

"I Remember" (from 1972 Novocastrian), also published as "The Bad/Good Old Days"

Now that more than fifty years have elapsed since I first came to N.B.H.S. (as a pupil, of course), I am sometimes asked what our school was like in the olden days.

The two most obvious differences are that, in my day, the school was co-educational, and was housed in the building now occupied by the Hill (formerly Junior) High School. Hence the opening lines of the original School Song, written by one of our teachers, Mr. R. G. Henderson:

"There's a school up there on the hill so high,

Bravely facing the wind and the sky . . ."

There were trains and steam trams to Scott Street, but no 'buses. So we walked up the hill.

The hours were from 8.45 to 3.45, but a whole hour for lunch allowed the more venturesome ones to go for a swim in the Bogey Hole or a walk along the wharves.

Ours was the only high school in the whole of the Newcastle and Lakeside area, and entrance was by a pretty stiff competitive examination. No wonder we considered ourselves the elite.

The girls wore tunics, but there was no regulation school uniform for the boys. You wore your Sunday-best clothes every day, and there was an unwritten law that you could go into "long-uns" in Fifth Year. Some of the boys continued right through the school in short pants.

SCHOOL SONG - ORIGINAL	SCHOOL SONG – FROM 1943
D'ye ken the school on the hill so high, Bravely facing the winds and the sky, While the waves sing their song to the beaches high, As the bell goes for school in the morning.	Smith House boys, here's a song for you, Hunter and Hannell and Shortland too, Sing it as our fathers sang it, loud and true, As they climbed up the hill in the morning.
Chorus: Yes, when we are gone in the years far ahead, When the last game's played and the last lesson said, The name of the school will awaken from the dead The memories of many a morning.	Chorus: Yes, when we are gone in the years far ahead, When the last game's played and the last lesson said, The name of the school will awaken from the dead The memories of many a morning.
Serving straight in a hard-fought match Sprinting for the tape or a puzzling catch. The 'blues' from the limit man to the scratch Will still do their best night and morning.	Serving straight in a hard-fought match Sprinting for the tape or a puzzling catch. The 'blues' from the limit man to the scratch Will still do their best night and morning.

Charlie Goffet – Letters & Tales “I Remember The Bad / Good Old Days”

(Chorus)

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

(Chorus)

(Chorus)

Remis Velisque's the motto for all
And our hearts once again will still hear its call,
When the muscles are stiff that once toed the ball,
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(Chorus)