The School Directory

Headmaster .......................... Mr. C. O. G. Thomas, B.Sc.
Deputy Headmaster .............. Mr. A. C. Anderson, M.A., Dip.Ed.

TEACHING STAFF

DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH AND HISTORY:
Mr. K. S. Eaton, B.A. (Master)  Mr. M. Trotter, B.A.
Mr. J. Starling, B.A.

DEPARTMENT OF MATHEMATICS
Mr. A. R. Wheeler, B.A. (Master)  Mr. A. C. McCollin, B.A.
Mr. P. R. Richardson, B.A., Dip.Ed.  Mr. R. H. Darke, B.A.
Mr. B. M. Cameron, B.Sc., Dip.Ed.

DEPARTMENT OF SCIENCE
Mr. C. E. Lavis, B.Sc. (Master)  Mr. P. P. Dempsey, B.Sc. (Agr.)
Miss E. R. Miller, B.Sc., Dip.Ed.  Mr. K. I. Rae, B.Sc.

DEPARTMENT OF COMMERCE AND GEOGRAPHY
Mr. E. I. M. Pulley, B.Bus. (Master)  Mr. E. E. Noonan, B.A.

DEPARTMENT OF LANGUAGES

DEPARTMENT OF MANUAL ARTS AND HOME SCIENCE
Mr. S. Mackay, M.I.E.T. (S.S.A.)  Miss N. I. Roberts (S.S.A.)
Mr. R. R. Dodd  Mrs. L. M. Oldham
Mr. W. Mangan  Mrs. M. G. McNamara
Mr. J. Lowe  Mrs. D. M. Boyd

DEPARTMENT OF PHYSICAL EDUCATION

GENERAL ACTIVITIES CLASSES
Mr. M. M. Braham  Mr. T. H. Quin, B.A.  Mr. D. P. Gibbons
LIBRARY: Mr. K. G. Teale, Mr. H. Van Wierst (Relieving).
MUSIC: Miss M. I. Tegel, A.Mus. A. LMus.
ART: Mr. T. H. Quin, B.A.

VOCA TIONAL GUIDANCE: Mr. J. Cuvick, B.Ec. (School Counsellor), Mr. T. H.
SPORTSMASTER: Mr. R. J. Learmonth, B.A.

PREFECTS:—MASTER IN CHARGE: Mr. A. C. Anderson, M.A., Dip.Ed.
BOYS: Ian Beardwood (Captain), Robert Norch (Vice-Captain), Terence
Shute, Brian Warwick, Peter Hoy, Ray Bailliec, George Green, Ian Newman,
GI RLS: Pamela Mathews (Captain), Barbara Coutts (Vice-Captain), Dianne
Farrell, Nancy Douth, Patricia McCann, Lois Dyer, Eleanor Windsor,
Jill Forrest.

SCHOOL MAGAZINE:—Editor: Mr. J. Starling, B.A.
Assistant Editors: Norma Godden, Patricia Hanson, Stan Schofield.
Business Manager: Mr. A. C. Anderson, M.A., Dip.Ed.
Sports Editors: Mr. R. J. Learmonth, B.A.; Miss O. E. B. Williamson,

School Phone: 361
P.O. Box 118
Editorial

The function of a School Magazine is, we believe, to report on the academic, cultural and sporting life of a school. It is a mirror in which is seen the face of the school. Balance and proportion are necessary if we are to have a true picture. It is hoped, then, that the revived "Burr" does present a picture of the many-sided activities of the School.

Many difficulties must be surmounted in producing a school magazine. The most urgent and prosaic is always finance. Owing to this ever-present obstacle "The Burr" has not appeared for a period of time. However, this year the senior students, wishing to form some part of the School's annals, set to work with determination to organise finance. By systematic work they guaranteed the appearance of this magazine. Part of the effort was also the generous co-operation of many of Bathurst's citizens. On the other hand, many contributors rallied with a variety of interesting articles. To them go the thanks of the School.

To a small group this "Burr" will be the last in which it participates. The serious task of earning a living has now become one urgently demanding attention. The members of this group will be scattered far and wide over the State. Some may even enter work which will carry them overseas. For them the last "Burr" in their five years at the High has a special significance.

We are living in an age of challenge, of gigantic social transformation, reflected in a war of ideas. It is an age which calls forth the best and noblest in all men and women. The ultimate resolution of the burning issues confronting Australians will be effected in no small measure, by those qualities of industriousness, intellectual honesty, strength of character and social consciousness which our schools endeavour to inculcate. In the days that lie ahead in our country's development all these qualities will be greatly needed. Never were Ruskin's words "that righteousness exalteth a nation" more charged with social possibilities. And what has this to do with getting out "The Burr"?

All those who made "The Burr" gave evidence of these qualities. It matters not whether their contributions appeared or not. The point is that they strove to increase the stature of their school. They proved themselves good citizens.

A casual perusal of the contents of the magazine indicates that "The Burr" is a school effort. No class has the monopoly of contribution. This is a healthy sign and augurs well for the future.

Finally, now that "The Burr" has been revived, let us all make the effort to keep it going. With adequate time at our disposal and plenty of determination there is no reason to prevent its becoming the most sought after periodical in the State's secondary schools.

"Burr" Contributors

The School as a whole responded well to the call to make a "Burr". Owing to restrictions imposed by the limitations of space many valuable and interesting articles were omitted. The Editor thanks all those who by either published or unpublished articles, helped to make 1953 "Burr".

SCHOOL CAPTAINS
IAN BEARDWOOD — PAMELA MATTHEWS

"Farewell"—School Captains

We are indeed sincere when we admit our great reluctance to say "farewell" to our second home, Bathurst High School. However, such must be our words, even though our hearts wish otherwise, on this occasion of departure.

Fortunately, we are permitted to express our many thanks, and for this we are truly appreciative. Our first and foremost "thank you" must go to our Prefect Master, Mr. Anderson—a source of unfailing assistance during our pleasant term of office. "Thanks" next are due to Mr. Thomas, already well known as a helpful, co-operative Headmaster; and then, of course, to our willing band of Prefects who have supported us so ably throughout this extremely busy year.

Now, to the School in general, we extend a generous "thank you" for the important school spirit which you have displayed through the past twelve months.

To the Staff, last, but certainly not least, on our extensive list, we offer our sincere thanks; for we fully realise the bond existing between you and the senior pupils.

So we must say "farewell", but in conclusion, we offer a final "thank you" to those who were responsible for entrusting us with our positions, and we can only hope that our School's rich traditions have been kept at the same high level.

"Farewell"! Best wishes to you all, and remember our motto, "Altiora Peto".—

PAM MATTHEWS and IAN BEARDWOOD.
STAFF TRANSFERS

Several staff changes took place last Christmas vacation. Mr. K. Piper was transferred to Hurstle, Miss Wilson to Hornsby Girls' High, Miss Mallick to Strathfield Girls', Miss Turner to Leichhardt Home Science. Miss Coucher (now Mrs. Bosse) took up duties at Janalli, Miss Halle at Newcastle Home Science, and Mrs. and Miss Slallack at Wingham Rural.

New arrivals were Miss Sinclair from Orange, Misses O'Brien, Tegel and Williamson from Sydney Teachers' College, Mr. Pulley from Broken Hill and Miss Roberts from Leeton.

Mesdames McNamar, Oldham and Boyd came from Dubbo, Portland and Kogarah respectively. Mr. Lowe from Sydney Teachers' College replaced Mr. Slallack.

Messrs. R. Johnson and A. Harris resigned.

To all new members of the staff a hearty welcome is extended, and we hope that all those who have gone have found happiness in their new spheres.

ANZAC DAY

This notable day in Australian life was commemorated in traditional manner. Following the Headmaster's introductory address, Mr. O. G. Parnham delivered the oration to celebrate the occasion. A wreath, prepared by the senior students, was placed by the School Captains on the Honour Roll. The school function ended with the singing of "The Recessional" and the National Anthem. The School was also represented at the Dawn Service conducted by the local branch of the R.S.L.

CORONATION DAY

A School Assembly was devoted to the commemoration of Coronation Day. Addresses were delivered on the meaning of the day, and reference was made to the urgent tasks confronting the people of Elizabeth I's day and those confronting British peoples today. The School joined in the ceremony conducted at Anzac Parade, and listened to the Mayor's address.

EMPIRE DAY

Empire Day was celebrated in the form of an address and recitations. Eleanor Windsor spoke on the principles underlying Empire Day and showed how there has been a modification of our conception of the idea of empire. Ruth Spillane recited "My Country" (D. MacKellar). Jennifer Clark "You Have Been To England" (E. Motterham), and Helen James "Australian Federation" (W. Gay).

PRESENTATION

The School was especially privileged to accept from Mr. and Mrs. Astley, a large portrait of Queen Elizabeth II. Already closely associated with the School's sporting life, these generous donors have, by this gift, bound themselves more firmly to the School.

2BS

The School continues to enjoy the service placed at its disposal by the management of 2BS. The weekly broadcasts, reflecting many aspects of school life which otherwise would not reach the public, are of inestimable value. They have helped to make the work of the School an integral part of the city's life. Our thanks are heartily given to Mr. Williams and his staff.

THE BURR

THE BURR

SCHOOL FETE

The Annual Fete was held towards the end of Second Term. There was a large display of goods which were quickly purchased by supporters. The takings were approximately £239; the profit £227/10/0. To this amount the stalls conducted by the Ladies' Auxiliary contributed £145; the School effort amounted to £70, and the Dance brought £12/10/0.

The usual attractions were in evidence, including the 'Horror House', Fun Parlour, Boxing and Hoop-la.

The success of the Fete is due to the activities of the students and the organisation by the ladies from the P. and C. Association.

BATHURST CENTENARY OF EDUCATION CELEBRATIONS

To mark the Centenary of Public Education in Bathurst, celebrations were held in the last week of first term.

The celebrations took the form of a street procession of children from private and public schools, and a display of many features of physical education. A feature of the procession was the many attractive floats prepared by the children and public bodies.

When the procession reached the Sportsground, Mt. N. Drummond, Deputy Director-General of Education, officially opened the proceedings, and complimented the children on their work. In granting them a holiday for the following day he said they would be pleased to know that, while they were enjoying that holiday, their teachers would be back at school attending the Educational Conference set down for that day.

Pupils of Bathurst High School marched in the procession, entered three floats and gave displays of folk dancing and physical education.

The celebrations were eminently successful and stimulated great public interest in the century's progress in the field of Education.

SPEECH DAY 1952

At the Annual Speech Day held in December, 1952, the Headmaster reported another successful year.

Enrolment figures for the year totalled 661—a record for the School. With the closing of the Migrant Camp these figures dropped by about 60.

A pleasing feature had been the slight increase in the enrolments in the senior school. The report indicated that generally the accommodation at the School was satisfactory. With the transfer of the Home Science classes to the School in 1953 conditions would improve, but at the same time there would be congested conditions in this new department.

It was reported that the Annual Revue was successful, and that a tape recording machine had been purchased from the equipment fund. A strip film machine had been ordered and it had been decided to re-fence the tennis courts.

It was reported that the boys of the School had responded quite well to the matter of uniform dressing. The hope is expressed that all boys will gradually acquire the regulation costume.

Satisfactory examination results in both I.C. and I.C. examinations were reported.

In his report the Headmaster thanked the P. and C. Association and the Ladies' Auxiliary for their continued interest in the School. Because of the high cost of text books it had been found necessary to increase the book rental fees for all years.

STAFF ILLNESS

The School was sad to hear of the severe illness of Mr. Easton, Mr. Dempsey and Mr. Teale. All three have recovered, and it is sincerely hoped that they will continue to enjoy good health.
OBITUARY

During the last term of 1952 the School was disturbed by the reports of the deaths of three who had been closely associated with the School.

The Director-General of Education, Mr. J. C. McKenzie, died suddenly in his office in November. Mr. McKenzie had always taken a keen personal interest in the School, and many of the improvements effected could not have been done without his interest.

Mr. J. J. Pollock, Inspector of Schools, also died in November as a result of a heart attack. Mr. Pollock came to the district in 1948, and it was whilst he was District Inspector that many of the improvements noted today were started. He was a real friend of pupil, teacher and the School generally.

News also came to us from Holland of the death of Dr. R. D. Mulvey—the donor of the Mulvey Debating Cup. The doctor had been a great friend of the School for many years, and the sympathy of the School is extended to his family on his untimely death whilst on his holiday in Holland.

His memory will be ever with us and his name will remain as one of the benefactors of the School.

NEW HOME SCIENCE UNIT

On 30th May the new Home Science Unit was officially opened by the Chief Secretary and the State Parliamentary Member for Bathurst, the Honourable C. A. Kelly. With him on the platform were Mr. O. G. Parnham, President of the P. and C. Association, the Mayor, Ald. A. I. Morse, and the Director of Education, Western Division, Mr. C. M. Clayton.

In his opening remarks Mr. Parnham referred to the advantages of having the Home Science classes housed at the High School, and expressed the hope that it would not be long before provision would be made for the Manual Arts Classes to be held at the School also.

Although the accommodation being provided in the new unit was of the modern type, Mr. Parnham expressed regret that it was not sufficient for present needs, as an additional room was necessary to provide for all the Home Science classes.

The Mayor, Ald. Morse, expressed pleasure at the development at the High School in the way of new buildings, ground and other improvements.

The Director of Education, Western Division, spoke as representative of the Education Department, and expressed pleasure at all the improvements that had been effected in recent years.

Present also were Mr. J. B. Reashaw, Minister for Local Government, the Attorney General, Mr. W. F. Sheehan, and Mr. Kelly’s Secretary, Mr. M. D. Saap.

The Ladies’ Auxiliary served afternoon tea, after which the big crowd that attended inspected the new buildings. Since the opening, the P. and C. Association has spent over £100 on curtains, vases, pictures and equipment.

GROUND IMPROVEMENTS

Since the last issue of “The Burr” much has been done in the way of ground improvements. Lawns have been set in the front of the School, and the new Home Science unit and many ornamental trees and shrubs have been planted. Two rose beds have been established, and about 125 rose bushes have been planted. The Assembly Area has been re-surfaced and all the classrooms away from the main building have been connected by concrete pathways.

During the coming year further lawns will be established on the Piper-street side of the grounds.

THE ANNUAL REVUE

School Revues have in the past reached a good standard of entertainment. This year the Revue was treated as a whole spectacle to which each scene individually contributed. Coronation Year gave it colouring. In a sense the Revue was an historical pageant culminating in a tableau symbolising Queen Elizabeth II’s position in national history.

The Revue opened with an Old English Fair scene where were seen the tumblers, beggars, cobbles and peddlars of a bygone age. The second scene shifted to the West Indies and the Pacific. Darkies, Maoris and Australians filled the stage.

The third scene was the Changing of the Guard, followed by a General Toast to Health. Finally came the Empire tableau.

A very representative section of the School participated in the presentations. However, the burden of the singing fell to Robert North, Ray Baille and Barbara Coutts. The main work in acting was distributed among Ian Newman, Terence Shute and Ian Beardwood.

CHOIR NOTES

It was with deep regret that we said farewell to Mr. Ron Johnson at the end of last year, but I am sure we all feel that Miss Tegel has proved herself a worthy successor as our music teacher.

This year, the choir has been responsible for various broadcasts, items and programmes—especially the Easter and Coronation Broadcasts. In the Easter Broadcast, the choir sang “Hallelujah”, “Crown of Roses”, and led the School in “There is a Green Hill”. Mary White was the soloist in “When I Survey”. At our Coronation Broadcast, we sang extracts from Edward German’s “Merrie England”, such as “The Yeomen of England”, and “Long Live Elizabeth”. Barbara Coutts, supported by the choir, sang “O Peaceful England”.

Both Senior and Junior Choirs participated in the Choral Festival this year, while Diane Farrell and Enid Fletcher acted as our accompanists. The Senior Choir contributed “Crown of Roses” (Tschaikovsky) and “Shepherd’s Song” (Elgar) after the Junior Choir had sung “Nymphs and Shepherds” (Purcell) and “The Sleigh” (Kountz).

The next public function in which we hope to participate is the 1953 Bathurst Eisteddfod. For this, we are now practising the set piece “The Wattle is a Lady” in our own unaccompanied piece, “Lift Thine Eyes”.

In our Revue, the two choirs provided the background throughout. From the choir, Mary White and Barbara Coutts sang various items most capably.

MARKET DAYS

Market Days were organised in 1953 along the same lines as in previous years. Houses competed in friendly rivalry. A wide range of commodities was sold. Though final figures are not yet available £52.16.6 has already been taken.

—BARBARA BEARDWOOD, 3A.
DEBATING NOTES

Debating was a feature of school life in 1953. Teams drawn from each House competed with one another for the debating honours of the School. As a result of this contest Evans emerged the victor.

A number of topics were debated during the year ranging from the burdens of the harrassed housewife to the alleged failure of modern civilisation. Quite an interest was displayed in the debates this year.

The Rotary Club extended the prospective Mulvey Cup debaters its customary invitation. The subject debated, namely, that “Women should never be put in a position of control over men”, proved both humorous and challenging.

Such debates before the public give future debaters an invaluable experience.

All the School’s debating life culminated in the Mulvey Cup. This year the team, which rapidly improved, did not emerge victorious. However, it came a very creditable second place on the points score.

Interest in debating is still very evident, and there is a feeling that debating should be an integral part of school life.

THE CHARITIES APPEAL

This valuable activity continued throughout the year. Half-way through the year the appeal stood at £12/13/3. A vigorous drive is being organised to pass the 1952 figure. £45/9/10.

PLAY DAY

Play Day was organised on a House basis. Each of the four Houses submitted two plays, one from the Senior section, one from the Junior. From Wentworth House came “Burglar Pie” and “Roast Pig”; from Lawson House “The Fatal Siphon” and “Much Fuss About Nothing”; Evans House supplied “The Colonel Wasn’t Fooled” and “The Legacy”, while Baxland House presented “The Marriage Bargain” and “Chinese Fantasy”.

The predominant note in the plays was humour and farce. Some excellent efforts in characterisation were made by members from each of the Senior plays. The actors in the Junior plays revelled in nonsensical situations and entered the spirit of the play. While the success of Play Day and Play Night is due to the combined efforts of the players, certain of the casts were singled out for awards. Awards for acting went to Ian Newman, Barbara Bell, Neil McDonald, Laurie Ingersole, Gordon Evans, Janie Elton, Norma Godden, Ruth Spillane, Marion Bailey and David Carkeet.

Highly commended were John Cobby and Janice Happer.

Wentworth House took the acting honours for the night, followed by Baxland, with Lawson in third place.

P. AND C. REPORT

The P. and C. Association has to its credit an imposing list of services, which have contributed to the well being of the students of the School.

In addition to the customary help given to the Axley Cup, School Prizes and the Honour Board, the P. and C. has donated a much needed £200 to the Library, £91 to equipping the new Home Science Unit, and £280 for a refrigerator for the Tuck Shop.

Approval has been also given for the purchase of a heavy duty polishing machine, a new public address system, additional science room equipment and exhibition cases for biology classes.

To make the P. and C. function in the best possible way, it is requested that every parent interested in the School, should join the Association. Regular meetings are held on the first Thursday of each month at 8 p.m. at the Technical College.

LADIES’ AUXILIARY

The Women’s Auxiliary of the P. and C. Association has continued to function as in past years. A total of £430 was raised by the Auxiliary last year, and this year we hope for even greater success.

In April the Auxiliary catered for an enjoyable evening to celebrate the Centenary of Education in Bathurst. This proved very successful.

In May, we served afternoon tea at the School on the occasion of the opening of the new Domestic Science block.

Two Street Stalls have been held this year, and the card parties run by the Auxiliary at the old school building in Howick-street on the first Wednesday in every month, continue to be very popular.

Our main effort for the year will be the Annual Fete, to be held at the School on Wednesday, 19th August. With the assistance of the Staff and Pupils, we are looking forward with confidence to a very successful afternoon.

Our final effort for the year will be during Eisteddfod week, when the Auxiliary will cater for morning and afternoon tea at both Walshaw and Masonic Halls.

Although we have some very staunch supporters, we feel that many more mothers and friends could attend our meetings and assist during the year.

—MRS. I. HOY.
PRIZE LIST, 1952

Dux of School (Martin Lapin Prize) Ann Hill
C.W.A. Prize for History Ann Hill
Ashelford Prize for General Mathematics Ann Hill
Second Place in Fifth Year Walkiri Lebedew
Ralph Sutton Prizes for Chemistry and Physics Walkiri Lebedew
Third Place in Fifth Year Ann Palmer
Winston Sutton Prize for English Peter Maddox
Ashelford Prize for Mathematics I. and II Barry Pickup
Margaret Stirling Prize for Studies, Sport and Leadership Ann Hill
Len Nixon Prize for Studies, Sport and Leadership Kevin Chew
Prizes for School Captains Jennifer Medley, Kevin Chew

Fourth Year:
Dux of Fourth Year (R. G. L. Baillie Prize) Ian Beardwood
Second Place in Fourth Year Edie Lukis
Third Place in Fourth Year Enid Fletcher
Ralph Sutton Prize for Chemistry Robert North
Ralph Sutton Prize for Biology Janice Watters

Third Year:
Dux of Third Year (Martin Lapin Prize) Jill Forrest
Winston Sutton Prize for English Jill Forrest
Second Place in Third Year Eleanor Windsor
Third Place in Third Year Ian Newman
Class Prizes: 1B. Shirley Hollis; 3C. Lynette Palmer
City Council Prizes for Science Essays (Andrew Ambrose, 3A)
(Dawn Mutton 3C)

Second Year:
Dux of Second Year Neil McDonald
Second Place in Second Year Ruth Spillane
Third Place in Second Year Inez Gray
Class Proficiency Prizes: 2B. Fay Flynn; 2C. Verlie Comerford;
2D. Nola Larnach and Gwen Capiot (equal); 2E. Janice Walkington; 2F.
Beverly Mills; 2G. Eileen Smith.

First Year:
Dux of First Year Brian Holbeche
Second Place in First Year Doten Flanagan
Third Place in First Year Graham Maddox
Class Proficiency Prizes: 1B. Edmund Spicer; 1C. Brian Capitt;
1D. Alice Sharp; 1E. Margaret Cassidy;
1F. Robin Staines; 1G. Marie Collins.
Don Ross for All-Round Effort and Service by a First Year Boy
Edward Knight. 1F

Dramatic Prizes for Play Day Performances:
Estelle North. 3A; Barbara Bell. 2B; Heather Byers. 2A; Max Coopes.
3B; Ian Newman. 3A

Social Service Prizes:
Pamela Mathews. 4th Year; Barbara Coutts. 4th Year; Lois Dyer. 4th Year;
Margaret Osborne. 2D; Elwyn McAllister. 2C; Ian Newman. 3A;
Ray Baillie. 5th Year; Les. Bonham. 5th Year.

R. T. Hole Prize for Local History John Willard, 1B
House Debating Cup Wentworth House (Jennifer Medley, Capt.)

THE BURL

Public Examination Results

LEAVING CERTIFICATE

Key to subjects: 1 English, 2 Latin, 3 French, 4 German, 5 Maths I. 6
Maths II., 7 General Maths., 9 History, 11 Combined Physics and Chemis-
try, 12 Physics, 13 Chemistry, 17 Geography, 18 Economics, 35 Technical
Drawing, 36 Woodwork.

1952

Aire, Lija. 1B 5B 6B 12B 18B
Bonham, Les. 1B 7B 9B 17B 18B
Bridge, Donald K. 1B 7B 17B 18B
Brown, Donald J. W. 1B 5B 6B 12B 18B 35A
Chew, Kevin G. 1B 7B 9B 13B 35B 36A
Cranston, Ivor. 1B 7B 9A 17B 18B
Hill, Dievert A. 1H(2) 2B 3B 7A 9A 11B
Leaver, Malcolm. 1B 7B 9A 17B
Lebedew, Walkiri. 1B 4H(1) 6B 5B 12A 13B
Lindell, John S. 7A 9B 11B 35B
Maddox. Richard P. 1H(2) 3H(2) 5A 6B 12A 13B
Nightingale, Stan. 1B 7B 9B 13B 17B 18B
Palmer, Patricia A. 1A 7B 9A 13B 17B
Pickup. John B. 1B 5B 6B 12A 18A
Tooby, Les J. 1B 6B 9B 17B 18B

Scholarships

Teachers’ College Scholarship: L. Bonham, D. Bridge, D. Brown, K. Chew,
M. Leaver.

INTERMEDIATE CERTIFICATE 1952

Ambrose, A.; Barton, Betty; Beach, B.; Bennett, D.; Boyd, D.; Bridge,
F. W.; Bridekirk Valda; Butcher, K.; Charlton, Doreen; Chew,
Audrey; Clemens, Mavis; Cooper, I.; Cullen, Margaret; Douglass, B.,
Drury, P.; Elton, Janne; Flack, Margaret; Flynn, Joy; Forrest, Jill;
Fuller, Cynthia; Godden, Norma; Greaves, Ann; Gresser, P.; Grivas,
J.; Hampton, D.; Hampton, G.; Hammond, Fay; Hanson, Pat.;
Hanratty, R.; Hawker, Helen; Hennings, Margaret; Hollis, Shirley;
Howard, K.; Ingersole, L.; Jaques, Pat; Kalnins, J.; Kozlowskia,
Nardia; Lambeth, Berenie; Lamont, Gar; Le Broque, R.; Levings,
A.; Levings, W.; Lloyd, K.; MacAlpine, K.; McKellar, M.; McKinnon,
Gwen; Mason, L.; Medley, J.; Mutton, Dawn; Mould, J.; Newsorova,
Olga; Newman, I.; Owens, E.; Owens, G.; Palmer, Lynette; Pateman,
Catherine; Payne, I.; Peard, Kay; Pollard, Ann; Riddiford, D.;
Scheffler, S.; Sinclair, Norma; Snape, Janice; Soames, N.; Sweetnam,
Mardon, Sutton, K.; Thompson, W.; Tucker, C.; Wallkley, J.;
Windsor, Eleanor; Windus, Margaret; Wyatt, Elaine.

SYDNEY NOTES

Bathurst High School is represented at the Sydney Teachers' College and University by a small group who have gone on "seeking higher things" in widely diverging fields.

Unfortunately, they are all relatively sober types and hard workers, and leave little food for scandal.

The dux of the School in 1935, John Scott, is now in Engineering III, and at the time of writing was sitting for exams, for which we wish him the best of luck. Scotty is a member of St. Paul's College, but of late has developed a love of salt water, and spends much of his spare time out at Curl Curl.

All those who remember the good old days of "the bomb" will be pleased to know that Graham Ambrose is contemplating the purchase of another high powered piece of machinery. Anb. is studying medicine, but the call of the scalpel has not overpowered him entirely and his language is still frequently dotted with his "auto-French", "cheat along". "Many Bien's and "I had one but the back axle broke." Still a misogynist.

Those stalwarts of the year 1951, Brian Booth and Margaret Learmonth, are furthering their sporting careers by doing Physical Education at the Teachers' College. Both now play first grade hockey. Sam also played First Grade cricket with St. George Club last season, and big things are expected from him this season.

Also at the Teachers' College are Don Brown and Kev. Chew, who are both studying Manual Arts. Both are working hard, although Don travels home each week-end to play hockey amongst other things.

That terrible pair of 1951, Dawn Anderson and Noreen Watters, are often seen wandering around the University with a calculating if not critical eye on male form. Dawn is doing Domestic Science at the Teachers' College, and Noreen is studying Social Science. Their hobby is sending anonymous letters and cards to the boys of 1951 5th year.

We will still back these two together with Majia Cerbuks who is studying Dentistry to out-talk anybody.

Former school captain Ivy Hutchison is now the Librarian at the Teachers' College, and she still has that same old smile for everyone.

Another angelic smile can be seen beneath the blonde hair of Shirley Richards, who attends Arts at night time and teaches throughout the day.

In this classification also is Arthur Baille (minus the smile). Arthur, who will long be remembered for his brilliant solo runs on the football field, and his great affinity for a football, is in Arts II and a hard worker.

The Faculty of Engineering has acquired those great physicists Zoggy and Lee. Both are in second year after obtaining good passes last year. Lee has acquired an enormous vocabulary which he unleashes upon the unsuspecting on the slightest provocation.

School captain of 1945 Bob Sinclair is studying Arts and Divinity preparatory to entering the ministry. He is a member of St. Andrew's College.

Peter Maddox, from last year's 5th year, is attending lectures in Arts. He is a resident of Wesley College, and is working solidly to be assured of a good pass at the end of the year.

NEW ENGLAND UNIVERSITY

The State's Northern University has its sprinkling of ex-students. Ann Hill, Peter Allmond and Laurie Upfold have settled into the life of the University and have brought to their northern cousins, in the pursuit of knowledge and citizenship, something of the meaning of their school motto.

Laurie is studying History II, Geography II, and Psychology. Ann is doing Psychology, History, Philosophy and English in First Year, while Peter is studying History II, Economics II, and Geography II.

Studies do not occupy all their hours. Laurie plays with First XV, and is quite an acquisition to the side. Peter has represented the University in tennis. Ann joined the Debating Society and has made quite a good impression.

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE

News about ex-students has poured in from all over the State. Among recently left ex-students we have discovered that John Lindell is an assistant accountant in Bathurst. Ivan Cranston is working at the A.M.P., and Gerald Harris has linked himself to Goldsbrough Mort. John Mason, working at the A.N.Z. Bank, has also allied himself with wealth. Les. Toppie can be seen strolling along in pensive mood cogitating on some obscure mathematical problem related to surveying. Bill Johnson has entered the ranks of the industrial chemists, while Barry Pickup is a radio engineer at the A.W.A. at Ashfield. Stan Nightingale, we understand, is an industrial chemist.

Lija Aire is studying at University, while her sister Daina is doing Hospital work. Doing clerical work are Margaret Brooks, Kath. Staines, Lola Hutchinson, Zelma Robertson and Judith Horton.

Jennifer Medley now attends a Business College in Sydney, while Betty Callaghan has reluctantly set sail on the stormy seas of matrimony.

Pam Goddard, Reg. Lang and Ken. Rose have joined the ranks of the noble profession.

Helen Richardson and Valerie Slattery are in Bathurst, the former modelling, the latter hairdressing.

Thomas Ryan, now a W.O. in the permanent Army, dropped in the other day. After serving in Borneo in the last war he has been stationed in Japan and Korea. At present he is attached to the Special Investigation Branch.

David Richardson, who had great promise as a high jumper, is now doing Law at Sydney University. While on this subject the sleuths look forward eagerly to the day when James Holman, B.A., L.L.B., will take the silk.

Wendy Giles is a doctor's receptionist, radiating the outward calm and contentment traditionally associated with the medical profession.

Pam Piper and Judith Elliott are chemists' assistants in their own towns.

Many ex-students we failed to trace. However, to them all, wherever they may be, the School sends its greetings.

—W. BLOMFIELD.
—P. ALLMOND.

—HIC ET UBIQUE.
BATHURST TEACHERS’ COLLEGE

The Ex-students of the B.H.S. are well represented at the Bathurst Teachers’ College in 1953. There are three in first year, Les Bonham, Don Bridge, Malcolm Leaver, and nine in second year, Patricia McMenamin, Patricia White, Valerie Slattery, Ron Evers, Ron Coutts, Tom Hart, Roger Snape, David Martin, and John Shelton.

At the recent Opera staged by the College, Roger Snape proved himself as a soloist. He hopes to further his career in singing at the Conservatorium next year.

In the Inter-collegiate fixture between Bathurst and Sydney Teachers Colleges the boys from the old ‘blue and gold’ proved themselves good sportsmen. Les Bonham, Ron Evers, Ron Coutts, and Tom Hart were selected for the men’s basketball. Tom had the honour of being captain and led the team to victory, 25 points to 19. This was the first time Sydney had been defeated in 25 years. Les Bonham was the lone ex-B.H.S. representative in the men’s hockey. The team won one goal to nil. Ron Evers, Ron Coutts and Tom Hart represented the College in the football as five-eighth, full-back, and wing respectively. The team was successful winning nine points to five. Ron Coutts scored six points, kicking two penalty goals. The team gained honour in their defeat of Sydney, for it was the first time Sydney had been beaten in 15 years.

The boys feel that their success is due to the untiring coaching and abuse they received from Mr. Learmonth. It made them feel as though they were playing for the Astley Cup. They all send their congratulations to the teams who were successful in the recent Astley Cup series.

—RON. COUTTS.

THE BUSH FIRE

Brown Summer’s pow’r has wilted Spring’s green song.
Ere beauty wanders in a silver trance.
She glances down as shadows short and long.
Pass hill and vales on their unceasing dance.

But what is this?—this demon crescendo sprung
From bushland dim; a red inferno tears
The shroud of silver from great trees hung.
And paints a lurid canopy ’neath stars wan stares.

The rage has gone, but leaves footsteps of black.
A sooty cloak to hide a life’s bright fall.
The trees throw up black arms by sombre tracks,
The high blue cloudless vault looks down on all.

A year has passed on silver wings of time,
Bove woodland green the glorious sun does climb.

—RUTH HARRIS, 3A.

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—RUTH HARRIS, 3A.
A NERVOUS THOUGHT

The moon was rising into the air,
Like a balloon in flight:
The sight I saw, raised my hair,
There in the growing night.

There in the air I spied
Some hideous looking sight;
I tried to find some place to hide,
And from there, watch its flight.

I found a stately-looking tree,
And quickly up it climbed;
But, when I looked again to see,
There was nothing I could find.

—MALCOLM NEWMAN, 1E.

DREAMS

I dreamt I sat by a roaring fire,
And listened to the wind outside;
The moaning wind, the groaning wind,
The wind that seemed to sigh.

I dreamt I sat on the sand at the beach,
And watched the ships sail by;
The steam ships, the sailing ships,
The ships that seemed to fly.

I dreamt I went up in an aeroplane,
And watched the clouds float by;
The silver clouds, the fleecy clouds,
The clouds that drift on high.

—JANETTE RICHARDSON, 1A.

BOYHOOD DAYS

The undulating beauty of our good old Bathurst Plains,
Will stay with us forever, and with our friends again.
Remember in the old days, among the tall gum trees,
Where we would play together, and sometimes take our ease.
In the twilight of the evening, all would make for home,
After swimming in the river, and diving in the foam.
At last the day is ended, as we all go off to bed.
To dream of our adventures that are sure to lie ahead.

—TOM McPHILLAMY, 2D.

THE RIVER

Down from the tallest mountain
It slowly wends its way.
It passes many cities,
Flowing night and day.

Around the stony ridges,
Across the rolling plain,
The ever-moving river
Comes swollen with the rain.

It comes down splashing, swirling,
Rippling in its fun,
Until its high banks lead it
To a larger one.

—GEOFF. WINDSOR, 2A.

A NIGHT PASSES

The moon with her rings of gold and red,
Over the heavens her light doth spread.
The clouds float by,
On a jewelled sky.

As swans above the ocean fly.

The stars that twinkle in the blue,
Are like the pearly drops of dew.
Then rising high,
Into the sky.

The gloomy storm clouds pass them by.

The wind is whispering a song of love,
Like the gentle coo of the snow-white dove.
The creeping sands,
Seem full of hands.
And above all else the lighthouse stands.

—NOLA AUSTIN, 3C.

A NIGHT IN THE BUSH

The old gums sway'd, the night closed in,
The fires all burned bright.
The boys brought out the old guitar,
And sang by the fire light.

The drovers yarnd to the stockmen
Of stories long ago,
When the shearsers carried their swags.
On the roads of Cobb and Co.
The cattle moved; the horses neighed,
The fires slowly died.
Ghostly was the camp and still,
By the creek the willows sighed.

—HELENE JAMES, 3A.
THE QUEEN OF SCHOOLS

If we pupils of the High School
Stop to think a little while,
Then we'll all begin to realize
We've no reason not to smile.

We should really be most sorry
For other children of this State,
Who have old and dirty schoolrooms
Given them by the hand of Fate.

From our windows we may witness
A panoramic view;
And schools which have a scene like ours
Are far between—and few.

When our lessons become boring,
We may watch the landing planes,
Or the slowly crawling trains.

There we see the great carillon,
Rearing upward to the skies;
There the cultivated paddocks,
That from the river gently rise.

Crowning all there are the mountains,
Standing hard and blue and high.
Over everything, the cloud banks,
Rolling upward in the sky.

So when next you gaze from window
Upon this noble scene,
Think of all the High Schools in the State
With Bathurst High—the Queen.

—NEIL McDONALD, 3A.

IDENTICAL TWINS

We are twins, Fay and me,
Although we're as different as can be.

She plays the piano an awful lot,
Which is something I do not.
She likes milk and I like tea . . .
Identical twins . . . that's Fay and me!
But she likes pink, and I like blue . . .
It's just like that whatever we do!

So it's funny that you can't see
Which one is Fay and which is me.

—BEVERLEY WILLOT, 2A.

THE BUTTERFLY

In a gown of gold satin sprinkled with blue
Luminous, lavender lace.
Enchanting emblem of delicate hues.
She nervously flies . . .
She flutters; then clings to a withering rose.
She quivers, then sways as the zephyr breeze blows.
And again she is swift in irregular flight,
Weaving designs through the silvery night.
Her splendour reflects in a shimmering pool
Then mystic and shy . . .
She has vanished from sight.

—D. CHISHOLM.

MY HOME?

Where shall I live?
In this home upon the hill,
Or in that little country house
Where all the world is still?
Or in that block of flats
By the city street?
Or in this rich man's mansion.
Where the country roads do meet?
I think I'll live at home!

—RALPH BOWMAKER, 2A.

THE MONTHS OF AUSTRALIA

January brings good cheer,
Holidays begin the year.

February brings the heat,
Then to swim is such a treat.

March brings breezes loud and strong,
Blows the clouds of dust along.

April brings the falling leaves,
Swallows twittering in the eaves.

In May we see the lambkins play;
And in the trees wrens do sway.

In June the farmers sow the grain,
And then are eager for the rain.

With July come frost and fog:
Then on the fire we pile the logs.

When August comes around again,
Tired are we of mud and rain.

September brings the wattle gold,
Gone are days of storm and cold.
In October the leaves are on the trees,
And wildflowers tremble in the breeze.

With November comes warm sun;
Days of spring are nearly done.

December brings the ripening corn,
Bells and toys on Christmas morn.

—JANNA SHEARING, 2A.

THE MINER

The digger strikes it rich at last,
For he’s found a lump of gold;
He thinks of all his weary past,
And of his tales untold.

He thinks of how the cradles rocked,
As men staked out their claims;
He looks at all the mounds and rocks,
And then at the distant plains.

The flies they buzz around him,
As he thinks of harder times,
And how he sang to the little ones,
And taught them nursery rhymes.

The miner... Ah!... his day is done,
And he settles down to rest.
But he has a look at his lump of gold,
And thinks he’s found the best.

—K. CAMBRIDGE, 1A.

CARAVAN TOURS

The essence of life is a caravan tour. It is impossible to say you have extracted the greatest possible satisfaction out of life until you have made a tour by the illustrous caravan. You are your own master while on a caravan tour: imagine the trying times you’ve had arguing with your bad-tempered neighbour about such trivial occurrences as a window which has been a trifle disfigured by a speeding cricket ball, intent on doing as much damage as possible during the short time in which it has been given the power of destruction. This individual has the audacity to insist that you pay for the window just because it happened to be your son who gave the ball its destructive power. You feel like picking up your house, if this feat was possible, and marching off to a more agreeable neighbourhood. If you possessed a caravan you could step hard on the accelerator and leave your vehement neighbour far behind you.

You can live in a caravan: it was probably invented by a man who disliked staying in the one place for more than a week or so. Imagine camping in the green glades of the Australian bush by the side of a babbling brook winding through the hills rolling like mountainous waves and later falling in a miniature waterfall. These pleasant surroundings are climaxed by the twirling of the bushland birds and the hearty cackling of a jackass.

You wake in the morning refreshed by the exhilarating coolness of the crisp morning air. The day gradually unfolds itself to you, and as twilight begins to set in the bush is smothered by the shadowy blanket of night and peace descends with the night, leaving you nothing to think about except the expectant joys of tomorrow.

You are not troubled by the dull things of life. You don’t have to worry about unexpected visitors who always seem to arrive while you are indulging in a little spring cleaning. You are not bothered by a persistent salesman trying to sell his unequaled product at a sensationly low price; nor are you bothered by an angry red-faced rent collector who has no regard for your financial status: “pay or get out” is his unwavering motto.

If by some misfortune you are behind in your payments for your car, you have a good chance of evading your collector because he has no idea where you are.

Caravan tours are indispensable to mankind because they relax the tension of your worries and seem to encourage your spirit of adventure by the lure of the open road and fresh air, combined with the fact that you are escaping the monotony of everyday life.

—STAN. SCHOFIELD, 4th Year.

SHELTERING FROM A STORM

I hurried down the narrow wind swept drive surrounded on all sides by low, overhanging elms and pines blown to and fro by the fury of the storm. The rain pelted down, and I was thoroughly soaked, but the only thing I was worried about was to get to a shelter where I could get in from the rain and hail.

I made my way through the mud and slush till I found an old abandoned house. Up I walked on the cracked and broken stone steps to the huge door with its enormous knocker, shaped like the devil’s head, and its two eyes seeming to glare balefully at me from the darkness. I tried to open the door but it was locked, so turning to one of the French windows I undid the rusty clasp and clambered through the window into the darkness of a once called living room.

It was easy to see that the house was not lived in. It was like a tomb, and the only sound was the scurrying of rats. The whole house smelt of decay, and when I took my coat off to put it on the couch, the covering crumpled away to a pile of dust.

It seemed as if I would be here for quite a time, so I began to walk about the huge house. I opened the door and stepped out into the hall, and out of the darkness shot a huge hairy hand that pulled me back into the shadows, and then something struck me on the head with agonising force.

I seemed to be coming out of the darkness up through a maelstrom of stars and twittering birds. I opened my eyes and looked around. I was in a small, dimly lighted room at the top of the house, and standing up I found that the world around me was a whirl, so much so that I found it hard to walk for a few minutes.

Then regaining my strength I pushed open the door and staggered down the rickety stairs and out into the hall once again. I walked to the door and as I opened it, a huge meat axe thumped into the door. Not wanting to see who threw it, I leapt out and ran for my life down the drive. Several days later my coat arrived in a package neatly wrapped in clean brown paper, but I still do not know who was in that house the day of the storm.

—IVOR PAYNE, 4th Year.

Page Donated by A. W. Hounsell.
DREAM DRAGONS

The people across the road, in the house with the white fence, have a great fat benevolent black cat who, beside his other praiseworthy qualities, is extremely well brought up and polite; every morning he manages to squeeze his comfortable form through the narrow opening in my window and comes in to say good morning to me. He arrives with an elastic but somewhat weighty jump right on top of me, and, if perchance that has not awakened me completely, he sorts of marks time on my chest and growls condescendingly (after all, he has been up for hours and hours), but with the volume of thunder until I open at least one eye. It is to his credit that he never yet has come before seven o’clock.

Even on the coldest mornings etiquette demands that I put out a hand and stroke his back by way of greeting. This formality over, he settles down within six inches of my face to stare fixedly, but affectionately, at me through half-closed eyes and to purr rather more quietly, while I slip back into a last half-hour or so of slumber.

Sometimes I dream.

My friend has very long black rakish eyebrows—one of them has gone grey... he must have seen and experienced a lot in his wild bachelor’s life... His eyes are very keen and luminous and wise... and his breath comes in quick little white puffs in the cold air... in little puffs... in white clouds... clouds... and sparks flying!

I must have made a mistake—it is a dragon! He also is pitch-black and has wise green eyes and tail—oh, lovely tails! A multitude of them, graceful and black and velvety—none of your fairy-tale rough scaly ones, but well-kept beautifully smooth tails. My dragon’s pet grievance is that the song which he imagines was composed in his honour, you know, “The Green-eyed Dragon with the Thirteen Tails.” Well, in this song they allow him only thirteen tails. What slander! What defamation! Enough to make one shudder at the thought! The truth, if you please, there are twenty-seven of them! Carefully parted in the middle and symmetrically arranged in waves on both sides. He lavishes much time and care on the arrangement of his tails, and on state occasions there are two grey little dragons to carry them on a brocade support... Very dignified!

Now, history will have you believe that dragons are essentially wicked, ravenous creatures, to be killed by heroic young knights who are rewarded with the hands in marriage of beautiful princesses. How outmoded is such an idea! It is leaving progress out of the question altogether. After all, even the ancestors of Johnny Ray used to hunt canaries for dinner—how could you hold the ancestors of a dragon against them?

The modern dragon carefully respects humanity, and adheres to a strict salad diet, since, you will agree, a piercing green dragon-look would somewhat lose its effect if the fiery eyes were embedded in comfortable little cushions of fat. One must keep up appearances, even when one is a dragon! Only occasionally, as the human gourmet relishes a raw snail in mayonnaise, so does the dragon consume a wicked little human. Wickedness definitely contributes to the savour of things.

But on the whole, there are few things more pleasant than a nice dragon curled up on the hearth, with, perhaps, rings of smoke and sparks coming from his nostrils. However, he must not snore.

My acquaintance of the twenty-seven tails has a most humorous look in one eye, and one of his eyebrows has gone grey—the troubles of this world evidently affect even dragons... I have always wondered how dragons keep their fiery breaths from scorching their brows... I’ll have to ask one day... At the moment my friend is engaged in breathing multicoloured sparks in patterns to say “I like Etoile Jolly” you understand, he is a dragon of the old school, and in those days spelling was a little neglected. Don’t mention it though... matter of pride. By the way, maybe someone sometime will start breeding cultured dragons for purposes of night-time advertising.

I believe my dragon is smiling... Have you ever seen a dragon smile? Such a cheery expression—his eyes wrinkle at the corners and become pure fire, and his tail gently waves up and down in perfect unison... I think he is even growling something in a friendly, quiet way, and...

Oh, bother, bother, bother and my Aunt Matilda! What a horrible clanging, banging, clattering noise! It has scared my dragon away... I could feel one of his tails brush my chin as he hurried off, and there is only a warm patch where he was sitting a moment ago.

You see, both I and my dragon—and my cat, we fervently dislike alarm clocks.

A NIGHT OUT

The house is in darkness. Outside, a youthful form, shoes in hand, glides down the side path. Slipping along the back of the house he comes to where a flight of steps leads to the darker shadow of a small verandah. Having climbed the steps he flits into the black void, drawing a small bunch of keys from his pocket as he goes.

“Which one would fit?” He never seemed to be able to pick the right one. But this time he must. It was imperative to his plan not to make any more noise than possible. You would understand if engaged in this dangerous type of work.

By the light of a small torch he tries the selected key in the lock. “Too big!” Grasping another key in his now shaking hand, the desperate lad again directs the light on the door. Tricky business this—first time he had tried it he had been reprimanded—last time, he had suffered captivity for a week. Thinking of an article he had seen in the paper—“Flogging Urged—Judge Whip Suggests this as a Means of Discouraging Law-Breakers”—the lad thought it was a strange coincidence. He might be flogged if caught again.

Ah! This was the right key. Without a sound the handle turns and the door swings back on well oiled hinges. Slipping through he closes it behind him.

He begins groping his way through the darkened house. No torch could be used now. After what seems to be an eternity he reaches his objective. “Whew!” He could breathe freely at last. Suddenly his foot settles on a loose board, making it squeak. The listening lad’s heart missed a beat at the sound of a voice—a voice he had been dreading to hear: “Is that you, John? How long have you been home?”

“About two and a half hours, Mum. Just got up to get a drink of water,” fibbed John. It was worth it, though.—NEIL MCDONALD, 3A.

THE WOLF OR THE HOUSE

Johan Everett was trudging wearily along the animal pad, which led to the swiftly moving stream. Since he had left home at about five o’clock that morning, there had been several heavy downpours of rain. He had had to go out; because the supply of meat at the pioneer homestead was frighteningly low, and he had wished to replenish the store before the blizzards and hard winter set in.

Arriving at the stream, Johan threw down the deer carcass he had been carrying over his shoulder. He looked at the sky. The hour must be about 4, or 4.30, because the daylight was fading quite quickly now.

“No time to rest,” he panted; “must reach home soon. before wolves get on the prowl. Be no good to be out in this weather with them. I’d have no chance.”

He quickly picked up the carcass and stumbled into the stream. The water reached his thighs in mid-stream, but he crossed safely.
As he hurried on into the gathering dark, towards the homestead, he thought he heard a wolf howl. The heavy rifle slung over his shoulder would be useless, because he had run out of ammunition. He stopped to listen. No sound came to him on the still air, so he quickly went on, chastising himself for being foolish enough to let his imagination run away with him.

But, was he mistaken? Through the trees on the right hand side of the path, a wolf was slinking along, its belly almost touching the ground. The strong odour of blood had, no doubt, drawn it. Johan didn't see the wolf. He was now only a quarter of a mile from the homestead.

Suddenly he screamed with fright. A howl came from the tree three yards to his right. He dropped the rifle and carcass, then bounded off along the path. He was hoping the carcass was what the wolf wanted, but he knew that they had a lust for killing at this time of the year.

The homestead was in sight now, but still about three hundred yards away. He screamed at the top of his voice. The door opened and his wife stood there, framed by the light.

Johan yelled something about a wolf. His wife armed herself with a light rifle, but as she was inexperienced at shooting, the wolf wasn't in much danger.

With 100 yards, 80 yards, 50 yards to go, Johan could hear the wolf gaining on him. Would it be the house or the wolf for him? That, I leave to the reader's imagination!  

—ELAINE WYATT, 4th Year

WOLGAN VALLEY

A few miles past Wallerawang on a small dusty road, an isolated valley of unsurpassed beauty is found. Entrance to this valley is gained by going through "The Gap", which was cut and blasted through one of the cliffs. On entering the valley early pioneers were forced to lower all their possessions over a precipitous cliff face and then carry them down a very narrow and steep ridge called the 'Donkey Steps'. The valley is 'L' shaped, and in the middle is Mount Wolgan, after which the valley is named.

Twenty-two miles along the road from the Gap is the deserted township of Newnes. This relic of the past was once a thriving town producing shale oil, which was sent to Sydney by a railway line tunnelled through the cliffs. Now Newnes is a dilapidated wreck with only two or three families. Two railway engines are still standing there, but the tunnels have fallen in, making a series of caves for countless glowworms.

The Australian film 'Bush Christmas' was taken in Wolgan Valley, with Newnes as the old ghost town.

Scouts, naturalists and bush walkers find this tranquil valley an ideal place for hiking, mountaineering and nature study. The length of the valley is roughly thirty-five miles, and it is from five to eight miles across. Starting from the floor of the valley, the ground rises steeply until at eight hundred feet a person cannot stand upright. Crawling for another one hundred and fifty feet the base of a hundred foot cliff is reached. Very few people know ways of scaling these sheer cliffs, which are on all sides.

Wolgan has abundant native birds such as bell birds, cockatoos, lyrebirds, and numerous parrots. Kangaroos, wallabies and dingoes may be seen, while blue gums, ironbarks and practically all types of Australian flora grow thickly. A cool stream runs down the centre, almost concealed by ferns.

I have visited Wolgan many times with camping parties. Fresh wonders seem to be present on each occasion, and it possesses a fascination shared by few places.

—COLIN BASS, 2A

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THE BURR

Looking out of a small window, I am thinking hard, but first let me explain. The window I am looking out of is no ordinary window. It has hard steel bars across it, and I have looked out of it for many years. I am James Charles, known here as Prisoner No. 7. I was born in January, 1918, in a small mining town named Grant. My father was a miner, but he was hurt in a mine accident when I was fifteen. After that, he could not work, so I took a job in a grocery shop. Dad received the invalid pension, and with my bit of pay, Mum battled along. At the age of seventeen, I was still employed at the grocery shop, but I was discontented. I was going around with a gang who always had a lot more money than I. It was at this stage that I met Frankie Marlow.

He told me that I could have more money than the gang and easily obtain it. Anxious to get some money for myself, I met Frankie that night. He confided in me that he made his money by stealing vegetables from the market gardens at night, and selling them to Joe the Greek, who had the fruit and vegetable stall in Main Street. Having joined forces with Frankie, I was able to spend money freely with the boys. Where I got the money to spend, I told them that a relative had died and left Mum some money, so she was able to give me more of my pay to spend.

After some months, this way of getting money was not quick enough, so Frankie decided to rob some shops. I was against this, but as Frankie pointed out, I was in deep snow now so I couldn't back out. The first shop we burgled was the chemist. It netted us seven pounds, which was a lot more than the vegetable racket. After buying an old car cheap, the following year, we were able to visit other towns for our robberies. I didn't know at the time whether we had a charmed life or were clever burglars, for we were never in bad trouble—only a few minor charges.

I was twenty by now, and had a job in the mines where Dad used to work. Mum, having died in the previous year, Dad had gone away to live with relatives. Frankie, who was twenty-two, was married but not getting along with his wife, as he was drinking and gambling too much. I never thought of getting married, for I was too busy making money, as I had dreams of a big car and a good time in the city later on. Then it happened so quickly. We knew a chap in the next town named Harry Carl, who worked in the factory as a clerk. He told us that we could get big money by robbing the safe in the factory.

Those absent on pay day had their envelopes put in the safe. There was also a lot of petty cash, so we decided to burglarize the next pay night. Arriving there about 10.30 p.m., we snuck to a side door. I broke the light bulb, then forced the door. After getting inside, we worked our way to the main office, finding the safe as Harry had described it, but we did not reckon on the safe being so big. As we did not have the right equipment to break it open, we made a lot of noise. We heard footsteps in the outer office so I crouched down behind the desk. Frankie got behind the door, and as the intruder entered, he hit him on the head with the bar of iron which he had previously used to break the door open.

After that, we planned our escape. Imagine my horror next day when I read in the paper that the night watchman had been brutally murdered at the factory. I had not long to wait for the police, as Frankie had been picked up that morning, and had told the police that I had done the killing. I won't bore you any longer with this. We were both charged with the crime and got twenty years. I have done fifteen and a half years of mine, and hope to get out shortly on parole, to lead the life which I should have done at first. I have learnt that crime doesn't pay. I am thirty-five now, but have spent the best years of my life locked up like a bird.

—WENDY CROSS, 2A.
THE QUESTION

Up and down. Up and down. Haggard and sallow faced, the thin, stooped old man paced the verandah in silence. Medium in height, he was thin and sickly-looking. Lines of age and weariness creased his face. Gold-rimmed spectacles perched precariously on his long nose, and his sparse grey hair was all but white.

He was dressed in clothes which denoted a wealthy business man. A neatly pressed grey suit, mirror-like black shoes, and a long gold watch chain.

Russell Potts, director of three important shipping lines, owner of five estates and president of the Bank of England, was worried—really worried. Slowly he eased himself into a comfortably cushioned easy chair. Placing his head in his hands, he set his worn brain thinking.

Mr. Potts' son, Russell Jnr., was a disgrace to one of the most respected and highly influential families in England. He was a knave, a scoundrel, a fool of a fellow who squandered a generous allowance on the gambling tables of the London night clubs, until his allowance had been stopped by his infuriated father.

In a fit of rage, Russell had threatened his father's life for his injustice.

Mr. Potts was not worried about that. Old and ready to die, he had a ticklish problem to face. He knew that his son would resort to illegal means of getting money if he did not bequeath him any. He also knew that if he did leave him any considerable amount, he would waste it in gambling.

Mr. Potts rose slowly and entered his west-end mansion, for night had fallen quickly.

"Aha! Russell, you lose again!" Russell Potts Jnr. gave a quick laugh and produced a large wad of notes. "There you are. £10,000. That's all I owe you, isn't it? Do you know, there's £50,000 in this roll!" He waved the wad under the noses of the astonished attendants of the "Black Swan", a notorious gambling house in Mayfair. "How about trying again, sir," leered the victorious proprietor.

"You've asked for it!" cried Russell. "I'll give it the lot. £50,000!"

The roulette wheel spun round. Russell had won. Laughing hystERICALLY, he realised that he had won £200,000.

The proprietor looked most agitated. Realising what was wrong, Russell, who, by the way, was thoroughly drunk, exclaimed, "Don't worry old chap. I'll give it another go! This time if I win you'll give me £100,000, but if I lose, I'll buy you any five night clubs in London that you like to name!"

Again the wheel spun. Russell's mouth went dry when he saw that he had lost. "That's five night clubs you owe me!" cried the excited proprietor.

"Or if that isn't convenient, about half a million pounds!"

Russell staggered from the "Black Swan". Was it a dream? Half a million pounds! No, impossible! He wandered aimlessly about the streets until he flopped wearily onto a park seat. Half a million pounds!

Then it dawned on him. Slowly his twisted, racked brain worked over it. His father had not yet made his will, although he was contemplating doing so very soon. If his father died, he would inherit all his father's four million pounds. He would be rich for life! Eagerly his evil mind worked. "Yes, that's it. A car accident. Nobody will ever know!"

Russell Potts Jnr. looked at his handiwork—a hired car—the number plates cleverly changed. Turning, he hurried back to the house. In the library he met his father. "Russell," said Mr. Potts, "I am going for my evening stroll. If I am later than ten, would you please drive towards Dr. Brent's and pick me up?" With that the old man left the house. Through
AN OUTBACK STORE

I will never forget the first time I saw an outback store. The door and verandah faced west, and the glow from the setting sun illuminated the thousand and one features of the place.

Here was the grey-white of tin mugs, destined to be filled with the bushman's favourite—hot, sweet tea. And there were the tin billies, gleaming like distorted moons above the metallic rifle barrels and spare plough plates.

All sorts of goods from the weaver's loom made by a fairy rainbow of plain wooden shelves. There were rolls of gay, striped cottons, pastel linens, and muslins like flower gardens. There were also strips of carpet, brightly or geometrically patterned.

Hanging skins of kangaroos and dingoes showed like mottled satin, while mirrors on the walls reflected the beautifully painted sunset clouds.

In one corner lurked boxes of cartridges and tins of kerosene. Another was the haunt of cases of soft drinks.

On the long counter, playing cards and cosmetics elbowed a row of brightly coloured books, and a khaki topee ogled a box of ladies handkerchiefs. Close by were the bowie knives, stockwhips and grey blankets needed by the stockmen. A visit to an outback store is indeed a memorable experience.

—GWEN. CUPITT, 3C.

THE COMING OF DAWN

Slowly the twilight turned into a velvet dusk. The silence all around them lay like a thinning veil of mist upon a mountain top. Clouds were parting in the East, tinged with gold, like burnished gates flung back awaiting the royal coming of the sun god.

Their faces turned towards the spreading glow. It shone upon them, widening, intensifying, till the whole earth lay wrapped in splendour. Then at last, in a flash, the sun god came, red, royal, and triumphant.

There came a moment in which all things were touched in a new glory, and in that moment, sudden as a flash of light... a bird of pure white plumage appeared before their eyes; hovered an instant, then flew on with gleaming wings into the dawn. Even as they watched it vanished through the gates of glory, and only the gracious sunshine of a new day remained.

—FAYE ELDREDGE, 5th Year.
DEFEAT

Nothing can be heard in the stillness of the night. Nothing save the occasional bark of a dog or crow of a rooster and the spasmodic rattle of some car speeding through the night.

Once within this haven, dimly lit by the mellow glow, seeping in between drawn blinds, from the lighted street without, the restless eyes of the stranger visitor began searching—searching for the bed which he expected to see there.

Ah! There it was!

Advancing quickly to its side, a vicious knife glinting in the filtered light, the killer plunged his weapon into the conspicuous lump which seemed to fill the bed. Again and again he raised the weapon and struck, not ceasing until the room was filled with screams which within they were quenched.

Suddenly the room was flooded with light. A low chuckle emitted from the open door where a fat, slimy, repugnant breed of human was outlined by the shadows behind.

"Satisfied now," he gurgled. "You should know, Harry, that you cannot beat 'The Leech'!

With a yell of:

"You double-crossing swine!" Harry hurled at his adversary.

A silenced pistol spat. Half-way across the room Harry stopped in his tracks. A look of horror and disbelief swept his face. A neat round hole, with a gradually widening crimson border, was visible between staring eyes, protruding from an ashen face. Limply the body slipped to the floor.

Still chuckling to himself the fat, oily gentleman, without as much as a glance at the would-be killer, advanced to the bed, threw back the covers, revealing a pile of pillows and clothes beneath. Extinguishing the light he slipped beneath the blankets and fell off into dreams about stolen money, vice, gangsters, and beautiful women.

—NEIL MCDONALD. 3A

BOOKS BEFORE THE DAYS OF PRINTING

Before civilisation there was no way of writing, but as time advanced men taught themselves to write, so as to be able to remember important facts, communicate with other people, and to mark their own property. Few people learned to read and write. In its early days, writing was merely scratchings on rock, but later it was done with a stylus on baked clay. An account, on clay, of the Flood, written about four hundred years before the birth of Christ, is now in the British Museum.
In the third century before Christ, Alexandria became the centre of Greek learning, and about the same time the Romans began original work in the manner of the Athenians. The most famous achievement at the beginning of Alexandria's literary history was the translation of the Old Testament into Greek, in the version which is known as the Septuagint. The papyrus was made in Egypt thus helping to give Alexandria its importance as a book-producing centre. Expert copyists worked in the Alexandria library, under the supervision of authoritative scholars, and copies they made were distributed throughout the world by the Alexandria booksellers. Even as late as the fifth century A.D., Alexandria was a centre of culture and learning.

In its beginning the literature of Rome was a foreign literature, Greek remaining the literary language for a long time. The original Latin literature was purely imitative, its classic period lasting barely one hundred years.

In the third century A.D. books began to change their form. Instead of being continuous rolls, the pages were folded and bound together in wooden boards which were generally ornamented. In monasteries, where books found their only safe lodging, there was a room called the 'scriptorium', where transcribing was carried on. Although in these ages there was very little original authorship, there was splendid artistic expression in the ornamentation of manuscripts. The monkish illuminated borders and letters remain things of beauty and delight.

The Virgil, in the Vatican, with its fifty miniatures on its seventy-six pages of vellum, is probably the oldest illuminated manuscript.

Ornamentation and illustration were practised in the first centuries of Christ in Alexandria, and it is probable that Byzantine illustration began there. Many of the manuscripts, with their delicately ornamented borders and initial borders, have been preserved.

Monastery scribes wrote with quill pens, which were used at a very early period, while bronze pens were used by the Romans. Monastic libraries consisted of pages as accurately written as if they were printed.

The old myths were handed down through the ages by word of mouth, changed, elaborated and improved, until at last they were scratched on the bark of trees or elaborately written on the papyrus: mighty deeds of heroes of every tribe were carefully recorded, after having been handed down for generations.

The key to the decipherment of the hieroglyphics and the interpretation of the ancient language of Egypt was found on the Rosetta Stone, a portion of a large black basalt stele which was found in 1798 among the ruins of Fort St. Julien, near the Rosetta mouth of the Nile.

Among the many subjects about which people could write, were family histories and traditions, and collections of nursery stories. These were accompanied by more terrifying myths, proverbs and droll sayings, mostly comments on the familiar incidents of life.

The professional literary man had many old songs and ballads that he could transfer to his papyrus. These songs were the beginning, probably, of all poetry.

During the unsettled centuries following the fall of the Roman Empire, books fell into disuse, but songs were still sung. The new learning which accompanied the Renaissance hardly reached the common people, and it is only during the last hundred to a hundred and fifty years that reading and writing has become general.

Early literature was therefore a collection of traditional myths, folk songs, and artistic possessions which the early writers selected, arranged and beautified to suit themselves.

—GRAHAM OWENS, 4A.
SURPRISE TACTICS

The stage is set for a powerful drama. It is the strange hour when the sun sets although the moon rises, and the ancient summer house is lit by the last-remaining, lurid blood-red garments of the sun’s falling from power on the one side, and the cold silver beams of the awakening moon on the other. We, the watchers, are rendered invisible by the grey curtain of dusk.

There is only one actor to this play—one who is now pausing on the brink of swallowing an apparently evil fluid contained in a spoon. Time and again he puts the spoon to his unwilling mouth, trying to steel himself for the final great effort.

Time has slid by stealthily as a snake, and now the cold white moon dominates the scene, and the black shadows of the trees writhe on the cold white ground. The moonlight shows brilliantly the white face twisted grotesquely with the potent imagination of a frightened brain.

What terrible thoughts must assail him!—the fear of death (and so young) for he has lived life well; the fear of being a coward; for he has come away to this deserted place to hide his shame; but for compensation, the liberation, perhaps, of others from torment.

But wait! With great resolve, he has at last swallowed the fatal spoonful, and flees towards the merry house. We come to the spot where he has been standing, and there we find a bottle with a conspicuous label. Oh brave and honest man, the wide world shall emulate you for such honour.

He has swallowed a dose of castor oil! —RUTH HARRIS, 3A.

AS YOU WOULD LIKE IT

When William Shakespeare wrote the play which the 3rd Year Intermediate candidates are studying this year, he named it “As You Like It”. I am sure that most of third year will agree that he greatly over-estimated its attractions for us. As I don’t like it, I have been trying to think of ways by which it could be improved.

First of all, it would cut out a lot of silly business in the forest if, instead of banishing the Duke Senior, the Duke Frederick had poisoned him with thallium.

Another person we could do without is Orlando. Wouldn’t it be a good idea if Orlando had been killed by Charles, the wrestler?

Oliver and Adam wouldn’t have heard about Orlando’s death. Oliver could still have scheme to kill him, and when he had actually set the house alight, he could have fought with Adam, who had tried to stop him, and both could have fallen into the fire and been killed.

On their way to the forest, Rosalind has “A gallant cutaxe upon my thigh, A boar-spear in my hand.”

She could quite easily have tripped, mortally wounding herself with the cutaxe, and, at the same time, have run the boar-spear through Celia. This would leave Touchstone and Jaques. Touchstone, afraid of being accused of the murder of the girls, could have rushed into the forest, met Jaques and they would, of course, have bored each other to death with their Witticisms.

We could keep to the play as Shakespeare wrote it, to dispose of the remaining important character, Duke Frederick, and let him go into a monosyllable.

There would be no need to bring Silvius, Phebe and Audrey into it because Rosalind, Celia, Orlando and Adam would never reach the forest.

This may have more action than the real play, but the important thing is that it gets rid of all the main characters before the end of the second act, and that, I am sure you will agree, is “As We Would Like It.” —JUDITH EASTON, 3A.

A QUIET EVENING AT HOME

Mary Brown settles down to do her homework, as her brother Freddie switches on the radio, and tells the rest of the family that “tonight the Moonlight Ranger and Grey Eagle are about to capture the Fleet Owl and his gang.” He is able to listen to this serial for a couple of minutes, until Mary springs up and turns the dial to “The Hit Parade”. Freddie screams and yells that he wants to listen to “Moonlight Ranger”. During the ensuing struggle, in which Mr. Jones acts as peacemaker, Mrs. Brown quietly turns the radio onto “A Hour of Classics”.

Suddenly Mr. Brown looks at his watch and, with an apologetic smile at his wife, turns on the sports news. Mary goes on with her homework, and other than Mr. Jones, Freddie is the only one who even takes a mild interest in the sport.

“Then,” says Mrs. Brown, a quarter of an hour later, “now you may listen to whatever you please.”

“Moonlight Ranger’s over,” muttered Freddie. “So’s ‘The Hit Parade,’” sulks Mary.

“Well, then, ‘An Hour of Classics’ isn’t.” says Mrs. Jones and, to the strains of “Your Tiny Hand is Frozen,” the family settles down for a peaceful evening.

A NIGHT ADVENTURE

“Betty! Come up here!” called David Stevens, as he gazed down on the beauty of the Swiss landscape. His sister Elizabeth manoeuvred her ski adroitly towards her twin. Although David had been born two hours before her, she was more skilful than he at sport.

Reaching the boy, she leant on her props and admired the mystic loneliness, the high snow-covered peaks, with glacial lakes and conifers decorating the snowy slopes below: A frozen river wound amid oak-lined banks below, while above, grey clouds scudded across the sky, and occasionally a pale
sun peeped out and shone down on the snow-topped houses of the small village nestled into the mountainside, among which doll-sized figures moved, while smoke curled from the chimneys and snow-covered firs and pines lent a pretty touch to the view.

The two were disturbed by David's dog, Steve, which was barking furiously at an old cow who was petting her young calf. On hearing a horn from the direction of the village, she realised that it was suppertime, and lumbered down the mountain side among her fellow cattle towards a "cow-boy" who was standing, horn in hand, outside the cowshed door. Her calf followed, his bales drowned in the thunder of their hoofs. Laughing, the twins descended the mountain side.

That night David suggested that they should go to a spot which they had seen the previous day, which was sheltered by an overhanging shelf of rock, and from which could be seen a beautiful view, to have a midnight feast. Betty agreed, suggesting that they should go by different paths: David across the small glacier and herself across Mt. Zerindos, which stood between the village and their picnic spot. This having been decided upon, the two parted to prepare for their adventure.

David went to the kitchen, where he got some bread, apple-pickles and cheese. Then, placing them in his haversack, he folded up four sleigh-rugs, which had straps on, and went out to meet Betty, who had brought some extra scarves, as she intended to play some games.

The two ran down to the shed where the skis were kept, and then set out in their appointed directions. Both tracks were difficult in daytime, but the two fourteen-year-olds thought nothing of the danger by moonlight.

Betty slid smoothly over the snow, deftly dodging the deep drifts which looked smoother than the fallen snow. She followed the track common to skiers which skirted the mountain, bounded on one side by a steep cliff and on the other by a slipper slope which towered above her. The track was smooth and the snow was deep and good for ski-ing.

As she swept through the night, she thought how beautiful the snow looked, glistening in the moonlight, and marvelled at the ghostly silence, but for the soft slither of her skiis. Suddenly, she heard a whine from the direction of the glacier, and wondered what would make Steve whine tonight. She turned pale as several frightening reasons dawned on her, and, determined to confirm her fears, she turned in the direction of the glacier and shot down a small track, heedless of the fact that she was missing drifts by inches.

Her heart pounding wildly, she reached the beginning of the glacier, and unstrapping her skis, she wound her scarf more firmly around her neck and clutched her "spares". Dragging her ski-ing equipment, she ran along the edge, peering into the chasm and calling, "David! Where are you?"

Hearing his cries, Steve, the terrier, bounded from behind a pile of snow and barked excitedly. At that moment, the ground shuddered, and her heart filled with foreboding, as she thought of an avalanche. Betty ran towards him, and peering over the snow-pile, she saw a huddled heap against the whiteness.

Clambering to him, she rubbed the boy's cold face and hands with snow. At last he opened his eyes, and said haltingly, "Slipped... ankle broken... can't move... get help..." He relapsed into unconsciousness, and Betty managed to drag him onto one of the sleigh-rugs, covering him with the other three. Then she made a rough stretcher of his skiis, tying them together with a scarf and her jumper, and fixed the other two scarves to one end of each ski and secured them to her own skiis, reflecting bitterly that she had not brought them for a use such as this. She tugged David onto the improvised stretcher and strapped on the rugs, one under him and the others over him, then took one, and folding it, she placed it under his head. She then made him some splints with her props, tying them to his foot with his boot laces. Strapping on her skis, she set out, her strange "sled-stretcher" jolting behind her.

Suddenly the earth gave a warning tremor, and as she neared the safety of the village, she heard the deep threatening roar of an avalanche in action, and gave a last tremendous effort to reach safety. At last she could see the village, and heard the deafening roar of the avalanche as it gathered speed to reach the foot of the mountain. She sped thankfully down the slope to her home, where she called to her parents, who ran out, surprised at not finding her in bed. Although their father was angry with them for going out on such a senseless mission, he was also proud of his daughter for her bravery. You can guess that Steve got a large bone that night, and David and Betty said he deserved it.

David's ankle soon healed, but whenever the two pass the large bank of snow at the foot of Mt. Zerindos, they shudder, as they think of the glacier and the avalanche which rolled, and which lies buried below the snows forever.

—MOYA MCKELLAR. 2A.
FIFTH YEAR

In room 14 you will find us—the most industrious class in the school—but unfortunately the teachers seem to think otherwise. There are 16 girls in our class. The fact that the girls outnumber the boys is perhaps very fortunate.

No one would think there was a Leaving Certificate examination at the end of the year, with the boys running all around the countryside on football trips.

We were well represented at the Astley Cup. D. Farrell, N. Doust, P. McCann, M. Howard, L. Dyer and P. Matthews represented in the hockey; while B. Coutts was our only basketballer and P. Matthews our only athlete.

In the boys' football we were represented by O. Everingham, B. Cooper, R. North, R. Baillie, B. Warwick, T. Shute, N. Adamson, D. Davies and P. Hoy.

T. Shute, R. Baillie, R. North, B. Warwick and A. Sykes were in the athletics, while D. Chisholm, D. Farrell, L. Dyer, F. Eldridge and I. Beaudwood were our tennis representatives.

Peter Hoy, who usually has a lot to say for himself, was reserve for the Mulvey Cup debate.

This year there have been no serious love engagements, except for our old married couple.

Our teachers seem to be the only ones who are worried about our chances of success in the Leaving.

The Maths teacher has created quite a stir in Fifth Year by his annoying habit of shifting the most aegelic members of the class from one place to another.

We have particularly enjoyed our English lessons this year, especially as we understand Shakespeare so well.

We have had a wonderful year this year, and we will all have the deepest regret at leaving at the end of this year. In conclusion, we wish to thank all our teachers for the help and support they have given us this year, and also wish the Intermediate candidates the best of luck in their examination.

4A

Well, here we are—4A—the hope, if not the pride of the School, and the class that is proving that those "aluminium icebergs" are not at all soundproof. Perhaps "icebergs" is exaggerating; let us then call them "hot seats of learning." But what's in a name? No matter what they're called, 4th Year still manages to raise the roof and let the "drips" in.

We are an enlightened 4th Year—a 4th Year dazzled by "toil and tribulation" and the realisation that we are sitting for the Leaving next year. Instead of a social and easy year, we have found 4th Year a difficult and laborious task. "Never has so much work been done by so few in so little time with such great results!"

If this is an example of an easy year, we tremble to think what hard old 5th Year will be like. However, the way we are going, by the end of this year we will have done enough work to graduate from a University with degrees of B.A., B.Sc., B.Ed., or L.I.B.!! (or maybe just plain B.'s).
We are endowed with three Prefects (otherwise known as the terrors of 4th Year), who “guard the law” and seek to keep the peace in the precincts of the School.

And so, adieu until next year, when we will be the Leaving Year, and may our best wishes go forth to those who are sitting for the Leaving and the Intermediate. May they endeavour, as we do, to “seek higher things”.

4B

Well, once again we are going to force our case history on you, and we sincerely hope that it is not as “dry” as everyday history.

This year was very successful for us 4B students both in education and sport. Every one of us passed our examination except one, that failure being due to the fact of absence from school. It is hoped that all students of our class will study hard and adjust themselves to the major details of the Leaving Certificate.

In the field of sport we are well represented in all activities. Those worthy of special mention are:—

John Cobey, who represented the School in 1st grade football and athletics.

James Grives, who was present as a member of the 1st grade football team and 2nd grade cricket.

George Green, who represented the School in 1st grade football and is also a Prefect.

Mac Thompson, who was a member of the tennis team. He was assisted by Keith Sutton, who was captain of the tennis team, and Dale Riddiford. All three were players in 2nd grade cricket.

John Parnham represented the School in 2nd grade cricket.

All other members of the class participate with eagerness in their different sports, and this time next year a considerable list of names should be added to the above list.

Socially, we are well represented in anything from dramatic acting to clowning—especially the latter. All members of the class participated in our School Revue, even if it was as a stage hand. Dances and other social activities of the School are quickly organised by our boys.

To write about the humorous mores of our class would take too much paper, so we will attempt to point out the most humorous of them. The No. 1 joke was when our chemistry teacher would try to distinguish the colour of some precipitate. Such colours as “gruesome green”, “light black”, “rainbow” and “Bertha’s blue” were named. Another favourite was the familiar sight of Neil Soames at 9.10 a.m. every morning.

The number of young ladies included in our class is five. Three of the five, hard-working students, are quite proud of the fact that Home Science is included in their studies, so that they can make use of our modern cookery unit. Recently one of these girls, who has such a sweet nam, realised that Aunt Mary’s couldn’t have been the brand of her baking powder, having examined the freshly cooked cake.

A certain young English classic seems to have become quite popular with our very patient English master. Must be that quaint English accent.

In hockey we are proud to introduce to you the Left Inner, namely, Ann Pollard, who proved to be an outstanding star whilst visiting Dubbo in the Astley Cup series. Quite a few of the masculine sex seemed quite concerned when Ann was taken from the field with an attack of acute appendicitis.

I regret to say that I cannot inform you of any romances; maybe this is due to the fact that we consider our studies more important.

THE BURR

The new spectacles have no doubt improved the vision of our witty new Australian, as her right arm swing could not be any better when it comes to aiming at fragile objects.

Our most humorous geography teacher should purchase a pair of glasses for himself if he continues to warm his hands in the “flaming” red hair of one of his students, or else a comb for his benefit.

Three of the biology students are quite happy that they chose this subject for their fourth year work; maybe this is due to the fact that we have such an interesting teacher for this subject or maybe it is due to the various pictures that are specially provided for us at a certain college, which make our biology much simpler to understand. During the earlier part of the year the biology students enjoyed considerably excursions taken up various mountains, notably Mt. Victoria. This excursion wouldn’t have been possible had it not been for Miss Miller.

3A

Well, here we are! The one and only 3A. In find us you only have to follow the noise to Room 1 on the top floor. There you will probably find us wallowing in the depths of our ignorance of ‘parabolas’, “Specific Heat” and “Latin” (which is not confined to the Latin class alone, but frequently becomes introduced into English).

We have as our class captains two very capable people—Fay Flynn and Walter Gregory, their deputies being Helene James and Terry Bennett.

We had quite a fair contingent from a 3rd Year class in the Astley Cup. They were Barbara Beardwood, Helene James, Jennifer Clarke and Helene Gaha (What would the basketball team do without 3A’s?), Fay Flynn, Terry Bennett and Neil McDonald.

Probably our most successful entrant in the Swimming Carnival was Heather Byers.

On the day of the Athletics Carnival, Bob Owen, Fay and Terry put up fine performances, Bob being unlucky not to win the Sub-Junior Championship. Bob, Terry and Walter Gregory represented the School in the Burlington-Pacey. Terry winning the junior high jump with an outstanding jump of 5ft. 2in.

Our two “newcomers”, Ruth Harris and David Lewis, acquitted themselves well in the half-yearly examination, filling first and third positions respectively. We don’t know whether they teach you better in other schools or not, but we think it is just that two “brilliant” have entered our midst.

On Play Day we were represented in three of the four senior plays, Ruth Spiellane and Barbara Bell being among the outstanding performers. Ruth Harris and Jennifer Clarke also spoke well in the House debates.

Mary White was our outstanding Revue performer, singing several songs very nicely. Many of our boys also performed well in several group acts, playing the part of cannibals and warriors like veterans.

In the general sport of the School hardly any teams take the field without members of our class being among them. The only first grade team in which we are not represented is tennis, and we feel sure members of 3A, particularly Margaret Rawlinson, will do justice to themselves in the coming championships.

Thus it can be seen we are a great class—not “one of the best” but “THE best.” 3Aites have been seen in every major event at school this year. In conclusion may we wish the 5th Years every success in their coming exams., and hope and pray that the examiners have mercy on us in ours (just ask our teachers what they think our chances are).
3B

Much to our satisfaction, we, 3B, are in classroom 18, which is in the furthest prefab. from the main building. Although we are supposed to be very noisy at times, we can be very quiet. Strange incidents have been known in this far distant room. Our duster occasionally sprouts legs and wanders from the board every Maths. lesson (mustn't like Maths.). "Soapy" sometimes forgets to bring his text books. Surprising! What?

We had two representatives at the Astley Cup sports—Helen Goodfellow, goalie in the basketball team, and Elwyn McAlister, competitor in the mile.

Terry Gresser has been told by a certain teacher that he would make a good snake charmer. The music teacher is popular with the boys in our class, but are they popular with her?

Compliments to John Berry on his good playing as "hooker" in the 8 stone team against Orange in the Schoolboys' Competition. Sorry they didn't win. Now our thoughts, alas, must turn from sport to school work. Did I hear a certain footballer saying schoolwork was interfering in his football career?

3C

As everybody knows, 3C is the best senior class of the year.

We were very pleased to see that we had four representatives from our class at Dubbo for the Astley Cup. They were Gwen Cupitt (tennis), Margaret Osborne (hockey), and the twinnies Lovells (basketball-football).

We have noticed lately that we have two barbarian dancers in our class.

Pleased to see that three darkies have gradually washed the grease paint off. Go to it, girls!

Our best wishes go to Marie and Gwen. when she sit for the Bursary at the end of the year.

We all hope that our O'Connell neighbour behaved herself when she had an Orange biller (boy) at her place for Astley Cup period.

Noticed that a certain 3C basketballer and Orange footballer were together during Astley Cup. The basketballer's heart is in Orange.

One of the main 3C figures has been casting her eyes on an eight stone footballer.

After her trip to Lithgow the right wing of the hockey team has received a black eye. She said that a girl did it (I wonder?).

A certain bathing beauty let her hair down and cried when the latest fur went down.

A certain Hackney coach is now travelling through the summerfields.

Our star footballer hooker has had a temporary facial disfigurement. A football team, namely the 7.7, has been called after its trainer. "The Black Team".

We see that one twin has taken a liking to Bunnies.

Two clowns from 3C enjoyed themselves during Astley Cup with L.H.

A certain 3C girl has been keeping all the clippings from the newspapers of a certain young man.

3D

Here we are endeavouring to recount the year's happenings to the readers of "The Burr".

Laurie Evans, in the field of sport, has been very successful in gaining...
"Hello! Hello!" These are the voices of Class 2B girls echoing down the corridor from Room 4 at the Bathurst High School. We will cheer you up with our class notes.

I suppose you all know that 2B has the reputation of being one of the best classes at the B.H.S. You have only to ask the Teaching Staff, they'll tell you, especially our class patron, Mrs. Darke. Of course, you know that the above statement applies only to the girls; very few of the boys have this reputation. Maths. is the lesson which stresses this point. Two of the boys have to sit in the front seats every lesson, not because they want to, but because they gossip if they sit anywhere else. We are also a well represented class in the world of sport. We had a representative from 2B taking part in the sub-junior athletics in the Astley Cup. Also we had two representatives in the Willman Cup, which was played at Lithgow. These two girls are both hockey players from the "B" grade team. Well, we will finish now by reminding you to save a few shillings in a tin for next year to buy a copy of the 1954 "Bathurst Burr", and read the startling notes from Class 3B.

The busiest and best class in the School is 2C. Never a paper is found on the floor in Room 5, thanks to the great captaincy of Brian Cupitt and Peggy Aberly.

Congratulations to Dawn Burge on her result in the half-yearly.

"Pussy" M. . . . . . . and Peter R. . . . . . . have proved themselves popular with the girls. The 2C girls are fighting over "Pussy" to see who can win the latest piece of "fur" (meow !?).

If any one has felt a slight tremor passing through the School, we would like them to know that it isn't an earthquake, but simply "Skinny" E. . . . thundering to his seat. We are not sure what "Skinny" weighs, but it is about eleven stone odd.

We will not have room to write about our sport, but we are sure we could trounce any other class.

Calling all "Burr" readers! This is Room 6 speaking. As you know, several selected members of our School journeyed to Dubbo a couple of months ago, to represent the School in the Astley Cup sports. Henry Cooper, our pocket model tennis champion, went to Dubbo with his tennis racquet. Junior running champion Alma Neil and Chris. Culnane went too. What for? you ask. To represent the incomparable 2D.

School sport goes on as usual. Bob Ingersole weighed in for the over weight football team recently. Ken. Mansell over exerted himself during the cricket season and became shortwinded while playing football. Ken. says too much sport wears one out. 2D thinks otherwise. Graham Evans has gained the unique reputation as the lone golf star of our class.

Tom McPhillamy is playing very good football lately. Mr. Kneale says too many late nights will ruin him. Jill Houston and Gilbert Jack have been dancing all around Room 6, to the music with which members of the band supplied them. Their dancing has become quite exquisite.

Smiler Cox has at last found something to smile about—a certain Mr. B. . . . . . . in 2D has re-united with a certain Miss J. . . . . . . in 1D. An ex-student of our class found a little Violet at the Brawongle dance in June. She came out early for a spring flower.

Barry, who is the class wag, is a prize fighter; he spends his spare time trying to wake up Hayden Larnach. The class dreamer has a new dream; her name is Gloria.

A strange coincidence occurred recently in 2D. A young lady received a black eye. About a week previous to this, a certain gentleman in 2D also received a "shiner". Could this be possible? An inquest is to be held to find the connection.

Members of the choir are "singing" the praises of those who contributed so much to our illustrious class. There are many other remarkable people in 2D, but their deeds are too noble to comment on.

Despite diversities of our social and sporting activities, 2D also has a reputation in the academic sphere. Should you ask any of our esteemed teachers, what they will tell you will utterly astound you.

2E

2E is represented in cricket, football and basketball. Our outstanding runner is Ted Knight, and our second best is Cliff White. Geoff. Rivett, Roy Bartlett, Ted Knight, and Glen Hutchinson are prominent in football.

Class Captains this year are Marie Reece and James Roberts (earlier this year James left and the Vice-Captain, Tony Rayn, carried out his duties).

Marie Collins came first in the half yearly examinations, and Robin Staines was second.

D.G. and W.B. take great delight (?) in visiting the Headmaster's office.

To be praised for good work?

We are a friendly class and enjoy our work. Good at everything, we are experts in weaving and basketwork.

Greetings everyone! This is the class of brainstorms, namely 1A, beautifying this ugly page with its class notes. Speaking of brainstorms, our "Big Chief Brainstorm" David Medley, has left us. He is sadly missed by everyone in Room 1.

Our German class is blessed with the dearest little girl, D.S., who is referred to as "the original Chatterbox". Anyone who knows where we can procure a soundproof box is asked to apply to Room 1.

Toots, our star humourist, has hopes of taking Hollywood by storm some day. We are not saying anything.

In the field of sport our class is well represented with members in basketball, hockey, cricket and football teams representing the School, of which we are all proud. We also have some promising tennis players and athletes in the class—Kaye Gallagher, Marion Mould, Bruce Grahame, Keith Cambridge, and Don. Fraser.

Our examination results were all "pretty good," so we thought.

Taking first, second and third places respectively in the examinations.

We should like to take this opportunity to congratulate Helen Overy and Peter Cavanough for their good work as Class Captains. We should also like to congratulate the Astley Cup teams on their excellent work in bringing the cup back to Bathurst.

Finally, we should like to extend our best wishes to 5th and 3rd Years in the forthcoming Leaving and Intermediate Certificates.

We have at last settled down in Room 2 for the first half year at High School. In this High School, we've had many experiences which are new to us—Play Day, Revue, Astley Cup, Lithgow visit and many School to us—Play Day, Revue, Astley Cup, Lithgow visit and many School to us—Play Day, Revue, Astley Cup, Lithgow visit and many School to us—Play Day, Revue, Astley Cup, Lithgow visit and many School to us—Play Day, Revue, Astley Cup, Lithgow visit and many School to us—Play Day, Revue, Astley Cup, Lithgow visit and many School to us—Play Day, Revue, Astley Cup, Lithgow visit and many School to us—Play Day, Revue, Astley Cup, Lithgow visit and many School to us—Play Day, Revue, Astley Cup, Lithgow visit and many School to us—Play Day, Revue, Astley Cup, Lithgow visit and many School to us—Play Day, Revue, Astley Cup, Lithgow visit and many School to us—Play Day, Revue, Astley Cup, Lithgow visit and many School to us—Play Day, Revue, Astley Cup, Lithgow visit and many School to us—Play Day, Revue, Astley Cup, Lithgow visit and many School to us—Play Day, Revue, Astley Cup, Lithgow visit and many School to us—Play Day, Revue, Astley Cup, Lithgow visit and many School to us—Play Day, Revue, Astley Cup, Lithgow visit and many School to us—Play Day, Revue, Astley Cup, Lithgow visit and many School to us—Play Day, Revue, Astley Cup, Lithgow visit and many School to us—Play Day, Revue, Astley Cup, Lithgow visit and many School to us—Play Day, Revue, Astley Cup, Lithgow visit and many School to us—Play Day, Revue, Astley Cup, Lithgow visit and many School to us—Play Day, Revue, Astley Cup, Lithgow visit and many School to us—Play Day, Revue, Astley Cup, Lithgow visit and many School to us—Play Day, Revue, Astley Cup, Lithgow visit and many School to us—Play Day, Revue, Astley Cup, Lithgow visit and many School to us—Play Day, Revue, Astley Cup, Lithgow visit and many School to us—Play Day, Revue, Astley Cup, Lithgow visit and many School to us—Play Day, Revue, Astley Cup, Lithgow visit and many School to us—Play Day, Revue, Astley Cup, Lithgow visit and many School to us—Play Day, Revue, Astley Cup, Lithgow visit and many School to us—Play Day, Revue, Astley Cup, Lithgow visit and many School to us—Play Day, Revue, Astley Cup, Lithgow visit and many School to us—Play Day, Revue, Astley Cup, Lithgow visit and many School to us—Play Day, Revue, Astley Cup, Lithgow visit and many School to us—Play Day, Revue, Astley Cup, Lithgow visit and many School to us—Play Day, Revue, Astley Cup, Lithgow visit and many School to us—Play Day, Revue, Astley Cup, Lithgow visit and many School to us—Play Day, Revue, Astley Cup, Lithgow visit and many School to us—Play Day, Revue, Astley Cup, Lithgow visit and many School to us—Play Day, Revue, Astley Cup, Lithgow visit and many School to us—Play Day, Revue, Astley Cup, Lithgow visit and many School to us—Play Day, Revue, Astley Cup, Lithgow visit and many School to us—Play Day, Revue, Astley Cup, Lithgow visit and many School to us—Play Day, Revue, Astley Cup, Lithgow visit and many School to us—Play Day, Revue, Astley Cup, Lithgow visit and many School to us—Play Day, Revue, Astley Cup, Lithgow visit and many School to us—Play Day, Revue, Astley Cup, Lithgow visit and many School to us—Play Day, Revue, Astley Cup, Lithgow visit and many School to us—Play Day, Revue, Astley Cup, Lithgow visit and many School to us—Play Day, Revue, Astley Cup, Lithgow visit and many School to us—Play Day, Revue, Astley Cup, Lithgow visit and many School to us—Play Day, Revue, Astley Cup, Lithgow visit and many School to us—Play Day, Revue, Astley Cup, Lithgow visit and many School to us—Play Day, Revue, Astley Cup, Lithgow visit and many School to us—Play Day, Revue, Astley Cup, Lithgow visit and many School to us—Play Day, Revue, Astley Cup, Lithgow visit and many School to us—Play Day, Revue, Astley Cup, Lithgow visit and many School to us—Play Day, Revue, Astley Cup, Lithgow visit and many School to us—Play Day, Revue, Astley Cup, Lithgow visit and many School to us—Play Day, Revie
that's the end of the exams, till Christmas, at least. The Captains of our class are Patty Morris and Philip West. There are also two up and coming athletes, Patty Morris and Ivan Bailie. We wish Fifth Year good luck in the Leaving exam., and on behalf of 1B, the best of health and luck to the staff of the B.H.S.

IC

We are a happy, energetic thirty-four. No class works harder, and we all are eager for knowledge—so we say. We are not sure just what our teachers think.

However, some teachers complain of our "noise". Really, there is no din in our room. It is the buzz of business!

We strive to make ourselves the models of the School, obeying every rule and regulation. In fact, we are a critical class and even offer suggestions to improve our conduct.

Janice Hopper came top in the class. Alvin Rapley was the best of the boys. We are represented in hockey and in football.

Our Class Captains are Nerida Lee and Peter Austin.

In the "Revue" Fay Sherman distinguished herself in the Fair Scene and in the Sailors' Scene. The class congratulates her. She also won the prize for collecting coupons for Top Town. We had two representatives in the Astley Cup. "Shorty" is to be congratulated for winning a final in the annual sports.

We enjoy our school life. Our best wishes go to the I.C. and L.C. classes.

1D

The number of pupils in our class is thirty-seven, made up of twenty-two girls and fifteen boys.

Our congratulations go to Pamela Harding first, Herbert Payne second, Gwenda Richards and Kathleen Morgan third in examinations, and to Helen Grant and Humphrey Ellis, who were elected Class Captains at the beginning of the first term. They have both carried out their duties well, and 1D would also like to congratulate the Astley Cup teams in their great success for winning the Astley Cup for 1953.

The best girl hockey player in our class is Barbara Pollard. And the best tennis player in our class is Robert Gorman, and two of the Saturday basketball players are Barbara Martin and Fay Webster.

Some of our boys went to Orange on Saturday, 11th August, to play football, and also went to Lithgow with some girls to play basketball, hockey and football.

1E

Our Class 1E, which previously consisted of students from the boys and girls' departments of the Bathurst Demonstration School, and other surrounding schools, have settled down in the new quarters at the B.H.S. There are many subjects in our class syllabus which we find most instructive and interesting, and our many teachers are most helpful.

The half-yearly examination has just concluded, and Barbara Eltham was successful in obtaining top marks. Credit must also be given to Jeff Edmunds for his obtaining the highest marks in the class for Mathematics. Congratulations, Jeff! Also congratulations must be offered to Yvonne Morcom for a good all-round performance, and to the many other triers who received good marks. We must all realise in the next few months that lie ahead that we must work and study hard for the yearly examination.

Rodney Peiper is Captain of the 7.7 football team. Some members of our class took part in the knockout competition at Orange and the trip to Lithgow.

Max Johns and Yvonne Morcom were elected class captains.

We wish all I.C. and L.C. candidates success in their examinations.

1G

This is 1G calling from "The Cottage building." We are a mixed class, and pupils are present from seven different schools. We had a boy and a girl from our class in the annual swimming carnival.

Girls and boys from our class marched in the "Centenary of Education" march and display.

One girl from here was in the Astley Cup events.

Cheerio for the present.

DONORS.

Appreciation is expressed of the following donors who gave much valued financial assistance to "The Burr":

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Lasky's Sports Store and Tailors
A. Shehadi, Keppel Street
Dein and Readford, Timber Merchants
E. Webb and Co., General Store
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Mr. M. Blanch.

TERENCE SIMPSON.

On the eve of going to press with "The Burr", the School was shocked to learn of the passing of Terence Simpson. Terence was a quiet and popular member of his class, and was highly regarded as a citizen of the School. His classmates provided a guard of honour for him at his funeral.
ASTLEY CUP

The contest opened this year with the Dubbo-Orange tie at Orange. From this exciting encounter, Dubbo emerged victorious by a mere two points—221-219. This pressed a very exciting series, and in this regard we were not disappointed.

The following week (15/7/53), it was our turn to entertain Orange. The tennis, on Wednesday afternoon, resulted in a win for Bathurst, 18 sets 124 games to 6 sets 82 games, giving us a splendid start of 56 points to 24.

The Athletics, held on Thursday morning, proved exceptionally exciting. Orange gained both places in the 100 yards sprints for boys, while Bathurst retaliated with full points in the broad jump. In other events, Bathurst won the girls' 100 yards, while Orange won the high jump and 220 yards, and in a splendid run, McLennan of Orange edged Evans (B) in the mile. However, by winning both relays, we ran out victors by 57 points to 43. The boys' relay was a particularly close and thrilling encounter.

Our winning smiles were dissipated quickly in the afternoon when our hockey team, which had been playing particularly well this season, were defeated in a hard, fast game by Orange to the tune of 3 to 1, giving Orange a points lead of 148-132.

The football also on Thursday afternoon attracted a large crowd, which witnessed a 'tight' hard game rather than a brilliant one. At all times, the defence of both sides proved superior to the attack. A win in this contest was essential to Bathurst.

Orange raised the hopes of its supporters by scoring first—a penalty goal by C. Krings. However, Bathurst took the lead with a try by Warwick. After half-time, Vince Everingham put Bathurst further ahead with a beautiful solo try in which he beat several defenders. This was converted by Evans and Bathurst led 8-2. Orange retaliated with a penalty goal, but were unable to pierce the resolute defence for further points and Bathurst ran out winners by 8 points to 4, giving us a lead of 207 to 173.

As the social on Thursday night ended with honours even, the result depended on the basketball on Friday morning. This encounter aroused the greatest interest (it has been described elsewhere), and although the Orange team was superior and ran out winners by 21 goals to 14, they were unable to score sufficient points to make up the points deficit, and Bathurst won the contest by 225 to 215—27. Our visitors departed, still cheerful, after having proved themselves excellent sports both in victory and defeat. We only hope that they enjoyed their stay in Bathurst as much as we had in Orange last year.

The following week (22/7/53) the B.H.S. contingent set out for Dubbo with the fate of the Cup very much in the balance.

We were greeted by delightfully warm weather, and even warmer hospitality. Like the weather, the kindness of our hosts grew warmer as the days went on—from the party to listen to 'Macbeth' (?) until the final war-cries on Dubbo station. We thank our billeters for the wonderful time given us—all the 'old hands' voted it the best Astley Cup trip ever, and for the younger members it was a fairly delightful initiation.

Dubbo's tennis team proved even 'hotter' than the weather and...
The Burr

The 6.7 team, led by E. McAlister and tutored by Mr. Kneale, was handicapped by lack of players but gave a good account of themselves in all matches, although not strong enough to extend the winners, S.S.C.

Group 10 Schools Carnival

As usual, the High School entered teams in all grades—6.7, 7.7, 8-7, 9.7, 1st.

Our 1st grade team enjoyed its first success in this competition since 1947—a truly meritorious performance.

At the preliminary carnival, B.H.S. defeated S.S.C. B by 13 points to 3, then followed up the success by obtaining a victory—first since 1951—over S.S.C. 1st XIII by 5 points to nil. In the final, by defeating Penrith High by 18 points to 8, the team gained the Hunter Cup and Group Pennants. Congratulations go to Mr. Mangan, the enthusiastic and experienced coach, and to the whole team, including the reserves, who ‘filled in’ for various injured members on this notable success.

None of our weight teams were successful in reaching the final, but all enjoyed an excellent day at Orange.

First XIII.

The 1st grade football team this year, though not as brilliant as 1951 combination, had the most successful year ever, according to results.

Its great asset was its magnificent defence, which failed on only one occasion during the year. In attack, the team varied greatly—on some occasions, brilliant; on others, mediocre.

A major part in the successful (though over-strenuous) season must go to Mr. W. Mangan, whose experience and enthusiasm were responsible for the team's improvement and general condition.

The foundation of the football rested on the B.D.R.F.L.'s Under 18 competition. This experience against big, fast sides gave the team a grounding in hard football which stood it in good stead in matches against other schools.

The team played in 21 matches during the season, losing eight (of these eight, seven of the losses occurred in the Saturday Under 18 competition, where generally the team was giving away age and weight), winning 13.

The team won both its Astley Cup fixtures, beating Orange 8-4, and Dubbo 29-9. As related elsewhere, it won Group 10 Championship and reached the final of the University Shield. In the Willman Cup, it defeated Lithgow by five points to nil. In the Under 18 competition it ran an equal third behind Railway (whom we congratulate on a magnificent season), and S.S.C.

In the annual match against Sydney Technical High School, we were successful, winning by 5 to 4, after enjoying magnificent hospitality from the Tech. students.

University Shield

This year saw our first venture in this State-wide competition for High Schools. It was a case of "be in the firsts and see the State," as owing to the draw, we travelled to Lithgow, Yanco, Newcastle and Mudgee.

The team did exceptionally well to reach the final of this competition, the highlight being the defeat of Newcastle by 4 points to 2. We must congratulate Muswellbrook High on their excellent win in the final at Mudgee by 10 points to nil. The results were as follows: v. Lithgow, High won, 13 to nil; v. Yanco, High won, 5-2; v. Newcastle, High won, 4-2; v. Muswellbrook, High lost, 0-10.

Page Donated by Charlie Price
Our thanks are due to Bathurst Rugby League, whose generous cash donations made the extensive travelling possible; and to members of the staff, who kindly placed their cars at the disposal of the team.

The team was very ably led by Vince Everingham as five-eighth. Vince was the star of the team with his magnificent defence and brilliant 'cut-throughs'. His future as a footballer is very bright.

Space forbids full recognition to all other members of the team who gave such yeoman service during the season.

In the forwards, J. Lovell gave us far more than our share of the ball, while J. Cobby and N. Adamson excelled in the rucks. B. Cooper and J. Grives gave us excellent defence with low and vigorous tackling. Ray Baillie at lock, after recovering from an injury, was a tower of strength.

Regarding the backs, G. Green at half was our most improved player, while Bob North at centre made many devastating and brilliant runs. He was ably supported by L. Ingersole, whose tight defence and excellent handling stamp him as a coming 'star'. On the wings, B. Warwick and T. Bennett gave us sound defence and good attack, while L. Evans proved a safe full-back and will develop still further next year.

I would like to congratulate our reserves, D. Davie, T. Shute, P. Hoy and C. Culnane, who gave us such unsatisfactory and loyal support during a season in which, owing to frequent injuries, they were called upon on many occasions. Not once during the season did we field the same side in two consecutive matches, and it was only through having such capable reserves that we were able to fulfill our engagements so competently.

BOYS' HOCKEY

Although not a regular Wednesday afternoon sport, the High School has two teams in the B.D.H.A. competition—one in the Under 13 years and the other in the Under 16 years competition.

Both reached the final of their respective competitions, the Under 16 team in particular performing very well. Several of the players represented Bathurst District Juniors.

The standard of play and the participation of these teams in the competition is entirely due to the hard work and enthusiasm of Mr. W. Couell, who has given much time and skill to their coaching.

HOCKEY (Girls)

It is pleasing to note keen interest which has been shown in hockey this season. Three hockey teams have played in the District Competition, and the experience gained in these games has proved invaluable in the Inter-school competitions. The “A” and “B” teams have reached the semi-finals in the “A” and Second grade competitions.

In addition to these school teams, three other teams play in the Wednesday afternoon competitions.

The Astley Cup matches, played in directly contrasting weather conditions, were both exciting games.

The match against Orange, played in continuous rain and hail, resulted in a win for the visiting team. Orange opened the attack with a hard attacking move, but good play by the Bathurst back line, led by their captain, Pam Matthews, brought play right back into the Orange half. From here Bathurst scored its goal for the match with Margaret Osborne hitting it into the nets. In the second half Bathurst went close to scoring again, but the final result was 3-1 in favour of Orange.

The game against Dubbo was hockey played at its best. Team play from the Bathurst team was excellent and did credit to the girls and their coach, Mrs. J. Darke. Goals were scored by Lois Dyer (2), Diane Farrell (1), Anne Pollard (1), Margaret Osborne (1), as the result of brilliant forward movements by the combined team. Bathurst truly deserved this win of 5-3.

In the Willman Cup matches the “A” team ran out the winners with four goals to nil, while the “B” team were also successful with a 6-0 win.

Congratulations go to Barbara Farrell (2), Jeanette Hodge (2), Barbara Pollard, from the “B” team for line play in this match.

HOCKEY TEAM


CRICKET

Despite the number of grade players who left prior to the start of the 1952-53 season, this major summer sport enjoyed a very successful season, and although no new stars developed, a number of the players from lower grades developed greatly.

In the B.D.C.A. competition, we had six grade teams.

The 1st XI, led by Mr. Kneale, who was its star performer, did well to reach the final of the competition to be defeated by North Bathurst by 156 to 81. Besides Mr. Kneale, Mr. Noonan as stock bowler and Mr. Rae as batsman, gave excellent service. Of the boys, Vince Everingham, as wicketkeeper and stubborn bat, played well, while Laurie Levens made some excellent scores. Don O'Malley and A. Levens showed promise with the ball, while Ted Knight should develop into a first class bat; his fielding is already excellent.
The 2nd XI also performed well, reaching the semi-finals, to be defeated by the ultimate winners, East Bathurst. John Parnham and Les Fuller should develop as bowlers, whilst Dale Riddiford shows promise as a batsman.

The 3rd XI, led by Mr. Darke, improved greatly during the season, and also reached the semi-finals. Mr. Darke himself performed well with both bat and ball, while Ross Everingham, Malcolm Green, Grant Booth and Keith Sutton should develop.

The fourth grade side, which played against schools only, were runners-up in its division. The fifth and sixth grades, confined to boys under 14 years, come mainly from 1st year boys. These lads have gained greatly in experience and several show promise of becoming school first graders in the near future. Some of the best performers were Bruce Graham, Keith Cambridge, Don Forrest, Ivan Baillie, Keith Windus, and Don Frazer. It is to these we look for a strong first eleven in the future.

The only matches, apart from local competition were those played in the Willman Cup against Lithgow High. Owing to rain, the wickets developed into real "stickies" and scores were low. The results were: 1st Grade, B.H.S. 40 and 4/95 (declared) beat Lithgow 39 and 17; 2nd Grade, B.H.S. 147 beat Lithgow 47 and 23.

FIRST XI CRICKET
Front Row: L. Evans, Mr. E. Noonan, V. Everingham, Mr. K. Rae, B. Warwick, Mr. W. Connell. 
Absent: Mr. A. Kneale (Capt.).
—Block donated by Bedwells.

GIRLS' CRICKET
Girls' cricket continues to be a popular sport in Summer. With experience gained in past years the team acquitted themselves very well in the B.D.W.C.A. competition.

GIRLS' CRICKET
Front Row: M. Rawlinson, B. Coultis, Miss O. Williamson (Sportmistress), M. Osborne (Capt.), D. Farrell, Mr. W. Connell (Coach), L. Dyer, P. Mathews.
Absent: C. Ellis.

The team was best served by its captain, Margaret Osborne, who is an excellent stroke maker, while Margaret Rawlinson had some excellent bowling performances. Others to show out well were Denise Farrell and Lois Dyer. The whole team is to be congratulated on the excellence of its fielding, which gained it much favourable comment.

Margaret Rawlinson gained the trophy for the most improved player in the district, while Margaret Osborne and Carol Ellis received prizes for batting and bowling respectively.

Against Lithgow High, the cricket team, with a few alterations, reverted to vigour and defeated their opponents by 79 runs to Lithgow's 35 and 33. Outstanding in this match was Elaine Wyatt, who top scored with 35, and also bowled well. It is unfortunate that Elaine, owing to living out of town, is not able to play in the Saturday competition.

GIRLS' SOFTBALL
This sport, only introduced as a competitive one in recent years, has become very popular, and with tuition in the rules and "plays" by Miss Miller and Miss Williamson, has greatly improved in standard.

As there is no organised town competition, the girls are at a disadvantage when compared with the hockey, basketball and cricket girls, but what they lack in match practice they make up for in enthusiasm.

Two social games with Bathurst Teachers' College gave the High School team the necessary experience to defeat Lithgow High School for the first time, the scores being 30 to 32. Bathurst was best served by the Pollard sisters (Jill, Anne and Barbara), Jill Lovell and Eleanor Windsor.

Page Donated by Mathews Pharmacy and 3A.
ATHLETICS (Boys and Girls)

The athletic season is marked by four main events—the School Annual Athletic Carnival, commonly known as the House Sports; the Combined Bathurst Secondary School Sports (the Burlington-Pacey); the Astley Cup and the Western Schools' Athletic Carnival.

The Astley Cup contests have been dealt with under that heading, and the Western Schools Combined Carnival has not yet taken place (at the time of going to press).

ASTLEY CUP ATHLETIC TEAM

Middle Row: J. Ludden, J. Lovell, J. Flynn, Mr. R. Learmonth (Sportsmaster), P. Mathews, Mr. W. Cotell (Coach), Miss O. Williamson (Sportsmistress), D. Sykes.
Front Row: E. McAllister, A. Sykes.

—Block donated by Bloomsfield's Pharmacy.

The Annual Athletic Carnival

This event, held on 18th April was, as usual, the sporting highlight of the first term. It was a most successful meeting and good times were recorded.

This year, the House Competition evoked even more interest than usual.

The House Point Score was won by Wentworth House, from Lawson, Blaxland and Evans.

In the Senior Boys' Championship, Brian Warwick (Wentworth) put up an outstanding performance, winning the mile, 880, 440 yards, tying for first in the 220 yards, and second in the 100 yards and broad jump.

Laurie Evans, also of Wentworth, won the Junior Cup, while Bruce Graham (Wentworth) was successful in the Under 14 years section.

In the girls, Pam Matthews (Wentworth), the School and hockey captain, showed her versatility by annexing the Senior Cup. In the Juniors, Alma Neil, of Lawson, won the Championship, while Doreen Sykes, of Blaxland House, became Sub-Junior Champion.

BURLINGTON-PACEY ATHLETIC TEAM

Second Row: D. Davey, J. Cobley, B. Graham, Mr. R. Learmonth (Sportsmaster), B. Warwick (Capt.), Mr. W. Coulth (Coach), L. Evans, N. Adamsdon.

—Block donated by City Candy Store.

Once again, the relays and ball games events were outstanding attractions, while the usual picnic lunch added to the pleasure of the day. It is pleasing to see the handicap races so fully patronised, and the ambition of at least one entry from every student has been nearly realised.

BATHURST SECONDARY SPORTS MEETING

This event is run in three divisions—the Atkinson Shield (for Sub-Juniors Under 14 years), the Burlington Cup (for Juniors, 14-16 years), and the Pacey Shield (for Seniors 16 and over). The following schools compete: All Saints' Bathurst, The Scots School Bathurst, St. Stanislaus' College, St. Patrick's College, Bathurst High.

We desire to congratulate The Scots School on their initial success in these sports. Scots annexed the Atkinson Shield with an exceptionally fine team which lost only one event.

In the Burlington Cup, High School was successful in retaining the Cup won in 1952. In a very close finish, in which the winning of the relay gave us victory, we defeated All Saints' by three points, the final score being: B.H.S. 49, A.S.C. 46, St. Pat's 33, S.S.C. 23, Scots 5.

High School also enjoyed success in the Senior Division, again winning narrowly, this time from S.S.C. Once again, the relay brought us victory. Final points were: B.H.S. 49, S.S.C. 45, A.S.C. 26, Scots 73.

This was one of our most successful days in this Carnival for some years, and was a pleasing preliminary for the Astley Cup contests later in the year.
BASKETBALL

Basketball has proved itself to be the most popular sport this season. Four teams play in the Bathurst Women's Basketball Association competition, and sixteen teams play in the House competitions.

Miss Fisher has coached the "A" and "A" reserve, and Miss Miller the "C" and "D" grade, and all teams are grateful for the interest and enthusiasm shown by their coaches. Participation in these association competitions does much to improve the girls' standard of play, and we would express our thanks to the Association for the opportunity of playing in these games.

The Astley Cup matches both proved very thrilling, and resulted in a loss to Orange and a draw with Dubbo. The result of the match against Orange was to decide the victor, and at the beginning of the match the points were such that we had to score at least half as many points as Orange to win the Cup. The goal scores of 21 to 14 are hardly indicative of the closeness of the match.

Despite the fact that the results of the match against Dubbo could not affect the final Cup result, the game was played with as much enthusiasm and fighting spirit as that against Orange. Excitement reached its peak during the last quarter, when the score rose goal by goal right to the end of the game, with the final score being 19 all. Splendid team work was a feature of both matches, but particular credit must be given to the goal throwing by Helen Goodfellow, who scored all 14 of the goals against Orange and an equal number against Dubbo.

In the Willman Cup against Lithgow the "A" reserve team was defeated by nine goals to six after a hard match. The "A" team played a fine game to win by 16 goals to 3.

THE WILLMAN CUP

The competition between Bathurst and Lithgow for 1953 resulted in a win for Bathurst, with High School winning both the summer and winter sports.

For the summer visit we were hosts to Lithgow. In the tennis our boys and girls each won eleven of the twelve sets played. These results were repeated in both grades of the cricket, the girls' vigoro (79 to 35) and softball (30 to 22).

The winter competitions were played in Lithgow. The teams travelled to Lithgow by bus on the coldest day recorded this winter. Games were played with snow falling and bitterly cold winds sweeping across the grounds. The girls recorded wins in the "A" and "B" grade hockey, and the "A" grade basketball and a loss in the "A" reserve.

The boys recorded wins in the 1st, 2nd, and 8 stone football teams, drew the 7 stone and lost the 6 stone.

We wish to thank Lithgow for their hospitality and the fine spirit which characterised their play.

TENNIS

Under the capable guidance of Mr. Lavis and Mr. Cameron, the tennis of the School again reached a high standard.

Besides the two Astley Cup matches, recorded elsewhere, the boys also enjoyed a very successful match with Bathurst Teachers' College. The girls, although having no other competition, had excellent tuition from Mr. Cameron, who is the District Champion, and improved greatly.
The boys' first pair, D. Riddiford - K. Sutton, played some brilliant tennis during the season. Although both had some lapses from form, they proved a very good team, with excellent stroke production.

The second pair, Mac Thompson and Henry Cooper, improved greatly during the season, and showed a real fighting spirit in all their matches. Henry Cooper in particular shows exceptional promise, and this diminutive player, whose repertoire of strokes is really good, only needs to develop power to become a really first class player.

The reserves, T. Boyd, I. Beardwood and D. O'Malley, form a really good nucleus for future years.

Among the girls, Lois Dyer is the most outstanding, being the best player we have had for many years. Together with her partner, Dawn Chisholm (unfortunately ill for the Dubbo encounter), Lois gave us a really strong girls' first pair.

Our second pair, Fay Eldridge and Diane Farrell, played steady, consistent tennis throughout the season, and improved a great deal in the process.

The reserves, Audrey Chew and Gwen Cupitt, ensure that our 1954 team will be worthy successors to the present team. Altogether, tennis has an assured future in the School.

At present the Burge Cup (Girls' Championship), and Rayner Cup (Boys' Championship), are in progress, and are providing some keen struggles.

SWIMMING

Swimming enthusiasm has increased this year with the imminent opening of the new Olympic Pool. When this happy event occurs, the standard will improve greatly.

The School Carnival, held on 4th March, 1953, was the most successful yet, both in point of view of the number of entries, and in the standards reached.

Lawson House was successful, winning with 299 points from Evans 2814, Blaxland 2051 and Wentworth 160. The House point score was most exciting up to the final relays, victory in which was mainly responsible for Lawson's good win.

The Boys' Senior Point Score was won by Neil Adamson, a newcomer from Kempsey, with 36 points, while Eleanor Windsor (39) annexed the Senior Girls' title from Jill Forrest (33). In the Juniors, P. Johnson won the boys' title, while Beryl Hughes is the girls' junior champion.

AWARDS OF "BLUES"

BASKETBALL: B. Coutts, H. Goodfellow.


GIRLS' CRICKET: M. Osborne, M. Rawlinson.

GIRLS' SOFTBALL: No award.


ATHLETICS (GIRLS): No award.


CRICKET: No award.

FOOTBALL: V. Everingham, R. Baillie, R. North, B. Leigh-Cooper.

TUNICS in Serge and Head Cloth. Sizes 24in. to 42in.

BLOUSES in English Poplin, Long or Short Sleeves, Sizes 24in. to 40in.


HATS. Regulation Panama.

SUITs. Stamina College Grey, with Long and Short Trousers. Single or D.B. Coats.

TROUSERS. Matching Stamina Trousers, either Long or Short.

SHIRTS. English Poplin and Head Cloth, Peerless Collar. Sizes 11½ to 14.

SHOES. "Bonzie Boy" - "Skippy", in Black Calf. Sizes 10 to 6½.

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