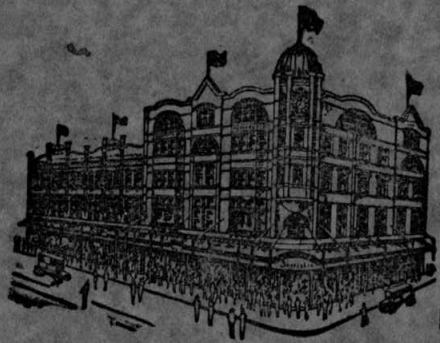


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NEWCASTLE HIGH SCHOOL
The Novocastrian.

"REMIS VELISQUE."

:: The Organ of the ::
Newcastle High School

JUNE, 1919.
Vol. 9 . . . No. 1



Newcastle :
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1919

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STAFF OF
Newcastle High School.

— . . . —

Headmaster :

G. C. SAXBY, B.A.

Deputy Headmaster :

W. L. HAMMOND, B.Sc.

Department of Classics :

D. SCOLAR, B.A., LL.B.

M. GEDDES, B.A.

Department of English :

R. G. HENDERSON, M.A.

Miss G. BREWIN, B.A. (Lond.) Camb. Dip.

Miss L. BLACKLOCK, B.A.

Miss M. BLACK, B.A.

Department of Mathematics :

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

J. GIBSON, B.A.

H. WALKER, M.A.

Miss B. C. BOOTLE, B.A.

Department of Modern Languages :

Miss A. G. LONG, Dip. de Paris.

Miss BATTY.

Miss C. WATSON, B.A.

Department of Science :

W. L. HAMMOND, B.Sc.

Miss E. ROSS, B.Sc.

Miss L. G. WHITEOAK, B.Sc.

Department of Business Principles :

C. E. BROWN.

Miss JOHNSON, B.A., B.Ec.

Department of Art and Geography :

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

VOLUME 9 :: NO. 1.



School Officials, 1919.

— . . . —

Prefects :

BOYS.—J. ESTELL (Captain), G. COATES, W. COOKSEY, R. DODD, B. JAMES, H. JACKSON.

GIRLS—M. WALKER (Captain), M. DAVIES, M. WEBB, R. WILLIAMS, P. MILLER, M. HUNT.

Sub-Prefects :

BOYS—F. HART, G. JOHNSON, R. COCHRANE, K. LACKEY, A. SHORT, E. FITZGERALD, R. LEE, R. COLLINS, S. NEAVES.

GIRLS—H. PATTERSON, J. DONALDSON, K. BOWIE, M. TINGLE, A. PAYNE, C. BALMER, D. PEARSON, J. BRECKENRIDGE, H. DAVIS

Sports Committee :

Newcastle High School Union—President, Mr. SAXBY; Secretary, T. T. HENERY; Treasurer, Mr. BROWN

Rugby Football—Mr. GEDDES; Hon. Secretary and Rep. on General Committee, A. R. WEIR

Association Football—Mr. WALKER; Hon. Secretary and Rep. on General Committee, R. DODD

Cricket—Hon. Secretary and Rep. on General Committee, G. COATES

Swimming—Mr. NAIRN; Hon. Secretary, G. JOHNSON; Rep. on General Committee, W. COOKSEY

Tennis—Mr. HAMMOND; Hon. Secretary and Rep. on General Committee, A. R. WEIR

Athletics—Mr. GIBSON; Hon. Secretary and Rep. on General Committee, J. H. ESTELL

Tuck Shop—T. T. HENERY (Manager), J. SNEDDON and F. CASSIDY (Assistants)

Tennis—GIRLS: Miss BLACKLOCK and Miss BOOTLE; Hon. Secretary and Rep. on General Committee, M. DAVIES

Hockey—GIRLS: Miss BREWIN; Hon. Secretary and Rep. on General Committee, F. EATON

Basketball—GIRLS: Miss BATTY; Hon. Secretary and Rep. on General Committee, M. HUNT

Athletics—GIRLS: Miss JOHNSON

Swimming—GIRLS: Miss LONG.

The Novocastrian.

THE MAGAZINE OF THE NEWCASTLE HIGH SCHOOL.

Vol. 9.

JUNE, 1919.

No. 1.

OFFICERS.

Patron	G. C. SAXBY, B.A.
Editor	R. G. HENDERSON
Committee	SPORTS OFFICIALS, AND SUB-PREFECTS			

A Message from the Headmaster.

The Editor having asked me to write an editorial for this issue, I begged him to allow me to substitute a message. A message from the Head Master follows a custom which is coming into vogue in school magazines, and because I think it is a good custom, I am falling into line. I think it is a good custom because a School Magazine should be a well-balanced production, all interests and activities being represented. The Editor then, instead of having to write more than a fair share of the magazine, would be able to fulfil his proper function, and observe that a due proportion was kept as between contributions from, or matters dealing with, teachers and pupils, the literary work and reports of games, etc., School Notes and the ex-pupils' section, and so on through the different interests of a modern secondary school.

My message will concern itself with suggesting the purpose for which you attend a High School, and define a satisfactory attitude towards that purpose. You have arrived at an age when an earnest and intelligent interest in plan and method is essential to satisfactory progress. At a very early stage in your individual development, you each had a very active interest and curiosity in all new impressions, which found expression in why? and what for? and in imitation. Unfortunately frequent repression—instead of intelligent direction—partially killed this instinctive activity, and you learned to look upon new

situations as part of an established order, and to accept them without much interest or curiosity. Maybe this message will revive a spirit of interest and investigation.

The purpose of education is to develop to the highest degree all the powers of your complex natures, natures which respond to spiritual, moral, mental and physical forces. The Church, home and school are the three great educational machines, of which the school alone deals in an organised way, with all the sides of your natures. The studies, the games and the activities of school societies are all directly concerned with your development. Centuries of thought, experiment and adaptation by educators, from Plato to Montessori, have produced the present systems of education with their particular subjects of study, the times allotted to each, and all the other intricacies of organisation you find in a school, all with the definite purpose that you may be prepared for and enjoy to the fullest that complete thing, that continuous set of experiences called "life." If you consider for a moment, it is evident that the estimate of "life" in a community or people is discovered by the spirit and purpose of their system of education.

All the great nations agree that the Germans are a highly educated people, but their purpose being world power and the dominant spirit of that purpose being force, ruthlessness, frightfulness and all the other evil things with which we have become familiar, have followed as a natural consequence. You will gather, if you study the situation, that equally with a wise purpose, a proper spirit is essential. The wise purpose of education, as has been stated, is self-development, but if the spirit of that purpose is an unworthy one, a desire for self-aggrandisement, a lust for wealth, or any essentially self-centred motive, the result will continue to be as at present, industrial unrest and economic wars, unjust social inequalities, political insincerity and religious disunion.

But re-construction is in the air. It is not possible in this message to name the schemes, it would be even less possible to give you an idea of their structure, granted that you could understand. If you are interested you can question your parents and teachers. It is foolishness to postpone meeting these problems; they do not cease to exist, even for you, because you ignore them. To wait till you undertake the responsibilities of life is to discover the hopelessness of reforming character and re-constituting society. Form and construction belong to childhood. Begin right now and form character. Make the spirit of your lives the spirit of "service" instead of self-seeking, the spirit of "give" instead of "take," the spirit of "share" instead of "hoard," the spirit which grasps

every opportunity for additional knowledge, because it keeps additional power to benefit others, and you will be prepared to undertake the responsibilities of life with honor.

My message is, therefore, that you take advantage of every means for self development with this spirit to mate with your purpose, viz.: fear God, honor the King (who represents constituted authority), do your duty to your neighbour, and in addition, your duty to yourself.

Faithfully yours,

GEORGE C. SAXBY,

Head Master.

The Library.

The room commonly called the Library is the supreme example of fine taste and beautiful architecture

Beautiful pictures adorn the walls; some of the world's masterpieces have their place there

The seats are well-spaced and easy of access, especially the Fourth Row from the partition.

In the winter a cheerful fire blazes in the beautiful grate, while in summer there is always a cool draught blowing across the room.

The curtains, which this fortunate room has the luck to possess, are of delicate tints and exquisite workmanship, and were in full working order (once).

The School Honor Rolls repose gracefully in one corner in a most taking manner.

This room is practically airtight, and no noise can be heard from the surrounding rooms (ask Miss B—). It is only necessary to pay a visit to this room to see whether the above particulars are true or not.

(If you don't like it, tidy it up and make it pretty.—Ed)

School Notes.

The staff of the school has undergone many changes since the last issue of the "Novocastrian." As was then announced, Mr. WILLIAMS has gone to take charge of North Sydney Boys' High School. On the day we broke up for the Christmas holidays, Cyril Massey and Evelyn James, on behalf of the school, presented Mr. Williams with a handsome clock and an address wishing him all happiness and success in his new school. Mr. Williams, in response, thanked the school heartily for its kindness, and told us how much he had enjoyed his stay in Newcastle and his work at the school. He said that if it were merely a question of consulting his own personal wishes, he would remain here.

In the privacy of the Ladies' Room (suitably decorated and renovated for the occasion by the well-known firm of Cooksey & Co.) the staff also said farewell to Mr. WILLIAMS, and emphasised the good wishes which many speakers expressed by giving Mr. WILLIAMS a pipe case and tobacco pouch. Mr. Williams thanked the staff for their good words and presents and for the loyal support they had given him on every occasion.

The removal of Mr. HAYES did not occur until the middle of the holidays. Mr. Hayes, who had been on the school staff for, we believe, about ten years, had been prominent in every school activity. He was a sympathetic teacher, with a gift for making the rough places smooth. He is now head master of the Cowra District School, a position which will give full scope to his great energy and teaching ability. Most of the ex-pupils of the school have known Mr. Hayes, and they and all the present school wish him every success and happiness in his new position.

Mr. F. J. HEATLEY, our late Science Master, has been transferred to East Maitland. Mr. Heatley will be greatly missed by the league footballers, whom he has coached to victory on several occasions. We had the pleasure of seeing Mr. Heatley again at an Assembly when he had managed to be present in order to hand over the banner and medals awarded our League team for its success last year in winning the "A" Competition (under 8 stone).

Mr. W. L. HAMMOND has come to us as Science Master and Deputy Headmaster. Mr. Hammond last year was at Technical High School, Sydney, and has already enlarged the scope of our science work by starting a geology class. The third year girls greatly appreciate this work, especially the expeditions.

Miss NIAU, for the sake of Madame Niau's health, was compelled to seek a removal from Newcastle. She has, accordingly, been transferred to Girls' High School, Sydney. Miss Niau had been on the school staff for eleven years (approximately) and her loss will be severely felt. She put into her work a great deal of energy and conscience, which, we fear, was not always fully appreciated by the class at the time, but gratefully recognized later by the pupils when they had grown older and more sensible. For their part, the staff have lost in Miss Niau a loyal comrade and true friend, always ready, against many difficulties, to do all that lay in her power. We wish her every happiness in Sydney and a renewal of health for Madame Niau.

Miss JOSEPH has also been transferred to Sydney, carrying with her the best wishes of school and staff.

We wish to offer a cordial welcome to Miss WATSON, Miss BLACK and Miss BOOTLE, who have joined the staff.

The "Tuck Shop" is apparently feeling the optimism produced in trade circles by the cessation of the war. It at last possesses, on the boys' side at any rate, a fixed habitation as well as a name. It has also branched out into stationery. With much business acumen, the managers procured a stock of pads, pens, etc., the day before exams, and reaped much profit.

The beginning of the end! The headmaster a short time back was asked to find rooms nearby for 4th Year, thus making room for additional pupils. Not being able to procure suitable accommodation, he recommended the erection of a portable class room. It is going up as this is written. Apparently the school will be expanded for a year or so, and then the girls will be transferred to a bright, beautiful palace to be made for them at Waratah. The present building is quite good enough for the boys.

For being the most generous form in contributing to the Repatriation Fund, Fourth Year had a holiday, which was employed at tennis.

There was a young fellow call Jack,
Who sat on the end of a tack;
As he sprang in the air,
We heard him declare—
Well, it wasn't "Alas" or "Alack"!

—"Ear Witness."

Remove and Third Year may like to know their English authors for next year. Here they are:—

INTERMEDIATE—(a) Henry V; (b) Lytton's Harold, Scott's Kenilworth; (c) Selections from Wordsworth, Selections from Australian Poets.

LEAVING—(a) Coriolanus, Lamb's Selected Essays and Letters; (b) Hepple (I 54-94, III, V), Hausen, Victorian Anthology, Dickens, Martin Chuzzlewit.

A correspondent wishes to know where is the outside seating accommodation for the girls in wet weather. Her complaint seems well justified.

LOST in room 5 on 23rd May, A WEE COMMA. For further particulars please apply to the Overseer of half-yearly economics exam.

Our last L.C. candidates, when the exam. was over, showed considerable self-reliance and an unusual desire for work. Many of them went and got jobs, real jobs and real money. One or two temporarily took to the land, and a couple of others took to the Steel Works (and at least one put his age up to get award rates) One took "David Copperfield" so much to heart that he found a place in a cordial factory, but *not* at pasting labels. Last, but not least, one of the girls (from the "General" side) obtained a position as a book-keeper. She said the work was very easy, and she learnt it in a week. What do the Commercial students say to this?

A cricket match between Staff and Prefects and the rest of the school was played towards the end of the season. The score book has been lost, but we believe that the school won by a narrow margin. Mr. Hammond scored highest for the staff team, and Mr. Gibson was its most distinguished bowler. The boys did not seem to play very well, but managed to fluke enough runs to win.

ROY ABBOTT and W. MOODY are helping to run Walsh Island.

Ten Little Latin Fags.

(By "Jest")

Ten little Latin fags,
Toeing a chalk line,
One "described a circle,"
Then there were nine.

Nine little Latin fags,
Staying out too late,
One forgot his Latin,
Then there were eight.

Eight little Latin fags,
Dreaming of heaven,
One found himself in school,
Soon there were seven.

Seven little Latin fags,
In a horrid fix,
One forgot his Cicero,
Then there were six.

Six little Latin fags,
Very much alive,
A black look withered one,
Then there were five.

Five little Latin fags,
Standing on the floor,
One started smiling,
Then there were four.

Four little Latin fags,
Feeling all at sea,
One couldn't "thread it out,"
Then there were three.

Three little Latin fags,
In an awful stew,
One didn't "sit round square,"
Then there were two.

Two little Latin fags,
Thought they'd have some fun,
One was squashed by Virgil,
Then there was one.

One little Latin fag,
Left all alone,
He died of "pitching in,"
Then there were none.

Topsy-Turvy Land.

The following description of a Utopian School is one which I think Sir Thomas More himself would have approved.

- 9.30—Motor calls to take Utopian pupils to School. It is a 6-seater Rolls-Royce with padded seats, a musical horn, and a respectful, beautifully liveried chauffeur. In the sides of the motor are pockets containing fancy biscuits and luscious chocolates. In this fashion pupils roll luxuriously to school, for in Utopia motorists never worry about blow-outs; there's never such a thing known in history.
- 9.45—The school is reached. It is a beautiful edifice of stainless marble, and in the halls are beautiful pictures painted by the famous artists, Frey Uto and Frey Pias. The school is surrounded by beautifully kept lawns, tennis courts, football grounds, cricket pitches, gardens and orchards. If pupils are unwell owing to excessive indulgence in the orchards, the principal will send for, and pay a doctor. Pupils are requested to pick flowers, as it encourages a plant to grow, making it feel it is appreciated.
- 10—Gong rings to enter classrooms—pupils enter, their footgear sinking into soft Turkish and Brussels carpets. The rooms are well ventilated and artistic. The teacher entering, pupils sink into soft padded arm-chairs, with arm and foot rests. The teacher sits on a candle-box with tacks in it. Motion picture novels, magazines, works of poets and latest fiction are handed round. The teacher has to learn and repeat from memory six pages from Webster's Dictionary.
- 10.15—Professors Von Stout and Von Lean lecture on the respective merits of Theda Bara as a vampire, Mary Pickford as an ingenue, and William S. Hart as a cowboy, and listen respectfully to pupils' opinions of them.
- 11—Morning tea is brought in on silver salvers, and handed round by soft-footed waiters. In summer this consists of ice-cream or strawberries and cream; in winter, coffee, made in milk, or cocoa made in cream, with scones just out of the oven, or fancy biscuits, and they are handed round in egg-shell China cups and saucers and plates.
- 11.30-1.30—Every pupil is requested to attend a Moving Picture Show given in the recreation hall. Leading artists, as Wallace Reid, Jack Holt, Tom Forman, Marguerite Clark, Dorothy Dalton, etc., are shown.

- 2— Dinner provided by the Management.

(Menu cut out: too long even for Utopia.—Editor.)

- 2.45-3.15—The latest works of fiction, magazines, newspapers, etc., provided; perusal of "Fragments from France" (Bairnsfather) compulsory.

- 3.15-3.45—Afternoon tea, sweet fruit, etc., handed round.

- 3.45—Procession of Rolls-Royces appear before the school—pupils mount in them, and are rapidly whizzed away. (Curtain).

Olive Humphries.

A Geography Excursion.

Some members of 2nd and 3rd Year Geography Classes and a few non-members, under the surveillance of Miss Johnson, set out from School one Wednesday afternoon, with the intention of going to Merewether Beach by tram, and then walking along the beach to Glenrock Lagoon. The object of the expedition was to see a faulting in the cliff near the Lagoon. As they left as soon as school was out, they lunched on a nice grassy hill, some way from Merewether.

The first tunnel was vetoed, but they had a delightfully damp walk through the second. Some geology specimens were found on the way, and the faulting observed, but otherwise it was just a nice walk, with rests at intervals.

The Lagoon disappointed many who expected to see a very pretty place, but it was just ordinary.

Mary Single took a photo of the party on the bridge, and it was on the way back over the bridge that something exciting happened. One of the girls dropped something overboard, and then a fishing party was organised. Mary Single, however, won the prize, and returned it to the owner.

One of the girls wished to go earlier than the others, and so with two friends hurried on. They went through the tunnels because that was the shortest way, and going through the last they were almost caught up to by a trolley. Her friends walked back slowly to the party, and on the way one of them missed her footing and—splash!

Altogether they had an enjoyable time, and would not mind receiving all their lessons in this manner, although travelling back to William the Conqueror's time would be rather difficult.

—"An Excursionist."

["Excursionist" should read the 'Time Machine,' by H. G. Wells, which tells how to travel back to William the Conqueror's time.—ED.]

Elegy written in a Country Schoolroom.

(By Thomas Green)

The schoolbell tolls the knell of parting play ;
The first year mob winds classwards drearily ;
Old Cicero resumes his weary sway,
And leaves the world a darkness unto me.

Now fades the outside landscape on the sight,
And all the air a classic boredom fills,
Save where poor Cxxxxxy drones a last "Good night,"
Or Dxxa at her desk-hid novel thrills.

Beneath these painted walls, that black-board's frown,
Where strays the chalk in many a puzzling line,
Each trying in his desk to snuggle down,
The rude Fourth Yearers of the High School pine.

The rainy squall of carbon-breathing morn,
The steam trams, clattering from their iron shed,
The Steel Works whistle or the motor horn,
In vain may call them from their drowsyhed.

For them in vain the emerald pitch may yearn,
Or movie man provide his daily fare ;
No tuck shop opens, waiting their return,
And asks their fees, the envied tart to share.

Oft did the orchard to their ardour yield,
Their furrow oft on Cockle's bank hath broke ;
How jocund did they drive their scrum afield,
How bent the willow 'neath their sturdy stroke.

Let undergrads not mock their young career,
Provincial joys and life lived under rule,
Nor Blackfriars note with a disdainful jeer
The short and simple annals of a school.

Perhaps in this too restful spot is laid
Some heart once destined to celestial fire,
Hands, that the bat of Trumper might have swayed,
And waked to ecstasy the sporting liar.

But knowledge to their eyes too full a page,
Rank with the spoils of time, needs must unroll ;
Chill pedantries repress their noble rage,
And freeze the genial current of the soul.

Some unknown Pickford, that with childish jest
Wins and rejects a dozen rustic suits ;
Some quiet, reluctant Fairbanks here may rest,
Some Chaplin, guiltless of the other's boots.

High School Boys who have Enlisted.

*Max Arkell
H. Arnold
Edwin Armstrong
Robert Baker
Cecil Bate
Thomas Beveridge
T. Brown
Wm. Brownlee
*Tom Cadell
S. R. Carver
Alex. Chalmers
Alau Collins
Herbert Chippendall
Leonard Chippendall
Percy Charlton
Leslie Cooke
Norman Cragg
W. Dalton
Stan Dixon
Andrew Douglass
Mathew Downie
Walter Derkenne
*John Donald
John Daniels
J. Evans
R. Fitzgerald
Douglas Fraser
Gordon Gray
George Greaves
K. Gollan

Arthur Hirst
Basil Helmore
Jack Herbert
H. Hingst
A. Hingst
*Richard Howard, M.C.
David Herne
Rob Howie (Y.M.C.A.)
Alex. Huntriss
Cyril Hudson
J. Ivin
*Clarence Jeffries (V.C.)
C. Jacka
Harry Jameson
*Ernest Jones
*Robert Kilpatrick
Mac Louden
Robert Lasker (missing)
Walter Lochrin
Fred Lancaster
Leslie McCurley
*Pierce Morrissey
Ernest McAllister
Magnus McKay
Wm. Maskell
Frank Miller
*Eric Mulvey
*J. O'Connell
Conrad Porteus
Louis Polak

*Robert Perrou
Henry Prince
Roy Payne
A. V. Quiggan
Allan Richards
Norman Rawling
Frank Raysmith
*Vincent Ryan
Walter Smith
*Alfred Smith
George Scott
William Sturt
Victor Stirling
Norman Stirling
Arthur Scarfe
John Schroder, M.M.
R. W. Scott
D. J. Shearman
Donald Short
Fred Smith
*Hunter Smith
John Sharp
Frank Steel
H. A. Sweetapple
Guy Thompson
Clive Wegg
John Watt, D.C.M., M.C.
Thomas Warren

The Headmaster will be glad of any information which will help him to make this list complete.

The Headmaster has sent a copy of the following circular to all parents of pupils at the school. Will all our other friends consider it as addressed to them also?

High School, Newcastle.

ROLL OF HONOR.

Dear Sir or Madam,

For some time past I have been collecting the names of those ex-pupils of the School who have enlisted for military service abroad. The list now contains nearly 100 name and is as complete as it can be made.

I desire that the names of these boys should be given a permanent place of honour on the walls of the School, and should like if possible, to have such a memorial set up before the year closes.

To make it worthy of them and of the School will need a fairly large sum, and I would be glad to receive a donation from you toward this object.

Yours faithfully,

The Headmaster N. H. S.

Old Boys.

RUTH SAUNDERS, now B.A., with Honours in History, is doing a year at the Training College prior to starting teaching.

J. B. MOSS, B.A., has been appointed to Grafton High School.

DON SHEARMAN has been transferred from North Sydney High School to Cowra District School, where he is assisting his old friend, Mr. Hayes, on the secondary side of the school work.

J. KEM YEE during the epidemic was doing inoculation work at the Watt Street depot. He "operated" on several members of the Staff. What a chance for revenge! Fortunately for us he was too busy to look up.

DORIS CHADWICK has secured a prize in English at the University. Our representatives in Sydney should be seen more often in the Honours lists.

ERNEST HARVEY is going through the Agricultural Department at the University. When we last saw him he was fresh from "practical experience," and looked it.

DOROTHY BLOMBERG is now teaching at Mayfield. She says she likes it. She is even fagging for an examination.

UNA DAWSON and EVELYN JAMES both managed to secure rooms in the Women's College. EDA HINGST hopes to join them later. She had to sit for English at the March Matric, and managed it successfully.

Mr. J. G. GALLAGHER, who has been appointed Master of Modern Languages at Newcastle High School, is still in Europe, having received a position in connection with the A.I.F. Educational Scheme.

The 'flu has been playing havoc with some of our friends in Sydney. CLAUDE MILLER had it fairly seriously; JANET STINSON more mildly; LEW WILLIAMS, who was in residence at Wesley College, had to be removed to St. Andrew's, where there were many victims. Williams, by the way, is now B.A., and is going on with Law.

ARTHUR SCARFE paid a visit to the school the other day in uniform. He looked bigger than when he was struggling with "Coriolanus" (or was it "King Lear"?) three years back. The suns of Mesopotamia have made an evident mark upon him. Judging by his descriptions, Mesopotamia, as a residential quarter, is not now deserving of the reputation ascribed to it in "Paradise Lost." His particular job there was motor driving, in which WALTER LOCHRIN was also engaged. SCARFE is now going back to his job in the G.P.O. Construction Branch.

It was with great regret that we heard of the death of JACK NICHOLSON. He was captain of the school in 1915, went to the University on an exhibition, and was in his fourth year in Medicine. The influenza epidemic came, and he went on duty as a volunteer; but paid for his unselfishness with his life. Jack was a pleasant and obliging boy, with a particularly charming smile; he had brains decidedly above the average, and gave every indication that he would be very successful as a doctor. To his parents and family we offer our hearty sympathy, and especially to his sister Phyllis, who was also a pupil here.

F. MCCORMACK has gone on the land. So has R. FITZGERALD, who after enlisting, got as far as South Africa, and then had the 'flu. Now he is safe down Gosford way.

ERNIE EGAN stopped on here as captain of the school for a month or so, and then moved to St. Joseph's College, Hunter's Hill. He should enjoy Sydney School cricket. TERRY has also left us to join the same school.

UNIVERSITY EXHIBITIONERS FROM N.H.S.

(Leaving Certificate, November)

1913—Brenda A. Mitchell, R. W. Howard.

1914—V. H. Walker, N. E. Goldsworthy, C. F. Pettinger.

1915—S. R. Carver, J. B. Moss, L. G. Williams, A. T. Jones, J. Kem Yee, Muriel Lane, C. E. Percy, H. A. Sweetapple, J. G. T. Nicholson.

1916—Margaret A. Buxton, B. R. Cooke, Ida B. Saunders.

1917—F. Pearson, W. Attwood, J. Coles, A. Ostinga, U. Brown.

1918—C. H. Miller, D. R. Blakemore, S. Riley, L. Israe/, F. Firkin, Una Dawson, Janet Stinson.

The Blackhole of Room 3.

(R. Kem Yee).

It is quite a well known fact that our respected School has a history. In fact, all old buildings have histories. It is also known that there is an underground passage from room 3 to the Dem. Some say that it was used as a place of safety if the Boers came over during the Boer war. Whatever it was for, the passage is there, the boards being loose. One day, Clarry Hauder, being an adventurous spirit, descended. Just then, however, the bell rang for classes. Being underneath, Clarry did not hear it, but did notice the class beginning its lessons, the teacher being a Miss B, giving English lessons. She had just asked an extra stiff question, being in a bad humor, and the unfortunate victim was about to become desperate when a curious sound was heard underneath the floor. Of course the pupils heaved a sigh of relief and all looked around and winked at one another. "Please attend," came the teacher's voice and once more the lesson proceeded. Sr-sr-sr-atch, Squeek! Miss B. jumped up with fright, thinking a mouse was in the room. Squeek! She fled in sheer horror. The Class burst out laughing when Clarry Hauder climbed half out of the hole, looking very dirty and grimy.

At this point Miss B. came back with Mr. S., our head, and Clarry had just time to fall back into his cage and the class had all reached their seats before he entered Room 3. The lesson proceeded again, but in very calm tones, until Miss B. cracked one of her famous literary jokes and the Class broke out laughing.

Clarry, thinking the teacher had gone judging by the laughing, ventured to lift the board and look out. No soon had he done so than the steely eye of the "head" caught him. He was terrified and looked it. "What is the meaning of this? Come out at once," he thundered. Clarry came out looking very sickly. He was ordered around to that dreadful place "The Office." No one except the "Head" and Clarry knew what happened there.

TWO VERSIONS

(a) How the Mascot came to our Classroom

One day there was a terrible fuss in Kewpie-land. All the Mr. Kewpies, Mrs. Kewpies, and their families were running hither and thither in an endless search. At the corner was a group around a Kewpie with one eye closed, who was excitedly whispering "I told you so," and many other spicy items.

And now we must see what caused the commotion in the peaceful land.

The King and Queen of Kewpie-land had an only daughter called Floriana, who was very beautiful and distinguished for her unusual coppery color. Now, as this was his only daughter, King Otho wanted her to marry a very powerful Prince, but this Prince was old and ugly, and the Princess did not want to marry, so she determined to run away. With a plan already forming in her head, she assented to the preparations for the wedding being hurried. So things went on, until it was two days before the wedding. Pleading fatigue, the Princess retired to her room as the sun was setting. Hurriedly she put on her rose-colored robes, and then slipped away in the sunset-colored clouds, and was seen no more in Kewpie-land.

And this was exactly what caused the fuss on the eve of the Princess' wedding day. Now we will leave Kewpie-land and follow the Princess Floriana. When the clouds passed away Floriana found she was alone on a great high hill. Below her people were moving about, out further was the restless ocean, and beside her was a great building, bigger than any in Kewpie-land. Floriana lay down on the door step and went to sleep.

She was awakened by a noise of sweeping, and followed an old woman through all the rooms, until she came to one, which was so much nicer than the others that she stayed there.

In trooped a lot of merry girls and frightened Floriana flew up on an empty shelf, but the girls espied her, called her their mascot and made such a fuss that she determined to stay. She was quite content when she heard there were no boys in the class, and sits there smiling all the time.

—1B.

(b) The Kewpie.

We, 1B, have a Kewpie. It came from Fairyland, whence, because it was lazy, it was banished. A kind sprite found him and placed him in a school desk. He was found next morning cold and hard. The girls placed him on the mantle shelf, where he came to life again. He is a good sprite now and learns his lessons well.

—1B.

Boys' Sports.

SWIMMING CARNIVAL.

Organiser, Mr. NAIRN; Hon. Secretary, G. JOHNSON; Rep. on General Committee, W. J. COOKSEY.

100 yards Championship of School—Armstrong 1, Miller 2, Johnson 3. Time, 77secs.

100 yards Championship (under 16)—Armstrong 1, Oakley 2, Hetherington 3. Time 81secs.

Four-oared Championship, 50 yards.—Armstrong and Oakley 1, Cooksey and James 2. Time, 33 1/5secs.

Year Relay, 200 yards—3rd year (Johnson, Brown, Richer, Nelson) 1, Remove (Christianson, Armstrong, Miller, McLeod) 2, 4th Year (Coates, Sutherland, Kelly, James) 3

75 yards Championship of School—Armstrong 1, Miller 2, Nelson 3. Time, 54secs.

50 yards Championship of School—Armstrong 1, Collins 2, Nelson 3. Time 33secs.

50 yards Handicap—Kelly 1, Miller 2, Sutherland 3. Time 40secs.

50 yards Championship, under 14—Miller 1, Hayman 2, Campbell 3.

50 yards Breast Stroke Championship—James 1, Brown 2, Hetherington 3. Time, 51 1/2secs.

50 yards Breast Stroke Handicap—James 1, Howard 2, Lackey 3.

25 yards Novice Breast Stroke Championship—Cragg 1, Hetherington 2, Brown 3.

25 yards Novice Championship—Cragg 1, Breden 2, Kelly 3.

Three-Stroke Championship—Armstrong 1, James 2, Cooksey 3. Time, 1min. 42secs.

Rescue Race—Kelly and Oakley 1, Sutherland and Lusk 2, Howard and McLeod 3.

Object Diving—Sutherland 1, Cooksey 2, Cragg 3.

Longest Plunge—Armstrong and Collins (aeq.) 1, Nelson 3.

Neatest Dive—Armstrong 1, Forbes 2, Asquith 3.

200 yards Handicap—Armstrong 1, Oakley 2, Sutherland 3.

Fourth Year won the shield with 44 points, although if Armstrong had been properly supported by other members of his class they would probably have won it, as he obtained 42 1/2 points by himself.

ATHLETICS.

The half-yearly athletic sports of the Newcastle High School were held at the Showground, on 2nd April, 1919. Following are the results:—

Age Championships—16 years and over—Marshall 1, Estell 2, Coates 3.

15 years—Sharp 1, F. Gray and Asquith, dead heat, 2.

14 years—Breden 1, Lackey 2, Quinlan 3.

13 years—Green 1, Bryant 2, Williams 3.

12 years—Sowerby 1, Pickles 2, A. Gray 3.

880 yards Handicap, open—Henery, 15yds., 1; Weir, 30yds., 2; Cochraue, 45yds., 3. Time 2min 11 2/5secs.

H.S. and J. Handicap, senr.—Coates, 37ft 10in, 1; Weir, 37ft 3 1/2in, 2; Hopper, 35ft 11 1/2in, 3.

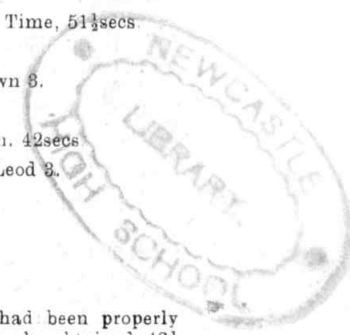
H.S. and J. Championship, senr.—Hopper, 35ft 11 1/2in, 1; Coates, 35ft 4in, 2; Weir, 34ft 3 1/2in, 3.

H.S. and J. Championship, junr.—F. Gray 34ft 6 1/2in, 1; Sneddon, 33ft 7 1/2in, 2; McManus, 33ft 4in, 3.

H.S. and J. Handicap, senr.—F. Gray, 36ft 2 1/2in, 1; McManus, 35ft 6in, 2; Sharpe, 34ft 2 1/2in, 3.

14 years Championship—Green, 32ft 5in, 1; Mitchell, 30ft 2 1/2in, 2; McKay, 29ft 0 1/2in, 3.

75 yards Handicap, senr.—Marshall, 6yds, 1; Coates, 5yds, 2; Henery, 5yds, 3. Time, 8secs.



75 yards Handicap, junr.—Sharpe, 1; Kelly, 2; Green, 3.
 Senr. Hurdle Championship, 110yds.—Estell, 1; Henery, 2; Hopper, 3. Time, 20secs.
 Hurdles, Junr.—Breden, 1; F. Gray, 2; Lackey, 3. Time, 20secs.
 Under 14 years—Bryant, 1; Green, 2; Oakley, 3; Time, 18 3-5secs.
 High-Jump Handicap, Senr.—Coates, 5ft 1in, 1; Hopper, Marshall, Estell, 4ft 9in, 2.
 High-Jump Championship, senr.—Hopper, 4ft 9in, 1; Coates, 4ft 7in, 2; Estell, 4ft 6in, 3.
 High-Jump Championship, junr.—Asquith, 4ft 7in, 1; Forbes, 4ft 6in, 2; F. Gray and Hetherington, 4ft 5in, 3.
 High-Jump Handicap, junr.—Asquith, 4ft 11in, 1; Hetherington, 4ft 10in, 2; Oakley, Forbes and Lackey, 4ft 7in, 3.
 The following were the leading point winners:—
 Senior—G. Coates, 18 points, 1; D. Hopper, 16 points, 2; J. Estell, 13 points, 3; T. Marshall, 10 points, 4.
 Junior—F. Gray, 17 points, 1; R. Asquith and R. Breden, 12 points, 2.
 Under 14—S. Green, 17 points, 1; A. Bryant, 10 points, 2; J. Sowerby, 6 points, 3.

CRICKET.

N.H.S. COMPETITION.

	Agg.	Highest Score	No. of Innings	Av.
W. Paddocks	45	37	3	15
— Hetherington	65	16	6	10.8
F. Cassidy	69	16	8	8.6
A. Weir	44	19	7	6.3
G. Coates	49	18	8	6.1
H. Jackson	38	12	8	4.7
H. Frith	31	10	8	3.9
G. Johnson	22	10	7	3.1
F. Brown	19	8	6	3.1

V. MATTLAND.

T. T. Henery	47	17	4	11.75
G. H. Coates	38	26	4	9.5
F. Cassidy	36	15	5	7.2
H. C. Frith	48	13	7	6.8
A. Weir	22	15	4	5.5
J. H. Estell	17	10	4	4.3
R. Dodd	9	9	3	3
B. James	3	3 (n.o.)	2	1.5
D. Hopper	5	3	4	1.25

"D" Team, captained by A. Weir, won the School Competition, with "B" Team, under R. Dodd, the runner-up. The competition was spoilt by boys leaving School, especially Fourth Year boys.

Sonnet on the Future.

(Apologies to Milton).

(By W.B.P.)

When I consider how I must prepare,
 Through half my life to get a decent learning,
 And everything for which at present I'm yearning,
 Must be displaced, and my poor heart's sole care
 Should Latin be, and French (a lovely pair)
 Science and Maths., (my head is almost turning)
 And other subjects, why, I'm almost burning
 To sorely weep and madly tear my hair.
 But patience tells me I must not despair
 But simply study, with both main and might
 And face the music boldly, without fear
 Hoping some day to lose this present care
 But meanwhile, let us not of *this* lose sight,
 THE L. C. STARTS IN JUST ANOTHER YEAR.

Faustus Junior.

Mr. X ———, coming to take his Latin class in room (?), paused for a moment's conversation with the mathematical master just leaving.

"What's the trouble?" he asked, "is Sin X misbehaving to-day, or the binomial theory cranky?"

"Not exactly," said the other, "It's young Babington. He took no interest in his work to-day at all. He did it fairly well—but it seemed to bore him to death."

"I don't blame him," said Mr. X, "it would certainly have the same effect on me.

Nevertheless, he thought it would be as well to see if Babington had done his "Pro Lege Manilia" for the day, so he put him on at chapter twenty-one. There was no sign of boredom on the boy's face as he started translating.

"What could be so unprecedented as for a mere youth of private station at a dangerous crisis in public affairs to enroll an army? Yet Pompey did so. And to be its commander? Yet he was. And as its leader to carry the campaign to a brilliant conclusion? Pompey did it. What could be so unexampled as for a very young man, whose age was far below the limit fixed for a Senator, to be given full command of a regular army, entrusted with the governorship of Sicily, and be given charge of Africa and the operations in that province?"

All this was recited at racing speed, without any hesitation. By this time all the class was staring; equally amazed was the teacher. "Babington, where did you get that translation?" he said.

"From the ordinary sources, sir," said Babington. "It is quite original."

The teacher said he was satisfied, but he did not look it. During the rest of the lesson he kept coming back to Babington, with questions on grammar, vocabulary and every other aspect of the work. The honours of the duel, if such it may be called, rested with the boy. On every aspect of Cicero's life, times and language, Babington's knowledge seemed complete.

The teacher, on leaving, gave a hint to Miss Gray, who was to take the class for European history after the break. Then, in the staff room, he gave a plain, moderate account of what had happened, and so seriously damaged his reputation as a truth teller.

Miss Gray asked Babington for a few facts about Frederick the Great. A couple of minutes later, with much good sense, she surrendered the chair to her pupil. For the rest of the lesson he poured out an unwearied succession of facts

and figures about Frederick, and his battles and his soldiers and his ancestors and successors, his enemies and friends, his work as administrator, politician, man of letters. He quoted long screeds of what Frederick himself had written and every one else had written about him.

The next lesson was English, which Babington filled very satisfactorily by reciting most of "Paradise Lost," Book I. As in the History lesson, he was very annoyed when the bell went, as he was not nearly finished.

In the afternoon, events were not quite so exciting. There were two mathematical lessons, and Babington took no interest in them. Indeed, in the second, his teacher caught him reading, under cover of Paterson's Algebra, one of Milton's Latin poems. In French, he and the teacher talked of Paris and its buildings for half an hour (in French), the rest of the class being quite satisfied. Babington's French did not seem quite as good as his Latin, and the teacher once or twice had to correct his pronunciation. In his turn, he taught her much that was previously unknown to her about the history of Parisian architecture.

The tale of these events had, of course, reached the office, and the headmaster had called a staff meeting to sift romance from reality. He soon found that the half had not been told him.

"But, in any case, need we worry?" he said in conciliatory tones, "such a boy will do honor to the school and spur on his comrades."

"I doubt it," said Mr. X. "We have a Webster's Dictionary in the school but none of them want to be a Webster. Besides, I cannot go on teaching with him in front of me; I feel that he ought to have my job."

"Perhaps," suggested another, "this is a mere intellectual eruption, so to speak; he may not keep it up."

So they talked. Meanwhile, Babington was as unhappy as they. All that he had done during the day had come quite naturally to him, and had not given him any undue satisfaction. Then, at lunch time, ten or twelve boys had worried him to do their work for them. The others, however, seemed to avoid him. He felt lonely. He went down to the cricketers, having a knock about in the lower playground. But here he disgraced himself, though he had been a fair bowler and neat fielder. Now he could not stop a ball, and when his chum Somers gave him a few bowls, the batsman was quite annoyed at the time Babington wasted. He and Somers soon left, and as they were going heard someone say "Poor old fag."

"Don't worry, Tom," said Somers, "in a year or so they'll be glad to change places with you."

But Babington refused to be comforted. He felt out of everything, and he wanted to be back. He wanted to be ordinary. His unhappiness was so evident that it infected Somers; but what could he do? There was something he could tell, but it could not lead anywhere. Then, through the open gate, on the opposite side of the street, he saw what sent him running to the office. It was empty, but hearing the voices next door he knocked and went in.

"Yes, Somers, what is it?" asked the headmaster

"Please, sir, its about Babington." Everyone listened. "Coming to school this morning there was an old woman with a lot of bundles, and she dropped three or four, and trying to pick them up she dropped some more. So Babington picked them up, and she said, 'The wish you wished this morning you shall have as a birthday present; and she's over the road now.'"

"Is this Babington's birthday?" asked one of the English teachers.

"Yes," said Somers, "this is October 25th, isn't it?"

"That doesn't matter," said the headmaster. "Somers, go and get Babington. I will find this woman you speak of."

So she removed the unwelcome blessing. And next day Babington muddled his Latin and did not know any history outside Robinson, and not all that, but he got six wickets for 45 in a competition match. So everyone was happy.

But what had he wished? Well, if you remember, as that English teacher noticed, that his birthday was October 25th, and bear in mind the name "Babington," you may guess.

A Football Calamity.

A Boy stood on the football field,
Whence all but he had fled,
The backer's shouts were echoed o'er
The dying and the dead.

His hair hung down unto his eyes—
Such of it as was left—
For sad to state, at one fell swoop,
Of most he'd been bereft.

One arm hung limply at his side,
And fluttered when he reeled;
His teeth like snowflakes in the wind,
Were scattered o'er the field.

His shirt was torn across the chest,
His pants across the knee;
His boots clung bravely to his feet
Like mistletoe to a tree.

Yet beautiful and bright he stood,
While all around, a-lack,
Were fragments of the "forwards" rush,
The half and right full back.

And here and there lay a shoulder blade,
And shins on every side,
With fingers, feet, and tufts of hair
All unidentified.

His mother called him from her box,
His brother from the stand:
Yet ever nobly stood he there,
A football in his hand.

The other side was lining up
With husky yell and scream,
"Come on," he cried out toothlessly
"I'll play the entire team."

They formed a flying wedge and hurled
The gallant lad on high,
And when they downed him, boots and legs
Were tarrying in the sky.

Then came a burst of thunderous noise
And bits of boy fell round:
They don't expect to find him all
Until they sweep the ground.

Form Reports.

Fourth Year.

CAUSES AND EVENTS OF THE SOCIAL REVOLUTION.

This occurred during the sixth month of 1919. During the previous two weeks, much discontent was evident; there was great nervous strain, and much finger-cramping and brain-racking occurred. Nothing was to be heard but the flutter of leaves and the cry of "Pin, please."

The breeze that fanned all this to a flame came from the inspiration of Verbrughen. Immediately Madreni and others formed a Society of "Young Fourths," aiming at the rejuvenation of all classes. Arrangements were rapidly made for a celebration at Wickburg. Soop, however, reactionary influences began to assert their strength again, and owing to lack of union among the "Young Fourths," eventually gained the day.

But "youth crushed to earth will rise again."

The half-holiday given us for being top in "Repatriation" contributions was spent in tennis at Wickham. It was very enjoyable. We were chaperoned by Miss Johnson, Miss Bootle and Mr. Nairn, who arrived just before lunch.

A pineapple somehow appeared, causing much excitement. Some of it was very, very good, but not all. One boy had his share and almost everyone else's. Perhaps he had not seen one for some time.

Mr. Nairn was the only teacher that dared play. He had many arguments with a certain boy, but the latter had to give way, Mr. Nairn being his superior, so to speak.

The slippery courts nearly caused some of the girls to fall, but they were saved by the unselfish heroism of their partners. Will those happy, youthful days ever return?

Most melancholically,

4th Year.

3A.

3A this year has had many new arrivals, and we now have faith in all our lessons. Among the new arrivals was a sweet-faced baby boy from Fort Street, who is still in long clothes. There was also a Sharp, and as we have plenty of flats, from the Remove Class, we only need a few naturals now to make a perfect class. (But, after all, are the "naturals" lacking? In any case we have many rests at most times, quavers in Latin, and crotchets all the time; or perhaps the teachers supply the latter).

By Algebra we are now able to calculate "in how many ways is it possible to scale homework per week, one at a time," or to determine by the parallelogram of forces how much energy, Kinetic or Potential, we exert per day (Ahem!) Is that quite clear?

One little boy is advised not to wear his mother's jewellery, as he is not big enough to take care of it; and a little advice to our future Bishop: Do not fag so much and eat more for the good of your constitution, as you cause great anxiety by your shivering attacks. We wish to contradict the report that we suffer from fatty degeneration of the Hart.

We are sorry to hear that the vast poetical gifts of one of our members have been ignored by the Editor.

Again, if woman suffrage had not been granted, we would have sent E.S. as our representative over to England.

A hearty welcome is extended to the new members of the staff and our Headmaster, from

3A, the Elementary Fourth.

3B.

For once history has not repeated itself. There is not a milder, more docile, or more studious 3B to be found in all the past annals of the school. History *may* have repeated itself only for the *convincing* arguments of Mr. Saxby. There are not many boys in 3B, but what is lost in quantity is more than counterbalanced by quality.

They challenged 3A to a cricket match, but the latter class expressed some hesitation, owing no doubt to the mighty reputation of 3B.

"Eggs," an appropriately named individual residing alongside that intellectual personage named Charles, is descending rapidly down the scale of social and classical standards; too much so for several teachers.

The front seat contains two curious specimens of humanity in the persons of Jonah and Sal, the former a born fag; the latter a deity whose superior intellect does not allow him to participate in "cheap" 3A jokes or even in sensible 3B jokes.

Behind sits a no less interesting specimen, Paul, the silent dream, who does a lot but says nothing, which is at times a wise precaution. Izzy is a person who indulges in literature not calculated to develop or improve the youthful mind.

Last, but not least, comes George, who has placed himself in an important strategical position as sole occupant of the back seat. Here undisturbed, because none care to try, he delves into the study of civil engineering and motor

mechanics, from time to time imparting his knowledge to awe-struck audiences.

There has lately been formed a society under the name of the Royal Order of Chair Carriers among the economics members of the class in consequent of a recent disaster

We are (and forever *will be*),
Historic 3B.

2A.

"Friends, Romans, Citizens, lend me your ears." We have suffered slightly this year by the advent of some students from first year. We are often being interrupted in our "fagging" by travellers (commercial and otherwise) who persist in coming through our room at all hours of the day. "Explorer wanted to find a new way to the Lab. for these travellers." [Advt]

Our latest athlete is A ———, who often visits the "office" for the "good" of his health. T ——— is always shifting his place of abode. Lately he has been living at Stockton, but his health has suffered slightly since.

The "Admiral" has been off duty for a while on account of the 'flu, but he has now resumed work.

The Prefects, especially "Sadie," are fond of visiting our room to give lines

Wishing everybody a pleasant holiday, we are,

The ever-renowned 2A.

2AC.

Boom!! Boom!! We call upon all people of N.H.S. to witness that our class is 2AC, not 2B. Boom!! Boom!! Of course our fog-horn is making all the row on that Cragg, but instead of getting exasperated, like the teachers, you might try to silence the affair yourselves, we don't mind.

Although 2AC has been shorn of several members, including "Snowy," we are still equal in every respect to the "Aristocrats," who, by the way, cannot buy a duster, so have an absurd habit of continually borrowing ours. Our class contains good sports, especially in swimming and athletics, so mind your points when the carnivals come. As for school work, well, for one thing, we can parse "Put me on an egg," and do excellent essays on "Policemen."

"Noy & Co." have learned to speak "Chinois," and indulge in quick chats in certain lessons. Their attempt to rig up a wireless outfit in the exam. room was unsuccessful. Ear trumpets and semaphore flags were not procurable, so the sad result was that passes were scarce.

We really are not statues, as the Science mistress suggests, considering the jokes that originate in our class, but the impression was probably due to after-dinner effects.

Wishing all classes luck in the half-yearly and enjoyment of the holidays (when they *do* come).

2AC.

N.B.—A.G., otherwise "Fag," has managed to gain first in every subject in the exam., to the great disgust of everyone else.

Remove A.

We again have the honor of bringing before your notice the fact that we are the crack (not cracked) class of the Remove, if not the whole school. If in the slightest doubt, have a glance at the results of the Boys' Swimming Carnival, also the girls' last Carnival, and the Athletic Sports, and you will find we are more than justified in saying that if our class had had the half-yearly examination, then we would have shown you without all this trouble that we are a perfect class of brilliant stars. We are all sure that the teachers will endorse this statement.

We were all grief-stricken at the beginning of this long and weary term, when we heard that we were to lose Sister Mac and the Wyong Farmer; also one of the gentler sex parted from our small ranks. We are sure that they will pass the Inter. (per way of the window). "Sneddo," the oil king, still continues to digest the end of his pencil in geography lessons. A well-known youth, residing in the front row, wishes it to be known that he has no connection with a person whose name begins with the letter "I," supposed to live in Hamilton.

The school has now no fear of invasion from the Bolsheviks, armed with such weapons as pen-shooters, water pistols, etc., as all the boys are to be in khaki or blue, and the rest of the school should not be surprised if they become Field Marshals or Rear Admirals.

The Prime Minister's name sake and his mate from Raymond Terrace are often seen cracking jokes between themselves. Much debating among the boys has taken place of late, the chief topic being who was to receive the title of the Remove A waxy; some said "Practical." For further particulars ask the Merry Trio.

We will now close with best wishes from all to all, and still sign as the

Esteemed Remove A.

Remove B.

We are recognised (by ourselves) heads of Remove year. Several of our prominent "fags" have decided that R.B., that admired class, was too good for them, so they moved their residence to another less prominent class. We love the sea and pay our daily regards to the rather dilapidated fog-horn that bellows at our elbow. One of our teachers said that she could not miss her afternoon tea for *any* experiment. We are resolved to follow out her advice.

A certain member of our class has developed a taste for elocution, and he is also gaining much praise for his reading capacity. We have recently found out to our disadvantage that hydrogen chloride is not quite agreeable to our nostrils.

We have received recent praise for our Latin, and it has been declared that we are superior in quality to the wee Queensland lassies.

A certain member of our class has developed the habit of attempting to corrupt the librarians, but she found that there was nothing doing.

We are, Remove B.

Remove Commercial.

LOST a fine learned "Chook." One of the famous breed of "Commercial Travellers."

WANTED fine airy room to accommodate 18 persons. Rent offered; "strict attention to business." Apply "Commercial Travellers."

FOUND some interest in stocks and shares.

LOST, all interest in a debit account.

WANTED, the shield this year. Owing to the loss of our best runner, members are requested to keep up to scratch in athletic matters.

WANTED, a cheap line of fountain pens, suitable for speed work; must be guaranteed to carry the owner through the "Inter."

IN MEMORIAM. In loving memory of Norman Cooper McPherson, Maisie McLeod, Violet Doak, Evelyn Fraser,

Although we loved them dearly,
We could not make them stay;
Oh, how our hearts were breaking
To see them go away.

We are,
The Famous "Commercial Travellers."

1A.

Though not very famous, we have been heard of throughout the school. We have the greatest assortment of boys in town. One of them tries to say something witty or silly to cause merriment in the class and annoyance to the

teacher. [Other classes have similar nuisances.—Ed.]. One boy has a way of being very meek when reprov'd, which also annoys the teacher (this sort is more of a novelty). One boy makes lollies (f.a.q.) for the whole class.

Languages, especially Latin, prove a stumbling-block to some of us. We have the best "chin wagger" in the school, known as "Miss G."

W. Pastry, our noted mathematician, has not yet finished writing his geometry book, but hopes to do so soon. We hope to leave school first.

Two of us have reserved seats for Maths and French. We have a poet, his latest effort is a "New Nursery Rhyme."

"Little Tom Peep
Has lost his (?)
And does not know where to find it."

With kind regards, 1A, the Mixed.

1B.

The outstanding feature of our first four months at school is how little we have done. Owing to the influenza epidemic we had an unlocked-for five weeks' holiday. Lessons have suffered considerably because of this. Under the circumstances, we were glad that we did not have the half-yearly examination, but we have the next one in November to look forward to, and we are going to work hard so as to bring credit to our class.

Ours is the only class that has no boys, and we are quite satisfied. (Are the boys?)

Our sports afternoons during the summer were devoted to swimming and tennis, the greater number of girls favoring the water. We hope soon to start the winter sports—basketball, tennis and hockey are about equally favored. We are sorry that not as many as wish are able to play tennis, for want of court room.

We are glad to welcome back two of our girls who have had pneumonic influenza.

We hope as our class grows older to have more to say for ourselves. [No! No!—Ed.]

The fair 1B.

1AC.

In this class there are 19 boys and 19 girls; 14 boys and 12 girls have brown eyes, and 5 boys and 3 girls have blue eyes, while only 1 boy and 3 girls have grey eyes. [Sounds like a love poem by Baker and Bourne.—Ed.]

Answers to Correspondents.

We have received very many contributions, and cannot answer them all individually. In some case no names or initials are given. We thank all contributors for their endeavour to help us, and hope they will do so again. In that case, the following hints may be useful.—

1. Write plainly, on one side of the paper only. Leave a margin on the left hand side, and sign your name, which, however, will not be printed if you do not wish it. Do not use too small a piece of paper.
2. Pick a subject of interest to the school as a school.
3. Do not write at too great length. Many things sent us are far too long.
4. Do not pick a subject above your level, nor one that has lost its novelty. It takes a Wordsworth to treat "Dawn" properly.
5. All contributions must be absolutely original; we do not want anything borrowed or copied.

"VIRGIL"—Extracts from "Plutarch" not up to our level.

SCIENTORES—Only yourselves can appreciate all its humor.

PARRY SMODDLE—Fair, but we have had a sudden rush of better matter.

W.G.S.—An excellent beginning, crowded out. Is it *quite* original?

BILLY IKZE—As clear as Binomial Theorem.

K.B.—Not quite up to your former level. Avoid hackneyed subjects; pick those that really interest yourself.

BETTY—Fair, but we are tired of the half-yearly.

J.D.—Nicely written, but we already had a more attractive treatment of the same subject.

BRITISHER—Leave such subjects to Warner and Marten. Too big for you.

NIL DESPERANDUM—We all know the theory of sport; what we want is more practice.

To our many other contributors we give our sincere thanks, and hope they will try again.

Exchanges.

We wish to acknowledge, with thanks, receipt of the following:—Hermes, Magpie (Maitland), Magpie (Tamworth), Photo Review, The Record, The Mirror, Goulburman, Bindyite, Technical High School Journal, Our Girls.

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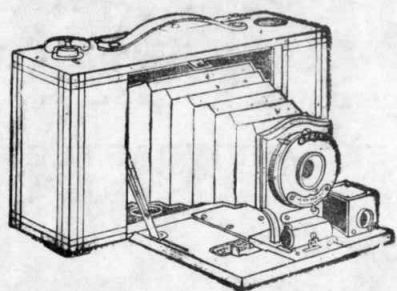
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