BATHURST HIGH SCHOOL
ALTIORA-PETO

The Burr.


The Magazine of the Bathurst High School.
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Editorial.

One of the most pleasing features in modern education is the existence, in the majority of secondary schools, of the school magazine.

Faced, as they are, by the examination spectre, with its somewhat formidable syllabus, it seems strange, at first sight, that schools should impose on themselves additional activities in the form of Debating Societies, and School Magazines.

But a closer scrutiny of facts shows how completely it is a matter for congratulation, that this additional work is undertaken. For, bereft of any intellectual effort except that of assimilating the information contained in the set books, the life of the student immediately becomes narrowed, and the school, an institution which exists merely to force him through a certain examination.

This conception of school life, we rejoice to say, no longer obtains. To-day we look upon the school as having a broader and higher function, which may be thus briefly expressed—gradually to develop in the student, that interest in the world—in his fellows, his government, in Art and in Science—which every reasoning man and woman ought to possess. How narrow is the outlook of that man who passes his life, oblivious of all except his own immediate welfare! That a similar narrowness may not be allowed to take root in the minds of the pupils of our schools, the Debating Society and the School Journal exist. For, though all may not be direct contributors, all must realise, by the mere reading of the Journal, or by their mere attendance at the debate, that they are members of a community, whose welfare is enhanced by the mutual help and inter-

One of the members. Hence all may come to realise that there are other duties and other pleasures in life, than those connected only with oneself. But the advantages conferred by such means, imply obligations. Lack of interest on the part of citizens, is fatal to good government; and a lack of a sense of responsibility is fatal to voluntary enlistment. Similarly, failure on the part of individuals to fulfil their obligations in respect to the various school institutions, means that those institutions cease to exist. Fortunately and naturally however, we have never heard of School Magazines failing. Nor does it seem possible that they should. For the magazine appeals most strongly to all that is original in the minds of students. Let our students have a grievance to air (and what student has not?) let them have a tale to tell; or a happy thought, or a flame of passion which demands the aid of the poetic muse; or, let them have merely some gossip to relate, and there lies the School Magazine, waiting, with an ever-ready and insatiable appetite for "copy."

Reverting to the social aspect of our school life, there are several matters upon which we may look back, with a considerable amount of pleasure. During the year, the school has taken part in the various movements organised to help in the way the "Great Cause." Again we have had two interesting trials of strength and skill with our comrades from Orange. These inter-school visits are among the most enjoyable of the doings of the year. We feel, however, that the inclusion of a debate on the programme would be a valuable addition to the pleasure of the visit.

This issue will be in the hands of our students only a week before we close for our long, and in the case of most, well-earned vacation. To all we wish a happy, healthy holiday. To our departing students, we would say that their memories will live long among us, and we trust that, though they are no longer students, they will always remain in close touch with their old school.

Staff and Officers.

BATHURST HIGH SCHOOL.

Headmaster:
G. R. THOMAS, B.A.

Mod. Languages:
Mrs. NUTTER, Miss BURNS, B.A.

Science:
Miss SAUNDERS, B.A.; F. V. TEASDALE, B.A.

Mathematics:
W. BARTROP, B.A.; F. TEASDALE, B.A., Miss E. SMITH, B.A.

History:
G. R. THOMAS, B.A., R. K. SCOTT, B.A.
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school and staff will be delighted to hear. Mr. Ferguson, after his long illness, is well again. We hope "Fergy" may one day again be with us on the staff.

R. W. Hughes, M.A., is, at present, in London. In a recent letter, Mr. Hughes wished to be remembered to his old friends at the school—particularly to his old "Hockey" friends.

The school vacation commences on the 17th December and expires (what an appropriate word) on the 31st January, 1916.

There is said to be a good deal of half-truth on the tennis courts lately.

It has been suggested that statistics be kept in connection with the ruck shop, so that a graph, illustrating the comparative appetites of the various years, may be made.

We cannot close without a word of admiration for those of our students who come daily to school from the "outposts." These students have to rise in the cold frost, and in some cases walk for miles, long before their town mates even begin to wake. In all weathers, they have a weary wait on the local platform, till the goods train pleases to arrive. Sometimes they reach Bathurst at 7.30 a.m., and then they have to fill in the time till school opens. But they are not downhearted—far from it. Their attendance is regular, and there are no happier or healthier looking students than they.

Nature Study and Home Study.

(By "Studious.")

As I regard the study table, I have a delightful feeling that everything is in order for a good night's study. I have all the books needed for the night's work; neatly piled around, and so many are they that barely enough room is left for the elbow (which must be on the table when you write; otherwise you will grow up like a corkscrew). My window commands (I say "commands") an exquisite view of the garden, and as I settle down to work I cannot help gazing forth into the soft moonlight (though the moon is not as soft as he looks). How pleasing it would be to walk idly under the trees and enjoy nature; for, indeed, I do feel at times that "the world is too much with us" (especially at Geography) and as I gaze poetic thoughts inspire me. I feel the fervent love of the old Greeks, who saw their forest glades crowded with nymphs and goddesses. Yes, it is a lovely scene; and so I gaze and gaze; but what's that!! —a sudden rustling; my very heart is beating. Surely I see some shadowy form among the trees, gliding from branch to branch. Yes, yes! Something is there; and something uncertain; something not material. I feel it is so. It is the very night for Naiads. Can this—but a faint "Meow" gradually ending in a discordant, ayeen-like yell, dispels the illusion and brings me suddenly back to that archfend Warner and Morten, coldly and monotonously awaiting.

December.

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me, with more and yet more facts concerning that impious Henry VIII, whose chief delight seemed to be dissolving monasteries, marriages, etc. How can one be other than worldly, when the dictates of modern education demand that we shall turn from the poetic fancies of the pearly night and—cram!

Poems and Essays for Competition.

No poem, worthy of being awarded a prize, was received. The prize for the best essay was won by Miss Nellie McMenamin. Her essay, entitled "History," will appear in our next issue.

One poem entitled "To Those Who Sailed Away," is of considerable merit, but was not for competition. It, too, will appear in the next issue.

Two Mothers—One Son.

He said good-bye to the pals he knew,
To the rocky hills where the wattle grew,
And the waratah bloomed, and the skies were blue—
At the call of his Island mother.

He kissed good-bye with his sweetheart Nell,
By the grey gum stump in the trusting dell,
And he bade his mother a sad farewell,
For the sake of that other mother.

And she smiled through her tears, and let him go,
"Boys will be boys—it was always so;"
But his eyes were bright, and his heart aglow,
At the call of his country's mother.

Today on the wind swept heath he lies,
Where the cannon roars—but no night bird cries,
With a word, half-formed, on his lips—he died—
And the word unformed is "Mother."

And far away in a rice-field dim,
Kneels a sad-eyed woman who prays for him,
Who left her side for the "foolish whim."
The call of another mother.

But she smiles, though the selfish tears will flow,
"Boys will be boys, God wills it so;"
And she weeps no more, though she cannot know,
To-night she's a hero's mother.

—BERT ALLAN.
Old Students' Notes.

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Miss I. YANSEN.

Treasurer:
Miss T. READ.

PRO PATRIA.

PTE. CARL AMOS, of Rockley. Killed in Action.
CORPL. EDDIE BEAVIS, of Bathurst. Killed in Action.
SERGT. A. MEADE, of Bathurst. Missing.

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PTE. R. ROBERTSON, SERGT. R. HODGE,
PTE. E. GORNALL.

OLD STUDENTS.

Apologies must be made to the very many old students who received no preliminary notice of the first issue of the "Burr." Those who do not receive a copy of the "Burr" will oblige by acquainting the Secretary with the fact, so that a copy may be forwarded them.

We take this opportunity of inviting all old students to send along any noteworthy news concerning former pupils. We would suggest that, where possible, groups be formed to facilitate the forwarding of news.

Next year, we trust, the column set aside for the Old Students will be well filled with interesting matter. This year, scarcely sufficient notice was given to permit of many contributions coming to light.


DARKNESS AND LIGHT.

Old lads, comely do the sweet birds, twitter
In the sweet springtime in the woodland fair.
How can they know that my thoughts are bitter—
As I walk 'neath the trees
In the morning air.

For my love lies low 'neath an alien sky,
Yet still sing the birds in the woodland fair,
But the leaves that stir as the breeze blows by,
Breathe sorrow to me
In the morning air.

But his spirit still lives in the realms above
And he sees me here in the woodland fair.
And God will call me to join my love,
And I'll grieve no more
In the morning air.

"CHEERO."

Class Notes.

1A Class.

Ladies and gentlemen, girls and boys,—We have much pleasure in introducing ourselves to you, as 1A, the most hard-working class in the school, and sincerely hope that you will enjoy our acquaintance as long as it lasts. Thus endeth the first item on the programme.

Of the 1st year classes, ours (Geography) still holds the lead in the sporting world. We cannot really understand how the Latin class challenges us in cricket, when we have "Farley" Jaques with a bat between his hands, and "Finn" Smith in the field as captain. If it is a fact that swimming is to be compulsory, we have plenty of time to show the Latin class we are as good on water as upon land.

We would be much more pleased with the statuesque gentlemen
behind the board, if they were displayed more gracefully round the walls.  

A room is very beautiful in many ways, but there are some butter boxes around the walls which could do with a good coat of paint; while others want to be repaired, as they are without screws, hinges, locks and keys. This would stop the hands of the impound from prowling about, and causing so many halfpennies, pennies and threepences to be thrown into the office. You ought to be careful about your books now, because the War is on, and money is not too plentiful, and you need all your pennies for the tuck shop.

We regret very deeply the loss of our History Encyclopedia, and scaram... 

Some of us no longer wonder why our room is called the "Lecture Hall."

It is a miracle that "H.I.H." has not contracted grey hair, as he has been trying very hard lately to develop his artistic abilities.

The sporting activities of this class are numerous, and are participated in by large crowds of eager athletes.

We are beginning to wonder what are the feelings of exalted Second year students. If they knew how we admire them they would blush. (What for?)

The "Pound" dillished well for a while, but now all books are carefully entrenched ere nightfall, for—

"The Impounder comes down like the wolf on the fold,  
His visage resplendent, his look very cold,  
And the sheen of his "fizz" is like stars on the sea.  
When he collars the books of poor you or poor me."

18 Class.

The whole class has been doing excellent work, especially in Latin. Our champion Latin scholar, has been getting on famously, and already has eight hours' detention. He is patiently waiting for next Eight-Hour Day." Our illustrious Latin master, with his dispassionate and flowery language, bears the passive voice at his lazy and sleepy (3) pupils, who tap the desks with pencils to prevent lapses into the land of "Nod." C. B.—d the most enthusiastic desk stormer. Suddenly he is awakened by a loud and sonorous "Lo He Wakes," and to his utter surprise finds that despite his efforts, he was peacefully dreaming, and that he has completely missed the fast. Then detention roars round "Seeking whom he may destroy." We observe no apparent reason, but when Mr. H. mentions in our delightful studies of "Ancient Rome," that the women of the time were of no importance and were on an equality with the slaves, the young ladies of the class become indignant and show complete ignorance of the fact. The "predominant section" of the class murmur approval, as to the state of affairs in Rome.

Cricket and swimming are well under way. Several preliminary matches have been played, but owing to our "Gundagai" scholar (late of Blayney) ("Bow Wow"), not being in his usual good form...
THE BURR.

December.

We are sorry to have missed LA girls from cricket lately, and hope that they will soon recover from the heat.

Two of our classmates have just sat for the "O.C." We wish them every success.

It is commonly known that the three "gentlemen" (?) of IB are frequently heard passing some satirical and odd remarks (regarded as such by their numerous admirers) concerning the fairer sex of their own form. Is it lawful?

2A Class.

Two members, S.S. and G.B., are reported sick; but 'tis hoped by all that they will soon recover.

A.A., of the German class, keeps the pot boiling for Madame—

not with work.

We congratulate "Paddy" on his brave defence against the on-

coming forces of "B.— and F. Clifton," in 2B room, whilst waiting for the "Head." The intruders were armed with "Wilson and Hed-

ley," and "Baker and Bourne." What happened in 3rd year room

still unknown.

Mr. Harey and his tuck shop friends still flourish, especially with the cool drinks; but the pound seems to be deteriorating despite the great amount of biz. done at first.

2nd year was unable to engage in the cricket match "2nd year vs

1st year," because of dearth of "Intermediate." Nevertheless we hope the match will be played before the holidays.

2A has lately lost some members. "Biddy" deserted us for Fort Street; Roberts also left. Indeed 2A has been sadly plucked, but we do not "sit upon the ground and tell sad stories." Not, "Make sheet our paper and with rainy eyes, write sorrow on the bosom of the earth," but, instead, work hard for the dreaded "Inter."

"To be or not to be" is the burning question that every one is now asking, i.e., whether we are to be 3rd year next year or not, "that land of such dear souls."

As this is the only journal before the holidays, we send best re-

gards to 2A's representative at the front, Trooper Eric Cheney, and a

merry Christmas to the staff, and our fellow students.

Unlike our rivals 2B, we are a very conscientious crowd, only par-

ticipating a little in the various sports; but, it is understood that we

do not desert the picture shows, and more especially the tuck shop,

whose various sweets and drinks help to clear our hard-worked brains for the extra lessons.

After nearly every lesson, poor old 2A have to shift their abode, being the lucky (?) students of the school whose "port and happy haven" is the science room. However, we are all happy, especially as the "Inter." is drawing nigh, and may be found (between lessons) wandering up or down the stairs like lost sheep, after having obtained plenty of "heavy nothing" (including chocolates) during the previous period.

2B Class.

Work! Work! W-O-R-K!!! This is the daily (and nightly) timetable of second year.

Even the hard-working, but indefatigable C-r has been forced to face a change of occupation.

This same C-r is looked upon with "envy" by the "less happy" students, since he is forbidden to attend extra English lessons. If there are not too per cent. of passes in Geography at the "Inter," well there must be "something radically wrong."

We number among us a chivalrous knight, who, alone and single-

handed, "tore up" a certain third year dragoon.

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We also number among us one who, rather than make a public speech, would run anywhere, even, methinks, even were he tied to run afoot, etc.

Since the departure of B-d-y from 2A, lessons are not so dangerous when we are honored (?) by a visit from 2A, for a Geometry lesson. This used to be a period of fearful expectation. No one knew what a piece of chalk would be hurled through the air at a terrific rate (except of course, B-d-y, who generally hurled it). No wonder one of our masters innocently and quizzically remarked that after the period there was no chalk left. It has been suggested by an ingenious second year individual that a poet he invented to write the plays, or rather, tragedies of Shakespeare in intelligible English. This would enable the students to understand the passages without explanation. But, as it is, each passage is "certainly the hardest in the play."

2B is subject to raids—raids not made by Zeppelins, as one would suppose, but by boys from everywhere. They come without any noise and go in the same manner. Their object is simply to get a stick of chalk, not to leave anything behind in the shape of bombs, although they sometimes do cause a disturbance.

Our sporting activities remain almost undeveloped this year, as the stress of work imposes more serious (and of course more enjoyable) mental gymnastics on us.

Some poor student hands us the following dirge:

Maths to the right of us, maths to the left of us,
Maths in front of us, vellies and thunders.
Write with our pen we will, English we'll do until
Under the Bull-dog's eyes, under some wooden skies
Goes poor Second Year. Oh!

Faces to the right of us, faces to the left of us,
Faces in front of us, wrinkled and tortured;
Some have a stroke of luck, others have, well, no luck.
So from the test they go; wailing with cries and woes
Are they downhearted? No.
Not brave Second Year. Oh.

3rd Year.

Squeak! Creak! Grow! Another squeak, and some more greens, suggest loudly that oil is needed for our blackboard. Why will no somebody take pity on or chokings, and invent a dustless duster?

Many deep things are heard and seen in our library; but, by far the deepest, are the ancient chairs. They have absolutely no bottom in them.

Spirited discussions are held by the bearded sages of the back seat; as to whether water increases the growth of stubble and as to the respective merits of safety razors and Bengal Blades.

Our mechanics master surprised, nay, even shocked us innocent pupils, by lecturing us the other day concerning "couples." If this

were not enough, he needlessly (?) began to inform us that couples were joined by two arms; one long, the other short. This indeed fortunate that mechanics are only treated theoretically by us.

Despite the dust storms which emanate daily from our shamefully neglected and particularly ornamental blackboard, we 3rd year girls still retain sufficient energy to withstand the pressure of unnecessary work, and the constant drain upon our vast knowledge of European history. Constant? Yes, and to such an extent, that we have found it expedient to leave both ears open during history lessons, in order that the newly acquired knowledge may find a clear passage (through)

Students of other classes would wonder at our proficiency in map drawing acquired since midwinter. Should any of them be lucky enough to steal a glance through our treasured works, our geography books would very soon find worthy places upon the walls of the Art Gallery, otherwise the Technological Museum. For they contain not only these delicate traceries, but pictures—real pretty pictures—which tend to attract the eye of the idle first year Latin student, who so frequently finds her abode in our room during lunch hour very unpleasant. She wishes she had not taken that delightful science, Geography, instead of a dry, uninteresting, unattractive, and dead language. Those of us whose number are reared in the delightful interesting Domestic Science lessons will, perchance, have heard a rumour to the effect that variety is an essential to daily life. In our botany lessons we find it. What a happy, smiling, contented first year! How we long to break asunder those species given to us to examine! What endless games we have, counting the petals of roses. ("This year, next year, sometime, never.")

Seniors we are, and seniors we mean to be after the holidays—such seniors as the B.H.S. has never known. We would like some distinctive uniform to separate us from the "ragus profanum", the mere juniors of the school. As seniors, too, we intend increasing our subscriptions, to the long lost piano fund, from one penny to three pence per week, for are we not going to aspire after the inauguration of a glee club in connection with our school? We have certain aims in view in adding two pence per week to such a fund. Our piano will with our efforts, no longer stand as an ornament in the already ornamental Lecture Hall. We eagerly await the day when even those who now have no ear for music shall deep round, or through, the glass doors and realize—

"There is sweet music here that softer falls
Than petals from blown roses on the grass."

4th Year Class.

4th Year merely makes its bow and departs. Our time has been somewhat taken up lately in studying for a wretched examination; consequently we have had no opportunity to make, or record, news.

As Old Boys, we hope in the future to make up for our present renunciation.
Boys' Sport.

CRICKET.

Cricket is once more in full swing, and a very successful, as well as enjoyable season is anticipated. Unfortunately, the Bathurst District Cricket Association has, on patriotic grounds, found it necessary to abandon the usual Junior and Senior competitions. A schools' competition will, however, be held in which boys under fifteen and a half years of age are allowed to participate. This competition is eagerly looked forward to by the younger players and is extremely beneficial to them inasmuch as, besides helping them to obtain a thorough knowledge of the game in all its phases, it will tend greatly towards the creation of a proper spirit of enthusiasm and sportsmanship so necessary in all departments of sport. It must also be remembered that these junior players will in years to come have to fill the gaps left by seniors who are every year leaving our school to fight the battle of life or to play the stern game side by side with many of our comrades who are building up a glorious tradition for their "Alma Mater" on the sand-strewn wastes of Gallipoli.

Although the abandonment of the junior competition, in which we took part last season, will mean a severe loss to us, it will nevertheless have its good side inasmuch as it will teach us to value it all the more when it is re instituted. As this is the first issue of our school journal it may be appropriate at this juncture to give a brief review of our doings on the cricket field during the previous season.

The usual annual meeting of our Club was held in September, 1914, and after the usual business had been dispensed with, it was suggested that we enter the junior competition. The suggestion was unanimously supported and a week or two later we found ourselves, side by side with some of our masters, doing battle for our school in the first cricket match we had ever played as a junior competition team. We were defeated, but by no means disgraced. The result of this competition was that out of 11 matches played, 2 were won and 9 lost. This result may to the casual reader be very meagre, but the following facts may help to eradicate this view. Firstly, we were often pitted against men treble our own ages, who had had a vast experience; secondly, the margins by which we suffered defeat were often very small. I remember that 12, 10, and 3 runs respectively were the margins which, added to our scores, would have meant success; thirdly, we gained much experience and learnt the meaning of the word "sport" in its highest sense; and lastly but by no means least, the practice and knowledge gained by us in this competition was, I am sure, a positive factor in turning the tables on Orange H.S. by 102 runs. The match against Orange concluded the season, and I think deserves special mention because of the vigorous though friendly rivalry which exists between O.H.S. and us. In the season previous to this O.H.S. defeated us on our own wicket by 24 runs, and we were
very eager to turn this small defeat into a very pronounced victory. Consequently we journeyed to Orange at the close of the season in the hope of recovering the “ashes” in cricket, if in nothing else. The night we arrived we were hospitably entertained by the students and teachers of the O.H.S. at a social evening in their spacious assembly room. Next morning tennis and basket ball were played; in the afternoon the “great” cricket tussle was to be decided. We batted first and compiled the respectable total of 142, Orange following with 39 runs, thus leaving us victors on the first innings by 102 runs. Our cherished hopes were realised and we left Orange happy and gratified; happy because we had been successful; gratified because of the splendid and hospitable treatment we received at the hands of the Orange people. Thus concluded our last season.

It will now be seen that in order to equal the feat of our previous season all the energy and enthusiasm that we can muster will be necessary, and it is to be hoped that in our next report the record of previous seasons will have been eclipsed.

Before concluding I would like to offer a few suggestions to cricketers in general, but especially to the younger players, who, I am sure, will be willing to take advice in the manner it is offered.

These suggestions are, firstly: Help your captain, whether he suits or not, as much as you can, for remember he has a tough task to accomplish to please everyone, and a split between captain and men may mean a defeat which, with a little tolerance on the part of the supposedly oppressed one, would have meant victory. Secondly: Don’t be selfish. Remember that you are not (or should not be) playing to satisfy your own personal ambition, but to uphold the honor of your school. A good cricket team should work as one man. Thirdly: Whether you are on the winning or losing side, be manly and sportsmanlike, and do not “grumble” when the umpire makes a small mistake, for, you know, he is only human, and “to err is human, to forgive divine.” Fourthly: Both on and off the field try and see that your actions reflect credit both on yourself and your school.

SWIMMING.

Swimming is also once more on the horizon of sport, and enthusiasts are eagerly at work with one main object in view—that of making the present season a great success. The usual swimming carnival will be held after the New Year, and should prove very enjoyable. The proceeds of the last carnival were given to the patriotic funds, and a very satisfactory result was attained. Certificates were given in lieu of prizes, and the patriotism of the boys is to be highly commended, as is also the action of Mr. Moxon, the lessee of the local baths, who gave the use of the baths free for the day, and who, also, has given B.H.S. students many privileges helpful to the prosecution of a successful season. The interest this gentleman takes in sport cannot be too highly praised or supported.

THE BURR.

Girls' Sport.

HOCKEY.

With the winter months came hockey, and, therefore, much pleasure for the girls, as this is a very popular game amongst them. On the 4th of March, the annual meeting took place, at which the report of the previous year was read, and a new committee elected and matters arranged for the approaching season. The in need of sticks were very fortunate in having our school union to pay a large percentage of the cost. Our teachers, Mr. Scott and Mr. Hughes, entered into the game with their old enthusiasm, thus encouraging the new players and making it more enjoyable to the old. We were all, indeed, very sorry when Mr. Hughes had to leave us, to take up duties at Cleveland St. High School, whence he has since sailed for England.

The girls of the first year classes seemed to enjoy the game from the beginning, and perhaps this accounts for their excellent play during the season.

Perhaps the most enjoyable games were those played on Saturday afternoons, on the Golf Flat, and it was on one of these occasions that we farewelled Mr. Hughes, who came from Sydney especially to play his last game of hockey with the girls of his old school.

In August we played the girls of the Orange High School. The match, a very interesting and exciting one, resulted in a win for us.

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J. R. & A. JONES,
THE BOOK ARCADE
the scores being 2 goals to 1; but, although the winners, we learned much from our opponents, who played a very skilful game.

Answers to Correspondents.

"Nulla Xulla."—The vigorous opening lines of your sonnet on "The Eagle," prepare us to read of something really exciting. We fully expect to hear of his prowess in covering off lambs, etc., to his lofty nest, or of his having performed some unusually difficult or skilful feat. But instead you merely tell us that "he can sing"—a statement which shows you know very little about eagles. We found the metre of the lines somewhat wayward, and append them for the consideration of our readers—

"The eagle of all birds he’s the most regal,
He measures ten feet from wing to wing.
And very sweetly he can sing."

"Ante-Devorists."—There is a good deal of well-expressed humour in your lines. This type of poem, however, cannot be hurriedly dashed off, but requires frequent revision. We would like to see it amended, and submitted for next issue.

"The Pounder."—We must take exception to the line "And the sheen of his fiz was like stars on the sea." We presume your reference is to the impounder, who, as you know, is identical with the commandant of the tuck shop. Consequently, there is apt to be some confusion as to the precise meaning of the term "fiz."

To Several Contributors.—Class news loosely and weakly expressed. Re-read sentences till a neat and concise form of expression suggests itself.

"Mazeppa."—Poem too personal, while many expressions are crude. Metre, too, is irregular, e.g., "I dreamt you were cranky and quite out of sorts, on account of your pranks and nasty retorts." Had you supplied "out" in the second line before "nast," the regularity of metre would have beensecured. Again the line "They are all about you who I dream of at times" is too careless to merit comment. Your other effort "Australians Play the Game" is better since it is free from technical errors; but it is now an old threadbare subject. Try something new.

"Razor."—Your work has some resemblance to poetry up to the end of the first line, when it suddenly stumbles into prose for a couple of lines. Then, just as suddenly, it scours away again into verse, finally expiring miserably, in two lines of aside prose.

"M."—More regularity of metre and greater care in selection of words, are necessary. As your verse is distinctly original in form, we print it as a caution to others—

"Hark! What’s that?
A huill call rolls in the air,
And the young man feels it only fair
To go and join the combat."
the scores being 3 goals to 1; but, although the winners, we learnt much from our opponents, who played a very skilful game.

**Answers to Correspondents.**

"Nulla Nulla."—The vigorous opening lines of your sonnet on "The Eagle," prepare us to read of something really exciting. We fully expect to hear of his prowess in crossing the sea, etc., and his flight, of his having performed some unusually difficult or skilful feat. But instead you merely tell us that "he can sing"—a statement which shows you know very little about eagles. We found the metre of the lines somewhat wayward, and append them for the consideration of our readers—

The eagle of all birds he's the most legal,
He measures ten feet from wing to wing,
And very sweetly he can sing.

"Anti-Devourists."—There is a good deal of well-expressed humour in your lines. This type of poem, however, cannot be hurriedly dashed off, but requires frequent revision. We would like to see it amended, and submitted for next issue.

"The Pounder."—We must take exception to the line "And the sheen of his bill was like stars on the sea." We presume your reference is to the impounder, who, as you know, is identical with the commandant of the tuck shop. Consequently there is apt to become some confusion as to the precise meaning of the term "bill." To several Contributors.—Class news loosely and weakly expressed. Re-read sentences till a neat and concise form of expression suggests itself.

"Mazeppa."—Poem too personal, while many expressions are crude. Metre, too, is irregular, e.g., "I dreamt you were cranky and quite out of sorts, on account of your pranks and nasty retorts." Had you supplied "our" in the second line before "nasty," the regularity of metre would have been secured. Again the line "They are all about you who I dream of at times," is too careless to merit comment. Your other effort "Australians Play the Game" is better since it is free from technical errors, but it is now an old threadbare subject. Try something new.

"Razor."—Your work has some resemblance to poetry up to the end of the first verse, when it suddenly stumbles into prose for a couple of lines. Then, just as suddenly, it soars away again into verse, finally expiring miserably in two lines of abject prose.

"M."—More regularity of metre and greater care in selection of words, are necessary. As your verse is distinctly original in form, we print it as a caution to others—

"Hark! What's that?
A bugle call rolls in the air.
And the young man feels it only fair
To go and join the combat."
Photograph

inside front cover
AN EX-PUPIL REMEMBERS

(Contributed)

As a pupil of the old Howick St Public School in the 1916-1926 era, and a participant in the sentimental march from the school to the George St site in 1935, I have many vivid memories of school days.

At the time of my entry into the world of education, the infants school section of the Howick St school was located in the grounds towards All Saints Cathedral.

Third and fourth classes in a brick building extended towards George St in the direction of the Presbyterian Church ground.

The kindergarten, first and second class sections were housed in a doubled storey building, with Miss Hunt and Miss McCluskey on the lower form, and Miss Smith and Miss Piper on the upper floor.

Girls and boys, as they advanced, then transferred to classes conducted by the headmistress, Miss Campbell, and Miss Rivett (a buxom woman with white blouse, long black skirt and a gold watch, in a hunting case, suspended from the neck with a black cord, and tucked into her waistband).

The transition to the boys' section followed with successive headmasters, John Layton, James ("Hoppy") Haydon, Owen Jones, William (Teddy) Elston, and Charles Ernest Hicks.

Teachers in the boys' section included Miss Taylor, Miss Gagnaire, Miss Wallace, Miss
Letters to Editor:

School Centenary

Sir—As an ex-student of the old Howick St Primary School 60 years (plus) ago, I read with great interest in the press of the coming reunion of past and present pupils and teachers to celebrate the centenary on April 3.

It brought nostalgic memories of my boyhood school days, and prompted me to record the names of classmates as they came to mind.

In some cases, I failed to recall the Christian names of some mates, only their affectionately given nicknames so I elected to leave a blank to their surname.

Please forgive the writer for any errors or omissions as it is 60 years since I left your beautiful city.

Two tragic World Wars and the great depressions of the 20s and 30s have passed since then.

Apologies to the boys whose names I have forgotten.

I think there were about 60 in my class and here are the majority of them, and I trust they are still with us today: Bob Aldridge, Carl Allman, Charlie Ambrose, Les Bunt, Beavis, Bruce Bellamy, Frank Bloomfield, Ballock, Burns, Cameron, Cross, Ron Delaney, Foss, Reg Frost, Bill Godfrey, Gornall, Jeff Hartland, Will Hetherington, Don and Gwynne Hughes, Jenkins, Jeff Jeppson, Bob Kelford, Bert Lambkin, Lawson, Jack Maloney, Allan McLoughlan, McBain, Nye, Moodie, Ambrose and Phil Payne, Rex and Fred Payne, Pete, Peel, Pursell, Norm Rosewall, Russell, Bram Sampson, Sawyer, Cec Scott, Smith, Mer, Smith, the Stockbrothers, Ross Thomas, Reg Thorman, Murray Tremain, Keith Wallace, Cec Willard, Whatley, Cec Wright, Aub Piper, A. Witts, Claude Bonham, Bliss, Hemsworth, A. Kahlke, Reg, Pollard, Uphold, Webb.

The headmaster was Mr. McLachlan, succeeded by W.S. Smith. Teachers were Mr. Walker, Miss Maloney, Mr. Collier, Mr. Yabsley, Miss Taylor and Mr. Murphy (later Colonel). “Spud” Murphy, Gallipoli hero, World War I, Warden of the Cenotaph for many years, and Controller NSW Prisons and also Sheriff of the Supreme Court.

Yours etc.

E. G. RYAN.

70 Haig St.

Maroubra.

TE, Tuesday, March 23, 1976.