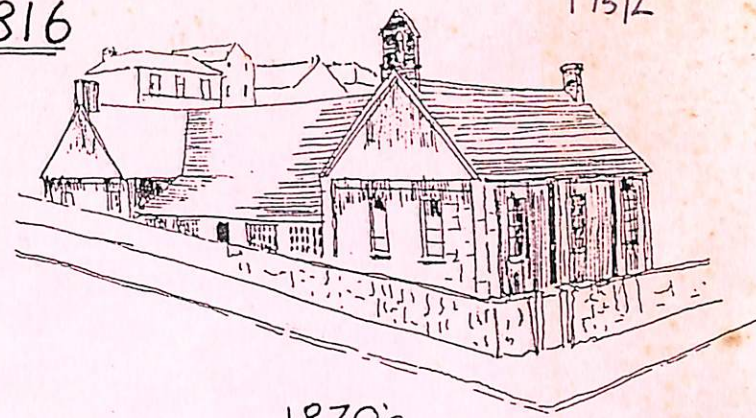
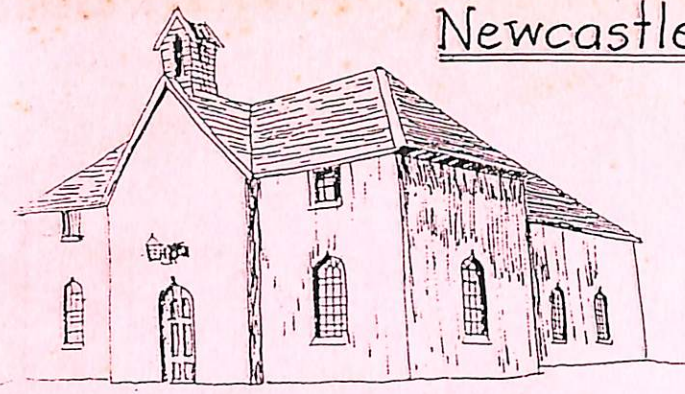


Newcastle East Public School Est. 1816

175/2

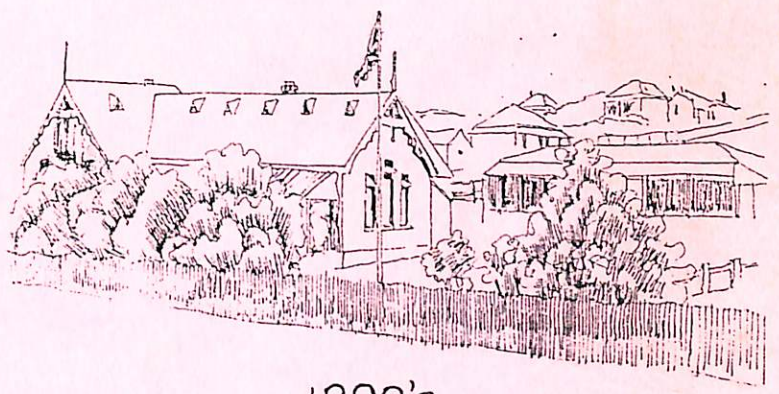
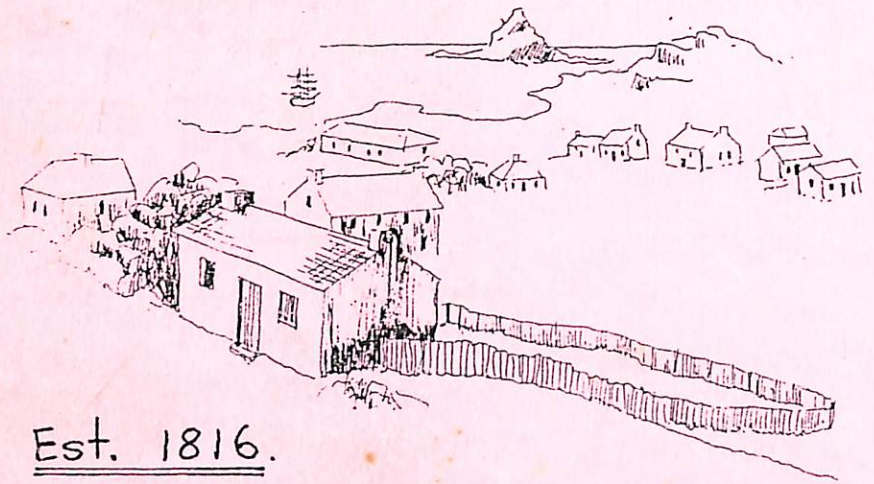
175th Anniversary

1816 - 1991



Christ Church 1818.

1870's



Est. 1816.

1890's



1983

1909 - 1982

R. Kearney

Aug. 1991.

NEWCASTLE EAST PUBLIC SCHOOL - 1991

Newcastle East Public School is a small sized school of 132 pupils which possesses a sense of unity and purpose for education in the 90's. Situated in an inner city environment, uniquely placed near the "Hill" and its surrounding area. Studded with prominent natural and manmade landmarks which the children become familiar with. This central location offers a wealth of experiences within walking distance and a sense of neighbourhood identity. Newcastle East School is considered an architectural beauty full of historical educational wealth.

An active Parents & Citizens encourages friendship between parents from diverse backgrounds, while the size of the school allows co-operation between staff and the parent organisation. The children form friendships across the grades giving the school a unique close family atmosphere. The cornerstone of planning for Newcastle East School is a desire that each child will gain a true sense of identity, and a personal need for further knowledge and truth. The staff firmly believe that such insight can become a reality because of the strategic geographic, historical, commercial and civic position of our school. This provides it with a unique opportunity for creating a totality of an education experience based on self development, and a tangible interaction with the local environment.

The vitality of this environment appropriately reflects our present 21st century phase of planning and our commitment to future dynamic education at Newcastle East. If on leaving this school each child has a yearning for further experience in education, then our ultimate goal will be achieved.

Newcastle East Public School is steeped in history with the longest continuous tradition of education in Australia, children from the 1991 classes are a part of Australia's living heritage on this our 175th Anniversary in 1991.

T. Nottley, C. Hughes, D. Gannon, R. Kearney

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NEWCASTLE EAST PUBLIC SCHOOL

STAFF - 1991

Principal	-	Mr. Trevor Notley
Executive Teacher	-	Ms. Christyne Hughes
Assistant Teacher	-	Ms. Donna Germon
Assistant Teacher	-	Mr. Richard Kearney
Assistant Teacher	-	Mr. Hugh Wedesweiler
Librarian	-	Mrs. Kerrie Carberry
R.F.F.F./Part-time	-	Mrs. Sandra McCosker
Support/New Arrivals	-	Mrs. Carmel McDermott
Secretary	-	Mrs. Brenda Campbell
Cleaner	-	Mr. Ron Drew
General Assistant	-	Mr. Nigel Woods

NEWCASTLE EAST SCHOOL

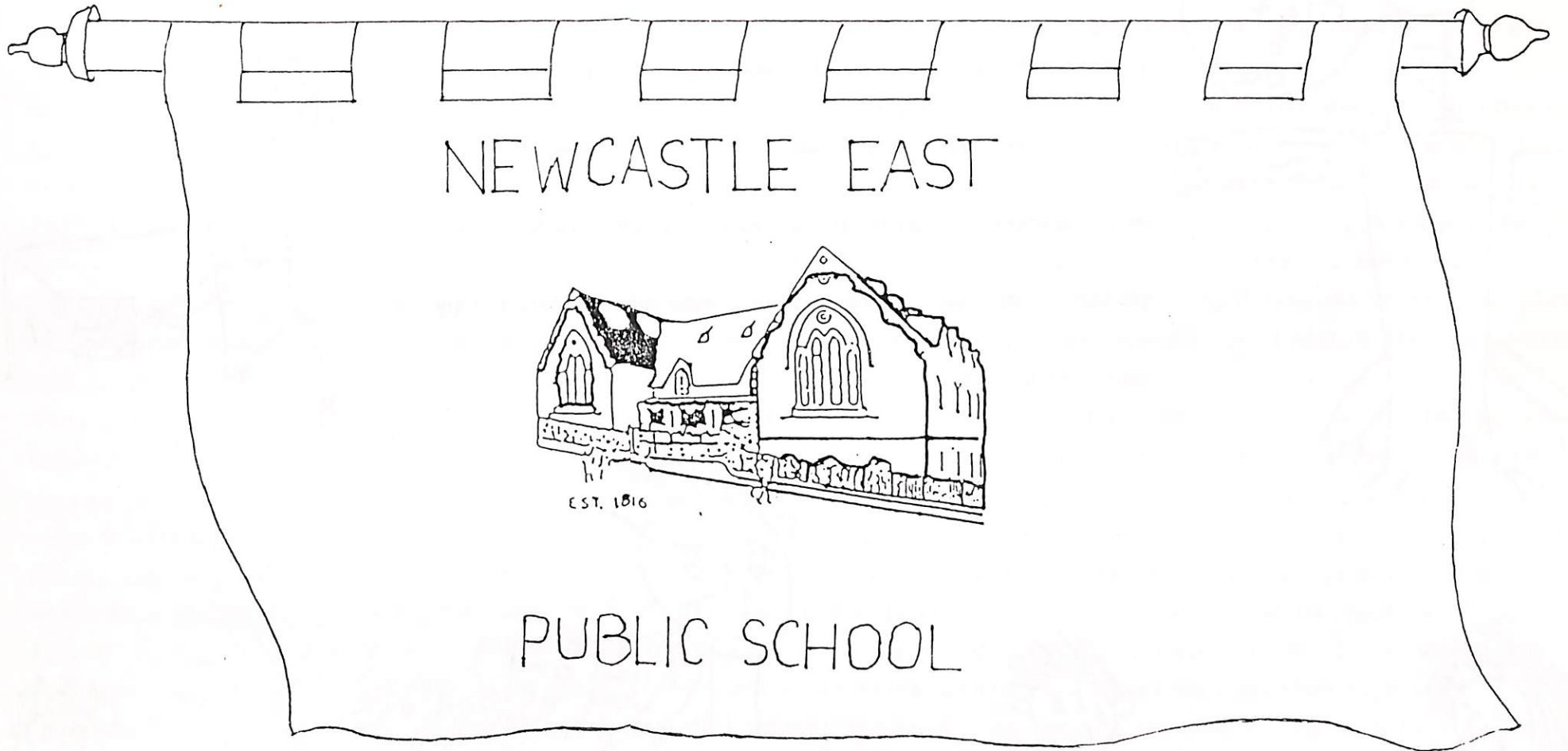
moves to

THE SCHOOL ON THE HILL

- 1816 Schoolteacher, Henry Wrensford and seventeen convict children aged 3-13 yrs. commenced education in Newcastle. Wrensford was a convict on a conditional pardon. At that time Newcastle had about 400 people with 38 children. The school started in a slab hut near Watt & Bolton Sts.
- 1818 The church was completed and Wrensford gained permission to move to the vestry.
- 1820 Wrensford became a free man and went back to Sydney. He was replaced by another convict, Samuel Dell. There were now 33 children at Christ Church School. In 1826 the control of the school changed from the government to the church. By the early 1830's overcrowding led to the school moving to the site at the corner of Church & Bolton Sts.
- 1859 Some parents wanted a government controlled school and so an additional school, Newcastle Public School, was opened in Brown Street; later to move to Tyrrell Street.
- 1860's Christ Church School by now had an enrolment of 160. Fees were sixpence per week.
- 1883 The success of the Public School, now a Superior school in Tyrrell St. led to the State Government taking back control of the church school and renaming it Newcastle East Public School. (Next year is therefore our centenary under that name.)
- 1888 Enrolments had reached 324 and another new classroom built for £100. A series of strikes at this time led to hardship and the cancellation of school fees in many cases. Enrolments continued to rise.
- 1909 A new two storey brick building containing four classrooms was built at a cost of £3690. When the Superior Public School closed in 1911 three further classrooms had to be added to Newcastle East School. (This is now the building we have just vacated).
- 1966 The 150th anniversary of continuous education was celebrated and a history of the school was researched and written by Dr. E. Braggett.
- 1980 Extensive building, including a parking station, encroached on the school. Traffic, noise and pollution added to this problem. An action committee of parents was formed to lobby for the relocation of the school. These problems combined with a population drift out of the city and the expansion of Newcastle Grammar School to include primary age children led to a steady decline of numbers to only 88 pupils in May, 1982.
- 1878 The foundation stone for the new building of Newcastle Public School was laid by Mr. Clarence Hannell. The final cost was £10,000. The architect was Mr. G.A. Mansfield. There were boys', girls', infants' and babies rooms. The boys' headmaster was Mr. Willis and the girls' headmistress was Miss Shields. Over 800 pupils were enrolled!
- 1880 It became a Superior Public School where teaching was of a higher standard. Number reached a peak of over 1000 students in 1884 but shortly after this Newcastle East School was enlarged and other schools opened causing a drop in enrolments. There was no High School in Newcastle at this time and so it was suggested one classroom could be used for this purpose.
- 1906 Opening of Hill High School in one of the rooms vacated by the Public School. The principal was Mr. Charles (Caesar) Smith. Bishop Stretch suggested the motto 'Remis Velisque'.
- 1911 Newcastle Public School was closed, leaving the High School to expand. By 1912 there were over 300 high school pupils and the first school magazine 'The Novocastrian' was published.
- 1915 School uniforms were introduced.
- 1929 The school tuck shop opened. Previously, Mr. Tuttle's horse and cart had brought pies for sale to the children. Numbers had now risen to 618 pupils and the overcrowding led to the building of Newcastle Girls' High School at a cost of £36,395.
- 1931 There was still overcrowding with now 705 boys. As a result, 100 boys were sent to the Technical College and three portable rooms were added.
- 1934 Newcastle Boys' High was built at Waratah. The School on the Hill was now given the name Newcastle Boys' Junior High School.
- 1956 Golden Jubilee of the High School.
- 1967 The school's tower was removed.
- 1973 Closure of Junior High and transfer of pupils to new building at Lambton.
- 1974-81 Building used by the Society of Artists and other groups as workshops. Renovation of building commenced. \$920,000 set aside for this purpose. It is recorded by the National Trust.

SEPT. 13th, 1982. First day of Newcastle East Public School at its new site in the School on the Hill. Principal Mr. Michael O'Sullivan and 106 pupils.

AUG. 1991 - 175th Anniversary of Continuous Education - Principal Mr. Trevor Notley - 135 pupils.



NEWCASTLE EAST

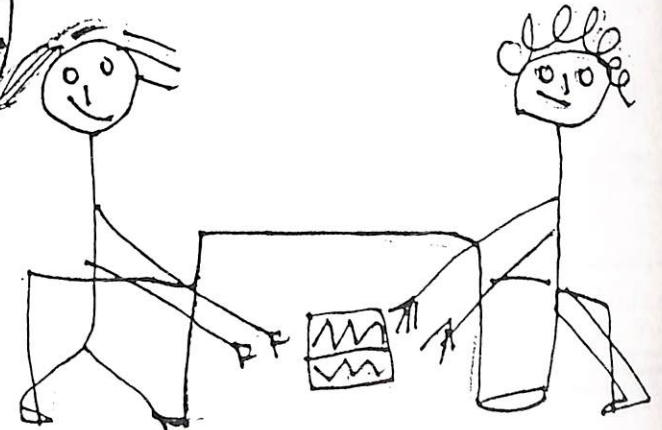
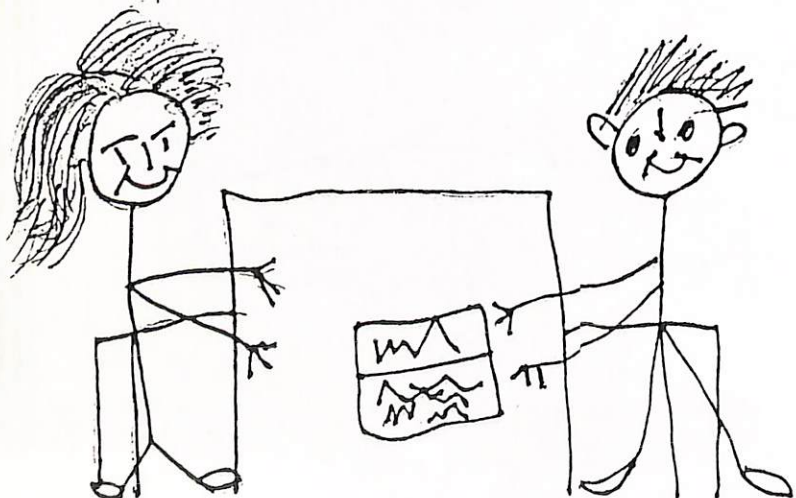
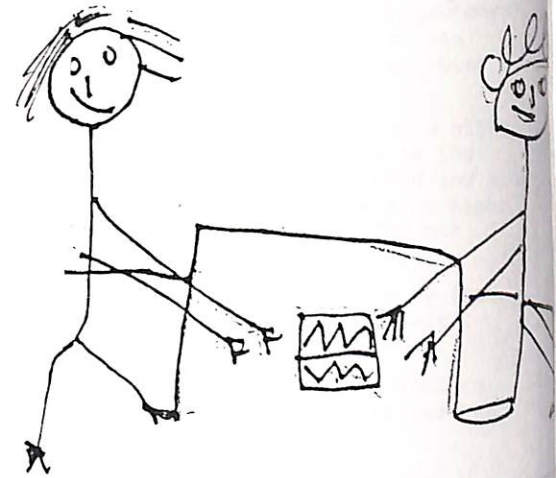


EST. 1816

PUBLIC SCHOOL



please keep in mind when reading through this material that many of the stories and events depicted within these pages are purely of an imaginative nature created by our students.



Peter remembers that money was very valued as the basic wage was very low, but, at least the one pound sterling note was worth it's money. The school didn't have a canteen, but there was a shop next door owned by Mrs. Murray. It was necessary to place your pie order early in the morning, written on a brown paper bag with your name on it. Pies cost 3d, cakes ½d. Peter remembers that the girls used to make up terrible songs about the boys.

The cane was used for most serious offences, i.e. fighting, leaving the school without permission and playing truant. Various boys, the best fighters in the school, would clean up the rubbish after lunch and playlunch. They would then stack all the rubbish in the school incinerator, behind the toilet block, which was in the top playground area. The Captain's story about the incinerator being blown up, of course it wasn't my fault. Another form of punishment was to make you stand outside in a particular corner of the school with a sign on your back for one day, or more depending upon your punishment. We used to take the daily temperature and check the sun with our school compass on the top playground. There were no school uniforms, but you had to wear shoes and socks if your parents could afford them, no thongs were permitted.

At playtime the school was divided by a top and bottom playground, the girls used to play their games at the top and the boys played sports games on the bottom. Marbles was the most popular game in school. There would be ten children playing what we used to call "Big Ring", which was an oversized circle drawn perfectly on the tarred playground. We would sometimes play well before school started, leaving the big ring in place from the previous day. Each player would place, say up to 10 or marbles in the centre, and take it in turns to shoot. The first player to stick in the middle would then attempt to clean up the ring, by knocking each marble from the centre. You continued to shoot until you failed to clean up the ring or the marble wasn't knocked off of the circle. We all had special marbles called "Tans". They were called "Connie Aggetts". They were special and would stick in the centre all day. Another type were called "Botchies". They came out of the "Mullens" (Lemonade bottles) and were used to seal the gas in the neck of the lemonade bottles. They were clear glass in colour and were also good "Tans". The Connie Aggetts were dark brown in colour with a golden centre, and for a good Connie you would swap up to a hundred marbles for one Connie. The other marbles were of all colours and sorts, they were purchased from the local shop or Woolworths for a penny for 50 or more. Knuckles was another favourite game, this was played either with your bare fist clenched or with a bone from your shoulder or leg, from your usual Sunday baked dinner.

Cigarette cards were very popular as the cigarettes used to come in cardboard packets, and the more expensive the

Cigarettes were to buy the more cards you used to have to swap and bet during the games. The cards were folded flat, and flat stones or bronze coins were placed in them. You used to keep your special card as your "Tan". The cards were then thrown whilst kneeling down on the ground from a distance, drawn by a chalked line against a certain section of the school wall near the base, and the closest card nearest the wall would win the game. This was a very popular game.

Stones was another game that everyone liked. A square would be drawn on the ground near the wall about one metre square, numbers would then be drawn in the corners and centre of the square. The largest number i.e. 100 would be in the centre of the square. Large flat stones were then placed on the squares and you then had to knock the stones out of the square with a tennis ball on the bounce, which was thrown from a line drawn well back from the square. Each stone was numbered from the smallest number i.e. say 10, through to the centre stone, which was usually 100 points. The girls used to play this game also. The game continued until you missed the square you were aiming for and the player or players with the most points would win the game. We used to play mixed doubles for the school championship.

One of his worst memories were the visits by the state dentist and doctor. Immunisation days for various reasons, (but if you cried when you were little they would allow you to go home, beauty!!!!). Also if the teachers found somebody in class with dirty hair (nits) everybody had to have their hair examined by the school nurse and cleaned with dust etc., i.e. d.d.t powder to eradicate the problem, terrible experience!!!!!!!!!!

Peter Walmsley



NEWCASTLE EAST
PUBLIC SCHOOL
1991
YEAR 5-6

5/6 CLASS - 1991

Back Row: Amelia Amy Aaron Garth Amra Hannah James Brook
Hayes Lonergan Robertson McGregor Lee Flindle Leto Tiplady
Jasmine Tim James Pablita Gina
Dixon Purves Henderson Namoco Predojevic

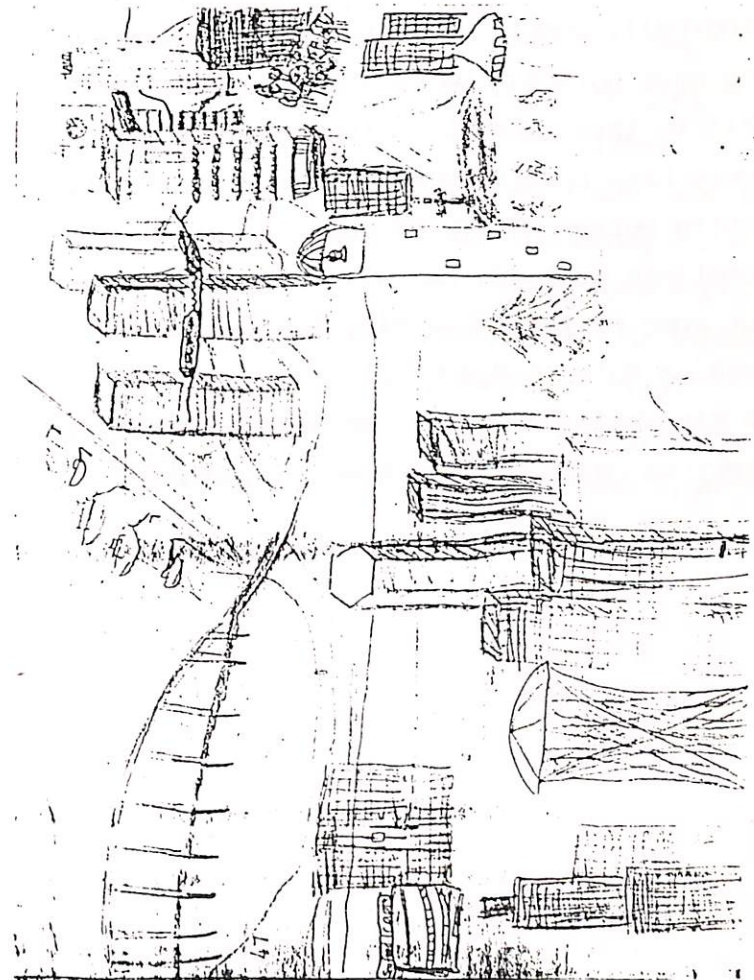
Middle Row: Levi Daniel Craig Glen Jessica Taryn Corey Annabel
Hickey Bateman Handebo Hughes Bath Royle Harrold O'Neil
Elisa Morgan Nathan John Jeremiah
Farrell Williams Pye Fernance Langford

Front Row: Kathleen Susie Rose Tamara Cecilia Anna Kim
Lonergan Dimmock Brisbane Midwinter Davis Lane Nguyen
Sheree Sarah-Jane
Morrison Ross

Teacher: Mr. Hugh Wedesweiler

Nathan Pye

The coal mine was a terrible job, but they had to do it to make a living. It wasn't much money, at least it helped to feed the kids at school. At school if you sneezed you got the cane, the teachers are mean. My dad doesn't like his job coal mining. I started going to the school in 1816, one morning I was one second late and got the cane from Henry Wrensford. I am a left-hand writer and got the cane again, and I screamed and got another one. The cane hurt and broke my knuckles. So I threw the slate at the wall, then, Henry Wrensford gave me 50 lashes with the cat of nine tails.



Cecelia Davis

NEWCASTLE EAST - 1991

P.E.

Brook Tiplady

Every Tuesday we play P.E. We mostly play king-ball, sometimes we play a game where you have softball bases and you have a volley ball to throw. You have to run and touch every base before somebody throws it to the centre person or you're out.

Sometimes we play cricket. The boys are good, but some of the girls play just as well, Jessica Bath is a good player.

In king-ball Hannah is the best girl player.

Everyone calls her the human canonball.

NEWCASTLE EAST - 1991

SCRIPTURE AND MUSIC

Amy Lonergan

Nobody in our class really likes Scripture, I wouldn't mind it so much if we had a different teacher. He makes it so that you have to believe exactly what he says. I'm not religious and used to live in Queensland. We didn't have Scripture classes there, so I don't know what to believe in. Our teacher tells us all about God, Jesus, the land of Ur, Noah of the Ark and many other things. I've only been attending Scripture for two terms and I've already learnt a lot.

Another thing that kids usually groan about is choir. Most of my friends think that the songs we do are babyish and I agree. Some kids muck up and then they get asked to leave. Sometimes it can be okay. Soon we're going on an excursion. Prior to that we're putting on a play for all the Headmasters of the Newcastle Region as well as the Minister of Education for our school's 175th Anniversary. I guess they're okay compared to other things.

NEWCASTLE EAST - 1991

JUMP ROPE FOR HEART

Tim Purves

When I found out that we were going to participate in Jump Rope for Heart, I was dismayed. I had been hoping that this school would never do it. You see I cannot skip, and I hate people trying to teach me. I have tried many times, but I never could. Although I did not take part in the Jump Off, I actually enjoyed it in the end. I managed to get two sponsors and I helped swing a rope. After all this my skipping improved slightly, although it is still hopeless. However if it happened again, I wouldn't mind.

NEWCASTLE EAST - 1991

JUMP ROPE FOR HEART

Kathleen Lonergan

In June our school did Jump Rope for Heart. we had to jump rope for one hour. We jumped with a big rope and also a single rope. We raised money for the Heart Foundation. The school was given ten percent of all the money raised. You won some prizes if you raised some money. The whole school enjoyed skipping. Our school raised \$1,500. The school received \$150. The actual Jump Off was held on Friday 14th June. Sponsorship money was collected from our parents, relatives and friends.

NEWCASTLE EAST - 1991

HOWZAT

James Leto

Friday is one of the days I look forward to because we get to go to Howzat and get to choose a sport that we want to play. Cricket is my favourite sport and I also like soccer. When we play cricket we pick our teams and then we usually start our game. Our captains tell us what score to aim for. When we bat we try to get as many runs as we can.

"O.K", the captain says, "We've got 150 runs, now what we have to do is make sure that the other team don't make that many runs". When we're out, our best bowlers try to keep the score down and get wickets whilst our not-so-good players concentrate on bowling straight, and hope that their batsmen make a mistake.

After the game it's a long walk back to school, and then on with our work.

ME AS A LIBRARIAN

Elisa Farrell

I am a Librarian and I work in the library on Monday's and Tuesday's. I also own a badge with gold writing and gold trim on it. In the library we shelve books and at the end of the year we stocktake. It is really fun because we have these drawers of cards, we have to put the books in order and check that they are all there, and shelve them again.

Some of the other Librarians have resigned, but there are many others that want to take their place. The best part about being a Librarian is that you get out of some schoolwork.

NEWCASTLE SCHOOL

Angela Evans

This school started in 1816. The headmaster's name was Henry Wrensford. If you did something wrong you would get the cane. The kids wrote on slate. The dads who would have worked here would have done coal mining, cut down cedar trees and lime pitting.

SPORT

Kristian Fitzgerald

Every Friday the senior grades go to Howzat. We play cricket and soccer or volleyball. We pay \$2 to play the sports. Last week we played cricket and I nearly got hit in the head by the cricket ball, but luckily I ducked and it missed. I like playing sports.

NEWCASTLE EAST PUBLIC SCHOOL

Hannah Flindle

The boys playing cricket on Monday, look like they're having fun.

The girls playing king-ball on Tuesday, out enjoying the sun.

Everywhere in this lovely school are people happy and joyful, because wherever there's a smiling face the friendship can be plentiful.

This school is historical and that makes everyone proud.

This is the school that makes me happy, that I've finally found.

NEWCASTLE SCHOOL

Morgan Williams

When I went to school I was writing with my left hand when the teacher came up to me and hit me with the cane. I started to cry. I got back to work and was writing with my right hand. It was messy, the teacher came up to me again. He flogged me with the cane. It hurt. After a couple of weeks I got used to it and never wrote with my left hand again.

THE PLAYGROUND

Jasmine Dixon

The playground is a place to run
The playground is a place to play,
The playground is a place to talk,
It is even a place to laugh or cry,
The playground is a good place for a walk.
And is even good for sport.

THE CANTEEN

Tamara Midwinter

Chips and icreams are no more
at the oldest school in Australia.
All nice things which are naturally unhealthy,
have gone and aren't coming back.

The canteen is not so popular
since health foods became the thing.
There's no longer a rush at 1.00
when the bell begins to ring.

CRICKET

Tarren Royle

The balls coming at you at full speed. Then,
crash, bang, ouch, right in the middle of the head.
It definitely doesn't tickle. You don't want to
embarrass yourself, so you put your hands over
your face and cry like a big baby.
When the game came to an end, I warned my friends
to watch out when James Leto was batting.

OUCH!

Sheree Morrison

Once there was a girl named Sheree.
Who was rocking on her chair in the Library.
The chair banged.
Soon Sheree found that Mrs Carberry's foot was
Red and Round.

SPORT

Anna Lane

On Friday we always go to sport, we play all different games. Sometimes we play cricket, sometimes we play volleyball. This particular day we were playing soccer. My friend Cecilia was standing around when the ball came her way, she sprang into action. She was ready to kick, then, she fell, right in the splits. She was in such pain, she hardly could play the rest of the game. My friend Cecilia now knows how to do the splits.

BRETT

Daniel Bateman

There once was a boy named Brett,
Who was the teacher's pet.
He was a little shrimp,
He wasn't exactly fat like a blimp.
But he was such a gigantic wimp.

He was always getting into trouble,
And turning his report card into rubble.
Brett nearly got on level four,
Because he was breaking the school law.
In every game, he was a pain.
If you ever see him again,
Tell him to go take a plane.

SPORT

Pablito Namoco

Our school is involved in sport all year round.

In the summertime we all walk down to the Newcastle Ocean Bathes. While we're at the bathes we are divided into different groups, doing different activities in the water. When our activities are over we are allowed to have a free swim.

In the winter time it's too cold to go swimming so we go to "Howzat" indoor sport centre.

When we arrive at the centre, we are divided into groups of boys and girls, to play various sports like cricket, soccer and volleyball.

When we have finished our sport we walk back to school and continue our classes.

SPORT

Susie Dimmock

Every Friday we go to sport and have lots of fun.

Sometimes people chew gum.

Children get smashed against the walls and kicked in the face by the soccer ball.

Always someone falls.

Sometimes sport can be dumb but everyone tries to have fun.

The referee is always wrong and sometimes the game goes too long.

MONDAY 'ITIS'

Tim Purves

When you wake up on Monday
Don't you wish it was Sunday?
Or a holiday
In a sunny bay.
It makes you drool
Compared to a day at school,
A teacher Droning on,
About something done wrong,
Maths, spelling, English too.
What are you supposed to do?
Suddenly I feel ill,
I'd better take a pill.
Maybe I have got the flu.
Perhaps I'll miss tomorrow too!

BAKED BEANS

Annabel O'Neil

There once was a girl named Rosie Rie
who ate baked beans in a baked bean pie.
When I say hi!, I mean hot air rises,
and Rosie Rie was full of surprises.
Soon the pie was in action,
and the room began to smell a fraction.
The teacher sat there with Rosie at her feet,
and Rosie's face turned the colour of beet.
As for the rest, Rosie did her best,
which would have put earthquake damage to the test.
After rising six foot in the air,
Rosie came down knocking the teacher off her chair
so this is the end of this smelling tail,
and let's all hope that you don't inhale.

OUR CANTEEN

Kathleen Lonergan

Our Canteen is really a Health Bar.
It does not even have any chips.
Our Canteen is very big.
It has a big mat.
Our Canteen is the best!

DOGS

Amy Lonergan

There once was a dog loose in the school,
Every now and again he'd leave a yucky wet pool.
Some kids made friends with him,
Which was a mistake for one of them.
A boy who's name will not be told,
Was bitten on the bottom by this dog.
Now the boy is so much better
He got what he deserved.

NEWCASTLE EAST PUBLIC SCHOOL

Kim Nygun

My school has a canteen where we buy something to eat. We have a library where we go to read. Every Friday we play sport at Howzat. In the morning some boys and girls play cricket. On Tuesday and Thursday all the girls play kingball. In the classroom we do maths, spelling and other subjects. The bell tells us when it is lunchtime, playtime and hometime. We have many good teachers in Newcastle East Public School. I like this school.

BILLY

Elisa Farrell

Billy is one of my friends,
she calls me 'Willy' which often offends.

Sometimes she laughs a lot.
Sometimes she's got a nasty plot.

But sometimes she is nice to me,
and that's the way friends ought to be.

MY STORY

James Henderson

It was Friday morning, and as always we were walking down to the baths for a swim. It just so happened that today was Aron's birthday. He was very excited because in that year, 1990, we had something in our class called "The Birthday Club". What was so special about it was that you brought 30 cents to school and you would receive lollies. Everyone did this. The birthday person would also get a card.

But as I was saying, we were all walking down to the baths, Aron hung around the teacher ALL the way there and ALL the way back. He was talking to her. Once we were back at school, it was recess. And after recess, it was Aron's BIG moment. He was called out to the front of the class. He received his card. Then slowly, the teacher pursed her lips. She bent down and kissed Aron on the cheek. The whole class let out a tremendous laugh! The laugh was so loud, it could almost be heard from Sydney! Aron blushed so much that he almost burst! His face went totally bright red. We will never let him forget the moment.

HEADMASTER PIT

Cecelia Davis

It started one sunny warm day
It's about his crazy bushdancing way
He'd grab my hands
He'd jump to heel and toe
He wouldn't stop, just go, go, go
Then "Ya Hoo" he'd scream
He was jumping/dancing keen
Through the gap of his teeth
Now wait this is a rhyme
of spit and grime
He could have warned me "Look out below"
or at least "Hello"

AT HOWZAT

James Leto & John Fernance

It's fun to play without the sun.

We pick our teams

And then the whistle goes.

We go out and play defence.

At half time

The score is equal

And then the fight is on

THE MOST EXCITING DAY IN 1989

Amelia Hayes

It all started whilst the school was marching on the hardcourt.

One of the teachers went down to turn off the gas barbecue after it had been used in a science experiment.

All of a sudden a student looked up to see flames coming from the barbecue.

The children were all hustled inside the classrooms but were soon peering out of the windows to see the excitement going on. The fire brigade arrived then the ambulance.

After a short stay at hospital and a few days at home to recover, The barbecued teacher was as good as new.

Memories of school years by Mark Sullivan 1063 - 1969

Mark attended Newcastle East School when he was 5 years old and left at the age of 11. He remembers one school day excursion when a bus load of school pupils went to Warragamba Dam, Mark was about 10 years old at the time.

Money was not a great problem as it is today. The unemployment rate was decidedly lower back then. Newcastle was booming back then, the Central Business District thriving. He remembers the school did supply his text books free of charge. There was a local shop, next to the school, owned by the "Carrol" family, their son David went to Newcastle East also. A tuck shop was operated most school days by the P. & C. Association. The milkman delivered small bottles of plain, chocolate and strawberry milk to the pupils free of charge.

Mrs. Cameron, his kinder teacher, was by far his favourite teacher. Whilst in 5th class Mark remembers special classes for the Deaf and Retarded children. Mark has kept in contact with some of his old school friends.

Mr. Hall taught Mark to play the clarinet, whilst he attended Newcastle East. Mark remembers the school's 150th Celebrations whilst he was in 5th class. Mark enjoyed all subjects except arithmetic. The cane was used as the only form of punishment. The cane was only given by Mr. Hall and Mr. Tennant.

The boys uniform was grey shorts or trousers, blue shirts and grey socks. The maroon colour we have now was redder, and our gold colour was bright yellow. The girls wore a sky blue tunic, with Newcastle East Public School, sewn on their pockets. There was no punishment for being out of uniform.

The most memorable and popular game played by the students was "Red Rover, Cross Over". There was also a Rugby League Team coached by Mr. Tennant.

Swimming was held at Newcastle Baths. Cricket was also played at Watt Street, in the hospital grounds.

Athletic was at King Edward Park.

Wooden desks with inkwells and separate wooden chairs were used then.

Mark enjoyed his seven years spent at Newcastle East School.

Interviewed by Beth Ryan



4TH CLASS - 1991

Back Row:	Ben Ellison	Adam Williamson	Jonathan Cox				
Middle Row:	Paul Irwin	Richard Howard	Kristian Fitzgerald	Natasha Leto	Alexis Tarren	Timo Lorenzen	Jamie Ryan
Front Row:	Marriane Pankhurst	Madeleine Cavanagh	Jenna Bowen	David Scanlon	Jessica Burns	Michelle Evans	
	Tim Henderson	Elizabeth Midwinter	Ellen Marks	Maria McDonald			

HOW EMBARRASING

Michelle Evans

It was Friday morning project day and our swimming carnival, but swimming was first. I got to school pretty calm, now I'm on the bus. Soon enough we were there. We got out of the bus and made a line near the entrance. When we were in, we all got changed, then it was my turn to swim. I was racing Daniel Pill and Michelle Redman. In the middle of it I stopped to have a wave at some of my friends. After all that, I came second and my friend Daniel Pill came first. I received my ribbon at the assembly.

After that we had projects, mine was the first one called. "This is my....." Oops I dropped my paper, I picked it up. "This is my...." Oops I dropped it again. I picked it up again and dropped it. So I got it and ripped it up and put it in the garbage bin. Then something terrible happened, I had to do it all over AGAIN.

MY EXPERIENCE AT SMALL SCHOOLS ATHLETICS CARNIVAL

Jamie Ryan

First was the March Past, which we won. Then we went on to the 800 metre sprint (twice around the track), junior girls went first, Rose Brisbane won and Liz Midwinter came 2nd followed by someone from Hamilton North. It was my turn and I was certain to finish in the top eight, the wind was terrible around the left side of the track and I ended up in sixth place. Straight after that we got divided into groups for the activities that included parachute, age races (I came 4th), tug-o-war, skipping, sack races and the potato race. We won in points, but Carrington won altogether.

PANTSED!

Tim Henderson

A couple of years ago Alexis pantsed me (he pulled down my pants). I was so embarrassed. About fifteen people saw me just standing there with my pants down! It all started when I threw Alexis's ball over the fence. "I'll get you back for that", he yelled. Warning: This is not where the pulling down pants begin. And he did. He sits behind me in class. He pinched me. "OUCH!", I yelled. I got the ruler straight onto my behind. I tried to explain, but, the teacher wouldn't listen to me. Alexis and I had a rock fight at lunch. I hit him right between the eyes. There was blood all over his nose. Caution! These next words may affect some listeners. Alexis came over and pantsed me. I was so embarrassed.

HOW EMBARASSING!

Natasha Leo

On a Friday we had to do our spelling before we went to Howzat and then everybody was finished their spelling, so then we went to the canteen, we walked back. Soon it was little lunch and then I opened my lunch box but my lunch was all crushed up in to pieces. I felt very embarrassed and then I went outside and started to cry. Michelle said, "what's wrong Natasha?", I said, "I have not got any lunch to eat", and then Michelle said, " why haven't you". and I said, "Because all my lunch is crushed to pieces".

The End

NOT TRUE STORY

Maria McDonald

My first day of school I was terrified. They say school's good for you and you need to go to school because you learn things. I went to school, it was excellent fun, just playing all day we learnt nothing. I went home and told mum I never want to go back to school again, I learnt nothing. Mum said "calm down Maria it's only your first day". At school you've got six years to learn and after that you've got another four or six years at high school. I think different about school now. I learnt lots in Kindergarten, 1st, 2nd, 3rd and 4th classes. That's the class I'm in now. Our teacher is the Headmaster. Some kids say Headmasters are mean, horrible and unfair. Our Headmaster at Newcastle East Public School is not like that.

THE LAST DAY

Susan Chambers

On the last day of school all the classes put the desks on one side of the classroom and stacked the chairs up for the next year. We hardly ever do any work on the last day because we mostly play games. Almost every last day of school we colour in and make something. When we go home we mostly sing. "No more pencils, no more books, no more teachers dirty looks", at the top of our lungs.

STUDYING THE MOON IN THE
PLAYGROUND

Ellen Marks

We were studying the moon and the stars.

We also look at Mars.

The bright distant light "was the stars", said
Mr. Right.

The teacher left to get the broom
and we were told to look at the moon,
through our telescopes and try to fill in
the question sheet with answers.

Through our telescopes we saw the moon and stars
and more.

But, something stood out near the moon or round
about.

"A martian", I thought.

It looked rather distort.

Down it came not fierce, but tame.

It was brown with black dots
with a bit of red on the top.

It fell on the ground and formed a mound.

It landed next to me.

I turned about to flee.

Then I yelled "Sir Sir look at this".

Come out before you miss!".

"Jen Jen that's a hen, not a mould that fell
to the ground".

"Use your brain that's what it's for",
you should know better by now that there is
no such thing as "M A R T I A N S".

THE NEWCASTLE EAST FAMILY
BARBECUE

Richard Howard

I like the barbecue we have at school and how most of the parents come along and see each other plus the cricket matches, kids and parents. When it gets dark, we all have tea and play around. Mr. Notley always comes and has a sausage and a beer just like all the parents.

Some of the kids who come are Tim, Jim, Adam, Josh and lots of others. It is always fun and we collect the cans and make some pocket money or give the money to the school. You see everyone you know and some new people too.

The canteen is always open and has lollies for a change. Everyone is excited about the barbecue and the kids can't wait to get there. There is sometimes a Santa or a Clown too. The dads usually cook the barbecue. It usually goes to eight but it mainly goes later than expected. Everyone usually goes when they are on. The school makes some money too. Most of the little kids get restless, grumpy and tired so they leave pretty early. When the night is over there is really no money left with the parents at all

but the kids don't mind. All the teachers go and have some fun. There is sometimes music in the canteen. The person who has the music is Chris. He does it for fun. Most of the kids have gone home but a few stay behind with their parents and clean up. The kids that are left play tips or jump over the mat. It is always fun at the school barbecue. And pretty cheap too.

THE ATHLETIC CARNIVAL

Jenna Bowen

It was the day of the athletic carnival, and I was feeling nervous. I arrived at school and got on the bus. When I got to the sports ground I found a spot on the seats next to my friends, we were put in a group together. First we played lots of games, then we came to where we have races. I was in one 8 year old group then I was put in another group. The gun went off and I ran my fastest. When the race was over I thought I didn't get a place. Then I found out I was second and mum had just got there in time to see the end. After that we were given an apple (Batlow) to eat with our lunch.

Our lunch was finished we played some games. Some of the games were tug-a-war and the one where someone rolls the ball through everyone's legs. When everyone had been round we marched to the centre of the field and awarded the awards.. When all that had finished, if your mother or father was there, you told the teacher and went home.

If your mother or father wasn't there you went back to school on the bus.

THE PRINCIPAL

Alexis Tarren

The Principal is a very nice man. He can always help in any way from maths to spelling and even sometimes when we are good he'll take the class for some sport. But sport or in class it's really quite fun. And, sometimes in the morning he will come and play a bit of cricket. But today he came and played handball.

M A T H S

Ellen Marks

Mr. Notley was setting the homework, "Maths", he said. "OOOOHHHH", we all groaned.

"There is a maths test tomorrow", he went on. Mr. Notley went to get the sheets to show us so we knew what to study. He went into his office to get them. "Alright!!!!!! David screamed. We all started to throw pencils and break the school's rules. David stopped screaming and went over to Mr. Notley's office door.

"Sssshhhhh", he said, " Mr. Notley is coming". Silence went through the class, not a sound, every one was working hard. When he came back in it was home time. Everyone except me was standing up straight behind their chair. Madeleine ran home singing, "no more pencils, no more books, no more teachers dirty looks. When the teacher rings the bell, grab your bag and run like hell".

Night passed, day came and mum drove me to school. Unfortunately, I forgot to do my homework.

The bell rang, I took it slowly. I finally got inside. He's already given out the maths sheets so

I decided to start. I couldn't even be bothered doing the first one and I started to day dream. I dreamed that I was in a world with no school, no maths and no teachers. Anyhow, half an hour passed and people were handing in the maths sheets. "Anyone not finished bring them out". I tried to be last in line, but I was first. "What!!!", he yelled in my ear. "There is nothing filled in". The people in line were crouched up holding their ears. "Your Mad, Annoying, Thick, Hopeless and Stupid". and now I'm deaf.

Fortunately I took it as a joke.

MY FIRST DAY AT KINDERGARTEN

Tim Henderson

Mum gave me my bag and showed me my classroom, it smelt a little funny. I put my bag on a hook. An old lady came in, "Hi", she said, "I'm Mrs. Noble, what's your name", "I'm Tim", I mumbled. "Sorry", she said "Tim", I said a little louder. "Ah Tim, here you are", she put a sticker on my chest. "What does it say?" I asked. "Timothy Henderson", she said. "That's my name", I complained. "I know", she said. "That's so I can remember who you are", "Oh!", I said. I walked off into the playground. The bell went. I went inside. There were desks everywhere. Adam came up to me and said "Sit next to me Tim", I didn't even know who he was, I sat next to him any way. The teacher came in. "When I call your name say "Present Mrs. Noble", "O.K now", she said, "Adam Williamson", "Present Mrs. Noble", "Timothy Henderson", "Present Mrs. Noble", etc. We counted to ten, sang the alphabet then we went to recess. After recess the bell went.

Everybody ran into their classrooms. David Scanlon looked out the door "Teacher's coming!" he yelled. Everybody sat in their seats and sat up straight. The teacher walked in. "What a good class", she said. "You may all have an early mark", "Yea!!!", everybody cheered. "But if you make a loud noise like that you'll all miss out", "Oh!", everybody sighed. Soon it was lunch. I ate my lunch then played with Richard, after lunch the bell went. Soon it was time to go home. I walked home with Jim and that's about all I have to say.

THE DAY I FORGOT TO BRUSH MY
HAIR

Heath Patchett

It was about eight o'clock in the morning so I told mum I have to go now. I grabbed my recess and lunch and I finally got to the bus stop. Everyone was laughing at me. When I got on the bus, the bus driver was laughing, but I didn't know why. As soon as I got to school everybody at school started laughing. I said, "Is this some kind of joke", then I went to the toilet. While I was washing my hands I looked in the mirror and my hair was all mess up, so I went to the classroom and got my hair brush and then my hair was alright.

Adam Williamson

It all started on Tuesday when we went to choir. I didn't feel well that day in choir. I was sick on Chris, Stuart and a teacher. At lunch we played cricket on the hardcourt. We had to work in the library, I was sick again. When I went home we went to the doctor. What a day!

HOW EMBARRASSING!

Marianne Pankhurst

One day while our class was watching television I found it so boring that I started to make all these noises like mmmmmmm, ta ta ta ta, ch ch ch ch ch. Then Tim heard me. It was so embarrassing. Tim told Richard and everybody turned around. The video was about Antartica, boring, boring.

MY TEACHER

Jessica Bath

When I was in grade three I had a teacher we called Mr. Curly Hair. He was always late of a morning.

After the Show Holiday a boy brought in a "Mad Show Bag".

Before Mr. Curly came to school the boy put the fake spew on his desk and a spider on the wall. He placed a woppi cushion on his chair and even put fake dog poo on the floor. When Mr. Curly Hair came to school he pulled a funny surprised face. When he sat down he didn't notice the woppie cushion. When he sat on it everybody laughed.

THE GREAT PET POOH FALL

Sam Webster

Running, running, running Blot, that's what everyone was saying the next day. I had fallen in dog poo, and this is the story.

It was nearly home time, I was working like crazy then I heard the bell ring. "Boy was that a relief!" I said to myself walking out the door. I dropped my bag to play hand ball. I stayed there for twenty eight minutes, until I remembered the dentist. I looked at the time I had two minutes. I tore out the gate, but, to my surprise there was some dog poo near the gate (and as you can guess, I stepped in it), and slid half way down the hill. Everyone laughed like anything. Boy was I embarrassed.

HOW EMBARRASSING!

Elizabeth Midwinter

It all started off at home. I was pretending to be Super Woman. I jumped off a chair and split my chin open. I had to get some stitches. The next day I went to school with blue stitches in my chin. This is the embarrassing part! A kid came up to me and said to me "What are those blue things in your chin?". "They're whiskers", I said sarcastically. The kid stayed around me. The teacher came and said. "Where did you get the stitches?" You can just guess what the little kid said. Can't you!.

MY FIRST DAY AT SCHOOL IN AUSTRALIA

Timo Lorenzen

My first day in a foreign school was very frightening for me because I came from Germany. I am a nine year old German boy. My parents brought me to my new school. Then I came together with the Principal my teacher, Mr. Notley. He looked so friendly and suddenly I was not more frightened. Mr. Notley showed me the classroom and all the students. I feel so alone because I cannot speak to anybody. I just listened to all the new sounds. At recess in the playground I started to cry, and I wanted to run away. Then I ran away. Malcolm had to look for me, and after a while I went back in to the classroom. Then I did some work and I had fun. After school I walked home and then I told my parents about my day at school.

THE BELL

Madeleine Cavanagh

Ding dong dell

Look at our school bell

Give it a tug

Give it a pull

The classrooms are now full

Ding dong dell

Watch the old school bell

Swinging to

Swinging fro

How many hours more to go

Ding dong dell

Hear the old school bell

Time to go in

Time to go out

Time for us to run about

CANTEEN

Richard Howard

Aromas floating out the door

Nuggets warm and crispy

Twenty cents coins clicking on the counter

Everybody rushing to get there first

Everybody pushing to make their purchases

Never finished buying until the bell

INSIDE A CLASSROOM

Jessica Burns

Inside, where I have a room with a view.
We learn maths, english and library too
Oh, how I wish I could stay!
But, I have to go away
For the bell has gone
The bell, I wish had not
Oh, how I wish I could stay
and learn maths, english and library all day.

HOME TIME

Ben Ellison

Home time, home time, home time, home time,
is the best, better than the pool, better
than school, better than anything on earth,
except weekends, holidays, inservice days, public
holidays and of course half-days off with
Achievement Awards.

Laurie arrived at Newcastle East Public School in 1934, he was taught by Miss Freeman. He attended 5th and 6th class. At the time the students were entitled to a qualifying certificate if they passed their yearly exams.

Laurie's marks were of a high standard.

The headmaster's name was Mr. Bradley, from Grong-Grong.

In Laurie's class there were between 40 and 50 students. At that time there were no composite classes. Laurie doesn't have any memories of day excursions. There were however swimming classes each Friday afternoon, taught by a Mr. Jackson in the summer months. Football was played in the winter months. Laurie did not have any pocket money to spend as his father was unemployed at this time. There was a shop in Bolton Street adjacent to the school.

Laurie's friend in 5th class was "Letty Craydon" who went on to be an actress on the stage. There was a general assembly at Christmas time when the pupils sang Christmas carols. Christmas was the only day they celebrated, Easter was not considered, but, Anzac and Armistice Day were.

In the summer months some of the pupils would go to the local baths or surf to cool off after school. Young "Bob Newbiggen" was a famed swimmer, he had attended the school some years previously. The boys went to manual art class at Cooks Hill Primary School on a Wednesday afternoon. The girls did sewing classes at our school. The cane was the only form of punishment. Ministers came to school every Friday morning for Religious Lessons. There were no school uniforms back then. The girls wore homemade floral frocks, the boys wore short pants and shirts. At Lunch time ball games were played, chasing, and hide and seek.

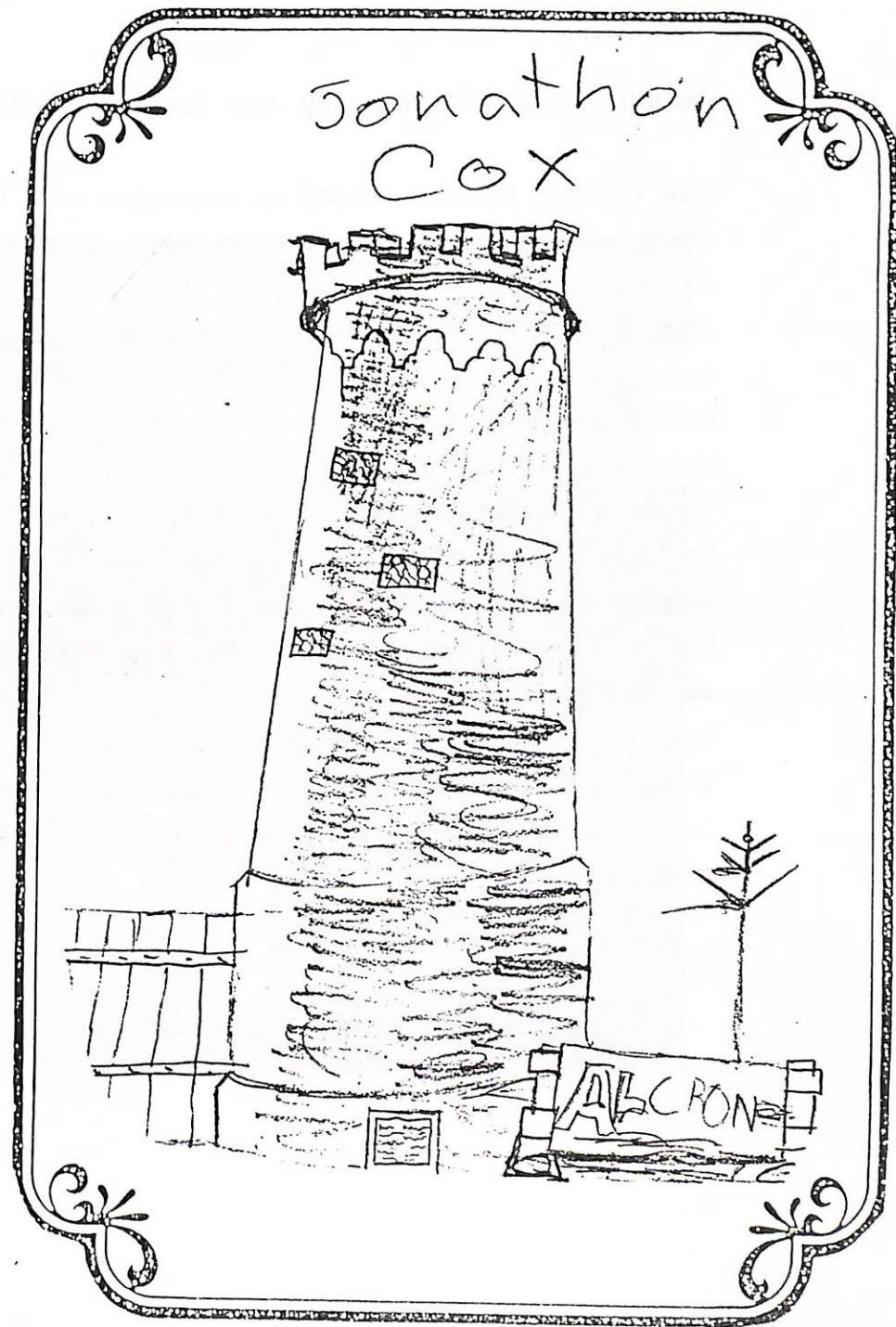
No talking at all was permitted by teachers. The children sat at wooden desks with joined bench style seats. Each desk had an inkwell, there was a boy and girl in our class elected class monitors and each morning they would fill the ink-wells. In the years 1934 to 1935 there were five teachers, and about 200 pupils.

Laurie could not remember if there was an Infants section at the school.



David Scanlon

Alicron
Restaurant



Jonathon
Cox

ALCRON

Memories of school years by John Grebert 1944 - 1948

John Grebert started school at Newcastle East Public School in August, 1944, he was in second class. John's family was transferred to the Newcastle Traffic Office as his father was promoted to Sergeant.

John was an only child.

John can only remember swimming carnivals being held. Money was generally tight, John and his school mates would go to the beach after school to find empty cordial bottles for which they would get paid sixpence each from the shopkeepers.

The school had a tuck shop run by the P. & C. Association.

John remembers Mr. Murray owned the local shop where the children bought their lollies.

The school flag was raised each Monday and the Anthem was sung.

John enjoyed all of his subjects, but maths was not his favourite.

Whilst in 6th class John and other boys were kept in to write pages of "I must obey orders" His teacher was Mr. P. J. Fraser.

Summertime sport was swimming, tennis was the winter time sport, also some played soccer.

You were never allowed to talk during lessons.

John attended this school from 1944 until 1948, and has fond memories of his school days spent at Newcastle East.

Interview by Beth Ryan



2/3/5/6th CLASS - 1991

Back Row: Isaiah Geordie Angela David Sara Stewart Jae
 Langford Tarren Evans Kearney Varley Robertson Ford

Middle Row: Chad Frans John Kirsty Roxanne Meredyth Michael
 Towers Henskens Davis Neil Towers Williams Vojcik

 Grant David
 Harrold Loneragan

Front Row: Erica Leah Alexis Laura Amanda Rhiannon
 Bateman Fernance Presker Brisbane Miller Beahan

 Zeita Sara Megan
 Lane Wilson Williamson

NEWCASTLE SCHOOL

Mandy Miller

The first Newcastle School was when my mum was little. She probably got wacked with a ruler like the convict children. The convict people worked so hard that they didn't get any time to rest through the day.

NEWCASTLE SCHOOL

Sara Varley

When I was a little girl I was a convict. My parents were convicts as well they had to work very hard. Every day they had to cut cedar, go coal mining or lime making. There were other jobs like building houses and furniture. We had school six days a week. We did lots of spelling, mathematics, reading and writing. When we were in class if you did the slightest thing wrong you would get a smack with the cane. The first teacher was Henry Wrensford. At school it was from 9 o'clock to 12 o'clock. We had a two hour break in between. We have Saturday off.

NEWCASTLE SCHOOL

Isaiah Langford

In 1804 Newcastle was found and in 1816 the first school was made. Hi! my name is Isaiah and I would hate to have gone to the first school, because, you would get the cane if you did the slightest thing wrong. By the way my dad and mum had worse things.

First dad. He had to go coal mining and make lime and cut cedar trees. He had to build houses and furniture. The one that he hates the most was lime making, and the one that he like the most was cutting cedar trees.

Mum had to do some work like being a maid for the Commandant and a nurse at the hospital.

Back to the school. There were seventeen children. Our work is spelling, maths, writing and lots of religious instruction. Henry Wrensford was the first teacher. Samuel Dell is the second teacher. His nick name is Ding Dong.

NEWCASTLE SCHOOL

David Kearney

If I were a convict child I would have a hard time because I always talk and I write with my left hand. I would get a flogging and my dad would make lime. My mum is a maid. When my dad gets home from work he's half dead.

NEWCASTLE SCHOOL

Jae Ford

Just yesterday my dad got 50 lashes from the cat of nine tails.

NEWCASTLE SCHOOL

David Lonergan

I was once at an old school, I got the cane two hundred times a month. We didn't have books just slate and chalk. There were only seventeen kids in the school.

NEWCASTLE SCHOOL

Frans Henskens

There once was a school called Newcastle school, and I go there. I get the cane a hundred times a month. We write with slate and chalk. Our teacher's name is Henry Wrensford. We go from 9.00 a.m. to 12.00 p.m., and my name is Frans.

CONVICTS

Michael Vojcik

A long time ago in 1816 there was a school, it was called Newcastle School. There were thirty eight convict children. They had to be good or they would get flogged for the slightest thing they did wrong. There was one thing the convicts hated, it was lime making, because they were worn out when they came home. They would be half dead. When they went to school they saw a forest. There were some aborigines. They ran off from school. There were some huts when they went to school the next day, they got flogged. They went to school because their mums and dads went to work. In 1991 our class went on an excursion. We looked at the plaques. John Shortland had a ship. He captured some convicts. They escaped and stole a boat. They ran to the bush. They became bushrangers. Then Newcastle was built.

NEWCASTLE SCHOOL

Geordie Tarren

Good morning. This story is about the oldest school in Newcastle. Now then, let's get on with the story. It started off when me and my friends were playing in the sandhills, while my father was at work. By the way my father is a soldier. My mother is at home doing all the jobs. In the sandhills we play games like making sand bombs and digging tunnels. Its fun but one day one of the soldiers came and saw us. He did not like us playing there. That night the commandant and all the soldiers had a big meeting about all the children. They decided to have a school for us. Our teachers name is Henry Wrensford. We have no recess, but we have two hours for lunch. We get the cane for doing the slightest thing wrong. Every day we go home with heaps of cuts and bruises.

NEWCASTLE SCHOOL

Zeita Lare

When my mum was a little girl she got wacked. When anybody spoke they all lined up and they got a hard wack because she didn't know who it was. One day it was a very hot day and convicts had to go to work. They had to go cedar cutting, coal mining, and lime making, they were the three main jobs. Other things were building houses and making furniture. The ladies could be servants and sew the soldiers suits. The convict children went to school. There were only seventeen people at the school. They did lots of reading, writing and arithmetic, but the main thing they did was religious things. The first teacher was Henry Wrensford. They went to school from nine o'clock till twelve o'clock. They had two hours for lunch. They went to school six days. They had Saturday off.

NEWCASTLE SCHOOL

Marcus Enno

I went to a convict school in Newcastle and my dad was a soldier. Our teacher was Henry Wrensford. I did not get the cane. There were seventeen kids in the school. The school was horrible and cold and boring. We had two hours for lunch. Lots of scripture everyday.

CONVICT STORY

Stewart Robertson

The kids hate to write on slate. If they made a noise they would get the cane. Their fathers would work in the coal mines. Their mother would sew and they would be house maids and they wouldn't get much money.

NEWCASTLE SCHOOL

Grant Harrold

Every six days I went to school and on Saturday I went to church. When I go to school my mother and father go to work. My mother works as a maid for the soldiers and my father works as a coal miner. My brother and sister go to the same school as me.

CONVICTS TIME STORY

John Davis

In 1797 Newcastle was discovered. When they landed on Newcastle shore they found coal and started a settlement. Some people who had been bad were sent from England to Newcastle to mine for coal, make lime and cut cedar trees and other jobs. In 1816 they built a school, it was probably slabs of wood. The first teacher was Henry Wrensford. The school moved in 1910 to the vestry of Christ Church. The children had a lot of Christian stuff. There were seventeen children when the school started.

NEWCASTLE SCHOOL

Meredith Williams

When I was born I didn't know where I was because I was only a little baby. I started to grow up to be a big girl. I went to Newcastle School. I liked it because I had friends. Every Sunday I went to church. My teacher's name was Mr. Henry Wrensford. My mum and dad worked.

NEWCASTLE SCHOOL

Kirsty Neil

When I was three I was going to school, and why I was is because my dad would either be cutting cedar or coal mining and lime making. They were the three baddest things. There was one not so bad job. It was building furniture. My mother would be working as a maid. She would fix soldiers suits and make soldiers suits. We would go to school six days and on the seventh day we would go to church just for the morning. Then we could go home or play. If you want to know the first teacher. He was called Henry Wrensford by everybody.

Mr. Walsham remembers catching a tram for sports days as there weren't any buses in those days. He also remembers buying an icecream and lollies for one penny. The school did not have a canteen, but, if anyone wanted to buy anything there was a local shop next door to the school. Some of his happy memories were meeting fellow students after school to play or going to the beach as a group. The most important calendar date celebrated was Empire Day on 24th May, when they used to sing all the national songs and talk about the Empire.

There was never any smoking, the worst thing we used to do was throw cigarette cards to the wall, but, we did get the cane a lot. Maths tables were sang out aloud everyday, each child taking a turn. They also had periods of singing daisy to "lady in blue".

After school they would often climb the fruit trees to pick the fruit and eat them. The subjects studied were history, geography, english and scripture once a week. The only people allowed to give the cane were the headmaster and your teacher. There weren't any school uniforms in those days, in fact nobody could afford shoes, we went barefooted. We used to play tag, red rover all over, tackle, but inevitably ended up very dirty as the playground was all sand. Sport was in the form of football in winter, swimming in the summer at Newcastle Baths. We weren't allowed to talk in the classroom, it was very strict. Our desks were double with chairs built into it. Some of the boys carved their names into the desks. Mr. Walsham's worst memories were breaking his wrist at football and getting into fights. If you were small, big boys could pick on you. The boys used to do woodwork over at Cooks Hill school for half a day, the girls had their own sewing room where they held their sewing classes at Newcastle East School.

Interviewed by Sheree Morrison
Jim Henderson

NEWCASTLE SCHOOL

Leah Fernance

Me, a convict kid writing on slate and getting wacked with a cane, no way. I would hate to be wacked with a cane just for not writing neat. Well let's get on with the story. Once I was a convict kid and I went to an old school called Newcastle School. So, I rode with my mum in a cart with only a little pony in front. So then we got to the school, I kissed my mum goodbye and she rode off. When we went inside we had a scripture teacher for two hours. It was quite boring, but was fun, when we did the work. It was a lady, she looked very mean but she is only mean sometimes. Then we had our normal teacher. I got a smack with the cane for no reason. Then we practised the alphabet on slate, we have to use chalk on the slate, not the chalk we have now, different chalk

very dusty chalk. It makes you sneeze and when you do you get in a lot of trouble. You even get in trouble if you cough, but if you are sick you stay at home. We are lucky we don't have the cane any more and we have computers.

NEWCASTLE SCHOOL

Erica Bateman

Hello my name is Erica Bateman. I live in the convict time. I am a convict child. I am seven years old, my mum works in a boarding house as a maid. My dad works cutting cedar and coal mining. He and mum work very hard. I work in Newcastle school. Everyday I get nine whips. There are seventeen children in my school. We have shutters on our school. Our school was made of lime and handmade bricks. Our school was made in 1816. The tiles are handmade too.

This is how we do pounds, shillings and pence
\$ s d.

NEWCASTLE SCHOOL

Rhiannon Beahan

Hello, my name is Rhiannon and I'm a convict child. I live in a house with shutters and two chimneys. My dad makes lime and grandpa cuts wood. My mum is known as the famous sewer. When my dad comes home he's all worn out. My grandma is a maid her dad makes lime and his grandpa goes in the coalmine. It's really, really hot, he only wears shorts. Sometimes my dad gets whipped, so he had to go to Newcastle. My teacher is Henry Wrensford. He's really mean. Today at church I got the cane. This afternoon my dad came home and went on the bed. He died. We burried him at Christ Church. My brother's teacher is Henry Wrensford. There is thirteen people in my class. Grandpa's been whipped twice.

NEWCASTLE SCHOOL

Alexis Presker

There were seventeen children. The school was made out of lime and hand-made brick or wood. The children at the school did reading, writing and arithmetic.

NEWCASTLE SCHOOL

Megan Williamson

One day there was a kid called Megan. Then one day the commandant came up to her and said "you have to clean the deck then you can go to Newcastle school. If you do well at the school then you can be a convict". "Oh No! I do not want to be a convict. What will I be doing" "You are coming with me to be my maid, so you better be very good otherwise you will get hung. You are going to church on Sunday for two hours, then you will come back here. I will tell you what to do". "My father is working in the lime making, my mum is a cook and when I go home I get some tea.

NEWCASTLE SCHOOL

Sarah Wilson

Once upon a time when my friends and I were on our way to school we met some aborigines. They were being chased by some soldiers. We kept on watching them, but when we got to school the teacher had the spanker in his hand. We got four spansks each. All the kids laughed, but then they all got spanked on their hands. It bumped their work so they got another spank each.

NEWCASTLE SCHOOL

Laura Brisbane

There were seventeen children in the school. Their teacher was Henry Wrensford. The children did spelling, arithmetic and reading. The children got the cane for anything they did wrong. They went to school six days a week. They had Saturday off, they went to church on Sunday.

Memories of school years by Mrs. Langebeck & Mrs. Price

We have no bad memories at all of our school years, except for the cane, which was the form of punishment in our days. The cane was used on the boys more than the girls. In those days money wasn't important.

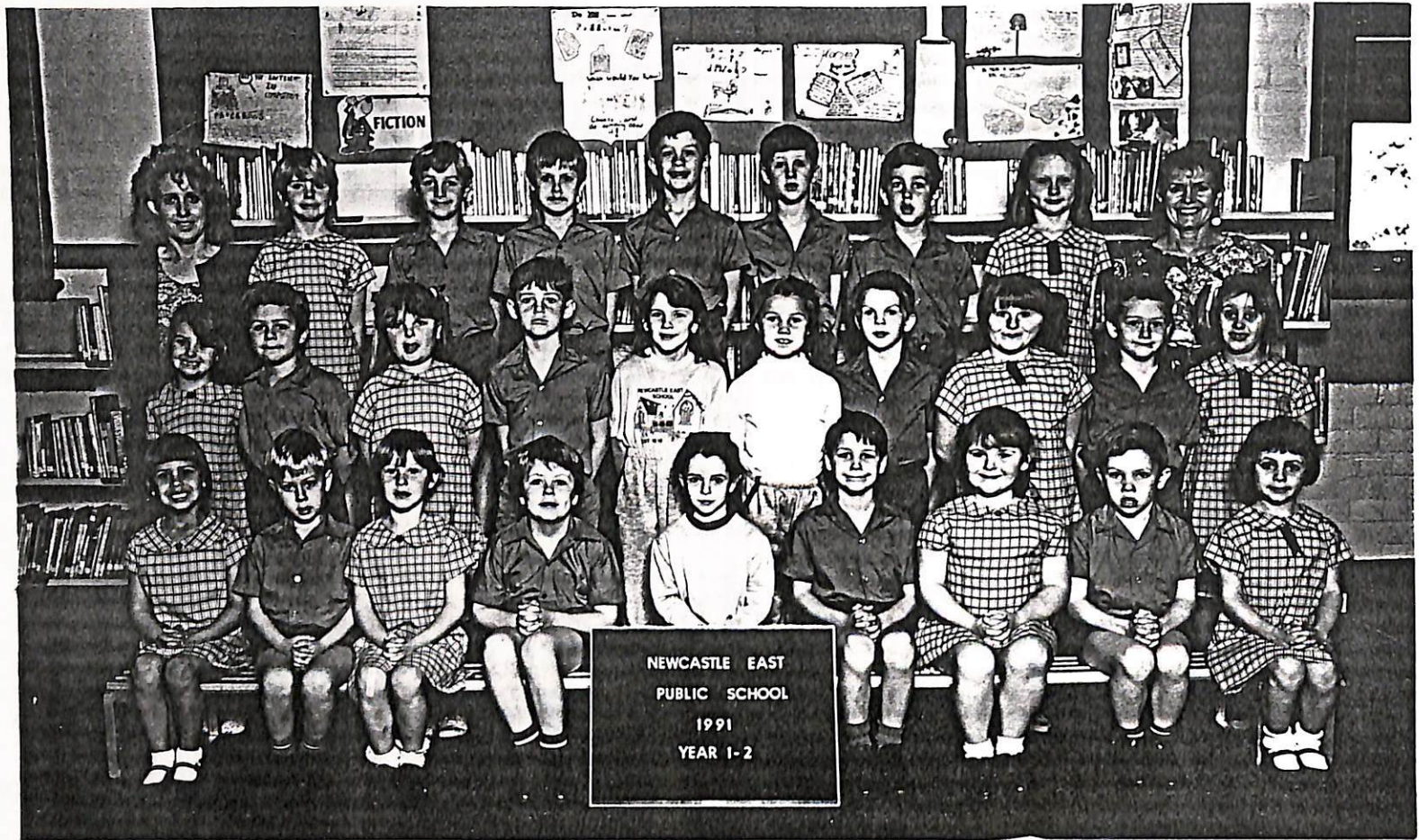
People usually brought lunches to school, but there was always the local shop next door. At lunch time we like to play games such as oranges and lemons with our friends. After school we would go with "the gang" to the courthouse or the Bogie Hole to smoke cane, we really were not very bad children.

The only excursions our school would have was to the Bogie Hole.

There were no school uniforms in our days, and money wasn't important. We never had any textbooks at school. We only celebrated days such as Anzac Day, King's birthday and when the school was finished.

Interviewed by Daniel Bateman

Cecilia Davis



In the Past...

school had some very bad children
who put the girls pony tails in
the inkwell, but there must
have been some good children in
the olden days.

Emma Howden Year 2

Now.

the children have textas instead
of pens with nibs and pupils wear
our school uniform.

Jessie Leigh Year 2

In the Past...

our school was old. If you put
a girl's plait in the inkwell
then you would get the cane.
Our school has moved from one
building to another

Claire Henderson Year 1

Now.

our school is 175 years old but
the children don't have the chairs
stuck to the floor anymore.
We have coloured blocks for a fun
time.

Lauren Phelps Year 2

Melissa Evans Year 2

In the Past...

they would give children a very
hard smack with the cane if they put
a girl's plaits in the inkwell

Dominique Rich Year 1

Now.

our school has got lots of trees
and we have textas to use. Also
the chairs aren't screwed to the
floor.

Joel Dibley Year 2

In the Past...

our school had the chairs and tables screwed to the floor. If I was a very naughty boy I would be caned. It must have hurt. I wonder if the teachers looked nice or nasty?

Andrew Marks Year 1

Now.

our school has got less people in it and it is 175 years old. It is the oldest school in Australia and it has carpet on the floor. I like this school.

Andrew Marks Year 1

In the Past...

our school was new but NOW it is
175 years old. I wish I had been
there in the old days but I like
it NOW.

Emma Burns Year 1

Now.

our school building is very old
but I like this school better than
the olden days.

I like what we do.

Daniel Lambert Year 1

In the Past...

if a boy spilt ash from the
fire he got into trouble.

Nigel Taylor Year 1

Nathan Wilks Year 1

Now.

our school has coloured chairs
which move and our clothes are
bright.

Sophie Webb Year 1

Sophie-Marie Lorenzen Year 2

In the Future...

We hope there are children coming
to our school for another 175 years.

Cindy Milton and
all of 1/2G

In the Future...



1991

Est. 1816



Memories of school years by Barbara Parker-Brown

attended 1946 - 1953

Barbara Parker-Brown remembers a war cry of Newcastle East which was written in her autograph book by Marie McNamara in 1953 - "East, East, East we are, we are Newcastle East", the school motto was "keep climbing". The school colours of maroon and gold were made up in 1953. The only excursion that Barbara remembers was one to Gosford with the Vigero team, they also had a Christmas picnic once. There were no text books in the early days, except a reader that they had in 2nd class. Barbara remembers celebrating Wattle Day, Red Cross Day, Health March and of course Break-Up Day. The children used to kiss and run around buildings where they weren't allowed. The girls used to skip to teasing rhymes, and play cricket on the road on the way home from school.

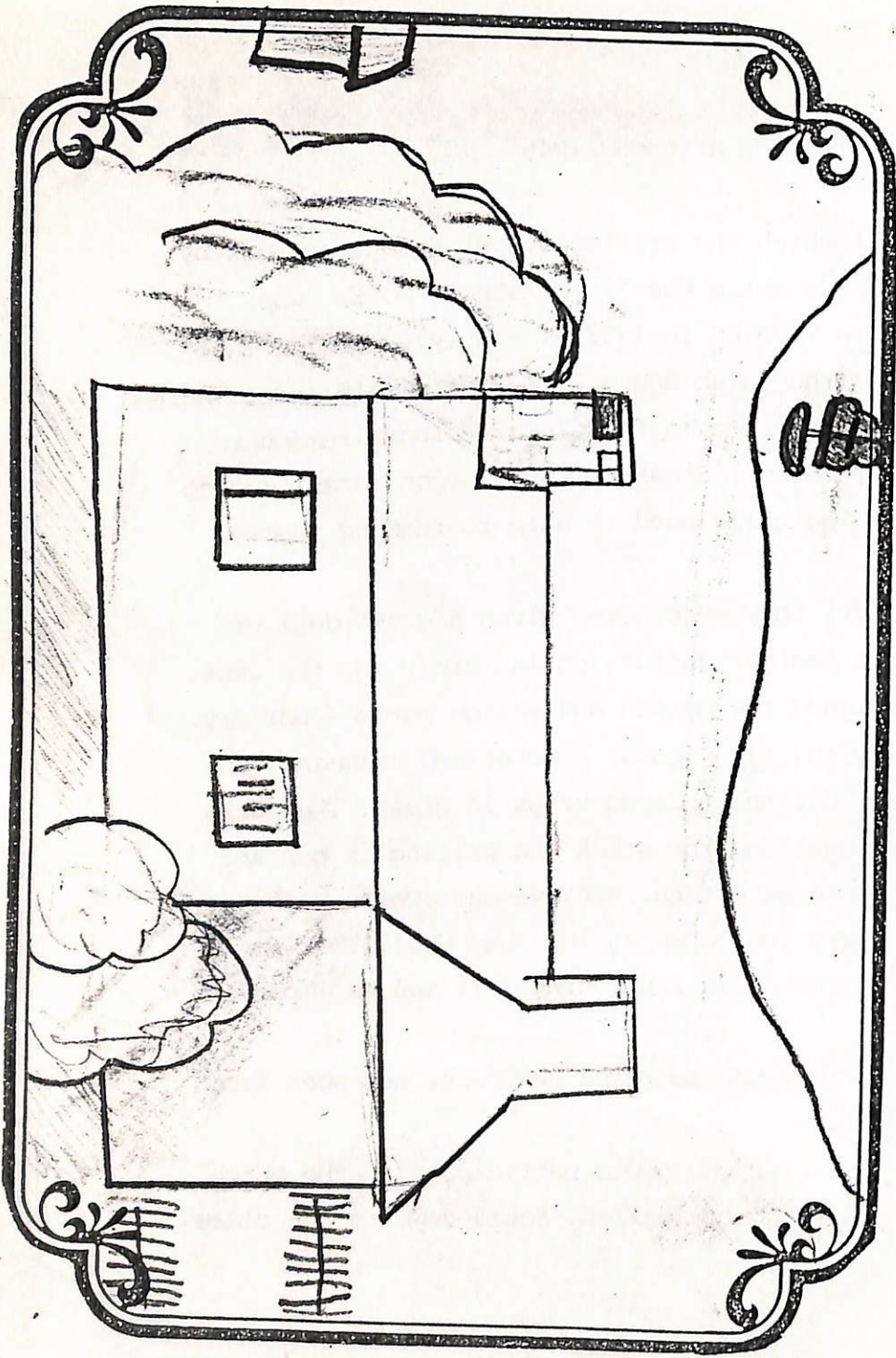
Lessons consisted mostly of geography, history, sewing, but, they were never given a great deal of homework. Punishment took the form of being smacked with a feather duster, girls rarely got the cane. There was no official school uniform, year 6 students designed the maroon and yellow motto - war cry. Lunch time games were skipping, donkey, ball games, hopscotch, fly vigero, cricket and swimming. In those days students were not allowed to talk during class, but they played ships in class. The desks they used were double desks. Barbara's worst memories were getting the stick and writing in pen and ink. Students sometimes smoked, just about everyone had at least a turn. Achievement awards were very similar to the ones used today. The school had a frolic every year down at the Town Hall. This was a family affair as well as a social gathering, all students dressed in fancy dress. It was an important event that everyone looked forward to.

Red Cross activities were strongly promoted after the war. They use to raise one penny per week from people selling cards, girls used to march in red cross veil.

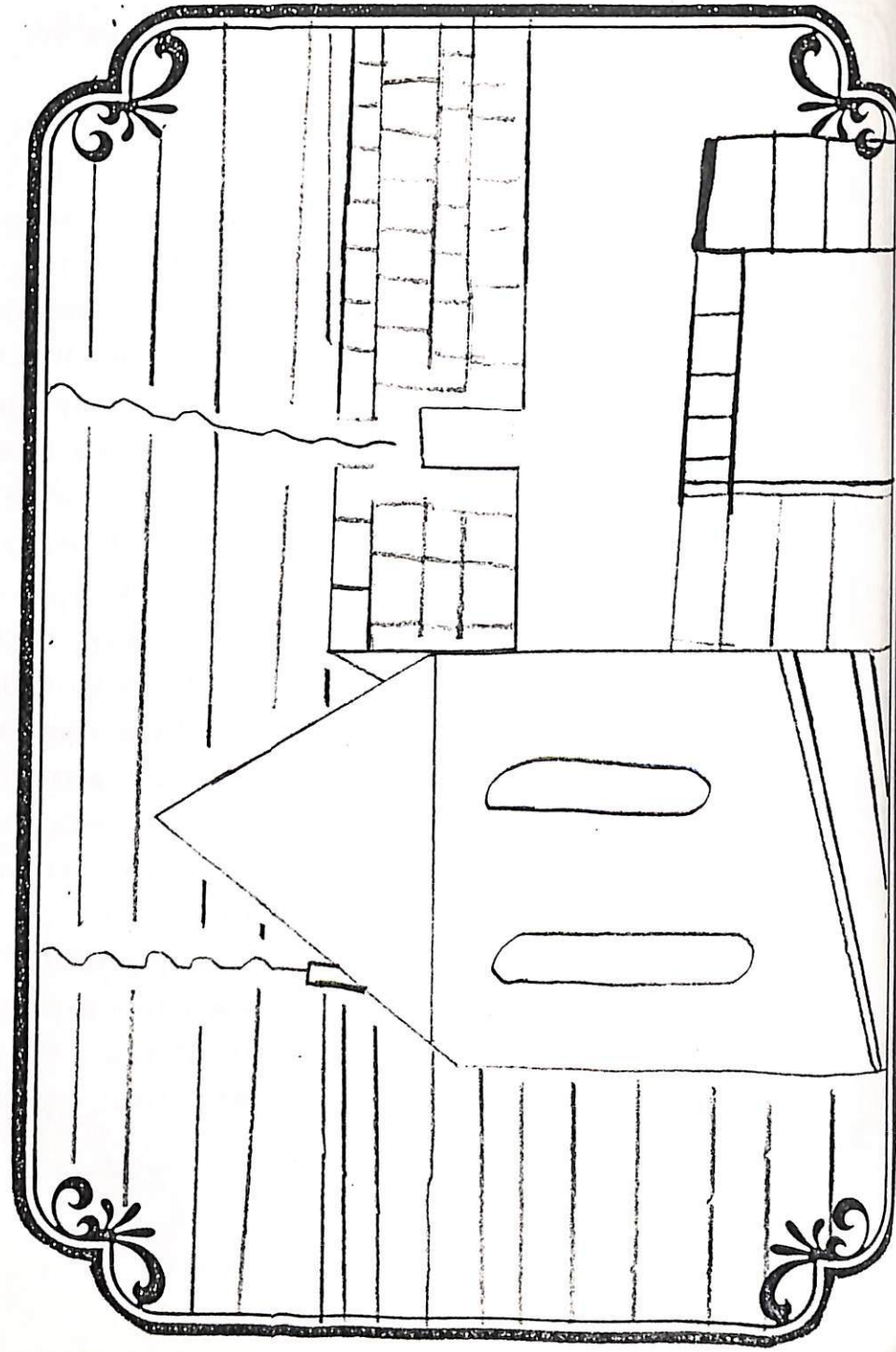
Empire Day (Commonwealth) we all had a half day off so that everyone could participate in the march. Christmas party was a big event, every child got a boot and a bag of lollies. Santa came to the classroom.

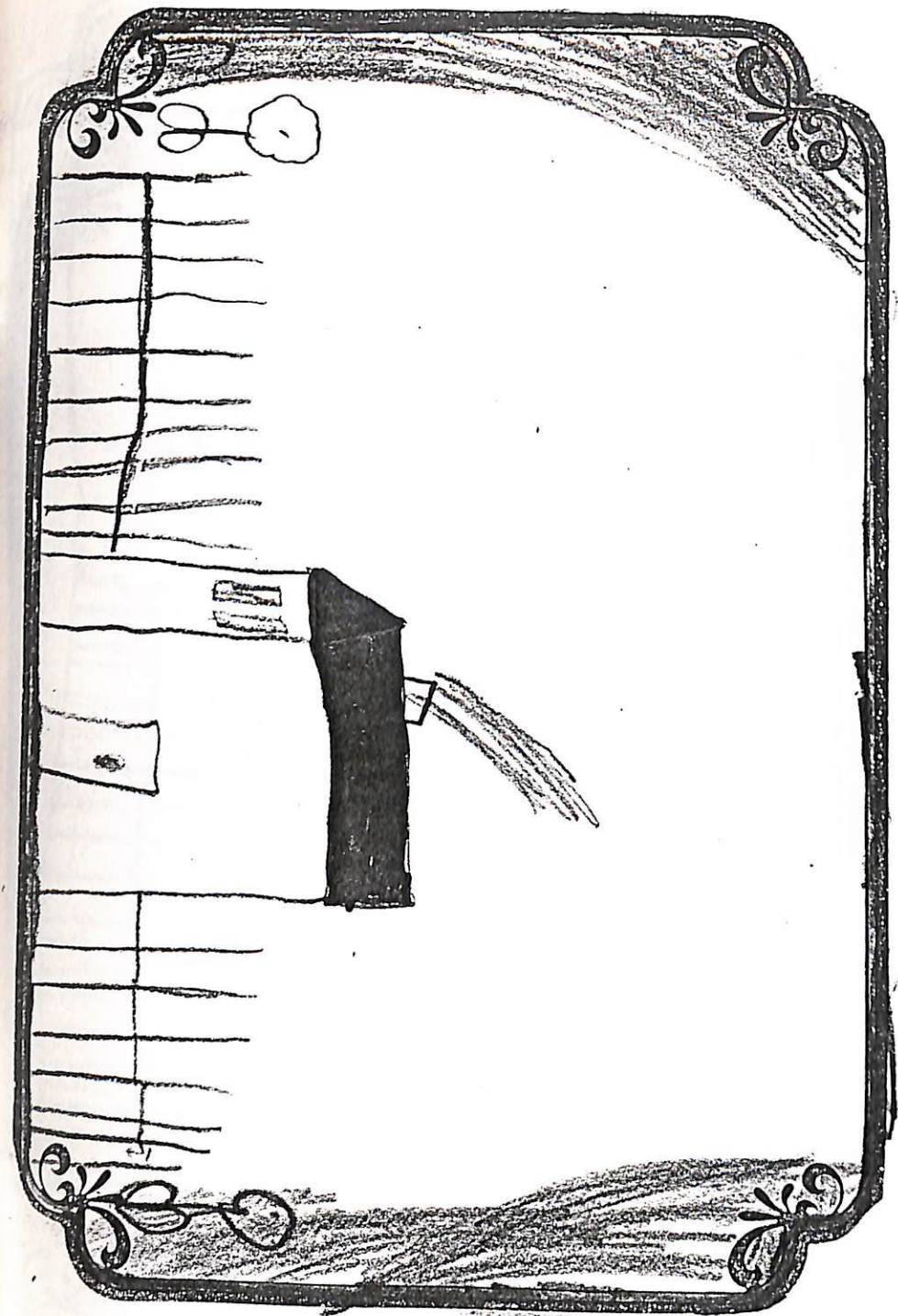
Interviewed by Tamara Midwinter, Sheree Morrison

Supervised by Mrs. A. Bowen



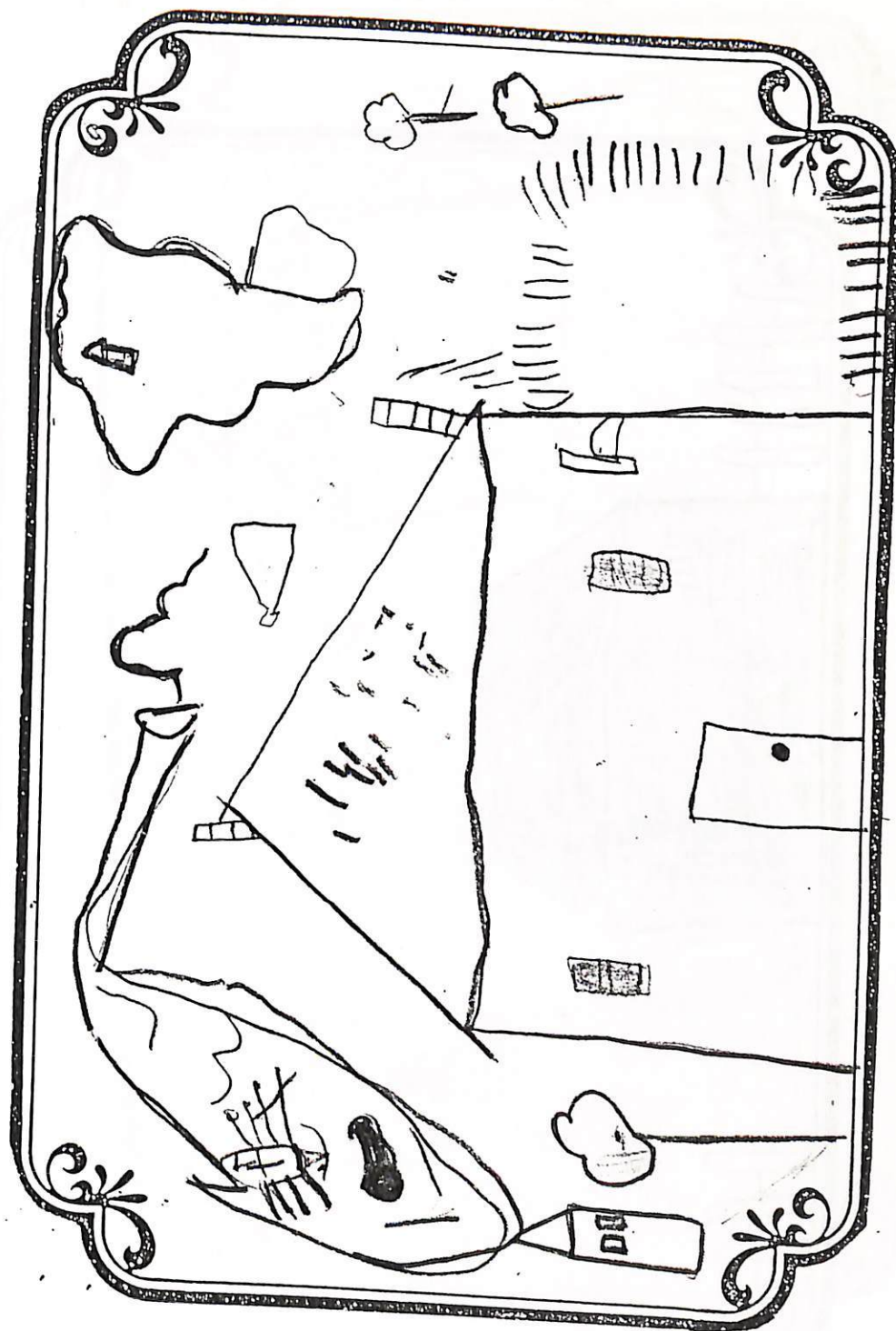
69. IN THE PAST... Joshua Leto Yr.2 Ben Cox Yr.2





IN THE PAST...

Sarah Musgrave Yr. 1

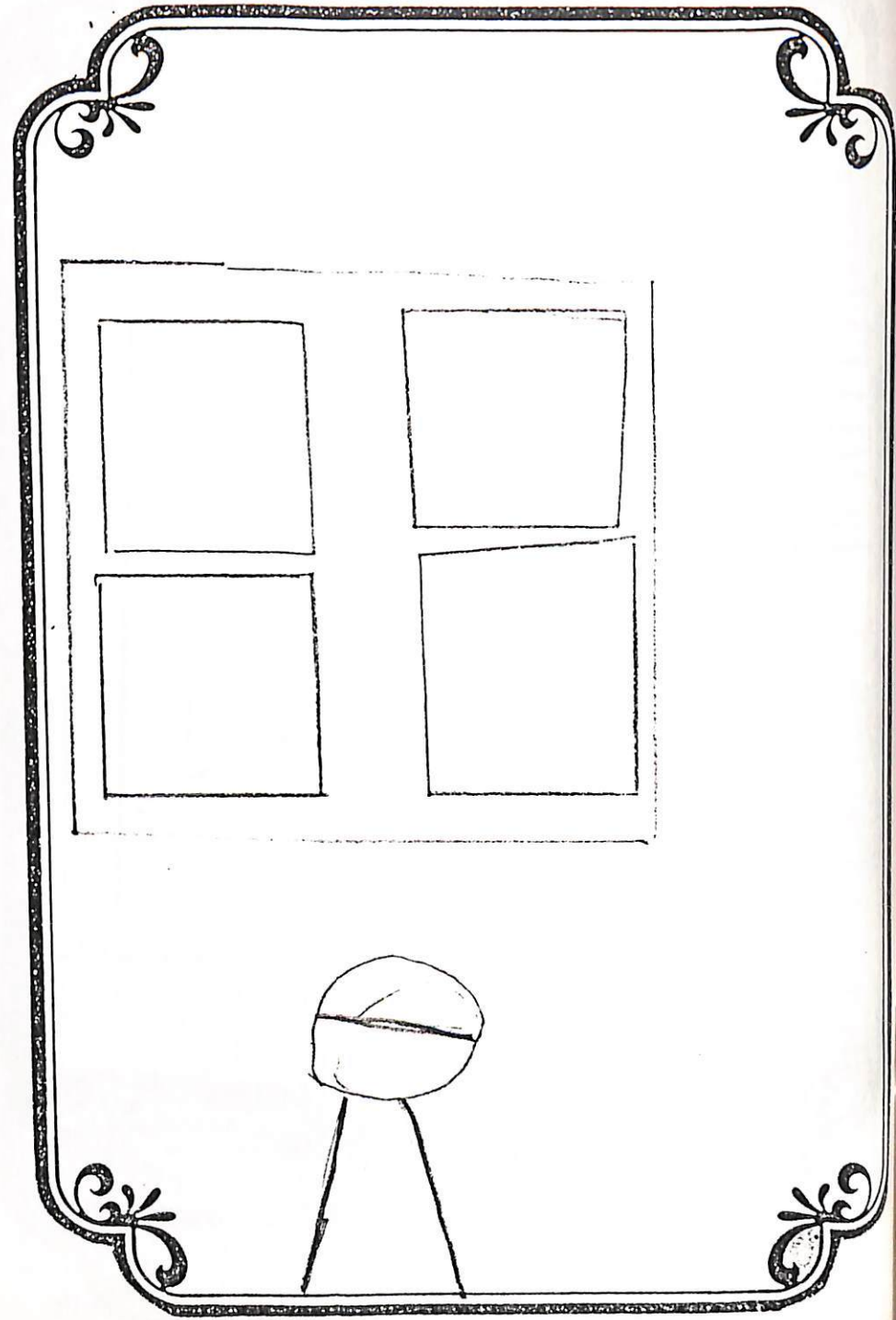


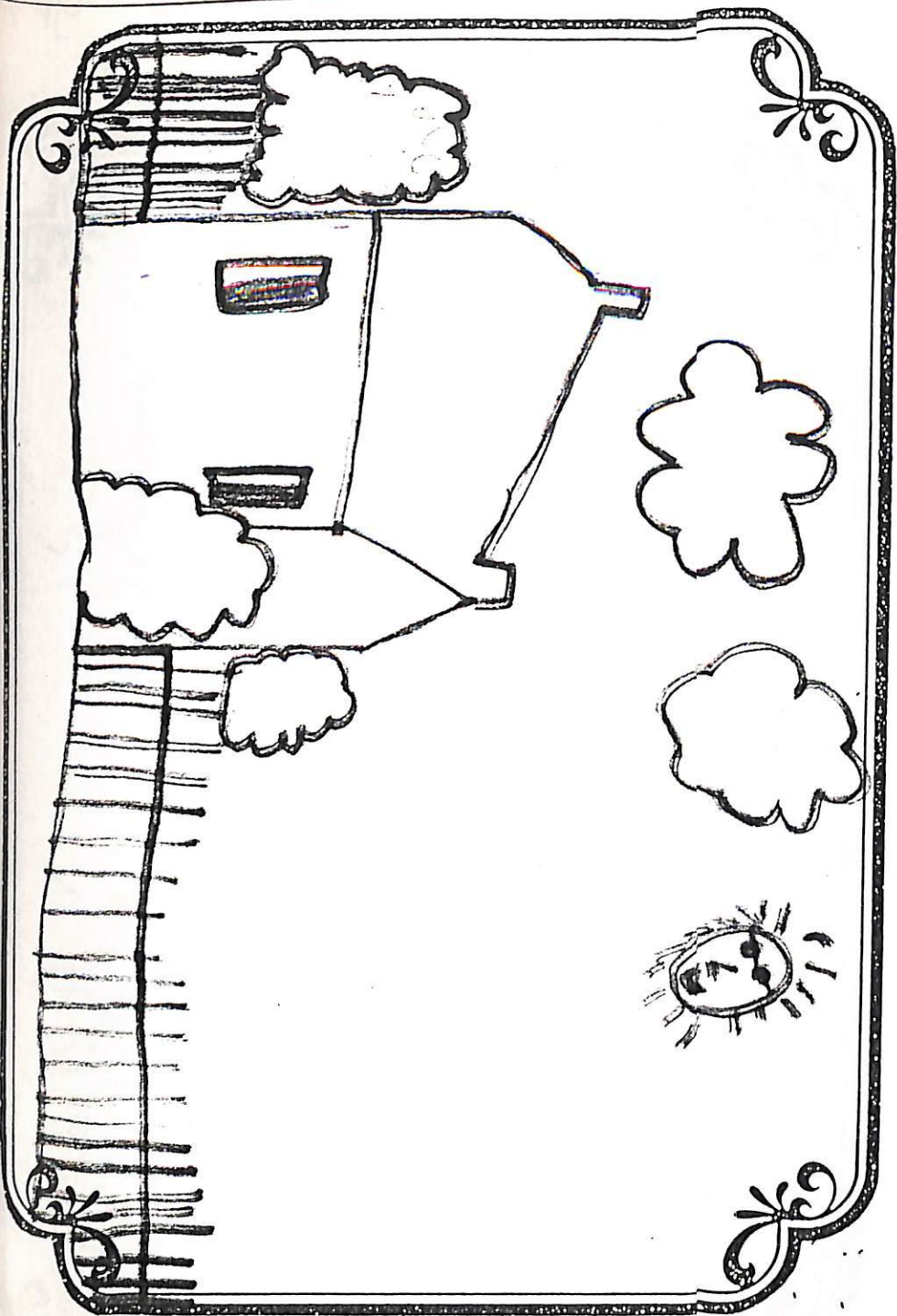
Now... Luke Pugh Yr. 2 70.

IN THE PAST... Aileen Tyler -- Yr. 1



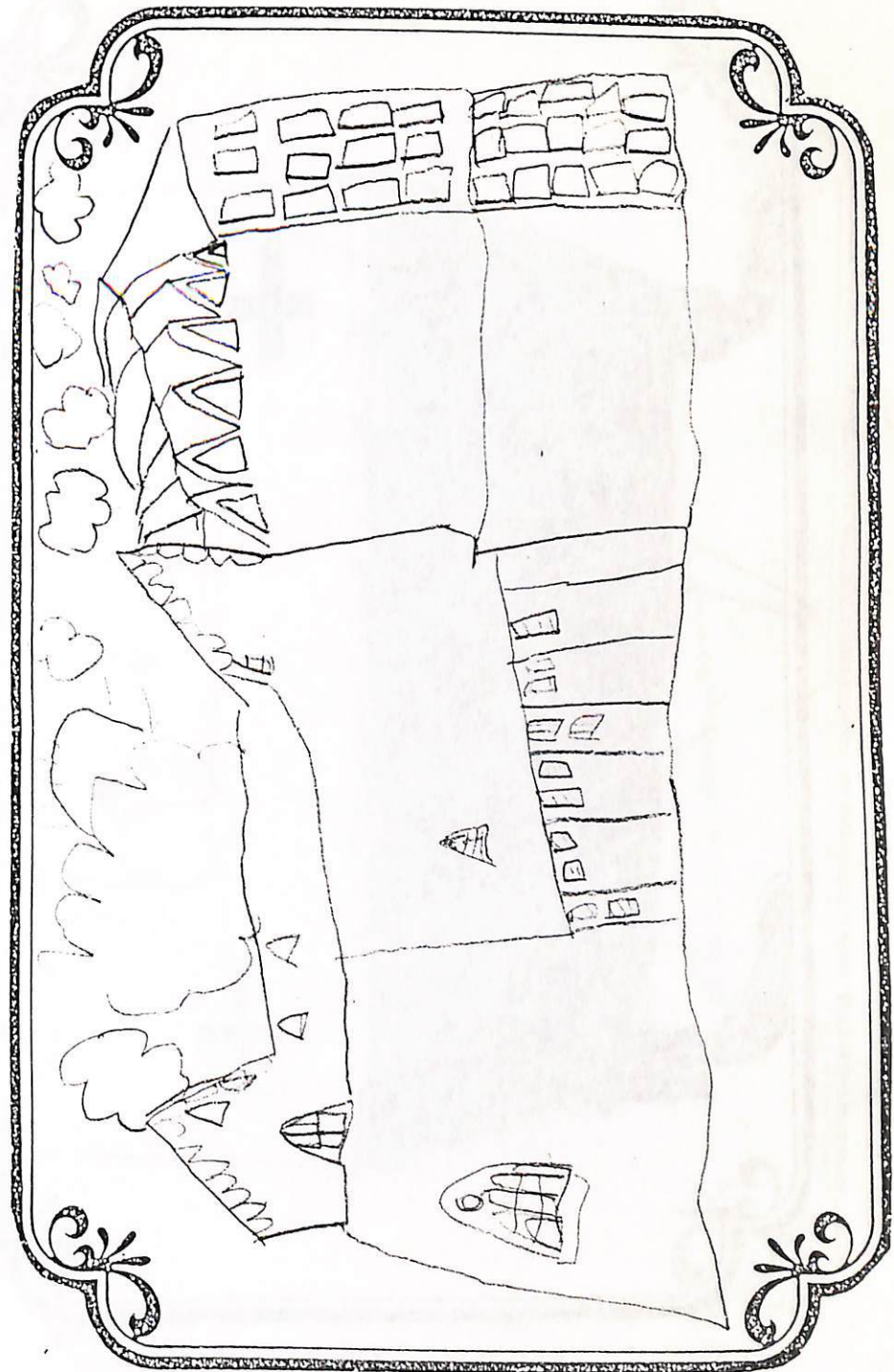
Now... Ben Cox Yr. 2



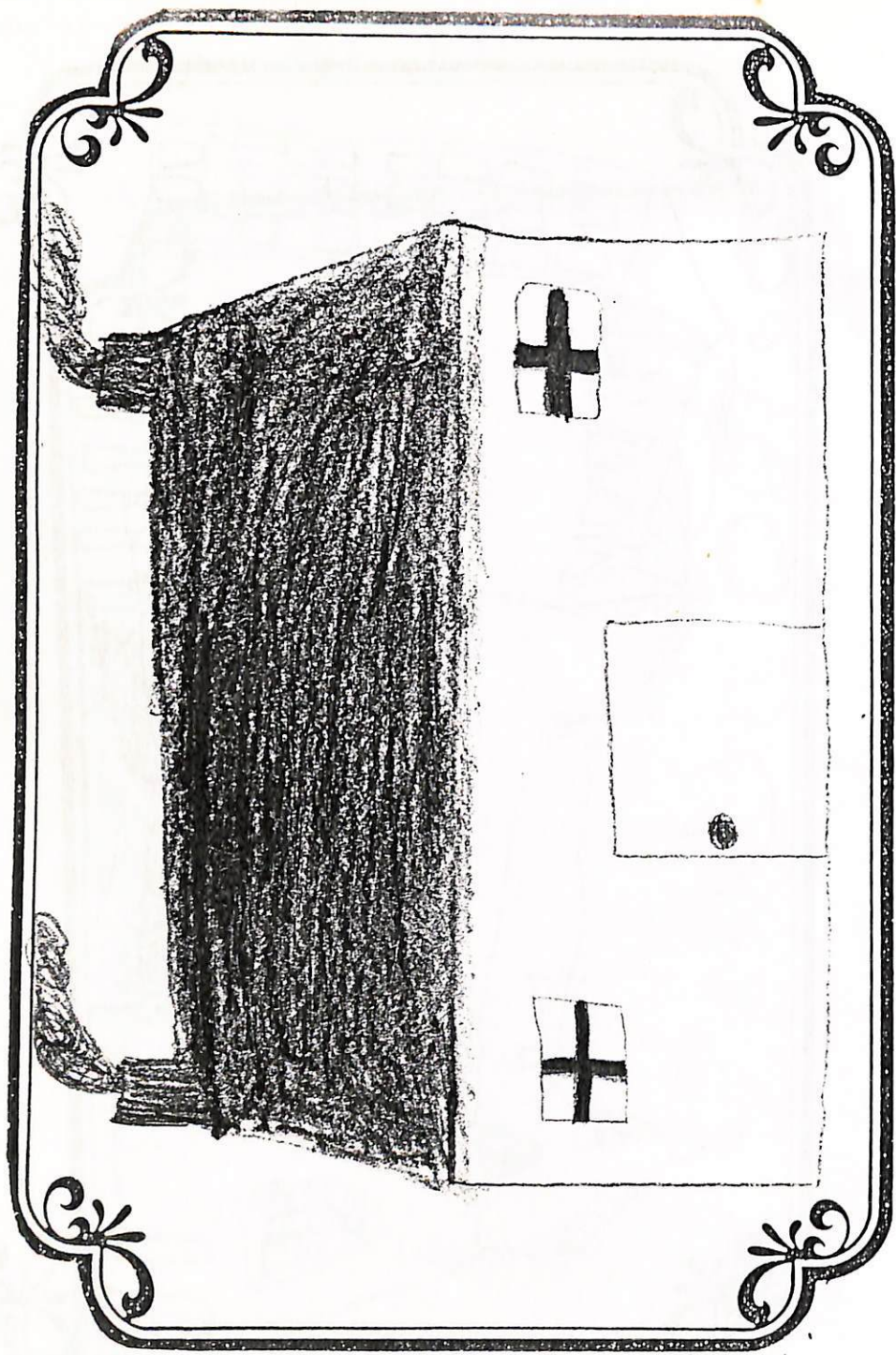


IN THE PAST...

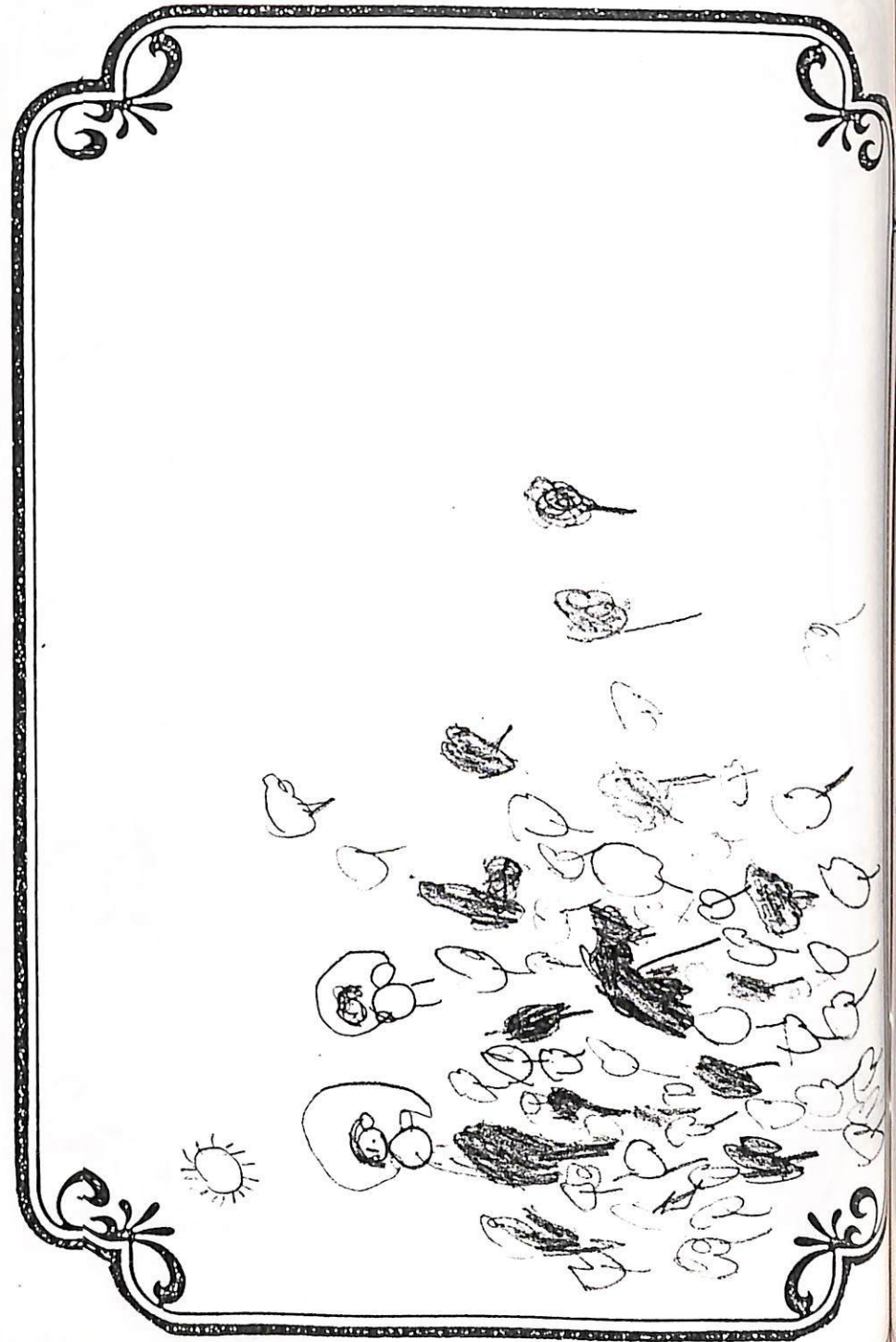
Luke Adams Yr. 1

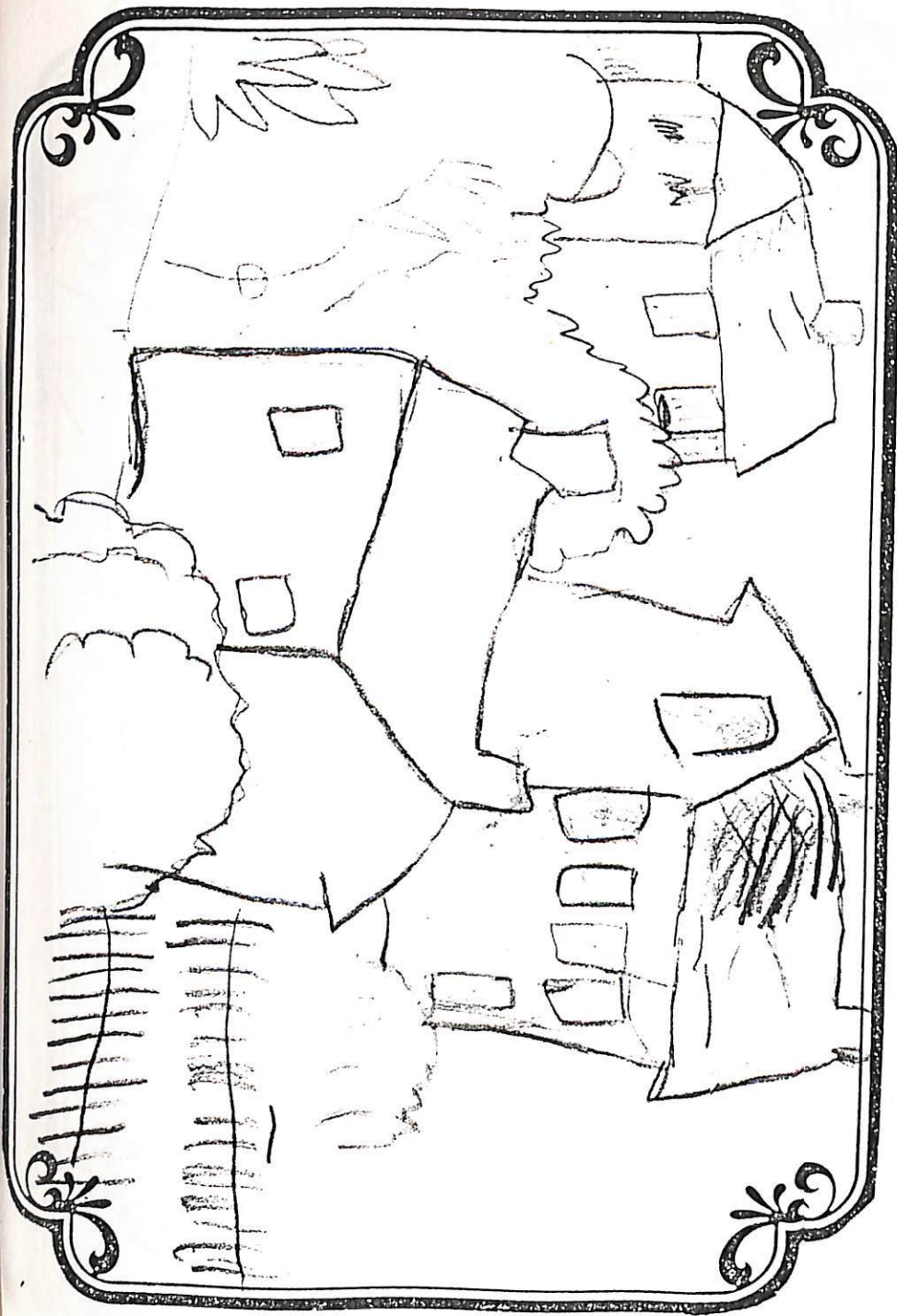


Now... Matthew Cambouris Yr. 1

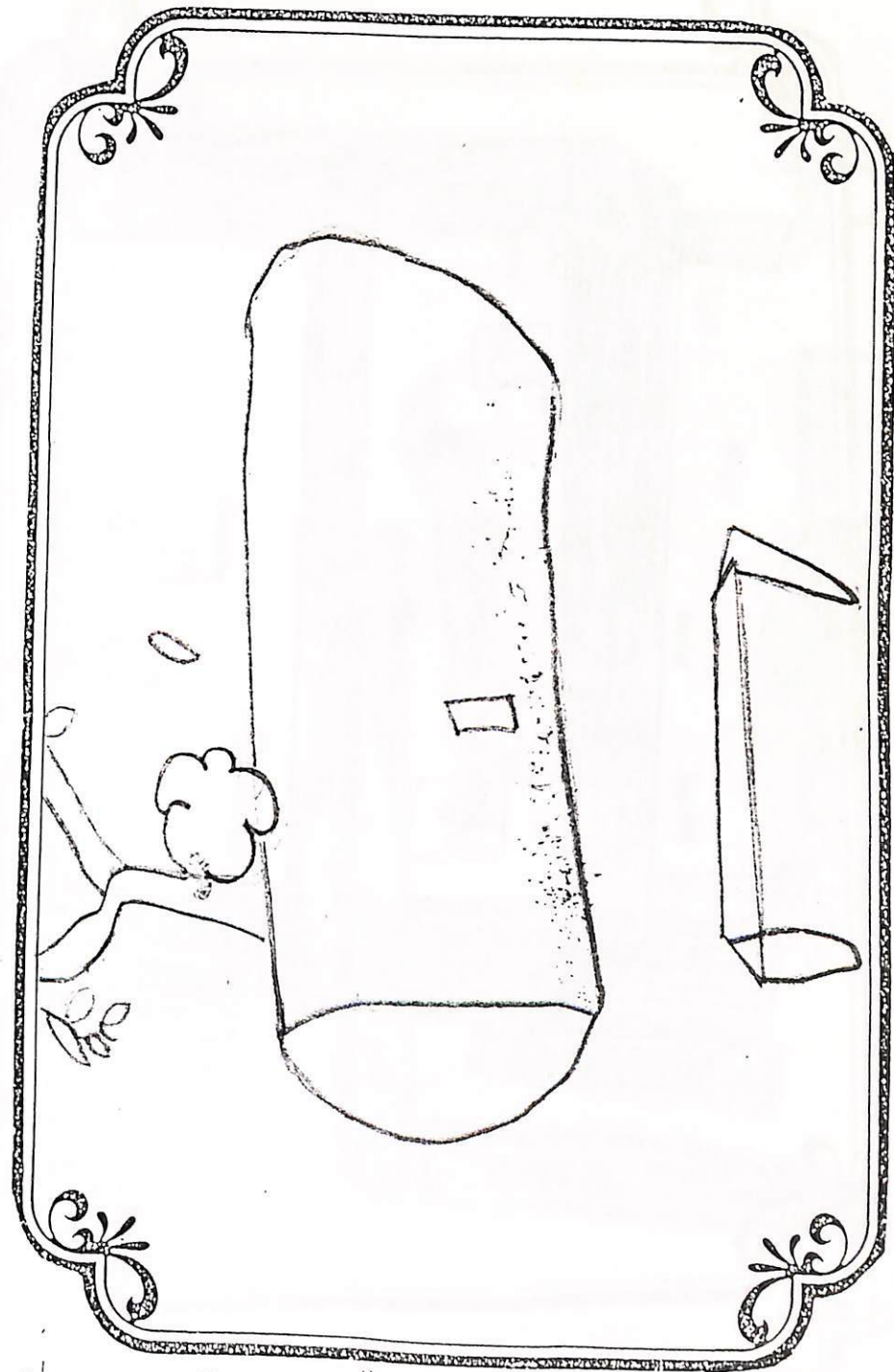


In the past... Sophie Webb Yr. 1



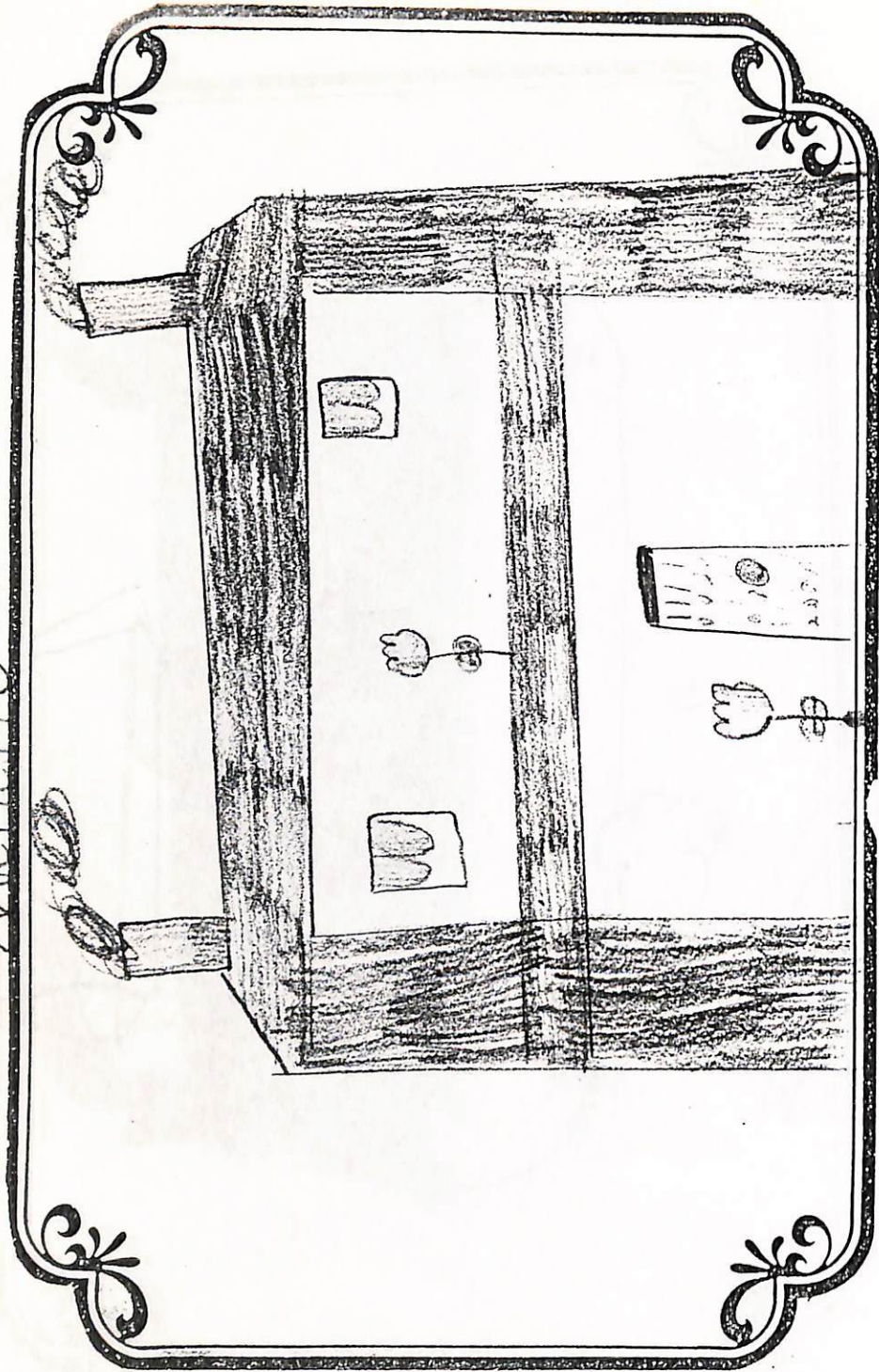


IN THE PAST ... Andrew Bowen Yr. 1

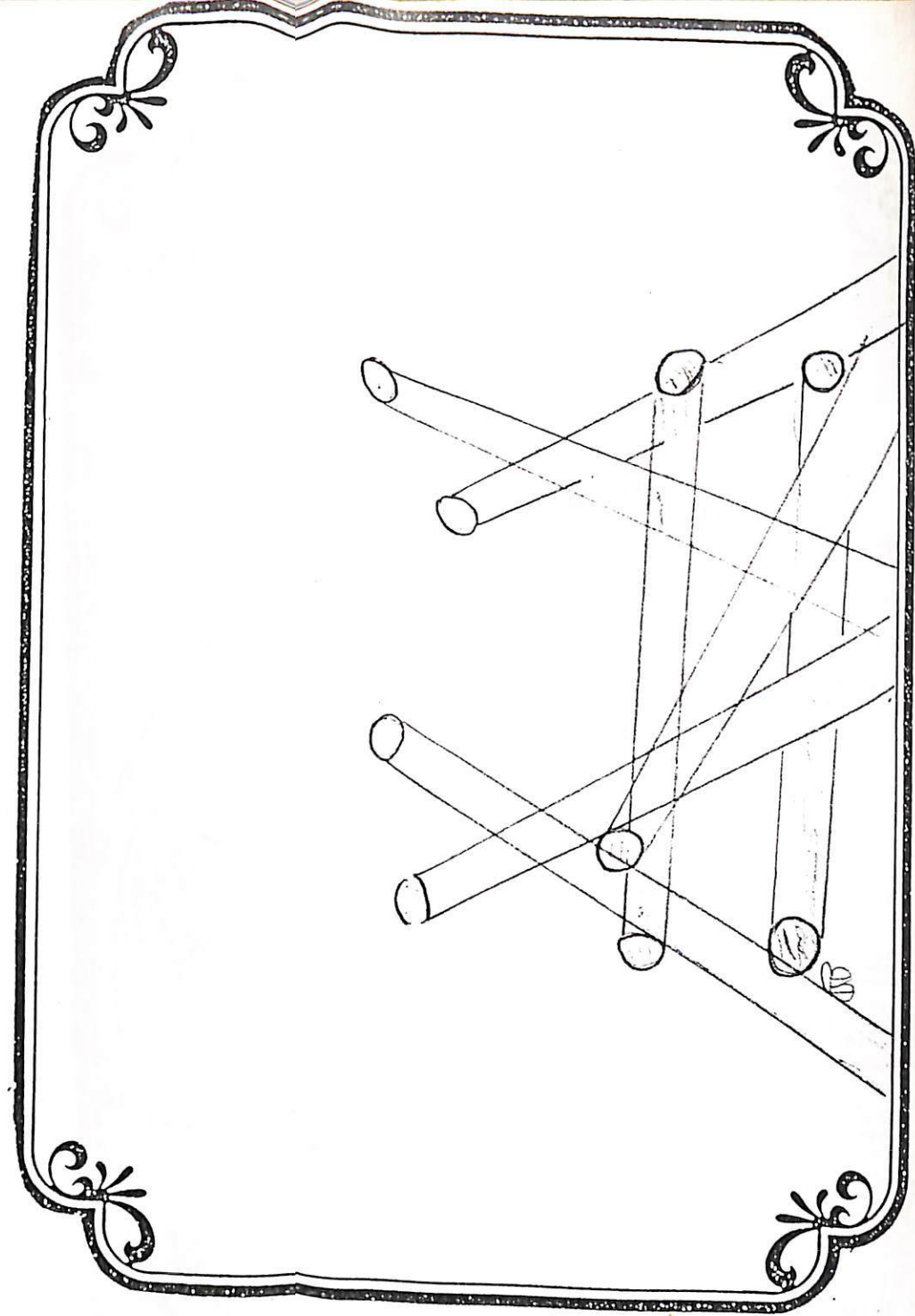


Now... Troy Lillford Yr. 2

Michelle

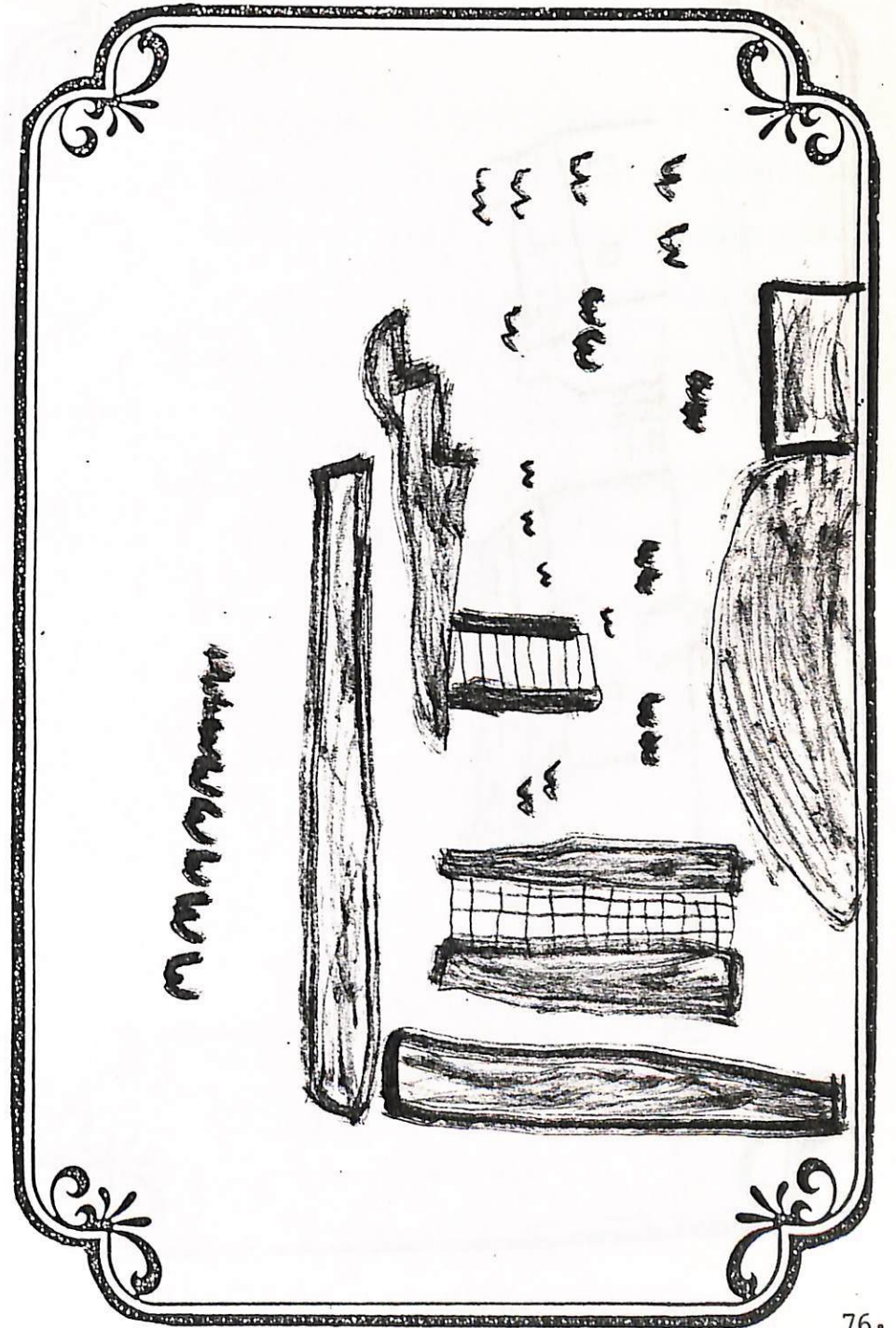
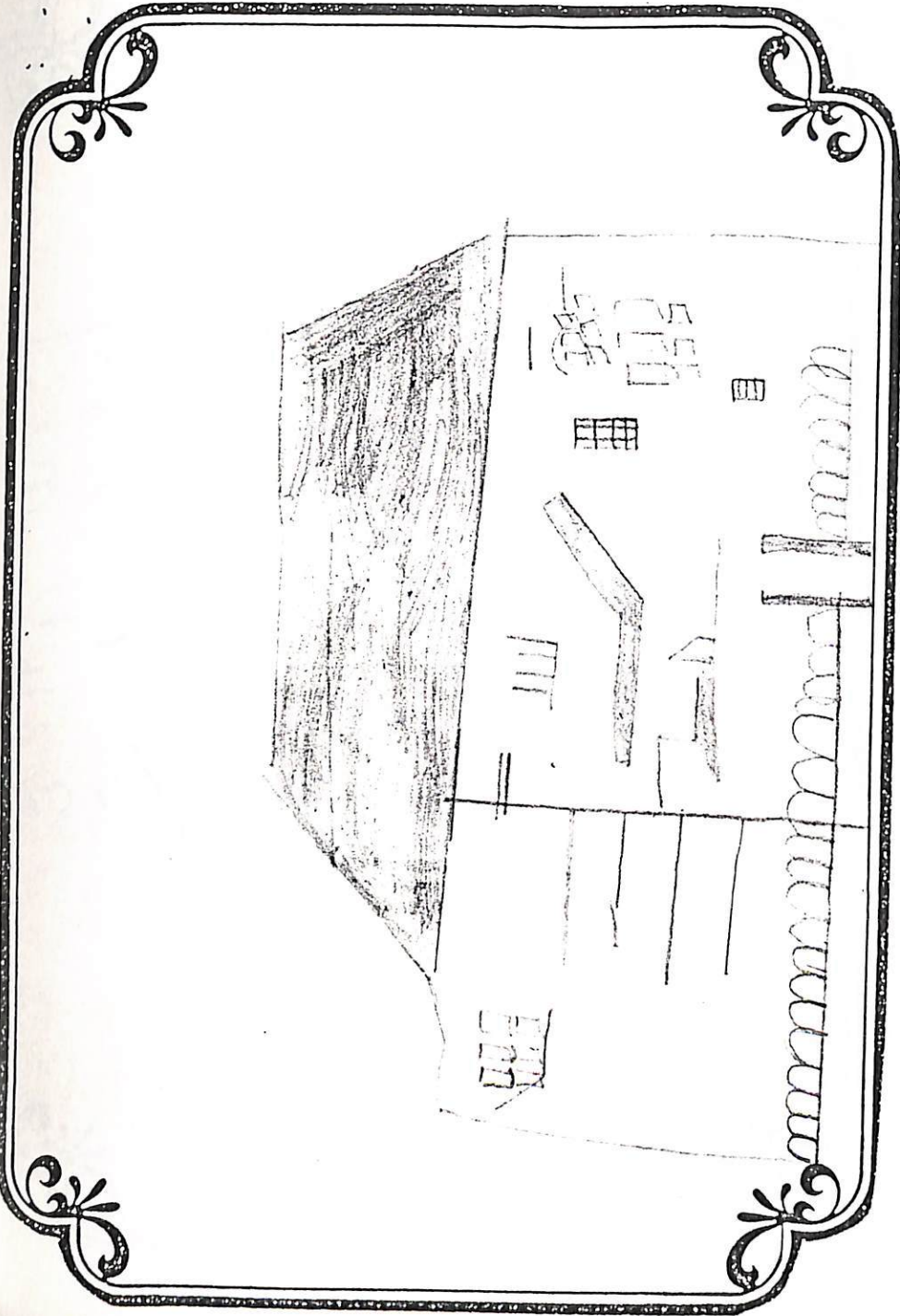


75. IN THE PAST . . . Michelle Waters yr. 1

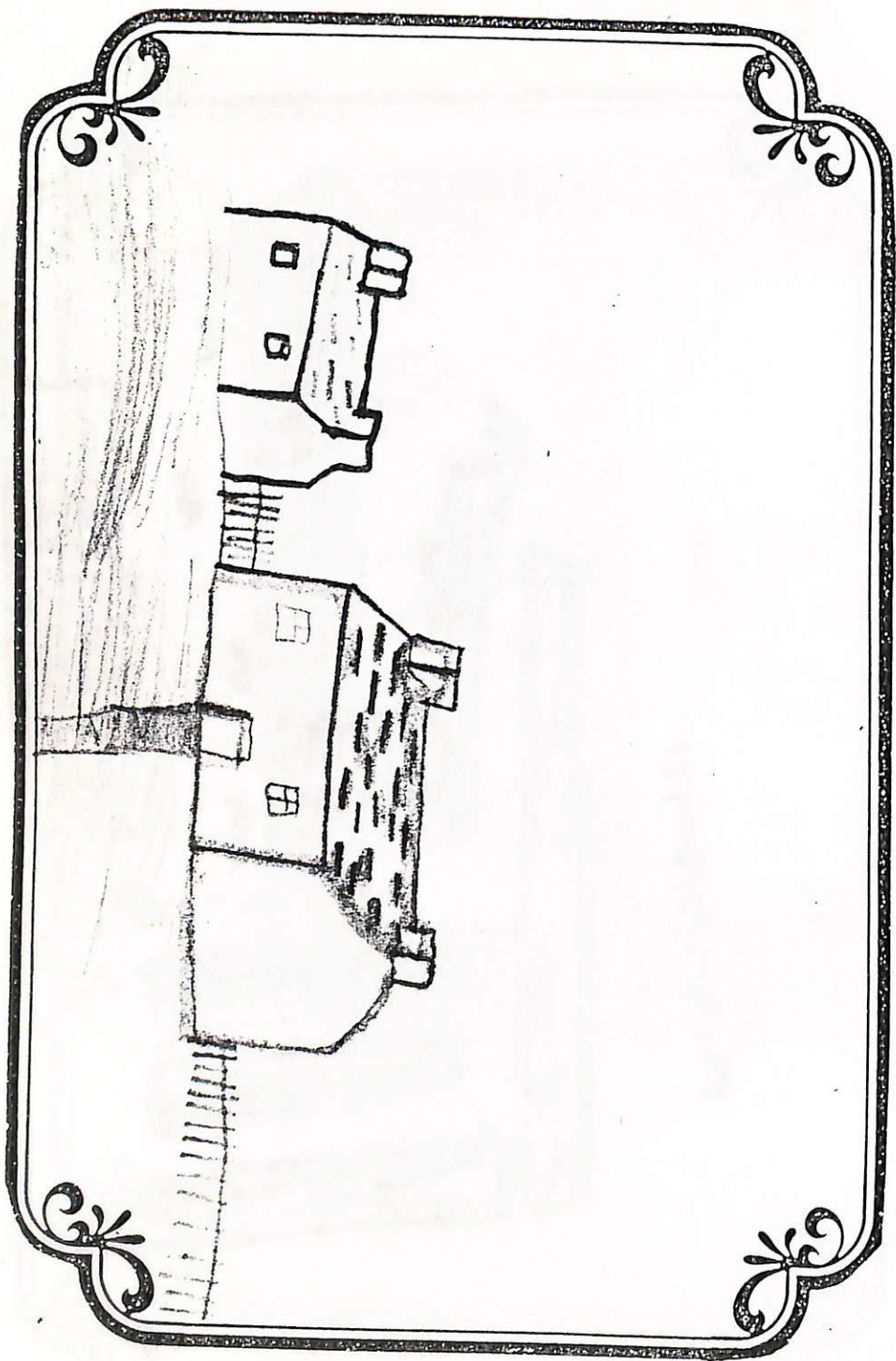


Now . . . Chris Enno yr. 1

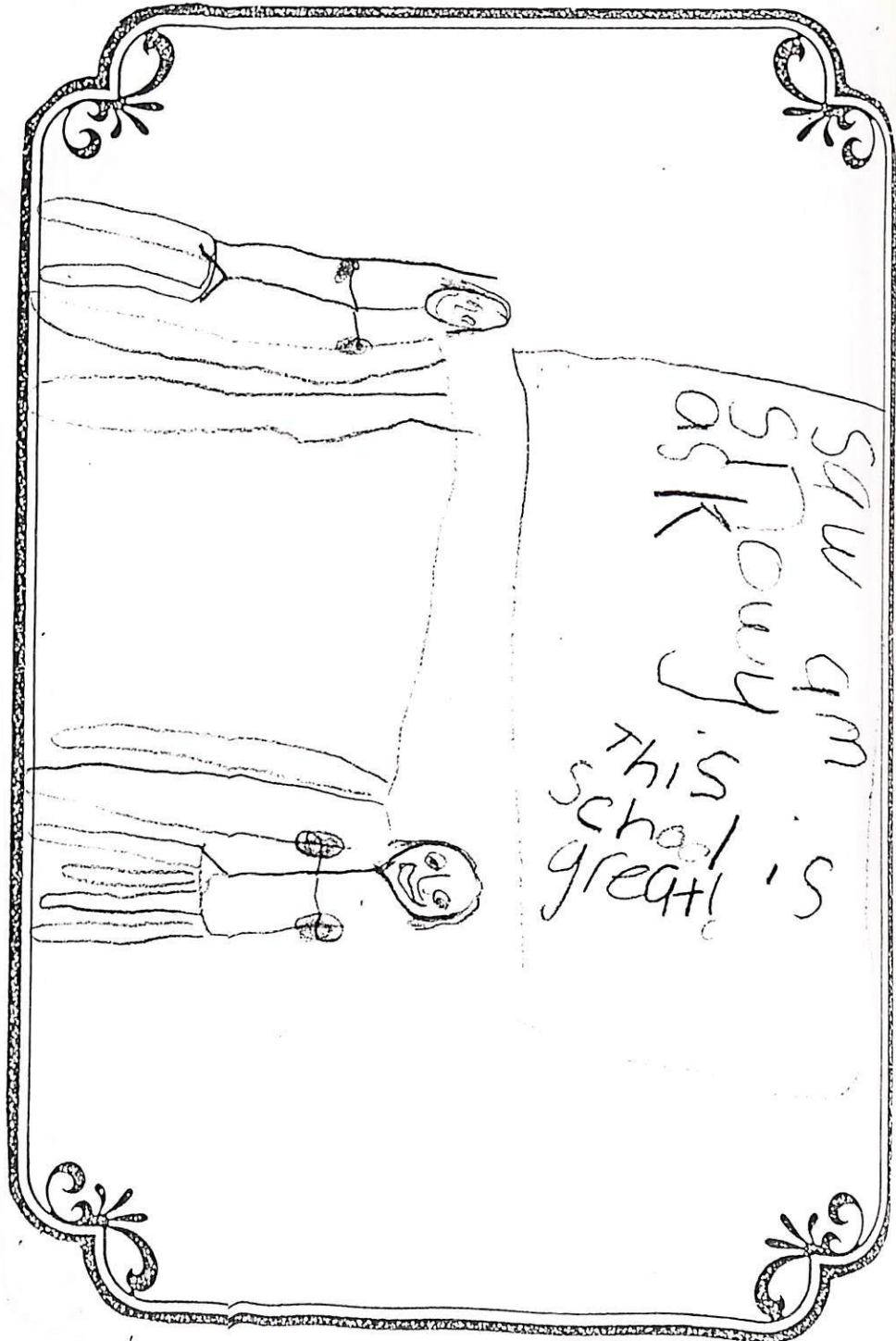
In the past ... Joshua Davis Yr 2



Now ... Joshua Davis Yr. 2



77. In the past... Robert Marshall Yr2



Now Melissa Jeffrey Yr2

Saw gm
ask now
This school is
great!

Mr. McKenzie organised many excursions. One in particular that he remembered as being exciting was to Blackbutt where each student was allotted a small parcel of land. It was very interesting, the things each one found. They turned over rocks and leaves to see what fascinating creatures were hiding. Money was sufficient to raise five children and enough just to live on. Text books were free. The Parents & Citizens Association were very good, very supportive and raised a lot of money, providing great teaching aids. There was a school canteen, which was very good. They had a policy of health and nutrition. The types of food were very good. No junk food. The canteen was in the school grounds. Some of Mr. McKenzie's best memories were good pupils, excellent staff and a GREAT Parent & Citizen Association. Calendar dates that were celebrated were Show Day, Easter, Anzac Day and a day in October which Mr. McKenzie thinks was something like Empire Day. Mr. McKenzie left most punishment up to his Deputy who was Mr. J. Smith. He says there was the cane, but not very often, parental interview was preferred, but there was always lunchtime detention. School uniform was available and it was worn regularly.

For sport they went swimming at Newcastle baths, cricket, netball, rugby, soccer and at one stage they used a local gymnasium. The school had a small playground in Bolton Street and there was lot of building noise in the area at the time, namely Court House, parking station. Some days work was just handed out to the students and talk was difficult due to the noise of constructional alterations to the nearby buildings.

Interview by Daniel Bateman

Supervised by Mrs. H. Bateman



KINDERGARTEN CLASS - 1991

Back Row: Edward Chantal Ben
 Lebel Sault Wilson

Middle Row: Conan Chad Corey Amy Katarina Ryan Brett Jordan
 Langham Price Husak Hobbs Simundic Lindley Jordan Adams

Front Row: Peta Daniel Heidi Sarah Jodie Joshua Beth
 Brisbane Brown Marshall Johnstone Mittendorf Paoletti O'Loughlin

Teacher: Ms. Christyne Hughes

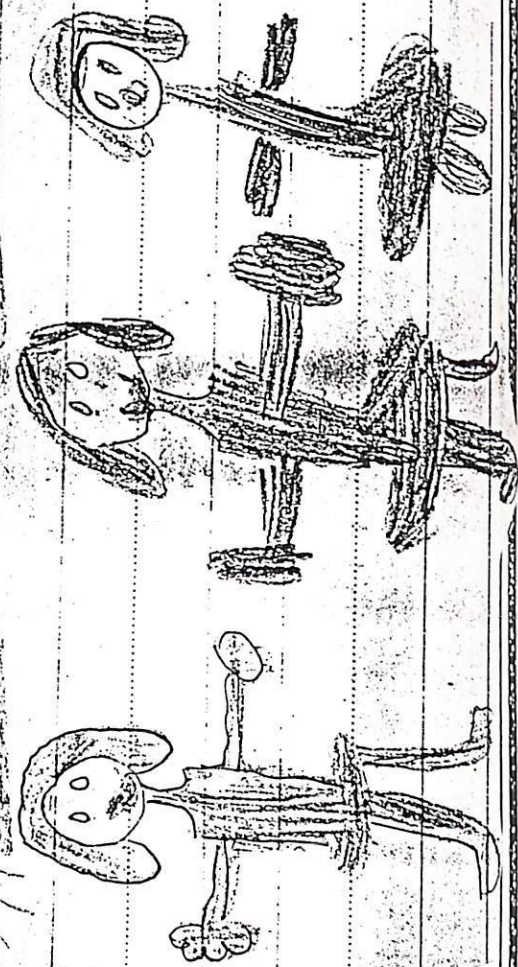
school



This is the front of my school. I like my school.

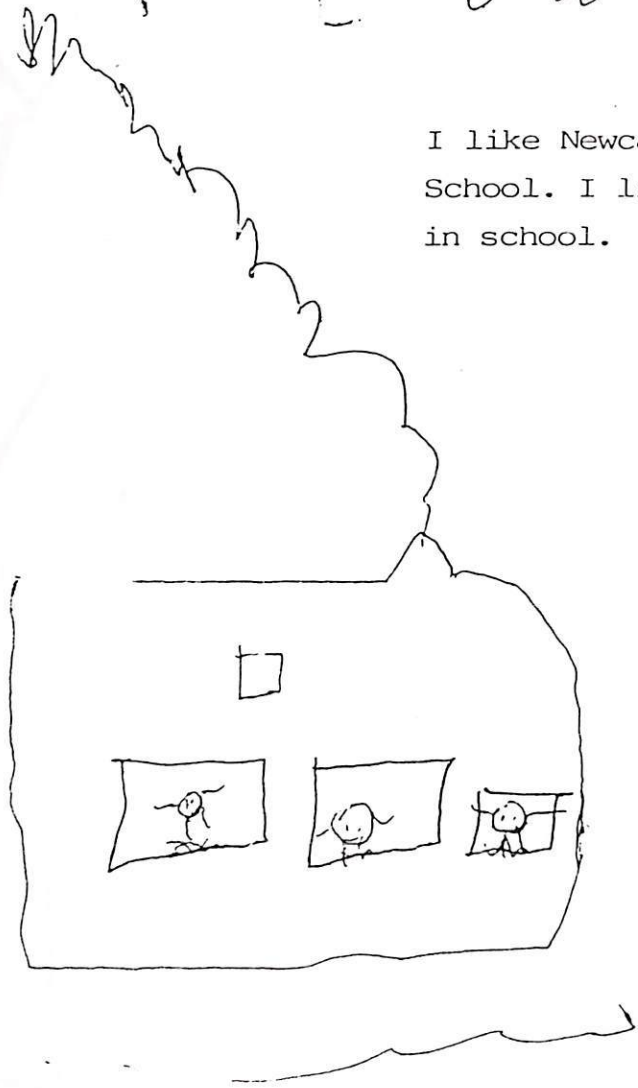
we can run and

jump at school



Y E d w o r d

I like Newcastle East
School. I like to draw
in school.



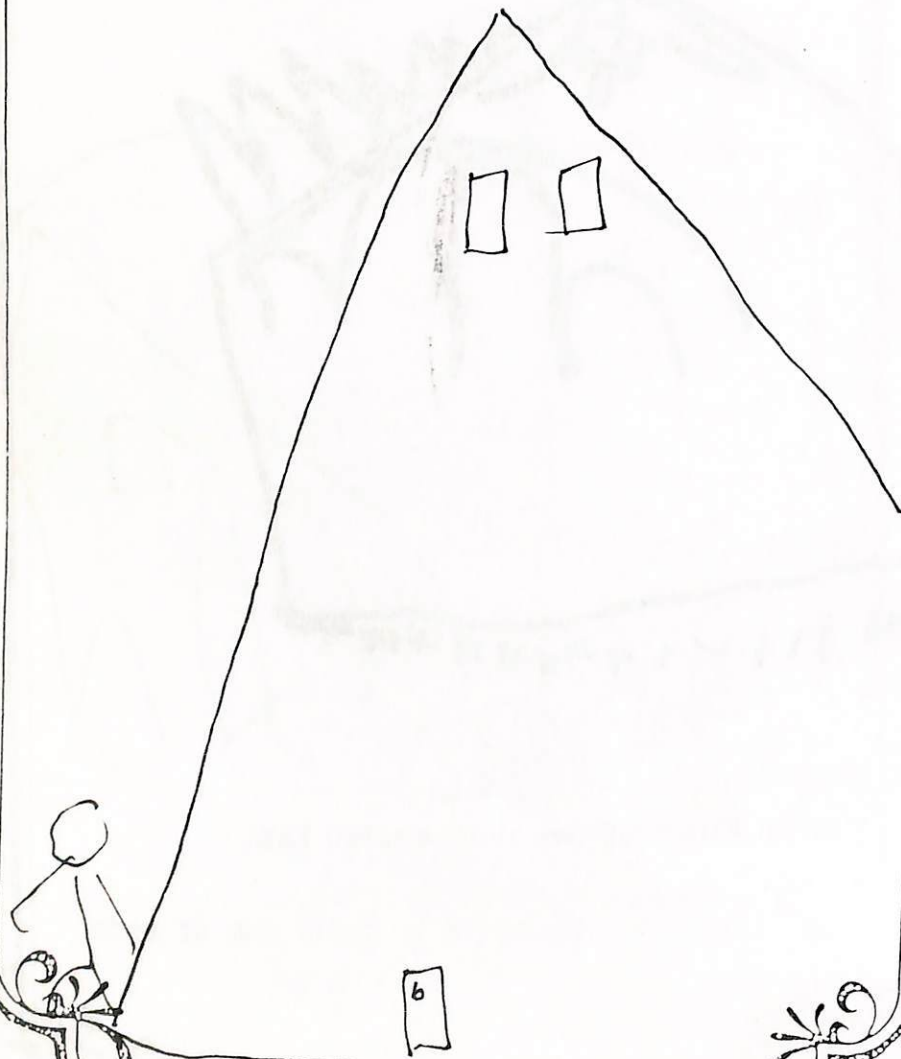
Ryan



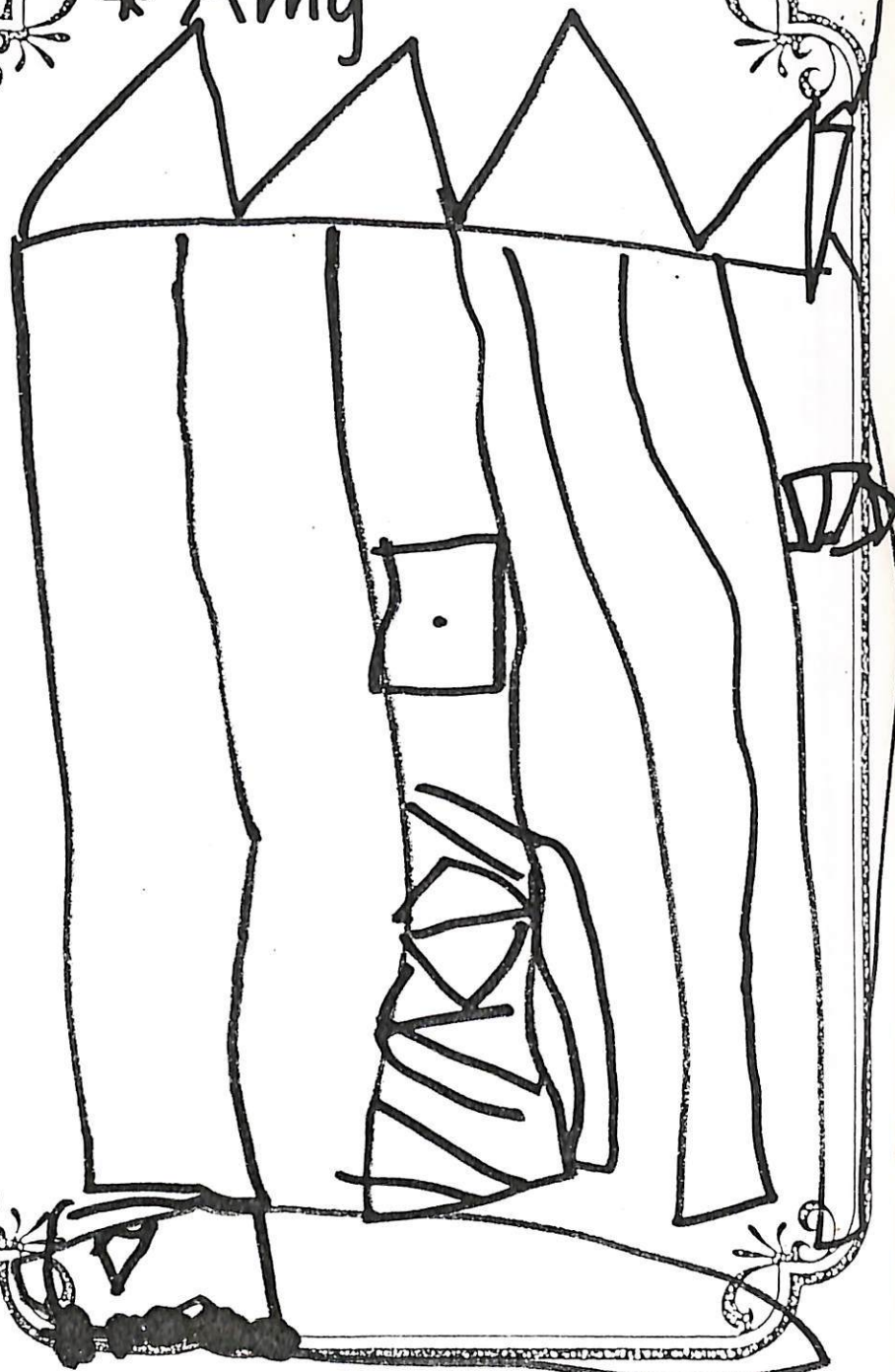
I am in Kindergarten at Newcastle East
School.

Mark

I like the school. I play in the sandpit and make sandcastles.



* Amy



It is fun at school. I play horses with Katarina.

Beth



I like Newcastle East School.

Danie LB



I love Newcastle East School.

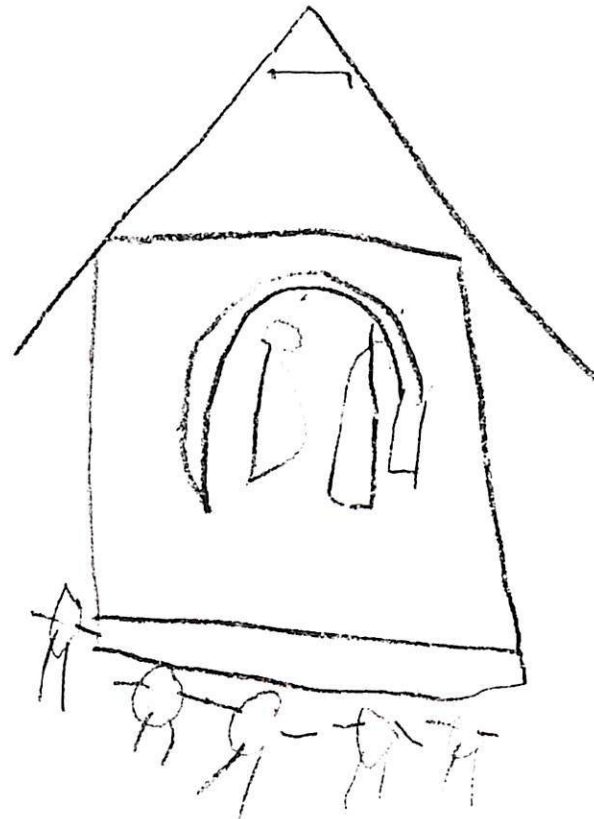
Heidi

I like Newcastle East Public School,
and I like Peta.



Joshua

I like Kindergarten.

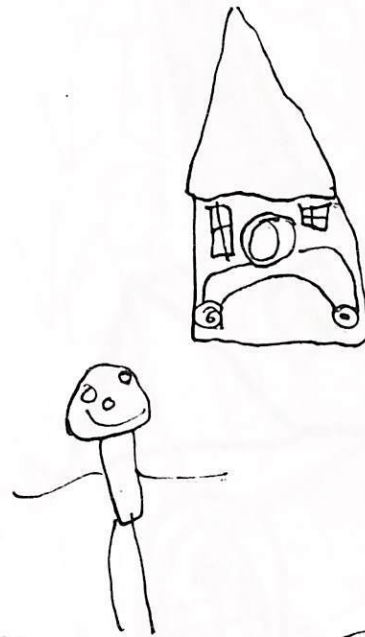


Beth



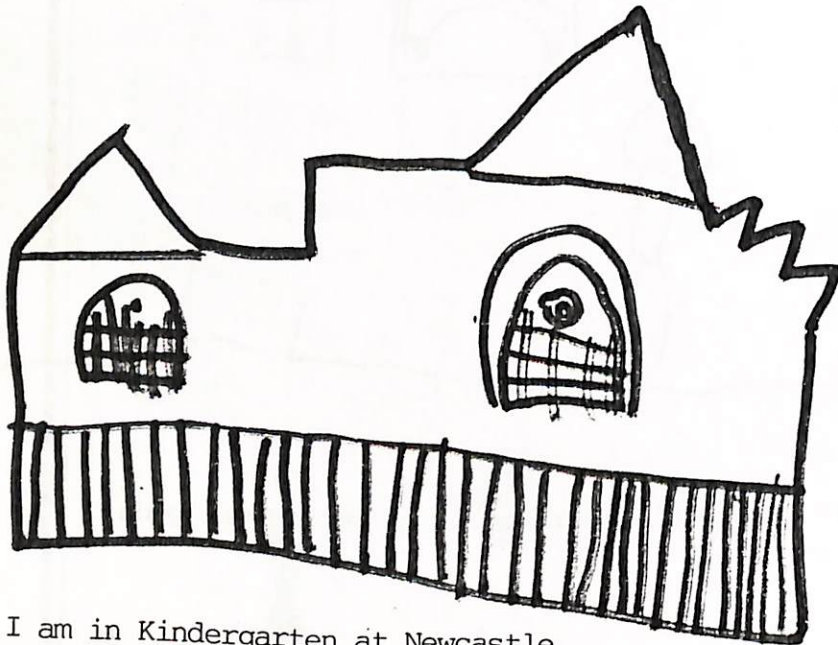
I go to Newcastle East School and sit with
Beth.

John



Newcastle East School is very, very good.

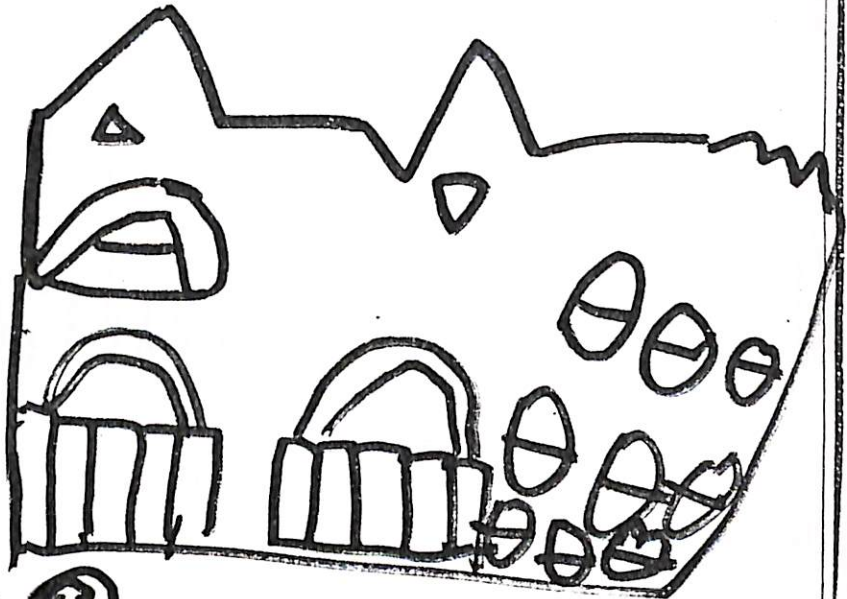
* Katarina.



I am in Kindergarten at Newcastle
East Public School.

* Chantal.

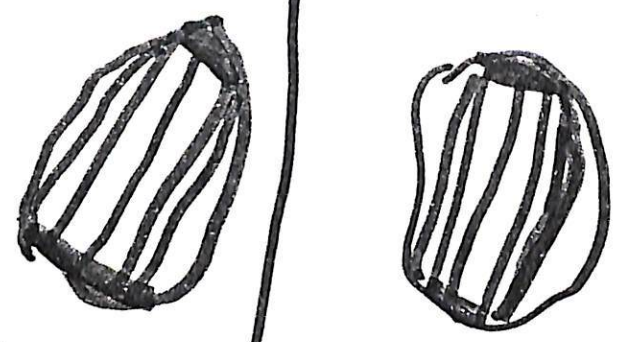
I like Beth. I go to Newcastle East
Public School.



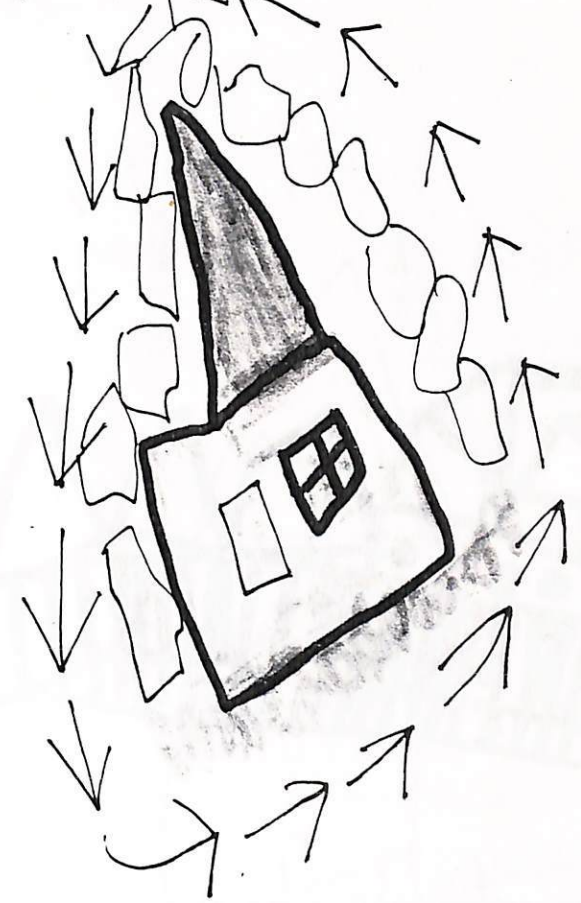
10 405



I like my school, and I like it when we play outside.

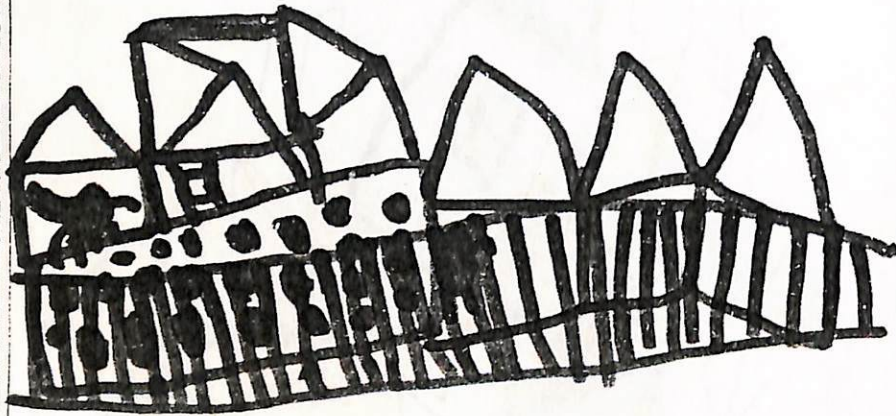


Corey



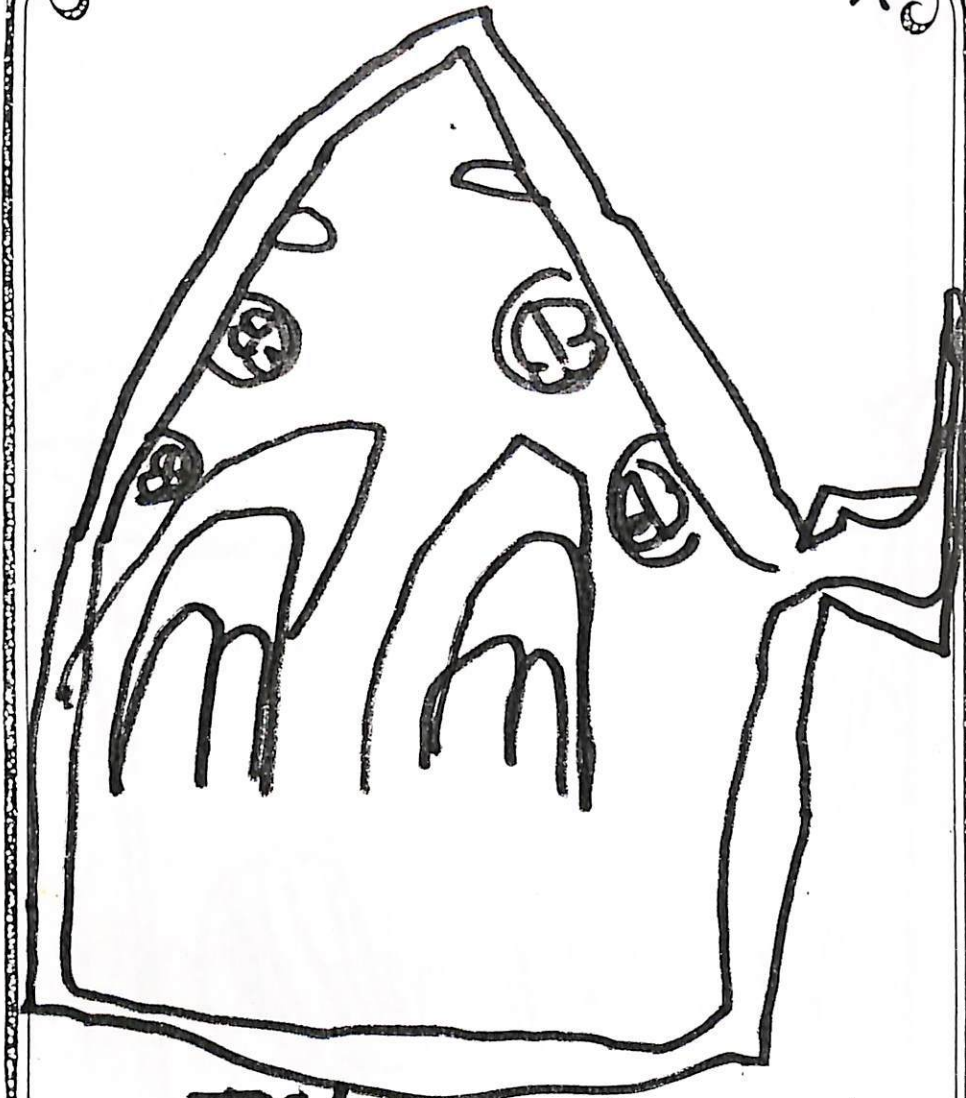
I like Tom. I like school.

*Brett



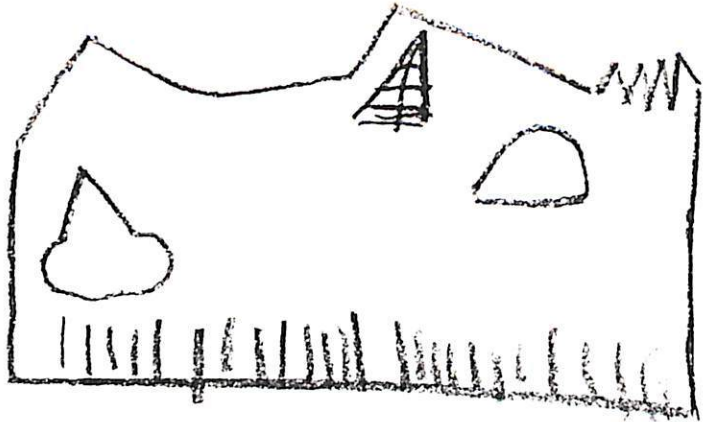
I like my school. I love the class and playing good games.

*Ben



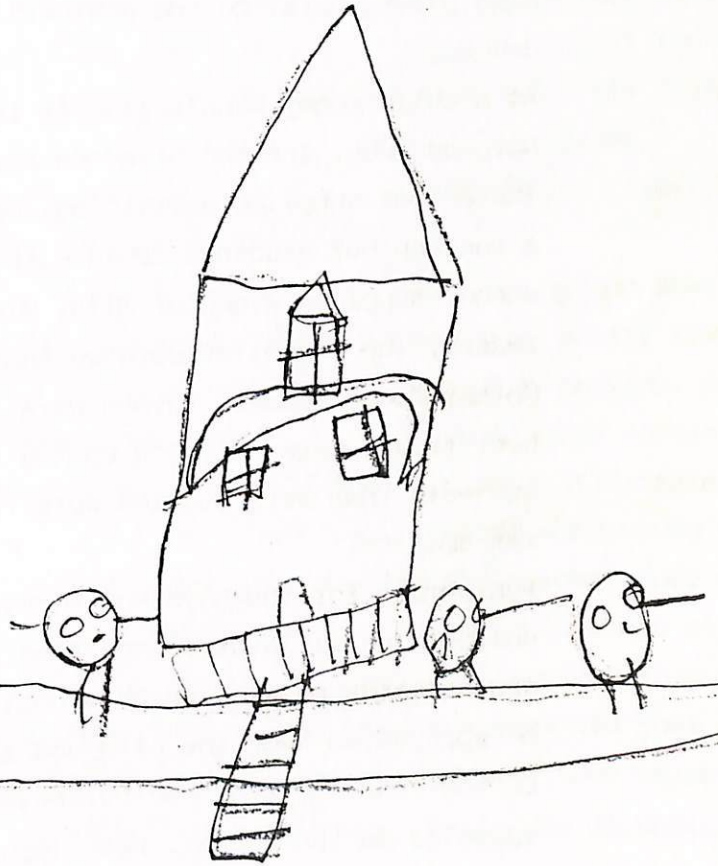
I am in New We
ast East

* Jodie.



I'm in Kindergarten at Newcastle East
Public School.

had



I like Kindergarten and Joshua.

Memories of school years - Mrs. M. Vallen

The first Mim Vallen remembered about our school was her very first lesson. It was handwriting, first off she had to write lines of crosshooks (✓) and o's on a slate with a pencil, then we wrote lines of cat, and then the cat sat on the mat. In the mornings they had to line up in lines according to classes, face and salute the flag, then sing the national anthem. They had no excursions except when Royalty or V.I.P's came to Newcastle East School, each of the children were given bags to put their lunch in and they marched up to King Edward Park. On the anniversary of Captain Cook they made hoops with paper flowers and had a maypole dance.

As a child money wasn't like it is today she found that people didn't spend like they do today as they didn't have as much. Instead of notes they had half sovereigns and sovereigns made of solid gold.

The school supplied everything, books, ink, desks, teachers that the students needed. The school didn't have a canteen but students could either bring their lunch or go home. Mrs. Vallen went home. Later on though the school supplied a cup of milk. Mim's favourite subjects were History and Physical Culture for no particular reason, The school celebrated Anniversary Day, Wattle Day, Show Day and Labor Day.

Mother Goose nursery rhymes were often sung. Mim was never really naughty except for once when she and her best friend were climbing up the cliffs at Newcastle beach. They got sent to the headmaster for that. The subjects that were studied were reading, writing, maths, social studies, sewing, woodwork, geometry, mental mathematics.

Punishment for the boys was working in the school garden. They didn't have detention. There weren't any school uniforms until later on and then only for senior classes. All of the uniforms were the same with ties, headbands and hatbands showing which school it was. Hopscotch and marbles were the main games. Everybody's hat had to be sprayed to keep the nits and lice from the school. The only sports played were football, cricket and netball. During class talking and notepassing was strictly forbidden. Desks were the same as they are now except for inkwells in the corner. Each morning monitors filled the wells with ink.

Mim doesn't remember anything bad about school. School went from 9.30 a.m. until 12.30 p.m. and then 1.30 p.m. until 3.30 p.m.. Mim's first teacher was Miss Carol. Everybody had to wash their hands before school and at lunch their hands were also inspected. The school library was free and everyone could borrow books. They had half yearly and yearly tests. In sixth class your exams showed whether you went to junior high school or high

Memories of school years - Mrs. M. Vallen

school. You did pay taxes and the council said that Newcastle was everyone's property, so you couldn't litter at all. When the first electric lights came the boys were fascinated at how you just flicked a switch and the lights came on, so they flicked all kinds of things at them.

Many of the clothes were made from recycling of sugar bags. Skimmies covered the neck and met the bloomers at the waist. They were buttoned at the back. There was no school swimming, but you could go to the beach before school. All of Mim's brothers and sisters, except for her youngest brother attended Newcastle East. Mim's favourite day at school was sewing day. Their class knitted socks for the war. Billy carts were very popular, and if you saved enough coupons you could go to the grocer and get them for free. Mim's brothers had three of them. Mim lived only a short distance from the school and walked to school from the day she turned five, possibly a Tuesday.

The first theatre in Newcastle was in Watt Street, originally you could walk to Stockton across the river. The first time Mim saw Santa at Jones Street, Newcastle she was given some lollies by him.

Transport included trams, horses, buses (with stairs leading to the top). Steam trams travelled up and down Scott Street. There weren't very many bicycles in Newcastle and a lot of people walked everywhere when public transport had strikes. Once when transport had a strike Mim walked from Newcastle to Wallsend for a church service. Boys wore knickerbockers and lace-up boots whilst girls wore bloomers and button-up boots. In sixth class occasionally you had surprise dictation where you would read the main article in the newspapers and then have it dictated to you. They often had spelling bees when each class would line up along a wall and if you had spelt a word wrong you had to sit down. Mim didn't have to sit down until late in the game as she was a good speller and reader. Once when her father went to Newcastle East School he was very sick for a long time. When he got better he would stand at the school gate and look at all his friends. Until, that is, the headmaster saw him a couple of times and then ordered some boys to go out and make a human box around him and then march back into school, and the boys did just that. The girls did cooking, whilst the boys did woodwork. This is how the cooking classes went. First they walked down to where the tip is now, then they put on their aprons, which were made from sugar bags, next came scrubbing the table and hands, then the cooking, after you scrubbed the table again, ate what you made and walked back to the school. Newcastle had a Paddy's Market that Mim went to often, a lot of people came from Sydney as well. There was a lot of sailing ships in the harbour and on the weekends you could go on trips. Mim's grandfather and father were sweetmakers, and they passed it on to her. Once her grandfather made a huge model of a boat out of lolly and a boat's Captain came

into the shop and bought the boat because he recognised it as his. On high days at the beach Mim's father made 270 lb bags of lollies, which you would crack open and find the Australian flag. Mim was born in a house behind the Council Chambers and in her room was a beam which had been used for hanging convicts and was built by convicts. Her playroom was actually a gymnasium and she was allowed to do whatever she liked, so long as she had the safety mats underneath. This ability later lead to her being an acrobat. They used to have draft horses pull along Hunter Street to cut down on the dust.

Interview by Amy Loneran

Richard Howard

Supervised by Mrs. A. Bowen

R.J. Pemberton
76 James Street
Charlestown 2290
Tel: (049) 434536

15th May 1991

Memoirs of Bolton Street School (Newcastle East) Australia's Oldest School

1926 to 1931

The Headmasters in my time were Mr. Prouse, Mr. Eagles and Mr. Wilby. There were eight classes in those days, infants 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6B and 6A. All mixed, or co-ed as they say these days, the girls all sat on one side of the room, the boys on the other.

We all had our own lift top desks, twin lifting with one central ink well in between. Most desks were made of cedar wood, about an inch and a half thick, probably to be able to give the school carpenters, who worked at the Christmas recess, sufficient material to plane the desk top level again, after the name carvers had worked on them throughout the year. We all sat in the same seat throughout the year, unless somebody had defective vision for the blackboard and was swapped around with a backroom boy.

Good, or well behaved boys sat at the back, mediums in the middle, and incorrigibles right up the front within cane whacking length .

The classrooms were heated in winter with a coal fire in the grate, always a chore every day to be cleaned out by a selective schoolboy, the ashes were taken down and tipped in the garbage bin. A delicate operation which if not carried out as per instructions earned one four cuts for the following: Tipping ashes on any girl's feet or frock. Spilling ashes down the hallway or tipping warm ashes down the back of your mates trousers. Most boys dress was a cotton shirt and a pair of shorts, bare feet summer and winter, bullseyes in the trousers, where one had worn them out sliding around. Nibs for the pens were issued once a week only, unless

one had a halfpenny to buy a new one at Murray's shop next door to the school, this restrained one from making a dart out of your pen causing the split nib to cross and make writing clearly difficult, because writing with a bad nib or a good nib causing blots and bad writing earned one four of the best, two on each hand. When caning for this matter Mr. Wilby would say, "A good tradesman - whack - doesn't - whack - blame - w hack - his tools." Ink wells were cleaned out once a week, taken downstairs and washed out under the tap, ink powder was doled out into the measuring bottle, the right amount of water added, and then poured into the ink wells, usually on Friday afternoons by those who were not attending the woodworking class, a walk of a mile or so to Cooks Hill School in Laman Street, Cooks Hill.

The following earned one six of the best, three on each hand, and the odd blood blister occurred. Dipping girls pigtails in the ink well as you walked by, and painting on the desk behind her. Carving your name on the cedar desks, or indenting with a pencil making train lines. Making stink bombs from wattle tree bean pods in a small bottle, complete with a paper cap, placed under the blackboard stand, and within a week blew the cap and cleared the classroom. Writing on the lavatory walls, inside or out.

Putting Funnell Web spiders in Mrs. Corrigan's desk drawer, just to hear her scream when she opened it up. If nobody owned up to this last caper, Mr. Wilby would threaten to cane all of the class, including the girls, the girls first. Usually the culprit would own up at this juncture, just to save the girls from being caned, they would love him for that day at least. Times were tough, day books were cut in half, pencils were cut in half, before being issued out.

Every day before commencing school, the flag was raised, and we sang, "God Save the King" our national anthem, and then marched into the classroom. Bolton street school had a strict code of ethics, all differences being fixed up in the boxing ring at playtime. Mr. Birnie would officiate, drawing out the ring in the dust of the playground, affix boxing gloves onto the opponents hands, give them a run down on the Queensbury rules, and then into it for four rounds, with the school clapping and cheering on their mates. After that, one would be declared

the winner, and that was that, no further arguments on the subject. We also had physical culture every day, running on the spot, with bending and twisting exercises. The girls had eurhythmics, which entailed bending over and touching ones toes, Mrs Corrigan ran this section, and always took the girls right up to the southern of Church Street end of the playground, the reason being, that everytime the girls bent over, and bared their beeks every second one would display a brand "Macintyres Flour Mills, Hamilton". Bread was baked at home and flour was bought in seven pound bags, and no matter what amount of boiling, that brand would not come out. Their breeks were made from the cotton flour bags. Any boy caught noticing this and making the hapless girl public would receive six of the best and a bloody nose from the girl's brother.

Bolton Street was one of the first schools to do something for the children during the depression in the way of food or soup. Miss Read, Miss Ryan, Mrs Corrigan would go through everybody's school bag and check what the pupils had to eat for lunch, those that had just plain bread and dripping or less, would be invited up to the teachers room at dinner time and given a bowl of hot soup and a stale bun.

The buns sometimes two days old were given free by Mcleans bakery, Pacific Street Newcastle, off Hospital Lane, and dropped in to the school by horse and cart.

The soup was made from vegetables and beef bones or ham bones. Every day a sixth class boy would go down to Steel Street markets and bring back a sixpenny bunch of soups, two other boys would go to the local butchers to get the bones, also sixpence, Cabans butchery in Telford Street and McGregors in Bolton Street. You would run all the way there and back, because you were on a time limit, no loitering.

Bolton Street also had a vegetable garden and a flower garden, both at the southern end of the playground. We kept a very good eye on it, those that lived in Newcomen Street, and only had to slip over the back fence to see how things were going. Sgt. Bush was our friend, from the Newcastle Police Station, and woe betide any deadbeat that robbed our garden. Number ten boots were the order of the day, planted firmly in the backside. It worked wonders.

At times Mr. Birnie would ask for a couple of billy carts, the four wheel variety, to go and get a load of cow manure from John Browns cow paddock, this paddock is the little park behind Channel 3, right behind the new Bolton Street. Three Newcastle East School lads who shall remain nameless, because they are still around today, had dragged their billy cart up to the paddock, filled it up with manure and then out to the open road, which was Sydney Street, now renamed Tyrrell Street. Oil up the wheels with a bottle of sump oil (purloined from the rear of Drews and Steels Bolton Street garage) then down the hill, turn into Newcomen Street, right turn into Church Street, and by this time was doing about 30 km per hour, try to make the turn into Bolton Street, but no go, too much pace. The wheels pointed left, but the cart didn't, two kids on the back one up front driving like Fangio, straight across the road, lost the wheels and front axle on the gutter right in front of the Grand Hotel. Straight across the footpath, through the batwing doors, into the bar. Punched a hole in the wooden bar, with the cart pole, upended, a load of cow manure and three kids in amongst the Barristers, Judges and other dignitaries, because Newcastle Court was in session.

Flo the barmaid saved the day, without batting an eye she handed over three glasses of lemonade a solicitor handed the glasses to the kids, which was gratefully accepted by three dungby hands and gulped down before Mr. Wilby, the headmaster arrived. All was cleaned up and all was forgiven, the manure ended up in its rightful place, on our garden.

The school was adamant about writing with the right hand, this was from the third class upward. Mrs. Ryan was the teacher running third class, she would walk around up and down the aisles watching the children copy from the blackboard. Woe betide any pupil caught writing with the left hand. Mrs. Ryan carried a large black ebony ruler in her hand, about an inch and a half thick and one foot long. Suddenly she would swoop, "crack" on the left hand knuckles, nearly driving your hand through the desk. You couldn't use that hand for a week or more. "We must write with our right hand", she would croon, and the hapless kid, such as myself, who was originally a left hander, would try to write with the right hand. If the rule didn't work, your left hand was tied behind your back with a piece of string, you wrote with your right hand, or else. This is probably the reason that I have always been a poor handwriter, I played cricket left handed, was a southpaw in the

boxing ring, used a fishing rod left handed etc., so there you are.

In sixth class sometimes the lads, on a dare, would pelt a piece of chalk at Mr. Wilby when he had his back to the class, writing on the blackboard, if the chalk found its mark, he would immediately turn around and point out the culprit, call him out, and administer four of the best. He was never wrong, always spot on, and we could never understand how he had eyes in the back of his head, until one day, a girl had been called out to do a sum on the blackboard, and happened to look up at a photograph of the King, who always looked down on his subjects, it had a glass encasement, and acted as a mirror, at last all was revealed. No more chalk throwing incidents.

By an act of providence or just plain luck, a knothole appeared in the floor, just a tiny little knothole about half an inch across, close up to the side of the blackboard platform. Some smart cooky with an eye to future business brought a small cork to school and plugged up the hole before Mr. Wilby noticed it. For a long period of time, after that, Mr. Wilby's cane would dissapear with monotonous regularity. To get to school was the trick, removed the cork, and drop the cane through the knothole, where it dropped down under the school, and then put the cork back. After a cane disappeared a lad would be sent down to the basket makers in Devonshire Street, Newcastle to buy the headmaster a new one. Upon bringing the cane back the heavy end would be carefully inspected to ensure that no enterprising lad had split the end with a razor blade to give the cane administrator a nipped palm. This had happened previously to Mr. Prouse. The cane always held by the heavy end, the wrongdoer got the thin end.

But all good things have to come to an end. The school was to be visited by a very high dignitary, the Premier, Mr. J.T. Lang. All the long forms and spare tables had to be brought out and cleaned for this occasion, and were stored underneath the school. Admission was through two locked and chained doors. The doors were opened, the forms brought out to the light of day, and also apparent to the light of day, were Mr. Wilby's missing canes, all piled up in a neat little head, about forty in all, oh dear, the jig was up. Anyway, we were all going on to High School or Trade School in about a month's time so everybody was very good during that period, because Mr. Wilby had an abundance of canes.

canes.

During 1939 world war broke out, and ex Newcastle East pupils were well to the fore, all volunteers, no 1943 conscripts with the enemy at the gate, all kings men. The Pope had signed a non aggression pact with both Hitler and Mussolini, so his men were between the devil and the deep blue sea, in this country, but in 1943, conscription was brought in, so his men had to make contribution anyway.

In 1941 I stood on Gaza Beach in Palestine, the A.I.F. had decided to hold a surf carnival, and being an old Nobby's Surf Club man, I was there. We had lost the war in Greece, won the war in Syria against the much vaunted Foreign Legion, Tobruk was being held, so the sixth and seventh division were having a breather. It looked as if it was old schoolboys week, because so many of the old sandhills mob were there from Newcastle East. Meggsi Maddigan, Nooki Taylor, Pommy Davis, Kingy, Charlie Norris, Ham Edge and myself, walking around and shaking hands with one another and having a great old yarn. All these men from one little school, all were for King and Country. Newcastle East is one of Australia's most historical schools, a school for all pupils past and present, to be very very proud of no doubt, the pupils of the future, will advance to bigger and better things. Because you are the future, and will at some later date, will carry the torch for Australia as had been done before.

The past is history, the future is yours.

ROBERT J. PEMBERTON.