BATHURST HIGH SCHOOL

THE STAFF 1939

Headmaster:
MR. A. D. FRASER, M.S.M., B.A.

Deputy Headmaster:
MR. H. S. STEWART, B.Sc.

Supervisor of Girls:
MISS E. F. GOUGH, M.A., Dip. Ed.

Department of English:
MISS E. F. GOUGH, M.A., Dip. Ed.
MR. J. WILLIAMS, M.A.
Mr. W. McFAUL, B.A., Dip. Ed.
MISS D. J. READ, B.A., Dip. Ed.
MR. G. WHALAN, B.Sc.

Department of Languages:
MR. A. D. FRASER, B.A.
MISS E. GLAVIN, B.A., Dip. Ed.
MR. J. KENEALLY, B.A., Dip. Ed.

Department of Mathematics:
MR. A. L. BURROWS, B.Sc., Dip. Ed.
MISS E. CRAWFORD, B.A.
MR. L. GRATER, B.Ed., MISS J. THISTLETHWAYTE, B.A.

Department of Science:
MR. E. HARVEY, B.Sc. (Agr.)
MR. S. W. M. PRYOR, M.Sc.
MR. H. S. STEWART, B.Sc.

Department of Commerce:
MR. F. V. LITTLE, Dip. Ec.

Department of Handicrafts:
Woodwork: MR. E. BARNES
Metalwork: MR. W. E. WILCOX
Home Economics: MISS E. SHANNON
Needlework: MISS G. M. HAIGH, Dip. W.H.C.

Teacher-Librarian:
MISS L. E. HALL, B.A.

“The Burr” Editorial Staff:
Editor:
MR. W. McFAUL, B.A., Dip. Ed.
Assistants:
MARGARET MAY, KATHLEEN RAY, PEGGY GRATER

EXAMINATION RESULTS

As the “Burr” was not published in 1938, the examination results for 1937 are published in addition to those for 1938.

LEAVING CERTIFICATE

Key to Subjects

1. English.
2. Latin.
3. French.
4. Mathematics I.
5. Mathematics II.
7. Modern History.
9. Chemistry.
10. Geography.
11. Art.
12. Lower Standard Maths.
13. Economics.
14. Physiology and Hygiene.
15. Dressmaking.
17. Domestic Science.
18. Agriculture.

Successful Candidates, 1937

BISLEY, John H.—IB, 5A, 5B, 7B, 10H2, 11A.
BISMIRE, Marie.—IB, 5B, 6B, 11B.
CRAWLEY, Jean L.—IA, 3A, 3B, 8B, 11B, 16 pass.
HODGSON, Enid O.—IA, 2A, 3B, 5B, 15B, 16 pass, 17B.
KENT, Alice M.—IB, 3L8, 3B, 6B, 14B.
MEYER, Raymond E.—IB, 5B, 6B, 10A, 11B, 17B.
MUGRIDGE, Nellie M.—IB, 3B, 6B, 8B, 11B, 17B.
MUTTON, Audrey J.—IA, 2B, 3B, 5A, 5B, 11B.
NEWTON, Esme J.—IA, 3B, 5B, 8B, 11A, 17A.
PALMER, James W.—1H1, 2B, 3B, 5A, 6B, 10H2, 11H1.
PAUL, Terence Scott.—IB, 2B, 5B, 6B, 11L.
PRATT, Nancy C.—IB, 5B, 8B, 14B.
WHITE, Eldred G.—1H2, 3B, 8H2, 11L, 17B.
WITHERS, William F.—IB, 3G, 6B, 7B, 10H1, 11H2.

Successful Candidates, 1938

CUTLER, Edwin W.—5B, 6B, 7B, 11L, 23B.
GLASSON, Kenneth R.—IB, 3B, 5B, 8H2, 11A.
KELLY, Geoffrey M.—IB, 3B, 8B, 11L.
SCHOFIELD, Gordon W.—IB, 5B, 6B, 8B, 11B.
SHERER, Gladys M.—IB, 3B, 6B, 8B, 11B.
TANGYE, Heather M.—1H2, 8B, 14L, 15A, 17B, 19B, 22B.
INTERMEDIATE CERTIFICATE

Key to Subjects

1. English
2. History
3. Geography
4. Mathematics I
5. Mathematics II
6. Latin
7. French
8. Elementary Science
9. Physiology
10. Business Principles
11. Technical Drawing

Successful Candidates, 1937

ASH, Stanley C.—3B, 4B, 5B, 11A, 18B.
BEARD, Gordon L.—2B, 2A, 4A, 5A, 6A, 7A (O), 11A, 18A.
BELL, Jean L.—1B, 4B, 5B, 21B.
BENNETT, Hazel G.—1B, 2A, 4B, 5B, 11B, 15B, 22B.
BISLEY, Norma E.—1B, 7B, 20B, 22B.
BOTTRELL, Esmie.—1A, 2B, 4B, 5B, 7B, 22B.
BRINDLE, Weston E.—1B, 5B, 7B, 18B.
BYROM, Charles J.—1A, 2B, 4A, 7A, 7B, 11A, 11B.
CAMPELL, Robert H.—1B, 2A, 3A, 4B, 15B, 23B, 24B.
CLARKE, Clive C.—4B, 5B, 19B, 25B, 26B, 28B.
DAVEY, Roy.—2B, 3B, 4B, 11B, 15B, 18B.
FLEMINGER, Gordon D.—1B, 2B, 4B, 5B, 7B, 11A, 15B, 18B.
GORDON, Esme M.—1A, 2B, 4B, 5B, 7B, 11B, 22B.
Gwilliam, James P.—3B, 4B, 5B, 11B, 18B.
HICKSON, Ian.—1B, 2B, 4B, 9A, 7B, 11A, 18A.
HICKSON, Thelma.—1B, 4B, 11B, 22B.
HIGHAM, Eileen J.—1B, 2B, 3B, 11B, 15B, 22B.
HUMPHRIES, Clare M.—1B, 2B, 4B, 7B, 11B, 21A, 22B.
JUDSON, Evelyn M.—1B, 2B, 4B, 7B, 11B, 22B.
KEEFE, Maxwell A.—2B, 3B, 11B, 23A, 17A, 18B.
KNEALE, Allan E.—1B, 2B, 4B, 5A, 7B, 11B, 18B.
LEWINS, Betty.—1B, 2B, 4A, 5B, 21A, 22B.
LUTHER, Vida L.—2B, 3B, 4B, 5B, 11B, 22B.
LYNEHAM, Bern C.—1B, 2B, 3B, 4B, 5B, 7B, 11A, 15B, 18B.
MAGUIRE, L. V. R.—1B, 2B, 3B, 4B, 5B, 7B, 11B, 15B, 22B.
MEDARIS, Harold.—2B, 3B, 4B, 18B.
MERCER, Stella A.—1B, 2B, 11B, 15B, 22B.
MILLARD, John E.—1B, 2B, 4B, 5B, 7B, 11B.
MURNAPE, Katherine A.—1B, 2B, 2B, 3B, 11B, 15B.
MURNAPE, Mary M.—1A, 2B, 3B, 5B, 11B, 15B, 22B.
PALMER, John A.—1B, 2B, 4A, 5A, 11B, 18B.
PATTERSON, Frederick.—3B, 4B, 17A, 18B, 26B.
PEARCE, Florrie.—3B, 14B, 20B, 22B, 26B.
RAY, Lorna M.—1B, 2B, 4B, 5A, 5B, 7A, 11A.
ROBINSON, Norma J.—1B, 2B, 4B, 5A, 7B, 11B, 22A.

Successful Candidates, 1938

ASPINALL, Olwen.—1B, 2B, 4B, 7B, 11B.
AUBIN, Joan.—1B, 4B, 5B, 7B, 11B, 15B, 22B.
BIDDINGTON, Joan.—1B, 2B, 14B, 15B, 20B, 22B, 28B.
BURRE, Jack.—1B, 2B, 3B, 15B, 18B.
BOUROE, Norma M.—1B, 14B, 20B, 22B.
BOYD, John.—1B, 2B, 4B, 5B, 11B, 18B.
BULLOCK, Warwich W.—2B, 3B, 5B, 11B, 15B, 18B.
DAVEY, Jean.—1B, 3B, 5B, 7B, 11B, 25B, 22B.
GLASBY, Olive M.—1A, 2B, 4B, 5B, 6B, 7B, 11A.
GLASSON, Viva M.—1B, 2B, 4B, 5B, 11B, 22B.
GORDON, Elizabeth H.—1B, 2B, 5B, 5B, 11B, 15B, 18B.
GUNN, John.—11B, 2B, 4B, 24B, 26B, 28B.
HAMER, Clive A.—1B, 2B, 4B, 5B, 6B, 7B, 11B, 18B.
HARP, Samuel J.—1A, 2B, 3B, 4B, 5B, 6B, 7B, 11B.
HARRIS, Margaret.—1B, 5B, 11B, 22B.
HAYNES, Grace.—1B, 2B, 4B, 5B, 7B, 11A, 22B.
HIBBLE, Betty N.—1B, 5A, 7B, 11B, 21B, 22B.
JENKINS, Evan E.—1B, 2B, 3B, 4B, 5B, 7B, 11A, 15B, 22B.
JENNY, Winsome D.—1B, 2B, 7B, 22B.
LEWINS, Allen E.—1B, 2B, 3B, 7B, 11A, 18B.
MCMILLAN, Beryl D.—1B, 3B, 15B, 22B.
MAY, Margaret E.—1A, 2A, 4B, 5A, 6A, 7A, 11A, 22B.
MUGRIDGE, Henry E.—1B, 4B, 5B, 11B, 18B.
NORTHCOTT, Helen F.—1B, 2B, 4B, 5A, 7B, 11A, 22B.
PATTERSON, Eleanor K.—1B, 2A, 3B, 4B, 5B, 7B, 15B, 22A.
PILLENSON, Heather M.—1B, 2B, 7B, 22B.
PLANK, Jean M.—1B, 2B, 4B, 5A, 6B, 7B, 11A, 22A.
PRENSBERRY, Alice M.—1A, 2B, 7B, 11B.
PURSER, Alan J.—1B, 5B, 7B, 11A, 22B.
RAY, Kathleen R.—1A, 2A, 4A, 5A, 6A, 7A, 11A, 22A.
SHRUBB, Betty J.—1A, 2A, 4B, 5B, 6A, 7A, 11A, 22B.
SMITH, Frank R.—1A, 2B, 3B, 4B, 5B, 7A, 11A, 15B, 18A.
SMITH, Ronald R.—1B, 5B, 7B, 11A.
SPENCE, John B.—1B, 2B, 4B, 5B, 7B, 11B, 18B.
TAYLOR, Cecil L.—1A, 2B, 3A, 4B, 5B, 11A, 15B, 18A.
THURLING, Hope I.—1B, 2B, 4B, 15B, 22B, 28B.
TRENEMAN, D. O.—1A, 2B, 4A, 5B, 6B, 7B, 11A, 22A.
UBRIEN, Eri C.—1B, 2B, 4B, 5B, 11B, 15B, 18B.
WHITE, Lorna M.—1B, 2B, 4B, 6B, 7B, 11B.

SCHOOL NOTES

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PARENTS AND CITIZENS' ASSOCIATION

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The Association has a membership of 125, which is a considerable increase on the number of last year. The School is deeply indebted to the Association for its continued interest and support: in particular, for generous gifts to the Prize Fund, to the Honours Board Fund, to the High School quota for the Central Library Scheme, and to supplementing the departmental subsidy for fuel during the winter months. As in previous years, so again this year the Ladies' Committee has given splendid service in connection with the social functions of the Astley Cup week.

The Association meets on the last Tuesday of the month, and the office bearers would be greatly heartened in their efforts for the welfare of the pupils, to see an even greater increase not only in the number of members, but also in the attendances at the meetings.

Dr. R. D. Mulvey, M.C., is President, and Mr. E. S. Davey, 339 Russell Street, is Honorary Secretary.

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OLD STUDENTS' UNION

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The B.H.S. Old Students' Union has had a very successful year, due to the untiring efforts of its enthusiastic secretary, Mr. A. Godfrey, its treasurer, Mr. W. T. Moore, and a committee devoted to serving the best interests of the Union and therefore of the School. Regular social functions have been held. The big event of the year was the annual reunion on Saturday, 26th August, which was a marked success. Past and present students competed in football, hockey, and tennis for the Old Students' Cup, the result being that the Old Students retain the cup for another year.

The banquet at The Chelsea was a very happy affair. In the unavoidable absence of the patron, Mr. P. J. Moodie, the chair was taken by the Headmaster. Various toasts were honoured, and presentations made to the retiring secretary, Mr. Godfrey, to Mr. W. T. Moore, and to Miss Gwen Edwards on the eve of her marriage. There followed the dance in the School Assembly Hall, where "a good time was had by all."

The School is very grateful to the Union for its generous donations—to the Honour Board Fund, to the Prize Fund, and recently, to the gymnasium fund. We wish the Union well, and urge on our pupils who may be leaving school the desirability of joining up as members and thereby not only strengthening a worthy Association, but keeping alive their interest in the School.

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EMPIRE DAY

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Empire Day was celebrated in the Assembly Hall of the Bathurst High School on 24th May. After the saluting of the flag, the Principal (Mr. A. D. Fraser, B.A.), extended a hearty welcome to
Mr. G. A. Morrow, B.A., District Inspector of Schools, the Rev. J. Thompson and Mrs. Thompson, Jnr. and Mrs. Peacock, the Rev. M. McCulloch and Mr. W. H. Paul.

Mr. Fraser briefly outlined the inauguration of Empire Day and contrasted the splendid ideals and objectives of Empire goodwill with the recent happenings in other parts of the world. He then called on Mr. Morrow to address the assembly.

Mr. Morrow expressed great pleasure in being able to address the boys and girls of the Bathurst High School. He emphasised the fact that the ideals of Empire were more important and far-reaching than bonfires. He stressed the words of General Smuts, who said that we people of the British Empire lived within a framework of a system, but sometimes we did not notice its vast significance. He was a poor man who could not grasp the symbol of the crown and Empire. It was a kind of silken thread that bound us together. Mr. Morrow pointed out that these words were remarkable, coming as they did, from the lips of a soldier who was formerly an enemy leader against British troops during the period of the Boer War. We were indeed privileged to belong to the greatest and noblest empire the world has ever known and more and more we were realising its great significance, he said.

The speaker next referred to the League of Nations, and remarked that even though it had, for the present, lost a great deal of its power and influence, it would, he believed, blossom forth in all its strength. The message the League of Nations may yet give to the world was the Message the Shepherd gave us two thousand years ago—“Peace on Earth, Goodwill to Man.” The common aims of brotherhood must be realised, and it was to be hoped that the peoples of the world would realise that all are the sons of the Eternal Father and that all were enjoined to love their neighbours as themselves. Mr. Morrow urged that we must strive for world peace and for world-wide goodwill. It was sad to think that the boys and girls of to-day may have to face death at the hands of some other of God’s creatures. “So let us work and pray with all our being that peace may exist throughout the world,” he added.

“To-day we know of men who speak of the glory of war and of power and of force. But when the voice of the British Commonwealth of Nations is heard it says ‘We want peace; we strive for peace. But if war does come, do not think we are craven and will allow ourselves to suffer defeat.’ So we must be prepared. The feeling and spirit of our people is that we are among those who shine forth to make the world happier through peace and righteousness,” continued Mr. Morrow.

“During the last 30 years people have risen in rebellion. Tyranny and despotism have replaced democracy in some parts of the world, and a nervy world still wonders if there will be more cruelty and more horror. But amid all this the British Empire stands as a unifying force in the world to-day.”

The message Mr. Morrow left with the school was that the first duty of every boy and every girl was to be really and truly an unselfish member of the nation. The first and most important duty was duty to the Bathurst High School, which should be regarded as a miniature empire in which each one had a special duty to perform. In this way the school could be made one of the greatest things in the State. “Do the job that lies nearest and do it well. By your behaviour and general conduct in and out of school.
in your work and in your play, people will look up to your school and to you. In this way you will train yourselves for the tasks that will face each one of you in your later years."

Mr. Morrow concluded his address with a recital of the well known lines—"What a Little Chap Can Do," and the generous applause of his youthful audience amply illustrated how much his remarks were appreciated.

A vote of thanks, moved by Rev. Thompson and seconded by Mr. Peacock, was carried by acclamation, and the function terminated with the singing of Kipling's "Recessional" and the "National Anthem."

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ANNUAL INSPECTION

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The annual inspection in 1938 was conducted by the specialists of the Inspectorial Staff, with the assistance of the District Inspector of Schools, Mr. W. G. Lee, M.A.


The advance guard of this year's inspection in the persons of Messrs. R. G. Henderson, M.A., and K. Gollan, B.Ec., saw some of our work at the end of last term, but at the time of going to press the inspection had not been completed.

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SUPERVISORY COMMITTEE FOR THE LEAVING AND INTERMEDIATE CERTIFICATE EXAMINATIONS

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As is the usual practice, the examination of all candidates for the Leaving and Intermediate Certificate examinations was held in the Assembly Hall.

We are indebted to the many ladies and gentlemen of the committee who acted in a supervisory capacity, under the direction of the secretaries and assistant secretaries, the Very Rev. H. R. Holmes, M.A., Dean of Bathurst and Rev. E. M. Boyer (Leaving), and Rev. John Waugh, B.A. and Rev. M. McCullough (Intermediate).

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SPEECH NIGHT AND PRESENTATION OF PRIZES

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The sixth annual speech night and presentation of prizes of the Bathurst High School was held on Tuesday night, 13th December, 1938. The Principal, Mr. A. D. Fraser, presided, and there was a large gathering of parents and citizens. Included in those present was Mr. J. N. Lawson, M.H.R. for Macquarie and Parliamentary Secretary for the Treasury and Industry.

The prizes for the year were presented by the District Inspector of Schools, Mr. W. G. Lee. Mr. Lawson presented the sports cups, and the sports mistress, Miss E. C. Crawford, presented the sports blues.

In his annual report, Mr. Fraser stated that he would first like to extend a hearty welcome on behalf of the Bathurst High School to the representatives of the various public organisations present.

* * *

"The enrolment of the school in the first quarter was 456, 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, who has been in both A and one B. There were only six 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 Certificate examinations and enshrines 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 new Training School 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 that we thank 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 events. The Committee of the Bathurst School of Arts continued its favour of honourary 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 and elsewhere 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 Wiltott; general proficiency, Lorna Ray; Yvonna Snow.
3A: First prize, Margaret May; second prize, Kathleen Ray; third prize, June Shrub; general proficiency, Olive Glasby.
2C: First prize, Hope Thurling; second prize, Hubert Brennan; third prize, John Macquen.
2A: First prize, Bruce Sheaves; second prize, Oswald Crossland; third prize, Lillian Hooper; general proficiency, Eric Hibb.
2B: First prize, Lorna Dibley; second prize, Myrtle Osborne; third prize, John Bromwich; general improvement, Dudley Fulton.
2C: First prize, Daphne Elias; second prize, Keith Tembley; third prize, Gwen Bottrell; general proficiency, Betty Eyre.
1A: First prize, Alfred Schofield; second prize, Alleen Gwilliam; third prize, Maxwell Cranston; general proficiency, Frank Miller; Harold Holmes, Wallace Wardman, William Laird, Rex Glasby.
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 Plowright; third prize, aeg, Gwen Warren and Bruce Hill.
1D: First prize, Donald Macqueen; second prize, Frank Cox; third prize, Allan Bayliss.
1E: First prize, Eleanor Mitchell; second prize, Norma Weston; third prize, Dulcie Clarke.

Rahdman's prize: Boy captain, Kenneth Glasson; girl captain, Gladys Sherer.
Special Prizes: Social Service: Dudley Fulton, 2B; Gladys Sherer, 3th year; Betty Lewins, 4th year; Esme 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; basket ball, 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 Captain's Honour Boards were unveiled by the Acting Chief Inspector of Schools (Mr. J. G. McKenzie, B.A., B.E.C.).

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, Jnr. The lettering was done by Mr. A. J. Pickup and his son.

Mr. McKenzie expressed the great pleasure he had derived from being present at the various functions during the day, and commended 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 CAMPBELL __ PATRICIA FRASER THOMPSON.
1928.—FRANK N. HAMMOND — MARJORIE LAMONT.
1929.—LEONARD F. NIXON — JESSIE M. BIRD.
1930.—ANTHONY G. WORTHINGTON — MAISIE GRANLEESSE.
1931.—ADRIAN WHITE — STEDDY BROWN.
1932.—IAN N. MEADOWS — EMILY C. HOLMES.
1933.—REGINALD J. TAYLOR — MARGARET MULVEY.
1934.—RICHARD J. PHILPOT — NONI N. BRAHAM.
1935.—J. DOUGLAS PINKERTON — BESSIE BIRD.
1936.—HAROLD E. COLE — JEAN E. SWANSON.
1937.—RAYMOND E. MEYER — AUDREY J. BROWN.
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.—PRIDDELL, 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.
1931.—GARDNER, E. Doreen, English H II, History H I (First in
State). MACKENZIE, William G., English H II, History H I,
RAY, Jean M., English H II, Chemistry H II. THOMPSON,
Janet Fraser, Maths. H II, Chemistry H II. ASPINAL, L.
William C., Chemistry H II, EDWARDS, Thomas G., Physics
H II. HOLMES, Enid C., English H II, PRIDDELL, Marjorie
M., English H II, THURLING, Gordon H., Chemistry H II.
WHITE, Adrian, English H II.
1932.—HOLMES, Enid C., History H I, English H I, MOWBRAY,
Edwin B., Physics H I, HANSON, Albert H., Physics H II.
1933.—RAY, Arnold D., English H I, Physics H II, TAYLOR,
Reginald J., Physics H II, Chemistry H I, KLOWER, Horace F.,
Physics H II, Chemistry H II, BRAHAM, Noni N., English
H I, HUMPHRIES, Douglas G., Chemistry H II, MALOUF,
Charles G., Chemistry H II, MULVEY, Margaret, Chemistry
H II, ORRELL, John E., English H II.
1934.—MULVEY, Margaret, English H I, History H I, Chemistry
H II, BRAHAM, Noni N., English H I, History H I,
KLOWER, Horace F., Physics H I, Chemistry H I, HUMPH-
RRIES, Douglas G., Physics H I, Chemistry H II, JAMES,
Lionel H., Physics H II, Chemistry H II, DOLPHIN, Arnold
V., Geography H II. HOLMES, Jean E., Chemistry H II,
MAY, Roderick E. G., Chemistry H II, McALPINE, Edward
J., Physics H II.
1935.—COX, Morris E., English H II, History H II, Chemistry H II,
PHILPOT, Richard J., Physics H II.
1936.—COLE, Harold E., English H II, History H II, Chemistry H II,
DEATH, Jack E., Physics H I, MULVEY, Eric W., Physics
H I, CRAWLEY, Jean L., English H II, GWILLIAM, Mal-
colm Ross, History H II, KEFFORD, Marjorie Jean, English
H II, WAUGH, Helen Ruth, English H II.
1937.—PALMER, James W., English H I, Chemistry H I, Physics
H II, WITHERS, William F., Physics H I, Chemistry H II,
WHITE, Eldred C., English H II, History H II, BISLEY,
John H., Physics H II.
1938.—GLASSON, Kenneth R., History H II, REDMOND, Daphne
G., History H II, TANGYE, Heather M., English H II.

EDITOR'S THANKS

The Editor of the "Burr" offers his thanks to all who have
helped towards the publication of the School magazine by submit-
ting 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 work has not
been published in this issue. They at least have the satisfaction of
knowing that they did not shirk their responsibility in this matter
and are the better for having made the attempt.

Very special thanks are due to the assistants, Peggy Grater,
Margaret May and Kath Ray, who undertook and accomplished the
very helpful work of reading and typing the contributions. 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 it 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, 3AB.

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 lambkins 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.

* * * * * Jean McFaul, 1A.

**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.

* * * * * L. Scott, 1C.

**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.

* * * * * L. Scott, 1C.

**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, 2D.

**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, 1A.

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, and sell his soul  
For conquest, potent leadership and strength.  
He chilled his heart until, from long disuse,  
All tender feelings fled to never return.  
While barren greed and self-love ruled supreme,  
Excluding all that makes 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 lit of melody and dance.  
Responsibility and jealous guard  
Of what is won weigh down his anxious heart;  
Suspicion turns each new 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.

DAYS' END

As slowly dims 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 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, 1A.

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 easy 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,  
Care all depart from his weary heart  
And joy his kingdom away.  

—Yvonne Snow, 5th Year.
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, fat 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 girl members are interested in jam making and fruit preserving, and 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 Macqueen 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 Mr. Trevitt of Kelso, for their advice. We would particularly thank Mr. Ebborn who has given up 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 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 Association, collected in the vicinity of £15, 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 fund 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

The social activities of the school commenced last year with the term dance, which was particularly successful, and resulted in £8 8s. 9d. 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 3s., 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 on one for the School's cup and the other for the Honour Boards 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, and 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 clearing 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 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 have 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 it is his first season in this position. Catches and kicks well, though at times is liable to get flustered. Somewhat over-addicted 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 McKeen, 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 quick 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 makes 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 godsend 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 new-comer to the game, but shows great promise. Can mix it with the best.

**Erie 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 shirks 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 Brown, 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.

* * *

**CRICKET**

* * *

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 collapsed in both visits to the wicket, and Orange had no trouble in securing eight points. Bathurst had first use of the wicket and the procession of batsmen to and from the wicket managed to get only 21. The second innings resulted in 94. The visitors hit up the pleasing score of 164, A. Thompson, R. Plowman, and A. Fitzell being prominent with the bat. Shute, Bullock, Bayliss, and Sheaves gathered the wickets with 3/35, 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 nousness 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.

**R. Shute:** Has a weak defence, but a forceful bat; an excellent field; a good medium fast bowler.

**A. Mc Gregor:** 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. Whitman:** 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 bat of the School.

**S. Bullock, Captain of the team:** He has figured 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.

**SWIMMING**

* * *

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.
**TENNIS**

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 team 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 team, 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 observed. 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 "Burgo" 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 Teece 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.

**GIRLS' SPORT**

It would be impossible to close these notes without paying a tribute to the grand work done for our athletes by Mr. Grater. His patience, astounding energy and technical knowledge have made a great difference to the performances of our boys. The starts and finishes, the styles of jumping and running, and, above all, the relays unmistakably bear the imprint of his coaching.

**HOCKEY**

The year 1939 has been a very busy and momentous one for the girls of the School—momentous because for the first time for some years the girls won both the hockey and basket ball in the final Astley Cup match against Dubbo. The points for these matches, together with a win in the sprint, gave the girls a total of 42 points as their share of the total.

**BASKET BALL**

This sport, always one of the most popular, was none the less so this year, and Miss Glavin and Miss Gough had their hands full each Wednesday afternoon. The A and B teams were coached by Miss Glavin, and of these the A team played two matches with St. Mary's College, being successful in one, and two matches against Marsden, at whose hands they suffered defeat each time. The B team played two matches, one against St. Mary's, when the latter outclassed them, and the other against Marsden, which they won.

In the Astley Cup matches the A team had more success, having a draw against Orange, at Orange, and, playing under adverse conditions at Bathurst, they succeeded in defeating Dubbo. This victory crowned the labours of Miss Glavin, to whom we offer our congratulations.

**HOUSE COMPETITION**

This year the Charters Cup, held by Evans House for 1938, was played for by each House, nine matches being played by each team. Early in the season Blaxland rushed quickly into the lead which they maintained throughout, their record being seven wins and two draws—a total of sixteen points. Evans and Wentworth led for second place with nine points, and Lawson fourth with two points.

**TENNIS**

As in former years tennis remains a firm favourite, and the School is grateful to the Bathurst Tennis Association and to the
Presbyterian Tennis Club for the use of courts.

Shortly prior to the Astley Cup the A team suffered the loss of two of its number, Norma Bisley and Patsy Gibbons. In March both A and B teams visited Marsden with the following results: A team defeated Marsden 5 sets 48 games to 3 sets 40 games; B team were defeated 5 sets 41 games to 4 sets 46 games.

In the Astley Cup matches against Orange and Dubbo the team was defeated.

**The Burge Cup:** Last year Mr. Burge, of the Sports Store, generously donated a cup to the girls of the school for tennis. This competition was held in the last term of last year, and attracted seventy-one entrants. In the course of the competition year champions are decided, who then play off for the school champion and winner of the cup.

* * *

**ATHLETICS**

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Our athletics team had a fair measure of success in the Astley Cup contests. At Orange we lost the sprint and won the relay, while against Dubbo we won the relay and lost the sprint.

On behalf of the girls and myself I would like to thank Mr. Grater for the many hours he has devoted to coaching the girls. At the moment these notes go to press practices are in hand for the relay team and also for age events for the Athletics Day to be held early next term in connection with the Education Conference. Our own Field Day is to be held in October.

* * *

**SWIMMING**

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The swimming season closed with the usual carnival in March. This was a very successful function, with House spirit running high. The honours in this respect went to Blaxland. Netta Patterson won the senior cup after winning five events, and Betty Humphrey the junior cup.

* * *

**VIGORO**

* * *

This sport is played both winter and summer, and is very popular with some of the first years.

Before closing my report I would like to thank Mr. Williams for his ready co-operation in all matters connected with the girls’ sport; Mr. Barnes, who has painted hockey balls, basket ball posts and various odds and ends of that nature, and Mr. Wilcox, who designed the very handsome banner now hanging in the Assembly Hall. Last but not least, a vote of thanks to the fourth year boys who each Wednesday have prepared the vigoro pitch and blown up the basket balls.

—Evel A. Crawford, Sportsmistress.
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 teamwork 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 Powley, 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 basketball 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 46 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 best game the Bathurst team had played, and every one of our players put all he had into it. Of a very good pack, R. Sutton, Wildes, Simpson, and Evans were prominent, while W. Button, Millard, McKee, and Bullock shone in the backs. McKee, with his skilful tackling and piercing runs, and Bullock with his uncanny anticipation, seemed likely at any moment to snatch victory. Twice the ball bounced the wrong way for Sam, with an open field ahead. A tribute must be paid to the captaincy of McKee, who, all through
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\frac{3}{4} points to 46\frac{1}{4}. 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 detail 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 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' sprint by Dorothy Bullock, a second-year girl. Apparently it's a family habit.

Then came a real surprise. For years Dubbo had 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 back play, 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 daunting 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 to 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 team.

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 Shavees, 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 basketball 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 Kathy 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 186.

Arguments were put forward in a clear delivery, and the 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. V. 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. Ballie, 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:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th>Dubbo</th>
<th>Bathurst</th>
<th>Orange</th>
</tr>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Points</td>
<td>82½</td>
<td>63</td>
<td>72</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Points</td>
<td>76</td>
<td>84</td>
<td>76</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Total</td>
<td>158½</td>
<td>149</td>
<td>148</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Original Contributions

COASTING IN CHINESE WATERS

Our boat from Australia had already arrived at Hongkong, which island has a large British port where all the main shipping lines of the Far East converge. From Hongkong we decided to make a journey around the coast of China.

Unfortunately, owing to war conditions, we were unable to go up the Pearl River to Canton, which is the largest city of Southern China, with a population of over a million. We therefore proceeded north, taking passages in one of the British boats which ply on the coast, being of about two thousand tons. We called first at several of the small cities which have large exports of silk and tea.

After a week's voyage from Hongkong we arrived at Shanghai, the largest city of Asia, with a population of three millions. To reach Shanghai we steamed forty miles up the Yangtze River and then fourteen miles up a smaller river. At Shanghai hundreds of boats were at anchor; the banks of this small river are about one mile apart.

Shanghai is divided into four areas. First the International Settlement, which is like a European city with large emporiums and a magnificent river bank, and where the main wealth of China is concentrated.

Secondly there is the French Concession, which is also very busy with its fine boulevards.

Then there is the old Chinese city with narrow streets, and the sights, sounds and smells associated with China. In addition there are suburban areas surrounding these three with immense cotton mills and various factories.

We then travelled north to Tsingtao, Chefoo and Wei Hai Wei. All of these places have a beautiful bracing climate and large British communities. The first mentioned was a German port, but after the war was handed over to Japan. Chefoo is a treaty port from which Shantung silk is exported. Wei Hai Wei was a British possession, but was recently handed over to China.

From there we went to Tientsin, the largest port of North China, with a population of nearly one million. Tientsin is several miles up a river, and in winter is sometimes ice-bound. It is the gateway to Peking, the old Imperial capital.

—David Constable, 1A.

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 the floor, and to my amazement I saw a lot of little men about twelve inches high. One of them said, "I will be judge. Is that the prisoner? If so, let the first witness step up."

A little man in navy came up and said, "Please your good sir, I am Geometry. I asked the accused what a triangle was. She 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 each the same size and length," 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 she 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 Freedom. 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 of 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 disperse 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 put 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.

—Jean McFaul, 1A.

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 motto above his head. "Out of evil cometh good," he read, and never knew that it applied to himself. Failing in health from the careless pursuit of pleasure he had at length turned to serious work, and so we find him, his task completed, seated in his laboratory chair.

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 upon her face.

"I have finished," he said. "My task is done."

The girl had enquired the nature of his task, at which he 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 vintage, 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 was 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 whole in body had need more of an ointment for the mind. So there came to Ruth an acute longing to do more than merely apply his wondrous cure. A longing to really do something for herself for those around her came to be foremost in her 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 softly and asked, "Do you like Wagner too?"

Feeling strangely at ease she murmured: "Oh, 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 known so strong in faith and love that perhaps she was even a greater success than he.

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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 muttering 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 moon over 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,
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 bličly as 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 Coolamon 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 groveled deltance 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 trees of the 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 watte tree blazed up like a golden Roman Candle among cool sombre surroundings, and waratahs reared their beautiful berry 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, swirling clouds illuminated for brief periods by tongues of bluish light which whitened like impotent serpents before apparently burrowing their way into the hillsode.

Ten minutes of frantic preparation and nature went mad around the camp. A large gum tree suddenly opened out like some weird flower, and with the vicious bite of the lightning it flashed settled with incredible slowness into a charred smoking mass. The engine-house shook as the blast hit it, and seemed to cower into the hillsode 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 sullen roar, and the volume of sound was prolific 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 at him with all the 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 derivative chuckle from the waters caused him to ply his failing 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 failing 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 tugging the swollen river was rapidly rising, in which he was 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-woodmen 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**

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 slush, 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 prematurely aged 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 Balacapa 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 slush, 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 slith of a foreign field. He was once more wading in the crystal clearness and coldness of the
small creek, caused by the backwash from the “Falls.”

Then as he looked, the scene became clearer. He was down in the Black Scrub, behind his station home, the scene of many a hunting fray. The mist falling was caused by the spray from the Falls, which was separated from the creek across which he was wading by a small neck of dense undergrowth.

How well he knew it, this deep dark growth, the swinging pines, and the ropes, as thick as a man’s leg, which hung in gnarled snarlings over the tall trees. Trees, with their yellow and high for the sunlight that prevented more than a faint glimpse of it ever penetrating to their roots, but as compensation were lavished in their bestowal of their own rich greenish reflections upon the dusty scent of the rotting roots and leaves that there was no need to be merely the essence of their verdure.

As the young soldier became accustomed to his surroundings a presence seemed to beckon him from the bank. It was his old grey-haired father, his companion of many a wallaby hunt through rough mountain gorges. With a shout of joy, the soldier made his way to the bank, and threw himself down at the side of his father, on the flat slabs of rock, worn smooth and slippery through the passing of countless ages.

The old pioneer placed his wrinkled hand on his son’s shoulder.

“Well, my son,” he asked gently, “do you know yet why you had to go?”

“Can there be a reason that justifies wholesale murder?” the young man cried bitterly.

“My son, not murder,” he answered softly, “do not think of it like that. Look, I will show you something. From an inside pocket of his old coat the work-stained hand drew forth a small and well worn copy of the New Testament, and fondly kept his disengaged arm still around his son’s shoulders.

“The nucleus of this little book,” he continued, “is death of a man; but we do not find that our Christian religion centred upon a murder—not that my son; but a far nobler and different aspect of death—a sacrifice. Out of that apparent sin, nineteen hundred years ago, a great creed has arisen, which stresses not the murder, but the sacrifice that took place. So dear lad, these boys who find unknown graves over yonder, are not murdered; they are the ‘Modern Chriats,’ who sacrifice themselves for the sake of their fellows—to make the world a better place for others, and God will see that they go not unrewarded because of it. Go back, my son, and take with you my blessing and this picture of your own particular spot of Australia to be your inspiration.”

The radiant glow and soothing presence receded farther into the distance, the dull roar of the waterfall gradually changed to the soft beat of a cajole noise from the nearby field artillery, while the velvet veil of mellow greenness was subdued, and in the faint silverish light that displaced it the ragged rows of tangled barbed wire silhouetted in all their vindictive spite, against the sickly light of the early dawn.

The soldier slept on, a smile of peace playing around his drawn lips.

—Mary Piper, 5th Year.

FOUR YEARS OF HIGH SCHOOL LIFE

Having recently arisen from being a mere pupil of the Public School to the status of a High School student, the feelings of a First Year are numerous and varied. They are secretly rather proud of their uniforms, their motto, and their war-cry and school songs. When asked what class they are in, they invariably reply, “First Year,” I am afraid, a rather patronising air, “I’m in First Year.” They are very proud of this fact, and usually don’t realise that they are referred to by the older members of the school (and indeed by the teacher I know), as those “First Year Kids.”

The novelty of being allowed a certain choice in the subjects they wish to study offers an attraction to them, while in the early months of their High School career the school spirit is so engendered in them that, by the time of the various inter-school sport competitions, they are eager and ready to barrack lustily for their representatives. Perhaps surpassing all is an ardent desire for these mighty creations, the Fourth and Fifth Years, and a certain love of telling acquaintances all the homework they are given. The work of the year on the whole seems to comprise mainly “ground work” or “spade work,” according to the expression of each individual teacher.

On promotion to Second Year a subtle change takes place in school life. It seems to the student that he is no longer a beginner, but quite an aged veteran, and, in his eyes, the greatest object of incredulity is the fact that merely one year previously he was a “First Year brat.” The desire of talk about home abruptly ceases, to be replaced by an ardent desire to miss as much work as possible. More interest is taken in sport as the year progresses, and a keen rivalry for places in class also begins. He becomes more familiar with the senior members of the school, and, though looking up to these, is not always right down the point of his nose at the First Years, who have stepped into the shoes so recently vacated by himself. The grim features of the Intermediate still remain in a rather uncertain and mystifying background, but a Second Year knows that it is there, lurking in the shadows like some bogie, and waiting for a year to spring upon him.

In Second Year the work becomes gradually harder, but with this the social side of the class is developed with such things as individual class magazines and perhaps a Literary and Debating Society. At the end of Second Year the boy thinks somewhat along these lines: “I know that I haven’t done much work this year, but next year I shall learn the work as it is given each day, and I shall not spend my time reading books or doing other interesting things when I should be studying, as I did this year.”

Having become quite familiar with school rules and regulations, a Third Year finds himself quite an important member of the community. The resolution made the previous year about study soon disappears, never to be seen again. They become quite friendly with the fourth and fifth years, and a better spirit of understanding arises between pupil and teacher. At the beginning of the year there is the horrible knowledge in every Third Year’s heart that the Inter. is coming, but as the year progresses he becomes accustomed to that idea and resigns to his fate. Most branches of the work become considerably harder (especially Latin).
THE BURR

and everything seems to be done with the Inter, in view. As this
dread monster draws near and all time is spent in ceaseless
studying, the feeling grows that he must read a book or die, the lat-
ter 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
is the knowledge that all the teachers are at his beck and call,
walking round 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
closely on a happy note.

A Fourth Year student's most prominent idea seems to me to
be that exams, are over for all time. The half-yearly creeps upon
him, and when 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 pos-
sible 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 unprivileged 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
time is grand, when people resort to holidaying with mosquitoes,
ants, flies, and other crawling creatures of the wog world.

Each night when camping the mosquitoes are paraded in full
force, and having done the Lambeth Walk in one ear, they walz
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 well after one's 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 entrée is a plate full of shell grit.
Then mum dabbles out a few clothes and hangs them out on the
tent rope to dry. Suddenly the clothes fly through the air with the
greater of ease, and all the campers rush out to see these mys-
terious 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 mid-night, 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 paltry piece of candle
is found, and the game continues.

"Mid pleasures and campings
There's no place like Home."
—Olwen Aspinall, 4th Year.

* * *

DAVID XIV.

* * *

(Ry WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.)

Edited and illustrated 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-
spere. It took the form of a play called "David XIV.," and re-
vealed 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.

5 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

and dear.

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: Woe to the hands that spoil Snake
Gully's pride.

Our days of decadence draw on apace,

Cruel fortune wipes us off the globe, and
spreads
Her hands across the eyes of Dave, to blind

Enter David

Wake up, thou fool, and look what thou hast
done!
You broke the heart that strove to make thee good.

20 David: O, father, understand my pleas. I love The maid, whom you detest within thine heart.

3 I love this girl and I’ll fight you for my rights for the throne of Snake Gully, I’ll even abdicate, when I get the throne, if Billy Hughes doesn’t agree.

25 Why, she’s a peach, and no girl in Snake Gully can come up to her.

Billy: § Enough. Prepare your army and we’ll fight:

Billy will win, and Billy will be right.

(Exeunt.)

ACT II.

Scene: A paddock near Gundagai.

Enter David and Mabel, his betrothed.

David: Woe is me, my life is one long nightmare.

Mabel: O, Dave, talk not of such dreary subjects.

When can we choose our nuptial hour, my dear?

Enter Mr. Williams (our English teacher).

Mr. Will: § Beware the 30 days of September.

Mabel: O, Dave, what did he mean—the days of September?

Things so confused I cannot remember.

(Exeunt.)

ACT III.

Scene: The same.

Enter King Billy and David, with his army.

Billy: Come, my boy, we stay the ripening of the time.

Is it at hand. Now draw thy sword and fight.

40 Is it you or me, who rightfully holds the throne?

This fight shall tell; our strength shall be our power.

(They fight. Dave stabs his father. He falls.)

O, I die, and you have won the day my boy.

Take the throne, and Mabel for your wife.

(Dies.)

David: O, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth.

45 That I have killed my father with my treachery.

I am the ruins of the noblest man

That ever lived in the tide of times.

I have ended one reign that was so just;

Now, I am king, but cannot rest on earth.

50 Another reign I’ll end before it starts. (Stabs himself).

And hope I do not break too many hearts.

(Dies.)

(Exeunt Dave’s armies.)

—Clive Hamer; 4th Year.

THE LUCKY ESCAPE

Another arrow quivered into the wood above his head.

The white man ducked, but all was still. The silence of the tomb followed the shrill whistle of the “feathered death.” Cautionily 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 surer than the last, 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 heaving 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-scars, 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 MUD-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 reduced to appear on the field in white shorts. Habit 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 galoshes. 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 shorts who had been only a short time before parading in the dressing room? Poor man! Does he not realise that white shorts on a wet day are 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 referee, but he suddenly comes to light with a shrilling whistle, and awards a free kick to a pile of mud which has hurled a portion of itself at somebody else, and which the referee, endeavouring to show the lads how to play, brilliantly imitated (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 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-bath in centre tears up the field and gives a brilliant try. He alights the last twenty yards on his face, but no one notices that he is about to kick a goal, when the referee (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 splung 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.

A TRIP TO SOFALA

At 2.30 one blistering hot day we set off to Sofala. Twenty of us crammed into a car that would hold about sixteen. Lovely trip and all that! The scenery in front of us was beautiful; mostly brownish coloured hair. Scenery to right of us, scenery to left of us, and the glimpses we got between heads were absolutely gorgeous.

About five miles from Sofala there is a large hill, a very large hill named the Wyagdon Mount (to be respectful to the townsfolk). A small creek, sparkling like diamonds where the sun's rays hit the rough surface, made the scene perfect.

Climbing down a large hill we drifted into Sofala, a typical old mining town. If I know anything about it, the miners mined to get away from the fierce, sweltering heat, which I felt as soon as I got there.

At Sofala we got out of the car and had a hot (meant to be cold) drink of ginger beer. After having a delightful hot rest in the coolest part of Sofala we were called to the car, and, having made ourselves comfortable, we were taken to see Wallaby Rocks.

Going over Sofala Creek bridge (which we thought would split) we came to the Rocks. After looking at these beautifully nature-carved rocks we saw some gold mines, the largest of which was the Queenslander.

On the return journey I slept, so there is no tale to tell of that, but it was a beautiful journey, and the scenery was remarkable, especially the rocks which were full of gold tunnels.

I fully recommend the journey to any person needing a pleasant trip during holidays. Only don’t go in a car that holds only sixteen and takes twenty, because, believe me, it is extremely uncomfortable.

* * *

PIERRE DOG

The sun shone brilliantly down on the dancing ocean lapping gently against the shining rocks, which reached like long arms into the sea. Creamed crest waves broke with a sigh on the sandy shore. Greyish-white seagulls struttled about, fluttering into the air with startled cries from time to time.

An old fisherman sat crouched on the beach mending and drying his nets, and speaking every now and then to his big dog Pierre, a Newfoundland, who lay with his forelegs stretched out in front of him, idly watching the seagulls, whilst one ear was cocked to catch the merest words.

Yes, Pierre dog, you mark my words, there will be a storm before midnight. I do not like the look of things, not at all, not at all,” and he muttered the last words slowly, and then placed his old paw more in his mouth.

Suddenly the gulls scattered up into the sky, and three fishermen tramped across the sand to their boat.

“Hullo Andre,” they called. “Not going fishing to-day?” With a shake of his head Andre bent once more to his nets, but, as an afterthought shouted after them to be careful and not to go far, especially near the rocks, because he thought the weather looked stormy. They laughed, and said he was too cautious.
The day wore on, and the sky became overcast. Without warning a wind sprang up and whipped the placid waves into a lashing fury of dull grey turbulent water. The seagulls screamed across the lowering sky. The fishermen did all in their power to keep their craft away from the rocks, but the merciless waves pounded them closer and closer. Still they fought, but it was useless. They would soon be swept to destruction on the cruel, jagged teeth.

All at once, through the wild whistling of the storm, they caught the echo of a shout, and, looking intently at the rocks, now so perilously near, they could see white, anxious faces peering at them through the gathering gloom.

"Save them, Pierre dog," whispered old Andre, as he bent and fastened a rope to the dog's collar. "It's up to you, brave dog wagged his tail and plunged straight into the seething ocean to battle his way to the helpless men. Three times he swam backwards and forwards, delivering each man to the eager hands held out, and with his master's encouraging shout in his ears, he returned once again through the angry waves.

But the greedy, grasping sea meant to have one victim, and as he struggled with his last charge across the rocks, a huge wave crashed upon him, and with a despairing wall he was drawn into its angry bosom.

With a sobbing cry old Andre plunged forward and caught his dog as he was washed up by the next wave. But Pierre had paid the price in saving three lives at the cost of his own, and with one last pathetic look at his grief-stricken master, he sank back and died in his arms.

—Daphne Redmond, 5th Year.

**SPIDERS**

The different species of spiders have their own particular characteristics. Since the ordinary man in the street both assiduously avoids these little arachnids and at the unwelcome encounter, swiftly exterminates his small enemy, he does not have much opportunity of observing this. However, I have formed an opinion of the vices and virtues of various types of spiders, although even I, the lover of living things, eventually, after a short acquaintance, raise the massive foot and crush out the little life.

Best of all, I like the trapdoor spider. I admire him for his bravery, his frankness and his undaunted spirit. Generally speaking, he lives an outdoor, healthy life, consequently being robust and extremely strong-jawed. Recently, one giant specimen apparently took a violent dislike to me, and charged me on our verandah. I fled incessantly, nevertheless keeping an eye on him, through the hall and into the kitchen, whither the saucy rogue, with haughty eyes, pursued me. I hastily reinforced myself with a broom, but the enemy, wisely realising that the odds were against him, leapt onto a curtain and so to safety. I applaud him, although he's an enemy, because he is so manly and warrior-like in his handsome armour.

I don't consider that the scurrying garden spider, that incomparable spinner, is to be feared. From long experience, I know that when disturbed his tribe will hurry away to the part of the garden next to be dug, so that they have little peace during the turmoil of the soil. How grotesque they can appear at eventide, when one sees them their webs invisible against the pale background, sprawling apparently unsupported across the sky! These folk some little creatures increase their activity under the night sky. Liberating their slender threads to float on the breezes, they presently let go, gliding through the night air using the delicate thread as a parachute, and letting the breeze determine their destination. However, it often happens that unfavourable weather conditions prevail and due to moisture accumulating on the thread, the aerial adventurers are compelled to make a forced landing. When this is the case, many moist threads may be distinguished next morning on the grass, and all parallel.

Beyond doubt everybody knows that slender specimen, the "Daddy Long Legs," as it is commonly called. To flies, this spider is Public Enemy No. 3. When the innocent aeronaut becomes entangled in his sticky meshes, the "Daddy Long Legs" advances triumphantly with a horrible grin, and having secured his visitor snugly in a closely woven web, placidly partakes of a light lunch.

Considering this excellent practice, I would describe my friend's character as follows: (a) practical, (b) callous, and (c) extremely patient.

Most loathsome and hideous are the sneaky red back and that grim black funnel-web spider. I fear these malevolent creatures so deeply that I am scarcely capable of the will power to place my finger on a photo of one. Only fit to keep the company of witches, grinning skulls, black magic and such odious trash, they lurk in shadowy, cheerless places. Because he's a cringing coward, the red back spider remains very unobtrusive, but as soon as he has the advantage, the moment some unsuspecting hand is carelessly placed on him, he makes use of his venom.

More hideous than even this wily ignoble is our friend the black funnel-web spider. His bite is most deadly, and when he occasionally braces out, he seems to say: "This is the House of Death. Keep away!" I am only too wise to oblige him.

In passing, I would like to mention that the practice of swallowing black spiders alive in treacle does not cure bad temper, as the people of medieval England believed. Moreover, I do not think spiders should be eaten in any form, so it is advisable to take precautions when drinking from taps. Spiders often resort hither to hide.

The domestic life of a spider is not particularly pleasant. Unless the man of the house is uncommonly agile, he usually suffers the inglorious fate of being eaten by his amazonian wife. Perhaps it will surprise you to learn that man is not alone in the use of telephones. Our humble friend the arachnida has a patent device of telling when somebody drops in for tea. For example, the garden spider strings up a connecting thread between his web and a nearby tree. He then retires and leisurely reposes, holding the end of the thread in a limb, so that the slightest vibration informs him that his attention is required at home.

What a wily old fellow this spider is!

—Margaret May, 4th Year.
OF WASHING UP

I went into the kitchen, for this night it was my fate to wash up. There on the table were stacks of plates covered with a thin layer of hardened gravy (just in the sticky stage), together with an occasional pumpkin skin, which made the mess even messier. As well as the plates there were mixing dishes, saucepans, and milk dishes, but as yet no milk bucket. I immediately thought of the cow. Now the custom in our house is that if the milker has not milked the cow before the washing up is washed up, he has to strain the milk and wash the bucket. Naturally the washer up tries to race the milker, and vice versa.

I stopped for a minute to see if any heavy footsteps were sounding up the drive, but to my relief I only heard a lusty voice (but of course tuneful) practising the latest yodel. I was satisfied.

Plenty of hot water is needed for a wash-up such as is mentioned above, as well as plenty of soap. Unfortunately there was not much soap in the shaker, so, as time was of such importance I thought myself justified in taking the packet of Lux, and tipped in enough to wash a tub full of clothes. After these preparations, the next thing to do is to “get to it.”

With all my experience in this art, I can quite confidently advise other sufferers or helpers (it depends on point of view) to finish washing up at the quickest pace with the best possible spirits in the circumstance. My advice is to sing: not compositions like “The Dead March,” or the latest jazz songs, but songs full of life and spirit. I have found that the most satisfying ones are those of a “Soldiers’ Chorus,” “Queen of Sheba,” “The Anvil Chorus,” “1812 Overture,” “The Soldiers of the Queen,” “Colonel Bogey,” and most other marches, so try them. You do not need a good voice for this; the only thing necessary is plenty of wind and no unsympathetic ears about.

In this crisis I followed the advice given above. Soap and water flew everywhere, but the pile of plates was growing less and less. Dishes followed them; great big dishes with a ring of yellow cream marking the had-been level of the milk. Following these were platters and jugs. In one case the milk had gone sour, and there was a layer of junket-like stuff on the bottom of the jug. Milk is quite nice by the quart, but by the bucketful...... I was convinced that milk is awful stuff. It was not until I reached the last saucepan, a saucepan in which the milk had caught inside, and whose bottom was covered with black stuff as only the jug can burn on, that I found that something dreadful had happened.

The yodeller had stopped yodelling, and hob-nailed boots were climbing the hill to the house. I made one desperate effort. Clever Mum was placed under the bottom of the saucepan, by the way; black enamel saucepans are the best to get, as no one can see how much black is left on), I desperately rubbed, but there was a dent in the pot and the black stuck there like stick-jaw taffy sticks. With a “That'll have to do” (the steps were very near the verandah), I whipped out the plug and madly tried to undo the tea towel that was serving as an apron. It couldn’t have been a necessary knot that tied it round my middle, because they are easily undone, nor could it have been a reef knot, because they do likewise, so I concluded that it must have been an invention of my own.

The steps were very near now; heavy and fateful they seemed to me. The water gave a last gurgle as it went down the drain, I made a wild dive for the breakfast room door (it adjorns the kitchen) and was met with a very determined “No you don’t.” There was my brother, milk bucket in hand, looking as if he filled up the doorway, too big to get past.

I strained the milk and washed the bucket, but I sang no longer. No longer was there any hurry, with only a Latin prose waiting to be done (perhaps). And here I might say that publishers should be forbidden to bind Latin prose books with innocent blue covers. They ought to bind them with purple covers spotted and striped with red and yellow. It is like serving plain, once-young bunny refreshed as chicken.

I digress, but must add this in conclusion. The cow is dry. We live on dried milk. There is no incentive to wash up quickly. Consequently I am late for school, much to the irritation of several first period teachers, and of one in particular.

* * *

THE ESCAPE

Two English soldiers were galloping across the countryside. It was during the Napoleonic Wars, and they had been sent out as spies to discover, if possible, the intended moves of the French force.

The rain beat down in blinding sheets and a thick, enveloping fog was creeping over the land, shrouding everything in its blanket-like softness. Soon it became almost impossible to progress at all.

Suddenly a tumble-down old building loomed up through the mist, and as they drew nearer they discovered that it was an old barn and decided to take cover under its friendly shelter until the storm abated.

It was surrounded on three sides by a high, unscaleable old stone wall, the crevices of which were filled with moss, while a gnarled tree creaked and swayed protectingly in the moaning wind.

Tethering their horses to a hook in the wall, they lifted the bolts, which were luckily placed on the outside of a large sturdy gate, and entered a small yard. The barn door stood open, and several logs of wood were in one corner at the foot of a ladder which seemed to be placed under a hole in the roof.

After many wearisome hours the mist lifted, and the soldiers were thinking of resuming their journey, when the clatter of horses hooves and the jingle of arms were heard, and a group of French soldiers swept into sight.

When they saw the horses tethered they reined in their own prancing horses and, jumping from them, entered the yard almost as one man.

On seeing them the English soldier, Bright, beckoned his comrade, and together they quickly barricaded the barn door with logs of wood. The French then realised that they were English soldiers, and charged the door, which proved to be strong enough to withstand the attack.

Meanwhile Bright and his companion quickly scaled the ladder, and, creeping along the further side of the roof, dropped down on the other side. Then the resourceful soldiers crept around the outside of the wall, and while one loosened the horses' reins the other...
quietly closed and shot to the bolts on the gate.

The French soldiers were too engrossed in pounding the door to notice this little drama, and only awoke to the fact that their enemy had escaped when they heard the sound of galloping hoofs as the two English soldiers disappeared in the distance.

The Englishmen did not discover how long it took them, their prisoners, to escape; they did not wait long enough to find out.

—I. Daphne Redmond, 5th Year.

TRAVELLERS ON TRAMS

“Fares please!” said the conductor. How he must have hated those words! Day in and day out he had to walk up and down the tram asking for fares. As I boarded the tram I heard that request, and with it I remembered the daily paper I had forgotten to buy. For years I had been catching that same tram which carried me almost to my office. The journey took about twenty minutes, and during that time I invariably read my paper; but this time, the first that I could remember, I had forgotten it. So, settling myself down with the air of a martyr, I began, unconsciously at first, to survey the other occupants of the tram-car.

The conductor was the first to come under my scrutiny. He was a middle-aged man with a kindly mouth and humorous eyes. He looked very weary, and no wonder. He, like his fellow-workers, had to stand on his feet nearly all day; but I noticed the way in which he quickly put by this weariness when an old lady was about to board the tram. At once the smile was on his lips as he stepped down to help her to a seat.

This old lady, who rewarded him with a motherly smile, was just a bundle of sweetness from the top of her shining, silvery hair, which rippled in tiny waves beneath her little bonnet, to her daintily shod feet.

The next person I regarded was a young woman who carried a little baby. She was dressed in very poor, though very neat, black clothes, and seemed to be poorly dressed for the coldness of the weather, and on her face was a careworn look. Sometimes she seemed sad, sometimes bitter and harsh, but always when she looked at the baby her face was transformed by a sweet tenderness. My own feelings of martyrdom were forgotten when I thought of this young widow, but somehow I felt that she would win, for there was a look of determination and resolve in her soft brown eyes.

At the next stop a lady with two little boys boarded the tram. The boys were placed on the seat opposite, and as soon as their mother had looked away from them one clambered to the end of the seat and was peeping out, while the other explored the underneath of the seat. The one near the window was in such a precarious position that he must surely have fallen if it had not been for a young man who grabbed him by the pants and pulled him away.

When the two little chaps were seated together I saw that they were twins, and thought of the fun they would have when they went to school.

Over in the corner sat a man of some fifty years. He was well dressed and immaculate, and there was about him an air of great detachment. He sat in one position and seemed to be looking at nothing in particular. When I first looked at him there was a very thoughtful expression on his face, an almost worried look. He had a very sensitive mouth, and his eyes at times shone rather fiercely. His eyebrows were clearly defined, while his nose was almost aquiline.

At this point in my contemplation of my fellow men the tram stopped at the street where every day I alighted, and as I walked to my office I thought how quickly the time had passed and how interesting had been the subjects of my thoughts. Try it next time you forget your newspaper!

—J. M. Plank, 4th Year.

FIJI

Commercially, Fiji is well situated, lying on the route of the large steamers travelling between Canada, the United States, and Australia. There is a large safe harbour at Suva, the seat of local government.

The islands are a tropical group with excellent soil and abundant rainfall, and all the year round it is possible to grow crops which are scarce in other parts of the world at one time or another.

The larger islands, Viti Levu, Vanua Levu and Taveuni have mountains running from north to south and thus the rain-bringers, the south-east trade winds shed their moisture on the east coasts. As a result, the crops not requiring much rain are grown on the western side of the islands.

At the present time the most important crops in Fiji are sugarcane, coconuts, bananas, rice, pineapples, and cotton. For some time Australia received most of the bananas, but the heavy duties have now ruined this trade, so that production has been reduced. New Zealand now takes the entire crop. Many industries that have largely taken the place of banana growing are the growing of rice, which was introduced by the Indians, and the growing and processing of pineapples.

The Fijians are not only great agriculturists but are also great builders, using only the materials to be found in the jungles near their homes. A Fijian house looks like a well-built square haystack. They begin by making with earth a mound about a foot higher than the surrounding ground. The home of the chief is elevated three to four feet and the embankment is lined with stones. Houses are then built and the corner posts are erected, to which the wall plates are fastened with strong vines. Two long poles (about six feet longer than the others), are then placed in the centre of the end plates, and they are connected by a ridge pole and the rafters are added. The roof consists of reeds, coconut leaf fronds or trash from the sugarcane. The walls are made of the same materials, and a house so constructed will last for some years without any repairs being necessary, and they are cool in summer and warm in winter. The home of the chief is usually decorated with shell work.

The natives are friendly, and life in Fiji is very pleasant. Most boys would be delighted with the land as fruit is very plentiful and cheap, and attendance at school is not compulsory. My parents, however, consider that the system of education in Fiji cannot be compared with that of Australia, and it was mainly because of this fact that I was brought here from my island home.

—M. Meek, 1A.
FIGHTING A BUSH FIRE

Far out on the horizon we could see a dull red glow, telling us that a bush fire was blazing on its destructive way. We were sitting on the verandah in the comparative cool of the evening when some of the neighbours arrived in their car and asked if we would help to fight a fire about six miles away. My brother and I readily agreed, and, arming ourselves with the necessary implements, we set off.

As we raced along over the bumpy road we could see a great number of frightened birds and animals fleeing for their lives from the dreadful heat of the fire. As we drew nearer the tang of burning timber came to our nostrils, and soon we could see the hungry flames licking at the trees and sending great showers of sparks into the air.

When we finally arrived we could see the fire fighters desperately trying to beat out the flames, but the intense heat and suffocating smoke prevented them from getting too near. Every moment the flames were leaping higher and higher, and at frequent intervals we would hear an ominous crack as a great tree crashed to the ground, sending out a shower of sparks and burning fragments of wood.

Armed with bushes and wet bags we beat at the flames, while some of the fighters were making a fire break. A wind was blowing from the south which fanned the flames still more, making our task well-nigh hopeless. The scorching heat and disadvantage, but realising the danger to the few scattered houses in the vicinity, we strove desperately to beat out the flames.

Suddenly I heard a shout, and on looking round, I saw, to my horror, that one of the fire fighters was trapped in a circle of flames. He had been fighting to one side by himself, not noticing that the fire had gradually crept round him; and now he was trapped, with the fire closing in on him. He was looking wildly about him trying to find some opening in the wall of flame that hemmed him in.

A red tongue of flame leapt out at the unfortunate man, and we saw him raise up his arms to shield his face, and then drop to the ground, senseless.

Then almost before any of us could realise what was happening, I saw my brother leaping through the flames and lifting the senseless man to his shoulders; he prepared to come back through the dreadful circle of fire. All the time the fire was drawing nearer to him, and when it seemed that he would never get through with his burden, he made a desperate plunge. Then he was in the clearing, his hair singed and his clothes burnt and blackened. Wailing hands caught him as he slipped to the ground, and soon first aid was being applied to the wounds. A great feeling of pride welled up in my heart as I thought of my brother risking his life for a fellow comrade.

While all this was happening, the wind had dropped, and after about an hour's work the fire was under control and we were able to return home.

—Lorna Dibley, 3AB.

KEMAL, THE TURKEY

It was from the broad plains of the West that Kemal hailed, which perhaps accounts for "his" somewhat emuish appearance. This noble bird entered our lives (but not us) at about Christmas time, with "his" sister. However, "his" figure has always been too slight to adorn our festive table, and so "he" has outlived the sister, who fell to the headman's axe. Although "he" is not a gobbler we have always referred to Kemal as a "he," for "his" character is essentially masculine. Being the only turkey in our household, Kemal has gradually developed into a most interesting individual.

His most striking characteristics are his eyes. I would defy Mussolini himself to gaze into the depths of Kemal's eyes without flinching. Analytical, criticising, and brazen, when they drill their way into my soul, I mentally vapourise, and my complex is super AI inferiority. You may be sure that the noble bird demonstrates the power of his eye to the fullest advantage. His neck rising majestically, is long and slender, rather like a hose pipe, with his bald, lean head, eye included, balancing on top, and it gives the impression of a haughty periscope arising from the sea. His eye is a searchlight, which he directs hither and thither with all revealing directness.

Nor are the eyes his only source of beauty. Although he is a slender bird (as I regret) he has a magnificent crest, and this adds further dignity to his imperious appearance. Moreover, his tread is dainty, and yet pompous.

At times, however, when seen in swift action, as is sometimes rendered necessary by the hostility of Chickadee, the lamb (fond of chasing any of the instant turkeys), he loses some of his dignity, and is seen as a streamlined blur. But who can blame him.

Once we thought that calamity had overtaken us. Oh! the unspeakable horror of that evening when, calling him to bed, no answer came, and our despairing cries were echoed back to us hollow and unfruitful. We gazed at each other "in wild surprise" (I think that is from Shakespeare), and the word breathlessly passed from mouth to mouth that Kemal was missing, gone, vanished; perhaps (oh shuddering thought!) dead! However, it was a time for action; a search party was quickly organised. With compressed lips, beating hearts, and truly British courage and determination, the searchers leapt on their fiery steeds (I mean push bikes), wheeled around, and were off. The district was combed, but in vain. When the searchers returned, haggard and weary, and in reply to our unworded question, sadly shook their heads, we thought it was the end. In the morning, one of the seekers, unwilling to acknowledge Kemal's fate, was at last returning mournfully from a bootless search, when he was amazed to hear a deep throated "chuck" behind him. Whipping round, he beheld the missing bird, undaunted and passive, and making his appearance like a genie in the "Arabian Nights," only less noisily. And lo! there was great rejoicing in the land.

Since we have seen Kemal to be such a he-man, it does seem rather a pity that he should succumb to habit and lay eggs, which custom, after all, should be ignored by such a dignified, despotic bird.
Once, with the foolishness born of ignorance, I decided to dispel him from his nest where he sat brooding, for I had some humble victuals to offer him. Seizing a longish, hardy stick, I searchingly poked and prodded up the tunnel that formed the only entrance to his almost impregnable fort in the tangled wilderness. I swiftly drew it back, however, when his hissing beak descended with well aimed accuracy and passionate rage on it. The worthy bird was profoundly offended that I should abuse him so, and accordingly swelled to an enormous size (I could hear him) with honest pride. Being out of range of his eye, I had the imprudence to continue my manoeuvres, when, behold, out of the green sea of undergrowth there rose the fearful periscope; mystic, wonderful. Beneath the power of this, my courage deserted me ungraciously, and I beat a hasty and inglorious retreat.

I know not whether it be vice or virtue, but Kemal loves nothing better than to ascend the most elevated position he can find (the rubbish heap is rather a favourite) and, assuming a most dictator-like mien, to gaze over his vast realms with great satisfaction. He seems to include our house in the above mentioned regions, for we occasionally find him critically inspecting one of the bedrooms. I may as well mention in passing that he is not the only one to thus intrude. When the portals are flung wide, as is often the case, the lamb Chilladé sometimes takes it into his hollow head to pay us an indoor visit. His visits are usually rather short.

We have not insured Kemal’s life, and he himself looks forward to a ripe old age. We entirely lack the strength of character required to attempt his life. Brutus, as we all know, felt an awful cad about killing Caesar. How much worse would we feel if we were to destroy our wonderful turkey?

—M. May.