

troublesome at times. The fact that the homestead was on a rise gave an advantage, as the bushrangers could be seen from afar. Every feature of the house is solid and strong—made more for use than for ornament.

On entering the house one is struck by the very low ceilings, eight feet high at the most, and the delightful coolness of the interior. The walls are all papered, in some rooms still with the original paper which is yet quite respectable, although so old. The doors are all made of cedar, two large planks about two inches thick being fixed together; they are hung by old fashioned iron hinges to the cedar posts. The front door in particular is more like a prison door than a house door. It is made of three three-inch cedar planks, and boasts of three heavy hinges, two strong bolts and a lock, so that it seemed a ramming iron could scarcely smash it. This solidity was essential, however, for protection. Of course the doors



HUME'S HOUSE, YOUNG.

in the middle of the house weren't quite so heavy, being merely the size of our modern doors.

The windows are very narrow, being about two feet square for the most part. They are set in the extreme edge of the walls and form a window seat, as the walls are thick enough to allow this—twenty-one inches of solid stone is the order throughout the entire building. The rooms are built so that one leads into the other (a forecast of our modern flats, I suppose). The real reason is that in case of an entry being forced, the people inside could slip through the rooms, locking the doors behind them and so finally gain the creek. I am told that this actually happened on more occasions than one. It gives you a thrill to stand there and imagine that you are back again in the bushranging days; one can almost see the shadows of the former people flitting about; an air of romance clings to the place.

On the ground floor there is an entrance hall. On either side of this are two rooms, each with marble fireplaces—evidently they were library and drawing rooms. From each of these rooms three other rooms lead into each other, each with a strong door. The last room opens on to the stone verandah. Behind these two sets of rooms are two others at the end of the hall, which leads on to the back verandah, also of stone. At the end of the verandah are the bathrooms, but of course now fitted with modern baths.

So much for the ground floor. A small cedar staircase, so steep that it seems like a ladder, reaches the upper floor, consisting of four attic rooms—two on either side of the landing. These rooms also open into each other, and are still in their original wallpapers. In each room there is a small door, which looks presumably like a cupboard, but which is in reality a trapdoor to the roof above the other ground rooms. A hiding place I suppose. A small gabled window opens to the front from each of the two rooms facing the grass square.

The kitchen, a huge place as big as many modern homes, is detached from the main building. There is an immense open fireplace, with blackened chains hanging for the old fashioned pots, and a brick oven at the side for bread making. At the end of the kitchen is the pantry, a large dark room. (It seemed the proverbial ideal "darkroom" which is so much revered by small children). The maids' quarters are also detached, and protected in front by a heavy stone wall. At the side of the house are the convict sheds, the butchery, the laundry and the stable and carriage sheds. These are all built of small round logs driven into the ground and covered by a shingle roof. The convict sheds were especially heavy, the wood being five inches thick. It is very gloomy within, as there is only one small window.

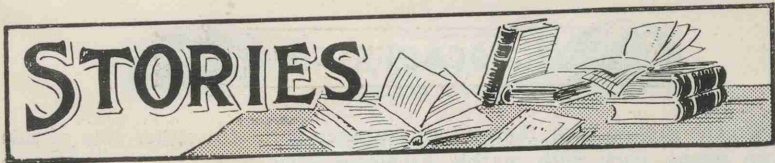
Another heavy wall protected these buildings. In fact, everywhere one looks a means of protection can be seen.

"Everton," as the house is called, is intensely interesting in every respect. I am told that there is an actual bullet hole somewhere in the walls, but that Hume filled it before he sold the house. Rather a pity, I thought.

W. McCANN, 4A.



# STORIES



## THE STORM

"Look, mother, look at this tiny boat out in the storm," cried I, holding open the door with difficulty. Mother came and looked. It was indeed a sight never to be forgotten. The wind had arisen the evening before, and had steadily increased in velocity, until now, in the morning, it had attained gale force. It was a southerly, blowing as only southerlies can blow. To be on land was bad enough. To be right out at sea, perhaps, would have been quite safe, but to be where this poor vessel was, when I spoke, was positively dangerous.

And such a vessel! Vessel indeed is rather too dignified a name for what we were looking at then. She was a small wooden packet, of about sixty tons. Her woodwork had once been painted white, but constant batterings against the seas had almost ridded her of this ornamentation. She had but one mast, to which hung the tattered remnants of a sail, hoisted apparently as an auxiliary to the engine, before the gale had sprung up. Her funnel was belching forth smoke, denoting that the stokers down below were doing their best to prevent disaster. Most of the decking had been washed away by the mountains of water which were breaking over the boat. We could see no one on deck except the man at the helm. All was deserted but the wheel. She sped onward, this unfortunate vessel, with seemingly no hope of stopping. As she came abreast of us you could almost read the name so close to the shore was she.

The master had evidently decided to make for the harbour, for now we saw her slowly turning towards the heads. Would she make it? The question was on every lip, but no one dared answer. She was coming closer now. But the elements were against her. Gradually she lost way, being blown out of her course. As she plunged her bow into the wave ahead, her propellor would rise out of the water, threshing bravely, but in vain.

She had her head to the gale now, but was not progressing. Rather, was she going backwards. This was doing no good, so she turned once more and ran before the gale, making a vain effort to reach the next port, where the entrance was not so dangerous.

By now the news had got abroad. A great crowd had collected to see the ship that was going to certain doom. The curling breakers on the beach below, broke with crashing rythm, sending up clouds of spray, which, borne by the wind, whipped our faces and sent a thrill through us. We could no longer see the packet, for she had now passed to the north, but not to safety, since her direction was straight towards the rocky shore known as the "Graveyard of Ships." Here had perished many driven along in a like manner. She was past help, for no human hand could change her course, but a silent prayer went up for the souls on board.

The storm raged that day and the next, but on the third all was

calm again except the turbulent sea. As each wave rose along the sky line it seemed as if the sea were breathing, strenuously as an animal after a fierce struggle. And as each wave followed the other in thundering line, a roar, like that of a beast that has made its kill, arose into the still air and then vibrated its way to silence. Once more had Neptune shown his supremacy over man.

—J. H., 5B.

## THE MAN WITH THE TWISTED SMILE

(An Original Story)

London seemed more foggy and uglier than ever to Arthur Butler, as he stepped aboard a country-bound train at Paddington Station. He was a tall, delicate looking man; his hair was a light brown, and his eyes, deep blue. A great London specialist had advised him to leave London and go to some quiet country place, where the air was fresh and sweet, and where there were no business affairs to worry him. Butler was taking the specialist's advice; he had determined to go to his Aunt Camilla's little cottage in the country near Brushwood.

The Brushwood-bound train steamed out of the great station with very few people aboard it, and by the time the little town of Brushwood was reached, only one other person, a man, remained in the carriage with Arthur Butler. He sat in the corner of the carriage and smoked a black, villainous looking pipe. Butler had never seen such an ugly man; his face was a brownish-yellow and great furrows, caused by perpetual frowning, marked his forehead and cheeks; his little beady, jet-black eyes gleamed wickedly from beneath heavy, black eyebrows; a long, black, drooping moustache ornamented his upper lip, and his rusty black suit did not fit his gaunt, angular frame. From time to time he looked at Arthur Butler, and each time he scowled more horribly than before; Butler also noticed that when he smiled—or rather leered—at passers-by, his face twisted to one side in a way which made him, Butler, shudder.

When the train reached Brushwood, Butler's watch said five minutes after the hour of ten, and the little town was enveloped in a velvety darkness. Butler, on learning that no vehicle was available, decided to walk to his Aunt's cottage. The old, white-bearded station-master advised him to wait until morning, for the distance was about a mile and a quarter and the night being a very dark one, he, Butler, might lose his way.

However, Butler did not take the kind-hearted old man's advice, and leaving the town, he made his way along the road which lead to his aunt's cottage.

Arthur Butler was traversing a stretch of moon-bathed road at the moment when he first felt a victim to an unpleasant suspicion—a suspicion that he was being followed; he became aware of an uncomfortable feeling of



surveillance. He stopped at the side of the road to listen, but all was silent; smiling at his fears, he continued his way.

To reach his aunt's cottage, Butler was compelled to go through a very small but very dark wood, and as he entered the wood, his heart was beating so furiously that he imagined that he could hear it. His steps sounded crisply along the hard path; all about him was inky blackness, and an owl hooted weirdly in a tree near-by.

Then suddenly Butler started—what was that white, ghostly patch on the pathway a few feet from where he stood at the side of the path? What was that rustling in the shrubs? What was that silvery gleam in the bushes? Was this a trap? If so, why should anyone want to trap him? All these questions ran through Butler's mind as he stood perfectly still in the heart of the little wood. Then the moon, which had begun to throw a little light down into the wood, was obscured by a cloud, and the darkness was increased. Smiling grimly, for he was not a coward, Butler searched his pocket for a box of matches; he found them and was fumbling with them, in a vain endeavour to strike one, when suddenly, without warning, he heard a stealthy, hurried step and a cold, clammy hand grasped the box of matches which Butler held. The latter struck out blindly in the darkness, but whoever it had been, had gone—disappeared into the night.

Then Butler heard the sound of running feet, a muttered curse, and a small group of men, two of them carrying lanterns, rounded the bend in the path. As soon as they saw Arthur Butler, they stopped and looked at each other in surprise. Then one who seemed to be the leader, spoke.

"You here,—and alive!" he exclaimed, gazing at Butler as though he were a ghost.

"Of course—that is obvious, I think," Butler replied irritably, for he was quite unnerved.

"Oh, sir," said one of the men in an awed voice, "there be strange happenin's in the village, sir."

"Well," queried Butler, as the last speaker stopped.

"Well sir," the leader spoke up, "it's this way; to-night after you'd left to walk to yer aunt's place—" he paused and then added, "the station master told us you'd gone to yer aunt's place;—well, sir, to resooome, after you'd left, a man asked the station-master which way you'd gone. Well sir, th' station-master, like the fool he is, told him, an' sir, this 'ere man swore that he'd git yer, an' sir, he had a gun in 'is hand. At any rate, the station-master thought that 'e was mad, and came and got us, and 'ere we is sir; we niver thought—"

He broke off staring at the bushes at the side of the path, and then suddenly he ran straight through the bushes. Three of the men were quick to follow; a tense moment followed which was broken by the leader and the other three men coming back; but now they held a man by his arms, and the man was—he who had attracted Butler's attention in the train.

He stared about him, scowling sullenly into the faces of his captors, and at length his eyes rested on Butler's face.

"The wrong man" he cried, "the wrong man—" and then he added menacingly,—“and who may you be ?”

"I will tell you that, when you tell me your name and your object in following me," replied Butler.

"Ah, that's my secret, as you're the wrong man!" said the ugly creature, and he sneered leeringly into Butler's face, his own twisted horribly to one side; then the men who held him felt his body go limp, and when they examined, they found that he was dead !

The next day it was reported that a man, supposed to be suffering from loss of memory and lunacy was missing. His description followed.

The mystery was never completely solved, but in the pathway in the woods Butler found a scrap of paper on which was written in heavy black figures, the words, "The Man with the Twisted Smile."

—LOLA WRIGHT. 4th Year.

## HE WAS A MAN

The happiest days of Bobbie's life were those when his father took him for rambles in the bush. Although he was only six years old, he and his father were the greatest of pals.

John Thornleigh's wife had died two years before this little story began. He had been left a widower, his child motherless, and so we have one of the strongest friendships possible between father and son. The only time Thornleigh spoke to his son of his wife, was when they were far away from other people and in some quiet place. To-day, they had been for a ramble into the bush and were now returning along the bank of a creek, talking reverently of their departed mother and wife.

Bobbie, on account of his long conversations with his father, had become rather old in mind for his years, with the result that we have him asking very deep and important questions. To-day he had wanted to know what work he should take up that would have pleased his mother. The father pointed out to him that before anything else, she would have wished him to be a man, thinking of the comforts and pleasures of others before his own. He went on to tell him if he saw danger ahead, not to give way to it without trying to overcome it, but to face it bravely. He little knew that in less than half an hour he was to face the very thing itself.

At this point the conversation was forced to end, for they met a band of little children playing among the rich green ferns. Bobbie cheerfully bid them "good day" and spoke with them for a few minutes, when they heard the screams of a little girl. Looking up they saw the child advancing, and behind her at an alarmingly short distance was a wild, untamed horse.

Bobbie and his father grasped the situation instantly. John Thornleigh knew he must either try to stop the career of the animal, placing himself in great danger or else escape, and leave the horse alone, which



would mean the death of the little child. But like the man that he was, he hesitated no longer, but ordering the children to run away, he flung himself in front of the animal, grasping its neck with his arms.

A fierce conflict followed. Meanwhile, two wood-choppers who chanced to hear the screams of the frightened children, ran up just in time to see Thornleigh being flung from the horse and then being trodden upon as the infuriated animal made its escape.

Everything possible was done for the injured man, but after a little they realised that nothing could be done, as the breath had left the body of the brave man. Bobbie came up to them, and seeing that his father did not move, said, "Is daddy hurt very badly?" The man who was kneeling at Thornleigh's head struggled with himself for one intense moment, and then answered, "Sonny, it is worse than that; your father is dead." "Daddy dead!" The boy looked round in frightened amazement, it seemed some horrid dream.

He gazed at the lifeless form of his father, and at last said, "I must go at once to my granny and tell her of father." The men, surprised, wondered who was this child of six, taking the responsibilities which only a man would be expected to do. A friendly farmer who happened to be acquainted with Bobbie's father took him home.

Yes, there was the little villa in which they lived, and there was granny quietly tending the little garden which was a picture at the front of their little home.

"Why, darling," she said, "what have you been doing, and where is your father?" He approached her unsteadily and flinging his arms around her neck exclaimed, "Granny, I am your only man now!" The truth slowly dawned upon the anguished mother; her boy was dead and her grand-son was an orphan.

After Thornleigh's body had been brought home, and the grand-mother and boy were alone, Bobbie said, "You know granny, if daddy had not acted like this, the little girl would have been killed, so he did what he thought was best." Then falling on his knees and grasping the lifeless hand of his father, the boy uttered these noble words:—

"He was a man!"

—G. W.

## THE SOCIETY MARTYR

I was alone in a second-class compartment of a Sydney bound train, and was about to make myself comfortable as best I could for the long journey, when "it" rushed in through the door in a manner that could hardly have been called akin to the motions of a snail.

"It" when a state of calm had ensued, turned out to be a short, broad shouldered man of florid countenance that betrayed unusual patience. Of course besides this, he had two legs, one top lip, etc., but these facts were the most outstanding.

"Hope I did not inconvenience you any," he said apologetically.

"Oh no, not at all," I replied, while my three pet corns reminded me that I had departed from the truth.

Then a comparative silence, followed which was at last broken by my fellow passenger.

"Did you ever live in Sydney?" he asked me.

"Not that I can remember," I replied, I am afraid, rather curtly.

"Then you won't have heard of Samuel Slattery, I don't suppose," he questioned me rather curiously.

My interest was immediately aroused and I spoke in a different manner. "No, what about him?"

"Would you like to hear about him?" was his next question.

"Oh! yes, please," I replied, more or less eagerly.

"All right," he said. "This is the story."

Samuel Slattery was a wharf-labourer, which fact does not serve to praise his intellect. Well, one day, Sam was told that he had drawn the lucky ticket in Tatt's. Sam knocks off work and prepares to enjoy the pleasure of wealth, but Ma Slattery steps in and takes possession of the funds, allowing him £1 per week as "beer money," and putting most of the rest to good use. So, in accordance with their financial status, the Slatterys moved from Woolloomooloo to Bellevue Hill and lived there in amongst luxury.

To maintain their social position here, Ma Slattery calls in a French master to teach all the Slatterys some of the rudiments of this tortuous language. At first Sam revolts against such treatment, but at last Ma prevails, Sam "dat manus" as Caesar would say, and takes on French. He managed this very well, all things considered, and at the end of about six months Sam could say "Where is the pen of George?" "The pen of George is on the table" and other such drivel. Well, Sam did manage to stand this ignominy, partly because at the end of the lesson he had invariably amassed a considerable thirst, but it was all Ma could do to keep him from running away when Sam learnt his next social lesson. It was this way.

One day while the butler was teaching him not to say "whoop" when he drank his soup Ma comes in all dressed up like a sore head and says in a pompous voice. "Samuel, in order to further our social er-er status, I have decided that we shall learn to ride."

"Ride what?" gasps Sam, when he had recovered enough to make audible sounds in his throat.

"Horses, of course," returns Ma loftily. "What d'yer think!"

"Oh!" retaliates Sam, sorter meekly. "I thought you might mean camels."

At which Ma gives Sam the frigid glare and flounces out of the room. Sam sees no other alternative but to obey, and so some time later he goes to the stables accompanied by Ma and there sees a rather dud looking fel-



low—did I say dude? Oh well I meant “dude” but I suppose he could be called both—holding a pair of the most dejected looking objects that one could imagine.

They were a pair of horses who looked as if they had been trying to sleep on the preceding night, with two infuriated elephants with running shoes on having a fight on the tin roof of the stable during a hail storm. Yes, they looked about that lively!

The dude ses “I hope-er that I am correct in the-er assumption that you have ridden a quadruped before.”

Ma is a bit puzzled over “quadruped” (the French master didn’t make her wise to that one) but she gives him a lofty “oh yes,” while Sam grins guiltily, thinking the while about merry-go-rounds and rocking horses.

“Well,” continues the dude, “step up here and put your foot in the stirrup.” Sam steps up, and, looking around for something that looked like a stirrup, and not being successful in his search, plants his foot in the reins and promptly gets tangled up in same. However, they get Sam on and the dude, with the help of the cook and the gardener, succeeds in hoisting Ma on. Then starts the ride. The nags, trying to make up for arrears in sleep, moved sluggishly and Sam begins to think that this ain’t so bad after all. But a safety pin he had helping to hold up his duds—he always forgot to ask Ma to ask the maid to ask the washerwoman to sew a button on—became undone and thus proved his undoing. It worked its way down and at last, aided by Sam’s weight, its point sought a more touching acquaintance with the dejected moke, and being thus aroused and angered, the latter sets off, Sam holding precariously to his mane wishing he was at home trying to puzzle out “Where is my book?” After a while Sam gives up hope and waits for the inevitable, hoping that the place on which he fell would be nice and soft. It was nice and soft all right, but the horse must pick the only cactus bush in a 300 yards circle on which to dump Samuel. Then the surrounding air expanded with the heat of Sam’s curses and naughty sayings.

For three weeks after, when the mothers would ask their erring children where they had learnt that new swear word, the children would say, “From the man in the cactus bush.” However, the rest of the party turns up and rescues Sam from the bush. Sam’s nag kept on and as far as he knows or cares it is still going, for it hasn’t yet been found. Perhaps it might have ended up over the Gap.

Well, the dude offers to let Sam ride his horse, and just escapes Sam’s blood-thirsty, vengeful hands. “Fancy offering me a ride after what had just occurred!” They get Sam home and put him to bed with dire threats of murder and lunacy issuing forth from him, probably caused by the thorns he still retained.

A fortnight after Sam was still sitting sideways on his chair, and I warn you, if you ever go to Samuel Slattery’s and mention horses in front of him, be sure that you are at least 50 yards away, and that there are no hurlable objects within his reach.”

Here the gentleman stopped, but I was restrained from laughing by the horribly serious look on his face.

When the train reached Gosford he got out and lumped down the platform as one who had an intimate acquaintance with horses. I then began to guess his identity, and my suspicions were confirmed when on the opposite seat I found a card bearing the letters "S.S." in block type.

Now I will leave the readers of this tale a little problem. Given : This story. Find : The identity of my companion.

—ANONYMOUS, 3A.

## THE PARTING

He sat huddled in the seat by the open window, his whole being chilled by the penetrating draught and the coldness of hopeless despair. Just a few, short moments ago he had been driving along the fresh country lanes, with those who had made life worth living. Now those same dear ones were grouped around him, bravely striving to hide with their pitiful forced smiles the bitter sadness which they were experiencing.

They were waiting, waiting for the inevitable moment when he must go, when he must pass out of their lives until such a time as they should join him in a greater, a grander place. Oh ! but it was so hard that he should have to go, now, when his life was so happy—and his eyes filled with bitter, scalding tears.

Just across the road in a wide green field he could hear the shouts and dimly see the flitting figures of his mates, as they enjoyed a game of football. How he longed to be once more in their midst, striving, battling for that goal which would mean so much to them—but he had played, he had battled, he had striven, and now the time had come for him to go. Wearily and painfully he turned his head aside. They had been such good pals—would they think of him, miss him, when he was gone.

Suddenly there sounded the clanging of a bell, followed by a short, shrill whistle.

He made a desperate effort to rouse himself, tried vainly to speak—suddenly everything seemed unreal. Dimly he heard a confused murmur of voices. He was going—even the last minute had come. Everything seemed to be moving before his eyes, slowly at first, but now faster, faster, faster. Feebly he threw out his hand and waved.

Then he settled back in the padded seat of the compartment, for his holiday in the country was over, and to-morrow he must return to school.

—LILLAWSON



## SPORTS DAY

Surely this was not Friday, this fine glorious day, I could hardly imagine such a day in August. But then I remembered it was Sports Day, and deemed this a sufficient reason for such weather.

Two hours later I wended my way, ablaze with red and blue, to the Sports Ground, only to find the grandstand already abounding with the gilded youth of Newcastle. Having reached that point of eminence, I soon joined that select and highly respected band of youths commonly known as Fifth Years.

At length, after indulging in a bout of singing and general disorder, we were brought to earth by the peals of something resembling a cow bell or some such musical instrument, deftly wielded by our chief exponent of the evils of drink. By way of appreciation for the musician's talent we accorded him three cheers and generally encouraged him in the good work.

The junior races not being of much importance, we began to consider the question of the cups, or rather the winners of the cups. "Smithy" and "Mac" were well in the running but Ted was a hot favourite. Although the latter trained in secret, his athletic build gave the lie to his condition and thus spoilt any hope he had entertained of being entered as a rank outsider.

Our attention was then diverted to the "two-twenty" championship. "Mac" had the lead when "Smithy" dashed past and breasted the tape with a chest that a turtle dove would be proud of. Not long after this we again cheered "Smithy" to victory, though his chest was not quite so prominent this time, eight-eighty yards being a fair distance, especially to run.

After waiting to see Fifth Year once again distinguish itself in the relay, we adjourned for luncheon. What a luncheon it was; there was orange crush, ginger beer and then more orange crush. Lamingtons rejoiced in their short lived popularity and sponge cake disappeared with amazing rapidity.

Half an hour later, some sixty boys and girls, heavier but happier, again took up their positions in the grandstand. Some time was spent in admiring the physique of our one and only Ian, who, after Ted, was the most popular topic of discussion.

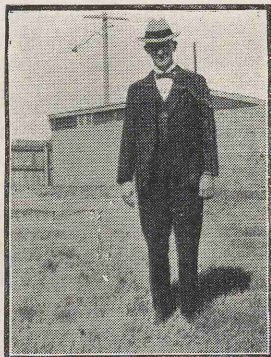
The boys were now keyed to a high pitch of excitement, for soon we were to see our idol in action. The "hundred" was run without untoward excitement, being dwarfed by the now ever approaching event. At last the jumping materials were ready on the oval and a deafening roar greeted the athlete of athletes as he entered the enclosure.

There was Ted in all his magnificence, his muscles standing out and, thanks to the ginger beer, especially the one enclosed by his belt. Never did Ted jump so well, it was only his inability to reach a greater height which prevented him from shaming "Mac" and Galton. Even Ian smiled approval as he cleared "five one."

Owing to the direction of the wind and the proximity of Mars to the sun, Ted was compelled to abandon his attempt to stagger Olympus until a later date. However, as he left the scene of action, he was greeted with a broadside of cheers and apple cores and made for the dressing room with pride in his heart and apple juice in his hair.

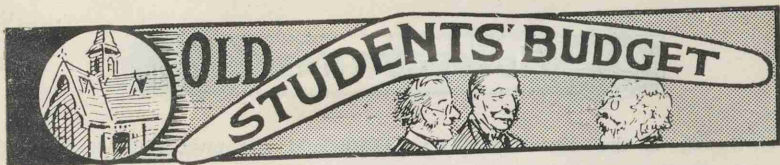
When the excitement had abated, we again settled down to see Galton break his own record and revel in Fifth Year's triumphs. After giving various renderings of the war cry in "K minor" we went our ways, happy in the thought that all had enjoyed themselves and that not one had, as yet, felt the evil effects of (soft) drinks, taken in excessive quantities.

HERMIE.



THE "HEAD"  
at the Annual Sports  
Meeting





Among the names just published of graduates in Medicine is that of Neville P. Bredeu, son of Mr. P. Bredeu of the Government Savings Bank. Neville was a student in 1917 and 1918 when Mr. Williams was headmaster and later when Mr. Geo. Saxby presided over the destinies of the school. He represented in athletics at the Combined High Schools athletic meeting in Sydney. He has just been appointed to the staff of Newcastle Hospital. Heartiest congratulations!

The number of students who, both at the University and the Teachers' Training College, are wearing the Old Novocastrians badge is truly remarkable and very pleasing. The majority of each fifth year makes its way Sydneywards over a now well-beaten path. It is apparent then that although N.H.S. is rather out in the wet and cold, so far as buildings are concerned, it will still be on its firm foundation when the last brick has crumbled away into particles of dust.

Let us see what some, whom most of us know, are doing, but first let me express Old Novocastrians' regret at the death of Ray Faulkner, who was just beginning in law a career which was likely to have proved most brilliant.

Thelma Morris and Kath Richardson are both at 'Varsity doing Arts I.

Le Sullivan (capt. 1927), Joyce Bryce, Eunice Langley, Jean Brent, Morvyth Jones, Valerie Bruce, Doris McLeod and Lily Robinson are at the Training College.

We must congratulate Joyce Bryce and Raey Hedley (1926) on having represented the Teachers' College in hockey at Adelaide recently. Also Harry Clayton (capt. N.H.S., 1926) in athletics, and Jack O'Donnell in tennis. Harry won further honour in winning the inter-faculty high jump, clearing 5ft. 6in.

Bob Grierson, Aub Brown and Ned Smith are doing Arts I at the 'Varsity, while Jack Thomas is a budding dentist. Harry Carruthers is doing 1st year medicine, and Bill Marshall 1st Veterinary Science. Bill ever loved animal spirits, and is now learning to curb them by bridling horses in correct fashion, and learning to ride.

Again at the Training College, 1927 men are well represented by Cliff Buttsworth—still butting on the wing—Wilfred Davies, "Squib" Harris—has not grown one inch—Sid Bowers, Bob Craig, Ian Negus, Alex Brown, Tom Talbot, Les Shupe, and last, but certainly not least, "Peanut." The latter is still indulging in artistic propensities. With his diversity of musical accomplishments he was a leading entertainer at the recent camp at Liverpool.

Howard Cromarty, whose farceur in debate and mock trials some of the upper years no doubt remember, is now an eminent debater. He has represented his college in debating and rowing, omitting to say that last

year he gained high distinction in both History I and Philosophy I, topping both lists.

Murray Callaghan, who seems to keep us in touch with all N.H.S. news, is representing in football, and gained a credit in Latin last year.

Frank Rundle, who topped the school in 1926, distinguished himself by gaining distinction in Medicine I.

Fifth Year especially note :—

No doubt you all have delightfully vague notions about sums of sixty-five and eighty pounds, with five pounds thrown in for books, while talk about an exhibition absolutely puzzles. Let me give you some facts about those bursaries and things.

1.—“Regulations providing for Bursaries tenable at the University of Sydney upon the results of the L.C.”

(1) Bursaries, tenable at the Sydney University, will be awarded on the position of candidates at the L.C. Candidates must qualify for matriculation.

Only some thirty of these are awarded.

(2) Candidates must be under 19 years of age at date of examination.

(3) Certain regulations as to parents' income.

(4) A full Bursary shall entitle bursars to a grant of text books not exceeding £5 p.a., together with an allowance of £25 to those who need not board away from home, and not exceeding £65 p.a. to those who must necessarily do so.

(5) The Bursar may continue to hold the Bursary for the period necessary for graduation for a first degree in his faculty or department, provided that he pass all qualifying examinations.

(6) The parents or guardians of candidates must fill in and forward to the Chairman of the Bursary Endowment Board the necessary form of application for University Bursaries, at least three weeks before the date of examination for the Leaving Certificate. Such form may be obtained at the Department of Education.

You may note in respect to this Bursary that it is practically the first thirty in the State who gain them. Having gained it a student can pay board and have about £15 over, while the £5 for text books is almost sufficient.

2.—Teachers' Training College Scholarship.

(a) A large number of these scholarships are awarded each year by the Department of Education to students who have been successful in the L.C. and desire to become teachers.



(b) An Award of £80 p.a. is made to any successful applicant.

(c) Students who pass the L.C. will have a chance of being allowed to graduate in the University and qualify for high school teaching.

(d) These awards are only conferred on applicants who are willing to bind themselves by surety to serve the Department of Education for five years.

### 3.—Public Exhibition.

Two hundred of these are granted each year on the results of the L.C. A winner of an exhibition is exempt from all University fees, except £3/3/0 p.a. service fee.

Perhaps your notions are now somewhat clearer. But hear a little general advice.

The best of you should apply for all three of these awards. Note that you must apply for them, they are not simply given to you.

If any of you should be successful in being awarded the three, you will receive a letter from the Department of Education notifying you of the fact. Of course you know of that pleasant state of affairs before that letter comes, for all awards are published.

If you are not particularly anxious to become a teacher, my advice is to relinquish the T.T.C.S. and retain the Bursary and Exhibition. You are then free to do whatever you please, and have only to write to the Department of Education informing them that you do not want their old scholarship.

Supposing you gain a T.T.C.S. and an Exhibition, you may hold only one or the other. If you desire to become a teacher you will have to renounce the Exhibition, and if you do not desire to become as one of N.H.S. admirable staff then you just cannot have the T.T.C.S.

It is a good plan, however, for all who aspire to go up to Sydney to send in applications for at least an Exhibition and a T.T.C.S. Remember, for this is important—finance is involved—the T.T.C.S. is the only award which is at all binding upon you.



## 5th YEAR CLASS NOTES

A little older and a little wiser—also, perhaps, a little wilder, but certainly not a scrap milder, we once more seek to burden our readers with a few tales concerning some of our talented friends and the deeds thereof.

At the time of writing, the source of most of our inspirations is absent; he having injured a small, but important bone in the right forearm—mainly due to excessive zeal to attain athletic prowess. He will be a little surprised and pained to learn that “the boys” have discovered his secret training quarters, and that they are of the opinion that all this preparation is for the purpose of wreaking vengeance on a youth sporting the name of “Harry”—address, Taree—and possessing a Hudson car and taking ways.

But let's tell all about Berty—no athlete, our Bert, but a fine big chap and one of the boys—who intends going to Sydney soon, and to demonstrate his strength (perhaps) will sleep in the harbour. This will be quite in keeping with his conduct of late, as only the other day he was hauled out of the harbour on a boat-hook—and what's more he was most reluctant to come out.

The recent Sports' Meeting demonstrated our talent in the field of sport, and friend Ian (now doing a consistent 220 in 20 1-5 and 100 in about 10 secs.) has been inspired with a great desire to eclipse all records in Sydney. Perhaps the humorist who immortalised him in the words “Ian Ani Ain't” referred to his speed, but some knowing youths smiled slyly on being questioned about the matter, and murmured something about stop-watches. And speaking of records—R. D. K.'s record of 2 1-5 secs. still stands, but he is assiduously training for an attempt on it next Saturday night—Bert will be chief timekeeper.

A “Back to Fourth Year” week has been inaugurated by J. K., who announces that the predominant decorations will be lilies among blossoms.

“Look what abstinence has done for me!” is Skunk's big argument in connection with the drink controversy. R. D. K. and the Meatboard will be his chief opponents. And speaking of will—a certain member of Fifth year has broken many good resolutions made at the beginning of the year, and now gambles, bets., etc., etc., and we must admit, with troubled minds, is not quite so so.

Honours English candidates are requested to attempt this typical question :—

Explain fully, giving context, the following passages in sufficient detail to show that you fully understand the thought, feeling and expression.

1. “We're running into a post.”

“Are we?”

“Dinkum.” “Bang!”

2. “Centre it ! centre it !”



3. "Oh, you villain! Where did you get it? Why, that's my comb!" It is remarkable that the 5th year girls are renowned for this ribaldry which it is necessary to repress by prolonged French lessons.

Vergil lessons have acquired a greater interest of late, since the class is personally acquainted with Cassandra and Coroebus, who shows every sign of being "insano Cassandra incensus amore."

Finally, a warning to all—care should be exercised in entering 5th year rooms, which have recently been fitted with "Guillotine Windows" on the recommendation of H.C.

Sorry it cannot be "au revoir," so, adieu.

FIFTH YEAR

### 3A. GIRLS' CLASS NOTES ↙

Owing to a certain remark made during an English period, F.W. and W. K. are under deadly suspicion of being modern Blue-beards. Shakespeare is evidently becoming popular among the girls, for at any time of the day such phrases as "hyperbolic fiends" may be found floating around the rooms. Curiously enough, they all seem to emanate from one certain spot and are mostly directed towards "Flora."

Quite a touching re-union occurred lately between B.W. and his four footed friend. As the friend passed "beneath his window" B. W. brayed loudly. (I don't think it was meant to be so like the real thing). The animal looked up in recognition, but preferring the fresh green grass to Latin, he passed by.

M. S. L. has shown a tendency towards "soldiers" again, and has even gone so far as to have a specially prepared sword beside him during lessons.

Who was the gentleman who offered a job (using a megaphone on Sports' Day) to a 3A girl, but when the job was accepted, refused to accept her services?

Really, there should have been a competition to see who was best fitted for the job, but even so "Fly-tox" would most likely have won. "Floss" and "Kate" and "Cap" wouldn't have been very far behind.

The two artists, Abe and Rachel, have been busy illustrating what happens when two straight lines meet and cut one another. Quite nice friendly little sketches, but hardly the kind an examiner would accept.

Now we know why Benny and Maths can run—their window curtains give us a gentle hint "to eat more cheese" and we all know that cheese is strengthening and improves running ability.

Willie is gradually beginning to control himself since Mr. R. has started showing his little finger.

We are all very sorry for Mr. R.'s gums, and hope that he will soon be feeling well again, especially since they prevented him from enjoying himself thoroughly (that is by eating) on Sports' Day.

Why doesn't Mr. L. approve of "Hector," "Percys" et "Horaces" on Test Papers? But then, he doesn't like II2 either—oh, I know why—it reminds him of the awful ones he has had for dinner and the resultant indigestion.

Flossie will be going to the front seat automatically soon in Latin lesson, won't she, Posy? Willie and Kate seem to be kindred spirits, according to Mr. L., for as soon as he enters the room he stands them up (just in case they MAY talk, you know).

Collet, beware! You have a strong opponent in the pole vault now. Katie is being coached by Liz.

WANTED: (By Mr. W.) A Gramophone with the record "Get on with your Work."

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### 4A.C. CLASS NOTES

Since our last appearance in the "Novo" we have had two new arrivals, and one departure. Alan Williams from Taree and Len Sams from Casino are our new class mates and we give them a hearty welcome. We bemoan the loss of our respected friend "Doo" Allanson, whom we have had the misfortune to lose. Nevertheless, much to our pleasure, he attended on Sports' Day, and helped to demolish the excellent repast that was prepared for us by our female members; the said repast being complimented on all sides. Some of our males decline to believe that the fine cakes which were provided were made by our girls who have a reputation for "sinkers," etc.

We condole with one of our members, unfortunately belonging to the athletic fraternity, who looked with envious eyes on the disappearing eatables during the luncheon period. We are pleased to announce, however, that he filled his bag with the good things that remained and delved deeply into the contents after the conclusion of the event.

C. Shannon, one of our members, performed brilliantly on Sports' Day. He broke his own school record in the junior pole vault, doing 9ft. 4ins. This breaks the C.H.S. record, and so is the unofficial junior record for all High Schools of the State. We sorrowfully announce McD's failure to break his own record of eleven bottles of drink on Sports' Day. He is sanguine that next year he will put up a world's record. Several romances have blossomed in our class; the natural antipathy between the Scotch and the Irish being overcome in one case.

A certain person, impolitely called "Dog Face" by the "cognoscenti," has lately been likened to "Clara Peggarty" but she's even worse than that. One of our lads wishes that she would not whistle when she speaks, as it exasperates him. Poor fellow!

J. D. would be well advised not to write "passion," etc., in library books, as she may become notorious.

A certain young lady in our class had better watch her step. That's all; watch her step.



## 2C. CLASS NOTES

"Staff to the right of us,  
Staff to the left of us  
Staff in front of us  
Threatened and thundered,  
Stormed at mid all our larks,  
Heedless of low class marks,  
Onward we blunder."

This little verse is typical of 2C class, for though our numbers are few we have among our ranks a few of the School celebrities, for instance, Eric Jenkins, who is a great asset to Newcastle High School, and who, we hope, if he keeps on training, will not only win the under 14 years Championship and break records in the jumping events, but will also beat the record-breaker Walter Jones in the Junior Championship next year.

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## IIC. PROHIBITIONISTS

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We also have the great Charles Hunter, who specialises in obstacle racing and always chooses the choicest apples.

We enjoyed ourselves thoroughly on Sports' Day, except for the fact that 2C Musical Trio struck up a few melodies.

We wish to comment on the cruelty of our English teacher, who sends George Eric round for chalk to the office in spite of his pleadings that trouble awaits him.

Much merit is derived from Science period, most especially when certain gases with sweet odours are prepared and on being smelt are described in such poetical terms by the boys.

We also wish to thank 2B for their kindness in sending along the brainy Bass to help us during Latin periods, but with the combined help of Chum and Mutt, very little outside aid is necessary.

### 3AC. CLASS NOTES

We are now preparing for our September examination and later on for our Intermediate examination. Even though we are very busy working our way to our destinations we still find time for some pleasantries at times.

Our class has some questions to ask and we would like someone to kindly answer them for us if it is at all possible.

- (1) How many people have become quick richly ?
- (2) When is a median a meridian ?
- (3) Has anyone heard of a father not knowing his daughter's name?

Mr. M. has.

- (4) Can anyone connect a fishing net and a nest of peaches ?

One of the worthy members of our class has informed us that Charles James Fox "gambolled" very heavily.

Certain of us wish that teachers would begin to like other books than "little black ones." For example, Mr. F.'s gives us creepy feelings up the spine, and we dream of them at night. Besides, it gives us qualms for fear we shall have to whisper in his shell-like ear.

K— told all and sundry that he had St. Vitus' Dance when requested to "sit still" during Maths.

When asked of any topic on which to write an essay, Y— suggested "Prohibition." It was seconded but not carried, as we are not all artists.

### 1A. CLASS NOTES

Although 1A is supposed to be the top class of first year, all our teachers tell us that we are not working so hard this term. We are determined to keep our standard as top class. In fact, we had quite an argument with Mr. Gibbes on Sports' Day, when he said 1A were no good. But later he told us "that 1A were up to putty."

Mervyn Johnson, the boys' prefect of 1A, is girl shy—at least he says he is, but we don't believe him.

There is a certain boy in 1A, M. H., who has lost his "cousin" because she is away with illness. He sits up in the front seat and moans.

Mr.— thinks he can speak English better than we can French. He might not be able to beat Doug B— who told Mr.— when he asked him, that his great, great, great grandfather was Irish. And Mr.— seems to think that Irish people can speak French all right.

1A is the "Royal Class" of the School, owing to the fact that the French teacher calls two boys William I and William II.

Our class also contains a "Southern Cross," namely Johnston, who won a race on Sports' Day, and is representing the school in Sydney—14 years. A "talking machine" sits in the front seat, but it cannot be wondered at, as he is "living in hope" of becoming a minister.



Browne's life is in great danger every French lesson, because Mr. M— is always threatening to "shoot" him, if he doesn't do everything correctly. He is advised to employ a body guard.

Miss F— was most considerate, when she moved A— from the front to the back seat, the reason being that "he used to be always turning round," and she was frightened that he would strain the muscles in his neck thereby.

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Interested Spectators at Annual Sports. What is the event?



## HOCKEY

Much enthusiasm has been displayed by the girls during the hockey season, which is now nearing its end. The enthusiasm was encouraged by the increase in hockey material, and by the fact that two marked fields have, at last, been made available for hockey.

The "A" and "B" teams, largely owing to the coaching of Miss Fletcher and Miss Walkley, have attained a favourable standard, while the "C" and "D" teams, under the tuition of Miss Nichol, are improving, and next season should be ready to play "B" grade, and in some cases "A" grade.

At present the "A" team consists of : forwards, D. Gilbert, L. Heery, M. Wines, E. Redman. L. Bacon; half backs, J. White, F. Hills, C. Grater; backs, P. Firkin, N. Einsaar; goal, B. Deane.

This team has defeated the ex-students twice this season, and their first match with Maitland also resulted in a win for the school. The return match, played at Maitland, resulted in a draw, 3-3.

Doris Gilbert, as left wing, is one of the outstanding players of the team. She has a good hit and makes use of her speed.

Lily Heery, as captain, has proved both popular and capable. She has the best interests of the team always before her, and plays a good dependable game.

Marjorie Wines plays well and consistently, and rarely misses an opportunity to score.

Edna Redman only recently joined the "A" team, but her play shows that she well deserves the promotion.

Lilian Bacon, as right inner, was a valuable asset to the team, and is proving equally effective in her new position of wing.

Jean White, in the position of left-half, both defends and attacks well.

Flo Hills, a recruit from Cook's Hill, as centre half, plays a consistently good game and is outstanding in the defence.

Corrie Grater, who migrated from tennis to hockey, defends well on the half-back line, making good use of the back-hand stroke.

Phyllis Firkin, tackling and passing well, plays a good sound game.

Nora Einsaar, as left back, ably assists in the defence of the goal.

Beryl Deane, hitting well, plays an exceptionally safe game in the goal.

The "B" team consists of : forwards, J. Ruttley, B. Giles, P. McFadyen, D. Roberts, M. Young; half-backs, C. Sullivan, M. Blair, J. Truscott; backs, A. Carroll, J. Dransfield; goal, D. Gilmore.

This team met Gosford "A" team on 22nd July. The school had the better of the game throughout, and the match resulted in a win for Newcastle, 3-0.

The match arranged between the "B" team and Mayfield Convent was postponed, but it is hoped that it will be played before the end of the season.



Hockey competition commenced in Newcastle for the first time this season. The school entered two teams and neither have yet suffered defeat.

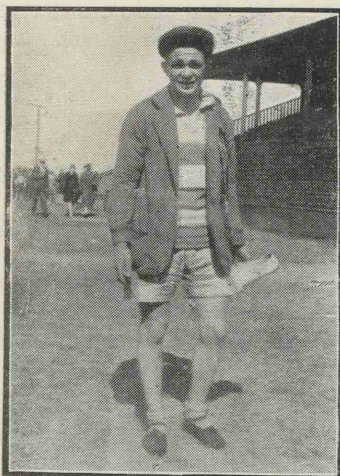
The "A" team won easy victories from both teams of Cook's Hill, while our "B" team had a good win from Cook's Hill "B" team, but played a draw with their "A" team.

Both teams on the whole are strong, the forwards combining excellently, and tackling well, and the goalkeepers, backs, both halves and full, keep their goals secure.

In conclusion, we wish to thank Miss Walkley and the members of the staff for the keen interest they have shown and for their untiring efforts in combining to make this season one of the most successful for hockey that the school has known.

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**JONES, of 2B Class**  
**Our Champion Runner**  
A Swelled head—his performances justified it.



**IIIB. B. BALL TEAM**

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## SPORTS DAY

At the National Park Sports Ground on 17th August the most successful sports meeting in the annals of the school was held. There was a larger attendance of parents and friends than at any previous meeting.

The Parents and Citizens' Association had an ice cream tent, and saw to the luncheon and afternoon tea.

The ground looked gay with the different coloured caps worn by the classes and the sports uniform of bright blue added to the gaiety.

The school in general showed great enthusiasm during the ball games and races.

Enid Rundle won the senior championship cup, whilst Thelma Henwood won the point score cup, the runner-up being Dorothy McKean.

Results of Girls' races :

Junior Championship—Beryl Oakley, 1; Dorothy McKean, 2; Vina Morrisson, 3.

16 Years and over Championship—Thelma Henwood, 1; Enid Rundle, 2; Doris Gilbert, 3.

15 Years Championship—Cecily Sullivan, 1; Esma Russell, 2; Ruth Janson, 2.

14 Years Championship—Mary Lee, 1; Vina Morrisson, 2; Beryl Oakley, 3.

13 Years Championship—Dorothy McKean, 1; Dorothy Hingst, 2.

12 Years Championship—Betty James, 1; Phyllis Davis, 2; Jean Agassiz, 3.

Orange Race—Thelma Henwood, 1; Esme Wrightson, 2; Cecily Sullivan, 3.

Junior Skipping Race—Dorothy McKean, 1; Dorothy Hingst, 2; Beryl Oakley, 3.

Senior Skipping Race—Enid Rundle, 1; Doris Gilbert, 2; Nora Einsaar, 3.

Final of Tunnel Ball—4A, 1; 2AC, 2; 4B, 3.

Final Under and Over Ball—5A, 1; 4B, 2; 4AC, 3.

Final Overhead Ball—5A, 1; 4A, 2; 4B, 3.

Final Cross Ball—5A, 1; 5B, 2; 4B, 3.

Senior 100 yards Championship—Enid Rundle, 1; Doris Gilbert, 2; Thelma Spence, 3.

Junior Inter-High Relay—Maitland, 1; Newcastle, 2.

Senior Inter-High Relay—Maitland, 1; Newcastle, 2.

Junior Obstacle Race—Vina Morrisson, 1; Winnie Sharp, 2; Dorothy Hingst, 3.

Senior Obstacle Race—Thelma Henwood, 1; Esma Wrightson, 2; Doris Gilbert, 3.

At the conclusion of the sports the cups won at the previous meeting were presented, Enid Rundle obtaining the Senior Championship Cup, and Doris Gilbert the Point Score Cup.

JEAN WHITE.

## TENNIS NOTES

Reid Park and Commercial Courts have been the centre of activities of tennis players for the last term, three courts being available. Although earlier in the year conditions were unsatisfactory as to the state of the courts, this defect has now been completely remedied. The sport has



been fairly well patronised, as usual, during the winter months, and four teams have been entered in the Schools' District Tennis competition, two "A" grade teams and two "B" grade. The "A" team, consisting of Rudd, Williams, Porter and Donaldson has been very successful, losing only one match through having to forfeit. This team is expected to contest the final with Hamilton, and we are hopeful of success as there has been an all round improvement.

The "B's" and "B2's" have also been successful, not losing a match, and will probably fight out the final.

When the competitions are over, the P.S.A.A.A. will run a series of championships, for which cups are offered for the winners. It is hoped that a good number of entries will be received from the High School, and full particulars will be available from Mr. Roberts.

We wish to commend Mr. Roberts for the active interest he has taken in the game, as he has spent a good deal of time and taken a lot of trouble to ensure the success of the game and the satisfaction of the players.

L.F.D.

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## FOOTBALL

At the beginning of the season we were beset by difficulties. The withdrawal of Marist Bros. from the competition left us with only one school to play. In the circumstances, it was finally decided to abandon any attempt to arrange a competition for the first XV, but to enter lower teams in a competition arranged by the P.S.A.A.A. This at first promised well. Competitions were arranged—9st and under, 7st. 7lbs. and under, and 6st. 7lbs. and under.

In the 9st. division, Maitland entered two teams, and Technical College, Cook's Hill, Hamilton and ourselves one each. In the 6st. 7lbs. competition, we entered two teams, Maitland and Hamilton one each. Unfortunately after about a month Maitland withdrew and everything had to be reorganised.

In the 9st Division, the four remaining teams carried on but the other two competitions had to be abandoned and a competition for boys 7st. 10lb. and under substituted, in which we entered 3 teams and Hamilton one.

With regard to the first XV, no difficulty was experienced in arranging matches. Indeed we had to refuse three which were offered us. Our thanks are due to North Sydney, Parramatta and Technical High School. Parramatta visited us here and offered us a return match which we were unfortunately unable to play.

Technical High School were anxious to play us in Newcastle, but the match could not be arranged.

Results : v. Maitland High School, at Newcastle, won 16-6. In this

match we outplayed our opponents, both back and forward, scoring 4 tries (2 converted) against two penalty goals. The best feature of the game was the work of our centres, Lawrence and Galton, of whom the latter was easily the best back on the field, both in attack and defence.

V. Maitland High School, at Newcastle, won 23-6. This game was played as the early match to the Waratahs v. N.S.W. We won the toss and in the first half had the advantage of a very strong wind in our favour. Making the game open and throwing the ball about well, we had a lead of 17-0 at half time. In the second half, as far as possible, we confined play to the forwards, but scored two tries against a try and a penalty goal by our opponents. Altogether we scored 7 tries (1 converted). Galton was again the best back on the ground, and Frew played a great game in the forwards.

V. Mr. Howard's team—played at Newcastle, won 16-9. Our opponents were a strong team containing several players well known in club football, but they did not combine too well and at first did not take us seriously enough. In the early stages our forwards held their own and our backs made good use of their opportunities. Then our opponents woke up and nothing but the fine play of McRae and Galton saved us on several occasions. Then Galton injured his ankle and though he saw the match through we lost his services for the rest of the season. Harivel had to leave the field. Gibbes and Lawrence also played well in this match. We scored 4 tries (two converted) against three tries by our opponents.

V. G.P.S. Boys—played at Newcastle, won 39-6. Our opponents contained some fine players, but others were very weak and they did not play as a team. Lawrence in the backs and Jones in the forwards were our best men.

V. Ex-Students—played at Newcastle, won 13-10. The ex-students fielded a very strong team, and, establishing an advantage early, held a lead of 10-8 at half time. Our own team was badly weakened, for Lawrence had been injured in the previous match and was unable to play and we have not had time to accustom ourselves to the loss of Galton. However, the team rallied splendidly after half time, and our forwards wore their opponents down gradually. In the second half, we never really looked like losing. Bryant was always dangerous. Our score was made up of two tries (both converted) and a penalty goal to two tries and a field goal by our opponents.

V. Masonians—played at Newcastle, won 13-5. Our opponents on this occasion were a team of Sydney juniors. Our team was weakened, several good men being unavailable. Our backs could not get going and we failed to score a try but excellent play by the forwards and by McRae at full back enabled us to maintain a territorial advantage and good kicking did the rest. We scored three penalty goals and a field goal to a converted try by our opponents.

V. Maitland—played at Maitland, won 14-6. Our forwards in this game were hardly as strong as their opponents and the backs only sparkled at



times. The team seemed to be suffering from a surfeit of football, but they earned their win, though it was by no means as easy as the scores might suggest. We scored two tries (one converted) and a penalty goal against one try and a penalty.

Newcastle and Maitland Combined v. North Sydney—Played at Newcastle, won 19-9. The combined team included nine of our men—McRae, Mathewson, Hamilton, Lawrence, Gibbes (backs), Colman, Dennis, Frew, Williams (forwards). The North Sydney team was not at full strength, as we were to learn later. Gray (Maitland), who was half back and captain, kept the game close, which did not make it attractive to look at, but was justified by the result. North Sydney beat us in the line out, but in the other departments of forward play we had the advantage. Our backs all round were slightly better than those of the Sydney team, and we were markedly better at full back. Partridge (Maitland) was the best forward on the ground. The combined team scored 5 tries (two converted) to two tries and a penalty goal.

V. Parramatta—Played at Newcastle, won 21-3. In this game we were without the services of Letcher (our half) and Smith (winger). C. Jones took the place of Letcher, Hamilton was moved from out-centre to the wing, while George came into out-centre. George played excellently, especially in defence, but Jones, though playing good football in other departments, was not up to standard in working the scrum. As a result all our back movements had to start from the loose. Our forwards proved far stronger than their opponents, and dribbled splendidly, an important factor in view of the fact that the match was played in drizzling rain. Hamilton played particularly well in this match, kicking a fine field goal and showing good judgement. In the forwards, Harivel showed his best form to date.

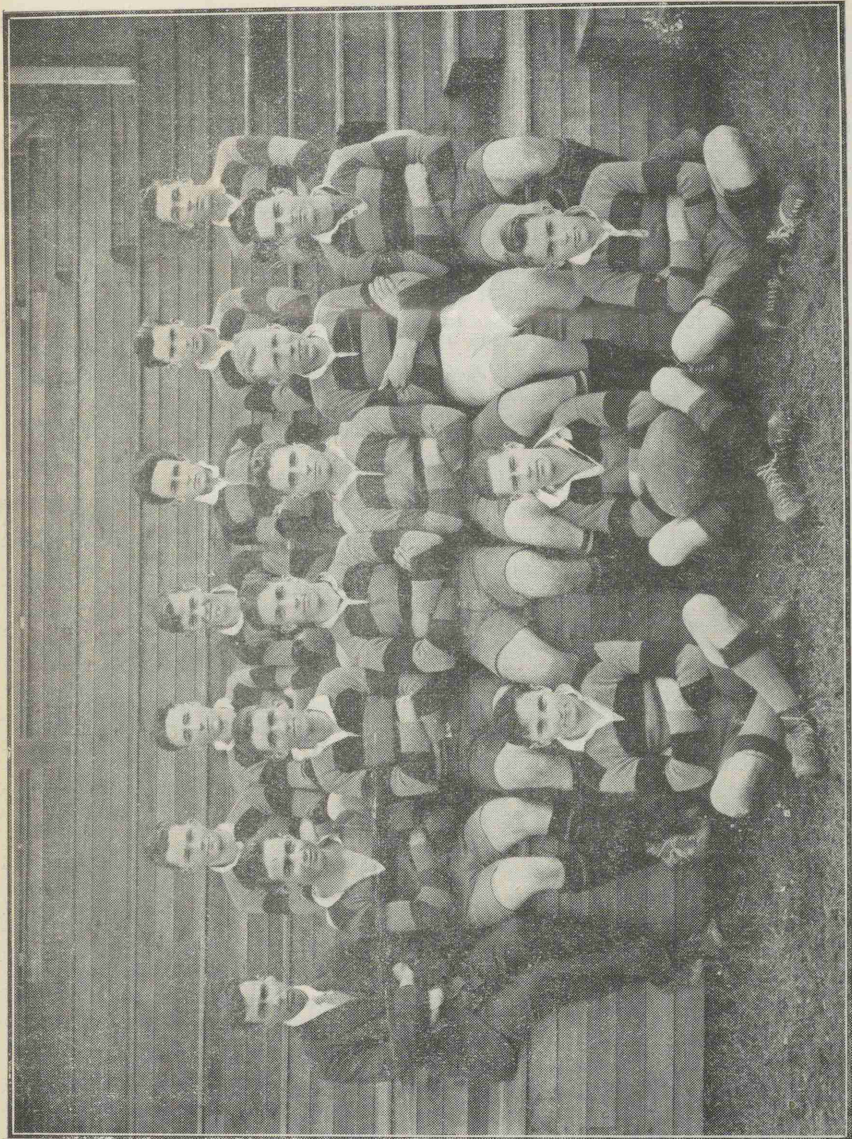
V. Mr. Howard's Team—Played at Newcastle, won 24-8. Smith was unable to play in this match and McLeod took his place, taking the field for the only time throughout the season. He showed excellent form and kicked a fine field goal, making us realise how much we had lost by not enjoying his services in other games. Our forwards played particularly well in this game and gave the backs plenty of opportunities.

V. North Sydney High—Played at North Sydney, won 23-20. This was our best performance throughout the season. North Sydney had gone through the Metropolitan competition without being defeated and were able to put their best team into the field against us. They lost no time in giving us a taste of their quality. In the first couple of minutes their half secured from a scrum on our twenty-five and a good blind movement sent their winger over to score in the corner. The kick failed. Our forwards carried the kick-off to our opponents' twenty-five, where a North Sydney forward kicked hard through a ruck. McRae came up fast, gathered beautifully, was through the forwards like a flash and sent the ball to Mathewson, who veered infield and scored between the posts. Hamilton converted. Our lead was short lived. Almost immediately North Sydney kicked a penalty goal. For some little time we held an advantage in the scrums,

but the North Sydney breakaways were very quick and Lawrence had to take his passes standing. We started one good movement from the loose, when Gibbes, picking up on the right wing, sent in-field to Colman, who was well supported by the forwards, but a knock-on pulled the movement. Then North Sydney began to win the ball. Vaughan, five-eighth, and O'Brien, out-centre, figured repeatedly in the brilliant passing rushes, varied by long kicks down-field, which O'Brien followed up very fast. Over eagerness led to breaches which kept them out on several occasions, but twice O'Brien crossed and both tries were converted. Our team was badly rattled and making silly mistakes. McRae alone was superb, tackling soundly, taking and gathering in splendid style and getting out of seemingly impossible difficulties repeatedly. A rally by our forwards carried the ball into the North Sydney goal mouth and Frew, bursting through a ruck, scored. Hamilton converted. North Sydney came again, and just before half-time O'Brien kicked a field goal, giving them a 20-10 lead. In the second half we determined to confine the play as far as possible to the forwards. Rucking hard, the Newcastle pack asserted their supremacy from the kick-off. In ten minutes we had evened the score. First Lawrence dribbled over the North Sydney line, and a few minutes after Frew forced his way over from a loose ruck. Both tries were well converted by Hamilton. From this time forward we had the upper hand. A couple of times O'Brien was dangerous, but McRae was always there. Free kicks alone enabled North Sydney to get into our territory, and when they did Jones and Frew repeatedly broke away from the line-outs and put us in an attacking position once more. High kicks, too directed at the North Sydney full-back proved an efficient means of attack; still we did not score. On two occasions men got off-side at critical moments and once a wild pass lost what seemed a certain try. The North Sydney half, too, went down on the ball most fearlessly, and held us up again and again. At last Hamilton got a free kick just in front of the goal and we won in the last five minutes. In this game James, who improved steadily throughout the season, played perhaps the best of the forwards, but Frew, who showed a welcome return to his best form, and Harivel were pretty well as good. It is, however, to the splendid work of the pack as a whole that we owe our win. Of the backs McRae stood alone.

V. Maitland—Played at Newcastle, won 14-11. This was the last match of the season and our team, relaxed after their win against North Sydney, were lucky to pull through against the much improved Maitland side. At half time the scores were 8-6 against us. We established a lead 14-6 midway through the second half, but Maitland scored and converted and was shockingly unlucky with two magnificent kicks which just missed. Each side scored two tries and converted one. We kicked two penalties and Maitland one. Altogether, excluding the combined match against North Sydney, the team played 11 games and won them all, scoring 216 points to 87. On the face of it, this is a fine result, but when is added the fact that the team only contained two really outstanding players, Galton and McRae, and that of these we lost Galton, who was then captain, after the third





NEWCASTLE HIGH SCHOOL 1st XV, 1928

Back Row : R. Frew, L. McRae, J. Lawrence, F. Smith, G. Hamilton, J. Matthewson  
Second Row : J. Gibbes (Sports' Master), K. Boland, W. James, E. Colman, J. Williams, A. Halloran,  
A. Harvel : Front Row : J. Dennis, F. Gibbes (Capt.), N. Letcher.



match, our success becomes remarkable. The secret, of course, lies in the team work. Everyone played with keenness and resolution, everyone did his utmost for the side, no one was guilty of trying to shine. After the first three matches we had to depend mainly on the forwards and they never let us down; they worked tirelessly and rucked and followed up as one man.

In the early part of the season Frew was perhaps the best of the pack, and again at the end. Strong and resolute, a fine tackler and an honest worker, he shone in all departments.

James improved tremendously as the season progressed and was remarkably good; he handled well and was always on the ball.

Harivel, the fastest and one of the weightiest men in the pack, also improved very much, doing fine work in the line-out and shining in the loose.

Dennis was a first rate breakaway and the most polished loose forward.

Colman.—A tiger for work, and despite lack of height and weight, one of the best of a good lot.

Williams.—Very light, but a splendid front row man, using his knowledge of soccer to advantage in the rucks and handling, tackling and passing well.

Halloran, another man who improved noticeably during the season; strong, fearless, resolute and a tireless worker.

Boland.—A thoroughly good breakaway; followed-up splendidly and handled well.

The backs were a thoroughly sound lot, and were, in most games, able to put the finishing touches to the work of the pack. At the outset they were expected to prove the backbone of the team, but in the latter half of the season they took second place.

Galton, our centre and captain, our best footballer, a most determined runner, very hard to tackle, quick to see an opening, and strong in defence. His loss would have been enough to ruin most school teams.

McRae, full back. Our best back after Galton was injured; splendidly cool, never out of position, always able to take the ball or the man. He was not only a tower of strength in defence but was able to set his backs going when opportunity offered.

Mathewson, right wing, a fine attacking player, handled excellently, ran strongly and determinedly; rather too much inclined to come in-field, but was successful in doing so.

Hamilton.—Played left wing in four matches and out-centre in the others. Showed excellent judgment at all times, handled beautifully, ran straight, and knew when to pass. His value to the team, however, lay mainly in his goal kicking. Out of 235 points scored in all matches, he was responsible for 81, of which 75 were gained by kicks.

Smith, left wing. Very fast and used his pace to advantage on several occasions. Quite inexperienced, he improved very much in the course of the season.

Back Row: E. Frew, L. Mathewson, J. Williams, A. Halloran.  
 Second Row: J. Gibbins (Sports), K. Massey, J. Lawrence, F. Smith, G. Hamilton, J. Mathewson.  
 NEWCASTLE



**Gibbes**, five-eighth and captain in the last eight matches. Sound at all times in attack and defence, showed plenty of resource and handled and passed well.

**Lawrence**, in-centre, showed a streak of brilliance, lacking in most of the others, handled splendidly and showed a pretty side-step, and always passed with good judgment, in addition he was able to control the ball at the toe in a manner which surprised all our opponents.

**Letcher**, half. Very sound, able to give the ball on either side as asked and to see when to go on his own, very strong in defence, passed accurately.

**George**.—Played as out-centre in three matches and was unlucky not to gain a permanent place in the team. Thoroughly sound in defence with a good knowledge of the game, able to take an opening and give or take a pass, only lack of weight and pace kept him out.

The 9st. team only lost one match, being defeated by the Maitland "A" team, and that only by one point. With only one match to go, and that against a team which they have already beaten twice, they are certain to win their competition. Unfortunately the standard of football in this division has not been very high and the team has not improved as it should have in consequence. Altogether this team has played nine matches and won eight of them. The backs are not as strong a division as they should be had they attended practice regularly and been properly coached. **George**, five-eighth and captain, is quite the best but,

**Bennett**, right wing, promises to develop into a really fine footballer, not only showing great pace but fine determination and handling well.

**Evans**, full-back, has not had too much to do. When he has room to move he is undoubtedly good, and can attack splendidly as well as defend.

**Patfield**, in-centre, has played in a variety of positions with several teams, he shows distinct promise and knows the game well and being really keen should be useful next year.

**Rowe**.—Much improved, very keen with plenty of resolution, he only needs a little more pace to make an excellent winger.

**C. Jones**, half, has learned the game very quickly and shows much promise but would be better suited by some other position.

The forwards have been too much for most of their opponents, but lack cohesion.

**Cheetham**.—The best of the pack, a strong resolute forward, always on the ball.

**France**.—Very much improved, and well worth watching; uses his height and strength well.

**Roarty**.—A very good forward in this grade; always a trier.

**Halloran**.—A good hard working forward who should train on.

**Kinder**.—Good breakaway and a better tackler than most of the others; inclined to loaf.

**Curran**, breakaway, and a keen, hard worker.

**McDonald.**—Tries hard and is improving, but does not use his physical advantage as he should.

**Brown.**—An inexperienced man, who learnt quickly, will be useful next year.

Of the lower grades, the "A" team is undefeated, and with only one match to go is in an unassailable position. This team consists of the 6st 7lb "A" team which had won all its matches with great ease until that competition collapsed. Some of the boys are most promising and it is to be hoped that they will grow. If so, we shall have an excellent first grade in a couple of more years.

**Clifford**, full back, very light, but tackles splendidly and is always in position.

**Deed**, left wing, tackles well, fast and tricky ; tries to beat too many men at a time.

**Hingst.**—A fine resolute runner, comes through very hard, a natural centre, playing out of position.

**Morgan**, right wing, very fast and quick to take an opening ; best scoring man in the team.

**Dobson**, half, most promising. Passes well and quickly and has plenty of resource.

**Bass**, breakaway, an excellent loose forward and fine tackler but too much inclined to act as an extra five-eighth.

**Tennent.**—A good, hard working forward ; does his job both in the ruck and in the loose.

**Rich**, rake, an improving forward ; good in the loose.

**Ryan**, in-centre, a good handler and very quick and tricky runner ; inclined to get away from his supports ; knows the game well.

**Robson.**—A fine loose forward and a strong runner but inclined to hang out.

**Taylor.**—Very keen and a great trier at practice but inclined to loaf, probably from a wish to shine in a match.

The "B" team has played a draw with Hamilton and beaten the "C" team, but has gone down to the "A" team.

The best of the forwards are Jackson and Boswell in this grade. A hard worker, very strong and resolute, Boswell is probably the best man in this grade ; he is equally good in the ruck or loose.

**Jackson** is now beginning to run and is improving considerably. A very good man in the line-out.

Of the backs the best men are :—

**Baxter**, full back, who has shown excellent form in all branches.

**Kable**, wing three-quarter, a splendid tackler and a determined runner, but weak in the handling.

**Brown**, wing, a really dashing little footballer who only needs to grow to be a champion.

**Williams**, out centre, a hard trier but too slow for the position.



Richardson, half, shows remarkable dash and pluck ; not well supported at five-eighth.

The "C" team has been beaten by and beaten Hamilton. Has been badly beaten by the "A" team, but has beaten the "B" team.

The backs are the weakness. The pack has worked hard and honestly. Both wings, Kitley and Wells have shaped well.

Kitley shows plenty of dash and will develop.

Wells is strong and handles well.

Worley is a real trier and deserves some good luck ; his tackling is excellent.

Still tries but his passing is weak and he will run in circles.

O'Keefe, the best of the forwards and next to Boswell in this grade, who is the best forward.

Much of the success of the football this season is due to Mr. Forster, who has not only worked hard with the teams at practice, but given valuable advice and has refereed every Wednesday.

With regard to next season, it should be noted that the Secondary Schools in Brisbane are now playing Rugby Union. An attempt was made this season to arrange C.H.S. matches, both in Brisbane and Sydney, but the project was undertaken too late in the season.

Next year these games will almost certainly be played. In the circumstances it would be as well to arrange matches with a view to securing representation for such of our players as can earn it, as early as possible. Also a trip for the school team might be arranged in order to play individual Brisbane schools.

JOHN W. GIBBES.

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## SOCCKER

For the first time for some years, the school has had a soccer club this season. One team only was entered, playing in the "B" grade (under 16). Although not formed until the competition opened, it acquitted itself well, finishing up with 14 points out of a possible 18—6 won, 2 drawn, 1 lost. The only defeat was suffered at the hands of an exceptionally good team, much superior in weight and experience, though the flooded ground was to the advantage of our heavier opponents. In both drawn games we were unfortunate in not scoring the extra goal, and but for this we would have qualified for the final of our division. As it was, we finished third, being only one point behind the second team. Johnston and Charge were always good defenders, while Benny Smith, our clever centre-forward, was consistently good, receiving much assistance from burly Jenkins and wee Cantelo on the wings. We have the nucleus of a good team for next season should we decide to enter the competition again, although conditions this year were such as to warrant serious consideration before we do so. That is