"The enrolment of the school in the first quarter was 450, an increase of thirty over the previous year."

"In the 1937 Leaving Certificate examination fourteen out of nineteen candidates passed. The best pass was gained by James Palmer who obtained first class honours in English and Chemistry and second class honours in Physics. Exhibitions were awarded to James Palmer and William Withers in the Faculty of Science. Ten of our students won scholarships to the Sydney Teachers' Training College. One of these, Jean Crawley, is an Arts student at the University. In all eight honours passes were awarded our students.

"Of the sixty-six candidates for the Intermediate Certificate, fifty-five were successful, the outstanding pass being that of Gordon Beard, seven A's and one B. There were other very good passes by students who have just completed Fourth Year and show every promise of achieving high honours and similar advantages at the next Leaving Certificate examination.

"The splendid Honour Boards unveiled by the Acting Chief Inspector record the successes of students in the Leaving Certificates examinations and enshrine the names of the school captains back to the year 1927 when the present building was opened. The unveiling took place on the occasion of the Old Students' Reunion in August last.

"Regarding the one-hundred and fiftieth Anniversary Celebrations. A great deal of the School's energy in the first term was directed to this important event. We took part in the physical drill displays, folk dancing, flag drill, tableau, and pageant. Among those who witnessed the displays were the State Governor and the Director of Education.

"In regard to the old college building, Mr. G. A. Kelly, M.L.A., supporting the action of our P. and C. Association, made representations to the Minister for Education, who informed him that the erection of Manual Training and Domestic Science blocks at the High School is under consideration, and will be reviewed at the first favorable opportunity in the light of the financial resources available to the Department.

"Our oval, hitherto given over to the growth of rank grasses, is no longer to be a subject of scorn. The enthusiastic and energetic young men of the Apex Club, giving up many of their Saturday afternoons in organised working-bees, have laid a system of water pipes, top dressed and planted the whole area with turf, pledging themselves to raise the sum of one hundred pounds towards defraying the cost. A splendid piece of community service, which has earned our most grateful thanks. The Minister for Education and the Departmental heads fully appreciate the splendid work done under the President of Apex, Mr. Larkey, and the secretary, Mr. G. Williams.

"The Minister for Education has recently established District Councils of P. and C. Associations for the purpose of the formation of central school libraries. The object is the exchange of books between schools, the idea being to foster in pupils the love of good literature. Plans have been made to institute the scheme early in the New Year. Another function of this District Council will be the consideration of arrangements for the transport of school children.

"Next, there is one important and pleasing duty, and that is to thank that very large number of public spirited citizens who have
so liberally assisted the school in many useful ways. In this connection I refer to the Mayor and Aldermen for the use of the Sports Ground and various other playing fields, and also to the trustees of the town tennis courts and of the Presbyterian tennis courts. There are also a number of people who acted as timekeepers, judges and starters at our various sports carnivals. The Committee of the Bathurst School of Arts continued its favour of honorary membership of the Library to our Fifth Year students. Superintendent Scott and his staff have always rendered prompt assistance to the school when called upon, and have attended sports meetings to render first aid. And now, the beautiful floral decorations on the stage are the gift of Mrs. May. To all the foregoing, on behalf of the school, I offer thanks and appreciation.

Prize winners of the year 1938 received the presentations as follows:

Dux of School year 1938: Heather Tangye.
Fifth Year: Second prize, Kenneth Glasson; third prize, Edwin Cutler.
Fourth Year: First prize, Mary Piper; second prize, Barbara Wark; third prize, Verna Willott; general proficiency, Lorna Ray, Yvone Snow.
3AB: First prize, Margaret May; second prize, Kathleen Ray; third prize, June Shrub; general proficiency, Olive Glassy.
3C: First prize, Hope Thurling; second prize, Hubert Brennan; third prize, John Macqueen.
2A: First prize, Bruce Sheaves; second prize, Oswald Croulan; third prize, Lilian Hooper; general proficiency, Eric Hibbs.
2B: First prize, Lorna Dibley; second prize, Arnold Willott; third prize, John Eromovich; general improvement, Dudley Fulton.
2C: First prize, Daphne Ellis; second prize, Keith Tumby; third prize, Gwen Bottrell; general proficiency, Betty Eyre.
1B: First prize, Margaret Redding; second prize, Fay Johnson; third prize, Frederick Simson; general proficiency, Myrtle Osborne.
1C: First prize, Bruce Mitchell; second prize, Gordon Flownight; third prize, eq. Gwen Warren and Bruce Hill.
1D: First prize, Donald Macqueen; second prize, Frank Cox; third prize, Allan Bayliss.
1E: First prize, Edward Mitchell; second prize, Norma Weston; third prize, Dulcie Clarke.
Headmaster's prize: Boy captain, Kenneth Glasson; girl captain, Gladys Sherer.
Special Prizes: Social Service: Dudley Fulton. 2B; Gladys Sherer, 5th year; Betty Lewins, 4th year; Esmé Gordon, 4th year; Norma Bisley, 4th year.

SPORTS TROPHIES

Len Nixon and Margaret Stirling Cups: Gladys Sherer and Kenneth Glasson.
Cup, Ex-students v. Present Students, won by Ex-students.
Charters Cup for Basketball: Evans House (Gladys Sherer, Captain).

Swimming Cups: Girls (senior), Netta Patterson; (junior), Betty Elliott. Boys (senior), Noel Rhodes; (junior), Alex Bedwell.
Ball Games: House Banner won by Blaxland House (Gladys Sherer, Captain).
Girls' Tennis: Burge Cup, Jean Davey, third year. Class championships: Fifth year, Gladys Sherer; fourth year, Norma Bisley; second year, Patricia Gibbons; first year, Betty Meyer.
Junior House Football: Atkinson Cup, won by Blaxland House (Ron Donovan, Captain).
Athletics Shield: Won by Evans House (John McKee, Captain).
Sports Blues for Girls: Tennis, Jean Davey, Gladys Sherer; hockey, Gladys Sherer, Norma Bisley; athletics, Norma Bisley, Jean Lloyd; swimming, Netta Patterson; athletics champions (senior), Norma Bisley; (junior), Jean Lloyd; (sub-junior), Myrtle Osborne.

HONOUR BOARDS

Prior to the Old Students' reunion dance in the Assembly Hall at the end of the second term last year, the Leaving Certificate and Captains' Honour Boards were unveiled by the Acting Chief Inspector of Schools (Mr. J. G. McKenzie, B.A., B.Ed.).
At the conclusion of the ceremony, Mr. A. Godfrey, honorary secretary of the Old Students' Union, made a presentation to Mr. McKenzie, and handed to Mr. Fraser a cheque towards the cost of the boards.
The boards are of Queensland maple, and were prepared by Mr. R. P. Stirling and Mr. R. Stirling, Junr. The lettering was done by Mr. A. J. Pickup and his son.
Mr. McKenzie expressed the greatest pleasure he had derived from being present at the various functions during the day, and commented on the work of the two associations for their work in connection with the Honour Boards.
Following is a complete list of the names enshrined on the Honour Boards.

CAPTAINS

1927.—RONALD CAMPELL — PATRICIA FRASER THOMPSON.
1928.—FRANK N. HAMMOND — MARJORIE LAMONT.
1929.—LEONARD F. NIXON — JESSIE M. BIRD.
1930.—ANTHONY G. WORTHINGTON — MAISIE GRANLEES.
1931.—ADRIAN WHITE — STEDDY BROWN.
1932.—IAN N. MEADOWS — ENID C. HOLMES.
1933.—REGINALD J. TAYLOR — MARGARET MULVEY.
1934.—RICHARD J. PHILPOT — NONI N. BRAHAM.
1935.—J. DOUGLAS PINKERTON — BISSIE BIRD.
1936.—HAROLD E. COLE — JEAN E. SWANSON.
1937.—RAYMOND E. MEYER — AUDREY J. MUTTON.
1938.—KENNETH R. GLASSON — GLADYS M. SHERER.
LEAVING CERTIFICATE EXAMINATION — HONOURS
(H I = First Class Honours)
(H II = Second Class Honours)

1927.—WILSON, Ralph D., French H II, Maths. H I.
1928.—THOMPSON, Ann Fraser, English H I, French H I, Latin H II, HOLMES, Marjorie D., English H I.
1929.—PRIDDELE, Raymond A., Maths. H I, Physics H I, HOLMES, Marjorie D., English H I, HAMMOND, Frank N., Physics H II.
1930.—GARDNER, E. Doreen, English H II, RAY, Jean M., English H II.
1938.—GLASSON, Kenneth R., History H II, REDMOND, Daphne G., History H II, TANGYE, Heather M., English H II.

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EDITOR'S THANKS

* * *

The Editor of the “Burr” offers his thanks to all who have helped towards the publication of the School magazine by submitting contributions. Unfortunately, owing to the fact that the “Burr” must be restricted in size, it has been possible to use only

a small selection of the students' original work, and it is hoped that disappointment will not be felt by those whose works have not been published. They have at least the satisfaction of knowing that they did not shirk their responsibilities in this matter and the Editor is deeply appreciative of their very valuable help.

* * *

FIRST AID

* * *

The teaching of First Aid has been introduced at Bathurst High School. The work is of an interesting and valuable nature and a knowledge of its prepares us more fully for greater service to our fellows. The School is greatly indebted to Mr. R. G. Scott, of the Bathurst Ambulance Station who, often at great personal inconvenience, has given his services on two mornings of each week to assist in the instruction of the students.
POET'S CORNER

* * *

MAIDEN HAIR

* * *

Tiny, pretty leaflets green,
'Tween the rocks you may be seen
Smiling at the flowers and trees
As they flutter in the breeze.

Growing, growing day by day,
Playing with the sunbeams gay,
Pretty leaflets, Oh, so rare,
Queen of fern is maiden hair.

—E. McPaul, 1C.

* * *

MY HOME

* * *

Way out in the wild blue mountains
Where the eagle seeks its prey,
Where the bush birds sing a carol
At the opening of the day.

Where the gum trees seem to whisper,
And the soft night wind to blow;
Where the mist is floating gently,
And the clouds are hanging low.

That's where I long to wander,
That's where I long to roam.
For out there in the mountains
Is the place I call my home.

—Wilma Cox, 1A.

* * *

THE WIND

* * *

I come from a country far away
And travel around the world in leisure.
With cloud and tree and river I play,
And all the world is bright with pleasure.
But sometimes I rage and storm and blow,
While passing o'er ocean, o'er plain, o'er snow.
I screech, I roar, I shrill and scream,
I lash the waves in a feathery foam;
Then on and on again I roam.
I carry the clouds to many lands,
And often I play on golden sands.
From them I pass to mountain and plain,
And around the world I travel again.

—Ruth Tobin, 3A.

* * *

I'M ONLY FOUR

* * *

I'm just the only one at home—
There's no one left to play,
Because the others all have gone
To stay at school all day.

I followed them a little way,
I peeped in at the door;
But teacher said I could not stay
'Cause I was only four.

I wish I could; I'd not be late
Like other little boys;
I'd rather have my rag and slate
Than all my baby toys.

I'd love to sit and spell and write,
And study 'rithmetic.
Oh dear! I guess I'll try my best
To grow old very quick.

—E. Bullock, 1C.

* * *

SPRINGTIME

* * *

See the wattle trees all blooming
With their blossoms waving fair.
See the little lambskins frisking
In the balmy springtime air.

Listen to the children playing;
Merrily they sing and shout
As they romp upon the grasses,
And chase each other round about.

See the azure sky above us;
See the sweeping emerald plain.
Let us lose our cares and sorrows,
And happy be in springtime's reign.

—Elaine Bullock, 1C.

* * *

AUTUMN

* * *

The autumn leaves are tinged with gold
And cluster on the ground;
They leave the poor trees in the cold
Until new coats are found.

Gold and yellow, brown and red
Float gently on the breeze,
And form a soft and coloured bed
Beneath the poor, cold trees.
The little birds now face the chill
Of autumn's colder wind;
They fly to other parts that will
To them be warm and kind.

In homes the fires begin to burn;
Babes round the hearth now play,
And shiver at cold winter's turn
That autumn heralds on the way.

* * *

THE BROOK

* * *

Trickle, trickle runs the brook
On its merry way
Past rocky crag and ferny fen,
All the livelong day.
Can you hear its happy song?
Yes, if you wait but long.
It sings of butterflies and birds,
As it meanders on.

It hears the children of the town,
Shouting at their play;
And faintly the voice of the city,
At the close of a busy day.

For all the cares and troubles,
This little brook has none;
It happily bubbles along
Through every setting sun.

* * *

AT EVENTIDE

* * *

The sun was descending behind the blue mountains
As we cantered along in the cool of the day
Past mossy green hedges and clear running fountains,
With my only companion my sure-footed grey.

* * *

SNOWDROPS

* * *

Little ladies, white and green,
With your spears about you,
Will you tell us where you've been
Since we lived without you?

You are sweet, and fresh, and clean,
With your pearly faces;
In the dark earth where you've been
There must be wondrous places.

—Patty Cosgrove, 1A

THE LANDSCAPE

* * *

There stretches the golden sand,
There rolls the foaming sea;
All the children, hand in hand,
Are romping joyfully.

Far out upon the horizon
The gulls go flying by;
And what is that I see?
Why, just the bright blue sky!

—Del McMillan, 1C

REFLECTIONS

* * *

Oh! come for a bushland ramble
Now the sun is setting low.
We'll hear the wild birds singing,
Watch where the bunnies go.

For I love the bob-tailed bunnies,
With their coats so brown and grey,
And their long sleek ears that flutter
As they turn to bound away.

And I love to see the shadows
And I love to hear the breeze;
I would love to hear the secrets
It whispers to the trees.

—Wilma Cox, 1A

THE OWL

* * *

In the silence of the evening
When I am snug in bed,
I hear an old owl hooting
In the chimney overhead.

I sometimes often wonder
What he wants to say
To his playmate sitting near him,
Whom he never sees by day.

—Jean McFaul, 1A

A STORM

* * *

O, the great wild wind comes roaring
 Across the western plain
On its broad bosom bearing
Red dust and cloud and rain.

You can see the tall trees bending,
The branches sway and swing,
As it rushes through them gaily,
Like a reckless Elf and King.
I can see the small birds flying,
And the hawk is on the wing;
King Storm is on a rampage,
We must make more room for him.

And now the storm is over;
We hear the sound no more—
The constant lashing of the rain
Or thunder's sudden roar.

There's a fresh look on the hillside,
And a soft and pleasant breeze;
Deep pools of muddy water,
A just-washed look on trees.

—Wilma Cox, 1911

POVERTY

Ambition urged him like a merciless goad;
Great power seemed the only joy in life;
All else insipid, fickle was to him.
The Caesar-madness gripped his youthful heart
And taught him to betray, to sell his soul
For conquest, potent leadership and strength.
He chilled his heart until, from long disuse,
All tender feelings fled to ne'er return,
While barren greed and self-love ruled supreme,
Excluding all that made life sweet and real,
And so his gentle mother has been lost;
The youthful comradeship of schoolboy days
Is slaughtered; precious gifts, without a thought
Discarded, they can never be regained.
To quell a mob with lordly wave of hand,
Command, control, with fear to be obeyed;
These were his aims, his way to happiness.
The simple joys of spring and trilling bird
To him are dead; the blue expanse of sky,
The merry sun, and Nature bubbling joy
On ev'ry side, to him are meaningless.
His soul rejects the sweetness of a song
Although his ear receives it, and he hates
The rhythmic lift of melody and dance.
Responsibility and jealous guard
Of what is won weigh down his anxious heart;
Suspicion turns each new found friend away.
Desire fulfilled, he knows no happiness,
He may have might, he may have wealth and strength,
But ah! how poor the man without a soul.

—Copyright 4th Year

DAY'S END

As slowly dim the light of dying day,
The sun's great golden rays, which seem to hang
As fairy-woven curtains, in a purpling sky,
Fade, ere reaching night's first blackened fang.

And to the east the sky is wan and grey,
A wafting breeze o'er hill and vale, has sprung.
The evening star is twinkling in the sky
By whispering trees; day's death knell has been rung.

And slowly night's black cloak enshrouds the land,
So softly does the silvery moon slip in.
Nature's happy children sink to rest,
And quiet reigns in place of daytime's din.

—J. O'Hara, IA.

THE OUTCAST

He swiftly ran between the swaying trees,
And glanced behind him, saddened by some thought.
He saw his homeland spread before his eyes,
The mountains, shadowed faintly mauve and grey,
With crowning wreaths of ruffled, snow-white clouds,
Rose steeply from the castle 'neath the crags.
Once more he looked, with longing in his heart.
The wind moaned softly in amongst the trees.
He turned, determined not to look again,
And passed forever from his father's lands.

—Kathleen Ray, 4th Year

THE OUTCAST

The tramp gazed back on the desolate track;
He had travelled for many a year.
The troubles and strife, the hardships of life
Had caused him many a tear.

He pondered on dreams, on youthful themes
That had inspired him when a youth;
The race he would run, the evil he'd shun;
His motto, justness and truth.

The success he won 'ere life begun
Conquered life's discretion.
All he could outpace in life's race;
His one thought and expression.

But fate is so strange; he could not arrange
What the future would hold for him.
He lived a full life till trouble and strife
Had settled on every whim.

Now he has no home; he just has to roam;
No longer the world he can face;
He's weary and worn, clothes tattered and torn,
A sinner, outcast in disgrace.

If he could but go from this world of woe
To a better land far away,
Cares would all depart from his weary heart
And joy his kingdom sway.

—Yvonne Snow, 5th Year.
JUNIOR FARMERS' CLUB

* * *

The Junior Farmers' Club has maintained its numerical strength of previous years, there being about sixty members engaged in the following projects: vegetable growing, cereal growing, calf rearing, poultry raising, ram lamb raising, beekeeping, fruit growing. There are also a number of members from farms engaged in pasture improvement and in the collection of insects, seeds, weeds and grasses, and fodders. About ten girls members are interested in jam making and fruit preserving.

The club extends congratulations to those members who have been successful in the 1938-39 projects. Bob Flynn won the Peacock Cup for the aggregate number of points in the last show. This is the third year in succession that the cup has been won by him and he therefore becomes its proud possessor.

To take the place of the Peacock Cup, the Rural Bank has donated a cup valued at three guineas.

The competition for the best spring garden was also won by Bob Flynn, who will hold the Anderson Cup for a year. John Macquenie gained second place, with Don Bourke third.

The competition for the best 1/10th acre of mixed cereals was won by Edgar Haynes, with Ian Webb second; while the winner of the contest for a smaller area was Bob Flynn, with Jack Schofield second.

The Abercrombie Cup was won by Bert Cooke with his two acres of wheat, and Edgar Haynes was the successful competitor for the Turon Cup for two acres of oats. In both these contests Cutler Bros. filled second place.

Bob Flynn was again the most successful competitor in both the contests for 1/10th acre of tomatoes and a plot of onions.

Despite the adverse seasonal conditions the series of competitions was highly successful. This success was in a very large measure due to the untiring efforts and encouragement of Mr. E. Harvey, Secretary of the Advisory Committee, and the “man behind the gun.” We wish to thank all the members of the Advisory Committee, under the chairmanship of Mr. Trevitt of Kelso, for their advice. We would particularly thank Mr. Ebbneh who has given up so much of his time to help the club in all ways.

The competitive displays of 1938 and 1939 surpassed those of any other year in every detail, and it is hoped that the display next year will be even more creditable.

At the last Bathurst show, Mr. S. Williams, Past President of the A.H. and P. Association, collected in the vicinity of £25, and this will be used to finance Junior Farmer projects. The club will advance two-thirds of the money required by any member to finance his project. The advance is to be repaid on the completion of the project, and we hope that members will take advantage of the assistance offered and use the funds for the purchase of bees, poultry, pigs and sheep.

The club is desirous of more members. We feel sure that if more boys and girls knew of the interesting work that is being done, and of the assistance that is provided, not only extra shelves but also wall space would be required to display the fruits of our efforts.

* * *

Social and Other Activities 1938 - 1939

* * *

A field day was held last year at the home of Mr. V. Taylor, who gave an interesting address on all aspects of poultry breeding. The lecture was both interesting and instructive. The boys were afterwards entertained at afternoon tea by Mrs. Taylor.

Last October the club held its annual banquet. The prizes for projects of the previous year were presented, and both junior and senior farmers spent a very enjoyable social evening. A junior committee has been formed which meets once a month. The office-bearers are Ralph Sutton, president; Ian Webb, secretary; Arthur McGregor, treasurer. They appeal to boys and girls to join the movement, and remind them that the chief object is not the winning of prizes but for the boys, interest and knowledge to be gained. Certainly there are prizes to be collected at shows, but that should be only a very secondary consideration.

—R. Sutton, 5th Year.

The social activities of the school commenced last year with the term dance, which was particularly successful, and resulted in £8/8/9 being donated to the fund for the Honour Boards.

In the second term the Astley Cup dance was held in the Masonic Hall, which was beautifully decorated for the occasion by the members of the Parents and Citizens' Association, who were also responsible for the preparation of the supper.

Fourth Year's farewell to Fifth Year took the form of an afternoon tea, at which valedictory speeches were given by members of Fourth Year.

As a sign of the School's appreciation of the generosity of the Town Tennis Club on Sports' Days, a concert was held at school and its proceeds, £3/3/-, were presented to the club.

One of the outstanding events of the year was the unveiling, by Mr. McKenzie, Chief Inspector of Secondary Schools, of the High School Honour Boards—one for the School's captains and the other for the Honours passes in the Leaving Certificate examination.

On both Anzac and Armistice Days a floral cross, made by the Fourth Year Girls, was placed on the base of the Carillon after commemorative addresses had been given to the school by Mr. Fraser, the Head Master.

Play Day was held at the end of the year in the School Assembly Hall, the following plays being presented by:—

Fourth Year (Mr. Connor): "Find Beverly Brown."
2AB (Miss Hughes): "The Bishop's Candlesticks."
2C (Miss Gough): "Cousin Chloe."
1A (Mr. Williams): "The Unexpected Always Happens."

The proceeds of Play Day went towards the payment of the Honour Boards.

Many addresses of great interest were given at the School during the year, and included an address by Mr. Mutch on Early Australian Exploration, Safety First addresses by members of the police force, addresses on Empire Day and League of Nations Day,
and a series of talks on China by Mr. Chapman.

1939

During this year two term dances have been held, the proceeds of the first being given to the Union towards the purchasing of an Intermediate Honours Board and the proceeds of the second dance towards the financing of the publication of the "Burr."

A very interesting address was given to the School by Mr. Morrow on Empire Day. The members of the police force have given a Safety First address. On Anzac Day Mr. Fraser addressed the School, and a floral cross made by Fourth Year girls was placed on the Carillon base.

The outstanding social event of the year was the entertainment of the visiting Astley Cup teams from Dubbo. The social was held in the School Hall, which had been tastefully decorated for the occasion, and a most delightful evening was spent.

League of Nations Day was observed on Wednesday, 23rd August, when interesting addresses on the work and hopes of the League were delivered by Rev. J. Thomson and the following students: Betty Northcott, 1A; William Laird, 2A; Margaret May, Fourth Year.

Since the painting of the interior of the School, many students have shown a desire to improve the appearance of the class rooms by bringing pictures to be framed, and by cleaning the old ones. The School offers its thanks to all who have assisted in this way.

-E. Gough.

THE SCHOOL LIBRARY

During 1938 and 1939 many books have been added to the various branches of the Reference Library, particularly to the French, Geography, English, and History sections. The number of periodicals purchased for the Library has increased considerably, thus providing the latest information on current events as well as on matters of geographical and general interest. Many of these have proved particularly useful to the junior classes. The purchase of the additional books and periodicals is made possible by a grant from the funds of the School Union.

Several generous gifts of books have been made to the Reference Library recently, and our thanks are due to Mr. Cox, late of George Street, for twenty-five books, and to the Education Department for thirty-two French books, including the works of some of the most popular French novelists.

A pleasing feature of the Reference Library this year is the increased number of borrowers. Although these are mostly from the senior classes, a greater interest is shown by the juniors, and many have availed themselves of the opportunities thus offered to them.

The Library is at present being re-classified and catalogued according to the Dewey System in force in all large public libraries. It is hoped that by the end of the year it will be so systematised with a subject catalogue, as well as an alphabetical catalogue compiled, that its value to pupils will be greatly increased. The High School is the centre for the circulating school library, from which four units of new books are periodically made available for High School pupils. In accordance with the library scheme recently inaugurated by the Education Department it is hoped that the library shall become an important and constantly used centre for the pupils' activities in all subjects, as well as a valuable source of information and enjoyment for recreational reading. The pupils' recreational reading is perhaps even more important than the reading connected with school subjects, as it is through this that an enduring interest in reading is mainly fostered. This section of the library is greatly in need of replenishing with new and up-to-date fiction, and books on hobbies and subjects of interest outside the school curriculum.

-Lorna E. Hall, Teacher-Librarian.

BOYS’ SPORT

FOOTBALL

This year’s football season has been an enthusiastic and keen one. On most Wednesdays over ninety boys have been actively engaged in team play, and the standard, though a little ragged at the outset, has gradually improved. The teachers in charge, Mr. Burrows, Mr. Grater, Mr. Keneally, and Mr. Williams, have willingly given much of their own time to training, and the results have been gratifying.

It is well to keep in mind now that physical training is being pursued with such vigour, that most of our boys come to their exercises in good physical condition, for Wednesday afternoon is by no means the only period when active sport is indulged in.

Elsewhere in this issue there is an account of the Astley matches played by our firsts, while at the end of this article will be found comments on individual players of the first fifteen. The Firsts had indeed had a feast of football, playing in six Saturday competition matches, two Astley fixtures and five practice matches, in addition to ten intra-school matches between two senior teams, known as the Emus and Kangaroos. At present they, with two other teams, are leading in the town competition. Training has been held on two afternoons a week and attendance has been regular.

The under six stone seven team, trained by Mr. Burrows, has been successful in winning the competition between themselves, "Stannies" and "Pats." Among them are many promising players, led by their hard-running captain, L. Tonkin. Congratulations, Six Sevens.

Our under seven stone seven team were not so successful in their competition against "Stannies" and "Saints," but came up smiling after each match. Some of their players have shown good form, and should make the school team next year. They were trained by Mr. Keneally.

The giants, our five seven League combination, have acquitted themselves admirably. Trained by a third year boy, Eric Evans, to whom our thanks are due, they are at present leading, with "Pats," in their competition.

In addition to grade matches six junior house competition fixtures have been played. There was keen rivalry between the
houses, and many of the matches were more exciting and close than the inter-school grade fixtures. Wentworth, captained by L. Tonkin, won with twenty points, and Evans was second with fourteen points. In many ways this house competition is the most important part of our season’s activities, since it affords an opportunity for all junior boys to learn the game.

Football is indeed a grand game, and life has little better to offer than an exhilarating, fluctuating battle between two evenly matched teams. However, it is well to remember that success and real enjoyment do not come without conscientious training, training which often calls for boring repetition and stern mental discipline. Perhaps it is in this that the real value of football lies.

We have followed School tradition by appending notes on individual players. It is hoped that they will be of real value to these players, and also to others who read them.

**INDIVIDUAL PLAYERS**

**Alec Bedwell, Full-back:** Has developed into a sound full-back, though he is in the first season in this position. Catches and kicks well, though at times is liable to get flustered. Somewhat overaddicted to butterfly tackles.

**Winston Sutton, Half-back:** Has conquered his earlier trouble in not clearing the ball swiftly. Is an opportunist and quick to see an opening, though a little slow off the mark. Will probably be a star next year.

**John Millard, Five-eighth:** Early in the season proved himself a brilliant breakaway, and when transferred to five-eighth performed well. Somewhat addicted to wild passes, but is capable of breaking through dangerously.

**John McKee, Inside centre:** Superb tackler and robust runner. Off the mark like a flash, and very elusive. Can pick a ball up from any position. Does three men’s work and takes the dumps as if they hadn’t occurred. Has conquered earlier disinclination to talk to his team and now captains well. On occasions stands somewhat close to his five-eighth.

**Sam Bullock, Outside centre:** A personality player with most of the attributes of a brilliant footballer. Possesses an effective swerve and a devastating side-step. No need to mention his speed. A feature of his play is interception, from which he has scored many runaway tries. A sure tackler but employs a method dangerous to himself. Being so speedy and plucky he has to take many falls.

**Tim Mugridge, Wing:** Probably the most improved player in the team. Has learned to tackle low, to go down on the ball and to follow up all movements. In recent matches has brought off some brilliant saves. As yet has not learned to swerve or sidestep effectively.

**Charlie Austin, Wing:** Good tackler and sound handler, but is somewhat slow off the mark. Has a good sidestep and tricky dummy, but too often allows them to carry him into the forwards.

**Frank Wildes, Lock or breakaway:** The best tackler in the team, going so low that frequently brings men down by the soles of their boots. Solid rucker and good opportunist. May we have him next year.

**George Simpson, Second row:** An excellent forward, dribbling and handling well. Very useful in line outs. With a little more
keenness could become a real match winner.

Ralph Sutton, Second row: Probably our best forward, and a good pack leader. Always on the ball and a good send in the rucks. On occasions a little slow to take an opening.

Sam Harp, Front row: Vigorous and keen with a good turn of speed. Frequently becomes bewildered and gives away penalties. With a little more experience would confound his critics.

Bill Ives, Rake: An excellent rake and a sure handler, but frequently lags behind the play. We must remember that Bill is only a second year boy. Should do very well next year.

Charlie Warburton, Front row: A second year boy and a newcomer to the game, but shows great promise. Can mix it with the best.

Eric Evans, Front row: A handy utility man who has played in many positions. A tiger in the ruck, a good tackler and hard runner. Of far more value to the team than is generally thought. Should cultivate a sidestep and swerve.

Jack Bourke, Breakaway: A very plucky forward who, despite his light build, spoils many opposing movements. Seldom misses his man, and has ability of being in handy positions but is too slow off the mark to take advantage of them.

Ray Sims, Second row: One of our keenest footballers. Excellent tackler and shrinks nothing. A little inexperienced as yet, but watch him next year.

Ken Meadley, Second row: A good loose forward, very quick to grasp an opening, but should learn to run harder. Another player who will develop.

John Browne, Front row: Was shaping well but a knee injury put him out of many matches. As a back has fatal tendency of watching the opposition and of running into forwards. Has done well as a forward.

Sam Willott, Winger: Another keen young player who tackles excellently and takes all that's given. Also inclined to watch his opponents.

Gordon Plowright, Winger: With keenness and experience could develop into a second Sam Bullock. Possesses beautiful swerve and useful turn of speed. If he takes his football seriously should be of great value next year.

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CRICKET

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Cricket at the Bathurst High School during the 1938-39 season maintained its very high standard as in past years. No doubt this was due to the well organised house system controlled by the house masters and house captains.

In the junior house competition many juniors participated, and showed great promise. It is hoped that they will still show the same amount of interest in future years. Through a consistent effort Lawson, with 16 points, are the leaders in this competition, which will be continued next season. Wentworth are second with 14 points, while Blaxland and Evans fill the minor places.

The senior house competition proved of great interest because of the evenly balanced teams. In this series the younger members of the senior teams played excellently against the bowling of the older players. The leaders in this competition are Lawson with 14 points, while Evans are second with eight points, Blaxland and Wentworth are the minor place-getters. As with the juniors, this competition will also be continued next season.

On Wednesday, March 15, the Bathurst High School representative XI entertained the sister school, Orange High, in the annual fixture at the Bathurst Sportsground. The Bathurst team consisted of 164, A. Thompson, R. Plowman, and A. Fitzell being prominent with the bat. Shute, Bullock, Bayliss, and Sheaves gathered the wickets with 3/33, 2/38, 3/20 and 2/38 respectively for Bathurst High. Thompson and Fowler were the disturbing influences with the ball, and shared the wickets for Orange High.

The defeat of the local side may be attributed to lack of experience on turf wickets, and the seniority of the Orange team, and also nervousness displayed by the younger members of Bathurst High's team.

The members of the team were:

C. Sheaves: A medium fast bowler, fair with the bat, but has a weak defence.
A. Kneale: Forceful bat and fair fielder.
R. Shute: Has a weak defence, but a forceful bat; an excellent field; a good medium fast bowler.
A. McGregor: Hard hitting junior, but has a poor defence. A good spin bowler and an excellent field.
R. Lloyd: The smallest member of the team. The best slip field in the team, and a good defensive bat.
T. White: A junior of promise with bat. A good change bowler.
C. Austin: The Oldfield of the team, that is, an excellent wicketkeeper. Sound with the bat.
A. Willman: A diminutive member of the team a keen fielder.
A. Bayliss: Proved his ability as a change bowler. A forceful bat, and a good fielder.
R. Stewart: A young batsman of very great promise, with a dogged defence. He may well become the star batsman of the School.
S. Bullock, Captain of the team: He has figures prominently in school cricket for several seasons. The most enthusiastic and accurate field the School has possessed for many years. Regarded as the all-rounder of the side. A forceful batsman and a fair bowler.

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SWIMMING

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The annual swimming carnival took place on Wednesday, 8th March, at the Bathurst baths. Although the weather was rather unfavourable, the carnival was an outstanding success. The standard this year was excellent and competition was keen and exciting.

The inter-school relay was won by the Primary School team by a very small margin. The House competition was won by Blaxland House, with Lawson House second.

In the senior division Noel Rhodes was outstanding, while other very successful competitors were H. Mugridge, G. Simpson, C. Taylor, and W. Ives. The cup for the junior division was won by Alex Bedwell, with J. King, R. Sargeant and P. Elliott runners up.
Boys' tennis at the school this year still retained the high standard of past years. In order to gain selection for the Astley Cup team a tennis "ladder" was employed, and the following team was selected: C. Sheaves, B. Sheaves, K. Sheaves, S. Bullock (Captain). The team proved its merit by defeating the strong Orange combination at Orange by the close margin of three games.

Dubbo then visited Bathurst and again the Bathurst boys were successful, winning five sets to Dubbo's one set.

In these successes, both at Orange and at Bathurst, the first pair, B. Sheaves and S. Bullock, lost only two sets.

The team takes this opportunity of thanking Mr. Barnes and Miss Crawford, who gave up much of their time to coach the teams, and also Mr. O'Connell for his valuable hints on the finer points of the game.

At the school courts tennis has proved popular, and some promising players have been found. The courts at present are being reconditioned, and thanks are extended to Mr. Little who has made this work possible.

During the last term there should be a great interest in this sport, for Mr. Rayner, of William Street, has generously promised to present a cup for a boys' singles championship. This competition will be conducted on similar lines to the "Burge" cup competition for girls, with replicas for the champions of each year.

"SMASH."

ATHLETICS

The Pacey Shield and Burlington Cup

The 1939 athletic meeting of the Bathurst secondary schools provided even more interest than usual because of an additional trophy, The Burlington Cup, donated by Mr. Kelly, and to be won by the school scoring the greatest number of points in the sub-junior and junior divisions. Also, the entry of St. Patrick's into these annual meetings keyed up the competition still further. We extend a welcome to the newcomers.

For B.H.S. Bullock was the outstanding performer. It is interesting to conjecture what difference in points would have occurred had Tcece been available for St. Stanislaus'. However B.H.S. was stronger (in two points) this year than last, namely, in team work and condition. It is to be hoped that aspiring athletes for the 1940 meeting keep this in mind.

Hal Holmes did a fine jump to reach 4ft. 8in. The work of the sub-junior and junior relay teams was excellent—and the wins a fitting reward for the painstaking preparatory practice. By the same token Sam Harp deserved his win in the mile. The whole competition showed that thorough training is a big factor in such meetings.

The B.H.S. won both trophies—the Pacey Shield and the Burlington Cup. To hold them it must look to its team work next year.

In the last term our own sports will be held and we are hoping for a very keenly contested competition, both in house and individual events.

THE 1939 ASTLEY CUP

After months of almost feverish anticipation and of rigid but enthusiastic training, this mecca of High School sport was reached. It will certainly take its place among the foremost of these memorable contests, not because Bathurst won, but because of the rapid fluctuations of fortunes, the sustained interest and the high standards attained in each branch of the competitions.

First came our trip to Orange on 19th July. Thursday morning saw the staging of the athletics and, at the end of the morning Bathurst hopes were high, for we were victors by sixteen points to nine. Combining remarkable stamina with speed and determination the versatile Sam Bullock won the hundred, the two-twenty, the high jump and the broad jump, and came second in the hop, step. Fine team work enabled both boys and girls to win the relay events. As an example of the high standards achieved Bullock's wonderful leap of twenty feet six inches may be mentioned.

In the afternoon came tennis. Orange was successful in the girls' and the mixed, while Bathurst annexed the boys' by a narrow margin. The Orange teams played excellent tennis, showing both enterprise and accuracy. The whirlwind tactics of Fowler, their mainstay, was a big factor in their victory in the mixed, while their girls' team combined well. Our three Sheaves brothers and Sam Bullock played doggedly and Bathurst's victory in this section was a meritorious one.

Came Friday morning and with it the hockey. For years Bathurst had tasted defeat, but now they dared to hope. Unparalleled enthusiasm in training had brought an undefeated record in the town competition. The game was keen and fast, with Bathurst attacking most of the time but failing to clinch the movements. Then Orange scored, spurring our girls to greater efforts, rewarded at length by a goal, and so the game ended, a draw. It is perhaps invidious to select individuals for special mention, for all played well, but it is difficult to pass without comment on the vigorous play of the ubiquitous centre-half, Gladys Sherer, the stalwart defence of our full-backs, Barbara Wark and Peggy Harris, and the pretty stick work of Nancy Dunford.

In the afternoon came basket ball and football. Accurate goal throwing by Florrie Pearce enabled Bathurst to hold the Orange girls to a draw, so we came to the football match with—Orange 49 points, Bathurst 46. It was a combat characterised by hard running and solid tackling. Bathurst were considerably lighter, but made up for it by speed and condition. Ab Thompson, hero of inter-city matches, proved a stumbling block, for he scored the whole seventeen points for Orange, but on countless occasions the thirteen stone ten of him came down hard. It was easily the game the Bathurst team had played, and every one of the battery thought he had had it. Of a very good pack, R. Streeve, Evans and Simpson were prominent, while W. Streeve, Orange, McKe, and Bullock shone in the backs. McKe's tackling and piercing runs, and Bullock with his vision, seemed likely at any moment to snatch victory for the boys, but the leaves remained on the branch.

In football the outcome was decided by Bathurst in the last quarter, and the mighty 1-0 was the final score. Brilliant work by R. Streeve and W. Streeve, took the place of McKe and Bullock, and the coveted
the season, has held his team admirably. So the game ended—17 to 14—and we returned from Orange defeated by 74 points to 46. While there we were right royally entertained, and every game was fought out in a spirit of good sportsmanship and friendly but very keen rivalry.

Next came the news that Dubbo had defeated Orange by 74 ½ points to 46 ½. Highly placed mathematicians were summoned, and they discovered that if Bathurst defeated Dubbo by 75 points we would win the series. The hope seemed rather forlorn, though one tipster infallibly proved that if we gained second position in the high jump we would win by half a point.

There is little need to dwell upon the contests held at Bathurst, since all the School were present at each of them. At first it seemed that rain, our infrequent visitor, would spoil everything, but with judicious juggling of the programme with a little help from the capricious weather gods, enabled every event to be staged.

The athletics were won by Bathurst, 18 points to 7. We had begun to think that Sam was invincible, but Finch, an outstanding sprinter from Dubbo, captured the hundred and two-twenty, winning the latter by six inches. However our athletes gained first and second places in the three jumps as well as winning the relay. Perhaps the highlight of the morning was the winning of the 75 yards girls' sprint by Dorothy Bullock, a second year girl. Apparently it wasn't her family habit.

Then came a real surprise. For years Dubbo has remained undefeated in basketball, but the Bathurst girls refused to be overawed and played with unexpected vigour and skill. Despite the slippery ground they achieved swift and accurate transfers and soon notched a substantial lead. Then it was Dubbo's turn, and they fought back gamely until the final whistle saw them only one behind the victors, the scores being eight to seven.

The football brought forth very favourable comments from the many outsiders who were present. Though the ball was greasy and the ground muddy, fine movements were seen from both sides. Dubbo had a lively pack of forwards, and their backs, though somewhat light, tackled excellently. A good proportion of the team have a few more years in front of them, and should prove to be very doughty opponents in the future. For Bathurst, Evans was perhaps the pick of the forwards, while McKee and Bullock refused to be dampened by conditions adverse to their usual style of play. Bathurst won by 22 to 14.

The hockey was won by the home team, four goals nil. Carrington Park was a quagmire, but the ready kindness of the Men's Hockey Association enabled the Showground to be procured. Here the girls fully vindicated the confidence placed in them, and displayed excellent combination. They removed with a vengeance the hoodoo that has rested for so long on our teams.

Next morning, thanks to the splendid efforts of the curator of the town courts, we were able to play the tennis. As at Orange, we were beaten by 20 points to 10. The Dubbo girls had come with a reputation, and it was certainly deserved. Our boys, led by the inimitable Sam, and ably supported by the three Sheaves, remained unconquered for the series.

So it ended—Bathurst 93 points; Dubbo 27—and the coveted cup was ours.
It is impossible to end this account without commenting on two aspects of the victory. First the versatility of Sam Bullock and Gladys Sherer. Not only did they represent the School in every possible section of the competition, but they were outstanding in each. It was indeed fitting to see them associated in the mixed tennis. Secondly, the meritorious performance of the girls. As we have noted, their victories in the hockey and basket ball events marked the turn of a lengthy ebb tide, and in all contests they showed spirit and skill, and proved that they had trained honestly and well.

**THE MULVEY CUP**

Two years ago, during the course of an address at a High School function, Dr. Mulvey outlined the advantages of school debates and urged that such a competition should be conducted in association with the Astley Cup games, and generously offered to donate a cup for such a competition.

Suggestions and correspondence followed, and Dr. Mulvey’s proposal was adopted, and the Mulvey Cup for debates is now an important feature of these inter-school visits, and the three high schools interested sincerely thank Dr. Mulvey for his personal interest and practical help.

Dr. Mulvey is an “old boy” of Maitland High School, which is proud of his many academic achievements. He served with distinction in the Great War, winning the Military Cross. As president of our High School P. and C. Association he has always been eager to assist the school in every possible way. The new trophy has already added zest to these inter-school visits, and the “Mulvey” will become as much coveted as the “Astley.”

Dr. Mulvey is a keen debater, and while practising in the Oberon district was largely responsible for the success of the Oberon Debating Society.

The new trophy is a handsome one, and merits the very best from those selected to take part in this competition each year. Details of the first debates are recorded in this issue.

**The Mulvey Cup Debates**

The debates for the attractive challenge cup presented by Dr. Mulvey were inaugurated in conjunction with the Astley Cup games. As a preliminary several class and inter-class debates were arranged, and the honour of being members of the first Mulvey Cup Debating Team fell upon Kath. Ray, Barbara Wark, and Anthony May, with Mary Piper as reserve speaker.
The final choice was not a simple matter. Peggy Grater, Margaret May, and Netta Patterson proved to be capable, and their efforts in the class debates materially assisted towards the high standard achieved, and we congratulate Netta on the high praise she received in the local Press for her dramatic ability.

The first debate took place at Orange, but despite solid preparation the Orange team convinced the judges “that medical services should be controlled by the State and administered like education” by 216 points to Bathurst’s 156.

Arguments were put forward in a clear delivery, and the team work was splendid. Anthony May was adjudged the best speaker, and the systematic planning of the logical arguments presented evoked general applause.

Altogether the debate at Orange was very keen, and the result was not apparent to those present until the adjudicators’ decision was announced.

The second debate took place at Dubbo during the visit of the Orange teams. We have not received any details of this debate, but Dubbo succeeded by 82½ points to 72.

The final contest occurred at Bathurst, the Dubbo team being the visitors. Our team successfully maintained “that a democratic type of government was preferable to government by a dictator.”

Bathurst team was led by Anthony May, whose opening address was delivered in a clear and calm manner. He was splendidly supported by Barbara Wark, whose remarks called for special praise from the adjudicators, who commented particularly on her splendid vocabulary and excellent argumentation. Kath. Ray was analytical, and her strong support definitely helped towards the success of the team in this debate.

The Dubbo team deserve special mention for their sincerity, especially the leader, who spoke in a convincing manner.

We are under a debt of gratitude to the chairman, Dr. Mulvey, and to the adjudicators, Mr. Morrow, B.A., District Inspector of Schools, The Very Rev. Dean Holmes, M.A., and Mr. R. W. Peacock, all of whom helped towards the success of the function.

One most satisfactory feature was the comment by Dean Holmes that there were extremely few grammatical errors made by the youthful speakers, who spoke for over one hour.

The Bathurst team was in charge of Mr. F. V. Little, and received valuable guidance from Mr. Reg. Baillie, a widely experienced debater, who bestowed much of his valuable time in coaching our team.

In each of the three debates the “home” team was successful, but Dubbo gained the highest aggregate points, and the honour of being the first school to hold the Mulvey Cup.

Details of the point score are as follow:

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<th>Dubbo</th>
<th>Bathurst</th>
<th>Orange</th>
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<td>76</td>
<td>84</td>
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<td>158½</td>
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The punishment

One night at midnight I tried to turn over, but alas! I could not, as I was tied to the bed. I could just see the middle of my hair, and to my amazement I saw a lot of little men about two inches high. One of them said, "I will be judge. Is that the punishment? If so, let the first witness step up." A little man in navy came up and said, "Please your good man, I am Geometry. I asked the accused what a triangle was. He said it was a figure bounded by three straight lines." "Isn't that right?" queried the judge. "No sir. A triangle is a figure bounded by four straight lines," said Geometry.

"Dear me, that is bad," said the judge. "Next witness please." A man in gold stepped up, and bowing, said: "Your Honour, I am Latin. The prisoner was asked who Julius Caesar was, and he said he was an ancient Roman who captured Britain." "That is right, isn't it?" asked the judge. "Indeed no, sir! Julius Caesar was a Briton who worked in a machine-gun factory," replied Latin. "Very bad indeed!" exclaimed the judge sternly. "Next witness please." A pretty lady in green came up and said: "I am the goddess of French. The captive wrote 'la femme, feminine' instead of 'le femme, masculine, a woman.'" "Shocking! Shocking!" exclaimed the judge. "Another witness please." In came a nice little young man in grey. "Sir," he said, "I'm English. She was asked to parse 'to' in the phrase 'to the door,' and she said that 'to' was a preposition governing 'door' in the objective case." "The judge replied: "I have forgotten all my English, but I'll trust you to tell me what is right." "Well," said English, "'to' is a common noun governing 'door' in the possessive case." The judge groaned and said, "The last witness," A little old man who was bent and dressed in black came in and said, "Sir Judge, I am History. The culprit was asked who Captain Cook was, and she said that he discovered the east coast Australia. But that is wrong! Captain Cook was an American who invented Cook's Caramels. They are delicious," said History. "I'll die soon if this does not stop," said the judge. "Let us dispense and decide what we will do to punish her." The little men dispersed, and soon came back and said: "We have decided that, as there are to be no more hangings, we will hang her in the draughty old class-room in the old tumble-down building instead of in the beautifully decorated rooms in the new building." Then they all vanished, and that is why 1A lives in the old building.

Dedication

An old house, a sunset scene and the faint musty smell that pervades a half-used building proved a setting in keeping with the thoughts of Professor Adam as he contemplated the antiquated otto above his head. "Out of evil cometh good," he read, and ever knew that it applied to himself. Failing in health from the press of pleasure he had at length turned to serious work, and so we find him, his task completed, seated in his laboratory. Ruth stood beside him, disbelief clearly outlined in her still youthful face. This Ruth was his daughter, very truly his daughter indeed, with all his impetuous qualities for good or ill stamped her face. "I have finished," he said. "My task is done." The girl had enquired the nature of his task, at which she had...
laboured so long. Her father's face had seemed to glow, not with pride alone, but with joy in a task well done.

"Here, take it, the precious cure for every ill in life. To me was the task assigned, to you I bequeath it. Within this box I have sealed a vintament, the physical panacea long needed in the world."

"Then we are rich," cried Ruth. "This very box alone I value at thousands of pounds."

A spasm, as of pain, creased the old man's face, and slowly he replied, "My daughter, would you sell this to those who could buy freedom from pain? No! the formula is destroyed. To you I leave the task of going abroad among our fellow sufferers to minister to their needs. As for me, my time is done; I am ill."

"Then cure yourself."

"No, why should I live? Ill health cannot intimidate me; suffering can teach me much; I have long since lost the desire for life. Go, Ruth, and carry out your mission."

And with the new day as it dawned, Ruth journeyed forth.

Through every walk of life her path led her, and while she healed she blindly groped for mental healing for herself.

The little ivory box had half been used in its miraculous curative work before it occurred to the girl to watch the after effects of its application. Thus she found that those whom she made of its application. Thus she found that those whom she made.

whole in body had need more of an ointment for the mind. Old pleasures which had claimed her seemed now to lose their flavour, and the new Ruth Adam walked proudly, her mind free from petty cares of dress and jealousy. Perhaps she became too serious, yet life for her comprised so many scenes of humour and tragedy intermingled.

Once in a shabby house which winked behind white jasmine vines she spent the night. A joyous night this was, with tea and toast by a winter fire, in an atmosphere of friendliness warmer than the tea or flame. Ruth, in her new mission as healer, would have liked to transplant many people to these surroundings, for she knew how important a part home life can play in mental and physical health.

Here, too, in this house there would have been work for her ivory box; yet by intuition Ruth forbore mention of it, knowing that the daughter of the house, who suffered from asthma, could never have been happier or more content.

As time went on the supply in the ivory box slowly diminished yet left in its wake men, women, and children freed from pain.

Then came the day when but two application remained, each a complete cure for any disease.

Ruth chanced upon a leper child. In vain she coaxed the little creature to dip its emaciated hand into the box to apply the cure. The pitiful child eyes regarded her with distrust and no sign of comprehension. At length she risked its touch and did the deed herself.

Glad to have given this poor mite an opportunity of life in all its abundance, she went her way feeling even as the Master must have done on similar occasions.

After the lapse of a few weeks Ruth knew that she had contracted the 'dread disease.'

Ah! the blessed joy in knowing of the power lying dormant in the last remaining liquid in that much travelled box. How sweet the expectation of wholeness again, to be clean, to laugh at the wind in her hair and joy in her own power of movement.

Delaying, while she contemplated the strangeness of her now completed mission, the girl walked slowly down the lighted city streets.

Faint, sweet strains of an old violin drifted, advanced and retreated from an open window nearby. This had at first been a background to, but now interrupted Ruth's thoughts.

Stepping over to the lighted window the girl was delighted at the scene within. The light revealed a picture in keeping with the music she had heard. Blue curtains, a shabby couch, and a young boy, his violin tucked in a masterly fashion beneath his thin pointed chin, formed the central objects of attention, while a bowl of roses and the music gave life to the sombre stillness. Drawn by some unexplainable current of emotion, Ruth passed nearer, and presently the lad's dreaming vision became fixed upon her face as the light revealed it. He did not start, he smiled slowly and asked, "Do you like Wagner too?"

Feeling strangely at loss she murmured: "I er like your playing."

"Oh, everyone says that I could learn so much more if I had time."

"Time, she echoed, "you have years and years."

Something begotten of stoicism overcast the lad's face and he said:

"No, I have only six months longer; you see no doctor gives me hope; I am dying."

The boy spoke quite unreservedly of the nature of his illness, and Ruth's first thought was towards the ivory box. Realisation of its scant contents made her gasp. To cure meant sacrifice too great to consider. Not to cure meant failure at her mission's ending. Yet she barely battled with herself, full realisation of greatest deeds never comes till later.

She gave the boy the box, and instructions, and turned away.

A young genius whose violin delighted thousands often thought of that night as a dream, but a woman who heard of his fame knew to her cost the grim reality of it, yet she had grown so strong in faith and love that perhaps she was even a greater success than he.

—Betty Gordon, 4th Year.

**FATE TAKES A HAND**

Even at nine o'clock in the morning there were indications of the terrible storm which was to take place in the afternoon. Lucy's wide blue eyes were filled with apprehension as she heard the storm-god mumbling to himself in the distant purple hills, and her nervousness made itself manifest in her movements.

When Dick, her husband, was about to depart for his shift in the lumber camp four miles distant, her fear got the upper hand and she clung to him and begged him not to go, saying that the mortal fear of the Coolamon River which had always possessed her, had her in its coils. Further questioning by Dick dragged forth the admission that her parents had been drowned in the river,
THE BURR

and that in the night she had been awakened by an inexpressible feeling of danger. Dick made light of it and promised her to be back before nightfall, adding that the river was quite easy to ford.

He departed, whistling bibly he strode along in the bright sunshine with his axe across his broad shoulders, but when out of her sight he came to a halt, and his face was white beneath its healthy tan.

"Well!" he muttered, "so she feels that way about Old Man Cocaloon too. Thank heaven I have never told her of my fears and dread of the river."

His face was worried as he hurried along to the place where he usually forded the river, and he growled denance at it as he splashed knee-deep through the hurrying yellow waters. The river did not alter its tone of bland chuckling where the water ran across a vein of quartz, and Dick could hear it as he walked along the verdant path between the white-splashed trunks of huge gums. He forgot some of his troubles as he glanced about, for he loved nature, and he had ample scope for the expression of his love. Here and there in the bush a wattie tree blazed up like a golden Roman Candle among cool sombre surroundings, and waratahs reared their beautiful fiery heads nestling in cool green collars.

For hours Dick was so busy with his axe that he did not more than glance at the sky. He was very startled at about three o'clock to hear the fast approaching storm heralded by its heavy artillery. The sky over the iron-stone range was a tumultuous mass of dark, whirling clouds, illuminated for brief periods by tongues of bluish light which writhed like impotent serpents before apparently burrowing their way into the hillsides.

Ten minutes to the frantic preparation and nature went mad around them. A large gum tree suddenly opened out like some weird flower as it felt the vicious bite of the lightning, and then settled with incredible slowness into a charred smoking mass. The engine-house shook as the blast hit it, and seemed to cower into the hillside for protection. Day became night, and as the gloom was pierced, a weird picture was made by the giant recumbent logs glistening with water, and the highly-polished circular-saws reflecting the lightning.

Dick waited till the worst was over and then dashed off through the dripping woods with the tang of wet bark and leaves strong in his nostrils. While still many hundreds of yards from the river he could hear the rushing roar, and the volume of sound was terrific by the time he came in sight of it. The small stream of the morning had vanished, and in its place was a turbulent river of about a hundred yards width.

Dick fell back with a gasp and the image of his wife's face rose up sharply before him. He walked to and fro with his promise to Lucy torturing his brain and suddenly, with a shriek of defiance, he dived. As soon as he hit the water, the river clutched him with a force that aroused panic in him. He fought his enemy hard and every foot of progress was an unbelievable effort. Twice he almost surrendered, and only a derisive chuckle from the waters caused him to ply his falling strength. The crossing was an eternity to him, and he lost track of time. It was an almost unbelievable sensation when he felt the wet mud of the bank beneath his falling hands.

He clambered out and rose shakily to his feet, and at the sight of the river groaning at its lost prey he went temporarily mad, and howled and raved at the rushing waters. He turned to walk through a shallow pool and, with a crack of doom, fate in the form of a heavy bough dropped from above and dealt him a sufficiently heavy blow to stun him. The splash of his body falling face-downward in the shallow pool was drowned by the noise of the river, but hideous yellow bubbles danced on the surface of the pool for a short time and then all was still. But no: a snaky arm crept into the pool where the swollen river was rapidly rising, and before long the water was all around his body. Slowly, very slowly, the river claimed its prey. With a faint gurgle the victim slid into its ravenous jaws . . .

EXTRACT FROM THE "LUMBER-MAN'S TIMES"

"Richard Westinghouse, popular young axeman, was drowned yesterday while attempting to swim across the flooded Coolamon. Despite warning from his fellow-workmen he insisted in attempting to swim across the flooded river, an impossible feat which has never been performed. He is survived by his widow and infant son."

—A. G. May, 5th Year.

THE SOLDIER'S DREAM

of the river.

The soldier fell back into a vacant "junk-hole," exhausted, too weary and soul sick to plough his way back through the foot of chocolate mud and shush, to the comparative safety of the "dug-out."

A few hours previously, he and three companions had left the shelter of the trenches and crawled out over No-Man's Land to erect more barbed wire entanglements. He had returned to make his report to his superior officer; the others were awaiting summons to a far higher tribunal. He was a tall gaunt figure of premature manhood, this young soldier, the haggardness of his face accentuated by the mask of clay it had collected as he had crawled on his stomach through the mud. He pulled his Balaclava cap down over his ears, and hugged his thick military coat more tightly around him, and with a sigh that was a sob, his head fell forward dejectedly.

"Oh God," he moaned, "Why am I here?" and with his eyes closed, the embodiment of misery, he stood ankle deep in freezing shush, while the guns rumbled on, as if from the throats of some vast herd of disgruntled monsters.

The faint glow, caused by the spasmodic illumination of the sky by star shells, and the occasional appearance of the feeble moon far above the swollen mass of cloud, deepened, softened, and took upon itself a greenish hue; while the tangle web of murderous barbed wire yielded, imperceptibly, to a swaying mass of trees, ropes and clinging sticky vines of tropic growth.

In spirit he felt uplifted, glowing; a mysterious presence wrapped him in a mantle of wellbeing and content. The roar of battle grew rounder, fuller, and became the echo of something else, the resounding of water thundering down a cliff face to rage upon rocks below.

Realisation came to him; this was home—Australia. This liquid lapping greedily around his ankles, paralysing all action of his muscles, was not the dank, dark filth of a foreign field. He was once more wading in the crystal clearness and coldness of the
and everything seems to be done with the Inter. in view. As this
dread monster draws near and all time is spent in ceaseless study,
the feeling comes that he must read a book or die; the latter
probably being preferable. When the Inter. does eventually
arrive it is a great relief to be able to sit down and write without
having to study. The most enjoyable aspect of the exam. for him
being to study. The most enjoyable aspect of the exam. for him
is the knowledge that all the teachers are at his beck and call,
walking from on tip-toe and ready, at the slightest indication, to
hand out twenty sheets of writing paper.
The Inter. over comes a lovely, lazy time, and the year closes
on a happy note.
A Fourth Year student’s most prominent idea seems to me to be
that exams. are over for all tife. The half-yearly creeps upon
him, and when he has sat for it and failed in it comes the rather
unpleasant awakening to the fact that exams. still do exist.
The next thing he wonders at is that, when a First Year, he
had such a respect for the Fourth Years, and it doesn’t seem possible
that the present First Years have any respect for him by the
way they speak to him.
The illusion that Fourth Year is a year of peace and little work
is quickly dispelled, and is never again fostered. The work becomes
still harder, and I shall leave you where it is becoming harder, be-
cause that is as far as I have gone in Fourth Year.
—Kath. Ray, 4th Year.

CAMPING

Camping! Why do we go camping? Many centuries ago man
was said to be uncivilised when he slept in a cave and cooked over
an open fire. But still thousands of people migrate each year to
the seaside resorts in order to camp. I am convinced now that
nature is grand, when people resort to holidaying with mosquitoes,
flies, fleas, and other crawling creatures of the world.
Each night when camping the mosquitoes are paraded in full
force, and having done the Lambeth Walk in one ear, they waltz
around and do the Woolshed Hop in the other, with delightful
musical accompaniment. These pugnacious pilgrims of the night
never seem to tire of their sport, and carry on their injurious task
until, when one is finally forced to rise, one’s face looks like
America’s Grand Canyon. But still people go camping.
And when the great red dawn is rising, so is everything else,
from the bumble bee to the baby in next door’s tent, who exercises
his lungs until mum pushes a bottle of milk down dearie’s throat.
Mum then arises and sweats over an open fire cooking the
steak for breakfast, which on the table is delightfully flavoured
with fly relish. Or perhaps one’s entree is a plate full of shell grit.
Then mum dabbles out a few clothes and hangs them out on the
ten rope to dry. Suddenly the clothes fly through the air with the
greatest of ease, and all the campers rush out to see these
mysterious messages from heaven, only to find on investigation
that mum’s washing is covered with dust.

Slowly and silently the black clouds begin to bank up in the
sky, and then the whole world is still, at about midnight, the storm
arrives. There is a great commotion within the tent; the fly (a
very appropriate name) flies away, and mum, dad, and kids, Anne
Boleyn style with their clothes tucked underneath their arms, have
to run for shelter. Camping! Ugh!
Mr. and Mrs. Tent No. 8 come in for a game of bridge, and
about half way through the game the lantern flickers out, and no
matter how much one “rubbers,” she will not light again. Then
follows a game of follow the leader, until a palletty piece of candle
is found, and the game continues.
“Mid pleasures and campings
There’s no place like Home.”
—Olive Aspinall, 4th Year.

DAVID XIV.

(By WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.)
Edited and vitiated by Clive Hamer, Prefaced by Professor
I. Stringem, M.U.G. (Kelso University).

PREFACE

While demolishing a building in the famous Australian town,
Snake Gully, the demolisher was amazed and astounded to come
across an old and important document, written by William Shake-
speare. It took the form of a play called “David XIV.” and
revealed some of the earlier history of that centre, which was hitherto
unknown.

With the introduction, I would advise the reader to refer often
to the Editor’s notes. Mr. Hamer has taken great pains in preparing
these notes, and the play would be useless without them.

I am,
I. Stringem.

ACT I

Scene: Snake Gully Square. Thunder and
lightning. Enter King Billy V. and Queen
Maud.

1 Maud: How now, my lord.
Billy: O, dearest chuck, I fear our son goes
mad.
He speaks to me of one he loves so dear:
From Gundagai the lady comes, methinks.
And fairer than the daughter of Cato,
Whom Brutus wooed in days of mighty Rome.
She casts her spell upon his fondly soul,
To draw him to her for her husband won.
Maud: Forget not, Lord, that we were young
ourselves.

10 And Cupid shot his arrow blindly out.
Now I am forced to endure, like fool,
The presence of your majesty, and how! (Exit)
Billy: 2 Woe to the hands that spoil Snake
Gully’s pride.

Our days of decadence draw on apace;

15 Cruel fortune wipes us off the globe, and
spreads
Her hands across the eyes of Dave, to blind
Him, as the god who stirs his sleepy soul.

Enter David

Wake up, thou fool, and look what thou hast
done!
THE BURR

50 Another reign I'll end before it starts. (Stabs himself).
   And hope I do not break too many hearts.
   (Dies.)

                                 (Exeunt Dave's arms.)

*   *   *

—Clive Hamer, 4th Year.

THE LUCKY ESCAPE

Another arrow quivered into the wood above his head.

The white man dived, but all was still. The silence of the tomb followed the sullen whistle of the "feathered death." Cautionary he levered himself up, peered through the door of the hut, and ran his eye along the graceful trees nodding in the breeze, but

there was sign of neither man nor beast.

Slowly the sun began to set, and the air became cold. The clear-cut clouds were silhouetted for a moment against an orange sky, and at last were absorbed by darkness. Hours went by, but the white man could not sleep. The thought that he must keep watch banished all desire for slumber. Another arrow might come.

Swifter and swifter than the rest, and leave him dead; and he did not want to die. He would go down fighting to the last, as only a Briton can.

Ah! What was that? Something, someone, moving outside the hut.

Suddenly he heard a sullen, subdued knocking, as though someone was trying to attract his attention or cut a way through the flimsy walls. He turned to look, and as he was on the point of rising to his feet something hurtled through the door on to his bowed back.

For a moment he was stunned, and then, regaining his senses, he began to fight desperately, furiously. After an interminable period of staggering and hearing he was aware for the first time of the fact that his antagonist was a native. He caught glimpses of savagely bared teeth, bulging face-scarfs, and a copper bangle. Without a sound the fight went on, one striving for mastery, the other for his life.

Through the doorway of the hut they stumbled, twisting and thrusting, straining and squeezing. The white man, although he fought and struggled and exerted his powers to the utmost, could gain no advantage.

At last he felt himself weakening; his heart was thumping painfully; his breath was coming in long-drawn sobs. The native was slowly but surely overpowering him.

The end was not far off.

All the space before the hut was furrowed and trampled with their twisting feet, and the dust was thick in the night air. Suddenly

the white man struck his foot against a projecting stump, stumbled and fell. In a moment his enemy was upon him, knife in hand, knee on his victim's chest.

For a second, which seemed to last for all eternity, the white man watched the gleaming blade, then

"Camera stop!" shouted the director to the camera man. "That's no good! Now we'll have it all again from where the nigger comes in. Put some vim into it; act lively, and look more savage. You're not a crowd of old women. Switch on now!"

—W. Laird, 2A.
THE FOOTBALL MUDD-MATCH IDEA

Considering that Bathurst has just experienced its first spell of winter wet weather, it is only fitting that someone should put pen to paper and give a brief description of the play, thoughts and language of the players in the first football match of the season to be played in wet weather. On consideration it might be better to exclude the last of the three topics mentioned.

To get down to tin tacks; the match is only a pick-up from players in the school. The ground is a mud-bath, and a steady stream of rain is falling. One or two of the players have even been indiscreet enough to appear on the field in white shorts. Ha! They won't be white long, grimly think the members of the opposition.

The referee appears on the scene, attired, strange to say, in umbrella and goloshes. The whistle blows, and somebody kicks off. It does not matter who, as the players have only one idea, and that is certainly not to play football. Anything but that.

As far as the casual observer can make out, it is a mud-fight that is in progress in the middle of the field. We say the middle of the field, because that is the muddiest patch on the whole field. Were there a muddier place, that is where the players (?) would certainly be.

Our observer is shocked. Surely, he reasons, no band of scholastic youths would descend to such an ignoble pastime as mud-larking. And where, he asks, are those two clean youths attired in white legwear whom he had seen only a short time before parading in the dressing room? Poor man! Does he not realise that white shorts on a wet day to the modern youth what a red rag was to a bull in the good old days? Those two lily-white innocents, my dear sir, are now transformed to those two raging maniacs who are fighting everyone within reach.

Up till now we have seen little of the referees, but he suddenly comes to light with a shrieking whistle, and awards a free kick to a pile of mud which has hurled a portion of itself at somebody else, and which the ref., endeavouring to show how to play, brilliantly intercepted (under the impression that it was the ball) in the eye. Our poor referee sadly leaves the field, and his position is taken by a stronger-willed man. There is a frantic hunt for the ball, and the play settles down to a more but mainly less perfect imitation of an elephant taking a mud-bath. The latter similarity is particularly noticeable during the scrums—though it is certainly an unusual thing, as our observer mildly observes, for an elephant to kick its front legs with its back legs, and vice versa.

Suddenly, with a long, hard, clean run (if such is possible) our mud-besotted centre tears up the field and scores a brilliant try. He slides the last twenty yards on his face, but no one notices that. He is about to kick a goal, when the ref. (who, we are now sure, is playing for the other side), meanly blows his whistle for half-time.

There is a friendly interchange of compliments among the players at half-time, consisting chiefly of large globules of mud slung at one (when one isn't looking) from behind. The whistle blows for resumption of play . . . Somehow we have not the courage to witness the second half of this tragic drama of life . . .

—John Millard, 5th Year