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High Quality
High School Outfits
Are Low in Price

Very special attention is devoted to School Outfits.

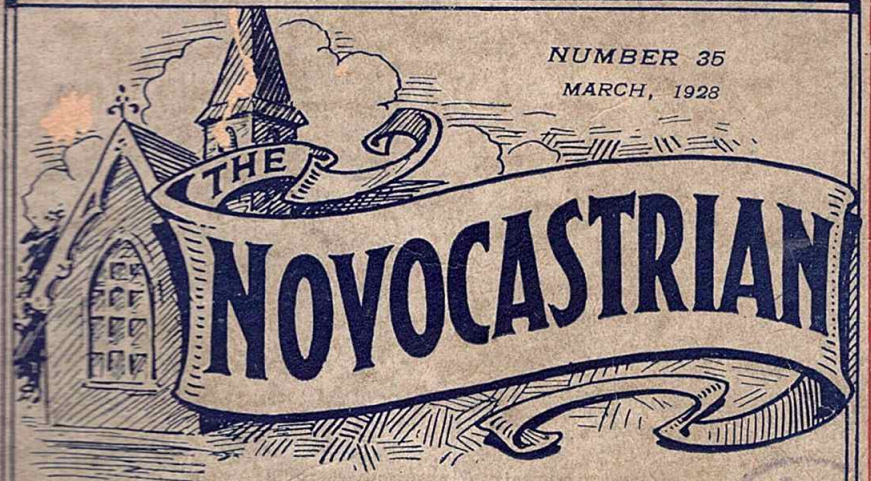
And as only the most dependable goods are stocked, parents can purchase their requirements with every confidence at Scott's.

Nothing is a trouble, and every garment that goes over the counter is backed up by the firm's reputation.

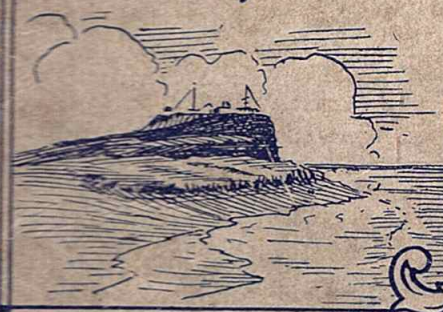
High Quality and Low Prices go hand-in-hand.

SCOTT'S
NEWCASTLE

NUMBER 35
MARCH, 1928



*The Journal of the
Newcastle High School.*



How long
before the
New Building
appears here
?

Girls & Boys ———

Do you Realise that Education has Two Primary Objects ?

1. To fit you to be of service in the world and thus gain a livelihood.

2. To enable you to appreciate and enjoy many pleasures which would otherwise be denied you.

You may measure the success of any individual not by the amount of money attained, but by the extent of service rendered to the community.

The more you concentrate on your studies the more you fit yourself for success. We speak of the success of a school according to the service it has rendered its pupils.

Let us tell you of the most recent successes of Newcastle Business College students in public examinations.

Commonwealth Typistes' Exam., 24th September, 1927, in Typewriting, Shorthand, English and Arithmetic.

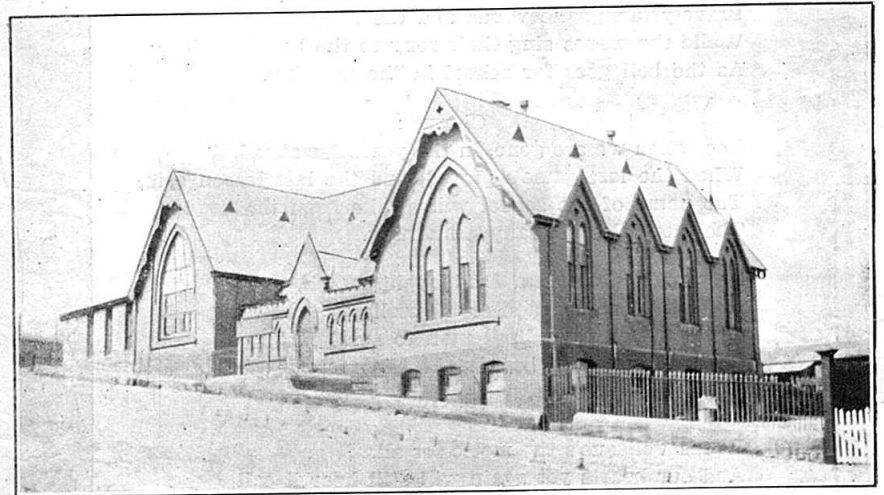
Seven Candidates Presented; Six Passed.

Lottie England	2nd place in New South Wales in order of merit.
Ada Ingersoll	1st Place for Shorthand in New South Wales
Lottie England	2nd " " " " " " " "
Ritta Webber	3rd " " " " " " " "
Tillie Hammon	4th " " " " " " " "

This standard of efficiency has been maintained for 20 years. Let us help you if you decide upon a commercial career. . .

Newcastle Business College Ltd.

Thorn Street, Newcastle



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

HEAD MASTER :

R. F. HARVEY, B.A.

DEPUTY HEADMASTER :

R. A. PAGE, B.A.

SUPERVISOR OF GIRLS :

Miss M. B. Henson, B.A.

DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH :

W. D. Noakes, M.A. (Master)

Miss L. Firth, B.A.

Miss J. Lemm, B.A., Dip Ed.

F. Fitzpatrick, B.A.

Miss E. Whitelaw, B.A.

A. Waterer, B.A.

DEPARTMENT OF CLASSICS :

J. W. Gibbes, B.A. (Master)

Miss G. Cowell, B.A., Dip. Ed.

C. B. Lynch, B.A.

Miss D. Dash, B.A.

DEPARTMENT OF MODERN LANGUAGES :

R. A. Page, B.A. (Master)

F. B. Jones, B.A.

Mrs. K. Meillon

Miss Latreille, B.A.

DEPARTMENT OF MATHEMATICS :

A. B. Colville, B.A. (Master)

Miss M. B. Henson, B.A.

Miss D. Nichol, B.A., Dip. Ed.

V. H. Walker, B.A.

DEPARTMENT OF SCIENCE :

W. McNiven, B.A., B.Sc., A.S.I. (Master) absent on leave

B. H. Roberts, B.Sc.

Miss Skinner, B.Sc. Dip Ed.

J. J. Foster, B.Sc.

Miss W. Watkins, B.Sc. Dip Ed.

DEPARTMENT OF ECONOMICS :

C. Brown, F.C.I.

DEPARTMENT OF ART :

W. F. Piper, Dip. Ed., R.A.C. (London)

DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC :

Miss A. Learmont.

DEPARTMENT OF PHYSICAL CULTURE :

Miss Kelly

PREFECTS :

Ken Williams (Captain), Robert Galton, Ernest Colman, James Biddlecombe, Jack Lawrence, Earl McGann, Leonard McRae, Edgar McLeod, Ian Munro, Lance Donaldson, Griffith Thomas.

Lily Heery (Captain), Nancy Blair, Marjorie Wines, Colleen Murphy, Edna Redman, Eva Maskell, Phyllis Charge, Thelma Linz, Phyllis Firkin, Jean White, Nita Paterson, Daphne Wilgoose, Betty Wilby.

The Journal of the Newcastle High School

Editor : Mr. W. D. Noakes, M.A.

Business Editors : Jack Britton, Harry Roarty.

MARCH, 1928.



LOYALTY!

IN the whole catalogue of human virtues, there is none which, in the history of mankind, has received more general approbation than loyalty. Nor, since man is a social animal, is this universal approbation misplaced. Loyalty is the virtue which makes human association possible. It is the cement which binds the units of mankind into the fabric of life. Without some measure of loyalty and some object of loyalty, the individual were but a wandering Ishmael, and his life a mere futility.

Like all virtues, the conception of loyalty has undergone a process of amplification with the development of man. Possibly, in the earliest dawn of history, loyalty meant simply fidelity to the family or the tribe. In a rude age when men were beset with dangers, when the struggle for existence was fierce and primitive, when strangers were regarded as foes, we can readily see how the welfare of the family or tribe depended on the loyalty of its members.

As the family expanded into the tribe, and the tribe into the nation, so the conception of loyalty enlarged. To-day, loyalty to King and Country means far more to the citizen than did the simple loyalty of the barbarian to his chief and kinsmen. It connotes fidelity to all that is great and good and enduring and inspiring in what his countrymen have achieved.

As the life of man has developed from the simple struggle for bare existence into something of infinite complexity, so the objects of his loyalty have increased. History is full of the loyalty of man to this cause and to that. Men have endured and fought and died in loyalty to the cause they considered to be just.

Still nobler is the loyalty of man to an ideal and the loyalty which unites pure souls in the struggle for an ideal. Such is the loyalty of which Tennyson sings as having drawn together the goodly fellowship of Arthur's Knights,

"In that fair order of the Table Round,
A glorious company, the flower of men,
To serve as model for the mighty world
And be the fair beginning of a time."

Let us turn from these general considerations of loyalty to the consideration of loyalty as it affects us. What function has loyalty in the life of a school? What loyalties are expected of us as individual members of a school?

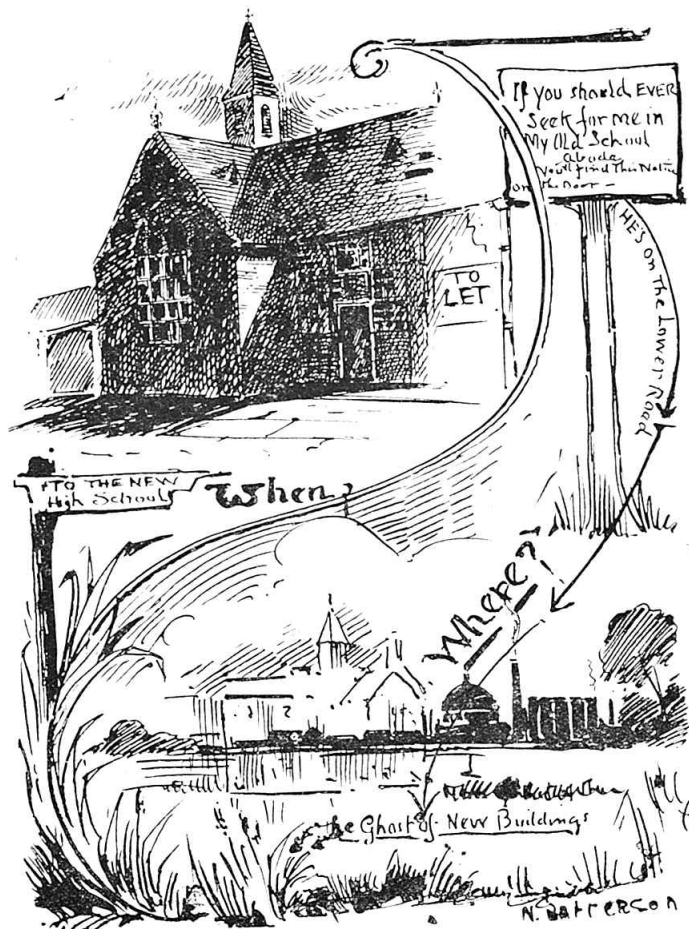
The school is itself a society, and may fittingly be considered as an epitome of the larger society, the nation. The loyalties, therefore, which unite the individuals of the nation may rightly be expected to find a place within the school. There is the simple loyalty which unites the individual members of the school into one intimate society. Who has not heard of the enthusiastic loyalty which inspires the members of the great public schools of England, such as Eton and Harrow?

Secondly, there is the loyalty which unites pal to pal in school-boy friendship—friendships which are frequently destined to survive and expand beyond the bounds of school-life into momentous forces for good or evil in after life. Such was the friendship at The Hill between John Verney and Caesar.

Then there is the loyalty due from the school to its Head, who, with ceaseless vigilance and unremitting toil, watches over the welfare and guides the destinies, not only of the school as a society, but also the individual members.

Finally, there is a loyalty to all those finer things, the spiritual heritage of a school—noble traditions, venerated memories, high aspirations—all that a casual observer may miss in his estimation of a school, but which to the impressionable soul of youth, are so potent of inspiration and which silently teach him the ideals of noble manhood.

"To set the cause above renown,
To love the game beyond the prize,
To honour while you strike him down
The foe that comes with fearless eyes;
To count the life of battle good,
And dear the land that gave you birth,
And dearer yet the brotherhood
That binds the brave of all the earth."



During the Christmas vacation many changes were made among members of the staff. Miss Giles, Miss Graham, Miss Grady, Miss Champion, Mr. Ireland, Mr. G. Scott, Mr. R. Scott, Mr. A. Evans were removed to other High Schools. Their positions on the staff were taken respectively by Miss M. B. Henson, Miss Crosby, Mr. J. J. Foster, Miss Learmonth, Mr. Fitzpatrick, Mr. F. B. Jones, Mr. Noakes and Mr. B. H. Roberts. We extend the best of good wishes to the departing teachers and cordially welcome those recently appointed.

* * * * *

Mr. W. D. Noakes, M.A., our new English Master, comes to us from Grafton High School, where he occupied the post of deputy Headmaster. His zeal for the subject he teaches is sure to be appreciated by all the classes that come directly under his control.

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Miss M. B. Henson, B.A., Dip. Ed., has taken the place of Miss Giles as Supervisor of the Girls, having been transferred from the Sydney Girls' High School, Moore Park. She was formerly on the staff of Fort Street, and North Sydney Girls' High School, and Supervisor of Girls in the Lismore High School.

* * * * *

Miss D. Crosby B.A., Dip. Ed., a graduate in Mathematics, comes from Homebush Intermediate High School. She has just received word of her transfer to Parramatta High School, after far too short a stay with us.

* * * * *

Mr. J. J. Foster, B. Sc., comes to us from Maitland Boys' High School. During the war, he served in France with the First Australian Siege Battery.

* * * * *

Mr. F. B. Jones, B.A., Dip. Ed., was educated at Sydney High School, where he was a pupil of Mr. Harvey in 1911 and 1914. He interrupted his University Course to serve with the Field Artillery in France and Belgium, returning in 1919. He has since taught at Cleveland Street Intermediate High, and Sydney High School.

* * * * *

Miss A. Learmonth, who takes the place of Miss Champion, was educated at Broken Hill High School before passing through the Sydney Teachers' College.

* * * * *

Mr. F. Fitzpatrick B.A., another member of the English Staff, was attached to the Inverell and North Sydney Intermediate High Schools before receiving appointment at Newcastle.

Miss M. Latreille, B.A., comes from East Maitland Girls' High School after a stay of five years at that centre. Prior to that she was on the staff of Parramatta High School. After graduating at Sydney University she spent a considerable time in Paris.

* * * * *

Mr. A. Waterer, B.A., of Sydney University, has been appointed to the English Staff. Before going to the war in 1915 he was Asst. Master at the Technical High School, Sydney, and on his return took up duties at the same school, where he remained until his appointment to Newcastle.

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Miss D. Dash, B.A., Dip. Ed., is an Arts Graduate in Latin, and comes to us from Petersham Intermediate High School.

* * * * *

Mr. B. H. Roberts, B. Sc., who takes the place of Mr. McNiven, who is on leave of absence, comes from Mudgee High School, where he has been stationed since 1922. Prior to that year he was on the staff of Albury and North Sydney High Schools.

* * * * *

Miss B. Kelly, our new Teacher of Physical Culture, taught formerly at Burwood Central School and at Bathurst and Orange High Schools. She holds the silver medallion of the Royal Life-Saving Society, having gained it in 1922.

* * * * *

Many past students of Newcastle High School have not sought the Intermediate or Leaving Certificates that they won while there. The Headmaster would like to get in touch with such students, in order that he may forward these certificates. He proposes to forward to the Education Department all certificates unclaimed at the 30th April next. The following ex-students are concerned:—

INTERMEDIATE CERTIFICATE

1925:—H. W. Fletcher, Marcus Tegg, Nellie Sheldon, N. R. Rigby, J. W. Mills, Vera Mitchell, T. J. Kearney, Maxwell Hoskings.

1926:—E. G. Schofield, Donald P. Andrews, Molly Carlisle.

1913:—Elsie M. James.

1914:—Albert H. Gittins, H. A. Green, Mat. R. Downie, A. V. Quiggin, George Gray, R. K. Yeomans.

1916:—Leslie D. Armstrong.

1917:—Marjory Bateson, Ken. D. Chalmers, H. C. Thompson, H. E. Valentine.

1919:—Roy J. West, Joseph S. Dodd, Doris Robinson, Myra A. Miller, Ethel Wallbank.

1920:—Fred. J. Cook, E. B. Fitzgerald, E. W. Cobbin, Mona G. Weber, Ray J. Hitchcock, Carolline E. L'Estrange, Enid A. Wilson, Fred W. Cassidy,

1921:—W. J. Fisher, Neil B. Brown, John G. Alexander, Dorothy A. Scott.

1922:—Clifford L. Fraser, Arthur J. Attwood, Evelyn Dawkins, Chas. H. Wood, Lillian Vost.

1923:—Havelock W. Pryor, Malcolm J. Jordan, Isobel H. Jukes, Geo. M. Carson.

1924:—Cath. W. Curan, B. G. Wright.

LEAVING CERTIFICATES

1923:—Victoria E. J. Lackey, St. Clair McKay, Irene Steggles, Wilfred G. Studdard, Geo. P. Reeder, Fergus C. Walker.

1924:—Evelyn Robertson, Ron L. Peate, Dorothy M. McKinnon, Alice Kellett, Elizabeth Hincks.

1925:—John Allison, Love L. Anderson, Patricia F. Beresford, Alma M. Breakwell, Mervyn W. Brown, Ray S. Brown, Jack L. Coles, Godfrey R. Donaldson, Annie Gray, James H. Hall, Mary E. Hindmarsh, Mabel C. Jenkins, Mary Middleton, Marjorie A. Smith, Dulcie Thurlow, Nette Truscott, Mary Walsh, Ene B. Watkins.

1926:—W. J. Beattie, M. R. Callaghan, Joseph H. Clayton, Leslea H. Charlton, Howard M. D. Cromarty, Edna Farr, Clarice C. George, Olga R. Hedley, Rita Hilton, Keith Inglis, Dorothy A. Kenny, Dorothy Luckham, Mary B. May, Jas. L. Monaghan, Geo. Mowbray, Frank F. Rundle, Elsie E. Tressidder, Mary Turner, Marion Waller, Edna Weir, Mildred Young.

* * * * *

Acting on a suggestion put forward by J. Clack of the fourth year, it has been decided to form a Science Reference Library at the School, for the use of fourth and fifth year students. It is hoped by the Library Committee that ex-students and those interested will make that interest manifest in a practical way. Mr. Harvey has promised to subsidise such library from school funds, on a £ for £ basis.

* * * * *

The winner of the Gardner Cup for 1927 is Thomas J. Kitley. His name will be the first to appear, therefore, on the handsome honour board that is being made, and which will hang immediately behind the cup.

* * * * *

Tom is to be congratulated on the high honour thus conferred.

* * * * *

The electric light has recently been installed in what was formerly the art room. A temporary flooring has been placed in position, on which old-time desks have been placed. This room is now the permanent abode of 1 A.C. class.

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The double portable room recently erected by the Education Department is one of the best-ventilated rooms of the whole school. The rooms were erected in record time, and the energy of the workmen was an object lesson to all boys who watched the rooms grow. Incidentally, a school tennis court has ceased to exist.

The enrolment of the school has never been as large as it is to-day. There are 598 students on the roll, 316 of whom are boys and 282 girls.

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The recent outbreak of letter writing in the public press by students is to be deplored. The offence is unpardonable in the case of students, and ex-students, who, by their action show that they do not understand the meaning of school loyalty.

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There are at present 76 students in the fifth year, and 102 in the fourth year. The working spirit of all classes is, for the most part, very satisfactory. The senior students especially are tackling their tasks with a zeal that should bring them ultimate success.

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Among the first year classes, however, the lack of thoroughness is most pronounced. There is a belief that anything will do, provided it is near the mark. Unfortunately this attitude to study seems to become more pronounced with each yearly influx. It is difficult to account for it.

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Arthur C. Ahern, one of the 1927 Leaving Class, has received word that a pass in history has been awarded him as a result of a re-examination of his paper.

* * * * *

Mr. D. Sefton, A.C.P.A., the Principal of Newcastle Business College, has given the school £2/2/- as a donation to the prize fund. He intimates his desire of making the donation an annual one, with a suggestion that it be given for English or Arithmetic at the Intermediate Standard. The Headmaster has accepted it as a prize for English. There is no prize fund in existence at the school.

* * * * *

The following summary of Newcastle High School Statement of Account for the year ended 31st December, 1927, is given for the information of students and parents. The balance brought forward from 1926 is a result of the absence of expenditure on library books during the first six months after Mr. Harvey's arrival.

SUMMARY OF NEWCASTLE HIGH SCHOOL UNION STATEMENT OF ACCOUNT, FOR YEAR ENDED 31st DECEMBER, 1927.

REVENUE		EXPENDITURE	
Balance, 31/12/26	£60 13 1	Telephone Charges	£12 14 9
Tuck Shop Rent	11 0 0	Library	80 4 9
Union Subscriptions	229 10 0	Purchase of Duplicator	17 10 0
Novocastrian Advertisements	92 0 6	Maps	6 10 6
Refunds	3 15 1	Novocastrian Blocks & Printing	122 13 1
		Prefect's Badges	2 2 0
		Sports Material, etc.	81 4 5
		Duplicator accessories	7 10 3
		Petty Expenses	7 1 1
		Bank Charges	10 0
		Balance 31/12/27	58 17 10
	<hr/>		<hr/>
	£396 18 8		£396 18 8

This summary has been extracted from the Annual Statement of Accounts, which was duly audited and signed by the School Union Official Auditors. The telephone charges represent three half-yearly payments, only one having been made during the previous 12 months.

* * * * *

Reference books for the school library have been ordered and amount to over £10.

* * * * *

An Honour Board to bear the names of the winners of the Gardner Cup, will shortly be on view at the school.

* * * * *

The selection of captains of the school took place on Friday 23rd March, and resulted as follows:—Boys' Capt., K. Williams; Girls' Capt., L. Heery.

* * * * *

A visit was recently paid the school by representatives of the B.H.P. Company. Their desire is to offer positions to our students who have secured the Intermediate Certificate, or better still, the Leaving Certificate. Any student in the fourth or fifth years desirous of securing any such position, should see the Head. It is understood that all must begin at the lowest rank, and prove their worthiness.

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It is most regrettable that no notes for the Old Student columns are available for this issue.

* * * * *

Art work is being sent to Farmer's and Grace Bros. exhibition, where it is hoped more prizes will be won.

Among the prizes for art awarded at the Newcastle Show, the school secured 10; six first places and four seconds. N.H.S. secured first and second place in mapping, and gained a place in every map competition they were allowed to enter for. Our students also secured first and second places in practical geology note-books.

* * * * *

Mr. D. H. Drummond, M.L.A., Minister for Education, paid a visit to the school on January 22nd, and, at the same time, visited the sites of the proposed New High Schools. He was not favorably impressed by the ramshackle buildings on the hill. He characterised them as an "atrociousity," While he did not commit himself with regard to new buildings, he left the impression that if he made a promise it was sure to be carried out.

* * * * *

That he is a man of his word has now been proved, for, at the latest meeting of the High School P. and C. Association, the secretary, Mr. D. Jones, announced that tenders were to be called for the new Girls' High School within a month.

But what of the New Boys' High School?

Miss Kelly, Sportsmistress, has been most active in attending to the sport of our girls. She has secured the use of a new tennis court within the convent grounds.

Recently a Gestetner Rotary Duplicator was purchased for the sum of £17/10/-. These machines are worth £40 new. It will not now be necessary to take all examination papers elsewhere to be printed.

A presentation of a hand-bag was made to Miss Mulvey in November last, in recognition of her kindness in duplicating many of the yearly examination papers. Miss Mulvey is an ex-student of the school, and one whose example might well be followed.

The text-books have arrived and the numbers are far from sufficient to permit of thorough work being done.

The Annual Swimming Carnival of the School took place on Wednesday, 14th March. It was a very unpleasant day.

A fine silver cup has been presented to the school for competition among girl swimmers. Mr. W. Dick is the donor, and we heartily thank him for his interest in us. The cup will be awarded on points scored. This season's winner is Le Sullivan.

THAT MAG. INSPIRATION.

An inspiration wouldn't come,
I strode along the floor,
I racked my brain, but all in vain,
In fact I nearly swore.

That little bright elusive imp
They call an inspiration—
I found a bit, but it was wrong,
And lost the rest, damnation!

The threats that Mr. Harvey made
About bad contributions,
Preyed on my mind so badly, that
I started taking "Kruschens."

I grew so thin and wan that I
Was dwindling quite away;
And thoughts of suicide began
To haunt me night and day.

And now my awful tale is told,
You've heard the story of my woe;
So leave me to my morbid thoughts,
And quietly shut the door and go.

G. MILLER, 2C.

SCHOOL DAYS.

How often as a man do I
Recall my boyhood prime;
How swiftly then did days fly by,
And yet, how long the time.

The very sun then seemed more bright,
More fair the summer flowers,
Each morning brought some fresh delight,
To fill in happy hours.

Ah, well do I remember still,
 The school where I was taught,
 Standing prominent on the hill,
 Which mocks me with the thought.

Again I hear the merry din,
 That fills the play-ground air,
 Oh, see old friends go marching by
 With lessons I once prepared.

I would I were a boy again,
 If but for one brief day,
 And feel the same, once more, as when
 My friends and I were gay.

CHRISTINA LEES, 3A.C.

BEDTIME.

See! they come in great array,
 For it is the close of day.
 Little curly, sleepy heads
 Seek the pillows on their beds.

Listen! mothers softly croon;
 While outside, the Lady Moon
 And her train of small stars bright,
 Pierce the darkness of the night.

Gently o'er them mothers stoop,
 When the heavy eyelids droop,
 Just to give one kiss so light,
 Just to murmur low "Good-night."

M. R., 4A.

THE RIVER.

The slow, monotonous river
 Goes winding on its way,
 Through all the changing weather—
 The slow, monotonous river,
 While on its bosom ships aquiver,
 Sail down to the outer bay,
 The slow, monotonous river
 Goes winding on its way.

THE MOUNTAINS.

The bluish tinted mountains,
 With ever-changing light—
 'Mid little falls and fountains,
 The bluish tinted mountains.
 With mists hung round like curtains,
 And purple haze at night,
 The bluish tinted mountains,
 With ever-changing light.

CHARLES STONE, 2C.

THE MARCH OF THE HIGH SCHOOL BRIGADE.

Half a hill, half a hill, half a hill onward.
 Breathless and weary trudged the five hundred.
 Hills to the left of them, hills to the right of them,
 The High School before them stood battered and
 sundered.

Forward Newcastle High,
 Yours but to do and die,
 Yours not to moan and sigh,
 "Someone has blundered."
 Stormed at with pelting rain,
 Which through the windows came.
 (Who is the one to blame?)
 Leaks by the hundred.

When shall a change be made,
 For a new school we prayed,
 Who then was more dismayed
 Than the hopeful five hundred?

JEAN HALL, 2B.

BACK OF BEYOND.

Out in the country, back of beyond,
 That's where I long to be;
 Where the bright sun shines, and the wattle grows,
 And the winds roam fresh and free!

Up in the early scented morn,
 On a good old horse astride,
 With a pack and a pannikin jingling a song,
 As I roam at will far and wide.

Not for me the rush of the town
 And the ceaseless noise of feet,
 But the cool wind sighing among the trees,
 And the song of the birds low and sweet.

Some people crave for fashion parades,
 Of theatres and pictures are fond;
 But give me a sunrise o'er mountain and plain,
 And that great space, back of beyond.

FERNA M. SNAPE, 4A.C.

TO A MOUNTAIN.

O, tell me, great grey mountain range,
 Standing against the darkened sky,
 No wind nor rain can make you change,
 O, tell me, great grey mountain range,
 Why to me you appear so strange;
 Perhaps some day you'll tell me why.
 O, tell me, great grey mountain range,
 Standing against the darkened sky.

EDNA HELLYER, 3B.

YELLOW DANDELIONS.

Hardy little yellow flower,
 Scorned by all who see you,
 Longing for a sweet spring shower,
 Hardy little yellow flower,
 Choked with dust hour by hour,
 Marring all your golden hue,
 Hardy little yellow flower,
 Scorned by all who see you.

K. H., 3A.

A VIEW.

On looking from my window seat,
 Behold! I see a lovely sight,
 A group of waving violets sweet.
 On looking from my window seat,
 You look so sweet in spite of heat,
 And always make the world look bright,
 On looking from my window seat,
 Behold I see a lovely sight.

EDNA HELLYER, 3B.

THE SINGING TREE.

It was a golden morning,
 As I sat beneath a tree,
 And it seemed the tree was singing,
 Singing a song to me.
 It really was the bees, you know,
 Robbing the sweet lime flowers;
 But I thought the tree was singing—
 To pass the summer hours.

M.A., 2A.C.

THE WIND.

Swaying the tree-tops gently,
 Whispering secrets to leaves,
 Rustling the grasses tenderly—
 The wind, on a summer's eve.

Rippling the stream's clear surface,
 Ruffling the river grey,
 Cresting the waves of the ocean—
 The wind, on a winter's day.

—"PLUS."

MY THEME.

Some have sung about the summer or the spring-time bright and gay,
 Some have sung about sweet April and the bonny month of May.
 Sung about the sea in moonlight, or the sunbeams at their play.
 Tell me then, my friends, tall gum-trees, what is there I yet can say?

"Child, we know the wind has told us as he passes through the trees.
 Child, we know, it has been whispered by the cool sweet evening breeze.
 Birds have sung it, we have heard it, in the busy hum of bees."
 Won't you tell me what it is then, tell me, set my mind at ease?

"Sing about a small child playing in a room with sunbeams bright,
 With soft blue eyes, with laughter filled, and gold hair touched with
 light.

Call her Happiness, this blue-eyed, laughing, gold-haired, little mite;
 On a small, neat back verandah, oft the wind has seen this sight."

—M.L., 3A.

I'VE GOT A PRIVATE TUTOR.

No more a noisy, clanging clock
Will wake me up at seven,
I'll sleep till ten, or if I'm "crook"
I'll stop there till eleven.
While Liz and Stipe with ruffled hair
Are conjugating utor,
I'm snug in bed free from all care,
I've got a private tutor.

In the morning just a little work,
And sometimes none at all;
For too much work will injure man,
And bring about his fall.
No more decline "res populi,"
Or give the parts of "frutor,"
They do for other boys but me,
I've got a private tutor.

And now instead of pushing hard
In scrum and crying "boot'er!"
I romp upon the golden sand,
It's much too hot for footer,
I'll paddle in the boiling surf
And hear the men cry "shoot her,"
You sure enjoy your playtime
When you have a private tutor.

—JEAN'S UNCLE, 5A.

MY WILL.

I would live, if I had my will,
In an old farm-house on a sunburnt hill,
Encircled by gum trees which sway in the breeze,
And there in the sunshine the hum of the bees,
Out in the bush where waratahs grow,
And birds fly gracefully to and fro.
Boronia scented in spring's clear prime,
Rich with wattle in summer time,
And a field of orchids over the hill,
Had I my will.

Down in the valley so deep and blue
A small stream splashes and winds right through.
There gum trees grow, so stately and tall,
Up the side of this steep brown wall,
Out from the valley, and over the plain,
The burning sun throws its beams again,
On to the top of this sun-scorched hill;
I shall have my will.

—DOROTHY ROBERTS, 3A.

THE MAIL.

The Iron Horse, on roads of steel,
Speeds on its way with spinning wheel,
Then with a lurch, and many a squeal,
Sweeps round the curve with drunken reel.

It thunders its way past the humming mill,
And runs by the ocean that never is still,
It climbs the mountain with stubborn will,
And snorting joyfully, conquers the hill.

It leaves the plains golden with wheat,
Where the silver rails shimmer beneath the heat,
And never wearied by this wondrous feat,
Reaches the city's crowded street.

—T. CHEETHAM, 3A.

ARITHMETIC.

I never knew such horrid things
As "figgers," "figgers," "figgers,"
I never add up twice alike,
And then the whole class sniggers.

My teacher says "if twenty men
Take half an hour to run
To catch a train a mile away,
How long will it take one?"
Oh dear! dear me! I do not see,
Why all the girls should smile,
When I am working out how long,
It takes to run a mile.

—ESSIE WARREN, 3A.C.

A GEOLOGY NIGHTMARE.

A big supper and much home-work were the cause,
For in my dreams did I see scores and scores
Of rocks and minerals every size,
And each one had both head and eyes.

The chief, a piece of talc appeared to be,
And, standing forth, he loudly spoke to me;
"Now guess the cleavage of each rock,
Or else I'll put you under key and lock."

Then out jumped diamond, with his adamant stare,
Which almost seemed to freeze me there,
"Tell me lustre, cleavage, hardness and my colour
Or else I'll make your head a great deal duller."

Then every rock hissed viciously at me,
And said I'd sketched it carelessly,
Until I woke up in a fright,
And so I "dropped" geology overnight.

—MARJORIE YOUNG, 4A.



FLOATING DOCKS.

The primary object of the floating dock is to afford a means of hoisting vessels out of the water, high and dry, for purposes of examination or repair to the hull, in exactly the same way as happens when vessels go into the ordinary dry dock; with the exception, that in dry docks the water is pumped out of the dock, whilst in floating docks the vessel is floated into position, and secured, and then the water ballast is pumped out, so that the dock rises out of the water with its heavy burden.

For some years floating docks have been in use in various parts of the world where there was no permanent dock accommodation, and most of them have been built in England. Bermuda has had one of the largest in use, and it has proved quite satisfactory, and the same thing may be said of the immense dock built at Barrow, to the order of the Brazilian Government, and towed out to Rio de Janeiro. This dock cost over £200,000 to build, is nearly 600 feet in length, 130 feet broad, and is capable of lifting vessels of over 28,000 tons.

As a result of the growth in size of the modern war-ship during the late war, the British Government have had a number of floating docks constructed larger than the Brazilian dock. These are built up of eight sections—huge steel pontoons, 130 feet long, 175 feet wide, and 25 feet deep, braced together with girders and bulk-heads. To these are added side walls, consisting of upright pontoons, and in these all the machinery of the docks is carried. Each of these docks weighs nearly 30,000 tons, and can lift a super-dreadnought with ease.

Most of the machinery in these docks is electrically driven, including centrifugal pumps, motors for working air compressors, fire pumps, electric light plant and cranes. There is a supplementary steam plant, whereby capstans, condensers, and circulating pumps are worked. There are workshops for engineers, smiths, carpenters and joiners; and full canteen, bath, and sleeping accommodation are provided for officers and crew.

One of England's biggest docks is the one which was surrendered and towed over to England as part of the German reparations to the allies for the cost of war.

—C. L., 3B.

PURIFIED COAL AND COKE COMPANY

In 1876, a partnership was formed mainly between the late Mr. Peter Langwill and the late Mr. Edward Taylor, for the purpose of washing small coal and manufacturing coke, under the title of the "Purified Coal and Coke Company." A commencement was made in the year named, with the erection of the local washing machinery and coke ovens. The washing machine was designed by Mr. Edward Taylor, to his own plans, and erected under his supervision. With some slight modifications and additions it is still in use, and does its work efficiently and economically. At the outset, only four ovens were erected. These have been extended until sixty-eight are now in use. In the early stages of the firm's operations, the greater volume of business was in the production and sale of washed small coal for blacksmith's purposes. This business was gradually replaced by the manufacture of coke, and this line now comprises the sole product of the works. The coke is manufactured from the Newcastle-Wallsend Coal Company's slack coal, and maintains a high standard of quality, and is largely used for smelting silver-lead ores.

The works were originally under the management of the late Mr. Edward Taylor, and he retained his active interest in that direction for many years. He will be remembered with affection and regard by many old residents of Wallsend. On his retirement, he was followed in the management by Mr. A. E. Taylor, who also ably served in this capacity for a long period.

The works have been operating to a capacity since their inception, with the exception of a few short periods of depression. Last year, the output of coke was 17,372 tons, in the manufacture of which 34,300 tons of coal were used.

—E. C., 4A.

WINE MAKING

While visiting Annandale I had the pleasure of being shown round a wine cellar.

The vineyard which I visited had 70 acres of grape-vines.

The grapes are picked by contract (1d. per bucket); they are then carried to the cellar in a dray in barrels, they are tipped into a concrete bin and carried by an elevator to the top of a cylindrical machine which is supported by bars of iron from the roof. The bottom half of this cylinder is perforated, the holes each being large enough to let grapes through. In the centre of this cylinder are four blades, similar to those of a lawn-mower, the edges of these blades are about half an inch from the side of the cylinder. The grapes are thrown in at the top (by the elevator), and the blades knocking them against the sides, remove all the grapes from the stalks and are allowed to fall through the holes in the cylinder.

The stalks are thrown out at the other end by the continual knocking of the blades.

When the grapes fall out of this cylinder they pass through rollers which break them, and in the case of black grapes they are conducted by means of a long wooden shoot to any bin required, where they ferment; but with white grapes they are put straight in the press and pressed, and the juice placed in barrels to ferment.

When the black grapes are put to ferment the fermentation is due to small germs in the juice which change the sugar of the juice into alcohol, but if a sweet wine is wanted, when the germs are half way through the process a quantity of alcohol is added which kills the germs, and leaves some of the sugar. A wine which has no sugar in it at all is called a dry wine.

When the black grapes have been lying a while, all the juice that can be is pumped into barrels and the rest is placed in the press.

The grapes are pressed twice, after one pressing they are loosened and pressed again.

The skin, seed, etc., which is left over, is used to feed the stock, and very often it is common to see two or three horses or cows staggering about intoxicated by a certain amount of juice left in the skins, etc.

—E. ADDERLEY, 2A.

SPACE.

Space is the name given to that substance in which the earth, and all other planets and stars are set. It serves as a foil to show up, on a cloudless night, the beauties of the stars, set in it like jewels.

The Solar System, and all other systems and groups of planets and stars are very wonderful, but, to the discerning, space, itself, is quite as wonderful. To think of the enormous extent of this mysterious substance called space fills one with wonder, and, when one explores its hidden secrets, one's wonder increases.

My friend Professor Thinker, who was for several years a professor at Pekin University, China, explained painstakingly to me many properties of space, which would otherwise have completely escaped my notice.

Professor Thinker is well-known in scholastic circles, as the author of several books on advanced astronomy, and one or two on gravitation and higher mathematics. Many students think they have learnt all about gravitation when they have passed the Intermediate, but this is only another case where "ignorance is bliss." Professor Thinker proved, beyond doubt, that gravity consists, like electricity, of two parts. He succeeded in discovering a method of dividing gravity into its own components, and, although his discovery is not so generally known, its possibilities are just as great as electricity.

He allowed me to travel with him on a voyage of exploration in space. We left the earth in the Professor's machine, which resembled a small dirigible. This was driven entirely by gravity, or rather, by one of the components of gravity, and the speed obtained and maintained by the curious engines of our curious craft was absolutely bewildering. We that is to say, Professor Thinker navigated our air-ship towards Mars, and soon, as was indicated by the gauge hanging on the cabin wall, we had passed beyond the limit of the earth's atmosphere, into——space!

The first thing I noticed upon embarking upon the voyage in space was that our speed had increased, and was still increasing, owing to the pull of the giant Mars. We soon arrived within the limits of the atmosphere of Mars, and upon testing it the Professor found that it resembled our own, although it contained more oxygen than humans are accustomed to breathe on our earth. Professor Thinker wished to ascertain whether or not there was any life on Mars, and, although this little controversy has nothing to do with space, I will give our observations on the subject. As we approached Mars, we were conscious of the rising temperature, and when we began to traverse the red mists of Mars, which we found to be steam cloud, the temperature became almost unbearably hot. When we pierced these steam clouds, we obtained our first view of Mars, and what a striking picture it was! My first thought, on seeing the molten, gaseous mass which was the planet Mars, was that I was looking into a volcanic crater, and, indeed, although I have never had the privilege of viewing Vesuvius from above, I am certain that Mars resembles it, only on a much larger scale. One glimpse convinced us that Mars was neither inhabited nor inhabitable, and so we decided to return home.

Professor Thinker made a quick calculation, manipulated some controls, and we were on our return journey. We arrived back to mother earth after a voyage of twelve hours, during which we traversed thousands of miles every hour.

After having been initiated into the wonders of space by my friend, Professor Thinker, and after completing such a wonderful, if somewhat fanciful voyage, I regard space, not as ordinary foil in which jewels are set, but as platinum, in which diamonds are set; the platinum being more valuable than the diamonds.

—H. BERRIMAN, 5A.

ECLIPSES.

The clear sky and transparent atmosphere of Australia are extremely favorable to the observation of the heavenly bodies, and, indeed, of all celestial phenomena. Comets, eclipses, and transit of planets across the sun's disc have accordingly been carefully watched, and our astronomers have been able to describe these matters with great accuracy.

Both comets and eclipses were regarded in ancient times as portents of the direst calamities. The fate of armies has been determined by the occurrence of eclipses, which, in the popular mind, were attributable to supernatural causes.

Even to the present day the Chinese believe that the attempts of great dragons to swallow the sun and moon are the causes of eclipses, and barbarous nations generally regard these phenomena with alarm. On the other hand, most savages appear to regard them as matters of course, not worthy of particular notice. A Fijian says that an eclipse is "another white man's trick."

The causes of eclipses are thoroughly known, and the time when they will happen can be calculated with the most exact precision. There cannot be less than two eclipses a year, according to the solar system, but four is the most usual number, and rarely there are six, but there cannot be more than seven.

Eclipses, as the word is commonly understood, are of two kinds—eclipses of the sun and eclipses of the moon. The essential condition in both cases, is that the sun, moon and earth shall be in the same straight line.

There are other eclipses, which are observed by astronomers alone, as a rule, such as the eclipses of planets and their satellites.

Lunar eclipses always occur when the moon is at the full, but not at every full moon. In this case, the earth, passing between the sun and the moon, intercepts the light of the former, and consequently casts a shadow upon the latter. Her appearance is greatly altered, and her brightness dimmed, but she is always distinctly visible, and does not cease to shine.

Eclipses of the sun occur when the moon is in conjunction. In those cases, as the moon's light is derived from the sun, her shadow is thrown upon the earth. The close observation of solar eclipses has revealed some startling facts in connection with the constitution of the sun. At such times, there is visible around the sun and moon a luminous ring or "corona," and from behind the dark edge of the moon bright red prominences project to a considerable distance.

Scientific investigations have rendered it a matter of extreme probability, if not of certainty, that these red prominences are caused by hydrogen in a burning condition. They are occasionally seen to shoot up like flames of fire to heights estimated at seventy thousand miles.

All the phenomena connected with eclipses, the certainty with which their occurrence can be predicted, and the grandeur of the scale upon which they are produced, are calculated to impress upon the beholder a feeling of awe at the vast mechanism of the universe and of the forces by which it is moved and regulated.

—"OBSERVER," 4A.C.

THE NEWCASTLE STEEL WORKS.

The Broken Hill Proprietary Company originally started mining silver-lead in Broken Hill, and as these mines were getting worked out, they decided to use their capital in starting works for the manufacture of steel. Recognising that Newcastle had all the benefit of coal and a cheaper traffic by sea, though connected by rail to Sydney, they decided to establish Steel Works at Newcastle. The situation was good, both for export and import.

The works are built on what was formerly a great swamp. To prepare for these works much dredging was necessary, and thousands of long piles had to be driven down in order to make a suitable foundation for the heavy machinery necessary. The area is 350 acres, with 3,500 feet of water frontage. The works were finally established in 1915.

The iron ore is obtained from Iron Knob, which is a hill standing out from a plain, 500 feet high, and is 36 miles from St. Vincent's Gulf. The limestone comes from Devonport, in Tasmania.

A manager and some engineers were got from America, and the machinery from all parts of the world.

The iron is carried from Iron Knob by the Broken Hill Proprietary Company's Tramways, and carried in their own steamers.

The limestone is thrown in with the iron ore to change it from a solid to a fluid, and coke is thrown in to make the heat.

When they are making coke for use of smelting the steel, they obtain tar, oil and benzol, which are called by-products. They manufacture fish-plates, rails, and commercial bars of all sections.

Some people wonder why the works were not established in South Australia, but, as it takes seven tons of coal to make one ton of steel, it is cheaper to send one ton of iron ore from South Australia than to send seven tons of coal there.

—BARBARA McCORMACK, 3A.C.

A TRIP DOWN THE CLARENCE.

One of the most beautiful rivers in New South Wales is about five hundred miles from Newcastle, and is a wonderful place to spend one's holiday—"The Mighty Clarence." A pleasant trip may be described thus—

Leaving Newcastle by the North Coast Mail train, about midnight one night, arrive at South Grafton at 12.30 p.m. the following day.

To see the beauty of Grafton, which is renowned throughout the State for its wonderful avenues of trees, and its beautifully laid-out main street, one would have to journey across the river to Grafton, and stay there for a day at least.

Here, anyone with an eye for beauty at all would be struck immediately entering the town by its wide streets, prettily laid out with garden plots in the centre, which are always booming with some flowers., mostly gorgeous roses and with magnificent palms.

The avenues are also wonderful. The renowned Jacaranda avenue is a mass of mauve trees and road for some distance.

In another direction is an avenue of pines, always green and fresh looking. Trees in great numbers border each street, and are very welcome to any Graftonian on a summer's day.

The next morning, a river boat can be caught, which leaves Grafton at 7 a.m. This trip down the river is no doubt very pretty and very enjoyable.

Starting from Grafton, the next call is South Grafton, and from whose wharf one can see all the beautiful homes along the river bank.

Twelve miles down is situated the town of Ulmarra, a small town, noted for its beautiful butter factory.

Further down, Southgate is passed, and then Cowper, at the back of which many acres of sugar-cane are grown in splendour.

Leaving Cowper, Brushgrove is reached, which town is situated on the biggest of ninety-nine islands which are found in this river. Further down, Lawrence is reached, a very small township, but the oldest town on the river.

Twenty miles down, is Maclean, which is situated on the hill side and is an extremely pretty town. Still travelling down, Harwood Island is reached, on which is the town of Harwood, and where there is a big sugar mill, which crushes all the cane which is grown on the river.

Palmer's Island is then reached, and about five miles further on, are the heads of the Clarence. One's first sight of Yamba is very beautiful, and one keeps the idea the whole time there.

Fishing, oystering and surfing are the main attractions.

After a few days there, a return trip could be made by car, which would give the passenger a better idea of the width of the river, by crossing so many arms, which seem like rivers themselves.

—E. HINDE.

A CITY UNDER THE ENCHANTMENT OF NIGHT.

Night casts a mantle of pity
Over the earth; and she seems
Quietly to transform the city,
While the starlight flashes and gleams.

When night casts its magic mantle over the earth, objects of filth and ugliness by day are transformed, and, touched by its magic, become things of marvellous beauty. Night's magic brush gives the earth an added beauty, a beauty caused by the magic enchantment of night.

The dark and ugly buildings are obscured by the kindly darkness, and, standing out austere against the sky, become stately and beautiful

edifices, unreal and unrecognisable. Night veils the world in her soft mantle of purple darkness and misty shadows transforming the dull and sordid city into an enchanted land of light and shade.

The city is hidden in velvety darkness and the myriad electric lights shine brilliantly like lanterns in a fairies' garden, while the trams which fly their way so common and plain in the day, become marvels of beauty and light, standing out like phosphorescent serpents, winding their way in and out through the darkness.

The harbour, which is usually so dirty and ugly by day, disfigured by the wharves and warehouses along its edge, changes into an enchanted water-way by the enchantment of night. The warehouses become dark stately buildings, sharply outlined against the lighter hue of the sky, while the lights turn the water into a fairy water-city.

The rippling surface of the dark and shadowy water, when struck by the numerous rays of the lights which form a fairy ring around the harbour, becomes a magic flare of flashing colours. Red, blue, black and white, and golden, the ever-changing surface of the harbour is an enchanted lake of opalescent hues. The reflections of the lights and stars flash and glow, dancing fantastically across the surface like living creatures, leaping and quivering in the dark depths.

The gentle breeze ruffles the surface of the water, making the colors leap and flash, reaching eager hands to each other, touching, then springing about. The rays of the lights quiver in the breeze, and a soft murmurous music fills the air, the soft rustling sound of the breeze, caressing and wondrous low; combining with the lonely, wild, sad call of the sea, and the soft gentle sound of the water lapping against the piles of the wharves.

The ferries crossing the harbour are like fairy ships with only the lights showing in checkered squares. The beautiful trails of silver caused by the moving boats are scenes of wonderful beauty, like a glimpse into Paradise, more beautiful than the sights of day.

The sky is dark purple velvet, until lit by the glory of the stars, when it becomes a beautiful picture of dazzling ever-turning stars, flashing with a pale, proud, silver lustre, far removed from this home of man.

The stars and the dazzling lights of the city, so different, yet so much alike, flash and sparkle in marvellous scintillation, making the heavens and earth a home of beauty, of fire and colour. The golden rays of the electric lights are warmer, more friendly than the austere, serene cold lustre of the distant stars; yet both lend enchantment to the scene, the cold virgin fire of the stars leaning down to meet the warm golden fire of the city.

When the moon rises in a glowing, fiery ball, dull red in hue, the stars lose their brightness and through jealousy of the more beautiful moon slowly fade away, leaving the sky to the moon. The moon comes first as

a deep orange semi-circle emerging slowly from the sea, sending a long line of gleaming colour across the surface of the sea. The sea is so dark and ruffled that the moonshine forms a glowing pathway straight to the moon, showing the white flecks of the waves and making the sea darker, more mysterious.

Then the moon changes to a glowing ball, and rises slowly through the heavens, towards the zenith, sending a wonderful light over the sky, the sea and the city. The scene is one of pure and serene beauty, all the earth and sky is flooded in a glow of light. While it moves upwards, the moon changes into a golden ball, warm and glowing with colour.

The last stage of the moon's journey of glory and beauty is reached when it changes to an ivory sphere, dimming the cold lustre of the stars with its mellow, warm, moonlight.

The moon casts its kindly gleam over the city, making it more marvellously beautiful, bathing in its soft light the buildings and the streets, showing more clearly the outlines of the dark buildings against the low light hue of the sky.

Like an anxious mother, or a guardian saint, the moon in her kindly beauty watches over the city through the night, lulling the citizens to sleep.

Thus, from a plain city, dirty and ugly by day, night with its magic of light and shade, produces an enchanted fairyland of beauty and delight.

Bathed by the mellow moonlight,

The sea, the city and skies

Become a fairyland bright,

While the wind murmurs and sighs.

—IOLENE WOODS, 4A.

THE LAKE BY NIGHT.

'Twas only a tiny lake, set deep in the heart of the hills, and as I looked across its waters I felt that surely I was privileged to gaze on part of fairyland itself.

The sun had set in fiery splendour, and the sentinel mountains which looked down protectingly on the sleeping lake were wrapped in mist. Night was approaching, and as she threw her filmy veil of mysterious shadows over the earth, she pinned it with one solitary star.

A fish splashed in the water with a suddenness that broke the hush which rested everywhere.

Soon, the hills were gilded with a pale light, and, gradually, the golden rim of the moon lady's chariot appeared over the ridges. Immediately the sombre darkness gave place to a burst of brilliance, and the waters became a shimmering expanse of silver.

Like a shining pathway across the lake, the moonbeams danced and sported on the phosphorescent ripples, transforming them into myriads of scintillating jewels.

A rowing boat glided across the fairy path, and all nature responded to the magic charm of the music, and laughter from the happy revellers.

The sky was, by this time, a beautiful canopy over which the stars were lavishly scattered. They seemed to me like angels' candles, lit by an invisible hand. Tall gums whispered to each other, and a disturbed bird gave a few chirps and settled down once more.

The moon lady sailed serenely across the heavens, and night smiled peacefully on the lake, transformed into an exquisite dreamland beautiful.

—"FIREFLY," 5A.C.

OUTWARD BOUND.

There was rhythm in her motion, and beauty in her form, as she moved slowly down the harbour on the out-going tide. The tall, tapering masts under sail heeling her over, ever so slightly, to the gentle sea breeze, describe a perfect arc against the sapphire heavens, as, forsaking the services of the squat little tug, the ship moves slowly seaward, curvetting to the incoming swell, rolling a slow white wash before a majestic prow.

A lone figure in the shrouds slowly waves a faded bandanna to all he leaves behind the gently foaming wake, caring only for that which lies ahead of the slowly moving bows. The hearts of those on board, and the heart of the ship, thus beat in perfect unison, and as the bar is neared, her pace quickens, free from the murk of the busy port, anxious only to enjoy the care-free breeze of the ocean wide, which ventures not into land-locked ports.

She passed out of the harbour nobly rising to the rhythmical roll of the outer ocean; more sail is put on and the sonorous chant of a carefree crew, the low rumble of the mighty surf, render a simple overture to the quiet departure of the swaying craft.

In the west, the sinking sun touches all things with a soft rosy glow, turning the great white sails a beautiful shell pink, painting the foaming wake a phosphorescent hue and, in the mellow radiance of summer twilight, the ship falls away on the starboard tack towards the distant horizon, is lost in the failing light and passes into vague uncertainty.

—CAPTAIN "H."

THE WRECK OF THE "ADOLPHE."

While sitting in my office on King's Wharf, one morning of September 1899, I noticed a powerful tug leave its moorings and make for the heads.

While I sat and watched, I wondered how many times this same tug had brought safely into port a mighty vessel, and wondered of its strength and power over the foaming water.

Presently it disappeared from my view, around the end of the breakwater, and I awaited its return, wondering where our new caller from overseas would find its berth.

It was a boisterous day. When it was not raining the wind was there, whipping the white foamy water into angry breakers that dashed against the two breakwaters.

By and by the tug returned, towing a large French barque, the "Adolphe," coming into our port for coal. When rounding the breakwater, to my surprise, I saw the tug change her course and again proceed to sea. I then surmised that something was amiss, and to my horror, I heard the loud report of three guns which had been fired from the forts as a signal of distress, and also as a signal for the life-boat.

The life-boat was immediately manned, and proceeded towards the fast drifting "Adolphe." The tug, in the meantime, had endeavoured to get as close to the barque as possible in order to get a new line aboard. Rockets were used, but all to no avail, and the ill-fated ship was driven by the rough sea and wind on to the northern breakwater, which was commonly called the oyster bank.

As soon as the "Adolphe" struck the breakwater the forward mast broke and crashing over the side of the deck, fell into the water. The life-boat by this time had also been trying to get a line aboard on the windward side, but were not successful. The life-boat crew then pulled to sea and took up a position on the leeward side, and met with better results, eventually saving all hands.

It was a most trying ordeal for all concerned. The life-boat crew, having a very hard task in trying to get out to the barque, and also an anxious time for the crew aboard the "Adolphe" as the waves kept washing over her deck and driving her higher and higher on the breakwater.

It appeared to me only a short interval between the time of seeing her round the breakwater until she lay a sad wreck on the rocks.

The crew was brought safely to the Pilot Station, and then to the Sailors' Home. I heard later that they returned to Sydney.

The gross tonnage of this barque would be approximately 6,000 tons register, and carried four masts.

It has now been built into the Stockton breakwater, and can be seen by visitors at low tide.

—ESME RUSSELL, 3B.

MY RIDE IN AN AEROPLANE.

I am standing with my ticket in my hand. I hear the number 1247 called out. Mr. 1247 has his ride and likewise Mr. 1248. Then follows number 1249, which is my own. I get into the 'plane and buckle on the cap.

The engine starts, and the plane moves towards the head of the course. The engine is accelerated for an instant to turn the machine. Now it is round. Immediately the whole machine vibrates, there is a roar, dead grass and loose sticks fly behind—we are off. Away we go down the course. The vibration dies away. I look over the side. "Are we on the ground yet?" I ask myself. "Yes! yes! no!" Gradually we rise as the machine gains speed. I watch the speedometer. Up it goes—60, 65, 70, 73. We are now as high as we are going. I look out. Oh! what a feeling comes over me. A feeling quite different from that of a person climbing a high tree. To look down and see nothing between the 'plane and the earth! Words can't describe it. However, this did not make me keep my head in. Well to the right of us is Newcastle with the basin and its ships. In front, is the Hunter River, which can be followed nearly to Hexham. To the left is Waratah. Behind, is dear old Adamstown, with its lovely streets, as smooth as a table.

All the time I am looking out, the 'plane is rolling similarly to a ship. As the wind lifts one wing more than the other, it rolls the plane from side to side, and when the wind raises both wings, the 'plane rises only to fall the next instant. This motion is like that of a lift. The 'plane is never travelling like a car on a cement road. There is always a roll. Nothing is felt in ascent or descent.

We are now about to descend. I put my head out of the 'plane. It is work holding it there. The pressure is bending it back, so I pull it in. Now we are preparing to land. Now we are on the ground and running along to the stopping place. Now, at a standstill. So this is the termination of my trip.

After this trip, I can form an idea of the size of Newcastle. What struck me most, however, was how scattered Newcastle is.

—A. ALGIE, 2A.

Local History

THE FERNDALE PIT.

About forty years ago the Ferndale Pit was one of the most important in Newcastle. Situated in the ground where the Port Waratah railway depot is now, it was connected to several air shafts, one near Throsby Creek, where it passes the rock quarry; this is about three-quarters of a mile from the main opening. Another is in a paddock in Henry Street, Tighe's Hill, other air shafts are under residences in Elizabeth Street and Ferndale Street, and there are shafts under the Tighe's Hill School and Tighe's Picture Show. When the new school was being built, great difficulty was experienced in making the foundation firm, owing to the ground being unstable above the shaft.

Of course, none of these buildings were in existence when the pit was working, or the shafts would not serve to give admission or exit to the air in the mine.

One day, when the work was going on as usual, an arm of Throsby Creek broke into the mine near the main shaft. All the men, hearing the roar of the waters, ran for the smaller entrances, followed by the pit-ponies. Everyone was brought safely out, when one man remembered that he had left his vest and belt, containing a gold watch and chain, on a ledge of rock, and hurried back, with the water up to his chest. He never came out again, needless to say, and the following day, when a roll-call was taken, he was found to be the only one missing.

The land around the pit fell in, converging towards what was by now a veritable chaos in the water; wood from fences, parts of the sheds and machinery, and a few mangrove trees, in the madly swirling water.

People from the immediate surroundings left their work and came running to see, and in an incredibly short space of time people had come from town, in carriages, on horses, on foot, and by the river, all curious and eager to find out all about it.

Now the air shafts are closed in and reeds have grown over the east and west sides of the main opening, in the remainder of which the boys, who live nearby, swim and fish almost every day.

—M. HALL, 3B.

STROUD.

Stroud owes its origin to the Australian Agricultural Company, which received a grant of one million acres of land extending from the northern shore of Port Stephens to the Manning River, and from the coast to the eastern boundary of the church and school lands. Part of this was later exchanged for some land on the Peel River and at Warrah. About 464,640 acres remained of the grant. This land was watered by the Gloucester and Avon Rivers from the north, and the Karuah River from the south.

The Company's settlement party arrived at Port Stephens in 1826. There were about eighty four people, counting servants, soldiers, women and children. Their settlement was chosen on the northern shore of Port Stephens and called Talilee.

Under its first agent, Dawson, eleven houses, a barrack, and various buildings for mechanical purposes, and fifteen miles of fencing were built.

The Company was assigned convict servants by the Government. Conflicts between the blacks were also frequent.

Stroud became the headquarters of this district and the stations, Booral, Bramah, Titcome, Sayer's and many others were formed for agricultural purposes.

Stroud, being the centre of this district, should have expanded, but it remained a small village. The only memorials left to this day are the old buildings.

To-day, Stroud relies on dairying, stock-breeding and timber-getting for its existence. Maize flourishes along the river and creek, while citrus fruits are successfully grown. Stroud is five miles from the North Coast railway line.

—M. ROBERTSON, 4A.C.

EARLY SETTLEMENT OF NEWCASTLE. DISCOVERY OF COAL.

Port Hunter—the port of Newcastle—and the lower valley of the Hunter River formed one of the earliest settlements in Australia.

The port and river were discovered by Lieut. John Shortland, R.N., on September 9th, 1797. Like so many of the early discoveries it was the outcome of chance, for this officer came upon the entrance, when in a whaleboat pursuing a party of convicts, who, having escaped in a boat from the Hawkesbury, had made north along the coast. On an island near the entrance he found the coal which was to form the starting of one of the greatest industries in the Commonwealth and a similar discovery was made on the headland at the southern side of the entrance, now known as Signal Hill.

Lieut. Shortland took samples of the coal back with him to Sydney and proudly showed them to the authorities there. The river, he named, Coal River. During the next few years a small trade grew up between Sydney and the port, and small vessels penetrated some distance up the river, which they called Cedar Arm, to cut that timber on the alluvial flats along the banks.

Governor King became interested in the reports brought to him of the coal resources in the northern port, and in 1801 he despatched the "Lady Nelson" and the schooner "Francis," under the command of Lieut. John Grant, to further investigate the position and to form a settlement there.

He was accompanied by Lieut.-Colonel Paterson, Ensign Barrallier, and Surgeon Harris, together with a party of soldiers and convicts.

A quantity of coal was dug from the outcrops on the cliffs, which was despatched to Sydney. The first consignment of coal exported dates back as far as 1799, when the barque "Hunter" sailed to India with a load of Newcastle coal.

The first settlement was of brief duration, owing to trouble with the convicts, who mutinied owing to severe treatment meted out to them. Another settlement was, however, formed in 1804, and it became a place for the correction of troublesome convicts from Sydney.

The richness of the alluvial soil along the lower Hunter soon became known, and in 1812 a small farming settlement was established at what is now Maitland.

—B. D.

NOBBY'S AND THE BREAKWATER.

In the early days of Newcastle there was a narrow and intricate passage amongst the rocks between the hill, on which Fort Scratchley is situated and Nobby's, and the sea broke through this passage very heavily in rough weather. Convicts were set to work to make a breakwater there, and this work appears to have been commenced about the year 1813, under the direction of Lieutenant Shottowe. While yet an opening remained, Captain Angus Campbell, skipper of the ketch "The Brothers," trading between Newcastle and Sydney, and Captain Johnson, skipper of another small vessel, two daring men who knew the passage, frequently came through it. Other skippers thought they would be acting wisely by going round Nobby's and entering by the channel. The opening between Nobby's and the mainland was closed in 1846. The last time that Captain Campbell came through, the men were in the act of closing the opening. The wind was light and there was a strong ebb-tide down the channel, and Captain Campbell saw that he must either stay outside for some hours or risk making the passage inside Nobby's. He was unaware that men were about to tip into the passage stones which would effectually block it. They hailed the vessel, but Campbell came on and a large stone ready for tipping was held back until the ketch had passed. As she went by, the convicts could not refrain from giving a cheer. The cheering was a breach of discipline, but Kelly, the overseer, overlooked it. After the breakwater was completed, heavy gales made breaches in it and small boats such as butcher boats could get through at high water, but even they had to watch the tide carefully, and no vessel of any size could possibly make the passage at that time.

In the forties there was no lighthouse on Nobby's, which was then a cone-shaped hill. At that time, Captain Boyle was signalman. A beacon was provided at night, by making a large fire with coal. Sometimes half a ton was lit at once, and some of it was obtained from the hill on which Fort Scratchley stands. That must have been after the breakwater was completed, because the coal was taken in drays to Beacon Hill, as Nobby's was then called, a man named Jimmy Simpson having the contract.

—M. BEDFORD, 4A.C.

GOVERNMENT DOCKYARD, NEWCASTLE.

The State Government Dockyard and Engineering Works are situated upon Walsh Island in Newcastle Harbor. The foundation stone was set in place by the Hon. Arthur Griffith, then Minister for Public Works, on June 14th, 1913. The original intention was that the works should be used mainly for repair and maintenance work. These objects were carried out successfully. The works had not been long in existence before they had turned out a vehicular ferry for Newcastle Harbor. The ship-building side of the industry took a decided step forward when it constructed and turned out complete in every detail a fleet of four trawlers for the State Trawling Industry. The Commonwealth Government gave Walsh Island three steel ships of 5,500 tons each, and three of 6,000 tons each to build. This contract was carried out successfully. Hulls, engines, all auxiliaries, electric light sets, evaporators, condensers, propellers, pumps, etc., were all built at Walsh Island. Sydney Ferries Ltd. gave the Dockyard a contract for the building of two passenger ferries and one vehicular ferry for use in Sydney Harbour.

To-day, ships up to 15,000 tons can be constructed and engined there. There are five building slips and two patent repair slips, the latter being capable of dealing with ships up to 600 tons burden.

On the engineering side, equal progress has been made. Some of the cranes have a capacity of 50 tons, and are situated in the workshops for the handling of heavy material. The whole of the machinery is driven through electric power.

The varieties of steel fabrication can be dealt with; in this connection, large steel bridges have been built.

An important piece of engineering work carried out was the construction for a South Coast Colliery of a locomobile, part of a plant for generating electricity.

The large manufacture of cast iron pipes has also attained large dimensions, and an extensive locking bar plant is in constant operation.

The total number of employees has varied from 1,200 to 2,000 when ship-building was at its height.

—“TRIER,” 4A.

A FEW MEMOIRS OF THE EARLY HISTORY OF NEWCASTLE OF OVER 70 YEARS AGO.

Written by a Gentleman of Charlestown.

My parents left England under engagement to a Company who owned coal mines in Tasmania, where I was born. They were among the, then, very few free people in the country, which at that time was called Van Diemen's Land—and was the penal settlement for the law-breakers of England. I have heard my parents relate thrilling experiences among these people. There were some very hardened criminals, determined, unscrupulous men, who could not be trusted with their liberty for fear of molesting and interfering with the free families then in the Colony. Then, there were plenty of fine men and women who were sent out for very trivial offences, but whose lives were made miserable by the enforcement of strict prison regulations, and there was no escape from their terrible conditions. Sometimes they ran away into the bush to enjoy a little liberty, but they were either re-captured or died from starvation in the bush.

My parents left Van Diemen's Land when I was twelve months old, and my father was engaged in a small coal mine at Tomago. This was a very small affair, and the coal being somewhat inferior was soon abandoned.

We did not remain there long. Our next move was to the old race-course, now Merewether, and it is from here that my early experiences commence. My father was engaged as a miner in what was then known as Donaldson's tunnel, not far from the old Merewether house of the present day—and well do I remember the coal being drawn from there by horses, with a waggon running on wooden rails to Newcastle. It seems incredible now in these progressive times, but at that time I had never seen an iron rail, and don't believe that there were any in the Newcastle district. This coal then was taken down to the Hunter River, and shipped into small sailing craft. There was no wharf of any consequence—so that the little craft came as close to the shore as possible. Planks were placed from the land to the ships, and the coal wheeled from the trucks in wheel-barrows.

These small ships carried about 100 to 150 tons, and we boys used to call them the “mosquito fleet,” because they generally went out to sea together, and it was a common sight to see a small steam tug taking out two or three together of these tiny ships, which generally were bound for Sydney with their cargo, and the same process when they returned. The tug would often bring in two or three at a time.

There were very few buildings in Newcastle at that period. The river came as far as what is now known as Scott Street. Sand and swampy ground was everywhere. What is now Hunter Street West, Wickham, Carrington, and part of Hamilton were sand and swamps. Ti-tree scrub was abundant everywhere, and very little timber of any consequence was in

that area. Hamilton, Broadmeadow, Glebe, Lambton, Waratah were a virgin wilderness. I went to school at the Junction—exactly on the site of the present palatial school building. The late Mr. McCar was the teacher, and a very severe master he was. Still, as generally is the case, it was in the best interests of the scholars, and we realised that more decidedly as we matured into men and women. A little incident about this school life is worth mentioning here. I remember our teacher once remarking to my class. "Now boys, the time will surely come when you will have to take your place in the social and industrial life of the world. Some may become great, some may become toilers, but whatever sphere of life you occupy, always remember that whenever or wherever you meet your old school-master, do not fail to recognise him; and he of a certainty will be pleased to meet you."

Over 30 years had elapsed since our master gave us this request. One day, I met the old gentleman in Hunter Street and stopped him. Of course, he did not recognise me, having grown from a boy to a robust man. After telling him who I was, and the incident before referred to, the poor old chap was completely broken up, and was overcome with joy to realise that one, at least, had not forgotten one of his dearest wishes, although so many years had passed by. While attending this school, many and varied experiences filled my young life, and although now an old man, I look back upon them with amazement and pleasure, too! Every 24th of May (the late Queen's Birthday) it was the custom that the native blacks should be provided with blankets on that day, as a gift from their Queen.

So all the blacks from Lake Macquarie, Port Stephens and along the Hunter would assemble at certain points to receive their blankets. The Junction (where our school was) was one of the places selected for this purpose, and we children were frightened beyond description at the wild savage, hairy-looking men and their gins with often their piccaninnies swung across their backs supported by their very dirty blanket. They looked hideous creatures to us boys and girls, and were really harmless, unless they were provoked or had indulged in some of the white man's 'fire water.' Then they would become dangerous, and their native instincts would assert themselves and we very soon cleared out for our own safety.

About this time, there was a team of aboriginal cricketers which gave an exhibition of cricket on the old cricket ground, directly below the junction. My father took me to see them, and feeling quite safe under the protection of my father, was very much impressed by their smartness and alertness. Of course, they were not classical cricketers, as we know exist to-day; they had only a crude idea of the game but were very quick, with an eye as quick as a Hawk, and as fleet of foot as a Kangaroo. Funny names too, I remember "Dicky Dick," "Tar Pot," "Glue Pot," and many others. They could throw a ball against all comers. One I took particular interest in was a chap who posed as "Aunt Sally." He took up a position, armed with a boomerang and nullah nullah, and all comers would stand about 20 yards

away, and try to hit him with a cricket ball. If they succeeded, were given a substantial money prize, but no one hit him, he expertly glanced the ball aside with his weapons.

This blackfellow team was taken to England, not altogether for their scientific play, but as more of a novelty, and to show our English relations the type of people which inhabited Australia previous to the advent of the white man. Unfortunately the native race is fast dying out in Tasmania, they are extinct. The last of the Lake Macquarie tribe died recently, and a pure bred black is rarely to be seen in New South Wales.

I can vividly remember the two tunnels going through on Merewether beach for the making of a railway line to bring down coal from Red-head coal seam; those tunnels are still in existence. I also remember when I saw the first steam engines, the constructing of the Great Northern Line to Waratah, Hexham, Maitland, Singleton, and so on, and ever on until we reached the Queensland border and connected with that State. Much of the early necessities of life were taken by ships to Morpeth on the Hunter River, after which they were conveyed by bullock teams and horse teams to all parts of the north. Of course, when the railways became effective, merchandise was conveyed by that method. The coal industry from the small beginning mentioned in my early life very soon expanded. I remember the old Sea Pit (now demolished) being sunk. The coal was hauled to and shipped at the A.A. Company's wharf with a bridge over Hunter Street (lately demolished). Then came the famous Borehole pit, at or near Hamilton, farther afield. Waratah Tunnels, Lambton, Wallsend, Minmi, etc., these were the early coalfields and produced a first class article at small costs, as there was no engineering difficulty or expensive machinery such as we have in our modern mines.

There is a multitude of memories of this early Newcastle which would take too long to relate. The erection of the breakwater from the land to that wonderful natural lighthouse, Nobby's. The sea came into the Hunter River at that spot and caused the Harbour to become very rough at times. So this huge sea wall was built to keep the seas back, and also to have better access to the light-house; also to cause a stronger current in the river and thereby removing a lot of the silt which comes down the river in flood time—the rush of water causing the alluvial banks of the river to collapse and be carried down.

Several disastrous wrecks in early history took place on what was called the "oyster bank," at the mouth of the entrance to the river. In southerly weather it was very dangerous to enter the harbour, the channel was not wide enough to allow sea room, and many a splendid ship and many brave lives were lost on that dangerous reef. The most notable in my early days, I think was the S.S. Cawarra, from Sydney to Newcastle with passengers and freight. Rough weather with thunderous seas overtook this splendid vessel, and she was carried on to the oyster bank. Hun-

dreds of people on shore, relatives and friends, watched with agony the appeal of those on board for help and assistance, but nothing could be done to rescue them on account of the terrific seas; and all perished in sight of friends.

I was very young then, but can well remember the funeral of those whose bodies were washed ashore. They were buried on the hill of the Cathedral burying ground. Other noted and distressing wrecks can be remembered which is now history. I cannot help but compare the present miles of wharfage accommodation and the methods of loading and unloading cargo to what it was in my early days. The present loading basin, as I remember, was all mud, and when the tide came in covered it over with water. Now we have a good depth of water, perfectly safe berthing and splendid loading facilities and some of the largest come to our port for our products.

I will now close these little experiences and do look back with pleasure on the progress of the Newcastle district, with a population at that time of four or five thousand people, scattered about the district—to the present population of over 100,000, with industries springing up finding employment for our people and supply our requirements. Newcastle is destined to become the most important city in the Commonwealth, and the greatest optimistic person cannot visualise the progress our district will make during the next 50 years.

—ARTHUR W. GARRATT.

THE CHICHESTER DAM.

The Chichester Dam has been constructed on the Chichester River, on a site below the junction with the Wangat or "Little River." The reservoir formed by the construction of the dam has a capacity of 5,000 million gallons, the maximum depth of water being 121 feet.

The catchment covers an area of 76 square miles. It is bounded on the north and east by the Dividing Range, which separates it from the Gloucester, Barrington and Manning Rivers. This range rises to heights of over 4,000 feet, and is snow-fed.

The catchment area is considered as one of the most suitable in the State for a large water supply. The extensive area covered by densely-timbered forests, together with the high ranges at the head of the rivers, ensures a large rainfall combined with minimum evaporation. From the nature of the country, there is very little silt carried into the river, the water therefore, is practically always clear in the storage basin.

Since the construction of the dam was commenced there have been three floods in the Chichester River, any of which brought down sufficient water to more than fill the reservoir, had it been empty at the time.

The average daily consumption of the City of Newcastle and surrounding districts, comprising also Maitland and Cessnock, and is 8 million gallons. Records show that the Chichester Reservoir is capable of supplying 20 million gallons per day during the driest period on record.

The wall is curved in plan, the total length being 834 feet, of which portion, 280 feet in length, forms a spillway.

The height of the wall is 135 feet, the thickness at the crest being 12 feet, and at the base 90 feet. The pipe-line from the dam is 53 miles in length, 9 miles of which is continuous wood-pipe construction, and 44 miles of steel, the diameter throughout being 3 feet.

The wood pipes were manufactured in situ from the timber of the surrounding country, the steel pipes were made at Walsh Island, Newcastle. Practically the whole length of the pipe-line is laid on concrete sleepers, above ground except in the case where the main roads are crossed or where the line is carried through a town, as in the case of Dungog. The pipe-line was carried under the Hunter River through a tunnel which was driven through sand-stone rock. The depths of the shafts are 88 feet on the northern side of the river, and 100 feet on the southern side.

All the timber required for the construction of the buildings was cut on the area, and a quarry was opened up, close to the dam site, from which all stone used in construction was obtained.

—A. C. AHERN, 5A.C.

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TRANSLATION INTO FRENCH.

While many simple passages may be rendered into French which is almost an exact equivalent of English, we need only try to translate good English prose to realise how widely different is the genius of the two languages. Our greatest writers are those who know and use the hidden riches of our language—that wealth of association and suggestion which makes English so magnificent an instrument in the hands of a Shelley or a Keats. It is exactly this intangible quality that is lost in translation. And what of the subtle harmony between sense and sound that marks the best prose and all true poetry? It cannot be conveyed from one language to another.



LAST MINUTE PREPARATION.

Someone, I believe, once said something about one's best laid plans often going astray, or words to that effect, and, come to think of it, there's nothing truer, as I have lately learnt through bitter experience.

It was like this. The Classics Master, having as usual doled out a goodly amount of home-work, and several others having nobly followed his lead I found myself toward 9.30 p.m. hesitating between completing my Latin prep. or settling down to a comfortable chair and a book. Pleasure won the day, or rather the night, and home-work was whirled into the background, dismissed with a resolve to complete it in the tram next morning. I had done it before, and I could do it again. Thus me, in my blissful ignorance of the nasty little knocks of fate.

The next morning I rose late, as usual, tore through my breakfast and toilet, also as usual, and again, as usual, attempted to break all records from my house to the tram.

Finishing my magnificent run with a brilliant spurt, prompted by despair at the sight of a tram about to move off from my stop, I projected myself into space, a bundle of flying arms and legs, and luckily landed safely in the tram, and incidentally on someone's toe.

This incident elicited a grunt of pain from the injured one, and a glare of inexpressible hate as I tumbled past with a hasty "pardon." I dropped down into a corner seat and straightaway fell into that torpor which comes over one after a long run, only to be aroused by the curt "fares please," of a belligerent looking conductor. As he handed me my ticket in exchange for the coin I proffered him, he looked pointedly at my pass and me. For one black moment I thought I was to be requested to move in next door. But no! He hesitated, and, thanks be to my peculiar star, was lost, and passed on without a word.

My next thought was the preparation, and I produced the book, but for a few moments sat back recovering my breath.

It is curious how, when one is seated in a practically empty tram compartment, and when, unusual occurrence, no one is talking, an isolation and a silence that can be felt shuts down upon one. One is hemmed in and surrounded by an impenetrable barrier of roaring, clattering sound, which cuts one off from the world as completely as if one were on a desert island. These circumstances are naturally very favorable to work, and I was soon making such excellent progress that my hopes rose high, and were gradually changing to certainty of success, when the tram, after an unusually long series of clattering jars, bumped to a standstill.



My peace was rudely shattered. A swarm of passengers poured like a tidal wave into my compartment, and the one next to it, and horror of horrors, they were talking. Not only were they talking, but they talked in a dozen different keys on a score of different subjects.

In the presence of these, the noises of the tram changed to a demoniacal howl of warring sound, high above which rose a babel of tongues, which drove me to the point of desperation.

Had I been an Eastern monarch I should have commanded the summary execution of all these interrupters of my peace; as it was, I could vent my rage by a savage gritting of the teeth.

Worst of all, I had struck up against a particularly knotty and involved sentence, and as I stared at the book, attempting to concentrate all my powers upon it, I found that, probably owing to exasperation, my hearing had grown preternaturally keen.

I could hear almost every word of at least three conversations, and of others, caught a word here and there.

This, I think, is a fair example of what I said to myself and heard during the next few minutes.

"—neque sibi perfugium"—"Flo had the loveliest dress on last night, dearie. She was dancing with that"—"orse wot the Arrer'e tippin, I gottit from a guy wot knows."—"s'a dead cert."—yeah, but"—"Port Stephens is certainly not getting a square deal in my opinion"—and so on, ad infinitum.

Everybody was either talking or making some irritating noise, and matters grew worse, rather than better.

At length matters reached a climax, and this was announced by a loud "Harrumph!" from the ponderous gentleman whose opinion I omitted to give.

He was one of those large, expansive persons, who look and speak as if they were somebody. You know the sort I mean. They discuss some subject that is not of the slightest interest to you, in such a loud and penetrating tone, that all persons within hearing are forced to abandon their conversation, and listen unwillingly. The kind of man who, when he gets out, and this sort always get out before you, probably think that his fellow-passengers have had a most enjoyable time, and are silently giving him a vote of thanks for speaking to them.

At the "harrumph," there was a noticeable diminution in the talk, at the second, the talking almost ceased, and at the third, silence reigned.

Immediately he began to talk about the rights and wrongs of Port Stephens, and to give his opinions on a dozen subjects connected with this, and so on seemingly endlessly, until, thank heavens, he came to his stop, and got out.

For a few minutes afterwards, all was quiet, and, surmounting the difficulty, I began to progress once more, and things were going unexpectedly well. Suddenly I became aware of a distinctly unpleasant odour, which grew more and more marked as time went on. I sniffed hard. Surely it could not be—? But my senses had not played me false, it was that abominable concoction sold under the name of Black Shag.

The atmosphere was thick with it, only intense preoccupation could account for my not having noticed it before. Despairingly I flung down my window, but in vain; once Shag gets a grip on the atmosphere dynamite won't shift it. This was so thick, that, if you will pardon what you may think is an exaggeration, I could scarcely see the print of my book.

The vile stuff got into my eyes, and made them sting, left a filthy taste in my mouth, and, generally nearly asphyxiated me. Gasping for air, I turned, with murder in my thoughts, to see who was the author of the outrage.

I beheld an inoffensive, shy-looking young man, who, having failed to hide himself adequately behind a paper, was completing the work by putting up a smoke-screen.

O, reader, have you ever smelt Shag? If not, you are well rid of it. Conceive of the most terrible form of Chinese torture, and then know that beside Shag, it would dwindle into insignificance and painlessness.

At length, after two or three centuries of torment, we were relieved by the wind suddenly springing up and blowing through the tram, somewhat diluting the abominable odor.

Some minutes after this, that villain of a smoker, luckily for one individual whose thoughts had evidently been wavering between murder and suicide, made a placid and unhurried exit, amid a black cloud of smoke.

My fellow-passengers were too stupefied to re-continue their chattering, and all was silent during the rest of the journey.

Naturally I commenced work once more and became so absorbed that I did not look up again until that impression of a host of ghostly schoolmasters tearing their hair and raving incoherently, which to me means "Kelly's Korner," was borne in upon me.

Sure enough, it was my stop. Springing up, I made a hasty and undignified exit, treading firmly but not kindly on every foot within range, and tumbled out on to the road.

Just dodging a tram, I found myself growing uncomfortably hot as the air around me was scorched and blistered by the driver's remarks.

Suddenly I became aware of a 'bus driver glaring at me from behind his wheel, black in the face with rage. He had the look of a man who is speechless because his vocabulary is totally inadequate to the occasion. All this I noted in about the fiftieth part of a second, after which I went, while the going was good, at full speed for the quieter regions of Brown Street.

Needless to say, on arriving at school, hot and perspiring, with my brain in a whirl, I tried ineffectually to efface myself and avoid the Classics Master's steely gaze. Inevitably the eagle eye singled me out, and upon my failing to construe, he reacted according to the usual formula; hence behold me standing on the floor dismally contemplating the idea of a lengthy detention.

—"ADSUM," 4A.

AN UNCANNY SENSATION.

It was a cold bleak winter's night, with a chilly westerly wind howling through the trees, when on my return home from spending the evening with my friend I met with an uncanny experience. Arriving home at ten o'clock I found the house in darkness.

Accordingly I unlocked the door, stepped inside and switched on the light. I then, strange to say, looked around the room in a rather startled and frightened manner. I cannot tell why I did so, since I assured myself I was not frightened. Why should I be? It must be that ghost story Mr. Burke, my chum's father, told me of, I convinced myself.

I then decided that I would read, so I took down a book, and commenced reading. I soon found it to be a copy of *Ingoldsby Legends*, and hastily set it aside, but not before I had read sufficient to set my vivid imagination agog. I thought I would find some consolation in a copy of a magazine my brother was accustomed to read avidly, but imagine my fears, when the first story I read was a murder. In this narrative, an old man in green spectacles murdered his neighbor, because she annoyed him by keeping a private menagerie. The story may seem ridiculous, but to me it was a stimulant to my ever-growing uneasiness and fear.

Pat! pat! pat! What was that? My imagination knew no bounds. I imagined numerous horrid things, but to my relief it was merely our cat coming in to be petted.

At last I determined to retire. I entered my bedroom, after switching out the reading room light. I commenced undressing, and was about to remove my tie, when—I heard a snarl.

It conjured up in my mind everything brutal. All savageness and brutality suggested itself in that utterance. Who or what could it be? A robber? Surely not! This voice seemed suitable to commit a far more callous crime than robbery. Murder! Beads of perspiration stood on my forehead, and then a cold clammy feeling oppressed me. I thought of my parents, relations and friends, whom, perhaps, I was destined never to see again. I thought of my past deeds, but I determined that at least, I should not die a coward's death.

Pat! pat! pat! That must be the sound of his slippers on the carpet. I thought of fighting him, and tried to reach for a weapon, but I was incapable of moving. At last I managed to grasp a thick heavy ruler, and, swinging it aloft, I intended to brain the would-be murderer, on his entering my room. This was my intention, but I am sure that I would have been incapable of striking if he had entered at the psychological moment.

Pat! pat! pat! His footsteps were coming nearer and nearer. I took a firmer grip of my weapon, and, planting my feet steadier, prepared for the worst, when, at the door, appeared, with a frog in his mouth, my dog "Spiff."

—J. H. B. 4A.

SEVENTEEN.

Seventeen! that seemingly unattainable age, much dreamed of as one of frolicsome light-heartedness and exuberant, youthful spirits!

But now that we have come to a full realisation of the depths of its tragedy we can look back upon the rosy dreams of our infancy with smiling incredulity. That illusion has now faded into oblivion, the beautiful dreams have vanished, and we realise that seventeen is the dividing line between carefree, irresponsible youth, and senile decay.

Those of us who have attained that dignified age—although showing no outward sign of the effects of the momentous event—can at length comprehend the courage and fortitude necessary to bear up under the severe mental stress occasioned by the soul-searing trials and tribulations of maturity.

The enthralling battle between love and duty, allegedly attendant upon the attainment of that age, has at length begun to assert itself, but who can understand the severe agony of the test, for we bravely endeavor to conceal the ravages of our affliction beneath a smiling and debonair exterior, as the onus is upon us to conceal from the unsophisticated minds of our juniors the tempestuous experiences which must inevitably fall their lot when they enter the realm of conflicting emotions.

—WALIDA ET GELIDA.

THE GREAT RACE.

It was the day before the race which was the main event of the year at Cranleigh College. The season of swimming was usually terminated by a big aquatic carnival, to which all the neighboring colleges came to compete with each other.

Cranleigh College possessed three good swimmers, who were undeniably brilliant in short and long distance swimming. Harry, Alf and Barton were the three idols of the college. Harry was the crack short distance swimmer, in fact, there was a rumor spread throughout the college that he was going to break the 100 yards record!

Alf and Barton were the long distance swimmers, and were considered to have an excellent chance at a place. They had come down to the baths for a last trial, and also Mr. Scorer was giving them some final hints about the proper method of obtaining the highest speed without undue exertion.

Harry had one fault, a fault which he had been trying to right for at least 5 weeks. It was the habit of "taking" the water before the word "go." If he was to do it in the races he would be disqualified and so have no chance whatever of winning.

He had succeeded to a certain extent, but not so much as he had desired.

Alf and Barton were both in the water, doing a fine fast 440 yards.

The day of the carnival dawned a glorious, cloudless sky with a fresh wind blowing from the N.E. Crowds were making their way to the swimming baths, all talking of the pleasant enjoyment that should result from the keen competition of the colleges.

The officials are busy arranging the lines and expelling ardent swimmers from the water. There is a continual buzz from the crowd which silences when the announcer loudly proclaims, "Competitors for the 50 yards championship under 16, get ready!" Instantly some athletic figures present themselves at the water's edge.

The race has started and finished, the result is Devonshire 1st, and Cranleigh 2nd. The 100 yards Handicap is run off with clock-work precision. The diving follows on, and at the finish of it, Devonshire is leading by 5 points, Cranleigh and Burnley each with equal points.

"100 yards Championship of the Schools get ready" is announced. Ah! here is the race for which everybody is waiting, the race that decides who will win the day. Devonshire, Cranleigh and Burnley are hot favourites. To add to the Cranleigh boys' excitement, their idol, Harry, is competing in this race, which is to decide the day. They shout words of encouragement to him, but he takes no notice, and to all appearances is calm, but oh! how he wonders how he will take the water; will he go before the word "go" or will he hesitate and get a bad start? is the anxious question he asks himself.

However, the starter lines them up, gives them minor instructions, and then steps back a pace. He looks along the line, seeing that each swimmer is firmly set and ready for the word to go. He is not long in keeping them waiting. "Get on your mark, face the water,—ah! one impulsive fellow takes the water with a splash and so puts the whole line out. The starter tries again, saying with deadly precision, "Get on your mark, face the water, go!"

There is half a dozen splashes as half a dozen well built young athletes plunge into the water. At first, Harry was about to go off like the other defaulter, but he stayed his impatience; the next time, he obtained a beautiful start, with the result that he was third. He was swimming with enough energy left in him for the final sprint at the end; the water was hissing and gurgling as he kicked his feet vigorously and swept his arms through the water that made him go at a pace, so that the distance between him and the second man was gradually lessening.

At the 50 yards mark, he had passed him, and the front man was only 5 yards away. Ay, but 5 yards of tremendous exertion and endurance could only win; at the 75 yards mark, Harry was 2 yards behind him, and still the Devonshire man was going strong.

The pace was beginning to tell on the others, for it was a very fast pace indeed, but Harry had a little more energy left in him and so he in-

creased his speed. They were only 15 yards off the winning post, and Harry was 1 yard behind; the crowd was yelling, hats were flying and everybody was standing up to see the finish of this great race.

They saw Harry gain on the leading man, slowly but surely, and then Harry put in an extra effort that carried him a head past the Devonshire man and so reached the winning post first. It was over and the crowd were wanting to know what the points really were. It was found that Cranleigh had won the "Anderson Shield" for the third time and by doing so were allowed to keep it. Harry was the hero of the hour, he was carried shoulder high by willing comrades to be seen by the admiring crowd.

Thus it was that Harry rid himself of his fault.

—J. WATERS, 4A.C.

A THRILL.

The night outside was dark, wet and unpleasant. The rain was pelted down against the window pane, and the wind was howling through the trees; while inside, a man sat near a fire, which was blazing brightly, with a blanket wrapped around him. Beside him on the table there was a thick book which he had been reading.

Suddenly the silence, which had lasted an hour or more, save for the constant measured beat of the clock and the sudden peals of thunder, was broken by the sound of galloping horses' feet. The sound came nearer and nearer, and at last stopped outside the house. A number of things flashed through the man's mind. Had there been a big robbery, a murder, or what? For a few seconds, silence was again regained, being broken this time by a sharp "rap-tap" at the front door.

The detective, as this man was, grasped a revolver, and, putting it in his pocket, rushed to the door. A stranger entered and quickly told the detective what had happened. "Just as I expected," he said, after a short pause, "the diamond had again been stolen, and most likely for a lifetime, this time."

The detective slipped on an overcoat and, bringing his car from the shed, took the stranger in the car, and began on a forty mile journey, which he hoped to cover in less than an hour. As the roads were wet and muddy, he skidded from side to side as he sped along at a great rate. He had reached the distance of fifteen miles when he came to the punt. Would the punt be on the right side of the river, and would he be able to secure the precious stone again?

The punt was on the right side, and the moment the car sped on it left the bank at double speed. The distance of sixteen miles had been covered in twenty-five minutes. The rest of the journey was on a tarred road which was soon covered.

As the car came to a sudden stop at the door of a large house, both men jumped out and entered the house. Here they learned that the diamond had been taken by a famous crook, called "Light Fingered Len," from the strong-room. The detective found footprints to the road and there were new tyre marks which he followed.

This chase lasted for at least half an hour, when a car was seen ahead putting on speed. The detective soon drew level with the other car, which he ordered to pull up. The driver of the car did so, but as he did, a masked man slipped out the back, only to face the revolver of another man.

This man was searched, but they could not find the diamond, and was about to be released, when they noticed something sparkle with the light of the torch in a camera. The film was taken out and behind it was the diamond. This was restored to the owner and the crook restored to the police station, where he stood for trial.

—"BRONKO." 2B.

"REMIS VELISQUE."

M. Lefevre was being shown round the "Birmingham of the North," namely Newcastle. He was amazed at the progress of the industrial town, the wonderful beaches and parks, which took away from the city the dust and gloom, characteristics of other industrial and manufacturing centres.

The Steel Works and Walsh Island interested him very much, and it was after one of these visits that he approached the Mayor.

"There is only one thing you have not shown me in your city, and that is where the future citizens, the bulwarks of your nation, are educated. The boys and girls, the brightest and best brains of your city, where do you teach them?"

"His Worship" blushed and hesitated, but M. Lefevre went on.

"I suppose they have a wonderful school, gardens, playing fields and beautiful rooms in which to improve their minds. I know that you will agree with me that 'a thing of beauty is a joy forever,' and an influence for eternity. But come—escort me to this ideal school."

Here the Mayor tried to interrupt, but M. Lefevre was already out of ear-shot, and the Mayor had perforce to follow.

The limousine snorted, but after a gentle coaxing was persuaded to climb the hill.

"Are you sure you understand that I wish to see Newcastle High School? This does not seem the right place for a High School, but of course, it is a high school," emphasising the high.

The top being nearly reached, M. Lefevre noticed a peculiar building.

"Ah! I see that you have a church, or some religious building here."

"Er—that is the—er—High School," murmured the poor Mayor.