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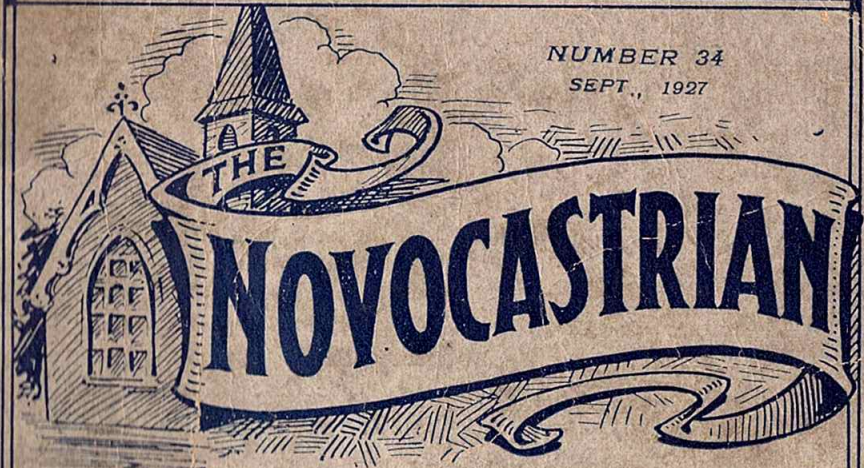
BIG VARIETY  
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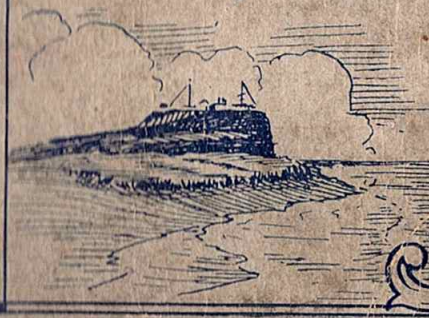
The Spring Fashions are now showing and are  
the loveliest ever.

# SCOTT'S

NUMBER 34  
SEPT., 1927



*The Journal of the  
Newcastle High School.*



How long  
before the  
New Building  
appears here  
?

## What are You going to do when You leave High School?

**M**OST Pupils will have to choose a Career, and if Commerce is your choice, let us help you.

For 19 years our students have gained honors at Public Examinations, and every successful candidate at Government Typists' Examinations in Newcastle, with one exception, was trained by us.

We place all our competent students in positions and guarantee to make all students competent. Many visitors, impressed by the numbers of our students, ask: "What becomes of them all?"

When we explain how, for 19 years, our satisfactory work has made friends of business men—each year adding more firms to an already large roll of houses—who come first to us whenever they require assistants, the visitors understand.

The cumulative effect of 19 years' faithful service to the public gives our students this advantage.

### OUR ANNUAL SCHOLARSHIP EXAM.

We are holding our Annual Free Scholarship Examination on 26th November next, by which the three candidates whose work is adjudged the best will be given 12 months' tuition in our College free of charge, and also placed in a position. Will you be one of these?

All information will be readily supplied on application to the

**Newcastle Business College Ltd.**  
Thorn Street, Newcastle

*Arthur  
Gisdale.*



## Newcastle High School Song

(Tune: "D'ye Ken John Peel?")

D'ye ken the school on the hill so high,  
Bravely facing the winds and the sky,  
While the waves sing their song to the beaches nigh,  
As the bell goes for school in the morning,

Chorus:

Yes, when we are gone, in the years far ahead,  
When the last game's played, and the last lesson said,  
The name of the school will awake from the dead,  
The memories of many a morning.

Serving straight in a hard-fought match,  
Sprinting for the tape or a puzzling catch,  
The "blues" from limit man to scratch,  
Will still do their best, night and morning.

(Chorus)

Remis Velisque's the motto for all,  
And our hearts yet again will still hear it call,  
When the muscles are stiff that once toed the ball,  
Or climbed up the hill in the morning.

(Chorus)

—R. G. HENDERSON



# The School Staff

## HEADMASTER:

R. F. HARVEY, B.A.

## DEPUTY HEADMASTER:

R. A. PAGE, B.A.

## SUPERVISOR OF GIRLS

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## DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC

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### GIRLS

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Jean Brent.  
Doris McLeod  
Kathleen Richardson  
Thelma Morris  
Joyce Bryce

### BOYS

Thos. Kitley, (Capt.)  
Les. Snape  
Sid. Bowers  
Jack Thomas  
Robert Grierson  
Aubrey Brown

# The Journal of the Newcastle High School

Editor: T. Kitley.

Business Editors: Jack Rudd, Harold Mitchell.

SEPTEMBER, 1927.



## EDITORIAL

### SCHOOL SPIRIT

THE formation of the Newcastle High School Old Students' Union within recent months and the founding of the High School P. and C. Association, are perhaps two of the most outstanding events in the recent history of our institution. Although the School has now been in existence for more than twenty years, it seems strange that the feelings and ideas that prompted the formation of these two bodies did not become vocal long ago; their advent is probably due to the promise of more satisfactory school buildings. It may be true that the work of a school is evidenced "not in buildings and equipment, but in matters of mind and soul," as H. G. Wells says; but we feel the dinginess of our present abode has militated against the building up of that school spirit and loyalty of which the Associations mentioned above are the outward expression. It is not affirmed that this school spirit is, or has been very pronounced; but evidences are now available that it is not entirely dead. It should be our highest endeavour to foster the growth of this spirit and to emulate in this regard, the Public Schools of England.

Ancient and modern colleges in England are unmistakable witnesses of this school spirit. The tradition of it has been handed down from generation to generation, through centuries of school life. To-day it is the supreme measure of a school's worth. Loyalty to the tradition of his old school has carried, and still carries many an Englishman through crises of life. The lilt of the old school song, the memory of a comrade that has passed away, some trick of the brain that weaves anew the life of the days that can never really die, and calls up visions of school and class-room and all their immortal glory of task and pleasure—these things have power daily to lift men and women out of the murk of existence in untold holes and corners of the earth, and set them hard upon the path of high endeavour. The lesson of "play the game" learned long ago, perhaps on some football or hockey field has borne its due fruit in many a brush with the world. It has inspired men to reject the meanly easy, to fight for the right to die the death of the brave. It is a great and abiding thing, this spirit of a school.

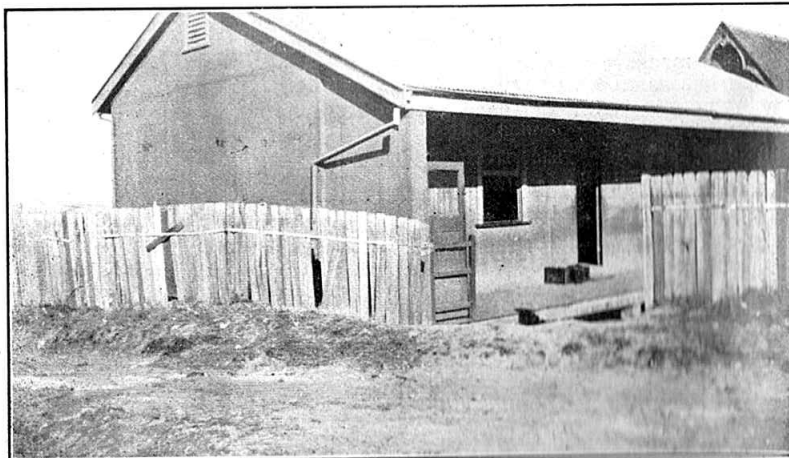
And now we must ask ourselves as students of the Newcastle High School, how we are to make abiding this school spirit. We have no great prideful past to delve into for help and inspiration; but by showing enthusiasm and loyalty in all the varied activities of our High School life, we shall be able to develop this school spirit. We must ever remember that every act of obedience, every lesson learned, every victory for the right, cancels

part of a debt we can never repay to the State for having established schools like ours. Only by doing well the minor tasks and minor duties can we be prepared to meet the great tasks and the great duties. May we, as old Students in the days to come be able to share the views of a great headmaster when he said of his school:—

What hast thou given me  
 For my poor gift to thee?  
 A link with grand traditions of the past;  
 A share in this School's fame,  
 A right to this School's name,  
 And glorious High School friendships born to last.

Thou hast sent me to fight  
 For home and school and right,  
 Stronger in hope, love, reverence, than before;  
 Stronger, yes, stronger yet  
 For passionate regret  
 That in old days I did not love thee more.

The last words of Great Men:—Lord Byron: "I must sleep now."  
 George Washington: "It is well"; Napoleon: "Mon Dieu—La Nation  
 francaise—Tete d'armee; Goethe: "More Light!"; Charles Darwin: "I am  
 not in the least afraid to die."



THE HIGH SCHOOL FENCE—OR LACK OF IT.

## OLD NOVOCASTRIANS

"The objects of the Association shall be to provide means for social intercourse between ex-students of the Newcastle High School, to foster and preserve the school tradition, and to maintain an interest in its progress and activities."

—Extract from Constitution of Old Novocastrians' Association.

On June 3rd., in the Lyceum Hall, a dance was held, organised by several enthusiastic local ex-students, in conjunction with a strong committee elected by ex-students now living in Sydney. At this memorable and joyous meeting, old Novocastrians elected a provisional committee to draft a constitution and undertake other business incidental to the formal inauguration of an Old Novocastrians' Association.

This committee, having met on numerous occasions, decided to hold the inaugural meeting, to be followed by a dance in the Cathedral Hall, on August 17th., this date enabling University students on vacation to attend. The draft rules, for which in their present form we are indebted to Mr. N. T. Cragg, were adopted without amendment, and the meeting proceeded to the election of officers. The following officers were elected:—

Patron: Mr. R. H. HARVEY.  
 President: Mr. B. A. HELMORE.  
 Vice-Presidents: Messrs. N. T. CRAGG, E. C. SARA, G. R. SCOTT, V. H. WALKER.  
 Secretary: Mr. W. HOSKINS.  
 Treasurer: Mr. J. F. HOWARD.  
 Trustees: Messrs. N. T. CRAGG and B. A. HELMORE.  
 Committee: Misses Z. CLARKE, M. MULVEY and L. SILKMAN,  
 Messrs. J. ARTHUR, A. MALCOMSON and A. OWENS.

There were, at a very conservative estimate, 250 people present at the dance which followed. The members of the Executive were glad of the opportunity to welcome a number of the present staff whose presence was quite in keeping with the School tradition. For twenty years the members of the staff have taken an interest in the social activities of the school. One listens with interest and advantage to their conversations with students of an earlier decade, only to realise that their aims and ideals are similar.

Senior students of the fourth, as well as the fifth year, added to the gaiety of the evening, and taught the earlier generation many weird and complex steps. Some of these bright souls, ever ready to lend a cheerful hand, will find in the near future, it is to be hoped, a place on the already strong Executive.

In the meantime they could assist the Association by pointing out that any ex-student who has at any time been enrolled as a student of the Newcastle High School is entitled to become a member, and that the annual subscription of three shillings (any person becoming a member prior

to the 31st December, 1927, shall be deemed to be a financial member up till the 31st. December, 1928) may be paid to Mr. J. F. HOWARD, c/o. DALGETY and Co., Ltd., 24 HUNTER ST., NEWCASTLE.

Since 1906. 2985 students have been enrolled. Of these, 504 are now at the school. Allowing for deaths (mostly on Active Service), it will be seen that more than 2,000 Novocastrians are available to put in effect the "objects" clause of this Association.

Every ex-student is aware of the proposal to erect new high-schools. No ex-student can mourn for the delicate spires and stately cloisters so soon to pass away; for Newcastle knows them not. Yet many of them, not having climbed the hill for many years, cannot be aware of the appalling conditions under which their younger brothers and sisters, sons and daughters, are working. The writer well remembers that the room now occupied by 1B, whose 47 members wriggle uncomfortably in the foetid atmosphere which is the inevitable result of a Westerly Sun beating upon the brick walls of a wretchedly ventilated room, was in 1912 occupied by a class of 24. The present 1C room, a serious menace to the health of boys and girls, housed the Seniors in 1913. There were but twelve of them; now there are 38 in 1C room!

Every ex-student, jealous of his School's reputation, anxious for his native city to rank second to none as an educational centre, must feel shocked and indignant to learn that this lack of accommodation explains why Greek and German are not taught at the School, and explains too, why some of the best boys and girls in the State are automatically barred from competing for scholarships in Classics and Modern Languages. The enthusiastic ex-student can advocate the installation of modern laboratories, sufficient reductions of the numbers in classes to enable the teachers to dispense with the methods of the drill-squad instructor.

Many other matters will interest ex-students of the School, whose mouldering bricks, broken tiles and tumble-down fences enshrine many pleasant memories. The name of H. S. PRESTON does not appear on the Honour Roll. Being abroad at the outbreak of the war, he enlisted in the Imperial Army, joined the Air Force, and consequently his movements were unknown to those who compiled the records. Those who returned could possibly supply further such instances, and join forces to keep the Honour Roll up-to-date and the photographs in order. Broken glass is not a pretty sight.

Ex-students are happily identifying themselves with the School's sporting events. The names of Old Boys appear on the list of officials for the twenty-first Annual Sports' Meeting. Past and present students have met during the year at hockey and football. Cricket, it seems will have to wait until early next year.

The committee will meet in the near future to arrange for some form of re-union to take place at the end of the year.



## SYDNEY UNION

This year is an eventful one in the history of Newcastle High School. At last an Ex-Students' Union has been formed—or rather two unions have been formed. In April, the first meeting was held and now in August, two flourishing unions have been formed.

Mr. J. Short convened the first meeting at the Teachers' College, a meeting which was only poorly attended, especially by the men. However, the committee then elected have now been able to show good results for their work.

At the inaugural meeting the following officers were elected: President pro-tem, Mr. J. Short; Secretary (and Treasurer pro-tem) Mr. M. R. Callaghan; and the committee comprised Miss G. Gray, B.A., Miss M. Jenkins, Miss B. Young, Mr. J. Monaghan, Mr. I. Punton, the President pro-tem, and the Secretary.

Shortly afterwards a successful meeting was held at which Mr. Monaghan was elected President in place of the Acting-President Mr. J. Short, and Mr. K. Riley was elected Vice-President.

At this meeting, a social committee was elected to arrange for a dance and meeting in Newcastle. This consisted of: Misses Richards, B.A., Brent, B.A., and Jenkins, and Messrs. Clayton, Punton, Monaghan, Riley and Callaghan.

Although they were working under a very big handicap in trying to arrange a dance over one hundred miles away, they were able, with the assistance of Mr. Wal. Hoskings to arrange a very successful dance in Newcastle. Thus did the Union begin in Newcastle; and now, from all report, the parent Union is to be a great success and Newcastle High School will shortly have one of the strongest Ex-Students' Unions in the State as it undoubtedly should have.

I would like here to put on record, the gratitude of all the Old Novocastrians to Mr. Jim Short by whose able assistance the Union in Sydney made it's first steps.

On the 28th July, the Sydney Ex-Students held a successful dance in Christchurch Hall, which was decorated for the occasion with the old

School Colors, Royal Blue and Red. Although the Old Boys did not support it as well as they might have, the dance was a success and the committee feel that as an initial effort, it was most encouraging.

Of the thirty-seven students from last year who went to Sydney, no less than twelve are now attending the University, a much bigger percentage than in former years. To correct an error in last issue of the "Novocastrian," Daisy Motum, Frank Rundle, Howard Cromarty, Harry Clayton and Murray Callaghan were the ones who gained exhibitions last year at the Leaving Certificate Examinations.

Frank Rundle and Howard Cromarty both represented their colleges in rowing at the recent Regatta. Godfrey Donaldson (Engineering 3), stroked St. Andrews to victory early in the year in the Championship Eights. Harry Thomas (Engineering 3) also represented his faculty in the Inter-Faculty Eights. In the world of sport, Newcastle Ex-Students are well to the fore.

Reay Hedley reached the Teachers' College "A" team and went to Melbourne with that team for the Inter-Collegiate Sports. Ethel Heery also went to Melbourne in the "A" Hockey team. Nettie Truscott and Mildred Young play in the College "B" team.

In football, Newcastle is perhaps best represented. Colin McMullen who played  $\frac{3}{4}$  for the 1st XV last year, and also captained that team, is now playing full back for University 1st XV (Rugby Union). Newspaper reporters claim him to be a very worthy successor to Alec. Ross, whose fame is well-known. We wish to congratulate "Bill" on reaching this position.

Jack Allison and Murray Callaghan played throughout the season for the Teachers' 1st XV in the Rugby Union Competition. In Soccer, Herb. Collins, Harold Young, Kev. Riley, Will Paterson and Pat. Bannon play for the Teachers' College, and Herb. Collins recently gained a position in a combined Competition game. Ivor Punton is now playing for Canterbury 1st Grade team, and is often mentioned in newspaper reports as playing very good football.

Jack O'Donnell is our star tennis representative, and just missed selection in the team to go to Melbourne.

At Athletics Newcastle is well represented. At the recent College Sports, five old Novocastrians competed in the Mens' Championships. Ivor Punton succeeded in winning the 100 yards in the very excellent time of 10  $\frac{4}{5}$  secs., and was second in the Broad Jump. "Cal" reached the finals in both the 100 yards and 220, but only reached fifth and fourth places respectively. Harry Clayton and Herb. Collins started in the High Jump. Harry tied for second in the High Jump at 5' 2" and Herb. was not placed. Harry was fourth in the hurdles. Goffet ran a good race in the

880 but was beaten out of a place. Ivor Punton was Newcastle's only representative in the team that went to Melbourne. He was beaten, however, in the Hundred Yards, by McKinnon whom he decisively beat in Sydney.

In the track events for women Newcastle was not represented at all; but practically all the girls took part and represented their sections at Tunnel Ball.

In conclusion, we wish the School the best of luck at the C.H.S. Sports, and in the Hooke Cup at Taree, and last but not least in the Examinations to be held in November.

(Sgd.) M. R. CALLAGHAN,  
 Hon. Sec., Sydney Old Novocastrians' Union.

Very much of what High School boys and girls read or should read to meet the needs of growing life, they should read with a complete sense of freedom, with no afterthought of being questioned upon it, of having to form opinions or pass judgements of any sort. That is to say that the library, helpful in the elementary school, is an indispensable to the true end of literature in the High School. Books of a vital sort should be accessible and the book room attractive.

What is a Communist? One who has yearnings  
 For equal division of equal earnings;  
 Who in proof of his principles is always willing  
 To fork out his penny and pocket your shilling.

—Ebenezer Elliott

\* \* \* \*

He who would thoroughly know the vanity of men has only to consider the causes and effects of love. The cause is a je ne sais quoi, an indefinite trifle—the effects are monstrous. If the nose of Cleopatra had been a little shorter, it would have changed the history of the world.

—Pascal.

\* \* \* \*

Though the mills of God grind slowly, yet they grind exceedingly small;  
 Though with patience He stands waiting, with exactness grinds He all.

—Longfellow

## Local History

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The contributions which follow are an indication of the wealth of matter which is at hand for the student who shows any interest in the locality or who has any genuine affection for his home district.

It would be advisable for contributors to secure photos of interesting places, to illustrate their contributions. The photo makes an appeal to the eye. Besides, there is the satisfaction of having a permanent record. This is very necessary for "the searching feet of change" are altering rapidly the whole district.

With next issue we propose to begin the publication of extracts from documents. These will illustrate the development of the city and district.

All interested are asked to bring in any matter which comes to their hand which may be of interest for this section of the Magazine. All matter will be filed or a copy taken and the original returned to the owner. Many families in Newcastle must have letters, documents, etc., of abiding interest. Would it be too much for them to allow us to peruse them and take extracts for publication? Should they agree to this, they will be doing much to foster interest in the development of the district.

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### EARLY BUILDINGS OF NEWCASTLE

In the history of any city it is always interesting to know something of the early building, therefore let us turn our attention to the buildings of this old and famous city of Newcastle.

The first public building of which there is any record was the old gaol, which was erected on the hill near Fort Scratchley, or "Fiddlesticks," as it was called by the convicts. The building was substantially constructed of brick, stone and hardwood. It was a two storey building, surrounded by a wall 12 feet high. The foundations were of stone and the walls of brick. In the interior of the structure, wide corridors ran the entire length of the building, on either side of which were strongly barred cells. The upper storey was built in a similar manner. In the gaol yard, various instruments of torture stood out prominently, which conduced to the everlasting terror of the convicts. Outside the walls stood a cottage which was occupied by the lepes and "turnkeys"; through this cottage an entrance was effected to the interior of the goal.

One of the oldest and best-known landmarks of old Newcastle was a windmill, erected on the site of the present obelisk. It was built in 1819; the building, which was surmounted by four huge Dutch arms, being made of brick. Another on a smaller scale was put up lower down the hill, but it was of wood, and after being used to crush a little wheat into flour, it fell into decay. The other, however, was for many years a navigator's mark. When it was pulled down in 1847, such an outcry was aroused by the sea-faring people, that the present obelisk was erected by the Government and completed in 1850.

Then we think of Nobby's, although it cannot be called a building, it is one of the most prominent landmarks of Newcastle. About 1816. Captain Wallis experienced a great deal of trouble with some of the female convicts; therefore Nobby's Island was made a Penitentiary for refractory women. Later on, in the year 1854, it narrowly escaped being blown up, on the plea of its being an obstruction to the navigation of the port. As there was however, such an outcry among the residents of Newcastle, the idea was abandoned, but it was decided to cut away 30 feet of the top.

—"YVONNE," PHYLIS CHARGE, 4A.

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### GROWTH OF NEWCASTLE'S COAL TRADE

The first discovery of coal in Australia was made in the Newcastle district in June, 1796, when some fishermen took pieces of coal to Sydney, saying that they had found it in a bay near Port Stephens.

In September 1797, a field was discovered by Lieutenant Shortland at the mouth of the Hunter River. The Governor took no steps to work this field on account of the lack of small craft to take the coal to Sydney, and the fear of mutinies of the convicts at sea. Private merchants were allowed to collect small cargoes, however, and some of these shipped cargoes to India towards the end of 1799. This was the first export of coal from the colony. In August 1880, a cargo was collected from the shores of Lake Macquarie.

On the arrival of Governor King, the only expert miner in the colony, a convict, with a life sentence, was set to search for the mineral in the neighborhood of Sydney. As he was unsuccessful and the Colonial Office had been ordered to send coal to the Cape of Good Hope, the Governor despatched an expedition under Colonel Paterson, to the Hunter River in June 1801, and, having received a favorable report, established a small penal settlement there to procure coal and timber.

On the 3rd July, 1801, Governor King issued an order declaring that all coal and timber of the Hunter River district was the exclusive property

of the crown, and stating that persons engaged in the coal trade must be licensed.

Coal was now obtained for colonial use, several cargoes were sent to India, and in 1801 a first shipment was made to the Cape.

In 1802 King closed the establishment on account of administrative difficulties, but it was reopened in March, 1804, under the name of Newcastle. The Government monopoly was maintained until 1831, when the mines were taken over by the Australian Agricultural Company.

Commissioner Briggs had visited Newcastle in 1820, when only twenty-seven convicts were employed in raising coal and a little later the whole revenue derived from the industry was £500 a year. Brigg therefore recommended that the mines should be leased for a term of years an annual rent and a proportion of the coal being preserved for the crown.

On the 6th August, 1828, Governor Darling was ordered to transfer to the Australian Agricultural Company, two blocks, one of 1500 acres and the other of 500 acres in the Hunter River district and to cease operations in the mine as soon as the Company was ready to take control. If the Company did not in any year raise a certain amount of coal, the Colonial Office could resume the mines.

In 1831 the Company took over the mines, and to avoid competition, protested against the opening of the Western Port or Bulli coal-field. The working of these mines was not stopped, however, and in 1850 the Governor cancelled the reservation of coal made in all former grants and the Australian Agricultural Company had to face increasing competition.

Of late years, the centre of the northern coal-field has shifted to the Maitland district, which was found to be very rich in coal, and the coal areas extend beyond Cessnock and as far north as Muswellbrook.

—“POLLUX.”

## CARRINGTON

Among the suburbs of Newcastle, from a historical point of view as far as shipping is concerned, Carrington ranks first. It is not generally known that Carrington was originally an island, but has since been joined to the mainland. In the first instance it was called Onebegamba and was connected with Newcastle by a bridge to Hunter Street at the site of the present Honey-suckle Workshops. It was later known as Bullock Island, which was further altered to its present name after the Governor-General of the time.

Originally a mass of swamps, it was reclaimed by Government Sand Pumps, and to-day, besides being a popular residential suburb with fine streets, and every street in the suburb kerbed and guttered with concrete, it has the most modern facilities for coal loading operations.

The first cranes utilised for coal loading were of steam power, but were later superseded by fixed hydraulic cranes. A further improvement was made by installing movable hydraulic cranes which can be moved by their own power on rails, along the wharf to suit the position of the vessels. Some years ago, six electric cranes (also movable) were installed on the western side of the Inner Basin, and have proved highly successful. At present there are nine fixed hydraulic, seven movable hydraulic, and six electric cranes.

With the installation of hydraulic capstans and motor tractors for hauling the coal waggons to the cranes, Carrington is now well equipped with modern appliances. The whole of the local loading operations are carried on under the control of the New South Wales Government Railways.

—KEITH DYET, 3A.

## OLD HAMILTON

It is now 56 years since Hamilton was incorporated in 1871. The creation of the suburb into a municipality on December 11th, 1871, marked the beginning of a new era in the history of the first coal-mining centre of the Newcastle district.

It will be, perhaps, interesting to some to learn that the early names given to the place were, 'Pit-town,' 'Borehole,' and 'Happy Flat,' but on the change of name to that of Hamilton, these designations gradually disappeared.

In 1826, the Australian Agricultural Company obtained the sole right of working the seams of the Newcastle district, of which Hamilton formed a portion. In 1848, a 10 feet seam of coal was found opposite St. Peter's Church of England on Cameron's Hill. A borehole was put down and a shaft was completed in 1849. From the borehole there and others in the immediate neighborhood, the place received its name.

"Pit-town" was situated somewhere about Beaumont Street. It was the residential quarters for the miners engaged at the pits. "Happy Valley" was in a more southerly direction.

It is only in fancy that the condition of the streets prior to incorporation can be pictured. There were no properly made streets from any part of the boundary line, neither was there a decent main road from Newcastle to Wallsend. All travelling was along tracks, well protected with scrub on both sides.



Broadmeadow, on the west side, was full of quagmires in wet weather, and plenty of dust when westerlies were blowing. There were no enchanting scenes there in those days.

Adamstown, a little further afield, had a solitary wayside public house and half a dozen scattered dwellings, with a store or two of modest dimensions. The main road from Newcastle to Charlestown, Belmont and Swansea at this period was along Darby Street Newcastle, over the Glebe Hill, and thence to the Lake.

On the northern boundary of Hamilton with Wickham, were large bush paddocks as far as Waratah. Islington on the other side of the railway line was called after the birthplace of Mr. Hubbard, who owned most of the land.

Denison Street, so named after Sir William Denison, an early Governor of N.S.W., was the principal street in Hamilton. Beaumont Street, which was a heavy sandy road, had a few dwellings and a thick scrub and ferns on either side. Houses generally were rude in construction, but built comfortably. They were few and far between, while the male population was mainly composed of coal miners. Such was the condition of the place before the Municipality was proclaimed.

Early in 1871, a few of the residents met in the old National School-room, where they discussed the bad state of the roads, and decided that something must be done to improve them. A deputation was appointed to wait upon Mr. Merewether, superintendent of the A.A. Company, to ask for a boundary line for the municipality to be defined. A petition was then prepared, signed and presented to Governor King asking that "Borehole" be created a municipality. The request was granted and eventually gazetted. It was decided that the name should be changed to "Hamilton," in honor of the Governor of the Company. Steps were taken to elect six Aldermen and on February 20th, 1872, the first Council Meeting was held in the Mechanics Institute.

Who would believe that Gregson Park which is now one of the prettiest resorts of the suburb was in a most primitive state with a creek running through it, when the Council first acquired it?

Although trains have been passing along the Great Northern Railway from Newcastle to Maitland for over 15 years, Hamilton, half a century ago, was without a station. The only convenience for the travelling public was a platform with a small structure erected thereon and a pigeon-hole through which tickets were bought.

From the earliest history the suburb has had a school. The first was under the old National System. The school was close to what is now the St. Peter's Church of England. Mr. Matthew Willis, senior, was the first teacher.

The first post-office at Borehole was at the corner of Denison and Webster Streets in a shop built by Mr. Webster.

St. Peter's Church of England in Winship Street is the oldest place of worship in the municipality. The first service was held in an old wooden building near the present church. It was used as a school during the week days, and was a place of worship on Sundays.

Hamilton was, for many years, the trysting ground for athletic events, some of the most memorable were run in Beaumont Street. The grounds of Cameron's old Queen's Arms Hotel were a popular track for many years, but recently the old public house has been demolished.

In a little more than half a century the progress of Hamilton has been remarkable, and its future is full of hope.

—JEAN BRENT, 5B.

## THE DEVELOPMENT OF ELECTRIC LIGHT IN NEWCASTLE

Electric light in Newcastle goes back as far as 1890 and at that time the Lambton Council made a start with a small plant, which was evidently ill designed, and seemed doomed to failure from the beginning.

Ex-Alderman M. J. Moroney may be said to be the grand-father of the infant which has since grown into manhood. He established electric light in Cook's Hill, in connection with sports meetings which he organised. A little time after this, when he was an Alderman, he succeeded in persuading the Newcastle City Council to pass an Act of Parliament giving statutory authority to supply electricity in Newcastle district. Following this up, he persuaded the Council to purchase and equip a generating station which was then thought to be modern. This however has passed into the limbo of forgotten things. One of the convincing factors in connection with such a development was the price of gas at that time as shown by a recent advertisement of the Gas Company to have been fifteen shillings per thousand feet.

The history of this second electrical infant in this district indicated a dyspeptic temperament, previous by inclined towards convulsions from which it almost succumbed. Although the Act of Parliament under which the business was established dates back as far as 1892, no progress of any practical value was made until 1912. Statistics show that in 1911, there was a total of 397 customers and the number of units sold amounted to 750,000 and that this brought in a revenue of £8,878 with a loss of £1,500. Small coal at that time was seven shillings a ton and the wages for a laborer were seven shillings per day and those of a tradseman nine shillings

a day. All essential supplies were correspondingly low in price. Current was sold at fourpence a unit but competition with gas at three and six per thousand cubic feet as against fifteen shillings formerly, was an exceedingly difficult matter due to the fact that up to 1910 and 1911 the development of the present tungsten electric lamp had not taken great strides and less economical lamps retarded progress.

Very wisely the Councils of those years listened to advice and began to extend the business outside the confines of the City of Newcastle into Wickham, Hamilton, Carrington and then gradually throughout the entire district. The war limited the rate of expansion but, nevertheless paved the way for very considerable expansion as the price of gas steadily advanced from three and sixpence in 1911, while the price of electricity either remained stationary or was reduced. All the settled portion of Newcastle District is now supplied by the Newcastle City Council and at a cost lower to the public than it was before the war. Tarro, Hexham and Raymond Terrace now desire to be included in the area of supply and in that event the Council will supply a population of approximately 134,000.

Illustrative of the growth of this district and consequently of the Electric Supply, it has been ascertained that the Council sold 26,000,000 units of electricity with a revenue of £195,000 and a net surplus of over £10,000. Although the cost of coal has risen to twenty shillings a ton and the wages of a laborer to sixteen shillings a day, and those of a tradesman to over twenty shillings a day, the price of current is lower than it was prior to the war.

Electric lighting, more popular than ever, is accompanied by an ever-increasing use of electric power, electric heating and cooking, electric refrigeration and ventilation and hundreds of other applications. Much of the prosperity of this district is due to the large number of units of electric current used per head per annum. Industrial and commercial supremacy is, in these days, linked inseparably with an ever-increasing use of electricity for every purpose possible to enhance production and to make every individual of the community more efficient.

—C. W. A., 3A.

## TORONTO

The name Toronto, was first selected by the Excelsior Land Investment and Building Company and Bank Limited as a compliment to Edward Hanlan, champion oarsman of the world, who hailed from Toronto, Canada, and who was in Sydney at the time when the Toronto subdivision was opened up for the public.

The district was named Derambamba, and the immediate locality Punter on the earliest maps. Punter is now called Coal Point. The aboriginals called Toronto Pondee.

The first white inhabitant was Rev. Lancelot Edward Threlkeld, who arrived in Sydney in 1824. He was a member of the London Missionary Society.

Late in the year 1824, Rev. Threlkeld selected Toronto as the field of his labors, and by 1825, he had established a mission station, properly equipped and under the auspices of the London Missionary Society. The site occupied by the mission house is now covered by the Toronto Hotel.

The facts are established that at one time a mission camp was settled at Coal Point, and later another attempt was made at Broughton Point, now mis-named Bolton Point, which is evidence that the missionary was experiencing difficulty in his endeavour to enlighten the aborigine, and as they moved from place to place so he followed them; very old fruit trees and remnants of old huts confirm this impression.

In 1841, the mission was closed owing to the almost total extinction of the tribes in the district of Lake Macquarie.

On 28th February, 1846, the area described below was transferred to Ralph Robey, of Sydney.

"1280 acres, County of Northumberland and Lake Macquarie, bounded on the west by a line bearing north ninety one chains to creek commencing at the head of a small creek; on the north by that creek and Lake Macquarie and also on the east and south by the Lake. Granter, Sir George Gipps.

It was not until the year 1885 that the formation of Toronto township became prominent, a fact which was solely due to the operations of the Excelsior Land Investment and Building Company and Bank Limited, who had acquired the original Toronto grant from Messrs. Whiting and McMahan, and in 1887 they purchased the hundred feet reservation from the Crown.

The total purchase money, according to the information supplied by the Excelsior Company was £13,722., and in memory of the strange error of the Captain, Governor named the heads of the Lake, "Reid's Mistake." The Captain evidently thought he was in the Hunter River.

—"CICERO," 4A.

Sow an act, reap a habit;  
Sow a habit, reap a character;  
Sow a character, reap a destiny.

—Unknown Author

## WALSH ISLAND GOVERNMENT DOCKYARD

In February, 1913, the Commonwealth Government took over the Cockatoo Island Dockyard, where the bulk of the State repairing and construction work in iron and steel had been carried out. As a result, it became necessary to find another site for a works to meet the State requirements and on the 14th June, 1913, the foundation stone of the Government Dockyard, Walsh Island, was laid by the Hon. A. Griffith, Minister for Public Works, although about twelve months elapsed before production work of any magnitude commenced.

The Dockyard is well situated for an Engineering and Shipbuilding Establishment, being immediately opposite the Broken Hill Pty. Co's Steel Works, from which supplies of raw material can be readily obtained, and in close proximity to subsidiary industries and the northern coal fields.

The area covered by the Works is 145 acres and a further 105 acres are immediately available for extension.

The establishment comprises extensive and up-to-date workshops, which permit of the efficient carrying out of large contracts. The Principal shops are:—Mould Loft, Shipyard, Bridgeyard, Pattern Yard, Blacksmith's Shop and Forge, General Foundry, Machine Shop, Boiler Shop, Joiners' Shop, Pipe Foundry, Car Shop, Plumbers and Coppersmiths.

Attached to the Shipyard are three slipways on which vessels have been constructed up to 6,000 tons gross register. There are two patent slipways capable of slipping vessels up to 900 tons.

These Works carry out the Governmental requirements in the way of the construction of vessels, manufacture of cast iron and mild steel pipes, bridge building and general engineering work, and recently the Dockyard has entered into the field of rolling stock construction for the New South Wales Railways. The new steel carriages which are required in connection with the electrification of the Metropolitan Railway System are being manufactured at the Island. There are 200 of these to build.

Amongst the work carried out during the Dockyards history might be mentioned the Bucket Dredge "Hunter," and the attendant self-propelled Hopper Barges "Lismore" and "Grafton" together with ferry steamer "Mildred" and tugs "Moruya" and "Eden," all of which can be seen carrying out the work for which they were required, in Newcastle Harbor. Four (4) trawlers were also built at Walsh Island as well as the ferry punt for the Georges River at Tom Ugly's Point, the Taren Point ferry and a similar vehicular ferry for Grafton. Two (2) of the largest ferry steamers running between Circular Quay and North Sydney (the "Koompartoo" and "Kuttalbul") were built at these Works as well as the vehicular ferry "Kooroon-gabba." All of these ferries were taken to Sydney under their own steam.

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During the war, the Dockyard constructed (entirely) six (6) steamers of 5,500 to 6,000 tons gross register, as well as carrying out other national work in the way of the manufacture of shells and the construction of aeroplane parts. It will thus be seen that these extensive works were able to play an important part with the rest of the Empire in the Great War.

The pipe line from Chichester Dam to Newcastle for the amplification of the water supply was constructed at Walsh Island. These pipes are 3ft. 6in. in diameter and were constructed of mild steel, there being in all, 44 miles of this pipe line.

Pipes as large as 6 feet in diameter for the Sydney Water Supply were also manufactured by the electrically welded process at these Works.

Three (3) coastal vessels for Messrs. Dorman Long and Company were constructed to be used in the conveyance of material and stone from the quarry at Moruya for the Sydney Harbor Bridge.

It is interesting also to note that the Turbine Casings for the Bunnerong Power Station in connection with the electric power scheme of the Sydney City Council, are at present under construction at the Dockyard.

In the near future, work will be commenced on the Floating Dock which will be of 15,000 tons capacity and will form a decided adjunct to the facilities for oversea shipping in Newcastle Harbor. The Floating Dock will be constructed in three (3) sections, the total length being 630 feet and the width 113 feet; the weight of the hull will be 6,330 tons and the gross weight including all machinery, 7,660 tons. When the full capacity of the Dock is utilised, the time occupied in lifting the vessel in the Dock will be 3½ hrs.

Newcastle boys will, no doubt, follow with interest the progress of the construction of this Dock which will mean so much to this particular district in the way of increased employment and the raising of the status of Newcastle as a shipping port.

—F. TENNANT, 3B.

## ANSWERS TO CONTRIBUTORS

"Keina," Secure a photograph, and article will be published; F.E.M., Article requires expanding; E.Lowery, Jean O'Donnell, Held over till photograph is secured; Subscriber, Re-write; C.G., 3A., Re-write; H.R., Held over; Tourist, Too Brief; J.H.B., 3A., J.D., 3A., Crowded out owing to large number of articles on same topic; A.R., 3AC., Crowded out; X.Y.Z., More detail required; "Traveler," Crowded out; A.H., 4A., Not local!; K.A., Too brief. Secure full information.; J.S., 3B., "Student."



## IMPRESSIONS OF THE SEA

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Isolated from the mass of people which throng the beach I settle down with my face turned towards the murmur of the sea. Yet, really, I am not isolated, for my imaginative powers, the golden key to all my "Castles in the Air," have accompanied me.

I breathe a sigh of contentment, and, gazing over the shimmering, ever-moving waters—I feel the sea my confidant and bosom friend.

The waves that creep slowly up the golden sands seem to bring a feeling of peace and satisfaction. I experience that delightful feeling that radiates through the world on the first breath of Spring. I forget the grim contra-variety of interests; I forget the narrow lane where men strive with one another in chivalrous contention.

Then, the great looming, angry breakers that whip the foam into a frenzy and entice but the most daring of surfers, to me also appeal.

"You are only a mere atom of this wonderful world," a deep voice cries amid their thunder. "Listen! and we will tell you of countries far-removed."

My imagination transports me to foreign lands.

How I love the sea when the waters rise and swell! What gigantic force of nature, what unknown, unheard mysterious agent drives the waters into a rage and frenzy? This restless mood seems to tell me not to be content with a mere existence but to aim high and live—live in the truest meaning of the word.

"I love the sea, the beautiful sea,  
I love its up and down motion.  
When I feel blue I know what to do,  
I pack up and go to the ocean."

— T.I.B., 4B.

## THE SEA BY NIGHT

The mystic sky is dewed with stars, that shed their silvery light o'er the gloomy expanse of deep blue ocean, as they shimmer in their radiant glory.

Softly, the wind murmurs her soothing lullaby to the patient rocks, to the great dim, white-capped breakers, and to the spirits of the sea—the spirits of the restless, magnificent sea.

The silver trail of the rising moon, glimmers in new-found beauty over the sea, as the great golden disc herself, looms in the tranquil setting of purple velvet.

Amid the exquisite hush forever attending the majestic awakening, that is known to us as "the rising of the moon." The veil of gloom is slowly lifted and the treasures of the moon displayed. To the very horizon dance a glittering horde of scintillating diamonds, replacing the mysterious blue-black gloom that before represented the ocean.

Now the moon has acquired her creamy splendour and sails through the heavens.

—"ELENOR."

## AN IDEAL RESERVE

In Wingham, after lunch, with a good three hours to yourself, you invariably take a walk in the bush, one of the town's reserves. It is, perhaps, the most beautiful strip of Australian woodland that I have even seen, and reserved, makes what I call an ideal park.

Once through a creaking stile, a narrow path, which immediately enters the forest, leads you to all the most pleasing spots. It is matted with fig leaves—Nature's carpet, so that an intruder may not awaken one of her slumbering children—chequered with brown and gold as the sun struggles down amidst the branches and vines.

You are coming to a magnificent fig tree, hung with a wondrous tapestry of green and white, whose roots stand from one to ten feet out of the earth. Here, snuggling in a bed of leaves, between two of these roots, is a cosy little seat; and two roots away, that is some twenty feet, is a bower-bird's playground, with its finely woven triumphal arch of sticks and twigs. At intervals a ray sparkles on a piece of glass, or reveals a piece of colored material. These birds are very timid, and if someone is heard approaching, they immediately break down their arch, and flee for their lives.

You wander further. Through the undergrowth you catch sight of an opening in the trees, and, on investigating, find a still silent, in parts slimy lagoon covered with a wondrous quilt of the tiniest pink water-lillies. A disturbed rat scampers off, jumps into the water, and the water ripples on beneath the flowers. This clean smooth rock is an animal's drinking place; from that mossy root parents sit to watch their children swinging on the monkey ropes, or gathering beautifully green maiden-hair ferns with slender black stalks. A host of these ferns always suggest to me a miniature forest.

The path now leads you round a trunk into a hollow ablaze with red and ripe wild strawberries. Of course you eat them, no one could resist them. But while there, you must look out for snakes.

Your appetite satisfied, if you wish, you can have a drink from the sparkling little stream issuing from the bushes over a gravel bed of reddish-brown. This little stream is full of the most wonderfully colored pebbles, one or two of which you dry on your handkerchief and put into a pocket.

You move on. An iguana, disturbed when you tripped over a hidden vine stalk, scurries up a tree trunk, only to be met by a brave little 'possum which has come down to protect its babies in a warm nest of bark in the hollow of the tree, from this unwelcome guest. I once witnessed a fight between an opossum and an iguana and strange to say, the 'possum was victorious.

In that tall gum yonder, is a nest of squawking magpies, and in the brush beyond the most typically Australian notes of a whip-cracker resound. While searching in vain for this bird you are surprised by the extraordinary number of birds flitting silently here and there, just at this time.

Thus you can wander on, picking up a wild apple here, a wild violet there, and by the time you think of going home you have samples of everything that caught your eye. Next time you take this walk you end up with an entirely different collection. It is on account of this fact, that the Wingham bush continually holds out new and hitherto unnoticed beauties to the contemplative walker, that makes it an ideal garden park. It is indeed, a corner of Eden.

A.K.

Do the work that's nearest,  
Though 'tis dull at whiles,  
Helping when you meet them  
Lame dogs over stiles.

—Charles Kingsley.

## A DREAM GARDEN

As the pearly mist of the night was lifted like a mantle from the earth, a radiance spread over the east. It was the sun, rising like ball of fire above the horizon; higher and higher he rose, driving the mettlesome steeds who draw his fiery chariot across the sky.

There was the garden, truly "a lovesome thing," set amid a wild luxuriance of foliage. The rustle of the grasses, the scent of the roses, all were wafted on a gentle zephyr.

The rose arbour, set in the centre, was covered with clusters of white unblemished roses, the emblem of purity. Ah! how the rose arbour could tell of many a soft scented night, when soft laughter and whispered words had floated from her recesses.

A moss grown path of cobbled stones led to a pool fringed with daffodils  
"They stretched in never-ending line,  
Along the margin of a bay.  
Ten thousand saw I at a glance  
Tossing their heads in spritely dance."

The water lapped caressingly on the side of a river-boat gently swaying at the sighing of the wind. The water-lilies uncapped their wax-like petals as the light of day heightened, showing the delicate coloring of their petals.

From the fountain cool water gushed forth, sending a life-giving spray to the tender ferns that encircled the rim.

A Garden is a lovesome thing,  
God wot  
Rose plot  
Fringed pool  
Fern grot

Life is a jest, and all things show it;  
I thought so once, and now I know it.

—John Gray.

A GLIMPSE OF NATURE

It is a beautiful day in Summer.

A little crystal brook bubbles over the stones and hurries on its way. It has no time for anyone.

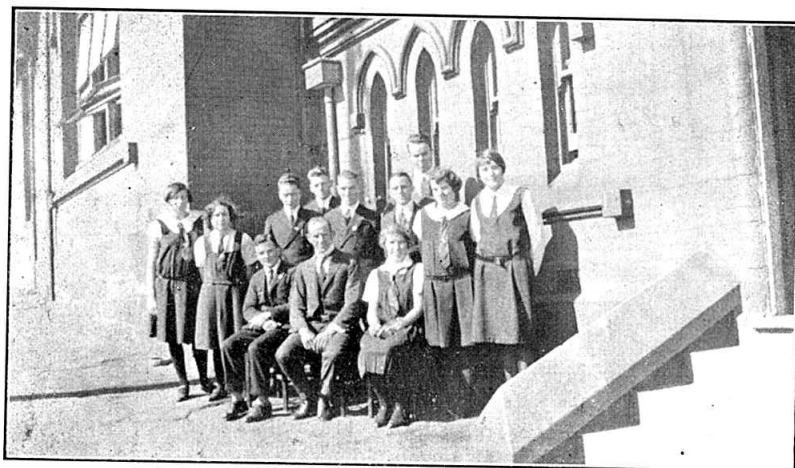
Its banks are thickly bordered with trees in which many kinds of brightly coloured birds are singing gaily and building their nests.

The perfume of Orange blossoms floats in the air and mingles with the scent of many wild flowers.

Bees are droning, lazily humming, as they gather the honey from the flowers.

If you look farther up the banks of this beautiful stream, you may see a red-tiled farmhouse, and in the distance hundreds of sheep grazing beneath the great purple hills that lift their dark outlines against the cloudless summer sky, and beyond those hills lies a dimpling sea of ripening wheat.

—M. REYNOLDS, 1B.



THE PREFECTS—1927.

THE FUTURE

Peace reigned over the world. Not a sound was to be heard save the low moaning of the wind as it glided past the trees and houses. I sat dreaming of the wonders of literature, dreaming of the works of Virgil, of Horace and of Shakespeare. Presently a phantom, a mere shadow of a figure began to rise before me. Gradually it became more and more distinct, till at last it stood before me—a living being. It was Homer, the world's greatest poet. His face was quite colorless. I might have thought his statue had come to life, had he been blind, but his eyes were opened, he could see.

His face drawn, as if by pain, he spoke one word. "come." I went to him, to the father of literature, and its admirers. I felt that he was a father to me, and my whole being became filled with a new life. He moved and I followed him. I followed him as he glided swiftly yet gracefully past a hundred or more sleeping towns, the sleeping years of the future.

On and on we glided, till we came to the last town of our journey. It was quiet like the others, but yet not sleeping. We passed by busy streets till we reached a peaceful garden. Strangely, I recognised at once that it was an unborn school, a school to come to life some time in the distant future. My guide led me to the very heart of this garden. It was then that I noticed many buildings nestling among the trees. Following a winding path leading through the trees towards these buildings, we came suddenly upon a garden gate. Over this gate were written the words—"The Home of English Literature." We passed in. Once inside I stood amazed. There before me, stretched out a perfect Eden. Yet it was not an image of the first Eden, for children with laughing faces were wandering among the flowers and the trees. Others were seated in shady nooks writing. They were writing wonderful, dreamy descriptions of nature that were destined to brighten and cheer the outside world for many years to come. Others were reading of the troubles and cares of the people who had lived before them, and were asking their teachers, their friends of the world, to explain to them the meaning of "sorrow." In nooks of this garden were numerous pretty little cottages, the class-rooms used only in rainy weather. We wandered through this Eden, watching the laughing faces of the children, flowers at last set in a garden. I felt that I could have spent my life gazing at them, but duty called me on.

In a distant corner stood a larger building. It was built of white marble columns—an imitation of the Grecian and Roman temples. As we approached, the pained expression left the face of my guide. Eagerly and im-

petuously he rushed me on. Once there, he left me alone, while he hurried to greet his friends—the spirits of the poets and Gods of Greece and Rome. They were all there tranquil and happy in their beautiful home. Some were bending over children, helping by their presence, to make understood the marvels and wonders of ancient Greece and Rome, while others greeted their king. Perfect silence reigned and yet a spirit of happiness blended itself with the atmosphere. I might have remained there forever had not the children become uneasy. They felt that near them, somebody unworthy to tread on the threshold of their temple, was standing. Their fear called my guide away from his joy. The pained expression returned to his face. He beckoned to me. Unwillingly, I followed.

Passing out of the garden, I saw many buildings. I recognised them for the class-rooms of other subjects yet to be discovered as well as subjects studied to-day. I longed, but could not stay, to examine them. My guide had tasted again supreme happiness, and was impatient to return to it. We passed back over the sleeping towns and once more I found myself in my home.

My guide gradually faded from my view. I knew that a great friend was leaving me, yet I did not attempt to call him back. He was going to his home of bliss, leaving us to strive to bring that wonderful garden closer to the coming generations.

—K. R.

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#### AUSTRALIAN POETRY

The bulk of the work of Australian Poets during the second half of the nineteenth century is as considerable as its merits are great. And its character shows an originality that had hitherto been lacking; an originality that separates it sharply from contemporary English and American verse, and gives it a position of its own in the literature of our language. The Canadian writers are full of the joy of achievement and the splendour of active life; but the heroism of a losing fight and the peace which follows man's inevitable last defeat, are the inspiration of Australian poets, who dwell on the hardships and sorrows of pioneering, of melancholy voices heard amid the solitudes of the bush, on work begun in hope and ended in death. (e.g., *Abandoned Selections*—W. H. Ogilvie; *The Dwellings of our Dead*—A. H. Adams; *Where the Dead Men Lie*—Barcroft H. Boake.)

—A. W. TILBY.

#### HOW "THE NEWCASTLE SUN" IS PRINTED

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In the publication of a newspaper, time is the essence of the contract, because each edition must be brought out at a certain time to catch suburban and country trains.

An electric clock is installed in the manager's office, and by this, every clock in the building is regulated, in order to secure co-ordination between all departments.

The sub-editor's room is the "heart" of the whole concern. Here, all the news from the Sun's reporters, from all over the world, is read and put into correct form for publication.

When the sub-editor has prepared the "copy," he sends it down to the next floor where it is handled by men in charge of linotype machines.

The newspaper matter is set up in metal by means of a linotype machine, after which it is conveyed to a bench where an operator sets it in a block the shape of the sheet of paper, and prepares it for the stereotyping room.

As an illustration of the necessity for punctuality in the printing of the paper, we were watching the setting of the metal lines, we were surprised to hear a man say, "Got one minute!" On enquiring into the cause for this exclamation, we found that one page was not quite finished, and only one minute remained before it must go into the stereotyping room.

In this stereotype room, a sheet of cardboard is placed on the setting, and a blanket over the top of this. The whole passes through a steel mangle, where the printing is pressed on to the cardboard, which is then spoken of as a "matrix."

The blanket is used to press down the parts that have to be white, and the parts that stand out are made black.

The "matrix" is next put in a "roaster," where it is dried, and then placed on an autoplate, which is a metal cylinder, and finally the impression on the "matrix" is engraved on the hot metal.

From the autoplate, the printing plate goes to the auto shaver, where it is bored and trimmed, after which it is run over water and brushed in order to cool and clean it.

When ready for use, an assistant on the printing press comes and takes all the prepared plates and places them on big steel rollers where they are locked in position.

The "Sun" uses American ink in the printing of the paper. They have a large tank in the basement, and when their supply of ink is running low, they replenish it by means of compressed air, which pumps the ink into an ink "duct" in the printing press. For each column in the newspaper, there is a screw which regulates the amount of ink used for each column.

The printing press is a very complicated piece of machinery, and is driven by an eighty horse-power motor. The rolls of paper, which are at the end of the press, are very large, and the paper is run off in such a way that two complete copies are printed at the same time, also the machine cuts and folds the papers ready for use.

The "Sun" printing machine running at the ordinary rate, produces 14 papers per second.

The roller system of printing has replaced the old system of printing by a plate moved backwards and forwards, for, with the rollers, a greater speed is attained.

The first thing I noticed, on entering the working room was the speed at which everyone worked. Every man had his particular 'job' and he did it in the shortest way possible.

There were no fumes in any part of the work shop, because of an air shaft, which carries them all away.

Waste is unknown in the "Sun's" works. All the clippings, which are left over when the plate is bored and trimmed, are placed in a melting pot and used a second time.

The printing of the "Sun" newspaper provides a fine example of the advantage of division of labor.

—SYDNEY BOWERS, 5A.

#### JOHN MACARTHUR—SHEEP BREEDER

John Macarthur wrote in 1794: "I purchased from an officer, sixty Bengal ewes and lambs which had been imported from Calcutta, and very soon afterwards I procured from the captain of a transport from Ireland two Irish ewes and a young ram. The Indian sheep produced coarse hair, and the wool of the Irish sheep was valued at no more than ninepence a pound. By crossing the two breeds, I had the satisfaction to see the lambs of the Indian ewes bear a mingled fleece of hair and wool. This circumstance originated the idea of producing fine wool in N.S.W."

## POETRY

### IN MEMORIAM

Ring out, old bells, to the blue sky,  
The smoky atmosphere below,  
The year is going, and the school,  
Ring out, old bell, and let it go.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,  
Ring out across the town below,  
The years have passed, we're waiting still,  
Ring in the school that is to be.

Ring out a slowly tumbling school  
Ring out the doubts within our minds,  
Ring in a statelier, nobler pile,  
Ring in the school, we yet may see.

Ring out the wants, the needs we feel,  
The faithless words of bygone powers  
Ring out the news we still may hear,  
Ring in the school that's yet to be.

Ring out the school with its faults,  
The crumbling walls and the decay  
Ring in a set of new ideals,  
Ring in the school that is to be.

—NITA PATTERSON, 5A.

Of all actions of a man's life, his marriage does least concern other people; yet of all actions of your life 'tis most meddled with by other people.

—SELDON: Table Talk.

\* \* \* \*

Spend no more time in stating the qualifications of a man of virtue, but endeavour to get them.

—Marcus Aurelius.



### DAME AUGUST

Fair August is a regal dame,  
 Her brow is crowned with roses;  
 For her the wattle blossoms flame  
 In golden glory overhead.  
 She bids the corn ears change to gold,  
 In many a sunlit harvest field;  
 For her the violets from their fold  
 A wealth of fragrant incense yield.

Her robes are golden as the corn,  
 Her nut brown locks wave in the air,  
 The rose flush in the sky at morn,  
 Is rivalled by her cheeks so fair.  
 Her mantle is of wattle bloom,  
 A fluffy soft and golden sheet;  
 And rose leaves full of rich perfume,  
 Spread forth a carpet at her feet.

—"LAUGHALOT," 4A.

### DEUS PATER

O' Father! We bless Thee,  
 All works of Thy hand  
 Extol Thee, confess Thee,  
 By sea and by land.

Thy beauty and glory  
 Are known to all men;  
 They praise Thee forever  
 And ever! Amen.

Thine arm hath delivered  
 Thy servants of old.  
 Hath broken and severed  
 The spears of the bold.

For praise and Thy glory  
 Men give their right hand,  
 They bow down before Thee;  
 To Thee they are bound.

At end of life's journey,  
 Bliss passing a man's ken  
 There, forever to praise Thee,  
 And ever! Amen.

—H. CARRUTHERS, 5A.

### CONTRIBUTIONS

The pile of scraps grows higher,  
 The fountain pen runs dry,  
 Young Billy Jones the writer,  
 Once more his wits doth ply.  
 And though he's tried for hours,  
 No hope does he now see,  
 Of sending in an entry,  
 Or writing poetry.

A week has filled the entry-box  
 With entries—quite a lot,  
 And many a self-styled author soon  
 Will catch it mighty hot!  
 For though their entries may be there,  
 And hard they've tried to work,  
 The Editor will soon point out  
 That all they did was "shirk!"

So authors, all take heed of this.  
 When next you try to write,  
 Don't send your contributions in,  
 Unless you're sure they're right.

—L. CRAIG, 3A.

### SPRING

Spring is coming, Spring is coming,  
 Winter's on the wing!  
 Storms have passed, and rainclouds vanished,  
 Soon the birds will sing;  
 Soon the wattle-buds will open,  
 Soon the bees will hum,  
 Soon the butterflies will flitter,  
 Now that Spring is come.

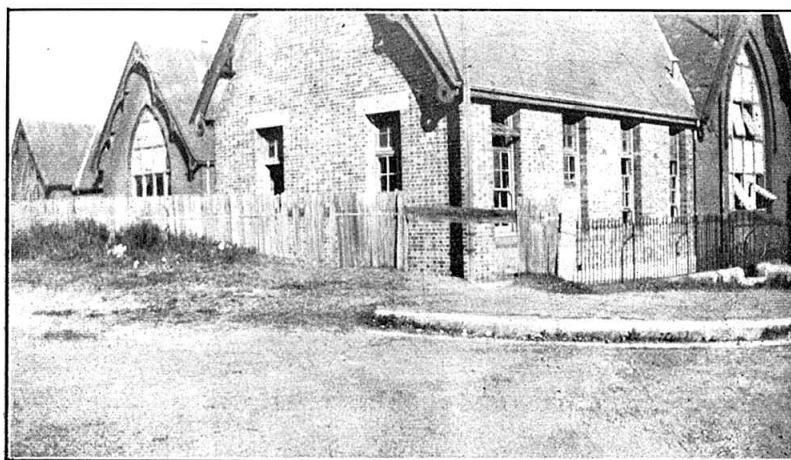
Laughing rivulets are running,  
 Over pebbly beds,  
 Humming bees are searching honey  
 In the flowers' bright heads.  
 All the bush-birds now are nesting,  
 Building for their young,  
 Now the locusts are a-drumming,  
 Now that Spring is come.

—J. SEMPLE, 1A.

A DREAM

Give me of your strength, cement plant!  
 Give me of your bars, O Steel Works!  
 Standing by the Hunter River,  
 In this rich and busy valley  
 I a new High School will build me,  
 Build light and airy rooms for children,  
 Rooms to shelter them in winter,  
 Rooms to keep them cool in summer;  
 Rooms that will not be too crowded  
 Time we spent upon these children  
 Money earned within their city,  
 Time we let them practise health rules  
 In a sanitary building.  
 Thus a new High School was builded  
 In the valley by the river  
 Not upon the lonely hill-top,  
 By the great, the strong man Davies,  
 And the children rose and blessed him  
 And the people voted for him,  
 Voted for him, ever after!

—H. HAWKE. 3A.



SCIENCE ROOM AND FENCE, N.H.S.

LIZZIE UNTAMED

I entered a garage—W. E. Rookem's—to find myself amongst an entanglement of cars of all types, and oily tins. Noticing a figure squirming about under one of these cars, I boldly announced to him that I wanted a Ford. The figure disentangled himself from a labyrinth of motor car entrails, and a smile broke the oily deposit on his face.

"You'd better see the manager, sir," he said, and getting down again, proceeded to tangle himself up again.

I walked about the shop and sought the manager. He was a tall man, with a hard-worn face, typical of the car agents.

"What can I do for you, sir?" he asked me.

I was growing nervous. "I—er—want a Ford; I understand you stock them," I jerkily managed to say.

"Most certainly, sir. Do you require a Sedan, Tourist model or Coupe?"

"Show me your stock," I said, and we set off for the show-room.

"Do you know anything about Fords?" he asked me.

"A few jokes," I said with a smile.

"Oh, well you will learn more than a few jokes shortly," he said.

I remember now, the tone in which he said that, but alas, I did not realise the meaning of his words then.

We soon came to a row of shining Fords. "What a jolly family," I said, chattily. The manager ignored me.

"This is a popular model," he said, "1929 model, petrol tank at rear, autovac feed, to seat five."

"I'm," I said and nodded, "autovac feed—but how often?"

The manager looked at me. "I beg your pardon sir, but how often what?"

"The autovac feed," I said.

Then something in the manager's face told me I had made a terrible mistake. I raised my hand.

"Never mind now. I want a smaller one than this. What is that one over there, in the brown suit?"

The manager shook his head and looked grave. "No," he said, "she is second-hand. Only came yesterday—kicks like a horse and everything else. I don't think you'd like that one, sir."

"I'm, kicks does she?"

I stretched myself out to my full 72 inches. "And do you not think I could break her of that nasty spirit?"

Again the manager shook his head. "More likely she'd break you first, sir."

"What do you want for her?" I said.

The manager closed his lips.

"She's cheap at £4/10/0," he said, "but I'll let her go at that. I warn you, sir, I can't recommend her."

"No," I said, "you want me to buy a new one with a first-class pedigree. Yes, I've heard of them—they get the huff and won't start. No. I have little brown Liz thanks. I'll soon teach her."

I produced my cheque book, and straight away settled my account.

"To have and to hold, till death do us part," I said, patting Lizzie on her foremost part.

"I sincerely hope death won't part you, sir" said he, "that car has a very bad reputation; she killed two men, injured six and broke four or five arms. "Well," I said, "I won't forget that you warned me."

"What about lessons, sir?" asked the manager.

"Yes," I replied, "I think I'd better just know how to handle her, I wouldn't like her to get the upper hand straight away."

"Then I'll get a man to take you out this afternoon. You will soon learn, they are all quite fool-proof."

"Thank you, I said, "I have no doubt I shall."

I looked at all the other Fords staring at me through their lamp-like eyes. Poor things! They had hoped to earn their living. I had turned them down! I was sorry, but I couldn't start a Ford farm.

Three days later I was deemed proficient enough to drive Liz home. For this great occasion, I bought a pair of goggles and borrowed an oil-stained coat from my brother. I wanted Liz to understand from the start, that I was an experienced car-tamer.

"So you have really come for her," the manager said eyeing me with admiration. "I'll have her brought out."

Soon my Lizzie was chugging fussily in the road. I went to her as the manager gave me a few final instructions.

"Don't forget to give her petrol, oil and water, and put a rug over her at night" he said.

"I shall nurse her like a child," said I. I will always see that she changes her shoes when she gets her feet wet."

With ease and grace, I jumped into Liz, and, smiling sweetly at the collection of garage hands and "post-holders" who had assembled about me, I released the brake. Lizzie gave a shudder, grunted, jumped a foot, and stopped. My happy smile began to lose its sunshine.

"Keep your foot on the clutch," said someone loudly, as if it was my fault. A man advanced and cranked her, and with a roar that thoroughly shook me, she started.

"Close your throttle," everyone yelled.

I knew I was losing my head. My collar felt like a piece of wet string, and around me there seemed to be a sea of jeering faces. There was no

brotherly love in their hearts, and they would enjoy standing by and watching me be knocked about by this piece of Fordhood!

With a tremendous effort I controlled my nerves. I concentrated on my clutch. I closed the throttle and I advanced the spark, what else could Liz want? I pressed a pedal, and after much persuasion, Liz went, but backwards, into a horse's nose. I quickly took my foot off the pedal and again Liz stopped with a snort.

"Where's your pram mister," some very cheeky urchin cried out. But I did not lose my head, clung on to it, and glancing around, noticed that I was beside a bowser.

The manager advanced.

"She was filled up this morning Sir."

I glared at him angrily.

"What do you think I backed for, then?"

I know the car must have petrol, and petrol she will have!" I said.

The manager clicked his teeth.

"How many?" he inquired.

"How many whats!" I snapped.

"Gallons."

"Quarter of a gallon will be plenty I said, and lit a cigarette while he pumped it up.

The manager clicked again—perhaps his teeth were loose. "You will have to get out."

"Why," I queried.

"Because you are sitting on the tank." "Am I?" I jumped out, but could see nothing. "It seems to have gone now," I said, "unless it is sticking to my trousers."

"The petrol tanks are installed here," the manager said coldly, as he lifted out the seat. He injected the juice, and the tank overflowed. Lizzie wouldn't hold that much, even for my sake!

"Now I have the satisfaction of knowing the tank is full," I said.

No one came forward to wind her up this time. So, bracing myself again to my 72 inches, I went round to her head as though I had lived with Fords all my life. Grasping the crank, I offered up a short sharp prayer, gave a short sharp twist, and sat down with a short sharp cry of anguish as the crank hit me forcibly in the side of the head, as though we were fighting world's Championships. I began to wonder if I would ever see home again.

The crowd was becoming hilarious, and I was afraid it might develop into a brawl.

"Is this free of charge, guv-nor?" a "post-holder" wanted to know.

There was laughter, people thought him funny. I rose, staunching the flow of blood from my ear, and looked at the manager.

"Get me out of this," I told him.

The manager proved to have some sympathy, for he took my place at Lizzie's head while I climbed into the driver's seat.

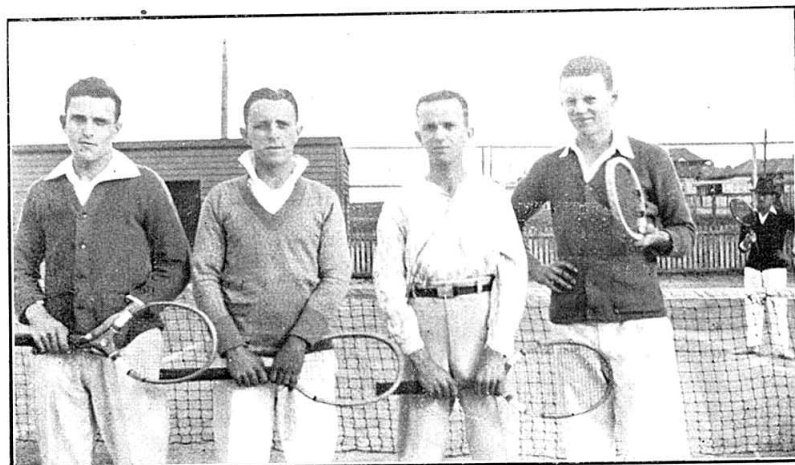
With my last grain of courage I throttled Liz down and slowly amidst cheers, Lizzie and I slid off in the right direction.

We did no serious damage on our way home. An old lady sniffing the air, as old ladies generally do, before crossing a thoroughfare, was given a nasty shock when Lizzie persisted in spinning round the corner on two wheels. The old lady jumped back rather hastily, and her back axle came in contact with a tree. I was sorry, but Liz wasn't, and wouldn't stop. A childless tricycle was unfortunately exterminated. Lizzie ground it into the dust before I could influence her, and then went "flying through the air yelping."

On arriving home, she kicked down the gatepost, and, just to show she still had some spirit left, she ran at her garage and put her nose through the end.

I am writing this beside my cosy fire. I am not the man I was—dark shadows are under my eyes, and my face is old and Ford-worn.

—BRUCE EWING



SENIOR BOYS' TENNIS TEAM.

Life is a very curious thing. One cannot ask one person to meet another without going through a sum of moral arithmetic.

—LORD BEACONSFIELD

## THE MYSTERIOUS WILL

Grim death had passed over the house of Joseph Brown, taking for its victim, Ebenezer Brown, his aged father. It was rumored that this man was very rich, but neither Joseph nor his young son Wallace had ever seen any indication of opulence. The old man had never made a will, and Joseph naturally thought that he never could have had any money after all. Some weeks after the death, Brown and his son looked through the old man's effects and found a small, mysterious ebony box, on which was carved some strange signs. It was indeed mysterious, as there seemed no manner or means of opening it. Brown, on thinking that it was only a piece of junk, throw it aside. As it struck the floor, both were amazed to see a cleverly concealed drawer shoot out. Wallace picked it up and handed it to his father. In the drawer lay a small envelope with Ebenezer's hand-writing on it which read—"To my dearly beloved son, Joseph, to be opened on the event of my death."—here Joseph, with feverish haste tore open the envelope. Great disappointment was resultant on the discovery of its contents—Down in the garden, near wattle trees, walk off from end either tree (signed) Ebenezer—To him this letter seemed but a frightful hoax. On finishing the letter, he gave it to his son to read, who suggested with boyish imagination, that it might have meant buried treasure.

Joseph, on remembering his father's eccentricities preceding his death, fell in with his son's suggestion, but the exact location it appeared, seemed to have been left out. The only clue was that it was somewhere near the wattle trees in their garden. Joseph read the contents of the letter over and over again, until he suddenly became aware that the initial letter of each word of the sentence gave the exact location—Down In Garden, Near Wattle Trees, Walk Off From End Either Tree. It thus read:—Dig NW two feet. This new version together with the other made at once the whole thing clear.

Joseph's face beamed with joy at the thought of his father's supposed fortune as it would decidedly save his business from complete ruin, as things weren't going well with him.

Joseph could hardly wait to carry out the instructions left by his father as an inheritance. He sent Wallace to the workshed to get a pick and a shovel, and armed with these, he and his son went to the spot described. The exact location was obtained with the help of a foot rule and a compass, and as soon as this was found, the pair were hard at work.

Joseph, trembling with excitement, dug into the soft earth, while his son looked on with eager anticipation. At last the father had struck something, which on further investigation, proved to be an old tin trunk, suggestive of mystery and pirate's treasure. The lid was forced open, but alas! to their dismay, they found only an old dilapidated cylindrical gramophone record. "All this for a mere nothing," said Wallace's father, "it must have

been a practical joke played on me by my old dad" he added further. "Never mind, dad," said Wallace, "It may serve to cheer us on a wet day!"

After the days' adventure, they went back into the house. Nothing more was thought about the incident, until one wet day, when it was safer to be indoors than out, Wallace remembered about the old record, and he thought he would try it on the gramophone. So he got it out of the cupboard and placed it on the table, and proceeded to play it. At first there was only a series of crackles and buzzes, and Wallace was about to take it off, thinking it a blank, when just at that moment, out came the clear and solemn voice of the dead man, Ebenezer Brown, as reproduced on the record.

Joseph, who was sitting in an old armchair before a roaring fire, suddenly turned round, his face a ghastly white, wondering where the voice was coming from. No doubt he must have thought that his father had been resurrected from the dead. Wallace too, showing agitation, could only point to the gramophone on the table. At length both recovered their composure. Nevertheless the voice went on—My dear son who has housed me during my reclining years, I leave you my entire fortune accumulated—here the voice was destroyed by another series of buzzes and crackles, but went on again and said—you will find this secreted—buzz, crack, crack—press the third brick above the centre of the mantle piece in the bedroom here the voice died off in a long diminuendo. Wallace and his father looked at each other in wonderment, and as soon as the record had reached its terminus, they went to test the truth of the old man's statements. They entered the bedroom and Joseph went straight to the mantelpiece and pressed the said brick, but nothing happened. He tried again, pressing this time, a little harder.

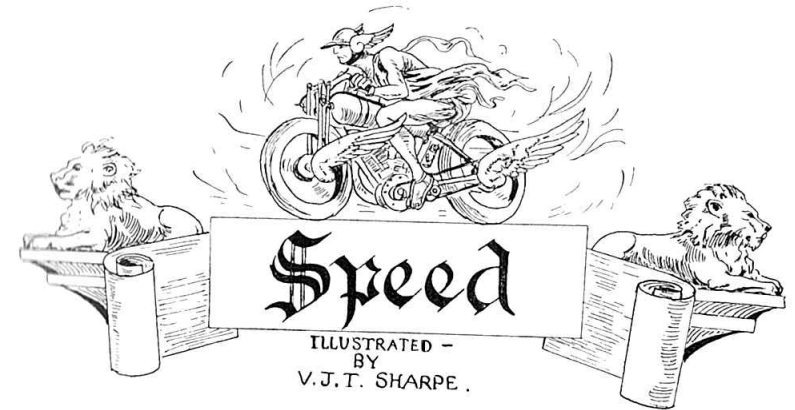
To his joy and amazement, a lower part of the brickwork swung out, revealing a cavity in the wall, bringing to their view several calico bags. They hurriedly took them out, and on opening them found them to contain bright new sovereigns, the savings of, perhaps a life time.

Joseph and his son spent all that night counting the money, and, rejoicing in their turn of fortune. They were brought out of certain poverty into wealth.

With portion of the money, Brown was able to put his business on its feet again.

Now Brown and his son Wallace live in a luxurious mansion in the street of a prosperous city, enjoying a select and retired life, living for the most part, on the income from their flourishing business. All this enjoyment as a result of the mysterious will!

—"PEANUT."



But ten minutes more remained before the great decision. But ten short minutes remained, before the great moment arrived, before the riders were to commence their whirling, death-defying journey around the racing track.

Already an eager hum of expectancy arose from the multitude gathered in close formation round the protecting fence. Already the atmosphere seemed charged with a feeling of coming emotion.

To-night, as the papers proclaimed, we were to witness a test of endurance, a gamble with death, a whirlwind of speed, the World's Motor Cycle Championship.

The roar of the multitude, vying one with the other, in an attempt to improve their positions, rose and fell with a ceaseless monotony.

The intensity of the atmosphere prevades the "bull-pen," the rendezvous of motor-men, the playground of the mechanic. Managers rush hurriedly hither and thither, issue last-minute instructions to their riders, and then dash off to satisfy some interested friend that everything is made ready.

Five more minutes remain. The roar of the machines as they are faced and then raced again, the cries of the mechanics as they endeavour in outdoing the neighbouring noise, to issue some instructions, raises nervous tension to the highest pitch.

A bell rings. Two more minutes are left! Mechanics make final adjustments. Words of encouragement are spoken. Helmets are donned, the 'pen' gates are opened, and with a fearful roar of machines, the riders "take the track" and ride slowly to the mark.

The tumult is terrific! The cry of multitudinous voices, each one vying with the other to produce the loudest noise, deafens the ear.

The machines are stopped, officials issue final instructions, assistants take their places at the rear, a whistle blows, a gun fires, and the race has commenced.

The phenomenal calmness of the crowd, as the race is commenced, is broken. Each and every spectator jumps to the echo of the pistol "crack."

The assistants shove with all their might, engines commence, and with a deafening roar are on their way.

Loud cries of joy mark the successful attempt of a local champion to "jump the start."

A big machine, a meteor of red, a mighty source of energy, takes the lead. Straining forward, the rider opens his throttle, the engine responds, and his previous advantage is increased.

How each rider bends forward as he realises his position!

How each rider determines to improve his position, accelerates!

There are no competitors there who **are** going to win, there are no competitors there who **may** win; each and every competitor will win, or make the bravest attempt possible.

The turn has arrived. Speeds are reduced, positions change, and with a mighty roar of re-opened throttles, the machines enter the straight.

The air is filled with mingled clouds of dust and smoke. One moment the riders are seen, the next a cloud of dust hides them from view.

They have reached the next turn. A mighty roar—a cry of mingled surprise and fear—a rider has fallen. Picking himself up, he pluckily remounts, and undaunted, resumes his race. His "spill" has meant a great disadvantage to him.

"Can he do it?"

"It will depend on the rider."

"It will depend on the rider!"

Faster and faster, gaining yard by yard, he continues. One lap, two laps and he has drawn level with the main body of competitors. One more lap and he should win.

The crowd, no longer able to restrain itself, shouts with re-doubled fervour.

Slowly, yet how slowly he gains! A shout marks his success in passing the third place competitor.

The turn is reached and negotiated. Skilful manœuvring has placed the "battler" second.

The riders brace themselves for one final effort.

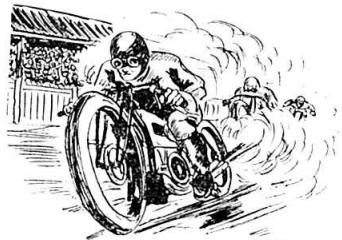
"They are gaining! They will pass!—No!—Yes!"

The crowd, appreciating such pluck and stamina, shout words of encouragement. He responds, and straining every muscle of his body, opens the throttle to the fullest.

"He will win! Yes! Win!"

Fifty, forty, thirty, twenty yards, a super-human effort and he is level with the leader.

Ten, nine, eight, a roar from the crowd, a mighty effort, a riot of speed, the report of a gun and he has won by a wheel!



—CARRUTHERS, 5A.



## BOYS' SPORT

During the winter, the following activities have been followed:—Football, Athletics and Tennis.

In Football a very successful competition was conducted. Three schools participated: Newcastle High, East Maitland Boys' High and Marist Brothers, Maitland. Maitland was successful in gaining the Rugby Union Shield. This is the first occasion on which we have had the satisfaction of competing for a trophy. Our thanks are due to the New South Wales Rugby Union, as the Secretary of that body promised the Shield at the annual meeting of the Newcastle Rugby Union when he heard from our sportsmaster that the competition had been conducted without a Shield for three years.

We congratulate Maitland upon its well-earned victory.

All teams entering the competition played with good spirit. Our seven stone team is to be commended in the way in which it played throughout the season despite its lightness. Prowse, Galton and Patfield are singled out for mention as they held the team together.

Our thanks are due especially to Messrs. Ireland (Sportsmaster) Gibbes, Lynch, Colville and R. Scott for the interest which they showed in the competition. Our especial thanks are due to those who coached the teams throughout the season.

In athletics, much successful work has been done. Mr. Walker had the satisfaction of knowing that the Annual Athletics Meeting was the best to-date. He was supported during the season by Messrs. G. Scott, and Brown. An outstanding feature of the meeting was the large number of parents who came along. This we were particularly pleased at, as it is most encouraging to students and teachers to see such interest displayed.

Mr. Evans has had charge of Tennis. Our players have been very successful under his coaching. Mr. Harvey has secured from the Council, the use of the Hill Courts for one afternoon a week.

To the Newcastle Council we are indebted for its great interest. Mr. Wylie, caretaker of the Sports Ground has been very helpful to us. We thank him.

Several of our teams visited Gosford on Friday 26th August. They had quite an enjoyable time, and though they were not successful in their matches, they "played the game."

As we go to press, news of our success at the Combined High Schools Athletic Meeting comes to hand. The following are the particulars:—

Seniors: 120 yards Hurdles, S. Bowers fourth place; Relay, Newcastle third place; 880 yards Relay, Newcastle third place; Pole Vault, R. Galton (9ft. 6in.) first place.

Juniors: Broad Jump, E. McLeod, fifth place; High Jump, L. Gillard, third place; Pole Vault, C. Shannon. 8ft. 6ins., first place.

Under Fourteen: 100 yards, W. Jones, first (11 4-5); 220 yards, W. Jones first (26); 440 yards Relay Final, Newcastle first. Here Newcastle established a new record, 51 1-5; High Jump, R. Harvey, third place.

### POINTS GAINED

Senior Cup: North Sydney 77, Fort Street 34½, Parramatta 27½, Newcastle 23, Canterbury 13, Wollongong, Goulbourn, East Maitland 10, Young Sydney 6.

Junior Shield: Randwick 27, Central Technical 19, Sydney 18, Canterbury 17½, Burwood 17, Drummoyne 16, Fort Street, Parramatta 11½, Newcastle 11.

Under 14 Shield: Newcastle 34, Celveland Street 16, Granville, North Sydney 8, Canterbury, Central Technical, Parramatta Intermediate, Peter-sham 5.

Our under 14 team is to be congratulated and W. Jones in particular, for his fine performance. Such a record augures well for the School's success in future years.

W. Jones, at the Combined High School Sports in Sydney, was the most brilliant athlete in the under 14 class. He won the 100 and 220 yards championships with remarkable ease, and also assisted his team to create new records in the heat, semi-final, and final of the 440 yards relay championship. The previous figure was 53 seconds., and in the qualifying round Newcastle won in 51 1-5 secs. The track was measured after the sports, and found to be four feet over the required distance.

### ANNUAL ATHLETIC MEETING

This was held on Wednesday and Friday, 17th and 19th August, 1927. The meeting was quite successful in every way. We would point out the following features. The greatly increased attendance of parents, relatives and friends, the luncheon, the record number of entries, the records broken, the active co-operation and interest shown by the ex-students. These augur well for the place the School is gaining in the esteem of its many friends. It is needless to particularise when success was due to the co-operation of so many, but it is necessary to point out the enthusiasm shown by Mr. Walker, upon whom as master in charge of athletics, the main burden of the day fell.

The programme was a very full one. Our gratitude is due to Messrs. Gillard and Bowers, and to the ex-students who assisted and the staff.

Following are the results:—

Senior Championship, 100 yards—I. Munro 1; B. Ewing 2. Time 11 1-5.  
 220 Yards Championship—C. Buttesworth 1; I. Munro 2; Time 26sec.  
 440 Yards Championship—C. Buttesworth 1; S. Bowers 2. Time, 63 4-5 seconds.  
 880 Yards Championship—C. Buttesworth 1; R. Grierson 2; S. Bowers 3. Time, 2min. 19sec.  
 Mile—C. Buttesworth 1; F. Elliott, 2; R. Page, 3.  
 120 Yards Hurdles—S. Bowers, 1. Time, 1min. 21 4-5 sec.  
 High Jump—C. Buttesworth 1; R. Walton 2; S. Bowers 3. Height, 5ft. 3in, 5ft. 2in, 4ft. 6in.  
 Broad Jump—E. McLeod 1; C. Buttesworth 2; S. Bowers 3. Distance, 19ft. 5½in.  
 Pole Vault—R. Walton, 9ft. 6in. 1; C. Buttesworth 2.  
 Hop, Step and Jump—C. Buttesworth 1; E. McLeod, 2; S. Bowers 3. Distance, 38ft. 4in.  
 Boys' Senior Championship Cup—C. Buttesworth, 44 points 1; S. Bowers 19, 2; R. Galton, 13, 3.  
 Junior Championship Cup—A. King, 27 points, 1; P. Brown, 17, 2; A. Grisdale, 15, 3.  
 Under 14 Years Championship Cup—W. Jones. 38 points, 1; P. Brown, 20, 2; E. Jenkins, 8, 3.  
 Junior Championship, 100 Yards—A. King 1; A. Rush 2; P. Brown 3. Time, 11 4-5sec.  
 200 Yards Championship—P. Brown 1; A. King 2; A. Grisdale 3. Time 26 4-5sec.  
 440 Yards Championship—P. Brown 1; A. King 2; J. Matthewson 3. Time, 61 4-5sec.  
 90 Yards Hurdles—L. Gillard 1; A. Grisdale 2; W. Waters 3. Time, 16sec

High Jump—L. Gillard 1; J. Matthewson 2; A. Gridale 3. Height, 5ft. 2½in.

Broad Jump—A. Rush 1; A. King 2; A. Gridale 3. Distance 17ft. 1in.

Hop, Step, and Jump—A. King 1; A. Gridale 2; J. Noble 3. Distance 34ft.

Pole Vault—C. Shannon 1; J. Matthewson 2; W. Rowe 3. Height 9ft. 9in

Under 14 Years Championship, 100 Yards—W. Jones 1; R. Harvey 2; F. Percy 3. Time, 11 2-5sec.

220 Yards—W. Jones 1; R. Harvey 2; E. Jenkins 3. Time, 26sec.

High Jump—R. Harvey 1; W. Jones 2; M. Hall 3. Height 4ft. 8¾in.

Broad Jump—W. Jones 1; E. Jenkins 2; C. Fisher 3. Distance 17ft.

Hop, Step, and Jump—R. Harvey 1; W. Jones 2; E. Jenkins 3. Distance 32ft. 1in.

Junior Inter-School 100 Yards Championship—Holland (Maitland), 1; Holmes, (Maitland) 2; Brown, (Newcastle) 3. Time 11 1-5sec.

Senior Inter-School 100 Yards Championship—Thrift (Maitland) 1; Cordy (Maitland) 2. Time, 10 4-5sec.

Inter-School Relays, Senior—East Maitland 1; Newcastle 2. Time, 49 2-5sec. Junior: East Maitland, 1; Newcastle 2. Time, 51 1-5sec.

Under 14 Years—Newcastle, 1; East Maitland, 2; Cook's Hill, 3. Time, 55 4-5sec.

220 Yards Club Handicap—E. Armstrong, 1; N. Prowse 2; B. Ewing 3.

440 Yards Handicap—E. Armstrong, 1; R. Cairns, 2; D. Kelly, 3.

Junior 880 Yards Handicap—C. Fisher, 1; H. Morgan, 2; P. Brown, 3.

Senior 880 Yards Handicap—T. Kitley, 1; E. McGann, 2; R. Grierson 3.

Mile Handicap—F. Elliott, 1; R. Grierson, 2; T. Noble, 3.

Inter-Year Relay—Fifth Year, 1; First Year, 2; Fourth Year, 3.

100 Yards Handicap, First Year—W. Jones, 1; E. Jenkins, 2; E. McLeod, 3. Second Year: W. McNiven, 1; R. Harvey 2; J. Matthewson 3. Third Year: D. Craig 1; C. Shannon 2; K. Dyet 3. Fourth Year: L. Donaldson 1; H. Mitchell 2; J. Williams 3. Fifth Year: B. Ewing 1; S. Powers 2; E. Armstrong 3.

Under 14 Years, 75 Yards Handicap—W. Jones, 1; R. Harvey 2; E. Jenkins 3.

Mixed Inter-Year Relay—Fifth Year 1; Fourth Year 2; Second Year 3.

Siamese Race, Junior—Bennett and Ryan 1; Shannon and Seale 2; Baxter and Fisher 3.

Under 14 Years—Morton and Voss 1; Worley and Saxby 2; Seale and Chanes, 3.

Medley Relay, School v Ex-Students.—Won by Ex-Students.

Old Boys' Handicap—Punton 1; D. Martin 2; M. Callaghan 3 Time 10 1-5

Carry Your Chum—Baxter and Fisher, 1.

Obstacle Race—Junior: T. Cheetham 1; D. Jones 2; W. Ryan 3.

Congratulations to the following:—

**C. Buttsworth**, winner of the Senior Championship Cup. He secured

first place in the 220, 440, 880, Mile, High Jump and Hop, Step and Jump.

**R. Galton**, who established a new school record in the Senior Pole Vault, by clearing 9ft. 6in. We hope he will beat this at the C.H.S. meeting.

**A. King**, winner of the Junior Championship Cup, and **P. Brown**, the runner-up.

**P. Brown**, **A. King** and **J. Matthewson**, first second and third respectively, in the 440 Yards Championship, all broke the standing record, which is now 26 4-5secs., to the credit of **P. Brown**.

**C. Shannon**, who established a new School Record in the Junior Pole Vault, by clearing 8ft. 8in.

**W. Jones**, winner of the Under 14 Years Championship Cup, and **R. Harvey**, runner-up.

In this division, all standing records were broken. **Jones** established new School Records of 11 2-5sec for 100 yards, 26sec. for 220 yards, 17ft. for Broad Jump.

**Harvey** established new School Records of 4ft. 8¾in. for High Jump, 32ft. 10in. for Hop, Step and Jump. He also broke the 220 Yards record.



**C. SHANNON.**  
Junior Pole Vault Winner.  
He cleared 8ft. 8in. at Annual Sports.

All things considered, our sporting activities during the winter have been conducted satisfactorily and have gained for the school, a fair measure of success. We look forward to the school's whole-hearted support during the coming season.

**J. B. IRELAND**, Sportsmaster.