

# BOOKS! BOOKS!

*"A good book is the precious life-  
blood of a Master Spirit" (Milton)*

**Express your Xmas  
Greeting with an  
Immortal Gift.**

TINY TOTS. Price	...	...	3/6
LITTLE DOTS. Price	...	...	2/11
STORIES OF OUR LORD. Price	...	...	3/3
THE GREATEST GIFT. Price	...	...	6/6
MAY BLOSSOM LIBRARY. Price	...	...	10 <sup>d</sup>
GOLDEN SUNBEAM LIBRARY. Price	...	...	1/1 <sup>d</sup>
PIONEER LIBRARY. Price	...	...	1/6
TALES FOR CHILDREN. Price	...	...	1/6
GOLDEN HOUR LIBRARY. Price	...	...	1/6
ADVANCE LIBRARY. Price	...	...	1/9
COMRADE LIBRARY. Price	...	...	1/9
BOYS' BOOK SHELF LIBRARY. Price	...	...	2/9
GIRLS' BOOK SHELF LIBRARY. Price	...	...	2/9
FORWARD LIBRARY. Price	...	...	2/9
POPPY LIBRARY. Price	...	...	2/9
SCHOOL BOYS' LIBRARY. Price	...	...	2/9
CHUMS. Price	...	...	14/3
BOYS' OWN ANNUAL. Price	...	...	14/3
GIRLS' OWN ANNUAL. Price	...	...	14/3
AUSTRALIAN BOYS' ANNUAL. Price	...	...	7/3
AUSTRALIAN GIRLS' ANNUAL. Price	...	...	7/3
EMPIRE ANNUAL FOR BOYS. Price	...	...	6/9
EMPIRE ANNUAL FOR GIRLS. Price	...	...	6/9
SCHOOL GIRLS' ANNUAL. Price	...	...	4/6
SCHOOL BOYS' ANNUAL. Price	...	...	4/6
CHILDREN'S COMPANIONS ANNUAL. Price	...	...	5/3
BO-PEEP. Price	...	...	4/9
LITTLE FOLK. Price	...	...	7/6

**WINN'S**  
Newcastle

NHS  
216

## The Novocastrian.

"REMIS VELISQUE."

:: The Organ of the ::  
Newcastle High School

DECEMBER, 1923.

Vol 13 :: No. 2.



McLuckie & Morris, Printers, Newcastle.

Wholesale and Retail Saddler, &c.

— AND —

Manufacturer of all kinds of Travelling  
Bags

(School Bags a Specialty).

---

**IMPORTER of SPORTING**  
**GOODS.**

CRICKET, TENNIS and FOOTBALL.

---

**RICHARD BRYANT**

Hunter Street

---

THIS MAGAZINE ADVERTISES ONLY THE BEST.

1  
**DONALD**

**CHEMIST**

Newcastle, Hamilton, Islington,  
Broadmeadow and Merewether.

Prescriptions dispensed at  
all Hours.

---

All Choicest Lines of Toilet Goods Stocked.

---

Honbegan & Coty's Perfume  
a Speciality.

---

THIS MAGAZINE ADVERTISES ONLY THE BEST.

# BOYS' SUITS.

Realising that more than ever mothers are looking to ELLIOTT'S for authentic styles in Boys' Suits, we have made this season's stock unusually attractive.

Materials have been chosen not only for their appearance, but also for their wearing qualities. These factors, together with the dependable workmanship put into each Garment inspire the confidence that has made ELLIOTT'S Newcastle's Popular Store for Boys' Wear.

## Elliott's Ltd.

TWO POPULAR STORES—

132 Hunter St. and 537 Hunter St. West,  
NEWCASTLE

THIS MAGAZINE ADVERTISES ONLY THE BEST.

## DO YOU WANT TO BE—

A Scientific Farmer, a Viticulturist, a Veterinary Surgeon, a Doctor, a Journalist, a Dentist, a Teacher, a Clergyman, an Architect, a Lawyer or Solicitor, an Engineer (whether Consulting, Mechanical, Mining, Electrical, Marine or Civil), an Accountant, a Business Manager, a Chemist, a Surveyor, a Banker, a Public Servant whether State or Commonwealth, whether in Post Office, Customs, Electrical, Petty Sessions, Water and Sewerage Board, or Taxation Department), an Admiral or General, Consul, Politician or Statesman?

Then your proper place, if you can get there, is the—

## Newcastle High School.

**IF YOU ARE A GIRL,**

**AND WANT TO BE—**

A Trained Nurse or Welfare Worker, Dentist or Doctor, Teacher or Lawyer or Missionary, or to settle down in a home of your own in which you will be an inspiration and helper to sons in any of their occupations?

Then your proper place, if you can get there, is the—

## Newcastle High School.

If you **MUST** drop out, you can easily become a Typist or Cashier, or Dressmaker or Milliner, or Clerk.

— **EXCLUSIVE** —  
**SUMMER FOOTWEAR**

AT

**Goldsmith's Ltd.**

Every day there are new styles in Summer Shoes being opened at the "Busy Big Boot Store." The particular pair you desire is here. Come and secure it at a moderate price.

SEE THE WINDOW DISPLAYS AT

**F. GOLDSMITH, Ltd.,**

"THE BUSY BIG BOOT STORE,"

**Hunter Street, Newcastle**

PHONE 190.

THIS MAGAZINE ADVERTISES ONLY THE BEST

**- RUGBY -**

THE  
**Motor Sensation  
of America.**

Continental Motor, with pressure feed lubrication through three bearing crank shaft, three-speed gear box, Spicer universal joints and Timken rear axle, Timken bearings throughout, fitted with Australian body, trimmed in solid leather, and finished in three different colours, is really wonderful value at the following prices:—

**Roadster - £275.**

**Touring Car £285.**

**RUGBY AGENTS & SERVICE STATIONS**

ARE NOW ESTABLISHED THROUGHOUT  
NEW SOUTH WALES, WHERE

**ALL SPARES ARE PROCURABLE.**

This Wonderful Light Car has been on the market only eighteen months, and sales already exceed

**300,000 CARS.**

**SNEDDON'S MOTORS LIMITED,**

**DISTRIBUTORS FOR NEW SOUTH WALES.**

NEWCASTLE BRANCH: Cr. Union and Parry Streets, Newcastle.  
Phone N/cle 763.

## Staff of Newcastle High School.

### Headmaster:

G. C. SAXBY, B.A.

### Deputy Headmaster:

A. L. NAIRN, M.A., F.R.G.S.

### Department of Classics:

D. SCoulAR, B.A., LL.B., Miss K. O'ROURKE, B.A.,  
Miss H. N. CRISFORD, B.A.

### Department of English:

C. H. HARRISON, O.B.E., M.C., M.A., Miss Z. LEWIS, B.A.,  
Miss A. E. TURNER, B.A., A. Y. JENNINGS, B.A.

### Department of Mathematics:

A. L. NAIRN, M.A., F.R.G.S., J. GIBSON, B.A.,  
Miss L. G. WHITEOAK, B.Sc., Miss P. SMITH, B.A.,  
Miss M. STAFFORD, B.A.

### Department of Modern Languages:

A. D. FRASER, B.A., Miss E. MARTIN, B.A.,  
Miss R. GOMBERT, B.A., B. KING, Officier d'Academie.

### Department of Science:

T. J. CLYNE, B.A., A.T.C., Miss E. ROSS, B.Sc.,  
Miss E. SEGAERT, B.Sc.

### Commercial Department:

C. E. BROWN, F.C.I.

### Department of Art:

W. F. PIPER, Dip. R.C.A.

### Department of Music:

Miss O. BALL.

### Supervisor of Girls:

Miss A. E. TURNER, B.A.

## School Officials.

### Senior Prefects:

**Girls.**—Marjorie Mulvey (Captain), Hazel Grassick, Elsie Buxton,  
Leonie Richards, Elnor Horne, Mabel Farrell.

**Boys.**—Sidney T. Neaves (Captain), Clive F. Walker, St. Clair  
McKay, John B. Burke, Thomas McLuckie, Cedric N. Scobie,  
Cyril Drake.

### Junior Prefects:

**Girls.**—Iris Fallon, Evelyn Robertson, Mildred Boddy, Merle Jones,  
Mabel Sutton, Freda Palmer.

**Boys.**—Eville Gilbert, Eric Duncanson, Noel Saxby, William Hether-  
ington, Harry Thomas.

### Class Prefects:

N. Meldrum, E. Bell (5A); D. Billet, J. Arthur (5AC); I. Fallon, N.  
Saxby (4A); D. Newton (4B); E. Hincks, A. Attwood (4AC);  
F. Donally, M. Hindmarsh (3A); F. Walters, I. Clouston (3B);  
D. Grant, J. Hawkins (3AC); L. Brown, E. Farr (2A); F.  
Lackey (2B); H. Osmond, G. Lovett (2AC); J. McCrea, E.  
Smith (1A); E. Lowery (1B); J. Rowe, P. Brew (1C); H.  
Rich, R. Ferguson (1AC).

### School Union Committee.

**Newcastle High School Union.**—President, Mr. Saxby; Secretary, T.  
McLuckie; Treasurer, Mr. Brown.

### Girls' Sports.

**Tennis.**—Miss Martin and M. Mulvey.

**Hockey.**—Miss Segart and H. Grassick.

**Basket-Ball.**—Miss Whiteoak and D. Billet.

**Swimming.**—Miss Segart and E. Buxton.

**Circlos.**—Miss Lewis and M. Deamer.

### Boys' Sports:

**Tennis.**—Mr. Fraser and T. McLuckie.

**Rugby Football.**—Mr. Clyne and C. Drake.

**Association Football.**—Mr. Jennings and S. McKay.

**Cricket.**—Mr. Harrison and T. McLuckie.

**Swimming.**—Mr. Nairn and C. Walker.

**Athletics.**—Mr. Gibson and J. Arthur.

**Novocastrian Advertising Committee.**—Mr. Nairn, Annie Coleman,  
Marjorie Kempster.

**Art Committee.**—Mr. Piper, Doris Knox, Doreen Bailic.



# SCOTT'S

## Newcastle's Popular Shopping Centre

Where the best merchandise that money and expert knowledge can buy is always retailed at prices that please every shrewd judge of good values.

### SCOTT'S TEAROOMS are a Popular Rendezvous

for Morning and Afternoon Teas.  
Morning Teas served from 9.30 till  
12; Light Luncheons from 12 till  
12.30; Afternoon Teas from 2 till  
5.30. Open on Friday Nights till  
9 o'clock.

## SCOTT'S LTD., NEWCASTLE

The Leading Drapers, Milliners, Mercers,  
Clothiers and House Furnishers.

# The Novocastrian

THE MAGAZINE OF THE NEWCASTLE HIGH SCHOOL.

VOL. 13.

DECEMBER, 1923.

No. 2.

Patron .. .. . G. C. SAXBY, B.A.  
Editor .. .. . A. Y. JENNINGS, B.A.  
Sub-Editors .. IRIS FALLON and EVILLE GILBERT.  
Committee: EDNA TRUSCOTT, ROBERT PRATT,  
MARJORIE MULVEY, JEAN LACKEY, J. BRIER,  
W. STUTTARD.

### SUB-EDITORIAL.

The year is drawing to its close, and though we all look forward to the joys of Christmastide, there is that regretful feeling at the passing of another year. For what is so valuable as time? And should we not have done more than we did? A thousand thoughts crowd in as we look back on a whole year, and we find ourselves feeling sorry for having missed opportunities which would have meant perhaps our material gain. But there is no room for regrets, if we are to accomplish those things which make life desirable, and for the success of which, in many cases, means a sacrifice on the part of someone else.

I think we have had a happy year, that is between our strenuous labour; but then we must remember, bringing our Latin friend into prominence, "Labor Omnia Vincit." By way of a little advice, I would suggest we all should adopt "Labor Omnia Vincit" as a mental motto; such an impelling thought would surely be as effective as some Eastern Talisman.

To those launching out upon the world, we wish all the pleasures of Christmas, and to crown a happy holiday, that success for which you are so eager and which must eventually be the outcome to earnest labour, and a strength of purpose, which mortal man cannot compel.

Those glorious, long-looked-for holidays draw near, our spirits quickly rise, until finally they reach a climax, and then—

A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to all!

—I.F.

### IDLE THOUGHTS ON AN IDLE DAY.

It is a drowsy, lazy day. I am sitting near an open window, but no refreshing breeze comes to stir my thoughts. My gaze wanders from the Trig. book to the world beyond the window. All is still. In fancy I hear the lazy, lapping of distant waves. Are they

really distant? That clear blue stretch seems very near. I rest my head on my hands. How hot it is! My thoughts lazily drift back to the cool blue stretch—when will that pen stop scratching?

A tiny white speck comes into sight—a beautiful little speck in a world of blue. I wonder where it will wander to. Lucky sail! Oh, to sail and sail for ever and ever! A loud scratch from the energetic pen brings me back to Trig. I pick up my pen, and turn a page.

A fly buzzes near the window. I look up, and once more my lazy gaze falls on the drowsy world. Is everyone asleep? Ah, no. Over there a tram—a little fairy tram—winds its way towards the blue stretch. It goes very slowly. Perhaps it is sleepy, too. Why do pens scratch so?

Two pigeons hover for a moment over the dusty road. Two for joy! No, one for joy, two for sorrow! No, one for —. Now they are away again, away to the mountains—cool, lovely mountains, nesting in the blue haze of distance. Perhaps I shall be a mountain some day. Mountains don't do Trig. Hindus believe in something like that—or is it Buddhists? How hot it is!

I wish that pen were an Hindu. I wish Trig. would fly to the mountains. Oh, to live near some clear, cool stream, and to dream, and dream . . . . and . . . . dream.

The low murmur of voices becomes fainter. The distant hoot of a motor passes slowly through the stilly air. The soft buzzing of a contented fly comes to me o'er a great chasm. The scratch, scratch is very far away. The Trig. book recedes to a great distance . . . . my head sinks . . . . my hands relax . . . .

Clang! At last the bell!

—M.F.

#### OLD FRIENDS WE'VE NEVER MET.

I may be permitted to begin like that song, "The British Grenadiers," but, instead of extolling the virtues of those heroes I intend to introduce some "old friends we've never met." Impossible to have friends of this type? Well, let us see.

Now, what is the definition of a meeting? What the necessary combination of time, place, and events? A lonely beach, four men, dawn, rapiers, and shirts (pistols if so inclined). Perhaps.

A social at which one is confronted with some person, hears a mumbled name, smiles or grins emptily, and says . . . er . . . nothing.

No, I don't mean that, here at all events. Standing in close proximity (consult the dictionary as I have done) and mutual recognition combine to complete this type of meeting.

Now after this preamble and its resulting definition, have YOU met "Adam"? Who is he! The "Old Man"? No, that is not "slang," it's good Prayer-Book English. He is the personification of evil advice, worldly advice, a truly awful and misguiding person, the chauffeur (pronounced "shover") on the downward road. Well, no one has "met" him; yet he is a well-known friend.

And again—the "Inner Man"—an ally of the "Old Man" very often, yet distinct from him, and, moreover, an old friend of ours. Yes, for he is chief engineer of this frail barque of ours, and perhaps that is why we, the captain, have never "met him"—he is always "below deck."

We know he IS, however, from his frequent and very insistent demands for fuel, and we respect him as is due, but must remember he is purely a "subordinate."

But he must pass on, as yet another friend awaits introduction, to wit, one's "Better Self." A queer expression, to say the least. A good action, and we attribute it to our "Better Self"; a mean one to the "Old Man" aforementioned. This "Better Self" (not to be confused with "Better Half," a friend often "met") seems to be the rival of the "Old Man" for our attention; yet, like him, is too mysterious to be "met."

So there you have at least three friends whom we have never "met," but whom we know.

—"ONE WHO HAS NOT MET THEM, EITHER."

#### "DAY'S END."—FROM "THE LAND OF HEART'S DESIRE."

. . . . . When to the outer world  
Black night has fallen, here the sunlight pales,  
And white doth glorify the pleasant land;  
And music, subtle, sweet, as never fell  
On lotus-eaters' ears, pervades the air.  
And brings upon its inmates such a calm  
As in Nirvana hovers. Then the birds  
Flit to their nests; the insects cease their sounds,  
And deepest silence falls, save for the strains  
Proceeding from the air, which softly steal  
Into the hearts of men. A wave of slumber  
Descends upon the dwellers there, and stays  
Until day dawns upon the world. Sweet dreams  
Of happiness their slumbrous hours fill.  
Within the centre of this magic land  
A gentle sounding stream its tortuous course  
Pursues unto the sea. But in the silence  
Which falls coincident with night, it stops,  
And like a silver band, with ne'er a ripple  
Across its placid face, restrains its flow,  
And Rest embraces it, e'en as the blest  
Who in this land their peaceful lives draw out.

—W. G. STUTTARD.

#### SPRING.

"Grey Winter hath gone like a wearisome guest,  
And behold for repayment,  
September comes in with the wind of the west,  
And the Spring in her raiment."

Spring has entered the forest, garbing it in her livery of green and golden light, healing with her touch, that is like unto the touch of a radiant young goddess, the ravaged brow of the bush, for raging and tearing gales have wreaked havoc on her fair hill-sides. Sweet Lady Spring beckons us enticingly whilst whispering fair secrets of joyous morns to come to the warm soil.

Lo! The forest has been transformed by her tender hand! For she awakens her from her winter sleep, and gladly she throws off those drab winter covers.

All the world's a'dancing, thrilling and joyfully quivering at the joyous song that every green living thing is trilling. Above the fragrant verdure of the forest, graceful wattle blooms fling their fragrance wantonly, beckoning with honey-sweet lips to their gay lovers, the bees. Stately waratahs in regal splendour mingle with their less majestic neighbours—pale flannel flowers, native roses, and most fragrant of baby bush flowers, boronia.

A bush bird shrills a gladsome love song to his little grey mate; a magpie's notes float down from a tall gum; a "silver-voiced bell-bird" chimes in him, and then comes, perchance, the eerie note of the bronze cuckoo.

All is caught in the mystic glory of the bush in Springtime, and sings of the joy of Spring.

—MARJORIE WOODS, 3A.

### THE EFFECT OF MUSIC.

It is a well-known fact that music affects each person differently, but I would like to relate an incident which occurred a few weeks ago.

One afternoon, after arriving home from school rather tired, I decided to take a book and rest under a few trees, some distance from the house. The book, however, proved to be lacking in interest, and so, before long, my thoughts had wandered far from what I was reading.

Suddenly, from a distance, came the sweet full notes of an organ. Never before had I heard anything so sweet and inspiring. Surely it was no mortal hand which drew forth such strains, but rather a divine being. Urged on, no doubt, by the beautiful music, I, for the first time in my life, found—how can I best explain it?—I found my soul, and I felt that although my earthly body might die yet, I, the real I, would go on living through the ages.

Whilst my thoughts were still wandering in this strain, the music ceased, and in its place came the beautiful sound, as of a thousand instruments being played together. The sweet, dainty sounds brought at once to my mind the thought of water, gently trickling over rocks, and of breezes murmuring through the trees.

Gradually, however, the music became louder, and swifter. Surely I heard children's voices mingled with the music—yes, there they were again—and yet, although I looked in all directions, I could see no children. Nevertheless, my heart seemed to be singing with them.

Louder and louder, wilder and wilder, swifter and swifter grew the music, until it seemed as if a hundred fiends were battling against each other. I tried to shrink away, but I found that I had

lost control of my limbs, and so I was forced to stay where I was. Fearfully, I gazed around me, expecting to see these wicked spirits glaring at me through the trees.

Gradually the music became softer, and changed into a weird, fantastical measure, more like wind moaning through the trees in the nighttime than music. This continued until I felt that I must shriek or block up my ears—yet something restrained me, some invisible force.

From this measure the music changed, becoming sadder and sadder, and it seemed to me to be trying to tell some sad story. Suddenly I awoke, to find myself sobbing.

—"JAY."

### COMMONWEALTH ELECTORAL SYSTEM.

(J. E. STEWART, District Electoral Officer.)

The Commonwealth electoral system, although of the greatest importance, is not understood by the great majority of electors. A general outline of the system would, no doubt, be of interest to High School students, and the writer has willingly complied with a request to write a short article on the subject for insertion in your journal.

Each State of the Commonwealth is divided into divisions (based on the population as ascertained by census taken every 10 years), in accordance with the constitution.

In determining the boundaries of divisions, the following matters are taken into consideration:—(a) Community or diversity of interest; (b) means of communication; (c) physical features; (d) State electoral boundaries; and (e) population.

For convenience of enrolment and polling, divisions are divided into subdivisions, and sufficient polling places are appointed for each division to meet the convenience of electors.

The State of New South Wales comprises 28 divisions, the total enrolment at present being approximately 1,150,000.

Each electoral division is represented by one member in the House of Representatives, and each State by six Senators in the Senate.

Members of the House of Representatives are elected for a term of three years, and Senators for a 6-year period, but it has been so arranged that the terms of office of three Senators for each State expire every three years, so that an election of three Senators takes place at the same time as the triennial House of Representatives elections.

So far as the division of Newcastle is concerned, there are 8 subdivisions, viz., Carrington, Hamilton, Lambton, Merewether, Newcastle, Stockton, Waratah, and Wickham, which cover the principal suburbs of Newcastle, but excluding Wallsend, West Wallsend, Minmi, Boolaroo, and Charlestown—the last five named places being in the Hunter division.

The population of the area comprising the division of Newcastle—in accordance with census taken in 1921, was 80,840.



**Enrolment.**—With certain exceptions, all persons 21 years of age and over, who are British subjects (natural born or naturalised), are entitled to the Commonwealth franchise after six months' residence in the Commonwealth, one month of which must be within the subdivision in which they reside just prior to application for enrolment.

Under the Commonwealth Electoral Act, enrolment is compulsory, and each elector is required to submit a claim (on a card available at any post-office) as he or she becomes eligible for enrolment, and to notify such change of address within one month of the change. The penalty for failure in this respect renders the delinquent liable to a penalty up to £2.

After the dissolution of Parliament, writs are issued, in the case of the Senate, by the Governor of a State, and in the case of the House of Representatives by the Governor-General in Council, for the holding of elections. The writs set out the dates for nomination, polling, and the return of the writs.

**Voting.**—Electors are required to vote at polling places prescribed for the subdivision for which they are enrolled.

Provision is made for absent voting within the State. Electors who are unable to record their votes at a polling place within the subdivision for which they are enrolled may avail themselves of this provision under certain conditions.

Postal voting, to enable electors who will not be within their own State on polling day, or those who are in such a condition of health, etc., that they would not be able to attend at a polling booth on polling day, is also provided for. This privilege is only available after nomination day, and up to and inclusive of the day prior to the day of polling.

**System of Voting.**—The preferential system of voting is in operation in connection with elections held under the Commonwealth Electoral Act.

Separate ballot papers are used for House of Representatives and Senate candidates. The names of candidates are printed on the ballot papers—one underneath the other—and a square appears opposite each name in which the figures 1, 2, 3, etc., are to be inserted by electors—1 indicating first preference, 2 second preference, and so on.

In the case of the House of Representatives, electors are required to vote for all candidates, and, in the case of the Senate, for twice the number to be elected, plus one (in New South Wales usually 7), or if the number of candidates is less than that number, then a vote must be recorded for all candidates.

**Results of Elections.**—The scrutiny of votes commences immediately after the close of the poll.

In the House of Representatives election all first preference votes (including absent and postal votes) for candidates are counted. In the event of there being only two candidates, the one with the majority of first preference votes is declared elected. Should there be 3 or more candidates, a candidate to be elected on the first count would require to have more first preference votes than all the others together. If such is not the case, the candidate with the lowest number of first preference votes is excluded, and all

his ballot papers are sorted into groups in order of the second preferences recorded thereon. These second preferences are then added to the first preference votes of the remaining candidates. Then if no candidate has an absolute majority over all the others, the process of elimination of the lowest candidate on the poll at that stage goes on until one has obtained the necessary majority.

With regard to the Senate, a somewhat similar method is adopted in connection with the scrutiny. In this case, however, the whole State is concerned, and not individual divisions. The returning officer in each division ascertains the total number of first preference votes for each Senate candidate, the result being telegraphed to headquarters in each State, where the totals for the State as a whole are compiled.

The candidate who has received the largest number of first preference votes shall, if that number constitutes an absolute majority, be elected.

If no candidate has received an absolute majority, the candidate with the smallest number of first preference votes for the State (each returning officer is advised of this by headquarters) is excluded, and his ballot papers allocated to the remaining candidates in order of voters' preferences. Each returning officer advises headquarters of the result at this and each subsequent stage of the count. The process of elimination of the lowest candidate on the poll at each stage of the count goes on, until one has secured the required majority.

When the first vacancy has been filled, the whole of the ballot papers are again sorted into first preference order for all candidates. The ballot papers of the candidate elected to the first vacancy are next sorted into groups in order of the second preferences shown thereon, and these are added to the first preference votes of the remaining candidates, and results telegraphed to headquarters. The name of the lowest candidate on the poll so far as the whole State is concerned is then made known to all divisional returning officers, who proceed with the scrutiny in the same manner as in filling the first vacancy until the second candidate is elected.

Ballot papers are once more sorted into first preference order for all candidates. Those of the two elected candidates are then dealt with, i.e., they are sorted into order of second preference votes thereon for the remaining candidates, and the results again telegraphed to the chief counting centre for the State. The lowest candidate on the poll for the State is then made known, and the same procedure is followed in filling the third vacancy as in the case of the first and second.

It frequently happens towards the end of the scrutiny in connection with the filling of each vacancy that ballot papers have no further preferences thereon, i.e., the preferences shown are for candidates who have either been already elected or excluded from the count. These are termed "Exhausted" ballot papers, and are shown in the scrutiny sheets as such.

There are many other points which might be mentioned, but as space is limited, the principal details only have been touched upon. They, however, enable the uninitiated to grasp the general idea of the system.

## TEN MINUTES ON THE PAN-PACIFIC SCIENCE CONGRESS.

(By POLLICITUS.)

Everybody can talk about the weather, but the scientists showed conclusively, with the aid of diagrams prepared by various Governments of the League of Nations (and others), that most people only scratch the surface of the topic, and are then content to run away from what Professor Huntington, of Yale University, described as the most important problem of science—for to be able to foretell the weather six months ahead would be the most far-reaching discovery of this foremost of scientific ages. Incidentally it would push off, to a much more convenient date, the day when, the world being overcrowded, the weakest of our descendants will go to the wall and perish.

One lady concernedly asked the Professor re that event (or a kindred one): "Sir, did you say the human race would be killed off by a glacier period in thirty million years, or three hundred millions?" "Madam, I said three hundred." "Oh! What a relief! I thought you said 'thirty.'"

It was a dramatic moment in the conference when the arrival was announced of the U.S.A. cruiser Milwaukee, especially despatched from America to deal with this Pan-Pacific Conference. Soundings were taken all the way across the Southern Pacific with a new instrument, the Sonic depth-finder. Many of you will have questions about it in your examination papers in the bright days to come. The good Commander explained its operation, but Professor David owned up that though he could not understand the explanation, it was gratifying to know the instrument worked and secured results!

It is certain the Education Department this year cannot absorb all the budding teachers we confidently send them, so I equally confidently commend to them the life of research. Anthropology is perhaps the Cinderella of the science family, and offers fields to Australians that are the envy of Professor Haddon, of Cambridge. Professor Griffith Taylor unconcernedly classifies us (Europeans) as second-class material, judging by our skulls. He kow-tows to the Alpine and Mongolian stock as the greatest in the world.

It was a great relief to get a cable a few days later from the British Science Congress, stating that the Australians had evolved a new race, their skulls being larger than those of the Europeans!

The conference proved by birth and death statistics that the Queensland women were the best in the world. The cause was due to a double selection. Australians generally are especially selected—being those who had that extra energy and prowess to enable them to launch forth from the Old Country into the deep. Queensland women are those who prove they are capable of standing the rigours of that climate—else they leave.

I wish I had a watch!

## CLASS NOTES.

## Fifth Year.

While still but slowly recovering from the disastrous effects of the late examinations, we have been called upon to make this, our last contribution to the columns of the "Novo," and must plead our debilitated mental energies as an excuse for its shortcomings.

Thanks to the kind support and encouragement of Fourth Year, we have at last left the long-dreaded L.C. behind us, and now, while the results are still but a mist upon the horizon, we are preparing to make hay while the sun shines. In this calm following upon the storm of the exams, we are able to retrospect, and it gives us the utmost pleasure to be able to say that our bard, in no way daunted by the dread prospect of L.C., has continued to produce prolifically. His later effusions have, however, on account of their personal tone, involved his sacred person in some trouble, and it is only owing to his wonderful presence of mind that he has avoided more than one duel. Duelling has lately risen phenomenally in popular favour, and has indeed threatened to supplant those old favourites, resuscitation and "sac"-abduction. Its popularity is, perhaps, only a parallel to that of Elizabethan English, the cultivation of which has for some time occupied our renowned chemist, who has now, after giving the examiners somewhat to think upon, retired to the quiet of his country abode.

The long-expected appearance of that master serial, "The Radio King," has brought unbounded joy to the breast of our wireless devotee, who follows its thrills with the utmost assiduity.

Just before we go. If there is any youth (with an average knowledge of French) who is desirous of corresponding with a fair young maid of France, he may be satisfied by applying to V.T., who has the means of accommodating him. Absolutely only one vacancy.

Wishing all a merry Christmas, and expressing our regret that we have no bananas to-day, we are

## THE INCOMPARABLE FIFTHS.

## 4th Year.

Now the exams are over we can breathe freely. We have just passed through the rather uneventful half-year.

The boys have kept up the old round of matters, except that some have aspired to the honour of being Junior Prefects, and hope to become full-blown ones. We wish them luck in their offices.

The cricket season has just started, and as the saying goes, in our class the school has young talent at its disposal.

The girls also have had their shares of the honours, some of their members being Junior Prefects, and having the same hopes as the boys.

We wish to welcome Merle Jones to our midst, after her long absence.

Now we await the result of the exams with bated breath, and have already started to fag solidly for the Leaving (I don't think). We wish Fifth and Third Years the best of luck, and are sure the

"school on the hill so high" will come out on top and do justice to its reputation.

Well, as Christmas is coming, we wish you all good holidays, a merry Xmas, and a happy New Year, and remain

FOURTH YEAR.

3A.

We appear again in the "Novo" (some for the last time), a little shaken by the exam, but generally just as noisy as ever. Those enjoyable nights spent in the company of "our dear text books" have terminated, but to this sudden cessation of work some of our more industrious teachers object. "The tradition is foolish," was one remark.

However, we now are enjoying the romance of "King Tut," and are busy tracing out Aeneas' voyage.

We regret the loss of our "Bunter," and also others, but the gleeful shouts of "Apud" from the babies of the class we still enjoy.

Things are going to be more seriously taken, and when next we appear this space will be like a mourning column (?).

The contact points of our "spark plug" are still as clean as ever, and the machinery of this class greatly appreciates his intellectual company.

Wanted, one capable minister, as there are likely to be several matrimonial ties during the next few weeks.

3B.

Once more, dear friends, once more. After three years of hard work we return to—do two more. Yea, dear friends, our merciless, cruel-hearted, economising teachers refuse to allow one month to pass by in pleasure.

"Spooney" has given up looking towards that part of the class where sit the fair young maidens. His mind has been too occupied in wondering what the fair young maidens of Rome looked like.

The beach tea which preceded the exam was enjoyed by all, more especially by some who "at dead of night round by the rugged cliffs did steal."

We have some renowned scientists in our class. They are capable of obtaining oxygen from air by heating a mixture of potassium chlorate and manganese dioxide. They could make gold out of tin. We are thinking of sending them to the Empire Exhibition as examples of Australian learning.

Sad to say, some of us are compelled to depart after Christmas. However, those who can intend to remain in order to carry on the good work.

Wishing everybody a happy Xmas and a prosperous New Year, we are

THE BLOATED 3B.

3AC.

We have now entered upon the study of what promises to be the most beneficial of all subjects in the High School syllabus, namely, "Economics." For the benefit of the less fortunate inhabitants of the school to whom the study of Economics is barred, we would explain that the truest definition of the subject is: "Doing everything with the least possible effort." When we have progressed a little further, at 3.30 each day the Economic class will be seen rolling down Brown-street to the various trams and buses, instead of walking. The problem of rolling up this incline has long been solved, as the school authorities insist on everyone rolling up by 9.15.

Our two choristers, N. and M., are daily massaging their vocal chords with Eskimo pies, and give promise of maintaining the traditions of 3AC on the concert platform. Our female Paderewski, D.B., will, W.P., favour us with an instrumental rendering of the "Locust's Fantasy," otherwise known as the "Rustle of Spring."

We have all concluded that "Blue" is the most promising colour in this exclusive circle. Full particulars obtainable on application to the members from Tom-ar-go.

Our accomplishments are not wholly confined to the musical arts. Our amazing scientists, A. and M., discovered that when water is heated the temperature rises. A further recent discovery leads one to believe that the still member will soon be seen starring in a contortionist turn at the Victoria.

As we all intend going a'puntin' with D., "we shall confine ourselves within the modest limits of order."

Au revoir.  
E. & O.E.

THE ENTERPRISING 3AC.

2A.

Yes, we have no text books to-day—our locker keys have gone away. This is the latest excuse.

They say that:—

A common or garden definition of asterisks is: Things that grow on barbed-wire fences.

2A room is said to be inhabited by singing locusts.

"Biscuits" interrupted Latin by dropping her false teeth.

"Jacko" is a "skate" for top in the yearly, providing Mac does not beat him.

Amongst us we have a celebrated individual who, when teased, rivals a beetroot for redness.

M—, our great cricketer, MIGHT have a hair-cut next Christmas.

R— has a very good memory for other people's marks.

MM—1 would like to turn the Latin lesson into a practice of the Chinese war-cry.

—2A.

2B.

Here we are again, supposed to be the worst class in the school, but, really, in our own opinions, not quite so bad.

Our population is diminishing rapidly, to our great sorrow.

The exam, which very nearly resulted in a nervous breakdown for us all, is now thankfully over, and we are at the present time going through the awful process of receiving our results.

They say that one of our teachers was disappointed over our Latin papers. Needless to state, she was not the only one.

They say that our baby has found a new way of dreaming the happy hours away—"locusts."

Sorry to announce one of our members has lost the locker which she never yet possessed.

They say that one of our members has suddenly become generous. She has been giving onions away. Don't be frightened, Pussy. We won't mention any names.

They say that one of our students has found a new excuse. Her bag is too small for her books.

They say that one of our members is gradually growing up. She has a set of false teeth already."

They say that one of our boys squeals when tin tacks come flying about the room.

Yours till we meet again.

THE HONOURABLE 2B.

---

### 2AC.

The annual sports passed off without a hitch, Mr. Brown presiding. Such was the quantity of iced cakes, etc., that most of the members of the class were sick next day. The class colours were purple and gold, which were decided upon after a brief struggle. The leader of the opposition did not wear any ribbon at all.

2A were very sly for not telling us that they were going to decorate their tables, but nevertheless we surpassed in the end. Mr. and Mrs. Nairn presided at the chief table.

Lost, stolen, or strayed, one young lad, answers to the name of "George" or "Adamson." Last seen watching a football match at Wickham Park some weeks ago. Finder may lose or pawn same, but will be prosecuted if he be brought back to this class.

---

### 1A.

We have almost finished our first year at school, and we are all hoping to move into 2A next year.

This last month autograph books have been the rage. All went well until some of the teachers thought they would like them.

Did you know that Columbus saw hoses and tyres growing on rubber trees? This was the brilliant opinion of one student, given last geography lesson.

H— must like visiting the headmaster, as he paid him about a dozen visits last week.

We are all looking forward to the school picnic, and also to the holidays.

### 1B.

"If you want to decline Mensa,  
Or conjugate a verb,  
Or hear us "parler Francais,"  
Come down to THE 1B."

You see, it all comes from having a reputation; we claim the palm for good behaviour, though others crown us as the laziest of the lazy. Still, why worry about what others think? It does not present our going along joyfully through life. Yet we feel that many conventional phrases need recasting in the light of our experience. That old one about "sitting a thing out" should be changed to "standing a thing out," for many of us have acquired the floor.

Our old pal, H.C.—he of the jaw-breakers and the radio—is gone, but not forgotten, and in his stead we have the diminutive P.L.

A wordy warfare has raged in the class, and has expressed itself through the medium of the rival section magazines, "The Kookaburra" and "The Wallaby." Our thanks goes out to L.R.'s father, who printed the latter for us.

We have complete confidence that in the King Cup competition we will knock spots off 1AC, 1A, and 1C.

With best wishes for the success of the candidates at the recent examinations.

"THE" 1B.

---

### 1C.

The every Tuesday cry is: "What science is it to-day—chemistry or physics." "Stinks" (chemistry) is unanimously favoured.

David's motto is: "A bent pin ensures an early spring."

The Stienbrook lad, for the last month, has been trying to imitate a prize chimpanzee.

Both our musicians render a solo (so low you can't hear it) every dinner-hour. The "Munney" does not come in as expected. Cries of "Bag it!" "Stow it!" are the only response.

Our professor comes from the celebrated Wakefield University, and always says that Dega will have electric trams before Newcastle.

The latest Troy weight is twelve grains one pennyweight, twelve pennyweights one ounce. So said someone in the exam.

One boy's motto is: "Hold them (H. Oldham) while you've got them."

---

### 1AC.

The examinations have gone by, like a thing in the night. We have walked through the Valley of Death, and even now await the morn of promotion. Alas! we fear the morn will be dewy with our tears. As immortal ragtime hath it: "Yes, we have no bananas."

We sincerely hope that Jab will not take it into his head to hang himself on the window cord before the holidays, and so spoil our cricket team for next year. With such an estimable player as

## THE NEWCASTLE HIGH SCHOOL HOCKEY TEAM.

Winners of the Hockey Shield.



PHOTO MISS WHITEOAK

TOP ROW—Left to right : Jessie Cameron, Jean Breckenridge, Elsie Buxton, Lettie Campbell, Gladys Gray, Margaret McLean  
SITTING : Evelyn Robertson, Joan Grierson, Hazel Grassick (Capt.), Jean Forrester, Olive Frith.

## THE NEWCASTLE HIGH SCHOOL ATHLETICS TEAM.

Winners of the P.S.A.A. Senior Cup and the Hooke Cup.



PHOTO F. LUCKHAM

TOP ROW—Left to right : G. Rosenthal, C. Burns, J. Bourke, W. Smallman.  
SITTING : G. Bell, H. Bryant, J. Arthur, Mr. Gibson (Athletic Sports Master), S. McKay, C. Walker.

H.R. in our team, we are certain to win the King Cup, but we are sure that if he opens his eyes more when the ball comes he will be certain to hit it more often.

The girls in our community have such bewitching eyes that we are quite sure that—O-G-A-W-L-E—could do nothing without the inspiration of—A-C-Y-T-N-E—nor our esteemed comedian "Alf" without the friendship of—O-L-C-R-I-L—. Our "Pruno" representative has advised us that "Pruno" may be obtained wholesale from him between the hours of 6 a.m. and 6 p.m. D.R. suggests that it sounds like early closing.

We wish everyone a happy holiday, and the best of luck in next year's work.

### THE SUNRISE.

My bedroom window looked out over a lake, a beautiful little body of water, where the gulls and small black-and-white wild ducks were floating and sporting all day long.

One morning I rose while it was still dark, and stood at my window to watch the approaching dawn chase away the night shadows, and see the sunrise.

The moon, a silver crescent, hung low over the dark waters, and through the deep silence came the murmured complainings of the dainty little black-and-white wild ducks as they huddled in a dark mass on the surface of the lake, as if seeking protection from the cold dawn.

Grey shadows crept with phantom feet over the dark waters, fleeing away from the pale rosy tints that appeared above the eastern hilltops.

Deeper, and still deeper the colours grew, until the waters caught the beautiful golden glow. Almost before I could catch the movement of transformation, the day had dawned, and long pencil lines of golden light shot far up into the sky, and the great golden sun ball sailed majestically into the heavens, gilding the dark ridges of the mountains, and piercing with its golden beams the deep hollows among the hills.

Towering in majestic splendour above the lake, with a rose-tinted cloud resting upon its summit, was a mountain which cast its shadow far out upon the waters.

With solemnity and awe I looked upon the impressive picture, coloured with the rosy glow of sunrise. How precious, I thought, are these first hours of the morning; how filled are they with Holy Presence!

—N.C.S., 1AC.

### THE FAVOURITE SAYINGS OF SOME OF OUR TEACHERS.

(By "ZIFF.")

1. Is that right?—"What's right?"
2. Don't be foolish H—!
3. A fatal error, Professor Todd at the University says—
4. "Tell him, somebody!"
5. "Stick to your guns!"

6. "Twe-e-e-e-e-nty."
7. "Did you learn this work?"
8. "Speak up, young man. Fie upon this quiet life."
9. "Oh, now! now! now! now! now!"
10. "Next, pass on!"
11. "Sh-sh-sh!"
12. "Now then, you boys."

### BUSINESS.

Yes, Smith is a philosopher. Never met Smith, did you say? The more's the pity. A rattling good salesman. What does he specialise in? Just pianos and nerve—principally nerve. Why, he'd be game enough to sell safety matches to old Nick. Listen to this:

He was travelling out the other side of nowhere, and having struck engine trouble, was busily tinkering with his machine by the side of the dusty road. Suddenly there arose a ribald song, and up the track there staggered two splendid types of mankind, dragging between them one even more magnificently moulded than they, who held his jaw as though in agony.

They were timber-getters, who had just "done" their cheque at the shanty. Their wild eyes, their tousled hair, their besotted expression betokened a wild, gorgeous carousal. Wild yells and fantastic caperings showed they had noticed the cyclist.

Poor diminutive little Smith's brain worked overtime. Apparently these fellows meant mischief.

Up they staggered with all the arrogant bravado they could muster. Smith bent low over the motor, and tinkered away. Fate took a hand in the game. The tool box slipped, and there at the feet of the centre of the lusty Bacchanals there fell a pair of pliers.

"Eh, is you'se a dentist?"

The question was as startling as it was sudden. What did it mean? Smith took a bold leap in the dark, silently praying that this was the right cue.

"Well—er—that is—yes, of course."

"Hooray, Bill. Yer saved. 'Ere, 'urry up, mate. Yer just the chap we want. Bill 'ere's got toothache. Fix 'im up, will yer?"

Needs must, when the devil drives, thought Smith.

Bill sat down on a log, holding his shaggy head between his hands, and groaning like an infernal spirit. With hands that trembled perceptibly, Smith picked up the "forceps." Better to die fighting, thought he. What would happen if these playful drunks became nasty? Better not provoke them.

"Just open, please. This tooth?"

Bill shoved a very dirty forefinger into his mouth, and nodded an emphatic assent.

"Ah, very bad case. Very bad, indeed. Molar brontosaurus, that's the trouble!"

"Go on, mate. For the love of Mike, yank her out."

Entering with zest into the spirit of the grim jest, Smith immersed his pliers in the petrol tank, and then turned again to the patient.

"Ugh! Eh, is that some of that patent nerve-killer?"

Smith assented.

"Tilt you head back, sir. Yes, thank you, that will do!"

Inserting the pliers, he took a firm grip of the delinquent tooth. Closing his eyes, he took a mighty tug. There were vociferous roars of laughter from the two onlookers, a gasping gurgle of agonised pain, and wonderful relief from Bill. When Smith opened his eyes, Bill was spitting out not only blood, but an endless stream of protestations of affection for his saviour. "Ow much, mister?"

With hands that pain had steadied, Bill fumbled for his wallet. With a magnanimous wave of his hand, Smith dismissed all thoughts of mundane remuneration. Didn't they know he was a philanthropist?

Bill and his mates stared. Then for the next few hours, or so it seemed, they vigorously pump-handled poor little Smith.

"Yer the best cove we ever met. Ooray!"

Smith heaved a pent-up sigh of relief when they were gone.

Yes, it's handy to have a business head, isn't it?

—JIMMY.

## Girls' Sports.

### TENNIS.

Three important events mark the second half of our tennis year—our visit to Armidale, a return match against Maitland, and our trip to Sydney to take part in the P.S.A.A.A. High Schools' tennis tournament.

Our trip to Armidale was thoroughly enjoyed, and many interesting games were played. Newcastle was represented by M. Mulvey (captain), L. Richards, N. Morison, and B. Roberts. The weather was very cold on the Friday afternoon when our match was played, and after a hard tussle we were beaten by 2 sets 27 games to 4 sets 34 games.

In the return match against Maitland, the "A" team did not play up to form, and was beaten by 7 sets 47 games to 1 set 36 games. As the scores show, the position was better in games than sets.

At the end of August four of our girls, accompanied by Miss Martin, journeyed to Sydney for the annual High Schools' tournament. This year the tournament was played at the White City courts, which were in excellent condition. We had an even more enjoyable time than last year, and although we did not succeed in bringing back fresh honours for Newcastle High, we did well. Hazel Grassick and Marjorie Mulvey were beaten in the final of the doubles championship by O. Shipp and D. Lindsay—a splendid combination—from Sydney High School. In the singles championship Leonie Richards and Hazel Grassick succeeded in reaching the third round before they were defeated.

Honour badges have been awarded by the Sports Union for 1923 winter tennis to L. Richards and M. Mulvey.

We wish to tender our thanks to Miss Martin for her untiring effort to raise the standard of girls' tennis in the school.

There will be many vacancies in next year's teams, and all tennis girls who may be returning should practice hard, so that the school's name will stand high. "Foreward" should be the motto of every tennis girl, whether she be in First or Fifth Year.

### SWIMMING.

Swimming has only commenced, and, as always, everyone is very enthusiastic.

Arrangements are being made for a life-saving class for those who wish to obtain certificates and bronze medallions.

Everything points to a very successful season and swimming carnival.

### HOCKEY.

The hockey season, which ended with the September holidays, was a very successful one. The last match played was that against the Y.W.C.A. team, in competition for a shield presented by the Australian Rules Football Association, which the school team succeeded in winning by three goals to two.

Earlier in the year a match was played against the Y.W.C.A., the result of which was also a win for the High School by five goals to one.

In July the team travelled to Armidale, in order to play the hockey team there. This resulted in a win for Armidale by three goals to nil.

A return match was played against Maitland Girls' High School, and in this Newcastle was once more victorious, winning by three goals to one. These were the only outside matches played during the latter half of the season.

A selection committee was appointed to nominate girls for honour badges, and these badges were awarded to Olive Frith and Hazel Grassick.

We will be sorry to lose many members of our "A" team this year, but we hope to meet them again as ex-pupils in hockey matches from year to year.

### CIRCLOS.

Circlos, as it at first seemed, is a very fascinating game. Two matches have been played against other schools. The first, against Cook's Hill, resulted in a victory for us, and the second, against Armidale, in a defeat for the red and blue.

All the girls reported an enjoyable and exciting visit to Armidale.

Our "A" team consisted of M. Setton, C. George, M. Young, M. Opie.

—M. DEAMER, Rep.

### THE ARMIDALE TRIP.

The annual inter-High School competition with Armidale took place on the 13th of July. The night officer at Newcastle was manifestly worried from his usual imperturbability by the sudden onslaught about the witching hour of midnight of a bevy of youths and maidens resplendent in streamers of red and blue, who chattered, gesticulated, and war-cried to their hearts' content. Not even the presence of three teachers in the roles of Cicerones and mentors could repress the good spirits of the travellers.

The fates that look after the destiny of High School students were on the qui-vive, for we arrived safely at Armidale, with no other appreciable discomfort than a colossal loss of sleep. Perhaps Johnny and Co. could give authentic evidence upon this phase of the trip. It is reported upon good authority that Peter is convinced that trains are guided by a master wheel in the cabin.

A reception was held at the High School, and in the afternoon the athletics, circlos, and tennis were competed for. The boys were very successful. In the 100 yards Bryant won, with "Sandy" McKay second. "Sandy" won the long jump with ease. In the circlos, after a keenly contested game, Armidale won by 7-5, and, as though now quite fleshed, they inflicted another defeat upon us in tennis.

Speculation was rife, and surmise keen concerning the evening, with which we were to be entertained. Boys who hitherto had shown unquestionable valour, unquenchable ardour, and insuperable enthusiasm, now experienced a rapid metamorphosis. In their place we had youths whose knees knocked together with anticipatory trepidation, whose feet became elongated, whose dry lips murmured silent prayers for they scarce knew what, and whose whole contour bore an appearance of unmitigated fright. And all because they were asked to dance! A new line of investigation is open to our amateur detectives. Why is it that, like the oscillation of a pendulum, boys can swing from complete diffidence to the wholehearted fervour of the convert? Strange to relate, before the evening was at its zenith, our youths and maidens were waltzing, fox-trotting, and bunny-hugging as if to dancing born. There can be only one possible inference—shyness in boys is merely superficial. Probe to the depths, and you will find a Bill and a Joe eager to trip the light fantastic.

The ineptitude of the local light committee is pleaded by all who arrived home late. Why is it that when young gentlemen gaily escort fair damsels in an unknown city, the electric light is switched off? Throughout the night survivors staggered home to their respective billets, proud of prowess in finding an almost unknown quantity. Rumour also hath it that P— scaled the fence and wandered across the garden in the heartrending search for the front door. Who was lost in the park?

Fortune favoured us next morning in the Rugby Union match. After a strenuous game we won by 11-5. As an Armidale resident expressed it: "The better side won." Joe Arthur, Sid Neaves, and Johnny Walker scored tries, while Turnbull kicked one goal. In the hockey match, alas! we were again defeated. After the frightful din of barracking and war-cries, led chiefly by the raucous voice of Bill, we expected that the Armidale morale would be shattered. Even our fondest hopes were doomed to destruction.

The "pictures" on Saturday evening enhanced several of the romantic little "affaires" that hitherto had been brewing sub rosa; it seemed the consummation of several most cherished hopes. Dame Rumour suggests that several hearts—and bank balances—were broken. Even the best of good times must come to an end. Most thought as we entrained on the return journey that the excitement was gone. Quite true, with the exception of Johnny. Johnny fell into a troubled forty winks on the front verandah of his billet, and almost missed the train. So hurried was his flight that he gave little thought to his baggage. Arrived in the train, after much blowing and puffing, he began to pull himself together. How he mourned his folly; how inexhaustible was his flow of caustic comment, when he found that while we were snugly esconsed behind a barrier of rugs, overcoats, and pillows, he was left lamenting in the cold. If only he had a key to open his port, he could be as comfortable as we. A fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind. Still, it was a nuisance having to retire from one's warm corner, to search in the capacious depths of one's pockets for keys. Our pity grew in proportion to J's futile attempts to unlock that bag.

His last resource exhausted, and the cold pitilessly penetrating our compartment, he gave a vicious jerk at the port. Judge his amazement, and of ours, when the lid flew open. It had not been locked! Well, after "much ado about nothing," "all's well that ends well."

## Boys' Sports.

### ATHLETICS.

In athletics our school has been very successful this year, the senior team having succeeded in winning the C.H.S. championship and the P.S.A.A.A. Cup, with 15½ points, Fort Street being second with 15 points, and North Sydney third with 14½ points.

The members of this team were.—J. Arthur (captain), J. McKay, C. Walker, E. Bell, H. Bryant, W. Smallman, and G. Rosenthal. What was even more pleasing than winning the championship was the fact that our victory was a very popular one. Even our most formidable opponents extended to us their warmest congratulations. It was an admirable thing to see such fine sportsmanship. The following results are of interest:—220 yards: H. Bryant, 2nd. 440 yards: S. MacKay, 1st. 880 yards: S. MacKay, 1st. Broad jump: S. MacKay, 2nd. Relay: North Sydney and Newcastle (dead-heat), 1st (St. C. MacKay, G. E. Bell, C. Walker, H. Bryant). Medley relay: Newcastle 1st (S. MacKay, E. Bell, C. Walker, and H. Bryant).

In the medley relay we are pleased to say that our team created a record by running the distance in 1min 46sec, the previous record being lowered by 4 1-5 seconds.

It is very unfortunate that Harry Bryant, our sprint champion, through a misunderstanding, arrived late on the Friday morning to take part in the 100 yards semi-final, and that J. Arthur, our hurdler, was knocked out in the semi-final through striking a hurdle. We feel sure that both would have given a good account of themselves in their respective finals.



It is obvious from the results quoted above that S. MacKay was a tower of strength to our team, and we give him our congratulations on his fine performance, and to the other members of the team who did so much in bringing about our success.

### THE CUPS.

(By E.D.)

As far as cups are concerned, this has been a record year for N.H.S., and we should be proud of it. Two cups have been won by the school, and one by S. MacKay, under the name of the school. Two cups have been donated for competition in the school itself. But this is not all. S. MacKay won a medal at Taree as winner of the 880 yards championship, while both F. Rush and E. McLeod won medals for athletics at the Showground. These victories have raised the name of the school in the eyes of not only those interested or connected with the school in any way, but also of all other High Schools in the State. But, beware, Fourth Year. We cannot sit down and gloat over our success. Be up and doing!

### THE HOOKE CUP.

Our boys, not having lost their excitement, decided to travel to Taree to compete in the meeting for the Hooke Cup. The team, with the inclusion of Neaves, vice Burke, who was injured, was the same as carried off the other cup.

Here we met again one of our close rivals in the P.S.A.A.A. Cup, North Sydney. After so much strenuous work and travelling, we did excellently well in carrying off the Hooke Cup, the second cup gained in the week. I do not think anything could have been better expressed, nor could it have pleased the teachers and students alike, than the message received from Mr. Gibson: "Won cup, becoming a habit." After winning this cup congratulations in the form of telegrams and letters were showered upon us from all directions.

S. McKay also won a medal donated by one of the Taree residents for the 880 yards championship.

Results:—100 yards: Bryant 1, McKay 2. 220 yards: Bryant 1. 440 yards: McKay 1, Bryant 2. 880 yards: McKay 1. Broad jump: Bryant 2. High jump: McKay 3rd. Pole vault: Burns 3rd. Circular relay: Newcastle 2nd.

### GALPERIN CUP.

This cup was donated to be given to the winner of the 440 yards championship of Newcastle and district at the meeting held at the National Sports Ground. It was won in good form by "Sandy" McKay, and he is to be congratulated on the position he holds as 440 yards champion of Newcastle.

### ANNUAL SPORTS.

The annual sports were held at Newcastle Showground on 29th August, in delightful weather. The classes held their usual picnic on the ground, while lunch and afternoon tea were provided for the visitors, who included the parents of pupils, ex-pupils, and others interested in N.H.S. Great enthusiasm was shown in all events, while the novelty events were the cause of no end of amusement. Events were very keenly contested, but there are two races worthy of mention, viz., senior 100 yards and under 14 100 yards. In the former race J. Walker and S. McKay were the outstanding ones who ran a great race, but McKay just managed to breast the tape before Walker, and so claim the envied position. In the latter case it also was a race to a finish, and ended in Rush defeating Rundle by barely a touch. Results:—

#### Seniors.

220 yards: Walker 1, McKay 2, Bell 3. Time, 23 4-5sec.  
 Mile: Burke 1, Engel 2, Rosenthal 3. Time, 5min 16 3-10sec.  
 Broad jump championship: McKay 1, Thomas 2, Cameron 3. 19ft 3½in.  
 Broad jump handicap: McKay 1, Thomas 2, Cameron 3.  
 Footballers' race: Walker 1, McKay 2. Time, 14sec.  
 440 yards: McKay 1, Gilbert 2, Hoskings 3. Time, 61 9-10sec.  
 Pole vault: Cameron 1, McKay 2. Height, 8ft.  
 100 yards: McKay 1, Walker 2, Bell 3. Time, 10½sec.  
 Hurdles, 120 yards: McKay 1, Hamilton 2, Walker 3. Time, 21sec.  
 880 yards: McKay 1, Bell 2, Burke 3. Time, 2min 27 4-5sec.  
 High jump championship: McKay 1, Cameron 2, Walker 3. Height, 4ft 9in.  
 High jump handicap: Thomas 1, McKay 2, Cameron 3.  
 Sack race: Hoskings 1, Pryor 2, Hall 3.  
 Wheelbarrow: Smallman and Burke 1, McKay and Neaves 2, Gilbert and Thomas 3.  
 Three-legged: Walker and Bell 1, Hetherington and Engel 2, Cameron and Hoskings 3.  
 Carry-your-chum: McKay and Neaves 1, Burns and Rosenthal 2, Walker and Bell 3.  
 Cock fight: Steinbeck and Brien 1, Burns and Smith 2, Burke and Smallman 3.  
 Senior championships: S. McKay 55½ points, Walker 22, Cameron 14½.

#### Junior.

220 yards: Hamilton 1, Saxby 2, Clyne 3. Time, 23 1-5sec.  
 880 yards: Lackey 1, Goffett 2, Rich 3. Time, 2min 44 1-10sec.  
 Broad jump championship: Hamilton 1, Saxby 2, Clayton 3. 18ft 6½in.  
 Broad jump handicap: Hamilton 1, Saxby 2, Clyne 3.  
 Footballers' race: Lackey 1, Marshall 2, Smith 3.  
 440 yards: Clayton 1, Lackey 2, Curtin 3. Time, 72 1-10sec.  
 100 yards: Hamilton 1, Saxby 2, Thornton 3. Time, 11 1-10sec.  
 Hurdles, 90 yards: Hamilton 1, Clayton 2, Rundle 3. Time, 17 4-5sec.  
 High jump championship: Clayton 1, Saxby and Peak 2. 4ft 8in.  
 High jump handicap: Clayton 1, Goffett 2, Saxby and Clyne 3.  
 Sack race: Peak 1, Attwood 2, Firkin 3.

Wheelbarrow: Clyne and Curtin 1, Attwood and Firkin 2, Jacka and Mitchell 3.

Carry-your chum: Rush and Clayton 1, Peak and Firkin 2, Attwood and Saxby 3.

Three-legged: Goffett and Mathieson 1, Firkin and Peak 2, Clayton and Thornton 3.

Cock fight: Firkin and Peak 1, Saxby and Attwood 2.

Junior championship: N. Hamilton 31 points, H. Clayton 23, N. Saxby 19.

#### Under 14.

220 yards: Rundle 1, Rush 2, Cromarty 3. Time, 27 7-10sec.

Broad jump championship and handicap: Rush 1, Cope 2, Rundle 3. 14ft 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.

100 yards: Rush 1, Rundle 2, McLeod 3. Time, 12 1-5sec.

High jump championship: Rundle 1, Callaghan 2, Cope and Russell 3. 4ft 3in.

High jump handicap: Rundle 1, Callaghan 2, Cope 3.

Sack race: Russell 1, Williams 2, Cope 3.

Wheelbarrow: Cope and Grierson 1, Du Chateau and Bellhouse 2, Williams and Russell 3.

Three-legged: Winney and Inglis 1, Russell and Williams 2, Cope and Rundle 3.

Carry-your-chum: Rundle and Cope 1, Winney and Inglis 2, Cromarty and Callaghan 3.

Cock fight: Rundle and Rush 1, Davies and Deorden 2.

Under 14 championship: Rundle 25 $\frac{1}{2}$  points, Rush 21 $\frac{1}{2}$ , Cope 13 $\frac{1}{2}$ .

#### Relays.

Circular, 440 yards: 2nd Year 1, 4th Year 2, 3rd Year 3.

Medley: 5th Year 1, 2nd Year 2, 3rd Year 3.

Fifth Year won the shield for this meeting, on the average, although they were without two of their prominent men, but Second Year showed their mettle, and gained the highest number of points, and had more of them contested in the events perhaps Fifth Year may have received a surprise.

Year.	Points and Averages.		
	Points.	Averages.	
5th Year	116	4.64	1st.
2nd Year	130	3.61	2nd.
4th Year	76.5	3.33	3rd.
3rd Year	35	.77	4th.
1st Year	18.5	.29	5th.

Although First Year is last, we cannot expect them to do as well as the other years. They were only here for about six months when the meeting was held. But it is from here that we are looking for our future Seniors.

—E. DUNCANSON, Sec.

#### THE MAITLAND VISIT.

In the second half of our athletics season we had a visit from Maitland Boys' High School, who competed with us in several events. At the close of the meeting the points stood thus:—Maitland 38, Newcastle 25. Although on the whole we were defeated, our seniors gained the same number of points as Maitland (11),

while Maitland defeated us in the junior events by 16 to 8, and in the under 14 by 11 to 6. But we have some very good under 14, and against Maitland it was size that told. In the junior division we are lacking. Results:—

#### Senior.

220 yards: McKay 1, M.H.S. 2, Bryant 3. 25 1-5sec.

Hurdles: M.H.S. 1, Arthur 2. 20 3-5sec.

Mile: M.H.S. 1, Burke 2, M.H.S. 3. 5min 11 4-5sec.

Medley relay: N.H.S. 1, M.H.S. 2. 1min 51sec.

#### Junior.

220 yards: M.H.S. 1, Hamilton 2, M.H.S. 3. 25 2-5sec.

Relay: M.H.S. 1, N.H.S. 2. 54 1-5sec.

440 yards: M.H.S. 1, Hamilton 2, M.H.S. 3. 62 4-5sec.

#### Under 14.

110 yards: M.H.S. 1, Rush 2, Rundle 3. 13 4-5sec.

High jump: M.H.S. 1 and 2, Callaghan 3. 4ft 4in.

Relay: N.H.S. 1, M.H.S. 2, M.H.S. 3. 57 2-5sec.

220 yards: M.H.S. 1, M.H.S. 2, Rush 3. 28 4-5sec.

#### CRICKET.

(By W.H.)

Now that winter has left us and gone, the Rugger and Soccer clans have once more united and taken up the arms of our national sport. As a result of sound practice at the wickets during scratch matches, we are once more wielding the willow and handling the ball in a worthy manner. Hence at the announcement of a match with M.H.S. all were expectant, but, alas! as the fates would have it, we were doomed to disappointment, for our burning enthusiasm was damped by the rain and by the splendid form shown by M.H.S. Nevertheless, we are expecting to put them in their place on the return match.

Critics announce that our standard this year is not up to the usual, but if these will kindly follow the results of our matches their opinion will probably change.

#### SCHOOL v. M.H.S.

This match was played at Maitland on the 31/10/'23, and won by Maitland by 7 wickets for 178 to 83. It had been arranged that the game should be played on Robin's Oval, but owing to the rain the wicket could not be used, so that once more we were "pawnd" on to concrete.

The school, with ten men, batted first, the opening pair being Duncanson and Heath, the total on closing amounting to 83. Maitland then followed, scoring 178 for 7 wickets. Results:—

Newcastle (First Innings).—E. Duncan, b Heugh, 0; Heath, b Bendeich, 1; C. Scobie, b Bendeich, 9; T. McLuckie, b Bendeich, 3; E. G. Bell, b Bendeich, 8; S. Engel, run out, 2; W. Hopton, b Bendeich, 1; W. Hetherington, b Heugh, 33; Wood, not out, 7. Sundries, 19. Total, 83.

Bowling: Bendeich 6 for 21, Heugh 2 for 16.

Maitland (First Innings).—Sessions, retired, 60; Andrews, run out, 8; McMullen, c and b Duncanson, 24; Cameron, c McLuckie, b

Peate, 37; Hewitt, b Peate, 1; Bendeich, b McLuckie, 0; King, not out, 13; McMillan, c sub., b Peate, 4; Shelley, not out, 11. Sundries, 20. Total, 7 for 178.

Bowling: Peate 3 for 42, McLuckie 1 for 22, Duncanson 1 for 33.

#### 2nd ELEVEN v. M.H.S. 2nd.

The second eleven played a draw with Maitland's seconds on the same day.

M.H.S. batted first, and compiled 158 runs, N.H.S. following with 8 for 87 runs, of which Bartley contributed 27, Drake 20 not out, and Saxby 11. Mathieson, Crompton, and Bartley handled the ball well.

#### "I LOVE THESE THINGS."

I love these things—

For the colour of the world entices ever  
The feet of those who walk in beauty's way,  
For we can feel a throbbing thrill of pleasure  
At every lovely sight on which we stray—  
At every wild shrill note a glad bird sings.

I love these things—

Visions of turquoise hills which mingle ever  
With the wondrous larkspur blue of dim far skies;  
Long rolling combers of cool crushed emerald;  
And a rose glow from the blood-red west that dyes  
A blushing, lovely world; that joyous song  
That, in the Spring, each living green thing sings.

—MARJORIE WOODS, 3A.

#### REVERIE.

Clang! Clang! The knell of doom. Confound it! How I hate the infamous thing! Clang! Clang!

Would that I could shut out into outer darkness the bitter memories that come tumultuously welling up; would that I could drink deep of the waters of Lethe—to forget; yes, to sink into oblivion. Why will memory torture me? Oh, the searing irons of remembrance.

Can inevitable doom eclipse this agony of soul? I cry out against the enormity of it. Why do I think? Why does my mind with excruciating torture bear me back to days of liberty, happiness and content; days when love was in my thoughts, joy in my soul, peace in my heart?

Oh, the misery of it! My thoughts escape from their prison house. They, at least, can dance fantastically-free, while I—I sit here immured in this funereal pile, the sport of circumstance, the victim of fate. Did ever unfortunate prisoner incarcerated in the Bastille feel as I? Oh, Liberty, how much injustice is committed in thy name! My weary head bends low. Can my spirit bear the ignominy and the shame; can my spirit bear this curtailment of freedom? The mellow evening light streams gallantly through the high-cut Gothic slit, suffusing my cell with glory indescribable:

Would that it were ineffable! Legions of light and shade scurry, hither and thither, flitting merrily before my dazed eyes. Have they, too, come to tantalise me in my helplessness? Oh, cold, grim stones! Do you sanction the hideous agony that is inflicted upon us within these confines?

A gentle stupor casts its filmy net around my soul. If only I could plunge into the dull depths of yonder amber-hued pool. Mind, soul, and being reel before the enormity of it all. Hamlet-like,—  
"to be or not to be."

Hark! The muffled muttering of a downtrodden throng breaks forth into one turbulent roar of vengeance. The fetters that bind me, the shackles that weigh me down never felt so heavy till now. Oh, shades of the prison house! Is this life? And what of my task? Must I forego freedom, the hectic exuberance of youth, the mad-cap frolics of red-blooded humanity at the mere whim of my gaoler?

So here I sit stolidly, torpidly eking out my mechanical existence. Clang! Clang! What now? What bitterness your iron tone foretells! It tells of rancour, of enmity, of hate. What! Can it be true? Am I reprieved? Am I free? Freedom—ah, precious word! Ye fates that o'erlook the destinies of feeble mankind, be kind.

Clang! Clang! At last 3.30. Precious, sweet sound, how I adore you! With shuffling gait I reel to the door. Thank goodness, another day of school is over.

—"DUMDUM"

#### FROM HERE AND THERE.

##### The Marguerite King Memorial Cup.

To encourage sport and healthy rivalry, Mr. King has generously donated a silver cup for competition among 1st Year boys. Though conditions have not yet been finalised, tentative arrangements have been made whereby the four classes concerned may compete in cricket, tennis, and swimming. While the challenge rounds began late, it is proposed to complete them, on the knock-out principle, by Christmas. A sub-committee has been appointed by the Sports Union to draw up definite conditions under which the cup will be awarded in future years. The winning class will have the privilege of carrying the cup into 2nd Year for six months.

##### Fifth Year Challenge Cup.

At a meeting of the Fifth Year it was decided to present a cup for competition among the members of the Junior School. No definite conditions have yet been laid down; it is hoped that the cup will be ready for competition in the new year. The "Novo" trusts that this precedent established by 1923 Seniors will influence future Seniors.

Did you know that the library could be well augmented in the reference section? A nod is as good as a wink to a blind horse.

#### Congratulations.

To the N.H.S. senior athletic team, winners of the Senior Cup at the P.S.A.A.A. sports, and of the Hooke Cup, at Taree.

To the girls' hockey team, winners of the shield presented by the Australian Rules Football Association.

To "Sandy" McKay, winner of the Galperin Cup.

To Elizabeth Einsaar, who gained the silver medallion for life-saving.

At a meeting of the Sports' Union Committee it was decided to award "blues" to the following students:—Hazel Grassick, Olive Frith, hockey; Iris Fallon, basket-ball; Marjorie Mulvey, Leonie Richards, tennis; J. Arthur, C. Walker, S. McKay, C. H. Bryant, E. Bell, for athletics.

The following exchanges have been made:—"The Mitre" (Newcastle C.E.G.S.), "The Alburian," "Canterbury Tales" (C.I.H.S.), "The Babblers" (N.S.G.H.S.), "The Chronicle," "The Gleam" (Wolongong), "Magpie" (Dubbo), "Our Girls" Technical High School Journal.

Norman Cragg has been admitted a partner into the firm of Brayne and Cohen, solicitors.

U. Brown graduated M.B., Ch.M., March, 1923.

J. Coles graduated M.B., Ch.M., March, 1923, and received an appointment at Royal Prince Alfred Hospital, Sydney, while Dr. Kem Yee is practicing at Patterson.

A. Ostinga gained his M.B., Ch.M., March, 1923.

F. Pickin, D. Scobie, 5th Year Medicine at the "Varsity."

E. Egan, 4th Year Medicine, at "Varsity."

F. Pearson gained his B.Sc., March, 1921, and B.E., March, 1923, with honours in maths., and in addition a three years' scholarship at "Metropolitan Vickery's, Ltd." (Manchester).

R. H. Cope graduated B.E., March, 1923, now at B.H.P. Company's Steel Works, Newcastle, on construction work.

W. Attwood graduated B.Sc., March, 1921. Now Four Year Mechanical and Electrical Engineering.

C. Miller graduated B.Sc., March, 1922.

H. McGill, 4th Year Civil Engineering.

S. Riley, B.A., teaching, Cootamundra.

R. Blakemore, teaching at one of the Sydney schools.

K. Gollan, B.Ec., was lecturing at Sydney Teacher's College, received an appointment in Tasmania as lecturer at a University.

J. Cooksey, Science III.

E. Mitchell is at present in London, where she has passed her examination in ophthalmic surgery.

The following ex-pupils are at the Training College:—J. Estell, captain 1919-29; R. Brooks, D. Firkin, M. Millington, L. Layton, E. Hale, J. Sneddon, F. Gray, E. King.

Second Year scholarships have been awarded to Alexa Grady, Christina Lawson, Lillian Vost, Emily Smithers, Evelyn Dawkins, Claire Steinbeck, A. Gray, L. Quilkey, and R. Lovett.

An ex-pupil, Archie Gray, is a lecturer in psychology at the Teachers' College.

I Callen (Science) and D. Cornwall (Medicine) are in residence at St. John's College.

Allan Williams, this year captain of the Hawkesbury Agricultural College first XIII. With him is J. Layton.

C. B. Riley is a clerk in the Petty Sessions Office at Young.

Basil Helmore has been admitted into partnership with Mr. Sparke, solicitor. (The firm of Sparke and Helmore should make sparks fly.)

D. B. Fraser is in 4th Year Law at the "Varsity."

G. Coates is teaching at Tighe's Hill, M. Turnbull at Islington, O. Oakley at Bundona, W. Bloomfield at Boggabri, L. Dickenson at Young Wallsend, R. Dodd at Rozelle, J. Kempster at Blackfiars.

R. Cochrane had misfortune in getting appendicitis before his finals. He is doing Science.

Mary Fairless, Margaret Breckenridge, and Rene Saxby had their B.A. degree conferred upon them. Rene Saxby is at present on twelve months' leave.

A. Chalmers, the first dux of N.H.S., is now assistant engineer at Avon Dam.

Some time ago a number of drawings, highly finished water colours, black and white designs were sent by the pupils of Newcastle High School to an art exhibition and educational conference at Mukden (Northern China). They were placed in the National Art Gallery of Manchuria as permanent exhibits. A letter of thanks, which was received by the Director of Education of New South Wales, from the curator of the Mukden Museum, was forwarded to Mr. Piper. He expressed his thanks for the work, and said it had been much appreciated and admired, adding that the collection was of a much higher standard than the work done in their schools. The collection included the work of such ex-pupils as Gwen King, Mary Tingle, and Doris Richards.

#### TO THE EDITOR OF THE "NOVOCASTRIAN."

Dear Sir,—For some considerable time I have watched with the keenest interest all things pertaining to the school, and now I would like to bring a little matter before your notice, and that of the whole school. Thinking from time to time that there would be a change for the better, I have delayed this long, but now I cannot contain myself any longer. To come to the point, my letter refers to the school tennis courts (if such they may be called).

In the first instance, they are not of regulation size. I am quite aware of the fact that our playground space is very limited, but then, if we can only have a little, why not have it good? For instance, in the lower court one receives some nasty little jolts if one happens to step into any of the miniature "chasms," a thing which can scarcely be avoided. Again, a tennis enthusiast not only wishes to develop herself physically, but also to derive a certain amount of amusement from it. Amusement on these courts is an unheard of thing, because one is either running into the next-door neighbour's seeking their ball, or doing some training for athletics by chasing it around the lower playground. Without exaggeration, it is a perfect misery to try and play on them. By the way, the balls are not too "modern."

Even if a girl is a beginner, I do not see why she should have to put up with these inconveniences. It really is not right to ask anybody to pay a sports sub. to play here.

I do not wish to condemn without making suggestions for improvements, but at present there are only two methods that I can think of. That is, either other courts be found on which to play, and, to say the least, fill up the holes in the lower court and put wire netting along the railing.

The old bogey, financial difficulties, will present itself, no doubt, but if ways and means can be found to raise money for other functions, they can be found for this. The writer is very willing to do her utmost as regards this. It is not from any personal standpoint that I write this, but for the benefit of those in the lower

classes, who are to form our sports teams in the near future. I might also add that a little coaching would not be amiss. Hence, I make this appeal to those who have the necessary influence to press this matter, so that in the next publication of the "Novo" I may see that these words are not mere idle ones.

Yours, etc.,

WELL-WISHER.

N.H.S., November, 1923.

### OUR "ALMA MATER."

The wide-flung windows invite the fresh ocean breezes to stray idly through the empty classrooms, and to flutter the leaves of half-opened books.

From the lower playground come shouts as the football is kicked high over the wall, and groups in every playground are actively engaged in passing the lunch-hour and in amusing themselves. An air of relaxation pervades the whole school.

Clang! Clang!

Into the classrooms pours an eager stream of youth.

The school is quietly placid now as the classes gradually settle down, and studious heads are bent over the desks. Quiet, until the half-past three bell arouses fresh life, and the playgrounds are once more filled with hurrying youth.

But in the holidays!

Over the old grey school on the hill hangs an air of desolation, tightly-locked doors and windows, quiet, tidy classrooms, deserted playgrounds and padlocked gates throw a cloak of cheerlessness over the empty school.

Everyone is gaily enjoying the all too brief holidays, and casting not a thought to the lonely old school. A few, perhaps, who have left, and are setting out on the road of life which lies before them, fleetingly regret their departure from the path of youth, and from the scene of so many joys and youthful sorrows.

The old school still stands, grey, cold, lonely, deserted and forgotten.

But when the vacation is finished, and the bell clangs out once more, she drops her pathetic mantle of desolation, and smiles cheerfully, protectingly over us—"The Best School of All!" —M.W., 3A.

### "TO EVERY ACTION THERE IS AN EQUAL AND OPPOSITE REACTION."

Well, Mr. Editor, this is true in a realm other than physics. The following is one instance of its application:—

Only a few days ago, had a stranger chanced to see a member of a certain class—one by the way noted for its efficiency in dodging work—he would have noticed that person engrossed in a book; and it would not have been a thrilling love-story, but a "Trig" book (mustn't mention numbers).

Not a sound issued from this section of the elaborately furnished room. He would have thought: "Those poor kiddies; not even time off to eat their lunch. I am sure they will all have brain fever, or something equally bad." But, please don't let that dear stranger

be over anxious for their welfare. The spell was broken after five long never-ending days.

Now for the reaction:—The spell being broken, those dear little fags literally went mad. Had the same stranger entered a certain room, he would have asked, "Am I in a High School class-room?" A chorus would respond, "Why, of course it is; where do you think you are?" The poor chap must then admit that he thought he had by mistake stepped behind the scenes at the Victoria, for one belle was practicing the latest sheik dance. Others seemed to be preparing scenes. The blackboard was smothered with grotesque figures, while, perched on a table, the nightingales were not "whispering their first even-song," but yelling: "Yes, we have no bananas." And one wee laddie was so engrossed in producing the face of some good man.

The bell tolled the knell of parting lunch-hour, and a person possessed of all knowledge—"Omniscient" Bill calls it when he puts on side—entered the room. Immediately the most interesting and scientific game of noughts and crosses began, the winner being pelted with all the used-up paper. —"FIBBER."

### SEPTEMBER.

Smiling, frowning, weeping, storming

All these moods in swift succession

Flit across her features, forming

Friendships new at each digression.

Swift the wind may whine and rustle,

Loud may rage the vexed waters;

He who loves the storm and bustle

Finds his love in these, her daughters.

Peace, a clear blue sky, and brightness

Chase the gloom from her fair features;

Praise and pleasure, joy and lightness

Fill the hearts of Earth's fair creatures.

Thus inconstant, full of changes

Comes the fickle month, September,

Comes, and flits across the ranges,

All her charms things to remember.

—W. G. STUTTARD.

### CHRISTMAS.

The warm November sky, the flowers, and the drowsy hum of the insects all bespoke the approach of Christmas. The thought of other Christmases came to me. The "cloudy wings" of memory spread round my head, and the spectre of the past drew near. Once again I stood at the door which leads from a careless childhood to a life which offered greater possibilities of friendship and closer ties. Laughter was in the air then, and beauty and happiness.

But the past soon grew dim, and the present hovered near; beauty, love, and laughter were in now, for parting was at hand.

Because we were girls, tears sprang to our eyes; but because we were born in "the twentieth century" we forced them back. Then the wings of the future cast their shadow over us, and we became afraid.

We gazed at the future, trying to see its face, but it was veiled; yet we knew that the hearts that had been won must be drawn apart,

and the friendships that were formed in the impressionable days of youth could never again be the same. —L.C.

### THE SILVER POOL.

"And ever after they searched for the silver pool, searched, but never found." The old wrinkled hands spread out with a gesture of hopelessness.

"But where," cried the little Princess, "lies the silver pool?" The old wrinkled face bent towards fresh young skin; a quivering finger pointed to the far mountains. "There—beyond—in a valley cool and deep, beneath the green boughs of the willows."

The eyes of the little Princess grew soft and dreamy; the old hag crept silently away.

For many days the little Princess dreamed of the silver pool. In the morning she lay on the green turf, and the filmy blue of the distant mountains seemed to beckon, to whisper, and to call. And the little Princess would dream of the realms beyond—of a shining silver pool lying deep in a shady valley.

At noon she would lie beneath the old shady tree by the singing waterfall. And the water would sing of a silver pool, and would splash and gurgle with mirth. Then it would whisper a soft, sedulous whisper of swaying willows above a shining pool. And the deep green moss would echo the low murmur. It seemed to the little Princess that gay fairies crept from their hidden nooks, and pointed to the filmy mountains.

Then the gentle breeze would kiss the soft cheek, and, murmuring, pass to the distant hills, and the little Princess would spread out her arms, and sob. And the deep blue of the heavens would spell a mystic charm, and the little Princess would sleep softly beneath the old leafy tree.

In the evening she would lie on the cool, green turf, and listen to the murmurs of the leafy trees. And the wind would rustle softly among the old boughs, and the falling leaves would sing, with a sob, of a shining silver pool. And the trees would sway towards the dim mountains, and would croon soft, dreamy songs. Then the little Princess would press her cheek to the downy turf, and a longing would come to the soft eyes, and the arms would spread out to the distant hills.

At night, when the world was soft and mellow, she would open her window, and gaze up to the twinkling stars. And the moon would shed a shining radiance to the soft, mystic hills, and the twinkling stars would beckon; the night breeze, in passing, would stop to kiss the soft cheek.

Then one night the little Princess stole out to the cool, green turf, and passed swiftly through the murmuring trees, by the gurgling waterfall, into the dim beyond. And the moon shed a kindly light, and the stars twinkled with hope. And the night breeze fanned the soft cheek, and the woods whispered a mystic, mellow secret.

And the little Princess answered the call of the dim hills. For many days and many nights they searched for her, and then they found her beneath the willows, far beyond the hills, and on the lifeless face was a look of radiant joy. Beside her lay a brown, discoloured pool, and in the moonlight it shone with a soft, silver glow. —OVON.

# THE YOUNG PIANOFORTE SCHOOL

Principal GEORGE H. YOUNG.

SUITE OF ROOMS AT PALING'S, NEWCASTLE. Phone 456

One well-taught student invariably brings three others. The Y.P.S. is the result of this success realized.

Our efficient Teaching Staff open for engagement as Soloists or Accompanists at Concerts, Musical Evenings, etc.

**Vera Robinson**

**Annie Cleaves**

**Winnie Dennison**

Students trained under these teachers by our unique system are thoroughly equipped musically and technically to attain the highest success in artistic Pianoforte Playing and Teaching.

Cessnock Branch—

Representative Teacher—

**Minnie Hartley**

Studio—Davis Chambers, Vincent St., Cessnock

THIS MAGAZINE ADVERTISES ONLY THE BEST.

# FRED<sup>C</sup> ASH, Ltd.

Specialists in all  
Building Material

Newcastle and Cessnock

# THE NIAGARA

is the Leading Place in  
the City for Best Home-  
made Candies, Pastry  
and Latest Soda Fountain  
Delicacies.

**HUNTER STREET.**

Phone 654

THIS MAGAZINE ADVERTISES ONLY THE BEST.

## TO HIGH SCHOOL PUPILS LEAVING SCHOOL

Take advantage of the Tutorial Classes and Study  
Circles provided for you in Newcastle and Suburbs by  
the University of Sydney in conjunction with the

# W. E. A.

For any course not provided, ring up Resident Tutor, Mr.  
Frank Mauldon, B.A., B.Ec.

Tell your Parents about the wonderful Lectures, and  
watch the Show Case outside FIRKIN'S, The Chemist, for  
fresh announcements.

## Sunburns and Tan CUTA CREAM CURES!

ONE SHILLING A BOTTLE.

**GEORGE E. FIRKIN,**  
PHARMACEUTICAL CHEMIST,  
**NEWCASTLE**

THIS MAGAZINE ADVERTISES ONLY THE BEST.

# NICHOLSON'S

FOR

## Pianos

and

## Player Pianos

Cash or Easy Terms.

Write or Call for Catalogue and  
Price List.

**NICHOLSON'S,**  
**158 HUNTER STREET,**  
**NEWCASTLE**

THIS MAGAZINE ADVERTISES ONLY THE BEST.

During the hot weather you don't want to be bothered with Cookery. Our Provision Department can relieve you of this; it is replete with all you need for the Breakfast, Lunch or Supper Table. The tempting goods displayed here are all from the Cambridge Delicacies, Ltd., and comprise Ham Sausage, Garlic Sausage, Lieber Wurst, Corned Beef, Brawn, Mild Cured Ham, Pork Sausage, etc. Our Cool Room keeps them in perfect condition.

Be sure and get some -- you'll be delighted.

Our Ox Tongues in Tins are a treat worth anticipating.

# LANE & TREWARTHA

LIMITED,

NEWCASTLE

**PRUNO**  
THE MOST RELIABLE OF ALL COUGH CURES.  
Sure, Safe and Pleasant in the treatment of Coughs,  
Colds, Influenza and all other Chest Troubles.  
Mothers! PRUNO is your Children's Best Protection.  
Sold Everywhere at 1/6 and 3/-

**"SKOOT"**

**Banishes Mosquitoes.**

Why sit up half the Night? Use SKOOT and sleep peacefully.

All Storekeepers. 1/- Bottle.

THIS MAGAZINE ADVERTISES ONLY THE BEST.