"THE BURR"

The Magazine of the Bathurst High School

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"The Burr"

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SCHOOL

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So far Australian national sentiment has grown naturally.
We are not a nation possessing fine cities and rotten slums like
America. As yet we have had no time to veneer our thoughts
and no time to create an artificial class society. With us wealth
does not count for so much as it does in the older countries. All
are theoretically equal and practically speaking are equal.
Therefore our national sentiment reflects these conditions.
It is sunny, adventurous and invigorating.

If we try to rear a hothouse sentiment, we will find it be-
coming unnatural. Yet we can cultivate this same sentiment and
plant it in fertile ground without making it unnatural.
We are already beginning to ape America. This desire
originated in a big city—Sydney—and is now spreading to the
country.

American fashions, American speech, American songs,
American pictures and literature—all these American ideas pre-
vade our life. It cannot be denied that our Schools of Arts de-
pend on American writers—Zane Grey, Bindloss, Rex Beach and
Gene Stratton Porter. This is partly because we have no
literature of our own and no real English literature.

Latterly Australians are trying to produce Australian pic-
tures. Even the worst of these are better than the American
rubbish. Australians are gradually realising that Australian pic-
tures are as good and better than many imported pictures.

Our national sentiment, proved by the Great War, is far
superior to the neurotic sentiment of nations like America. We
must not, however, boom our sentiment at the expense of the
sentiment of other nations. Australian sentiment would not
suit America.

Our sentiment should echo the homesiness, the humor, and
the grim struggles of our outback men. A national sentiment
born in a city is built upon the sand. It is too narrow and
restricted, too parochial.

The principal cultivators of this "Glory of the Garden" for
Australia must each be responsible for some particular work.
The churches, the schools, Parliament, municipalities, institutes
and unions, all must work harmoniously to produce a natural,
healthy growth of this plant, so rich, yet rare, but hard to cultivate in these quicksand times.

The cry to one and all today is "In Your Hands, Australians," and quite naturally so; and may we secondary schools modestly claim that we have at least a spade or a hoe in our hand in this cultivation of sentiment? Are we not wells, shallow though they be, of true national thought? Do not our senior students become acquainted with the best of English literature, the why and the wherefore of Nature's changing face? Do we not see world happenings and analyse them under the true microscope of discernment based on humility and saving common sense?

— J. WILLIAMS.

COMETS AND METEORITES.

On rare occasions there may be observed in the sky long, bright, filmy bodies, of varying degrees of luminosity, sometimes visible for many weeks, then disappearing into the nothingness from which they came. These bodies, which are called comets, have in all ages been the object of rapt attention—ferry monsters, breathing war, pestilence, and famine to the superstitious; celestial marvels embodying mysteries of outer space to the intelligent and thoughtful.

Observing the comet with the naked eye, one sees that it consists of a dense, bright portion known as the head or coma, and a long, attenuated part called the tail. Near the centre of the head is a nucleus. This portion is developed first as the comet travels round the sun, and is believed to consist of a vast number of meteors. As they approach our luminous Being of which they are composed, are vapourised, and shot out with great velocity towards the sun, whence they are re-radiated towards the great planet which the sun exercises a greater force on than any other. Thus the whole is raised, with a corresponding increase of its brightness.

The dimensions of a comet constantly change. The head may vary in diameter from 10,000 to 50,000 miles, and one which appeared in 1831 had a head 1,325,000 miles across. The tails vary from 5,000,000 to 50,000,000 miles in length, in the case of comets visible without the aid of telescopes, but tails of much greater length have been observed. It might be imagined that bodies of such enormous volume coming within the limits of the solar system would have a great effect upon its members.

If a planet like our little earth could suddenly be incorporated into the solar system, it would so derange everything that our observations of comets or anything else would come to an abrupt and permanent conclusion. However, a comet produces no appreciable effect upon the motion of a planet when it crosses its orbit. Indeed it is the comet that suffers. Therefore we may conclude that the mass and density of comets is very small. It has been calculated that if the whole tail of a large comet could be compressed until its density was equal to our atmosphere at sea-level, it would not occupy more than a cubic inch. The tail of a comet is thus far better vacuum than any we can create. The shape of a comet's tail depends on the nature of the vapours driven off. When hydrogen forms the greater part of the vapour the tail is straight, because hydrogen is the lightest gas, and is the most influenced by the sun's repellant action. With heavier gases the tail becomes curved or strongly bent.

The shape of a comet's tail depends on the nature of the vapours driven off.

What are those "shooting stars" that we see so frequently in the sky at night time? They are particles of matter attracted into the earth's atmosphere and rendered luminous by the intense heat generated by friction through the atmosphere. When the whole of the substance is vaporised, a portion of it falls to the ground as a meteorite. A few years ago, a large meteorite fell in Russia, and it was found to consist mostly of iron, also cutting through it, small diamonds were found. Thus an expensive and difficult method of preparing diamonds was found.

Millions and millions of these luminous meteors pass through our atmosphere every day. At long but regular intervals shooting stars appear in such numbers that they look like showers of fiery rain, radiating from some common point. One of these showers occurs every year in August, and another, much more brilliant, takes place in November at intervals of 33 years. The August shower is a part of a long ring of particles surrounding the sun and cutting the earth's orbit at the point occupied by our planet in August. When the earth comes in contact with this ring, a shower of meteors takes place. The November meteors cannot be a part of a similar chain, otherwise there would be a shower every year.

What are the grounds for believing that there is any connection between comets and meteors? In 1856 the orbit of Tempel's comet was found to be almost identical with the orbit of the November meteors. Later, it was shown that the August shower lay in a path coincident with the orbit of a comet that appeared in 1862; and several other coincidences of cometary and meteoric orbits have since been established. But it is when we come to spectroscopic examination of the bodies that their relation is made practically certain. When meteoric fragments are placed in a vacuum tube into which are introduced two platinum wires connected with an induction coil, and the coil is put into action, an electric glow appears above the fragments. Viewed in the spectroscope the first lines
to show themselves are those of hydrogen, and soon afterwards those of carbon. If the tube be gradually heated these are followed by the bright lines of magnesium, the bands of hot carbon, and the lines of manganese, iron, and other mineral substances on the order given. Now consider the spectum of comets. The first line visible, as the comet approaches the sun, is the bright line of magnesium at a low temperature—that is, one of the first lines visible, when a meteorite is heated. As the temperature increases, the line of cool carbon is visible, followed by the lines of hot carbon, manganese, and finally, at a high temperature, iron. When the comet recedes from the sun, changes in the reverse order occur. This has been shown not only from one comet but from several, thus the identity between comet sand meteorites seems to have been clearly established. The head of a comet consists of a mass of meteoritic particles, in various degrees of separation, and the tail of the gases to which the meteoritic elements are reduced by heat and friction in their journey round the sun.

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:: DAWN. ::

Ken as from out the vast, black, awful night,
Adam saw the first great dawn appear,
And, lighting slowly o’er the brim of Heaven,
Rushed his Eden in its wondrous light.

So now, though countless ages have rolled
Dark tumbrils over history’s cobble stones,
Pure as the first bright shafts of Dawn
They speak of dim ethereal things untold.
Now, as then, the twitting birds awake,
And with their voices fill the gently swaying trees;
A faint rose blush steals o’er the eastern sky
And slumberous, fairy music speaks of hidden mysteries.

So black Night as an evil force retreats, whilst on her way,
Trips reassuming Dawn—shy herald of the coming day.

—D. L.

:: SUNRISE. ::

A cold, still hush is hanging over all,
The dying moon is fading in the sky,
A pale pink flush is creeping through the east,
And magic colors light the clouds on high.

A little chirp, and then a joyous thrill,
As noisy birds fly from their cozy nests,
All hail the coming morn with greetings shrill
And breathe thanksgiving from each throbbing breast.

—H. KEPPFORD

:: A SPRING DAY. ::

The wintry wind has ceased to blow,
There’s no more frost and no more snow,
The budding branches gently sway
While we through flowers walk our way.

This shining day the busy bee
Is seeking honey merrily
Through verdant glens and leafy bowers
The birds enjoy the sunny hours.

Tis time for work, and time for play.
Tis time for merry holiday,
So let us always happy be.
When Spring has come for you and me.

VIWA DEANE.
NIGHT.

That radiant maiden, who watches o'er
This dreaming earth, when night holds sway,
Has many suitors in the Heavens,
Who disappear at dawn of day.

Each suitor gleams like burnished silver;
And some have trains of snowy foam.
While others, stately, silent, constant,
Around their queen for ever roam.

And some there are who far off gazing,
At last emboldened by desire.
To see their queen in virgin splendour.
Light the heavens with trails of fire.

— J. W.

SNAPSHOTS ALONG THE TRACK.

(From Cox's River across Megalong Mt., to Little River.)

"The river lay at our feet insignificant enough now, but in the past how stupendous! The mountain sides were clothed with trees even to the very top. The sun glinting on or through the trees had chased the usual sombre green into a soft pale yellow. Towards away in the distance was the main ridge of the Blue Mountains. Here and there along the bottoms of the valley were silver patches. Around on all sides the mountains presented a grim barrier to 'lost tourists'!"

The bushes was quite golden in the sunlight, below it murmurered the stream quite white with foam or froth from its encounter with the rocks. In the rear, above us, were brooding gum trees on a most regularly shaped conical mountain, and in the blue sky a mere wisp of white cloud forming for the moment a perfect screen for the summit of the mountain mentioned.

We resisted in the shadow of a tree and gazed back upon the valley we had left, and with much thankfulness. Lunch over we had a 'siesta,' or rather we attempted to "snooze." A bulldog ant disturbed me, and, grumpily torpid, I gazed into space for many seconds, perhaps minutes. At length, lazily gazing around, I found much interest and pleasure in the doings of four insects. About three feet from me was a low bush covered with small, white, sweet scented flowers. These were swarming with bees. These latter were very large insects, so much so that their pollen bags hardly fitted into the flowers. They worked very hard and well. At the same time a blowfly perturbed me with orchestral excerpts while dashing at my face, his beastly persistence being most annoying. Just near were ants pouring out in their hundreds, most joyfully, it seemed, to "settle" my boot, but finding it rather tasteless they set to work to transport the crumbs from my lunch.

Meanwhile I was following with delight a most beautiful butterfly white in colour, a lovely white with wings tipped with a most deep purple. I was about to divide mankind into the same four classes, and amused myself musingly upon the divisions, when that same bull ant or tiger ant "got" my mate, who had been asleep, and naturally there was movement on the roadside.

—

A FOOTBALL MATCH.

Then much people drew round the notice board whereon was written of the Orange trip. And there was a day assigned between the masters that they should meet upon a down beside the river, and this day was assigned for the Monday after the Sunday before. Whereof the whole school was passing glad.

Then was there much people aroused about the field, and many a tall noble footballer stood silent to meditate upon his fate.

And then each captain drew aside with him his host down by his own field. And they warned each their players, "Look ye! Come on fiercely and slay all that ever before you standeth, for in no wise must we lose this battle."

And never was there seen a more determined match in other land. For there was but rushing and kicking, foaming and striking. And many a grizzled word was there spoken either to other, and many a well aimed (?) kick.

Yes verily did W—hit the goal-post hard till it shook to and fro; and then was he so sore amazed that he wist not where he was. Then he fell on shuddering again, not sleeping nor yet thoroughly waking.

Wherefore did Zma-ak bring unto him a number of fair gentlemen who amended him with soft salves. And much was there of weeping and wailing from the onlookers, as the deadly struggle continued.

Then did the umpire sound his trumpet, wherein the conquering captain said "Ahas that ever I should see this doleful day. For now shall I come to mine end." Whereon he walked sadly from the field.

— D. M.
A FEW SONGS.

1. Behold how good a thing it is—A free period.
2. Chorus of Dervishes—Third Year Boys.
3. In friendly converse—Lend me a vocab, quick!
4. Aside with me—Sit near me next lesson.
5. Thou sendest forth thy wrath—Write that out 25 times.
6. Hall, mighty music hall—Choir in the Lecture hall.
7. Bliss is the dead—They have no maths, nor French.
8. My soul is weary—2.25 p.m.
9. Thou visitest the earth—The Inspector arrives.
10. Conclude and hear me—Please sir, I've been a message.
12. The sea hath its pearls—3rd year its stars (behind the clouds).
13. Instructing voice—Teacher: "What did I say last?"
14. Off in the stifly night—Poor students doing French.
15. Long Day Cloths—3.30 p.m. if you are lucky.

TIME.

It will soon be a very foolish thing to ask a policeman the time. For scientific advancement is such that Time good, bad or indifferent, is fast becoming a vanishing fundamental—in fact the day may soon arrive when each will be a time unto him or herself. A reputable old bald-headed fellow once pictured Time for the scientist, but the day fast approaches when even that thin old person will thin himself out "to a mere bulging line or bend of space and motion."

The scientist of the past assured us that Time had always been constant, and had paved the ages with inevitably equal steps. Today they doubt such an inspiring solution, and hurry us off to the happy land of the fourth dimension!

In this superimaginative realm, simplicity itself is the search and the answer.

"Time is merely the symbol of all the processes of a boy's spinning a top—it becomes in fact the gigantic spinning top of the Creator!"

"There were hurled away once from the invisible many tops; some of these spin correctly and still spin, but at last they have a rocky motion (paroxysm, oscillating), but steadied and stuck to one or other of the Cosmic systems. As tops spin by boys steadily, straighten and spin most vigorously, so did they. It is refreshing to know that our world is spinning quite vigorously; still there were, or are, doubles!"

Yet there follows that inevitable "go to sleep" stage of the easy, soothing humming spin of the top before the weak wobbly flutter that shows the end fast approaching."

Thus when such great scientists as the above said Brilliant-shine picture time as a varying perspective, we must expect...
THE STORM.

The woods were still. Even the cicadas had ceased their 
droning. Not a breath of wind was stirring, and the air was 
uncommonly close. Suddenly a faint shiver of disdain ran 
through the trees. A few large raindrops fell.

Then the storm broke. The rain poured down in torrents, 
the saplings bent before the fierce onslaughts of the wind, like 
wheat before the scythe. In a moment the calm, still, wood 
was transformed into a bellowing sea of tree tops. An old gum 
which had stood for decades, suddenly succumbed with a groan, 
we could hear the noise of its fall, above the roaring and 
smoking of the wind.

Still the storm showed no sign of abatement. Its violence 
was only redoubled. The thunder roared and rolled. The light-
ing flashed. All the elements seemed to be revelling, in a mad 
orgie of destruction. With fearful eyes, we looked out of our 
window. At every fierce burst of wind, we thought the house 
would be carried away.

Then, suddenly, down came the old creek a roaring, boiling, 
raging torrent. Huge boulders were wrenched from the banks, 
which in their turn caved in, and were swept away. Trees, 
wood stock and fencing went swirling by.

Suddenly, we felt a tremor. The house rocked on its founda-
tion. The waters of the creek had crept up past the house, 
and were now threatening to precipitate us into the foaming 
immeirstrom. But the foundations were firm and they resisted 
successive shocks that gradually became weaker and weaker.

The storm ceased, as suddenly as it had begun. The sun 
shone through a bank of fast disappearing clouds, and cast a 
sandy ray on the forest. No sound, but the roar of the creek 
could be heard. Someone opened the door, and we looked out.

The waters had by now somewhat subsided; and as the 
beck of the house, the ground was like a marsh. In the eastern 
sky, a rainbow looked down over the refreshed earth. Then 
a cicada began to drone. All nature awoke again to life. Among 
the trees the shrill notes of the cockatoo, mingled with the 
chattering of innumerable jays. The orgie was over. The 
swollen creek and devastated forest, bore evidence as to its 
vigour. Earth once more returned to the normal; and we set 
about putting up the fence of the new pig sty, at which we 
had been working, just before the storm.

— J. WILLIAMS.
FOOTBALL.—The Competition Team.

The 1921 season of the Bethungra High School past and present students football club was, all things considered, a distinct success. This is the first time that such a body has been formed since the opening of the school in 1913. Throughout the season the players were enthusiastic and maintained a keen interest in the sport. This was mainly responsible for their remarkably good showing in the competition. It should be stated that at all times the lads fully maintained the fine traditions of the old school. One outstanding feature of the play was the sporting spirit of the boys. They were always good winners, but even better losers.

The season was opened against Farm, when the scholars gained a decisive victory by 14 points to 3. "Skinny" deserves special mention for his doggedness and grit, for when repeatedly pressed by his heavy vanguard opponents, he generally managed to "get the ball out."

The next struggle was against the Pioneers, a very strong combination. Again the school thirteen proved the better team of the day, winning by 16 points to 2. This was perhaps the best game of the season. However, the successful run was brought to a close in the next match, when Waratahs narrowly defeated the scholars by 18 to nil, securing a penalty try after a very even period of play.

The Rovers were the next on the list, and were absolutely overwhelmed by the school side. The scores were 19 to nil, but they ought to have been twice that number.

Another easy win of 19 to nil was secured against Patrician Bros., and further successes of 28 to nil and 16 to nil were gained over St. Stanislaus' and the Old Boys.

At this stage the B.H.S. team had bright prospects of annexing the 2nd Grade Competition, but the next two games put paid to all these hopes. If we had had a good kick in the team the result would most likely have turned out in our favor.

Pioneers proved too good for the School team in the second round, winning by 5 points to 2 after a strenuous and exciting struggle.

Then Waratahs again defeated the students by 9 points to 5, and so won the Competition.

Despite its third on the list, the B.H.S. combination established a very creditable record. In 9 games it scored 150 points, while only 22 were scored against it; 3 of these were a penalty try.

The following are the players with the number of games played in and number of points obtained:—P. MacPhailamy 8 games 21 points; F. Flomfield 8; T. H. Walpole 9; J. A. Callaghan 7; H. Wallace 5; W. Godfrey 9; R. Smith

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8. 6 J. Parslow 3; 6; D. Tonkin 5; 4; M. Smith 9; 3; A. Callaghan 3; 5; W. Tonkin 1; 8.

On the King's Birthday the team visited Orange to engage in a friendly game with a team of Orange High School past and present students. The trip was a great success and everybody thoroughly enjoyed themselves. It is hoped that this will become an annual affair. Although Orange won the game by 14 to 8, the scores were no true indication of the even nature of the game, which was of a high standard, and full of exciting incidents.

During the season an evening was held in Lilly's Cafe in order to present the enlargement of the 1920 team to the School. About 30 couples were present.

Mr. Keith Wallace (1921 Captain) presented the photo. Mr. Wallace referred to the magnificent record of the 1920 team, and said that this will go down in the annals of the School as perhaps the pre-eminent of all combinations that it has produced.

Mr. J. Parslow (Vice-Captain) supported his Captain's remarks, and the function closed with the singing of the National Anthem.

During the season the team was severely handicapped by the loss of Mr. Ben Tonkin, who had to give up the game owing to receiving serious injury in the match against Orange.

We are sorry to say that Mr. Keith Smith, one of the prominent members of the club, has been transferred to Broken Hill. He will be a great loss to our rugger thirteen.

We personnel of the 1921 team was:—Full back, H. Moxon; three quarters, P. MacPhailamy, K. Smith, F. Wallace (Captain); forwards, H. F. Blomfield, J. R. Callaghan, A. Smith; forwards, H. Walpole, J. Parslow (Vice-Captain), J. Wood, D. Durack, W. Godfrey, J. Purser.

9 stone / lbs. limit Competition.

The most optimistic member of this team could not even, by the greatest stretch of imagination, regard the past season as a successful one.

It was just one thing after another, chiefly disappointments and defeats. They opened the season well by decisively beating the Patrician Brothers. This was their lone success excepting a forfeit from the same club in the second round.

Towards the end of the season it was with the greatest of difficulty that a team could be found to take the field. Only on one occasion was a complete team found, and that was for the visit to Orange. Orange proved too good, winning after an exciting game by 16 to 13. The manager carried out his duties admirably and to the complete satisfaction of everyone.

For the first few games of the season the team was led by R. Callaghan. Later, on his promotion to Second Grade, H. Hodge succeeded to the Captain.
play of our opponents at Dubbo. Our girls played well, but they were far outmatched by the superior skill of the Dubbo girls. However, we are determined to show Dubbo a good hockey next year. Who knows? Perhaps it will be their turn next year to prove "the admiring onlooker."

Against Orange we were very well matched, but owing to the rain the game was delayed until almost nightfall and it resulted in a hard-fought win for Orange. The results were: Orange 1, Bathurst 1. It is with regret that we will lose our Captain, Lorna Webb. Much praise is due to Orange for their untiring energy and devotion. The Leaving Certificate will be awarded by many of our star players, Neil Tremain, Eileen Kerrford, Agnes Carlini, who will no more display their hockey enthusiasm and scandalize the School hatchet paper. They have been regular members of the team for the past three years.

Basket Ball.

Basket Ball has been well represented by the boys of the School, and amongst them we have discovered many players who in the future will creditably uphold the traditions of the B.H.S. The matches against Orange and Dubbo were very enjoyable, and resulted in a victory for Orange and a defeat for Dubbo. Having no older opponents, we endeavoured to initiate the boys into a few of the intricate mysteries of Basket Ball. Towards the end of the year, but, to use the words of one of the junior players, "they cheated orrible," however, we attributed this to the fact that no older opponents were available, and that before knowledge of the subject was rather a disadvantage to us.

The Boy's Senior Team was victorious over the Junior Team, the boys being more experienced and having had more practice. One of the results of the matches against the boys was the discovery of a new star—his name is Tom, and a large, broad shouldered, ruddy faced, with broad, expressive features, is an ideal pitcher.

Despite our efforts to promote team spirit, the boys cannot deny the fact that it afforded excellent football training.

Tennis.

Tennis has been largely represented by a great number of the girls. Only one match was played in the Inter-High Schools competition. It resulted in a win for Dubbo, the scores being 3-6; 6-4; 6-4.

Great thanks are due to Mr. F. Roberts, Mr. R. C. Taylor, and the Church of England Tennis Club for the loan of courts. These have helped us out of a great difficulty, as we have no courts of our own.

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Frey's Wooing.
The Summer King, light hearted Frey, Ascended Odin’s throne one day, And gazing over all the earth, Love in his heart at once took birth.

At Jatunheim, ’towards even-tide, Gerda, the fairest, he espied, And knew his joy was surely fled, Unless with her he might be wed.

But from his home he might not go lest Ryne should send the frost and snow, So Skirnir undertook the task The maiden’s love for Frey to ask.

Three days through dangers Skirnir rode And at last reached Gerda’s abode, But nothing with her would prevail; She did not understand his tale.

No gifts he offered, Gerda fair Would make her listen to his prayer, ‘Til from his drinking cup he took Frey’s image pictured in the brook.

Enchanted by the handsome Frey, The maiden promised straight away. In nine days’ time fair Frey she’d marry And meet him in the wood named Barry.

K. JOHNSTON.

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BATHURST
The compartment had been empty until the very last moment, when a dirty, yet polite old man entered, to our secret dismay.

The book in this case could not be judged by the cover. He proved to be "three sheets to the wind" and very heery he smelt. His tongue was smooth, oily and rollingly melodious. He managed all the conversation with utmost ease. His success may be estimated from the fact that two tired individuals were interested from Sydney to Yass.

Early in the feast of facts he informed us with moist pride that "he was a hereditary citizen of the city of London—his ancestors and he had all been born in the same house since 1666." Of course the man was a little mixed. He then gave a learned lecture on the fact that all true Britons are practically speaking, "mongrels" in blood. He argued or wanted to bet that one of us had a "cockney" grandfather and the other a "Lancashire" father—and was correct in both cases; he explained how he knew these facts. Then followed an account of the days of his youth when he wore a tall hat and frock coat. This was no doubt emphasised so as to bring out the strong contrast his garments presented to-day—for they indeed "beggared description." His overcoat was in shreds; he had a rug at which rats had furiously gnawed; these holes were kept together by an intricate arrangement of strings. He donned a Captain Kettle cap with precision to cover a dirty, bald head. The cap seemed a magic covering for his brain cleared beautifully.

Then we heard how he had had Booth, the "Salvamriny" arrested along with his band as a public nuisance. A vivid description followed of the trial, initiated with apparent like-likeness by our friend, who delighted us with his reproduction of the judge's voice, which actually came through his nose, especially his "I fine you £5 and wish I could give you five years." Thence he went to Birmingham and became acquainted with his new "Boo!," who made him specialise on "the hunks' or corned beef as brisk as your fist and pints of beer."

Apparently the shadowy part of his life coincided with his experiences in Paris, Copenhagen, Scotland and Berlin, so we forget it. Many of his stories of those times were droll; others savoured of Swift. All were either the figments of a disordered mind or the result of actual experience.

Soon we were at Tel-el-Kebir: the battlefield, camp life, and the action in which he received his wounds (which were shown to us in great discomfort) were described. This part ended with the famous "The House Guards simply sliced up the blacks like cheese!"

Then he went to the days of the Garrick Junior Club when "we were all a bit mad, you know, we actors." His favorite author was Dickens; he said Charles was his godfather, and an unholy rogue when he liked. He then recited many a passage reviewed the characters. "Carker (7) in Dombey and Son was true to life, curse him, for an (adjective) like him ruined my home and life." He knew Thackeray, had sat on his knees as a boy. We were treated to an imitation of that big man's "squeaky" voice.

Then followed his dramatically vivid recital of "When Your Pants begin to go," followed in remarkable style by "The Captain of the Push."

Then came a humorous, satirical, devil-may-care description of how he managed while on his "uppers" in Melbourne. At last he thought he was wearying us and sought repose. Here he was, if anything, funnier. His overcoat could not warm a chicken, and every now and then he would exclaim, "Mother, mother, it's cold!" or as the frost made itself felt he would stamp up and down the carriage exclaiming in a most comical way, "Jerusalem artichokes, but this is a fain repetition of cold!"

We were really sorry when he got out at Yass where, after so varied a life, he was now to assist on a poultry farm, having, as he said, "no knowledge of one brand of fowl from another."
CLASS NOTES—4th YEAR.

"What work was, we thought we knew, 
But all our work has only taught us 
What we can’t do."

So the long months of weary toll wear on, their dreadful monotony relieved by the sweet strains of the choir wafted downstairs, and in through our “open door,” or the bolsterous armchair of the way.

To 3rd year, we are eternally grateful for the high, noble tenor of the correspondence they shoot to us over the “aching void” which our noble class rooms. The aforesaid correspondence is extremely elevating and helpful, truly, as one of our rivals in 3rd year said the other day. 4th year is a “chef-d’oeuvre.”

In our “learned year” we possess many genius- es. One member of the classical division claims to be able to translate the whole of “Cicero Pro Milone” in four lines; and those—

"There was a young man named Clodius, 
Who, to Milo, was really too odds; 
He met him one day, on the Appian Way:"

And that was the end of poor Clodius.

We have scarcely realized, until lately, the dreadful proximity of the Leaving. Previously it has always loomed as a spectre, dim and shadowy, on the horizon. Suddenly, however, it has assumed definite shape, and now as a monster, large and awful, extends its tentacles to receive us, the all too unwilling victims.

How much we will miss the old school with its dusty class rooms, musty books, and pungent odours, its absence alone will prove. For five years it has proved an Alma Mater to us, and as such we will mourn for it.

Without doubt, a Socialistic movement, which has originated in 4th Year, has been noticed in the School; it is even reported that a “Young Socialists’ Party” has been formed, but we would ask was it this party or the party of the iron hand of a despotic monarchy, that successfully quelled the “class warfare” and, standing as a Nemesis on the backstairs, relentlessly repulsed the “pressure coatward”? (Perhaps 3rd Year can answer.)

It is wonderful the things we do hear at times. One afternoon, whilst “diligently studying our book,” the following absurd statements, coming from “nowhere in particular,” pierced the thick film of learning which “broodeth over us.”

Charlemagne was—a hybrid (high-bred) triangle—having two distinct properties—he looked at me with eyes—which, having sides equally inclined to the vertical—force—Commercial Remove to see me at 3.30.

This Fourth Year, as ever, have been great sports. Both the boys and girls have formed the backbone of all the School teams. In conclusion, we would extend to Second Year our best wishes for success.

Men may come and men may go, 
But I go on forever. 
The thought in some measure serves to relieve the sorrow with which we say “Farewell.”

NEMESIS.

"Why do Fourth Year tear their hair, 
And their bravest growl and glare?"

What faint perfume fills the air?"

There’s garlic in the ink!

Lower classes gaily gloat, 
Shout with loud exultant note, 
And to a man they proudly vote 
There’s garlic in the ink!

Many months they’ve stood the strain 
H 2 S did never wane; 
Now once more they smile again, 
There’s garlic in the ink!

Fourth year should this lesson learn 
While the midnight oil they burn 
That at last the worm will turn, 
There’s garlic in the ink!

B. C. P.

CLASS NOTES—3rd YEAR.

Why worry about “Class Notes” from the renowned 3rd Year? “Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.” Everyone knows our merits.

As we have successfully negotiated the rapids of Intermediate, we find it extremely difficult to even think about the “Leaving.”

We extend our sympathies to those who “missed out” last year, and at the same time wish them every success this time.

We also wish the members of the present 4th Year every success in their coming exam.

By the way! A rumour has come to our ears that 2nd Year is endeavoring to go one better than we did last year, but we are sure that none of them can hold a candle to “Mac.”

We do not want to “skite”—in fact we have no need to. Still, we would fain ask a few questions of our present 4th Year: Why did not the handball tournament enhance? Oh, we forgot: you were all studying!

As far as sport is concerned, 3rd Year is the source whence most of our athletes are drawn. In both football and cricket teams we are well represented.
THE BURR.

We are told by certain members of the staff that our present place of abode is not an ideal situation for any riotous behaviour, there being three points of observation from which any passer-by can behold the often "truly noble, and sometimes pathetic scene."

We believe the reports from the room beneath us to be unfounded. Never once has there been any reasonable excuse for complaint.

Mr. — says we have some budding stage performers in our class. So much was this taken to heart that we hear from reliable sources, that a certain member of our fraternity has taken to the profession in earnest.

The lofty strains of "O h Los," accompanied by the renowned 3rd Year Jazz Band, often tend to create an atmosphere of mirth and merriment, which sometimes ends in one of our number being detained after the usual hour of departure. 4th Year appear at their windows and naturally increase the noise to a maximum.

They sometimes shift camp to our room, and then ensues a battle royal, the like of which has never been heard of before.

A certain event which one of the staff has long meditated reminds us of Caesar's memorable words, "Veni, vidi, vici." However, congratulations.

The Federal Government has for its motto "Ora Recens Quam Para Nites" (Having recently arisen, how brightly we shine). We have adopted it, since there is safety in numbers. But who has the swelling head?

The form of the School choir is fast improving, though yet they cannot equal our Jazz Band. Could we suggest that W. P. recruit a few of the performers and leave us in peace?

Oh, well, next Burr will find us in a very different frame of mind to what we are now. Never mind— it's all in the game!

J. J. Kelly's Studio

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Your Films Developed and Printed
He gets it all out of 'em

THE IDEAL FOURTH YEAR.

They wandered in and out the school, With vacant, fixed, and glassy stare, With dim, emaciated forms. And long, unkempt, and shaggy hair.

Their noble brows were furrowed, And sunken cheeks of old so fair; Their very bones did squeak and creak, As they passed up and down the stair.

They slowly sat them down in class, And never once did gaze around; Their studious eyes ne'er left the board, Their teacher's voice the only sound!

Such was the ideal upper class. The noble fourth year as of old; But now the fourth year's different. Or so we're very often told.

D. L.

CRICKET.

The Headmaster and School Union have much pleasure in acknowledging the receipt of the following amounts for Cricketing Materials from the following gentlemen—

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Amount</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>A. J. Ambrose</td>
<td>£ 1.10.0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>P. J. Moodie</td>
<td>£ 1.1.0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dr. Thompson</td>
<td>£ 1.1.0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dr. Busby</td>
<td>£ 1.1.0</td>
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<tr>
<td>W. R. Johnstone</td>
<td>£ 1.1.0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>H. Melville</td>
<td>£ 10.6.0</td>
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<tr>
<td>W. H. Crean</td>
<td>£ 10.6.0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>E. H. Plomfield</td>
<td>£ 10.6.0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>R. R. Golsby</td>
<td>£ 10.6.0</td>
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</tbody>
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CLASS NOTES—LATIN REMOVE.

This year has been most successful in his excellent class. The whole staff seem to find it extremely heartrending to part with us. One gentleman often puts off the bitter moment till 4.30 or later.

From the depths of our hearts we extend congratulations to Miss Robertson, and we will be very sorry to lose her.

We extend our sympathy, and likewise our good wishes, to Second and Fourth Years, now they have their exam, looming before them.

From an official source, we learn that the vocalists in the back seat intend giving a concert in the School of Arts before Christmas.

Someone has invented a new Yale lock for our desks, though only made of cotton. It is very effective, and some of us have since added some new words to our vocabulary.

Report comes from Fourth Year that one of the respected prefects has been practising tightrope walking on the beams of the glass roof of the science lab. Is he a chalk collector, or does he intend joining Wirth's?

Owing to the fearful concoctions our youthful Fourth Year students insist on manufacturing, we are in imminent danger of losing our lives, unless the department supplies some good gas-masks.

We have often wondered whether IA's members are out of their infancy yet, they will always play horses.

In the early part of the year, we idly watched the precious hours speed on, by a clock on the wall. The clock stopped occasionally, but now it has disappeared; we know not its state of health, but shrewdly suspect that it is conversing in the men's staff-room.

One Monday morning, a master, on entering our room beheld the scene described here:—A “Tabby cat,” whilst chewing a “bone” was calmly driving a “Ford” up and down by a “Stone wall.” By its side reclined a “Moody” young lady, quietly munching two “Savoyes.” A “Monkey” sported on an “Ivy” vine, and, suspended by his tail, he endeavoured to “Remove” a “Buckle” from a “Brownie’s” shoe. A “Buzzy-bee” was teazing a “Porpoise” with a “Reed.” The master placed a “Camera” on the front desk, murmuring “Oh—Evans! I'll snap this for ‘The Burr,’ if any ‘Power’ll enable me.”

CLASS NOTES—COMMERCIAL REMOVE.

Hurray! The lecture hall to us is but a phantom of the past; we verily we marvel at this wonderful incident. Forthwith we tender our sincerest thanks to those teachers who laboured so strenuously to rescue us from the troubled seas of this marvellous hall. Alas! our boats were nearly sunk. In truth, since our last edition of ye “Burr” we have organized a life-saving club for the protection of insane wandurers, who sometimes take headers into ye Firebucket. Yea, verily! We would wish to advertise the fact that the fire bucket in our room is not placed there for the convenience of Fourth Year students whose favored brows need cooling. Its use is for fire only, so in future “please beware!”—for in it we have placed a “young shark.”

Our benevolent English teacher was entertaining us one day by quoting the “Bell Birds” in elegant style. Just as he neared the climax, the “Bathing Bell Bird” made its appearance in the street below, therewith our respected tutor desisted, much to our relief.

Someone is wondering whether the earth really has an axle; if so, he wants to know what it is made of.

A great improvement has been effected since we left the Lecture Hall, i.e., we are now equipped with a moving picture show for amusement during the long winter days. That dark, sullen, lurking figure, so common around these latitudes, makes an ideal villain, and his troops of variety artists are not quite unbecoming.

THE KANGAROO.

As you all know, the kangaroo is characterized by having very long hind legs and a very powerful tail. It's head is small, very much like a deer's, while the fur of the animal varies from a reddish brown to a grey. Some of the larger species have bodies five feet long, and tails measuring four feet. The weight of the average kangaroo is in the vicinity of two hundred pounds.

Their food consists of grass and herbage. They also show a partiality for crops and for this reason are not particularly popular among the farmers.

They progress by "leaps and bounds," and when alarmed can cover ten yards in one leap. The young are carried in a pouch or pocket and remain there for some time.

When frightened, kangaroos go about in herds and prove dangerous opponents, for they can inflict nasty wounds with their hind legs. From kangaroo skin, a soft, durable leather is obtained, and is turned into boots, shoes and gloves.

In addition, the animal itself makes an excellent dish; the tail being considered the tit-bit.

—L. H.
SPRINGTIME.

It's springtime in the country,
It's springtime in the town,
And all the birds are singing,
And who could wear a crown?

So come away with me, friend,
We'll spend the day outside,
And welcome all the beauties
That Winter has delayed.

Two jolly little blue wrens
Are building in our hedge;
They even perched this morning
Upon the window ledge!

They know it is a spring day
And all the world looks glad,
On such a glorious morning,
They sing, "Who could be sad?"

Just note the busy birdies,
Who skim from shrub to shrub,
To look for fine fat insects,
Or find a juicy grub.

The wind just rustles softly
Through all the leafy boughs,
To gently open blossoms
And kiss the sweet, fresh flowers.

Now our old hen is joyous,
She's hatched eleven chicks,
And seems quite proud and happy,
To watch her young brood's tricks.

And everything says Springtime
Has come around once more,
And winter's cold, dark evenings
And stormy nights are over.

I know this is a Spring day,
For all is fresh and fair,
And flowers and birds and blossoms,
Are round me everywhere.

- R. JONES (10 years old).

CLASS NOTES—1A.

To introduce ourselves, let us say that we entered the High School 1921.

At present we are established in a position well overlooked by the office. Speaking for the girls, we should say this is an advantage; for there are so many boisterous boys who must be kept in regularly to maintain discipline.

We, the pumpkins, (so named by our French mistress), hardly dare to long for the Xmas holidays, since we must pass through the "brazen doors of examination" to reach them. Some of us, however, hold the magic keys of "Brains," which will open any door.

We have often great cause for merriment produced by blundering students.

One day the English teacher asked what literature the boys had done on the previous day. One boy, attempting to answer in French, said "La Dame de la lac." On another occasion, a certain youth on being asked what was the last letter of "les enfants," replied, "Oh Çipes!"

CLASS NOTES—1B.

"He who fights and runs away, Will live to fight another day. But, he who stays and takes his chance May exit in an ambulance."

The humorous element in our class cannot be neglected. The other day a teacher asked the meaning of "thatch," to which our jokemonger replied, "Bird's hatch eggs." Our class contains many budding sportsmen, as is evident from a glance at our cricket and football teams. We hope to obtain some representation in the school football team, next season.

In conclusion, we would wish the examination candidates of 4th and 2nd year "Bonne Fortune."

CLASS NOTES—1C.

"We," a few of the results of the Q.C., have found our way to the South end of the Lecture Hall, in the Bathurst High School. "We" constitute what is called the IO class.

Our class is not very advantageously situated for study. From the windows opening out onto the street, comes the busy hum of the life of the town, from behind, the interminable "click-click" of the typewriters continually interrupt our most studious moods.

Our attention is constantly diverted by the youthful enthusiasm of the "boys" of 1B—the true students of the "High."
THE BURR.

of the stream near the village is fit to drink. I feel drowsy, and
so I might sleep and forget my misery." —N. A.

"With a burning, tropical sun glaring full in my face, I arose
and found myself on a fairy beach. The white, wind-shaped
sand hills stretched away into the distance; sago and cocoa-nut
palms descended in groves to the shore, gradually thinning out
as they approached the water. I walked in among the palms
and the dense tropical foliage looking for the inhabitants of so
fertile an island. I searched in vain, however, till sundown,
and by then I was in a more or less exhausted state." —
J. P.

"The island is no doubt one of the coral islands of the
Pacific. Along the front is coral, which forms a lagoon, at the
corner of which seems to be a basin. I have called it the
bathing pool, which will be an ideal one. I can see the bottom
of it with its coral and weird looking plants. As I am a fairly
good diver, I hope to explore it some day soon. The sea is blue
and so calm, like a sheet of glass. The sun is shining down
on the sand, so that it looks golden. The beach is fringed with
cocoa-nut trees, which act as my butcher and baker, supplying
me with the necessities of life."

"Here comes my servant with my breakfast. As this is the
first of seven meals a day, I call it breakfast. I shall describe
my servant as he stands here before me. He is dressed exactly
like a South Sea Islander. His hair is a black mop standing up
on end, his nose large and broad, eyes black and skin of darkest
bronze. He is considered a handsome fellow, and is much
sought after by the young women of his tribe."

HIGH SCHOOL REUNION.

During the year the Bathurst High School held their annual
reunion in the Oddfellows’ Hall.

The function was highly successful; over two hundred per-
sons attended.

Music was provided by Mrs. Langford, Mrs. McMillan playing
an extra after supper. Miss Jennie Sweetnam and Mrs. Williams
gave solos before supper.

Misses E. Wallace, M. Gale and I. Godfrey were the secre-
taries responsible for the most admirable arrangements.

The Bathurst High School Old Students’ Union this year
donated two prizes for the two best original short stories on
any Australian subject.

The competition excited great interest, and the tenor of the
work produced was very high. Jessie Cameron, by a slight mar-
gin, carried off “the ashes” of the girls’ competition, whilst
Harold Hodge proved the victor amongst the boys.

A third prize donated by Mr. Cameron for the best poem
on “The King’s Parade,” was won by Lotty Dorrington, whose
effort showed ability and promise.

THE ORANGE VISIT.

"The Bathurst students, combining their efforts with those of
the sportsmen-like visitors, succeeded in making the Orange
visit a grand success.

The sports were, as usual, enthusiastically and closely
contested. Webb, the Orange sprinter, proved too speedy for
our “Gallopers,” who, though they ran well, were unable to con-
tend successfully with the Orange representative, who won by
yards.

Although defeated in the athletics, the Bathurstians
proved their superiority as footballers by gaining a decisive
victory of seventeen points to five. The forward play of the
visitors was equal to that of the victors, but the superiority
of the Bathurst backs was soon evident, Blomfield and Callaghan
playing brilliantly.

The Bathurst girls fought hard in the hockey match and
were narrowly defeated by one goal; the match was very evenly
contested and provided a considerable amount of enjoyment to
the spectators.

At night the students assembled in the School-hall, where a
banquet was held, and the usual toasts honoured. Mr. God-
frey, the School captain, proposed “The Visitors,” and was ably
supported by Miss Webb. Mr. Tom Brown, supported by Miss
Louis Taylor, replied, and heartily thanked their hosts for the
splendid way in which they had entertained them. Mr. Camp-
ing, who was present, struck the right note when he declared
that the Hills should be held quarterly instead of yearly.

The students then adjourned to the Oddfellows’ Hall, where
catching agreements were indulged in, and the enthusiastic note
which predominated was a credit to both Schools.

Some of the Orange students showed their dislike for
“Stetsons,” much to the amusement (and horror) of the
Bathurstians.

The contests were concluded on Saturday morning, when
the basket ball was played, the courts being too wet for tennis.

The visitors left by the passenger train amidst the happy
farewells and “forget-me-nots” of the Bathurst students.

So ended another of the remarkable displays of sportsman-
ship which characterise the Bathurst and Orange High Schools.

THE KATOOMBA AND LITHGOW TRIPS.

"See the conquering heroes come," we sang it returning from
Lithgow, but with tender’s vigour we sang it returning from
Katoomba.

It was a very pleasant feeling to return home with the
“hearses of victory,” and we must be forgiven if we are somewhat
connected about our choir; for no one can deny the fact that
we reminded ourselves very creditably both at Lithgow and
Katoomba.
THE BURR.

We enjoyed both trips immensely. At Lithgow we were much indebted to Mr. Oakley, the Methodist Minister, who met us and placed the Sunday School Hall at our disposal.
In the afternoon we visited the iron works and steel works.
We, of staid old Bathurst, scarcely realise what life is in a great manufacturing centre like Lithgow (the Birmingham of N.S.W.).
The Schools' Choirs Competition came on early in the evening. The total number of points gained by our choir were 92.
The trip to Katoomba was no less enjoyable than the Lithgow trip.
In the afternoon and morning we were regaled with the scenery of this renowned place. We visited Echo Point, Laura Falls and other equally renowned beauty spots.
In the competition we gained 90 points and also great praise from the adjudicator for our achievement.

THE DUBBO TRIP.

This was our first trip to Dubbo, but it was one of the most successful both from a social and sporting point of view.
Owing to the heavy rains, some of the sports had to be deferred the first day, only the boys and girls' athletics and basketball match taking place the first day. Practically all the athletics were captured by the boys owing to the efforts of Forrest, Moodie, Blomfield and Callaghan.
Miss Madge Wallace made determined effort to win "glory" for the girls in the championship race, but was beaten just at the last.
At night a most enjoyable social was held in the school hall. We were informed by the Dubboites that these socials were a common occurrence (at Dubbo).
Next day football, hockey and tennis were keenly contested.
The football match resulted in a win for Bathurst by 17 to nil. Blomfield and Winter particularly distinguished themselves.
The girls were unfortunate in the hockey match. One goal only was scored, and this in most brilliant style by Miss Elmae Cousins.
The banquet was held on the evening of departure, but after the toast to the King had been honoured, it developed to a contest between the teams as to who could say the nicest things about each other. Miss Lorna Welsh mentioned the teams had had a ripping time. Well! at least one member of the football team had with regard to his mother garments.
After a most enjoyable trip we left for Bathurst with best wishes for another and early trip by the Dubboites.

THE BURR.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

1A.—As far as we know, "AI" cricket teams do not wear rompers when they "romp" in the "comp."
A. S.—Although you say you caught numerous fish, we cannot believe it, since you state you only had lunches, tomatoes, and dogs, or perhaps you used magnets.
Third Year.—The odour you complain of, is caused by the incineration of small strips of onion in a shallow vessel, commonly known as a frying pan.
H. M.—"Imposters" referred to in your letter have nothing to do with the extra task, imposed for lack of attention to homework.
C. R.—(1) Lockers are used for storing books. There is a W.P.B. in each room for rubbish. (2) No, my son; if you wish to be a poet never, never get a hair cut. (3) Perhaps, if you tried long enough you could obtain enough flowers to make yourself a hat. There are plenty in the Botany lab.
1A Girls.—Even though you may learn First Aid, cut out the gruesome details; they will reduce us to nervous breakdown. Boys: We are, at length, inclined to deduce from your notes that 1A is near the office and the room is very dirty.
L. S. K.—We would rather say of the Botany Lab: "Full many a flower is born to blush unseen And waste its sweetness on the desert air."
K. M. K.—Perhaps this would suit you: "Ashes to ashes, Dust to dust, If French doesn't kill us. Latin must."
Third Year.—I think this quotation from Tennyson's Lotus-Eaters (somewhat revised) would suit you: "There is no calm but joy, Why should we toil."
"Lamp of Knowledge."—Very fine effort, but too long.
"The Blue Wren."—Lack of space prevents publication.
"Lithgow Trips."—Too detailed; too heroic a style.