...THE...

"BATHURST BURR"

THE MAGAZINE OF THE

BATHURST HIGH SCHOOL

DECEMBER, 1936
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JEAN KEEFFORD
RUTH WAUGH
RUTH WILLMAN
JUNE PIPER
AUDREY MUTTON (4)
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If education is to have any practical value at all, it should fit one for the battles of life. It is a truism that the essence of life is doing, activity, and the degree of success attained in a man’s life may be measured by the amount he has accomplished at the end of his career, rather than by the amount of time he has spent in idle speculation. Thought, then, has little positive value until it is translated into action.

Few will deny that the attitude of many, perhaps a majority, of school pupils towards their lessons and studies is apathetic. We submit that such apathy is generally due to our education being too passive, too receptive. In so far as it is passive, receptive, it negates the principle of life, activity. In this respect there is a big gap between our school education and that acquired by post-school life, for in adult life the stress is immediately transferred from “learning” to “doing.” Prompted by considerations such as these, A. S. Neil, the world-famed educationalist, indicated the root of the trouble in an address to the South African Teachers’ Federation. He maintained that the lack of interest of pupils is due to the uninteresting, and often valueless, subjects taught. There is more need for subjects in which the pupils can be active—for example, dancing, music, play-acting and the crafts. All of these excite in the young an immediate response and enthusiasm. An effort in any of them bears some fruit—a positive result is obtained and interest must be stimulated. Furthermore, they make their appeal to the senses—to the eye, the ear—and incidentally point out the surest way to the mind. Under our present curriculum, most school lessons are abstract, having little real interest and affording even less opportunity for activity and concrete achievement.

Another aspect of the question presents itself. Surely these more active pursuits mentioned above would be more productive of the qualities required for successful living in the outside world. Self-reliance, initiative, self-expression, the keynotes of personality, would be stimulated by their pursuit. In this increasingly mechanical age only a type of education stimulating individuality will be of any assistance in preventing man from becoming the complete slave of his machines.

And now to the crux of the matter. Our school magazine is an example of this more active education which will fit boys and
girls for a more useful and more intelligent citizenship in life. By subscribing articles to the "Burr," you are making something. By their taking over the management of the "Burr" this year, your fellows in Fourth Year are undertaking laudable responsibilities and in discharging them gaining not only the thrill, but, more important still, the confidence that comes from achievement. Play Day, the School Choir, the concerts organised this year, have not only revealed talent, but aroused enthusiasm. It is to be hoped that the active part played by Fourth Year's Magazine Committee will provide an incentive to future Fourth Years and set up a School tradition.

H. E. MEYER
Optometrist

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REPAIRS and REMODELLING
School Notes

At the end of last year we bade farewell to Mr. Smith, Miss Merchant, Miss McNeil and Mr. Wonders, who were replaced this year by Miss Robson, Miss Crawford, Mr. Beard (as deputy-headmaster), and Mr. Wilcox.

An outstanding pass in the Intermediate Certificate Examination was gained by James Palmer—7 A’s.

We wish to thank the Sports Mistress, Miss E. Gough, and the Sports Master, Mr. S. Schofield, for their splendid work in coaching Astley Cup teams and the like.

Thanks are also due to the Municipal Council and the many kind friends of the School who have lent playing fields and tennis courts for the use of school pupils. We would like, too, to express our gratitude to those who acted as officials at the Sports Day and Swimming Carnival.

At the close of yet another year we desire to thank the Very Rev. Dean Holmes, M.A., Th.L., the Revs. J. Hunter, C. E. Ussher, J. Waugh, B.A., and the Rev. E. M. Boyer for conducting religious instruction classes in the school.

We believe that pupils have gained a great deal from the use of the School Library, which was managed by a committee consisting of Audrey Mutton, Marie Bismire, James Palmer and Ray Meyer. During the year Mr. Schofield purchased a number of excellent books, which are very popular.

Mr. Sheldon and his helpers still continue their work in the garden. They must feel repaid for their efforts by the results they have received.

This year a text-book fee of 10/- per pupil was begun, by means of which a number of new text-books have been bought. Mr. Palme would be pleased to hear from any ex-students with books in their possession.

Congratulations to Ken Fry and Bob Ebborn, both of whom were successful in gaining scholarships to Hawkesbury Agricultural College.

Mr. Rix has been working wonders this year in training a school choir. All members of the choir are very enthusiastic, and express great sorrow that their choirmaster will be leaving at the end of this year.

An innovation this year was the inception of a weekly social period organised by Mr. Beard. At such meetings the School was given an opportunity to show its vocal prowess.

SPEECH DAY

For the second time since its revival, Speech Night was held in the Masonic Hall at the close of 1935. The function which was presided over by the Mayor (Ald. M. J. Griffin) was very well attended, and proved a tremendous success.

Present on the stage were Mr. A. D. Fraser, Mr. W. G. Lee and Mrs. Lee, Mr. A. Shrubbs (headmaster of the Public School), Mr. A. Avis (headmaster South Bathurst Public School), Revs. J. Waugh and A. J. Bingley, Mme. Nutter, High School staff and members of the school P. and C. Association, and Ex-Students’ Union.

Mr. Inspector Lee delivered a highly interesting address on aspects of the educational system.

Mr. Fraser submitted his annual report in which he stated that the school had maintained the requirements of a second-class high school. The headmaster also said that in the Leaving Certificate Examination the school had created a record, and in the Intermediate Certificate 81 percent of those who sat passed.

Mr. Fraser thanked all who had done service to the school throughout the year, and congratulated Bes-
sie Bird on securing second place in the State for the writing of a dental essay competition.

The speeches and prize-giving were interspersed with community singing.

Bessie Bird and Dick Philpot were presented by Mr. Eric Rootes, joint secretary of the Ex-Students’ Union, with the Margaret Stirling and Leon Nixon memorial cups. Mr. Rootes paid very high tributes to the two departed ex-students who had each been captains of the school.

The prizes presented were as follows:


Dux, 3C, Kenneth Fry; second, Robert Ebborn; third, Robert Fry.

Dux, 2A, Garnet Bailie; second, Joseph Lasky; third, Denzil Schofield.

Dux, 2B, Gordon Schofield; second, Edwin Culler; third, Dora Cox.

Dux, 2CD, Joy Kable; second, Roberta Kable; third, Douglas Hanson.

Dux, 1A, Lorna Ray; second, Ver- na Willott; third, Esme Gordon. Prize for exam. average over 75 per cent. and general improvement: John Byron.

Dux, 1B, Lola Maguire; second, Gordon Fletcher; third, Clement Webb.

Dux, 1C, Jean Mackey; second, Nlt. Burge; third, Susan Weal.

PRECEPTS OF B.H.S. 1936


Bottom row: R. Waugh, J. Ewers, E. Mulvey, J. Swanson (Girl Captain), H. Cole (Boy Captain), J. Crawley, J. Keffer, J. Piper

year: Richard Philpot. Third prize: John Thurling. Dr. Mulvey’s prize for top girl in 5th year: June Piper.

Dux, 4th year, Harold Cole; second Jean Crawley; third, Eric Mulvey. Prizes for exam. averages of more than 70 per cent. in 4th year: Jean Swanson 1, Ross Gwilliam 2.

Dux, 3A, James Palmer; second, Audrey Mutton and William Withers. Mrs. Piper’s prize for highest marks in Intermediate history: James Palmer. Prize for exam. average of 75 per cent. in 3A: Clarence Harvey.

Dux, 3B, Alice Kent; second, Lea Hansard; third, Max Syer (Mrs. Atkinson’s prize).

Dux, 3C, Kenneth Fry; second, Robert Ebborn; third, Robert Fry.

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Girls’ Blues

Captain of the school: Bessie Bird.

Newton, Ruth Willman.

Boys' Blues

LEAGUE OF NATIONS DAY

League of Nations Day was once again celebrated this year. Very instructive addresses were given by the Very Rev. Dean Holmes and Mr. R. G. L. Baillie, B.A., LL.B.

Dean Holmes said that the League had fallen on rather evil days, and it was long past the time when the people could afford merely to sentimentalise about the League, or to think that by joining at a penny a member they were really doing quite a lot to further the League's work.

The Dean also stated that the League needed reforming. He said, "At the present time the League of Nations stands practically helpless against the threat of war. A peace-promoting institution is necessary, and the League should be reconstructed to this end."

Mr. Baillie agreed that the League of Nations as an instrument for the promotion of peace, was the best and only means of serving the world. The situation in Europe and right throughout the world was far more serious in 1936 than in 1914, and all knew that in 1914 commenced the worst war the world has ever experienced.

At the close of the speeches Mr. R. Paine proposed a vote of thanks to the visitors, which was seconded by Eric Mulvey, the vice-captain.

The deputy-Mayor, Alderman R. H. Browning, after apologising for the absence of the Mayor, Alderman M. J. Griffin, presented to the school a beautiful portrait of his late Majesty George V. Emily Mitchell, winner of the essay competition in connection with the council's gift, received the portrait.

Ruth Doudney and June Shrub then received a book each at the hands of Mrs. S. McKibbin (President.

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C.W.A.). The girls' books were
prizes they had gained in the indi-
vidual sections of the Empire Essay
sponsored by the C.W.A.

Jean Swanson, girls' captain, then
thanked Mr. Browning, Mrs. McKib-
bin and Miss Durack, secretary of the
C.W.A., for their attendance.

EMPIRE DAY

On Empire Day this year a special
assembly was held in the hall. The
ceremony was opened by the singing
of "Advance Australia." Then fol-
lowed the chairman's address, given
by Mr. Fraser. Mr. Fraser then
read an address from Mr. Lee, who
sent an apology for his absence, after
which the "Recessional" was sung.

Addresses were given by two mem-
bers of fifth year and two from fourth
year, as follows:— "The Empire and
Four Monarchs," Jean Swanson;
"Development of Self Government,"
Harold Cole; "The Empire's Gifts to
the World," Ruth Doudney; "Our
Part as Citizens of the Empire," Eld-
red White.

The proceedings were terminated
by the singing of the National An-
them.

PLAY DAY

On Monday May 4 this year our
first annual Play Day was held in
the Masonic Hall. Each class pro-
duced a play, and these were judged
by a committee consisting of Messrs.
Paine and Rix, Mrs. Rix and Miss
Dunn.

The programme was divided, part
being repeated on Tuesday night and
the remaining section on Wednesday
night, in aid of the Text Book Funds.
On these nights the final decision was
arrived at by the judges, and Mr.
Fraser announced the following re-
sults at the conclusion of Wednes-
day's performance:—

Senior Division—
1st—"Between the Soup and the
Savory," 4th Year Girls.
2nd—"Thread of Scarlet," 4th Year
Boys.
3rd—"Tragedy of the Forty-Five,"
5th Year.

Junior Division—
1st—"The Knife of Hearts," 1B.
2nd—"The Princess and the Wood-
cutter," 1A,
3rd—"The Dyspeptic Ogre," 1C.

In addition prizes were awarded
for the best boy and girl performers,
to be presented on Speech Day. These
were won by Marie Bismire and Ter-
ry Paul in the senior section and Joan
Walpole and William Hampton in the
junior. The best six plays were re-
peated for charity shortly after the
May holidays.

DO YOU FEEL BETTER?

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FRENCH CYCLIST'S VISIT

We were very fortunate this year in receiving a visit from the brilliant and charming young French cyclist, Georges Soubiaq, and his trainer, Mr. Elliot.

A ceremony was held in the hall, with Mr. Fraser as chairman and Miss Dunn as interpreter. Mr. Fraser welcomed Georges, speaking in French. The young cyclist replied shortly afterwards, Miss Dunn translating the speeches.

Speeches were also addressed to the visitor by Gordon Beard of second year and William Withers of fourth year.

Georges gave a two minutes' demonstration on the rollers, which was very instructive to those interested in cycling.

At the close of the ceremony Marie Bismire sang the Marseillaise.

THE WINNING SENIOR PLAY, “The Soup and the Savory”
Acted by the 4th Year Girls
From left to right: Myrtle Jennings, Ruth Doudney, Marie Bismire

MUSIC WEEK

During Music Week this year the school was very fortunate in having a visit from six members of the Bathurst Musical Society, viz., Mr. and Mrs. Edgar, Mr. and Mrs. Garnet Thompson, Mr. Jack Macgowan, and Mr. Keith Morisset. We were also favoured by two items (“Water Lilies” and “Sleep My Princess”) from the school choir, under the baton of Mr. R. A. Rix.

JUNIOR FARMERS' NOTES

The record of achievement of the boys of the Bathurst Junior Farmers' Club during the past year has been excellent.

The exhibit at the last Bathurst Show was described by Mr. Breakwell as the “best staged in the State.” A letter to this effect was sent by Mr. Breakwell to the local papers.

The club's representative at the Royal Show, Max Kable, won the “Sydney Morning Herald” cup for
being the most successful exhibitor in the Junior Farmers' Section, while Major Eastment was second in the State wheat-growing competition.

Ken Fry and Bob Ebborn won scholarships at the Hawkesbury Agricultural College as a result of the Intermediate Certificate examination, and Ken Fry also won the Rural Bank Scholarship for his essay on “The Conquest of the Soil.”

We would like to thank the president and members of the Advisory Committee for their interest, the manager of the Experiment Farm, Mr. R. G. May, and his staff, who have given their help to the boys; Mr. Bowmaker who judged the plots so capably; and Mr. Sheldon for his unfailing help.

The following boys also distinguished themselves: Hilton Hextell won the Peacock Cup for the best exhibit at the Bathurst Show, 1935; Les. Muldoon won Mr. Trevitt’s Cup for the heaviest mangolds at the Bathurst Show, 1936; and Cutler brothers won the cup donated by Mr. D. Boyd for cereals in one-tenth of an acre, and the Junior Farmers’ Cup for the year.

LEAVING CERTIFICATE RESULTS

1 English, 2 Latin, 3 French, 4 German, 5 Mathematics I., 6 Mathematics II., 8 Modern History, 10 Physics, 11 Chemistry, 14 Geography, 15 Art, 17 Economics.

The letters “H1” signify first-class honours; “H2” second-class honours; “A” first-class pass; “B” second-class pass; and “L” a pass at the lower standard. “x” denotes those who have gained honours in mathematics. “o” denotes a pass in an oral test in French or German.

Bird, Bessie, 1B 3B 5B 6B 10B 11L.
Boyd, Jeffrey Blair, 1B 5B 6B 10B 11B.
Cox, Morris Edward, 1H2, 2B 3B 5A 6B 8H2 11H2.
Kefferd, Marjorie Jean, 1B 3B 6B 8B 11B.
McArtney, Joyce Imelda, 1B 2B 3B 11B 16 pass.
Palmer, Maxwell M., 2L 3B 5B 11B.
Philpot, Richard James, 1A 3B 5B 6B 10H2 11A.
Piper, Thelma June, 1A 3B 5B 6B 11B.
Reid, Betty Lorrains, 1B 3L 8B 17B.
Thurling, John G., 1B 3B 5A 6B 10A 11A.
Waugh, Helen Ruth, 1A 2B 3B 5B 11B.

INTERMEDIATE CERTIFICATE RESULTS


The sign “o” denotes those who have passed in the oral tests in French.

Appleby, Bruce, 2B 4B 5B 7B 11B.
Aspinall, Owen, 1B 2B 4B 5B 6B 7B(o) 11B.
Atkinson, Walter E., 1B 2B 4B 5B 7B 11B.
Beddie, Brian D., 1B 2A 4B 5B 6B 7A 11B.
Bennett, James A., 2B 11B 23A 25B 26A.
Bennett, Ronald N., 2B 7B 11B 15B.
Bisley, John H., 1B 2A 4B 5B 7B 11A.
Bismire, Marie, 1B 2B 4B 5B 6B 7A(o) 11A.
Callaghan, Emily E., 1B 14B 20B 22B.
Croft, Keith P., 1B 2B 7B 15B.
Doudney, Ruth W., 1B 2A 6B 7B 11B.
Dunford, Madge, 1B 2B 22B 28B.
Ebborn, Robert G., 1B 2A 4B 5B 11B 19A 23A 24A 25B 26A
Fry K. L., 1B 2A 4B 5B 7B 11A 23A 24A 25A 26A.
Fry, Robert C., 1B 2A 11B 19B 23B 24B 25B 26B.
Gordon, Leah M., 1B 2B 20B 22B 28B.
Hansard, Leila, 1B 2B 4B 7B 11B 15B.
Harris, James, 2B 4B 5B 11B 19A 23B 24B 25B 26B.
Harvey, Clarence, 1A 2B 4B 5B 6B 7A 11B.
Hibble, Joan M., 1B 4B 5B 7B 11B 21A.
Irvine, Jane E., 1B 4B 11B 15B.
Jennings, Myrtle, 1B 2B 4B 7B 11B.
Jepson, George E., 2B 5B 11B 17A 18A.
Jupp, Gloria O., 2B 3B 14B 20B 22B 28B.
Kent, Alice M., 1B 2B 3B 5B 7B 11B 15B.
King, Douglas C., 1B 3B 7B(o) 11B 16B.
Luther, Pauline D., 1B 2B 5B 6B 7A(o) 11B.
Mackay, Jean, 1B 2B 3B 14B 20B 20B 22B 28B.
Meyer, Raymond E., 1B 2B 4B 5B 7B 11B.
Middlemiss, Margery, 1B 2B 5B 7B 11B.
Mutton, Audrey J., 1B 2A 4A 5B 6B 7A 11B.
Nancarrow, Albert J., 1B 2B 3B 11B 17B 18B 19A.
Nimmo, Joseph A., 1B 2B 4B 5B 7B(o) 11A.
Osborne, Reginald J., 1B 2A 7B 11B 15B.
Owen, Mary M., 2B 4B 20B 22B 28B.
Palmer, James W., 1A 2A 4A 5A 6A 7A 11A.
Pascoe, Dulcie, 1B 2B 3B 22B.
Pratt, Nancy C., 1B 2B 4B 7B 11B 15B.
Riggs, Shirley P., 1B 2B 3B 15B.
Sinclair, James, 1B 2B 4B 5B 6B 7A(o) 11A.
Slater, Norman J., 1B 2B 4B 5B 6B 7A(o).
Syer, Max J., 1B 2B 4B 7B 11B 15B.
Tangye, Heather M., 1B 2B 20B 22B 28B.
Taylor, Kenneth G., 1B 4B 5B 6B 7B 11B.
Taylor, Lesley Y., 1B 2B 4B 7B 11B.
Tremain, Betty, 1B 2B 7B 11B 15B.
White, Eldred, 1B 2A 4B 5B 7B 11B.
Withers, William F., 1B 2B 4B 5A 6B 7A(o) 11A.

THE MEAT PALACE
91-93 WILLIAM STREET, BATHURST
A. J. ROWLING
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL BUTCHER
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THE MYSTIC CHARM OF THE EVERLASTING STARS

Who has not strolled out of doors on a cloudless summer night and lifted his or her eyes to the great boundless area of space wherein be the "gems" of a universal necklace, and the "galaxies of heaven"? Who has not asked himself, or herself, the questions—"What are they?" and "How far away are they?"

Somebody once remarked that astronomy was "The oldest and noblest of the sciences." The chance phrase "caught on," and soon became a byword in all the great universities. Possibly the finest constellation in the world, and certainly the most well-known to Australians, the Southern Cross, has the distinction of having in it the closest star to us, alpha centauri, but a mere four and one-third light years away!

The Southern Cross is really ours exclusively, for the people of the northern hemisphere cannot enjoy the privilege of gazing on it. Many of these northerners come to our land especially to see it. The Southern Cross is to us just exactly what the Plough is to those who dwell in the northern lands—an infallible timepiece. It tells us the time at night in just the same way as the sun does in the day. As soon as midnight is past the Cross begins to bend, and constantly sinks lower and lower toward the skyline until just before dawn, when it disappears below the southern horizon.

How very strange it must seem to a visitor from the northern countries to see all the familiar constellations standing upside down, especially Orion, who is always seen standing on his head when viewed from this part of the world. He must certainly think he is in topsyturvy land when he sees all the zodiacal constellations passing to the north instead of to the south of his zenith in their nightly motions, and surely he becomes properly exasperated when he realises that the sun, instead of passing to the south of his zenith, quite nonchalantly passes to the north of it. He must also miss greatly the familiar Bears of his own land, and probably goes searching in vain for a Pole-star in the unfamiliar circumpolar regions of the south.

It is an interesting fact that the light-waves now entering our eyes left their parent-star some thirty or forty years ago when the men of the Old Age inhabited our planet, Earth.

It is clear to all who study astronomy that it is a subject which they could not adequately cover, even if they studied for every single moment of their lives, which is quite impossible! Astronomy is the study of the universe, and as we can easily realise, this universe that we see spread out before our eyes every night is certainly huge. It is limitless, it is boundless, it has no age; in fact it is more than the average human brain can successfully comprehend. But, who knows?—it may only be one tiny universe, large as it is, in one stupendous super-universe. That is probably more than any human will ever know, or, at least, any human of the present generation.

The study of astronomy, let me say in conclusion, is the open doorway to the exploration of higher, greater, and nobler things. Why not explore?

Professor, 2B.

ON GIVING UP SMOKING

I put down the newspaper and leaned back in my chair. I could still see the words of Professor Kalculatem written as it were in fire: "The average man, from twenty to sixty, smokes over £500 worth of tobacco." By the Lord Harry and all other deities, heathen or other-
wise. I must have burnt two hundred pounds worth already—dash it all—I could have travelled round the world on that.

I jumped to my feet and with a dramatic gesture flung my cigarette into the fire. It was New Year’s night. I strode upstairs to my bedroom; in my eyes gleamed the light of a great purpose—a heroic resolution. I thought pityingly of those poor weaklings who made such easily-kept resolutions, as to welcome their mothers-in-law or to refrain from swearing at the baby when it lifts the roof at two in the morning.

Breakfast over, I set off for the office without touching a cigarette. At the station my feet led me automatically to the tobacco kiosk. My sub-conscious mind spoke, “A packet of Three—” I blinked and remembered: “Er, Er—No thank you. I’ll have the ‘Herald,’ please.” Jove, that was a near go.

The train drew in and I entered a carriage.

“Hello Johnson,” I said, as that worthy entered at the next station. He settled back in his seat, and fumbled in his pocket.

“Have a cigarette?”

“Er, no thanks.”

“Sick?”

“No; oh no; I’m just giving up smoking.”

He laughed disbelievingly, “O.K., Jim.”

The day at the office must forever remain a painful, hideous nightmare—a long-drawn-out torture. I was irritable and absentminded. I nearly told the boss to go to—Well, you can guess where—in the extremity of my agony. I felt that I should easily have committed murky murder for a smoke as I saw the other men of the office—and some of the girls, too—(this perhaps was the height of agony), lighting their cigarettes nonchalantly as though they were of no importance.

I saw, with what seemed to my distorted gaze sinful extravagance, some toss a practically whole cigarette away.

“Oh, how easy it would be to give in now.” A stubborn pride, a pigheaded determination, held me to my vow.

Going home in the train, which seemed uncommonly crowded.

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and uncomfortable, I watched with envious, brooding eyes, the contented smokers reading their evening papers. I picked mine up and glanced over it, but all I could see were advertisements for tobacco and cigarettes. Breathing maledicitions on the smokers in the car, I flung the paper away and waited for my station.

I arrived home at last, to eat a desultory meal, answering the conversational efforts of the rest of the household with surly grunts. I gazed longingly at my cold pipe on the mantelshelf. My hands made covetous grasping movements, but I turned bravely away and instead aimed a kick at the family cat. It was a beautiful kick, and with a shocked screech the startled animal shot straight out of the room.

This relieved my feelings somewhat, but not for long. At length I crawled moodily to bed, a pitiful object, to toss and turn and curse creation in general for eight hours or was it years? But morning came as mornings do, and I rose from my bed. Going downstairs I encountered Giles.

"Giles," I gasped, "have you a cigarette?"
He proffered one.
"Thanks a thousand, man." He stared at me.
"It's all right," I said. "I'm quite sane," and strolled off, puffing luxuriously.

In the train that morning I again encountered Johnson. Again he offered me a cigarette, but this time I accepted it with a grateful, "Thanks awfully, old chap."

Johnson leaned back in his seat and smiled cynically. I contentedly blew smoke-rings, lovely smoke-rings, wonderful smoke-rings!

J. W. Palmer, 4th Year.

FLIGHTS OF FANCY

A strange projectile came streaking through space towards the earth, and then, when it looked as if only a miracle could prevent a collision, the machine seemed to sprout a pair of wings which checked its downward descent until it was travelling harmlessly over the ground, but at almost incredible speed.

A man followed, with considerable difficulty, the flight of the strange machine, and as he looked a mirthless grin formed on features that spoke eloquently of poverty, hardship and distress. He was Mr. Everybody, symbolic of hundreds of other men in Europe at that time. "Must be our latest fighting machine," he murmured bitterly, as the strange invader disappeared in the distance.

The cynical human was not to know it, but that machine had not been fashioned by earthly hands. A clever scientist on Mars, much more advanced in knowledge than any on earth, had invented, made and driven this marvellous contraption. He and two other Martians were going to war the earth.

The strange projectile hovered over a little European town, but what did the occupants of the craft see there to hold their interest? Frenzied war preparation—great factories hurling out tons of ammunition and scores of huge guns every minute; aeroplanes being produced by the dozen! Surely these things were not new to them, coming from a planet that is named after the God of War!

The Martians passed on. It was apparent that the earthly preparations for wholesale slaughter interested them not. Perhaps they were too advanced, or what is more likely, maybe they were not advanced enough for the Martians to understand.

The strange craft passed swiftly over Russia, where visitors from another world saw exactly the same thing—war. People thinking only of war—talking of their prospects of defeating that other nation. Even the very machines which were turning out guns by the hundred seemed to hammer out that one expressive word—WAR.

The Martians quickly left Russia behind and passed out of the north Pacific Ocean until they reached the United States. Although they soon realised that this nation was quite prepared for war, they looked with approval at the evidences of progress, which could be seen everywhere. There was an almost complete absence of tension, such as
the Martians had noticed in Europe.

The wanderers were not satisfied, however, and set a course at random. That course eventually brought them to Australia. They were agreeably surprised to see that no preparations for war went on there. As they wished to become acquainted with people who lived in such a peaceful or seemingly peaceful country, they landed their machine near a little country town, typical of hundreds of Australian towns.

A crowd of people came to inspect the strange machine, but it was an old man who really took them in charge. He told them very interesting facts of the town and the land which it stood in, allowed them to see the sights, and then suffered himself to be questioned by his visitors.

"Why do your people not prepare for war?" asked one.

"Because we are isolated from the rest of the world," came the reply, "and even if we were attacked, our Empire would come to our aid."

"I see," said the Martian, "but could not the enemy come quickly by night and surprise you?"

"Oh, yes; they could do that, but it isn't likely," said the old man with an air of indifference; "and even if they did, our land would merely change hands."

The Martians thought this to be a strange attitude towards war, and said so.

"Well," responded the old man; "maybe it is, but then you see, we have a mighty Empire to come to our aid, and that has given us a feeling of comparative security—of independence. It has led us to believe that we, the common people of the land, need not trouble our minds with thoughts of war; that we can leave all the problems to the Premiers, Ministers and Governors to puzzle out; that we are entitled to enjoy ourselves while they do this, by going to races, to football, or to the picture theatres. We believe the country will prosper without any help from us."

The Martians left the town in a very puzzled state of mind.

"These people are putting pleasure before everything," said one.

"Some day they will realise that such a thing cannot be done successfully. If they continue to do it, they will surely suffer a rude awakening."

"Yes," said another. "A country will never prosper unless everybody takes an active interest in it, as the people of Mars have already found out. The idea of throwing responsibility on the head men of the country is as great an evil as war itself. It will soon crumble to ruin unless the people who live there accept their individual responsibility and take an active part in the ruling of it."

"I fear for this nation," said a third; "they are too sure of receiving help from an outside source, too indifferent to consequences to last for long; and yet it is a fine strong country, the home of sturdy, strong and virile humans, and it seems such a shame that they do not realise they are courting disaster—that they are drawing ever closer to one great climax that will see the end."

"We have seen enough," interrupted the driver of the projectile;

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"now we must be getting back to Mars, for we have been absent a long while, and a war may have started by now. There were indications of war when we left, you know."

"Home," murmured the Martians, as their craft commenced its long journey back to Mars.

"Dreamer," 2B.

**THE DRIP OF A JOURNALIST'S BLOOD**

The fine old grandfather clock that had stood for so many years at the end of the long, old-fashioned hall, chimed eight in low, regular tones. Through the large open window a gnarled and knotted tree stood outlined nakedly, eerily from the shoulders of a bare brown hill. The moon rose behind the dull grey haze, and her sickly beams gave to the shadows a ghost-like unreality. In the oppressive stillness the birds shifted restlessly, while from the rickety barn, now almost in ruins, the melancholy hoot of the owl echoed hauntingly through the silence.

Uneasily turning the pages of an ever-rustling newspaper, sat a man, his once black hair showing signs of approaching age. On the table lay his hat and coat, on the shoes by his chair his collar and tie had been flung carelessly. His foot tapped monotonously on the floor, annoying his nervous but still kindly wife, who sat opposite him, jerkily knitting a pair of grey socks.

"I was thinking of poor Mr. Lavelle upstairs," she began. "He's been so strange lately. It's a pity when such a decent young man as he takes to drink. No one seems to care, either, and it's certainly none of our business."

A grunt escaped from behind a cherry-wood pipe and another page of the evening paper turned hastily.

Through the window the moon was no longer visible; around the lamp a large black moth circled dreamily, casting a grotesque shadow around the dimly lighted walls. An hour later the couple went to bed.
The clock in the hall dreamily chimed eleven, its regular, monotonous tones sounding threateningly through the deadly silence. A faint puff of wind bulged the curtains by the open window. What was that? The occupants of the bed were startled by a brilliant white flash. And then, as in the heavens were suddenly rent asunder, a nerve-shattering clap shook the building and trilled rumblingly away into the distance. The furled wind tore madly at the stately pines, howled menacingly around the old rambling house, fiendishly rattling the old, loose windows, and like a beaten dog, howled sulkily away.

A dull thud was heard in the room above, and presently something dripped on to the floor near the bed. Drip! drip! drip! The couple shuddered. What could it be? Slowly the moon rode clear of the black, forbidding clouds, edging them with the brightest silver. Slowly the moonlight filtered into the room and then fell bright and clear across a little red pool on the floor. Drip! drip! drip! The red pool quivered and swelled.

The two whirling, throbbing minds at length realised what it meant. Nervously putting on his dressing gown and slippers the old man crept unwillingly up the stairs. Creak, creak; every step he took creaked. He reached the landing and paused, listening by the door. A deadly silence. Summoning up his last ounce of courage, his shaking hand turned the knob. With every inch that the door slowly moved, it groaned despairingly. And then he saw it. There in the lamplight, sprawled across a writing desk, was the body of a man. His chest rose and fell at regular intervals; on the floor lay a split bottle of red ink.

He had fallen asleep over a half finished short-story for the local paper.

R. Meyer, 4th Year.
JOHN'S SUBMARINE

There was an air of suppressed excitement at the Smith's house. This condition of affairs must not be wondered at, for fourteen-year-old John had just announced his "sensational development in under-water craft," as he termed his "invention."

For weeks past the family had wondered what on earth was the cause of the weird noises coming from John's laboratory, for many mysterious grunts, curses and pattering sounds had been coming from the old shed at the back of the old pig-pen.

So on the great momentous day that John announced "that he had completed his researches," after gathering the whole family around, he proudly entered the shed, and a few minutes later he returned pompously trailing behind him a weird-looking piece of accoutrement, which consisted of a much patched piece of tinny-looking iron, bent into the shape of a sausage, with an opening at one end. Over this opening was placed a piece of dilapidated yellow cloth, which John proudly called his "patent under-water super-powered alloy," used as a kind of cover for his "invention."

After recovering somewhat from his start of amazement, Dad Smith gazed at the contraption disconcertedly.

"What is it?" he ventured blandly. John flushed crimson with annoyance to think that anyone should show himself so ignorant as not to recognise a submarine when confronted with one. He gave Dad a killing look, but explained in his best technical terms, that it was a submarine.

Several hours later saw John at the river bank with his submarine, closely followed by an anxious crowd of villagers, mostly "the gang." After obtaining reluctant help in dragging the 'marine' to the water's edge, and after yelling to Mike to "stand back or get ducked," John clambered into an ominous opening (the cockpit) and gave instructions to Augustus Archibald Ferguson to pump some air from a pump of doubtful origin.

"All set!" bawled John in his best professional contralto.

Instantly a splash announced the fact that the submarine had submerged into about ten feet of water. Watched by curious eyes, Augustus worked away at the old pump.

Suddenly, without warning, the water began to churn itself into a whirlpool, and an explosion rent the air, startling the onlookers. With dismayed cries they rushed forward. A full half minute later John, looking very bedraggled and sorry, was brought spluttering to the surface.

The "gang" hoisted John onto their shoulders, and carried him home, where a startled mother put him to bed and summoned a doctor, who said gravely that John had an attack of influenza.

John has since taken to stamp collecting, which he says is safe.

If you ever want to torment him, remind him of his "invention."

J. B., 2A.

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“WHITE COCKIES”

Perched on the hillside, overlooking a meandering mountain stream of cold, clear water which trickled its way between willows and bracken, and sometimes showed clear and shining between the cultivated flats, stood “Glory Vale,” the beloved home of Ruth McLean.

This morning, as she stood shading her eyes with her hand from the glare of the bright sunlight around her, her heart sang with joy and gladness.

The beauty of it; the sheer beauty of her beloved “Glory Vale.” The picture that lay at her feet—sparkling water and surrounding green hills, fading to blue in the distance, and her cornfields shining golden and buff against the nearer plots of ever changing greens—might well cause her to raise a prayer of thankfulness to God above, for the gift of a beautiful summer. For had she not seen those hills bare of herbage, that stream dry, and her fields lying parched and bare only last summer?

“Glory Vale” had seemed to cry to her in its agony, as this morning it seemed to dance and sparkle and reflect in a thousand ways its joys at being alive and beautiful. Her eyes rested with pride on her cornfields. Rich, ripe, golden corn! In a few days it would be harvested and how she needed the money—it would bring the anxieties of the past year to naught.

As if to enhance the beauty of the scene, and wheeling and flashing as if bathed in silver, a flock of birds comes into view. Their beauty holds her spellbound. One, their leader, alights on her tallest willow tree, overlooking her farmland, and the others, flying in thick formation, turn and wheel with the sun glinting on their white feathers.

But what is this sound? A horrible raucous call from their leader and the newcomers settle like a white cloud on her corn.

Realisation comes to her. The spell is broken. White cockatoos! White cockatoos! Destroyers of her whole year’s work, and the farmer’s number one enemy.

Quickly she procures her gun, and with rage in her heart, all thought of the beauty of the birds gone, she hurries after them.

At her approach they arise like a cloud and alight on a nearby tree. She conceals herself, and the birds again attack her corn. Their strong beaks tear open the husks as they devour and destroy the corn at an amazing speed. A shot rings out and one bird pays the price of its greed, whilst the others fly to a safe distance, only to return in a short space of time.

She knows they will not leave one cob of corn if they are left undisturbed, and she tries running up a row of corn firing her gun at intervals. The birds rise in front of her, fly a short distance, and again start their ferocious attack in another place.

In desperation she takes off her jacket, and placing sticks through the sleeves, she places it on a stout pole stuck into the ground above the corn, and retires to the shade, to think about this new problem.

Here a voice hails her: “Mrs. McLean, may we have a go at the cockies?” Looking up, she is delighted to see a shooting party of two
or three dozen men, with their rifles, and she realises that her corn is saved.

Taking up their position at different parts of the field they blaze away at each approach of the birds, and finally send a much depleted number on their way to worry some other farmer.

Jean Shoesmith, 2A.

HUSTLING THROUGH HISTORY

With the Coronation at hand, a short summary of the monarchs of England may be interesting, so here we go:

William the Corn-curer won the battle of Hastings in 1066. He was then made king. Before that he was the Duke of Normandy. He instituted the Domesday Book and the Curfew. The Curfew was a bell that was rung at 8 o'clock each night. By that time everybody was expected to be in bed (except the man who rang the Curfew).

William Rufus was the son of William the Corn-curer and had red hair. He was accidentally killed by an arrow while hunting, but it is said that the man who shot the arrow knew what he was aiming at.

Richard the Lion-Heart was a popular king and went to the Holy Land with a Crusade. He fought against Saladin at Acre and other places. He was captured on his way home and, after a large ransom had been paid for his release, he returned to England, where he was shot by an arrow while storming a castle.

James the First was the son of Mary, Queen of Scots, and was James the Sixth of Scotland. He had Raleigh executed and they dedicated the Bible to him. He was the first of the Stuart kings.

Charles the First was the son of James the First and believed in the Divine Right of Kings. He was a man of great personal charms but no brains. He started the civil war and the Parliamentarians finished

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The reign of Charles the First and the civil war finished together, when he was executed. He is chiefly remembered because of King Charles spaniels.

Oliver Cromwell was not a king, so he really shouldn't be here. He was called the Lord Protector although he didn't protect the Lord. Cromwell went to Ireland and massacred the whole of the Irish at a place called Drogheda. This made him unpopular with the Irish.

Charles the Second was the son of Charles the First. He was called the Merry Monarch and hid in an oak tree after the battle of Worcester to escape Cromwell. After Charles returned to England the Great Plague broke out, which was followed by the Great Fire of London. Charles had a lot of lady friends whom he did not marry. This may account for his being called the Merry Monarch.

James the Second was the brother of Charles the Second. He was not popular. The Duke of Monmouth raised a rebellion against him, but was defeated at the battle of Sedgemoor. A lot of the rebels were sent to Jamaica. Rafael Sabatini wrote a rather jolly book, "Captain Blood," about this. Details regarding the end of his reign are rather obscure, but one day William of Orange landed and James left.

After William of Orange and Mary died, Anne became queen. Queen Anne is chiefly famous for being dead. Other things that happened in her reign were that Marlborough won some battles.

George the First was a German and could speak no English.

Henry the Eighth had six wives, but not all at once. He must have been a brave man. There was a rather good picture about this, with Charles Laughton in it.

Henry the Fifth had some tennis balls sent to him from France and went over and won the Battle of Agincourt on St. Crispin's Day.

Edward the Sixth was the son of Henry the Eighth. He was only a boy and was crowned with his mother's bracelet. He died.

Mary was a daughter of Henry the Eighth. She was unpopular and is generally described by an adjective.

Edward the Fifth was murdered as a boy in the Tower of London. Richard the Third was recently found guilty of this shocking crime, but nothing could be done about it, as he had been dead about five hundred years.

Richard the Third had a hump on his back and was very unpopular with everyone except Richard. He was killed in battle. He was evidently fond of horses, for it is said that even in the battle he kept calling for one.

Henry the First was another king.

Henry the Second asked someone to get rid of Thomas A'Beckett. They did.

Alfred the Great formed England's first navy. However the chronology of English Kings starts with William the Conqueror, and as Alfred was before William, I can't say anything about him here.

Henry the Seventh was King before Henry the Eighth.

I left school when we reached George the First, so I can't tell you anything about any Kings after him. Even so, I must have missed some of the earlier ones, as I seem to be somewhat short of Henrys and Edwards. Still, I have a complete set of Charles's and James's, so I must have been down at the old swimmin' 'ole when we had the others.

Stand back, boys, and let the girls out first.

L. Y. B. T., 4th Year.

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**TREES**

As I walked home from school one day,
The sky was dark, the clouds were gray,
I watched the swaying of the trees,
Waving in the summer breeze.

The Chinese elms upon the hill,
On sultry days so prim and still,
Were sweeping, swerving, swaying now
As breezes only make things bow.
The stately poplars near the gate,  
So very still in normal state,  
Swayed to the east, swayed to the west,  
And never once they paused for rest.  

And as I walked towards my home,  
My thoughts o'er all the earth did roam,  
To trees my worldly eyes don't see,  
That weave a magic spell for me.  

I pictured trees round castles fair,  
Trees that were priceless, rich and rare,  
Trees with history—some carved name,  
Trees in far lands, blessed with fame;  

Weak little trees in some dark slum,  
Struggling for life in places glum,  
But bright'ning some unhappy hearts,  
Before their little life departs.  

And as I travel up the drive,  
The trees beside me seem alive;  
With whisperings of comradeship,  
As down to me their branches dip.  

Margaret May, 1A.  

JACK FROST  

'Twas a cold and frosty morning,  
When I raised my sleepy head,  
But I pulled the blankets round me,  
And snuggled deep in bed.  

For over-night Jack Frost had been,  
A cunning fellow he,  
With a magic hand, he changed the land  
And was filled with an impish glee.  

But, alack and alas, this impish jest,  
On me was entirely lost,  
As I left my bed, with a thought in my head  
That I'd like to banish Jack Frost.  

But I spared my thoughts on the chilly imp,  
For I knew when King Sol would appear  
That this artist in white, and his glistening throng,  
Would be doomed for the rest of the year.  

Ron. R. Smith, 1A.  

HOPE (an Acrostic)  

Hope springs eternal in the human breast,  
Oft though we feel by worry deep depressed,  
Pressed down by grief and weight of tragic sorrow,  
Ere Hope brings promise of a bright to-morrow.  

Seeing there no salve for shattered plans and dreams,  
Passed over by the world; by men forgotten,  
Resisting vainly—we sweep unbidden  
Into oblivion's shadowy streams.  

Nought then remains but Hope to spur us on,  
Giving our lives a new-revived quest,  
So may our faint ambition still be blessed.  

Each now returning to a newborn task,  
Takes up his work in newborn vigour;  
Eager he is—as eager as before,  
Resolving in his heart, failure to mask.  

Now, in some great endeavour he'll succeed,  
And show the world he never was a failure.  
Let Hope remain; it will success ensure!  

J. W. Palmer, 4.
TRE BALLAD OF THE SCHOOLBOY

Across the grassy paddocks,
Getting on the train.
Young Allen Smith, the farmer lad,
Is off to school again.

He pants into the carriage
A heavy heart has he;
As he consults his pocket-watch,
It's almost eight thirty.

Arriving at the station,
He jumps from off the train,
And quickly grabs his schoolbag,
As it begins to rain.

He makes his way through side-streets
And sets his face towards school,
Arriving at the entrance—
He's late—'tis 'gainst the rule.

He's sent round to the office;
The master's frowns are thick:
"If this occurs again, sir,
You'll have to get the stick."

On entering the classroom,
The teacher's looks are back:
"Have you been to the office?
Then, stand and turn your back."

The weary hours drag slowly,
They never seem to end;
At last comes lunch adjournment,
And a joyful hour they spend.

The pupils file in slowly,
Each sadly takes his place,
Till finally the bell goes
And out of school they race.

Thence to catch the train again
He turns his weary head,
And, after doing homework,
The tired boy goes to bed.

D. Beard, 1A.
THE TRAMP

The tramp was trudging down the track,
His bleached billy at his side;
The swag upon his weary back
Was swinging to his stride.

Then down he cast his heavy load
Upon a green and grassy bank,
And turning from the dusty road,
Into sweet slumber sank.

Nearby a clear blue rippling stream
Gurgled over the smooth grey stones,
And in the clearness of his dream
He heard its silver tones.

To those he loved so far away
Across wide oceans white with foam;
His thoughts sped back o’er many a day,
To childhood life, and home.

Although dreams come from fairy folk,
They give a man’s heart life and strength;
And when the tramp from sleep awoke,
His back no longer bent.

L. Y. B. T., 4th Year.

THE DREAM PRINCESS

He looked so sweet while slumbering there,
This tiny chappie with tousled hair;
The dream-princess his eyes had closed,
While an impish smile on his lips reposed.

He had drifted down the vale of dreams,
Had played with fairies and stray moonbeams,
With wee white mice and big brown bears,
With frisky rabbits and an owl who stares.

While riding in a walnut carriage,
He had seen the mist-fairy’s marriage;
Lambs’ tails he had pulled, and teased the rats,
Had jumped, and hopped and frisked with cats.

When weary his dimpled legs had grown,
The dream-princess had borne his home;
Up, up, up into the air she sped,
And quietly left him at rest in his bed.

Nancy Pratt, 4th Year.

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FAREWELL

The tall and stately poplars
Swayed gently in the breeze;
Silhouettes 'gainst a velvet sky,
A kingly line of trees.

And as the moon rose up on high,
The shivering leaves shone bright,
Reflecting like a rippling stream
Those dazzling beams of light.

And dreamily I wandered there
'Neath poplars straight and tall,
And longingly my heart cried out
As I breathed farewell to all.

Only in sleep will I see again
The view from the old hill-top;
Only in sleep will I hear again
The swish of the swaying crop.

For I must go where the city smoke
Hangs low in a dull grey pall;
And never again will I know the joy
And the thrill of the bushland's call.

R. E. Meyer, 4th Year.

POPLARS

Sentinels of a dying splendour,
Stark against the roseate hue,
As the amber pales to golden—
Pales to breathless star-kist blue:

Darkly limn'd with arms uplifting, while the heavy scent of pine
Broods o'er dreaming hill and valley, greeting yet another dawn;
Catching just elusive echoes of the Mystic Voice Divine,
Stealing, trembling, God's sweet whisper in the sobbing hush of dawn.

Straight and slender, grace embow'ring,
Warm-caress'd by beauty's wings,
Where the gild-edged cloud drifts low'ring,
Royal line of common kings!

J. L. C., 5th Year.

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THIS WORLD OF OURS

It's a queer old world, this world of ours,
Whether created or whether evolved.
It turns but once in twenty-four hours,
(For thus since birth has it revolved).
It does.

This world of ours, and the powers that be,
Have a sense of humour; yes, for they
Do things by opposites, naturally.
When rain is wanted, send drought each day.
They do.

But not of its physical vagaries,
I'm here to speak, but its people's ways:
The black man from the civilised flees,
And "We don't want you," Benito says.
He does.

The German says of his neighbour, France:
"An enemy here! Big guns and tanks
And aeroplanes, our safety enhance."
Their people, though starving, still give thanks.
They do.

In Spain they're having a wonderful time,
When brother shoots brother, and father son—
All for the cause—with death and with crime;
Some say politics is beautiful fun.
Some do.

Yes, a queer old world, this world of ours,
Where "Christianity" reigns supreme;
And, though Our Lord said "Love thy neighbour,"
Scarce a glimpse of love doth gleam.
And one fights for peace, another for war;
But no one considers "le bon Dieu's" law.

J. W. Palmer (4).

BABBY BRINGS HOME KITTENS

The morn was bright and merry,
Our Babby was a she;
At least she must have been so,
For there were kittens three.

Three fluffy balls of velvet,
Bundles of feline pride;
"Oh! curse Bab," said my father,
"I'll tan her wicked hide.

"On second thoughts, I'll shoot her.
Say you! Go, get my gun!
For good and all I'll fix her."
Says I, "Ha! here's some fun."

His gun I quickly brought him,
But mother called out, "Dick!
Don't shoot the little darling;
Go drown her in the crick."

"I'll shoot 'er," said my father,
"And what's more," he says to me,
"I'll shoot her kittens with her;
Now just you wait and see."
He slowly raised his shotgun
And aimed it at the four;
A click, a curse, "A cartridge!"
For miles was heard Dad's roar.

"But Daddy, we ain't got none,"
I told him with a grin.
"Well, open this here corn-bag,
I'll stick the blighters in.

"I suppose I'll have to drown 'em,
As Fate decrees it so.
I'll sling 'em in the river—
Watch, sonny, here they go."

We then walked back contented,
Dad laid him down to rest.
"Well, I'm sorry now I've done it;
But she really was a pest."

For an hour or so my father
Lay there and had his sleep,
But his snooze was rudely wakened
By a "mee-ow" both loud and deep.

Up jumped he in a temper,
Then stared at what he saw:
For a second time our Babby
Led three kittens to the door.

W. Withers, 4th Year.
"KILLER"

The homestead nestled close to the feet of tall mountain ranges. The largest spur, named "Kio-Warrick," seemed to enfold the little cleared paddocks and weatherboard home with its sheltering spurs. Indeed, "Kio-Warrick" was loved by all in that little home from the tall farmer and his wife down to little Lilla of eight. They looked to see the night cap of mist wreathing its head, and late at evening they watched again for the deep purple shadows and homeward winging of birds to their nest.

To-night an uneasy look was on the farmer's face as he slowly made his way home. Truth to tell, his beloved mountain sheltered many foes, and the long dry winter was sending them out of their shelter on to the clear surrounding paddocks of his homestead.

For many nights now little Lilla and her sister Peggy had been glad to cover their ears with the warm blankets to keep out the long, drawn-out howl of a lone dingo, and to the farmer's wife had come a feeling of desolation she seldom experienced.

By changing the position of the calves and young stock to the shelter of his milking cows and bringing them close into the homestead paddocks, the farmer had ensured greater safety for his stock. Brave and very hungry is the dingo who will venture into that ring of curved horns, for the old cows will keep their young in a mob while they form a circle around them.

The usual ways of the packs of dingoes were well-known to the farmer, but to-night he doubled his poisoned baits in the hope of getting a certain dog known as "Killer," which had been of late a menace to man and beast throughout the district. He was not surprised then, when at ten o'clock a commotion from amongst the cattle aroused him, and he rushed out with his gun, only to find two young calves mangled and dead.

This went on for a week, and, cunning though the farmer was, "Killer" outwitted him. Lilla and Peggy were only safe when at home, and the country people were full of hatred towards the huge dog.

Three men returning home at sunset unarmed had been glad to shelter in a tree from a pack led by "Killer." Late the next night each man secreted himself amongst the uneasy...
cattle and, although some dogs fell, "Killer" still went free.

Night was fast approaching again as the farmer, after attending to his traps and hanging more poisoned baits, stooped to drink at a clear mountain stream, when to his horror his gun slipped into the pool. Busy retrieving it, he glanced up at a slight noise, and there stood the hated "Killer," coming to slake his thirst.

Horrified, the farmer could make no move and his very flesh seemed to grow cold. But why that shuffling step and panting tongue? No notice was taken of the man; only an insane desire seemed to urge the animal to the water.

Hope rose strong in the farmer's breast. Would the water kill or cure? Ah, yes, now the strong animal, which had killed and mutilated so many beasts, was in the throes of death himself, and the farmer could find no pity in his heart. An especially cunning bait, not touched by human hands and roasted to the perfection demanded by a dingo's taste, had lured him to destruction.

Jean Shoesmith, 2A.

CASEY ON HOLIDAYS

The time for holidays is drawing near, and people have been asking us where to go. Therefore, in an effort to assist them, we will tell you how we have spent some of our holidays and at the same time give some useful advice.

We remember one year we had no money. That didn't worry us. It is our normal state of affairs. Nor did it stop us from having a holiday. We went away and stayed at a most elaborate boarding house, where they spared no pains to make our stay enjoyable. We recommend this to the man with no money. All you have to do is punch a policeman. The judge will do the rest.

One year we went in quest of beauty and romance. We took a boat to Alaska to see Aurora Borealis, but when we arrived we were told she was married. We were disappointed. You can't make love to a salmon, all cooped up in a tin, and the only other living creature was a polar bear. We are afraid we are not gentlemen. We don't prefer blondes.

This search for beauty and romance can be disconcerting. When we reached Madrid we bought a white horse and rode all round Madrid. Passing by a big stone building, we saw a lovely senorita with tears streaming from her eyes. Mutely, imploringly, she looked out towards us, and we, with the latent chivalry stirring in our manly breast, stormed the place and forced our way up the ivy into the presence of the unhappy damsel, only to find that she was an onion peeler in a pickle factory.

We went to Hollywood once and saw Greta Garbo. She took one look at us and said, "Ay tank Ay go home." The question of a shooting holiday is a problem. We went lion-shooting in Africa once, and had a most successful trip. We intended to repeat it, but we found that we'd shot all the lions the first time.

So we went rhinoceros-hunting in India. These animals are very rare in India (fortunately). They are so rare that we eventually had to go to a zoo to reassure ourselves that they did exist. We confine ourselves to rabbit-shooting now, and just in case there are no rabbits where we are going, we take Oswald, our own
rabbit, with us—and doesn't he enjoy the fun! The only thing we're frightened of is that some day we MIGHT hit him. We like Oswald.

We feel sorry for kangaroos. Not only does their life consist of a series of ups and downs, but they must be frightfully henpecked, judging by how hard they are to hit and how quickly they get away whenever we manage to sight them. We can sympathise with them.

Many people are fond of fishing holidays. We used to be until we went fishing off the coast of New Zealand once. We hooked a ninety-foot porpoise. We didn't have a porpoise flag like Zane Grey, so we hoisted the ship's cat to the masthead. Poor puss! We failed to land our catch, as it made straight for the shore and jumped clean over New Zealand. He pulled us with him, but the line broke and we landed in the hot springs at Rotorua. We had our meals standing up for the next two weeks.

You will realise now why we recommend to fishing enthusiasts that they confine themselves to yellowtails; fish from a wharf with a No. 3 gut line; and have one end of the line tied round a tree for safety. You can't be too careful.

We are sorry we can't write any more. The wife has gone off to Katoomba to see someone about a house for our holidays, and we have to fix the baby's bottle now.

L. Y. B. T.

DIFFERENT OPINIONS

Timothy was a French Poodle. Now, in my opinion, he was a stupid, good-for-nothing little mongrel, who strutted round on expensive carpets and perhaps condescended to smell your leg to see if he might allow you to stroke his long, untidy hair. (You were expected to stroke him, as it was considered an honour).

Now in Aunt Tabitha's opinion he was a rare, well-bred, pretty little aristocrat, with such lovely, pathetic little brown eyes, that nothing could be denied him. However, although Tim had one ally in Aunt Tabitha, Uncle Thomas was his sworn enemy. Now, to my way of thinking, Uncle Tom had some sense. When Timothy dug up his young seedlings, he threw a clod at him with a steady aim, which sent the little coward in to his darling mistress.

When Timothy was three years old, he commenced a bad habit of chasing cars, bikes and horses. Aunt Tabitha thought it a very clever trick, but Uncle Tom thought that, as it was a danger to the public, the sleepy policeman might remove Tim from the district.

One day, after Timothy had been having some fine sport chasing cars, a beautiful black horse came walking quickly up the road with a tall bushman riding him. It was a fine upstanding beauty with a shiny coat and a white star on its forehead. The young man seemed very happy until Timothy, seeing his chance, rushed out to see if he might have some sport. He went for the horse's legs, but alas, as it is often said, "He that laughs last laughs longest," Timothy had one nip, but only one, for he was a fraction too slow to avoid the swift kick. The horse bolted up the road, but Timothy lay still. Aunt Tabitha cried out in her high shrill voice, "Oh, my darling Timothy! My precious, dear little doggie! What shall I do without you?"

The bushman came to claim damages as his horse had been injured.

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Then followed a lengthy argument between the lady of the house and the owner of a nearby station. The former assured the latter that he was a prize dog, worth more than money could buy, while the latter remained firm in his opinion that he was a mischievous little mongrel.

I found Uncle Tom singing happily in the garden (his voice could quite easily have been mistaken for a frog's), with no apparent cares in the world. He smiled at me, and said, "I am afraid dogs don't agree with this house, as everything goes to the dogs: garden, house, dinner, my bed, and even the master of the house."

I agreed up to a certain extent, but both Uncle Tom and I said in unison, "It all depends on the kind of dog."

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**TWILIGHT**

When sitting alone in the twilight,
   Our thoughts seem to wander at will;
And often the face of some dear one,
   Though absent, is close to us still.

Thought, swift as the wings of an eagle,
   Can travel from soul to soul;
Though parted, we still are united,
   Though oceans between us may roll.

What comfort to think that in spirit,
   Though the waves of the ocean divide,
Our loved ones can span all the distance,
   And linger again at our side.

Thus, in the sweet, mystical twilight,
   We love to sit thinking alone,
Quite lost in sweet dreams of our loved ones,
   Who were once the joy of our home.

"The Khan," (4).

---

**WANDERLUST**

He sat listlessly at a desk in a public library, perusing a book of poetry. Then suddenly his wandering eyes stopped with a jerk and his hazy brain assimilated the words:

"Heart you are as restless as a paper scrap
That's tossed down dusty pavements by the wind."

That was exactly how he felt. For a long time now he had been restless, and he wondered what was wrong with him. At work in the boot factory he had been in the bad books of the foreman for day-dreaming. His parents, his brothers and sisters, had wondered vaguely what the matter was, and concluded that it was some girl. He knew it was not a girl, so he went to a doctor. "A fine specimen of manhood," the doctor pronounced. And now this poet had written just what he felt like; he wondered

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if the poet could tell him what it was. He searched diligently, but, not knowing just what he was looking for, he didn’t find it. But he found something else entitled, “Waikiki”—

“and dark scents whisper
Over the murmurous soft Hawaiian sea.”

His sluggish small-town blood stirred at this.
Then Fate took a hand. He decided to go a new way home, and in a start he saw a hoarding—

“See Australia and the South Seas.”

Now he knew what he was suffering from—wanderlust. For three weeks the visions of slumbrous, dark-eyed, brown maidens, summer skies and waving palms combatted with home and its security. He wanted to go, but was frightened, as a bird about to leave its nest. He thought of the time when he would be without money, penniless, starving. Then the visions of islands set in a bright blue sea, where money was not needed, would come to him. For three weeks he wrestled in agony; then Fate again stepped in.

The committee of the boot factory decided that the annual picnic of the employees could not be held as usual at the seaside, but it would be held in Haley Wood.
It was in Haley Wood that he, tired of watching small boys and girls gorge on cake, wandered away and was lost. Dusk found him still wandering. Suddenly on the smooth breeze he caught the first notes of a nightingale. The woods filled with sound. He was conscious of a hedgehog crossing his path with a quill squeak, the bats shrilled in derision, a white owl swept past him booming his hunting note, but above all, far, far above, the nightingales sang and sang!

The night wind bent the listening trees, and the stars twinkled more brightly to hear the song of deathless love. Louder and louder the notes rose and fell in a passion of melody. In his eyes the trees were transformed into waving palms, in the glade he saw brown, naked forms dancing before a fire. The roar of the surf, grown suddenly loud, wakened him. The roar was the roar of the railway express, that would, if he caught it, carry him away to where time stands still.

The nightingales’ song ended on a low encouraging note. At that all his fears fled.

Back at the boot factory the foreman, surrounded by a surging mob, cursed him heartily. Each man in the mob brandished a paper on which appeared:

“POSITION VACANT.”

But the wanderer, curled contentedly in a ship’s boat, only smiled, and thought of dusky maidens and palm-fringed lagoons.

E. White.

A LUCKY MISHAP

A group of about fifty people stood under a large natural rock shelter, formed by an inland sea many, many years ago. The party was listening to an anthropologist telling how, years and years ago, when the inland sea had finished its wearing away, the wind and the rain had continued the work. Then parties of aborogines had come to that place, because of the running creek and ever-filled rock pools. The minds of these natives became bent on art, and on the rock they commenced the rude carvings,
paintings and stencillings for which Mootwingee is now so famous. He told how the aborigines had obtained their sole pigment, red ochre, often from a distance of two hundred miles, and chewed the clayey substance in their mouths till they had a mouthful of red paint. Then, by placing their hands on a wall of rock, and spraying the substance from their mouths, they made stencils of hands, and similarly feet. They also painted with strips of bark for brush and the red clay as paint.

In other places were carvings, where the stone had been chipped away, leaving the outline of a kangaroo or an emu. After the lecture was over, a few of the many youths in the party decided to go for a walk and explore the surrounding country. There were five of them altogether, and they set out joyfully, taking a little lunch with them. They went over the top of two or three hills and thought that they would have no trouble in finding their way back. About a mile away, on a hillside, they noticed an old mine shaft, and they decided to go there and explore it.

It happened to be a tunnel right under one of the hills, and they thought, after they had traversed it, that it would be fairly late by the time they returned to the camp. They went in the direction they thought the camp to be, and kept walking for a good while but no camp could they find. They could not find the camp or the tunnel through which they had just come. After wandering over the hills and down the valleys for a good while, they came to the conclusion that they were completely lost. Having eaten all their lunch soon after setting out, they were in a very sorry plight. There they were in what seemed like endless hills, without food, and what is worse, with not a drop of water.

For a while they were at a loss what to do, but after deciding that nothing was to be gained by staying there, they walked and walked, round hills, down into gulleys, and finally stopped in a little depression, where they lay down for the night, for the sun had set an hour before. It was a mid-summer night, and the party slept soundly until the sun shot his first beams into their faces, when they soon stirred.
They set off and kept on walking all the morning, and by noon they were hungry and very thirsty. Then they saw a higher hill some distance away and climbed to the top. Down the other side of the hill, which was fairly steep, they noticed a cave with a very big mouth. On arriving at the entrance, the explorers found many drawings, carvings, paintings and stencillings, which no white man had seen before.

They stayed for an hour or more in the cave, examining the art, and then returned to the top of the hill. Away in the distance they noticed a party of men, and made their way to the search party joyfully. When the two parties met, there was much excitement and talking, and all the explorers forgot about their intense thirst until they had told their adventures. When they reached the camp, there was much excitement over the new cave, and early the next morning a party, under the guidance of the young explorers, set out, including geologists and anthropologists. The boys said that they had indeed been lost but lucky.

Gordon Beard, 2A.

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**IF I HAD THE TIME**

If I had the time to find a place,
And sit me down, full face to face
With ink and pen and paper white,
To write a poem with all my might;
Could I do it? Maybe no.
My daily life it rushes so.
I find my thoughts are all combined;
My feelings, hopes, are all entwined
Round Latin, French and History old.
A poem? No. It leaves me cold.

Jean Shoesmith, 2A.

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Oh, Helen, ma chere
With the light brown hair,
And eyes like the blue, blue sky,
I love you my dear,
You know? You hear?
And you need not ask me why.

For you are so sweet,
And your two small feet
How they thrill me through and through!
But my heart will break
For your dear sake,
For another loves you too.

So to this life's end
My lone way I'll wend,
Still wanting you at my side.
Far away I'll stray,
But still I'll say,
May you e'er in peace abide!

FLOW ON, SWEET STREAM

Softly the cool, clear waters of the spring gurgled from its subterranean depths into the outer world. For some time it hesitated, slowly revolving in its deep smooth pool, before it ventured on its long journey to the sea. The welcoming rays of the sun gave it strength, the joyful notes of the birds thrilled it with a desire to be free. And then one morning, just as the first silent rays of the awakening sun kissed its tranquil brow, it started. Down, down, down it crashed, joyously tumbling and

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leaping among the grey boulders. How it danced and splashed down the steep mountain valley! How it laughed when the playful breeze, carrying with it the beautiful autumn leaves, ruffled its surface! How it gasped with wonder when the sunbeams sparkled through its spray and finally trailed away in a beautiful rainbow!

In a broad, fertile valley, a beautiful river meandered peacefully along its deep and quiet way. Thousands of farmers in the country and many a large city depended for their very existence on the reliability of this river. Huge reservoirs had been constructed along its course to conserve its valuable waters. In many, many ways man had cause to appreciate its usefulness. Did it not provide them and their beasts with water? Did it not drive many of their machines? Did it not provide them with their electricity? And as it flowed, the blood of the country, along its course, the willows gracefully bowed their swaying heads in respect.

Quietly and majestically the old river merged slowly into the vast waters of the ocean. Across the broad estuary, and over the low, tree-covered hills, a fitting silence emphasised the ever-living beauty of the grand old wrinkled river. Peacefully it passed away.

How greatly does the life of a river resemble the life of man: the carefree joys of childhood; the usefulness of middle life; the quiet beauty of old age to him who has lived well and who has lived for the service of others!

Ray. Meyer (4).

A FOOD FOR THE GODS
(A reply to A. A. Milne’s “Golden Fruit.”)

Oranges have been spoken of as Golden Fruit, but all that glitters is not gold. How often have I gazed longingly at a luscious inviting orange, only to find that, when I sank my teeth in it, it was as sour as a lemon. One enjoys a nice rosy apple until one sometimes finds a grub, or worse still, half a one. A pineapple is sometimes delicious, but it is a difficult matter to eat one without blistering your lips. Plums are nice, if they are ripe, but they never are. Juicy peach is delicious, but you
have to eat it in the bath tub.

There is only one one hundred per cent. fruit. This is the strawberry.

Some may object that the strawberry is not in all the year round, but neither is Christmas.

Think of the saving of time! While one would be busily peeling an apple or an orange, the strawberry can be consumed without hesitation. When eating strawberries one is free from the fears alike of getting appendicitis or a seed stuck in your hollow tooth. Unlike blackberries they can be picked without wearing "Ned Kelly" armour. They are waiting, ready to be picked, under their shady leaves. Then, when picked, how deliciously they melt in your mouth with sugar and cream.

I have no hesitation at all in saying that they are a food for the gods, and I am sure that there were strawberry beds on Mt. Olympus.

B. D., 1A.

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SEA MURMURINGS

I wandered lonely 'long the sandy shore,
And idly watched the wheeling gulls afar;
Their cries of rapture hailed the evening star.
Ah sea! what mysteries within your store,

What songs of ancient rhyme and watery lore,
What waste of sunken wreck and broken spar!
I spied some elfin toy upon the bar;
Then, eager, stooped, intent to gaze once more.

Oh! perfect emblem of the restless waves!
What tales of Ocean tells that dainty shell,
To me, still dreaming of the foamy swell—
Whispers of mermaids, dories, salty caves!
For many a gem the floor of Ocean paves.
Of all its glories doth the conch forthtell.

O. Howard, 5th Year.

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THE AWAKENING

Soft shadows lie peacefully sleeping in the tranquil valley. The dreamy flocks are still. The birds are sunk in their feathered nests. Night reigns supreme.

The stillness is suddenly broken by the far-off bleat of a lamb. It echoes down the valley and is answered by a gentle rustling in the tree tops. Shadows move and flit lazily over grass and stream. The grey hills become tinted with pink. Day has woven her rosy web over the grey earth, awakening new life and hopes.

A man trudged wearily over the rough road. His hands hung lifelessly by his sides. His head was bowed and his back was bent under the weight of his heavy swag. A passer-by might have thought him an old sundowner, but this man was not wandering for the sheer joy of it. He was a man in despair, walking aimlessly through life.

---

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In the distance a church's friendly spire stood out clearly against the cloudless blue sky. As he drew near, the man removed his swag and unbuckled the worn blanket. He walked to the doors and peered cautiously in. A peaceful silence reigned. Not a person was in sight as he walked towards a pew and spread his blanket on the seat. Slowly and wearily he lay down and his tired, troubled eyes rested on the walls before him.

"Life" they seemed to call, "life—just a mixture of regret and trouble to me—no home, no loves, no hopes."

Slowly the eyelids drooped, the man slid silently into restful sleep.

Without the world had awakened; the golden sun crossed the sky. Still the eyelids remained closed and the man slumbered on.

The last rays of golden sunlight were playfully dancing their farewell to the world when he awoke.

The gleams of light rested on the stained glass windows. They lit up the face of the One painted there. It was passionate—appealing! It called to the despairing soul. It revealed to the man the love of God for mankind—the love which he had never known before. The man sank to his knees and raised his eyes heavenward. His face, as by a sudden light within, reflected the joy of his soul.

A lonely moon slid silver shafts of light to earth, making it as a fairy palace—majestical, serene. The quiet stars glimmered in the heavens. The hush of night was again o'er the stilly earth. Along a countryside road a man went with steady steps and swinging hands. On his face shone the light of determination. He was at peace with the world.

Nancy Pratt, 4th Year.

THE WOLGAN VALLEY

The Wolgan Valley is situated about eight miles due north of Wallerawang. The road drops about one thousand feet in two and a half miles. The old road which may still be seen in places was a quarter mile long and it dropped the same distance. Years ago, when the old road was used, logs had to be tied on to the back of the drays to stop them from bolting or falling over the edge. The road which runs through the valley is the main Newnes road, destined perhaps to become a very important highway when the extraction of oil from coal is begun.

The rock formation is mainly sandstone, and in places large caves and shelters may be seen where the wind and rain have worked away the soft rock. Ferns, such as maiden-hair and bracken, flourish abundantly in the valley. The maiden-hair grows to a very large size. The trees are tall and straight. A stream runs down through the valley. This stream is always cool, fresh and runs perpetually.

The valley is a great place for climbers. There is only one place where the cliff, which is about a hundred feet high, can be scaled within five miles of the road at the top of the valley. The climbers have to scale a sheer cliff about seventy feet high. Then, after walking through a long passage just wide enough to admit an average size man, the climber comes out on top of the valley where a marvellous view can be obtained. Capertee Valley can be seen from this point and also the road and railway to Newnes. This is supposed to be the valley mentioned in one of the books about Australian bushrangers.

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It is an ideal spot for camping as the timber is straight, there is always water and it is marvelously sheltered from winds.

J. Palmer, 2A.

TAKE NOTE—

Speech Night this year is being held in the Masonic Hall on Wednesday, December 16, at 7.45 p.m.

Every student and friend of the school is expected to be present. Headmaster’s Report and Presentation of Prizes will be the chief items, and the School Choir will render part-songs.

SCHOOL FETE

A very successful Fete in aid of the Text-Book Fund was held at the School on December 2. Much hard work was put in by ladies of the P. and C. and the staff and students of the School, and the proceeds, £45, together with a donation from the Old Students of £15, liquidated the debt on this year’s text-books.

“BURR” PRIZES

School prizes will be awarded this year for the best Prose and the best Poetical Contributions. These will be announced and awarded on Speech Night.

—Ed.

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Class Notes

1A


 Room 3
 B.H.S.

 To all people who read this,
 Sirs or Madams,

 We of 1A are very proud of our Sports Representatives. At the annual Sports Day, Viva Glasson carried off the sub-junior laurels and became the sub-junior champion of the school. Spence, Purdon and Melville are the best cricketers in the class.

 1A has 22 members of the League of Nations, having the highest membership in the School.

 During the year, we were bereft of some of our scholars, including two of our best Latin scholars—Ron. Blair, Richard Walters (the aforesaid Latin scholars), Bob Golden, Pat Morcom and Winston Sutton. These boys were replaced by Fred. Morton, who came to this class from one of the paths of learning, Canterbury High.


 Our guests at the school picnic were, Rev. John Waugh, R.A., and Mrs. Waugh, who said they thoroughly enjoyed themselves. I am sure we did. We give our thanks to Miss Robson who organised the luncheon arrangements.

 At the Play Day, thanks to the coaching of our English teacher, Mr. Schofield, and the ability of our actors and actresses, our play went off without a hitch (except the hitch in Beard’s pants).

 In the school choir, 1A is represented by about twelve members.

 We will end in haste (we are always in a hurry).

 Kind regards,

 From

 CLASS 1A.

 P.S.—A. Lewins and R. Smith couldn’t take a detention because they had to mind a baby.

1B


 See us marching, on parade, on parade,
 With our pens and books arrayed, books arrayed.
 There’s not one of us afraid, us afraid,
 Marching along, though our heads are dense
 Trying to learn our Maths. and French.


 We, the members of 1B class, are quite a jolly lot and occupy Room 1.
 We are rather a large class as we have 42 enthusiastic students and, consequently amusing incidents abound.

 One brainy member of our class informed our history teacher that Stonehenge was a place where the Britons made stone axes. Another...
said that Queen Boedicea massaged 70,000 Romans. One very bright boy when told to empty his mouth by Mr. M., said: "I'm nearly finished now, sir, if you'll wait a minute."

The Agricultural Section of our class has brilliantly informed us that they would like a few girls for their insect collections. Some of them are continually bringing curious "wogs" into class, and making vain attempts to catch every small insect they see. Ah! the cruelty of some boys.

In the field of sport our class continually shines, having a budding Joan Hartigan in Jean Davey, who has earned a place in next year's Astley Cup tennis team. We have an outstanding swimmer and runner in Grace Callaghan; Margery Seymour being a close second. Grace Callaghan also succeeded in securing second place in the sub-junior section of the March swimming carnival.

1B has many budding film stars as is seen by our play receiving first place in the junior section of our recent play day, and we are making further display of our dramatic abilities by forming a Dramatic Club.

In our last tests Frank Smith and John McQueen secured first and second places, but in the first test this year the girls proved superior. Filling the first places were Mary Warden 1, Betty Gordon 2, and Eunice Johnson 3.

We all congratulate Walker and Schofield for securing a bursary each in last year's Primary Final Examination.


One teacher said in a very weak moment that we are a perfect class, but—

Play Day will always have a place in our memory, as our class play, "The Dyspeptic Ogre," was awarded third place in the junior section.

Hazel Penny, as the "Ogre," Marjorie Schofield as the "Cook," Hope Thurling as "Frances," and Heather Clifton as the "Jester" all played excellently.

The Girl Guides, Daphne Ball, Jean Dowton, Doris Howard, Dorothy Young, Eame Martin, Elsie MacArthur, Roma Colley and Lorna Sutton proved a most effective surprise to the Ogre after the dinners, who were really most appetising; these parts were played by Jean McCarthy, Everil Brown, Peggy Bayliss, Grace Evans, Joyce Swan, Gladys Spratt, and Mary Barnes.

On the field of sport, Daphne Ball and Jean Laycock proved our best swimmers. Una Wales is our star tennis player, and Eame Martin, our only hockey enthusiast.


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successful, thanks to the help of Miss Gough and the actors. The sentries and the spies' costumes (supplied by the girls' hockey team), were very effective. Trewhella almost looked like one of our A team (believe it or not).

Scholastically the following have most distinguished themselves: Lorna Ray, Verna Willot, Barbara Wark, Esme Gordon, Gordon Beard, and Jack Byrom.

Tuesdays and Fridays are our entertaining days, when 2C visit us for Miss Gough's period. We enjoy listening to Floss singing in his most melodious voice.

On the annual sports day three members of our class won us renown by gaining places in the championships. In the girls' junior championship, Norma Bisley gained second place, while the boys' sub-junior championship was shared by Ken. Simpson and George Williams. Ken. Simpson and Webster were members of the victorious 6.10 team.

2B


If you have any doubts about the mental calibre of our class read on: Miss Robertson who teaches us geography, asked us the name of the oil which is being made now, and is supposed to be better than "cod-liver oil." It started with "b." Immediately, one of the cleverest boys piped out, "Hair oil, miss."

Do not be surprised if, in future years, you see the name of some famous Olympic player who was once a mere member of 2B, as we had four representatives in the Astley Cup this year. They were Margaret Miller (tennis), Vida Luther (hockey), "Sam" Bullock (tennis), and O. Ken- nerson (football).

Seeing so many pigeons about the school we were naturally glad to welcome another member of the bird family into our midst, by name, Maurice Crowe. Our joy, however, was brief, for as soon as the cold weather set in he migrated to warmer regions—St. Patrick's.

2C

GIRLS.—Ruth Bartlett, Joan Biddington, Norma Bourke, June Brown, Ethel Cole, Patricia Downes, Joan Dunmore, Noel Edwards, Nell Farns-

Hullo everybody! Here is 2C—the jolliest and most carefree class in the school. We are the aristocrats, who do not inhabit the main building but dwell in the ancient Gothic (?) mansion nearby.

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Apart from Ada Cunynghame, who represented our school in the Astley Cup basket ball team, we have not been outstanding in sport, though many of our members are enthusiastic vigor players, the most outstanding being Susie Weal, Gloria Plowright, Ethel Cole, Norma Bourke and Jean Mackey. Basket ball is one of our favorite winter sports, but we all agree that talking is our most noted indoor and outdoor sport.

2C took its place amongst the producers of a play for Play Day, our choice being "The Princess and the Swineherd." Great was our fear lest the bird should whistle at the wrong moment, but fortunately all went off well.

We are excellent cooks, as Miss Gough, our class-patron, can prove by the delicious feast we provided at the annual sports picnic. Unfortunately we have not as yet distinguished ourselves scholastically, but who knows, one of these days we may astound everyone by solving a Maths problem.

Evidence of 2C's originality is the formation of its unique "Nit-Wit Club," the president of which is Ruth Bartlett, and its secretary, Joan Birdington. It has adopted a secret sign and has as its members the whole of 2C. Giggling and inane laughing are essential qualifications for membership.


Our class is well-known throughout the school as a mob of larrikins, but we know one or two people love us. Mr. Connor calls us his "pride and joy," and Mr. Sheldon thinks much the same.

In exams, the Agricultural section has shown itself far superior to the Technical section. We are proud of K. Gresser, A. Webb, J. King, K. Scott and H. Simson, the gladiators of the class, who took part in the 6 stone 10lbs. football competition. J. Connors, "Freda" Paterson and "Gobbo" Pateman played in the 8st. 7lbs. competition.

During the year Clive Hogan had some serious illnesses, including pleurisy and appendicitis. "Pedro," being a repeater, has an average attendance of about one day a month at school.

"Crock" has a habit of injuring himself to keep away from the dreaded homework.

One boy—we won't mention names—has a licence for telling lies—a handy thing; and our artist "Koffee" is famous for his caricatures.

Writing lines is a very common pastime after school, and yet in spite of all our faults we think we are like "the doughty knights of old."

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GIRLS.—Patricia Campbell, Dora Cox, Betty Edwards, Eva Hamer, Valerie Ives, Evelyn Judson, Jean Melville, Joyce Paterson, Daphne Redmond, mond, Gladys Sherer, Enid Simson, Ruth Thurling.

This once happy, frivolous class of 3AB is assuming a much quieter, and more serious mode of life. The occasional visitor must be impressed with out studious, almost toll-worn faces. This state of angelic quietness continues between periods. The staff corroborates this. Despite all our hard work and intellectual toil we have heard that Mr. F. is not at all pleased with our examination results. He is very optimistic regarding the present second year's future. However, what does a little defect like this matter? We have some great talkers in 3AB. This point is undeniable. Our social qualities certainly redeem us.

Yet just to further our reputation we commend to your notice our sporting activities. We had nine members in the Astley Cup team; the girls being Gladys Snerer, Pat. Campbell, Joyce Paterson, Val. Ives and Rose Morgan, who has now left us to our fate, while Ron. Meyer, John McKee, Darrell Luck and G. and E. Schofield represented the boys. Our cricketing prestige is very high, as we possess such exponents as James MacDonald, Ron. Meyer, Bill Flynn, Ken. Middlemill, John Ingersole, D. and G. Schofield, and Jack Aubin.

Our annual picnic and sports day was a great success. Our guests were Mr. Beard and Miss Crawford. Our live wire, Ken. Glasson, presented the former with a double banana, the reason being apparent. Ron. Meyer gained the junior championship, with Howard Gavin runner-up.

Although our play, "The Prince who was a Piper," did not gain a place, we consider that some people have very queer tastes.

Yet behind all these deeds of valour we can see the Intermediate getting closer day by day, week by week—in anticipation we shudder. Yet it must come. Wait till it is over, then we will relax. Yes, and there's "the school Fete!"

3C

GIRLS.—Rita Croft, Mary Harris, Ethel Johnson, Joy Kable, Roberta Kable, Aileen Morrow, Myra Nesbitt, Florence Pearce.

Great is the rivalry in 3C between the Agricultural and Technical sections of our class. However, in the Trial Intermediate it was the Tech. section which proved superior, as E. Schofield won, to use racing parlance, "by half a length" from "Porky" Gordon.

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Our class played its part in the Astley Cup contest at Dubbo with its sturdy footballers, E. Schofield and A. Hextell. A. Hextell and K. Gordon have both distinguished themselves as swimmers. E. Schofield takes pride of place as a cricketer, and played a prominent part against Orange High School last season. "Uncle John" and "Blondie" are our outstanding runners.

There is in our class a would-be poet by the name of "Moby Dick," who has dabbled in this weird and mysterious art since childhood. Mr. Connor declares J. Tew and J. Bonham the future managers of the Australian Sugar Refining Company. If he is a true prophet, we hope we are all equally successful.

FOURTH YEAR

GIRLS.— Marie Bismire, Hazel Cripps, Ruth Doudney, Leah Gordon, Joan Hibble, Myrtle Jennings, Alice Kent, Margery Middlemiss, Audrey Mutton, Nancy Pratt, Lesley Taylor.

"Neither a borrower nor a lender be"
No—but we have a community ruler, rubber, pencil and blotter!

We cannot certainly be classed as an ORDINARY Fourth Year. Mr. Cramp found us so enthusiastic to answer his questions that we all answered at once. We even tried to tell Mr. Back a new solution of sin (A + B). At least we didn’t try to tell him oxygen was collected by drowning displacement.

However, our favorite subject is French. We like this charming subject because we have such a “small” amount of homework.

As far as social activities are concerned, we have been especially successful. Our Fancy Dress Ball was a “regular wow.” There were seven prizes given, and our class honour was upheld by E. G. M. W., who was appropriately dressed. The other term dances provided much fun and amusement.

The exams are rapidly approaching and some of us are feeling rather insignificant. However, we will allow James to repeat his previous achievements and raise our class average.

Then we will emerge from our seclusion and shine socially if not scholastically. W. Withers and A. Mutton were second and third in the last exam, although far behind J. W. P. We wonder if they will repeat their performances, or if J. B., E. W. or A.K. will come to the front—or even some dark horse—remember the Melbourne Cup?—“Much,” says Nancy.

We have been represented in every team in the Astley Cup except tennis. Six of our girls (L. Gordon, A. Mutton, M. Middlemiss, M. Jennings, R. Doudney, H. Cripps), and four of our boys (R. Meyer, W. Atkinson, R. Bennet, J. White) went to Dubbo.

By our achievements at Play Day it has been made evident that at least three girls in the class are budding Garbos and six boys are blossoming Gables. We carried off the first two prizes with “Between the Song and the Savoury” and “Thread o’ Scarlet.” Marie Bismire won the senior award for acting.

Fourth Year organised a fine effort to raise money for the Saunders family. It took the form of a radio

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with a little notebook and a down-
cast line of "delinquents decorating
the doorstep (more alliteration).

Have you not heard that we in-
clude some very potential debaters
and talkers in our ranks? R. Gwil-
liam is a veritable "three in the mor-
ing cock shot"; R. Piper adequately
impersonates Dominicus Pike, and T.
Paul, like Shadwell, never deviates
into sense.

Of the little band on the left of
the room we deem it discreet to say
little.

The most animated topic of discus-
sion during the year was the prosaic
earthy subject of ties, er, pardon
me, cravats. The neck-wear of two
long and weedy beasts, H. Cole and
J. Death, was condemned outright.
T. Paul and R. Piper suffered nume-
rous indignities and censures at the
hands of the more garrulous sex on
account of their respective tastes.
G. Bullock attempted to solve the
problem (and incidentally to rival E.
Schofield of Third Year) by appear-
ing in a new colour creation each
morning. At length, W. Ives gave
the only solution by dispensing with
such idle gawds.

We are, indeed, proud of the ex-
ample we have set the rest of the
school, especially fourth year.

This indolent and frivolous class
has been our special care. Too often
our quiet, zealous studies were dis-
turbed by the thunder of their loud
debates. Now they are our "alter
ego," quiet, industrious, sober-minded
and devoted to their tasks, so that
it will not be said next year that this
will be "a poor cuckoo, flaunting in
the nest" of its illustrious predeces-
sor.

We take this opportunity of thank-
ing those teachers who have helped
us so much in our five, six, seven
years' reign at the school in guiding
our feet along the straight and nar-
row path." To some of us no doubt
the exam. may be an example of
"Mene, mene," yet with kindly smiles
and sincere hearts we wish every
success to our fellows—Third Year.

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SPORTS NOTES

BOYS' SPORT

Although the Astley Cup was this year lost to Dubbo, sport is in a promising condition. The enthusiasm evidenced in training for football, tennis and athletics would alone testify to this. The possession of a large number of promising youngsters is an additional hopeful feature.

No less than three teams represented the School in Rugby Union football, supervised by Messrs. Connor, Monaghan and Weeks. To Mr. Connor fell the lion's share of coaching. Under his expert tutelage the 1st XV. became a sound, though somewhat light, combination. The 8st. 7ths. team had an almost unbeaten record, and the 6st. 7ths. team won the Taggart Schools' Cup.

Cricket attracted quite a keen following, keen interest being maintained in the House competition. Our evident inferiority to Orange High in this department seems likely to be maintained till more experience on turf wickets is obtainable. It is hoped that the 1st XI. will give a better account of itself at Orange in December.

Athletics has reached a high level of attainment, and it is years since the School had such a powerful relay team. Great things are expected of athletics next year.

A very successful swimming carnival was organised this year by Mr. Paine. The outstanding all-round swimmer was John Ingersole; other prominent performers being A. Hextell, W. Ives, and Kelso Gordon.

Much credit is due to Mr. Barnes for the very fine tennis combination at present representing the School. In this particular branch, the present standard is as high as any ever achieved.

FOOTBALL

Although the senior team was not successful in the Astley Cup matches this year, football at Bathurst High School is in a very healthy

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state. The most pleasing feature is the interest taken in the game by the junior members of the School.

The 1st XV, this year has suffered through its lack of that essential quality—weight. Unfortunately, no Saturday competition was held and so the team lost the opportunity to develop his individual and co-operative powers for which previous school teams have achieved fame.

The backs, though showing flashes of brilliance, were somewhat weak in defence. The forwards acquitted themselves well and nobly on many occasions, and were a fairly well-balanced pack. Injuries, however, again took their toll of the forward and also of the back division. No less than four players were moved to the five-eighth position in various matches.

Boomerangs, Saints' and Stannies' each proved their superiority once, but we achieved success once against Saints' and gained a meritorious win against Metropolitan Juniors. After being behind 8-6 at half-time, we

B.H.S. 6.10 TEAM—WINNERS OF THE TAGGART JUNIOR CUP, 1936
Points Scored, 132 to 29
Top row: G. Schofield, L. Webster, J. Burke, Mr. Connors (coach), A. Webb, H. Simpson, R. Blair
Front row: K. Gresser, K. Donovan, L. Bell

ran out victorious by 19-16.

Fate was kinder to the junior members. The 8.7 team played three matches against St. Stanislaus', winning two and losing one. Several finds were unearthed, perhaps the most solid all-round players being "Sam" Bullock, Kennerson, Bisley, and Pateman. The latter is the most improved and promising centre in the School but is inclined to hold on to the ball too long.

The 6.10 team played grand football, being defeated only once in six matches. They proved their worth both on the offensive and defensive, but most important of all—they played as a team. Webster, the two Donovans, Simpson (capt.), Patterson and King impressed most.

Thanks are due to Mr. Connor, who devoted much time to coaching the 1st XV., and also to Messrs. Monaghan, Schofield and Paine for the interest they have taken in and the assistance they have given to the football world. To Mr. Emms for refereeing, Mr. Callaghan for publicity and Mr. Taggart for his donation of a cup for the 6.7 competition, we are especially grateful.
THE PLAYERS

H. Cole.—A hard-working, hard-rucking forward. He has proved his capabilities as captain of the team. Represented Bathurst.

D. Osborne.—Fastest centre the School has unearthed. He is excellent in attack and a back in a class of his own. Has represented Bathurst on several occasions.

E. Mulvey.—Like Cole, an excellent forward, who excels in dribbling. Represented Bathurst.

R. Piper.—A worthy brother of "Strawb." Piper, district full-back.

J. Williams.—A good rake and keen forward. Lacks experience in open play.

Ron. Meyer.—A good loose forward and handy back. One of the finds of the season.

D. Luck.—Best of the younger forwards; fast hook. Tough and a hard worker.

J. White.—A good half-back with a neat, quick pass. One of the best tacklers in the team.

Ron. Bennett.—To quote Mr. Connors: "The only five-eighths in the School." Owing to illness played in only two matches. A solid tackler and possesses a good side-step.

W. Atkinson.—A good lock; follows up we... and possesses initiative.

E. Schofield.—An excellent defensive player, but rather prone to take the ball standing.

G. Bullock.—A fast wing, and uses the cross-kick well.

J. McKee.—The most improved and promising player in the team. A solid tackler and hard runner.

J. Death.—Invaluable in the line-outs. The heaviest of the pack. A fair rucker, and tackles well on occasions.

R. Gwilliam.—A keen forward. Lacks experience.

A. Hextell.—A good runner. Should do well.

Ray. Meyer.—Should be invaluable in the forward division next year.

E. Mulvey.

CRICKET

The annual match between Orange High and the School was played on the local Sports Ground on April 15 and resulted in an exciting win for the visitors. Bathurst batted first and declared with six wickets for 211, the best score put up by the School against Orange for years. D. Osborne 58 and S. Bullock 53 each shaped confidently. Unfortunately for us, our bowling proved to be hardly up to the standard of our batting.

Orange opened aggressively and in a splendid knock of 130, Joe Thompson took a heavy toll of the bowling. As a result Orange won by some 50 runs. The return match is set down for Wednesday, December 9.

FIRST XI. NOTES

Gordon Bullock.—Forcing bat, defence still weak. Sound field, useful bowler.

Sam. Bullock.—The most promising all-rounder of the younger "Bri..." Shines in every department.

H. Cole.—A keen student of the game. Painstaking batsman with a sound defence, promising spin bowler; mixes a swift wrong 'un with his leg-breaks.

Ray. Meyer.—Forceful bat. Defence needs more care. Seems to be gaining old form with ball.

Ron. Meyer.—A reliable and interesting opener with the bat. Always good for runs.

Eric Mulvey.—Batting rather cramped. Bowls a nice slow ball. Fielding could be smartened.

Dudley Osborne.—The best all-rounder in the team; a sheet anchor. Can always be relied on; a second "McAlpine."

Ross Piper.—Has never seriously studied 'keeping, but acquits himself well. A sound bat.

E. Schofield.—Bows with a... length; as yet, hardly enough devil on a turf wicket. Batting rather inconsistent.

E. White.—Still untried in the best company, but should develop into a... batsman.

Joe Williams.—Has not yet shown his best form with the bat this season. A keen field.

"Willow."

BOYS' TENNIS

Great interest was taken in tennis this year. The tennis teams found enthusiastic coaches in both Miss Robertson and Mr. Barnes. Through the very efficient work of these... a well-balanced team was chosen to represent the School in the
Astley Cup competitions.
The team chosen was:—Gordon Bullock (captain), Jack Death, Gordon Schofield and Warwick Bullock.
Thanks are due to members of the Town Courts, who gave much encouragement and coaching to the members of both boys' and girls' tennis teams.
Exceptionally bad luck prevented play in the Astley Cup. At both Dubbo and Bathurst our rackets were not even taken out of their covers. It was unfortunate indeed, for our chances of winning the tennis seemed much brighter than in former years.
In our match with the Ex-Students we again went down to the "Old Timers," but we went down fighting.
An event which should be made an annual one was the match, Staff v School. It proved to be a most enjoyable function, the School winning.
The two younger members of the team promise to be the backbone of school tennis for years to come. Warwick ("Sam") Bullock is undoubtedly the most improved member of the team and won his position by playing accurate and consistent tennis.

"Scho," as everyone knows, is the idol of the team as well as the mascot. He and Sam. have formed an excellent doubles pair, and will prove a great asset to the team next year.
J. Death.

ATHLETICS
Athletics this year have been exceptionally healthy. Not only may our Astley Cup team be acclaimed as the best for years, but we have a larger number of promising juniors and sub-juniors than for years past.
The Astley Cup team proved triumphant in both its contests with Orange and Dubbo. All preparations had been completed for D. Osborne, G. Bullock, Ray. and Ron. Meyer, to journey to Sydney to compete in the C.H.S. meeting, when Osborne’s unfortunate injury at football led to the trip being cancelled.
At the Annual Athletic Carnival several notable performances were recorded, the most conspicuous being Ron. Meyer’s high jump of 5ft. 3½ in., a splendid performance for a boy of fourteen.
In the Senior Championship, Gordon Bullock had a somewhat easy win, though Ray. Meyer put up a gallant effort, being runner-up in most events and winner of the hop.
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step.
Ron. Meyer carried off the Junior Championship, the runner-up being Howard Javin. In the Sub-Junior division the title was shared by Ken Simpson and George Williams. Other Sub-Juniors worthy of special mention are Ross Smith, Denzil Schofield, Ken Scott and G. Paterson.
In the Juniors Alan Taylor and Sammy Bullock’s performance will be anxiously watched, while Harry Bonham and Bill Flynn are promising Seniors.

Organising and coaching have been mainly in the hands of Mr. Schofield. Mr. Paine and Mr. Weeks have also given valuable help. To these teachers we offer our special thanks.

D. Osborne.

GIRLS’ SPORT

Great interest has been displayed in the girls’ sports this year, though the Astley Cup competition was very disappointing owing to the rain, which prevented the playing of tennis at Bathurst and tennis and basketball at Dubbo.
The tennis teams have shown great improvement this year and sincere thanks are extended to the members of the Town Courts Club for the assistance they have given to the girls.
Swimming is one of the most popular summer sports, and the swimming carnival at the beginning of the year was a very successful event.
Vigoro and cirlos are popular among the Junior members of the School, who are very grateful to Miss Byron for the coaching she has given to the vigoro team. The girls deeply regret the death of Mrs. McIntyre who also was keenly interested in the vigoro team.

Hockey and basketball are the most popular winter sports, and many good matches have taken place between the High School and Marsden College teams.
The A and B hockey teams entered the women’s hockey competitions this year, the A team gaining third place.
The annual athletics carnival was also a very successful meeting and brought to light many promising athletes for next year.

HOCKEY

Goal.—R. Doudney.
Backs.—L. Gordon, N. Furness, E. Newton, G. Sherer, H. Cripps, M. Jennings.
Forwards.—J. Swanson (captain), V. Luther, A. Mutton, P. Campbell, R. Willman. (M. Middlemiss and H. Harris emergencies).
The 1936 hockey team has had a rather chequered career. A high standard of hockey was reached in the Marsden matches, but, on the whole, the team has been very inconsistent.

The mainstay of our team this year has been Leah Gordon, our most reliable and efficient player. However, she should stop the ball more before she hits it, as failure to do so makes her liable to undercut. Our captain has also proved outstanding, and she admirably filled her position as centre, although being more suited for the defence. Ruth Doudney carried on her good work of the previous year.

Other strong players are Hazel Cripps, Ruth Willman and Pat. Campbell. Hazel has certainly not been lacking, and has adequately filled Jean’s place as centre-half. Ruth is very accurate at dribbling, and hitting the ball, yet should practise stopping it, as the ball frequently passes out of play on that side. We owe our thanks to Pat. for scoring the only goal in our match against Orange. The ball was well received, well taken and well shot. Esme is a strong half, but not sufficiently quick at stick work. Myrtle was unlucky to have been placed as an inner, as her position is really a back.
The “B” team, although very weak as a whole, has improved one position in the town competition this season. This is due to certain individual players, M. Middlemiss, G. Callaghan, B. Edwards and J. Menville, who are promising players for the 1937 “A” team.

BASKET BALL

Team.—Valerie Ives, Olga Howard, Ada Cunynghame, Jean Swanson, Hazel Cripps, Esme Newton. Jean Kefford (captain).
The basket ball team this year was practically a new one, the only two of last year’s players being Jean Swanson and Ada Cunynghame.
However, in the capable hands of Miss Gough, we managed to hold up the School’s reputation. We had several keenly contested matches with Marsden, though we failed to distinguish ourselves in the Astley Cup. Nevertheless, we had a very
enjoyable, if muddy, game at Dubbo.

Jean Swanson has lived up to her last year's reputation as jumping-centre and has been a great asset to the team. Our captain, Jean Kefford, as defence, will leave us next year after a season's good work, and will be very much missed.

Valerie Ives, goal-thrower, gave us valuable assistance and, throughout the year, proved herself worthy of her position in the team.

We wish to thank Miss Gough for her coaching and Miss Job for refereeing the match against Orange.

**GIRLS' TENNIS**

A very large number of girls has been playing tennis this year. Great interest was shown in the play-off for the Astley Cup team, the members of which were Joyce Paterson (captain), Margaret Miller, Rose Morgan and Ruth Willman. In the "B" team were Jean Davey, Jean Kefford, Jean Ewers and Marjorie Mansell.

During the year matches have been played against Marsden, at the Town Courts, and against a High School staff team. House matches have been commenced, and each Wednesday two members of each house take part in these, which are being played in "years" as far as possible. So far Lawson has had two victories and Blaxland has won once.

The Astley Cup team practised conscientiously and much appreciated the generosity of the Town Courts Club in permitting the use of two courts every Monday afternoon. They benefited greatly, too, from the practice matches against Town Court players. Unfortunately, rain prevented play against both Dubbo and Orange in the Astley Cup contests.

The tennis representative on the High School Union Committee has been Jean Ewers, who is being succeeded by Betty Aubin for the ensuing year.

Members of both tennis teams took part in several tournaments organised by Town Courts, thereby gaining valuable experience in match play. The use of Town Courts every Wednesday afternoon is very much appreciated.

All tennis players, particularly the Astley Cup team, would like to thank Miss Robertson and Mr. Barnes for the time they have given up to coaching.

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GIRLS' ATHLETICS

This year's athletics team comprised Jean Swanson, Ruth Willman, Audrey Mutton, Valerie Ives and Margery Middlemiss. They were defeated in the 75 yards at Dubbo and also lost the relay. So that they would not suffer another such defeat at the hands of the Orange team, Mr. Schofield kindly coached them, on their return, in taking and giving the relay stick. Thus they were victorious over the Orange team in both races. The team would like to express its appreciation of Mr. Schofield’s help.

At the annual Sports Day, the Senior, Junior and Sub-Junior championships were won by: Ruth Willman, Margery Middlemiss and Viva Glannan respectively. Jean Swanson was runner-up for the Senior Championship, Norma Bisley for the Junior and Jean Plank for the Sub-Junior.

Our next year’s team should be well able to hold its own against any competitors.

In conclusion, we would also like
to thank Miss Gough for the interest she has shown in our progress.

GIRLS' SWIMMING NOTES

Early this year the Annual Swimming Carnival was held. Jean Swanson proved to be the senior champion, yet there was very keenly contested racing between her and Hazel Cripps. Daphne Ball won the Junior, and Jean Laycock the Sub-junior division.

Following are the results:—

33 yards Senior Championship: J. Swanson 1, H. Cripps 2. Time, 24s.

THE ASTLEY CUP

Bathurst lost the Astley Cup to Dubbo this year, going down not only to Dubbo but also to Orange. Old Man Rain was an unwelcome visitor and dogged our footsteps in Dubbo, Bathurst and Orange.

The first match was Bathurst v. Dubbo, at Dubbo.

The team arrived in good heart, accompanied by Miss Gough and Mr. Schofield. All enjoyed their stay in Dubbo, and our hosts made us feel so comfortable that it was quite a pleasure to hand over the Astley Cup.

ATHLETICS

Bathurst won the athletics by 15 points to 10.

Boys—
100 yds: Osborne (B.), 1; Bullock (B.), 2. Time, 10 4-5 secs.
220 yds: Osborne (B.), 1; Bullock (B.), 2. Time, 23 3-5 secs.
High Jump: Panos (D.) and Thomas (D.), dead-heat. 1. Height, 5ft.
Broad Jump: Osborne (B.) (19ft. 8ins.), 1; Thomas (D.), 2.
Hop, Step and Jump: Thomas (D.) (41ft. 3ins.), 1; Osborne (B.), 2.
Relay: Bathurst (Osborne, Ron. and Ray. Meyer, Bullock), 1; Dubbo, 2. Time, 48 1-5secs.

Girls—
75 yds: J. Moore (D.), 1; R. Willman (B.), 2. Time, 9 4-5secs.
Relay Race, 320yds: Dubbo 1, Bathurst 2. Time, 37 4-5secs.

FOOTBALL

The football was not a brilliant game, being of a rather rugged nature. The home team dominated the first half, due to superior weight, but Bathurst, at the end of the second half, came with a rush and if the game had been prolonged it seems certain that Bathurst would have won. Dubbo’s superiority in the first half is evidenced by the scores, which were 20-10 in their favour. In the concluding stages of the match Bathurst, owing to better condition, ran over Dubbo and brought their score to within two points of that of their opponents.

Scores were:—
Dubbo 26 (Head (2), Panos, Richardson, Hammond and Aldridge tries; Aldridge converted one and kicked a penalty goal; Head also kicked a penalty goal). Bathurst 24 (Luck, Osborne, White, Bullock and Atkinson tries; Osborne converted three and kicked a penalty goal).
HOCKEY
The Bathurst girls could not cope with the opposing Dubbo team. Not once did they look like scoring, and even the defence was individual, the outstanding player being Leah Gordon. Dubbo played a solid game and did not let up once. They deserved their success.
Scores were:
Dubbo 5 (G. Bryce 3, I. Fryer 2), defeated Bathurst, nil.
Tennis was abandoned owing to the rain. The basket-ball was commenced but was abandoned with the scores 1-1.
Dubbo were declared the victors by 91½ points to 26½ points.

BATHURST v ORANGE, AT BATHURST
Although both teams were out of the running for the cup, a keen contest prevailed, as far as the inclemency of the weather would allow. The tennis was again cancelled, much to the tennis team’s disappointment.

ATHLETICS
Boys—
100 yds: Osborne (B.), 1; Bullock (B), 2. Time, 11secs.
220 yds: Osborne (B.), 1; Bullock (B.), 2. Time, 24 1-5secs.

ASTLEY CUP TEAM, 1936
Middle row: Miss Gough, H. Harris, G. Shearer, J. Paterson, A. Mutton, V. Ives, R. Willman, O. Howard, E. Newton, L. Gordon, J. Kefford, N. Furness, H. Cripps, Mr. Schofield

DUBBO v ORANGE, AT ORANGE
Dubbo defeated Orange by 68 points to 55, winning the tennis and the basket ball, losing the football, drawing the hockey, while the athletics were divided equally, as the tracks were not fit to run on.
Orange beat Dubbo by 16 to nil in the football.
Dubbo drew with Orange in the hockey, 2-2.
Dubbo beat Orange by 5-2 in the basket-ball.
Therefore Dubbo, by defeating both Bathurst and Orange, won the cup.

BROAD JUMP: Burton (O.) (19ft. 4½ins.), 1, Osborne (B.), 2.
Hop, Step and Jump: Osborne (B.) (38ft. 10½ins.), 1, D. Ball (O.), 2.
Relay: Bathurst (Bullock, Ray. and Ron. Meyer, Osborne), 1; Orange 2.

Girls—
75 yds: V. Ives (B.), 1, A. Mutton (B.), 2. Time, 10 1-5secs.
Relay: Bathurst (R. Willman, J. Swanson, A. Mutton, V. Ives), 1; Orange 2.

BASKET-BALL
This was a most exciting match,
neither team ever being very much in the lead at any stage. V. Ives was the outstanding player for Bathurst, while J. Edwards and O. Midgley excelled for Orange. The result was a draw, 14 all.

**FOOTBALL**

The football was quite good, despite the slippery ball and the soddenness of the ground. Again superior weight told. Orange pushed Bathurst off the ball constantly. Osborne was brilliant, and Cole urged his men on to greater efforts.

Bathurst scored two runaway tries early, but Orange retaliated, and at half-time were leading 8-6. Orange dominated the second half and two more tries were scored.

Scores:

Orange 16 (Sharpe 2, Slattery, Thompson tries; Bowen converted 2).
Bathurst 6 (Bullock and Schofield tries).

**HOCKEY**

The Bathurst team, showing better combination than in Dubbo, put up a good fight against Orange, and were unlucky to lose. Leah Gordon played her usual excellent game at back and was well supported by H. Cripps, A. Mutton and Jean Swanson.

Scores:

Orange 2 (J. Moore 1, D. Moore 1), Bathurst 1 (P. Campbell).
Final scores were:

Orange 85 defeated Bathurst 35.

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**ANNUAL SPORTS DAY**

A revival of an old custom, that of having a picnic lunch at the Sports Ground, took place this year. The day was gloriously fair, and the events were run according to schedule, drawn up by the organising committee, headed by Mr. Schofield. To him and all his assistants, including visiting clergymen and other visitors, we are deeply indebted, and on behalf of all those who enjoyed themselves, we say, "Thank you."

The House Championship was won by Blaxland with 92 points, followed by Wentworth 81½ points, Lawson 77 points, Evans 47 points.

Dud. Osborne, captain of Evans, was sorely missed by his house, this being the first time in several years that Evans has failed to gain first

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place.
The individual boys’ champions were—

**Senior:** G. Bullock (L.), 1; Ray. Meyer (B.), 2.

**Junior:** Ron. Meyer (W.), 1; H. Gavin (L.), 2.

**Sub-junior:** K. Simpson (W.), and G. Williams (B.), dead-heat, 1.

Outstanding performances were put up in the following events:—Senior 100 yards, G. Bullock, 10 3-5secs.; Junior 100 yards, Ron. Meyer, 10 4-5 secs.; Junior High Jump, Ron. Meyer, 5ft. 3ins.; Harry Bonham ran the mile in the promising time of 5min. 23secs., being only two seconds outside of E. Mulvey’s time for the Senior Championship.

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**PAST AND PRESENT STUDENTS’ SPORTS**

Past Students retained the cup again this year, winning the football and tennis, but losing the hockey.

Final scores: Past Students 55 points, Present Students 25 points.

**TENNIS**

Past Students won all sections of the tennis. The men's doubles were won by them by 10 sets to 8, the women's doubles 15 sets to 3, and the mixed 7 sets to 3.

**HOCKEY**

Present Students won the hockey by two goals to nil. Scorers were Jean Swanson and Audrey Mutton for the victorious team.

**FOOTBALL**

Old Boys proved superior in the football, winning by 20-10. They were by far the weightier combination, but the Present Students held the opposition for the first half though they were overwhelmed in the second.

Scores were:—

Ex-students 20 (McAlpine a try, Piper 2 tries, Burrows a try; McAlpine kicked a penalty goal and Piper converted a try). Present 10 (Mulvey a try, Ron. Meyer a try; White converted both).

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**RE-UNION DINNER**

About 140 Old Students attended the Bathurst High School Ex-students' annual re-union dinner, which was held at the Chelsea Cafe on the night of the re-union sports.

Gaiety marked the evening, a humorous note being uppermost in most of the speeches.

A dance at the Walshaw Hall followed the dinner.

Mr. A. L. Fraser, B.A., headmaster of the Bathurst High School, presided at the dinner and read a letter of apology from Mr. P. J. Moodie, patron of the Union, expressing regret at not being able to attend. Apologies were also received from the Very Rev. H. R. Holmes, Messrs. Adrian White, Schofield, and Hamond, a previous headmaster of the High School, and now principal of the Wollongong school.

In a short address Mr. Fraser welcomed all those attending the dinner and said he hoped to see them present again next year. Several, he said, had come many miles to be present.

Miss Margaret Mulvey, a past captain of the school, then proposed the toast of the School. She emphasised the fact that the re-union, held once a year, often made old pupils realise their associations with the school more than when they were attending, and realise, too, how trying they must have been to their teachers. Mr. F. H. Beard, deputy headmaster of the school, responded. The Bathurst High School was well in the forefront in many instances, in both intellectual and sporting spheres. Although arriving in Bathurst this year, he hoped to be allowed remain here for many years.

Mr. Jack Cusick proposed the toast of the present students, basing his remarks on the slogan, “Thou shalt not squeal.” Mr. Harold Cole, captain of the High School, responded.

Mr. Eric Mulvey, deputy captain, submitted the toast of the past students, Mr. Dick Philpot responding. Mr. Edwards proposed the toast of the Press, and the function concluded with the singing of “Auld Lang Syne.”
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