"The Burr"

The Magazine of the Bathurst High School

December 1920
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A REVIEW OF THE PAST FOUR YEARS' LIFE IN THE
SCHOOL.

After passing the Qualifying Certificate Examination there
opened out before us a broader vista of life; we began to con-
sider our future position in the world.

But what a revelation on entering the High School to find
ourselves still at the foot of the ladder! We were confronted
by the then Fourth Year Students whom we regarded with the
utmost respect, even with awe. They seemed almost demigods
in their superiority of learning and their prowess in sport. Their
slightest wishes were carried out by us with the utmost prompti-
tude and celerity. We were considered then as very insignificant
beings indeed.

An honour it was in those days to be punished for some
misdeed, howsoever trivial. Four or eight hours' detention
raised one higher in the estimation of one's fellow students than
the winning of innumerable scholastic honours.

The teachers were regarded by us almost as emissaries
from the lower world sent especially to harass and worry us.
We avoided them at every opportunity, and invented all manner
of excuses to evade our school and home work.

By great good luck, though I am afraid in some instances
undeservedly, we were all promoted to second year. While in
this class we were animated by much the same spirit which
animates the Bolshevik of to-day. We would not be ruled—or
rule ourselves. We practically refused to work, and confusion
reigned. Finally, after about twelve weeks of work, the
examination eventuated, but, naturally, after such a year of
tumult, the result was very poor, when the talent of the class
is considered, for there were some really brilliant minds in
it. Even then there was no perceptible change in the general
attitude of the class. During the last few weeks of that year
we began to realize that the teachers were working for and
with us, and we began to appreciate their efforts; but in those
days what cared we for such beautiful lines as those of Keats—
value of our higher education, and, most important of all, we feel confident that there is something greater and nobler in life than the mere emptiness and vanity of living because we must.

C. NILAND.
J. MALONEY.

SPRING.

Roses blooming in the spring time,
Daisies come out, too,
Buttercups and lilies
Soon come peeping through.

Now the winter's over,
The birds come flying back,
The Starling raids the corn fields,
And we hear the Laughing Jack.

He seems such a jolly fellow,
As he cackles in the tree,
And I'm sure when I pass by him,
That he's laughing about me.

And in the early morning,
When I lie in bed awake,
I can hear the plovers calling
In the gum trees by the lake.

For the spring time is the bright time,
When Nature once more wakes
From her long sleep through the winter,
And brings back what winter takes.

—FIRST YEAR.

A BRUMBY HUNT AND AFTER.

4 a.m. All is bustle and movement at the station house and yards. Preparations are being made for the great brumby hunt. By five the horses are saddled, all is ready, and the hunters are assembled at the rendezvous.

After a short spell and a cup of strong tea, the leader gives his orders. Several men are stationed at the mouth of the trap and some more at a clump of trees about three hundred yards away, where they keep well hidden. The remainder of the hunters then follow the leader towards the most likely haunt of the brumbies, which is in the hills some miles away. We will follow their adventures when the trap has been described.

The trap consists of a strong yard, the fences of which are about seven feet in height, and are made of strong stringy bark slabs. It is approached on one side by a wing some hundreds of yards in length, which, though not over strong, is sufficient to keep back the timid brumbies. This is because it has strips of
THE BURR

The newly-formed 1st Bathurst Troop, which is connected with this school, has been formed under the supervision of our science master, Mr. Best, who is late scout-master of the 1st Lismore Troop, now Sir Walter Davidson's Own.

To date the total roll call of the troop is about thirty, the patrol leaders being Jack Wolfe, leader of the Kangaroos; H. Robertson, leader of the Whipbirds; and "Mull" McQueen, leading the Curlews, the troop leader not yet being selected.

Mr. Taylor has kindly lent us a room for club purposes, to whom we tender our sincere thanks. Some of our laborious scouts lent a helping hand in sweeping, dusting and cleaning. This finished, we selected Wednesday night as the most suitable night for club.

Various scouts have qualified for certain badges, which are difficult to obtain, and have passed the tests successfully with all credit.

We have played one football match against the Fourths, just before our notes went into the "Burr." The game was all slip and slither, for we played in mud, slush, and rain, but, nevertheless, it was exciting. The final score was 8—6 in our favour. Next time we hope to have a "cut" at the Thirds.

We have held several Saturday afternoon parades since our inception, most of which were successful. When the troop reaches a level basis it is hoped the numbers will increase.

B.D.W.

A MEMORY.

Supreme in solitary might it stands
There on the hilltop bleak and grey and cold;
'Twas once a castle tower'd, with arches grand,
Where nobles lived; home of the brave and bold.
But now it stands in ruins bare and drear,
Moss-covered bowers all overgrown with weeds,
And knotted oaks and elm trees, brown and sear,
Crown all the glorious memory of past deeds.
And so throughout our life we see such things,
The memory of greatness oft forgot,
Of deeds and noble actions to us brings
A gladness, yet a kind of sweet regret.
Thus stand the monuments of noble works,
Full oft admired, yet left in lonely state.

—DREAMER.
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Ring 204 for that Picnic Hamper.

THE BURR.

AN ORIGINAL BATHURST MYTH.

(From records of the Macquarie blacks.)

Many thousand years ago, before the present human race inhabited the earth, the world was peopled by a race of giants and pigmies. The giants were ruled by Kifnir, the last of their kings, while Karonal ruled the pigmies. The giants lived to the north of the pigmy kingdom, which was partly above the earth and partly below it.

Now, in the court of Kifnir abode Bat, the son of Harak. And Bat was a mighty warrior, subtle in counsel and fleet of foot. Kifnir loved him dearly as if he were his own son, and had even named him as his successor.

The pigmies were the mortal enemies of the giants, but mighty as were the latter they were outwitted often by the cunning dwarfs. The king, Karonal, had a most beautiful daughter, with eyes like the dewdrops and purer than the lily. Many were her suitors, and of these the most powerful and hideous was the dwarf, Nanakan. Bat had often heard of the maiden’s beauty, but had not thought about her till one eventful evening.

Since Bat was born he had travelled many worlds in quest of adventure. One evening, after much journeying, he reached a bottomless lake. Immediately he plunged in, and soon reached the other shore. When he stepped out of the lake he became aware of a mighty man of war, who, girt in his mail, rushed down on him. Bat drew his sword, and soon he was engaged in a fierce struggle. At first, while the sun shone, Bat was at an advantage, because the dazzling mail of his opponent dazzled his eyes. But as soon as the sun sunk Bat rushed in on his enemy and clave him from his head to his shoulders. The stranger in falling dropped his sword, which broke into a thousand pieces. Now, on each piece was graven the image of Hurst, daughter of Karonal. As Bat gazed on these pieces he heard a loud voice saying, “O, Bat, dumb shalt thou be till thou findest Hurst.” Then was Bat stricken dumb, but gathering up the pieces of the sword, he turned back and recrossed the lake.

On his return to Kifnir’s court Bat was asked for an account of his adventures, but he answered naught. Then the king grew wrath and cursed Bat, but Bat, seized with anger, drew his sword and slew Kifnir on the steps of his own throne. Now, when Bat saw the evil he had done, he was full of remorse; he cast his sword afar off and rushed from the palace. Without hesitation he flung himself over the brink of the stern cliffs which bordered the Unknown Sea. For days Bat drifted about in the Unknown Sea, unconscious of all that passed. On the fifth day from the slaying of Kifnir Bat regained consciousness, and found himself drifting between the jaws of Cantiris (Earth Father). He was sucked in and then belched out far from those dreadful jaws. Before long he stood on the shores of an unknown land, on which was to be seen neither giant nor beast. Already dark-tressed night began to appear, and Bat sought a cave where he might repose his weary limbs.
On the morrow he journeyed inland, and at midday, when Stanicon shone brightly overhead, sat down by a brook to rest. As Bat bent over the brook to drink, a pigmy seized his beard and pulled him through the depths of the earth to the pigmy kingdom. Here he was chained securely to a leg of Cantiris while the pigmies deliberated as to his fate. When the latter had all retired to their couches Bat pondered as to how he might free himself. Soon his keen ear detected a rustling as of robes. Turning, he saw before him the owner of the likeness engraved on the pieces of the shattered sword. In a low voice she whispered, "At last art thou come, O Bat! to bear me hence. I will release thee, and together shall we flee this place." Noiselessly she unlashed the chains, and beckoning Bat to follow, she left the dwellings of the pigmies. When they reached the upper air they sped on, over mountains, valleys and streams, till they reached the shores of the Unknown Sea. Here Hurst showed Bat a boat which she had placed there for this occasion. Bat plucked a leaf from the Tree of Life, and together they launched the frail craft, and once more Bat returned to the giant kingdom. Kifnir was healed by the wonderful leaf, and freely forgave Bat when he heard the wondrous tale.

There was great rejoicing among the giants when the nuptials of Bat and Hurst were celebrated, but a few years later there was even greater rejoicings when a son was born to Bat. From Ixcel, as their son was called, the wise men predicted great things. As he grew to man's estate Ixcel promised to excel his father in martial and wise accomplishments. When yet a young man both Ixcel's parents died. On his death-bed, however, Bat charged Ixcel to take his parent's conjoint names, and to found a city of the same name. This charge Ixcel performed faithfully, and he also had his parents' remains brought to the city. Bat was called the Bald Hills by a succeeding generation, and Hurst, in the form of a river, was named Macquarie. To this day one may see Bat in all his rugged greatness and Hurst in her gentle slenderness; Hurst crooning for her husband, Bat, both waiting for the last day when they shall meet in the halls of the blest.

**LINES ON THE TREE MARKED BY BLAXLAND'S PARTY.**

I wonder at the rotting tree,
Without a limb or leaf.
I wonder at the words I see
In marble underneath.
The great explorers passed that way,
And marked that withered tree,
And there it stands this very day
For anyone to see.

No path across the rugged heights,
Nor through the valleys deep,
To see the distant unseen sights
Beyond the mountain steep.
They bade defiance to the land,

They kept her progress back,
With walls majestic, steep, and grand,
Till Blaxland found a track.

With Wentworth and with Lawson, too,
He climbed the rocky walls,
By ridges mounting to the blue,
And splashing waterfalls.
They pushed through matted fern waist high,
Their object far to gain,
Till from Mt. York's high top they spy
The distant stretching plain.

The settlers flocked from every clime,
And to the west they went;
The tree stands there, preserved through time,
To mark the great event.
The great explorers passed that way,
And marked that withered tree,
And there it stands this very day
For everyone to see.

---

**DAY AND NIGHT.**

A quiet glade in a forest set,
In a valley wild and rugged yet,
The stately gums in their grandeur seem
In the balmy noonday sun to dream.

As o'er the mossy earth they wave,
O'er the mound of a lonely grave
Of some poor stockman whose last long ride
Was over the boundless great divide.

The sunlight fades, the shadows fall,
Over the glade steals twilight's pall.
Silence falls on the peaceful scene,
And moonbeams shine where the sun has been.

The ghostly gums show white and still,
Paling the surface of the rill.
A whisper in the shadow comes
Eerily echoing through the gums.

On the lonely grave it seems to rest
Like a lost soul on its weary quest,
And mystery shows in its mantle white
The magic of an Australian night.

---

H. H.
OUR SPORTS MEETINGS.

While Fort St. and Orange High Schools were visiting us this year, the person with an optimistic and humorous turn of mind could have had cause to split his sides with merriment.

Let us first bear in mind the Fort St. visit. While waiting to begin on the feast at which only players were to be present we were startled by hearing the cry that one of the Fort St. boys was unable to appear owing to the fact that he had only one boot. No one else in the house where he was staying was able to supply him with the necessary footwear. Someone suggested that this was on account of the enormity of his feet. This, of course, was an obvious insult to the Fort St. boy, for the family with whom he was staying boasts one member at least who possesses a very fair-sized pedaledge.

During the second course we were all startled by a sudden outburst of cheering and clapping. No one was very surprised to see one of the members of our fraternity, habitually late, enter the festive hall. He used the excuse that he had to walk a long distance, but even this should never excuse an Irishman from missing the first course of such a royal feast.

It was during this same feast that a Fort St. youth cracked a joke. Someone asked if there was any lamb on the menu, but this clever lad expressed all our views when he cried: "What! after stewing 'Lamb' for the last six months."

On the following day further amusement was caused when the "habitually late" missed the train. This was certainly not so bad as missing the first course of the "royal feast." Some said this was pre-arranged, but this was hardly fair when we consider the heat of the day and the weight of the portmanteau he was carrying. The writer had personal experience of its bulk. It is said that when the train was drawing out at night three young men rushed on to the station just in time to hurry one of their number into the carriage and bid him a hurried farewell. This mack for the Fort St. visit. Now for a glance at the Orange trip.

Here, too, we have to consider the regal meal supplied in honour of the visitors. The "habitually late" arrived in time by some lucky accident.

Firstly, we hear of a great "spread" being held in the Botany laboratory by some of the teachers and senior students, while some of those banqueting in the main hall only had a few cakes. But this must be refuted. This lack of cakes, etc., must be attributed to the great influx of those of the junior classes. The waiters did not reserve the best of the "edibles mundis" for themselves.

Secondly, the dancing craze seems to have overcome the whole school. The M.C. was perpetually pestered by cries of "Oh! do give us a dance next." While these dancing fiends were jittering around the hall several humorous remarks were overheard, one of which was: "—'s dancing is as elegant as an old Chinaman carrying two heavy baskets." It certainly was a good description.

Two of the Bathurst boys were detailed to help in the "washing up" of the dishes on the following day. They appeared in time for morning tea after the work had been finished. Was this a deep-rooted plot? Some say it was. However, let that rest. While enjoying the morning tea, as they tell, a certain gentleman fell from his chair, presenting a very ludicrous appearance, showing a smiling face, and a face only, above the edge of the table.

We are pleased to report that our "late runner" was in time to catch the train this time.

"STROLLING."

"There are pearls of dew on the wallaby track."

—W. Ogilvie.

Perhaps our poetic friend really meant the "humours" of the road, perhaps the "humbers," most likely the "whalers," though assuredly the I.C. examiner knows it to mean something that G.C. would like us to know for the I.C. See, see?

Yes, "pearls" we were that moonlight night, except that our packs interfered with our beauty, and certainly as we strolled along the white, silent road, guarded on either side by tragically weird sentinels, the pearly dew gathered on us, although we did have time to try a quince or two. Towards morning we discovered a pearl of inestimable worth—even the fact that Browning can describe the coming of day.

"Day!
Faster and more fast,
O'er night's brim, day rolls at last;
Boils, pure gold, o'er the cloud-cups brim
Where, spurted and suppressed it lay.
For not a froth-flake touched the rim
Of yonder gap in the solid gray
Of the eastern cloud, an hour away;
But forth one wavelet, then another, curled,
Till the whole sunrise, not to be suppressed
Rose, reddened, and its seething breast
Flickered in bounds, grew gold, then overflowed the world."
Boils, yes, the sunlight boiled over and among those hills, and then we tried a little bathos, so cold, so cold, and then that sweet dewy pearl of the road, the “Billy Bolts,” sang more melodiously, yea, verily than Ptolemaeus’ chair, in fact, some pearls do sing.

That day we met two strolling voyagers. One was—in the language of the “knowits”—very “zitty”—his beard in a partous state; the other was a very counterfeit jewel, whose brilliancy proved fiery but false, was a robust “adjective.”

The second night of the stroll found us tired and sleepy, but just as Morpheus had us in his claws or jaws the night became hideous with yells of Orpheus, then indeed did our eyes become four staring “pearls,” not dewy, but rather “wet.” The “bunyip,” “dingbat,” “wombat,” or “badossum” turned out to be a party of seven or eight “night walkers,” who had stumbled on our camp. They were as disturbed as the disturbed, “nut” said.

During the next two days and nights it was “Pearls, pearls, all the way,” a dazzling, brilliant, physical and mental experience! True, oh sage, doth many a gem serene the dark yet bright caverns of the earth reveal at Jenolan!

Perhaps the Great Architect revealed to man after that clever soul had dreamed the Gothic ideal what a real temple should be—at least this was another pearl we discovered in the Temple of Baal while we were on a walkahy track.

Friday and the old Norse lady spinning her delightful “yarns” across the firmament, what time we wandered home along the Mt. Victoria road; and how pleasant it was to count our finds while the brooding stillness of the valleys charmed away the miles and the distant hills reminded us of lumbering elephants amoving down the countryside.

That night we found another “pearl,” a road labourer, who invited us to share his lonely camp; that bed should, indeed, bear the trademark, “Lethe.”

The last day on the road was most enjoyable; we paddled in the cool water, and we met a “dinkum swaggle,” to whom we told a woeful tale, and incidentally a son discovered his father. The meeting was, indeed, most humorous—for the sunburned ones had been employed at my father’s farm, and as I had told him that once I also had worked there he told me of the dad—the last pearl found was, therefore, a humorous, not a dewy one.

A. C.

—Macbeth, Act V.

—Ode to the Moon (Hood).

—Sir Galahad (Tennyson).

—Macbeth, Act V; Sc. I.

H. A. R.

“BURRS” I.

Here are a few extracts from essays written after the style of Lamb:—

There was the worthy—who with a kindly inquiring glance in his mild blue eye would ask: “Whose period is this?” A “period” was the designation of that all-too-short three-quarters of an hour devoted daily to each subject—was a very absent-minded man, and when told that it was his turn to teach our unruly class would proceed to instruct us with a stern voice and a deep frown for every offender. But in spite of this assumed severity he could not prevent his own kindly nature from peeping through, like the sunbeam through the inky cloud, in many little touches of kindly sympathy for those who could not grasp the intricate and very abstruse subject of Mathematics.

B. F.
Besides these others there was a tall, lean, aristocratic man with a dark, saturnine countenance, who, with a light springy step, entered the room, and after a preliminary "Up Straight" proceeded to instruct us, enlivening his lessons with many a little incident of interest, for he was full of anecdote. He was one of the most humane of teachers. Others came into the room, and in a dull monotone droned out their dry, unembellished facts and then departed.

C. A. R.

There was, too, a short, stocky man of much detailed and voluminous learning, a man of little patience with the lower classes, but likeable enough among those senior classes.

We must not forget (-----) who took the place of the beadle old times and industriously made the rounds of the school each morning, removing every obtrusive speck of dust with his long, lean, feather duster, so like the tail of a decrepit buff orpington rooster, and who every afternoon at five o'clock warned all industrious students—known by the contemptuous epithet of "fag"—who remained behind while all the other students had retired to the playing fields that it was time for "closing up."

R. C.

THE STORM.

The world is silent as the midnight air,
With ebon clouds the sky is overcast,
The king of beasts lies silent in his lair,
And twittering birds sit quiet in their nests.
Still calm pervades, and all is deathly still,
While earth is dark and grey as is the night,
As though it were the great Creator's will.
That peace should reign before His awful might;
But now a change spreads o'er the face of earth,
Deep thunder rolls, the lightning flashes clear,
Great trees crash down, struck in the wind's mad mirth.
Wild beasts grow fiercer in their madden'd fear.
All this the ancients thought the work of Jove,
But we know 'tis the work of God above.

N. C.

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Place orders in early.

Mr. CALL,
Manager, Prefect.

FOURTH YEAR CLASS NOTES.

Now, as the year draws on to an end, we all feel regret at leaving these halls of learning where we have passed so many pleasant hours. We take leave of the B.H.S. not as do lovers, but as two old friends who, after having seen one another every day for five pleasant years are now about to part never to meet again.

We all appreciate——

The photograph of Milton in our beautifully ornamented room, as it is a great aid to a looking glass to the "brush-back" fiends.

Mr. Teasdale's elegant workmanship now adorning our blackboard.

The newly blackened fireplace.

The frequent interruptions occasioned by people coming to open the stock press.

The scents arising from the Laboratory every Monday afternoon.
The melodious sounds floating regularly across from Third Year.

Someone is asking: "Why is the 'brush back' so popular among us? Is it because of its adaptability to the running of the fingers through the hair when studying the abstruse subjects usually dealt with in Fourth year, or because long hair is traditionally popular among men of genius?"

How are those hard-working students who were threatened with nervous breakdowns? Is this same "brush back" a cure for this?

One of our members seems unable to arrive at school before 9.30 a.m., even after five years' practice. He acts in a similar erratic way at drill; that is excusable. But when he missed the first course of the Fort Street dinner, surely that was inexcusable?

By the way, we congratulate the School on their victory over Fort Street and Orange High Schools.

The garden is a thing much spoken of. We are still waiting to see some of the products of the celestial art.

We would like to compliment Third Year on the tidiness of their room. It is certainly a picture no artist could paint. We would also like to know the meaning of the indecipherable inscription above their door.

We are pleased to be able to report that our "social success" has settled down to hard work after several months' riotous living when he followed Burns' precept:

"One crowded hour of glorious life is worth an age without a name."

THIRD YEAR CLASS NOTES.

Since the last issue of the "Burr" we have attained the position and attendant dignity (ahem) of 3rd year, and, like the customary 3rd year class, we are now resting on our laurels. Our room leaves much to be desired. During the recess hours at the Primary School we hear the continual shouting of several hundred lusty infants on one side, whilst on the other the countenances of our fellow students of 4th year exert a disconcerting influence. These things added to the musical (?) efforts of the Primary School accounts, to a certain extent, for the apparent lack of desire to work evinced by our class.
In the field of sport Third Year can still hold its own, being well represented in both cricket and football. During the football season scrum practice was held daily in class between periods, and it was mainly due to this that our scrum worked so well in the competition matches. Our class also had the honour of possessing the finest player in the team.

The lack of pugilists in 3rd year is not occasioned by lack of practice, as the sport is frequently indulged in between periods, as well as occasional dramas, which, however, are thought to be comedies by everybody except the actors.

The School sports have not eventuated yet. It is rumoured that they will come off early in the new year. This is unavoidable, but the annual picnic should on no account fall through, as it was a great success on the initial occasion last year.

Late this year there was one more addition to our numbers from Dubbo.

THIRD YEAR CLASS NOTES—GIRLS.

Third year is nearly over, and before us stretches the long, weary road of Fourth Year that leads to the Leaving Certificate. Let us hope that 1921 will not be any worse than 1919 was. We take the opportunity of wishing success to 2nd and 4th years in their approaching examinations.

Next year's 4th year is going to be very studious. In our room now there are books, books everywhere on the desks (sometimes on the floor), showing our diligent work. One cannot come in even without walking under French.

The winter was very cold in our room. We had nothing to warm our feet, but a foot rail.

But what was that? A noise was heard; nearer and nearer it came. Was it an aeroplane or a motor-car? Merely the sewing machine in the next room.

Our best subject is French, especially with some in the class, who are really geniuses.

Often pleasant odours reach us from the cooking school below, but their pleasantness is often changed when mixed with another and less pleasing odour emerging from the Science Room door.

Girls' sports have been good during the last season. Third Year has done its share helping to make them successful. We hope that as much interest will be taken in the summer sports as was taken in those of the winter.

SECOND YEAR GIRLS.

Our class room contains several curiosities: a calendar that never alters and a clock that seems always engaged in a race with time. The clock is generally in the lead until it stops for a spell, and when a friendly hand sets it going again it leaps ahead with renewed vigour.

No one can deny that our constitutions are exceedingly good, for we withstand the gas attacks engineered from the neighbouring lab. by Third Year boys. If, however, the attacks continue we shall have to purchase gas masks.

We have heard the statement that the old school contains some budding authors, but the flowers do not appear. We suggest a solution from our botanical studies—the buds perhaps are "dormant."

It would be impossible to count the times on which we have been told that the very walls know some of our French rules, because we have heard them so often. Why then do they so obstinately refuse the office of prompters to us?

Most of us are working very hard now, and if we were asked to alter Wordsworth's famous lines to suit our own situations the result would be something like this:

"For I have learned to look on study,
Not as in the days of my first year,
But hearing oftentimes the gentle chiding of a teacher;
Not harsh, nor granting, but of ample power.
To cause to work anew, so I have felt
A power within me, causing me to strive
To work, that I may win that joy
Of six or seven A's."

CLASS NOTES, 2A (BOYS).

We've been drifting along, having a good time, and now when we are nearing the rapids of examination we find the old boat very weatherworn and leaky.

Ten months have gone
And, behold, for repayment,
November comes in
With exam. in her raiment.

(With apologies to Kendall.)

And now we wonder who will go overboard during that perilous time.

But we have all confidence in our ancient pilot, Captain Cook, in his "endeavour" to bring us through safely.

So the swift pens scratched together like a flight of war-birds whirring.
That though paper after paper worked their way eagerly, for work undone and hours misspent and resolution vain, 'Tis somewhat late to trouble. This I know—If I had the same year over, I should do the same again; And the chances are I'll do as most lads do.

LATIN REMOVE—BOYS.

We studious students study strenuously, "especially between periods." At least we "stick" to our work—sometimes.

We are developing a sect of poets here lately. Some of the verse is good, some woeful. Certain of the best pieces will certainly appear in other parts of this issue—perhaps.

Another direction which our talent takes is in acting. We have some extremely good Shakespearian actors, who performed before the critical eyes of the Orange students on the occasion of their visit to this town.

We congratulate our Saturday football team on their fine performance during the season. Some of the members of L.R. show great promise at football, especially those belonging to the Scouts.

Others of us belong to the choir, where, on Friday afternoons, many meritorious musicians merrily make much music.

We always endeavour to live up to our mottos, "Altiora Petio" and "Bang! Bang!" especially the latter.

LATIN REMOVE—GIRLS.

We make our first bow in modest fashion, though it is likely that ere long the record of our glories as a class will move us to a spirit of merry self-praise. We call upon you first to note how many members of the team who won against Orange recently were drawn from our class. One of us can tell you from sad experience during that strenuous match the nature of a "shinner" in hockey.

Turning to the masculine side of our assembly, we proclaim with pride the eminence of our budding actors. Shakespearian ones at that! What sayst thou, bully Bottom? Oh, yes, Fourth Year, we know that the "blooming field" plays well as a girl, but "Don't argue! bully Bottom plays the best."

By the way. Fourth Year students do not use Stepmann's! Oh no!

Our neighbours of Commercial Remove cannot appreciate the relief afforded our toll-weary brains by a bright-coloured product map which hangs on one of our walls, and refreshes both our teachers and ourselves with geographic visions. For these Philistines make frequent incursions, whose object is to deprive us of our map.

Some of us are giving you in this issue an opportunity to realise what fame awaits them as poets. No one will be surprised to hear that the alien subject of grammar does not appeal to us.

Seeing that our B.H.S. possesses such a variety of objects, as the following list shows, it would be well if a museum were made for them before the objects vanish. We have a wolf, a harker, a web (b), a gale, a crow, a brownie, A-braham, a Jacob, a sargeant, a miller, a tailor, two bells, several cooks, some curry, la pin, a forest, two buzz-zbees, a lock, some pollard, a sigher.

Hoping that our examinees of this year have seized and held firmly the one hair on the aged man's head, we shall retire, wishing our poor pals success. Therefore—Ashoo! Ashoo! Ashoo! !

C.R.

It is a common fact, at least C.R. believes so, that parasites are those individuals who hail from Paris. The weird sounds that issue from under the partition proved merely that L.R. have a mascot with jaws and whose one irritating and everlasting "jaw" is "Let him roar again."

In the land of perpetual darkness the sun never sets, so says our sage. Dad Petruchio, our woman tamer, is believed to be only a fake, but we try his ability on the obnoxious representative from the menagerie next door.

The other day Maths sidled in through the door to receive a sudden shock from History, which fell from the sky. During a lesson tother day one noble youth, a budding Bad Powel, answered that of the two Kings, Chas. I. and Jimmy I., he liked Charles best.
FIRST YEAR.

1B is a very model class. The mental faculties of its pupils are unparalleled. The teachers don a radiant smile upon entering the Lecture Hall; they take a great delight in instructing these intelligent youths. The 1B scholars are well practised in the extraction of 1A chairs. The silence of the Lecture Hall is much appreciated by both pupils and teachers alike.

The walls of the hall are tastefully decorated with two pictures, an Honour Roll, and numerous hats.

The window blinds leave much to be desired. Over all is a covering of fine, white dust, which greatly improves the appearance of the Hall.

A Latin master was one day telling his class that the English word piscatorial is derived from the Latin "piscator." Then, looking at the front row, he said, "Now, if I was practising the piscatorial art here, what would I catch?"

(A voice from the corner): "Flatheads."

MON DIT.

That Fourth Year have proved a really fine lot of sports and students.

Shylock has been better done during certain English lessons than that lately seen.

The next full moon should mark this year's climax of the Wander Lust of Long and Short. This time last annual at 104 in the shade they started late in the afternoon to walk to China—but did not forge so far ahead, at least that night.

Several of the lady teachers are expert strollers, even "nettles" do not dismay them.

A certain very original botany paper was awarded only ten marks in the recent exam.

The "visitors" to the museum often go away disappointed at not hearing the animals roar while being fed.

That those responsible for the success of the Orange and Fort St. trips—especially the girls and ladies—deserve much praise.

The programmes given to the Orange team were really delightful—good, oh! E.V.T.

This "Burr" is really due to the untiring and successful business ability of John Parslow, the renowned Scotchman.

The Boy Scouts will easily qualify for the detective badge.

Current history takes the cake or the bun these stewing days.

The football season was interesting, exciting, and most beneficial to the school.

That outside encouragement such as lately given (especially by Mr. and Mrs. Pollard) would make the High School.

We really do want a Reference Library to help us hold our own with other schools.

Our slogan for next year is "Personality" and "We want a decent Library."

MEMORIES.

What a wonderful power is our faculty of memory—our being able to recall the actions and deeds of days long gone by, and our being able to picture scenes with the mind's eye!

In less than a second we can travel back years, and our recollection is so vivid that for the time being it seems as if it all happened only a short time since.

Most people look back on their childhood days as the happiest of their lives. For my part, my childhood days were as happy as anyone could wish for.

With what childish delight did I look forward to those weekend trips to the country! Every day awakened with some new pleasure. We were never tired of tripping through the green meadows studded with rich clusters of wild, fragrant flowers of the most delicate colours. After a short walk we arrived at the river, which sank merrily as it went rippling over the tiny stones and pebbles until it reached the waterfall, and there it dashed down majestically, sparkling in the sun, and then flowed on calmly towards the far-distant sea.

When once we had crossed the river by means of the stepping stones, we used to walk along the bank for some time until we gained the entrance of a wood. In this wood we used to gather acorns and berries of all descriptions, and continue our way over a soft carpet of moss, till we came to a fairy-like pool shaded by the tall trees around it. This was one of our favourite haunts, nor were we lonely there, for the wood resounded with the warblings of the birds, pouring forth their joy and happiness.

Some days we wended our way up the Pentland Hills, which meant trespassing on some lord's estates, but this only added to our enjoyment.
On either side of our path lay fields of corn, golden in the summer sun, and the (red) tint of the scarlet poppy showing here and there.

Having once climbed these hills covered with rich purple heather, a glorious sight was afforded, especially when it was growing dusk and the sun was sinking in a glory of gold and orange and the smoke could be seen curling out of the many chimneys of the gray old city not far distant, and as a slender sickle moon appeared and the stars began to twinkle overhead, the old city would grow more and more dim, until only the faint outline of the famous old historic castle could be seen.

Such scenes seem to dwell in one's memory very vividly.

But all the joys that delighted our childish fancies have passed away.

As we sail along the river of years in the ship of life we see these old memories left on the shore behind us, but we can always look back on them and brood over them.

Memory is sweet, yet painful, when we realize that those dear faces of our old playmates are never to be seen by us again in this life, but we have one blessing, that we can think of them as when last we saw them.

We feel like Burns when he said in his “Lament” —

“Oh! scenes in strong remembrance set,
Scenes never, never to return.”

A H.

HERE AND THERE.

Fourth Year has a delicious treat on Tuesday mornings, for then the bill of fare contains Curried Lamb.

A budding L.C. aspirant lately expressed the emotion caused by the beautiful lines—

“A violet by a mossy stone,
Half hidden from the eye.”

in a most concrete manner.

These lines bring to my mind the “Dark Room.”

During the Michaelmas Vacation it was rumoured that Fourth Year went a-yachting down “Ye Noble Makequarry.” The correspondent of “Le Temps,” Bathurst, had the following report of the fifth day:—

On coming nigh land we went ashore, the cloth was spread on the blooming field, but these intellectuals called it a lawn, a don’t cher know.

Naturally they spoke of their “Alma Mater,” but in Ma Loney’s terms Malvolio acted most naturally during the voyage

and Jessica’s jewels saved them from shipwreck. After lunch the girls suggested that “Flora” sing a ballad, but she preferred to discuss “Hosen” and “Geraint and Enid.” (Of course these “blue stockings” will be so intellectual!)

Such proceedings bored the wood stroller and nature student, so a howler was made of “Allan a Dale” by our cartridge expert.

Just on dusk they returned to the yacht, and a most perilous return was made from Manly to Coogee, chiefly owing to the seamanship of “Pull hard.”

LOCAL HISTORY.

Caloola is a handsome little village 165 miles west of Sydney and 29 south of Bathurst. It now consists of a post office, church, and school, with houses scattered here and there.

However, this quiet, slow, old place has seen some stirring days. One of the first settlers was the late George Larnach, who went there in 1830 or thereabouts. His man, Jack, failed to return from work one day, and twelve months later, having come back, he thus explained his absence: “Day, boss, pick up big piece of money, and go mad, don’t know what happen since.”

During those times Caloola resembled an ant bed, the human ants searching eagerly for gold soon put the Biblical insects to shame. However, Garibaldi proved a richer field, and our village was deserted. Silver mining followed, then quarrying for marble, but these required too much energy, and so sheep stations and farms became the rule.

Again was the old district awakened. Cattle duffing became rife, chusing brumbies was a favourite sport of my father.

Ben Hall’s gang stirred up the old village, and many exciting stories are still to be heard of how T. B.’s corpse was lost while being taken home to his mother’s house, and a heap of stones, an old chimney, and an acacia tree (still alive) mark the scene of an exciting fray.

“DAD.”

“Wimbledon,” the most interesting building of the village was the old school. It was built by the “Valley” people some fifty years ago. Later on it was “transported” to Wimbledon (not by water). The chairs, seats and tables in the Old School were made in Austria over forty years ago.

C. V.

Fifield.—Nineteen miles from Trundle is the progressive little town of Fifield. This town contains one of the largest platinum fields in the world, in fact, fully fifteen different kinds of minerals are to be found here—gold, silver, tin, copper, iron, platinum, osmiridium, manganese, galena, lead, molybdenite, Wolfram, antimony, graphite, and magnesite. They are all found in payable quantities.

B...M.
FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF AUSTRALIA.

The long-looked-for day had at last arrived, and the passengers on board S.S. Miltiades eagerly watched for the first glimpse of Sydney. How welcome is the sight of land after days of boundless ocean! Nothing but sea and sky, and perhaps a few friendly passing ships to break the monotony.

The excitement on board as the ship neared the Heads was intense, for all had heard of the magnificence of the harbour. But, to our disappointment, a storm approached as we neared the Heads, and soon the rain came down in torrents. So it came about that we were all huddled together on the lower deck, all wondering where the harbour was, when soon we reached Dalgety's Wharf.

Here a great meeting of old friends and relatives took place. One family who had boastfully proclaimed all the voyage out that they would be met by a rich squatter from the West were heartily greeted by a character somewhat like the "Dad" of Steele Rudd's "On Our Selection." For us, however, disappointment followed disappointment. The look of Sydney, with its narrow streets, on a rainy day, made us very homesick. That night, to increase our depression, came a terrific thunderstorm, the like of which we had never witnessed before.

The next day we began our house-hunting, but found that we were everywhere eyed with suspicion, and, indeed, our broad accent once caused us to be mistaken for Germans. At last one landlord, to whom we paid a month's rent in advance, graciously received us on trial. As we learned afterwards, we had landed in one of the worst suburbs in Sydney, albeit apparently respectable as seen by daylight.

No sooner had we settled down for the night in our new abode than we were alarmed by a terrible noise in the next house, which happened as soon as the father arrived home. But we discovered that this was quite a usual occurrence. Mosquitoes provided another worry, and when we lit our house at night we found ourselves in the company of insects whose very names were strange to us—cockroaches crawled on the floor and centipedes ran up the wall.

Oh, Australia!—was this the place we were to live in? Was this "beautiful, sunny New South Wales?" We had no desire to go out to see the few sights; we felt that our immediate sensations were more than sufficient. Our first excursion was to watch the very next boat go back to England—we could get no further! And so our first impressions of Australia were miserable.

That cannot be wondered at, for we had landed in the place in wet weather, and were living, strangers and homeless, in one of Sydney's worst districts. The unfamiliar nature of the country's customs and conditions accounted for our unflattering opinion. In a short time we went west to some relatives, and never until my next visit to Sydney did I see its beauties and magnify my impression of the harbour; and, indeed, the Australians are the best natured people on earth when once you know them, but it takes some time to find out how sincere and kind they are at heart.

H.F.

SPRING.

The fields are clothed in emerald green,
The brown bees seek the golden store,
Around their mothers frisk the lambs,
For springtime now is here.

The birds are singing soft and clear,
The warm wind brings the scent of flowers
From forest and from rolling plains,
For springtime now is here.

Through verdant plains the rivers flow,
And in cool valleys mosses grow,
The bluebells toss their pretty heads,
For springtime now is here.

—T.W.

A FEW IMPRESSIONS OF SYDNEY ON THE OCCASION OF THE VISIT OF HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES.

Introduction.

It was my good fortune to have the privilege of visiting Sydney and seeing the decorations and the great welcome accorded to the Prince of Wales on the occasion of his visit to New South Wales.

I took part in "The Boy Scouts' Procession," visited the "Renown," and was able to get several near views of the Prince.

Sydney's decorations were very beautiful and on a big scale. Macquarie Street, College Street, Wentworth Avenue, portions of George Street, Martin Place, portions of Pitt and Bridge Streets looked very pretty with flags, greenery, arches, and at night time electric lights.

The Boy Scouts' Procession and Combined Rally.

On Wednesday morning, 16th June, 1920, the whole of the metropolitan and about 500 of the country troops, totalling in all over 3000 Scouts, and comprising Wolf Cubs, Scouts, and a detachment of Sea Scouts, assembled in front of the Scout Headquarters, Royal Naval House, Grosvenor Street. The streets near at hand and near the Power House were also filled with Scouts.

After assembling we were inspected by the Commissioners at about 9:30 a.m. Then we were marched via York and Barrack Streets into George Street, Martin Place, Pitt Street, through the Stock Exchange arch, thence into Bridge Street, past the miniature lighthouse, through the Shipbuilders and Woolbrokers' arches, into Macquarie Street, and on through Government House Gates (Arch of Greenery) into Government House grounds, where we were lined along either side of a long path ready for inspection by the Prince of Wales after his return from his Royal progress through the streets.
Government House Grounds presented an impressive sight, for there, paraded for inspection, in addition to the Scouts, were about 250 Army Nurses and 1,500 members of Voluntary Aid Detachments (V.A.D.'s).

In front of these were winners of the Victoria Cross.

When the Prince arrived his carriage was drawn up in front of the parade, and, word being given, we stood at “the alert.” Our officers saluted the Prince, who was in naval uniform, and the Prince and his Staff walked along the whole of the lines.

Scout Commissioner Johnson was in command of the Scouts. On departing for Man-of-War Steps the Prince was given a tremendous cheer by the Nurses, V.A.D.'s., and Boy Scouts.

The parade being over, we were marched into the Outer Domain, through the Botanical Gardens, along St. Mary’s Street, thence via Woolloomooloo into Darlinghurst and on through Flinders Street to the Sports Ground, where a combined rally in honour of the Prince of Wales (Chief Scout for Wales) was to take place.

Having marched around the ring, we were dismissed for lunch (at about 3 p.m.), having had nothing to eat since early morning. This was a test of endurance, and it proved too much for some who had to drop out of the ranks in the march.

After dinner all boys not participating in the displays were marched out of the ring and dismissed.

The display of Scout craft was most interesting and instructive. It included Trek Cart Display, Bridge and Tower Building, Tent Pitching, Physical Drill, Lassoing, Signalling, and First Aid. All of these events were carried out at the one time. It was well worth seeing.

The various uses to which Trek Carts can be put were shown. It was good to see how quickly these carts could be pulled to pieces and put together again. One of the most interesting was the erection of a shelter shed.

The Bridge Building from poles, pieces of board and ropes was very quickly done, as was also the Signal Tower that Paddington boys made from rough poles and by Hurstville boys from staves.

Leichhardt Troop was very good in their bridge building. They used some roughly-cut saplings and stringy bark poles. Trestles were quickly constructed, and across these were tied two long saplings or poles. Then to these were fastened at a distance of about two inches apart short sticks to form the footway. Another company built a bridge of staves with planking laid across.

The Physical Drill was very good, too, especially that by the St. Jude's boys, who performed some of what seemed almost impossible acts in various methods of jumping and vaulting.

The Signalling, particularly that of the West Sydney District, who did the semaphore, was very good.

Several Troops were represented in the First Aid Work. One lot of Scouts had an ambulance constructed on three bicycles. The bandaging of the (supposed) injured and the lifting on to stretchers and removing in the ambulance was very quickly and neatly done.

I had during the time I was in Sydney several conversations with the Chief Secretary, Mr. Kelly, who, though a very busy man, has always time for a word with a scout. He is very enthusiastic, too, and seems to always smile, no matter how busy or in what difficulties.

In the march I was attached to the Canowindra Patrol and a number of Lone Scouts and Representatives of troops.

Our procession was often cheered when passing along the streets. The 1st Teralba Troop Scout Band from the Newcastle District headed the Scouts.

Visit to the "Renown."

On the Saturday following the arrival of the Prince, the Boy Scouts and returned soldiers were permitted to go on board the "Renown."

We were taken on ferry boats from near Fort Macquarie to the warship. There was such a tremendous crowd that one could not see very much of the vessel. Some got as far as alongside the "Renown," but could not get on board owing to the great crowd.

Moving about on the ship was slow. Certain parts of the vessel were closed against visitors, and the Boy Scouts were not allowed to go below. However, there was much of interest to see as it was.

"The 'Renown' is a battle cruiser of the best type. Load, 26,500 tons; length, 794 feet 1½ inches; breadth, 90 feet 2 inches; maximum draft, 30 feet 6 inches.

"She was launched in 1916 and put in commission a year later with the Grand Fleet in the North Sea. She is the sister ship of H.M.S. 'Repulse.'"
TREMAIN BROS.

INVINCIBLE ROLLER FLOUR,
VICTORIA MILLS, BATHURST;
BRITANNIA MILLS, BOGGABRI.

Flour, Bran, Pollard, and Wheat Meal always on hand.

F. BLOMFIELD, M.P.S.
Dispensing and Family Chemist.
67 KEPPLE STREET.
A Full Stock of Toilet Requisites.
Try our Creamolin for Cuts and Bruises, 1/- per tin.
Best Fruit Syrups kept.

BLOMFIELD'S PHOSPHORISED TONIC,
For the Blood and Nerves, 2/6 per bottle.

Empire Day was originally made a holiday to commemorate the birthday of the great and good Queen, Victoria, in the same way as we are allowed a holiday to celebrate the King's birthday today. In the days when the Queen still lived, her people looked upon the day as a time to show their love for their Queen by displays of different kinds. They reverenced her then for the qualities which now make us revere her memory.

Empire Day, then, is a day on which we pay homage to the memory of the Queen in whose long and almost peaceful reign many useful reforms were carried out in England, while our possessions abroad were strengthened and extended.

But Empire Day now means to us something deeper and fuller than it used to. It makes us think of that great and glorious Empire of which Australia is a part and of which we are subjects. It helps us to realise at the same time our insignificance and our power, our insignificance as individuals and our power as a nation. So long as we are banded together under the same flag, and enjoy the liberties and privileges of our mighty Empire, we will not fail. The old proverb, "United we stand, divided we fall," has been proved over and over again to be a true one, and as long as we think of Empire Day as symbolic of these things, it will never be forgotten, and we will never be in danger of forgetting the great and wonderful power to which we belong.

Our Empire indeed, is an Empire of which any British subject should be proud. It is reputed to be, and is, the largest and most powerful nation or Empire in the world today. Its dominions are so wide that the sun never sets on them, and throughout this vast area the same love of freedom is observed; that magnificent heritage which has been handed down to every generation of Englishmen since England became united under one King. Its citizens enjoy a fine system of representative government; this was proved by the splendid way in which the different parts of the Empire bore their share in the awful war which has just ended and which has extended its influence over every part of the world.

We must remember, however, that our Empire was not always as strong and as powerful as it is at the present time. There was a time when England was not recognised as a nation
at all, and her present position is due to the patriotism and determination of her great statement, and to the dogged courage and persistence of her people as a whole; we have fought our way upwards, step by step, until we have attained our present pitch of efficiency, which, though not perfect, is nevertheless far in advance of all rivals.

Let us then always think of these things, of our Empire, of our country and of our freedom, on the day which has been specially set apart to remind us of them.

EDWARD S. PYM.

BATHURST HIGH SCHOOL OLD STUDENTS' UNION.

The Annual Meeting of the B.H.S.O.S.U. was held 17th May, 1920, at the Bathurst Primary School.

The election of officers resulted as follows:—Patrons, Mr. Insp. Blumer, M.A., Lt.-Col. G. P. Murphy, C.M.G., D.S.O., Lt.-Col. H. Paul; President, Mr. W. Cameron, B.A.; Vice-Presidents, Miss Beavis, Mr. J. Haydon, Mr. W. Cantello, B.A.; Joint Hon. Secretaries and Treasurers, Misses Beavis, I. Wallace, M. Gale, Council, Misses Murray, Misses K. Tremain, Messrs. R. Neat, C. Bolton; Auditors, Miss V. Pryce, Mr. H. Gornall; Sports Committee, Misses K. Tremain, E. Wallace, Messrs. R. Neat, J. Palmer; Entertainment Committee, Mrs. W. Cameron, Misses E. Blomfield, V. Whalan, E. Hill, E. Wallace, Messrs. N. Jennings, H. Gornall, K. Waddell, C. Wright.

Further business included:—

1. Date of Re-Union.—26th June was date fixed for Annual Re-Union, but owing to the Prince's visit the Re-Union was postponed until 11th September.

2. High School Prize.—It was decided to give two prizes, £1/1/- each, to High School students, for English, choice of subject to be left to Mr. Cameron and staff.

3. Life Membership Cards.—It was decided to present all ex-students of A.I.F. with life membership cards of B.H.S.O.S.U. as a small token of appreciation for services rendered in the war.

4. Membership Fees.—The alteration of fee from 1/6 to 2/- was passed.

The Annual Re-Union.

The 1920 Re-Union of the B.H.S.O.S.U. was held in the Oddfellows' Hall on 11th September. About 160 ex-students and friends were present and the function proved a great social success.

One and all regretted our President's—Mr. Cameron—inaibility to be present. He was, however, very ably represented by Mr. Cantello, to whom the ex-students extend their thanks and appreciation for his splendid help as M.C.

MRS. W. CAMERON, MISS V. PRYCE, MRS. MCMLLAN, MISS J. SWEETMAN, MISS A. PROWSE AND MR. CANTELLO Rendered great service to the musical part of the evening's programme, for which many thanks.

The 1920 Re-Union proved to be the most successful yet held. The number present doubled the attendance of the previous year. Likewise the financial balance doubled that from the previous Re-Union.

Now that our Union is well established, each successive Re-Union should prove more and more successful. On our books we have 86 life members, besides 45 paid-up members, a fact which augurs well for the future prosperity of the B.H.S.O.S.U.

R. BEAVIS,
I. WALLACE, Hon. Secs.

LEAVING CERTIFICATE.


LEAVING CERTIFICATE, 1919.

Handcock, Cecil Claude, 1B, 3B, 5B, 6B, 8B, 10L.
Lamerton, Edward, 11H, 2B, 3B, 5A, 6B, 8B, 10B.
Pills, Edward Elliott, 1B, 3B, 5B, 6B, 8B, 14B.
Press, Eileen M., 1H, 3A, 5B, 6B, 8B, 12B.
Saunders, Francis Robert, 1H, 3A, 5B, 6B, 8A.
Taylor, Ada Eliza Christina, 1B, 3A, 8B, 12B.

INTERMEDIATE CERTIFICATE.

INTERMEDIATE CERTIFICATE, 1919.

Brown, John Cecil, 1B, 2B, 3A, 4B, 5B, 7B.
Fairley, Constance Alma, 1B, 2B, 3B, 4B, 5B, 6B, 7B.
Gentle, Leonard Charles, 1B, 2B, 3A, 4A, 5A, 7B, 12B, 16B.
Godfrey, William George, 1B, 2B, 3B, 4B, 5B, 6B, 7B, 11B.
Harris, Arnold William, 1A, 2B, 3A, 4A, 5A, 6B, 7B, 11B.
Hodge Harold Alfred, 1A, 2A, 3A, 4B, 5B, 6B, 7B, 11A.
Johnson, Athol Herbert J., 1B, 2B, 3A, 4B, 7B, 14B, 15B.
Kefford, Eileen Alice R., 1B, 2B, 3A, 4A, 5B, 6B, 7B, 12B.
Kefford, Robert Hilton, 1A, 2B, 3A, 4A, 5A, 6A, 7B, 11A.
Lamont, Valerie Mary, 1B, 3B, 4B, 5B, 12B.
Layton, John Henry, 1B, 3A, 4B, 5B, 16B.
McCandless, Rhoda May, 1B, 2B, 3B, 5B, 6B, 7B.
Morrow, John, 1B, 3B, 4B, 5B, 6B, 7B, 11B.
Parslow, John Henry T., 1B, 2B, 3B, 4B, 5A, 7B, 11B.
Payne, Ambrose Keith, 1B, 2B, 3B, 4B, 5B, 7B, 11B, 14B, 15B.
Pearsley, Evelyne, 1B, 2B, 3A, 4A, 5A, 6B, 7B, 12B.
Peters, Roy Ernest, 1B, 2B, 3B, 4B, 5B.
Russell-Smith, Ronald George, 3B, 4A, 5B, 11B.
Tremain, Nellie, 1A, 2A, 3A, 4A, 5A, 7B, 12B, 14B, 15A.
Williams, Jasper Ernest, 1A, 2B, 3B, 4A, 5B, 6B, 7B, 11B.
Winter, Roy, 1B, 2B, 3B, 4B, 5B, 16B, 24B.

At the recent Empire Day celebrations Mr. F. H. Roberts donated prizes to the value of two guineas for the best Essays, Senior and Junior, on "Empire Day—Its meaning and value."
These were won by A. Currie, C. Niland and E. S. Pym.
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Mantles          Tailoring
Silks            Dressmaking
Dresses          Boots
Haberdashery     Grocery
Hosiery          Hardware
Fancy            Electro Plate
Etc.             Etc.

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