

GOLD!

The prospector gazed moodily at the sky, where the sun, a blinding copper orb, was slowly sinking.

He was but a young man, and totally inexperienced in the work he had set himself. Lured by the hope of wealth, he had invested his savings in two camels and provisions, and had set out into the heart of Australia in search of gold that must be there. But he had found nothing to repay his efforts and privations, and was now making his way back to civilisation, discouraged.

As he sat in gloomy meditation, the sun sank below the horizon, and night fell enwrapping everything in darkness. Still he did not move until the moon rose, a beautiful silver disc, seeming, in its imperious majesty, to challenge the other heavenly bodies to rival it in brilliance. Then, with a sigh, he rose, and going to his pack, brought out a thin blanket.

The heat was oozing from the earth, which was almost unbearable to the touch. The prospector began to scoop away the hot sand on the surface, hoping to find a cooler layer beneath. After scooping out a hollow, only a few inches deep, his hand grated on solid rock. He scooped clear a space large enough to lie in, and reached for his blanket. As his shadow shifted from the cleared rock, he noticed something glittering at the bottom of the hollow. He struck a match, and next moment emitted a wild cry.

Across the rock ran a vein of yellow, glittering metal!

Out on the desert, a camel came to a sudden halt, and its rider leaned forward to catch the shrill cry, faint in the distance. It died away, and he listened intently, but the silence continued unbroken. He turned the beast's head towards the sound.

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The gold-seeker set out for the township a week later, weakened by his enforced fast. The gold he divided into two bundles, placing one on each camel. With a last longing look at his miniature mine, he turned the beasts' heads towards the waterhole.

Far behind, just out of view of the rider ahead, followed another camel, sometimes increasing its pace a little, until the cloud of dust rising from beneath the feet of the animals ahead was barely visible, then again dropping back. If the prospector stopped, it stopped, its rider taking great care never to let himself be seen.

By mid-day they had covered half the distance to the waterhole. Then suddenly the animal which the prospector was leading, stumbled, and almost fell. The shock was only momentary, and

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almost immediately they were once more on their way. Another half-mile was covered, and the pack camel again stumbled, momentarily recovered, and then sagged to its knees, its head drooping. The prospector dismounted, and walking back, examined the stricken animal. It was quite evident that nothing could be done for it, except to put it quickly out of its misery. This he did, and then stood pondering what next he should do. There was only one thing for it: he must abandon everything but his gold and his rifle, and carry on with his one remaining camel to the water-hole. With this intention, he loaded all his gold on the animal, mounted, and once more set out. At last the stunted trees which marked the water-hole hove in sight. The camel was by this time noticeably failing, its speed having dwindled appreciably. The prospector murmured words of encouragement to it, and the beast, seeming to understand, struggled gallantly on. They entered the outer edge of the trees, and the prospector dismounted, and ran forward to refresh his swollen lips. He swept aside a shrub in his way, and then came to an abrupt halt. The hollow was quite dry, and its surface was hard and cracked!

Slowly the sun sank, and soon a dull, yellow glow in the east heralded the rising of the moon. The prospector rose, reloaded the gold on the camel, and after a moment's hesitation, decided to abandon his heavy rifle. He then mounted, and again they set out. For perhaps two miles, it seemed as though the camel were greatly refreshed. But after that, its feet began to falter, and its speed dwindled to a walk. The camel became weaker and weaker, until the prospector was forced to dismount and walk. Weakened as he was, he was soon exhausted, and had to choose between two courses: to abandon his gold, and remount, or to keep walking. Knowing in his heart that he could never expect the beast to carry on to the township, he remounted, clinging to his precious burden.

For another mile the camel tottered on, urged on by the encouraging words of its rider. But then it fell, and despite the prospector's injunctions, could not rise. He gave way to unreasoning panic.

"Get up," he roared, "Get up," and he aimed a savage kick at the beast. It lay there panting.

With a groan, he seized the packs of gold, and dragged them after him. Every hundred yards or so, he was forced to stop and rest. The rests grew more frequent, and of longer duration. Then he fell, rose, stumbled a few yards, and fell again. He crawled along, dragging the packs behind him. The cords about the gold suddenly gave way, and the yellow, glittering mass fell to the ground.

He struggled to his knees, and gazed at the precious load. Then in a fit of panic-stricken delirium, foreseeing his end: "Curse it!" he groaned, "Curse it!"

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The rider in the rear came slowly up.

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The door of the Assay Office in the City of Adelaide swung open, and a tall man, dressed in khaki shirt and trousers, entered. Plunging his hand into his pocket, he brought out a lump of yellow metal, and flung it on the counter.

"Well," he said, in a swaggering tone, addressing himself to one of the two attendants, "Find out for me how much this is worth."

The attendant rose, picked up the nugget, and went through a door at the rear.

"Struck it rich, have you?" said the other attendant, in a conversational tone.

"I should say so," was the reply.

"Where is the El Dorado?" asked the attendant smilingly.

"Aw, now you're asking things. There's still plenty more where that came from, and I can use it all."

The stranger leant on the counter, rolling a cigarette. The door at the rear opened.

"Well," he asked, turning, "How far am I from being a millionaire?"

"A good bit," was the short rejoinder, "This stuff is worth about a penny half-penny per ounce. It's not gold at all. It's iron sulphide, or iron pyrites, commonly known as 'Fool's Gold!'"

B.K.J.

THE BANK ROBBERS

I was sitting in the garden reading when I first became aware of the scheme. There were five of them, and sitting behind the hedge they were discussing the formation of a big banking firm. Jerry had evidently appointed himself managing director, for he was dictating to the others, and as usual they were forced to fall in with his proposals. The idea was to buy a football, and they were all going to save up their money and place it in the common fund, and the money was to be hidden in a safe place.

The next day I picked up a map of the hidden treasure. "Third pile from the front on the right hand side of the house," it read, "three paces in the direction of the arrow, and dig." I dug. But the directors had evidently seen fit to remove the cache, there was nothing there.

At the tea table I asked Jerry how the bank was progressing. "Bank?" he asked, with an air of surprise, "what bank?"

"Why the one you and your pals have formed."

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"Oh, that! Not bad. We've got one and elevenpence altogether, we're saving up."

"I found a map lying in the garden, a map of the treasure."

"Yes, but we changed the hiding place. Only Tom, Jim and I know where it is now."

I continued my search for the cache, following up several trails, only to meet with failure. Each time the treasure had been shifted. Then, several days later, the inevitable came. "Someone's taken our money."

"Taken your money," I exclaimed, "Impossible."

"Yes, they took the lot and left the purse we hid it in."

Jerry blamed everybody in the house. He was very upset, and determined to trace the thief, just as Sexton Blake did in last week's "Startler." While the other poor little boys searched all the afternoon for their precious pennies, Jerry and Jim decided to allow the thief a feeling of false security, and appeared quite unconcerned by playing cricket.

Several days went by and the robbery was almost a thing of the past. Once again I was strolling down by the hedge, when I heard Jerry's voice.

"Here's your own fivepence, and here's the fifty per cent. interest I promised you, that makes sevenpence ha'penny." He counted his own share of the profits and considered awhile.

"Listen, Son," he said, with an air of patronage, "If you can keep quiet and lend me some more 'Champions' I'll let you come in with me in another scoop next month."

A. DAVIES, 5B.

Taxi Driver: Help, the brakes are gone, I can't stop the car!
McDougall: Then for guidness sake mon, stop the meter.

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Lorry Driver (to man in car who is holding up the traffic on a narrow bridge): "Urry up, 'Oratius!"

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Customer: "And how much do I owe you for the extra oil?"

Garage Owner: "What oil?"

Customer: "The oil you put on the upholstery."

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Mother: "Goodness, Jimmy, how did you get your hands so dirty?"

Jimmy: "Washing my face."

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5A.

"Pulvis et umbra sumus." (Horace).

Let this be our humbly pessimistic attitude. Let us take to our souls the meaning of this wonderful, marvellous and sublimely pessimistic line which I am assured by a student of German means "Dust we are and ashes." Perhaps Mr. Moroney knows more about it than he. However that may be, we are humbly pessimistic, we know that examiners will do their worst at the end of the year. May we do better than they!

With apologies to Mr. Golding for the crude alteration to his joke, and to Flanagan, its originator, we submit the following: "Here again! Maths. again! Gone again! Harvey." Bob will find private study excellent—especially in maths. Before we leave this paragraph on Harvey, we might mention that his namesake would like volunteers for speech-making on Empire Day. It is suggested that one of the class-rooms be used to receive the multitudinous offers which should be forthcoming.

Speech Night was a success from many points of view (for preference, a point well up in the "gods"), but the war-cry was deplorably weak. Perhaps the fine prize list glossed over such details. It was certainly large enough to do so. We laughingly observed the efforts of our ex-captain to lower his stature that he might adequately thank the Mayoress for her congratulations. Concerning Speech Nights, it is on record that 99.99 per cent. of the prize-winners either fall up the steps or else balance on one leg while receiving their prizes. In spite of nights spent with an ice pack on his fevered brow, Geoffrey was many times second to one. Special concessions were made on account of his propensities in this direction so that he was not forgotten on Speech Night.

The next item was passed in under dire stress and we were forced by a "two-fisted, red-blooded he-man" (pardon the hyperbole!) to undergo a severe inquiry for all manner of charges. A "Norm" has been made against "Charge" . . . Oh, no, that's wrong! "A Charge has been made against "Norm," that he has been guilty of false pretences. He has let it be thought that his is an original style of bowling and now we have discovered this is specious pretence, he has directly and perfectly copied Wendel Bill's style and the two names are even now linked together in the annals of High School cricket.

But all this is mere levity. Let us be serious. The football season is here and various weights and possible matches are being discussed. Of course we must have a Fifth Year-Fourth Year match, and a Fifth:

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Year-Staff match, although the results are foregone conclusions in spite of the referee, and in spite of Mr. Austin's attempts to play juggernaut with all who stand between him and the goal line.

Just a few details regarding football:—

(1) It is in disgrace in 5th Year—far too dirty. The gentle art of baseball is to be adopted and a barracking squad is now being drilled by a teacher of weight, ably assisted by a boy of the same calibre. The idea is good but may be embarrassing to the player who fumbles.

(2) Everyone does not know how to play, as may be learnt from the following conversation. "Why don't you play football this year," "Don't know the game." "Oh don't let that worry you. Look at Hannell; he couldn't play at the beginning of last year and . . ." from an interjector, "He couldn't play at the end of it." The victim avers this is a gross misrepresentation.

The tonnage of S.S. Hannell has been somewhat reduced by constant travelling at high speeds. (There is some mention of football training, but this seems irrelevant when speaking of ships). Consequently, the blue riband for vessels of this type goes to the J. F. Venn, with fourteen stone eight.

After the manner of previous class notes writers, we end abruptly and without apology.

5B.

The class in general is now settling down to serious work, and good results are expected.

Our most enterprising fellow pupil is a red-headed personality, a great acquisition where class work is concerned.

We have a celebrated cricketer in our class, "Gollion" by name, who has proved himself a source of fear to opposing teams in the way of cricket. The class excels and hopes to keep the same reputation in football.

"Boki" is greatly missed by the class, now that he has been removed to another school.

Apparently the ability of Bodley was not quite appreciated in the "Upper House," and he was promoted to 5B.

Some of our members have developed an ambition to become marble champions in the ensuing football season.

Apparently someone under the tuition of "General Macara" has been using Mr. Motte as a target during recess on the tuck shop rifle range.

"Lugger" does not seem to appreciate Mr. Kevan's way of delivering books, and became quite "snaky" about it.

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Who was the companion of our Captain who chivalrously opened the carriage door to the fair damsels at East Maitland, and at Hexham while on the way home from the cricket match?

Mr. Peate cannot understand his cheap dismissals throughout the cricket season, or why his "googlies" have not been availed of more often.

Gordon often ventures home to see how the fish are nibbling, and regularly forgets that Monday generally opens the school week.

Roger Dean is certainly a big noise among his fellow scholars, especially in Latin, where he towers above all.

Mr. Gillings does not seem to know the difference between our enthusiastic twin footballers—the Crannas, Pad and Max.

5C.

Boomerangs. You wonder perhaps at our sub-title "Boomerangs?" It is easily explained. We are come-backs. This unfortunate, or perhaps fortunate, happening for us (for we enjoy ourselves), is not our fault, but that of last year's Fourth Year. They must have forgotten to address us, any way we returned from the "Dead Letter Office"—failures, or nearly so.

A new excuse was offered recently in Maths. Our bright boy said he didn't wish to insult the teacher's intelligence by offering him an excuse. This evasion brought escape from dire punishment. This same student has earned for himself the title the "Canny Scot," as he refuses to answer questions on the principle that he might be wrong.

We have several new arrivals from other schools, and welcome them to our arms. Our class comprises either "wash-outs" or would be "Boomerangs." Not that we wish to be catty, but we hope that these newcomers may live long and fail often, in fact join that celebrated band of students, not so studious, the "Boomerangs."

One of these boys objected to the name of "Sausages," and nearly created a civil war wishing to devour the inventor, as if he was one of those mysteries.

With such degree of accuracy, as represented by four figure logs, it was calculated that Merv was in the company of four (4) fair damsels on Speech Night and heartily applauded Mr. Martin in his sympathies with the down-trodden male.

The motto, "Neither a lender nor _____" was emphasised the other day. Del borrowed a Schrotter's apparatus. Result: we attended the said Schrotter's apparatus funeral. But still you hear that hungry cry, "Lend us a penny for a cream tart."

We are only the old contemptibles, but not beneath contempt on

the field of sport, for easily six boys actually signified their intention of playing football. By Maths. again, it was discovered after a great deal of research, that oyster was not so dumb.

We have discovered a fitting epitaph.

"There we fail, and there they pass, but we stay on for ever." With apologies to the "Stagnant Pool," by Keats. Also please excuse our awful verse, but then epitaphs are never poetry. Let sleeping dogs lie, and we'll still be here next year. After the memorable Wednesday afternoon, of the 8th April, the whole class has decided to play cricket, and also it looks as if the school will have an excellent baseball team this winter.

Q.: Why did Norman Charge behave himself at Speech Night?

A.: For the same reason that Merv. Hall did.

We wonder if the 5B French Class is still wondering what is the standard expression for "upside down"? We think they know.

5D.

This class has only just been inaugurated this year, and consequently this report must be short.

We have been severely handicapped in English for even in the short time since the Christmas vacation, we have had three different teachers.

We started off scattered throughout the other three classes. Then we were collected and placed like spare parts into 5D, under the tuition of Mr. Waterer, and considered ourselves settled down for a hard year's work. However, our hopes were shattered by the announcement, that for some reason best known to the Department of Education, our guide in study had received notification of his removal to Sydney. However, we are now studying under the keen tutelage of Mr. Wilson.

The 5D French class, under Mr. Farrell, consists of those pupils who took up the study at the beginning of their fourth year, and despite this disadvantage, they are progressing favourably.

This report must close now as the class has only been in existence for a short period, with hopes to be able to give a more lengthy and interesting report in September.

4A.

Here we are again the brains of Fourth Year.

(Here we are, here we are, here we are again.—Ed.) After the trials of the Intermediate we are now passing through a period of "erudition."

We regret the loss of our great General, Jack Ollis, who has left us for a start in the commercial life.

We regret the loss of our old teachers of whom we have only one still teaching us.

We extend our heartiest congratulations and thanks to our teachers who brought us successfully through the Intermediate.

Our dear old "Crusty" has turned over a new leaf, and has commenced fagging for the Leaving Certificate.

"Wong" is rapidly becoming a Maths. expert, noted for his reason and sense of humour, while Saxby, our future Maths. teacher, has been teaching Mr. "?" some excellent points in setting out the work.

J. A. Williams is rapidly becoming uncoiled from his state of lethargy, with the emphasis of the "r," and recently won a French prize in the Intermediate.

We are progressing favourably in our subjects but Mr. "C" assures us that we do not know our Intermediate French.

We are the outstanding cricketers of the Upper School! Ask 3C!!

In the forthcoming football season, we are expecting some of our hefty footballers to be in the 1st XV.

Our cricket team has been greatly improved by our new arrival, "Mountain Devil," and we hope that he will keep up his reputation in the football season.

We are too busy to give you any further news.

4B.

Up and do wend my way to 4B room which be in a state of great uproar. Do find a youth with great intensity making known unto himself that two and two be four. He having proven this, doth please me greatly and maketh me to congratulate him. It grieveth me much to see Wilbur, who be a youth of remarkable intelligence, in 4B. He sayeth it be somewhat dishonest to copy work, to which I told him he be a just and upright man, which pleaseth him greatly, and he being in his cups said unto me, "Yes, with Bronze Medallions." It maketh me marvel to see a certain youth sleeping, aye sleeping like unto a little child. It would become Sir Robert well to supply feather beds. Did amaze me to see the fine stature of the custodian of the chalk, but as is his custom he wendeth his weary way, a small matter of five minutes late into the room. It seemeth to me that the amazing novel of H. Andrews doth not receive popular support. I recommend it highly, it being called "Flaming Youth." The "Admiralty" hero be with us again. I wish him all future feminine conquests.

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It doth make me sad to see our "Don" receive so little results from his earnest attempts to form teams to play games which are not unlike those cruel sports played in the arena unto the ancient Governors. It seemeth to me that he met with more response when he manfully endeavoured to show 704 howling maniacs how to sing God bless 'im. Unto him hath descended that invisible but necessary School Spirit.

Thence to see "Bovril," who be a man of passing humour. For he maketh Scotch jokes, unfit to be laughed at. He laugheth himself, so verily we miss exceedingly fine pieces of humour. He seemeth to be a man with great power, for he is able to make a lesson cheerful. It did not come to my ears that a certain game of chess did take upwards of the greater part of a twelfth of the clock. By mathematical calculations the elder of the pair demonstrated that he be yet in his prime. The victory was met with applause, which was conducted by "Don." The victorious party, overjoyed, offered to take the defeated one home in the "Blue Car." The next day, it did amaze me much to see white hair on the defeated party's head, which speaks much for the driver.

It doth astound me much how "Rock of Ages" hath remained so firm. Perchance the present economic situation hath something to do with it. It hath been made known that a "Mountain Devil" is not necessarily an animal. One hath been taken into captivity which playeth all kinds of sport with exceeding greatness. All hail to the conqueror.

The great 4B intendeth, and shall make a name for itself in all branches of learning and sport, so beware all ye other scholars.

Some budding young Solomons, and so called wiseacres in 4B, would unto themselves fair hasten the magic flight of time, to taste of the sweetness of success in the forthcoming exams., but woe is it unto the rank and file who view the ruthless approach of the examinations with fear and dread.

Unto Fifth and Third Years, 4B extendeth best wishes in their forthcoming exams. May honour: in all branches descend and crown them, etc., etc.

The students of 4B would (at least some of them) like to place on record their appreciation of the Master's kind ways in helping them over obstacles (per boot).

It seemeth I have been perchance a little indiscreet, and as the shades of night falleth fast—so to bed.

4C.

No doubt our readers are looking forward to the notes concerning 4C. At least, we hope so.

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Our class comprises boys from Cook's Hill, Hamilton, Central, Plattsburg and our own school. We are great lovers of Latin, French, Maths. and Science—er—er, we are—not.

Our Maths. lessons always produce drastic results. Let us explain. The teacher, Mr. W———, says in a superb voice of flattery, "See me at 3.30," or "Do this five times for to-morrow." If the student in conflict with our teacher shows a little sign of unwillingness, the boys who are not injured in the rush, hurry to him and question "Sir, may I do it?" (?).

The class is well represented in football by "Tich," "Snaky," "Jacko," Clarke, Randall, Drury and York, and we hope that they will bring fresh laurels to 4C this season. "Snaky" showed up very well in cricket also, last season; "Leary" is our famous "duck diver," and York our swimming speedster.

"Leary," we may mention, is a great favourite (?) of the two Mr. W.'s. When Mr. W. 1 begins his Maths. lessons, "Leary" begins to tell his mate some thrilling yarns about his diving, and he does the same blessed thing when Mr. W. 2 begins his English.

"Tod," the wonder boy from Boggabri, "pulled off" one of the coveted "A's" in Latin in the Intermediate. He tries to make us believe that if there was a letter before "A" in the alphabet, he could have got that too. (If there were a letter after "Z", I'm afraid most of us would be getting it—especially in Latin).

Mr. W——— also gets very excited when B———, the famous Georgetown fisherman, forgets to bring his note after having a few days off for a trip up the river, and when S——— leaves his homework on the corner of the round table. But you see—such is life.

Someone tried to tell Mr. F——— that he couldn't do the verb "travailler" because it related to work, but he said that he could do the verb "manger." Some people surely have a big stomach.

"What's that?" Oh blow it all! Oh, well, I must say good-bye, because the 3.30 bell has just gone. I wish I could stay at school about an hour longer!

4D.

Although these notes we strive to write,
The task we find is not so bright;
But we will try with much elation,
To keep our charming reputation.

We are now settling down to good solid work, for we are all afire with the prospects of equalling 4A's results at June, 1931.

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Each member of the class did his utmost to obtain a very creditable result in the Inter. None of us walked off with 7 A's, but that is not to say that this class contains all the "duds."

Though the limited supply of text books has made a somewhat tedious task for each of our class teachers, they are hoping we will safely hurdle all the difficulties at the forthcoming "half-yearly."

"Is Mr. G. suffering from myopia?" This question arises during every Maths. period. If not, then "Hoppy," the genius (?) must be so full of wisdom and knowledge that he just can't resist answering the questions for those who hesitate.

Several boys who are perched near the doorway of 4E, during French periods, have added "Be Prepared" to the school motto, for whenever the stalwart figure of Monsieur M. passes through our room, it is bound to result in each of them collecting a crashing crack on the cranium.

Trevor Nott, who was elected class captain, has since left to proceed with his studies at Fort Street High, so Dobson who was vice-prefect has taken over his duties. He might be a terror for law and order, but his duties are a pleasure to him, for we hardly talk or make a noise, whatsoever (?).

We are well represented in the field of sport, and can boast that our class excels in cricket, tennis and swimming. Those who shine as sportsmen are Abbot, Dobson, Barklay and Hopwood.

We might add in conclusion, that on the whole, we are a well-behaved, painstaking and industrious class, which is eager to win every possible honour obtainable, and a little bit more.

4E.

What a scene of contented inactivity we have before us—and, er, that swelling and ebbing melodious murmur? French? Latin? Then pray, what is it?

My dear inexperienced reader, that is sleep, sleep in its purest form, accompanied by a gentle lilt of snoring, which is an accomplishment peculiar to 4E.

This motley dormant crowd of ex-Central, ex-Hamilton, ex-Cook's Hill, and a sprinkling of decrepit Novocastrians is in the midst of a period.

Hush! Disturb them not!

Ah, yes, a few of the more energetic are lolling about chewing pens as if sucking in the juice of inspiration, but really wondering how to fake the wretched equations.

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Bell keeps up a running fire of questions and appeals (judging from their sensibility, he's talking in his sleep), while the class poet drones on the chorus of our theme songs.

"Snore, snore, snore at thy unfinished task, 4E,

While Mr. ——— 'potters round' and 'attacks some 'ology."

Marchant is still awake and figuring away, not at equations though; he is trying to see how much he'll make by turning Australian florins into New Zealand sovereigns. It's rather a good scheme, and Dave only wants £50,000 to float it.

Taylor is slumbering uneasily, and great tears course down his cheeks. Mayhap he is dreaming of the absent Jones, a boon-companion and our pride, as school wicket-keeper. Why wasn't Kenny arrested on the way to Cessnock? Did Mr. Jurd "save his bacon?"

Dodds and McCarthy alone are working industriously covering page after page with figures. They are always within a few thousand eggs, hats, feet, men, yards or pounds of the answer. Of course we can excuse Roxby's lethargic state when we consider that he does a 100 yards in something under eleven seconds.

Then the burly MacLeod shifts his feet and the whole class livens into wakefulness, while Mr. Harvey hearing the noise, wonders if we are getting a few more portables, or a new school, but is fearfully downhearted when he learns it's only Mac.

So we replace the bricks and then comes a second and greater shock, one boy has got one of the ten problems out!!!

This is too much for Mr. B., and the class adjourning, scatters for the next period.

3A.

We, all to a man, despise those antiquated methods of starting off class notes. As we are a very modest class, we simply loathe trying to imitate a broadcasting station like some other classes do. We assure readers that people were using "Here we are again," with which to start off class notes before Cain pinched Abel's nappy; so we'll cut out the talk and get on with it.

The first thing worthy of note is that our watchword is 7A's. We are going to carry that out in the Inter. too.

We miss Mr. A.W. very much. Now, we recall, with sadness, the happy days of long ago when we wasted many a merry hour with him. Of course we mean "wasted" in the Shakespearean sense of the word, as it cannot be truthfully asserted that we, the best class in the school, have wasted a single moment. We are all very studious boys, especially Leonardo.

There was a tense hush in the class-room on the afternoon that

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we were to lose our Latin teacher, Mr. Woolf. Our "serious Sec." silently arose from his seat, and with set chin, stern eyes, and a decisive step, made his way slowly to the front of the class, with one hand behind his back. Reaching the front he held out his hand, in which was a small brown paper packet, towards Mr. Woolf. Then, in a quiet, deliberate, unwavering, calm voice, said, with perfect self-control (which only comes after long practice), "I h-h-have g-gu-great-er pleasure in—er pre-presenting this—um—small token . . ." etc. After muttering or rather spluttering something about good-luck, he beat a hasty retreat back to his parking area, amid the thunderous applause of the class in general.

"Dopey" Dunlop, our Greek expert, and "Silly" Snuff, our Latin expert, are making names for themselves. The former has the wonderful art of making his face straight at a moment's notice. This, of course, is an invaluable asset to one who wishes to play childish jokes. Anyone can ask Mr. R. and he will unhesitatingly reply that this is right (approximately). As for "Silly" Snuff, or "Kowboy" Keith, as he is perhaps more widely known, he is famous because he is "the guy wot put Redhead on the map." Mr. R. has also taken a great interest in him.

It is noted with some surprise that T.G.B. was making giant strides in Latin before Mr. W. went away. However, there was, occasionally, one or two who forgot how to translate Caesar, when called upon, yet who had spent over half an hour or more learning it. Vince was pretty good at that. But his speciality was leaving books at home. He, now, has practically overcome that bad habit.

It is rumoured that John W. does not ask questions which have just been answered. We hasten to explain that this is not so. It is exactly the contrary! We back our John W. against anyone, anywhere, any time, to ask the most unnecessary questions about any subject. It might also be added that Snuff is a close second.

Some say that Mr. G. objects slightly to rulers being dropped during his periods. He ought to excuse this as it is done quite "unintentionally."

Our cricket team was good last season considering that "Bowler and Bat" Kopf was the mainstay. Unfortunately the mainstay was a rather shaky reed. Anyhow, they're going to win all their matches next season. (That's pretty conventional, isn't it?).

3B.

3B is now a mixture of old 2B and 2C. The class has quite a good reputation. We made strong resolutions at the beginning of the year to excel ourselves at both work and sport. We are progressing favourably in our school work and hope to gain honours in the forthcoming examination.

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In sport we have done our best and are very near the top in cricket. We have a notable swimmer in Boylan, who represented the school at the C.H.S. sports.

Since baseball originated in America, 3B does not play this "Yankee" pastime. Our class prefect is fulfilling his position successfully and has many trials and troubles to stand up against. He finds that the chalk vanishes every lesson.

"You! Boy! do fifty lines!" is a common exclamation of Mr. B's. We have been unfortunate in losing Mr. Henry, in whom we have great faith, and who during the last two years has raised us to a high standard in French.

We take this opportunity of wishing him the best of success in his new position.

3C.

Tell it not in mournful numbers,
Class work's not a joyful dream,
Jokes are there and bright endeavour,
Work's not always what it seems.

At last we have seriously settled down to a year's toil, with the Inter. as our goal.

Of all periods, we especially look forward to French. The work of this period is made very enjoyable by our affable teacher, M. Motte, who often breaks the monotony with bright little "bons mots."

Greentree, Nunns and Slarks (or Slugs as M. Motte calls him), afford great merriment by their perfectly natural antics.

Our class not being exceedingly bright at Latin often receives enormous impots—poor old 'umphreys!

Neither are we brilliant at Science, but Mr. Austin, our master, valiantly tries to improve our knowledge in this subject.

We are fortunate, however, in having skilful teachers, who are ever ready to help us in every possible way, and we hope that we will not disappoint them when exam. day arrives.

The class is keenly awaiting the arrival of that mud inspiring sport—football—that king of games which makes young men sore, and elderly men glad that they are on the right side of the palings.

We have a first graduate in our class who seems (if his demeanour be a true teller), a likely aspirant for medals galore.

We are closing these notes, hoping that knowledge the craving of the average rational being will in the year 1980, be procurable from penny in the slot machines.

3AC.

At the beginning of the year, we were placed under the arches, but, luckily for our tall members, have moved our abode to a more spacious apartment since then.

One of the gentlemen of our class, Mr. Buchanan, has been chosen to instruct Mr. Brown in the art of "Treasuring," and to assist him in the execution of same.

Do you remember the hint on Speech Night about accuracy? Surely this is not meant for 3AC, because White spent all his Easter vacation looking for 2d to balance his ledger.

"Darkie" and "Leedo" seemed very interested on Speech Night. I wonder why?

H.L. is badly stung by a brunette, as one can see by numerous works of art on his spare pages.

We only carried off three first prizes at the end of last year, but this year we intend to increase our victories. So, beware, other classes, beware!!

We nearly lost "Lucker" at the B.P. Jamboree. We think his temporary disappearance may have been influenced by the Girl Guides.

Sampson, our famous long-distance runner, (long distance behind the winner), hopes to win the mile at our next Sports Meeting.

Since the beginning of the year, we have received two new members, one Brown-Bishop, from Queensland, and the other, Vidal, from the Blue Mountains. Thus we finish on a note of melancholy and hope.

2A.

We consist of two-score sturdy, sporty, studious youths, who excel in sport and lessons (preferably sport). This is our first appearance in the "Novo." as a class, having come from four different First Year classes.

As you know (or don't you?), eighteen boys from 2A are taking German instead of History and Geography, and are finding it a very interesting subject.

Mr. M.'s Latin inventions appear to us like noughts and crosses without the noughts, unfortunately, we are of a different type of mind to Mr. M. and cannot follow his logical sequences.

The cricket season is drawing to a close. It was a very successful one, but owing to our best players playing grade, we were unable to finish at the top of the list.

Mr. K. was much amused when Charles got "Marmion" and his girl friend mixed, for when writing an essay he wrote "Marion" instead of "Marmion."

W.H., from Wollongong, has become very popular with Mr. M. We have a wide range of personalities from "Rusty," whose chief quality is that he is like the sea and never dries up. Also K.Y., the ink swimmer, who, owing to a "Handy" sickness of late, has not been able to indulge in this pastime. According to recent reports, he is becoming worse through not being able to partake of his daily necessity.

2B.

2B are here again (What, again?—Ed.), and our work is progressing unfavourably (or so the teacher says). We are out to secure the top places in the exams. this year, and 2A will have to look to their laurels. Our football champions have started training and we hope to be well represented in grade this year.

We have a small German, who hopes to be an engine driver. Another small chap who sits in the back seat wants to join the army or become a cowboy.

The teachers have had to talk to F., as he shouts too loud and frightens them.

Our giant from 3B is going to be a teacher. We believe he likes playing with the chalk.

"Rosie" is continually showing "her" affections for W. in the third seat from the front. Mr. G. believes that W. likes it.

2C.

For the persons who are not conversant with this famous class (?), we have been placed, nay, thrown, into the "Dungeon of Noises" or "Torture Room" which is not quite a fitting spot for such a sterling class. The echoing noises from above (as well as below and between) spoiling our train of thoughts and proving no food for concentration, and teachers wonder why we are not a very brilliant class and believe in the old saying as they enter "our dungeon," abandon hope all ye who enter here.

The teachers have been declaring war on a certain aspiring youth who has a habit of giving vent to his feelings on certain subjects in a very loud voice. This youth has been aptly described by his favourite teacher (ahem!) as being a human conception of the famous Geysers of New Zealand.

As usual we have some clowns in our midst, but we spare their blushes.

We are a rather noisy and disorderly class (at least the teachers say so), although we do not join in putting the new ones over the wall or giving them a cooler under a tap (?). Some are fonder of sport than work (we are excellent at sport), as our tall footballer

shows by going to practice in the evenings and neglecting his homework, much to the chagrin of our masters.

Last year, our Bursar used to malingere a bit in a certain Latin periods, but this year he has a little more sense.

Rex, having won a wager with a certain Latin teacher (two marbles to a piece of string) on a subject unknown to outsiders, has not yet received his string.

A large part of the class had lost his eyesight, but he seems to have regained it however, much to the relief of several teachers.

Our Steve, champion swimmer, has some very bad moments in Maths., and every Maths. lesson he may be seen trying to swim through a problem with a paralytic stroke.

Front seat Roberts has been aptly described by the francaise professeur, as being the slug in his cabbage of bliss.

Although more or less hard at work (more than we like, but less than the teachers wish), we have still time left to relax a little.

Now we are all studying studiously, hoping to do well in the forthcoming exam.

2AC.

Since our last appearance in this magazine, we have been blessed with several new teachers and pupils.

"Moonlight" has taken Mr. Mac's place in an attempt to make us foreign language speakers. We have become so good at Maths. that we have been given three teachers instead of one, because it was found that we worked too hard for one teacher to keep up with us.

We have lost a valuable English teacher (for news of whom we offer £5 reward), but fortunately, picked up another. Mr. R's advice, well-known to most of the school, but hitherto unexplored territory to us, is greatly appreciated and applauded throughout the class.

It must be admitted that the boys have developed into fighters this year; they even fight their seat mates. One example was the slight difference of opinion between the dashing pair, Pateman and Boss, in which the latter, by some means known only to himself, managed to make his face collide with P's right fist, and, as a result, had his windscreen badly damaged.

During the year, the class has not done so well as in the previous year, when we won the class competition, but three members have represented us fairly well in Third Grade.

Mr. A. is now the recognised medico of the school (M.C., Medical

Chirurgeon), but his prescriptions, usually in the form CaCO_3 equals Calcium Carbonate (at least we hope it does), anything from ten to fifty times seems to be rather slow in taking the desired effect.

"Dinty" has taken over Mr. Mac's second subject, and is making a valiant and praiseworthy attempt to transform us into politicians, with, we fear, but little success.

We regretfully relate that, as we have just heard the stupefying news, that the half-yearly exam. is coming on earlier than usual, we must express our "joy" by closing this and saying good-bye immediately.

1A.

This is our first appearance in the Novocastrian. We hope it will not be the last. Our class is 43 in number. We have done well in cricket; we hope to do better in football. Once a week Mr. M. takes us for French pronunciation. We are all glad when it is over. Our class is very lucky to have the best room in the school, the library room.

P.S.—E. Cole is our budding poet. And that's that.

1B.

We are recently formed, and are 47 in number. At first the frequent change of teachers seemed strange to us, but we soon grew used to it.

Mr. H——, our Latin teacher, knows how to give impositions, and some of his geniuses are thinking seriously of taking lessons. (Ask Chambers!).

We have to work hard now and in the next issue we hope to tell of the places gained by us in the half-yearly exam., and probably on Sports Day.

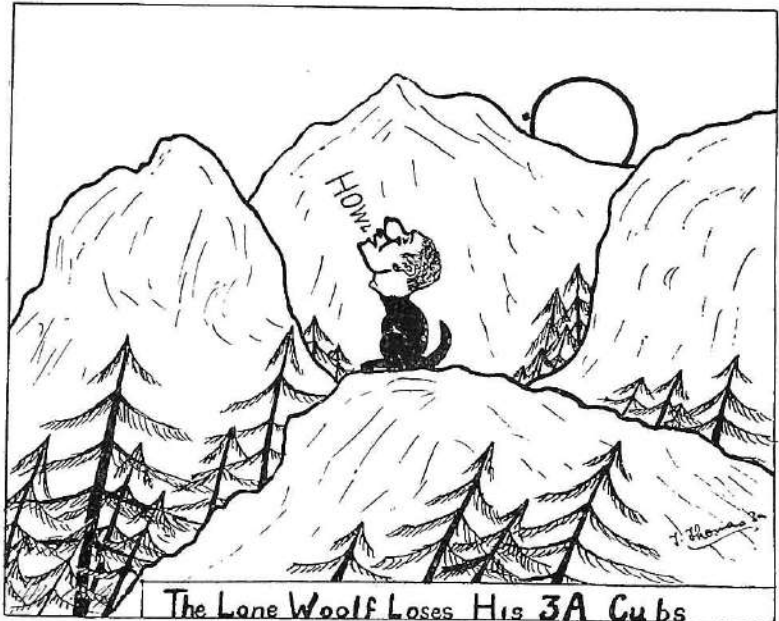
We are leading in the 1st Year cricket competition, and we hope to win it when it continues after the football season concludes.

1C.

Mr. M. said he could not teach us French by the Madigonian method, so he "frappes la tete" of the nearest boy to him with a foot rule, so as to drive the French hard and tight into his "tete." He also said the Cutcher business was not a success.

NOTE.—Had he said the 1st Year Class notes were not a success, the Editors would have agreed with him sine qua grata.

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Newcastle High School Song

(Tune: "D'ye Ken John Peel?")

D'ye ken the school on the hill so high,
Bravely facing the winds and the sky,
While the waves sing their song to the beaches nigh,
As the bell goes for school in the morning.

Chorus:

Yes, when we're gone, in the years far ahead,
When the last game's played, and the last lesson said,
The name of the school will awake from the dead
The memories of many a morning.

Serving straight in a hard-fought match,
Sprinting for the tape or a puzzling catch,
The "blues" from limit man to scratch,
Will still do their best, night and morning.

(Chorus)

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

(Chorus)

—R. G. HENDERSON.

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CRICKET.

The season was exceptionally busy on account of a big increase in numbers of keen players, and we had considerable difficulty in obtaining sufficient ground accommodation.

The grade players were provided with excellent wickets at the Sports Ground, Waratah oval, Dangar and Empire Parks, but with twenty-five teams to be catered for, some teams were unfortunately obliged to play on natural grass wickets.

All teams displayed enthusiasm in all departments of the game—except for proper care of material.

Fifth Year were victorious in the senior class competition, 2D in the second year comp. and 1B in first year.

1st XI.

During 1930, the first XI had a very successful season. The main reason for the success achieved was the team spirit and the manner in which the game was played.

During the season, eight matches were played, five against our old rivals, Maitland, which resulted in Maitland winning three and the school the remaining two.

Soon after the Christmas vacation, a game was played against Morpeth at Waratah oval. Morpeth won the toss and batted, scoring 102. The school first XI then batted, scoring 126 runs for the loss of 8 wickets. Walters and Rudd retiring at 28 and 45 respectively. N. Charge also contributed a handy 32 before being caught.

The annual match—Staff v. School First XI—was played at the Sports Ground. The first XI proved a little superior. For the Staff, Mr. Golding did well with the bat and Mr. Wilson did well with the ball.

The main "stays" of the team were Walters, Rudd, Grey, Evans and Yates with the bat, while Hogan, Charge, Walters and Parkes assisted with the ball.

The fielding was not too good, but was showing a marked improvement towards the end of the season. C. Jones kept wickets very well throughout the season.

During the season, four of the players, namely, Hogan, Parkes, Rudd and Hills of the first XI were chosen to represent the Newcastle district against a combined Sydney XI in an under 21 years' competition. J. Hogan performed well with the ball, securing 5 wickets for 48 runs. H. Rudd also scored a nice 26 runs.

After having a successful season, the first XI are looking forward to a much better one next season.

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SECOND GRADE.

The 2nd XI team, captained by Ken Taylor, has displayed fair form during the season, and is just leading in the competition with 11 points, the next team being Maitland 2nd XI A with 10 points.

Boys who have shown that they can wield the willow are Symes, R. Williams and J. Clifford, but there are others just as capable who have not yet done themselves justice. A really good bowler, however, would be joyfully welcomed, our stock bowlers, although great triers, just lacking the quality of being really dangerous. In the last match, Maitland 2nd A were just too good for us, (157-154) the finish being very exciting.

Our comrades, the 2nd B team, ably captained by the genial McDougall, commenced the season in a blaze of glory by defeating Maitland 2nd A outright, and have completed the first half of the season with 8 points, within striking distance of the leaders.

Newcastle 2nd XI became acquainted with Cessnock High on March 25th, in a match against Cessnock 1st XI, and although beaten (9 for 135 v. 7 for 137) we had a very good time, both on the field and in the shed at 4 p.m., to say nothing of the 'bus trip. We hope that now the ice is broken, Cessnock and Newcastle will see more of each other.

REPORT OF 3rd GRADE CRICKET TEAMS

There are two 3rd Grade Teams, 3rd A and 3rd B, each containing useful players. In the 3rd A's, Meillon, Chapman (39), Findlay (51) get the runs, while Hume is also consistent. In the B's, Scorer (34), Underwood (54), Griffiths (36) are the outstanding batsmen.

The bowling honours have fallen to Quinn (5 for 4), Craig (3 for 17), and Meillon (3 for 18) in the A's, and to Pullen (5 for 18), and Leggett (9 for 35) in the B's.

The fielding of both teams could show a big improvement. It would pay the lazy members to take heed of fielders like Hume, McKensy and Murchison in the A team, and of Leggett in the B team. It would appear that many of the players do not yet realise that clean, snappy fielding is just as essential as good batting or bowling.

Both teams lack a good fast bowler, though in each case the slow bowlers appear to be able to hold their own, and, judging by the results, demoralise their opponents on occasion.

The results of matches so far are:—A team, 6 for 156 defeated Maitland B (79 and 47) by an innings and 30 runs; A team (9 for 73)

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defeated Newcastle B's (55) by 18 runs on the first innings; B team (164) defeated Broughton (95 and 4 for 53) by 69 runs on the first innings; B team (79 and 45) were defeated by Maitland A team (171) by an innings and 47 runs.

The real struggle for the A team is ahead of them when they meet Maitland A's in November, and all members will need to play at the top of their form to win.

SWIMMING.

The school swimming team was unfortunately unable to compete at the Combined High Schools' Swimming Carnival in Sydney, when it was transferred to March this year. In December, last year, the results were very satisfactory, the school being represented in every final in which it entered. T. Brown and G. Atkins showed good form in the sprint races, while M. Edgar, and L. Deed were responsible for fine efforts in the breast-stroke swim and diving respectively. H. Hingst was our most outstanding junior (under 16), while S. Wood and B. McKensy were successful in piling up sufficient points to place the school in second position to Fort Street. S. Wood led all the way in both the heats and finals of the 50 and 100 yards races, and won each by a large margin. B. McKensy was placed first in his heat of the breast-stroke race, but was defeated by a touch in the final.

It is pleasing to note that more interest is being shown by the school in life-saving methods. Last year the following boys were successful in securing awards of the Royal Life-Saving Society:

Bronze Medallions and Proficiency Certificates—L. Beeston, F. Cairns, L. Talamini, J. Jackson, H. Nixon, R. Gallway, W. Reines, R. Llewellyn, W. Engel, S. Williams, W. Stocks.

Proficiency Certificates—R. Patemān, C. Hoschke, J. McCluskey, S. Wood.

It is hoped that an even larger number will gain awards next season.

Anyone knowing the author of the following verse is urgently requested to report at once to the staff room. Name of poem, page and title must be quoted.

He that fights and runs away,
May turn and fight another day;
But he that is in battle slain,
Will never rise to fight again.

ANSWERS TO CONTRIBUTORS

"For I am nothing if not critical."—Othello.

G.G., 1B.—The murder, though done on approved lines, is not acceptable. W.F.E., 3A.—Can't see any sense in it. W.O., 2AC.—The only two lines that appealed to us were, "Then of course there's Tosser Ross, he always parts his hair; And then there's Welsh, the gifted one, they make a lovely pair." Leo T., 3A.—We have seen it before. E.P.H., 3A.—"Terms in Aviation" not up to our standard. D.W., 2AC.—"A Butterfly Ranch" just missed but we are using some of your others. A.T., 3A.—Too fierce. Make a novel out of it. Glad to know the captain's only moment was a scarred arm. A.S., 3A.—The 3A class certainly has a fair percentage of triers. However, "Newcastle's Industries and Trades," while good, is not suitable. D.H.D.B.—N.S.W. schools certainly come off second best by comparison with Queensland schools. But we were a little fogged on this passage: "The Education Dept. does not grant the same term for sport, which was very rare." W.B., 3A.—Wish all contributors wrote like you, but apart from keeping it as a specimen of writing, we cannot use it. L.E., 3A.—The air duel is far too blood-thirsty. And how would two aeroplanes be locked together in mortal combat? A.P., 3A.—"A Day on the Farm" is not quite good enough, and the subject is terribly threadbare. Darcy W.—"And away flew that birdie, happy and free." But you must be quite a big boy by now surely! C.G., 3A.—Have a whack at something original. A.G., 4th Year.—The title, "The New Fourth Year Students," made us sit up and take notice. It looked promising. But it goes to the W.P.B. M.F., 1B.—What is the point in copying James Hogg's "Skylark"? Yours was almost unreadable, in pencil and written on both sides of the paper. The only thing we can commend you for, is that you did not try to improve the poem. P.C., 2B.—Your drawing of the Future High reminds us of the Taj Mahal. The possibilities of getting a new school like the Girls', and one like the school you draw, are about equal. If you meant it that way, we appreciate your humour. D.M., 3A.—There is a famous story by Ambrose Bierce, "The Man and the Snake," from "In the Midst of Life," which is obviously the origin of your friend's story, and we cannot therefore print your version, "Snakes Alive." You were wise to make the preliminary confession. And remember when you begin to write, jump in, do not crawl in at the shallow end. Try us again. A.W., 4D.—Not original, but the lines "For ours is the 'Arbour, the Bridge and Don Bradman, for ever and ever . . ." bear repetition. J.M., 3AC.—"Moonbeams" did not appeal to us. R.L.R., 2A.—Spring! Ah, Spring! "Spring has come, Spring has come," does not ring true! Mes Labours, 2A.—Ours were arduous too, trying to make something out of it. F.H., 4A.—"The Scene" requires so many alterations and corrections, that when ready for publication the Author's name would have to be changed as well. The Unknown Warrior, 5A.—Misses by a length equal to the distance of Alpha Centauri. How do you propose to interpret this? "The shining stars are exercising, Upon twilight's peaceful breast." G.A.H., 2A.—Drawings must be in Indian ink and on white paper. G.A.F., 4E.—A glorious example of the misuse of the pronoun "it". Rugger, 5A.—By the writing it may have been Luggie, but we don't think so. Quite well written but the topic is so hack-plagiarised from, at a venture, the "Sun" Moving Picture column. M.J., 1B.—"Catching a Platypus," taught us nothing. You did not even mention the bait. We who are fishermen, are no nearer to catching that egg-laying mammal, than we ever were. J.L., 2A.—Dull and uninteresting. G.A.B., 3A.—Verses rhyme all right but do nothing else. J.H., 2AC.—Fair effort. "As we rush along we catch a glimpse of mosses drinking, and deer staring," is a sample of the minor worries of the editors. B.C., 2A.—Drawing not good enough. H.S., 2A.—Nick Cheverton was a meritorious effort, but the story was wildly improbable and far too long. H.K.—Trite sayings which are, to us, valueless. C.N., 2A.—Jenolan Caves just so so. A.L., 1B.—The motive is excellent and the verses execrable. T.G.B., 3A.—Not original, nor worth anything even if it were not. A.G.D., 2A.—Dawn too colourless. J.A.—The trick with figures is so ancient that, well it's ancient anyhow. K.A., 3C.—Getting ready for school on Monday morning came over us like a bucket of cold water. Putting soap in a Brother's tea, is a joke that somehow we feel we cannot fully appreciate. D.R.R., 2A.—Information good, but is common knowledge now. G. McC.—"The Inexplicable Penalty," while showing an excellent use of morbid adjectives, is not the type of writing for which you have aptitude. It is hard to imagine the same hand writing "Napoleon's Lament." It is, in fact, inexplicable. A.B., 2C.—The 1930 flood, while good, was treated in these pages last

issue. A.L., 2B.—You ask us as a "bard in distress," to tell you what to mix up with your Stephen's Blue Black ink, for your inspirations. Remember Mr. Opte's reply to the student who asked him, what he mixed his paints with. "With brains, Sir!" was the reply, and the right one. B.K.T.—Holding over the Jamieson Valley. V.C.S.—We are still considering "At the Break of Dawn." While good, it lacks consistent metrical structure. J.C., 5th Year.—Even after curtailment, "A Week Out from Canton" is not acceptable. The story lacks point, merely recording indifferently well, a sea battle. I.B., 1B.—The Island of Hope, unlike "A Week Out from Canton" has plenty of point, but such coincidences strain the power of belief beyond the elastic limit. R. Fisher.—You write "The Sea Calls," and do not even allow capitals for the heading; but you parenthetically state it is an original poem. In one sense, it is as original as anything we have read for years. We quote the verse beginning, "A home with a bright faced mother, And he was the only son, But his father, he was the other, A drunkard—he was a bad one," which raises several questions of genealogical interest. R.A. 5D; R.D. 3A; R.W. 2AC; Articles held over, for lack of space, till next issue.

R.J.G.

THE SCHOOL UNION

FINANCIAL STATEMENT AS AT MARCH 25th, 1931.

EXPENDITURE	£	s	d	INCOME	£	s	d
Cricket	45	1	9	Balance forward, 1930	43	6	0
Tennis	10	10	0	Subscriptions	228	11	6
Baseball	9	2	0	Magazine Ads.	87	14	6
Football	1	2	1				
Library	82	0	8				
Magazine	149	15	0				
Telephone	11	10	0				
Office Equipment	7	0	2				
Speech Night Rent and Binding Prizes	13	6	0				
Maps	3	18	6				
Duplicator & Supplies	23	3	9				
Entertaining Vtg. Teams	3	15	0				
Miscellaneous and Petty Cash	7	10	8				
	£367	15	7		£359	12	0
	DEBIT BALANCE				£8/3/7.		

THE VICAR OF BRAY.

Bray is a village in Berkshire. "The vivacious vicar hereof," says Fuller, "living under Henry VIII, Edward VI, Queen Mary and Queen Elizabeth, was first a papist, then a protestant again. He had seen some martyrs burned (two miles off) at Windsor, and found this fire too hot for his tender temper. This vicar, being taxed by one for being a turn-coat. "Not so," said he, "for I always keep my principle, which is this: to live and die the Vicar of Bray."

Newcastle High School
Library

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