyena grin, football socks and musky eyebrows.

2. The dignity and strut of Fourth Year for use outside Room 4 only.

3. The motto of the left wing—

"We've talked eight hours this day,  
Have not yet had our say."

Bequeathed with love and confidence by them to their sisters.

4. The map-stick with its tribe, valuable for attending to stray bags.

5. Finally, Cooky, to be used as "shower-round" and band-master.

We appoint Badanius Alasius Cooke as sole executor of this our will, revoking all heretofore compiled codicils and testamentary writings.

In witness whereof we have hereunto subscribed our name at Room 4, this twenty second day of November, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and fifteen.

(Sgd.)—FOURTH YEAR

Witnesses hereto:—

WILL WIMBLE ABSENT.

BARNES NOTCOME.





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### Form 3A.

Despite the "wonderful unanimity" which exists between the members of 3A, and the high intellectual tone which fills the "fresh" air of Room 3, some of our members have basely deserted us. "Scotchie" and "George" are now Bank Managers, and "Polly" is the Head of Sulphide Works. Our "bump creature" has been less fortunate, for, being a lover of hard graft (?), he religiously devotes one day per week to trying for the position of Commissioner for Railways, Manager for Ireland's, etc., but finding the salary is not proportional to the amount of man-power he puts forth, he declines with thanks. Every week, in the "Lost, stolen or strayed" column, a reward of £10 is offered for the return of the bump creature, and every week the notice is removed owing to the appearance of the missing article, who turns up singing his favorite melody, "There were three Hebrews."

To relieve the monotony of lessons, the quartette give special matinees on Tuesdays and Fridays. They have decided that music has no charms for Mr. S —, for when they tried the effect of their instruments upon him the effect was the reverse of pleasing. He confiscated all the instruments, we suppose, to learn to manipulate them himself. Among the fair sex are some illustrious characters, such as "The Invincible Couple," the winner of the fennis tournament, the "Chemical Touch"-ists, and a member of the Lawrence-Campbell Dramatic Club of Newcastle — "The finest city in Europe."

Our proficiency in Mechanics and Trig is so great that we hardly think it necessary for Mr. W — to persist in revising and in worrying our brains with such questions as: Sin (A plus B)=? Prove: What is the Triangle of Forces, etc. Well, as Mr. Puff says—Pretty fair.

### Form 3B.

We, the élite of third year, wish to tender our sympathies to those pupils of 2nd year who are now enduring the torture occasioned by the coming exam., which we have escaped for a year at least.

3B, though far from being the ideal class of the school, is not devoid of brains, as one of our masters quite recently informed us was a fact, while another tried to terrify us by declaring that "some of us will do 3rd year again unless we are very lucky."

Our class, besides containing the brains of the school (What! Mr. Editor, you don't agree?) is also represented in all branches of sport, our footballers especially having gained laurels for the school during the past season. And our singers?—Oh, well, they often render such pieces as "This is the Life" in class, and feel hurt by the manner in which their selections are received by the teacher and class.

During these hot days we welcome the practical lessons in the Lab, and the indulgence in such an effective cooler as a test tube of water.

One of our number is continually asking questions to which no sensible answer can be found, and the retort of the master effectually puts him out of action until the next time

As to the "little lambs" (we mean the ladies of the class), they are still fagging well, as no doubt the final results will prove; but their brilliancy, though assured, is generally eclipsed by the boys, on whom they, allied with the teachers, have declared war. Their notorious cognomens (here condemned by the Censors) show their dangerous nature, as some are said to have been well—in a menagerie. Still, without this section of the class, all would be lost, as their aid is invaluable in helping to keep up spirits and giving the class its leadership.

We, the "Model Class," conclude wishing all due success to our school play.

The Illustrious 3B.

### Tragedy during the Year 84 B.C.

(By Grace Drylie, 2A.)

SCENE: Schoolroom. Enter Magister and Discipuli.

DISCIPULUS 1: "Oh, please, Magister, those Germani are throwing bombs under my desk, sir; no, tela, I mean, sir."

MAGISTER: "Is that a fact?"

DIS 1: "Exactly so, sir. Oh, no, I've been mistaken; it's Tutus Sextus that's throwing stones, sir!"

DIS 2: "Oh, Magister, please, last night something fell on our roof, and it looked round. Will bombs be round, sir? Will they fall 2000 years hence on our roof?"

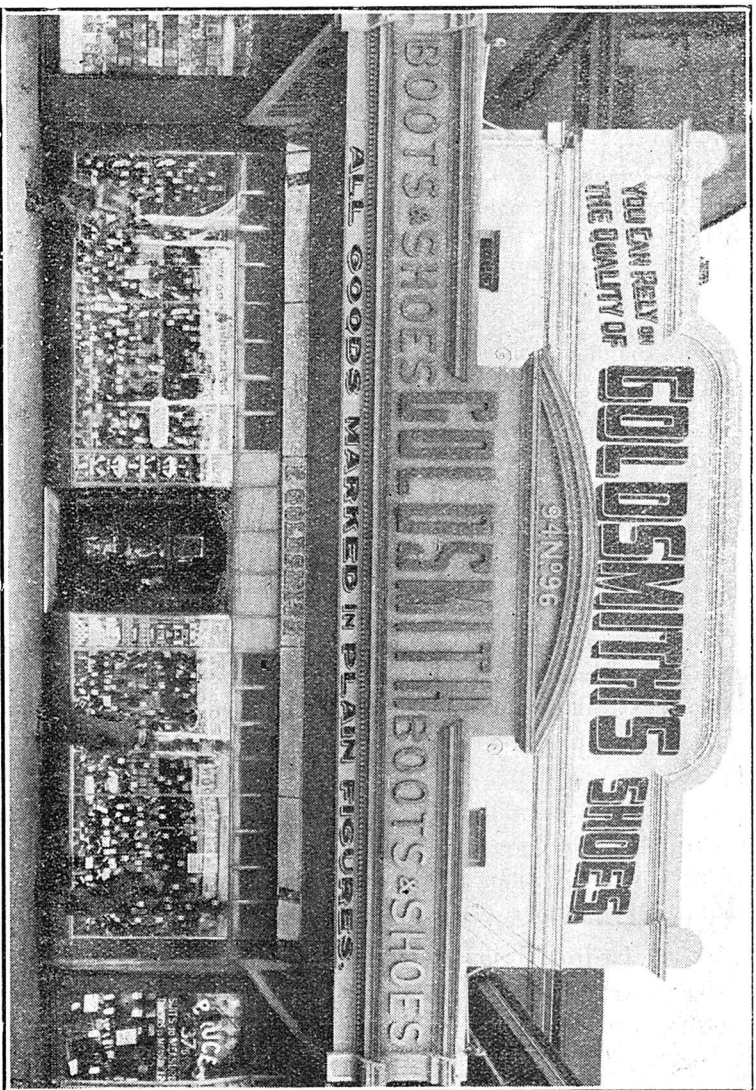
DIS. 3: "My pater (patris masc.) will be in that war, because he's a good tela thrower and he might soon learn to throw bombs. Oh, please, sir, I forgot. I want to ask you, if that Kellius that will live in Australia says that things will happen, have they got to happen? Because he says that those bombs will have smoke coming out of them; my pater will have a smoke then, as he's carrying them if Cæsar will let him. Do you think Cæsar will let him smoke?"

MAGISTER: "Nunc I see what you want to know. You wish me to tell you whether your pater will be allowed to smoke bombs in 1916 or not. Is that a fact, puer?"

DIS. 3: "Exactly so, sir."

MAGISTER: "Oh, I know all about bombs, etcetera. Why, I smoked one myself when I was fighting with Hannibal against Cæsar and the Poeni."

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DIS. 2: "Well, my mater (matris fem.) said that Hannibal was fighting with the Poeni against the Romans, and that Cæsar was not born then."

MAGISTER: "Are you sure of that fact?"

DIS. 3: "Yes, sir, and I cannot believe what you say when a feminine noun says differently."

MAGISTER: "Well, translate 6 chapters of Livy into Chinese, Greek and Arabic, and you may also write out the second book of "Cæsar's Invasions" in Irish."

PUER: "Oh, sir, I didn't mean that, sir, but I meant to say exactly so, sir, spelt with capitals. Will it do if I say it now, sir?"

MAGISTER: "No! I double that imposition.

(Sighs.)

### Form 2A.

Again we appear in the "Novocastrian" as class "2A," but we hope that next time we will appear under the more important title of class "3A." Our fairer sex have lately become seized with the desire to sing; above the rows and rows of equations the melodious strains of "Barcarolle" are heard, only to be drowned by the melodious voice of Mr. H — calling attention.

"Dannie" is still pursuing his policy of taking sudden likings to certain subjects, especially Latin; but all his labours seem in vain, for the reward of his labours are "You—you get on my nerves." Caesar's Invasions were renewed with vigour a few weeks ago, but they have slackened again, for the report has been made known that peace is to be signed very soon.

We believe we possess some future History Professors, especially Professors of Australian History. We believe Mr. K — will acknowledge this, although he termed our history results "scandalous, abominable, atrocious."

We regret we have lost Miss Herlihy from among our teachers, and hope that her work in Sydney will be as successful as in Newcastle.

With gloomy forebodings we face the coming examination, which we fear will greatly thin our ranks, for the teachers say we must be reformed. We submit to fate. To such a condition have we arrived that teachers say we have come to the wrong Government Institution.

I am glad to report that there has been a vast increase in sport among our warriors. F.P. and his bosom friend, B.L., have excelled themselves at "tip-cat," and without the help of Monsieur Petit and the "Outcast from Wyong," the cricket team of budding ink-throwers would become as nought.

The greatest success of the year must be attributed to the league football team, as their brilliant victory "beats the band." The team consisting of both generals and commercialities, showed such manly and unselfish play that their victory was highly deserved.

In all other matters our form is slowly progressing (with a negative sign), but in spite of the taskmasters' opinions, we feel sure we shall come out on top at the "Inter.," and shall still remain the

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### Form 2B.

2B is still retaining its special place—that of the most influential class of the school, above all in sport. Our boys, with the help of a few insignificant specimens from other divisions, have carried off the football trophy of the season. In our ranks, also, are the two foremost tennis players of the school, who only by accident failed to carry off the tournament.

We, too, are taking top place among the swimmers; three of our girls (G.C., U.M., and B.W.) are showing the other forms the art of swimming. Our section has, by strenuous efforts, awakened the lady teachers' interest in sport, especially Miss L —, and our ambition is to show the uninterested fourth year what a lower year can do, and we are rapidly attaining our ambition.

As for work, the least we say about that the better; we fully live up to the maxim, "Without play Jack is a dull boy."

The arrival of a new member to our section (B.W.) was first reviewed with distrust and suspicion, because of her hereditary descent, but she has now been enfolded in our arms in recognition of her being "a good sort."

I think I shall have to stop now, as the Editor will have used up all his red pencils, but—

"One word more—grief boundeth where it falls." This is a true statement, for the Inter. is to be held shortly, so we wish you all every success in it.

Nous sommes,

The renowned "to be."

### Form 2C.

Here we are again! Still pegging away at our old books, and have not yet succeeded in learning all that is in them. Our teachers never rouse at us or keep us in, except to give us an occasional subtraction sum or a few pages to write out.

The boys number ten, while there are sixteen girls, who are real good. The males have found a "Grandma," a "Mum," and a female "Cousin" amongst them. The girls are very fair at sport, such as tennis, swimming, etc. Also they are very patriotic—

"Mufflers, Socks, and Balaclava Caps  
They are knitting day by day"

for our brave heroes.

We have some regular jokers in our midst. A pet squirrel with no tail (C.W.), who is rather fond of "fixing up clocks" in school; a stationer (E.S.); a printing firm, bookbinders, etc. (M.D. and W.C.); and lastly, but by far the most popular amongst the girls, C.C., who travels for skirts and umbrellas.

During the last few days we have lost that tyrannical creature called "Kaiser Bill," but yet while at school we had our famous Australian Sergeant guarding him, so he was as quiet as a lamb.

We do not altogether agree with this new idea of Friday afternoon's sport; but as we are all sports (except a few cripples) it does not matter.

We are all dreading the famous Intermediate Exam. now, but wait and you will find that when the results come out our names will be at the top of the lists.

Oh, well, good-bye, and the best of luck to all. Wishing you a happy Christmas,

We are,

Les voir-ites.

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#### Form 2AC.

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"Youit," our "has been" clown, has gone to Ireland (Irelands Ltd.) to increase the potato production, and C. B., who believes in his descent from a "gorilla," has taken up a very humorous attitude in class. Sorry to say his voice is not unlike the voice of a frog.

Our class originally contained five girls, but now we have found it contains six, considering that "George" has a female character.

Our English representative may be connected with the expression—fine, fine, fine, fine, used by most of the pupils of the school lately.

The joker of our class comes from the fair sex, but her jokes are very feeble. Some day she will be a comedienne—more or less (pity the houses.)

Some persons of our form are cultivating a poultry farm, and no less than 10 were successful in producing an egg (0) each in the algebra exam. held recently. "What a remarkable tail end," Mr. G—remarked. But they say they have decided to let it cease till after the Intermediate.

The "boys in the back seat" are very prominent in Geometry, and during Trig. many "senes" are in the class.

We are progressing fast in our studies since we have discovered the Intermediate is near at hand, and we all hope to pass (some through the door, some otherwise), and wish all 2nd yearers the best of luck.

By the time this report reaches you it will be near Christmas, so we will conclude by wishing everyone a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

"Twacy,"

"Commercial for Ever."

#### Form 1A.

Things have been moving in this form since last term, and our ranks have been sadly thinned by the fierce attack of the June Examination. Unfortunately the fags received strong reinforcements, and now boast of the grand total of 13.

We are now budding debaters, and in our last debate our noted female orator delivered an inspiring speech, which quite captivated the heart of the adjudicator. "And even the ranks of Tuscany could scarce forbear to cheer."

The 1A Sundowners' Band has had a most successful season. On Friday last the band held an open-air concert in aid of the "Lizzie White Stocking Fund." The whole affair was a great success, band-master Lock's solo on his comb and paper being particularly impressive.

We have now a curious creature in our midst—a suffragette—not one of those miserable beings who spend their time in blowing up churches and disturbing the slumbers of vergers and night-watchmen, but one who delivers speeches in public with striking effect. And such is the power of her oratory, that the girls have seriously thought of sending her to England when the war is over.

We will now conclude our report by wishing all the first yearites good luck in the hard times that are ahead.

We are, etc.,

The 1st Year Heads.

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### Form 1B.

Here we are again—the 1B busy bees. Mr. W— informed us that girls are not logical, but there are as many girls' names on the honor board as boys. Boys may be logical, but what is the use of having a good logical talent and not using it. None. The girls of our class are better than boys in every way, as we are praised by all the teachers, except Mr. C— H—, who thinks our tongues are too long.

Most of our class take Geography, and the rest Latin.

We hope that next year the teachers will not plague the sub-prefects with "That is a nice thing for the prefect to do," to every little action.

We remain,  
Les Elites, 1B.

### Form 1C.

O! hush thee, my baby,  
The time will soon come,  
When thy work shall be broken  
By the Christmas vacation.

Oui! oui! and we need it very much, for we have been working hard for the Yearly Exam.

We have one consolation, however, in the fact that our land of high ambitions is daily invaded by the shining rays of happiness issuing from the eyes of the smiling damsels of 1B.

Our intellects are sharpened by the weekly debates taking place on Wednesday afternoons. Although we always impose a crushing defeat (?) on 1AC, the commercial community is ever glad to make friends with their sturdy conquerors.

Our teachers are greatly pleased with our progress, and we are determined to keep up with their expectations.

Wishing all the inhabitants of the "School on the Hill" so high" a happy Christmas and a bright New Year,

We remain,  
As every IC's 1C.

### Form 1AC.

Fine, fine, fine, fine, fine!!! Here we are again, minus our renowned vocalist and ex-footballer B——, who has turned his mighty brain (?) to engineering.

The dark dreary days of dreadful drudgery (how's that for alliteration?) will soon be brightened by six weeks of semi-paradise. But first we must endure, as philosophically as we can, a week of semi-misery.

Our best (?) and most interesting subject is algebra; but there is one problem we cannot solve:—"If x = all the mistakes we make in algebra, who has ayz?"

In geography period, many members of our class are somewhat convulsed by a certain sarcastic person (T——) asking "Did you observe?" The answer to which is "N-N-No, S-Sir, I s-s-spoke!"

History has been increasing in popularity lately among the male community. One of our members, D——, has been troubled lately by letters from a "Sarah Giglamps," threatening him with a ghastly and horrible death at dead of night. (Observe tde melo-drama).

Two of our members are now cricket captains, in addition to which we have a particularly fine specimen of a "Rabbit" and a "Rhombus." Well, there's the bell, so we will say au revoir.

We are,  
The IAC-ites.

#### Form 1BC.

We are always endeavouring to live up to our name (1 Brainy Class), although we are sometimes known as 1 Bad Class. We wish to inform the school that we still live in room nine. We claim to be the best sports in the first year, having the best four players in the under fourteens, and we have four players in the League Team.

Jokes are sometimes cracked by "Nugget" and "Stinky," but they are so poor that they break to pieces before one can digest them. We have a number of "birds" in the class, such as "Joey," "Sparrow" and "Owls."

Wishing everyone success at the forthcoming exam., we will say good-bye.

We remain,  
1BC (the elite of first year).

#### TO CONTRIBUTORS.

"The First School Concert" (By 'Dismal Joe')—By no means a 'dismal' account, but received rather late.

"The Golden Land of the East" (by J.S.)—A halting metre—try again.

"The Bush Fire" (by 'Nemo')—Shows some marks of poetic power, but requires much polishing.

"Who is Guilty?" (by 'Gipsy')—Contains some rather good things, but hardly up to publication standard.

"Bill, the Drover" (by 'Ivy')—Nothing particularly dramatic about poor Bill—we'll let him rest.

"Flaunting the Kaiser"—Good work for a first year lad, but too unreal. Try your hand at another story.

"How the Fort was Saved" (by P.V.R.)—Shows some ability. Try again, and make your story more reasonable. Spies hardly make such mistakes as you base your story on.

"Room 2"—Your complaint will receive attention.

"A Night Ride" (by A.B.J.)—Contains some good points, but not dramatic enough.

"It is never too late to mend" (by M.B.)—Too didactic; try to write without preaching a moral.

"Commercial Logic"—Quite a chestnut; try something original.

"Song of a Jilted Sweetheart" (by S)—Too affecting! It must be an awful thing to "wake up with a dagger in your heart."

"Caesar's Invasion of Britain" (by 'Sparsa')—Too many 'blokes,' 'cobbos' and 'pubs' for polite publication. What about trying a piece of plain English next time.

"Minnie," A Country Romance—I'm afraid the love scenes of the 'Critic' have turned your brain. You are as unfortunate as poor Don Ferolo Whiskerandos.

"La Marseillaise" (by J.D.)—Crowded out, although well written.

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