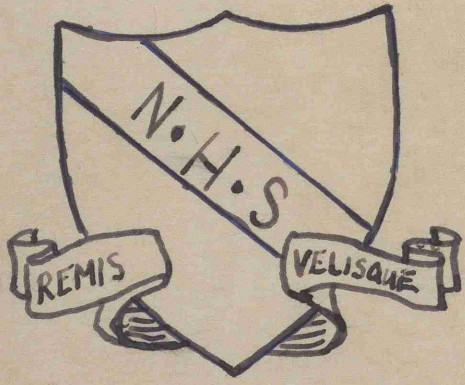
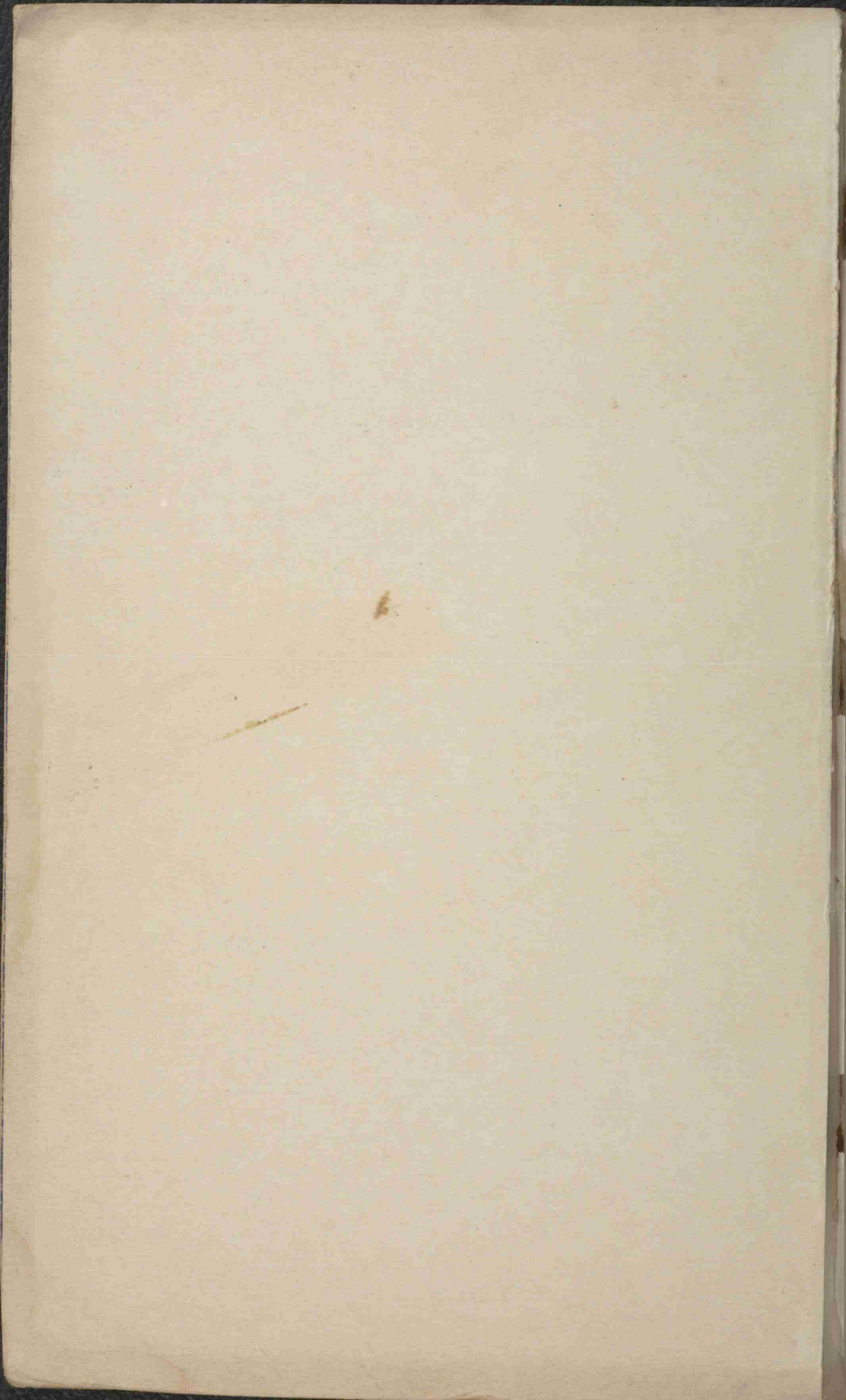


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NUMBER 36
SEPTEMBER 1928



The Journal of the
Newcastle High School



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R. F. HARVEY, B.A.

DEPUTY HEAD MASTER :

VACANT

SUPERVISOR OF GIRLS :

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F. Fitzpatrick, B.A. Miss E. Whitelaw, B.A.

Miss L. Firth, B.A.

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

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DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC :

Miss A. Learmonth.

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Miss Kelly

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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: J. W. GIBBES, B.A.

Business Editors: JACK BRITTON, HARRY ROARTY

September, 1928



SPORT AND LIFE.

IN a book published a few years ago, Mr. W. T. Tilden, the great tennis player made the claim that lawn tennis was superior to other games in that it offered the fullest scope for individuality. In most other forms of sport, the player is one of a crowd; his identity may be lost. But in tennis—and particularly in singles—he holds the stage. He must rely on himself alone to defeat his adversary. The majority of Britons, however, will not share the opinion that tennis is the best of games. The games that appeal to English people are those which give opportunities for team work and co-operation, and in which individualism is, if anything, to be deprecated. How often do we hear the criticism that such-and-such a team contains good players but lacks combination; or that so-and-so is clever but too selfish? It is a commonplace that in football the best forward is often the one who is least conspicuous. No; to the British at any rate, the best games are not those in which one person occupies the limelight, but those in which a team strives in unison for success.

Therein lies the chief value of sport and particularly of school sport. It not only hardens the muscles; it inculcates self-control—the very essence of education. It teaches players to subordinate themselves to their side, to pull together, to do their utmost, not for their own glorification, but for that of their school; the school of the past, present and future. They are the fifteen, or the eleven or the nine or the eight who are entrusted for the time being with the task of maintaining and embellishing the school tradition. It is this that lends to school games their distinctive quality; in them, team work is seen at its best.

As a preparation for life in general, sport plays an important part. Our general attitude towards life should be like the interest we take in games. The detached enthusiasm that this sporting interest engenders is

a real ingredient of happiness. The true sporting spirit is unaffected by consideration of the result, and views the game as the thing and not the outcome. Failure to win, to the true sport, should mean nothing beyond a shade of regret or chagrin. Whether we win or lose, something has been learned, some insight and appreciation of the workings of others and ourselves. We are ready and eager to begin another game; defeat has not dampened our enthusiasm. This knowledge throughout life does not work against our interest in the struggle itself, nor in the outcome. It only ensures us against defeat. It makes life livable by endowing us with disinterestedness. If we lose our game, why, better luck next time, or, at worst, is not losing a part of life ?

EDITORIAL NOTES.

In reading the contributions submitted to the Editor of the "Novocastrian," I noted the recurrence of certain faults which not only disfigured some otherwise not ill favoured literary progeny, but added the evil of deformity to others who were ill nourished and ill developed from birth.

The faults to which I refer are those of style. To criticise juvenile effusions from an imaginative or creative standpoint would be to set an entirely false standard. Further, I do not intend to discuss articles on local history, on industries or sports reports, where the mode of treatment and expression is more or less stereotyped, but to confine myself to verse and to narrative and descriptive sketches where the writer gives free play to his individuality, or loses it in the model he proposes to imitate.

In the first place a certain amount of genuine feeling is necessary to secure the success of any original composition of this kind. Humorous pieces should be written with some zest; real gusto in the telling will make up for many faults in the conception. Fine feathers make fine birds; your literary bantling will make a fine show if you really enjoyed dressing it.

It is to the possession of this quality that such pieces as "The Sport of Kings" owe their merit, and it is owing to a deficiency in this respect that such pieces as "Rats" and "Sweets" fail.

The same is true of spirited verse, and what real zest can do for a poem is well exemplified in pieces like the "Pirate Captain" and the "Sports Ground" (both written by first year girls) and "Your Race," though at least two of these have little, if any, other merit.

In writing pieces of a pathetic, not to say sentimental type, and in the composition of descriptive verse, it is necessary that the author's mood be in tune with his subject, so that the resultant work shall have that ring of sincerity which alone can carry it through without the aid of real literary art. Two prose sketches, "The Storm" and "He was a Man," both exhibit

this quality of sincerity and the latter, a crudely sentimental effusion, is redeemed solely by the genuineness of the writer's feeling. On the other hand, a story, the title of which I have forgotten, dealing with the escape of a French prisoner from the hands of the Germans, though far less crude in sentiment and handling, falls below "He was a Man" in real merit owing to the author's failure to realise the situation which he had himself created.

Further examples may be seen in verses entitled "East and West" and "Nocturne," as well as in another descriptive piece written by a third year girl. The writers of these had both experienced some emotion at the thought of the scenes which they themselves were attempting to portray and consequently, although their power of pictorial presentation is not great, they convey something to the reader; the poems possess "atmosphere," to use a cant term.

In general treatment I notice that the machinery was frequently very clumsy and the setting not always appropriate. One humorous sketch, "The Society Martyr," consisted of four written pages of which one was entirely taken up by an introduction, which was as dull, and unconvincing to the reader, as it had apparently been troublesome to the writer. It was somewhat surprising, by the way, to observe how few of our story writers can conceive anything of interest occurring except in a train. There were others who preferred to take a ready made setting and that the easiest they could find. The writer of "White Mice" had selected the "School Girls' Friend" and her contribution was quite worthy of publication in that journal. She was attracted by the ease with which she could imitate the original. Quite so! It is easy to imitate physical deformity, but it is not art and it is not entertaining to anyone whose sensibilities are not altogether blunted.

In verse this tendency took the form of parodies, the worst being the effort of a fifth year boy, entitled "Sleepmorehardo." To have any merit, a parody should be to some extent a satire on the original. Brunton Stephens has given us two first rate examples of this type. If a parody is valuable per se, then it would have been better had it not been a parody. But when we get pieces without wit or point, merely parodying the original in plagiarising metre, phrase and rhyme, we thank heaven for the incinerator.

With regard to actual expression, it is quite obvious that several of the writers have been studying very bad models.

One or two have taken Wodehouse as a pattern and have reproduced one of his faults with curious fidelity. They attempt to achieve a humorous effect by periphrases or pleonasm. We all realise the importance of Fifth year, but "that select band of youths denominated Fifth years" seems too sounding a title even from the pen of one of the "select band."

At least one of the girls seems to have been making an intensive study of the social columns of a Sunday paper and combining therewith a course in penny novelettes. Her description of a dance at Kosciusko is worthy of Charles Garvice—a collection of cheap, tawdry, not to say vulgar phrases. Surely it is possible for anyone who can write at all to describe

what she has seen in her ordinary vocabulary without having recourse to these rags and ends of cast-off frippery.

The wish to employ cheap ornament is not, however, confined to the girls. There are boys, too, who, unable to forge what they regard as ornamental phrase, borrow conventional expressions such as "the first faint streaks of dawn glancing across the eastern sky," whose villains "rap out" commands and behave otherwise as the best conducted villains are accustomed to do. This sort of stuff is not literature; it is cheap journalism. The writer, too, wears his wretched brummagem ornaments with an uncomfortable self-consciousness that makes his whole work deplorably unconvincing.

If you have no decorations of your own, it is better to do without, but if you must wear some, then borrow from a decent source; but do not rummage in the dust heap.

In this connection, I might mention that the concluding paragraph of "The Storm" is conventional enough in its imagery, but where the author has failed to make this his own, he has at any rate taken care that the material shall be good. As a consequence, the paragraph in question reads like the work of a good, descriptive reporter or a modern essayist, who is the same man in another capacity.

In verse the conventional note is, of course, inevitable, but the models for the most part have been well enough chosen. One fault in some of the better pieces was that lines which were musical enough were unfortunately meaningless. No doubt the writers could point to a celebrated model and plead his example in extenuation. They forget that their pattern made his reputation before he committed these literary crimes, and that anyhow a great poet's defects are not necessarily worthy of imitation. The plea, however, I am afraid, would hardly be sincere. This confusion of expression is produced by confusion of thought or by having no thought to express, but by being forced to make a rhyme. In some cases it may be produced by the belief that obscurity of expression denotes profundity of thought. This is quite probable in the case of girls who are prone to admire what they do not understand. Hence the fact that Browning is not yet out of print.

Literature, however, is the expression of thought, and writing which fails to express thought clearly, is not literature.

With regard to class notes, there are still some which begin "Here we are again," "the merry—" This recollection of the clown with his motley dress and the straw pillow in his stomach is not without pathos to those whose childhood has been left thirty years behind, but after all, the clown's place was in the circus ring and the circus was a vulgar show. Surely a School Magazine can claim to be on a somewhat higher plane.

Lastly, I would protest against the abuse of exclamation and query marks. Here is an example: "We then went gladly (?) into class to study (?) our beloved (!!) French. Irony should be something subtle, something to be felt, not seen, certainly not to be advertised by blatant posters like the latest moving picture.



School News

The Annual Sports' Day of Newcastle High School for 1928 was August 17th last. It was the Twenty-second Annual Meeting and eclipsed all others in the matter of attendance. A fine gathering of parents filled the capacious Grandstand at the National Park Sports' Ground, and was a fine tribute to their interest and to the excellent organisation of Mr. V. H. Walker, of the staff, assisted by C. Shannon, one of the Fourth year boys. Miss B. Kelly was the organiser of the Girls' Sports. Much work was done on the ground prior to the meeting by an enthusiastic school staff and by ex-students.

* * * * *

Among the spectators were Alderman R. Christie, Acting-Mayor of Newcastle, Rev. A. R. McVittie, M.A., President of the High School P. and C. Association, Mr. J. Glassop, Town Clerk of Newcastle, and Mr. D. Jones, Hon. Sec. of the P. and C. Association.

* * * * *

Since the last issue of the "Novocastrian" a public appeal has been launched for a library and equipment fund for the High School. The High School P. and C. Association has promised to raise £100 towards this object, and to date £58/16/6 is in hand. A frolic held in the Palais Dance Hall, on July 19th, produced £45/10/8, including two cheques—one from Mrs. Wheeler for 10/6, and one from Mr. C. Thompson for £2/2/0.

* * * * *

On the Annual Sports' Day, held at National Park on August 17th last, the Ladies' Committee of the P. & C. Association catered for the luncheon, and with the generosity of parents and various donors succeeded in showing a profit of £9/10/4. An ice cream stall on the ground conducted also by the P. & C. Association showed a return of £3/15/6.

* * * * *

These splendid results show what can be accomplished by whole-hearted co-operation on the part of parents. The P. & C. Association hope to be successful also with a Second Frolic that is being arranged for Thursday, 20th September, at the Palais Dance Hall.

* * * * *

All parents are asked to participate in these efforts, and their attendance at the monthly meeting of the Association on the third Tuesday Evening of each month at Bolton Street Public School will be greatly appreciated. If it is impossible to be present, it should not be impossible for parents to become members of the Association by paying One Shilling subscription.

* * * * *

It seems almost incredible that, although Newcastle is the second largest City in the State of New South Wales, and the Newcastle High School is not only one of the largest but the only full course High School in Newcastle, yet not a single Scholarship is given by the townsfolk to aid

deserving students. Is not this a commentary on the estimation in which education is held by local citizens? The apathy of the public in matters educational is strikingly evidenced by the fact that a dilapidated and unhealthy old Primary School Building has done duty as a High School for more than twenty years.

* * * * *

The High School will close for the Summer Vacation on Friday, 14th December, 1928, and will re-open on Monday, 4th February, 1929. The Winter Vacation during 1929 will extend from August 5th to August 23rd.

* * * * *

The following University Scholarships will be awarded at the forthcoming Leaving Certificate in November next:—For General Proficiency: (a) The Bowman-Cameron Scholarship of £35 per annum for 3 years, tenable only in the faculty of arts; (b) The Freemasons' Scholarship of £50 per annum for 3 years in any faculty. This Scholarship is available only for sons of Freemasons of five years' standing of the United Grand Lodge of N.S.W.

* * * * *

The Cooper Scholarship No. II for Classics of £75 for one year. Candidates are required to take examinations in special papers in addition to the Leaving Certificate Exam.

* * * * *

The Barker Scholarship No. II (£75 for one year) and Horner Exhibition (£10 for one year).

* * * * *

In addition to these Scholarships, there are also the John West medal (£10) and Graham medal (£4) for General Proficiency, open to all candidates, and the Fairfax prize (£25) for General Proficiency amongst female candidates.

* * * * *

Candidates for these Scholarships are required to make application on the prescribed form, and should forward same to the Registrar of the University not later than 10th October, 1928, together with a fee of £1/10/-

* * * * *

For the Leaving Certificate Examination, beginning on Monday, 12th November, the School will have approximately 67 candidates, and about 90 will be sitting for the Intermediate Examination.

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We publish in this issue a sketch of the New Girls' High School as it will appear when completed at the end of 1929. It is situated in Parkway Avenue, Hamilton. The ground and first floor plans disclose that there are 16 class rooms in addition to many other offices. The library is a splendid room. Regret must be expressed that the Assembly Hall has accommodation for only 545 persons seated. Where are parents to sit on occasions such as the Annual Speech Day?

The building of the Boys' High School is still in the air. It is even suggested that when it is built, it will be at Waratah, and not at Hamilton as originally proposed. It is not considered advisable to put both Boys' and Girls' High Schools alongside each other. With separate schools, there will be dual control which may not be as effective as at present in the mixed school. Further, the desire of the adolescent boy and girl for one another's company may be more pronounced when they see one another only at the beginning and close of the school day, than is the case at present.

* * * * *

During the past football season the High School has entered the competition of the Super-Primary Schools for the first time. Of course, our senior teams could not enter these competitions on account of their age and weight. The experience of the junior teams, however, has not been satisfactory from many points of view, and it is highly probable that the High School will in future revert to its former practice of playing with Maitland teams, and of participating in its own colour competitions.

* * * * *

Recently the Department has effected repairs at the High School, and repainted it inside and out, at a cost of approximately £1,800. While it is now looking better than it has done for years past, it will never give satisfaction. Nothing has been done to improve the water service, and the lack of ventilation has not been remedied in any way.

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The provision of a wash-basin in the Men's Staff room is much appreciated and Mr. Drummond, Minister for Education, is personally responsible for this.

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The cyclone early in June blew two double portable rooms and a single portable room from their piers. Considerable damage was done, and portion of the School could not be accommodated for a time.

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Many new books have been added to the library, and it is refreshing to see how eagerly they are perused by students during the lunch hour. It is a pity, however, that the accommodation is so inadequate. Application is being made for additional presses in which to store the library books.

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The prefect system at present in vogue is not working satisfactorily, particularly on the part of the boys. The latter are prefects in name only.

* * * * *

Some important staff transfers have taken place since the publication of the last issue of the "Novocastrian." Our Deputy, Mr. R. A. Page, B.A., was promoted to the Headmastership of Mudgee High School. Mr. J. H. Killip, B.A., took Mr. Page's place as Deputy-Head, but he too has since been promoted to the Headmastership of Hay High School. Mr. Killip's position on the staff has not yet been filled. It is wise of the De-

partment to refrain from making an immediate appointment to the position of Deputy-Headmaster, as such an appointment would necessitate, in probability, the removal of Mr. Colville, our Mathematical Master, and this would undoubtedly prejudice the prospects of students sitting for the Leaving Certificate Examination in November.

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Through not appointing a Deputy, the Headmaster's labours have been increased, but Mr. Harvey would prefer this, rather than jeopardise the careers of students.

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It is hard to understand, however, why the services of Mr. Page as Deputy were not retained while the "Head" was recently on leave through illness.

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Mr. W. D. Noakes, M.A., English Master at the time of publishing the March issue, is now English Master at the New Sydney Boys' High School, and Mr. H. M. Woodward, M.A., of North Sydney High School, has taken Mr. Noakes' place on our staff.

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We welcome Mr. B. H. Roberts' appointment as Science Master. Mr. McNiven, his predecessor, is now Deputy Head of Goulburn High School.

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Mr. R. H. Motte has taken over the work of Mr. Page on the Modern Language Staff. Mr. Motte has had considerable experience in the teaching of French, both in France and England.

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Mr. F. B. Jones, B.A., was promoted to the position of Modern Language Master on the translation of Mr. Page to Mudgee.

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To all of the above teachers, the School offers its congratulations and wishes them the greatest success in their new spheres of labour.

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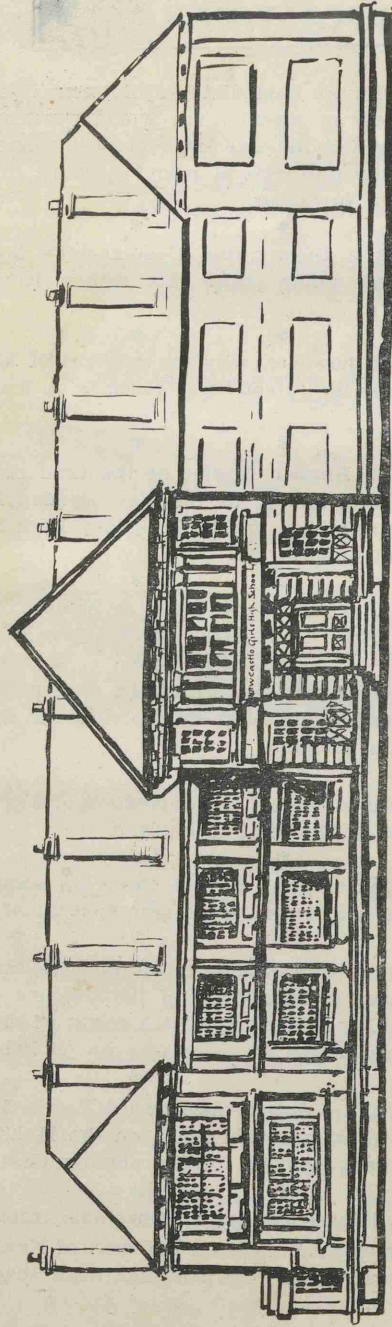
We publish in this issue some criticisms of the articles forwarded by students. We trust that any condemnation of their efforts will not be taken too seriously, and that they will resolve, as a result of the criticism, to offer improved contributions on the next occasion we publish.

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The thanks of the School are due to the Howard Harris Studio, Newcastle, for the excellent picture of our "old home on the Hill," which appears in this issue. No charge was made for the photograph.

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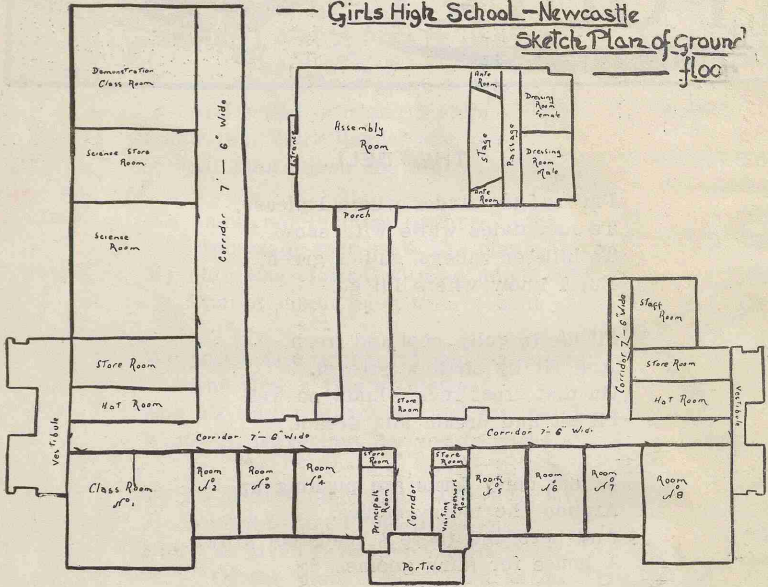
The old High School building looks quite respectable from the front, thanks to the skill of the photographer (Howard Harris, of Newcastle). It is significant that the painter refrained from painting "High School" on the notice board.



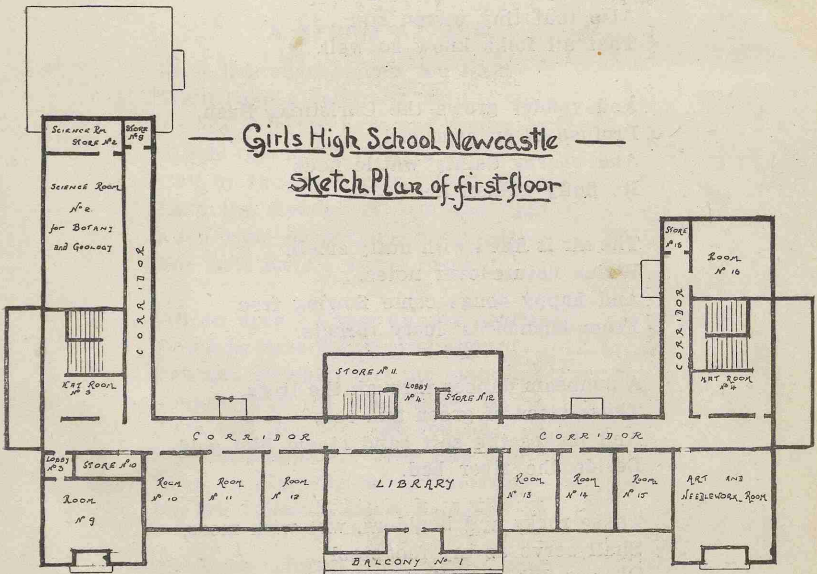
THE NEW NEWCASTLE GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOL, NOW BEING BUILT IN PARKWAY AVENUE, HAMILTON

The contract price is £34,120, exclusive of furniture. The contractors, Messrs. Baker & Lamb, have 18 months to complete the building. The walls are already 6ft. high and the school should be ready for occupation in January, 1930. There are 16 Classrooms, not including Art, Needlework and Science rooms. There are innumerable store rooms, and an Assembly room capable of seating 545.

Girls High School - Newcastle
 Sketch Plan of ground floor



Girls High School Newcastle
 Sketch Plan of first floor





THE DELL.

I'm free to wander where I please,
To mountains white with snow,
To hills or valleys, gullies green,
But I know where I'll go.

I'll hie to gully, cool and fresh,
And sit by shallow stream.
On that great rock I know so well
I'll sit and dream and dream.

Where curly ferns are pushing up
Around the mossy stones,
And here and there a toadstool grows
A house for fairy gnomes.

And trailing over one great rock
Is creamy chocolate bell ;
Also that tiny waxen star
That all folks know so well.

And yonder grows the Christmas Bush,
Profuse of crimson red,
And nearby dainty wattle nods
Its fluffy golden head.

The air is filled with nutty smell,
Which nature-lover notes,
And happy songs come flowing free
From bush-birds' lusty throats.

A sunbeam dances through the trees,
Those trees of green and red,
And makes the soft sand gleam like gold
Beside the river bed.

Those rocks and boulders, wet with moss,
Shall serve as my foot-stool;
Oh, yes, I'll go to that sweet place,
So silent and so cool.

JOYCE JONES, 3A.

WHEN I WAS A PIRATE CAPTAIN.

When I was a pirate brave and bold,
And sailed in a merry ship,
I flew the "Jolly Roger" and gave
All king's men the slip.

We plundered Spanish treasure ships,
And made men walk the plank,
My ship was stowed with so much gold,
That it might have been a bank.

We posed as a scurvy-rid merchant ship,
And flew a flag of distress,
And all that I plundered and all that I did
Well—I'll leave that for you to guess.

To my orders men said "Aye, aye, sir,"
And did what I told them to,
Now I've given it up, but I often think,
Of the plundering I used to do.

MENA AARSEN, 1B.

A STORM AT SEA.

First lieutenant, come you hither !
We'll have a good stiff gale to-night.
I see's it in the haze out yonder,
A gale this brig'll have to fight.
Call up the crew, man ! Furl the main-sail !
Lash the steerwheel firm and tight !
Keep your pecker up, my hearty—
For we'll have a storm to-night !

All on deck ! Come up, my hearties !
Going to have a gale, you know.
Bob and Bumper, furl the main-sail !
Johnny, lash the steer wheel so !
Pete and Stephen, get you busy !
See the pumps are good and tight !
Keep your pecker up, my hearties—
For we'll have a storm to-night.

Here she comes ! Jove, what a roarer ?
Mind you don't get washed away !
Jove ! but this is such a storm as

We'll not see for many a day !
All men to the pumps ! You, Stephen,
Stay and make the jib-sail tight !
Keep your pecker up, my hearties—
For we'll have a storm to-night.

"Ship has struck, sir !" Man the lifeboats ;
And for you small island row !
Hurry up men, look you sharp now,
For the ship is sinking low.
All aboard ? Jump in, you slow coach !
Now then, row with all your might !
Keep your pecker up, my hearties—
And we'll beat the storm to-night.

JESSIE SEMPLE, 2B.

THE IRON HORSE.

Puffing midst the mountain crags,
Eating up the gleaming rails ;
On it goes, it never lags
In picking up the mountain mails.

Up and up, through glen and glade ;
Pulling and puffing with all its might,
Where'er the gleaming track is laid.
On it goes—in day or night.

And little children standing by,
Laugh and shout with glee,
Or gaze on it with wondering eyes,
The large monster to see.

A rattle of wheels and a wreath of smoke,
It is gone again on its lonely way,
Like some wild animal running amoke,
As a whirlwind in its play.

"NULLUS," 1A

REVISED NURSERY RHYMES.

Patch a school, patch a school, painter's man !
Patch it and paint it as well as you can ;
Paint it and mend it and brand it A1,
Then say it's a new school—yes, new as the sun !

Our head-master went to the cupboard,
To find his poor pupils some books,
But when he got there the cupboard was bare,
Although he searched all of its nooks.

Education Department, quite contrary,
How is your book store now ?
We haven't got many, some haven't got any,
So please send them quick by P.O.

D.N., 4A.

WEST AND EAST ("Never the twain shall meet.")

The sun dies in yon vivid west,
A haze creeps o'er the dreamy blue,
A purple veil by stars caressed
Darkens this world of ev'ning dew.
So softly, sweetly, twilight falls,
So softly, sweetly twilight fades,
And night descends with ebon walls ;
Rivalled alone by Pluto's shades.

The queen o'night dispels all gloom,
When thro' the skies she proudly glides,
Her pearly light woos each perfume,
And o'er the glistening water rides.
So sweetly, softly moonbeams dance,
So sweetly, softly moonbeams melt,
As rosy hues the east enhance
And golden warmth of morn is felt.

"DIANA," 4AC.

The music is in the sweet streamlets
That wander through jewelled bush ;
Tuned to the songs of the bell-birds,
Flying home in the twilight hush.

So this is the gem of the ocean,
With her mountains, birds and flowers,
While the southern cross smiles softly down,
On this lovely land of ours.

UNA CANNING, 2B.

NOCTURNE.

The moon, a band of jewels rare,
Spreads o'er the purple sea,
And bids us take the pathway fair,
That gleams invitingly
As if it were a silver stair
To far eternity.

Yet we must rest upon these sands
Of firm reality,
And merely dream of distant lands,
And immortality,
Whilst we obey earthly commands
With earth's vitality.

And still that strip of dancing light
Attains the velvet sky,
And ever through the moonlit night
Sends forth its silent cry—
We long to tread its ripples bright,
To taste of joy and die.

"DIANA," 4A.C.

YOUR RACE.

Tense excitement, green turf stretching,
There ahead the tape gleams white
Runners down, their muscles itching—
Bang! They're off in their swift flight.

Started badly, no one cheered him,
Losing ground when half way there,
Thoughts assailed him, he could ne'er win,
Almost gave up in despair.

He was game, though, and gripped tighter,
Sped for all his life was worth,
Quickly caught them, prospects brighter,
Now he's home. He came in first.

Ne'er forget, lad, in your school work
You have one race to run,
Make a good start, run hard, don't shirk,
In the end you'll find you've won.

R. WORLEY, 2B.

THE ADVENT OF THE SPRING.

I can feel it, I can see it ;
How it gladdens everything,
Do you see it, do you feel it ;
'Tis the advent of the spring.

In the fiery, flaming sunset,
In the new, green, downy grass,
In creamy jonquils I can see,
That Spring is here at last.

P.P., 3A.

THE VIKING.

With dipping prow the dragon ship
Came skimming o'er the main,
Manned with the fiercest warriors,
The lion-hearted Dane.

Like eagle swooping on its prey,
The Viking ship bore down
Upon the unprotected coast,
Where stood a British town.

The leader, standing on the bow,
His battle-axe in hand,
Beams at the thought of plundering
This now so peaceful land.

The Britons soon did recognise
Their ever dreaded foe,
The winged helmet of the Dane
They oft had cause to know.

The visit was not one prolonged,
And ere the sun had set,
The dragon ship was under way
For Denmark further yet.

The Viking's was a cruel way,
To plunder and maraud,
And leave behind a trail of woe,
Marked plain by fire and blood.

F.M.D., 4AC.

THE SEA AT EVE.

Oh, what a peaceful scene it is
That lies before mine eyes,
The sea at Eve, all silver sheen,
And filled with murmuring sighs.
The little wavelets softly kiss
The pebbles on the beach,
And further up the sands are bare,
Where wavelets cannot reach.
The great white moon, a rounded pearl
Is floating over me,
And she's a path of silver light
Across the quivering sea.

JOYCE JONES, 3A.



CAPTAINS BOTH
At Sports' Gathering.



THE ROYAL SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS, AND ITS WORK.

A little over a half-century ago, a society, called "The Animals' Protection Society of New South Wales," was founded—an effort on the part of some humane citizens on behalf of the maltreated animals of the State. This society has prospered, largely on account of the great efforts made by its industrious officials; its name has been altered to "The Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals ; it has been officially recognised by the New South Wales Government and its Departments; it has, in a word, become a recognised public institution for the prevention of cruelty to animals in the State of New South Wales.

Throughout its growth, the Society has endeavoured to make its simple slogan, "Be kind to animals" known in every part of New South Wales. It has succeeded to such an extent that indeed the name of this Society is familiar to nearly every person in the State.

This success has been gained by the statistics employed by the Society; inspectors, one of whom is a travelling inspector of stock and a registered Veterinary Surgeon, are employed to travel throughout the country to inspect the ponies used in coal mines for drawing the skips, stock when travelling by rail, horse-stables, abbatoirs, sale-yards, piggeries, market places, wharves and other places where animals live, travel or are utilised; troughs for horses and dogs have been erected in appropriate and possible positions; and Lethal Chambers, in which unwanted or diseased domestic animals are painlessly destroyed, are maintained in towns in many parts of the State. These are only the most important of the Society's labours, but in addition to these, many are the trifling services which it performs for suffering animals in need of help.

But, apart from the work which the Society is capable of doing at present, there are the aims of the Society, which as yet, it cannot carry out. For instance, the officials of the Society state that they are in need of extra inspectors, more homes for animals, more Veterinary Hospitals and dispensaries and better laws in regard to the maltreatment of animals.

No doubt, many of those who know of this Society and who read this will query, "Why is a Society of this type needed ?" Well, I will answer this in detail; there are many people in the world to-day who think it is sport and amusement to torture animals; they never think of the terror and dread with which they inspire defenceless, dumb animals. How many times have you seen a man brutally kick a dog because it has unconsciously crossed his path ? Many times, no doubt, for it is a very common incident in the city streets.

This cruelty is particularly noticed in regard to live hare coursing; why the law permits the use of live hares in this so-called sport, we do not know, but it is so. Little do those who watch the eager greyhounds,

savage with the lust to kill, bounding in pursuit of a defenceless, terrorised hare, think of the agony and terror in the animal's instinct that warns it that it is doomed. A man, condemned to die, about to be executed and pursued by the awfulness of death, has, no doubt, the same emotions as a hare, pursued by snarling dogs and knowing that death is near. But no—these people who revel in this sport, do not think of the hare; their only concern is that the greyhounds may catch the hare too swiftly and thus spoil the sport for which they pay; they do not realise—or do not care—that they really sell the lives of animals who are of the same world and who have the same right to live on the earth as they themselves.

“But,” you will say, “we usually protect the hare from being actually torn to pieces by the dogs.” Yes, that is true, but we let it die of fright or of a broken heart instead.

It is almost the same case with pigeon-shooting; numerous little birds are shot in order that “sportsmen” may choose the “champion” among them.

It is the “Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals” which is now protesting again such “sports” as these which I have mentioned; it is also this Society which investigates complaints made by witnesses of various cruel actions to animals, and, in many cases, prosecutes the offenders, and, in others, dismisses them with a caution.

At the present time, the Society is requesting the strengthening of the existing Act for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, which was passed in 1901; the officials of the Society insist that there is urgent need for this.

In time to come, when the Society is even stronger than at present, it is hoped that the number of offenders in regard to cruelty to animals will be nil, and it is sincere opinion that we are surely coming to that state of affairs in the very near future. I am sure that the bulk of the people of New South Wales join with me in tendering their best wishes for—“The Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.”

LOLA WRIGHT, 4th Year.

THE VALUE AND WORK OF THE R.S.P.C.A.

The significant letters R.S.P.C.A. stand for “Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.”

In the following essay, I shall attempt to briefly inform the reader of the work and the value of this noble Society.

The aim of the Society is to be found in its slogan—“Be Kind to Animals.” Its members are endeavouring to stop the cruelty and neglectfulness of human being to animals. This ill treatment, which one often sees, is absolutely despicable, as an animal is unable to protect itself and consequently has often to bear the inhumane usage of a cruel master.

Owing to the efforts of this Society, animals have more carefully been looked after, but still, the conditions are not what they should be.

The reason for this being that without our help the Society is unable to carry on the good work it desires.

It is in our power to help rid the country of all forms of cruelty to dumb animals. We can do this by either becoming members of the Society, or if unable to do this, by always being kind to animals ourselves and by pointing out to our associates the necessity of doing likewise. There are many ways in which we can help. Firstly, we can feed starving animals, secondly, we can care for them when sick, thirdly, we can see that an animal is not overworked or forced to work when unfit for it.

The R.S.P.C.A. has undertaken many things that assure the protection of cruelty to animals. At Little Bay, it has had erected a Convalescent Home for Horses, and at Waterloo, a Dogs' Home. It has inspectors whose duties are to travel from place to place, visiting mines and other works where horses are used, to see that they are not worked when suffering from sores and other diseases. They have to see that sufficient care is shown to travelling stock and that unnecessary hardships are done away with. In addition to this, the Society erects troughs for horses and dogs wherever possible and sees to the painless destruction of unwanted and diseased dogs and cats.

This Society has the power to prosecute persons who have badly treated any animal. The money derived from the fines in these cases goes to the State Treasury.

Visiting private residences, business premises, streets, or any other places where stray or diseased dogs are likely to be found we have the Motor Ambulance. Also there is the Ambulance for injured horses. These are almost invaluable to the progress of the Society.

The Society is not content with the work it has carried out, but desires to extend it further. In addition to wanting more of the things that I have mentioned above, it would like better laws relating to the treatment of animals, Rest Homes for convalescent horses after illness, Veterinary Hospitals and Dispensaries, a Branch of the R.S.P.C.A. in every city, suburb, and educational institution and a fuller education of adults and children in regard to kindness to animals. I think, that if we could only realise the value of this Society, we would do our utmost to help it in every possible way.

Like many other good things, which are beneficial to the general public, the Society is often imposed on, such as people expecting Sunday and all-night services, which can only be carried out by a great increase of income. So, why not let each and every one of us try to put an end to this unnecessary trouble.

In the R.S.P.C.A. Journal, occur many interesting stories of animals, also a few cases where the Society has interfered in cruelty done to them by human beings. When one reads the punishment dealt to a man for pouring caustic soda over a cat and then throwing it into a furnace, one cannot but feel glad that such a Society is in existence. Another pitiful story is where hunters, in search of amusement chased a fox, and

when the fox cunningly sought refuge in a hollow tree, they then smoked it out. What better proof than this, do we need for the necessary existence of the R.S.P.C.A. ?

Is it not noble that a body of humane citizens should devote their time and resources to protect the ill-treated animals of New South Wales ?

GWEN. WARK, 4th Year.

THE NEW CARDIFF RAILWAY WORKSHOPS

Last week I had the good fortune to accompany a party through the Cardiff Workshops, and was surprised at the progress made there in twelve months. The position of the works is between Cardiff and Cockle Creek, not impeded by the neighbourhood as the former works were at Honeysuckle, but having huge bush areas around them. The sub-foreman, who happened to be our guide, informed us that they were not satisfied with the huge buildings that were just completed, but intended extending them about another 300 yards to build sheds for the construction and repairing of carriages since they have only, up to the present, been fitting and repairing locomotives.

The size of the works is about six times as large as the works at Honeysuckle. They generate their own electric power and steam with which they work all the machinery, electricity playing the larger part. The main building is about sixty feet high, well ventilated, and illuminated by innumerable electric lights.

The first thing that struck us as we entered was the department in which they fitted up the wheels. The roughly-shaped metal for the axles is placed in a huge electric lathe where it is cut to the required shape and size. This is then forced into the wheel under electric pressure in such a way that there is absolutely no hope of the axle coming out of the wheel. The huge steel tyres have then to be fitted on. They are placed on a huge electric magnet which, when turned on, creates such a current of electricity that the tyre immediately becomes white hot. In this state it is picked up by overhead cranes and dumped into a hole shaped to hold it, which is let into the ground. The wheel is then forced into the tyre before it has time to cool thus allowing the two metals to fuse, creating a perfect joint. The wheel is then put into another machine which revolves it and cuts it into shape for the rails. Our guide showed us a batch of seemingly perfect wheels which he said were worn slightly flat by the skidding of the wheels on the rails when the driver applies the brakes; these had to be rounded off again before being used.

In one section of the shed there are about twenty forges which are used by the blacksmiths. The smoke from these, instead of gaining the open by means of chimneys, goes down under the ground through huge pipes and comes up through one pipe about two feet in diameter.

Scattered all over the works are many mills, lathes, slotters, etc.,

which shape the steel for the locos. These are all driven by electric power and kept spotlessly clean. There are one or two steel discs in some of the machines which, we were told, cost fifty pounds each, owing to the exactness of their size. There are huge overhead cranes running from one end of the works to the other, some to lift fifteen tons, others, in the boiler rooms, to lift seventy five.

They have rather an ingenious contrivance for transporting the newly made material to the sectional stores where everything is stored. It consists of an electric trolley about six feet long by three feet broad. Half of it is occupied by batteries which provide the driving and lifting power, whilst the other half consists of a strong steel plate at such a height that it fits under the tables which are scattered all over the works and of a uniform height. The manufacturer places his newly made goods on these tables, the trolley is summoned and it comes up underneath the table. The driver of the trolley then manipulates some control which electrically lifts the steel plate which lifts the table and its contents off the ground. It then carries the goods, table and all, to the sectional store.

Another labour-saving device is the traverser, which runs right through the sheds and out into the open. It is worked off overhead wires on the electric train principle, and is used for carrying locomotives in and out of the sheds. There are many tracks inside the shed at right angles to the traverser track. The loco which is borne inside the works on the traverser when it comes to the department where it has to be repaired, runs off on to one of these tracks.

We were then shown into the boiler department, where all sorts of boilers, rusty and brand new were being worked on. We were told that a new locomotive could not go out on to the tracks before it had been examined by the boiler examiner. In many cases the locos were condemned and immediately dismantled.

Outside we were shown many locos which had played the leading part in recent smashes. Some locos, so our guide informed us, came into nasty smashes because of such trivial matters as their wheels being unbalanced.

As a precaution against this they had a section where the engine was weighed—not all at once, however, but two (opposite) wheels at a time. If both wheels did not weigh the same, the loco would have to go back to the workshops.

One particular shunting engine, nicknamed the Cardiff, caught our eye. It was only a small concern, and known to the workmen as the "Boss's Peanut."

The works are surrounded by beautiful, well-kept gardens and lawns which add a touch of beauty to the scene.

Very soon the works at Honeysuckle will be completely done away with, and transferred to Cardiff.

—W. S., 4A.

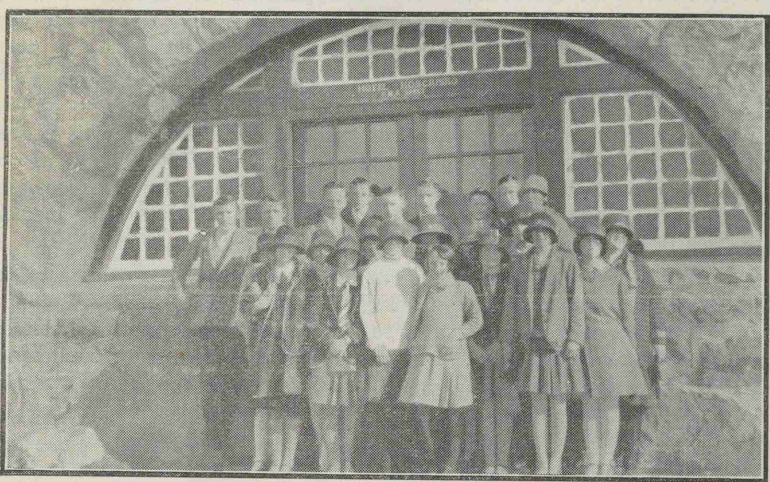
SNOW BALL TIME AT KOSCIUSKO

"With heaven a'flame and with earth a'pearled,
We were lost fore'er in a wide, white world."

With heavily-frosted carriage windows I awoke from a deep slumber to find myself no longer at Sydney, but journeying rapidly towards my destination in the Cooma Mail.

Hastily arousing my friends, I quickly pulled my port from the rack, where it had been jostling this way and that, yet before I felt half-ready, I discovered that the train had come to a standstill, and everyone had alighted except me!

The moment we were all safely mustered together, we commenced our brisk walk to the Cooma Hotel for an excellent breakfast, in the



NEWCASTLE PARTY
Ready to Leave Hotel Kosciusko

bracing, invigorating atmosphere. Yet the villagers appeared to think the hour far too early for arising, for very few were the signs of daily routine beginning. Oh, sleepy little Cooma!"

Bur-r-r! Over the Monaro at full speed we flew, just a half-dozen charabancs of laughing youngsters, shouting their "war cries," lustily singing their songs, eager for their first sight of snow! Slowly, but cautiously we commenced our ascent to the mountain ranges, and then what superb scenery—larkspur-tinted tree-tops, crystal covered mountains, and far behind us—fenceless miles of plains.

But what was that ahead of us, glimmering under the sunbeams' play? Could it be—it was—snow!

After our first realisation, the wonderful feather-like silver flakes became higher and more densely packed on each side, and by the time we had reached the Hotel Kosciusko, we lived entirely in a world of white.

It was nearly one o'clock on our arrival at the Hotel Entrance, and after being allotted our respective rooms, we came down for luncheon.

When we were quite refreshed again, we found ourselves summoned to a meeting, where the manager, Mr. P. M. A. Speet, instructed us as to the use of our skis.



Some of the Party need a spell. Climbing on Ski is hard work.

From then onward, days flew as if by magic! Ski-ing, snowballing, snowbuilding, mountaineering expeditions, skating (on the frozen lake), ball-room dancing, in fact, everything!

And then—we knew it must eventually arrive, but all too soon it came for us to realise that we were spinning away and again, in one of Kosciusko's most artistic snowstorms, but this time bound for Cooma, Sydney, and home!

The sad tragedy of the Millions' Club, while on a Kosciusko tour, enables us to realise also the worth of two such excellent conductors as Miss Skinner and Mr. Jones proved to us.

—VALERIE WATT, 1A.



1.—ENTRANCE TO HOTEL KOSCIUSKO
 2 & 3.—CONDUCTORS OF No. 9 PARTY
 Left : Mr. Jones (Newc.); Mr. Baldock (Grafton); Right : Miss Skinner
 (Newc.) and Mrs. Birtles (C. Hill)
 4.—VALERIE WATT & ZITA LOWE ARE READY FOR THE KERRY

A DRIVE THROUGH A RING-BARKED FOREST

It was late on an afternoon, early in January, and we were driving through a forest of ring-barked trees, down in the south of N.S.W. We had just passed through a shower which had left the air deliciously keen, bracing and cold, so cold that we were forced to draw rain coats closer round our throats, and pull our hats down over our ears.

It was a strange scene which surrounded us, one which I have never seen or expected to see, before—beautiful and weird. All was so different from the scenery which we had been passing through a few hours ago, so different from the green, green hills and blue, blue sea, and sunshine of Australia. It was not like our land at all, but like some distant grey country. The trees, spreading, leafless, shone out against the sky, which was overcast with grey and silver clouds. They were not at all like real trees, but reminded me of the ghosts of trees. Their leaflessness and greyness had been caused by that merciless little ring around their trunks. Even the road was grey, and the grass about the feet of the trees glistened like a cloth of silver from the previous shower. The great grey-brown rocks, which rose here and there from the road side were covered in red and green fungus, and the fences, bleached to silver-grey by the many suns, were also covered with fungus and lichen. Little tufts of grey fleece had been caught in the lower barbed wire of the fences, which proved that there had been sheep in this district at some time or other.

Little Robin Redbreasts, like balls of brown and scarlet were perched in groups along the telegraph wires and now and then a flock of green parrots would swoop down in front of us, spreading their brilliant plumage before our eyes. Little grey bunnies were frisking about everywhere, their long ears twitching and their little white tails bobbing as they scuttled away into their burrows at our approach. The braver ones sitting on the side of the road blinking at us as we passed on, on and away.

—JOYCE JONES, 3A.

THE SPORT OF KINGS

"To-day is the day," I thought as I glanced at myself in the mirror for the twentieth time. I was now quite ready. My trousers were beautifully creased (so as to produce minimum air resistance) and my hair was the very acme of perfection, not a hair out of place, exactly the same number on each side of a perfectly straight part. I nonchantly flicked an imaginary spot off my coat and touched up my sparkling pocket handkerchief and ran a satisfied hand over my hair before I at last turned away from the mirror.

But I was far from being as placid as I looked, for inwardly I was a seething turmoil. For I had joined a tennis club and was going along for my first game. The thought of being surrounded by girls and girls, and cool, critical young men was now terrifying me beyond expression. How-

ever, I resolutely seized my new racquet with which, so the expert said who sold it to me for £5, even a beginner could drive, serve, volley and smash with masterly precision. As I walked up to the courts I heard some veiled references to "soup-straining" the meaning of which I was not able to comprehend. My heart was in my mouth as I swung in the gate and saw the huge, immaculate throng, and the first thing that struck me as I entered was—a whizzing tennis ball which took me amidships and I crumpled up with a howl of pain. I quickly recovered my composure and said it didn't hurt in answer to those who thought perhaps I was made of iron. I entered the club house and sat down to await my turn amongst a bevy of females. I seemed to be the only male present, and could feel eyes dissecting me and analyzing me from all quarters. Presently I heard a cry of "ball out!" from the courts and as everyone looked at me, I thought I was expected to do something. So I yelled lustily, thinking it was all in the game, but was politely informed that I was required to get a ball from a neighbouring roof. "Just climb onto the balcony and 'blond' along the gutter," they told me. I set off dazedly to accomplish the Herculean task. I got onto the balcony alright, and had firmly grasped the gutter when a sharp voice and a terrific barking made me lose my foothold, and I hung suspended in mid-air. "Hey," it cried, "come down outer that!" "I got yer!" "Ball" I gurgled vainly trying to prove my innocence. I felt my hold slipping and heard the dog barking. I thought hard, but at length my hold gave way, and I fell landing with an agonized yell in the midst of a rose trellis, where I lay for several seconds. My tormentor seemed satisfied with my punishment, and I could hear loud guffaws from all sides. These put me in a frenzy of rage and pain, and with a terrific effort I tore myself away from the clinging vines and jumped over the fence, torn and sore and covered with blood. Looking as if I were the worse for drink, my clothes and hair dishevelled, I staggered back to the court. But my mind was made up. My tennis career was OVER and, with a shaky hand, I once more grasped my racquet and departed. I had decided. Never would the throng cheer ME on to victory at Wimbledon, and I debarred the Davis Cup forever from my sporting activities. Bowls is a nice enough game.

—"ROLAND," 5A.

Local History

THE HISTORY OF THE MUNICIPALITY

Prior to 1859 there had been a strong movement towards the establishment of a Municipal Council to properly administer the affairs of the growing township. The fact that coal was being mined in increasing quantities and that agriculture was developing in the Hunter Valley meant that population was also growing and with it the usual questions of what should be done for the proper management of public affairs of a domestic character.

In the year 1859, and during the administration of Governor-General Sir William T. Dennison, the citizens of Newcastle were granted by proclamation on 7th June the right to govern the city by a Municipal Council. The population then was 2,000, and the growth of the district has resulted in there being 16,000 inhabitants within the municipal boundaries to-day and over 125,000 in the entire district.

The first mayor was Mr. James Hannell, and the Town Clerk was Mr. Robert H. Tighe. The first election resulted in a poll of 345, while, by comparison, there are now 7,000 persons on the roll entitled to vote at the forthcoming triennial elections.

The municipality was divided into three wards—City, Honeysuckle and Macquarie—but to-day all such divisions have been swept away. The first election already referred to resulted in the elections of : City Ward, Ald. J. Hannell, G. Tully and Mr. Richardson ; Honeysuckle Ward, Ald. J. Corlette, A. Tighe and P. Flemming ; Macquarie Ward, Ald. T. Adams, R. Turton and C. Bolton.

It was not, however, until 1885 that the municipality rose to the dignity of being proclaimed a city.

Illustrating the growth since those early days it is to be noted that, at incorporation, the rateable value of land was £36,120, whereas to-day it is £4,765,259. The revenue for the first year was £1271, while the general fund of the Council now has a total revenue of £110,000 and the electricity fund approximately £250,000, making a total of £360,000 per annum.

Few cities of the restricted size of Newcastle can show anything to equal it. The Council has been identified with all forms of developmental work of a public character in this district. For example, it commenced the work of water supply, also of sewerage, now administered by the Water and Sewerage Board. It was also immediately responsible for the establish-

ment of electric supply. This was developed in the face of great adversity and opposition.

The Council has had a unique history with reference to the development of municipal property, and few realise that with the subdivision and sale of the Sea Pit land of the Australian Agricultural Company the Council will be the principal owner of land in the municipality. It now owns that valuable block on both sides of Hunter Street between Thorn and Morgan Streets, which it has held from the early days when a market reserve was granted.

Besides these things, the Council has spent many thousands to make swimming safe for its citizens, and the old and now discarded Newcomen Street baths, the Soldiers' baths, the Bogey Hole and the Ocean Baths represent an expenditure of possibly £30,000.

The Council is to remove the long-standing reproach as to a Town Hall by opening in 1929 one of the most modern Town Halls in Australia, adjoining which will be an equally modern theatre—the investment totalling some £300,000.

The old days saw Newcastle largely a sandy area with no foundation of any kind, and low lying swampy frontages such as we often see on the New South Wales coast. It is now a modern city with modern roads and services of all kinds, and its progress is an excellent testimony to the prudent foresight, integrity and energy of its principal citizens who have been entrusted with municipal administration.

C.W.A., 4B.

LITTLE NOTES ABOUT NEWCASTLE

Newcastle was first visited by John Shortland on the 19th of September, 1797, and was first settled permanently in 1804.

The township first began exporting coal in 1814, sending 154 tons a year to India, but it was only surface coal. The first shaft was sunk in 1820, raising 20 tons a day.

On the site of the obelisk was formerly a windmill and was used by mariners as a landmark. When it was cut down the mariners raised such an outcry that the present obelisk was built to take its place.

In 1857, Nobbys was joined to the mainland and in this year the coal fire lighted there to guide ships was replaced by a lighthouse.

Stockton was first used as a penal settlement for convicts who were employed in lime-burning.

The first hospital was on the site of the present one. It was converted from an old gaol in 1822.

The first police station and the first Post Office were erected in 1828.

The "Telegraph" was the first newspaper in 1855, but the first daily newspaper was published in 1867, "The Pilot."

The city was lighted in 1856 with gas by the Newcastle Gas Company and in 1891 electric light was installed.

The State Government dockyard at Walsh Island was opened in 1914, and the Steel Works were established the following year. Newcastle has been the scene of many wrecks, and the graveyard of many a ship has been the "Oyster Bank" situated off Stockton. The first ship to go ashore on this bank was the "Francis" in 1805. About 80 ships have been lost at or near Newcastle since its foundation. The most serious wreck was that of the "Cawarra" in 1866, when 60 lives were lost. One wreck can still be seen, that of the "Adolphe," which was wrecked in 1904 off Stockton, and has since been built into the breakwater. A few steel shafts of the "City of Newcastle," wrecked in 1878 under Shepherd's Hill, are still to be seen below the cliffs.

G. McDONALD, 4A.

A VISIT TO HUME'S HOME

During the Xmas holidays I had the good fortune to spend a few days at this house.

It was built by Hume about two miles from the small township of Rye Park, which is nearly twenty miles from Young. Hume took a peculiar fancy to that district, and decided to make his home there mainly on account of the healthy climate and the picturesque blue hills which hem it in. These hills seem to lap over each other, and no sooner does one reach the top than another looms ahead. The scenery on this account is very beautiful. The neighbouring country abounds in blue gums and is suitable for sheep-raising. Hume owned many flocks of sheep, for he could not live entirely on the scenery and fresh air.

From the road near the house an avenue of English elms conducts the visitor along a drive a mile long to the entrance gates which lead on to a large grass square facing the house. The square is bordered by large elm trees, and in the middle stands the mightiest of them all, towering one hundred and fifty feet above the ground. Looking up from beneath the tree, one seems lost in a sea of green, the sky just showing through.

The house and gardens are built on a rise, so that a view of the country can be obtained. At the back of the property a creek, the Pudmont, makes a sort of peninsula, thus surrounding the place by water on three sides. Needless to say, willows grow on the banks.

The house itself is built of stone, and is as solid as the rock of Gibraltar. In those days this was a necessity, as bushrangers often made attacks—fierce attacks too, and it would have been decidedly uncomfortable for Hume and his family were the house taken. Blackfellows also were