The Burr
BATHURST HIGH SCHOOL

1954
Bathurst High School

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

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Mr. R. J. Learmonth, B. A.  Mr. M. T. Trotter, B.A.
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Mrs. L. M. Oldham  Miss B. M. Smith

DEPARTMENT OF PHYSICAL EDUCATION:

GENERAL ACTIVITY CLASSES:
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Mr. D. P. Gibbons

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MUSIC TEACHER: Miss M. I. Tegerl, A.Mus.A., L.Mus.
SCHOOL COUNSELLOR: Mr. J. Cusick, B.Sc.
CAREERS ADVISERS: Mr. Quin, Mrs. Darke.
SPORTSMASTER: Mr. Couell
SPORTSMISTRESS: Miss Williamson

PREFECTS.—MASTER IN CHARGE: Mr. Anderson. BOYS: Laurie Ingersole (Captain), Ian Newman (Vice-Captain), Andy Ambrose, Terry Boyd, John Cobby, Keith Sutton, Terry Shute, Laurie Evans, Don O’Malley. GIRLS: Eleanor Windsor (Captain), Jill Forrest (Vice-Captain), Audrey Chew, Janine Elton, Joy Flynn, Dawn Mutton, Ann Pollard, Barbara Beardwood, Barbara Farrell.

MAGAZINE: Editors: Mr. Starling, Mr. Maish.
Assistant Editors: Ruth Harris, Jennifer Clark, Mary White, Laurie Evans.
Business Manager: Mr. Anderson.
Assistant Business Managers: Inez Grey, Jennifer Baillie, Keith Scanes, Blair Bloomfield, Max Cross.
Sports Editors: Mr. Couell, Miss Williamson.

School Phone: 361  P.O. Box 118
Editorial

Encouraged by the success of the revived "The Burr" in 1953, we have decided to bring it out again. In doing so we felt that a need was being satisfied. For it seems that it is a good thing to present to the students of a school, and the community supporting it, a record of the manifold activities associated with it.

It is obvious that a certain amount of work is necessary before a school magazine can appear. None of this work is obligatory. It is all voluntary, and betokens a healthy spirit of co-operation. To all who have helped build "The Burr" the editors give their thanks. Some of the builders of "The Burr" are unsung. Yet, invisible though they be as far as the printed word is concerned, they have played an important part. So much for those who form a corporate part of the School.

There is another group of supporters whom we must thank. They are the business folk and those other citizens who have generously made financial contributions. Their part in producing "The Burr" is by no means negligible. They have remained the steady friends of the School Magazine.

Finally, now that "The Burr" is an annual event in the School's life, let us, while completing this year's issue, prepare for 1955.

Thanks to Donors

In addition to donors of blocks and pages, the Editors express their thanks to:

Mr. A. Shehade, Mr. J. Laskey, Mrs. A. Gebbie, Mrs. S. Stubbs, Mr. F. England, Mr. G. Basha, Mrs. G. Rowlings, Mrs. A. Austin, Mr. R. G. Baillie, Mr. Mathews, Pete's Fish Shop, Mr. W. Joss and Mr. J. Shehade for valuable financial assistance given.

SCHOOL CAPTAINS

"Farewell" — School Captains

We deeply regret it is now our turn to say "Farewell" to Bathurst High School. To us it has been five years of pleasure, but this our final year by far surpasses the others. During our term of office as captains, we have come to realize what a huge part the Bathurst High School has played in our lives. It has indeed been an honour to be captains of this School, which through its achievements and tradition takes its place amongst the finest in the State.

We would like to thank all those who elected us to our honoured position. Our only hope is that we have been able to uphold the high standards set by previous school captains. We would like to thank especially our Headmaster, Mr. Thomas, and all the members of the Staff. We think Mr. Anderson calls for special mention, who, as Prefect Master, has always been helpful with his unfailing assistance and sound advice. We take this opportunity to thank our willing band of Prefects, whose valuable assistance has greatly helped us during the year. To the students of the School we offer our thanks for their willing co-operation in the management of the School.

And now farewell! May every boy and girl continue to strive "To Seek Higher Things" for the honour and glory of their school, and in return receive as much pleasure and enjoyment as we have found during our five years at Bathurst High School.

LAURIE INGERSOLE and ELEANOR WINDSOR.
School News

SPEECH DAY, 1953

The Headmaster’s Report revealed a year of growth.

Although there was a slight fall in the gross enrolment of the school, owing to the closing of the Migrant Centre at Bathurst, the healthy state of the School was reflected in a substantial increase in the Senior School, which totalled 73. An upward tendency was also evident in the number of students doing the Five Year Course.

The Headmaster contrasted the illusions of insecure employment and high wages at present, with a sound training for professions or trades.

The number of students recommended for the Intermediate Certificate was a record.

General satisfaction with accommodation was expressed. However, the Home Science unit is still inadequate. Ground improvements continue: lawns have been laid, 180 roses planted, and the poplar trees are becoming an asset. Library purchases by P. and C., a refrigerator, a new Public Address system, and a tape recorder have all added considerably to the comfort and efficiency of the School.

The Sports Reports celebrated the Willman and Astley Cup victories, and thanked the many local sporting bodies for their generous support.

To the P. and C. Association and the Ladies’ Auxiliary the Headmaster gave his thanks for their support of and continued interest in the School.

STAFF NOTES

There were not as many changes in staff at the beginning of 1954 as there had been in previous years. Miss B. Fisher was moved to Tamworth and Miss B. O’Brien to Crown Street Intermediate High School, and Mrs. H. Boyd accompanied her husband to Sydney when he was moved to a position there. We had lost Miss N. Robers at the end of 1953, when she left for England as an exchange teacher.

The new arrivals we welcomed in their place were Mr. A. Casimir and Miss D. Watters from the Armidale Teachers’ College, Miss M. Wallwork from Ballina, and Miss P. Strange from Cobar. Mr. Bastin was transferred from Coonamble to help ease the burden that the science staff had been bearing in the past.

At the beginning of April Mr. Casimir was transferred, first to the Bathurst Teachers’ College and later to Blayney Intermediate High School. Miss Strange left us at the end of first term on the occasion of her marriage, and was replaced by Miss B. Smith of Forbes.

In July Miss Watters was married to Mr. Casimir, and we extend to them both our congratulations and our best wishes.

VISITING CLERGY

Our thanks are due to those clergymen who visited us week by week during the year and devoted much of their valuable time to religious instruction—a most important branch of our education.

THE ROYAL VISIT

The day of the visit of Her Majesty, Queen Elizabeth II, was February 12th, 1954. Naturally everyone was very excited, not the least the school-children.

We of Bathurst High School gathered at school at 9 a.m., where we were arranged in order of height, and marched down through the streets to the Showground, surprising our teachers by our good marching.

At the Showground, children from all the surrounding districts, even as far away as Cowra, were gathered—about 15,000 of them. The day was hot, and a number of the children, who collapsed from the heat, were given attention by the nurses present.

Girl Guides and Boy Scouts and Cadets of the district lined the trotting circuit, forming a guard of honour for Her Majesty.

The first we saw of the Queen was at 11.25, when her plane flew overhead, and shortly afterward everyone became very excited as the Royal car passed by the Showground on its way to the civic reception in front of the Courthouse.

As the Royal car returned to the Showground at 12.13, all the children began to cheer. The Royal Couple drove round the trotting circuit, changed into a shining black Land Rover, and drove through the ranks of cheering children. Everyone was able to see the Queen quite clearly, as the Land Rover was travelling at only 8 m.p.h. As everyone had been supplied with red, white and blue streamers, the general effect was very colourful.

When the Land Rover returned to the position opposite the dais, Her Majesty alighted, and walked over a carpet to take up her position in front of the grandstand, escorted by the Area Director of Education, Mr. Clayton. The lady-in-waiting, equerry and detective followed unobtrusively. Various educational officials were then presented, and Jill Forrest, a girl from the High School, made a speech of welcome to Her Majesty, whose reply, relayed by loudspeaker, was given a most enthusiastic reception by all. Her Majesty later expressed appreciation of Jill’s address.

Graciously waving to those in the grandstand, who were mainly old-age pensioners, the Royal Couple descended the steps of the dais, entered their car and drove off, while the flags of the guard of honour dipped right to the ground in respect. Our last glimpse was of a gracious monarch waving farewell to her subjects of the future.

EDUCATION WEEK

In conformity with the State-wide observance, Bathurst High School celebrated Education Week from August 16th to August 20th.

On Sunday 15th Church Services were held to celebrate the opening of the week. On Monday morning Mr. C. M. Clayton, Director of Education, Western Area, addressed the assembled school.

On the same afternoon the week was officially opened with a broadcast by Acting Minister for Education the Hon. J. F. McGrath.

Tuesday was an Open Day, the first we have had. The visitors were particularly interested in the Home Science unit. We had an impressive display of technical work on view in a window kindly lent by Cambergs. The event was also celebrated in the usual Thursday afternoon broadcast.

On Tuesday evening a public meeting was held which had the honour of being addressed by Mr. H. D. Black, on the necessity of achieving a greater understanding of the problems of South-East Asia.
LIBRARY NEWS

Towards the end of 1953 a commencement was made with renovations in the library, which aimed at bringing boys and girls into closer contact with the books. The glass doors obstructing the easy access to the shelves gradually disappeared. In the beginning of this year shelving capacity was extended with the voluntary assistance of Peter Davis, Brian Mitchell, Les Rapley and John Lynn of 2F. For the last few months carpenter’s tools have been as familiar a sight in the library as books. The next step will be to paint the bookcases a bright cheerful colour so that library users will find more congenial surroundings.

Up to the middle of 1954 a fair number of books of fiction was added to the library. It is pleasing to see that the books are kept well in circulation. Processing these books valuable assistance was given by Natalie Lloyd and Noeline Yow of 3D, who came to the Library at lunch time. We wish to thank the above mentioned boys and girls and all those library assistants who undertake the task of charging and discharging books during library periods.

It is gratifying to see that the number of boys and girls using the Library outside their library periods is increasing.

BOOK WEEK, 1954

Our School observed this annual event by holding a display of newly acquired books in the Library. Judging from the keen interest shown by all students, this display afforded great pleasure. Pupils of 2F supplied a number of very attractive posters of which one, depicting the theme chosen for this week, ‘Make Friends with Books’, was greatly appreciated. Publicity to the display was given in the local Press, which expressed its admiration for the great variety of subjects which our new collection of books, amounting to 160, covered.

ANZAC DAY

The Gallipoli landing was commemorated in conformity with that event’s solemn importance. Following the Headmaster’s introductory statement, the main address was delivered by Ald. R. Baillie. Senior students prepared a wreath which was placed by the School Captains on the Honor Roll. The singing of ‘The Recessional’ and the National Anthem concluded the ceremony at the school. The school participated also in the Dawn Service conducted by the local branch of the R.S.L.

EMPIRE DAY

Addresses and recitations suitable to the occasion marked Empire Day. The main address was delivered by Ald. O. G. Parnham, who stressed the changing character of empire. Replies were made by School Captains, Eleanor Windsor and Laurie Ingersole.

2BS

As in previous years, the management of 2BS has been so kind as to place half an hour’s broadcasting time at our disposal each week, and we must heartily thank it for giving us this regular opportunity of letting our fellow citizens know something of what is being done at the High School.
School Activities

THE SCHOOL REVUE

The guiding principles determining the programme for the 1954 Revue were to aim at a standard at least as high as that of past revues, to cause a minimum of dislocation to normal school routine, to enable as many children in as many classes as possible to take part, and to augment the funds available for repairs, replacements and installations which arise in the school from time to time.

If one examines the programme, and considers the reaction of the packed audiences, it is reasonable to claim that all objects, in part at least, were achieved.

A slight departure was made this year in the presentation of two short plays, both light in character, which occupied the first half of the programme. Effective scenery and lighting, colourful frocking, bright singing and dancing were features of the two evenings.

Perhaps the most ambitious and spectacular item was the scene from "Chu Chin Chow", the talent displayed in this case, particularly by Janice Liddon, auguring well for the success of future revues.

CHOIR NOTES

The main interest for the choir again this year has been the School Revue. The Senior Choir presented a scene from the Opera "Chu Chin Chow", with Janice Liddon as Ali Baba, Grahame Quarmby as Hasim Baba, Keith Soames as Abu Hasan, Terry Shute as Chu Chin Chow, and Ann Wark as Alcolam. Choruses and solo items of the scene were: "I'll Sing and Dance", "Chu Chin Chow of China", "Hail the Grand Wajir" and "The Scimitar". The performance was bright and colourful and, we think, very creditable.

Some excellent talent for the Senior Choir next year is displayed in junior choral work. Their item, "Five Eyes", in the Revue, was quite a gem in the programme. Congratulations, First Year!

Both Senior and Junior Choirs are now preparing items for the 1954 Bathurst Eisteddfod.

On behalf of the Choir, I would sincerely like to thank Miss Tegg for the interest she has taken in us this year.

SCHOOL FETE

The Annual School Fete was held on August 18th. Once again there was a large display of goods which were quickly purchased. The takings were approximately £265, the profit £250. Stalls conducted by the Ladies' Auxiliary contributed £147/10/-, and the School effort amounted to £90. The dance and donations realised £27/10/-.

Most popular among the attractions were mini-golf, hoop-la, "buggy" rides, "Wax Works" and fortune telling.

MARKET DAYS

Market days this year were organised along the same lines as in previous years. The response from the school was excellent, a healthy spirit of competition prevailing. As we go to press £67 has already been taken.

DEBATING

During the year much enthusiasm has been shown in debating activities. A series of inter-house debates was arranged, and some excellent contests resulted. A thorough survey of the school debating talent was made, with the ultimate object of selecting the 1954 Mulvey Cup team. Many good speakers were found in the senior school, while some promising juniors were unearthed. The Lawson team, consisting of Ian Newman, Grahame Maddox and Jill Forrest, proved the best House combination.

The final Mulvey Cup team consisted of Ian Newman, Jill Forrest and Brian Holbeche. Other debaters who showed ability of a high order were Stan Schofield, Ruth Harris and Dale Riddiford. The debates indicated that there is much excellent material for future years.

A debate on Mulvey Cup lines was held at the Rotary Club. This is now a popular and valuable occasion for High School debates. The teams showed excellent debating ability. The debaters who were present are grateful for the hospitality extended and the experience gained.

In the Mulvey series, the Bathurst team were successful against Dubbo High by a clear points margin. Against Orange, after an excellent contest, Orange managed to obtain the decision and so retain the Cup. The Bathurst team, however, were by no means disgraced. Competent judges considered the debating standard was the highest they have known in the Mulvey series.

With Brian Holbeche as a potential leader the prospects for 1955 are indeed bright.
PARENTS AND CITIZENS' ASSOCIATION

During the year the Association spent £9.4 in providing vases, ornaments, curtains, pictures and a toaster and jug for the new Home Science block. A refrigerator for the tuck shop was also installed at a cost of £315, and now school pupils need not leave the grounds to buy ice cream and cool drinks.

A 36-line public address system covering the portables, the prefabs, the Home Science block and the main building, replaced the old set, and cost the Association £250. The new set has radio and gramophone attachments, and is more efficient than the old one.

A heavy-duty polishing machine was purchased at a cost of £35, and about £20 was spent on school equipment.

Some £200 was made available for reference and fiction books for the Library. The Association also contributed to the expenses of the Astley Cup, Prize Fund and Sports Day.

A cordial invitation is extended to all parents to attend our meetings.

K. M. FORREST,
Hon. Sec.

LADIES' AUXILIARY

I am very pleased to have this opportunity to tell of some of the activities of the Women's Auxiliary, which has continued to function as in past years. During 1953 we raised the sum of more than £500, which was added to P and C funds. Our Fete held last August, was very successful, realising £230. Our card parties continue to be very popular, and are now held every fortnight at the old School Residence in Howick Street.

Several street stalls were conducted during the year, and the Auxiliary again served morning and afternoon teas during Eisteddfod Week at both the Masonic and Cathedral Memorial Halls. In addition, we catered for several functions, including a birthday party, afternoon teas and supper parties. On the occasion of H.M. the Queen's visit in February, two stalls were conducted at the Showground from which ice cream, drinks, etc., were sold. Although not very large in numbers, the Auxiliary consists of a band of enthusiastic workers. Our meetings are held on the second Wednesday each month at the old School Residence in Howick Street. New members will be cordially welcomed.

—(Mrs.) I. HOY. Hon. Sec.

STAFF

Back Row: Mr. R. Dodd, Mr. R. Richardson, Mr. H. V. Wierat
Fifth Row: Mr. P. Dempsie, Mr. A. McCallum, Mr. C. Braham, Mr. B. Cameron
Fourth Row: Mr. A. Kneale, Mr. J. Lowe, Mr. C. Malish
Third Row: Mr. J. Cusick, Mr. J. Starling, Mr. M. Trotter, Mr. D. Gibbons,
Mr. D. Bosten, Mr. K. Bannister, Miss E. Miller, Miss B. Smith
Second Row: Mr. R. Learmonth, Mr. W. Manzara, Mrs. A. Casimir,
Miss E. Sinclair, Mrs. W. McNamara, Miss D. Wallace, Mrs. M. Oldham,
Miss M. Togel, Miss E. Miller, Miss B. Smith
Front Row: Mr. R. Darke, Mrs. M. Williamson, Mr. E. Levis, Mr. E. Pulley,
Mr. A. Anderson, Mr. C. Thomas, Mr. K. Easton, Mr. H. Wheeler, Mr. S. Mackay,
Mr. W. Cowell, Mr. E. Noonan
Absent: Mr. T. Quin
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PRIZE LIST, 1953

Martin Lapin Prize for Dux of School ........ Edite Lukas
Winston Sutton Prize for English .......... Edite Lukas
Ashelford Prize for Maths. I and II ......... Edite Lukas
Ralph Sutton Prize for Chemistry .......... Edite Lukas
C.W.A. Prize for History .................. Pam Matthews, Peter Hoy
Ashelford Prize for General Mathematics .... Robert North
Ralph Sutton Prize for Biology ............. Jennifer Poole
Margaret Stirling Prize for Leadership, Scholarship and Sport .......... Barbara Coutts
Len Nixon Prize for Leadership, Scholarship and Sport .......... Robert North and Brian Warwick
Prizes for School Captains .................. Pam Matthews, Ian Beardwood
Second in Fifth Year ........................ Ian Beardwood
Third in Fifth Year .......................... Margaret Howard

Fourth Year:
R. G. L. Baillie Prize for Dux of Fourth Year .... Jill Forrest
Ralph Sutton Prize for Chemistry ............. Jill Forrest
R. T. Hole Prize for History ................ Ian Newman
Ralph Sutton Prize for Biology ............. Ian Cooper
Second in Fourth Year ....................... Ian Newman
Third in Fourth Year ........................ Ian Bowmaker

Third Year:
Martin Lapin Prize for Dux of Third Year .... Ruth Harris
Winston Sutton Prize for English .......... Ruth Harris, Neil McDonald
City Council Prize for Science Essay ......... Neil McDonald, Godfrey Bliss
Second in Third Year ........................ Neil McDonald
Third in Third Year .......................... Marie Spencer
Class Proficiency Prizes ..................... Barbara Farrell 3B, Garrick Willoitt 3D

Second Year:
Dux of Year ................................. Brian Holbeche
Second in Second Year ........................ Harry Harris
Third in Second Year ......................... Graham Maddox
Class Proficiency Prizes ..................... Edmund Spencer 2B, Brian Cupitt 2C, Alice Sharp 2D, Marie Collins 2E

First Year:
Dux of First Year ............................ Elaine Howard
Second in First Year ......................... Peter Pulley
Third in First Year ........................... Kaye Gallagher
Proficiency Prizes .......................... Mary Kitto, 1B; Elizabeth Symonds, 1C; Eva Bakos, Kathleen Morgan, 1D; Peter Sedlacek, 1E; John Lynch, 1F; Lorna George, 1G.
Don Ross Cup for Effort in Class and Sport by a First Year Boy .......... Herbert Payne, 1B

Prizes for Social Service in the School:
Janne Elton, 4th Year; Jill Forrest, 4th Year; Norma Godden, 4th Year; Dawn Mutton, 4th Year; George Green, 4th Year; Laurie Ingersole, 4th Year; Ian Newman, 4th Year; Stan Schofield, 4th Year; Neil McDonald, 3A; Peter Davison, 1F.

Prizes for Performance on Play Night:
Janne Elton, Norma Godden, Laurie Ingersole, Ian Newman, 4th Year; Barbara Bell, Ruth Spillane, Neil McDonald, 3A; Marion Bailey, 2B; Gordon Evans, 2C; David Carkeet, 1C.

House Debating Cup ............... Evans House (Barbara Coutts, Capt.)
Sutton House Championship Banner for Scholarship, Sportsmanship and Citizenship .......... Blaxland House (Pat McCann, Bob North, Capt.)

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LEAVING CERTIFICATES, 1953


Adamson, Neil, 1B 7B 9B 17B.
Beardwood, Ian, 1B 5B 6A 12A 13B 18B.
Coutts, Barbara, 1B 7B 9B 17B 18B.
Chisholm, Dawn, 1A 7B 9A 16B 17B 18B.
Doust, Nancy, 1B 9B 16B 17B.
Dyer, Lois, 1A 9B 16B 17B 18B.
Eldridge, Janice, 1B 16B 17B 21B 22B.
Elliott, Pamela, 1A 9B 16B 17B 18B.
Everingham, Vincent, 1B 9B 17B 18B.
Farrell, Diane, 1B 9B 16B 17B.
Fletcher, Enid, 1B 9B 16B 17B.
Howard, Margaret, 1B 5B 6B 12A 13B.
Hoy, Peter, 1A 3B 7B 9A 13B 17B.
Leigh-Cooper, Bruce, 1B 7B 9B 18B.
Lukas, Edith, 1H 3A 5A 6A 12A 13A 13A.
McCann, Patricia, 1A 7B 9B 16A 17B 17B.
Matthews, Pamela, 1A 3B 9B 17B.
North, Robert, 1B 7B 12A 13A 18B.
Poole, Jennifer, 1B 3B 5B 6B 12B 16H2.
Summerfield, Jean, 1B 1B 17B 21A 22B.
Sykes, Arthur, 1B 3B 7B 13B 17B.
Warwick, Brian, 1B 5B 6B 12A 18B.
Watters, Janice, 16A 17B 21B 22B.

Scholarships

Commonwealth Scholarship: Edite Lukas.

Prize for Best Shakespearean Section in L.C. Exam. (Girls) ........ Edite Lukas

INTERMEDIATE CERTIFICATES, 1953

Ex-Students' Budget

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE

We have been inundated with news concerning ex-students. Several of our former students have distinguished themselves and been the subject of comment in both local and city Press.

Major Ralph Sutton was honoured by Her Majesty the Queen with membership of the Royal Victorian Order (M.V.O. 4th class) for his part as Commonwealth Transport Staff Officer in the successful organisation of the Royal Tour. Ralph, together with his brother Winston, has been most generous in his donations to our prize list each year.

Another to be honoured by the Queen was Elwyn Spratt, who covered the tour as Press Representative of the "Sydney Sun". With a number of other pressmen he was awarded a specially struck medallion by the Queen.

Dr. A. R. Callaghan, C.M.G., D.Phil., B.Sc. (Oxon.), B.Sc. (Syd.), former Rhodes Scholar, and last year President of the Australian Institute of Agricultural Science, has been awarded the Farrer Medal for distinguished service to Agricultural Science.

A recent ex-student who is making good in her profession is Barbara Stebbings. Under the name of Barbara Wyndon she has had considerable success in stage and radio plays in Sydney. She has appeared several times with the A.B.C.

Peter Burns, after playing with Combined Country Seconds, was reserve for the Western Districts Rugby League team which played England at Bathurst. Tony Copeland was forward reserve in the same match. Bill Trevena was also reserve in the Western Districts Rugby Union team which opposed the Fijians.

Norma Whitman, after touring England with the Australian Women's Cricket team a year or so ago, this year represented N.S.W. at the Interstate Hockey Carnival.

Members of the N.S.W. Colts hockey team which was successful at the interstate carnival recently, were Max Brown and Barry Hurst. Adrian Naylor is to go to Perth with N.S.W. Junior Hockey team.

Neville Humphries, after a notable football career, has turned to baseball, and was chosen for Combined Country v City this year.

Brian Booth is playing first grade for St. George (Sydney) in both cricket and hockey. He had a splendid season with the bat, topping St. George's averages, and being highly placed in the full grade list. He represented Combined Metropolitan v Newcastle, and topscored.

Dave Schiemer has played some games in first grade with Canterbury-Bankstown Rugby League team.

Notable in the field of tennis are John Cooper and Ken Rose.

Barry Pickup has left A.W.A. to take up an Electrical Trades Course in Bathurst.

Mervyn Lewis is at the R.A.A.F. Technical Training School at Allanville, near Wagga, studying engineering.

Ian Beardwood has joined his brother Peter, at the B.H.P., where he is taking a Mechanical Engineering Course. Peter is doing a Diploma Course at the University of Technology.

Ray Baillie and Diane Farrell are working at an A.M.P. office.

Dale Davy is an industrial chemist at Lever Bros., and is studying at night.

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Jill Pollard works as a laboratory assistant at Bathurst Teachers' College. Bruce Cooper is employed at the Commercial Banking Co. of Sydney.

Tamara Taran is finishing her course at Prince Alfred Hospital.

Edite Luks and Walkiri Lebedew are undergraduates at Adelaide University.

The ranks of the teaching service have received a considerable accession of strength by the appointment of Pat McMenamin, Ron Coult, Ron Evers, Tom Hart, Pat White, Val Slattery and Dawn Anderson.

Warren Blomfield is doing his practical Pharmacy at Bathurst.

Charlie Ambrose has given up teaching and is now studying at the University of Technology.

---ASSISTANT EDITORS.

BATHURST TEACHERS' COLLEGE

Despite the fact that many ex-students of B.H.S. vowed during their schooldays that they "would never be teachers," no fewer than twelve of them are at present trainee teachers at Bathurst Teachers' College. There are two in second year (Les Bonham and Malcolm Leaver), and ten in first year (Barbara Coutts, Dawn Chisholm, Nancy Doust, Lois Dyer, Enid Fletcher, Margaret Howard, Pat McCann, Pam Matthews, Neil Adamson and Don Bridge).

First year students are required to do eighteen subjects, while second years are more fortunate in that they have only sixteen. Compulsory subjects include Maths., Art, Speech and Music, and it is no wonder that everyone agrees that the Leaving "was never like this."

In the inter-collegiate matches between Bathurst and Wagga, B.H.S. ex-students represented in every team. Dawn Chisholm and Lois Dyer were in the tennis team. Barbara Coutts represented in the basketball. Lois Dyer and Pam Matthews gained selection in the hockey, while Don Bridge represented in football. Les Bonham in men's hockey and basketball, and Malcolm Leaver in the hockey.

Many of us who were by no means saints in our schooldays were repaid for our sins during practice teaching at the beginning of the year. However, with more experience, many of us, no doubt, will be surprised to find ourselves employing many of those selfsame tactics which were used by our own teachers.

Most of the ex-students at Bathurst Teachers' College are leading a very quiet life, and it was difficult to report on them. However, Malcolm Leaver, who was so shy and quiet, has surprised everyone by being seen in the company of a certain college lass, while Les Bonham has proved to be quite a hit with a number of college girls, mostly first-years. Lois Dyer, Nancy Doust and Don Bridge prefer the company of Bathurst citizens.

The reason for the omission of the other seven ex-students of B.H.S. from this list is that they feel that studies are the most important thing in their lives at present, and have no time for social life.

We wish 5th Year of 1954 all the best for the Leaving, and hope to see quite a number of you up here next year.

---PAM MATTHEWS.

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NEW ENGLAND UNIVERSITY

The New England University at Armidale is completely residential—the only one of its type in Australia. Aided by this fact, all activities are run, almost entirely, by the students themselves. This factor is calculated to complete an all-round education.

Naturally the main purpose for coming to a University is to gain a degree in either the faculties of arts or science. However, there are other subsidiary purposes. The University makes every endeavour to fit the students for the positions they are expected to fill in the community. With this aim in view the students and staff have inaugurated social, sporting, religious and various other bodies, designed to give the students grounding in culture and current affairs. The University has its own film projector, on which many popular films are shown; its own chess club, and caters for almost all sporting activities.

There are four ex-students of the Bathurst High School at the University—Ann Hill, Laurie Upfold, Peter Allmond and Peter Hoy. All four are taking full advantage of the opportunities offered by this general education.

Ann Hill, who was school captain in 1951, is doing her second year in faculty of Arts. Ann is doing Philosophy II, Psychology II and History II this year. Unfortunately she had a bout of illness early in the year, but she has completely recovered and is rapidly making up lost ground.

Peter Allmond, who gained his Leaving Certificate in 1951, is doing his third year in the faculty of Arts. He has a great variety of interests. He is an efficient secretary of the tennis club, and has lately acquired a mania for golf, which takes up most of his leisure time. Peter's academic interests are Economics III, Geography III, and History III. He has gained the strange nickname of Aub.

Laurie Upfold, who was vice-captain of the school in 1951, is now doing his third year in the Arts faculty, and will probably do Psychology Honours next year. His subjects are Psychology III, History III. He had a variety of nicknames, but the school nickname of Lock is still the most favoured. He is keenly interested in all types of sporting activities, and is now captain of the football team.

Peter Hoy, who was a prefect last year, is in his first year in the Arts faculty. His subjects are Psychology I, Geography I, English I and History I. He is the only one of the four who is determined to be a high school teacher. His main interests are tennis and football and, at least, he has lost his school nickname. As always, he is a strict woman hater. He has acquired all the virtues and vices (mainly vices) of an undergraduate, and is rapidly following in the footsteps of the other three. He can smoke now without fear of bumping into his old masters.

The four of us are proud to say we are ex-students of the Bathurst High School, and we shall try to gain new honours to hang upon its name.

—PETER HOY.

SYDNEY NOTES

Late High School Athletics and Revue star Bob North may now be seen in the laboratories of Science I. Bob has also been training on the half-mile track from Central to the University, and besides being a member of the choir, is having his fine voice trained by the University organist, Faunce Allman.

After a disastrous attempt last year at sleeping all day and talking all night, Peter Maddox is now having a shot at working all day and studying all night, still at Arts I. Beside being a member of the Student Christian Movement, he is studying the organ, also with the University organist.

The terrible twins of 5th Year 1951, Lee Dworjanyn and Zigmas Budrikis, may still be seen sipping coffee in the Women's Union with their fair friends. Although not yet having announced any world-shattering theory of Einsteinian proportions, these two are still hopeful, and we are looking forward with interest to the results of their studies in Physical Chemistry and Feminine Physique.

An ex-student of some years standing, Stewart Clements, has shaken the Bathurstian dust from his feet in order to study theology. Stewart is finding his particular mixture of Theology, Arts and Law, as well as being a fresher in St. Andrew's College, the extreme in exhaustion.

Last, and also least distinct, is the shade of Bob Vincent, well-known student of former days. Bob is believed to have been seen around the Economics Building, but it may have been just the mist rising from the women's playing field.

John Scott is now doing his fourth year in Engineering. Scotty has had some experience recently in New Guinea, where he did his practical work.

Jennifer Poole is doing First Year Science at Sydney University.

Liya Aire is doing Dentistry.

Graham Ambrose is doing his second year in Medicine.

Brian Booth, mentioned elsewhere, is in the third year of his Physical Education course.

Margaret Learmonth also is doing her final year in Physical Education. She has represented College in hockey firsts, tennis firsts and in basketball. Margaret, in addition, won a place in the interstate junior cricket team.

At Teachers' College Don Brown and Kevin Chew are in the second year in their Technical course.

Arthur Baillie, teaching by day, continues his University studies by night.

—PETER MADDOX.

"BURR" CONTRIBUTORS

The school responded excellently to the call to make a "Burr". Many good articles we were, through limited space, unable to print. The "Burr" staff sincerely thanks all contributors for their efforts.
Original Contributions

SECOND GLANCE

How many of us, concerned as we are with the hustle and bustle of everyday living, ever stop to notice the beauty of the everyday things around us? Everyone at some time or other has stopped to admire some view or object which was particularly eye-catching and beautiful, but how often is this view away from the everyday scenes which we see day after day without giving a thought to their picturesque beauty, and which catch the eye of a stranger as soon as he sees them?

Everywhere, every day, somewhere, if we care to look for it, there is some gift of Mother Nature for us to appreciate or admire. The question is, do we stop to look at it? We are too busy with our humdrum existence to give it even a thought. If we did stop to look at it we would probably get a pleasant surprise at the lift it would give to our spirits, often dulled by the sameness of our regular journey, no matter how short or how long it may be, to our daily occupation.

Next time you are hurrying home on a bleak winter’s evening, don’t just look at the sky, shiver, pull your coat collar closer around your ears, and hurry on, thinking of the warm fire and hot dinner waiting for you at home. Take a second look and notice the beauty of the greys, blues and mauves of the clouds, and notice also the stark beauty of the bare branches of the trees etched against the sky. One doesn’t have to have a brilliant sunset or a warm summer’s day with fluffy white clouds floating across a clear blue sky to appreciate the beauty the sky and clouds can give us. They are beautiful to look at every day, at any time, if you stop to look at them.

Have you ever noticed the beauty of the frost on the grass and hedges in the morning, and the beautiful white traceries it makes on the wire netting? Or were you too busy blowing your hands and stamping your feet and thinking how cold it is? You see, even in the winter the world around us is just as beautiful as in the spring, summer and autumn which provide us with the vivid and beautiful colours of nature’s palette.

The colours might not be so distinct and vivid in most cases, but what could be more beautiful than the sun shining on a sparkling sheet of snow? Is not that just as beautiful as the sun sparkling on the blue waters of a bay on a cloudless summer’s day, or the sun catching the spray of a waterfall as it tumbles over a rocky gorge, turning it into a myriad of sparkling rainbows?

So you see, if you really look, there is beauty all around us ready to lift your heart and quicken your step whenever you feel disconsolate with the monotony of everyday things. All you have to do is really look at things instead of going around staring at your feet all the time. Look up! and look around you, for there’s plenty to see if you really look and take a second glance.

—JANNE ELTON, 5th Year.
STOWAWAY!

I was aboard a ship, not as a member of the crew, but as a stowaway! No one really knew that I was on board until I was caught wandering around the cook’s kitchen looking for something to eat.

The man who caught me was the first mate, and his name was Louie; he had a shock of brick-red coloured hair, and whiskers. He was angry when he first discovered me, but later when he regained his normal self he marched me up to the captain’s cabin.

“Caught this young fella out near the kitchen, cap’n: stowaway he is,” snapped Louie.

“Well, well, a stowaway eh? Now young man, you know I’ll have to put you on board the next ship that heads for home,” said the captain in an angry voice. He looked at me and said, “Why have you really wanted to stow away? You’re not running away from home, are you? You haven’t done anything wrong?”

“Oh no, sir,” I stammered. “I haven’t done anything wrong, honest I haven’t; all I’ve done is to come aboard your ship because I’ve always had a yearning to come to sea and find things out for myself.” I answered, looking up into the deep brown eyes of the burly captain.

“Now tell me the truth. Why have you run away from home?” asked the captain in a severe voice.

“Well sir, I have a friend back home whose brother stowed away in a ship when he was only fourteen, and I thought that if I could do the same I would be able to get away from my aunt and her home, which she has taken ever since my parents were killed.” I stopped speaking for a moment to think of my old home as it was when my parents were alive.

“You know, captain, if you gave me a job as cabin boy or something, then I wouldn’t have to go back to all those ‘stuffed shirts’ again. I’d hate to go back there again: I’d just hate it!”

“I’m sorry lad, but orders are made to be carried out, but for the time being you can go below with Louie and he will fix you up a bunk somewhere,” the captain said as he patted me on the shoulder.

That night I lay awake for hours just thinking, thinking of what the next day would bring. Would I be put onto another ship and be sent back home to school and books? I was still thinking of this when I heard yells just out on deck. At first I thought I was dreaming, but then I heard someone yelling. “Hands on deck. Fire!” When I heard the word “fire” my head reeled, and I felt squeeze and giddy in the pit of the stomach. Then I put my feet onto the floor almost automatically, and realising the dangerous situation for the first time, I raced to the cabin door, tugged at the handle and pushed it open. As I ran down one of the verandas I noticed a bucket with a mop sticking out of it. I grabbed the bucket and mop and saw that it still contained some water, so holding the handle, I rushed madly across the deck looking for the rest of the crew.

“Where is everybody? I shouted frantically as I ran. I stood still for a moment and looked about me, peering into the inky blackness. The night was silent except for the continual thumping of my heart and my heavy frightened breathing.

“Well done my boy,” said a dark figure as it loomed out of the darkness. As I looked about me I could see the whole crew all coming out of the darkness. Then the captain said, “You’ve just been through your Entrance Test and you’ve proved to me that you’ll be all right on this ship. Ah, I see you’ve already got the bucket and mop in your hands. Well, you can start work to-morrow as cabin boy.”

I let the mop slip out of my hand onto the deck and saluted my new master. I had my first assignment on a real ship!

—JANICE LIDDEN, 3B.

SUNRISE

Reluctantly the twilight gives way to the faint rays of the sun, which is emerging from the east. A vague, greyish light suffuses the sky, and puffs of wind sweep the clouds across that light, which though so even and feeble, looks welcome after the inky blackness of the night.

The light grows brighter and faintly golden. Now the banks of clouds which are storm-tossed and fleecy, race past one another, part, and unite again like veils of invisible great dancers waved by hands that control the infinite space. They advance and rush, unite once more and finally tear apart to reveal the rising sun, honey-coloured and mysterious. It rises as if from an unseen ocean far away.

The sunlight spreads its beams over the wide stretch of country, throwing over it as it spreads, dull tones of scarlet, indigo and blue, and making visible, here and there, stunted trees with fringed gaunt arms, which are bending to prevailing winds from the nearby sea.

The sun is fully up now and its light has triumphed over the night, which was so full of sinister shadows that would frighten the bravest man. The dew on the fresh and green grass glimmers and glitters, like cats’ eyes in the dark, as the rays fall majestically upon it.

The birds, which had hitherto lain in their snug little nests, flutter their wings, revealing many bright colours, and rising with the sun vanishing in many directions. At sunset they will return, but now the vivid sun had awakened them to a new and glorious day.

—HELENE GAHA, 4th Year.

THE SUNSET

One of the most beautiful scenes God has created is the sunset. At sunset the toil of the long day is over, the golden sun sinks in the west, the grey clouds begin to turn pink and the distant hills change from purple-blue to mauve. Shadows lengthen and the myriad cries of many air fowls are heard as they return to their nests.

While the ducks are gliding peacefully on the dam the willy-wagtail is close by searching for insects. The gentle lowing of mother cow calling her calf, mingled with the bleeting of the sheep, helps to magnify the beauty of sounds and scenes of sunset.

Sunset is a time when the whole world goes to rest with the exception of a couple of birds like the night owl and a few moths. One of the most fascinating scenes to watch is sheep returning from water. In single file they walk back to their paddocks with little woolly ball-like lambs frisking and frolicking along by the sides of their mothers.

As the world falls into silence sounds from far away can be heard. Sounds such as cars driving over the bridge some distance away, or the train whistling into the station and then steaming away on its journey again.

Only the slightest colouring is left in the sky to remind us of the day just passed, and soon the bright evening star will appear to help light the world for the long hours of the night.

—MARIE SPICER, 4th Year.
ELEGY

On the crest of a hill a lonely tree
Stands and surveys the world.
How long has it stood?
How long has it watched?
I do not know.

How many hearts have been broken?
How many tears have been shed?
How many ripples of laughter
Have broken the silence?
I cannot tell.

The countless tears would form a river,
The millions of laughs a bridge.
The splinters of broken hearts
Would float towards the sea.
This I know.

—HELENE JAMES, 4th Year.

RAIN-STORM

As I gazed from the window, I saw away to the west that storm clouds were gathering on the horizon. Soon the storm would be upon us. By some uncanny instinct the small creatures seemed to realise this, for ants were busily running up and down, and from somewhere I could hear the dull buzz of dopey flies. Everything seemed to be waiting, watching and waiting. A breathless hush of anticipation closed over the humid atmosphere.

As the lowering clouds grew nearer, the fowls retired into their shelter and the dog crept uneasily onto the verandah. The animation left the birds: engulfed by this pervading sensation of expectancy, they sat quietly on their trees.

A jagged fork of lightning, followed by a rumbling roll of thunder rent the air. Then the rain came, tentatively at first, as though seeking to find how the parched earth would receive it, until, gaining confidence, it pelted down, making miniature canyons in the hard ground.

For nearly twenty minutes the rain fell in torrents, but soon it eased off. When it had completely eased the dormant world seemed to spring alive. The sun peeped from behind the thinning clouds and gave a watery smile. His rays lit up the drops of water on the grass and leaves, and these drops sparkled like flawless diamonds. A spider’s web, which had previously been invisible, was now revealed by hanging drops of moisture.

A clean, earthy smell came from the soaked ground, and altogether the world looked cleaner and fresher than before the storm had come.

—INEZ GRAY, 4th Year.

TRAPPED IN THE RANGES

My brother Jack, and I, lived with our parents on a small orchard at the foot of the Moonbi Ranges. The birds were always eating our fruit. One day we heard a passing stranger say to mother:

“If you had a young eagle with his wings clipped, in the orchard, he would keep the birds away.”

So Jack and I had an idea. We decided to go to the ranges the following day and catch a young eagle.

Early next morning we set out, and about nine o’clock we were scrambling up the dry bed of a mountain stream between high rugged cliffs on our way towards the nests of the mighty wedge-tailed eagle. At last we reached a small valley in the ranges surrounded by towering cliffs. Just as we reached it we heard a whirr of wings and saw a big eagle come sailing in with a rabbit in his claws. He landed on a big pile of sticks in a leaning pine on the side of a steep cliff. We could see a young eagle in the nest.

Jack was just looking around to see the best way to climb the cliff when we heard the roll of thunder and heavy rain drops began to fall. We took shelter in a cave under the cliffs. How it rained! It fell in torrents and soon the creek was a banker.

After several hours the storm passed away and we came out of the cave, and decided to go home, as the cliffs were now too wet and slippery to climb. When we reached the mouth of the valley, what a surprise we received! The water from the creek was half way up the cliffs, and we were trapped in the ranges.

How scared I was! Already I felt hungry, and I saw myself starving to death if we had to wait for the water to go down. Jack gave a shout. He had found a willaby pad leading up into the cliffs.

For what seemed like hours we followed the pad, slipping and sliding about until at last we came on to the side of the mountain not far from our home.

We made our way home, and when mother asked us where we had been, we said we’d taken shelter from the storm.

That night, after tea, mother mentioned what the stranger had said about the eagle. She asked Jack if he could catch one, but Jack replied, “No; I think the orchard will have to do without the eagle.”

—BETTY SYMONDS, 2C.

AUSTRALIA

My native land, Australia fair,
The birthplace of the wattle,
With waterfall and flowers rare,
And herds of lowing cattle.

The forest giants, green and tall,
Stand clear against the sky,
And through the breaks the bell-bird’s call
Comes sweetly drifting by.

The towering mountains overlook
The wide, extending plain,
And the merry laugh of a babbling brook
Is mingled with songs of rain.

—ELAINE GALE, 1B.
STEVenson’S LAST HOME

"Here he lies where he longed to be,
Home is the sailor home from the sea,
And the hunter home from the hill."

These are the lines which are engraved on the tomb of Robert Louis Stevenson. All his life, this man lived in pain and sickness. But he continued to remain cheerful, and make others cheerful to the very end. His prose and verse have brought joy to young and old alike.

Stevenson was born in Scotland, and from a very early age was stricken with disease. As he grew older, he searched the world for a place where he might rest contented. At length he settled in the Samoan island group.

Not much longer than one hundred years ago, Samoa was a group of islands inhabited by hostile savages; the warriors were classed according to the number of human heads they owned. Very deadly weapons were always kept in good condition.

Then civilisation moved in. What was civilisation? Many people visualise armistice standing on the beautiful beaches, and setting up machine guns, mortars, or twenty-five pounders. Or did the ‘goodies’ send huge squadrons of aircraft to send bombs hurtling through the palm-thatch roofs? No, civilisation was brought by a small group of Tongan warriors on a war canoe. Their only weapon was a Bible.

All people are now welcome to a small nation of friendly, loving, Christian people. Imagine the scene as a huge steamer ploughs through the gap in the coral into a spacious lagoon. The fiery, red-golden sun cuts a golden path across the deep blue waters to our ship. Although the water in the lagoon is still quite deep, the bottom is easily seen. It is a really glorious sight: the bright yellow sand beneath the blue. Schools of brightly coloured fishes, of all types and species, are gliding gracefully to and fro. Pieces of pink and white coral, in many beautiful shapes, are easily visible.

All around the beaches, shapely coconut palms sweep the shores. Directly ahead is the huge crater of a long extinct volcano. In the lee of this great towering head lies the jungle, full of beauty, mystery and adventure. Right on the shore stands the pretty little town of Apia, with the large European buildings most prominent. Beyond this lie the humble dwellings of the islanders.

As the huge anchor rattle to the bottom, sweet and soulful singing is wafted to our ears by the pleasant tropical breeze. The palm trees sway in unison, while the beautiful tropical aroma floats invitingly to us.

Suddenly this magical and entrancing picture is forgotten, as the excited and exciting inhabitants of Samoa prepare to welcome their visitors. The first thing we see of the brown people is when their sixty-foot open fau-tasi canoes come to meet us. The old custom is in progress. All crews strain diligently on their oars to win the race, and to be the first to greet the new visitors. And now our landing craft are escorted by hundreds of brown, friendly, muscular and somewhat shy oarsmen. We are then directed to our lodgings under the curious and friendly gaze of the natives.

New missionaries are always greeted by a feast. For the primitive methods used in cooking and preparing the feast, it is really an amazing display. Though quite different from European food, the spread is delicious. At many intervals along the floor (we sit cross-legged on the floor) are whole roast pigs and boars. Fish plays a big role on the menu. For dessert we have taro and tapioca. To fill in are mangoes, paw-paws, coconuts, pineapples and bananas. Everyone has to taste the ceremonial drink, kava, and when the chiefs are not looking, those Australians who have weak palates, quietly and unnoticed spit the stuff out. The food is cooked in the remains of a huge fire. A hole is dug in the ashes, the cooking is wrapped in huge banana leaves and buried in the ashes. After twenty-four hours, the food is taken out, deliciously cooked.

The fish are caught at night. A party of natives stands neck-deep across the lagoon, a net strung between them. Another party beginning at the opposite end of the lagoon, moves towards the net. The second party wave bright torches, and with much shouting and stirring of feet, scare the fish into the net, which quickly surrounds them.

Shark fishing is much more dangerous. Very light canoes, manned by about three men, go out into the ocean. Sharks are lured to the top by a piece of meat, nosed round the head with a rope, and then that head is mercilessly malleted with a chunk of wood until the shark is dead.

Boars are the fiercest animals in Samoa. No particular tactics are used to catch them, but when surrounded by numerous strong men, brandishing sharpened pikes, their lives are to them now worthless.

The rest of the food for our banquet is just picked.

Let us now make an excursion around our new home. First of all we see the native dwellings. Just thatched roofs on posts which are surrounded by blinds which are let down at night. The most frequently used buildings in the village are the churches, which everyone attends.

As we approach the Avoka Mission School we see that the girls are in festive mood. On the green, they are dancing in their grass skirts and gaily colored frills around their necks. They are only accompanied by their own singing, which is very sweet and tuneful. Going through the school building, we find a magnificent display of basketry. Brilliantly colored mats cover the floors, and everywhere are tiny objects with intricate designs, expertly put together.

We leave the school and soon come upon a men’s cricket match. There are two sides with about sixty men in each team. Rules are quite forgotten, and as the Samoan players are so unselfish, rules are not needed. Very fast bowlers pound the ball at very quick-eyed batsmen who, with bats much more like baseball clubs, have no trouble in scoring fours and sixes at every shot. The game progresses very quickly, and each side has anything up to five innings.

During the last war, the Americans built roads in the most difficult places, which the British would not have thought of doing. This enables us to have a look at the wilder and more natural parts of the island. Here, in the jungle, we find a very humid atmosphere. Vines and entangled undergrowth are matted thickly together. This place is infested with leeches, snakes and wild boars, which somewhat detracts from the natural beauty. There are some very strange and beautiful plants, and a few, though not very many, brightly coloured butterflies.

In the village things are progressing. Their buildings are more modern. They make quick lime from coral, which is heated very highly in underground kilns.

Altogether, Samoa is an ideal place, with an ideal climate, with an ideal people.

It is little wonder then, that Stevenson chose this place as his last home. He found that the Samoans were a really loving and friendly people, and as the climate suited so admirably his bad health, he could live here in peace.
Between him and the Samoans was built a very firm bond of love, as is the same with so many people who have known them.

On Stevenson's death there was great mourning throughout this small nation. As a mark of love and respect, they built a beautiful palm-lined road, now called 'The Road of Loving Hearts'.

His home is now Government House, and his grave is a place all visitors visit, and all Samoans can tell of fond memories of this great old man.

—GRAHAM MADDOX, 3A.

THE BUSH BREEZE

The bush wind's dress was moist with dew,
And sweet with scent of gum;
The scent of roses wafted, too,
With wild geranium.

Old bushfolk lifted weary eyes
To sense the bushland breeze,
And wondered why a wind should rise
That smelt of wattle trees.

The tiny brook was tumbling by,
Rippling over its bed,
Reflecting the blueness of the sky,
And gum trees tinged with red.

Green with moss, the old bush path
Was winding near the stream;
The crickets chirruped in the earth,
Their shiny backs a gleam.

The bush wind sighed and went her way,
But well the bush wind knew
The scent of gums would always stay
'Mid all the scents she blew.

—INEZ GRAY, 4th Year.

COASTAL BEAUTY

Blackman's Bay is a typical South Coast fishing village. Snuggled cosily in a natural basin formed by an undulating slope bounded by the Great Range, the river, and the sea, its quaint, old-fashioned houses cling to meandering streets, if they can be called streets, and present a novel contrast to the natural surroundings.

Quite naturally, the township possesses only enough tradesmen to provide for the fishermen and their families. In what may be termed the main street, several quite unconcerned shopkeepers sell the normal necessities, and of course, fishing tackle and bait. Along the waterfront are two wharves, both capable of accommodating coastal steamers, and here timber and coal are loaded.

The village receives a good quota of tourists, who are received with placid indifference by the townsfolk.

Everything about the settlement seems antique and quite obsolete. Dozens of sea-battered fishing boats chug sadly out to sea every morning before dawn, and there is some really good fishing to be had off the coast. Everyone in the town knows everybody else, and the inhabitants are a study themselves, all being typical characters of the world of fiction. "Progress" appears to be missing from the town's dictionary, and everything in the way of discarded boats, oars and maats, just lies in the sun and salt spray on the beach and slowly rots.

The village proper lies about a mile up a broad, sweeping river, which rolls endlessly between a series of grey sand beaches on one side, and grim, forbidding cliffs on the other. Nature has intervened again, and provided most unusual features to the river. Starting high in the mountains, it winds its way down to the sea, where it is about a mile wide. A small, though lofty-cliffed island breaks the monotony of the rolling water, and sand-bars stretch out their treacherous fingers on the town side.

By far the most attractive feature of the district is the most breathtaking scenery. From the summit of a nearby hill, one is given an impression of a combination of rugged sea-stormed scenery, and calm views which have a soothing and pacifying effect. On the left the Pacific surges in to the rocky cliffs, her towering waves crashing amidst a wild cascade of spray onto the impenetrable fortress of rock. On the right the bright sun, and a gentle, cool breeze seem to have pacified the swell, making it roll gently upon a beach of clean, white sand. Right to the shore creeps a covering mantle of undergrowth and towering red gums, the blossoms of which are a delight to see. A blue sky shelters the whole picture from flaws, and a few fluffy wisps of cloud dance across the brilliant ceiling.

But now the scene changes. Grim black clouds threaten the coast. Rising rapidly, a wind sweeps them on over the picturesque coastal hills. The swell rises furiously, until mountainous waves crash against the cliffs, sending sheets of spray towards a ceiling of menacing darkness. Cloud meets sea, and the coast is threatened to be enveloped between the storm and the sea. The elements clash with all their fury, and it is then that we are given a perfect description of the power, the majesty, and the fury of the sea: an impression of grim beauty that will linger in our memories till the end of time.

—BRIAN HOLBECHE, 3A.
MALTA

Malta is a small island belonging to the British Commonwealth of Nations. It is twenty-one miles long and seven miles wide. Malta has a population of roughly one million, the majority being in the eastern half of the island, the north-western half being far too rugged and barren. The soil found on Malta has all been imported from other countries. Very little soil is imported now, however, because of the danger of pests. Horse-drawn ‘garries’ are used for transport, and all hearse are drawn by four black horses. A garry is drawn by one horse, and looks like a huge box standing upright on four wheels. The houses are built of a soft yellowish limestone, which is dug from quarries. The quarries are then used to store water which the island is generally short of. The houses are built straight up from the streets, and are all two stories high, with shuttered windows, tiled floors and flat roofs. The roof serves the purpose of a back yard as space is so limited, and it is no uncommon thing to see the washing hung on the roof. In the back streets of Valetta, the capital, the washing is hung between the houses. There are very few modern facilities to be found on the island.

The roads are very narrow, winding and dangerous, and are usually only wide enough for one-way traffic, although they are used for two-way. Everywhere surrounding the villages are small acre fields. There are no fences, and every field is surrounded by a rock wall. The farmers plant all their crops by hand, and use a wooden one-furrow plough drawn by a donkey, to plough with. They produce only enough for their own individual families, the main products being citrus fruits, potatoes, tomatoes, and a small amount of grain crops. Goats and ‘shoats’ are the main animals on the island, the shoat being a cross between a sheep and goat.

Malta has no important industries and relies on England to employ many of her people and for upkeep of the island in general. Malta, however, is an extremely important base in the Mediterranean. At present the R.N., R.A.F., R.A.A.F., and U.S.N. forces are occupying the island. Malta also is an important base for N.A.T.O. operations, as it is very central.

The climate is like that of most Mediterranean countries—a long, hot, dry summer, and a mild, wet winter. The majority of the people belong to the Roman Catholic Church. The people are extremely religious, and statues representing saints can be seen at street corners and on houses. Saint Paul is the patron saint of Malta, as he was shipwrecked there, and it was he who first brought Christianity to the island.

Each village annually holds a fiesta in remembrance of the saints. For the average Maltese this is the event of the year. The villages compete against each other for the best fireworks display, and some of the crackers cost up to £50 each. The church itself is outlined with differently coloured lights so that it can be seen clearly at a great distance.

Every book, film or magazine which enters the country, is censored by His Excellency the Bishop. Two-piece bathing costumes, slacks, sun-frocks without boleros, strapless evening gowns and shorts are prohibited, and anyone wearing any of the garments is liable to a fine.

In general, the Maltese are not well educated. They are very poor, and there are very few schools to which they can go. The families, also, are so large that it would be practically impossible to afford to have them all educated.

Labour is very cheap and plentiful. For example, a maid can be employed to do all the housework in the morning for seven shillings. The majority of the Maltese are employed by the Services, Servicemen and their wives.

Malta was presented with a George Cross during the last war. Their survival was due mainly to the unnumbered amount of caves underground. The caves are mostly man-made, and are used now mainly by the Forces and for food-storing purposes.

—V. FREEMAN, 3rd Year.

NIGHTFALL

Behind the lengthening shadows, the sun declines.
And the peace of evening descends on the bustling world.
Darkness softly mingles in the summer air,
And the earth falls dreamily into the pleasure of innocent repose.

 Maidenly the moon rises into the velvety sky,
Where in rare beauty she reigns the length of the night.
In a gliding motion, she passes along the paths of the stars.
Which begin to fade with the coming of to-morrow’s light.
—E. WINDSOR, 5th Year.

EXTRACTS FROM SHAKESPEARE’S “THE TEMPEST”

‘Our hint of woe is common’.—The L.C.
‘Uninhabitable and almost inaccessible’.—The portables in winter.
‘Which is indeed almost beyond credit’.—Homework in on time.
‘And the rarest that e’er came there’.—This year’s Fifth Year.
‘That sort was well fish’d for’.—A girl who is popular among the boys.
‘Whose enmity they flung aside’.—The first grade football team’s defeat of Warrington.
‘Enter into something rich and strange’.—The science laboratory after an experiment.
‘Thy conscience is possessed with guilt’.—No homework done.
‘Tread softly, that the blind mole may not hear a footfall’.—Arriving late for lessons.
‘With eyes wide open; standing speaking, moving and yet so fast asleep’.—After the Astley Cup dance.
‘What stuff is this?’—Question from Chemistry teacher after an experiment.
‘If of life you keep a care, Shake off slumber and beware’.—End of an Economics period.
‘My stomach is not constant’.—After a dissection lesson in Biology.
‘The sun will set before I shall discharge what I must strive to do’.—Attempt at Maths. homework.
‘Poor worm, thou art infected’.—Favourite saying of the Biology teacher.
‘I’ll to my books; for yet, ere supper-time, must I perform much business appertaining’.—Preparations the day before the L.C.
‘Batter his skull, or pock him with a stake’.—Killing caterpillars at P.T.
‘Their manners are more gentle than of our human generation you shall find’.—Girls’ first-grade hockey team.
‘They vanish’d strangely’.—The broken chairs in Fifth Year room.
‘Here’s a maze trod, indeed, through fortrimings and meanders’.—Explanation of a Maths. problem.

—K. HOWARD, 5th Year.
A MIDNIGHT ADVENTURE


Just as Ken, who was to meet his four mates, Kevin, Andy, Don and Eric, at midnight, crept from his bed, a police patrol car, its siren screaming, raced past his house and disappeared into the night. He was afraid that the noise might awaken his parents and completely spoil his plans. He listened intently but nothing stirred. All was as silent as the grave. Quickly he dressed, putting on an extra pullover, and crept down the stairs, hardly daring to breathe. Remembering the fact that he might need a torch, he entered the bathroom, and after fumbling around for a few seconds in the darkness, he finally found one and flicked it on to assure himself that it was in proper working condition. Having discovered this, he slipped it into his pocket. As he was going out the gate he heard someone walking down the footpath. Immediately he shrank back into the shadow of a big tree. Eventually the figure of a man crossed the street and entered a house.

Ken glanced at the luminous hands of his watch. It was almost midnight. The next moment he was hurrying down the now deserted roadway. At length he sighted his young friends, who advanced towards him. Finally the boys were grouped together, whispering softly.

"I suggest that we go to the deserted house," hissed Don.

"What's that?" asked Eric, quizzically.

"Well," continued Don. "It's an enormous house perched on the top of a hill and no-one will live there."

"Why?" asked Kevin, with a touch of sarcasm in his voice.

"Because," he cried, "it's haunted!"

Everyone stared incredulously.

"Come on," Don said, "snap out of it and I'll tell you the story. For the past week people have been sending in reports about strange happenings around the house. Only yesterday a native happened to wander up there just on dusk and was frightened out of his wits by a strange light and a noise which he said sounded like thunder. So you see it isn't altogether impossible for the house up there to be haunted."

The boys started along the road but soon left it and followed a rough track which strangely disappeared among the stout weeds and rocks. They continued on and quite by accident discovered something else—two wheel tracks of a car. The boys followed these, and were making good progress when, topping a rise, they froze in their shoes. There was the old estate. The fences were overgrown with weeds, and every window was broken or cracked. Suddenly the shattered remains of one window was illuminated by a candle light. Eric, who had now become a little jittery, let out a yell and made off back down the hill. Andy ran after him, and catching him by the seat of the pants, dragged him back. Slowly but surely the boys advanced cautiously, step by step, picking their way so that there would be no noise made. Finally they reached the gloomy house and made their way towards the window from which the light emerged. The boys looked through the window, and to their horror saw two notorious-looking gunmen. They stood behind a table and began to count an enormous pile of money. The boys jumped back in fright.

Don, who was the youngest in the party, was sent for the police, while the others tried to find out all they could. They heard the men make several remarks, none of which held much importance. Everything was going along according to plan, when Eric sneezed. Panic-stricken, the men wheeled round, half expecting the police had discovered them. The men made a hurried exit from the house, and with drawn guns, advanced to the front door.

"You tie these kids up while I get the money," he said. "The little pests have spoiled our plans, but it's better not to have the police come looking for them and find us."

The boys were tied hand and foot, and by the time this was completed the other man had returned, carrying a small Gladstone bag.

"Now!" he roared in a voice like thunder. "Let's get out of here!"

His words were punctuated by a hail of bullets, sending one man to the ground. The other man's hand dropped to his holstered gun, but he was overpowered before the gun cleared leather. He was handcuffed together with the other man, who was only slightly wounded. They were driven away to headquarters. Inspector Colbran, who had led the police squad to the scene, ordered one of his men to untie the boys. Once free, the boys were asked several questions, which they answered promptly.

The boys followed Inspector Colbran into his car, and were met by Don's beaming face. They congratulated him for his fine effort. Half an hour later they were all safely at home, each of them thinking of the night's wonderful adventure. Ken especially was thinking of the siren and the police car. In the midst of all this he fell asleep.

Next morning Ken collected the newspaper, in which were the headlines, "TWO MEN ARRESTED AND CHARGED WITH ROBBERY".

That afternoon the boys were handsomely rewarded.

—M. CLARKE, 1A.

A FROSTY MORNING

The frost lies thickly on the ground,
While fog hangs overhead.
The air is free from human sound,
As all are still in bed.

Then roosters crow and sheep all bleat,
Awakening the morn.
While fires are lit to give some heat
To those awake at dawn.

The fog then slowly rises high,
The sun appears so bright,
Shining in the pale blue sky,
Sending forth its light.

And now the air is filled with sound,
As all are bright and gay,
A cheery word each one has found
To speak along his way.

—TOM McPHILLAMY, 3D.
The Burr

YOUNG LOCHINVAR

Oh, young Lochinvar is come out of the west,
From here to the Black Stump his hotrod’s the best,
And save his good shotgun, he weapon had none;
He drove all unarmed, he drove all alone,
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
There never was cowboy like young Lochinvar.

He stayed not for petrol, he stopped not for stone,
He bridged the Esk River where ford there was none,
But ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The Bride had consented; her cowboy came late.
For a killer and gambler who owned not a car,
Was to wed the fair Ellen of young Lochinvar.

So boldly he entered the cabaret hall,
‘Mong cowboys and riders and kinsmen and all.
Then spake the bride’s father, his hand on his gun,
For the wicked old bridgroom could crack not a pun.
‘Oh, where in the heck did you find such a car,
To come to our wedding, young lord Lochinvar?’

“I long woosed your daughter, my suit you have spoilt,
My anger is rising, my blood, it has boil’d.
And now I have come with this shotgun of mine
To tread but one measure, drink one glass of wine.
There are maidens in Texas, more lovely by far.
Who would gladly be bride to young Lochinvar.”

The bride kissed the goblet, the knight threw it up,
He caught it again, and then lapped it up.
She looked down to blush, she looked up to sigh,
With a tear on her lips and a smile in her eye—
He took her small hand, ere her mother said “Na!”
“Now let’s have a dance,” said young lord Lochinvar.

So shapely her form and so handsome his face,
That ne’er a hall such a cowpaw did grace.
While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
And the bridgroom stood by to let fly with a broom.
The bridesmaids were whispering, “What a bomb of a car!
It will blow up upon him before he gets far.”

He grabbed her small hand, and he yelled in her ear.
“We’ll sprint to the door, as my car, it is near.
So light to the back seat the young lady he swung,
He stepped on the starter, but something was bung.
He soon found the trouble, and yelled out “All clear!”
And away went young Lochinvar, with their wrath on his ear.

There was starting of cars mid the cabaret clan,
And cowboys and kinsmen, they chased to a man,
But ere they had gone but a mile further on,
The young cowboy had lost them; he had sold them a scone.
And away like a streak, in his bomb of a car.
With his new bride beside him, went young Lochinvar.

—H. HARRIS, 3A.

OLD MT. GIPPS HOMESTEAD

Few things capture the imagination like an old ruin, especially if there is connected with the ruin something of unusual historic interest. Surely few such relics of the past could conjure up so many flights of fancy as the old Mt. Gipps homestead.

If you follow the well-worn, dusty and corrugated road from Broken Hill to Wilcannia, you will come shortly to the Stephen’s Creek Pub, which you will find occupied by a singing, shouting mob at any time of the day or night. This is a singularly important fact from the point of view of my story, for few people can find sufficient enthusiasm to pass such an oasis in the desert. Thus only the historically-minded ever continue along the two wheeltracks which wind and dip till they disappear over the horizon, while the vandals remain at the pub to slake their thirsts.

About two miles past the pub you will see silhouetted against the skyline the remains of old Mt. Gipps Station. Scattered around the cluster of houses are a few sturdy, stunted trees which have been trying year after year to survive the all-out struggle against lack of water.

Here and there are scattered the pitious remains of some unfortunate beast, which has died from starvation.

Walking through the station you would get an impression of an old deserted “ghost town”, with the employees’ shacks, overseer’s house (which incidentally was inhabited until a few years back), and the main “home”, which includes the famous card room. Just below the settlement are the remnants of an orchard and an ancient well which now has rather vile water in it.

The history of the station dates back to 1850 when it was started by McCullock, just after Sturt’s famous journey probing the interior of Australia. The property absorbed all stations around till it reached the size of some small European kingdom.

It was here that the German boundary rider, Charles Raap, while mustering sheep twenty miles away from the homestead, discovered a lump of mullock which later turned out to be Broken Hill, the largest silver-lead-ore producer in the British Empire.

It was here also that one of the most famous card games in history took place, in which the stake was more than a million pounds, though, of course, the players weren’t to know that its real value was anything more than a one-seventh share in an undeveloped and unprofitable hole in a hill of mullock twenty miles away.

To-day the desert is getting back its own. Soon no stone will be left on another. Gone already are the signs of activity. The grass is growing in the old main chimney, young trees are sprouting through the floors, and the roofs are so rotten that with one touch the rafters will turn to powder. There are not even as many sheep as in the 80’s. While the 30,000 people in the nearest city of Broken Hill have not even enough energy or gratitude to halt this decay, it remains as a permanent monument to the fighting pioneers of the West.

—PETER PULLEY, 2A.
THE HAUNTED HOUSE

It was a fine spring morning in the September holidays, and the house was full of excitement, for we had decided to spend the day exploring the haunted house that overlooked the fallen-down mill on the river.

We set off early — Jim, Snowy and I — with our lunch upon our backs, down the shady lane and across the fields towards our destination.

As we raced happily along, large herds of cattle grazed peacefully in the long, green grass; birds sang merrily among the down wattle boughs, and the busy bees hummed noisily around the blossoming gums.

We reached the river about midday and had lunch, and then we began ascending the grassy ridge to the house.

On reaching the summit we beheld a dilapidated-looking brick house surrounded by an avenue of whispering pines, and the remains of an old garden enclosed by a thick green hedge.

Passing through a rusty iron gate, we followed a winding cobblestone path that ran between two rows of prickly shrubs until we came to a wide cement verandah.

All three stepped cautiously onto it and crept silently across to the big heavy cedar door. Jim pushed it open without any difficulty, and we entered into a long, wide hallway, littered with dust and cobwebs. Everything was quiet and still, a damp and deserted feeling hung all around, and every footstep seemed to echo eerily as we stole along.

We were nearing the hall’s end when suddenly the stillness was broken by a loud bang from behind, and following were three blood-curdling yells that made our spines creep. Terrified, we ran to the door, but found it locked. Next we darted into the long front room to make our escape by the window, but to our horror we ran face to face with a tall monster draped in white, loose, flowing robes, standing in the centre of the floor.

The boys’ faces turned deathly pale, while I seemed to be fixed to the spot with my eyes glued on the ghost.

After several minutes we regained our senses and were preparing to make a dash, when to our amazement the ghost, before we could move, threw off his apparel, and in its place stood Dad with a broad grin across his face. Very much shaken and frightened, we accompanied him from the house and back across the fields towards home, to tell of our exciting experience.

— ELAINE GALE, 1B.

GOING TO SCHOOL

I wake up in the morning.
Very bright and gay.
I hear my father calling.
To start another day.

At 8 o’clock I catch the bus,
Which passes by my gate.
Oh! Isn’t it an awful rush,
When I am running late!

We pick the children up on time.
All along the road
When we arrive at school at nine,
My! haven’t we a load!

— NORMAN BROMFIELD, 1C.

THE SWAGGIE

Through endless days of heat and rain,
He tramps the wild outback;
A rusty billy in his hand,
And a swag upon his back.

A battered hat, with corks arrayed,
Is tilted to the side;
And on his back a million flies
Enjoy an easy ride.

From dawn till dark he’s on the track,
With hopes of reaching town,
Or else some lonely homestead.
Before the sun goes down.

But often these are miles away,
And so, alone, unseen,
He pauses now and then to think
Of things that might have been.

— RUTH SPICER, 1B.

THE MAGIC SLIPPERS

The seventh of July, the seventh of July . . . I couldn’t get this date out of my mind as I lay half asleep, for the seventh of July was to-morrow and to-morrow was to be my birthday, and my only wish was to get a new pair of slippers, for my other ones were old, shabby and neglected, as they lay unwanted under my bed. Next morning I was awakened by the sound of the postman’s whistle. I jumped out of bed excitedly and dressing quickly, I ran downstairs to the door. There in the doorway was a lovely pair of pink slippers with beautiful blue bows tied on them, and the soft fluffy yellow wool on the inside made them comfortable.

I slipped them on impatiently and skipped down the road to show them to my friend, Mary Anne. As I was coming back, the sun was so high in the sky that it made the whole town dance with joy. I felt so happy I wished I could sail on one of the clouds . . .

Then suddenly I felt myself on a cloud, looking on a town of gold. Everything looked so shiny I wished I had a chariot made of gold. I suddenly felt myself being driven along in a shining coach drawn by the most beautiful white horses. I decided to go home and take mummy a big bag of gold for giving me the magic slippers.

I stepped gracefully out of the jewelled coach and was just about to hand the treasure to my breathless mother, when she suddenly looked up with an unexpected but tired look in her eye and said, “Go back to bed this minute and put down that old pair of slippers you’re carrying”.

— WILMA PIEPER, 1E.
THE BURR

“Woof! Woof!” The stillness of the afternoon was broken by the sudden barking of Mr. Keightley’s dog, Britta. Dr. Peachey, who was at this time staying with the Keightley family, rushed around the back to find out why the dog was so excited. On arriving at the kennel, he saw the dog straining his leash in an endeavour to gain freedom. Suddenly the Doctor noticed three armed men dismount, hide their horses behind some thick foliage, and then rush towards the house. Peachey made a dart for the house in order to warn the others, but he was too late; Ben Hall and his two companions, Burke and Vane, had reached the verandah and were ordering the frightened occupants to hand over all their money and valuables.

Suddenly Mr. Keightley made a quick movement. Rushing towards the door, he ushered the two women to the bedroom, where they crouched noiselessly under the bed. The two men, Mr. Keightley and Dr. Peachey, having grabbed their guns, rushed to guard the doors. Keightley was determined to try to keep his valuables.

Meanwhile, Hall’s men had taken cover, and Burke, who had hidden by the well, decided that he would have a better chance to shoot if he was behind the barn. He made a dart across the yard, but fortunately he hadn’t noticed Keightley hidden behind the back door. Keightley had a chance, and he fired. The fatal shot struck Burke and he staggered helplessly for a few seconds, then fell to the ground. Vane was infuriated and endeavoured to shoot Keightley, but he was stopped by Ben Hall, who declared that the sum of £500 would save Keightley’s life.

Horses were harnessed, and Mrs. Keightley started her long journey to Bathurst to get the £500 so that her husband’s life might be saved. Meanwhile, Mr. Keightley was stranded on a hill from which the Bathurst road could be plainly seen. Ben Hall threatened that if Mrs. Keightley was seen bringing back the police her husband would be shot the moment they came into view. When Mrs. Keightley arrived home she handed the £500 reluctantly to the bushrangers, and before long the clippety clappetty clip clop of horses’ feet gradually faded away as the bushrangers went on their homeward journey.

An eerie silence hung over the household for a short time, after which followed an animated discussion of the terrifying incident that had just taken place.

—ELAINE EMANUEL, 3B.

APPRECIATION OF THE SHORTEST POEM IN THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE — “PARSLEY’S GHASTLY”

First, let us take the thought content of this poem and analyse it carefully. After much speculation as to the meaning of these poetic terms we resort to the use of the dictionary. Here we find parsley defined as “a herb used for seasoning”. The poem immediately takes on new meaning for us, and becoming more and more interested, we search further and find “ghastly” to mean “hideous”. Suddenly a wave of enlightenment breaks over us and we realise that at last we have boiled the meaning of this neat, compact little poem down to “a hideous herb used for seasoning”.

We are overcome by the atmosphere of this romantic poem and soar away to dizzy heights in a land of parsley. But surely, we agree, as we are transferred back to the schoolroom once again by the striking of the bell, no poet could have felt stronger than we when he declared, “Parsley’s Ghastly”.

—MARGARET HENNINGS, 5th Year.

THE FIG TREE

She smiled at me, a wan and joyless smile, a queer, twisted smile that showed that she, although exhausted by grief, sensed also the feeling of companionship between us, and gave expression to it in this charming way. She smoothed with lingering fingers the small mound beneath the fig tree, and, as if in a trance, set in place the tiny cross, the eloquence of pity in its simplicity. As if instinctively, she knelt down, her whole body trembling with yearning for the motionless puppy lying beneath the ground. It is hard, at seven, to lose one’s treasured companion. I could remember well the night, four carefree months past, when she had brought him home. It was late winter, and the black, leafless trees were shivering under the onslaught of a sharp, stinging, grey veil of wind and sleet, tormented by the maddening wind. She had come from the wintry turmoil outside to the sheltered warmth of the fireside, her cheeks rosy with cold and her long black hair bedraggled by the rain. Her brown eyes were glowing with unsuppressed excitement, and she clasped tightly against her a warm, living bundle. Her dreams had been fulfilled, and from that moment the little girl and her dog were inseparable companions. Her face would pucker with laughter at his naive antics, but her eyes would glint with tears when she was scolded for misdemeanours. She shared his joy and his sorrow.

The morning of his death had awakened in languid garments of rose and grey, and slowly diffused itself in gold. The cheerful bustle of housework continued on to the merry accompaniment of chattering tongues, was suddenly stifled by a ringing, terrified scream. She had been busily playing with the dog on the sun-bathed front steps of the house when he over-exuberance of an impulsive dash down the steps had carried him onto the roadway into the path of a huge truck. The driver pulled up with a curse and a screech of brakes, but it was too late. The panic-filled child, realising this, screamed, and incoherent with grief, fled to her mother for consolation. Her near-hysterical babbling and sobbing as she clung to her mother, re-echoed through the saddened house, until, the storm passing, they died away in convulsive gulps.

For the happy, it must have been a glorious morning. The grass, still moist from the dainty brush of the dew, was golden dappled beneath the trees. The fig tree, its grey boughs garnished with green, danced resiliently in the fresh breeze. The carolling of the birds, seeming like joy crystallised in song, cascaded in mellow golden notes into the azure sky, leaping to the highest heavens. She seemed to be detached from the joy of the morning, standing in awe of its brightness. Suddenly, engulfed in the soaring wings of the song of a bird, she was swept up from the deep gorge of sorrow to the pinnacle of happiness, and her passage was like a prayer for all those mourning. She smiled at me, a smile no longer sad, but captured by the impetuous happiness of life.

The sorrow of death had melted away in hope and joy, and her happiness was renewed.

—RUTH HARRIS, 4th Year.
CRY "LIBERTY!!"

Her mast was tall, her bow was broad,
She sped across the sea.
She carried a load of felons,
Shivering shadows of misery.

Under the deck a band of men
Were forced to live, because they dared
Their voice to raise against the rich.
And ask for better bread.

Because they saw and dared to speak
Of the common labourer’s plight.
They were sent away from the mother land
To a young land black as night.

But wherever they went, their voices raised
In the cry for liberty
Eventually swept the whole wide world,
And freed men from slavery.

—HELENE JAMES, 4th Year.

TO PRESERVE TEACHERS

Teachers are superior to peaches, in that, if properly preserved, teachers
will keep without deterioration for about fifty years, whereas peaches will
only keep for about two years.

The following principles are guaranteed, regardless of the material:

The first step is to ascertain the quality of the teacher—whether green,
ripe or over-ripe. A good job may be done with all except the last type—
they will not stand the preserving process, and tend to become bitter and
ironical.

Home-grown teachers are the best—they have usually experienced such
difficulty in growing up that they resolve to make it up to their little
pupils. Thus, with them, the first step in the softening process is
unnecessary.

Having ascertained the type, the student should now select suitably
sharpened prongs. These should be heated to redness in a blazing fire, made
by sacrificing one of the over-ripe science teachers. These are dispensable, in
any case, as they do not respond to treatment. Of course, the first torture
should be gentle, and disguised behind a mask of friendliness, innocence
and even mild flattery. For this stage of the treatment, the student must
learn to control that fiendish, diabolical grin, and change it to the sweet
little smile which seems to be taken as a mark of reassurance by most young
teachers. Care should also be taken to accomplish this transfiguration in
the remarkably short time taken by an irate teacher to turn round from the
blackboard.

After careful conditioning, and also frequent use of the ‘silence treat-
ment’, the teacher can become quite rough and raw, and any enterprising
student will have this victim ready for plucking. A touch of spice often
enlivens proceedings at this point.

The treatment may now vary, according to the temperament of the
teacher, and the inclination of the student. Any one worth his salt can
think of ways and more ways to reduce a teacher to a nervous wreck, and
once this is accomplished, the student can build up the victim’s confidence
by condescending to do a little homework. If the torture has been cleverly
disguised, the teacher, finding one good class in the midst of a wilderness of
little pests, will really fall. Now is the time to enforce your demands.

Keep the teacher stirring in a plot of trouble, with many undercurrents
of intrigue thrown in. You will find that this process will preserve any
teacher indefinitely, as it has only to be done once. The teacher will be
too busy planning revenge to worry about growing old, and the effect lasts
for about fifty years, unless he has the surprising good sense to sally forth
into the Foreign Legion, and so end his misery prematurely.

N.B.—None of this applies to women teachers. They do not respond
to treatment—in fact, it is often they who act the role of chief executioner,
with the students as those in the tumbrils.

—JILL FORREST, 5th Year.
The Burr

1. Bassanio was really broke;
   He told Antonio.
   So Tony said, "If cash you want,
   Why then to Shylock go."

2. "My ships are on the seven seas,
   But they’ll be back some day.
   So ask the Jew, and in my name,
   Borrow what you may."

3. The cunning Jew now saw his chance.
   His enemy to slay:
   "Just promise me a pound of flesh,
   In case you cannot pay."

4. Bassanio his ducats took,
   And then to Belmont went;
   With him went Gratiano,
   And there Nerissa met.

5. Now Portia’s Pa had left a will,
   To say whom she should wed.
   A casket must each suitor choose
   Of silver, gold and lead.

6. Morocco choose the one of gold,
   An eye for riches, he!
   The silver choice was Arragon’s,
   His grief was meant to be.

7. Bassanio was fond of sport;
   "I’ll take a chance," said he.
   "The leaden casket, with its threat,
   Is good enough for me."

8. This was the one Portia knew
   Her portrait did contain.
   So all was happiness and joy,
   But still the bond remained.

9. Antonio’s vessels all were wrecked—
   Or so the rumours said.
   And so poor Tony couldn’t pay:
   He wished that he were dead.

10. But when the case was brought to court,
    The cunning Portia, she
    Arrived from Belmont with a friend,
    And to the company’s glee

11. She showed that Shylock hadn’t bought
    Of Tony’s blood one drop.
    And so to Shylock’s mad revenge
    She put a big full stop.

YELLOW FEVER

My story first began in February of the year 1896, when gold was still in its boom year. It concerns Joe Rogan, commonly known as "Crazy Joe" among the prospectors from Kalgoorlie to Adelaide. When Joe went on drinking sprees which lasted from three to four weeks, he would always boast of a mountain of gold.

On this particular morning Joe, having met Andy King, another prospector, loaded his pack camel with camping gear and food. Together they set out across the Nullabor Plains, each riding and leading a camel. As Joe dug his heels into Missacy and roared at Tinker, which were his two camels, he was dreaming of the days to come, when he would be riding back with his share of the gold they would find. But his companion had far different dreams. He was moody and cursing the heat and flies.

After three weeks of travelling both men were sullen. King picked on old Joe most of the time. After making a camp at Hell’s Gulch, some days later old Joe had struck good payable dirt, and here the trouble started, as King wanted a share of the gold but didn’t want to help old Joe win it.

Some five weeks later another prospector named Murray found the remains of a white man at Hell’s Gulch. Some weeks later he reported it to the police at Kalgoorlie. Constable Mason, with two black boys, set out to bury the body, and discover the cause. He had been shot in the forehead. Calling into Cook, three hundred miles from where the body was found, Mason learned that Andy King had passed through without Old Joe’s two camels. This led to the idea that the dead man might be Joe Rogan. So now they had to hunt down Andy King.

Meanwhile Andy had "Crazy Joe’s" outfit and six hundred pounds worth of gold. He had very little food and water, and had already killed his own camel for food. But he didn’t know Mason, with the aid of the black boys, was slowly going on to his quarry. After Andy found out he was being followed, he left his pack camel, and his other camel was just about all in. Later in the same evening Mason was almost upon him.

Andy took out his .32 calibre rifle, took aim and fired. The first shot killed Mason’s camel. Mason drew his six-shooter and fired. Meanwhile the black boys had started on foot. King was scared that the black boys would creep up behind him. When dusk fell he started running, but a shot from Mason’s revolver brought him down to the ground. After a range of shots he finally gave in. Mason bandaged the wound and made him comfortable. He was told how King and "Crazy Joe" had quarrelled over the gold. King had shot him when Joe attacked him with a tomahawk.

Next day Mason started back to Kalgoorlie with his prisoner, minus the black boys. Joe’s gold had done neither him nor King any good.

—WENDY CROSS, 3A.

AN ADVENTURE BY NIGHT

One night I was awakened out of a peaceful sleep by a sudden ringing noise which seemed to come from the verandah, which surrounded the house in which I lived. As I was the only occupant in the house at the time, my fear was aroused to a high tension. I lay in one position for a few of the most terrifying minutes that I was able to recall. The tense circumstances which I was under made the few minutes seem like several dreadful hours.

Then suddenly another clang, clang, and the same noise repeated itself, which aroused my emotions even more. I could not detect what the terrifying noise was, but many thoughts collected in my mind all at once to account for it. Realising that action was the only solution to solving the problem of finding out what was creating this noise, I resolved to take action immediately. Raising enough courage, I gently folded back the clothes and very slowly and silently sat up. The next minute I was feeling my way to the window in the dark which filled the room. Pulling back the curtain which hung at the window, I could not see anyone or anything which could have created that noise. Now that I had found the courage to carry my actions as far as I had, I realised, after hesitating to contemplate the question for a while, that I should venture outside to solve the problem which puzzled me immensely. Swiftly, but extremely carefully, I opened the door which provided an exit onto the verandah. Walking to the verandah wall, I sighed with relief to find that the noise had been created by a dog which apparently had been restless and was dragging its chain over a tin which happened to be nearby. The noise seemed much magnified, which was apparently due to the lack of other noises during the night.

I then returned to bed, comforted by the welcome thought that the noise which I had estimated to be the beginning of a disastrous adventure was entirely harmless, and had caused a great deal of undue alarm. Pondering over the night’s adventures, I came to the conclusion that any noise which would be received without fear or contemplation during daylight may cause many terrifying moments and much unnecessary alarm at night. With these comforting thoughts remaining on my confused mind, I returned to a peaceful sleep.

—NOELA LARNACH. 4A.

THE BLACKOUT

The almost complete darkness and quietness was broken by murmurs of approval as a spluttering match was applied to a candle which was in turn placed in the centre of a white clothed table, illuminating five rather dour faces. As the flickering candle gradually strengthened its weak light, the jangle of knives on crockery rang through the previously quiet room. Just as jumbled phrases such as “Probably Bunnerong”, “Need new Government”, “How long is this going to last?” began to float from occupant to occupant, there was a sudden click and the light flashed on. The electric clock adorning the wall above the now softly purring refrigerator gave an ominous whirr and moved on three more minutes.

The fluttering candle was snuffed out, the blackout had ended.

—J. DICKMAN, 3A.

NATURE

Nature lingers by the river.
All the trees and flowers tell.
The grasses gently shiver
As if saying all is well.

Nature wanders in the woodlands.
In the hills and in the dales.
Watching o’er her flock till sunset.
Retiring then to velvet vales.

Nature watches in the churchyard.
Making sure that all’s at rest.
Crooning gently to the lost ones.
Who are dwelling with the Best.

Nature passes by the city.
Leaving here a stately tree.
So we know we’re not forgotten.
For her work we all may see.

—BARBARA BEARDWOOD. 4th Year.

ODE TO THE SPRING

Leaves are a-rustling,
Telling a tale,
Whisp ring together,
On hill and in dale.

Flowers are a-waking,
Nodding their heads,
Talking so gently
In soft garden beds.

Birds are a-singing,
Flying about.
Something has happened,
Of that there’s no doubt.

But list! Here she comes!
Dancing along.
Followed each morning
By colour and song.

—MOYA McKELLAR, 3A.
House Reviews

WENTWORTH

House Mistresses and Masters: Miss Wallwork and Miss Miller
Mr. Dempsey, Mr. Rae, Mr. Noonan and Mr. Trotter.
House Captains: Ann Pollard and Laurie Evans.
Vice-Captains: Janne Elton and Graham Evans.

Firstly, we would like to extend hearty thanks to our House mistresses and masters, who, during 1954, have played an important part in our various activities.

Wentworth aims high in all standard of sport and school activities. 1954 proved to be a most successful year for the Blues. Our first activity proved a successful one, this being our first school fete, in which we raised the remarkable and record sum of £19/10/- towards our school. This was partly due to the parents of our Wentworth pupils. Our thanks also go to the Wentworth people who donated various foodstuffs.

Our next step was towards the annual Athletics Carnival. This also proved as successful as our fete. The Blues headed the point score and defeated our old rivals in Blaxland. Outstanding performers for Wentworth were Ann Pollard, Maureen Massey and our junior star, Kathleen Morgan, in the girls’ team. Our girls were also very successful in the ball games pennant. For the boys Laurie Evans, Grahame Evans and Bruce Graham were outstanding. Laurie Evans winning the senior honours and Graham Evans the junior, and Bruce Graham dominating the sub-juniors. A high light of the carnival was the high jumping performance of Stan Schofield. Other sub-juniors worthy of a mention for their performances are D. McKay, L. Lovell, D. McManus and J. Mehaffy.

With two wins up our sleeve, we looked forward to our annual swimming carnival, with our swimmers training very hard. However, when it finally came we were not as successful as expected. Our congratulations go to Lawson on their well-deserved win. Outstanding performers were Joy Grahame, Ann Pollard and Beverley Maguire, while for the boys Grahame Evans and Ian Cooper were outstanding. Grahame Evans was narrowly beaten for the senior honours, and later represented the High School in the inter-schools swimming carnival. Grahame gave an outstanding performance in this.

We have only one representative in the debating team in Brian Holbeche. Brian has shown outstanding ability as a debater, and in later years should be an asset to the school. Brian represented the school in the Mulvey Cup debates against Dubbo and Orange. Stan Schofield was also a member of the Mulvey Cup team.

With the Astley Cup came great interest, and we were well represented by Kathleen Morgan, Joy Grahame, Barbara Pollard, Ann Pollard, Jeanette Hodge, Janne Elton, Laurie Evans, Grahame Evans, Stan Schofield and Terry Boyd. In the girls’ splendid win in the hockey, Ann Pollard was outstanding, while Laurie Evans was outstanding in the football. In the athletics, Stan Schofield and Grahame Evans were outstanding. Grahame’s performance in the Astley Cup mile and Stan’s performance in the high jump deserve special mention.

The prefects included in Wentworth are Ann Pollard, Janne Elton, Terry Boyd and Laurie Evans.

In conclusion, we feel sure that on these performances Wentworth leads all other Houses at the High School.

EVANS

House Masters: Mr. Pulley, Mr. Cameron
House Mistresses: Miss Tagel, Mrs. Oldham
House Captains: Barbara Farrell, Terry Shute
Vice Captains: Helene James, Paul Kelly

During the 1954 House activities Evans succeeded in gaining third place in the annual swimming carnival.

Our second year representative, Beryl Hughes, proved herself to be a very strong swimmer when she won the senior championship award. Paul Kelly was the senior diving champion, and his young brother Terry won the junior diving title.

We were successful in winning the boys’ senior relay, and our congratulations go to Paul Kelly, Gordon Evans, Bobby Ingersole and Chris Culpene.

We congratulate Paul on his fine win in the carnival.

In the annual athletic carnival, we were runners up to Wentworth, gaining 239 points to Wentworth’s 285.

Joy Flynn gained the senior girls’ title, and Lorraine Bulloch came third in it. Lorraine also secured second place in the senior hurdles.

Marion Mould, our sub-junior runner, secured second position in the sub-junior championship. Alan Gallagher won the broad jump.

Our senior girls’ relay team which consisted of Joy Flynn, Fay Flynn, Lorraine Bulloch and Heather Lewis, won their event, and the sub-junior boys’ relay team, consisting of Keith Cambridge, Ernie McLean, Robert Marks and Tony Stocks, also came first. Our sub-junior girls’ relay team, Marion Mould, Beverley Prior, Jennifer McNamara, Jean Ahearn, and our senior boys’ team, Chris Culpene, Tony Culpene, Don Hampton and Alan Gallagher, also performed well in their races.

Evans boys showed their strength by closely defeating Blaxland in the tug-o-war contest.

We would like to thank all the Evans people who generously brought in articles and foodstuffs for our stall on market day. We would also like to thank all who helped in any way to make it a success.

Our congratulations go to Wentworth for obtaining the greatest amount of money.

We were well represented in the Astley Cup this year, having four representatives (Fay Flynn, Joy Flynn, Lorraine Bulloch, Barbara Farrell) in the hockey, four in the football (Tony Culpene, Chris Culpene, Terry Shute, Bobby Ingersole). Two represented in the basketball (Helene James and Ruth Harris), and one in the tennis (Dale Riddiford).

Joy Flynn, Lorraine Bulloch, Chris and Tony Culpene and Alan Gallagher represented Bathurst in the athletics. Ruth Harris was second reserve in the Mulvey Cup debating team.

Our debating team, which consisted of Ruth Harris, Helene James, David Lewis and Dale Riddiford, were unfortunately just beaten by Wentworth in the House debating contest.

In the Willman Cup competition, when Bathurst travelled to Lithgow, Evans was well represented by Fay Flynn and Barbara Farrell in the tennis. Dale Riddiford in the cricket, Helene James, Barbara Payne, Lorraine Bulloch in the gymnastics, and Joy Flynn in the softball.

The prefects in Evans are Barbara Farrell, Joy Flynn and Terry Shute.

In conclusion, we would like to thank our House mistresses, House masters and our vice-captains for the able assistance, co-operation and encouragement given to us at all times throughout the year.
BLAXLAND

House Masters and Mistresses: Mr. Learmonth, Mr. Mangan, Miss Sinclair, Miss Smith.

House Captains: E. Windsor, L. Ingersole.

Vice-Captains: A. Chew, J. Cobb.

Blaxland has had another successful year, and although we have done nothing outstanding, we have been particularly well represented in all phases of school activity.

We gained second place in the Swimming Carnival, and have the honour of having the senior boy champion, Laurie Ingersole, and of gaining second in the senior girls’ championship. L. Ingersole, B. Blomfield (breast-stroke), E. Windsor, M. Bliss, J. Thurgood, B. Beardwood, F. Barnes, D. North, C. Bent, G. Windsor and H. Harris all won swimmimg awards for us. Blaxland girls also gained first and third in the six-oar race. Our congratulations are extended to all the Blaxland boys who won life saving awards.

In the Athletics Carnival, we were placed third, being well represented by D. Sykes (girls’ junior champ.), N. Godden (senior handicap), E. Berry, E. Wyatt (hurdles), V. Frunks, H. Musgrave, L. Ingersole, J. Cobb, J. Parnham (high jump), G. Owens, R. Pieper and W. Penfold. With a hefty team of boys, we gained second place in the tug-of-war. The ball games teams played outstandingly this year. The senior-junior team was undefeated, and the sub-junior lost only one of the four events.

Blaxland has a number of first class cricketers, namely, D. O’Malley, K. Sutton and G. Owens. In the girls’ cricket we have E. Windsor, J. Shearing, E. Wyatt and N. Ford. Some of our girls—N. Godden, D. Mutton, F. Barnes—played softball this year.

Many Blaxland members represented the school in Astley Cup teams. Two of the School’s best tennis players—A. Chew and K. Sutton—as well as J. Shearing, E. Wyatt and D. O’Malley, were our tennis representatives. In the athletics we had L. Ingersole (100 yards and relay), J. Parnham (broad jump), J. Cobb (relay). The first grade basketball team is almost a Blaxland team—five of the seven members are from Blaxland. They are: B. Beardwood, J. Clark, D. Mutton, M. Mutton and H. Gaba. Our first grade hockey players are N. Godden and E. Windsor, and first grade footballers are L. Ingersole, J. Cobb, J. Parnham and D. O’Malley.

Blaxland House was narrowly defeated at the Market Day. The House members must be congratulated on their splendid effort in raising almost $20.

Although none of our members gained a place in the Mulvey Cup debating team, we were well represented in all school debates by N. Godden, B. Beardwood, J. Clark, E. Windsor, L. Ingersole, G. Windsor and H. Harris, and in House competition gained equal third place.

Blaxland members seemed to comprise at least half the cast in the Revue. In the two plays, we were represented by N. Godden, B. Beardwood, E. Windsor, L. Ingersole and J. Cobb. In “Cowboy Capers”, the main parts were all capably handled by Blaxlanders W. Howells, P. Pulley, J. Pulley and E. Windsor. “Lord Watt’s Secret” gave our talented actors M. Godden and D. Mutton ample scope to display their ability. B. Beardwood and O. O’Malley appeared in “The Naughty Nineties” and in the Autumn ballet. R. Cornelius, E. Elphinstone and F. Barnes were our representatives. Ann Wark was Blaxland’s choir soloist. The continuity was almost entirely a Blaxland affair, for among the few performers, we had M. White, N. Godden, J. Clark, L. Ingersole and D. O’Malley.

Blaxland is proud to have in its midst eight of the eighteen prefects, including the two school captains. They are: E. Windsor, A. Chew, D. Mutton, B. Beardwood, L. Ingersole, K. Sutton, J. Cobb, and D. O’Malley.

We wish to extend to Miss Sinclair, Miss Smith, Mr. Learmonth and Mr. Mangan our thanks for the encouragement, enthusiasm and co-operation which they have displayed in helping the House members in all the House activities. We also would like to pass on a word of encouragement to our enthusiastic juniors—too numerous to name—whose responsibility it is to keep Blaxland on top in the years to come.

LAWSON

House Masters and Mistresses: Mr. A. Kneale, Mr. R. Darke.

Mrs. R. Darke, Mrs. A. Casimir

Captains: Jill Forrest, Ian Newman.

Vice-Captains: Valda Bridekirk, Edward Knight.

This year Lawson was off to a good start by closely winning the swimming carnival, with 202 points to Blaxland’s 174. In the girls’ events, Barbara Neville and Dawn Graham were our best performers, while in the boys, it is very difficult to say who was best; nearly everyone entered and swam well, but ‘Spud’ Edmunds, Brian Wheatley and John Rosser deserve special mention. The relays were the most thrilling events of the day, and we were fortunate enough to win all except the boys’ senior relay.

At the Athletics Carnival we were not so lucky, and failed to secure either first or second place. Our congratulations go to Wentworth on their fine victory. However, we were well represented by Andrew Ambrose and Brian Wheatley in the mile. Teddy Knight in the junior and Don Forrest and Murray Brown in the sub-juniors. Our girls also did well, the most praiseworthy being Janice Liddon, Beverley Baker and Shirley Hollis, who scored a beautiful win in the senior high jump.

In Astley Cup teams we were represented in all sports: five in athletics (A. Ambrose, B. Wheatley, T. Knight, J. Liddon and B. Baker); in tennis (H. Cooper); five in football (E. Knight, R. Everingham, K. Man- sell, A. Ambrose and B. Gardiner); three in hockey (V. Holtingsworth, D. Coxhead and J. Forrest); and one in basketball (M. Pickup).

It is not only in sport that we have had a good year. We have been fortunate enough to have Ian Newman as our Captain; not only is Ian Vice-Captain of the School, he is also leader of the school debating team, and under his capable guidance our team (Ian, Jill, Andy and Graham), managed to win the House debating cup, showing that, even if we are not such good runners, we can always win at talking!.

In the Revue, we were well represented, particularly in the junior school. In the junior play, Graham Maddox starred as the ‘Miracle Maker’, while Judy Bridekirk’s acting was most enjoyable, and Janice Liddon gave us an excellent imitation of Ali Baba. Ian and Andy, besides starring conspicuously in the continuity, almost brought the house down in their respective roles of Major Darkeys and Lord Watt.

In school government, we must concede Blaxland superiority in numbers, but nevertheless, we have the two vice-captains, and also Andrew Ambrose as prefect to uphold our name. Our girl captain, Jill, had the great honour of welcoming the Queen on behalf of the children of the Western districts, a task which she so capably performed. She again displayed her oratorical skill when she represented the school in the Mulvey Cup series.
ASTLEY CUP

The Astley Cup series for 1954 proved to be a very exciting one and one of the keenest on record.

In the first round Orange played Dubbo, at Dubbo, and emerged the victor by 269 points to 171 points, after losing both the tennis and athletics on the first day.

In the second round Dubbo came to visit us and, although they played well, did not seem to have much luck. We won by 322 points to 118 points. The major upset came with the first sport to be played—tennis. In this we had 7 sets, Dubbo victory, and we were content to fight for games, but to our amazement and joy the boys' doubles sets a d games. In 4 sets all, Bathurst winning 31 games and Dubbo 34. Points were 9½ for Bathurst and 10½ for Dubbo. Then the girls surprised us by holding the strong Dubbo team to a draw, winning 33 games to Dubbo's 44. Points: Bathurst 8½, Dubbo 11. It seemed that all would depend on the mixed doubles. The Bathurst team lifted their play, and won 5 sets to 3, each school winning 37 games. The points here were 25-13. This gave us the tennis, after a thrilling match, by 43 points to 37.

The athletics competition was very keen also; the lead see-sawed with every event. With only two events to go, the scores were 37 each. Bathurst athletes gained first and second places in both events, getting the remaining points and so victory to the score of 63-31.

The hockey was a complete win for Bathurst. Our girls seemed superior in all sections, and ran out the winners by 6 goals to 1. The points were 89 to 11.

The basketball was once again in our favour. It was evident, however, that the girls would have to throw goals a bit better if they were to defeat Orange. The score was 19 to 7; the points being 48 to Bathurst and 12 to Dubbo.

The football was a good match from the point of view that Dubbo's forwards bottled up our inside backs and did not allow our back line to get moving. Bathurst scored two tries with one converted, and also a penalty, giving us 10 points to Dubbo's two penalties — four points. The points: Bathurst 79, Dubbo 21.

In the third round Bathurst went to Orange. From the outset it could be seen that this would be an excellent contest. Both teams had defeated Dubbo, and a win was necessary to retain the Cup.

The first contest was the Athletics at that excellent ground—the Mental Hospital. The lead see-sawed several times till, with two events to go, the broad jump and the girls' relay—Bathurst led by 41 to 36. The issue was still in doubt, but was cleared up when the Bathurst jumpers gained first, second and third places, making us 54 points. Orange won the relay to get 10 points, making them 46.

The tennis was interesting, with Bathurst trying to win every game to stop Orange from getting points. The points for the various sections were: Boys' Doubles: Bathurst 7 sets, 46 games, Orange 1 set, 20 games—Bathurst 15 points, Orange 5 points. Girls' doubles: Bathurst 7 sets, 42 games, Orange 1 set, 16 games—Bathurst 14 points, Orange 6 points. Mixed doubles: Bathurst 5 sets, 42 games, Orange 3 sets, 30 games—Bathurst 28 points, Orange 12 points. Total points: Bathurst 57, Orange 23.

The next on was the basketball. Orange had a really good team, and they played an excellent game, winning by the margin of 19 goals to 9. The points were: Orange 46, Bathurst 14.

Hockey was played on the same morning. This was an excellent game, with the Bathurst girls working wonders in defence. Two good goals were scored by the team, giving them more than the required margin. Orange did not score. The points were: Bathurst 81, Orange 19.

Last of all came the football. The teams appeared to be fairly evenly matched, and an excellent game seemed assured. As soon as the whistle went for the kick off both teams started into the game with as much vim and vigour as they could muster. Orange capitalised on a Bathurst mistake and realised five points for their effort. After a while Orange were penalised and a goal was kicked, to give Bathurst two points. Orange then completed a very nice back-line movement to score in the corner. The kick at goal failed.

When they resumed after half-time, Bathurst almost immediately kicked another goal. Orange 8, Bathurst 4. There were several good moves by both back lines, but these were brought to nothing by good tackling. Finally Orange went in to score. This was converted. After a 25 yards drop-out the Bathurst winger got the ball, and raced 35 yards to put the ball down in the corner. This move was so quick that the whole of the Orange defence was caught flatfooted. The kick failed. Play now was very solid, with both forwards and backs putting everything they had into it. Orange were penalised and Bathurst gained two more points. Bathurst came once more to the attack and were ready to score again as the whistle blew for full-time. A mighty game. Orange, and a well-deserved win! We then started to total points and found we had scored 31 points to Orange's 69. The grand total revealed that we had retained the Astley Cup for 1954 by 237 points to 203.

Outstanding performers in each sport were:

ATHLETICS: Grahame Evans, who had two good wins in the mile. Allan Gallagher, who won the broad jump on each occasion. Stan Schofield, who was the high jump winner on both occasions. The boys' relay team is also deserving of a mention for two good wins. John Parnham was second in the broad jump on each occasion.

TELEGRAPH: Dale Riddiford was the outstanding boy, with the remainder of the team also playing good tennis. Of the girls, Audrey Chew was the best.

FOOTBALL: In the forward line all five played very good games, with perhaps Ann Pollard and Lorraine Bulloch slightly better than the others. In the backs Eleanor Windsor stood out.

BASKETBALL: Helen James and Barbara Beardsley played a very good game on both occasions, as also did Marion Pickup.

FOOTBALL: The best of the back line was perhaps Don O'Malley. Laurie Evans and Laurie Ingersoll, with Ted Knight playing a good sound game. In the forwards, Bob Ingersoll was the best player. Don O'Malley's try at Orange deserves special mention. A good try, Don!
FOOTBALL

The first-grade team this year contained some very good players, and played good football all the season. They defeated Dubbo in the Astley Cup match 10 points to 4, and were defeated by Orange 13 points to 9. The best players were L. Ingersole and L. Evans. The 8th 7lbs. team played matches against St. Stanislaus' (2), Orange High and Lithgow High, and although unsuccessful in all cases, the standard displayed in some respects promises well for the future. Peiper was perhaps the most consistent of the backs, while Young was in all cases a tower of strength to the forwards.

In the competition the Under 16 team defeated Blayney twice, and were beaten by St. Stanislaus College and St. Patrick's School. Congratulations are due to this team for the spirit they displayed in all their matches.

In the Bathurst District Under 16 teams against Wollongong, Orange and Lithgow, the school had seven representatives who gave a very good account of themselves. These boys were E. Knight, R. Everingham, K. Mansell, C. Culnane, T. McPhillamy, T. Woolfe and R. Ingersole.

The First Grade and Under 16 years teams played in the B.D.R.F.L.'s Saturday competition, the junior team showing a great improvement during the season.

The 9th 7lb. team had very few matches, and were rather unfortunate that a number of players were unable to weigh in or had prior engagements with the First XIII.

The 7th 7lbs. team was handicapped throughout the season because of a shortage of players from injuries. The team's best performance was against Lithgow High, the Group 10 Carnival finalists. The High School team won by 3 points to 2. Outstanding players were H. Harris and H. Payne.

The 6th 7lbs. team had an excellent season. Two teams were fielded, and the A team reached the final of their division, only to go down to Orange Rural by 6 points to 3. The players were all of a high standard, the following boys being outstanding: Ian Sutton, Ron Hurst, Paul Bezrouchke and Geoff Carter.

AWARD OF BLUES, 1954

Girls' Basketball .......................................................... H. James, B. Beardwood, M. Pickup
Girls' Hockey ................................................................. E. Windsor, L. Bulloch, A. Pollard
Girls' Cricket ................................................................. No award
Girls' Softball .............................................................. J. Flynn
Girls' Tennis ................................................................. No award
Girls' Athletics .............................................................. No award
Girls' Swimming ............................................................ G. Evans
Boys' Athletics .............................................................. H. Cooper, D. Riddiford
Boys' Tennis ................................................................. D. O'Malley, L. Evans
Boys' Cricket ............................................................... No award
Boys' Swimming ........................................................... L. Evans, L. Ingersole
Boys' Football .............................................................. No award

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TENNIS

Tennis at the Bathurst High School has had a very successful year, for we won both Astley Cup matches against Orange and Dubbo (who had not been defeated in Astley Cup tennis since 1949).

The team consisted of Keith Sutton, Dale Riddiford, Henry Cooper, Bob Gorman, Terry Boyd and Don O'Malley. Besides the Astley Cup, the boys participated in inter-school fixtures between colleges and schools of Bathurst. We seem certain to win the Senior and Sub-Junior Divisions, while in the Junior Division there has only been one match lost.

During the year Henry Cooper participated in the State Junior Championship and did exceptionally well. Dale Riddiford did well to reach the finals of the Under 17 year Championship at Wellington, and was unlucky to be defeated by an experienced Sydney junior. Henry Cooper has also been selected to go to the Coaching Class to be held at Parkes in the September holidays.

The City Tennis Club has been very generous in supplying three courts every Wednesday afternoon for the use of High School players. Our thanks must go to the secretary, Mr. Cameron, and the caretaker, Mr. Nixon, for supplying the courts to the School.

The tennis notes would not be complete without mentioning our coach, Mr. Lavis, who has given up much of his valuable time to improving the standard of the players.

GIRLS' HOCKEY

Despite the number of experienced players who left school prior to the start of the season, the First Grade Hockey team had its most successful season for many years.

In the Astley Cup series the matches against both Dubbo and Orange were won by the school team. The match against Dubbo saw the Bathurst forward line combining perfectly and taking the ball up repeatedly into the Dubbo half. Lorraine Bulloch was the outstanding forward of the match, while Eleanor Windsor as centre half and team captain, kept the ball up for her forward line to move. In Orange we were treated to another exciting match. Here again we saw the fine teamwork and combination we have come to expect from teams trained by Mrs. Darke. The two goals of the match were scored by Bathurst girls, Anne Pollard and Barbara Farrell. All matches were played in the fine spirit characteristic of Astley Cup.

In the Willman Cup matches the A team ran out the winners 5 to nil, while the Bathurst B team overwhelmed the Lithgow team to score 9 goals to nil.

The School is represented in all three grades playing in the District Competition. The A team is second in the competition at the end of the first round, the B team is first, while the C team has shown improvement this season.

On Wednesday afternoon we have only one other team playing as a combined Houses team. This is a big decline in numbers playing hockey, and it is probably due to the great cost involved in purchasing equipment for this sport in comparison with others played in the school. We do hope that a larger number of children will be able to play hockey next year and so carry on the grand tradition of fine hockey and good hockey players from this school.
CRICKET

During the 1953-54 season the school participated once more in the B.D.C.A. first and reserve grade competitions. Although the first grade team is not a brilliant side, many young players show great promise, and it is expected that they will do well in the coming season.

The star performer was Don O’Malley, who gave some very good exhibitions with both bat and ball. His best effort was 7 for 23 off 15 overs against North Bathurst. Don was well supported by Laurie Evans, Grant Booth, Ted Knight and Terry Boyd.

The most pleasing feature of the season’s cricket was the exceptionally fine fielding of the team in general, and in particular of Terry Boyd in slips, and Ted Knight in the gully.

In addition to competition games, the 1st XI had its annual fixture against Lithgow. Bathurst was successful in this, the feature of the match being a hurricane innings by Don O’Malley, who scored 88 in 40 minutes.

This year the school entered teams in the Third, Fourth, Fifth and Seventh grade competitions, which are conducted by the Bathurst Schools and Colleges’ Cricket Association.

The Seventh grade team, restricted to boys under 13, was undefeated in the first half of the season, and most of its matches were won outright.

These lower-grade teams provide material for the first-grade side in future years, as well as providing a healthy pastime for a large number of boys.

FIRST XI
Back Row: T. Boyd, M. Green, D. Riddiford, E. Knicht
Front Row: L. Evans (Capt.), G. Booth, Mr. E. Noonan, Mr. A. Kneale, B. Holbeche, D. O’Malley

Half page donated by Buddy’s Fruit Shop.

GIRLS’ CRICKET

Back: L. Bulloch, W. Daymond, Y. Bonham, B. Payne, J. Forrest, E. Windsor
Front: E. Wyatt (Capt.), J. Liddon, H. James, Mr. W. Coull, J. Shearing, M. Ford, B. Beardwood

GIRLS’ CRICKET

The competition started with most of its old players taking part in the matches. The games were played with a high spirit which lasted throughout the competition. Our toughest games were against ZBS, whom we managed to defeat once, and Boomerangs, whom we could not seem to defeat. Teachers’ College team always produced excitement, although they never succeeded in passing our score. We gained third place in the competition, and were close behind the seconds, Boomerangs.

The outstanding players during the season were M. Osborne and L. Talbot, who receive honours for batting, and M. Rawlinson and J. Shearing, who receive honours for bowling. Two of these players received awards from the Association at the annual dinner. The Best Bowling Average Award was obtained by M. Rawlinson, and the Most Improved Player by J. Shearing.

The coming season should bring good results, as most of last year’s players will be present. We have hopes of drawing together two teams, as a lot of new players are interested, especially first-years.
WILLMAN CUP

High School teams visited Lithgow on Wednesday, 24th March, for the Summer Series of the Willman Cup Competition. We were rather fortunate to return home the victors by 4 points to 2.

The losing team were the girls' tennis team, who lost by 7 sets to 1, and the boys' tennis who lost by 2 rubbers—59 games—to 2 rubbers—54 games. This was a very keenly fought contest, and our congratulations go to Lithgow on their well-earned victory. The detailed score was:

H. Cooper won, 7-5, 6-3, 7-5; B. Gorman won, 6-3, 6-1, 4-6; J. Matthews and D. Bass lost, 2-6, 4-6, 4-6; A. Trubachew and A. Hodge lost, 2-6, 4-6, 2-6.

In the first-grade cricket fixture Bathurst won on the first innings. In Bathurst's innings of 183, Don O'Malley scored 88, Les Fuller 27 n.o., and Grant Booth a very nice 21. Lithgow were dismissed for 69. Bowling honours went to Laurie Evans (3-10), Les Fuller (3-12), and Don O'Malley (1-12).

The second grade cricket team also won on the first innings. Lithgow were out for 79. John Parnham took 5-25 and Brian Holbeche 3-4. Bathurst replied with 8-226, Parnham scoring 52, Keith Sutton 46, Les Lamont and Ross Everingham 39 each.

The girls' vigoro team scored a win also; dismissing Lithgow for 79 runs, they set about and scored 104 runs.

The girls' softball team won by 29 to 21. A feature of the game was the consistent pitching of Norma Godden and the good catches taken by Barbara Pollard. Ann Pollard on first base, played a very safe game.

On August 4th Lithgow visited us for the Winter Series of the Cup, which was the deciding rubber as to who would hold it. There were 6st. 7, 7st. 7, 8st. 7 and first grade football teams for boys and first and second grades at hockey and basketball for girls. In the football we won 6.7 by 14 points to nil, 7.7 by 3 to 2, and first grade by 15 to 3. The 8.7's lost by 14 to 2. In the girls' sports, both hockey teams won — the firsts 5-0 and seconds 9-1. Jeanete Hodge scoring 7 goals.

In basketball the firsts lost by 14 goals to 9 and the seconds won by 17 to 11.

This gave us the Willman Cup for 1954 by 10 points to 4.

GIRLS' SOFTBALL

The recently introduced town competition in softball, and the subsequent regular match play has helped a great deal to raise the standard of the game throughout the school.

Two teams entered in these competitions, and the experience so gained enabled the Bathurst team to defeat Lithgow by 29 to 21 runs in the annual Willman Cup series.

Bathurst was best served by the Pollard sisters (Anne and Barbara), and two sisters from the same family acted as reserves. Norma Godden as pitcher, kept the ball "over the plate", and Joy Flynn, in the outfield, worried the opposition with her "safe glove".

It is expected that an even greater number will play softball this coming season.

BASKETBALL

Back: R. Harris, H. Gehm, J. Clark, J. Elton, M. Mutton
Front: D. Mutton, H. James (Capt.), Miss O. Williamson, B. Beardwood, M. Pickup

GIRLS' BASKETBALL

Basketball continues to be the most popular girls' sport. Six teams, an increase of two on last year, play in the Bathurst Women's Basketball Association competition, and sixteen teams play in the House competitions on Wednesdays.

All teams have improved during the season, and this is undoubtedly due to the experience gained from regular match play. The A team in particular has benefited from the high standard of competition. Social matches have been played against St. Mary's School and Blayney High School.

The Astley Cup team for 1954 was one of the best combinations seen in recent years, and the Astley Cup matches were amongst the best played by the team during the season.

The scores of Orange 19 goals and Bathurst 9 in the series at Orange are hardly indicative of the closeness of the match.

Lithgow High School A team defeated Bathurst by 14 goals to 9 in the Willman Cup series. This is the first time in the history of the Willman Cup that Lithgow team has defeated Bathurst, and Lithgow earns our congratulations for its fine combination and the excellent spirit displayed throughout the game.

In the match between Lithgow Seconds and Bathurst Seconds, Bathurst ran out the winners with a 17 to 11 goals win.
COMBINED ATHLETICS CARNIVAL

The Burlington-Pacey Athletic Competition was conducted on the afternoon of Wednesday, 25th April.

St. Stanislaus' College made a clean sweep of all the trophies, winning the Senior Shield, the Junior and Sub-Junior Cups and the Aggregate Cup over the three divisions. Our congratulations go to St. Stanislaus' for their very fine performance.

Our own teams performed almost as well. They were second to St. Stanislaus' College for all four trophies. In the Senior Division only three points separated us from the winners, in the Junior Division there were seven points, and our Sub-Juniors were 6½ points behind.

In the aggregate point score St. Stanislaus' College scored 144½ points, High School 128, and All Saints' College 102 2-3 points.

In the Senior Division Laurie Evans and Laurie Ingersole were outstanding. In the Junior Division Chris Culnane, Ted Knight and Allan Gallagher performed very well, while Bruce Graham and Keith Cambridge starred in the Sub-Junior Division.

In the six stamina events (the two 1-mile races and the four 440's) it is interesting to note that High School gained five firsts and one second. Both milers won quite easily.

Grahame Evans won Division 1 by 21 seconds, recording 5 mins. 59 secs., and Brian Wheatley won Division II by 100 yards and recorded 5 mins. 21 secs.

It was rather unfortunate that Laurie Evans was too ill to run in the relay, because it made an extra event run by Ted Knight.

BOYS' HOCKEY

This year High School had three teams in the local Saturday competition. All three teams performed very well. The third grade team, captained by Tony Naylor, played very good hockey and ended as minor premiers. This is the first time this team has been into an open grade. They also played a Lithgow district under 16 team and drew 1-all.

The Under-15 Division was divided into A and B groups. Both High School teams were grouped into A division. The High A team were minor premiers, and ended as competition winners. The B team, while they started by playing good hockey, did not have their fair share of success and finished down on the list. In the Junior Division David Bass won the prize for the best and fairest player. Congrats, David!

A House Competition was run this season. Lawson House finished up the winners after a very close tussle. Wentworth were second, with Blaxland and Evans tying for third.

LATE NEWS

Congratulations must go to the A hockey team for their excellent 4-1 victory over Bathurst Ex-Students in the grand final of the Bathurst District Women's Hockey Competition. This is the first time for at least 12 years that High School have been the premiers.
ANNUAL SWIMMING CARNIVAL

The Annual Swimming Carnival was held this year on the afternoons of Wednesday 24th February, and 3rd March. Most heats were held on the first day, and the remainder of them and the finals were conducted on the second day. The weather was perfect, and made for a very good day's swimming.

The House Competition was very keen, with Lawson proving the victors with 202 points. Blaxland were second with 174, and Evans third with 157. Wentworth scored 100 points, but they were to have their day at the Athletics Carnival.

The highlights of the meeting were firstly the house spirit shown by both competitors and supporters, and secondly the close battles for all placings.

The Senior Championship was won by Laurie Ingersole (B), with Grahame Evans (W) second and Paul Kelly (E) third. The Junior Championship was a tie between Dalton Gunning (E) and Don Cashen (L), with Terry Kelly (E) in third place.

COMBINED SWIMMING CARNIVAL

From the Annual Carnival we selected Senior, Junior and Sub-Junior teams to represent the School at the Secondary Schools Swimming Carnival. This was held on Wednesday, 31st March, and was run on similar lines to the Burlington-Pacey Athletic Carnival. This was the first time it had been held, and the competition was of a very high standard.

Congratulations to All Saints' College on winning the Yeat and Mansell Cup for the greatest number of points gained during the carnival, and the Charlie Price Cup for the Senior Division. St. Stanislaus' College was second to All Saints' in both the above divisions, and won the Western Cinemas Cup for the Junior Division. High School gained third place in each of the above, and won the Dein and Readford Cup for the Sub-Junior Division.

We were rather unlucky to lose Paul Kelly and Laurie Ingersole. Terry Shute also had to restrict his activities. These three would have made a big difference to our team. Our winning team consisted of D. North, D. Ross, G. Edmonds, R. Gorringe, J. Young, E. McLean, and J. Harvey. Congratulations go to these boys.

LATE NEWS

Brian Booth, of 1951 5th Year, is performing brilliantly for St. George, having scored 127 and 87 n.o. (av. 214). He has been selected in the N.S.W. practice squad.

Margaret Learmonth, of the same year (1951), was selected in the N.S.W. women's cricket team to play N.Z.

Times Print, Bathurst