THE BURR

The Magazine of
The Bathurst High School

NOVEMBER, 1948
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The School Directory

* * *

Headmaster .......... Mr. C. O. G. Thomas, B.Sc.
Deputy Headmaster .... Mr. A. C. Anderson, M.A.
Supervisor of Girls .... Miss I. Keogh, B.A.

TEACHING STAFF:

DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH AND HISTORY:
Mr. A. C. Anderson, M.A. (Subject Master).
Mr. T. H. Quin, B.A.
Mr. R. J. Learmonth, B.A.
Mr. J. T. Starling, B.A.
Mr. K. Easton, B.A.
Mr. N. A. Trotter, B.A.
Mr. J. R. Dyce, B.A.

DEPARTMENT OF MATHEMATICS:
Mr. L. P. Johnston, B.Sc. (Subject Master).
Mr. R. Pick, B.Sc.
Mr. N. Leavers, B.Sc., Dip. Ed.

DEPARTMENT OF LANGUAGES: Miss M. Bouquet, B.A.; Miss I. Keogh, B.A.;
Mr. T. H. Quin, B.A.; Miss E. Wilson, B.A., Dip. Ed.

GEOGRAPHY: Mr. R. J. Learmonth, B.A.; Miss J. Dyce, B.A.; Mr. M. A. Trotter, B.A.

COMMERCE: Mr. F. V. Little, Dip. Comm., F.P.S.A.; Mr. K. G. Teale, B.A., Dip. Ed.

HANDICRAFTS: Mr. R. Day, Mr. I. Shallick, Mr. S. Mackay, Miss E. Henderson,
Miss M. Greig.

MUSIC: Miss Z. Sampson, Mr. M. M. Bramham.

TEACHER LIBRARIAN: Mr. K. G. Teale, B.A., Dip. Ed.

CAREER ADVISERS: Mr. T. H. Quin, B.A.; Miss E. Wilson, B.A.

SPORTSMAN: Mr. R. J. Learmonth.

SCHOOL TreASURER: Mr. T. V. Little.

HOUSECAPTAINS: BLAXLAND, Mr. J. Bugg, Miss Z. Sampson; EVANS, Mr. K. Easton, Miss M. Levy; LAWSON, Mr. A. Short.

PREFECTS—BOYS: Peter Ovens (Capt.), Roy Hobson (Vice-Capt.), Don Bliss, Ken Sanders, Peter Burns, William Biddington, Herbert Wilding, Arthur Baillie.

GIRLS: Elizabeth Grant (Capt.), Ruth Robinson (Vice-Capt.), Elaine Aubin, Ruth Kerr, Phyllis Gilmore, Frances Holman, Laurel Schofield, Cassie Carr, Heather Roberts.

HOUSEPASTORS: Blaxland, Brian Booth, Laurel Schofield; Blaxland, Peter Ovens, Jenny Sinclair.


SCHOOL MAGAZINE COMMITTEE: Master-in-Charge Mr. A. C. Anderson; Student Editors, Cassie Carr, Arthur Baillie, Mark Berdan; Business Manager, Mr. J. Buggie; Assistants, Brian Johnson, John Scott, Treasurer, Mr. T. V. Little.

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Headmaster's Message

This is my first message to you, and a great many things could be said at such a time. I came, a few months ago, with somewhat of the feelings of a "displaced person," but many have helped me to settle in my new "country."

To the members of the staff who have so loyally assisted me I say, "thank you"—to the pupils who have co-operated with the staff and myself in matters of general routine and concerns of special interest I am grateful. My special thanks are also extended to those parents and citizens who have continued to support the School in many ways.

As I look about my new surroundings there is much that pleases me greatly, and I feel fortunate that I am your Headmaster.

The well-equipped School with its great Honour Roll of those students who have answered the country's call in two wars, and its Honour Boards indicating high academic achievements—the beautiful collection of pictures that adorn the walls and the extensive improvements being made to the playground are just a few of the things that impress me.

I look forward to a lengthy stay as your Headmaster, and hope that it will be full of mutual service and happiness.
There is no subject of greater importance to this country, after fighting a terrible war, to preserve our existence and to maintain our democratic way in life, than that of education. It is only through education, which is a full training for citizenship, that we can make democracy work and learn to maintain harmony not only among the peoples of the world, but between man and his environment. Only as an enlightened people can we solve the problems which face us to-day.

If we are to be an educated nation, we must show an interest in adult education, in community activities, and in current affairs as well as in such cultural pursuits as reading, music and the arts.

The cost of State schools and other educational institutions of the nation was trebled in the pounds of the national income in 1944. Whereas twenty-two million pounds annually are spent on taxes in liquor and gambling. The realisation of a “New Deal” for education would help to overcome this disparity in values and develop a higher standard of community values.

Let us therefore consider the effectiveness of our educational system. On an average the children in remote areas have received the same standard of education as children in the centralised populated areas. To judge the effect of our educational system by taking average individuals, think of the way our men and women of the Forces so easily adapted themselves to unusual climates, conditions and ways of life.

Being able to feed and clothe ourselves and look after our health, and get what we want are not the only fruits of education. An educated nation is one that makes the most of her cultural inheritance besides developing scientific and technical achievements which are useful.

There are schools in the Commonwealth for deaf, dumb, blind and delinquents; institutions for the study of agriculture and the arts, and many other cultural organisations. What is needed is that education beyond the normal school leaving age should be popularised and facilities and encouragement extended to all.

I consider Australia an enlightened, educated nation if we can produce thinking men and women capable of participating in the responsibility of self government and of building a world free from want and insecurity. A world in which men and women can live a full life without fear.

Only people who are not educated would be satisfied with the degree of education of their nation. Australians have shown dissatisfaction, which is a good sign for all of us. But if you arrive at the conclusion that we are an educated nation, remember that we cannot have too much education nor can we have too many well-educated people.

With our motto “Altiora Pete,” it is students of Bathurst High School will never be satisfied with just the education we receive at school, but remaining as humble as Socrates who “knew that he was the wisest man in the world because he knew that he knew nothing.” They will strive to develop their abilities, broaden their interests and cultivate a wide and generous outlook on life.

—C. CARR, 4th Year.

“Farewell!” — School Captains

This year, our final year, has been to us, as School Captains, one of great pride and happiness. Each year, as we advanced through the School, we realised that the Bathurst High School with all its traditions, is the best place in which to spend our final school days.

There are many people who are due for our thanks, but especially do we thank the Headmaster and the Teachers, who are always ready to help and advise, and our fellow Prefects, who co-operated fully during the year.

Standing on the hilltop is our School and we hope that the very promising juniors will help always to bring to it. The surroundings have been further beautified, a task which must be continued, not only by trees and flowers, but by the words and deeds of the students.

Passing on to “higher things” we say “farewell” to the Bathurst High School, and may God’s great gift of happiness be with you all!

—ELIZABETH GRANT and PETER OVENS.
THE STAFF

At the beginning of the year several changes in the staff occurred. As reported in our last edition, the Headmaster, Mr. Beard, was transferred to Newcastle. Mr. Thomas came from Cowra to be our new Headmaster.

Mr. Neil, English Master, went to Hurstville, and was replaced by Mr. Anderson from Cowra. Mr. Dunlop was moved to Wollongong, and his place was taken by Mr. Easton from Lismore.

During the year Miss Birse left to be married and Mr. Bradley moved to Canterbury Boys' Junior High School. Miss Bouquet from Canberra filled the vacancy on the French staff, and Mr. Anderson became Deputy Headmaster.

Whilst Mr. Quin was on long service leave Mr. Bowser spent some months with us before moving on to Telopea Park.

The "Burr" takes this opportunity of wishing those who have moved on happy times ahead, and of thanking them for their many services to the School. In particular it assures Mr. Bradley that we miss his cheery morning smile and his services as ballet master. Even now some miscreant creeping tardily to class starts at the memory of those reverberating echoes in the corridors.

To the newcomers we extend a warm welcome and an assurance of hearty co-operation in the task of adding to the fame of Bathurst High.

UNVEILING OF THE HONOUR ROLL

On Friday April 23, 1948, a large attendance of relatives and friends attended the Unveiling Ceremony of the Honour Roll, which is a magnificent tribute to the ex-students of the Bathurst High School who participated in World Wars I and II, which number about 450 names.

It was most fitting for Mr. Fraser, former Headmaster of Bathurst High School, now of Manly, to return to perform the ceremony of unveiling the Honour Roll, as in the early days of World War II be was the instigator of forming a small committee which worked continuously to raise sufficient money which ultimately placed the Honour Roll in the High School as it is today.

Addresses were also given by Rev. Mr. Polaine and Mr. Pollock.

After the unveiling, a number of wreaths were placed by relatives and friends.

"To live in the hearts of those we love is not to die."

(Contributed).

CHARITABLE ACTIVITIES

The main appeal this year was for the U.N.O. Appeal for Children. Pupils and staff donated £4.43, which in some classes represented a gift of 2/6 per pupil. Girls from the School also assisted in the collection of funds for the district appeal.

Buttons were sold for the Red Cross and the Legion of Ex-Servicemen. Funds will be raised during last term for Stewart House and the local Ambulance Service.

CENTENARY CELEBRATIONS

For the Centenary Celebrations of the Bathurst High School the boys gave a physical culture display in their respective houses, and the girls contributed folk dances and house ball games.

Thursday morning from 11.30 to 12.30 was given over to a special broadcast over 2BS. This broadcast included interviews with retired teachers, speeches, and musical items. Visitors were invited to inspect the School on Thursday afternoon.

On Friday we had an Anzac Service, which included the unveiling of the Honour Roll by Mr. A. Frazer, an ex-headmaster of the Bathurst High School.

Finally, the School had a special display and demonstrations by the Home Science and Technical pupils. These displays took place in a window at The Western Stores, and the demonstrations were from Monday to Friday and from three to four each afternoon for the whole week.

CENTENARY CELEBRATIONS

B.H.S. WINDOW DISPLAY (by courtesy of Western Stores)

GROUND IMPROVEMENTS

The oval, which is rapidly taking shape, has been made possible by the co-operation of the Bathurst Municipal Council with the Department of Education.

To Mr. Reid and the Council staff we give our thanks. They have had a tremendous job, but there is the satisfaction of knowing that, when finished, the playing grounds of the School will be in keeping with the many beautiful recreation areas of this city.
MR. R. H. HAWKINS

In July the School was shocked to hear of the death of Mr. R. H. Hawkins, who in past years had been a great worker for the P. and C. Association. For a number of years he was treasurer of the Association, and working with Mr. H. Vincent, as president, and Mr. E. S. Davey, as secretary, much was done for the School. The Public Address System was installed, the Honour Roll was planned and the preliminary moves made in connection with the ground improvements now being carried out. Mr. Hawkins was closely connected with the proposal for the construction of a gymnasium. He was also one of the band of helpers who constructed trenches at the School during the war days.

The School extends to Mrs. Hawkins and her daughter its deepest sympathy.

* * *

FAREWELL TO FIFTH YEAR 1947

The duty of gathering together to bid au revoir to the honourable Fifth Year was carried out in traditional B.H.S. fashion.

Preparations were in the capable hands of Fourth Year, who were pleased at the satisfactory result attained.

Musical items and speeches from class representatives were given, besides the inspiring words from the Captains, Margot Hill and Doug Bliss.

The "button pinning" ceremony was in the hands of the Fourth Year girls.

Roy Hobson, Captain of Fifth Year, presented to the school, on behalf of the class, a silver cup, to be contested for by House debating teams.

The most important moment arrived when the "favoured ones," guests and hosts, moved off to the Library for the repast. Place cards, speeches, fruit salad and epsom salts were the highlights of the dinner.

Guests and hosts then adjourned to prepare for the enjoyable dance, held that evening.

* * *

2BS

The school wishes to take this opportunity of recording its appreciation of the services rendered by Mr. Eddie Williams, manager of 2BS Broadcasting Station. School activities of all kinds have been assisted in a practical fashion by Mr. Williams and his staff. Weekly broadcasts "from the auditorium of the Bathurst High School" certainly gave a fillip to school debating, and by this means also the school has been able to make contact with the home—a contact which is long overdue.

* * *

THANK YOU

I wish to extend to all the many teachers and pupils who so kindly visited me in hospital last year, my sincere thanks.

For all the visits, cards, flowers, chocolates and other favours, I say "Thank you," which really cannot express my gratitude enough.

Especially I thank those who gave me help and encouragement before and during the examination. I am sorry I let them down, but the one who came to see me and said in a straight-forward manner "you won't pass—" was right; one must put something into a think if they expect to get anything out of it.

Finally, to this year's Fifth Year I send my best wishes, and hope you will obtain whatever passes you deserve.

—FRANCES KING.

SCHOOL BENEFACTORS

The School takes this opportunity of recording its appreciation of the generosity of those who donated prizes, and those who assisted in the publication of this magazine by donating blocks and purchasing advertising space. Our sincere thanks go out to them all.

* * *

MR. W. MARTIN

It was with profound regret that the School learned of the death of our onetime Deputy Headmaster, Mr. W. Martin. His decline in health in recent years was the result of unsparing labour for the School he served. To Mrs. Martin and his family we extend sincere sympathy.

* * *

GLADYS HOBSON AND MR. YEOMAN

The sympathy of the School is extended to the parents of Gladys Hobson, of Class 1E, who was drowned shortly after enrolling at the High School in February. To Mrs. Yeoman of the cleaning staff, the School also extends its deepest sympathy on the loss of her husband recently.

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PRESENTATIONS

The B.H.S. Astley Cup teams showed their appreciation to the Sportmistress, Miss N. Leavers, and Sportsmaster, Mr. R. Learmont, for the success they made of the Astley Cup fixtures by presenting them with suitable presentations. Miss Leavers and Mr. Learmont both sacrificed many hours beyond normal school time to coach teams and arrange representatives' accommodation.

* * *

FINAL OF HOUSE DEBATES

The final for the House Debating Cup, presented to the School by the 5th Year of 1947, was this year conducted between Evans and Lawson, Blaxland and Wentworth having been eliminated in two former debates. Lawson, represented by Frances Holman, Helen Galloway and Cassie Carr, defeated the Evans team, Ruth Kerr, Bill Biddington and Elaine Aubin, by a narrow margin.

* * *

EMPIRE DAY

Representatives from each year provided the programme for the celebration of Empire Day this year. Ken Sanders, of Fifth Year, dwelt on "The Growth of the Empire in Queen Victoria's Reign"; Arthur Baillie, Fourth Year, spoke of "The Significance of Empire Day," whilst Third Year was represented by Helen Galloway, who spoke on "The Work of Cecil Rhodes, Empire Builder."

Helen Richardson, Second Year, stressed "Australia's Place in the Empire," and Janice Taverner, of First Year, recited the poem "Love of Native Land."

* * *

THE EISTEDDFOD

The school was represented by the School Choir, the Verse Speaking Choir, two dramatic groups and many individual entrants. We congratulate them on their splendid performances.
The Burr

Play Day 1947.

Last year's Play Day was one of the most attractive highlights of 1947. Owing to the £1,000 appeal it was decided to have two play nights. This proved an excellent idea, and gave the opportunity for more plays to be presented. Thanks are extended to every one who assisted in making the task a successful one, and especially to Mr. J. Craig, who undertook to select the best performance at each. 4th Year's 'Queen Street' was given first place. Finishing the day's performance, prizes were awarded to Margot Hill, Heather Roberts and Doug Bliss for acting among the seniors, and to Doreen Stocks and Ken Patterson among the juniors. Special mention was made of Brian Archer and T. Hart of First Year.

Other plays presented were: "The Goobjetty Mandarin" (1A), "The Hole in the Sox" (1B), "The Black Coupons" (1C), "Wisdom and Charity" (1D), "Shall We Join the Ladies" (2A), "Murder" (2B), "In the Dentist's Waiting Room" (2C), "The Ghost That Giggles" (2D), "The Prince Who Was a Piper" (3A), Scene from "As You Like It" (3B), "Queen Street" (4th Year), "Love in the Ape House" (5th Year). A radio play "On a Note of Triumph" was produced by Mr. A. Short, on Play Day. Play Night saw "The Ballet Jumbaski" and a Mannequin Parade presented by senior boys. In addition, items were rendered by the choir. Miss Sampson and Mr. Dunlop.

The School Library.

Since the publication of last year's "Burrr" the Library has been fortunate in having its disposal for spending the very generous sum of £200. One hundred of this amount was the gift of the P. and C. Association, to whom our very best thanks are given, and this has been expended in the purchase of much appreciated though costly books for the reference section and in fiction books for recreational reading.

The proportional expenditure on reference and fiction determined upon last year has again been followed. In the reference section a fair proportion of the money available has been agreed upon by the masters in charge of departments. The actual books purchased in each subject have been selected in consultation with the responsible master concerned.

The second hundred was the allocation to the Library from the Anniversary Appeal. The committee of this appeal felt that some individual purchase should be made so that its identity could be readily retained, and at the same time act as a worthy reminder of the coming of age of our present school buildings. A very worthy choice and an invaluable addition to the Library was made in the purchase of the 1947 Edition of the Encyclopaedia Britannica at a cost of £85. Our very best thanks for so valuable a gift. Following the lead given by the committee the remaining £15 was spent on reference books.

The appearance and comfort of the Library has been much improved by the laying of wall to wall linoleum provided by the Education Department.

The Burr

We have had a record year for borrowing this year due. I think, to three things: the appointment of a full time librarian approved by the Department as from January 1948, the fact that the classes now have library periods in the Library with the Librarian, and last but not least, the larger sums spent this year on books.

In the senior years this borrowing has been predominantly from the reference section, and in the junior years from fiction. This is as it should be. One purpose of a school library is to encourage the habit of reading, and if the joy there is in the companionship of good books can be made a personal experience in the lives of the younger pupils, the road to Literature, Science, the Arts and technical studies will open out with maturing years, as developing tastes and enlarged experience shall dictate.

—K. G. TEALE, Librarian.

Bathurst Junior Farmers' Club.

Unfortunately our active membership of the club is very low this year and we have not been having regular meetings. Our last meeting was held on 2nd April. Since then some of the boys have been attending the Advisory Committee meeting to keep the club in progress.

This year we have had two Field Days. Mr. McQuigan took us to Yetholme to Mr. Martin's property, where we spent a very interesting day. The second Field Day was spent at Mr. Tyres'. This time sheep were the main project. Mr. Tyres lectured on merino sheep. After this a sheep judging contest was held.

We have been successful with our exhibits at both Bathurst and Orange Show. At Bathurst Show we defeated Orange by five points, winning for ourselves the Gordon Edgell Shield, which is to be competed for yearly, for twelve years. Governor Northcott presented the shield to Ray White, and congratulated the Bathurst Junior Farmers on their excellent display.

The following week, with the help and guidance of our advisor, Mr. Ebborn, we staged our exhibit at Orange again, and won the Orange A.H. and P. Shield and £10. We must thank the Bathurst A.H. and P. Association for their annual donation of £10.

At Cowra Show in September eight Junior Farmers' Clubs staged exhibits. Here we were not successful with our display. But honors for the poultry judging came to the Bathurst Club. Ray White won first prize of £2 2s. and Ron Gunning second, of £1 1s., donated by 'Country Life' newspaper.

We hope for bigger and better things for the Club this coming twelve months. We would like to see more of the young "Ag." boys and girls becoming members and attending meetings.

High School Chess Club.

The future of the club seems to have possibilities, for the arrival of our foreign friends has introduced new players to the club. On their recent performances, it is likely that there will be some important alterations in the ladder positions.

The membership of the club leaves a little to be desired. However, new members are occasionally joining. Onlookers are showing a great deal of interest, and there is no doubt that, if they knew how the game was played, they would not hesitate in joining the club.

At present the ladder position is unsettled, particularly in the first three positions. Norman Dowton and John Scott are sharing the position of honor, as a result of a drawn game. Bill Heap is now third.
The results of the club championship which was held before the holidays were interesting. Three players, John Scott, Norman Dowton, and Bill Heap were equal in points until the last three games were played. As a result the trophy was won by John Scott. The following points were gained by the players: John Scott 8, Norman Dowton 7, Bill Heap 6. Five. Arthur MacCullagh Gordon Ewin, Ken Payne 2, Mark Bester 2.

Correspondence games have been arranged with Newcastle High School. It is expected that our representatives will show good form against their opponents, as the standard has risen recently.

More and better games are expected, —NORMAN DOWTON, Secretary.

CADET CORPS.

The few remaining Cadets in the High School Cadet Corps must be congratulated for the faithful way they have attended parades regularly since enlisting, and it is hoped that when summer clothing is issued in the near future, one of the smartest and most efficient Corps in the district will be formed.

Recently a ten-day camp was held at Ingleburn, and the Bathurst Corps turned up twenty-five strong, under instructions from their Commanding Officer, Lieutenant Dodd, and W/O Key. A very interesting programme was held, consisting of field manoeuvres, picture lectures, map reading, weapon training and the preliminary foot-slogging.

A most amusing array of the soldiers' vocabulary was heard at six o'clock every morning when Reveille was sounded. As a respectable citizen I will not repeat any. The old saying, 'a soldier never cleans the back of his boots,' was not enforced on this expedition, for after a careful study for the first ten days it was found a majority of the detachment cleaned neither front nor back. This was remedied by their most efficient N.C.O.'s—ahem! The casualties this year were almost identical to those of 1947. Summarising them briefly—two K.O. cases, one broken nose, one lacerated skull, and twenty-one hangovers. But on a whole, it can be said all enjoyed themselves.

The parades have got into full swing again, and several contests on the rifle range are in line. And there's a growing determination with the N.C.O.'s that they'll get bull experts out of their men or know the reason why. A bivouac is anticipated in the near future, and it is hoped to hold it at Lake Canobolas, Orange. Although the strength of the Bathurst Corps is minute compared to that of the large Sydney schools, the old proverb, 'it is not the size of the dog in the fight, 'tis the size of the fight in the dog,' comes into being.

"MESS!"

DEBATING NOTES.

Debating has so much become a part of the School's activities that it is difficult to separate and condense its history for 1948 into a few short lines.

The B.H.S. team had the good fortune to win the Mulvey Cup again, but the win was by an uncomfortably narrow margin. However, so much interest is taken in debating that the School should enter very strong, and it is to be hoped successful teams in future Mulvey Cup series.

The debate at the Rotary Club was another great success, and there the teams first met Mr. Geo. Perrotet. We are indeed greatly indebted to him for his helpful advice, and excellent adjudication of the debates of the Mulvey Cup series.

Many debates of outstanding quality were broadcast from the School, and these proved very popular with townspeople interested in the School.

Many more debates were also held in the course of the year, and on these depends the future history of the Mulvey Cup.

That debating is an essential part of education is realised and appreciated by the B.H.S., and its place in our midst will become even more cemented by time.

MULVEY CUP DEBATING TEAM

Front Row: Frances Holman, Miss. A. C. Anderson (Master-in-Charge), Ken Saunders.

Back: Gay Shirlaw, Elaine Aubin.

LADIES' AUXILIARY.

The Ladies' Auxiliary of the P. and C. Association has continued to function as in past years. A total of £126 has been handed over to the P. and C. Association as a result of efforts held this year.

The year commenced with a Street Stall, followed by the catering for the Centenary of Education Sports. The Auxiliary then devoted its attention to the Astley Cup competitions, and once again arranged the supper in connection with the Astley Cup Dance. This effort called forth much praise. Another big day was the catering in connection with the Football Carnival at the Bathurst Sports Ground. The ladies who attended had a very busy time satisfying the eager demands for "hot dogs," etc.

The big effort for the year was the Fete, which took place just prior to the August vacation. With the assistance of the teachers and the pupils to the result proved most successful—the sum of £105 being paid into B. and C. funds after the stalls closed in the afternoon.

A concert being organised by one of our members will further add to the proceeds for the year.

Although the attendance at our meetings has shown an increase, it is felt that many more mothers and friends could attend and assist during the year.

—B. LINDESELL, Secretary.
THE CHOIR.

During the third term of last year the School Choir had a very busy and enjoyable time. Firstly we took part in the Eisteddfod, and had the pleasure of winning the Senior Schools' Choral Championship, for which we received a handsome cup. A very favourable report was given by the Adjudicator, who awarded us 171 points. The pieces sung were 'Invocation to Summer,' and 'Where the Bee Sucks' (unaccompanied), 'Jesu' and 'Old King Cole' were performed at the concert arranged for the Ex-Students' Queen.

On each Play Night two brackets of songs were sung, including 'The Don Giovanni Minuet' and 'Silent Night.' The Choir also gave items on Speech Day.

For all these performances Phemie McIntyre was the very willing and capable accompanist.

This year our accompanist has been Barbara Brown, who must be complimented on the way she has played for our performances. Thank you Barbara for your help.

During the Centenary Week the choir took part in the special broadcast over 2BS, and one of the items sung was Beethoven's 'Creation Hymn.'

Three songs we are practising now are 'The Glow-worm,' 'The Hungarian Dance No. 5,' and 'The Starlings.' These songs are in preparation for Mrs. Johnson's Concert and for the Eisteddfod in October.

At the time of writing this, the choir is singing very well and I am sure they will give of their best on each occasion. It is a pleasure working with such a group of girls who are interested enough in singing to give up their lunch hours for practice. I assure these girls that they will not regret having been in their School Choir, for they have gained a wider love for music and they will be rewarded by the knowledge that they gave of their best to those who listen to their singing. So Choir, keep up your good work.

Z. SAMPSON.

SCHOOL CHOIR 1948


P. AND C. REPORT 1948.

Patrons, Mr. Pollock, Inspector of Schools, Dr. R. D. Mulvey; President, Mr. Cliff Moodie; Vice- Presidents, Mendes Holman and Paine; Messrs. Biddington, Ross, Martin and Paine; Secretary, Mrs. G. Robertson; Treasurer, Mr. L. Kershaw; Finance Committee, President, Secretary, Treasurer and Messrs. Ross and Biddington.

Quite a lot of good work has been done for the school. Various works which had been promised by the Hon. R. J. Hefron to be performed, were carried out, such as limo, in the Library: the Sick Bay has become an established fact; lights have been installed, where required: porches made waterproof.

The Association would, however, gladly welcome a little more interest on the part of the parents in our meetings. We know that when functions are held, they support them, but there are quite a number of parents not members of the Association, and we do appeal to them to become members.

The Ladies' Auxiliary has again been our backbone so far as the raising of funds is concerned. We have again dipped deeply into our credit balance for very necessary school requirements.

Early in the New Year we hope to see more of our requests carried to fruition.

SPEECH DAY 1947.

EXCERPTS FROM THE HEADMASTER'S REPORT

Thanks: In making his annual report Mr. Beard referred to the excellent work done by the Staff, the P. and C. Association, the Ladies' Auxiliary, the Appeal Committee, the District Inspector of Schools, the Examinations Supervisory Committee, Radio 2BS, the Press and all those who co-operated so splendidly to bring school activities to such a happy conclusion.

Examinations: The results of the public examinations in 1946 had been very good, some students having gained passes of a very high standard.

Community Service: Community service and training for citizenship had been stimulated by visiting speakers and artists, and worthy causes such as Food for Britain, the Red Cross and Stewart House had not been forgotten.

The $1.000.000 Appeal: Mr. Beard appealed to all those who had worked so zealously to continue their efforts as active members of the P. and C. The fund was making possible permanent improvements which would make Bathurst High School worthy of 'The City Beautiful.'

Changing Times: In expressing regret that his association with the School was ending, Mr. Beard emphasised the need in our changing world for an educated community with a sense of values. He stressed the virtues of consideration and service for others, combined with democratic and Christian ideals, and the exercise of the widest tolerance as sure foundations on which to build a society worthy of our youth.
Public Examination Results

* * *

LEAVING CERTIFICATE

The following students passed the Leaving Certificate Examination, 1947:

Ambrose, C. W., 1B, 5B, 12A, 18A, 19B.
Beard, M. K., 1B, 6B, 9B, 12A, 25B.
Bliss, D. W., 1B, 7B, 9B, 12B, 18B.
Boughton, D. K., 1B, 2B, 3B, 5B, 14B.
Churches, T. E., 1A, 3A, 6B, 14H,18B.
Claremont, B. J., 1A, 3B, 7B, 9B, 18B.
Clements, S. J., 1A, 7B, 9A, 12B, 18B, 19B.
Goddard, A. R., 1B, 2B, 3B, 5B, 6B, 12B.
Harris, G. H., 1B, 3B, 9B, 18B.
Hill, M. M., 1(H), 2B, 3B, 5B, 12B.
Hutchison, E. J., 1D(1), 3(H), 7B, 9H, 12B.
Lewins, N. D., 1H(2), 3B, 5B, 6B, 12A, 18H, 1B.
Newman, D., 1B, 7B, 9B, 18B.
Palmer, T. A., 1A, 2B, 3B, 9H, 18A.
Phillips, G. C., 1B, 9A, 18B, 19B.
Snow, T. A., 1B, 5B, 6A, 14A, 18A, 19B.
Waddell, J. S., 1A, 5B, 6A, 13A, 14A, 21A.
Willmott, P. W., 1A, 3B, 5B, 6B, 14A, 18A.
Wiburd, D. A., 1B, 7B, 9B, 12B, 18B, 19B.


SCHOLARSHIP AWARDS

University Exhibition: E. Hutchison.
Forestry Cadetship: P. W. T. Willmott.
Newman, D. Boughton.

INTERMEDIATE CERTIFICATE


An Intermediate Bursary was awarded to Cassie Carr.

THE BURR

PRIZE LIST, 1947

B.H.S. P. & C. Association Prizes:

Best Leaving Pass, 1946 James Holman
Best Intermediate Pass, 1946 Phyllis Gilmore

Martin Lapin Prizes:

Dux of School Thomas Willmott
Fifth Year, Second Place Alexander Churches
Fifth Year, Third Place Trevor Snape
Proficiency Prize Edward Hutchinson

Capt. Ralph Sutton Prizes for Science:

General Science Thomas Willmott
Maurice Beard

Country Women’s Prize for History

Terence Palmer

Fourth Year:

Dux Phyllis Gilmore
Second Prize Donald Bliss

Capt. Ralph Sutton Prize for Science Phyllis Gilmore

Third Year:

Martin Lapin Prize: Dux Beverly Tobin
Second Prize Norman Dowton
Third Prize Cassie Carr
Proficiency Prizes Heather Paine, Peter Bearden, Norman Goddard

Second Year:

Dux Helen Galloway
Second Prize Janet Sinclair
Third Prize Paul Goddard
Proficiency Prizes Gabrielle Shirlaw, Helen Gresser
Reginald Lang 2B

First Year:

Dux John Meadley
Second Prize Betty Best

Improvement Prizes: John Meadley, Betty Best

Special Prizes:

School Captains: Douglas Bliss, Margot Hill
The Len Nixon Cup: Thomas Willmott
The Margaret Stirling Cup: Margot Hill
The Don Ross Cup for Social Service in the Junior School: Roger Snape

Social Service Prizes:

Frances King Phelim MacIntyre
Edward Robinson Ken Sanders
Don Wiburd Geoff Phillips

The Winston Sutton Prizes for English:

Edward Hutchinson, Graham Ambrose, Helen Galloway

Prize for Best Current Affairs Book:

Senior Frances King
Junior Shirley Brown

House Debating Cup: Evans House
OLD STUDENTS' BUDGET

EX-STUDENTS' NOTES

This year has been very subdued for the Ex-Students. Very few dances have been held, but these have been a success both financially and socially.

Best wishes to the Ex-Students' hockey team for a good win in the Hockey Carnival.

Jean Herne has returned to good old Bathurst; we think it is for good this time.

Seen passing through, Neil Constable, who was a very active member of the Ex-Students.

Vida Constable has just spent a very enjoyable holiday at home, after 12 months nursing at R.P.A., where an old Orange Ex-Student turned up—Philippa Hughes. Latest entrants in the matrimonial stakes are Betty Shumack and Bob Fry; best wishes to you both.

The engagement of Audrey Pratley to Jack Lasky has been announced. All the best.

Two Ex-Students celebrated their coming of age. They are Viv Howard and Viv Naylor. Best of luck to "Gundy" Harris in his new speedway venture.

Max Cranston, who will settle in Bathurst, has been discharged from the Air Force.

Viv Cranston has announced his engagement to Joyce Carpenter. To Mr. and Mrs. M. Carpenter—a baby. Mrs. Carpenter was Peg Wheatley.

SYDNEY UNIVERSITY NOTES

"Sidere mens eadem mutato"

This year those ex-students of the Bathurst High School who are attending Sydney University are studying under difficulties, due to the crowded conditions and the text book shortage. With over 10,000 students in attendance, it is often impossible to find a vacant seat in the library or at lectures, and long queues for meals are the rule. However, next year it is expected that there will be a big improvement, for all those ex-students who had intended to study at the University after the war have now begun their courses and the fact that "fifty per cent. must fail"—or at least, the students think so—should contribute considerably to the reduction of numbers. But despite this we are hoping that there will be even more ex-students of the B.H.S. down here in the coming years than there is at present; all we University students who were at one time students of the B.H.S. wish to present students—especially those of the 1948 Fifth Year—even greater success at High School than we have had in past years, and will be waiting to welcome them into the ranks of the students of Sydney University.

Those who argue that women are less intelligent than men may perhaps find excellent support for their hypothesis when they observe the proportion of ex-B.H.S. girls and ex-B.H.S. boys now attending Sydney University.
Jim Waddell, who has just completed an anatomy examination, is this year in first year Dentistry. Already he is proficient in the art of drilling teeth. His rather fragile figure is a familiar sight in the Sydney University quadrangle.

Although he is not strictly a former B.H.S. student, many present teachers and students will remember Mr. L. Parry, who taught Science at the B.H.S. a year ago. Mr. Parry is now a part-time lecturer in Physics at Sydney University and a senior lecturer in the Ultimo Technical College. Just as many girls swoon when they see Mr. Parry as used to do when he was at the Bathurst High School; has Mr. Learmonth fully recovered from his jealousy yet?

NOTE: The author of these notes also attends lectures at Sydney University sometimes.

—J. HOLMAN.

* * *

SYDNEY TEACHERS’ COLLEGE

"Lumen sicum"

Sydney Teachers’ College is the largest teachers’ training college in the State, and there are over 1000 students in attendance every year. Yet this year there are only four ex-B.H.S. students—fewer than in recent years—studying down here, but it is expected that there will be more again in 1948. All those present students of the B.H.S. who win scholarships to the Sydney Teachers’ College are assured of an excellent time—much fun and little work.

Alan Kneale graduated in Economics at Sydney University with several distinctions in his final year subjects in 1947, and this year is at Teachers’ College studying for his Diploma of Education. He hopes to be appointed as a teacher to the Bathurst High School next year—for more than one reason, too!

Bessie Glasson after studying Science at the University last year is at Sydney Teachers’ College this year. Bessie is in Section 212, and takes a very prominent part in the social life of the College.

Peter Bartsch, who attended the B.H.S. several years ago, is in Physical Education I. Since representing the B.H.S. in the Astley Cup, has developed into a champion tennis player and reached the finals of the college championships this year.

Tom Roughley has changed little in his ways since leaving the Bathurst High School; Tom is still the quietest gentleman in the world—before sunset! This year he has learned much about the suburb of Darlinghurst from first hand experience. Tom takes part in all the social activities of the college, and is one of the best liked and best known of all the college students. [last paragraph interposed by J.H.—Ed.]

—TOM ROUGHLEY.

* * *

NEW ENGLAND UNIVERSITY COLLEGE

At University here at Armidale we are represented by three ex-B.H.S. students.

Pip Piper, our senior member, is the leader in this University’s political and literary spheres, and was for a time capable editor of our student paper, “Nucleus.” Pip has also distinguished himself on the playing field, especially in football, for which he gained a position in the Country Union side.

Bill Kneale has also proved prominent in sporting activities. A “blue” cricket representative, he is also a keen tennis and hockey player.

Nick Lewins, the latest arrival, is the only member of us not at present a misogynist, having shown quite some interest in a particular person of the opposite sex. On the sporting side he represented University in the team that won the N.S.W. Inter-University Shield.

Hoping to see more of B.H.S. up here next year.

—N. LEWINS.

FIFTH YEAR 1947 — WHERE ARE WE?

Where are we? Seeking “our hidden future” in most cases “far from the Bathurst High School.” We all are, I hope, “seeking higher things” in the B.H.S. tradition learnt during our years there, which ranged from one to seven in number.

Very few members have remained in Bathurst. Several repeated the year, among whom are our old friends Bill Biddington, “Wong” Wolstenholme, Roy Hobson, and, I understand, Ian Sims. Last year’s Captain, Doug Bliss, keeps well out of sight working down among the bricks. Gwen Harris is at kept very busy nursing at the local hospital—please don’t get sick or fall out of any peach trees, for your own sake. Also in Bathurst are Louis Shehadie working at the City Council, and the “Miler,” Stewart Clements, working with a lawyer.

Armidales Teachers’ College and University have claimed three of our number, namely “Magnificent” Margot, our Captain and goalie; “Chas” Ambrose, the speller of the class; and that famous orator Neil Lewins (no libel suits please!). Lady Lieutenant Phillips joined them at A.T.C.

Among the multitude in Sydney University can be found James Waddell doing Dentistry (or is it Chemistry?)? he couldn’t decide; Ted Hutchinson continuing his studies in the Faculty of Arts; Tom Willmott is doing Forestry with the Commonwealth Commission—a very busy man, I understand. Trevor Snape frequentes that famous seat of learning at night, according to the reports.

Brian Purdon is among those working in Sydney—works for a shipping firm. “Whiskers” Maurice Beard paces the floor at Dymocks for an hour each day, working “underground” the rest of the time. Terry Palmer is somewhat shy—“I work at the A.B.C.” was the last and only information we managed to obtain from him. The “man about town” is “Mort,” alias Barry Claremont, usually seen roaming around the G.P.O. or “Courier Mail” office. He is a reporter on a Sports Periodical.

Another Sydney worker is a rather quietened member of our year working among piles and piles of magazines with seemingly no ambition to “seek higher” or move about much.

Still there are several mysterious members whose whereabouts are uncertain. Maybe just that the “Gestapo” haven’t located them as yet. Where are Don Willard, Alex Churches, Arthur Goddard, Don Newman and Dora Boughton?

Oh dear! I nearly forgot “Lazy”; she is often seen around King’s Cross attired in the New Look. Studying dress designing and music, we understand.

Though we have passed on we have not forgotten the debt we owe B.H.S. and all it stands for.

—ONE OF THE FOUR AND TWENTY.”
### STATEMENT OF UNION RECEIPTS AND PAYMENTS

#### RECEIPTS

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#### TEXT BOOK ACCOUNT

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|                                                                                           **£185 10 11**
of cases, much to our dismay, these thoughts were too passing.

Third year came, and although not at the same strength as second year, everyone was determined to become a school champion and consequently enter the select band of the school or the "Astley Cup Few." Alas! many hearts were broken, some through toil and some through—well it was easy to guess after the dance. Unlike second year the following five months were spent trying to please our teachers by doing a little "swotting" in order to pass our "Inter" and enter into paradise.

Following the severe ordeal of third year some of the fit and able returned to comprise fourth year and be able to do "all play and no mental work," and as far as study was concerned this was strictly adhered to. Although mentally resting, I'm afraid we were never allowed to rest our weary bones. To us fourth year was artificially a paradise and actually a hard labour sentence. Because of this factor and, maybe, a little experience, the Astley Cup series passed quickly while the annual exam. passed by quietly.

Then at last—we're at the top and fifth year has been reached. We have become the pride and glamour of the school, and all eyes are focussed upon us. No more are we mere schoolboys. We are young men ready to assail and conquer the world. Yes! Here we are young and ambitious leaders, returning with our plunder gained from old rivals in the sporting, social and debating world. However, the time has come when we find it necessary to pass these spoils to our worthy followers to maintain and preserve, so good luck, fourth year.

Yes! something else has slipped my mind. Yes, you've guessed—we had better do a little study for the Leaving Certificate.

—"FAREWELL." 5th Year.

SO IT'S FAREWELL

October—we realise it is almost time to bid our school farewell, and naturally many reminiscences of our short and sometimes studious stay pass through our minds. It was just on five years ago that we suffered a very warm welcome from the Headmaster of this School and shortly afterwards a very cool and wet welcoming from the senior students. This was given in a manner similar to a christening except that buckets were used. In due course we settled down to our new surroundings and, miraculous as it may seem, we were able to arouse a little interest in a small sporting event which takes place during the coldest month of the year. As for the rest of the year, everything went according to plan.

Entry into second year was made with an air of confidence and with an almost fanatical lust we looked forward to the "Initiation Service" of our new juniors. After a number of the usual greetings was made, we important seniors were able to take advantage of the new school equipment and give our friends a welcome via the water hose. Thus contenting our hearts we were able to turn ourselves and our hearts towards the Astley Cup contest. Many took the sportsmaster's advice about training to become a representative of the school team, to heart, while a select few took it to the feet, and of course these latter represented. The reminder of the year succumbed to reminiscences of the happenings during the cup series, and of course a passing thought was given to examinations. In quite a number
Verse

**POWER**

Through the darkness raced the engine,
Forging onward through the night;
Tearing over creaking bridges,
Headlights gleaming far and bright.

Through the stations by the wayside,
Straining at its harnessed power;
Flashing through the night’s soft stillness,
Never tiring, hour by hour.

Roaring through the echoing tunnel,
Dashing over silent plains;
Till in some great sleeping city
It, at last, the goal attains.

Thus another mission ended,
Still another journey run;
All its human freight delivered,
All its master’s will is done. —H. GALLOWAY, 3A.

**MY WISH**

I should like to be a hailstone,
So round and pure and white;
To dance upon the cottage roof
Would be my pure delight.

Or maybe I should chance to fall
Within a garden fair;
Then I should spy the little elves
That hide themselves with care.

If I should hear the pitter
Of children’s feet at play,
I’d roll among the tall green grass,
To hide myself away.

So I should not be gathered
By chubby hands so small;
And left to melt on muddy paths,
Or by the garden wall.

—KATHLEEN STAINES, 1A.

THE BURR

SILENT STREAM

Underneath the willows flowing silently,
A stream of deepest blue goes on its way;
Silently but quickly on and on,
Not making any sound by night or day.

Meandering across the grassy plain,
Rippling down behind the hay,
Silently but quickly creeping on and on,
Not making any sound by night or day.

—PATRICIA GARLICK, 1B.

THE SWAGMAN

The old old swagman in and out,
Up the streets and all about.
Is he happy or is he glad?
Or does he think his life is sad?

In summer heat,
With blistered feet,
He travels the dusty plains;
And sometimes on his lonely track he’s drenched with flooding rains.

—R. NANCARROW, 2A.

OLD MAN RIVER

It flows from the mountain, all silver and white,
It gurgles and gushes by day and by night,
O’er stones and ‘neath bridges, by banks and round bends,
It rolls on forever, its glad way it wends.

Down through the valleys and over the ranges,
Rollicking onwards, its song never changes.
In seed time and harvest, through droughts and through rains,
It stirs the warm earth as it seeps through her veins.

Then into the inlet, majestic and dour,
It merges with vigour, with strength and with power.
And thus is the life of an e’er flowing stream,
That lives on forever, remaining supreme.

The life of a river, the life of a man.
Were likened together when old time began.
The three different stages of life at its best—
Youth, mid-life and age, are surmounted with zest.

—"ROVER," 4th Year.
MY DOG TWINKLE

I have a little puppy dog—
Twinkle is her name;
Although she’s very ugly,
I like her just the same.

She has a hairy little face,
And prancing little feet;
She stands upon her two hind legs
And begs for bits to eat.

She is an expert watch dog,
And stays up very late;
And barks at every person
That passes by the gate.

—BARRY CAMPBELL, 2A.

Prose

THE LINK

Mr. Perkins loved houses, so he left his own one hot Monday afternoon to walk up the hill and past the fascinating row of substantial homes opposite the park. He was not built for climbing, and when he reached the park at the top of the hill he plumped on to a bench beside a wizened little woman with soft white hair and a sweet pink face.

He ignored her first sharp "Huh," but when she accompanied the second one with a sharp dig of a knitting needle, he murmured, "I beg your pardon," and regarded her and her needle anxiously.

"Git off me wool," she snapped, and Mr. Perkins, never one to argue, apologised profusely and moved right along to the end of the bench—right out of range of the offended lady.

The air was hot and still. There was no sound. Mr. Perkins, nodding, was suddenly roused by the musical horn of a long car that was sliding from the garage of the Spanish-style house which Mr. Perkins particularly admired. He thought it was a very smart car, and felt an overpowring urge to tell somebody so, but after a surreptitious glance in the direction of the knitting needle woman, he felt discouraged and got up and strolled over to the "Spanish" house. The car was gone and the place looked entirely deserted. He rocked to and fro on the pavement; the sun was hot and his heels sank into the melting bitumen. He would have liked to have a look at the house—Perhaps... Well if anyone was there he could easily say he wanted a drink of water.

He clicked the gate and stepped carefully on each square slab of cement that led to the elaborately grilled door. The audacious idea of ringing on the front door and asking if he could inspect the garden, occurred to him, but he quickly decided that the back door and the glass of water was much safer.

Around the back he knocked and nobody answered, so he peered into the kitchen and laundry through the shining glass windows. The practically new tools in the little recess near the kitchen door fascinated him, and he chuckled when he found the key of the door was hidden obviously under

THE BURR

the door mat. He was having a great time when he heard a car pull up in front. He hurried uneasily around to the front and saw two very tall men in very tight overalls walking towards the front door, stepping carefully on the lawn between the little slabs. Outraged, he yelled out "Hey" to the men, and told them, with surprising aggressiveness, to walk on the slabs. The men were sufficiently startled to obey his indignant instructions, and they stepped carefully on the slabs until they reached the corner, then the faintest expression crossed their features as they glanced towards the gate.

"Who are you?" Mr. Perkins was dumbfounded.
"What yer doing here?"
"I... you... I want a drink of water."
"Well get out there and get one at the van." And Mr. Perkins scuttled out.

The van was a large one, belonging to a firm established quite close to Mr. Perkins' house. He had seen them passing quite often. There was a mug tied to a water bag, so he filled the mug and sipped water that he didn't want, tentatively regarding the two men who were peering through the front window. Hoping to be helpful, he leant on the gate and called out:

"If you want to get in, I know where the key is." The effect was startling. They beckoned him in, and when he showed them the key under the door mat they became very affable, telling him all about their job of moving the furniture out of the "Spanish" house.

Mr. Perkins helped them. Pushing chairs and packing ornaments. As long as he kept out of the way of the men who were working with feverish haste, they were happy, and he was too. He was fascinated by the brass figure of a horse straining against the wind. He packed it carefully, poking paper in and out of the legs, and wedged it into the box.

By the time the work was finished, even the fair man was genial, and as they climbed in and drove off they called chery farewell. Mr. Perkins beamed after them, and started to walk slowly down the hill. Halfway down the hill he quenched his pace and almost trolleyed down the last slope. At the bottom of the hill be turned left instead of right, and arrived puffling at the Removal Company's office. He was going to see if he could buy that windy horse.

A man was talking on the 'phone. He glanced up, nodded at the funny old man, and went on speaking. Mr. Perkins waited and listened.

"One of ours stolen? Yes a big truck—No. 13... No. 13..."

"Oh," he said; then "Oh" again and scurried out of the office.

When the clerk looked up there was no one in the office. He shrugged; it couldn't be helped. There was going to be enough to do—that stolen van. It was doubtful if the police would find it promptly. There was no clue.

—'MARIA," 5th Year.

JUST ANOTHER DAY

It was one of those cold mornings that Mrs. Motttberry decided to get up early. Looking forward to a warm fire and a steaming hot cup of tea she scrambled hurriedly out of the cozy bed. Alas! When she went to light the fire she discovered that Tommy, her son, had not got the lighting wood in.

After some twenty minutes the fire began to crackle and a small yellow flame shot up to greet her. She began to butter the biscuits, when 'Mu-um' greeted her. It was her husband. She hurriedly dropped the biscuits and ran to the bedroom. He inquired as to whether the kettle had boiled. At that moment a hissing noise began, and her husband required no answer.
At last her husband had gone to work, and what a relief it was. Now to get Tommy, Joan and Jim off to school. She had already called them twice, but apparently they hadn’t heard her. Finally they arrived down-quarrelling as usual. Joan had just gone to school and the two boys were having their usual after-breakfast fight when their bus arrived. After a wild scramble they were gone, and the house was quiet again. She began to tidy the house and do the usual household chores, then perhaps she might be able to do the ironing.

She was deeply engrossed in dusting the sitting room ornaments when ‘ring, ring’ rang through the house. It was that wretched door bell. Would she pretend she was out? No, she began to hurry to the door. What if Tommy had fallen out of the bus window? What if it were a travelling agent? What if... She opened the door to be greeted with “Telegram Mrs.” That ticket in the lottery. Could it be? At last she could go for an enjoyable holiday. With trembling hand she slit the envelope then read the telegram. No, it couldn’t possibly be. She read it again, then screamed it aloud so that “Arriving Thursday, two weeks holiday, bringing family, May” rang through every room in the house. Her sister was coming with those three boys for two weeks. She had to hurry and tidy the spare rooms.

As she began once again to commence her ironing she heard the front gate click. Who was it? Yes, it was Mrs. Tussledown. She began at once to unload her troubles to Mrs. Mottleberry. She told her that she had been to the doctor about her “bronchiak choobs” and that he told her she would have to be “hexrayed.” On and on she talked. Finally, promising Mrs. Mottleberry a bottle of her special “ome made marmalade jam” she left.

The children were home from school and her husband was from work, but they were going out after tea. If out they would ask her whether she could go, but then of course she couldn’t go to the Men’s Club or with Joan to the dance or with Jim to the pictures. How utterly absurd for her to think such a thing.

The click as she switched off the iron, broke the silence in the room. Perhaps if her sister did come she might have company at night. Slipping out of her slippers she unconsciously reckoned up the hours she had been on her feet. Yes, it was fifteen hours. Going at that rate she would be working a hundred hours a week while her husband worked a mere forty hours and still grumbled. But after all, she was Mum, and it was just another day gone by.

—MARGARET GRESSER, 3C.

GETTING UP

One of my favourite pastimes is lying in bed. But alas, there is always someone to take away your pleasure by pulling off the bedclothes or calling out “Time to get up!”

I often think what I would do if I was Keith Miller or Bruce Dooland. As I lie in bed I often wonder why there is such a place as school when you could be playing cricket, tennis or football. Often I think what a lovely place the world would be if there were everlasting holidays.

It’s a strange thing, but I never want to go to bed. Yet I never want to get up. Of course I have many dreams, some pleasant, some unpleasant but it is very disappointing to wake up after a pleasant dream and find out that it is only a dream and not a reality.

Still, I suppose that getting up is not such a bad thing, because if you did not get up you could not do the things you dream and think about.

—DAVID RICHARDSON, 2A.

FELINE FELICITY

Mr. Pugwash sighed blissfully as he climbed into bed. He was feeling exceedingly pleased with himself, for he had just defeated his bosom enemy, Colonel Cuth the onion patch, in a most unsportsmanlike manner. Mr. Pugwash at the outset of his plan had said that he would fight as long as he could, and admired the pink roses on his bedspread. The silvery moonlight filtered through the lace, forming an intricate filigree pattern on the pale pink wallpaper, and the flowers in the window box nodded gracefully in the gentle sighing breeze. A delicate aroma wafted in through the open window, hinting at the promise of Spring and its sweet beauty and onions. Mr. Pugwash sighed once again. How delightful life was. After meditating upon the joys of life for a short time he drifted peacefully into the land of Nod.

Mr. Pugwash was dreaming. A faint smile lurked in the corners of his mouth. He was dreaming that he had just inherited a large fortune from his aunt, which was extremely remarkable, since Mr. Pugwash did not possess an aunt, not even a divorced one. With this fortune he would buy himself a Buick, a house, a new set of golf clubs, and a toffife apple.

(The last occasion on which Mr. Pugwash had had a toffife apple, it had been confiscated by an unsympathetic schoolmaster when he (Mr. Pugwash) was at the tender age of fifteen.) While he was thus dreaming, certain things had been happening outside. Occasionally a scurrying noise was to be heard through the open window. Then suddenly a loud screech rent the air. Mr. Pugwash sat suddenly, causing the bed to groan in alarm. He trembled like a jelly as he demanded of himself, “Is—is it b-b-burglars?” or “—p—perhaps an invasion?” Then it dawned on him. “Cats!” he groaned, with no little feeling. “Cats!” He gulped suddenly—this was due to the fact that he had almost (not quite) swallowed his only remaining set of false teeth in his extreme wrath. “Oh, why must I be tormented by these demons? Cats!”

Mr. Pugwash climbed dejectedly out of bed and yelled as he trod on a large and prominent tack which happened to be sojourning in his sleeping chamber. Seething with indignation, he marched across to his window, after assuring himself that he was not totally and completely crippled, as yet. The sight which he beheld made Mr. Pugwash utter a naughty word under his breath, for before him were cats enough to start a menagerie, possibly two. Cats everywhere! Big cats, small cats, long cats, short cats, narrow cats; black cats, white cats, grey cats, ginger cats, striped cats, spotted cats, patch cats, check cats, floral cats, tailless cats, eyless cats, earless cats, toothless cats—in fact every possible type of cat imaginable.

Mr. Pugwash wished he was dead. Of all animals, those which he detested most were cats! He moaned inaudibly and then wailed, “Oh, curse my fatal luck! Oh dear, oh dear, what shall I do? Oh my beloved dahlias! Oh dear, what shall I do?”

Then to his utmost amazement, a fearless battle-scared rat replied, “The best thing would be to pull your head in, sweetheart!” And then he commenced his task of tearing up the onions once again. In dismay Mr. Pugwash watched the infields tearing up his pansies, his daffodils, his hyacinths and his rhubarb, which was the most treasured possession in Mr. Pugwash’s life.

“Enough!” he declared. “I, Alfonso Antonio Herbert George Oliver William Pugwash, have spoken!” and he tiptoed noiselessly over to his boot closet and gathered up an armful of trusty missiles. These he deposited in the window box, for future reference. He then collected a large jug of water from the wash stand. Thus armed, Mr. Pugwash assembled his forces, pitched camp and commenced his onslaught. Various
articles of footware were projected with amazing velocity in the direction of the interloping cats. The cats raced for shelter, only to be deluged by a stream of icy cold water as they passed beneath the window. All was quiet. There was not a cat to be seen anywhere.

"Ah," sighed Mr. Pugwash, "at last I can go back to bed and sleep in peace." He climbed into bed once again and was on the verge of sleep when he noticed two ears appearing from out of the window box. These ears rapidly developed into a face, complete with eyes, nose and whiskers. The cats, thirsting for the blood of their assailant, had returned, armed to the teeth. The room was alive with cats. 

Mr. Pugwash decided that discretion was the better part of valour, and beat as speedily a retreat as possible without appearing undignified. He sought safety in the unprotecting blankets and optimistically hoped that the cats, if ignored, would return to their normal habitat. But no such luck! The cats had settled down peacefully and Mr. Pugwash peeped from the blankets to find himself confronted by the same fearless animal as had addressed him previously.

This cat said to a toothless ginger individual seated on the bureau, "Pass the Book!" whereon the ginger cat passed him a volume of Agatha Christie's short stories. The leader then said to Mr. Pugwash, "Do you swear to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth?" Mr. Pugwash replied that he would, and the case proceeded. The cat then said:

"You, Alfonso Antonio Herbert George Oliver William Pugwash, are charged with having viciously assaulted the members of the Cats' Choral Society on the occasion of their annual Spring concert."

The defendant pleaded guilty and was sentenced to death by slow torture, by the jury. Mr. Pugwash contemplated his fate and shuddered appreciatively. "You c-c-can't d-do this t-t-to m-me!" stammered Mr. Pugwash.

"Oh, yes we can!" declared the cats in unison. Then, to Mr. Pugwash's utmost delight, the next-door dog started to bark. The cats scattered like magic, and Mr. Pugwash was jubilant. Yes, the cats had gone home for good, now. He sighed peacefully and snuggled down into the blankets once more. Mr. Pugwash was at peace with the world once again, and went to sleep counting cats jumping over a stove.

—ANNE KERSHAW, 4th Year.

THE BURNING MOUNTAIN AT WINGEN

The burning mountain, a very interesting spot, is situated a few miles from Wingen, a small village twelve miles from Scone. The burning mountain is believed to be a coal seam which caught alight a long time ago.

When you go there you have to be careful or you will go down a crack, and sometimes it is hard to get out.

The terrific heat from the cracks and the sulphur fumes are suffocating. It is possible to boil a billy-can over the cracks.

When you lean over the cracks you can hear the flames roaring. When I went there I threw a piece of wood into a crack and it immediately caught alight.

There is a clear stretch for about two miles where the fire has burnt. It is gradually getting nearer to Wingen, and in hundreds of years time the village will be destroyed.

—ROSS ROBERTS, 1A.

I AM INSPIRED

Write something for the "Burr". Write something for the "Burr".

That was the nagging thought that kept me from blissful repose. What else could I do but sit and think for hours and hours, or was it minutes? Anyway, I have just forgotten how long it was, but I did sit and think. The result of this meditation was—I am inspired. Inspired to such a degree that I could write a short story and maybe if I try hard enough I may be considered to write the Editorial. You didn't know I was going to be a journalist, did you?

But that is beside the point, which is, I am inspired. You know I once read that the only way poets had ever been able to write poetry was to see something beautiful which inspired them, and then they just let themselves go. Just as I was about to say, I am inspired, inspired to write something great and inspiring, or even so romantic that it could not be put on paper, or into action.

Now there comes a terrible decision—what shall I write about? "A Day at the Beach." Maybe "A Picnic in the Bush" would be a very thrilling and original topic. My inspirations are so numerous and original that I could write a book about them. Some very unhelpful person has just suggested that my topic be 'Inspirations' or "I Am Inspired." What an idea! Fancy writing rubbish like that and then expecting the poor Editor to read it and publish the stuff in our "Burr"? I must sit and think now, and maybe get a few inspirations!

—BARBARA BROWN, 3C.

SO THIS IS THE RICH MAN'S HOUSE

Not very long ago I had occasion to visit a rich man's house. When I say "house" I greatly exaggerate; it resembled the remains of a mud shack. We eventually found the door, knocked loudly, and after a long pause were greeted by the occupant. My father introduced himself and then the man turned to me and said, "Is this the Missus?" I was astounded, and had every right to be I might add.

He invited us inside, and while he finished a "meal" I had a look at the place. What he was eating took my eye, for it was some meat followed by a fearful mixture looking like flour and water, which he proceeded to eat out of a filthy saucepan. It looked as though he had used it every day for the past year and forgotten to wash it.

For that matter, it looked as though he even forgot to wash himself. He had on a pair of boots so patched that the original ones couldn't be seen. Neither could the seat of his trousers, but there were no patches there!

The room in which he lived had a bed in one corner made up of a bag mattress, old blanket and a potato bag bedspread. Luxurious comfort, no doubt. It is impossible to describe the floor—it had disappeared from sight under a layer of dirt. The stove was also buried under ashes, as was a foot and a half of the fireplace.

The air was very oppressing, and all the windows and doors were bolted. My brother was turning very white, but not as white as Dad and I turned when our host started to make a damper for afternoon tea on his dirty old table. We said good-bye and beat a very hasty retreat. Even now the thought of having to eat some of the damper makes me feel ill.

When we were well away I heaved an audible sigh of relief and Dad said, "There is a man who owns thousands and thousands of pounds." As far as I'm concerned he can have them all to himself. Just give me my comfortable bed, and good meals and I'll stay happy.

—"DENISE," 3C.
THAT KID NEXT DOOR

Have you ever had the misfortune of having a small child living next to you? I advise all prospective home buyers to be sure there is no individual in the shape of a small boy, living next door.

He first introduces himself in the form of a large percentage of fruit missing from the fruit trees.

Next you find a broken bathroom window and a small, grubby, freckle-faced boy wearing a patched pair of pants, soiled shirt and a small cap, pulled well on to his head by loving hands, but now tossed at a rakish angle on to a mop of unruly hair, hastily and guiltily retrieving a cricket ball.

Then one morning you will hear a terrible din in the back yard. You'll run outside looking a peculiar sight in a hastily flung on dressing gown, slippers, and your hair in curling pins, to find your pet aversion chasing your new and very temperamental fowls around and around the yard. By the time the fowls are again safely enclosed in their pen, the chief cause of the mischief has mysteriously disappeared. Incidentally, the fowls, which you have valiantly coaxed into laying you one egg per week, now refuse to lay at all.

Also you may be sitting by the wireless one afternoon, quietly reading a book, when you suddenly scream, and jump onto the nearest piece of furniture, as three small mice scamper across the room. After you have remained thus for several minutes, I might add, the place is in an uproar by this time, the essence of mischief, otherwise the "boy next door," enters and hastily explains that his pets "accidentally" escaped as he was "just sorta passin' by."

Now, after these examples, which are only a few, take my advice and never take up residence next to a small . . . r-r-r-ing. Oh, there's the telephone: I wonder who's calling. "What's that you say Mrs. Smith? My Johnny's been stealing your fruit, broken a window, chased your fowls around the yard, and let his pet mice out in your living room . . . ."

—MARIE THEW, 2A.

SHOPS

Shops have always interested me ever since I knew what the word shop meant. Besides being a place of purchase they have a fascinating air about them.

One of my favourite hobbies is window-shopping, when you can gaze at the wonderful treasures bestowed in some windows. It is always a pleasing sight to see children pointing at some toy in a window that takes their fancy, and tugging at their mother's skirts saying, "Oh! Mummy, can't I have that big doll?"

At Christmas time they are all gaily decked out in their fine feathers with beautiful and colourful decorations and hundreds of toys displayed on Christmas trees. Mostly at Christmas time the shops resemble ant beds, as men, women and children hurry around searching for suitable Christmas gifts for friends and relations.

During the last few hundred years shops have improved greatly with the aid of a number of modern conveniences, such as lifts, lighting, central heating and many other modern conveniences.

Just think what would happen if people displayed their goods for sale on the footpath of Pitt or George Streets, as they would have done in the olden days.

—"SHIRLEY." 4th Year.
All thoughts vanished from my mind as I sat and gazed down into its beautiful wonder.

Soon I took off my heavy boots and placed my weary feet in the cool crystal water which trickled about my toes on its endless journey down a carpet green valley.

After I had rested thoroughly, I decided to journey further along the creek to find where this water came from.

Soon I came to a clearing between two high mountain ridges and there, in front of me, I saw a house situated on the side of the creek facing the tall mountains. It was painted a dull green with a light brown, and the chimneys were made out of an old rusty piece of iron piping.

There was a low verandah on the west side with various articles of clothing hanging from it.

Hurriedly I knocked on the door, waiting for a quick reply.

The door was opened by an old man wearing ragged clothing, and his boots were very worn. His eyes were well back into his head, and his face was thin, coming to a point at the chin.

Soon I told him my story how I was lost. Taking pity on me he offered me in for something to eat, and offered me a bed to sleep in, for it was getting very late.

This man was a gold prospector, and he told me how he came to this lonely spot to look for gold.

The next morning he walked back with me to where I lived, for he knew these parts very well.

I was very glad on arriving home after my experience of being lost and the help that the old miner had given me.

—L. BOYD, I.C.

**A NEW SETTLER COMES TO SCHOOL**

My alarm clock awakes me every morning at the usual time. And there is nothing left for me only to get out of bed, to wash and to dress myself.

I go, as every morning, to the staff dining room for breakfast, where I usually meet quite a number of my friends. After saying good morning to everyone I sit down to any of the tables and have breakfast, which usually consists of cornflakes, eggs and bacon. The dining room itself is quite a big one and nearly always full of people of different nations—Yugoslavs, Ukrainians, Balts, Australians. As I am fortunate to be able to speak three languages, I can understand most of the people.

Then I come back to my room and have a last look so that I do not possibly forget anything for the day in front of me. I am very careful about my money for lunch.

At last the bus arrives, and there I usually meet all my school friends. And so I leave nearly every day the camp to ride through the country over the river of Macquarie, through the well-planned City of Bathurst and arrive, at last, at school to start another day’s work.

—JAKOB R. NAGL.
I says, d' ya hear? Well, I'll squeal on ya.
ADRIAN: If you insist. But don't forget, not a word to anyone.
JOE: I dunno yet, I might.
ADRIAN: How much?
JOE: A fiver'll do me t'day.
ADRIAN: I daresay you'll go straight and give the pub your patronage.
JOE: Yo needn't worry what I does with it.
ADRIAN: Very well, here you are. (Draws money from wallet).
JOE: Make it a tenner.
ADRIAN: If you insist.
JOE: Tar. And listen smart guy, if I cops dat wire whiskers old geez round here. I'll slam up the price, savvy?
ADRIAN: I suppose so. Now if that's all the business you have, I think I can show you the door. I'm expecting—
JOE: Ah, yer expectin' fancy pants is yer? Well get this; if I see any o' them fellers round 'ere I'll hup wi' the price, 'n then straight I goes and squeals. And listen, it's no use 'im comin' 'cause I'll be hidin' outside ready. Ooeroo! (Exit Joe).
ADRIAN: A pleasant customer indeed! Oh well, I'll not let a little thing like that interrupt me. Nevertheless it is inconvenient.
(Gets out hurricane and lights it. Puts it on table).
There, that should illuminate the Colonel a little better. He should be here soon. Now if that creature does see the Colonel come, there'll be great goings on. I only hope he doesn't let on. However, we won't think of that. We'll let those little matters come as they wish. Still, I will be in a spot. Oh well.
(Goes over to easel and starts arranging paints).
I wish I had some wine to offer the Colonel. It's his one weakness. Poor soul, if only he were a teetotaller. Well he isn't, so why worry. "Worry at the proper time," that's my motto. Man alive, if the Colonel brings his wife, I'll be getting business if you like! I should imagine with her dimensions, I'll need every piece of canvas in creation to fit one-eighth of her in. Indeed she has rather a large figure.
(A great banging is heard on the door, accompanied by cries of "Open up" and "Hurry man," etc.).
Aha, this sounds suspiciously like my docile client.
(Opens door to admit Colonel Webster, a fat retired military officer. He is red faced and fiery eyed and-leans heavily on a walking stick. It can be clearly seen that he suffers from gout, as his foot is heavily bandaged. Evidently he is fond of his appearance, because of his well groomed walrus moustache. He is dressed as a civilian).
COL. WEBSTER: About time you opened up, leaving a man to rot on your doorstep. How are you. Wells?
ADRIAN: Very well thank you. How about yourself?
COL. WEBSTER: Terrible. I'm crippled with gout.
ADRIAN: Well you know what to blame.
COL. WEBSTER: I daresay that's my affair.
ADRIAN: Tell me, Colonel, did you notice an uncouth barbarian hanging about this place as you came?
COL. WEBSTER: No! Course not. I'm too cautious for that. Even went to the precaution of telling my chauffeur to call for me later.
ADRIAN: Good. That barbarous creature has been pressing me for more money.
COL. WEBSTER: I don't know why you stand for this blackmail.
ADRIAN: I daresay that's my affair, Colonel. Well, now, if you take up your position on the chair, I'll commence.
THE BURR

ADRIAN: Tell me, Joe, do you still work at the Art Gallery? I'm sending some more work along later.

JOE: I er, boss. I er-I lost my job last week. That's why I've been makin' it tough fer yer. I was a removalist there. Now I ain't nothin'.

ADRIAN: Well, so long Joe, and good luck.

JOE: Gee thanks, boss. (Exit).

ADRIAN: I wonder could I give him a job here? No, I can't afford it after his blackmailing me. That's right, after all he did play a mean trick on me. But there's his wife and kids. I wonder who's blackmailing him? Maybe I could—no that won't do. H'm, I don't know what I can do. Oh well, "worry about things at the right time," that's my motto. The Colonel should be here soon. Heaven only hopes he doesn't bring that wife of his. (Knock at the door).

COME IN.

(Enter Colonel Webster in uniform followed by Mrs. Webster. She appears to be as large around as she is high, in fact more so. She is enormous, and succeeds in getting through the door only after a great deal of trouble. She has a haughty manner and is apparently shocked by the state of Adrian's studio).

Ah, good day to you, Colonel, and—(aside) saints above (aloud) er Mrs. Webster.

COL. WEBSTER: Got the paints ready, Wells? As you see, I've got my uniform.

ADRIAN: Won't you sit down, Mrs. Webster?

MRS. WEBSTER: Really, where can I? Last time I entered this wretched abode, I saw fit to rest myself upon a very fragile chair, and the results were most disastrous indeed.

ADRIAN: Ah, I can assure you, no such thing will occur this time. I have taken the precaution of having weight-resisting seats installed.

MRS. WEBSTER: Really.

ADRIAN: Now Colonel, if you will kindly sit here. I will proceed with my work.

COL. WEBSTER: Yes by gad, certainly.

MRS. WEBSTER: Charles?

COL. WEBSTER: Yes m'dear?

MRS. WEBSTER: Are you sure you have all your medals with you?

COL. WEBSTER: Positive.

MRS. WEBSTER: Sit a little more to the right, Charles. That's better. No, not so far. Good. Proceed Mr. Wells.

ADRIAN: Thank you.

MRS. WEBSTER: Hold your chin a little higher Charles.

COL. WEBSTER: Er—yes dear.

MRS. WEBSTER: Proceed Mr. Wells.

ADRIAN: Thank you. (Adrian has been waiting, although fuming, patiently through these breaks till at last he can stand it no longer).

You might think me very rude, Mrs. Webster, but I would appreciate it immensely if your back seat driving would kindly go elsewhere.

MRS. WEBSTER: Really? In all my life I have never met such audacity. I hold you to be an impudent scoundrel. Come Charles.

ADRIAN: The Colonel is fulfilling an obligation, Mrs. Webster; there's the door.

MRS. WEBSTER: Really! Good day to you Mr. Wells, good day!

(Exit Mrs. Webster).

ADRIAN: Now we might get something done.

COL. WEBSTER: Perhaps. I'm glad she's gone, but I don't like to think of the greeting I'll get from her to-night. Jove man, have you any wine? I can't do without it.
ADRIAN: No! (He gives a few flicks of the wrist and the great “Portrait of a Soldier” is completed. There Colonel! Finished! Should bring £500 by auction. That’s £250 each.)

COL. WEBSTER: Ugh! I suppose Emily will let me have £50 of it. About £35 of it will be taken by taxes. Ugh! £15 I get for this torture.

ADRIAN: Well that’s something. By the way, there’s something I must tell you (whispers in his ear. Apparently it is not to the Colonel’s advantage as he boils over immediately).

Time for me to depart. (Exit.)


ACT III.

Scene: The Art Gallery. Time: Two days later. On the walls are to be seen works of art by Adrian, together with several pieces resembling “old masters.” Predominating on the wall is Adrian’s “Portrait of a Soldier.” A dinner in honour of a guest artist has just finished. Sir Clayton, the Director of the Art Gallery, is in the room with his wife, Lady McTyrte.

McTyrte: The other guests should be here any moment now, my dear. No doubt about it, that young Englishman can paint. Just look there, my dear. Compare that piece of art there with the rubbish of Wells. That “Portrait of a Soldier” is most odd. Doubtlessly you recognise the soldier?

LADY McTyrte: Yes. It looks very much like Colonel Webster.

McTyrte: Precisely. You know my dear, one thing. Wells has a rarely good collection of “old masters.” As a representative of the Gallery I offered him £12,000 apiece for them. Strange to say, he refused.

LADY McTyrte: Perhaps he wants them for art’s sake, my dear.

McTyrte: Pooh! He’s an incompetent artist. What does he know of the “old masters.” His works are the worst on our walls.

LADY McTyrte: Who are his works by, my dear?

McTyrte: No one knows for sure, but they are signed “Adam.”

LADY McTyrte: They would hardly be that old, my dear.

McTyrte: Who knows, he has a lot to answer for, you know. What with juvenile delinquency and the like.

LADY McTyrte: Now please, Clayton, we were discussing the Art of Adrian Wells. Not Adam and Eve.

McTyrte: Well if Adam painted Wells’ “old masters” we are certainly discussing him.

LADY McTyrte: I fail to see how the Biblical Adam could paint the day when men wore 17th Century clothes, especially as he was confined to a few fig leaves himself.

McTyrte: Perhaps, perhaps. But the fact remains that Wells has six of these paintings of “Adam’s.” I’ve offered him £12,000 apiece for them. That’s £72,000 if he’s interested.

LADY McTyrte: The trouble with these Bohemians is that they have no money of their own.

McTyrte: Pohh! Bohemian indeed! He only leads that sort of life to impress us. I can assure him that it doesn’t.

LADY McTyrte: They tell me that he ordered Mrs. Webster out of the house while the Colonel’s portrait was being painted. I should have liked to see that.

McTyrte: Dashed impertinence. That’s all I can say. No chivalry nowadays. Ah, here comes Wells. Just look how he’s hanging on to Dr. Bison.

(Enter Adrian and Dr. Bison. Dr. Bison is a brilliant young artist who has staged an exhibition at the Art Gallery).

DR. BISON: As I was saying, Mr. Wells, those paintings of “Adams” are truly brilliant. They’re worth £20,000 each, I should say. Your other work shows promise, too. Ah, good evening, Sir Clayton and Lady McTyrte. Indeed a most amiable dinner. Are the other guests here yet?

ADRIAN: Here comes the Colonel. He seems unduly interested in that young novelist. Perhaps is anxious to have his biography written by the man.

DR. BISON: You know, Sir Clayton, I was saying that Mr. Wells’ works show promise.

McTyrte: Perhaps. Erhum. That’s just what I was saying to the wife.

LADY McTyrte: No you weren’t. You said he was an incompetent scoundrel.

McTyrte: Ahem, really dear, you do exaggerate beyond the limit of human reasoning.

(Enter Colonel Webster and John Duggan. The latter is an author who has met with much success in the past).

COL. WEBSTER: Er. yes. I have quite a history you know. Duggan. Served as a drummer in the Boer War, a major in World War I and as a Colonel in the early part of World War II. Have medals from each.

DUGGAN: Most interesting. Most interesting.

COL. WEBSTER: Gad, I see you’re here Wells. Scoundrel.

DR. BISON: Doesn’t your portrait do you justice, Colonel?

COL. WEBSTER: Oh yes, no that. In fact it bears a striking resemblance to me.

DR. BISON: When is my masterpiece arriving?

McTyrte: One of the workmen should bring it in any time now.

Dr. Bison, I am prepared to give you £1,000 for it. If you sell to me, your name’s as good as in the hall of fame.

DR. BISON: I’m not interested in my own work. I’m prepared to pay £20,000 each for “Adam’s” work.

ADRIAN: I’m afraid they’re not for sale.

DR. BISON: That’s a blow.

(Enter Mrs. Webster. She turns up her nose at the sight of Adrian).

MRS. WEBSTER (icyly): I see you’re here, Mr. Wells.

ADRIAN: Definitely.

MRS. WEBSTER: Really, that caricature of Charles is most insulting. McTyrte: Dr. Bison and I came to the conclusion that it was his only decent bit of work.

MRS. WEBSTER (crushed): Oh, I see.

McTyrte: Now that we’re all here I think we can commence our criticisms.

DR. BISON: Very well. Where’s my masterpiece?

McTyrte: Aha! Here we are.

(Enter Klugg carrying a huge painting which he places on the wall).

COL. WEBSTER: You’re back on the staff, Klugg?

JOE: That’s right boss. Thanks ter Mr. Wells.
THE BURR

COL. WEBSTER (crushed): I needed the money to pay Wells. I'll pay you back.

JOE: Oh forget it, boss.

DUGGAN: Excellent! Excellent! And if you gentlemen don't mind, I'll use your story for the plot of my next book. I'll call it "Blackmail." Ah, very appropriate. A fantastic yarn indeed.

ADRIAN: I don't mind. As long as you don't mention any names.

JOE: Dat's okay with me.

COL. WEBSTER: Me too, (Excuse Joe, Adrian and the Colonel).

DUGGAN: Excellent! Blackmail! 'M never come across in my life, but it will make my fortune.

(Enter McTyrtle).

MC TYRTEL: Listen. I'm broke, and unless you pay me £500 each week, I'll tell everybody about your story. I heard all you said.

DUGGAN: But this is blackmail.

MC TYRTEL: I don't care what it is, I'm clearing out before you finish your book.

DUGGAN: But blackmail only occurs in books.

MC TYRTEL: It's in real life this time. Come on, pay up.

DUGGAN: Very well (gets wallet). I'm ruined. Blackmail, ugh! (Flops into chair).

(Quick Curtain)

THE END

GRAHAME AMBROSE, 3A.

Class Notes

5th YEAR

Do you know us? We think we are important—in fact, some teachers think we think we're too important. Our social activities from Ballet to Burlesque, have completely crammed this year, which is usually devoted principally to study.

However, one scholastic activity was carried out with great enthusiasm. All the French class, except a very select minority, took the oral exam. Even the Louis Jordan type that examined us was astonished at our foggy accents.

Did you know that "maestro" had his silhouette cut at the Show and was rather shocked at the interpretation of the angular projection of his thyroid cartilage? When two of our wild young men visited the civilised centre of Okeham they were at loss as to what bathroom to use. Something we want to know is whether you were going to training on the night of the Mulvey Debate or not, Jerk!

Frances' technological skill has reached a high standard. Elaine developed a sudden passion for fowl while in Orange, and, though she maintained it on arrival back at Bathurst, she managed to vary her diet agreeably with aeroplane jelly. Don and June are old news; we are getting used to Roy and Filly, but the latest sensation is Herbert's infatuation in 4th year. Liz., and Tim and Joe also deserve mention. But in face of these sweet successes of Capit, and despite the demure charms of Room 9 and the hot pursuit in Orange, "Skeeter" remains a confirmed misogynist.
In return for the invitation to inspect the exhibit at the Migrant Centre, we invited our guides to our Weekly Assembly, in which they showed great interest. Later we entertained them in Room 9 all the lunch hour, and while "Maestro" and Roy marched off to give the visitors (and themselves) some lunch, those that remained behind puzzled the poor teacher with surreptitious pickings under the desk lids.

The first bright days of Spring drew forth the shy buds of 5th Year on to the balcony, but as a result of our ambitious attempts to burrow through to the hall with our chairs, those instruments were banned and we had to content ourselves with digging our heels at 11 o’clock and the lunch hour.

Ken’s claim to linguistic fame is the classical translation of “nous avions été hier” as ‘we have summer here.’ Miss Wilson was quite pleased with it—not regarding it as a translation but as a typical example of Ken’s French.

All of 5th Year represented at the Astley Cup, and we had a hectic time, resulting in colds and flu and general run-downs. Sympathy was afforded by at least one teacher. We were advised to rest during the holidays and not clutter and confuse our minds, but there was only the choice of becoming weary and wise or remaining fresh and foolish.

Have you noticed that when people teach for a long stretch they develop little characteristic phrases such as “Grinning won’t get you through the Leaving.” “Really, it’s pathetic.” “C’mon, break it up!” “You know I dislike you all equally.” “However, it’s only a small point”—and those old lines that we ran into around the Inter, and are meeting again—”After all, I’ve got my Leaving” and “You’re a nice class to teach, 5th Year, but I wish you’d do some work.”

New pictures hung in our room have aroused “fierce civil strife and domestic fury,” and several changes have been made. The Ballet scene is universally approved of because of the peculiar stance of the figure in the foreground. The Van Gogh was rejected by the superior few as childish. Mona Lisa won temporary favour as she was useful for a mirror; but even that advantage gave her only a slight degree of permanency and she was superseded by a hideous concoction which will probably stay, as we all dislike it.

The Leaving is going to crash into the whirl of gaiety in Room 9 very soon, so we must return to work. “Good luck” to 3rd Years in the Intermediate, and “Thank You” to the teachers who have done their best for us.

* * *

4TH YEAR

This is 4th Year saying hello to everyone and wishing all those who are sitting for the Intermediate and Leaving Exams the best of luck.

This year has not been particularly outstanding, as yet, none of us having achieved great fame from some new scientific discovery, or mathematical theory. Most people think that 4th Year is the year of blissful idleness, but we have been enlightened. Never, it seems, have we toiled so laboriously, with so little result. We tremble to think of the ordeal ahead of us next year if this is a sample of the "easy going" 4th Year life.

The number of absences in the second term has been remarked upon by most of the teachers; this is possibly due to the cold weather experienced, but we believe that the amount of homework set by some teachers is to blame.

We offer our congratulations to Cassie and "Mouse," who were successful in gaining Intermediate bursaries, and also to the "swots" who managed to gain the first three places in class in the half-yearly exams.

THE BURR

We were fairly well represented in the Astley Cup teams, having one of our number in the hockey, four in the football, three in the athletics, one in the tennis, and one in the basketball. We had no representatives in the debating team, but this is easily understood, seeing that 4th Year’s motto is “Silence is golden,” which we carry out to perfection, even in class!

The Essendour is fast approaching, and 4th Year can be seen (and heard) at any time, strolling round improving its Oxford accent. A certain young blonde stalking dramatically up and down Room 8 can be heard crying “Friends, Romans and Countrymen, lend me your ears!” A feud in the Roberts clan ensued when her namesake declared emphatically, “I wouldn’t lend you anything.”

We are anxiously awaiting the advent of the inspectors, to see what the effect of “Pussy’s” and “Pole’s” questioning is. Mr. Learmonth is continually coming to grief with this interrogation. We don’t think the inspectors will last long under the onslaught. It might be added that the Latin class is extremely jealous when it misses all the fun in geography; the class has dwindled down to the huge number of two now, but supposedly two can do Latin as well as twenty-two.

Some of the boys have started a chess club. We all know that chess is a “slow moving game for slow moving brains,” and the cap certainly fits in this case.

Nothing spectacular, as yet, has happened in the way of romantic disturbances. Of the fairer sex, their attention is divided between Room 9 and “Stannies.” The weaker ones on the other side of our room are rather conservative in this regard. Two or three brave “Romco’s” break away from the usual custom and weather the tempests of love, much to the dissatisfaction of those weary teachers who try so hard to keep their noses to the grindstone.

* * *

In the smallest room of the cottage you will find us. Just look into Room 14 to find the most hard-working class in the School. Our Latin is excellent, and we do Maths like Einstein and Pythagoras. (Ask our teachers; they will confirm that statement).

Our number has decreased since the beginning of the year. At that time we had 21 pupils in our class. Now we have only 17. However, this decrease affords ample room for certain male members of the class to change their position when they are tired of the first one (very handy in many ways).

The blackboard duster has the annoying habit of disappearing. As it is most unwise to write on a board without first cleaning it, quite a few minutes are spent nearly every lesson finding the blackboard duster. The most common time for the duster to disappear is Maths. lesson. We are seriously thinking of tying it to the easel, but the trouble is that no one ever remembers to bring a piece of string to school.

We must not omit mention of our sportsmen and women who represented our class in the Astley Cup. Two boys and one girl played well in the tennis team: No. 8 played wonderful football, but suffered for at least a week afterwards. Our champion debater took her place as reserve in the debating team, and one girl played in the basketball team.

Our "Aunt Sally" show at the Fete was a success. It must have been the facets on the dolls which attracted so many. Much to our satisfaction we did not have to give many erizers, so that we raised £2/7/- for the funds. To the £2/7/-, which made £2/12/-, we added our own 5/-, which makes £2/12/-.

Thanks go from all of us to Miss Keogh, who borrowed the Aunt Sally set for us.
3B

The 3B of 1948 has been quite a class to be proud of, even if our co-operative teachers do grumble at us now and then. Take our Maths. teacher for instance. He comes into Room 12 every day rubbing his hands together and ready for work. After a while he wanders around the class asking that same question, “Any difficulties?” No response. So he gives a satisfied grin and mutters, “A good class this.” He doesn’t know that the class puzzles out their own Maths. problems to save him the trouble. Also our B.P. teacher with his “One, two, three, don’t move” amuses us.

Our Fete last term was a great success and raised quite a sum of money. 3B excelled itself at this function by producing “A Horror House” which the pupils attended in hundreds. 3B has also got a pin-up boy (i.e. the girls have). They all agree on Phillip Easton, our English teacher’s son. They are very pleased he can attend the Sports Day and Picnic Lunch next month. 3B boys helped in the various teams to bring home the Astley Cup—a great honour for us.

It is to be hoped that Max Druitt and Laurie Simpson and others will become reformed characters in the near future and keep clear of the law during school hours (especially French periods). The lovers and their affairs have been going steadily, but some of the boys have been unlucky. It is a class to be respected, even if we do have a few dead mice under our desks to entertain us now and then.

We would like to thank our teachers for their kind co-operation during the year, and hope to justify their zeal by our work in the coming examination.

* * *

3C

3C is now presenting its record of annual activities for the year 1948. We have had many joyful and thrilling experiences this year which come with the reaching of the Senior School.

One honour which has been conferred upon the Third Years this year is that of partaking in the last Intermediate Certificate Examinations. One small incident in our school careers is the declarations of many, in fact most of our girls, that they are going to become Domestic Science teachers. Several of our class members have deserted us during the year, but Beryl Piggott, of Orange, and Barry Smith, of North Newtown, have arrived to help us regain our lost numbers.

3C was represented at the Astley Cup this year by five of our class, these being Gwen Boyd, Janet Sinclair, June Rivett, Dawn Riddiford, and Barry Proctor. The class congratulates them and all other members of the teams who helped to win the coveted trophy.

When Dubbo High visited us we enjoyed ourselves very much, and were sad to part with them, but Dawn has not been allowed to forget this eventful occasion as the P.M.G’s Department can tell you. There was another sad parting during the Astley Cup series when our teams returned from Orange. Poor Barry: But he is bearing up under the strain quite nicely, whilst as usual 3A and 3C have been united by the free medicine scheme and red-headed beauty.

3C hopes to be very successful in the gaining of Intermediate passes, and we extend our best wishes to our comrades in 3A and 3B, also 5th Year in their Leaving Certificate Examination.

2A

This year brought about some very successful happenings in our noteworthy and highly esteemed class—2A.

For example, the Half-Yearly Exam. I am quite convinced that all members of the class studied hard and some achieved real success. Congratulations go to Pat White, first, with an average of 86 per cent; John Gillet, second, with an average of 84 per cent, and Lola Hutchison third with an average of 81 per cent. This, you will agree, is an outstanding effort.

Class Captains Wendy Giles, for the girls, and Roger Snape for the boys, were elected by vote at the commencement of first term. This popular pair have carried out their duties in a manner expected and have resulted in a wise choice.

2A cannot be omitted in the sporting field. Marie Thew, Joyce MacLean, and Ann Hill have distinguished themselves on the hockey field in as much as they helped represent the school in the Astley Cup. Kathleen Armstrong and Margaret Learmonth may be included here. Tennis ladders have been keenly contested. I might mention that the Girls’ Ladder caused quite a stir, and nowhere in the school has there been found one to equal it.

The two to whom the honours go, however, are Denis Richardson, top of the boys, and Margaret Learmonth, top of the girls.

An appeal for U.N.O. was made some time ago and 2A, as usual, were well in the fore with contributions, which is to be expected, as it went to a very worthy cause.

Prior to the September vacation the annual B.H.S. Fete was held. 2A assisted in the events in the form of an Art Gallery, which created much amusement and also much embarrassment, organised by the Art students, while the boys ably assisted with the Boxing Tent and also the very popular Picture Show. So ended the second term.

The beginning of the third term seemed to have started a considerable amount of talking by a certain four (no names mentioned) in the English periods. The whole class participates in a considerable amount of talking and inattention in the library period, once a week, but of late it has been noticed that at times “peace and quiet reigneth supreme.”

This has been much speculating as to the reason for Brian Springall’s choice of the hockey photo. However, not much guesswork is required as to why young Jim Inwood was so interested in the tennis photo. Also to be included in this “personal photograph” is the fact that a certain female member of the class can be heard walking round mumuring sleepily, “Bill, Bill, Bill, Bill etc.” something after the style of a cracked gramaphone record, not to mention the fact that another female, clasded as one of the brainy species of 2A, has been seen, along with our budding young singer: he can also be recognised by his tennis prowess, getting around looking very tired and also very dreamy of late.

That ends our “personal paragraph” and also rounds off the class notes for 2A, but not forgetting to thank our class patron, and our various other teachers for persevering with us during the year 1948.

* * *

2B

Most people think 2B is fortunate in not having any languages, but we have more technical subjects than most. Although this sounds much easier it is really just as hard, as our results can tell.

2B has a reputation for being unruly sometimes, but most of our teachers can tell you we are quite good. As for sport, we can hold our own against any other second year.
THE BURR

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It may be of interest to know that the class has a number of representatives amongst the first, second, and third grade cricket teams, and three of the Astley Cup team came from it (no other second year class had them in); one was also picked while in first year. It is noted too, that we have some budding actors who performed well at Play Day last year.

We can also give a good response for billing visiting students. We also consider it holds its own against any other class for class averages in exams.

I hope 2B students can hold this fine record till 5th Year.

2C

This year 2C have had a change in a number of teachers for different subjects to what they had last year, and of course they try to play up, but don’t get very far.

In the half-yearly examination which was held last term Dawn Anderson, a girl who came down from Cairns, came first, and Ron Thomas came second. Dawn has now been christened the “2C Quiz Kid” by the boys of the class.

At the annual School Fete which is held at the end of second term, 2C boys had the Penny Letter Box, which permitted the boys to send letters to their girl friends.

The Astley Cup was one of the most exciting times of the year, which was followed by the Astley Cup Dance, where everybody turned our wearing evening frocks. Our class had one representative in the Astley, and that was Joan Toole, who took part in the hockey.

2D

The number of pupils in our class is 17—nine boys and eight girls. We are represented in most sports—cricket, tennis, and football. During the year a number of migrants have come to our class—ten boys and four girls. They all came from different parts of Europe.

The class captains are Elaine McLean and Geoff Irvine. Elaine McLean is the B.H.S. champion girl sprinter, and has represented the High School in Astley Cup events.

The agriculture pupils visit the Experiment Farm to learn how to operate and work farm machinery and to prune trees and handle stud cattle. The cattle that the “farm” has are Ayreshires.

David Biggs came top of the class in the half-yearly examination, and Harold Kelahan second.

1A

1A has not been left standing this year. We have already formed a Tennis Ladder. It hangs on the notice board in front of the class.

We are also putting on a play for the Eisteddfod. “Over the Range” is its title, and with it we hope to collect the honours.

A verse speaking choir has some of our band in it, and we are proud of it.

Some of our boys were picked for the under thirteen cricket teams, and of course we know the teams must win.

1B

Well, here is 1B looking round the corner of Room 2 for the first time. 1B consists of 17 boys and 15 girls.

Although our class behaves very well, we must find some occasions to be a little restless—for instance break-up day—now, who can blame a class for talking about the holidays.

THE BURR

Page Fifty-one

There are some excellent runners from the boys. Ray Baillie and Max Standen are the chief ones, but I’m afraid the girls are not so athletic, although Berty Nightingale and Margaret MacBeth are rather swift.

Colin Holdich is our brains trust who rushed up in the half-yearly examination to come first, with David Holdich coming second and Kevin Chew third.

Our main debaters are Kevin Chew and Pat Garlick, who both have voices like fog horns.

Marlene Muldoon is our greatest talker who never seems to cease.

Well readers, we shall say cheerio and will see you next year in 2B—we hope.

1C

Well 1C has settled down as a well-behaved first year. We studiously avoid trouble, and for neatness leave the other freshers standing.

Our congratulations go to Ann Mutton and P. Wilde who were elected class captains, but really have very little to do beyond assist teachers to distinguish one Trenum from the other, or C. from D. Williams. It is a tribute to the industry of our class that these notes are so voluminous.

We had to reject pages and pages of suggestions.

The best fags in the class are Lurline Toohey, Ann Mutton, Lynn Boyd and John Balgowan. Wake up, boys, John is lonely.

Next year, as 2C, we shall have a great deal more to report, so we close now with best wishes for all those sitting for final examinations.

1D

We have nearly finished our first year at High School, and are now suffering from a few headaches, due to study for our forthcoming yearly examinations. Our most outstanding scholars in our half-yearly test were Kevin McKinnon, Beth Roberts and Ray Colley. Congratulations to them, and may they do as well at the end of the year.

All our estimates have begun training for our Sports Day on Friday 8th October, to gain honour for their Houses. While on the subject of sport, we are very proud to announce that one of our members, Noel McAndrew, was elected Captain of the 6 stone 7 pounds football team, and also scored the greatest number of tries in the Bathurst-Lithgow match.

We are also pleased to note that several of our class entered in the Burge Cup tennis contests.

We congratulate our Captains, Marlene and John, on the fine job they have done this year, and all wish 4th and 5th years the best of luck in their forthcoming examinations.

1E

This is Station 1E Central Bathurst calling Station B.H.S., Hope Street, bringing you the news and chatter from “Down Under.”

Five male members from this class played in the teams against Lithgow and Oberon during the football season. 1E would like to congratulate the Astley Cup teams on their success in winning the Cup for 1948. Some of us are very keen to be able to play in these teams later on.

During the Centenary Week this class played an important part in the showing of cardboard and basket work we had made earlier in the year. They were exhibited in the Western Store’s window.

1E would like to congratulate Rhonda Beale and Robert Berwick for coming first in the half-yearly examination.

We are hoping that we might be more closely related to the School in Hope Street next year.
Boys' Sport

FOOTBALL

The year 1948 again saw Rugby League as the main winter sport. It was unfortunate that owing to lack of numbers, the House Competition had to be abandoned, but to offset this deficiency the various weight teams had additional practice and most keen footballers in the school represented in one grade or another.

WEIGHT TEAMS

This year the weight teams of the school had many matches against other schools, and the creditable performances of most of these lads augurs well for future football in the school.

In the local competition conducted by the Bathurst District Secondary Schools' Council, the school entered teams in the 6st, 7lb., 7st. 7lb., and 8st. 7lb. competitions. We were forced to withdraw the 5st. 7lb. again owing to lack of boys at the right weight. Of these teams the 6st. 7lb. team, coached by Mr. Graham, developed into a fine combination. However, St. Patrick's School were a superior side, and we congratulate them on their win in the competition. The 8st. 7lb. and 7st. 7lb. teams, although keen and containing some good players, were no match for the teams from St. Stanislaus' College, who ran out winners in every encounter.

At the Group 10 School Carnival, we entered teams in Under 7st., under 8st., under 9st., and Unrestricted grades. None of these were successful, although the Under 7 stone gave the ultimate winners, Stanleys, their hardest game, going down 3 to nil. In connection with this carnival, the school desires to congratulate St. Stanislaus' College, Bathurst, for its brilliant feat in winning all four grades that it contested—a wonderful achievement.

In addition to these matches, the Under 6st. team had two games against Oberon, winning the one at Oberon by 26 points to nil, and the return game at Bathurst by 12 points to nil. The nine stone team also enjoyed three games against that centre, losing the first at Oberon by 16 points to 5, but winning the latter two matches, one at Bathurst, the second at Oberon, by 13 points to 8 and 6 points to 5 respectively. This exchange of visits was an innovation and the trips away, the second by the courtesy and at the expense of the Oberon Football League, were very enjoyable.

In addition to the above games, weight teams entertained Lithgow teams in various grades (Under 7 stone, Under 8 stone, Under 9 stone, Unrestricted), the results of which are reported in the account of the inter-school visits between the two schools.

The weight teams owe a great deal of the success achieved and the amount of football played to the enthusiasm of Mr. Graham, Mr. Easton and Mr. Johnston, who gave their time and services for the welfare of the boys.

FIRST GRADE

The first grade team had an exceptionally busy season, and in all played 20 matches in the season. With only three of last year's players available, it looked as if the side would be a mediocre one. However, the three "veterans" (Burns, Hobson, Bliss) were, by their play, an inspiration to the new members and these latter, by excellent attention to training, moulded into a good school side—one of the first for many years to win both its Invitational Cup contests. The outstanding weakness of the team was lack of weight, particularly in the forwards: this factor depriving the really good backline of its fair share of the ball. However it was pleasing to note the improvement in the side and the plucky defence it put up against much heavier teams.

Of the 20 matches played, the School won 11, drew 1 and lost 8, scoring 162 points to 120 against—a creditable performance for such a light side. Its best performances were against Dubbo High School which it defeated by 23 points to 4, and against Lithgow High (29 to 2 in Bathurst's favour).

In the Under 18 competition, the school filled fourth place. St. Stanislaus' College were the winners of the competition—a truly merited win—and the school congratulates "Stannies" on its possession of such a good sporting side.

A highlight of the football season was a visit by Sydney Technical High School team to Bathurst. In a good game, in which the extra weight of the visitors was a deciding factor, B.H.S. was defeated by 15 points to 3.

Owing to lack of space, it is impossible to continue the traditional practice of comment on the individual players of the team, and the list...
would be somewhat lengthy, as owing to the number of injuries, 20 players represented the school. However, some mention should be made of Peter Burns, who brilliantly fulfilled the promise of former years. As captain of the side, he proved a good leader while his penetrating attack paved the way for most of the school’s tries. In all he scored 73 points for the side, made up of 11 tries, 20 goals. His defence was also very strong. Peter seems assured of a great future in football. Also Roy Hobson was an outstanding figure in the football season. He was a tireless worker, deadly tackler and an adept in turning defence into attack. With Peter, Roy formed the backbone of the side both in attack and defence, scoring 58 points (18 tries, 2 goals). Don Bliss, the third member of the school to represent the District Under 18 side, was the pick of the forwards, being outstanding in the rucks and in solid defensive work.

ATHLETICS (Boys and Girls)

In each term there is a gala day in this sport, so that interest is sustained throughout the year. In May there is the Inter-School Carnival. The Burlington Cup-Pacey Shield meeting; in July the Astley Cup, and early in October, the Schools’ Annual Sports Day. This year athletic training has been made difficult owing to the reconstruction of the School Oval. This has denied the school athletes the opportunity of much-needed practice.

We are looking forward to the Annual Athletics Carnival. Other activities have curtailed much of the usual practice for the ball games, but this should be partly offset by the training for the display earlier in the year for the Centenary of Education. The only inter-schools competition in which the girls compete is the Astley Cup. Again this year our thanks go to Mr. Dickinson for his kindness in giving his time to coaching them. In spite of the courage and determination of Anne Makepeace we were unsuccessful in gaining any places in these events.

BATHURST SECONDARY SCHOOLS’ SPORTS MEETING

This contest between the High School, St. Stanislaus’, All Saints’ and St. Patrick’s School, again attracted great interest and provided keen competition. This year the meeting was contested in three grades: The Atkinson Shield (for Sub-Juniors); The Burlington Cup (for Juniors), and Pacey Shield (for Seniors). The competition was especially close, the results in all divisions being in doubt until the conclusion of the relay races, the last events in the programme.

The High School ended as runners-up to St. Stanislaus’ College in all three trophies. We congratulate our old friendly rivals on their triple success. The final points in each trophy were:—

PACEY SHIELD
St. Stanislaus’ College 50, B.H.S. 46, A.S.C. 11, St. Patrick’s —

BURLINGTON CUP
St. Stanislaus’ College 69, B.H.S. 33, A.S.C. 32, St. Patrick’s School 29

ATKINSON SHIELD
St. Stanislaus’ College 48, B.H.S. 35, A.S.C. 41, St. Patrick’s School 41

The High School team was captained by Roy Hobson, and although containing no “stars,” was a most even side, running consistently into places in all events. Our greatest success was in the mile when Sim gained first place and Baillie second position. Our Senior relay team (Hobson, Johnson, Biddington, Lang) was beaten by inches in their race. Brian

THE BURR

Booth put up a notable performance in gaining second place in the Senior High Jump while still a Junior.

ASTLEY CUP.—The athletics connected with this trophy will be reported in the section devoted to the Cup.

Our thanks are again due to Mr. B. Dickinson for the time, so generously given, in coaching our athletics.

BURLINGTON-PACEY ATHLETIC TEAM
Back Row: Denis Richardson, David Richardson, F. Smithers, B. Booth, R. Lang.
Front Row: M. Standen, L. Byrom, R. Hobson (Captain), Mr. R. Learmont (Sportsmaster), Mr. J. Bugdie (Coach), W. Biddington, B. Johnson, A. Baillie.
Absent: L. Willingham, K. Beach, B. Procter.

ANNUAL ATHLETIC CARNIVAL

As usual, this was the gala day of the school athletic programme. This year was notable for the great struggle for the House Aggregate Shield. Evans (the holders) and Wentworth House ran neck and neck throughout the day. Prior to the last event, Wentworth held the slender lead of three points. However Evans, by gaining third place in the tug-o-war, which carried double points, ran out winners by one point. Final House points were: Evans House 236 points, Wentworth 235, Blaxland 216, Lawson 203. This exceptionally close contest gave added zest to an excellent day’s sport.

Despite the heavy nature of the ground, good times were registered: the best efforts were: A. Baillie, who broke the junior 880 record, covering the distance in 2 minutes 13 seconds; B. Booth, who broke the junior broad jump record by clearing 18ft. 2in. and equalled the junior 440 record of 56 secs. Brian was the outstanding athlete of the day, winning the junior 100, 220, 440 as well as the high jump and broad jump. As “Sam” is not yet 15, he will be a junior again next year and will certainly be favorite for the title next year.

Boys’ champions were: R. Hobson (Senior Champ.), B. Booth (Junior Champ.). R. Baillie (Sub-Junior Champ.).
In the girls' events, Evans were once again successful in retaining the Balli Games' Pennant, totalling 62 points to Lawson's 58. As in the boys' events, the junior competition was the keenest, with Joyce McLean, Ann Makepeace, Shirley Richards and Elaine McLean fighting out closely contested events: Elaine proved to be slightly superior and took out the winner.

Girls' Champions: Senior Champ., Elizabeth Grant; Junior Champ., Elaine McLean; Sub-Junior Champ., Betty Wood.

The school congratulates the winners of the individual championships and of the House Point Score, and it owes its thanks to the other competitors for making the 1948 Athletic Carnival such a successful and enjoyable day.

THE 1948 ASTLEY CUP

This year saw Bathurst successful in regaining the coveted trophy for the first time since 1944. This was all the more remarkable as we had one of the youngest teams on record, a large proportion coming from second and third years.

On July 7th the long awaited series of contests commenced at Dubbo, with Orange High the titleholders, the opponents. Dubbo were successful in this round by 270 points to 170, winning the tennis, football, basketball, and drawing the hockey, while Orange's lone success was in athletics.

The following week saw Dubbo's teams arrive at Bathurst in the 'dead of night', though not entirely silently. A good meal for Bathurst was the late arrival of the train, but despite this both the billetors and visitors could raise lusty war-cries.

Tennis was the first contest, and contrary to custom, Bathurst weather was on its best behaviour and for once there were no postponements, the whole series being played in pleasantly sunny weather. We wondered if the Dubbo team would repeat their success, but the tennis team rose to the occasion magnificently to give Bathurst an excellent start. The boys triumphed by 3 sets to 2 and although the girls succumbed by 6 sets to 2 they played above expectations against a strong side. The mixed tennis decided the issue with our team victorious by 5 sets to 3. Thus the home team retired to rest, well satisfied with themselves.

On Wednesday morning the athletics went by our way by 79 points to 21. However the events were very closely fought, and in many of the contests Dubbo only failed by the narrowest of margins. This was our athlete of the year. The Dubbo girls in this section proved too good for our girls, winning the 100 yards and the relay. However, the boys won all events except the broad jump.

Dubbo now had a large lead to make up, and Bathurst were in high hopes, and great voice.

However, the hockey match saw Dubbo victorious. It was a hard-fought match but the visitors definitely earned their one-nil victory. The 75 points gained against our 25 even matters, and it was obvious that the result of the tie would depend on the football.

As our football team had not defeated Dubbo for a number of years, we naturally felt some apprehension as to the result. The match at the outset promised to be very close, but Dubbo was unfortunate to lose their fifth-eight, J. Bennett, early in the first half. From then on, with no lock to hamper Burns, Bathurst dominated the play. 'Skeeter' gave one of his most brilliant exhibitions, making many openings for the other backs to capitalise on, so that Bathurst ran out winners by 23 points (Burns 2, Johnson 2, Ingersole 3, Burns 4 goals) to 4 (More 2 goals). Naturally we were elated, and the football success evidently inspired the girls, for on Friday morning the Bathurst girls, with Dawn Riddiford outstanding, played brilliantly to defeat Dubbo by 18 goals to 6.

This gave us a commanding lead of 280 points to 160 in the Cup. We were exceedingly sorry to see our visitors depart, as they had been very easy guests to entertain, taking their wins and losses in real sporting fashion.

It was now our turn to travel to Orange. This round was decided on July 22nd and 23rd. With such a good lead on points, we gave ourselves a good chance of a win, but knowing the tradition of 'home-town' success in the Astley, realised that it would be a very stiff battle.

Orange High gave us a rightful royal welcome, making us feel at home immediately.

The tennis teams started the ball rolling—our boys, led by Brian Johnson and Ken Rose, were right in top form, winning by 8 sets to love, but Orange girls reversed matters with excellent fighting tennis to win their encounter by 7 sets to 1. Thus the morning ended with honours even.

In the afternoon the mixed doubles decided the tennis in our favour, as we were successful by 7 sets to Orange's one. Thus we had established a handy lead of 33 points to 27.

Thursday's events proved that we would need all our points to win the Cup as Orange dominated the whole day. In the athletics the Black and Gold team allowed us to win only one event—Laurie Simpson annexing the high jump—and Orange won by 75 points to 25.

The hockey followed in the afternoon. The Orange combination, with 'Trip' Hillyer in deadly form, proved much too good for our girls despite excellent play by Ruth Kerr at centre half and some good saves in the goal by Elaine Aubin. The home side ran out easy winners by 5 goals (J. Hillyer 4) to nil.
We retired to "lick our wounds" and to hope that the basketball and football would be different. However, Friday morning proved a rude shock to our morale when Orange, with good basketball, defeated the Bathurst side by 17 goals to 7. This meant that Orange had only to draw the football to win the Cup.

We were confident that the football team would give a good account of itself, but immediately following the basketball it commenced to rain, and with every drop our confidence began to ooze as we depended on our fast back line rather than our forward forwards.

National Park, when the football was to commence, resembled a lake, and it was soon obvious that concerted back line movements would be impossible. Several "break-throughs" were due to the slippery ground. Burns cut through for a try to give our delighted team the slender lead of 3 points to nil. The remainder of the match was a forward battle in which both packs were indistinguishable through a heavy coating of mud. Each side attacked in turn, but the defence held. Orange gave us some very anxious moments before the final bell went with the scores still 3 to nil in our favour—and the Cup was ours for 1948, despite the fact that in the tie with Orange, they had scored 257 points to our 183.

The final points were: Bathurst 463, Dubbo 430, Orange 427.

Before closing the Asley Cup account for 1948, we must remark on the wonderful play Orange gave our team. Always in the contests hospitality and sportsmanship are the keystones, but on this occasion Orange excelled even their own high standards. All our team were delighted, with their three-day's journey in the sister city and were lavish in their praise of the "great time" they were given.

**CRICKET**

As usual, cricket is the major summer sport. On Wednesday afternoons, a house competition is in progress in two grades; at present Lawson House, the holders of the trophy, are once again leading in the combined point score, but the competition, at this stage, is so open that any of the Houses could be successful.

In addition to the Wednesday games, the High School participates in competitions run by the Bathurst District Cricket Association.

The Junior cricketers are particularly fortunate in having these competitions to improve the standard of play. In the Under 13 Competition, B.H.S. has two teams (A and B); at the end of the first section of the competition completed in April, the "A" team was running second to St. Patrick's.

In the Under 15 Competition, the two teams A and B had to be withdrawn from the competition in order that the school could fulfill the requirements of the new Zone System introduced by the Bathurst District Cricket Association this season (October). Their place has been taken by the requisite 2nd and 3rd grade teams which will take part in the competition. The withdrawal of these teams, made necessary by the small enrollment at the school, was most unfortunate, as the Under 15 A team had a clear 10 points lead in the competition and seemed likely, despite the loss of two stalwarts in Woodward and Turner during the football season, to retain the trophy won by last year's team.

Thus apart from the first grade team, 44 boys are catered for on Saturday, in addition to Wednesday's games.

The first XI, assisted by Mr. Dodd and Mr. Learmonth of the staff, has been well up to previous years' standards. In the 1946-47 Bathurst 1st Grade Competition, the school was successful in winning the Consolation Premiership, defeating St. Stanislaus' College and St. Patrick's Youth Club for the honour.

In addition to competition games, the 1st and 2nd grades each had a match against Lithgow. The details of which appear in the account of the Lithgow-Bathurst contests.

The School XI anticipates a pleasant season under the new Zone System, and although unlikely to be the winners of the competition, hopes for many hard-fought games.

In regards the personnel of the team, Brian Booth as slow bowler and batsman is showing great promise, while Brian Johnson and Bert Wilding are expected to do well with the bat. Again this season, we will be able to rely on Hobson and Burns as opening bats, while Peter Burns and Peter Owens will again be our opening attack.

There is no dearth of talent in the Junior ranks, and with the experience gained in the 2nd and 3rd grade sides, these boys will maintain the present standard in future years.

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**FIRST XI 1948**


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**TENNIS (Boys and Girls)**

This year saw a great revival in tennis at this school, and the boys' team in particular reached the highest standard for some years, having an unbeaten record in all matches, despite the fact that most of them were drawn from the junior school. When the fact that there is also a band of promising players developing, is taken into account, it will be seen that tennis will be strong for some years to come.

This happy state of affairs is due entirely to the skilled and enthusiastic coaching of Mr. Lavis, who has given up much of his time to the instruction of both the boys' and girls' teams. The resulting improvement in the play has been most gratifying. The school's thanks is due to Mr. Trotter, who has kept the surface of the courts in such good condition during the long playing season.
The year 1948 has been one of considerable advancement in the tennis sphere. The standard of play has definitely improved amongst the leading flight, and a surprising number of boys and girls have become enthusiastic about the game. In addition to the general ladder competition, nearly every class has conducted its own competition, under the inspiration of some of its best players.

The representative school teams were successful in defeating both Dubbo and Orange in the Astley Cup fixtures, and this performance was most meritorious considering the reputation of the opposing schools. Dubbo especially appeared to have an unbeat able combination, but our boys rose to the occasion and, besides winning their own division, proved strong enough to swing the mixed division in our favour.

B. Johnson and B. Booth made a very strong first pair, while K. Rose and J. Cooper combined exceptionally well to form a second pair that had to be ranked only a fraction below the first.

The strength of the school team can be gauged from the fact that promising boys of the calibre of P. Ovens, N. Dawson, H. Ross, H. Feebey and J. Emeryby could not obtain positions in it. All of these lads have reached a standard which would merit selection in any ordinary high school team.

A most pleasing aspect of the year's achievement has been the marked improvement of the girls' team under the influence of regular practice and keen response to the coach's advice. So many players improved rapidly in the latter stages of the training for the Astley Cup that it was very difficult to select the first four representatives. D. Riddiford and R. Kerr (1st pair),

and H. Galloway and G. Boyd (2nd pair) were finally selected. M. Learmonth and A. Whitton should find places in the first four for 1949.

The school was well represented at the special coaching classes conducted by Mr. Biddle at Orange during the last vacation. D. Riddiford was ranked as the best girl player and B. Johnson gained that distinction in the boys' section. J. Cooper was named as the most promising lad for his age.

Congratulations to K. Rose for his win in the Bathurst B Grade Singles Championship. Ken defeated some very good men and displayed a splendid fighting spirit throughout this event.

Congratulations also to Brian Johnson, who was graded third in the list of about 40 country lads who attended a special coaching class in Sydney during the last Christmas holidays. This class was selected by the N.S.W. L.T.A. with a view to developing the most promising boys from the country districts of the State.

When the girls visited Lithgow earlier in the year they were defeated, but were successful in taking two of the four sets in the girls' doubles, and all the mixed doubles when the visit was returned at the end of the second term.

In the Astley Cup matches against Dubbo the girls took 3 sets and lost 5, and in the mixed doubles supported their partners to win 5 and lose 3. In Orange they succeeded in taking only one set, but in the mixed doubles only one set was lost.

The Burge Cup Competition will be played this term, so the school courts should be in constant use.

Our congratulations go to Dawn Riddiford who was selected to go to Orange for coaching during the holidays, and was ranked second player.

We are fortunate to have the use of the Presbyterian and Methodist courts and of some of the Town Courts. Our thanks go to these clubs and to the Town Courts Club for their help and interest.

* * *

SWIMMING

Despite the lack of facilities, the interest in this sport has been very keen this year. This is mainly due to the enthusiasm of the masters in charge, Mr. E. Lavis and Mr. S. McKay.

As the local baths do not permit of the conduct of a full-scale carnival, a modified swimming carnival was organised on two consecutive Wednesday afternoons. The Senior trophy was won by Geoff Hutchings (3C) and the Junior section saw Brian Springall (2A) successful.

Also, the two members of the staff taught most of the non-swimmers attending the sport, to swim. In this connection Mr. Davies, caretaker of the baths, rendered invaluable aid. It is to be hoped in future years this sport will occupy a major part in the school sporting activities.

We are looking forward to the realisation of our aim to have every girl able to swim at least well enough to save herself in an emergency. Girls who cannot swim satisfactorily have been urged to attend the vacation swimming classes. Through the untiring efforts of Miss Keogh much progress was made last summer, and by the end of the season almost every girl who had the consent of her parents to go swimming had learned to swim at least a short distance, and many had made a pleasing improvement. Some girls took advantage of the 'Learn to Swim' campaign.

A series of races was held in which Shirley Ingersole won four events. In the 33 yards championship Margaret MacBeth won the under 14 and Helen Goodfellow the over 14, and in the 20 yards Shirley Ingersole and Helen Goodfellow were the winners in the under and over 14 years respectively.
LITHGOW-BATHURST VISITS

The exchange of visits between these two High Schools which was inaugurated last year, was continued with great success this year.

In Summer, Bathurst journeyed to Lithgow for contests in cricket (two grades), boys' and girls' tennis, and vigoro.

The boys' tennis resulted in an easy victory for Bathurst by 7 sets 52 games to 0 sets 4 games, rain interrupting play before the conclusion. Lithgow were just as outstanding in girls' tennis, defeating our lassies by 6 sets 36 games to 0 sets 11 games.

The cricket in both grades was very exciting. In the first grade, Lithgow batted first to score 80, which included a beautiful knock of 46 by their captain, W. Pym. However, the remainder of the side were unable to handle Brian Booth's spinners. Brian finishing with the excellent figures of 5 for 16. The Bathurst innings had lasted 5 for 84 when time was called, so that the first XI just failed in their race against time, the match ending a draw. B. Johnson who was run out for 24, was the best with the bat for the Bathurst team.

The second grade match was even more thrilling. Bathurst compiled 95 in its first innings, a total which Lithgow seemed certain to exceed when Ken Rose 'came to light' with the 'hat-trick' and Lithgow were dismissed for 93—just two runs short of victory. Ken's final figures were 6 for 31, and as he also top-scored with 23 n.o. and with Brian Johnson had been responsible for the Lithgow tennis defeat, he had a real 'field day.'

The girls' vigoro saw Lithgow superior in all departments of the game. Bathurst being defeated by an innings. The final scores were Lithgow 97, Bathurst 36 and 45.

Despite the intermittent rain the visit was a most enjoyable one, and these fixtures have become a welcome and permanent feature in the School Sporting Calendar.

In August Lithgow High repaid our visit, bringing with them four football teams, two heavey teams and both boys' and girls' tennis players.

In the football matters were even, both schools winning two games each. Bathurst won the 7 stone game by 12 points (McAndrew 3, Beech tries 2) to nil. Lithgow won the 8 stone game by 22 points to nil, while in the 9 stone division the visitors proved the better in a four drone struggle, gaining the ascendency by 5 points to nil. The first grade game was dominated by Burns and Hobson of Bathurst, and we ran our easy winners by 27 points (Burns 3, Hobson 3, Proctor try, Hobson 2, Burns goals) to 2.

Lithgow proved superior in all branches of girls' sport except tennis. They won the first grade hockey by 5 goals to nil, the second grade hockey by 2 goals to nil, while their basketball teams were also on top—the first grade notching 24 goals to our 17 and the second grade winning by 15 goals to 5.

In the tennis Bathurst was able to scoop the pool, winning the boys' tennis by 4 sets 24 games to 0 sets 15 games, the girls' tennis by 2 sets 15 games to 2 sets 13 games (a very close and tense struggle), while the mixed tennis went our way by 7 sets 44 games to 1 set 27 games.

Thus in both visits the schools ended on level terms, and both encounters were very enjoyable. We only hope that we gave our Lithgow visitors as happy a time as they gave us on our visit there.

Girls' Sport

* * *

HOCKEY

The enthusiasm of the hockey girls continues although fewer girls played this year. Miss Dyce and Miss Levy are training the junior players, hoping to lay the foundations of successful teams next year, while Mr. Richardson coaches the teams. Although the non-team members are keen and show obvious enjoyment of their games, there are not enough players for an inter-House competition.

The A and B teams played each Saturday in the competition organised by the Bathurst Women's Hockey Association. We take this opportunity of expressing our thanks for this privilege as well as for the consideration shown by this organisation, especially the Secretary, Miss Pat Gibbons. We offer our congratulations to Ex-Students for their success again this year in this competition as well as at the Hockey Carnival. Our teams contain many junior girls, and we hope that the experience gained this year will stand them in good stead next year.

The Astley Cup match against Dubbo was quite thrilling, and although Dubbo looked like scoring several times it was not until the last few minutes of play that they succeeded in gaining their winning goal. Ruth Kerr was the outstanding player of the team in this match, and at Orange. She deserves the team's gratitude for her work as its captain throughout the
season. The superior team work of Orange led to a five-nil victory for them in spite of some splendid saves by Elaine Aubin as goalie.

The two Lithgow teams who played us at the end of last term both defeated us.

* * *

BASKET BALL

This year's basketball season proved most enjoyable and very successful. More girls played than last year, and several inter-school matches were arranged. Two teams of girls not in the A or B teams had a delightful Saturday at Oberon and later were glad to entertain two Oberon teams. These matches resulted in one win each at Oberon and a loss and a draw in Bathurst.

The A and B teams again took part in the competition conducted by the Bathurst Women's Basketball Association. These games were all very enjoyable, and the girls appreciated this opportunity to play on Saturdays. The members of both teams are to be congratulated on their enthusiasm. It is very gratifying that the A team was successful in winning the competition after a very thrilling final against N.C.G.M. II.

Two teams from St. Joseph's Convent Perithville visited us early in the season, followed a few weeks later by two teams from St. Joseph's Orphanage, Bathurst. We always enjoy games against these teams, and look forward to them. We are grateful for their cooperation. Both Perithville teams were successful against us, and the Orphanage defeated our B team, while the A team won, and we were also defeated by the two Lithgow teams who visited us at the end of the season for a happy afternoon.

As in the case of the other winter sports, the climax of the season was the Astley Cup series. The conscientious practice and training of our team was well rewarded by a convincing win by 18 goals to 6 over Dubbo, when the pleasing combination made it difficult to single out any individual player. However, our defeat at Orange was equally convincing when the home team's skill overwhelmed us by 17 to 7. Ruth Robinson deserves congratulations for the enthusiasm with which she, as captain, inspired her team.

Some House games were played, but it was found impossible to conduct a competition.

Our very sincere thanks go to Mrs. Richardson for the time and skill she devoted to umpiring for us. Several girls, too, umpired in the matches in the town competition.

* * *

VIGORO

The match against Lithgow which is now an annual event, is the main fixture in this sport. This year the tables were turned and we were defeated.

House teams have been selected and inter-House matches will begin after the School Athletics Carnival.

A cricket team has been nominated to play in the competition conducted by the Women's Cricket Association, and Mr. Johnston has consented to coach it. Our thanks are already due to him for his work with the vigoro team.

The girls are fortunate in the kindly interest and untiring work put into the organisation of their sport by all the ladies of the staff.

* * *

'A' BASKET BALL TEAM

Front Row: Patricia Winslett, Ruth Robinson (Captain), Miss Leavers (Sportmistress), Cassie Carr, Dawn Riddiford.

Back Row: Kathleen Armstrong, Pamela Goodard, Janet Sinclair.

Absent: Phyllis Gilmore.

* * *

SPORTS BLUES

The following "Blues" have been awarded in 1948 for outstanding performances in the various sports.

BOYS

Cricket.—Brian Booth, Brian Johnson.

Football.—Peter Burns, Roy Hobson, Don Bliss, Ian Sim, Bert Wilding.

Tennis.—Brian Johnson, Brian Booth, John Cooper, Ken Rose.

Athletics.—Roy Hobson, William Biddington.

GIRLS

Hockey.—Ruth Kerr, Narelle Matthews, Elaine Aubin.

Basket Ball.—Ruth Robinson, Dawn Riddiford, Cassie Carr.

Tennis.—Dawn Riddiford.

Winston Sutton Prizes: Awards for 1948.—Prize for Drama: Graham Ambrose, 3A ("Blackmail"). Prize for Verse: Helen Galloway, 3A ("Power"). Prize for Short Story: Ruth Kerr (Maria), 5th Year ("The Link").
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TOMORROW'S opportunities beckon today’s Youth on to a future of unlimited possibilities—in a country rich with the promise of reward for worthwhile endeavour. Here is freedom . . . to work . . . to play . . . to share in the progress of a still-young country, and to contribute usefuly to its ultimate maturity.
To those with a sense of good citizenship and of the importance of financial stability will come a satisfying measure of success.

The Rural Bank, appreciating the value to young people of business-like methods, gladly supports the Junior Farmer Movement and other organisations which have at heart the welfare of Australia’s Youth.

Rural Bank
Bathurst Branch . . . . Howick & William Streets
Manager . . . . . . . . . . . . G. T. Martin