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CONTENTS:

School Directory
Editorial
Paradise Lost
Morning and Evening
Of Policemen
The Fairies' Revenge
Will o' the Wisp
The Echo
Ode to the Sea
Class Notes
Ye Ford
Notice to Advertisers
Sports Notes
Anzac Spirit
Our Humour Column
Old Students' Notes
The Orange Trip
School Notes
Choir
Answers to Correspondents
The Dubbo Visit
Examination Results

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THE BURR.

EDITORIAL

Bathurst needs the loyalty of her girls and boys. Why do we not receive her to our hearts before we are too old?

She has been given to us, she with her exquisite views, wide streets, orderly parks, healthy climate, and heavenly grandeur. Are we to belittle her, to make those characteristics that go so far to create her charm a mark of ridicule? You people with your canting, redundant "Bathurst is so slow," may eventually ruin her.

Can you not see that what you term "slow," when contrasted with the dusty, bustling of the city, the crowded noisiness of the tourist resort, the quibbling unrest of the mining town, forms one of Bathurst's many attractions?

You all claim to be loyal to Australia. Why do you honour and revere her before all nations? Because Australia is your native land. Then, why not be loyal to your native city?

How can people be loyal to Australia when they feel no tenderness of the place in which they are born? I cannot see how loyalty expands. Surely it must have a beginning. "Charity begins at home," why not loyalty?

"The Bathurst people are so conservative!" Note how it increases yearly. Well, it's their own look out, isn't it? Are you conservative? No? Are you a Bathurst person? You suppose so? Then, what Bathurst people are conservative?

The last generation may be, but what does that matter to us? It is we, the present girls and boys, who mean to create a new spirit in Bathurst, to regenerate our city! We have a claim to her, haven't we, as well as other people?

Certainly we shall not be encouraged by public opinion. Most people in Bathurst, at the present time, don't bother to raise their thoughts above gas and water. Yet we, accomplishing our purpose, shall we not startle the public from their drowsiness and incite them on to higher ambition? A new movement should begin.

Why not make the High School the centre of this renaissance? Why not?

Girls and boys, it's up to us!

M. BRAHAM.
THE BURR.

PARADISE LOST.

Milton, His Epic and its Hero, Man.

For a long time Milton had in his mind the desire to write a great epic poem, a poem which might immortalise his name, and he diligently set about preparing for his great task by a close study of the classical authors. He had been born when almost every great poet was fascinated by the spirit of the Renaissance, and, with the shining examples of Homer and Virgil before him, he desired to perform the same service to his country as they had to theirs.

Now, the Arthurian legends had first impressed him, and he was inclined to base his epic upon them; but finally he decided that they were too unsubstantial for his purpose, and he conceived the entirely novel idea of a poem which would embrace the whole human race in its compass. Such was the motive behind his "Paradise Lost.

"Of man's first disobedience, and the fruit Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste Brought death into the world, and all our woe, with loss of Eden, till one greater man Restore us and regain the blissful seat. Sing, Heavenly Muse. I thence Invoke thy aid to my adventurous song While it pursues Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme."

The great question now was: Who was to be the hero of his poem?

He had a choice between two: On the one hand was Satan, and on the other Adam and Eve, as the representatives of mankind.

Doubtless, Milton was strongly attracted by the character of Satan, for he invests him with noble qualities, strength, high courage, and an unbending pride; yet he could not make him the hero of "Paradise Lost," for, instead of his character developing as the narrative proceeds, Milton must make him meaner than at first. Certainly, Satan dominates the action for a time, yet eventually he must fall and be eternally shamed.

If he had been debased and finally rose and triumphed, then would Satan have been a true hero; but Satan did not rise from his degradation. Man, however, on the other hand, was tempted, fell, and then rose, and was redeemed. There he found his true hero, and with the true spirit of an epic, he concludes his work with no eclat, but with the fading whisper of a dying cadence, and Adam and Eve—

"Hand in hand, with wandering steps and slow, Through Eden took their solitary way."
THE BURR.

MORNING.

The crowing of innumerable cocks. One commences, and then a chorus of song bursts over the neighborhood. A silence ensues, suddenly broken by the noise of milk-cart clattering down the road.

A fresh, cool breeze, laden with the incense of flowers and dank grass, steals through the open window. The noise of a cart springs up and dies away in the distance.

Away are kicked bedclothes and, in a trice here we are, on the floor, rejoicing in the advent of Spring. Some fifteen minutes later, the front door creaks, and we sally forth to taste the freshness of the morning.

Some flowers are already in bloom. The delicate jonquil, poised on a slender stalk, of cool, inviting green, looks down on the violet, half hidden in its bed of leaves. Over the way, a fruit tree is in bloom, and its branches sway gently to the caress of the breeze.

But enough, "alloa nous promener?"

As we leave the town, we feel like Hazlitt: "It is hard if we cannot start some game on these lone heaths. We laugh, we run, we leap, we sing for joy." Oh, it is good to be alive on a beautiful morning in Spring!

On either side the road stretch long fields of young wheat, on whose restful stems hang small drops of pearly dew.

Soon a dairy-farm comes in sight. Three milkmen come rattling down the road, at a furious pace in a wild chariot race. For a while they keep almost abreast, but on approaching a small bridge one is forced behind, and drops out of the race.

A dog barks, nosily at us, and the cries of ducks and geese mingled with the cackling of hens announces our approach to a farm-house.

Farther on is a country mansion, set in beautiful grounds, with a girdle of sombre pine-trees. A few sheep graze on the other side of the road, and lift their heads for a moment to look at us, and then resume their feeding.

On top of the hill we pause a while, and look back over the countryside. The sun has not yet risen, but the low bank of pure white foam, that topped the range's crest, has silvered into fleecy flakes, that rise into the sky. A faint, pale, golden ray tints the western clouds.

"Day!
Faster and more fast.
Oermights brim, day rolls at last."

Headlands fretted with golden fire run into seas of amethyst; lake joins to lake, and fleecy spray dissolves and reforms over halcyon seas.

"Till the whole sunrise, not to be suppressed,
Rose reddened, and its seething breast
Flickered in bounds, grew gold, then overflowed the world."

A ray of pure sunlight bathe the western hills.

Dark green trees leant against the brown hillsides, and gave a restful atmosphere to the scene.

Bathurst lay half encircled by a range of hills. The river, winding in amongst the farm-houses, completed the circle. Willows thickly grouped their fresh green foliage, drooping to the water, stood like picturesque ruins o'er with ivy. Tall austere poplars, rising to the sky, seemed like explorers who see for the first time a hidden city, and are awed into silence.

Bathurst looks like some dream-city, covered with a bluish haze, from the smoke of a thousand chimneys. Pretty villas, peeping from among their bowers of leaves, shily dot the landscape. All the earth is green. Spring has come to the west.

EVENING.

The day is dying. A cool breeze springs from the east, and the shadows of the hills grow longer. It is time to return home. All day we have scrambled in and out of creeks and little canyons, and we are all dog-tired, all tired. Baskets are packed, billycans are emptied, and wanderers rounded in.

The shadow has now reached us, and we must be going. Baskets are strapped to shoulders, and off we go. It is easy walking; for our way lies down hill. Before us lies the road, and, beyond that, home. Smoke pours forth from the chimneys, and again Bathurst is wrapped in her mantle of smoke. Let us hasten, the day is dying fast.

Some of the younger members of the party run ahead, shouting and laughing, hiding in clumps of bushes, and bursting out suddenly upon the laggards, as though they knew not weariness. Such is youth! Joyous and good-humoured, passionate and true.

Suddenly someone looks at the mountains opposite. "Oh, what a lovely sunset!"

Immediately a chorus of admiration breaks forth; but someone spoils the effect by quietly remarking that "the sun usually sets in the west." What you see is a reflection of the sunset behind the hills.

Over the mysterious Blue Mountains, a blaze of light has fallen. A beautiful roseate flush hovered over the valleys; below, deep in the valleys, a mighty furnace seemed cremated. Dark fiery streams of flame shot from the valley, and melted into a tender rose colour. From time to time these darts of flickering fire soared aloft and disappeared.

Soon, the light faded, and a deep purple gloom stole the colour from objects round about. In the city bright lights had burst like stars in the milky way, lighting the blue depths of night. The hum of hurrying crowds rose faintly, like a dying echo.

Day lies dead in the arms of night.

J.W.

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THE BURR.

OF POLICEMEN.
(D'Apres Bacon.)

Policemen serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability. Their chief use for delight is in their gentle manner of speech and action; for ornament is in their ability to force misguided youths to ride round lamp-posts. Expert men can speak nicely, and perhaps have leanings towards comfort, but strength of will, and force of character come only from policemen. To spend too much time admiring policemen is sloth; to use them too much for ornament is disastrous; but to doubt their ability is the height of foolishness. Small boys condemn policemen, crafty men fear them, simple men respect them, and women admire them (especially cooks).

Policemen are essentially machines; mechanical contrivances, made to do work. Their moods are few, and they have but on emotion which is shown when watching a banquet. Their boots are necessarily large, so that they may retain their equilibrium while asleep. They have several functions, viz., to keep the streets clean; to arrest profiteers; and to eat pies. In the two former they excel; in the latter they fail (or is it vice-versa?).

K.K.

PIRATES UP TO DATE.

In the good old days of yore,
When pirates sailed the sea,
And made their enemies walk the plank—
Those were the days for me!

When Drake sailed out from Devon,
He made the Spaniards fly,
And singed the beard of the Spanish King,
In the golden days gone by.

But such goods days have passed and gone;
Those pirates are no more,
The only pirates that remain
Are those who own a store.

They're sometimes known as profiteers,
And it suits them to a "T."
To fill their pockets with our coin,
And ruin you and me.

K.J.

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K.K.
THE FAIRIES' REVENGE.

Wherever was I? I went to sleep in my snug little bed; but now...! I gazed round in amazement, which gradually changed to delight. All around me were groups of beautiful flowers and ferns. Right in front of me was a ladder of silver moonbeams.

Then, all at once, I noticed a crowd of tiny figures, which, I concluded by their remarks and their attitudes towards me, had brought me to this lovely dell.

One tiny fellow rang a little silver bell. Immediately—as if by magic, which, indeed, it was—tiny, fragile forms began to descend the moonbeam ladder, and to come up from the flower-cups. They all gathered close to me, talking in low tones, so that I could not hear them. However, I soon made out the words: 'Look!... Here she comes!'

I looked towards the ladder, and in my surprise I almost cried out. 'For descending slowly was the daintiest, sweetest little fairy imaginable! She was dressed in silvery moonbeams, and carried a pretty little silver wand. I did not need to be told that she was the Queen of the Fairies.

When she spoke, her voice was like the tinkle of a little silver bell:

"Is this the mortal who has been killing our Flower Fairies?" she asked.

"Yes! yes!" answered all the other fairies.

"She destroyed six of our Bluebell Fairies to-day," added one little fellow in a red suit with a green cap.

"Is that so?" queried the Queen, turning to me. I nodded my head.

"How shall we punish her?" continued the Queen, turning once more to the Fairy folk.

Immediately there was such a hubbub, as had never before disturbed Fairy Dell. For a few moments the Queen let them talk, and then she silenced them, and said:

"Now, Prince Columbine, what do you suggest?"

Prince Columbine bowed low before the Queen, and replied:

"I propose that we carry her to the top of the big gum-tree, and leave her there."

"That is a very good idea," agreed Her Majesty. "What do the rest think of it?"

Judging by the chorus of "Yes," everyone agreed with the Prince.

"Very well," said the Queen, "everyone come here and help carry her."

They all approached and clutched at me. In vain I struggled against them, and I could not make myself heard above their clamouring. Just as they raised me from the ground, I woke up—to find myself still in bed, with the moon streaming through my open window on to my face.

NANCY SMITH,
Latin Remove.
THE FAIRIES' REVENGE.

Wherever was I? I went to sleep in my snug little bed; but now . . . . I gazed round in amazement, which gradually changed to delight. All around me were groups of beautiful flowers and ferns. Right in front of me was a ladder of silver moonbeams.

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Latin Remove.

P. BROOKS

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THE BURL.

WILL-O’-THE-WISP.

Dainty, and light as the thistledown,
Dressed in a gossamer grey.
The moon-rays lighten his golden curls
As he takes his pipe to play.
To play to the Lake King’s Daughter—
Who leaves her watery home.
And they dance in the light of the silver moon,
As light as the flake of foam.
Till the nightingale stops singing.
To watch them from his perch.
And the white owl glares through the leafy boughs
Of his home in the silver birch.

Will-o’-the-wisp has eyes like stars,
Milk-white skin, and a roguish smile.
His gossamers gleam in the light of the moon,
As they dance for many a mile.
The Lake King’s daughter goes home at last
At the dawn of the coming day;
And Will-o’-the-wisp goes off through the woods
In the beams of the sun to play.
Through ferny glens, where daisies peep,
And the wild rose nudes in the breeze,
Where the voices of thrush and blackbird
Can be heard from the neighbouring trees;
Much mischief he works in glens and woods,
As he fits here and there all the day;
No one can see him, but we know where he is,
For his laugh may be heard far away.

V. CLARKE.
Comm. Remove.

POETRY.

STRUCK BY LIGHTNING.
The lowering heavens flicked with foamy white,
The stabbing cuts of lightning rending the sky;
The boy with a joyous snatch of song on his lips—
A moment here, then crushed without a cry.

A HAUNTED HOUSE.
In the pines a voice is wailing,
Howling, whistling, crying, trailing.
And the shutters rattle drearily,
And the wind is sobbing eerily,
And the moon gleams down so coldly,
And a smell of clothes gone mouldy,
Comes and creeps away again.

M. BRAHAM.
Third Year.

"ECHO."

The Gracian mythology was wonderfully rich in the number
and splendour of its gods and goddesses, who feasted and loved
on high Olympus; and more especially in the galaxy of its
lesser deities and fantastic creatures of a primitive imagination.
For there were the dryads and the fauns, weird satyrs and tritons;
there were strange, horrible monsters and graceful nymphs.
Mighty and wonderful giants looked down on crane-beset pigmies.
A riot of achaetic incongruity, strength and lissome beauty, in
contrast to supreme unloveliness.

Earth, and the Heavens, and the depths of the Sea, were
peopled by this poet race, with fairy-forms and incarnate power.
The unknown was clothed in living flesh and given a mind; the
common forces of Nature were etherealised; and because he feared
his deities, man pictured them terrible; no less than wonderful,
and oftimes lovely.

Among all the legends that made up the simple religion
of the early Greeks, there is none more beautiful than that of
the Unfortunate Echo. The nymph whose innocent, but too in-
cessant, prattle, earned her such disfavour that she was banished
and doomed to be for ever more dumb. Then arrived at her
elvish hermitage the young and beautiful huntsman, Narcissus,
who was nigh falling in love with this mute apparition, who fed
him, and was only able to repeat his last few words when he
spoke. Believing, very naturally, that she was mocking him,
he left her; and one day, seeing his own fair form reflected
in a still woodland pool, he fell in love with the supposed water
nymph, and pined away, languished, died. When the faithful
and loving Echo arrived, she found only his dead body, which the
Gods were pleased to transform into a flower; but the fair
creature, sighing by the corpse, faded away till nothing of her
pensive loveliness remained, save the clear, passionless voice.

"And so," said the Greeks, "this voice haunts the woods
and the streams for evermore, and mourns for the lost Nar-
cissus, and only by repeating the words of others can it give ut-
eriance to its great sorrow." Deep hidden away in the secret
lonely places of the hills are quiet caves, where dwell the last
earthly remains of the nymph. For her haunts are sacred to the
Gods of Silence, and she herself is high priestess in the vast-
ness of the temple of Solitude. Loneliness is her only com-
panion, Silence her tutor, and Unhappy Memory her sole claim
to existence.

To-day many of the Gods have passed into history, are but
mere names, in spite of their vaunted immortality. Already,
great Jove lies vanquished by the giant Science; and a new
Prometheus has stolen the sacred fire of his thunderbolt, and
given it to man for a servant and a plaything. Apollo has been
hurled headlong from his blazing chariot by Curiosity, the vain
creature of man, doing his bidding, leading him into forbidden
realm. And now the erstwhile lord of day has no better occu-
pation than to patronise musical societies, and lovers’ poems, by

Support the Firms Who Support the School.
giving them free use of his name; Swift Mercurius has fled, and Steam and Electricity have usurped his sway; while the god of present-day thieves does not exist. Ceres is in her death-throes, struggling with her sickle against the harvester and the ten- taurous motor plough. Neptune is the butt of a nautical jest, nothing more; while the floating cloud-palace of Aeolus, gorgeous as ever, is deserted, uninhabited, void.

Venus and Mars alone live on the flimsy, dying change and time alike.

And, despite this tremendous downfall of the Olympians, our shy nymph, Echo, dwells undisturbed among us, clinging with strange persistency to her familiar haunts, making her daily sacrifice at the altar of the twin deities of Silence and Sorrow, and still bewailing the lost love of two thousand years ago. Yet the voice that answers yours among the hills, with melancholy and half-mocking cadence, trembles with the tears of yesterday!

All the great minds, and all the true hearts of all the centuries, at some time or another, have sought out her hiding-places, have communed with her in a language that needs no interpretation, have learned to love her. Holding converse with her, they have learned to know their own strength, and their own weakness, and to gauge the true value of all things. In her company they become imbued with the illimitable spirit of the mountain-sides, and of the deep, wide, blue of the skies. She expands their minds and opens their ears to the solemn music of the wilderness; she attunes their souls to the solemn harmony of the universe; of the Infinite.

The poets flock to her solitudes; for she is the impersonation of that Unseen mystery of the beautiful, which they all seek. They return, from her presence, knowing the supreme wonder of their own souls, clothed in the garment of a larger wisdom; and men see their eyes that they shine with the spirit of a little child.

Wherever men come, they cut down her groves; dig into her mountains, and build their smoking, dingy cities. They frighten the nymph, and she would fain flee far away. But a mysterious power holds this hermit of love to linger; round her, violated sanctuaries... By day she hides in the recesses of the forest, and men, forgetting her very existence, insult her with the rude speech, and, mean hearts, carry into her sacred retreats. Nevertheless, she is in league with the darkness, and back she steals at dead of night, and paces to and fro in the half-empty streets, where the wind lends a voice to her lamentation. She is who catches lonely footfalls and stray night-sounds; and repeats them till they resound and ring along the deserted pavements between the sleeping buildings, and then grow faint, fainter yet, and die away. With the day, back she flies again, far back to the woods, the silent hills, the eagles, the still skies, and the loneliness.

And man toils, and dreams, and forgets! And after a time departs, and is himself forgotten. His cities become desolate and ruinous, and his palaces fall into rubbish-heaps; and the bristling thickets cover them from sight. The last hollow steps of their inhabitants die away, and the birds, and the rabbits, and the wild dog, come furtively and find her pacing the deserted halls, and hear her moaning, gently, quietly, intensely.

These old grey ruins are her most sacred shrines. None may touch her there, none disturb or drive her away. They are hers for ever and ever more. If you would find her there, go in the stillness of the evening—and listen. She is there, and still brooding over the deathly silence. There you will find her, the spirit of poetry, the memory, the immutability, of Echo.

A. HOPE.
Third Year.

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.

The Students and Staff wish to express their warm appreciation of the hearty and liberal manner in which the public have co-operated with them in bringing out the paper and organ of our school life.

It is indeed gratifying to find that such warm interest is being taken in the High School, and we sincerely hope that all advertisers will find the work executed to their entire satisfaction.

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ODE TO THE SEA.

Threshing floor of the skies!
Hall of the winds!
Blue in thy bosom lies
Deep in thy granaries.
What man ne'er spied
Soaked in thy changeful dye
Shaped by thy winds,
Lit by the constant flame,
Pure, white and old,
Bathed in the very same
Foam whence Pelagia came,
Wonderful, old,
As years the stars cannot name
Ages untold.
Gliding from curling wave,
Spray's effervescence;
Down to cool, silent grave;
Curving and sightless save,
Dim phosphorescence.
Where deep, dark sea-fish have
Blind unfelt presence,
Wave-worn and seaweed-grown
As thy rocks. For see,
Kissing and lapping the stone,
Musical liquid moon;
Make they with thee
Part of thee; all of thine own,
Such would I be.

A.D.H.

CLASS NOTES.

Our class consists of many excellent students, who are both clever and humorous.

But alas! Our class is situated next to the Lion’s Den, who very frequently pounces on his prey, especially when some of our youthful students, who have not yet passed their infancy are engaged in chalk, ink and paper fights, etc.

Just at this critical moment the Lion appears, and off the culprits are marched to the Den. No one knows, only those within, what passes between the Lion and his prey, but from the look of the youth, when he again enters the room, one comes to the conclusion that more than words and growls have passed between these two.

The female of our class are very g-e-n-t-l-e when the teachers are in the rooms, but “when the cat’s away the mice will play.” So they join in the fun also.

We wish Second Year students to remember that the partition which separates our room from theirs is not of a very strong nature, and we wish them to please remember that we do not want our studies disturbed by their constant pounding on

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of

BATHURST
the door; judging by the noise they make, one would think that they wished to join our happy class, especially in classical lessons.

At the beginning of the year we possessed a piece of board with a piece of cloth-nailed thereon, which represented a duster; but now that has disappeared, we are always borrowing—which is not a very pleasing ordeal; so, as a special request, we ask all those who have seen it to come forward and help us recover our long-lost property.

A new picture has dared to venture into our gloomy solitude, and tries to brighten us up; but alas! we have discovered that it will take more than pictures (although they be Scottish views) to brighten up our dull class-room. Now the exam. has commenced, Remove C. are making themselves utter nuisances by daring to share with us our room—and our teachers; but we will have to suffer them till the holidays. Alas!

We wish Fourth Year and Second students the best of luck in their exams, but although we wish them success, we will be very sorry to lose our famous captain, and many prominent Fourth Year students, whom we thank (although we are not so sure they did it) for helping to brighten up our class-room by decorating the ceiling with all our various coloured pens.

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REMOVE B.

With gloomy look, with lowering brow,
We try to "fix" our History now;
Since the sky itself's all gloom,
Study's a failure in the science room.

Waal, pards! I guess we right 'ere again; most uv us, any'ow!

But er good few uv ther boys 'as it ther trail (or beat it) fer ther Railroad.

When these 'ere school fees arrive, I calculate they'll hunt er few more uv us.

Ther stools is mighty 'ard round this 'ere ranch, and we're all growin' 'umps from the way we 'as ter squat.

Us pards can't even sling er few inkwells around this 'ere landscape fer fear uv smashin' ther scales. Ther rats is fair and square bad round ther ranch now. They claws our French books; but I guess it's only fer ther gum on ther bindin'.

Orl ther boys from this ranch 'opes ter 'ave er carnival this year. We've lost most uv our swimmers, but we guess we can round up er few uv ther boys who can give some uv you other galoots er go fer it.

Waal, pards, I guess some other ranch wants ter 'ave er say, so I'll drift right pronto.

---

THE BURR.

REMOVE C.

We're awfully tired—tooe tired to work, in fact; but, nevertheless we exist, and are here again to say "Hello!" It's simply "terrible" the way we work our brains, but, needless to say, though we study from morn till night, we never study such things as maths, or history, or English, or any other un-enlightened pursuits. "Oh! what a gift it is to be clever!" say some of us, but, we opine that it would be a greater gift to be industrious; but, then, our lessons are so hard, and the continual praise we hear of the bright Remove A are extremely dispiriting. Yet if you ask, "Are we down-hearted?" there will be a hearty "No!" in response. Strange to say, however, our noble teachers seem to be getting extremely down-hearted, and they repeatedly tell us that our brains are evidently purchased at the butcher's—and second-hand at that—while our manners, they say, have evidently been long conspicuous by their absence.

There is yet another head to their discontent: "We're the fashion class of the school, they say:
We talk nothing but dress from day to day—
The latest styles in frocks and shoes—
In fact, we give the staff the blues."

In fact, one of them has gone so far as to re-nominate us the "Toilet Brigade."

All the same, we're not complaining, and the sky at present is decidedly clear of that bugbear, Examination!

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IC.

We, the model First Year, extend our hearty good wishes to those not so favourably placed as ourselves, namely, Fourth and Second Year. We hope their papers will suit much better than our half-yearly did. We beg to inform our neighbours that a tax will be imposed on our duster next term. But we will be generous enough to lend it as a pattern. (Really, they are quite easily made, and don't need much brain-work.)

The 1B, next to us, is proficient in humming, but, most unfortunately, it seems all buzz, and no honey is forthcoming.

A detective force has been organised. We therefore warn such persons as those who were responsible for the disappearance of our Botany specimens, which we placed in the "lab." However, we have not yet solved the problem of the "disappearing chalk."

Towards the end of the year we submitted ourselves to our superiors, and took up our abode in the (?) (somebody called it a gas-stove).

We are proud indeed of our representatives in the choir, which has gained so many ornaments for our room. The coating of fine dust adds greatly to the charm of these.

The solemn expressions on our faces is due to the fact that soon we enter into the Pit of Exams. We wonder, indeed, who will stay and who will be "Removed."

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THE BURR.

J. B.

Our class consists of many different specimens of humanity. Some are smart, others are not. The majority of us are not. The other day one bright specimen wanted to know whether the North Pole was made of wood or metal.

We hope to be out of the renowned Lecture Hall next year, and no doubt the other classes there hope they will be out too.

So Mr. Peterson have our congratulations for their splendid success, and we hope that Second Year and Fourth Year meet with success in the forthcoming examinations.

1A.

We, who entered the B.H.S. in the memorable year 1922, have a good position here in a room that is almost smothered in papers pasted up by one of our teachers. They are quite handy—especially when we are doing one of our numerous tests.

Our room is quite important, as it contains the library (?). A favourite occupation in our room is dropping pens down the holes of the floor, and we greatly miss our champion at this new sport, who, however, is only holidaying, and will be back shortly.

The boys of 1B, but we have still more sympathy for their teachers. Recently we had some of their history papers to correct. These are a few samples:

"When Hume and Hovell returned to Sydney, they fell out." "Hume and Hovell spent most of their time climbing up and down mountains." "They made boats and some for the oxen, and crossed the rivers in tar-paulins."

Our French teacher has found a way to enliven the class; she merely utters the word "Food," and they act as if they had had a shock. Last week she wrote some sentences on the board, and on asking what they were "on," an impudent youth shouted: "On the blackboard, Miss."

Our Latin master is very particular about his diet, for he told one of our girls, who seemed afraid to answer his question, that "he wouldn't eat her." And she then seemed more at her ease. He was explaining that Julius Caesar was pronounced Julius Kaiser, and our wit said, "Any relation to Old Bill?"

Nearly all the class took a holiday after the Inspector's visit—but they deserved it. When one of the Inspectors asked a question, two hands actually went up.

Some notorious bushrangers come into the 1A class-room to spend their apparently valueless time spraying the insects on the "weather chart" with a popular fluid of dark hue and darker character.

Several ambitious young gentlemen have rather primitive ideas of making aeroplanes from a pen with some paper as a rudder (the pen generally belongs to someone else, needless to say). Because of this, one student was told to write out "inattentively" one hundred times; he seemed a little puzzled, but after a while asked: "Which one will I begin with—the first or the hundredth?"
THE BURR.

Our room is not in a very good position, as far as we are concerned, as we have to keep very quiet, since the least bit of row is heard in the office next door—and you know what that means!

THIRD YEAR.

"The troubles of life are many,
The pleasures of life are few."
(Third Year being one of the pleasures.)

Once more we make our time-honoured appearance in "Ye Burr," having quite recovered from the fatigues, fright, and hard work of 2A, so that our motto this year is most appropriate, to wit:

"All hurry is worse than useless;
Think well on the adage: 'Tis the pace that kills."

Nevertheless, we are an extremely talented class (in our opinion), and we hold in our midst one whose name, coupled with the singular appellation of "Pussyfoot," is known on every prohibition platform in the State. Other members in days to come will be also famous. One bright youth has dreams of becoming an auctioneer, while yet another hopes to be able very soon to start a home for superfluous aunts.

"Oh weary spirit, oh cloudy eyes,
Oh heavy and misty brain."
(Third Year, after a night out)

We are all full of good wishes towards the exam. classes, and after apologising to A. L. Gordon, we remark by way of cheer:

"Courage, Fourth Year; this is certain:
After all comes rest."

The last lesson on Thursday afternoon never lacks especial interest. Mr. Watkins appears to derive immense enjoyment from his mathematical conversation with the roof.

We have been learning a vast amount from our revered and well-beloved tutor, Mr. Dunne—fraternally known as Jack—who entwines the recital of the "Plus Aesop" with divers happy puns and caustic jokes (gleaned, we fear, from "Smith's Weekly"). A favourite witticism is: "Re-write ten times."

We have sundry budding linguists in our midst, one of whom boasts that he can swear and make love in five distinct languages. We do not disclose his identity, but venture to remark that his head was once close friends with a carrot. If you don't believe it, ask him—but be wise and insure your life beforehand!

Many of our members frequent Machattie Park on Wednesday night, presumably to "let the music sink into their souls" (we don't think!).

Our youthful misogynist claims that several budding romances have taken root in this congenial soil, and sadly fears that his eminent lecture on the evils of life (i.e., wine, women, etc.) has fallen on extremely strong ground; and if it fell near their hearts, we entirely agree with him.

And so, adieu!

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THIRD YEAR'S ODE TO THE WEST WIND
(and any other wind)
(Apologies to Shelley.)

Oh, wild West Wind, thou breath of Autumn being,
Thou from whose unseen presence in the shed
Our mouths and eyes are full of dust and seeing
Is quite impossible when we are led
Along the devious ways of mathes?
Oh thou,
Who makst us often wish that we were dead?
Chilled by thy breath, how cold and numb we grow!
Each like a corpse upon the seat,
Till Death's azure sister of the Spring shall blow.
The dust clouds down the High School lane and fill
(Driving the filth into eyes, mouth and hair)
The air with curses and profane ill-will,
Wild spirit which art moving everywhere,
I wish you'd blast us well keep out of here.

FOURTH YEAR.

So our school life and school work is almost finished!
"Say what we will, in our hearts there is a feeling of regret" that soon the happiest and most care-free days of our lives will vanish for ever.

All the world lies in the future or in the past; and now, on the threshold of life, we are eagerly straining our eyes into the world to come. Memories, serious memories, will come later, but even now one pauses to think of the days that have passed.

First Year—seems a long way off down the Valley! Or have we not been climbing up the mountains of Ambitious Hopes? Yet every one in a while, someone recalls a long-forgotten incident, and memory bestirs itself. Second Year is firmly fixed in our minds, and few of us have ceased to hate Wordsworth and Lytton. Then Inter!

Who will deny that we were the most care-free students in the world after that memorable week? The leaving was as far away then as a B.A. Degree is now. However, "but half of our heavy task was done," and Third Year found us without some of our friends, 'tis true, but still a happy band; and, by the way, nearly everyone in the school heard our famous jazz-band, and we indolent ourselves with the usual relaxation after the Inter.

Then came Fourth Year, that fatal year, when the pitchet that goes least often to the well of Knowledge is broken upon the stones of Failure; and now it is all over except the exam.

One word more: Mr. Cameron extends to us all his best wishes for the exam, and future life, and I wish to thank him for his deep interest in our welfare, and we can only quote Gordon:
"For good undone, and gifts mispent, and resolutions vain."

"Tis rather late to trouble."
Second Year memories again!
This year the class is one in which the boys are far superior.
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Long Live The King!
Signed, sealed and delivered and duly attested this day, the 25th of October, 1922.

2B

2A

We are at present so absorbed in our studies, that we have little or no time to give to the more frivolous things of life or vice-versa.—Ed., namely, chalk-fights, in which certain of the senior students shine forth as experienced warriors.

The extreme quietness (?) of our class is at times broken by passages at arms between one of our number and a certain member of the staff, whose conversation with this same person is punctuated with, "Will you go to the front seat, or shall I have to carry you?"

The boys of the class have, to all appearances, a rather disparaging opinion of us (the girls), for they frequently bring water-pistols into class, and, much to our annoyance, while we are diligently studying between periods, our train of thoughts is broken by a refreshing (?) volley from these same infantile play-things.

Unfortunately, through no fault of their own, several 2B boys possess abnormally large feet, which appear to be unmanageable, and which will persist in finding their way under and continually kicking the desks in front of them.

It is indeed fortunate that some of the boys in our class have someone to remind them that there is a letter H in the alphabet, and that it should sometimes be pronounced.

Our class does not possess an orchestra; however, its absence is not felt, as several of the boys possess lyrics of which rivals that of our renowned school choir. By those who are forced to use the Botany lab., the studious calm that pervades our room is much appreciated, this calm being especially noticeable during maths periods.

Our class is not only noted for its brainy students, but also for its budding pugilists, who frequently give exhibitions gratis between periods.

Our renowned company must be very attractive, as will be seen by the fact that though several of our members decided to renounce the joys of school life, they were unable to exist away from 2B, and returned, to the vast joy of one of our teachers, who, during their absence, was fast waning away.

In conclusion, we all wish Fourth Year and 2A the best of luck in the forthcoming examinations.

Study our Advertising, List.
YE FORD.
(With Apologies to Masefield.)

I must go down to the road again, to the lonely road and the sky,
And all I ask is an old Ford, with a wheel to steer her by;
With the Ford-toot, a dismal hoot, and the old car shaking,
And beads of sweat on the driver's brow, and his knocked-knees quaking.

I must go down to the road again, for the call of the good, old Ford
Is a weird call, and a shrill call that may not be ignored.
And all I ask is some lubricant oil, and a tin of axle-grease
To use them as a conductor does, to make the music cease.

I must go down to the road again to the vagrant tourist life,
To the car's way and the Ford's way, where the world is full of strife,
And all I ask is an old tin-liz, with a solid Ford foundation.
For the old tin-liz, as the wide world knows, runs on its reputation.

CALPH RALLAGHAN.
Third Year.

DAY BREAK.

Slowly the first pale flush of coming dawn
Spread o'er the sky, above the mountains tall;
And slower still, his glory all around,
The sun rose up, a gleaming golden ball,
And banished for another day the fall
Which night about the sleeping world had wound.

A million sweet birds rose to greet
The radiant sun, from out the wak'ning bush,
And in the crowded cities once again
Began the day's work, with its din and rush,
Which makes more peaceful by contrast the hush
Of morn in tree-clad hill or grassy plain.

And as the sunbeams stole across the sky,
With all its snowy streamers floating o'er
Its blue expanse, the blushes of the dawn
Faded from out the sky, like mists before
The sun, and the bright, golden light once more
Returned, and thus another day was born.

J. FERGUSON.
Latin Remove.

THE BURR.

SPORTS NOTES.

FOOTBALL.

The school did not enter the competition this year, but several of the students played with the Old Students' team.
Although defeated on several occasions, the team did not lose heart, and eventually defeated every opposing club in the competition, except the Old Boys, the premiers, who won by the very small margin of 'two points.' The team was placed third on the competition table.
Not only from a sporting, but also from a social, point of view, the club was a grand success; many delightful evenings eventuated during the season, and the spirit which predominated was indeed worthy of Bathurst High School Old Students.
Much credit is due to Mr. K. Wallace, the enthusiastic Secretary, whose unfailing energy helped considerably towards the club's success. The assistance received from the citizens was thoroughly appreciated by the club, which hopes to have an equally successful season next year.

9 at 7 lbs. COMPETITION.

Although the weight limit was 9 at 7 lbs., it was necessary on sundry occasions to secure the services of heavier players, in order to provide a team. The team was reminiscent of the "Kangaroos"—having a large "tall.
However, on several occasions it played with great determination and spirit, thoroughly extending their opponents. Some good material was discovered, and although the team was by no means a success, it maintained the reputation of the High School for grit and sportmanship.

8 at 2 lbs. COMPETITION.

Two teams, A and B, were entered in this competition, which provided some sterling contests.
The B's were a failure, but played the game throughout the season.
The A's proved to be a very fine combination, and good exponents of the game, one player especially showing signs of brilliance.
They defeated every opposing team in the competition, their chief triumph being over "Stannes," whose football was of a high standard. Owing to the absence of several players in the early matches, the team was unsuccessful in annexing the premiership.
The competition aided considerably in catering for the large number of footballers, and proved, on the whole, very successful.
their time, however, is too fully occupied with other sports, and tennis is allowed to slide.

Our thanks are due to Mr. Dunne for the interest he has taken in the tennis and for the advice and assistance he has rendered both boys and girls.

HOCKEY

This year, in spite of lack of victories on the part of the team, has been a very enthusiastic one, owing mainly to the undiminished ardour displayed by our coaches—Miss Haefield, Miss Daffin, and Mrs. Westphalen. So great was the enthusiasm of both coaches and students that A and also B teams were selected.

The match with Dubbo this year was lacking in neither enthusiasm nor speed. The Bathurst team acquitted themselves very creditably, and played the best game ever played by a B.H.S. team (7). We were defeated; after a fast and furious struggle, by 3–1, the winners shining out in consistency and combination, while the most consistent players on our part were Hilda Kefford, Marjorie Beavis, and Beassie Houtson.

As a prelude to the Dubbo match, we played Pixie Ladies' College, and gained our sole victory of the season. We appreciate the sportsmanship which marked Pixie's play throughout the match.

At Orange, however, the high hopes raised by the play in the Dubbo matches were wrecked on a rocky and hilly field, over which we alternately stumbled, and tried to play hockey, and finally were defeated in this roughest of matches 5–11. Here again Beassie Houtson, Hilda Kefford, shone out, and Ida Smith saved, by her vigilance and consistency, many goals that our opponents seemed about to score. And after the match,

"Our ankles were swelled to a terrible size,

And our shins were a wonderful blue."

Nevertheless, we may win a match yet, as our enthusiasm burns more greatly after a defeat. Many promising players have been discovered, who will, perhaps, aid in the winning of matches in future years. The Ambulance Box was almost indispensable during the hockey season. We shall lose L. Darlington, our goal-keeper, after the Leaving Certificate. Many thanks are extended to our coaches, who have taken such a great interest in this branch of sport.

EASTER EISTEDDFOD

MARCH 28—APRIL 2.

CHORAL, VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL
ORIGINAL POEMS, ESSAYS AND STORIES

Full Particulars from
HON. SECRETARY,
EISTEDDFOD ASSOCIATION,
BATHURST

THE MOUNTAINS.

Far, far away, 'neath misty veils,
Lies the mountains tall and bold,
Their bleak sides swept with boldest storm,
Full many a secret hold.

And when at morn the mountain mists
Are severed by silver rays,
The highest peaks that shine with light
Are veiled with purple haze.

That adds a heavenly loveliness
To the beauty of the scene,
Leaving there a glory fair
Where Angels' feet have been.

But far more sweet, the splendid sight
Of the evening-tinted clouds,
That clustering round in rosy groups,
A golden glory shrouds.

The moonlight shining o'er the lake,
With radiance bathes the steep,
Where Alpine climbers' bodies lie
In death's last peaceful sleep.

NEILLIE GILLESPIE.

Study our Advertising List.
The bugles of the Motherland,
Rang ceaselessly across the sea,
To call him and his lean brown band
To shape Imperial destiny.

The great grey dawn of Eternity stole relentlessly over the tense sea; a few grey shadows crept along the oily water. Even the air was electrified with emotion.

Tiny forms lined the decks of the "shadows," each one face to face with the "Great Unknown." It felt as if the gods, too, held their breath as they watched the men who were to break down the fortresses of unnumbered ages.

Closer and closer crept the grey forms towards the forbidding cliffs of the mighty rock, the waning moon dropped over the horizon, and the morning star paled in its glory. Did it anticipate that greater light which will be seen as long as its pure beauty lasts?

A few tiny specks crept from the grey shadows towards the narrow strip of whitening sand, and from them moved tinier specks, which, as they landed, seemed to form themselves into tiny companies.

Suddenly the heavens were rent asunder by a hundred thundering roars, wild tongues of flame started from a hundred gaping mouths.

The mysterious shadows became ships, the tiny forms men, and dawn broke over the most momentous struggle in history—the struggle for Anzac. Yet for all its awfulness, the atmosphere was suddenly released; the gods breathed freely once again as they sat and watched their cruel experiment.

The men on the beach, those tiny khaki-clad figures, whose every nerve was strained to breaking point, swiftly rushed the impregnable fortress of time, some to gain eternity, some to live and hear the world ring with their name, and all to wear the laurel wreath of victory.

The great guns thundered defiance, their lurid tongues making glory in the sky, and carnage, awful to behold, on the rocky ridges of that ancient battlefield.

Slowly, but surely, they drove the Moslem from his stronghold—Anzac Cove was gained—a young nation risen from a race's clime had carved her name on history's stone of glory.

Once again the cold grey dawn was breaking, and all was coming into being, when suddenly the sky was lit up with a thousand great lights, and the firmament shaken by a mighty roar.

The great guns bellowed their thunder of defiance, while the Maxims shrieked derision, and the rifles spat viciously.

"All day long the noise of the battle rolled," and in the evening, just as the sun goes down, and the Great Eternal calls all life to rest, a great quiet fell upon the battle-scarred waste.

The wounded sighed deeply, and seemed to lose their pain—some for ever.
OUR HUMOUR COLUMN.

On Dit

That Third Year owns an incubator (the shed).
That Latin is interesting. (Ask Fourth Year.)
That Community Singing has weakened the roof of the Lecture Hall.
That Remove C is known as the "Toilet Brigade."
That Second Year are not so sure that "ignorance is bliss."
That red heads are useful—to light the gas.
That if x plus y equals our knowledge of Maths, then x plus y equals ...
That Fourth Year is taking a tonic (Is it salts?)
That explorers in the Park on Wednesday nights make numerous discoveries.
That the ceiling has a magnetic attraction for pens.
That the choir has turned out a howling success.

"Some Dawg."

A man once owned two fox-terrier pups. On his return home from work one evening, he found them both asleep on his bed; detecting this, he gave them both a hiding. The next day when he came home, the dogs were asleep on the floor, but a patch of the bed was quilted warm. Accordingly the dogs were flogged again. The then on the day he entered the house very quietly, and peeping in the room, found the two pups blowing the bed to cool it.

Football Characters.

Dixon—that worthy captain, long-winded, but suffers from rheumatism, but.
Thompson—Clevery, but weak spot too prominent.
Roy—Climbs as eager; scores before he gets there.
Walley—Lays unfair; bends over goal-posts and scores.
Stevenson—Has no sense of direction; needs glasses.
Callaghan—Light-footed, but heavy-headed.
King—"The ball is untol. King as a red rag is untol a bull."
Pym—Safe full-back, but would be safer growing spuds.
Farnsworth—Sure tackler, but tackles the wrong player.
Hill—Swift as an aeroplane without a rudder.
Chenery—Kicks hard, especially the umpire; but his socks won't keep up.
Whalan—High School's best scorer. (Over the side-line).
Saddler—Disqualified; over-weight.
Cook—Solid tackler, but his hair-oil causes riots.
Waters—Good hook; fish a specialty.
Choir Repertoire.

"See The Conquering Heroes Come" ........................................ From Sydney
"Oft In The Stilly Night" ....................................................... Mee-ow!!
"Old Folks At Home" ............................................................. In the Men's Staff-room
"Down In The Dewy Dell" ...................................................... Third Year Botany Excursion to Vale Creek
"Sleep, Gentle Lady" .............................................................. "Third Year—History Lessons"
"Dear Little Buttercup" ......................................................... "L.W.H."
"In The Beautiful Land Of Nod" .............................................. "Cricket on Friday Afternoon"
"The Return Of The Swallows" ................................................. "Hiccough!!! 3 a.m."
"Anchored" ............................................................................. The Return Of The Swallows
"On The Banks Of Allen Waters" ............................................... Wednesday—Last Period

Bathers in Ye Noble Macquarie
"Pretty Village Maiden" .......................................................... Substitute, Willow Avenue
"Good-night, Ladies" .............................................................. "The Belle"
"Waltzing 'Matilda" .................................................................. "Thursday Night"
"The End Of a Perfect Day" ....................................................... "Eurhythmics"
"Clouds" ................................................................................. "Thursday—Seventh Period"
"La dictée Française" .................................................................. "School Play"
"Whisper And I Shall Hear" ..................................................... "Voices in the Lecture Hall"
"Nymphs And Shepherds, Come Away" ................................... "Latin Night"
"There's a Land" ...................................................................... "There's a Land"
"Where Latin Isn't" .................................................................. "Absence"
"Thought furing Botany" ......................................................... "Absent"
"The Orange Trip" ................................................................... "Memories"
"Somewhere a Voice Is Calling" ............................................. "Practice, Film, 1st Class"
"Sweet Evening Bell(e)" ............................................................. "In Machattie Park"
"Parth" ....................................................................................... "After Choir"
"All Through The Night" ......................................................... "Third Year Righting (???)"
"Land Of Hope And Glory" ...................................................... "Third Year"
"God Save The King" ............................................................... "In Three Parts"
"The Yeomen of England" ....................................................... "The Caretaker's Favourite"

Advertisements.

WANTED, urgently—a competent Plumber to-day; gigantic leakage of gas from 2A Class. Apply, G.A.C.
WANTED, an Acrobat Young Man to place as swinger on gas-pipe; good references. Apply, X.Y.Z.
IN MEMORIAM of the Gentlest of 2A Students, who departed this life for a better, Wednesday, 13th September.
"Once, but not forgotten."
FOR SALE, large supply of Second-hand Handkerchiefs, cheap.
FOUND, about 30,000 chalk stamps, apparently strayed from Fourth Year. Apply, 2A Pound.
If not claimed within 14 days, will be sold. (Teachers advised to replenish their stock.)

ADHESIVE.—For an adhesive compound, our teacher is sticking to wet chewing-gum—fast!

LOST, STOLEN OR STRAYED.—Large number of Pens. Return to Second Floor (or ceiling).
WANTED, Fire-maker for 2A during coming Winter (that is, if we survive the Inter.). The 2A boys are afraid of soiling their hands. Good wages. Apply, 2A Girls.

THE BURR.

OLD STUDENTS' NOTES.

This has been a very successful year for the Old Students' Union, both socially and financially.

The annual meeting was held at Lilley's Rooms in June, when Miss Wallace, who rendered invaluable service in 1921 as Assistant Secretary, was made a presentation on the eve of her marriage.

The Re-Union Dance was held in September, and proved, as usual, a grand success, seventy couples being present. Ex-students came from Sydney, Dubbo, Orange and other distant towns to be present.

The evening was so remarkably successful that requests were made for another dance, which eventuated early in October. This function was even better attended, and proved thoroughly enjoyable.

Later in October, when several old students, who had rendered excellent services to the Union in the past, were in town, a dinner-dance was held.

The year has been so successful that banking account was opened. After paying £2/2/- to the High School and £1/1/- to the two Primary Departments for prizes, a credit remains to assist in next year's activities.

The old students thoroughly appreciate the keen interest taken in their doings by the present students, and hope that this spirit will be fostered.

THE ORANGE TRIP.

All who made the trip to Orange unanimously agree that it was a grand success. Although unsuccessful in gaining the "ashes," we thoroughly enjoyed ourselves, owing to the splendid hospitality of the Orangeites.

Leaving Bathurst by the afternoon's passenger train, we aroused the countryside with many a joyous shout, shriek and boisterous chat.

At dusk we arrived at Orange, where we were accorded a hearty welcome by our hosts and hostesses.

The evening of our arrival was very enjoyable, spent at the school hall, where dancing and games were indulged in until eleven o'clock.

Tennis commenced early, and was very evenly contested, the Bathurst boys being forced to play good tennis, in order to defeat their adversaries. The girls, however, were wearied after the trip, and although they played good tennis, were defeated.

At this stage, several youths, endeavouring to reach Wade Park, missed and were finally spotted in Summer Street singing with much gusto, "The Wearing of the Green." However, they arrived in time to see Orange again triumphant, their girl sprinter being exceedingly speedy. This was the only athletic event, owing to the fact that in Orange there was no opposition to confront. Our boy athletes, who being in fine trim, were a little disappointed.
Then came the star event, the football match. Orange lost the toss and kicked off against the wind. The superior speed of the Bathurst backs soon became evident, and play was very fast. The Bathurst forwards handled the ball excellently, veiling with the back, whose splendid combined passing rushes were irresistible. As an Orangeite remarked, "the Bathurstians tossed the ball about with exceeding gusto, thus making victory inevitable."

Hill, Callaghan and Cheney scored tries, all of which were the fruits of good combined play. Dixon, Callaghan and King kicked goals. "A splendid effort, worthy of mention," was made by A. Thompson, who, though kicking excellently, failed to raise the flags.

When the whistle sounded Bathurst were once more victorious by 24 to 6.

In the afternoon the hockey and basketball were played, resulting in a win for Orange. The Bathurst girls were doused throughout by bad luck, several of their players being injured, and the field strange. However, they played the game, as they always do, with the same splendid spirit and sportsmanship as their opponents displayed.

At night, the banquet was held, and the customary toasts were honoured. G. Dixon, supported by Miss D. Cameron, replied to the toast of "The Visitors," and R. Callaghan, supported by Miss D. Johnston, proposed the toast of "The Orange High School."

Dancing prevailed until train time, when we adjourned to the station, where amidst many farewells and ringing cheers, we departed for Bathurst.

The trip home was not without incident, several youths, being in a warlike but generous state of mind, bombarded the girls' carriages with oranges, causing much confusion therein.

On entering Bathurst our war cry resounded proclaiming The End of a Perfect Day.

THE STORM.

Thunder that shakes the mountains,
Lightning across the skies,
Clouds that are racing northwards
As fast as the eagle flies.

The rain comes down in torrents,
With a never-ending pour,
Like the sound of angry breakers
Beating a wave-worn shore.

After the storm is over
Uprooting many a tree
All the land is flooded
Like a storm-wrecked ship at sea.

LEX. McLennan,
"First Year."
CHOIR NOTES

"Toot toot," went the train. "Boom, jigger, boom"—decidedly out of tune—went the various crowds of excited students, as we puffed out of Bathurst station to the accompaniment of wild cheers from those left behind. In spite of the medical advice to keep our voices strictly in repose, we livened up the monotony of the countryside by—well, scarcely classical selections.

The handsome males on the stations all suffered from an overflow of feminine charms and seductions, much to their dismay. The end of the journey was quite as thrilling as expected, and great was the excitement when we were all welcomed to the "big smoke" by our friends.

On Saturday afternoon, we all met at the Central, and after much bustling about on the part of our chauffeurs in search of straying lambs, we went to Bourke Street for a final rehearsal, the piano being very excited about the event, in sympathy with us, as shown by its evident inclination to make as much noise as possible. We arrived in state at the Show Ground, and wended our way up to the pavilion. Our rivals looked very formidable, and we quite expected to give place to the quite professional attitude of some of them. After we had sung—on a stage that fell through time a particularly heavy warbler mounted upon it—we waited in tear, trembling for the verdict.

There was silence deep unto the grave, as the arbitrating fate arose to deliver judgment. When we heard the almost unbelievable news of our win—well, silence could scarcely apply to the uproar that resulted.

On Saturday night, we were let off our leash; and we celebrated the victory with exceeding gusto and jubilation.

Sunday we did our duty nobly, and went to church—that is to say, those of us who were conscientious.

On Monday, some of us went to Manly, and sported in the briny, to the accompaniment of anxious solitude from the presiding genius. Theatres and pictures occupied our time on Monday night, and on Tuesday morning we waved a tender farewell to Sydney, accompanied by much weeping and wailing, on account of the fact that we knew we were returning to bondage. The trip home was less enjoyable, because of the intense heat, and was only recompensed by the whole school meeting us at Bathurst. The confusion and excitement was so intense that many were in danger of losing their lives in the flood of congratulations. But we really think that they might have had the District Band to meet us, and to hail the conquering heroines."

THE BURR.

This year has proved a remarkably successful one for the choir, whose brilliance is no longer questioned. Several trips were made during the season, to Katoomba, Lithgow and Sydney, the latter being a grand triumph.

At Katoomba, they comfortably outclassed their adversaries, but were defeated by the very narrow margin of one point at Lithgow. However, they proved themselves par excellence at Sydney, where they defeated the State's best, winning, with 91 points, from Fort Street, who gained 89 points.

The trip to Sydney was very enjoyable, and is worthy of special mention.

THE WILLOWS.

Down by the creek, at the foot of the hill,
Willows grow tall and strong;
"Weeping" and "Basket" are side by side,
Sighing the whole day long.

Oft in the day, when I wander alone,
Seek I this picturesque glen;
And, as I doze in the willows' cool shade,
Life's worries flit from my ken.

Yesterday eve, when I went to the stream,
The moonbeams looked ghastly and white,
The willows were standing like ghosts tall and strong,
A weird, yet a wonderful, sight.

The willows were crowded with fairies and elves,
The branches were decked all in green,
The sighing and moaning had ceased all at once,
The fairies were greeting their Queen.

She came in her carriage of diamonds and gold,
The willows looked free now from gloom;
But sorry to say, a small twig brushed the Queen,
Who, angered, did order this doom:

"For ever and ever your tribe shall be sad;
For ever you'll weep and you'll moan,
And"—then I awoke: the fairies were gone,
The willows were left all alone.

And now when I hear on a warm Summer day
A moaning and sighing near by,
I think of a Queen in her carriage of gold,
Who ordered the willows to sigh.

R. S. DUDLEY,
Remove A.
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Pan": The "flinging light" is too "tired red." There are, however, promising "dishes" in it, but they need more polish.

"Day Dreams": Remove C.—This is more like a "nightmare.

"A Poet of Remove C.": Your notes so so, especially Jo.

"D.T. (after Dubbo banquet): It is not quite so bad as that; you are merely at sea, suffering from mal de "tea."

"Amusements, 2A: This chestnut has too big a "ziff" for admission to a respectable paper.

"Fidi Amici": "Tommy from Town." Is Tommy from town always such a clown?

"Yorkie": Cross bowls by Porkpie, Handy Andy.

"The Queen's Birthday": Fairy like; fancy, spoilt by punctuation.

"The Hidden Pearl": Geography too mixed; and speed of travel too awesome.

THE LATE LT.-COL. H. PAUL.

The untimely death of the late Lt.-Col. Harold Paul deprived the school of one of its best friends.

Our sincerest sympathy has been tendered to the heart-stricken wife and sorrowing children.

This, our simple earnest appreciation, we feel to be necessary, but at the same time so futile with the loss so recent and so keenly felt.

Simple, earnest, loyal, noble, our departed friend was in every sense of the word a man. Practical Christianity and his daily life were synonymous. Bathurst has lost and mourns deeply one of her great hearts—and so do we.

AN INVOCATION.

If the strong arms of sleep should fold you round,
The gentle and compelling arms of sleep;
If it should happen that some time you keep
A tryst with Time in those vast halls, where sound
Echoes the step of Death, as he goes crowned
With poppy bloom; if somewhere from the deep,
Abyssmal gloom a sudden voice should leap
To thee a choice of Life, and Death, profound,
Pause not, but choose that everlasting Rest!
And, smiling, melt into the easyful gloom,
Sleep, smiling on with softly heaving breast,
Lest life should change thee more than the still tomb.
Forever and forever, sleep thee blest.
Thus might I find you when myself should come.

A.D.H.,
Third Year.
Intermediate Certificate.

Subjects.—English 1, History 2, Geography 3, Maths (1) 4, Maths (2) 5, Latin 6, French 7, Science 8, Botany 9, Woodwork 10, Business Principles 11, Shorthand 12, Technical Drawing 13.

Bayliss, Raymond—2B, 3B, 4B, 5B, 6B, 7B, 8B, 10B.
Braham, Mary Chloris—1B, 2B, 3B, 4B, 5B, 6B, 7B, 9B.
Callaghan, Ralph B.—1B, 2B, 3B, 5B.
Cooke, Henry S.—1B, 2B, 3B, 5B, 6B, 7B.
Cooke, Charles Ronald—1B, 2B, 3B, 4B, 5B, 6B, 7B, 9B.
Cooke, Zilla—1B, 2B, 3B, 5B, 11B, 12B.
Edwards, Joan Emma—1A, 2B, 3B, 4B, 5B, 7B, 9B.
Harnsworth, Housley—1B, 3B, 6B, 7B.
Hogarty, Henry J.—1B, 2B, 3B, 6B, 7B, 9B.
Forrest, Eric J.—1B, 2A, 3B, 5B, 7B, 10B.
Gottlie, Arthur—1B, 2B, 3B, 5B, 7B.
Harris, Arthur G.—1B, 3B, 5B, 10B, 13B.
Hope, Alex D.—1A, 2A, 3B, 4A, 5B, 6B, 8B.
Johnston, Dorothy M.—1A, 2B, 3A, 4B, 5B, 6B, 7A, 10B.
Kerford, Hilda C.—1B, 2A, 3B, 4B, 5B, 6B, 7A, 9B.
King, Keith W.—1B, 2B, 3B, 4B, 5B, 7A, 8B.
Lamont, Nina—1B, 2B, 3B, 4B, 5B, 7B, 9B.
Morrow, Jean Sybil—1B, 2B, 3B, 7B, 9B.
McLean, Florence—1A, 2B, 3A, 5B, 7B, 9B, 11B, 12B.
Mitchell, Harry R.—1B, 2B, 3B, 4B, 5B.
Price, Emily—1B, 2B, 3B, 5B, 7B, 9B.
Pym, Edwin S.—1B, 2A, 3A, 4B, 5B, 6A, 7A, 8A.
Roberts, Percival T.—1B, 2B, 3B, 4B, 5B, 8B, 11B.
Ross, Arthur J.—1B, 2B, 3B, 5B, 7B.
Smith, Dorothy A.—1B, 5B, 7B, 9B.
Solling, Edna E.—1A, 2B, 3B, 4B, 5B, 7A, 9B.
Williams, Thelma A.—1B, 2B, 3B, 4B, 5B, 7A, 9B.
Winter, Albert—1B, 2B, 3B, 4B, 5B, 8B, 11B.
Nears, Douglas—4B, 5B, 7B, 8B, 10B.

We wish to acknowledge receipt of magazines from various High Schools, and to thank those schools from whom they have been received.