“The Burr”

The Magazine of the Bathurst High School

November, 1923
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November, 1923. THE BURR.

EDITORIAL.

In our last issue our editorial took the watchword of
"Loyalty"—loyalty to our School, loyalty to Bathurst, and
loyalty to ourselves. This year it is "Courage."

Our High School must not be a mere institution for us,
it should become a living part of our own selves; and the
root matter of this is courage.

The valour of ambition is one of the ruling forces of life
and living. If you are one of those "clever ones," of whom
there are two or three in every class, your aim is probably to
be top this year. Isn't it? But, supposing you belong, as
you probably do, to the large majority of borderliners, your
aspirations will probably turn elsewhere.

In first year the hope is to one day become a bandit, a
detective or a millionaire, and, among the girls, a missionary,
a nurse, or a movie star; but, in any case, they show your
desire for some particular form of heroism, inspired by any
sort of person, from Florence Nightingale to Buffalo Bill. As
you grow older, these ambitions change, and give place to
others equally heroic and equally vague. But real courage
attacks the two things, which are ready to be done now—this
minute: your sport and your school-work. Tackle these, hope-
less and dull as either may seem, and keep it up if you would
be worthy of that person whom most of all you worship and
admire, your private hero or heroine.

We must have this courage to help our School and to help
ourselves, and, at least, we must not disgrace either. We need
it to keep honestly and doggedly to the work set us, though
of course we often hate it.

It takes real pluck to stick up for the School Union all
the time, and it takes real grit never to try to wriggle out
of home-work.

This may sound like a sermon, and a bad one at that, but
surely you can see what I want to say.

Try—and keep on trying—that is courage. You will not
reach the Kingdom of Heaven next week, possibly never, but
at least you can be the better for attempting it.

If you come to leave your High School it is not
with feelings of sorrow or relief. True you regret the school-
life and its familiar routine, but ahead of you lies the unguessed
future, with its myriad lures to be invaded. Standing without
the lists, you hear the trumpet calls, the clash of arms, and
the cries of the warriors who are within. You are young and
eager to enter, and so from the school of knighthood you enter
the clanging conflict itself. Here you do battle right valiantly
until someday you attain that perfect gentleness that so re-
nowned the knights of olden times—the courage of the Paladins
of God.

ALEX. HOPE (5th Year).
OF IDLENESS.

"Madame," said Steele, in one of his charming amatory epistles, "madame, it is the hardest thing in the world to be in love and attend to business." Now this is in sooth a most cunning and irresistible plea for the cult of Idleness. For, indeed, who is there that can match the infinite wiles of the divine Eros, or who resist his unwearied siege of the most stubborn heart? They are not found among the simple sons and daughters of man, I wot. And who, that being once ensnared in the blind boy's net, can help falling into a most happy and unreasonable idleness? Has not Love a thousand cares that quite preclude all excuse for honest toil? What thoughts to be indulged in; what memories to be fondly treasured up; what conjectures to be entertained; what bad sonnets and worse madrigals to be composed; what endless day-dreaming and constant night-wooring to be carried on! In short, what an absolute necessity there is for sweet sloth, for the complete dismembrance of all common duties and observances.

The lover, however, has by no means reached the pinnacle of that perfect negligence, which the true enjoyment of this cult demands. He is too restless, too aimless, and too unpractical. He is so lost in the whirl of conflicting emotions that the sweetness of repose remains a thing unknown to him.

True Idleness must be methodical, circumspect, and complete. It must be indulged systematically and artistically. The ardent worshipper at the Shrine of Somnus, ever dormant inhabitant of furthest and darkest Hades, must first realize the aesthetic ideals of his art; he must be prepared to renounce the world and its thousand ties, to assume the tattered garb of the brotherhood, by the earth that he must sleep upon, the sky which shall be his only roof, must he swear the solemn oaths of his sect. He shall drink of the wayside stream and devour his morning crust under the uncertain smile of heaven. The beasts of the field must companion him, and the common trees of the field be his friends. And, indeed, if he has taken his profession to heart, he shall not find these things hard.

The hours will pass never so quickly or merrily as when he whiles them away in the tacit company of several score of grazing milch cows, stretching forth his limbs on some green bank or other, entertained solely by his own rich thoughts, and with his own garrulous fancy suggesting to him a thousand ripe conceits and amusing whimsies. The staid kine will graze restfully before him, and the pleasant noise of their continual cropping, the leisurely swish of their tails, and their unhurried and ruminative silence will be both soothing and composing.

Or there is a delicious kind of idleness that loves to wander aimlessly about the streets, taking stock of the passers-by with a contemplative eye, pausing frequently at street corners to debate carefully the direction of the next move, seated often upon vacant park seats. Humanity flows turbidly past these placid urban recluses and leaves them dreaming in the calm, lilled, backwaters of life.

They are the most admirable crew of out-at-the-elbows lords of creation, these street wanderers; known everywhere for their untroubled mien, their pensive and unkempt appearance, and their inimitable air of indolence. These are the only truly "leisured class" of society, the only order that can boast the cloistered calm of unbroken reflection, the only true Elysians on this side of the Styx. From the heights of their philosophic seclusion they survey the struggles of their fellow-men, bound writhing to the whirling wheel of fortune. They saunter into the public places, with an air of exclusive freedom, the very princes of reflection, the very kings of the open-mind.

And yet we have not exhausted the enjoyment of this great obsession of idleness. One rich pleasure yet remains before which those of the somnolent poet in his blooming rusticity, the threadbare philosopher in all his civic retirement appear, if not unpalatable, at least insipid.

We speak of the devouring delights of delicious procrastination. And these are the joys of it: to have a duty crying to be performed and to cast dice with Time for just one moment's grace, and then another, and perchance after that another, and so on; to have the pleasure of estimating just how much laxity inscrutable conscience will allow us and the joy of proving its unlimited elasticity; to have the enjoyment ever spiced with the thought that the very next moment we really must set to work in good earnest; to drink the mellow wine of our perfect indolence without haste, yet all the while believing that each sip is the last and best, till on raising the cup once more to our lips we find it still full and fresh.

"With beaded bubbles winking at the brim." What if a scornful Circe stands at our elbow and with a disdainful smile replenishes the vessel! It were better even to join that homely porcine tribe than the ranks of these soulless automata.

Assuredly her wine is very Lethe! Come, all ye, my brethren, let us drink and utterly forget the turbulent world! Come! Let slide old passions and old pains; drown the past and quench the present: pass round the flagon, crown the festal cup; drink long and sweet and deep. Come, oh thou oblivious recumbancy, enfold these thine ardent devotees in thy dreamless arms.

Oh, thou, sweet Spirit of Idleness, all hail!

November, 1923.

"SAPIENS" (5th Year)
THE LEGEND OF THE WATERLILIES.

A single moonbeam formed a path,
Of light, from sky to lake;
The stars all lighted up their lamps,
And shone on hill and brake.

The water-lilies floated there,
Like barges of a dream;
The moonbeams touched their petals white,
And made them glow and gleam.

A-sudden from the starry sky,
Along the path of light,
There came a host of fairies small,
All clad in robes of white.

They crowded round the lilies white,
And whispered magic spells,
The water-lilies glided off,
To sound of unseen bells.

The fairy sailors laughed, and danced,
Upon their waxen ships;
And now and then their sweet refrain
Fell softly from their lips.

"We made the water-lilies pure,
Each one's a shining boat,
And ev'ry night when mortals sleep,
Upon the lake we float.

"All through the night we float along,
Beneath the starry sky;
But when the golden sun appears,
To fairyland we fly."

The moon grew pale, each lamp went out,
The fairy folk all fled,
The sky grew blue, and soon the sun,
Was shining overhead.

JOSEPHINE FERGUSON, SA.

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THE VACATION TRIP TO KOSCIUSKO.

We left Sydney for our seven days' trip to Mount Kosciusko on Tuesday, 3rd July.

Our merry party consisted of two teachers and 50 girls from various High Schools.

We arrived at Cooma, which is about 58 miles from Kosciusko at 7.30 on Wednesday morning. A couple of minutes' walk brought us to "Dodd's Hotel," where we had breakfast.

At 10 o'clock the cars called for us, and in a few minutes we were gazing for the first time on the magnificent snow-covered peaks of Mt. Kosciusko, 58 miles away. The drive was cold, but we all thoroughly enjoyed it. We passed Berridale and Jindabine, which stand on the bank of the Snowy River. About 20 miles from the Hotel Kosciusko, we entered the snow country, and from the top of one peak we looked down and saw the Snowy River winding in and out; a little village on one side and snow scattered here and there on the hills about. The beauty of this you cannot imagine unless you have seen it.

We passed for the next 18 miles through the most beautiful scenery one could ever wish to see, and arrived at Hotel Kosciusko hungry, after our glorious drive.

In the afternoon we were given skis and had our first lesson in ski-ing. This afternoon, I think, was one of the happiest I have ever spent. Everyone fell over, and it must have been funny to watch us from the hotel verandah.

At night we were given a lovely time in the ball-room. The hall was crowded with girls and boys, all enjoying themselves immensely.

There was another touring party at Kosciusko when we arrived, a party of boys, which, of course, we very much regretted. For the next two days we made friends with our companions who, I must say, were better than we were on the snow. We skied on the Grand Slam, the golf links, and Cery course, which is about two miles from the hotel.

The lake, which stands in front of the hotel, was not frozen while we were there, so we could not skate.

Every night we crowded the ball-room and danced till the small hours of the morning.

Saturday came, and many of the guests left, 'mid a volley of snowballs.

That night the ball-room was practically deserted at 9 p.m., and we enjoyed a supper in our room, and the first good sleep since we had arrived.
Monday came all too soon, and we departed with many tears, having left behind us our names and a few remarks, such as "ripping," "bonzer," etc., in the visitors' book.

We certainly could not take the snow with us, but we brought back the memories of the happiest holiday that we have ever spent.

The Hotel Kosciusko is a beautiful building. It has every convenience, and affords a good holiday for anyone who is lucky enough to go there.

Our mates were the best of sports, and to them and the hotel authorities we owe the interesting holiday we had.

UNA THOMPSON (3B).

THE FIRST SONNET.

Oh, I shall weave the tapestries of dreams, From out the magic of my woven words; Oh, soul, that sleepest 'midst the broken sherds Of old past life, wake now to nobler themes. Heed not thy Past, it was; and now but seems. Catch thou the thrilling music of the birds, Mark the swift runner, how his loins he girds, To race to that far splendid goal that gleams. Soul, thou hast slept too long! The morning breaks, And life must be thy shining bride to-day.

Then rise and hasten to thy sweet love's side, Love—happy—thou! (For heart's desire he takes.) Oh, now rejoice, rejoice, that we may say, "The bridegroom goeth forth to claim the bride."

THE LAST SONNET.

A few more words before the darkness comes, Just a few words, and then my task is done. How my hand trembles!—It can waver on Another line—

And this poor moment sums
My life up in a word—The sere cold numbs These feverish fingers. Light will soon be gone, And with it life. I care not! I have won. (Listen! the dusk seems full of muffled drums.) A few words more! Oh, splendid of desire, How have I sought thee with a lover's soul! And now I die a lover's death, a fire Burns strong and clear within me; flaming them With momentary radiance at the goal. It flickers out—So I lay down the pen.

A.H. (5th Year).

THE ORGAN GRINDER.

"Alms, miss? Alms, sir? Upstairs!" The poor old organ-grinder did grind out this last word, although under his breath. His arm was aching, and he had only a few coins for his pains. He mumbled to himself from force of habit. "Ah'! ave to go into a cafe—Alms, lady?—and 'ave a meal and tell 'em that Ah'! pay 'em after." His musings were cut short on noticing a remarkably well-dressed youth gazing in wonder at the marvellous instrument and the still more marvellous man himself.

"Hullo, son," said the aged turner of the handle, "'ow about sixpence for a hard-workin' man?"

A silence ensued, in which the sixpence forthcamed. "You know, young gent, that Ah'! hard up jist now, wot wiv me sick wife and four young shavers. Ah'! found out long ago that a shillin' or two makes all the difference. Ah'! got this morning is one shillin', and the sixpence you gave me is one and six. Now! if Ah'! sixpence more Ah'! be able ter get a meal fer me and the sick wife—the shavers, they could 'ave wot's over. Ah! if Ah'! only that sixpence! Now, don't suppose Ah expects you ter give me any more, cos Ah don't, but still it's a hard life."

Another silence ensued, during which the grinder lent on the organ, and one shilling changed hands. "Yes," continued the ancient, "and only yesterday me brother died, leavin' me 'is three nippers. All Ah can git is kids and sick wives, and no money. "Ow Ah'! m goin' ter feed 'em is a mystery. They'll all 'ave ter go ter children's 'ome, it strikes me. No, Ah don't want any more money, young shaver, but it's a hard life."

Another shilling felt heavier in the old man's pocket, and, saying he would move, he walked around the corner into an ill-reputed house. Some minutes later, a horsey young man, with a familiar appearance emerged, counting small change with an avaricious grin on his face.

R. HARWARD (4th Year).

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THE BURR. November, 1923.

AN ODE TO FIRST YEAR.

Our First Year is a model class,
And full of variation;
Our efforts in the home-work line,
Produce a strange sensation;
For when our teachers see our work,
There's always a temptation,
To spur us all to harder work,
To save our reputation.
To clearly show you what I mean,
I'll give an illustration:
Some weeks ago when Madame saw
Our terrible translation—
She said she felt like leaving us,
For her final destination.
Our maths!—We'd better leave all that
To your imagination,
We never do a single thing.
By the proper operation.
If in our history books you'd read,
'Twould be a revelation,
So our History teacher ne'er comes in,
With any detraction.
If we should tell you any more,
You'd want the culmination
Of such a boring tale as this
Which'd be humiliation.
So now we'll bring this long tirade,
To a glorious termination,
With three times three for First Year Class,
And for their reputation!

C. THOMAS (1st Year).

A KANGAROO ESCAPADE.

A typical spring morning in the bush. The sun blazed in a cloudless sky. Cicadas chirped in concert with innumerable birds, and here and there a goanna scurried up a dry tree.

We were jogging lazily along, gazing about us. A stray steer or a few sheep moped from our path. Conversation was unnecessary—we all felt the company of the bush.

The spell of Nature was over all. Suddenly the yelping of dogs, a few thuds, and more yelps. We urged our horses into a canter, and emerged upon an exciting scene.

November, 1923. THE BURR.

Big kangaroos, little kangaroos, kangaroos of all sizes fled panic-stricken across a clearing, leaping logs and bushes in their efforts to reach the scrub.

At the head of a small creek the dogs held at bay an “old-man” and a female. Great was the commotion. Once again the hounds made an onslaught en masse. The “old man” sought to protect his charge. Springing in front of her, he covered her retreat as she raced to join the mob; The magnificent “six-footer” remained of the mob of sixty.

Turning suddenly, he set off with the speed of a racehorse, and bounded into a shallow pool down the creek.

Here the battle began afresh. Resting on a tree, one of our party fired bullet after bullet from his pea-rifle. The lead was as effective as a pea-shooter against that seasoned hide.

The prey stood in a defiant attitude. The barking dogs scammed about the water’s edge. Gradually they drew closer. Several times the ‘roo grabbed at the little fox terrier, but the others were upon him. Several times he tried to escape, but each time was forced to seek his old retreat.

Suddenly we beheld Rover in the gigantic arms of the ‘roo. In a moment the long toe was flashed to the fore. Our pet fell writhing in the water, “flanked” by that never-failing weapon.

Seizing the opportunity, one of the party stung the weakening prey with a pole. It fell, and we soon dispatched it. The dog was beyond aid. We shot it in pity.

How we enjoyed that kangaroo-tail soup!

EDGAR EVANS (4th Year).

A DAFFODIL.

While walking out one sunny morn,
Just near a ripening crop of corn;
I saw a pretty, laughing girl
With many a sunny golden curl.

I smiled at her; she turned away;
And I did sadly wend my way:
But, as I turned, my heart was sad,
For love doth alter hearts once glad.

The next day as I passed that way
She smiled at me. Oh, joyful day!
And with that smile I waxed quite bold,
I kissed her hand (her dress was gold).

Straightway I took her for my own,
And bore her gladly to my home;
But next morn she was limp and cold,
—She’d been a daffodil of gold!

R. S. DUDLEY (3A.)
FIFTH YEAR STUDENTS.

Winners of First Prize in Open Dramatic Scene, Bathurst Eisteddfod Competitions, Easter, 1923.

Scene: "King Lear," Act I, Scene I.

Left to Right.—H. Mitchell (King of France), Hilda Kefferd (Cordelia), B. Roberts (Duke of Cornwall), Jean Morrow (Regan), B. Stevenson (King Lear), R. Bayliss (Attendant), Dorothy Johnston (Goneril), K. King (Duke of Burgundy), R. Callaghan (Earl of Gloucester).

Absent.—A. Hope (Earl of Kent), H. Fogarty (Duke of Albany).
THE AUSTRALIAN BUSH IN SPRINGTIME.

Oh, the glory of the springtime bush of Australia! The numberless treasures held therein! Truly, the Australian bush is beautiful at any season, but in the spring—indeed in the spring, when the young saplings put forth their new, reddish-brown leaves, when some of the old gums hold out sprays of dainty cream blossoms, when the birds build their nests, when the locust, newly-emerged from its brown, goblin-like case, hangs to the bark of a red gum and chirps his song of praise—oh, then, it is a fairy-land indeed!

At this season the sunny wattle holds sway over the bushland realm. Far and wide one may see its beautiful fluffy masses, whose scent fills the air with such fragrance, clustering close around grey or green leaves. Native fuchsia and yellow pea grow side by side, the long red and white bells and the golden-winged pea flowers forming striking contrasts.

In open, sunny places grow azure blue-bells and buttercups, their erect hairy stems supporting their bright bowls; while in the shade of bushes blooms the shy, delicately-tinted wild violet. Countless little insects flock to these spots; the butterflies, too, love them, for they flit about, sipping nectar from the flowers.

Vines, too, grow in profusion in this bush wilderness. The great Red Bean and the sapsapilla twine among the bushes, and the young saplings look like bride's decked in green and white, for the "starry-eyed Clematis" drapes herself over their lower branches, while the adventurous wonga-wonga vine crowns them with her glory of lovely, pink-hearted bells.

The marshy spots are overgrown by the short shrub which bears the pretty, pale petalled flowers—the ti tree—and perhaps a patch of the dark-shinned broken fern; and in the sheltered damp places may be found a tangle of maiden-hair fern, its new, pale green leaves mingled with the dry brown ones of last season.

And the birds! They are everywhere—some building their nests, some seeking food, some ceasing everything, but their soul’s joyous outpourings of song.

Wagtail, blue wren, coach whip and soldier birds, honey-eaters, magpie; these and a hundred others are here; and though boasting no very brilliant plumage, they are alert, bright-eyed, dainty, and happy-hearted little creatures, making the air resound with their melodies.

And there are thousands, nay, millions of acres of such bush patches in our flower-perfumed, song-filled land. In the spring, decked with their bright blossoms, they hold out welcoming arms, calling us to penetrate into their leafy depths, and to forget the cares of the outside world in listening to the songs of the birds and cicadas, searching for flowers, and watching the white clouds pass overhead. But it is very rarely that anyone listens to their calling, and so the beautiful bush lies almost unheeded except for the birds and butterflies.

J.F. (32A).

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TELENO.

During the past year there has been a very pleasing revival in tennis, with the result that the standard, especially amongst the boys, has shown considerable improvement.

This is due, to a large extent, to the better facilities which we now possess through the acquisition of the Presbyterian courts about the middle of last year. Again, the kindly assistance given us by the Committee of the public courts in granting us the use of two courts on Friday afternoons has not been without good results.

Although the boys have displayed such an encouraging interest in tennis, I am sorry to say that there has not been a corresponding enthusiasm amongst the girls, and our best girls-players are conspicuous on the courts chiefly by their absence.

However, when hockey is over, we look for an improvement from them.

We were unfortunate in striking wet weather while in Dubbo, which prevented the tennis match, but as we were woefully short of practice, it was perhaps just as well for us.

However, a week later, the boys, represented by Fogarty, Hoad, Cook, and Bailey were successful in defeating Orange during their visit, but the girls, Marcia Hartigan, Nance Smith, Edith Hill, and Jean Morrow unfortunately were unable to emulate the boys.

Besides this, we engaged in a couple of very enjoyable matches against Eglinton and Walang respectively.

In the match against Eglinton, we were successful after a good match, winning by 7 sets to 4, and we hope soon to play a return match.

Our trip to Walang was most enjoyable. We played an all-day match against them on Saturday, 16/8/23, motoring out a distance of 15 miles about 10.30.

Before lunch, Walang had all the best of it, but the ladies supplied us with such an excellent lunch that we sparkled up considerably, and eventually ran out winners by 13 sets to 10.

At present a tournament is suggested, and the interest displayed in the game augurs well for its success.

LET THIS CIRCULATE BEFORE YOUR OPTICS—ADS. IN “BURR” PAY.

November, 1923.

HOCKEY.

At the beginning of the season, everything pointed to success in this branch of sport. This was fully realised. The Leaving Certificate and other things took a number of our best players, and we had to find new ones.

We were without the services of a hockey coach, and therefore, all the work fell upon the girls themselves. However, we were deeply thankful for the interest taken in hockey by Miss Campbell, and also by Miss Doubleday, while she was here. Many promising young players have come to light, and the hockey team of the future promises to be able to hold its own.

The Dubbo team proved a combination far too strong, but the Bathurst team acquitted themselves well, being defeated by 3-nil. Madge Wallace played brilliantly on the left wing, and Phyllis Herkes as full back, for the first time in a match, played a very good game, as also did the remainder of the team, especially the newer ones.

For the first time in five years the Bathurst girls won a match against another High School. We accomplished this feat under rather remarkable circumstances when Orange came down. No less than four of our players, including the centre-forward, left inner, a half-back and a full-back, were too ill to play. We had to fall back upon the small girls, and they played remarkably well.

Madge Wallace again played brilliantly, while Jessie Bra- ham was very safe as centre-forward, and showed to advantage there. Molly Lamont, Rosa Thompson, and Enid O’Brien, all played splendidly. The final scores were 3-0 in favour of Bathurst. Goals were gained by Madge Wallace, Jessie Braham and H. Kefford. The captain was H. Kefford.

In conclusion, we wish to thank Mr. Dunne for his interest in securing new material for the team, and by personally obtaining it for us.

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They also show the Best Stock of Linoledums in all widths at lowest prices, from 7/6.
BASKETBALL.

This has been one of the most popular of all sports this season, and it has been highly successful. Our greatest thanks are given to Miss Ramsay, who has so faithfully coached us.

The team was practically a new one, and acquitted itself well. Many of the newer players are very good, and will do splendidly in the future. Our new goal thrower is Eileen Stone, who is good, and will soon be a first-rate player. Her free throws are generally very accurate. We proved too good for the Dubbo girls, and defeated them after one of the best games possible by 4 points to 1. The game was very enjoyable to either side. Everybody in the team played well, especially the less experienced ones. Against Orange, we were less fortunate, the game being a draw, 2 all. It was rather on the rough side, and was, for the most part, slow and uninteresting, but was exciting at times. The Bathurst girls, for the most part, held their own, and it was only on free throws that Orange scored at all. The team was ably captained by Enid Kefford.

During the season we purchased a new basketball, which was badly needed. Interest increased after the purchase of the new ball.

TEENNS.

Tennis has been quite boomed during the past year, owing to the enthusiasm of Mr. Dunne and Mr. Hodge. Many more are interested in the game, and our tennis team promises to be a strong one. Many younger girls are becoming rather good players. We lost two of our best players, Dorothy Moodie and Clarice Clift, but others have filled their places.

We have utilised one of the Presbyterian courts, and one of the town courts, but these are scarcely sufficient for the number of players who increase almost daily. Marcia Hartigan, Edith Hill, Nancy Smith, and Jean Morrow represented the team against Orange. They were narrowly defeated. Marcia Hartigan and Edith Hill both played splendidly, and would make a very good combination if they played together.

Rain prevented play at Dubbo. Tennis will become even more popular during the summer months.

H. KEFFORD.

READ OUR ADS. THEY WILL HELP YOU.

TRANSLATION OF CATULLUS SELECTIONS.

CARMEN IV.

This barque, O travellers, which here ye see,
Claims that the swiftest of all ships was she,
Nor, whether driven on by oar or sail,
To outstrip any craft afloat would fail.
And this, the stormy Adriatic sea,
Nor the Aegean isles, deny, says she,
Nor stately Rhodes, nor those rough Thracian steeps,
Nor dark Propontus, nor the Ponthic deeps.
Upon whose shores, our barque used once to grow,
A leafy tree; where on Cytoris' brow
Oft through her leaves would whispering voices sigh,
Amastris by the Euxine and the high Cytoris, wooded o'er with boxwood trees,
She claims that she is known to both of these;
And there upon the mountain's summit grew
From her first sprouting; in those waters, too,
For the first time her oars she dipped; and thence,
Bearing her master, all unmindful whence,
From left or right or stern, Jove sent the breeze,
Passed through the rage of all those stormy seas,
None to the gods of land had need to pray,
When she on her last voyage made her way,
From the deep ocean to this placid bay.
That these things happened once and now they cease,
And she reposing here grows old in peace.
So says the barque. "And now," she cries, "my fate,
O heavenly twins, to you, I dedicate."

CARMEN V.

My Lesbia we shall live and love,
All old men's tattle let us prove
Worth but a groat and wholly vain.
Still must suns set and rise again;
But, when, when our brief day must close,
In one unbroken night repose.
Give me a thousand kisses, sweet,
Then I a thousand, then repeat
Another hundred, and another.
And thuswise give a thousand other . .
So many thousand we'll exchange
That the whole count we'll disarrange,
Lest any jealous soul descry
The sum, and cast an evil eye
Upon our joy, if ye have seen
How many have these kissings been.
CARMEN XXVII.

Anacreontic.
Come boy, with old Falernian wine,
Full-flavoured, crown this cup of mine,
So she that rules the revelry
(No grape more drunken), doth decree.
Hence, hence, ye waters, where ye will,
Beneath good wine begone to chill
Inclivity. And—Ah, this wine,
Is the right Bacchic, pure, divine.

A.H. (5th Year).

THE DIAMOND.

Why is it that people have lied, stolen, and even murdered
to gain possession of a diamond? Have they ever stopped to think of what it really consists? Do they see a diamond as a piece of dull, black-looking carbon? No! They only see it as a beautiful lustrous gem, which to them is an article of exceptional value. Yet, after all, it is only another form of carbon.

Diamonds are chiefly obtained at Kimberley (South Africa), Borneo, and Brazil. They are usually found in sandstone rock or in mica slate. Apart from its great beauty and clearness, the diamond possesses a special interest in chemical eyes, because it perplexed scientists up to the middle of the eighteenth century how to demonstrate its true nature. Newton is perhaps the first man who had any idea as to the diamond’s real composition. He perceived its great power of refracting light, and thence inferred that, like other bodies possessing that property, it would prove to be combustible. This theory of Newton’s was verified. In 1772, Lavoisier (the great French scientist), also performed many experiments with the diamond. It was not until later, however, that a diamond was proved to be carbon in a crystallised state.

To an ordinary observer unacquainted with the true nature of the diamond, it would appear incredible that this gem should be identical in chemical composition with graphite (carbon), from which, in external appearance, it differs so widely. A crystal of diamond is the hardest of all substances, but graphite is soft and easily cut with a knife. Also, the former is a non-conductor of electricity, but the latter’s power of conducting renders it useful in the electrolyte process. The shape and the colour of the diamond and graphite also differ.

The hardness of the diamond renders it necessary to employ diamond dust for the purpose of cutting and polishing it. This is effected with the aid of a revolving disc of steel, to the surface of which the diamond-dust is applied in the form of a paste made with oil. The crystal in its natural state is best fitted for the glazier, for its edges are usually somewhat curved, and the angles formed by these cut the glass deeply. Like an ordinary jeweller’s diamond, it is only adapted for scratching or writing upon glass.

Drills with diamond points have been employed in tunnelling through hard rocks. When burnt, the diamond always leaves a minute proportion of yellowish coloured ash, in which “silica” and “iron oxide” have been detected.

A genuine diamond may be known by the three following facts:—(a) Its extreme hardness, which enables it to scratch hardened steel. (b) Its High Specific Gravity (3.53). (c) Its insolubility in hydrofluoric acid.

SNAPSHAT AT BATHURST.

Soft zephyrs wander through Machattie Park,
Whilst high o’er King’s Parade proud Venus burns,
Quivering as though in passion. Dawn she spurns,
Since she doth know those coloured rays of light
Have slain her friend and suitor—Night!
Black Night!
The crimson tinge above yeon purple height
That bathes the grim Bald Hills with glowing light,
Heralds the coming of the orb of day.

The sun doth rise! The birds begin their songs;
In Kendall Avenue long shadows fall,
As sunbeams make their early morning call.
Loudly the “Buzzer” sounds his stirring note,
The railway whistle shrieks his shrill reply,
The sleeping city wakes, and, waking, flings
Its welcome to the sun which comes on wings
Of gold to rouse “The City of the Plains.”

R.D. (3A).

P. BROOKS

63 KEPEL STREET — BATHURST.

Wholesale and Retail FRUITERS and
CONFECTIONERS.

Quality High! Prices Low!
Try Me!
OLD STUDENTS—PERSONAL PARS.

Shortly after the commencement of the football season our zealous Secretary, Mr. Mervyn Smith, had to resign the position. He was transferred to the Public Works Head Office, Sydney. "Skinny," as he was familiarly known, was entertained by the club, and made the recipient of a gold-mounted fountain pen. Mr. Smith is now doing country service at Cootamundra.

Early in August we farewelled Mr. Rix Thwaite, who was transferred to the Railway Department at Newcastle. On behalf of the club, the live-wire Secretary, Mr. Harold Hoffman, handed to Rix, a tobacco pouch, and wished him every success in his new sphere. Rix will be a great loss to the Old Students' Rugby XIII.

Owing to pressure of business, Mr. Allen Moxon relinquished the football Secretarial duties. His efforts were highly appreciated.

Mr. Robert Bell, who was on the staff of the Australian Bank of Commerce, at Bathurst, for many months, is now stationed at Forbes. His successor is Mr. William Rogers, also an ex-pupil of the High School.

Congratulations to Dr. "Barty" Lynch, who joined the benedicts last January.

Amongst the High School former students to receive teachers' appointments this year are:—Missen Mollie Chapman, Violet Menary, and Messrs. W. ("Joe") Godfrey, H. ("Blue") Hodge, J. Morrow, and C. Brown. All hope for their success in the Educational Department.

It is with profound regret that we announce the tragic and premature death of Mr. Bruce Wallace. A keen official of the Old Students' Union, a fine footballer, and a sterling comrade, he will be missed by all. His life was one worthy of emulation.

The passing of Mr. William Bartrop, formerly of the local staff, late last year, deeply moved every Old Student who remembered him. He was a Mathematical Master of great prowess. Never was he happier than when amongst the students engaged in sporting activities.

Mr. Housley Farnsworth has received a railway clerical appointment at Lithgow.

Mr. Athol Thompson left us in May to pursue orcharding with his father at Camperdown.

WHAT WE WANT—MORE "ADS."

BATHURST HIGH SCHOOL OLD STUDENTS' FOOTBALL CLUB.

Prompted by their efforts in the past the Old Student footballers unanimously decided last season to play senior. This decision was never regretted. Although nowhere in the "hunt" for premiership honours, the team performed with great credit, and maintained the School's traditions of sportsmanship. It was doubtless a wonderful experience for the boys, and they look forward to next season with feelings of optimism. The team gained victories over Kelso and St. Stanislaus College, but were defeated by the more seasoned Waratahs, Railway and Old Boys' teams. The season was a good success, both socially and from a playing standpoint. The indefatigable Secretary, Mr. Harold Hoffman, was mainly responsible for the prosperous year.

An eventful trip was made to Orange and Forbes during a holiday period, the "Blues" registering two wins at Forbes. Their play was a revelation to the onlookers.

Grahame Memorial visited Bathurst on September 1st, and played the boys a good game. The visitors were given a banquet at night.

The Annual Banquet was held on September 22nd, and proved to be an unprecedented success. At this function several presentations were made, including the following medals:—Best forward, W. Harris (capt.); best back, K. Wallace; most improved player, R. Callaghan; most consistent player, H. ("Blue") Moxon; keenest player, R. Bulloch.

The personnel of the season's team was:—W. Harris (captain), A. Moxon, H. Moxon, R. Bulloch, H. Weal, C. Toole, K. Wallace, C. Farnsworth, R. Callaghan, A. Bartlett, R. Thwaite, W. Godfrey, C. Wright, F. Bloomfield, C. Woolfe, Casev Dowler, and A. Walpole.

DOT. BARRET'S

Small Goods, Fruit, Vegetables, Pastry, Lollies and Wines are getting where they belong—IN EVERY HOME.

Give Him a Trial.

51-53 KEPEL STREET—BATHURST

Phone: 77.
November, 1923. THE BURR.

A MEETING OF OUR DEBATING CLUB.

S— sat in the chair. That, of course, does not imply that the rest of the company sat on the floor. My meaning is simply that S— occupied “the” chair of chairs, and presided at the meeting. Our respected Secretary, M— settled himself on a reinforced chair at the right hand of the chairman, and there were about twenty other members present. For this evening, the subject was considered important, and S— had chosen for its title, “Home and Its Influences.” Almost punctually, S— rose to open the meeting. The manner of his rising resembled somewhat that of a camel, yet it was, nevertheless, majestic. One particular feature connected with S— rather detracted from his oratorical effect, in that his voice was an alto, varied occasionally by a deep bass which, seemingly, originated in his boots.

“Gentlemen,” said he, “before opening the debate, I am requested to tell you that sleeping during the meeting is absolutely forbidden. And now, gentlemen, I will proceed to bring under your notice the subject of ‘Home and Its Influence.’ What is a home? What are its influences?”

A young member named H— seemed to have a recollection of his mother’s influence, and shivered slightly. S— went on: “May not it be appropriately described as—” Then a distressing incident occurred. A peculiar sound, which resembled the humming of a tune, identified with the song, “We won’t get home till morning,” broke out. S— was transfixed. An indignant look of interrogation passed over his face, but he soon recovered his composure. A new member, B—, appeared rather unconcerned. However, the tension passed. S— began again, “Gentlemen, I was about to ask, when interrupted by a most offensive piece of vulgarity, ‘What is Home?’ I would describe it, gentlemen, as a place where our earlier years are passed, and to which, in the evening of life” (S— said this sadly, as if to imply that, being eighteen years he was naturally well up in the subject of the evening of life) “our thoughts return with infinite tenderness and yearning.”

Again was the discourse interrupted. A red-headed young man named F— had produced a large green handkerchief, and was sobbing violently. However, this outburst, being due to the moving effects of his speech, S— merely smiled, and went on. “Regarded poetically (sob from F—) is it not the place to which we return from a message? (sob from F—.) Is it not a place which holds all that is dear to us?”

“I protest, Mr. Chairman,” cried a rather blue-eyed looking angel with rimless glasses. “I indeed protest. I have someone—er—something, which I hold dear, far more dearer than that.”

Several other members, including the chairman, went pink.

Mr. R— arose accordingly. He was a pale youth, with yellowish hair, and had the general appearance of having been under a flat-iron at some period of his life. F—’s sobs had long since ceased. Just then a shrill voice broke out, “Plente, thir, let me thpeak now. Me mother thays I have to be home by nine.” The aforementioned H— was ejected from the meeting for this speech, and probably got home earlier. At length R— opened up. “Gentlemen, this subject is very beautiful. I have heard a very nice little poem on the subject. I will give two lines—

“‘Midst pleasures and palaces though we may roam, Be it ever so humble, there’s no place like home.”

At this juncture a voice, suspiciously Irish, asked, “When that fellow was going to dry up?” R— heard the remark, and sat down in a more flat-ironed condition than ever.

The uproar subsided, and after S— had demanded an apology from F— for calling him a bottlewasher, and the Secretary M— had asked, in an indignant tone, whether it was not unfair for him to be called a “Puss-in-Boots,” the debate adjourned until the next meeting.

K. KING (5th Year).

EDGLEY’S

THE HOUSE OF SATISFACTION.

have much pleasure in stating that through having made successful contracts, they are giving Better Value than Ever this season. A glorious variety of Dress Fabrics and Silks, including the most fashionable weaves at economical prices—the Cotton Dresses such as Sponge Cloths—Zephyrs and Crepes are remarkably Pretty and Cheap, whilst for Fuis and Morocaines, etc., there’s no value like Edgley’s.

We particularly desire you to see our new Season’s Millinery. Also a charming collection of handsome, ready-to-wear Robes and the Smart, Serviceable Washing Frocks—all keenly priced. You will also find Edgley’s the Best House for Gloves and Hosiery, Laces, Ribbons, Handkerchiefs. Latest novelties of all sorts, and scarce lines—if at all procurable—you can depend upon getting it at Edgley’s.

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WHY YOU SHOULD LEAVE YOUR ORDERS
WITH BOLTON'S
For Linoleums, Carpets, Oilcloths, etc.—
Because he cuts and fits them to your room. Free
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For Bedsteads and Bedding—
Because his Prices are Lowest.
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Because he can supply you at a Lower Cost, with
Equal Value.
Why you should favour him with your Repairs, Up-
holstering, Re-laying and Cleaning Carpets, etc.—
Because he pays attention to your orders, under-
stands his business, charges are moderate, and what
he does he does well.

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See the Display in New Show Rooms,
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HARDING'S SHOES.

They Fit and Give Every Satisfaction.

HARDING BROS.
"THE CASH SHOE STORE,"
195 HOWICK STREET ———— BATHURST.

TO A FACE SEEN IN THE STREET.
Thou'rt like a single blossom on a spray
That's laden with sweet-scented summer bloom;
Sipped by the bees, that passing drone, and zoom,
With busy voices all the hot hours. They
That saw thee, tasted thee and flew away.
Some saw thee not amid the myriad flowers
That blushed and whitened round thee; while the hours
Budded, and bloomed, and faded through the day,
But only one looked right into your heart,
And saw the richness nestling unseen there.
Yet, being in haste, was forced to straight depart.
"SAPIENS."

THE DUBBO TRIP.
1.30; only a little while more and then for the station.
The rain still beat down on the already half-drowned town,
and many B.H.S.-ites were peering out into the night.

Would it, oh, would it be too wet?

When we arrived, what a spectacle the station presented;
a few worried porters, and then—as it seemed—hundreds of
suit-cases, bags, rugs, racquets, balls, hockey sticks, and, above
all, US.

Miss Ramsay and Mr. Dunne seemed to crawl at intervals
from under one of the piles of luggage and humanity, asking,
"Is everyone here?"

The train came in—no carriage for us, though we had
previously engaged one, and we are led to believe that the
remarks J.J. made about the railway authorities are quite
unprintable.

We picked up the redoubtable Cally at Perthville, but
only after some difficulty, as his carriage was well beyond the
platform, and he was helped in with more vigour than skill.

At Blayney several of the girls dashed into the bar, and
apparently found something strong therein, for later they were
heard to sing paens of praise in honour of our blushing
sportsmaster. Fortunately—or more politely—unfortunately,
there was, on this occasion, no reciprocity.

At Wellington, Miss Ramsay was discovered under six
Sleeping Beauties and seven rugs. We presume she was
rescued, for she was quite alive while in Dubbo.
From there to our destination we all hung out of the windows, anxiously watching the roads to see how wet it was.

At Dubbo the weather was ideal, and Mr. Christmas and a great number of Dubboites met us outside the station; however, after some trouble, we were all sorted out.

The morning was spent in contesting the athletics and seeing the town, which was already beginning to lose the traces of drought.

At 2 p.m., or thereabouts, we started football, and though we lost 19-11 the game was very spectacular.

After that came hockey, which, too, was a keen struggle, but we could never get past the Dubbo backs, and their front line was swift.

All the team agree that it was one of the most enjoyable matches ever played, for the spirit of generosity and good fellowship, so evident throughout our stay, was not lacking there.

The football and hockey matches were umpired by the Rev. L. C. Leavers, and we all appreciated his work.

Though our clothes were rather damped by a sudden storm in the middle of hockey, we did not show it at the dance that night.

The dance was held in the Assembly Hall. Overhead were streamers of the school colours, but the decorations were rather marred by the poorness of the gas supply, which later on gave out altogether, but someone found enough matches to light it.

The basket-ball field was very muddy, though after it had been covered with sawdust it was quite play-on-able.

The game was fast and furious, and the vision of our erstwhile Latin master dancing a fandango on the line was too much for most of us, and also for Dubbo, as we won 3-0 (5-2).

After basket-ball we indulged in a second friendly game of football, winning. This time Mr. Stewart (formerly of this school) umpired.

In the afternoon a second hockey match was played, when Mr. Leavers was kind enough and energetic enough to coach both teams. Dubbo won 5-1.

After this we returned to the Assembly Hall for the banquet.

The decorations from the previous night were still up, while the tables were done in roses, gum tips and streamers of two shades of blue.
November, 1923.

THE BURR.

THE ORANGE VISIT.

Scarcely had the excitement caused by the Dubbo trip subsided when Orange High School arrived to try conclusions with us.

Our visitors arrived by the mid-day train on June 20th. They were met at the station by many generous car-owners of Bathurst, who transported them and their Bathurst hosts to the respective homes of the latter.

After dinner we repaired to the Sports Ground, where the athletic events, football and hockey, were contested. The athletic events provided a runaway victory for Bathurst, who did not lose an event.

Orange played well in the football, but our team ultimately ran out winners by 15-8. The hockey, however, provided the highlight of the afternoon, for Orange went under by 3-0, the Bathurst girls winning their first victory for several years.

At night, unlike previous years, no banquet was held, but an enjoyable evening was spent dancing, while the school choir and Miss A. Chandler, of Orange, contributed to the evening's entertainment.

During the supper interval, Miss C. Thompson, in the absence of Mr. B. Stevenson, welcomed the visitors, Mr. R. Mackeller ably responded.

On the following morning Mr. C. F. Best conducted a party of visitors and their hosts to the Bald Hills, where an enjoyable morning was passed.

The tennis commenced at 11 a.m. the same morning, when our representatives proved too good for their Orange opponents, winning by 5 sets to 3. The girls, however, could not maintain the high standard set by our boys, and the Orange girls defeated them easily.

In the afternoon the basket-ball was contested, and the result was a two all draw.

Afterwards all repaired to the station, where a hearty farewell was given to our visitors.

SOME RECENT "HOWLERS."

(But not from the B.H.S.)

"King Henry VIII. was the greatest widower that ever lived. He was born at Anno Domino in the year 1066. He had 510 wives besides children. The first was beheaded and executed. The second was revoked. She never smiled again. But she said the word 'Calais' would be found on her heart after her death. Henry VIII. was succeeded on the throne by his great-grandmother, the beautiful and accomplished Mary, Queen of Scots, sometimes known as the Lady of the Lake, or the Lay of the Last Minstrel."

But the point Oliver Cromwell with Cardinal Wolsey scored a point when he wrote that Cromwell's last words were: "If only I had served my God, as I have served my King he would not have turned me down in my grey hairs."

THE BATHURST HIGH SCHOOL CHOIR.

Activities for the Year 1923.

Our choir is the outstanding feature of the School. Although High School fees have been imposed upon us during 1923, they have not, by any means, reduced the quantity nor quality of our institution. We anticipate going to Drummoyne at the end of the year, also to Katoomba and Lithgow. Keen competition is shown between the two local choirs and as both are going to Katoomba, time will tell.

The greater part of the choir wish (and not without reason) that a fire would accidentally (?) break out in the vicinity of the Modulator.

The male section of the High School constitutes the greater part of the choir (non puto). They are never known to attend—no—be absent from practice. The noted quality of our choir is "punctuality." When the whistle blows, a rush is made for the Lecture Hall.

While enthralled in writing on this subject, one must not forget to mention the noble third part. The name is guaranteed. It consists of three girl members.

Community singing, which is held early Friday afternoon, is greatly patronised by the whole school. Strains of "Old Folks at Home," "Bells," and "Scotland's Burning" are wafted down the stairs to the unfortunate people passing below. Throughout the whole of the week this thought (community sing) predominates the minds of all students.

Breathing exercises are now modulated (?) on Caruso, and many members are studying Italian in order to translate Caruso's "La donna è mobile."

In conclusion, the whole school and staff wish the choir the best of luck during their forthcoming competitions.

GRiffiths

Cheapest Grocer in the West
The enemy of the Profiteer

55 KEPEL STREET & 63 WILLIAM STREET
A Suggested Repertoire.

"The Springtime of the Year"—During the dust storm.
"The Dryad Asleep"—Present address, back seat, 5th year.
"Cradle Song"—We always thought 1st year young, but never so young as this.
"Under the Greenwood Tree"—The Botany Excursion.
"Sleep, Gentle Lady"—History Lesson.
"Oh, Hush Thee, My Baby."—Shut up that row, 1st year.
"Water Lilies"—Swimming in the noble Macquarie.
"Shadows Over the Sea"—Who said they weren't, anyhow?
"Forge the Anchor"—You mean mend the tennis net.
"Long Live the Dance"—Sh! The Boss.
"The Rain Fairy"—Georgette is our favourite.
"Messengers"—They're bearing a message to one that I love. Really?
"Gone Are the Days"—When 4th year could do maths.
"Poor Old Joe"—Fogarty, Sadler, Dowell, or J.J.?
"La Donne e Mobile"—Don't you believe such a tale.
"Sweet the Angelus is Ringing"—12.20 and the new bell.
"Spring Delights Are All Reviving"—What about our annual sports.
"Men of Harlech"—Senior Cadets??
"There's a Tavern in the Town"—But we don't play billiards there.

Reliable Watches from 8/6 to 70/- Gold from £5

Good Silverware. Genuine Jewellery.

Wedding and Birthday Gifts. Prizes. Trophies, etc.

S. R. PACEY

"The Jeweller on the Corner" —— BATHURST.
LADY NIGHT.

With steady, ceaseless tread the lady night
Steals o'er the hills, and banishes daylight
From out the land, and round the world doth fold
Her royal cloak of purple and pale gold.

A crescent moon her dusky brow adorns—
A coronet of lesser worth she scorches;
Her robe is decked with glitt'ring jewel-stars,
And for a girdle hath she moonbeam bars.

Mysterious songs are wafted to her ears,
Many a night bird's greeting call she hears,
The wild winds wander through the whisp'ring grass,
She listens, should they call her as they pass.

Thus stands she mighty, silent, calm and fair,
And at her coming vanishes all care;
And fades like sunset's blushes; she doth keep
Watch o'er earth's children while they lie in sleep.

J.F. (3rd Year).

TIT-BITS.

The Cause of Spring.

The cause of Spring (according to a 2nd Year scientist) is extremely simple.

Whenever the ellipticity of the earth's orbit varies inversely as the square of its distance, the angle of inclination of the equator is approximate to the perihelion, and the precession of the equinoxes becomes, therefore, perpendicular to obliquity of the ecliptic and mutatis mutandis.

It's extremely astonishing how few people know this.

Poetry, says a writer in a recent literary review, is full of pitfalls for the young mind. The idea that "blank verse is prose written in the form of poetry" is entitled to a great deal of support, but there is a suggestion of youthful impatience in the declaration that "Sonnets are very uninteresting, and show up, usually, the worse parts of an author." The heroic couplet is the last two lines of a bad poem, which make a fine attempt to pull the standard of the verse up," is the confident opinion of another youthful critic. It was an Eton boy who summed up Milton's literary achievements and his domestic difficulties, in the briefest form, by saying, "Milton was a great poet, who wrote "Paradise Lost"; then his wife died and he wrote "Paradise Regained."

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS.

The students and staff wish to express their warm appreciation of the hearty and liberal manner in which the advertisers have co-operated with them in publishing the paper and organ of their school life.

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

"How great a matter a small fire kindleth." Yes, these words are indeed true, as the underwritten narrative undoubtedly shows; it shows how a mere spark will smoulder and finally burst into flames, eating away the whole of man's emotions and leaving him nothing but hatred, contempt and vengeance.

The Bathurst district was the scene of an alarming convict revolt in 1830, and this peaceful district was turned into the abode of fear, alarm and murder, simply because a bullocky cleansed himself in the Macquarie River.

At a station some ten miles distant from Bathurst, the shearing of 1829 was in full swing. The shearers did not manipulate the machinery of a modern sheep king's palace, but worked under a stringy bark awning, and used hand shears, and, in spite of the advantages of modern machinery, I am told that shearing was done better in 1829 than in 1923.

As the wool was clipped it was put into bales by means of a spade, it was then pressed, and at the rear of the shed was being loaded on to a dray. The bullocky driver, one Entwistle by name, was a fine example of pure English physique, and was, I suppose, the early personification of Kendall's "Bullocky Bill."

"... In the circles select
Of scholars he hasn't a place,
But he walks like a man, his forehead erect,
And looks at God's day in the face."

He had been exiled to Australia for some youthful folly. His "ticket of leave" was due, and he was looking forward to receiving his first day's pay, which he was now entitled to receive being a freeman. His sole aim was to wipe the smirk from his character, and as his master had been kind and considerate to him, he had agreed to take a dray of wool to Sydney and return with the station supplies, not hinting that he was now a free man.

When he loading was finished, Entwistle and his assistant yoked the bullocks to begin their long journey.

Just now the master emerges from the house, carrying a whisky bottle and tumblers, and after drinking the master's health to a stiff whisky, the offside driver flips the rump of the nearest bullock, and the team wriggles like a sleepy snake and starts off.

In due time Entwistle and his mate arrived at Bathurst, and they camped about two hundred yards from the township.

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The appearance of the Macquarie River in those days was very different from the ugly, stony, parched chasm we now behold; perhaps it resented in itself being called "Macquarie"; anyway, the native name "Wambool," meaning the "meanderer," was much more appropriate.

The sun was hot, and the roads were dusty, and after Entwistle and Winter, for Winter was the name of the offside driver, had scrambled down the bank, the idea occurred to them to have a swim. The water was deep and limpid, and, stripping themselves, they dived into the depths, swam about, and splashed each other, laughing and shouting loudly, prompted no doubt by the exhilarating effect of the cleansing liquid.

Suddenly at the ford—some hundred yards away—a large cavalcade, escorting a vehicle which contained an officer in uniform, splashes into the stream. Governor Darling has arrived and is being escorted to the settlement by all who are lucky enough to possess horses. As they cross the stream they leisurely allow their horses to drink, and in a few minutes disappear up the bank.

Astounded at the apparition, the two men allowed themselves instinctively to sink, but too late, for Mr. X., the District Magistrate, saw them.

Now, Mr. X. was a very martinet of extravagant refinement, and was, or imagined he was, shocked at what he saw. When he reached town he sent a couple of constables to arrest the two men, and although to their wit they had committed no offence, they submitted peacefully. The magistrate had them brought before him.

No excuse would avail them; had he not seen them with his own eyes? Perhaps—more horrible idea—the Governor had seen them himself. Such villains can only be flogged, and in Entwistle's case his "ticket" cancelled as well.

Their backs were bared, and the "cut" was laid on with a will, and soon Entwistle's back, before as white as a babe's, was bloody and covered with terrible wales.

The sentence carried out, their shirts were put on, and they were allowed to go their way, but—what a difference. Entwistle glared at his tormentors like a maddened bull, his heart, before so buoyant with new born hope and future prospects, was now full of hate and revenge—he goes his way an altered man.

Twelve months later Entwistle's scheme of revenge had matured. A masterly man in his way, he had induced some twenty convicts to rob their masters of arms and ammunition and join him. These marched from station to station, compelling others to join them. These, numbering about fifty, now marched to the magistrate's station near what is now known as Wimbledon. The magistrate is not there. His overseer is in charge. No doubt if he had been there a short reckoning would have taken place.
The overseer was asked to join the band, and on his refusal they threatened to shoot him. The overseer said, "You have not the nerve," upon which Entwistle shot him dead, a deed so cruel and unprompted, that Entwistle is now outside the pale of our sympathy.

As soon as the news of this outrage reached the "town," a public meeting was held, and a volunteer force of cavalry was formed under the leadership of Major Macpherson, for the purpose of pursuing the rebels. When some miles out of town the small force met Mrs. Arkell, whose husband had been wounded in an encounter with the gang at Campbell's River.

The leader secured the services of two blacks, and for two days they tracked the bushrangers. Just before sunset on the third day they came across the enemy's camp, on a low hill, situated between Abercrombie and Trunkey, and known to-day as Bushrangers' Bald Hill. The second in command took portion of the force in order to cut off the enemy's retreat, but one of the party, either through mistaking the distance or nervousness, discharged his gun. This only scared the murderers, who took up positions behind some trees, and a sharp contest took place.

Entwistle, his hat covered with a profusion of ribbons, and his stomach full of rum, directed his men, and he told them to make a surety of the enemy's leader, whom he supposed to be the magistrate.

The two parties "blazed" away at each other, and after some three hundred rounds had been fired and two of the 'rangers wounded, their fellows took to flight.

Darkness prevented further pursuit, and the pursuers fell back to Arkell's station, where a servant was placed in charge of the horses, and either he was in sympathy with the 'rangers or dozed, for he allowed the horses to escape.

The following day a party of police under Captain Brown came up and pursued the flying gang. They saw them crossing a lofty range, and they pushed after them. On reaching the summit of this range they met with a volley, which killed five horses and three troopers. The police thus disconcerted were obliged to retire.

These desperate men were next heard of in the region of the Lachlan (native name "Cullahree"), where they committed another outrage at Rankin's Station.

They were met here by Lieut. Macallister and party; a brisk skirmish took place, and several were wounded on each side. However, on the following day, Major Walpole, with a detachment of marines, who had left Sydney at the first news of the outbreak, joined Macallister.

The bushrangers, seeing such a strong force, considered their case hopeless, and promptly surrendered.

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At a special Assize Court, held at Bathurst, ten of their number were tried and convicted of murder. They went to their deaths in a manly way, and Entwistle's last words were, "God, have mercy on my soul." And so some fourteen lives were lost, because a bullocky cleansed himself in the Macquarie River. If the Governor had been half an hour earlier or later, if the Magistrate had been a little more logical than nice, but what is the use of "ifing," the thing was done and never can be undone.

This rebellion shows "How small things maketh great things," or how a catastrophe can begin with something too airy to be food for thought.

The graves of these men were to be seen in the old cemetery, George Street, Bathurst, five being laid in each grave.

(J. Percival, 4th Year.)

ANNUAL SPORTS MEETING.

The School's Annual Athletic Meeting eventuated at the Sports Ground on Friday, 5th October. The principal events resulted as follows:

Boys' 440 yds. School Championship—R. Callaghan 1, B. Roberts 2, B. Stevenson 3. Time, 58 secs.

Boys' 100 yds. School Championship—K. Forrest 1, R. Callaghan 2, B. Roberts 3. Time, 10 3/5 secs.


Boys' 100 yds. Junior Championship—W. Bratten 1, R. Golsby 2, R. Harvey 3. Time, 11 1/5 secs.


Girls' High Jump—M. Hartigan 1, M. Wallace 2, Eileen Stone 3. Height, 4 ft. 2 in.

Old Boys' Race (handicap)—C. Wright (2 yds.) 1, F. Blomfield (6 yds.) 2, K. Wallace (scr.) 3.

Senior High Jump—K. Forrest 1, R. Callaghan 2, B. Stevenson 3. Height, 5 ft. 3 in.

220 yds. Junior Handicap—W. Bratten (14 yds.) 1, K. Forrest (scr.) 2, F. Bartlett (17 yds.) 3.

220 yds. Senior Handicap—Johnston (25 yds.) 1, Mullins (25 yds.) 2, Stevenson (10 yds.) 3.


440 yds. Senior Handicap—R. Callaghan (scr.) 1, L. Johnston (45 yds.) 2, B. Roberts (8 yds.) 3.

Hop, Step and Jump and Broad Jump—K. Forrest 1, R. Callaghan 2.

Bicycle Race, 1-mile handicap—R. Callaghan (scr.) 1, F. Bartlett (30 yds.) 2, Rendall (45 yds.) 3.

Boys' Walk—B. Stevenson.

Girls' Walk—M. Hartigan and M. Wallace (dead-heat.)

Championship Points—K. Forrest, 23 points; R. Callaghan, 22 points; B. Roberts, 5 points; B. Stevenson, 2 points.
EXAMINATION RESULTS.

LEAVING CERTIFICATE.

Darrington, Charlotte—1B 5B 6E 8B 12B 13B.
Dixon-Swift, Gordon—5A 6B 7B 8B 10B.
Jones, Karl—1A 2B 3B 5A 6A 8H 11L.
Thompson, Clive—1B 3L 5B 6B.
Walpole, Harry—2B 3A 5A 6B 7B 10L.
Waters, Frederick—1B 5B 6B 16B.
Williams, Jasper—1H 2B 3H 5A 6B 2B.

INTERMEDIATE RESULTS.

Braham, Jessie—1A 2B 3B 20B.
Brownie, John—1A 2B 3A 4B 5B 7A.
Busby, Margot—1A, 2B 3B 7B 18A.
Cameron, Godfrey—1B 2B 3B 5B.
Cheney, Claude—1B 2B 3B 4B 5B 9B.
Evans, Edgar—1A 2A 3A 4B 5B 6B 7A 9B 10B.
Forrest, Keith—1B 2B 3B 11B 15B 14B.
Gittings, Austin—1A 2B 3A 11B.
Hall, Glen—1B 2A 3B 4B 7B.
Harris, Ernest—1B 2A 3A 5B 10B.
Hartigan, Francis—1A 3B 7B 12B.
Harwood, Richard—1B 3B 4B 11B 16A 18B 21B.
Johnston, Laurence—1B 2A 3A 7B 9B 10B.
McMenamin, John—1B 2B 3B 7B 10B.
Munday, Marjorie—1B 3B 4B 12B 20B.
Percival, John—1B 2B 3B 11B 14B 18A.
Rodgers, Claude—1A 2A 3B 4B 5B 7B 11A.
Stone, Eileen—1B 2B 3B 4B 6B 7A.
Thomas, Ruth—1B 2B 3B 5B 7A.
Valsey, Catharine—1A 2B 4B 6B 7A.
Westaway, Edna—1A 2B 3B 7B 20B.
Whitley, Herbert—1B 2B 3A 4B 5B 11A 16B 21B.
Yeo, Clare—1A 2B 3B 12B 14B.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS.

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

We also acknowledge receipt of donations for sports, etc., and express our hearty thanks to the donors.

November, 1923.

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